## The Canadian <br> Ourler <br> THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A Cadet-Instructors' Camp by e, ki. Marshall

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The Waste of Life by d.r. c. w. saleeby
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A Reply to Mr. Bourassa by edward kylie

The New Crop of Plays


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## Concentration of Purpose

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steel---an unbreakable pin---gas proof.
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atter passing through the extension rib.
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## Courier

## A National Weekly

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## Editor's Talk

DIFFERENCE of opinion is one of the real motives of journalism. Differences are not necessarily all contained in party politics. Two weeks ago Mr. Henri Bourassa enunciated his views regarding Imperial Federation. In this week's issue Mr. E. J. Kylie, Associate Professor of History in the University of Toronto, takes clear and decisive issue with Mr. Bourassa.

The waste of modern civilization seems to be worse than the ravages of nature. Civilized people justify themselves for wasting resources and human lives because nature, with all her profound economies is sometimes a tremendous waste. Dr. C. W. Saleeby is perhaps the best living authority on the conservation of human life and resources in the broadest sense. His article on "The Waste of Life," in this issue, is as well worth while and quite as interesting to read as Arnold Bennett's "How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day."

The play season is just beginning. Mr. J. E. Webber, our New York correspondent, sends us a forecast of the season's offerings in that city, with luminous comments on the same. Some of these plays will be seen in Canada within a year or so.

Nor forgetting-that the issue of October 12 will be a Music Number.

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of the Mind on the Body," ete.
Translated from the French by Her Hutcheson Boyd.)
This volume by this eminent specialist of Berne makes a valuable addition to the flood of light which Prof. Dubois has already shed upon the subject of solf-con-
trol, and especially upon want of as trol, and especially upon want of it as
contributing to the production of nervens contributing to the production of nervous
disorders as set forth in his "The Pay. ohic Treatment of Nervous Disorders", and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body.

## OONTENTS

Introduction-The Conquest of Happi-ness-Thought-The Act-Conscience-Education-Moral Olear-SightednessEgoism and Altruism-Meditation-Toler-ance-Indulgence-Humility-Moderation -Patience-Courage-Chastity-Sincerity dealism.
" TThis is a philosophical and direet discussion as to what self-control may accomplish, and how it may be secured. He how education develops conscience. He makes plain the neeessity of moral clearsightedness, and expounds the differenee between mere egoism and so-called altruand helpful," ${ }^{\circ}$ is certainly stimulating
.
-San Francisco Exsminer.
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## DOG DISEASES



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## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Something to Think About.-How much would you be worth if you lost all your money?-Life.

Proved.-"Do you believe in luck?" "Yes, sir. How else could I account for the success of my neighbours?"Detroit Free Press.

## $\%$

Consolation.-Husband-"What! The fifth summer hat! This is outrageous." Wife-"Never mind, dear, fall will soon be here."-Meggendorfer Blaetter. $*$
Described.-A Philadelphia lawyer and connoisseur was describing some of his experiences in search of curios. "I once entered a shop," he said, smiling, "and the salesman pointed out to me a dilapidated chair. 'That there chair, sir,' he said, impressively, 'belonged to Louis Cross-eye, King of France.' 'Louis Crosseye?' said I. 'Why, there's no such person.' 'Oh, yes, there is, sir,' said the salesman, and he showed me a ticket marked 'Louis XI." "

Knew How to Do It.-"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "would you lend me a cake of soap?"
"Do you mean to tell me you want soap?",
"Yes'm
"Yes'm. Me partner's got de hiccups an' I want to scare him."-Wareham Courier.

As Usual.-Judge-"You say the man died a natural death?"

Witness-"Yes, your honour."
Judge-"But I thought he was shot?" Witness-"So he was, judge. But he was practising on the trombone at the time."-Yonkers Statesman.

That New Party Emblem.
THE Lioness would do quite well, The Broncho, too, is spry;
But the Belgian Hare can runlikel,
And it sure do multiply.
-Chicago Tribune.
$x: x$
Well Said.-She-"Do you get a rest every summer, Mr. Jones?"
He-"Oh, yes. You see, I'm only in business; I'm not in society."-Boston Transcript.

A Quick Thinker.-Boss-"Young man, A Quick Thinker.-Boss- Young man,
this is the third time, to my knowledge, this is the third time, to my knowl Boy-"Well, you see, boss, my grand father was a Mormon."-Brooklyn Life.

## $\%$

Candid.-"So the appendix is useless, then, doctor? We could live without it?"
"Well, the patients, perhaps, but not the surgeons."-Pele Mele.
$\%$
Hard.-Maud-"Beatrix has lost twenty pounds lately, her new gowns are perfect successes, her sweetheart proposed to her last night, her rich uncle died yesterday and left her a million, and now she has to go to his funeral to-day and try to look sad."-Harper's Bazar.
*
Keen.-Somebody had mentioned the fact that the father of Woodrow Wil son had been a minister in Virginia.
"And a very keen old gentleman he was, too," remarked the governor. "It was hard to get ahead of him. We used to have a horse in the family-not a very ornamental horse, but good enough. One day the nag was standing in front of the post-office and a parishioner said to father, jokingly: 'Your horse is lookto father, jokingly: Your horse is looking rather frayed around the eyes, doctor. What's the matter with him? Still I don't know but that he looks as well as you do.' To which my father replied: 'That's because I take care of my horse, while my parishioners take care of me.' "
$v_{0}$
Timely.-Gibbs-"I admire a man who says the right thing at the right moment."
Dibbs-"So do I, particularly when I'm thirsty:"-Boston Transcript.

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## Vol. XII.



A MONUMENT TO the past. The Halifax Memorial Tower Commemor-
ates the Founding of Free Assemblies ates the Founding of Free Assemblies
in America; the Pioneer Representa. in America; the Pioneer Representa-
tive Assembly Sat at Hellifax in
the year 1758 .

Reviving History in Halifax

afloat on the arm.
There were Aquatic 'Twosomes', and Other Parties from Gay Halifax to Watch the Stately Progress of the Vice-Regal Steamer, Earl Grey (upper left corner), on its way to the Exercises at the Tower.


THE DUKE LANDS.
On his arrival, the Duke receives the plaud-
its of the spectators at Fleming its of the spectators at Fleming Park;
then, accompanied by President Macgillivray, of the Canadian Club, he


When the ceremonies were done.
Dr. George Parkin, Famous Imperialist, who Represented the Royal Colonial Institute, and Sir Sandford Fleming, who Deeded the Site of the Tower to Halifax.

Gayety by the Sea THE Maritime Provinces are having a gay time these days owing to the visit of the Royal Party. Not that the Royal Party matters so much. He is a fashionable excuse. There are all sorts of important social functions to be performed in every community and a Royal Duke adds much to the eclat of such occasions. Consequently, in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, they are dedicating memorial towers, historical tablets and monuments and generally strengthening their hold upon the past and the future
Dr. George Parkin, Sir Sandford Fleming, the Lord Mayor of Bristol, and other prominent visitors added to the gayety of some of the functions, as may be seen from the accompanying photographs. At Halifax the entertainment was largely aquatic, and reasonably so. The person does not live in Halifax who does not know all about row-boats, sailing skiffs, and sea-going ships. The Northwest Arm, the attractive watering place of the city, was a brilliant scene with its hundreds of small craft filled with people in light, gay, summer dress.


THE OLD AND THE NEW.
Conspicuous among the Halifax Citizens was Sir Frank Wills, Lord Nayor or Bristol, in his Robes of offce. Sir Frank Brought a Tablet from Bristol and some Flags from the Ladies

# Personalities and Problems 

## 11---Charles Colquhoun Ballantyne

Who Rose from $\$ 2.00$ a Week to be Managing Director of an $\$ 8,000,000$ Concern

THERE's something quite unusually odd about the commercial career of Mr. Charles Colquhoun Ballantyne. But of course in this country we are becoming used to all sorts of paradoxes in business as well as politics. The day is supposed to have gone by when tariffs merely made some men prosperous. During the last decade or so tariffs in Canada have made a lot of men inconsistent.
I rather think C. C. Ballantyne is one of them. He may not think so. Yet he is one of the shrewdest, most plain-thinking of men. In fact there's no man in Canada whose commercial candor should be more freely banked upon than Mr. Ballantyne's. What he knows he knows-because he has jolly well learned it in the school of shirtsleeves. What he has done is enough to make any man not only justly proud-but also inconsistent. Other men his age may have made more money. Doubtful if there's another man of authority in commercial circles in this country whose course has been more nearly by the geometrical route said to be the shortest distance between two given points-which is an absolutely straight line.
C. C. Ballantyne is a born manufacturer and commercialist. His career in Montreal, where he has worked out all the problems that ever came his way, has proved him to be one of the most constructive and progressive men in Canada. In business, so far as manufacturing and selling is concerned, he has openly had but one dominant idea. That was and is-Paint. He has been twenty-five years selling and making paint.
Which is the first sign of inconsistency. Paint is a mere superficial matter. Mr. Ballantyne is the opposite of superficial. Paint conceals defectssuch as knots and nail holes and wind-checks. Mr. Ballantyne has nothing to conceal. There is no more open-minded, outspoken man anywhere.
One item in the paint business I'm sure he has never handled.

## Whitewash.

But what is the grand inconsistency about Mr Ballantyne? His career if reduced to a simple story for a school-book might be used to instruct any youth; and in its main outlines there could be nothing in the story that wouldn't be a straight stimulus to any healthy young Canadian.

Nevertheless some bright boy would be sure to pop up with a question which the teacher would have trouble to answer.
Which is where the inconsistency begins to come in. And instead of explaining it, the teacher might better go ahead with the facts, leaving the pupil to draw his own conclusions. The thing might aptly be done with a few blackboard pictures, which the scholars could read as a rebus. (1) A lad of fifteen checking a very little trunk in a very small town-to go east. (2) The same youth tramping a lonesome, somewhat sleepy city looking for a job. (3) Office boy at two dollars a week; problemhow did he make ends meet and have anything left for Sunday-school collection? (4) Stacking pots of paint on the shelves of a crimpy little store; waiting for customers? "No, children," says the teacher. "Look." (5) Out on the street, buttoning his over-coat-hiking to the highways and the hedges because he had a good thing in the shop that other people ought to buy and wasn't afraid to say so. Without a doubt the bright youth of 1912 would want to say that he guessed he knew what kind of paint that was-because it was the kind that he had seen on the billboards, covering the earth. But the teacher, for fear of advertising the brand, would forbid the lad from mentioning the name; which, of course, would cause every boy in the class to keep an eye out for the poster.

THE last picture in the series would be a huge factory with other factories in three other cities in the background; a tremendous big office covering all of one flat; in the head compartment Mr. Ballantyne at the age of forty-five. This would be freely decorated with moving trains and ships and underneath the symbol $\$ 8,000,000$ would be worked out al fresco. Nothing would then be lacking to complete the series except a geographical background. This would contain (1) Canada; (2) the United States as far as the south shore of Lake Erie and the city of Cleveland; (3) England.
Very probably the paradox of Mr. Ballantyne's

## By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

career along with much of its brilliancy and fine commercial qualities might be suggested by that geographical background.
The place where C. C. Ballantyne spends most of his office hours is farther from the Bank of Montreal than any other head office in the city. It takes about half an hour to get there. In the forenoons you are tolerably sure of finding Mr. Ballantyne in. You are dead certain to find him busy. In the afternoon he is liable to be down at the Harbour Commissioners' office on Common St. He is one of the three commissioners. This week he may be

"The kind of man you can trail up to head offices in almost any city of consequence."
in Winnipeg, where the firm of which he is the capable head have a factory, office and branch warehouses. Next month he may be in Toronto-for a similar reason. Again he may be in Vancouver. Now and again he may take a run out to an oxide mining works at St. Malo, P.Q. Once in a while he sits at a meeting of directors of the Merchants' Bank; at a meeting of Canada Cement Co. directors; or on the Board of Governors of the Western Hospital. Any time an official of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association from the head offices in Toronto happens to be in town he may try his luck getting a confab with Mr . Ballantyne, who a few years ago was President of the C. M. A.
But it's a long way out to the offices of the Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. of Canada; and the reason is that the institution of which Mr. Ballantyne is managing director occupies at least four acres of space in its factories and offices-and land in Montreal is beginning to be dear even in the

The office of which Mr. Ballantyne is the directive head is one of the most peculiar in Canada. One entire floor of a huge building is a vast general office, subdivided by low semi-glass partitions into about thirty smaller offices of which the managing director's is one and in no respect different from any of the others except for the man inside. Any camera fiend wanting a snapshot of Mr. Ballantyne might get one on a fine day by just levelling a kodak from the waiting-room outside at the glass partition, where in full view of everybody and able at a glance to see anybody, Mr. Ballantyne sits and slams through his days' works. He doesn't seem to care for solitude. No door in that place is labelled "Private." Everything looks as open as a circus once you are inside. And the moment you are in you realize that the glass-walled quad containing Mr. Ballantyne's desk is the head office of somehow a huge concern.

A ND so it is. The Sherwin-Williams Paint Co of Canada is capitalized at $\$ 8,000,000$. The profits on the output for 1911 were $\$ 550,000$. For 1912 they will be about $\$ 600,000$. The works of this now Canadian concern are in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and London, Eng. The firms out of which it was consolidated are the old Sher-win-Williams Canadian branch, the Canada Paint Co., and the Lewis Berger and Sons, Ltd., of London, whose markets in 150 years have extended to almost every country on the face of the earth.
The President of this huge concern is a Canadian : Walter H. Cottingham, now of New York. The managing director is a Canadian: C. C. Ballantyne, of Montreal.
The story of Ballantyne and Cottingham is one of the brightest in all the annals of Canadian business. How the name Sherwin-Williams came to be the name of a Canadian business with headquarters in Montreal and with eight millions of capital, of which a large percentage is British-is succinctly the story of how Ballantyne and his crony Cottingham transformed a paint shop down on old Peter St. into a huge international business. And Mr. Ballantyne's career aptly illustrates a peculiar principle in Canadian life. Just what that is would be hard to define. But you get a notion of it when you reflect what might have been Montreal's loss had Ballantyne followed the towpath to the United States, which more than once it was very easy for him to do. And he's the kind of man that Uncle Sam has always been glad to get from Canada; the kind that you can trail up to head offices in almost every city of consequence in that country.
It would be interesting to have a census of the Ontario men who have helped to make Montreal our chief city. There is a kind of prevalent notion that Toronto, for instance, is largely conglomerated from the Ontario town, village and farm. Montreal is alleged to be more cosmopolitan: because she is profoundly bi-lingual; because she is a seaport; because of railroad termini and a bigger foreign population.
At any rate, C. C. Ballantyne is an Ontario boy, He was born in Colquhoun, Dundas Co., a few miles from the spot that gave origin to Sir James Whitney. He attended the Morrisburg Collegiate. At the age of fifteen he quit school and decided which way he would hike out from the county town. That was the time when the grand army of young men were trailing away from Canada to the United States. With an average population of one in every 750 square miles of territory, Canada was overpopulated. Toronto was a college town. Montreal was a mere stopping place for a few ships. Both were almost delightfully asleep. There was no Winnipeg or Vancouver. Calgary was only a name; Edmonton not even that; Ottawa was still in the woods. Going west was unfashionable. Going south was too common. Going to Montreal-well, it was the flip of a copper. There was no beaten trail to the city even from the counties down the St. Lawrence.
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O, when at the age of fifteen, with a High school education and a small trunk, C. C. Ballantyne arrived in Montreal, he was glad to get a job at two dollars a week. He has since refused $\$ 600$ a week.
The difference between these two salaries is something like the difference between the Montreal that
C. C. Ballantyne went to and the city he lives in. He has long since got past the point where he is able to tot up how much he makes in a week. As managing director of the Canadian Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. he no longer needs to trouble his brain about the mathematics of mere money
Yet he does not consider himself a wealthy man does not particularly want to be merely wealthy From what I could learn about Mr. Ballantyne in an interview at his office I concluded that he has a healthy respect for the chunky youth that packed his trunk from Morrisburg to Montreal and got two dollars a week as office boy. That was the time when he understood the ethics of money along with the mathematics. He didn't need algebra to tell him how to spend his money; though Euclid may have come in handy to prove how a youth of the most unpretentious habits could pay his board and lodging and buy his clothes on two dollars a week.
t was probably one of the half-accidents that make most men's lives that took him into the paint business. There's nothing about paint to work on a young man's imagination. Of course youth has always been accused of tinting the future in all sorts of gorgeous hues. Very likely, even in the Montreal of two dollars a week and no electric lights, the youth Ballantyne was able to foresee the day when he would get as high as forty dollars week
But when he went into partnership with W. H. Cottingham, in a paint shop down on Peter St., he had no expectation that he would ever have much to do with a day when between two and three hundred millions of American capital would be invested in Canadian factories, thanks to a good, stout tariff. Now this paint shop on Peter St., down among the gloomy stone walls and the historical tablets telling when priests, Indians and traders made things much more lively than the Montreal of the ' 80 's and ' 90 's, was the real making of C. C. Ballantyne. He had a perfect hunger for work. His partner was a remarkable hustler. One in the shop and one out beating up sales, they covered the town doing their best to paint it red. They did no mixing of paints in that shop; unless it was in a back room where together they made pictures of what they intended to do in business whenever they were able to cut loose. The paints they handled were made somewhere else. They had several lines of leading paints. One of them was Sherwin-Williams, who in those days were selling paint in this country over very respectable tariff wall.
But that was before the advertising sign was invented about covering the earth. Cottingham and Ballantyne were beginning to cover part of a very large section of the earth with that particular brand of paint. Montreal wasn't big enough to keep them busy putting on paint. They shipped pain anywhere in Canada. The paint shop on Peter St. became an emporium.

$\mathrm{A}^{\mathrm{B}}$BOUT the time the tariff became so interesting to American manufacturers, the firm with whom Cottingham and Ballantyne did a large part of their business decided to open a Dranch for the manufacture of paint in this country. Cottingham was called to the head works at Cleveland. Ballantyne became sales manager in Canada.
The American idea had got hold of these young men. By hard work and hustle and originality in methods and modern advertising C. C. Ballantyne had demonstrated that he knew how to organize and to build up an industry. It was a mere accident that the capital in this industry was American capital. I don't think C. C. Ballantyne ever had the least desire to be anything in business but a Canadian.
Neither is he. Of course he is a Liberal and a believer in a measure of reciprocity. But it wasn't reciprocity in any measure or of any kind that put him where he is as a commercial manufacturer It was a tariff. He believes in tariffs. Very likely there's no reason why the firm of which he is the head shouldn't have remained what he and Cottingham first helped to make it, a mere branch of an Aqerican firm. But when the opportunity came to buy out the Canadian end of the business, Ballantyne was the leading spirit in the purchase. There was a reason. He more than any other man except Cottingham had helped to make that business a profitable venture on American capital.
So it was just a case of a personality working out in a business. Down in the Peter St. paint shop the law was Ballantyne and Cottingham; when al the customers knew was that these two young Canadians were the most enterprising purveyors of paint in Montreal. When it came to consolidating the Canadian branch with the Canada Paint Co. and the British company in London, it was Ballantyne and Cottingham who thought out the terms of the
consolidation and reduced the economics of the dea to print. There was no reason except Ballantyne and Cottingham why the head offices of the big concern should not have been in London instead of Montreal.
However, this is a little too much paint for the personality. C. C. Ballantyne is a brainy, bigtrunked man who has never had much trouble being able to define "where he was at." Since he was an office boy at two dollars a week he has been rolling a snowball. It takes a power of men to budge the ball now; but it's still moving. And C. C. Ballantyne is still shoving with his shoulders down to the heft.

In something like twenty years since he became partner with Cottingham he has become the main reason why a huge Canadian concern could have been built up on a foundation first of Yankee capital and management, next of British capital. The paradoxical success of this venture is a fine tribute to the value of a name. Shakespeare didn't live in an age of branded goods and advertising agencies or he never would have asked "What's in a name?" Not all the millions of capital in this Canadian-Pan-American-Imperial concern could buy off the Yankee name.
Which proves that business, like music, is a universal language
Mr. Ballantyne would have done as well in any one of a dozen other lines of business. He happened to start with paint. He has stuck to the paint ever since. In so doing he has not ignored the personality of Ballantyne, which it would take a great deal of paint to disguise. He has not forgotten that since he went to Montreal there is a new Montreal, a new Toronto, a new Winnipeg, a new Canada. Though he is still a young man he has seen the cities of Canada change as much as the difference between his shop on Peter St. and
he works in which he now has his office
He knows as much as any man what are the forces in this country that get men on in the world. He understands the problems of public life and what are the demands of public service. From what he said about politics the morning I saw him in his office, I judge that he might take off his coat in general election for the sake of what he conceives to be a principle of government. He has never been in public life-except to be Mayor of West mount. His services to the Harbour Commission are probably invaluable so far as they go. On that Board he works as a shipper and a commercial man Of course he gets a salary; but that long ago ceased to interest him and he could just as well afford to do it for nothing. At the end of this year he will retire from the Commission. It is more than likely he will go into some other form of public service There is no reason why he should not. He has money, experience, success, influence and great ability as an organizer. The things he could do whether in a party or a parliament-or even in city council, save the mark!-would do more to advertise him in the newspapers than all he has ever done with paint. I don't know that he cares much for publicity. But it's a safe wager that he has a healthy hunger for problems; and that if he has a mind to rob enough time from his business to tak hold of them, he will find problems enough even in the city of Montreal without hankering for parliament, to make it worth his own and the country's while to tackle them.
C. C. Ballantyne is a big man; as big mentally as physically; and he is the kind of all-round, aggressive and thoroughly reasonable personality that should exert a big influence on the more or less public life of the country where he has made his name and built up his business.

## The New Queen's

## By W. L. GRANT

ON the grounds of Queen's University still stands the building in which, on the arrival of Principal Grant in December, 1877, the whole University was contained. To be exact, it was smaller then, for a story has since been added, of which Principal Grant told the architect that he had achieved the impossible, and made the building uglier than it was before. Now there are thirteen buildings, of which eight are larger than the enlarged original home.
Then there were 80 students; at his death there were 800 ; now there are over 1,600 .
All the work of Principal Grant and Principal Gordon, and of the band of teachers whom they gathered round them could not have done this without the backing of hundreds of private individuals throughout the country. Ministers in country charges went without badly-needed books, to give a hundred dollars to Queen's; schoolmasters went without holidays, and gave to their Alma Mater what they had saved. To the endowment fund of $1878,2,500$ benefactors gave $\$ 150,000$. The city of Kingston gave the main Arts building, passing the by-law by a three to one majority. When the county of Frontenac refused to follow suit, and to give Frontenac Hall, the students themselves promptly collected the money and gave Grant Hall instead. Not satisfied with this, though a greater proportion of them than from any other Canadian university earn their own living and make in the summer what puts them through the winter term, the students have since built a large gymnasium at a cost of over $\$ 25,000$. Last year a new Metallurgical Building was needed, and one of the Professors gave $\$ 40,000$, almost his whole savings, to help in erecting it.

And we get value for our money when we build at Queen's. Not in vain is Kingston called the Limestone City. All those buildings are of the same stately stone, which we can build in Kingston cheaper than brick in less-favoured Toronto. Even the province builds cheaply in Kingston. In 1901 it gave two new buildings to the newly established School of Mining, founded by the liberality of the citizens of Kingston and the adjoining municipalities, and affiliated to the University. For these the University granted a site on the Campus. In digging the foundations of one we came upon a quarry of excellent limestone, so that the excavations of one were built into the walls of the other.

## Q

 UEEN'S had been founded by the Presbyterian Church, and much of the spirit of optimism sacrifice which inspired her growth sprang from that vigorous Scottish faith. Most, thoughnot all, of those who toiled and gave were Presbyterian. Yet it was this very spirit which made it necessary for the new Queen's to cut the formal connection with the Church.
The University outgrew her constitution. She draws her students from Nova Scotia and from British Columbia, and from every province in between. A university which is doing the work of the nation should have the support of the nation not of any segment of it, however worthy. Though it was the spirit of Presbyterianism which had given the impulse, we had students and professors of all creeds and of none.
In a modern university, if students increase in arithmetical proportion, the need for buildings increases in geometrical. At present we need, and need badly, a students' union, around which the various faculties may gather, a new and enlarged library, a new and enlarged physics building, a women's residence, and several other things.
The Presbyterian Church as a body had always refused assistance, save a pittance to the theological faculty. So, not without regret, but following the larger hope and the larger ideal, Principal Gordon set himself to carry out the plan of his predecessor, and in 1910 the General Assembly of the Presby terian Church gave its consent to the formal sever ance of all connexion with Queen's, reserving to itself the theological hall as a separate though affiliated institution. The necessary Acts were passed by parliament, and now the new Queen's sets out on her new career.

NEGOTIATIONS are now on foot for the closer incorporation within the University of the School of Mining, and for tightening the bands with the medical faculty. One faculty is missing, greatly to the regret of not a few. Some of us thought that the time was ripe in Canada for such a theological faculty as that at Harvard, which studies theology as men study chemistry or physics, in the pure, scientific love of truth. We felt that there was no need to put the truth of God under a case, however transparent, and that one of the greatest gifts of Queen's to Canada would be a theological school which
"Throws itself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
But prudence said no, and for the present Queen's is without a faculty of theology, and the search for truth at the affiliated Queen's Theological College goes on within the limits of the Westminster Confession. The rest of us hope to pursue the search untrammelled

# Divided Devotion 

What Peggy Did When the Mill Hands Struck By MARK ALLERTON

"CAN'T, Jim; I can't."
"Is that your last word, Peggy, lass?"
"Yes, Jim." The girl raised her tearful eyes to the tall, handsome man in working clothes by her side.
He moistened his lips, and tried to speak coaxngly, although there was some anger in his tone. You know what you are doing? You are taking sides against our people-your people and mineagainst the good folk who have been our friends. If they lose it will be starvation for many of them. They have worked in Marston's Mills all their lives. They know no other work. Are you going to have them turned away, left to beg on the road-side-"
"But that needn't be, Jim," the girl interrupted eagerly ; "it needn't be. It is all so useless. What quarrel have they with the mills? What quarrel have you with the mills, Jim? Tell me that. They have been a good friend to you. Why, Mr. Brank-
"I have no quarrel with Mr. Branksome, Peggy. I have told you that time and again. He's a good sort, is Branksome, and I own he's been a good friend to me; but it's the principle. The workers must stand together. If Marston's Mills are all ight, there are others where cruel injustice is being done, and we must stand by our pals. They need our help."
"And you know, Jim, I'd help them all I could. I do help them, you know," she added, softly, and Jim nodded. "But I can help them best if I am earning full money. Besides"-she raised her head proudly-"I'm not going back on the mills. They need me, too. I'm not going to forget what Mr. Branksome did for the dad when he was too ill to work. I'm not going to forget what his good lady wid for me-and for you, too, Jim. I'm going to did the mills, am; and it's more I'd like to stand by the mills, less."
do for them-not les
Jim Newton was silent; then, with a sudden gesture, he seemed to brace himself up. "Very good, Peggy," he said, quietly. "It seems queer hat you and I, who are hoping to be wed very soon, should be on opposite sides; but there it is. I'd give my left hand that this shouldn't be : but I'm not going back on what I've said, and I'll not desert the work folk." He broke off, and his face darkened. "Peggy, lass," he asked, eagerly, "tell me-tell me, fair and square, you haven't been influenced by that-by Dan Gray, have you?"
The girl laughed. "Not me," she cried. "If you an't influence me-well, Dan can't."
"He's staying on," growled Jim. "After all his boasting and big words, he's staying on. He's been promoted to a fat job, too. The mills are nothing to him, neither. A new man to come in and support the strike and then sneak another fellow's jobugh, the blackleg!"
Jim Newton's eyes blazed. He had no love for the man who had deserted the cause he espoused. And his dislike was intensified by the fact that Dan had cast admiring eyes at Peggy-his Peggy, the cleverest and bonniest girl in Oldeburgh.
He bent low over the girl till his lips touched her hair. "This'll mean a kind of parting, Peggy, till the quarrel's over," he whispered. "You'll never forget your Jim, will you?"

She caught his arm, and two blue eyes full of love looked into his. "No, Jim," she said, quietly, "I will never forget you-no, not as long as I live." And so they parted.

DOWN in the valley outside Oldeburgh stood the grey walls of Marston's Mills, with the tall chimney stacks standing sentinels. Year in, year out, the old and young, men and women, boys and girls, of Oldeburgh swarmed in and out of the big yard gates of the mills.

For Marston was a good master. Marston never waited for legislation, but always anticipated it. To get a billet at Marston's meant to get a billet for life so long as the work was well done. Marston's was old fashioned. The managing director, Mr . Branksome, hated the changes of the times, and distrusted the growing power of the trades unions and their influence with the management of his mills.

And that was how the trouble began.
The storm broke in the neighbouring towns where the workers had, indeed, their grievances. And then came the day when an imperative demand was
laid by the union officials on the desks of the managers of all the mills. Mr. Branksome put it in his waste-paper basket.
"If my workers have anything to say to me," he said, grimly, "let them say it themselves. I'm not going to recognize these people."
The quarrel progressed, as do all these quarrels, but Mr. Branksome, roused from his kindly tolerance, adopted strong measures. He did not wait for those who disagreed from him to strike. He locked them out.
The fight had been in progress for some weeks, with hard and bitter feeling on both sides. Outside the walls of the mills stern-faced men and sad-faced women hung about idly. Inside, Mr. Branksome went about his work with sterner eyes and a face on which had appeared new and deep lines.
He was going his round one morning when he stopped to exchange a few words with Peggy. Peggy's father had been one of his most trusted employees, and Peggy herself was a favourite with all she met
"Everything going on all right?" he inquired.
Peggy looked up and nodded, and Mr. Branksome saw that her eyes were filled with tears.
"What's the matter, Peggy, my girl?" he asked, dropping his voice.

Peggy dashed away the tears. "Nothing, sir," she said, in a low voice.
"You may as well tell me," he urged. "Are the folk outside annoying you?"
"I don't heed them," she replied. "And they leave me alone."
"Then what is it? Is it-Jim?"
She nodded, and the tears welled up into her eyes afresh, "if he'd only come back here," she said, "it'd be all right. But he's firmer than ever."
"Are you so very anxious that he should come back here?"
"Yes, because-because he's got that strange. He thinks that I-that I-" She stopped, confused.
"That you have made up with someone else? Ah, is that it? Never mind, Peggy, Jim will learn his mistake in good time. Be easy with him. I daresay he's worrying badly about things." Mr. Branksome sighed. "He's a good fellow. He's worth being patient with."
"He is that, but-but he's got so hard and bitter, and he says that I-that I am an enemy of the people. And it's all because-"
"Because you are loyal to us? Never mind Peggy. This trouble will all be forgotten soon. A strike is a kind of war, and if we fight hard we'll fight fair, and the side that's beaten must bear no ill will. Jim'll come round all right. Don't worry, my lass.'

MR. BRANKSOME smiled kindly and passed on his way. The days were short, and when Peggy left the mills to go to the house where she lived with an ailing aunt, dusk had fallen. She walked bravely between the ranks of pickets standing grim and stern, and struck the lane between the bare hedges that led to the town.

As she hurried along quick footsteps behind her met her ear, and she heard her name called softly. She turned round to meet the admiring gaze of the newcomer, Dan Gray.
"I'm always in a hurry to get home," she replied, shortly.
"Yes, worse luck," he grinned. "I've tried to get a word with you for a week, but you've been off like a hare."
"And what were you wanting to say to me?" she asked, coldly.
"Heaps o' things. And it's not right that a pretty girl like you should be walking home alone."
"I can look after myself, thanks."
"But you'd be none the worse o' someone to look after you."
Peggy did not reply, but hastened her steps.
"You might give a fellow a chance of a word with you, Peggy." He came closer to her in spite of her efforts to draw apart. After a pause he continued: "I hear that Jim Newton has arranged a big demonstration in front of Mr. Branksome's house. He's going to catch the old man unawares and give him a fright. It's a great idea."
Peggy stared at the speaker. "I don't believe a word of it. Jim would never do that."
"Well, it's a fact. I don't approve of it myself. It's a cowardly sort of thing to do, I think. Fight fair and square is my motto. But there you are."
"I tell you I don't believe it. Jim would never do a cowardly action."
"All right, leave it at that. But a fellow who can take sides against his girl-well-_"," flashed
"Don't say one word against Jim to me," flashed, Peggy. "Whatever he does he does for the right." you a few things you might like to hear."
"But I don't like", snapped Peggy.
Dan laughed. "You're bonnier when you're in a temper, Peggy. Did you know that?" He caught her hand and held it, despite her endeavours to free herself. "Yes, you do. Now, look here, don't be hard on a fellow. One kiss now -

Peggy struggled violently. But the man caught her in a firm embrace and kissed her on the lips. She cried aloud, and for a moment he released her. She sprang back and stumbled against a tall figure that had suddenly appeared, and that was standing grimly silent. "Jim !"
She rushed to his side, clinging to him. He looked past her at the man, who was grinning shamefacedly.

## "Clear out!"

The tone in which Jim spoke was so ominous that Dan's grin vanished.
"I thought you two had spilt partnership long ago"" he blustered
"Clear out !"
"Clear out!"
Dan hesitated. Then, "All right," he snarled, and turned on his heel.
"Oh, I'm so glad you appeared just now," panted Peggy. "But-whaț's the matter, Jim?"
Jim glanced at her coldly. "You've only got yourself to blame," he said.
"What do you mean, Jim?"
"It's your own fault. You encouraged the cad."
"Jim! How can you say that? Encouraged him! I haven't spoken two words to him for weeks."
"Peggy, Peggy !"
"But I haven't. Don't "you believe me, Jim?"
"But they tell me-
Peggy flung back he
ing to tales, Jim. You'd rather believe them than me. If I had been friendly with Dan Gray it would be no wonder. You've never been near me for days and days. All your time is spent in keeping up this wicked strike with the mills."
"Peggy-" for nothing."
The girl was distraught, and spoke unthinkingly. "You had better get back to the lazy folk you think so "uch of."
"You don't mean that, Peggy."
"Oh, yes, I do. And I hear you're going to demonstrate outside Mr. Branksome's house, frightening the life out of his wife and children."
"We'll not frighten them. We're only going to let them see the faces they have made white and hungry. We're-"
"If people won't work they must expect to be hungry. I've no patience with them. And I'm off home."

She turned away at the words. Jim did not speak. With eyes full of pain he watched her till she disappeared in the darkness, and then, with a heavy sigh, he turned and went down to the gates of the mills.
Had he waited a moment longer he would have been rejoined by Peggy, penitent and eager to take back the hasty words. But he was gone, and Peggy retraced her steps sadly.

THE "demonstration" was arranged to take place on the following night. It was Jim's idea. He was going to bring to the door of the manager the gaunt men and women against whom the doors of the mills had been shut. He believed that where argument had failed, the sight of these hungry folk would touch Mr. Branksome's heart.
Jim Newton's heart was full of a deep love for the people and their cause, and he refused to think of defeat. But his heart was sore because of Peggy He longed for her comradeship. He brooded over her angry words.

When Peggy left the mills that night she noticed that the accustomed crowd of idle men and women round the gates was absent, and she knew the reason. They were gathering together in preparation for Jim's demonstration.

The cottage where Peggy's aunt lived was some distance from any other house. She was alarmed when she was met at the door by the old woman, trembling with excitement.

## "Why! What's the matte

"Dan Gray's been here," panted the woman. "He (Concluded on page 25.)


## OUR SLIP－SHOD WAY OF LIVING

H
E you ever taken notice in what slip－shod fashion we moderns live and move and have our being？We do few things perfectly or on time or with a conscientious effort to live up to our agreements．If you order a set of tools sent to your house，I would be willing to wager that a fair proportion of them will not＂work．＂A house－wife buys a dozen jars for＂preserving，＂and several of them have defective covers．You leave an order in an office or shop for a certain article to be delivered at your house at a fixed time．Does it arrive？Sometimes．Very frequently some one forgets；or the organization of the business does not permit the delivery agreed to ；or a wrong ad－ dress is used；or something happens to prevent the delivery，no matter how important it may be to you． You buy anything from＂sample＂；and，in nine cases out of ten，the goods do not all measure up to the sample．This is seldom intentional dishonesty；only carelessness．

W
HAT is the matter？＂It was not like that in the olden time．＂When Adam Bede worked in his airy carpenter shop，with the sweet country air blowing in through the window and the notes of birds mingling with the＂hiss＂of his plane，he did not turn out defective work．He would not have permitted it to go out of his shop，unless the attention of the purchaser was specifically called to it as a＂failure．＂He took a personal pride in the perfection of whatever passed from under his hand． He was an artist；and would no more have done a careless or slip－shod piece of work than any other artist．The shoe－maker of his day made every part of the shoes he sold；and he was very sensitive touching their excellence．He could genuinely guarantee each pair；for he knew just what had gone into every one of them．To－day，the only man who really suffers when defective shoes are turned out，never puts a hand to the making of a shoe－lace． The workers are all mechanical attendants upon machines，and are inclined to become very like machines themselves，so far as their day＇s labour
goes．How could they have a personal pride in the perfection of a pair of shoes when they them－ selves never see them except to insert eyelets in a part of the＂uppers＂

## 路 梁

THAT is the trouble with us moderns．We live in a wholesale，impersonal，machine－made，in－ dustrial world．We have crushed out the carpenter and the cooper and the cobbler and the man with his little shop of which he was sinfully proud；and we have substituted the sash－and－blind factory，and the barrel－making industry，and the immense shoe factory，and the departmental store．The human beings who do the actual work no longer see the whole product grow to perfection under their careful hands．The individual who takes your order in the store is not the proprietor or anything near him； he is only a clerk on a salary and a percentage． How can we expect him to take the interest that the old－time shop－keeper did who served his cus－ tomers himself and knew that every man sent away pleased put money in his pocket？We are a big people and we do things in a big way，and we are full of contemptuous pity for our＂rude forefathers＂ who did things in a small way；but，with all our bigness，we have no time now to round off the corners and pick up the dropped stitches and lend to life those little courtesies and to our creations those little touches of personal care which meant so much in an earlier day

## \％些

W E get lots of things；but sometimes it seems to me that we get nothing．You go into a first－class，high－priced，special－man－with－the－wine－ list restaurant；and you pick up a menu card so cumbered with the names of things you can（not） have that the waiter goes away to let you read it， If you are unsophisticated，the very array of familiar titles，which are associated in your mind with＂good things to eat，＂sharpens your appetite and lifts your anticipation on tiptoe．Now what will I have，you mutter．The world has combined to spread me a feast．The tropics－the sea－the farm－the garden －the orchard－the game－bag，have all been laid under tribute for me．Well，I can begin on some
oysters on a half－shell anyway；and think what next while he is gone for them．But－wait a bit！ Oysters spell typhoid these days．They do not keep the＂beds＂clean；and then，if by any chance they are not grown in a stream of sewage，the purveyors swell them in city water，which is just about as bad． Oh，where are the oysters that father used to dig out of a can？ Away goes the waiter．Why didn＇t you tell him a bit of mountain trout before he went？That would save time．However，he is soon back with a shining silver tureen，dainty and diminutive，with soup in it just for you．He uncovers it，wipes your hot plate on his by－no－means virgin serviette，and hands you the ladle．＂Mountain trout，＂you murmur to him as a next order；and dip into the soup．See！ －what sort of soup did you order？You can always tell by looking on the menu card．Is it the soup that＂mother used to make＂？Well，not exactly Here comes the＂brook trout，＂however．And it looks quite like it－quite like it looks in the pan at camp．But taste it．What＇s this？Why this ＂druggy＂flavour？Has it been preserved in salt peter？Only the cook knows．As for the rest，＂flat， stale and unprofitable．＂Still，cheer up．Here comes a bit of lamb，some potatoes with their jackets on， some new corn on the cob，and a plate of salad Lamb！You know that at home．Crisp，brown juicy，fat，tender，oozing with richness．Try this． Flabby，soaked in water，stringy，smothered in a disguising sauce．The potatoes are soggy and dis－ coloured；the new corn is too new．There is lots of everything－such as it is；but，with all our abund－ ance，the wholesale methods of a successful restaurant which feeds people in swift relays of several hundreds，have resulted in＂denaturing＂the food．Compare this with the cooking in the diminu－ tive＂cafes＂abroad，where the proprietor is the ＂chef，＂and where one bad meal would cut his clientele in two．

S
O with all our getting，what do we get？When we want to buy real good furniture，we search the second－hand stores for the old．When the real estate man tries to sell us a home，he knows that the best thing he can say is that it is an old house built in the days of honour and thoroughness．We have more－far more－than our forefathers ever had； and we have infinitely less．Better one slice of the green apple pie which an artist in home cookery can still create than all the tough pastry and syrupy ＂fruit＂which a restaurant＂wholesaler＂will take a＂quarter＂for and never blush．

THE MONOCLE MAN．

## A Canal That Germany Would Use in War Time

MUCH as Great Britain is in－ terested in the Panama Canal， she is even more interested， in a sense，in the Kiel Canal in Ger－ many．

The Kiel Canal－also known as the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Baltic Canal －would，especially when the process of deepening it is finished，put Ger－ many in a splendid position to strike a blow at Great Britain quickly．This canal also will admit of Germany constructing Dreadnoughts far within her borders and keeping the matter a secret from the other powers if she so desired．
Construction of the Kiel Canal was commenced in 1887，and finished in 1895．Sixty－one miles in length，it connects the Baltic Sea and the North Sea．It starts at Holtenau，near Kiel， on the Baltic side，and debouches on the Elbe at Brunsbuttel．Thus it saves a great part of the sea trip of 237 miles around the Danish penin－ sula of Jutland，and it has the great advantage of being a sea－level canal． Originally，this canal had a bottom breadth of 72 feet，a surface breadth of 213 feet，and a depth of 29 feet 6 inches．But in 1908 work was begun for doubling the bottom breadth and increasing the depth to 36 feet．

THE attention of the people of Great Britain was directed to the Kiel Canal recently on account of the arrest of five English yachts－ men who were let go later．The five cruised


German Battleship in Kiel Canal－Photographed by an Englishman．
＂Silver Crescent，＂from Dover， through the North Sea and into the canal．Onè of the party，Dr．Dudley Stone，took several photographs，in－ cluding the one shown on this page． In general，the photographs are such as any people on a pleasure cruise would take，but the German authori－ ties at first appeared to regard the affair seriously．
Dr．Alan Moore，the sixth member of the little boat＇s crew，left the ves－ sel before the authorities interfered， and on his return to England he gave particulars of the trip．Telling of the passage through part of the canal， he said：＂We were flying our ensign in the proper way as coming from an English port to a foreign，and saluted three German men of war， who answered us．We were sur－ prised on entering the canal not to be boarded by the Customs，but at Kiel they told us that it was not usual to worry yachts in that way．The harbour service boat at Kiel came alongside and wanted to know the name of the yacht，which we gave．
＂The last thing I saw，＂declared Dr．Moore，＂was Stone taking photo－ graphs of the yacht from the col－ lapsible boat she carried．We had been photographing quite freely all the way，but only the sort of things you see on picture postcards．I had a little snapshot camera，and Stone， who is a skilful photographer，but hardly knows one end of a battleship from the other，had brought some larger apparatus．＇

# A Reply to Mr Bourassa 

By EDWARD KYLIE

Associate Professor of History in the University of Toronto

CANADIANS are under greater obligations to Mr. Bourassa than they usually acknowledge. No one states our problems more courageously or goes nearer to their roots. Thus when in a recent number of the Canadian Courier he explained his opposition to Imperial Federation, he made India the pivot of his argument. Realizing that under any imperial scheme India and the dependencies must be governed no longer by Great Britain alone, but by the whole imperial parliament, he contended that this arrangement was objectionable on two grounds. It would require Canadians and Australians to take time and energy from their own concerns and "to supersede" the highly trained and highly successful civil service of Great Britain. The objection is not a serious one. Canadians and Australians can be found now who would be glad of precisely that opportunity which a career in India affords.
It is not a case of superseding the existing service or of destroying its traditions. Our men would be draughted into the ranks, and would carry on the present order and methods without a violent break. At the moment important posts in the eastern missionary field are occupied by Canadians who are understood to show both ability and sympathy. Mr. Bourassa expressed less concern, however, for the fortunes of the civil service than for the future of Canada. If India came under the Imperial Parliament, would the wish of its people to enter Australia or Canada be respected? Whether it were respected or not, could the Empire stand? The question must be answered from both the Canadian and the Indian sides.

## I

Canada enters into an imperial partnership, Fhere must obviously be a delimitation of powers Immigration may be left to the Canadian Parliament. In that case Canada will be free to pass any immigration laws that suit our pleasure. If, on the other hand, immigration becomes a subject of imperial jurisdiction, either directly, or indirectly through a veto power enjoyed by the imperial parliament, Canada may be over-ruled. We shall then have to decide whether to submit and remain within the Empire, or to resist and go outside it. Independence or Empire, the two paths will always be open. All we can hope is that when the representatives of the various dominions are brought together around the same council-board, differences will tend to disappear, and hard feelings to soften under the influence of greater knowledge and a common responsibility. If at present Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Ewart were required to consult with two thorough-going imperialists before arriving at an important decision, the rather heated atmosphere which now surrounds this whole subject would rapidly be cooled.
In the years after 1837 several responsible states men both in England and in Canada resisted the grant of self-government to the colonies on the ground that differences of opinion would arise between the colonial administration and the home authorities. Their mistake lay in dwelling upon the few cases in which disagreement was possible and not upon the innumerable cases in which harmony was certain to prevail. It is equally wrong now to let imaginary difficulties obscure our view of the common interests which hold the Empire together and which would contribute to the satis factory working of an imperial government. Even from the Indian standpoint the situation may not be irremediable. The foreign policy of India will for a long time to come be controlled by the imperial authorities. Like Canada, India may well pay that price for defence. Still the representative institutions which the Indian people now enjoy will develop ultimately into what we know as responsible government and India will be offered a place in the administration of the Empire. If the Dominion representatives require it, the terms will be that Indians are not to settle within the Dominions India can then decide whether to desert or to join the Empire. As in the case of Canada, we can only hope that a sufficiently strong community of feeling will have grown up and a sufficiently high type of imperial statesmanship will have been formed to secure a satisfactory solution of the problem

## T

 hope can be our only answer to Mr Bourassa's assumption that Imperial Federation would be unworkable, that it "would open, pave and widen the road to dangerous frictions and conflicts." If we have common interests to conserve we may reasonably ask for a common body in whichthey will be discussed and given shape. We must then expect that those upon whom the responsibility is fixed of adjusting differences and arriving at results will prefer reason to prejudice, mutual advantage to selfish gain. The present situation is not without its complications, and Mr. Bourassa's implied suggestion that the British Government can reconcile India by pointing to colonial autonomy as an insurmountable barrier offers no remedy. India could well reply to any secretary of state who prohibited its people from entering Canada because Canada was a free country uncontrolled by Great Britain: "Then, withdraw your protection from Canada, and let the Dominion make its own terms with us. It is unfair that you should defend Canada and at the same time refuse to direct its foreign policy." This inconsistency in our present position has not escaped Mr. Bourassa. He sees that we cannot continue to treat other countries as we please, and refuse to bear the responsibility of our actions, We cannot remain "half-slave and half-free." We must either control our own foreign policy absolutely, or form a partnership with the other British dominions for the conduct of foreign affairs.
H AVING announced his opposition to Imperial Federation, Mr. Bourassa was compelled at the conclusion of his article to favour the first of
these two courses. He urged at least that the problem of imperial defence would be solved if each dominion undertook to protect itself. The sum of the self-protected units would equal a protected whole. In making the calculation he overlooked a decisive factor. Canada would not be defended to the best advantage if Montreal, Toronto and other Canadian cities each undertook to protect itself. The larger measures necessary to link up the local arrangements might not be taken. In the last analysis one city might even prepare to defend itself against another. So with the Empire. The policy which its parts are to pursue both in common and towards one another should be decided upon before they make plans for defence. Mr. Bourassa has not covered the point. He would probably be prepared, however, to have this policy grow out of conversations and exchange of opinions between the dominions and Great Britain. The Imperialist believes that a policy will be reached more easily if representatives of the several states meet and have power to carry their decisions into effect. History would seem to show that where anything like the former arrangement has been adopted, friction and delay have ensued. After all a state, whether it be an Empire or not, is more than the sum of its component parts. It has a character, interests and ideals which could not exist without it. Has the British Empire such concerns or such a purpose? If so a common government should interpret them; if not, the dominions need look only to their own affairs. Mr. Bourassa must answer the question. I believe he has imagination and breadth of sympathy enough to decide that the Empire is worth maintaining as a political entity.

## A Great Floating Dock for Montreal



In 1909 Major Stephens, President of the Harbour Com missioners of Montreal, brought back from Europe reports on the drydock situation in that port. More than a year ago work was begun on the new slip at the east end of the harbour, to contain what will be the second largest dock in the world. The "Duke of Connaught" being built by Vickers-M axim at Barrow-on-Furness is 600 feet long, 150 feet wide and 60 feet deep, drawing 30 feet of water and of 25,000 tons capacity. She will be towed across the Atlantic, ready for installation as soon as she arrives.



The Camp at Sturgeon Creek, on the Old Rifle Range Near Winnipeg. The Men Are Here Seen at Target Practice.

## A Cadet-Instructors' Camp

Combination of Enjoyable Outing and Valuable Training
$\begin{array}{ll}\text { BST now Canada is un- } & \text { B.y E.K. MARSHALL }\end{array}$


COL. A. C. MACDONELL Camp Commandant.

Jdergoing a change in public spirit which is showing itself in many ways. There is apparently a movement among our people-especially the younger portion-which has been termed the New Canadianism. This movement is to be welcomed rather than feared. There is nothing about it unBritish, nor is it drifting from British ideals; it is simply the old Saxon spirit showing itself as new conditions arise-the old British spirit coping with a new environment dealing with new questions, and having in view a broader and probably more serious development of
the Imperial idea. the Imperial idea.
In connection with this change, the military aspect is showing probably as much activity as the commercial or any other interest. This interest in what we may call military training is not a result of an insistence on the part of the of a general awakening of the public of a general awakening of the public
to the necessity for a higher type of to the necessity for a higher type of standard of morals, at once active and sympathetic, clean and wholesome. The object of the movement is not simply mechanical accuracy, rather, the power to act intelligently. Selfcontrol, devotion to duty, cheerful and intelligent obedience to orders are continually impressed upon those concerned with the movement because these things are considered as essential to the best Canadian citizenship and as qualifications necessary on the part each to more the Empire to enable carry out the Anglo-Saxon embody and carry out the Anglo-Saxon idea, which is the strengthening of the state through the training and freedom of the individual member of that state.
The Canadian Government, acting in conjunction with the educational au-
thorities, has established, at several thorities, has established, at several
points of the Dominion, camps for the assistance and qualification of camps for the At these camps a course is outlined whictructors. lowed faithfully will enable and qualify the menespecially school teachers-to carry on Cadet work and train the youth of our land along the line of out-door activity. Skill with arms and movement in formed bodies, protection-outposts, advance, fraining, games, guards-attack, defence, physical training, games, and athletics, and a hearty cooperation with one's fellows for the securing of a desired corporate end, apart from an individual end, are constantly held in view in these training camps One the course of instruction.
One of these camps which will serve as an example was established at Sturgeon Creek, some seven miles out of Winnipeg, on the old Rifle Range. Here thirty-four men, nearly all teachers, have just completed a six weeks' course, which entitles each to a Cadet Instructor's Certificate. Cadet corps to


Some "Exercises" That Are Not Part of the Day's Work.
served on the Indian Frontier; Sergeant Instructor W. Robertson, R.C.R., and Colour Sergeant Instructor J. Carroll, R. C. R., who has charge of the Physical Training. Sergeant Carroll trained the men in accordance with the Syllabus of Physical Exercises for schools in connection with the Strathcona Trust. This system of drill is being made uniform throughout the Public schools of the Dominion and has been approved by the various Provincial Departments of Education for use in the schools under their control.
Half of the thirty-four men who took the course at Sturgeon Creek were from Manitoba and half from Saskatchewan. They are allowed their transportation and $\$ 1.50$ per day; their expenses are $\$ 1$ per day for messing in addition to their uniforms and books, which cost about $\$ 2.50$ or $\$ 3$.
Apart from the valuable training these teachers got and the securing of an Instructor's Certificate,

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the period was a delightful
and helpful outing. It and helpful outing. It
might be interesting to know what a typical day's duties are, and the follow ing will serve as a sample: Reveille, 6 a.m.; breakfast, 7.30 a.m.; physical drill, 8.30 a.m. till $9.30 \mathrm{a} . \mathrm{m}$.; company drill, $9.45 \mathrm{a} . \mathrm{m}$. till $10.30 \mathrm{a} . \mathrm{m}$. ; lecture on the "Attack," 10.45 a.m. till 11.30 a.m.; infantry in battle, $11.45 \mathrm{a} . \mathrm{m}$. till 12.30 maJ Hamiltonaid p.m.; luncheon, 1 p.m.; In HAMILTON-GRAY musketry, 2 p.m. till 3 p.m.; In charge of the Camp. signalling, $3.15 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m}$. till 3.4
 4 p.m. till 5 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m.m.; physical drill, p.m. till 5 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m.; lecture on "Map
Reading," 7 p.m. till 8 p.m. Reading," 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.
I am sure if it were
I am sure if it were more widely known among teachers many more would take the course if for nothing more than the personal benefit and enjoyment to be derived. It, however, is much more than an outing.

The establishing of corps of Cadets, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and instruction in drills is only part of a general movement towards the securing of a better training
of the boys and girls of the boys and girls of our land, a desire to send them into life physically healthier, mentally brighter, more alert, morally stronger and more self-reliant, with ability to act promptly and heartily together as occasion may de-
mand in life. mand in life.
The end in view is not preparation for war only, although if that should occur our citizens would be in a better position to carry on operations defensive or offensive as might be necessary for the maintenance of the security of our homes or as might be needed to preserve the integrity of the Empire. This is a duty incumbent on every one
because under the Militia one is practically a Canadian militiaman. More particularly, however, it is to fit our people for co-operation in public affairs so that all may be able to discharge as citizens their duties in a more efficient manner; and the one at Sturgeon Creek Camp is a step that is decidedly in the right direction.

## No Canadian Accent

## THE GENTLEWOMAN is a London publication

 which looks after society and other things. It "possede the interesting discovery that Mrs. Borden of the Englishwoman and haturalness and restraint the Canadian accent." This is scarcely a trace of the Canadian accent." This is quite reassuring.-Vancouver News-Advertiser.

## The Backbone

REMIER BORDEN uttered a platitude when Englishmen. For a that Canada welcomed worthy gladly receiving them, For and back Canada has been gladly receiving them, and they are the backbone

## People and Events <br> WELLERS in factory suburbs sometimes

Dhave more excitement free of charge than citizens down town. In districts where motor car factories are situated there is a regular round of diversion to the spectator in the daily manoeuvres of car-chasses that come from the factory and have not yet been tried out on the road. It is the road-tester's business to break all speed laws and road laws and anything about the speed lat in order to earn his salary. He car that he can in order to earn his salary. He may have as much faith in the car he is testing as the men that made it. His business is to prove that the car is rotten in construction-if he can. He is the eternal terror of the maker. He subjects the chassis to conditions unknown in the factory. Up to the time that the car gets into his gentle hands, the works of the thing have had nothing more strenuous than speeding up of the engine without moving an inch. On the sandy or muddy or rocky road used by the tester the car is suddenly made conscious that the road is the part of motoring that the manufacturer didn't make. The driver takes the car through a sand-pit at top speed. On the way back he stalls the car in the sand and defies it to get out. He gives the car the worst time he knows how to do, before he returns it to the factory and gives it an O.K.

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## The Hon. Walter Long in Canada :

ANOTABLE feature, this summer, is the exchange of prominent political visitors between Canada and Great Britain. Hardly are Mr . Borden and his colleagues through with their old country tour, when several of the leading lights in the politics of the United Kingdom arrive on Canadian shores to study Canadian opinion on certain topics of Imperial concern.

It happens that Mr. Bonar Law's chief lieutenants, F. E. Smith, K.C., and Rt. Hon. Walter Long-not to mention our Sir Max Aitken-are in Canada at the same time. Mr. Long has already been making utterances which have attracted considerable attention in the Dominion.

His position in British public life for years has made him an interesting figure Imperially. He has been at Westminster thirty years and occupied some of the chief offices of state. In the last Unionist Government, he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. When the party went out of office, it was Walter Long who was regarded as Mr. Balfour's righthand man. He was slated to succeed him last autumn, and but for the attitude of Birmingham, which favoured Mr. Bonar Law, he might have been leader of the Unionists to-day.

Mr . Long in private life is a country gentleman. He possesses one of the most beautiful estates in England. There is nothing of dilettantism about his farming. Mr. Long can discuss crops with anybody. And to a superior degree, he possesses that traditional virtue of the typical English country gentleman, his love of all forms of outdoor sport. He is a horseman, huntsman and cricketer of renown.

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## The Passing of General Booth

OTuesday night, August 20th, at thirteen minutes after ten, William Booth, General, and Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army, passed away after an illness extending over several months.
William Booth's wonderful career began at the age of fifteen, when he became a convert to Methodism and an evangelist. Three years later, a clerk in London, he spent his spare time going down among the flotsam and jetsam of Whitechapel, preaching on the streets. The Wesleyans took a dislike to his open-air harangues; they expelled him from the Communion.

Booth persisted in his notion that it was folly to expect the poor to enter churches clad in rags. His efforts constantly aimed at demonstrating that the only logical way to reach the destitute was to go after them.
Willing workers gradually joined him in carrying the message of salvation to the darkest and vilest districts of the cities of Britain. In 1874 Booth's extensive following of rescue workers became "the Salvation Army.
To-day the Salvation Army is established in 39 countries and colonies. Upwards of 130,000 men and women are employed in the work. The official organ of the army, The War Cry, is printed in 20 languages and its circulation is $1,200,000$.
In Canada the Army has penetrated to the fringe of civilization. The bandsmen, with their big drums, were scaring the Indians around Edmonton


No man is able to kick up so much dust in a given space of time as the car-tester. The picture herewith shows an R-C-H car purposely stalled in a sand-pit on a road near Detroit.


Rt. Hon. Walter Long and Lady Moreen Long, who are touring Canada.

he late General William Booth, from a photograph taker several months ago, showing the great Salvationist starting on a trip to Holland.


Unveiling a tablet on August 12 at the Court House, Truro, N. S., to the memory of Col. MacNutt, first grantee of lands in Colchester.
before the railway reached that point
There are in the Dominion at present 470 outposts and corps. Including employees and all active associates there are 7,500 people working for the Army on Canadian soil.

## Historical Tablets

CANADA is in need of a revision of ideas with regard to statues and other historical monuments. The statues which we erect to our public men are rather tawdry and somewhat lacking in style. It is a question if the simple statue lends itself to this climate. There is something peculiarly unfitting in the bronze statue of a bare-headed man struggling with the icy blasts of winter. It might be better for us to substitute memorials for statues.

The other day they unveiled a monument near Sydney to mark the spot where King Edward first set foot in Canada. It looked more like a tombstone in an ordinary graveyard than a memorial of an historic event. A huge stone cairn or something similar would have been much more appropriate. A small bronze tablet containing the wording might then be inserted on one side. In any case the design chosen was quite inappropriate.

Bronze tablets on the outside and inside of public buildings or on buildings erected on historic sites is the best form for historical marking which has yet been devised. They are simple, unostentatious, inexpensive and yet in good taste. When the Canadian Club of Toronto started marking historical sites in that city it found the bronze tablet most suitable for its purposes. Nova Scotia has gone in largely for tablets and quite properly so The accompanying picture shows H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught unveiling a tablet to the memory of the late Colonel MacNutt, first grantee of lands in Colchester County. The tablet is placed on the side of the Court House at Truro

## le Shooting

RECORDS have been made at nearly all the provincial rifle matches which have been held during the month. Probably the Do minion Rifle Association's matches, to be held imme diately at Ottawa, will show very close contests. The second day of the Manitoba Rifle Association meeting produced some brilliant feats. Col. Sgt. Marsden scored 104 out of 105 in the first stage of the Lieutenant-Governor's. The previous record on the range was 103 . He had a perfect score at 200 and 500 and only one inner at 600 . In this match twelve men had one hundred or better. In the same feature a team of the Ninetieth Rifles made an aggregate score of 499 points, an average of $994-5$ per man, which is probably the highest average made in a team event at any regular meeting in Canada. In the Blackburn match Sgt. Northover made 49 in ten shots at 300
At the Ontario Rifle Association meeting equally good shooting has been done. Sgt. Freeborn, of the 13th Regiment, Hamilton, tied for first place in the City of Toronto and the Macdonald. He was first in the Bankers and the Osler and among the top men in other matches. The Cadets and younger shots did marvelous shooting. The Calgary Cadets won the team match with 233 points out of 250. They take home the Pellatt Challenge Trophy, donated by Col. Sir Henry M. Pellatt. Harbord Collegiate, Toronto, was second with 218.

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## Moving a Museum

PROGRESS and population are eternally playing hob with landmarks, especially in our older and bigger cities. The Education Department for the Province of Ontario for some generations since the days of Egerton Ryerson has with the Normal School and the Provincial Museum occupied St. James Square in the heart of Toronto. It is now about to move to the new premises in the rear of the Parliament Buildings in Queen's Park. The Normal School, which only a few years ago was enlarged owing to the abolition of Model schools and the extension of the Normal term to one year instead of six months, will soon be housed somewhere else. The Provincial Museum, which for many years has been the only apology for a permanent Art Gallery in a city of many artists and exhibitions, is to be ravaged by the hand of Time-none too soon. The odd, but interesting, collection of reliques, pictures, statuary and antiquities, so carefully gathered by the late David Boyle, will be distributed-much of it to the new University Museum in Queen's Park. The plaster-cast busts of the political makers of Canada will go in a hopeful procession to more modern and perhaps more popular precincts. The group of statesmen shown on this page is the most interesting single aggregation of such memorials in the collection.


Showing the precarious conditions under which squads of riflemen range over rough ground to shoot at targets which suddenly appear at any point unknown to the marksman. The moment a team see the target they drop and take denly appear at any point unknown to the marks. In 15 seconds the target disappears. The judging is by teams.


Shooting at the $\mathbf{8 0 0}$ mark for the McKenzie Trophy.


The Ster in the Ontario Provincial Museum, some of whose "works of art" will be transferred to the new University Museum at Queen's Park, Toronto. The statesmen here immortalized are: Front row-Sir Wil frid Larier Alexander Mackenzie, George Brown, Edward Blake. Back row-Sir Charles Tupper, John Sandfield Macdonald, Sir Francis Hincks and Sir John Macdonald.

## R E F L E C T I O N S <br> By THE EDITOR

## Non-Partizan Naval Policy.

THOSE who have undertaken to advocate a nonpartizan naval policy for Canada have a difficult task ahead of them. But even if they do not succeed immediately, the work is worth while. Ultimately Canada must have a fleet of her own, handled by men and officers of her own, and upplemented by drydocks and shipyards of her own. There may or there may not be emergency contributions of Dreadnoughts, but there can be only one permanent policy.
On that one policy all the people of Canada are practically in unison. The only question in dispute s how shall we proceed to put this policy in force. The Liberals claim the glory of first initiating a plan for a domestic fleet. And they are quite justified. The Tories would like to get some of the credit, because they should have been the authors of this policy. Hence the jockeying for party advantage and glory.
After all this jockeying does not signify. Let it go on. It pleases the politicians to think that they are smarter than the public. Let them strut their little struts to the empty plaudits of the partizan press. The real question, the development of a Canadian fleet which will be worthy of Canada and
the Empire, is the work of the people. Governments may come and governments may go, but the nation is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Therefore let those in favour of a non-partizan naval policy go on with their work in educating the public to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in this matter. When the public makes up its mind, the politicians will be marathoning to get into line.

## Two Kinds of Home Rule.

MRule Canadians who are in favour of Home Rule for Ireland are opposed to Mr. Asquith's Home Rule Bill. Few Canadians are in favour of granting to Ireland more powers than are granted to a Canadian province under the British North America Act. No one would dream of allowing the Province of Quebec to add ten per cent. to the customs tariff imposed by the Dominion Parliament. Yet Mr. Asquith makes this and other equally foolish proposals. To allow New York State or Louisiana such privileges and divided sovereignty, as Mr. Asquith's Bill suggests for Ireland, would be laughed at in the United States. On this continent we approve local control in local matters, but we reserve all national functions for the national legislature
Any one interested in this phase of the question will find in "An Irish Evolution," by Watson Griffin, publicity commissioner for Brandon, a clear presentation of the case. Mr. Griffin believes in Home Rule for Ireland, but not the kind of Home Rule which Mr. Asquith proposes.

## In Westminster Abbey.

$\mathbf{N}^{\circ}$man better deserved to rest in Westminster ways may not have late General Booth. His a British hero. He did his duty as he saw it. He a British hero. He did his duty as he saw it. He
refled glory upon Great Britain, through the Salvation Army organization in nearly every country in the world. As a moral and social reformer he has left his impress upon the world's advancing civilization. He came nearer to founding a universal religion than any man of the Christian era. He taught us that theology is less important than practical sympathy with the sinner, whether he be in affluent circumstances or whether he be homeless and friendless.
went to hear him the last time he was in Toronto. The meeting was in Massey Hall, but most heard him also at were members of the Army. I was a simple man, with faults like other men, with physical weaknesses which he did not endeavour to conceal, but with a fund of human sympathy and honest conviction which submerged all other qualities. He claimed no perfection, no divine qualities, but simply a divinity of purpose based upon that sympathy and that conviction.
The Salvation Army in Canada has gone into the prairie town, the mining camp, the lumber camp
and the fishing village. It has gone ahead of the railway. It was in Edmonton just after the Klon-
dike rush and six years before the railway. The big drum had been heard from the 49 th parallel to the farthest north white settlement in Canada. It was in Dawson City in 1908. The extension of the Army's work in Canada has been quite as remarkable in its way as the doings of our great explorers, the rise of the great fur companies, and the building of railways in remote places.

## St. Lawrence Insurance Rates.

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FEW days ago, in England, Mrs. Hazen, wife of the Minister of Marine, christened the floating dry dock now being built there for use in the St. Lawrence River. It is a huge affair capable of docking a vessel of 25,000 tons displacement. It will be towed across the ocean and placed in commission shortly.
There is no dry dock on the St. Lawrence capable of accommodating the big ocean liners that thread their way up to Quebec and Montreal. When there is an accident temporary repairs are made, and the vessel taken to Halifax or England. This is inconvenient and expensive.
But more important still, the absence of a big keep their rates 65 insurance companies to compared with 12 cents to $\$ 1.10$ per 100 as New York. This is a handicap on vessels entering New York. This is a handicap which the St. Law-
rence cannot stand. If the present insurance comrence cannot stand. If the present insurance com-
panies will not lower the rate when the dock arrives, it will be necessary to create a Canadian Lloyds to take care of this business.
Great progress has been made with the St. Lawrence route. The channel has been widened and deepened, all sorts of gas buoys, flash lights and signal stations have been installed until the route is now fully modernized. Ships of 15,000 tons can now go safely where only vessels of 5,000 tons could go in 1900 . The new dry dock and four new elevators at Montreal should ensure nearly all Canadian grain going via Montreal during the season of navigation. When the Welland is deepened, it should all go that way. But in the meantime this question of insurance must be settled and it is the duty of the Dominion Government to act promptly and effectively.

## The Surplus Woman

G REAT BRITAIN has too many women; Canada has too few. How to adjust these conditions is a matter for earnest consideration by the two governments.

Revised census figures show that in England and Wales alone, the female population exceeds the male population by $1,179,276$. There are more male children born than female, but the males are harder to raise. Then men are more subject to mortality in industrial pursuits than women. Again, the male emigrates more easily than the female. Hence the net result in England is more females than males and a big suffragette agitation.

Canada could at the present time find places for half these surplus women. Our factories need more women; our homes need more domestic servants; and the prairie homes of the West are sadly wanting in wives. We could give half a million women good homes and high wagcs, if they would only come. They probably would come if they did not feel that there are many "hardships" in this new country. To let them know the truth is the duty of our Immigration Department. Superintendent Scott is doing something along this line now, but if he were not a confirmed bachelor himself perhaps he would do more. I don't know about Mr. J. Obed Smith, in London, but perhaps he might also increase his activities along this line.

## Doubts About "The Emergency.

RAVE doubts are being cast by certain British publicists and journalists, as to the existence of a naval "emergency." The editor of the Economist, an acknowledged authority, points out that a similar panic was created in 1909 by Mr McKenna. He declared that Germany would have 20 Dreadnoughts in 1912. As a matter of fact, Germany will not have that many Dreadnoughts The editor of thext year.
The editor of the Economist thinks Mr. Churchill's
scare has about as much real foundation. He points out that Mr. Churchill declared in his first naval speech in the House that in 1914 Germany would have 29 big ships against Great Britain's 33. Many people accepted this statement and it has since been widely used. But three days later, Mr. Churchill gave revised figures which showed that the real proportion would be 29 to 41 . If these revised figures are true, and the Economist accepts them, then why this scare? Surely a margin of 12 Dreadnoughts and 28 battleships is sufficient for the next two years!

The Economist also points out that an official eturn of the Admiralty issued in June gives Great Britain 55 battleships, of 868,000 tons, as against Germany's 33 battleships, of 482,000 ! Not much sign of an emergency in those figures.
In 1909, Mr. McKenna's war-scare was much criticized by Mr. Churchill. He was an anti-navalexpansionist at that time, and actually wrote a book against it. Now, on equally unreliable figures, he is attempting to answer his own arguments. Looks ridiculous, doesn't it?
I shall not go so far as to say that there is no emergency, but I confess that up to date I am not convinced that it exists. If Great Britain is determined on peace, there is plenty of time to call an international conference on the advisability of reducing armaments. If such a conference were called and were barren of results, then Canada might seriously consider that her aid was necessary. In the meantime, let us bear in mind the Economist's conclusion: "We see no reason why wealthy tax-payers should allow themselves to be fleeced for the sake of an unnecessary and provocative programme of ship-building.'

## Inconsistency Rampant.

NO more inconsistent man ever sought high public office than Theodore Roosevelt, bullmooser, and presidential candidate of the Progressive Party. Apparently he is willing to enroll anyone under his banner if he will vote "Teddy," and to play any card which will bring him votes. He was once a friend of Lodge and Penrose ciple men who are entirely opposed to the principles which Roosevelt is supposed to represenHe would be their friends still, were they of any value to him.

Roosevelt reminds one of the type of political vote-getter which one finds in the councils of Canada's larger cities. They will consort with any class if it will bring them votes. They will espouse any movement if it means more favourable ballots, They will join any society, if it will bring them more strength at the polls. They have no principles, no moral convictions, no ambitions other than to be successful at the polls. Morning, noon and night, day in and day out, week after week, they seek votes. Such is Roosevelt on a larger and more dignified scale
Roosevelt advocates the principles in which most of us believe; but Roosevelt advocating these for their own sake and Roosevelt advocating them for the sake of votes, are two different men. The one Roosevelt we would respect; the other Roosevelt we detest and despise. He talks much of "higher sincerity of purpose," and his constant use of the phrase indicates his ionorance of its meaning.

## Roosevelt and Harriman

TRo has been much discussion as to whether Roosevelt, while denouncing the money-power Harrimapted campaign funds from the late Mr multi-milionaire railway owner. The marizes anew the facts of the case, as follows: "Mr. Harriman wrote to the case, as follows
"Mr. Harriman wrote to Sidney Webster, January 2, 1906, that the President had sent for him to talk over the campaign, and that he had undertaken, at Mr. Roosevelt's request, and on condition that Senator Depew be made Ambassador to France so as to make way for Frank Black, to collect a fund for the National Committee. Now comes Odell to bear witness that he had talked the matter over with Harriman, both before and after that gentleman's visit to the White House, and that he personally knew of the money being raised and turned over to Treasurer Bliss. The Colonel would dismiss all this as 'hearsay evidence,' but he must see, as every body else does, how strikingly confirmatory it is of the Harriman letter to Webster. He may go on reiterating that he 'never, directly or indirectly, asked Mr. Harriman to raise a dollar,' but even he must be aware that the public has made up its mind on that subject with a firmness that no denials from him can shake.

# The New Crop of Plays 

## Imposing List that Includes Pinero, Shaw and Schnitzler

WHe two new farces on the boards, "Just Like John," by George Broadhurst, and "Ready Money," by James Montgomery; a comedy drama, so called, "The Master of the House," by Edgar James; three new musical offerings, "The Girl From Montmartre," "The Merry Countess," and "Hanky-Panky"; the return of "Officer 666," "Robin Hood," and "The Greyhound," from a short summer vacation, the new theatrical season has at least made a start. Offerings of last season, also, like "The Rose Maid," "Bought and Paid For," and the ever enjoyable "Bunty" that braved summer heat, continue steadily in popular favour
The new offerings, agreeable enough in some instances, do not disclose any of the rich haul for which England and the Continent were dragnetted all summer. "Just Like John" is a mild farce revolving round the experiences of a Secret Service man who has been assigned to the task of breaking up a circle of anarchists. A young woman member of the group devoted to the destruction of monarchs, falls violently in love with the Officer, thinking him one of her "comrades." Complications arise from the fact that the Service's man is married and forced to lead a double life, in fear of his wife on one side and the anarchists on the other.
The theme of "Ready Money," the Montgomery farce, also playing at Sir Charles Wyndham's New Theatre, London, is that "You don't have to have money to make it. All you have to do is to make people think you have it." New Year's Eve finds the hero, a young mining operator, with nothing but a lot of worthless shares of mining stock and twenty-five cents in cash, to meet a note for $\$ 20,000$ due on the following day. How he applies the philosophy above quoted, and by "flashing" a goodly fortune of $\$ 1,000$ counterfeit bills, gets his friends
tumbling over each other to buy mining stock, tumbling over each other to buy mining stock, offers amusing side-lights on a human weakness.
The author of "The Master of the House" acknowledges his indebtedness to German sources. The theme is divorce and the treatment is from a somewhat new angle. The leading character, a wealthy manufacturer, becomes the victim of a designing girl, marries her and then wakes up to the fact that he is no longer master in his house, but the merest puppet in the hands of his bride, her mother and even her lover. He finally breaks away from a situation that has become intolerable.
One of the announcements of Mr. Ames for the Little Theatre has already been noted. The others so far disclosed are "Anatol," a comedy by Arthur Schnitzler; "The Great Adventurer," a dramatization by Arnold Bennett of his own "Buried Alive," and three one-act plays by Maurice Maeterlinck.

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THER Shubert offerings in prospect include Capt. Basil Hood's version of Carl Rossler's comedy, "The Five Frankfurters," under the title,


HATTIE WILLIAMS AND RICHARD CARLE, In "The Girl From Montmartre." Copyright, 1912, by Charles Frohman.

By J. E. WEBBER
Our New York Correspondent
"The Golden Lane"; "Birthright," a comedy by Constance Skinner, a farce by Matthew White, jr., and "The Cinch."


The long list of musical productions under Shubert auspices includes at least one with a strictly Made in America label, "The Girl and the Miner." Rida Johnson Young confesses to the libretto, while the music makers are Paul West and Jerome Kern

Mr. Lewis Waller will also return to New York for a second season, opening at Daly's in a new play of Edward Knoblauch, "Discovering America." The "discovery" in Mr. Waller's case has been mutually profitable.

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ROM the announcements before us Klaw \& Erlanger will confine their activities almost alto"gether to musical comedy. The one exception is "Milestones," the dramatic novelty of the London season, by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. This piece is promised a simultaneous presentation in New York and Chicago, so confident are the producers that America will endorse the enthusiastic verdict of London.
Cohan \& Harris promise us a dramatization of Henry Sydnor Harrison's popular novel of last year, "Queed." Mr. Winchell Smith has prepared the stage version and Mr. Brandon Tynan is to attempt the eccentric role.

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HINA is to be the background for the Liebler spectacular offering at the Century this season The Daughter of Heaven," by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier, succeeding "The Garden of Allah" on that sumptuous stage. The leading character in the new piece is the Empress of China, and the story deals with a subject no less remote than a conflict between two Mongolian dynasties.

China is to be still further exploited this season according to the dramatic announcements of Mr ; Brady, when Reinhart's production of "Turandot," a Chinese play with Grace George in the principal role, is presented. We are also indebted to the same management for the prospect of a stage version of "Little Women," Louisa M. Alcott's famous book for girls. Marian de Forest has done the dramatizing, and a try-out last spring in Buffalo and Chicago seems to have put the venture already beyond the experimental stage. There are four acts and two scenes, representing respectively the March sitting room and the Plumfield apple orchard.

MR. FROHMAN'S list of new things shows his predilection for foreign and English authors. For his oldest star, John Drew, he has provided a comedy from the French of Caillavet \& de Flers, called in the original "Papa," and dealing with a father who deliberately decides that the time has come to settle down, be sedate and live for his son. He ends by falling in love with his son's sweetheart and she with him. It is evident from all this that Mr . Drew will stick to comedy situations in which long experience has made him tolerably expert.
John Mason, a recent acquisition to the Frohman
forces, will be starred in Bernstein's latest play, "The Attack." This piece, with Lucien Guitry in the leading role, was produced at the Paris Gymnase as "L'Assaut," on the withdrawal of the same author's "Apres-Moi," to which Paris took such vigourous exception.
From his London theatre (The Duke of York's), where it has been a reigning success since last February, Mr. Frohman will bring Pinero's "The-Mind-the-Paint-Girl," which has for its heroine a type of girl who makes a hit in a musical comedy and then marries a lord. This part, enacted with such success in London by Marie Lohr, is to be entrusted here to Billie Burke, whose charms of person will all be needed to make up for the inevitable shortcomings in interpretation.

Margaret Anglin has been provided with a new "play from the pen of Edward Sheldon, called "Egypt," and in which she enacts the part of a gypsy.

The veil of mystery habitually surrounding the activities of David Belasco, has been lifted on his immediate plans for both his theatres. At the Republic, Miss Alice M. Bradley's domestic drama of the middle west, "The Governor's Lady," will open early in September, and E. J. Locke's, "The Case of Becky," with Frances Starr in the title role, at the Belasco. The Locke play has already had a season's run outside New York, including Toronto in the itinerary, while Miss Bradley's opened with a successful trial production last summer in Philadelphia, to its credit.

## Canadian Stage Notes

E.R. RICKETTS and his associates, who failed to obtain sufficient financial aid from the citizens for their proposed theatre to replace the Vancouver Opera House, Vancouver, B.C., have secured a lease on the Imperial Rink building. It is their intention to remodel this building and make it suitable for dramatic productions. The remodeling is expected to be completed in time for the opening of the regular season.

Christmas Eive has been chosen for the first New York performance of Donald Brian's new play, The Marriage Market. This piece, which comes from the Hungarian, will be produced in America by Charles Frohman, and in London by George Edwardes. Mr. Brian will play three roles in one as the chief actor in The Marriage Market. He will appear as a cowboy, a sailor and as a newspaper reporter in as many acts of a play whose scenes are divided between the city and bay of San Francisco:
Two new links will be added to the Orpheum chain of theatres when, on September 5, the Sherman Grand at Calgary, and the Empire at Edmonton, will commence getting their shows through the Orpheum offices. The shows will split, playing three days in each house.


ADELAIDE AND HUGHES.
In "The Passing Show of 1912."

# The Waste of Life 

## And What Must Be Done to Prevent It By DR. C. W. SALEEBY

## No modern scientist has done so much to call attention to the waste of human endeavour and human life as this famous English writer. Thi article is typical of the man and his gospel.

SME optic atrophy assails us, so that, while life is spilled and wasted on every side, we merely deplore the fall of the birth-rate This is not reasonable, nor even human, fo as I showed at the Royal Institution five years ago, life and in the main line of life's ascent. The highest birth-rate is among the microbes; the highest in vertebrates is among the fishes, who are the humblest vertebrates; the highest in mammals is among the rats and the rabbits; the lowest in
mammals (with the exception of the huge elephant) is among ourselves; and as for birds, Darwin pointed out long ago that the fulmar petrel lays only one egg, but it is the most numerous bird in the world. As for man, whose birth-rate is so small, and in whom the birth-rate steadily falls as he advances, he is the only living creature who steadily increases in numbers.

The obvious explanation of this paradox of the petrel and of man, is that, though the young of these most numerous creatures be so few, they are the best cared for. So many of them are saved that the effective birth-rate, as I wish to call it, is indeed highest among ourselves. The fish may produce a million eggs in a season, but, on the average, all but two will die, and the numbers of the race will merely be maintained.

## Infant Mortality.

ALL this clearly means, in a word, that, as life ascends, its wastage diminishes. To produce three offspring, and save them all, is more in the long run, than to produce a million and lose all but two. It follows that the wastage of life among ourselves is essentially inhuman, belonging to stages of life's ascent which we have really outgrown; and it follows, further, that the movement of our age against the waste of life is in every sense, biological and moral, too, in harmony with the genius of our species. In short, our first duty, as human and moral beings, is not to deplore the falling birth-rate, after the fashion of too many truculent moralists, who draw their confident indictments against a nation, but to save the birthate we have-and then, perchance, humbly to "ask for more," if we honestly believe ourselves capable of taking care of it.
Of course there is waste of life at all ages, among the mature and the prosperous, the men who have "retired," and who spoil and abbreviate the holidays of their lives because they have no resort but eating and drinking, as also among the enthusiasts and the conscientious, who work themselves into their graves. All this is theme enough for long and useful discussion, but I must attend to first things first. Among all forms of life, death and destruction bear most heavily upon the immature. What Darwin taught us to call "natural selection" is chiefly a "slaughter of the innocents." The deathrate, which is the waste-rate, is highest at the beginning of life, falls gradually away, and is never so high again until we observe it among the very old, where it can no longer be called waste of life at all.
This is strictly and abundantly true of ourselves. It is infancy and childhood that contribute so hugely to our death-rate, as ever since life began; and the further and complementary statement to that already made about the fall of the birth-rate as life ascends is that it has been accompanied by a fall in the death-rate. We, therefore, who work towards that end, towards preventing the waste of life in our day and generation, are working exactly in line with the main upward trend of organic progress.

## The Care of Motherhood.

THE primary appointed means for the prevention of waste, in all the higher forms of life, are mothers and fathers-mothers earliest and most, but fathers also. This we see alike in the oak's care of the developing acorn, the whale's care of her calf, swimming beside her, or that association of mother and child among ourselves which so many religions, surely not quite in error, have regarded as divine. First, then, if we are to prevent the waste of human life, we must take care of the
mothers who primarily produce and take care of it. The existing infant mortality is approximately the measure of the need; and nothing can be more significant than the lessons we have learnt in the campaign of the last decade for the prevention of waste in infant life. The French, who have a tiny birth-rate, and who fear the Germans, with their huge (though rapidly falling) birth-rate, were naturally the pioneers. Where babies are scarce, they are precious. The pioneers invented the creche, and the sterilized milk depot. They thought to short-circuit the mother, and improve upon Nature's most ancient invention for the prevention of waste in infant life. Then they learnt to do better. They began to take care of the nursing mother ; then to take care of the expectant mother, and now they have their reward. The Germans came very late into the field and made their experiments quickly, with the French examples before them. Already they have abandoned everything else and are beginning with the care of motherhood. That is the principle of what is, by universal consent, much the best thing in the Insurance Act, the "maternity benefit," which I heard impartially applauded from both sides of the House on the introduction of the Bill in May, 1911. I repeat the suggestion that our national memorial to Lord Lister should take the form of a Listerian Order of skilled men and women, appointed by the nation to save and rescue its motherhood, in its creative hour, by the application of the great principles of Listerism. A nation that can afford public-houses and racecourses can afford to build a memorial to Lister.

## Educating Young Parents.

$T$HAT would-nay, it will-be the first step; and then we must prepare to teach our adolescents and instruct our young parents, so that their love of their children may be fortified by knowledge So long as individuals are mortal, the destiny of any people must hang upon its parenthood; or, as King George has said, "The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people." Is it not time that we taught our girls to be good wives, even if we have to teach them less about the wives of Henry the Eighth?
We must lay the foundations aright, if we would successfully build the House of Life; I offer no apology for lingering there. But though our infant mortality (almost the whole of which is really national infanticide) still consumes, within the first year of life, more than one-tenth of all that are born, and though no subsequent wastage can equa this, Heaven knows there is enough. For soon we put the child upon cow's milk, and that is the beginning of tuberculosis, which we now perceive to be, in reality, a disease of early life, like most other infections. All who really care about the waste of life are therefore bound to support the Pure Milk Bill which the hygienists have been demanding of Parliament for so many years.

The revelations derived from recruits in the Boer War led to a Royal Commission and Committees which examined our school children, and thence to "medical inspection." Medical and dental treatment must follow. I say must, advisedly, for we are all agreed upon the principle of national insurance, and the burden thereof, steadily increasing year by year, would surely break the nation's back ere long, unless we saw to it, as we must, that the beginning of vital decay and waste, threatening in childhood, are arrested, so that the insurable population, at sixteen, starts healthy and can then with relative ease and economy be left so.

## Tuberculosis Mortality.

THE only rival to the infant mortality, which more mortality also more than decimates us; and here, be it noted, the waste is very largely among young people, and young parents of both sexes. This is ruinous to the essential process by which alone a nation renews its youth; its present monetary cost is enormous; and we are now all beginning to ask, in the name of the Prevention of Waste, the question which the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, asked seventeen years ago, "If preventable, why not prevented?" It will shortly be prevented; the Committee of experts now sitting on the subject, and the magnificent monetary provision lately made by Parliament, will see to that.

What the nineteenth century did for conditions of life the twentieth will do for life itself, first by prevention of vital waste, as those pioneers taught us, and then by sheer creation; but that is divine Eugenics or Race-Culture, and my space is exhausted. It has all coming time, and can afford to wait.

## Eliminating Politics

$S$OME prominent men in Winnipeg and Toronto have decided to make an active effort to get the naval policy taken out of contentious politics. They propose to send a memorial to Mr Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier suggesting that
these leaders try to decide upon a naval policy which these leaders try to decide upon a nav
the country can support as a whole.
There is, in each city, a large committee who have been working on this memorial for some weeks, exchanging views and endeavouring to frame it in such a way as to command the approval of men on both sides of politics. Finally, three points were decided upon as basic and the memorial built around them: (1) A Canadian navy as a permanent policy ; (2) an emergency contribution if circumstances warrant; (3) speedy action by parliament with the support of both political parties.

The memorial as finally drafted by the Winnipeg committee and accepted by the Toronto committee reads as follows:

W
, the undersigned citizens of members of both political parties, unite in urgently representing to the Premier and Cabinet of Canada and the Leader of the Opposition:

1. That in our judgment it is the desire of the majority of the people of Canada that the Dominion should forthwith take her part in the naval defence of the Empire.
2. That capacity for self-defence being a neces sary incident of nationhood, that Canadian people look forward to equipping itself with all reasonable despatch with the necessary means of defence; and that the permanent policy of the Dominion shoula worthy of our national aspirations.
3. That if international relations as disclosed by official information are such as to indicate the existence of an urgent situation, substantial evidence should be given fort and that the action taken in accordance with this and should be of such a notable character as to be dea shour in the light of the responsibilities of Canadequate in the light of the responsibilities worthy of Canada's material wealth and prosperity.
4. That the motive animating Canadians is no to promote the military spirit as such, and, in par ticular, is not to render are acute the tension between Great Britain and any other Power; but
to show in a practical way their belief that the effective maintenance of the British navy make for the preservation of the world's peace, and $t$ demonstrate unmistakably the strength of tim Overseas resources whire.
fence of the Empire.
5. That it is highly desirable that the policy of the Dominion of Canada, both for the moment and permanently, with regard to this matter shouid not be or become a party question.
6. That without delay an earnest effort should therefore be made by the Government, through friendly consultation with His Majesty's Opposition in Canada, to give to such immediate action and to the Dominion's permanent policy, a form which, the whole question of Imperial Defence from the domain of contentious politics.

It is not the intention of the committees to make general request for signatures, but rather to ask only those who directly or indirectly signify their approval. Copies for signature may be obtained from Mr. V. C. Brown, Bank of Commerce, Winnipeg; or from Mr. John A. Cooper, 12 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

## Government is Doomed

WHEN a constituency sends a man to the British Parliament to vote "agin the government" what a cry is raised by the Opposition supporters to the effect that the said Government is doomed. Manchester, in England, has just sent a Unionist to Parliament, and even the sedately immobile London Times claims that it is deadly warning to the Asquith people to quit. Here in Canada should a whole province stay Liberal in a local election, the Borden people are fevered in no way, as was lately the case with the Provinces of Quebec and Saskatchewan, though their opponents have not yet got beyond talking about it as a sign of what is going to happen ten years hence to the Conservative Government in power at Ottawa.-Quebec Chronicle.

## Gardens, Wild and Tame

By VIRNA SHEARD

THERE are two kinds of gardens-the wild, and the tame. The first is the Garden as Nature makes it, and the other is manmade and more or less geometrical in design, though why it is desirable for flowers to grow in squares, circles or triangles, is a question unsolved.
Some even go so far as to make "ribbon-rows"long lines of red, white and blue flowers, or lavender, crimson and yellow ones, and regard these crimes against the beautiful as master-pieces of horticultural art.

As it is, blossoms of wild growing plants are always a perfect complement one to the other, but there are no hard and fast designs in the exquisite colour schemes.
It was left to men to place cut lillies in wireframed "Gates Ajar," or dye white immortelles a vivid crimson and weave them into knotty wreathes to hang upon the tombs of the dead.
The first gardens I remember belonged to my grandmother and grandfather, and were entirely different, but equally interesting.
My grandmother's garden was on the south side of an old grey stone house, and in it grew such quaint flowers as Ragged-robin, Love-in-a-mist, Lavender, Candy-tuft, Johnny-jump-ups, Ladyslipper, Queen-Anne's Lace, Mignonette, Honeysuckle, Moss-roses and many another fragrant thing that does not often scent the wind now-a-days.
All these kept each to his own place nor presumed to run riot over his neighbours "pied-de-terre." If he had he would have been dug up, root and branch and somehow he knew it. A gentle old world courtesy of one plant to another pervaded the place; a decorous politeness, a certain grace of demeanor that withal hinted at formality.

It was indeed a dear garden-but in it the classes did not mix.
The aristocrats-the lillies, asters, violets, roses and clematis, kept to themselves, and by no chance rubbed shoulders with such common folk as Oldman, Ragged-robin, or any of the prolific family of Sweet-William. Far be it from them.
There was a strawberry bed at one corner, and a raspberry patch, but these kept to themselves also and the young runners of the strawberries stopped where the new raspberry canes began. Some black and red currant bushes were even more exclusive, if that were possible, and formed a select community by themselves at the risk of having an exceedingly dull time.
The only plant that seemed to want to meet his neighbours in a truly democratic spirit was a far reaching trumpet-vine. He was hail-fellow-wellmet with high and low, and went his merry way refusing to be snubbed, and offering a glad hand to all he met. The cold eye of disdain disconcerted him not at all and he returned it with the mellow smile of a friend, and well-wisher, pleased with himself and the world.

I N this garden, narrow gravelled foot-paths meandered properly across the grass in a perfectly meaningless way, ending where one least expected them to, or keeping on without apparent purpose.

One indeed, with more method than the others, wandered to a rustic summer-house where nobody ever sat, but which seemed to be the final paradise of all good ear-wigs. There they certainly did congregate. Often in those sun-bonnet days I have stood and watched these unlovely insects, and been lost in wonder-like the little girl in "Punch"-as to how they could possibly like one another.

Near the rustic summer-house in state and aloofness, grew the particular pride of the garden, a Jerusalem cherry-tree-though why "Jerusalem," or why "Cherry" was never satisfactorily explained, while the flavour of the fruit of that small, stiff tree is still left to the imagination.
Dire were the woes predicted for the child who should taste thereof, grim death itself being dwelt upon as a not improbable consequence. No apples of Eden were ever more alluring, and it only needed the serpent with his wiles to prove one a very daughter of Eve. Fortunately no radiant serpent appeared, so a mist of romance still hangs above those untasted yellow-red cherries, and a desire to know of their flavour remains unsatisfied to this day
A century plant that had never been known to blossom, ran the Jerusalem cherry-tree a close second in exciting a general mild interest. It was an object of perennial speculation, and could be relied upon to furnish food for conversation at such times as the Rector called to take tea, or formal acquaintances made yearly card-leaving visits.

## At the Sign of the Maple <br> A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Mystery surrounded this plant also. Never did $t$ convey the impression that it belonged where it grew, but smacked of sandy sun-kissed wastes, and hot, quivering winds of the desert. Now and then it would freshen up in colour and at the edges of the prickley leaves would come a faint pink. At such times it assumed an air of "I could an' I would," that promised much, but fulfilled nothing. I can't help wishing it had blossomed just once anyway to please the gentle person who tended it.
My grandfather's garden was at the north of the house, and there, beans, onions, cabbages and cauliflowers (which are only cabbages with a college education, as someone has said) grew in beauty side by side.

Indeed it was my grandfather in those far days who pointed out to me just how beautiful a greenyblue cabbage can be with the dew beading it in crystal and silver in the fluted folds, and made me take note of the exquisite grace of the tasselled Indian corn and the ferny tops of the carrots.
Always he sowed among his vegetables, pinkfringed poppies, for he was one who, like the old fringed poppies, for he was one who, like the of Persian poet, would have sold half his last l
bread to buy hyacinths, as "food for his soul."
Another garden I remember belonged to a little,


A Charming New York Hostess, Who Recently Gave up Society
for Her First Love-the Stage-and Has Scored a for Her First Love-the Stage-and Has Scored
Tremendous Hit as Zozo in "The Merry Widow

old, withered woman whom everybody in the village where she lived called "Miss Martha." I was taken to this village to see Miss Martha, and it was very much worth while.
Miss Martha's garden, like the "Contrary Mary's," was bordered with cockle-shells.
A slight feeling of disappointment came over one at the absence of silver-bells, and rows of pretty maids, though it seemed rather much to even expect them. Still there are places where it is impossible to say what will happen-and Miss Martha's garden was such a place.
There was a summer-house at one end of it made of coral and tropical shells. A totem pole stood at another end, and in the ancient orchard was a queer, damp, greenish stone grotto. We drank tea in the shell and coral summer-house, that might have been the home of mermaids-and Miss Martha told stories of her young sailor brother who had long ago sailed to foreign parts.
Whenever he came ashore he brought pinkcoral, pressed sea-weed, fascinating bits of Japanese and Chinese silk, sandle-wood, wee stone gods of wild people, and sometimes a parrot and once a monkey. He himself had built the summer-house we sat in, and he had made the stone grotto.
Much I regretted the parrots and monkey. They had lived, Miss Martha tearfully told us, to a good

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old age-one couldn't expect them to live forever.
As for the sailor brother, he had been lost at sea. "Sometimes," she ended, "when the wind blew high and rocked the old pines above the shell house, she came out and sat there and listened to the sea-sound of their branches, and thought of him."
I pictured him as a rollicking, sun-tanned, delightful person who whistled a good deal, and had a rolling walk, and the old withered woman and the green garden with the cockle-shell borders has stayed in my memory, while many a rose-planted lovely place has been forgotten.
ND there is another garden I used to know. It is deserted now, save for the birds: The cedar birds, and purple grackles, song-sparrows, and robins. Now and then there comes a summer when, an oriole swings his "small grey castle in the air," from the tip of one of the branches of the great rees that guard the place. The fence about it is lichen-covered, and the gate sags heavily. Over the tangle of untended flowers broods a deep tranquility. To walk there at evening when the fireflies have lit their fairy lamps, is to see visions and dream dreams. In the perfumed silence one leans gainst the old, friendly trees and keeps very still for it seems so likely a voice may come across the shadows; or a step-

The river banks are perhaps the most lovely of all the Canadian wild gardens. There, the scarlet bear-blossoms, golden-rod and brown-eyed Susies make a perfect glory of colour through the tangle of wild bronze-green grape-vines and starry white clematis.
Who does not love the tiny gardens growing in he corners of the rail-fences, that run around many an old ten-acre lot? And who does not adore a field of yellow mustard in the sun?. It is a very garden of the gods-though a wrath-inspiring thing to the average farmer.
The edges of the woods along our northern railways are a joy and a delight! The ferns often grow up to the very tracks, and wild raspberries almost brush the windows of passing trains in some places, while a blue bell-like flower, whose name places, while a blossoms in the very abandon of joy for miles along the roads in Ontario.
And in July Marguerites and Butter-cups sprinkle the hills with gold and white. Through the woods, deep and cool and sweet-scented, here and there are scattered little wild gardens almost unearthly in their beauty. Whoever has come suddenly upon a patch of "Indian pipe" will understand this. No man could make these fairy flowers grow in his garden as they grow in the woods. They are so delicate, so fragile, so strange, it seems a touch would make them vanish. And the colour of them! It is as faintly changeable and illusive as the shades on the pearly side of a shell. Yet these flowers bloom where hardly anyone ever sees them. They come and go-for what reason none may say.
Also in the bush are the queer, uncanny gardens of the mushrooms and toadstools, that spring up, in a night in rings where the little "wood-folk" have danced, perhaps.

Many delicate-looking and adorable flowers that are really hardy, grow in our northern fields as well as they did in England, in Will Shakespeare's day, for even here-

## "Daisies pied, and violets blue,

And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-flowers of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight."
Through the short, bright summer of the Yukon the hills seem suddenly to break into "a foam of flowers," and in the prairie soil a thousand varieties of little wild gardens may be seen ringing the changes on the different seasons. Through the marsh lands about our northern lakes there are "Water Gardens" that would verily delight the people of old Japan.
There, among reeds and rushes, grow the purple iris, and pitcher-plant, while sedges and seeding grasses make a symphony of green all summer long. Small, stiff, pink soldier-flowers stand "at attention" in the bog-lands, and great, golden-hearted, white water-lillies open at break of day-each one to "catch the sun in his chalice."

SOME learned person once told me just how many kinds of water plants grew in the marsh land about Toronto Island. Unfortunately I have forgotten the number. It seemed unbelievable, and I remember having thought it very clever of the learned person to have counted them all. But it is my unhappy lot to possess a mind like that of the
(Concluded on page 24.)

## His Little Girl . <br> OUR NEW <br> SERIAL STORY

"WELL, Helen, all I can say is, I wash my hands of you if you persist in this nonsensical, outrageous scheme. I've always said, and I'll always stick to it, it is not fitting that a lady of your birth and position should work for her living. Ladies of the Stansdale family, never have stooped to anything of the kind, and I should have thought you would have had too much respect for your family to wish to bring discredit on its name.'
Robert Stansdale, drawn up to his full height, stood before the empty grate in the drawing-room of their suburban villa, looking at his sister Helen with angry and astonished eyes. He had listened with very ill-concealed impatience to her explanations of the reason for wishing to take the step he considered so outrageous, and now he stood staring at her, with a confused sensation that his world, the little world in which he had so long strutted as supreme cock of the walk, was all at once being turned inside out and upside down. Robert Stansdale greatly disliked any disturbance in the small world he had ruled so long, and ruled as he felt, so wisely and well. Since their mother's death, some years earlier, he had been sole arbiter of the fates and lives of his sisters, and he prided himself upon having ordered their lives for them in the most suitable way that could be conceived. Helen's present attitude, the extraordinary line of conduct she was suddenly adopting, was incomprehensible to him; not only did he not understand it, he refused entirely to try to do so. He stood there by the fireplace, an upright, stubborn figure, his grey side whiskers seeming positively to bristle with wrath, his small eyes gleaming angrily as he watched Helen's nervous, yet determined face.
"Why can't you make her see reason ?" he questioned suddenly and sharply, turning to look at his other sister, who crouched back in her chair with frightened face, "I don't see where she's got this infernally silly idea from, but if she has got it, can't you shake it out of her?"
"I-I've tried, Robert," Miss Marion faltered, her blue eyes looking deprecatingly into her brother's angry grey eyes, "but, dear Helen will not listen to me, she thinks
"She thinks she knows best," Robert interrupted with a sneer, "I suppose she's heard a lot of rubbish about independence and all the rest of it from the silly women you meet here and cackle with over your tea. It ought to be beneath your dignity as a Stansdale to know these people at all, much less to listen to their cacklings."
"The people we know here are very nice in every way, Robert," Helen put in, with a firmness which, as her brother faintly realized, was new to her, "and I have never discussed with any of them the question of a woman's independence. But, for a long time, for a very long time," her accents increased in firmness, "I have chafed against my own position here. I have disliked being a burden upon you, and now that, as you told us a few weeks ago, your inome is less, I have made up my mind to work."
Robert gave a laugh that was something between
snort and a sneer a snort and a sneer.
"To work? At your age? A pretty mess you're likely to make of it. An old lady of sixty can't very well begin working, with any chance of success, and I tell you, Helen, I don't intend you to do it."'
"But," his sister's blue eyes met his unflinchingly, though she shrank a little at his words, "I intend to do what I wish, Robert, whether you oppose me or not. This is not a new idea of mine. I have wished to do it for years, and hitherto I have submitted to your wishes, against my own better judgment. Now, I am going to follow that judgment. The time has come when I must do as I think best, and live my own individual life."

$S^{0}$OME strange, and hitherto undeveloped courage stirred Helen into her brave speech, but, having made it, she subsided once more and became her normal frightened self, and collapsed into the nearest chair with a nervous glance at her brother's enraged and wrathful countenance.
"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "our individual
life. My good girl, where in all this world have you picked up expressions of that sort?" and Robert laughed scornfully, "you don't mean to tell me that you are beginning to talk this modern jargon, you-an old woman of sixty? At your time of life you ought to have more sense, and the sooner you make up your mind that I do not intend to countenance your preposterous scheme, the better it will be for you, and for all of us.'
His hectoring tone put renewed courage into Helen, and with a sudden flash of resentment in her eyes, she rose to her feet again, and faced her brother with a curious dignity quite foreign to her.

Robert, I have made up my mind," she said, slowly, "and you will not browbeat me into altering it now. Your scolding me will make no difference to my plans. They are settled. I have arranged to go to Sir Giles Tredman, to take care of his ward; and to-morrow I shall join them at the Metropole Hotel."
"Upon my life," Robert blustered, but Helen put up a hand which, though it trembled a little, had nevertheless an oddly quieting effect upon the angry man.

"E
VERYTHING is settled," she went on, her voice growing firmer and more placid with every syllable, I did not tell you anything about it untrl all the arrangements were irrevocably made, but I am sure I shall be very happy in the work I have chosen; and I thought it would be wiser to begin it at once; especially as you will not make life here very agreeable for me now that I am taking a step of which you disapprove."
"Agreeable to you? No, by jove! I should think not," came the emphatic reply, "you are running counter to everything I most care for, and if you persist I have no wish to make anything agreeable for you any more. Clearly understand, Helen, that if you go now, you go for good and all."

Oh! Robert," came a tremulous remonstrance from Marion.
"Hold your tongue," her brother exclaimed, sharply, "if Helen chooses to make herself an uncomfortable bed, she must lie on it; and if it doesn't suit her, she can't come whining back here. No! if she is so determined to work, let her work. You and I will jog on alone, or rather-not alone," he added, "for the probability is that I shall use Helen's vacant room to put up a young lady whom I have been asked to befriend."
"A young lady ?" Marion cried, breathlessly, "oh! Robert, how can we, how shall we -""
"Do stop, 'oh! Robert, we-we!'" the irascible gentleman exclaimed, "we can, and we shall, do what I choose here. I mean to be master in my own house, let me tell you that, Marion." Robert Stansdale, during his many years of fighting the world in city commercial circles, had lost much of the refinement, and many of the outward signs of birth and breeding which, through all their adversities, had never left his sisters. Contact with many sorts of men had developed in him a species of brusque roughness which he had fostered and encouraged, anid he punctuated his sentence now with a short laugh that seemed to hold the concentrated essence of a bullying nature.
"Yes, Robert, I know," Marion gasped out, "but, when you said a young lady, I-wondered-"
"You can stop wondering, then," he interrupted, brutally, "when I was asked to-day if I knew of an English family in this suburb who would take charge of a young German lady, I said 1 would make enquiries, and try to find out the right family. Now that I find Helen has made up her mind to take
this besotted and ridiculous step, I intend to offer a home to the young lady here, in my house. The money her brother means to pay for her will be a money her brother means great convenience, a very great convenience, and you must just make yourself agreeable to her, Marion, and do all you can to give her a pleasant home. I shall write to her uncle to-night."

But-but-Robert," Marion rose, and came closer to the truculent little man, "surely you will tell us who the young lady is, anid what I shall be required to do. I feel, I mean this has come so
suddenly, is such a Jurprise, I can't understand it.
You'd better collect all your wits together and try to make it out then," was the cutting retort, "the young lady's name is Muller, Miss Rosa Muller. I have met her uncle, he is in the Diplomatic service, but he is often in the city. He wishes his niece to be with refined English people to learn the language, and to see something of English life. He fancies this suburb, and, being a friend of mine"-here Stansdale preened himself after the fashion of a proud and important peacock, "he asked my advice. I shall write at once to put Helen's room at his niece's disposal."
Bewilderment, dismay, surprise, chased themselves one after another over poor Marion's face, whilst Helen sat speechlessly in her chair, looking from her brother to her sister and back again, in a
kind of puzzled stupor. kind of puzzled stupor.
"Of course, if we must have this young lady," Marion said, tremulously, "I will do my best to make her happy; but, if her uncle is in the Diplomatic service, I can't understand why he wants her to live in a suburb like Stockley. Life here hardly seems to be the kind of life for a girl in that position. I should have thought London, and London society, would-"
"It doesn't matter the value of a brass farthing what you think," Robert answered, with another of his short laughs, "Mr. Muller wishes his niece to come here, and there's an end of it. But I tell you what, Marion, things will have to be nicely done for her. Muller is an important person, there can be no mistake about that; and this girl will have been accustomed to the best, and with what she is going to pay us she can have the best here, and she must have it. Muller's an aristocrat to his finger tips, and there is no doubt Miss Rosa will be one too."
"But Robert, do you think Dr. Berners will say it is too much for Marion to have the extra worry of a girl in the house, to-" Mr. Stansdale broke roughly in upon Helen's trembling intervention.
"Dr. Berners' opinion will not be asked. There is no necessity for it. Miss Muller is more likely to be a help than a worry to Marion; Dr. Berners is a very good young fellow, and a gentleman, too, which is more than can be said of a good many of his profession. But I have no idea of letting him interfere with my household arrangements. You women are far too fond of consulting that young man and pinning all your faith in him. Now there's an end of the argument," Robert put up his hand, "I he saw Helen open her mouth to speak again, "I shall settle with Muller that his niece can come to us as soon as Helen goes, and what Berners thinks or doesn't think are matters of complete indifference. Understand that!"

## CHAPTER IX.

$\mathrm{H}^{4}$UGH BERNERS, the rising young doctor, who was making himself a name and reputation in farge suburb of Stockley, ran down the steps of Mrs. Cardew's house in Cromwell Road, with a pleased smile upon his face. He had enjoyed his afternoon; the At Home had turned out far pleasanter and more amusing than he had expected, and he congratulated himself upon having made a special effort, and given up this afternoon to avail himself of Mrs. Cardew's invitation. He had made the Cardews' acquaintance during the Easter End, which he had spent at the country house of mutual friends, and his host, Mr. Dunn, being a man of much worldly wisdom, had counselled the young physician not to lose sight of the smart widow and her handsome daughter.
"The Cardews know most people worth knowing," Mr. Dunn said, shortly, "at their house you may come across men and women likely to be useful to you, and Miss Cardew's fiance, Sir Giles Tredman, is worth cultivating, too. Some day he will be a very distinguished personage, if he goes on as he has begun: and his place, by the way, is not so very many miles from Stockley." The advice had remained in Berners' mind, and the afternoon he had just spent in the Cardews' house made him realize that Mr. Dunn's words had been words of wisdom. The men and women who crowded his hostess's drawing-room were precisely the men and women it was well to meet, and one woman's face in particular lingered in his memory, as he walked quickly eastwards en route to his club for dinner. Hugh Berners, in his busy life, had hitherto found little time to bestow much thought upon the other sex; he had worked hard at his profession, allowing little else to absorb his mind or thoughts. He had kept his hands and heart clean, living uprightly and purely, with a boyish simplicity, feeling that one purely, would offer the best of himself to the woman he should ask to be his wife. But until now, the
(Contimued on page 28.)


## Courierettes.

HISTORY records that George Washington once cussed. If he had to endure the present presidential campaign, history would surely repeat itself.
A horse they call Froglegs won a feature race at Hamilton. Again-what's in name?

Over in England they have lady bookies at the race tracks now. Whatever small chance there once was of beating the books now goes glimmering.
A dentist says that American teeth are improving. Probably he merely imagines that because of having seen so many Roosevelt pictures.
Suffragettes got after Lloyd George in Marienbad, Bohemia. "Come to the land of Bohemia!"-No, thank you.
In Montreal a man bet a waitress that she couldn't take out of his clenched hand $\$ 105$ which he held in it. She opened his hand and his eyes were opened when he found that he couldn't recover the money by going to court.

## $\%$

Concerning Cleopatra.-The all tooprevalent ignorance of things historical was amusingly exemplified the other day in a drawing room of a big Canadian city when the conversation drifted to the topic of some recent scientific discoveries concerning the great Cleopatra, Egypt's famous queen. A young society girl who never excelled in history was determined to keep in the conversation. Unfortunately she had confused Cleopatra with a modern "Pat"Princess Patricia. Her remark concerning "Princess Cleopatra's appearance at the races" drew a smile from the others in the room.
$\%$ \%
Hard to Convince.-A certain Western M. P. was once city editor of a Toronto daily paper, and in Toronto newspaper circles they still tell a little story about his heated argument with the foreman of the composing room one day when they were crowded for space. There had been a rush of ads.not enough for two extra pages, however. The paper printed twelve pages daily
"Well," said the editor
man, "make it thirteen

## to-day."

The foreman tried to explain that this was an impossibility, and that if the paper were enlarged it must be to at least fourteen pages
The editor could not see it, however, and all the emphatic and heated language of the foreman was in vain until in sheer desperation he hit upon the plan of getting a copy of the paper and demonstrating the plain proposition that each sheet has two pages. And to this day that unfortunate editor-M.P. is "kidded" about getting out a thirteen page paper.

## Adam's Worries

$\mathrm{N}^{0}$ Paris fashions! No milliner's bills! No orders to buy hook or pin! frills! -
How happy must Adam have been!
How happy? Indeed he was happy a while-
He understood women, he thought;
And Adam - every feminine wile,

Though her plaint about "nothing at all to wear"
Wore out and became a joke, Had Adam but known, his lady fair Was like modern female folk
"Are you going to keep me waiting all year?"
He'd say with a haughty stare, While Eve, pretending not to hear, With flowers decked her hair.
"Come on," said, Adam. Said Eve, "Keep cool"-
And she loitered to hurry her pace, And smoothed her beautiful every pool
"We're late again for the circus tonight,"
Poor Adam bitterly fumes;
I'll not," says Eve, "look a perfect fright
While the ostriches have their plumes."
For the simple life the old man sighed; Society's whims he slammed;
And once, in the heat of passion, he cried,
"The social lions be d--d!"
It took him almost a couple of hours To hush Eve's terrible sobs;
lieves that some Englishmen haven't much more sense of humour than the most serious Scotchman.
"I heard this story told," he said, a few days ago:
"A young man, who had been sent into the country to steady him up a bit, got a job with a farmer one night, bit, got a job with a farmer one night.
"Next morning he was wakened by the farmer at three o'clock-quite a the farmer at three
while before daylight.
"'Tumble out!' said the farmer
"'What's the hurry?' asked the young man.
'A big field of oats to cut,' answered the farmer.
'Are they wild oats?' was the next question.
"'No."
"'Then,' said the young man, 'why do you need to steal up on them in the
"Everybody, except an Englishman, aughed when the story was told," say, the traveller. "The Englishman said, Well, I don't see anything funny in

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Inappropriate.-J. Harry Smith, edior of "The Motor Magazine," Toronto is being subjected to a little "joshing" is being subject
by friends.
In his official position, "Harry" has In his official position, "Harry" has
much to do with automobiles, but when he took his summer holidays he went he took his summer holidays he went
on a long walking trip. a long walking trip.
And no doubt the chi
And no doubt the chief inconvenience he suffered was from the dust raised by the "benzine buggies" with which his day's work is so closely connected.
*:
Aldermen Might Have It.-Montreal policemen, for the most part Frenchspeaking, are also supposed to have a working knowledge of English, but in
the East End one runs across officers whose English is limited, but who, like all policemen, are able to give some kind of an answer.
Two ladies going into town from St. Paul de Vincent on a suburban car forgot an umbrella. After asking the motorman and conductor of the city cars where they might make inquiry about the missing article, and being met with shrugs, they at last approached a "blue coat." After listening to their story, and not by any means comprehending what they meant moment in them for a pidity. Suddenly an pidea penetrated an idea penetrated his
grey matter, and with grey matter, and with telligence he said, "Go telligence he said
to de City 'All."
$\because$
Queer Idea of "Sights." -The heading writer has been at it again.
Recently the Toronto Globe put, over its Hamilton news, a heading the first two parts of which were: HEAD-ON
Thereafter the getting of feathers and flow'rs
Was one of his steady jobs.
W. A. C.

The Way of
$*_{3}$ slam the front door when he goes out early in the evening, but the chances are that he won't when he returns later -much later.

## The Self-made Man.

"I AM a self-made man," he said,
When And realized his "break,"
"Y one chap in the audience piped,
(
Small Boy's Ambition.- That old gag about the average American small boy aspiring to be President is played out. The dizzy height of the average young ster's dream of glory is to carry bats for the home team.

Missed the Meaning.-Scotchmen are credited with being very slow at seeing the point in a joke or a funny story, but a certain traveller in Canada be.

"Almost Persuaded." COLLISION OF HAMILTON CARS Hibernian delegates seeing the city sights.

## \%

Her Reason.-Many a wife keeps on good terms with her husband because her gowns button down the back.

## Another Version.

Drink, and the world drinks with you; Pay-and you pay alone.

## 

"Free Translation."-Some people, who were seeing the sights of Montreal from a "rubberneck waggon" a few days ago, heard a remark which mightily amused them.
In front of one of the civic buildings is a line-made in flowers-"Dieu et Mon Droit."
A young lady in the party of sight seers has a slight knowledge of French so she asked, "What does that mean?"
"What do you think it means?" was the reply.
And the lady's guess was: "God and Montreal."

## A Musical Number

Every man, woman and child is naturally interested in music. Every friend and acquaintance of the subscribers to The Canadian Courier should read the issue of

## October 12th

## All Music

There will be more interesting musical matter in this number than in any paper ever published in Canada, or likely to be published for some time. It will be the sort of stuff that naturally you will be sure to read; because it deals in an interesting human way with the people, the movements and the institutions that have made Canada as musical as she is. But,

## Is Canada Musical?

That depends. The Canadian Courier of October 12 may throw some light on this. The story of what has been done in old and new Canada will help to determine. The fact that we have no real Canadian National Anthem, no really great orchestras, no celebrated maennerchors as in Switzerland and Wales, no remarkable pianists, but few eminent organists, not more than three or four good bands-

## Enough Said.

If we had all these things we'd be another Europe. At the same time, we have a musical development more rapid than any ever known in Europe or the United States. According to population we spend more on music than any other country in the world. We have a cosmopolitan musical population that is going very rapidly into the melting pot. What will it produce? We shall What will it produce? We shall
see. There is no necessity for see. There is no necessity for
boasting. Facts alone are eloquent enough. The musical number of October 12 will deal with facts.

## The Reader's Part.

But with all the material that we are accumulating on this subect, we are still open for more. Hundreds of our readers have had or know of musical experiences that should be of interest to other readers. We shall be glad to get letters containing information in regard to any musical movement in your town or community. What is going on? What do you expect to happen? What is wrong with the musical outlook? What are people not doing that they should do? Is the local newspaper doing its duty -or not?
There are dozens of sides to this problem. Send in your opinions, and as soon as possible. No matter can possibly be handled in that issue unless we get copy before September 23rd.

## Canadian Courier,

Toronto.

## Do You Know

## What an Investment Is?

True investment means the purchase of some genuine, readily salable bonds or stocks in which your principal is safe and which will earn you an assured income on the purchase price.
In other words, investment combines security with profit. Security without profit is not investment-it is hoarding. A safe deposit box-a hole in the groundmay represent security, but it does not offer profit.

Profit without security is not in-vestment-it is speculation and speculation means that your principal is always in jeopardy. The purchase of unstable stocks or bonds is speculation.

An investment house of the right sort advises its client as to what constitutes a genuine investment for his money.

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are sent from time to time, as issued, to our clients, and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities deat in on all markets. put your name on this hist? of great value to you in finding secure investments.
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Another Directorship for Gordon.

$T^{H E}$ elevation of Mr. Charles B. Gordon to the board of the Royal Trust Co., Montreal, is another indication that this aggressive, clean-cut, shrewd, young financier is steadily finding a place among the topnotchers.
At forty-four, Gordon is director of some of the biggest concerns in Canada controlled from Montreal. He is best known as


MR. C. B. GORDON, Now a Director of the Royal Trust $\mathrm{C}_{0}$ president of the Dominion Textile Company. This cotton organization of his ranks among the largest cotton manufacturing plants in the world. At the present time it has 17 mills running full blast. In itself, it would seem formidable enough to claim all the energies of the chief officer. But President Gordon has a snappy way of cleaning his desk, and possesses a strong instinct for branching out. He is president of the Hillcrest Collieries; vice-president of Penman's, Ltd. ; vice-president C. Meredith \& Co.; director in The Molsons Bank, Montreal Cotton Co., and Ritz-Carlton Hotel.
It is only ten years ago that this widespread activity of Mr. Gordon started. It began when he organized a company and commenced to make shirts. The Standard Shirt Company, under his direction, was successful enough a venture to bring him in touch with the capitalists who laid the foundations of the Dominion Textile Com-pany-and, incidentally, the fortune of Charles B. Gordon

Mr. Gordon is a native of Montreal, born and educated there. His father was a merchant and Gordon junior may have inherited a good deal of his trading instinct. He learned the rudiments of business with McIntyre, Son \& Co He was for five or six years with these people, broadening his ideas until he was ready to size up and take hold of big business.

## The Royal Securities Shake-up

THIS photograph of Mr. A. R. Doble was taken a few days ago, showing Mr . Doble as Commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Montreal. Since then he has received command of the Royal Securities Corporation in succession to Skipper Max Aitken, retired.
Mr. Doble's appointment has two interesting features about it. One


COMMODORE A. R. DOBLE, Who will henceforth command the Royal Securities Corporation. concerns Mr. Doble and the other, more particularly, Sir Max Aitken. As far as Mr . Doble is concerned, his advancement is a tribute to his growing reputation as one of our leading younger financiers. Mr. Doble has been moving along fast ever since 1887 , when he first joined the Bank of Montreal staff. He was for ten years secretary to the president, and this got him in touch with some big men and big deals. He figured in the celebrated fight with the Mexico tram people. Mr. Doble is on the boards of such concerns as Western Canada Power and the City Realty Co.
A few months ago, he dropped out of the Bank of Montreal. He went almost immiediately to England. Perhaps, he ran across Sir Max over there. At any rate, a rumour got into circulation that soon Sir Max would retire from Royal Securities and Mr. Doble should succeed. Well, it has happened.
The retirement of Sir Max, and the promotion of Mr. Doble, leads one to speculate as to the effect on the future financial plans of Royal Securities' ex-president. The step out was a serious one for Sir Max. Sentimental reasons alone would cause him to hesitate about giving up his place in the institution which he fathered, unless other interests were making extensive inroads on much over Sir Max founded Royal Securities in 1903, when he was not twenty. It was this company which was headquarters for the famous Aitken deals-Canada Cement, Canadian Car and Foundry and Steel Company of Canada.
Sir Max stated the reason for his retirement in Toronto, saying that a man could not live 3,000 miles away from his office and run it properly. What is the full significance of these words? The Royal Securities incident would suggest that Sir Max may find that his political activity and residence in England may embarrass his participating in Canadian financial matters much longer.

## Special Crop Report.

 SPECIAL crop report correspondent of the Canadian Courier is travelling in Western Canada with his eye on the harvest. Last week, he was over the Canadian Pacific to Calgary, and noted conditions in that district. He reports that much of the oats in that vicinity are still green, but other grains are ripening well.He also ine Crow's Nest line. Here

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he found wheat three-quarters harvested. The week was ideal till Friday, August 23rd, when rain spoiled the industry of the toilers in the fields.

## The Expansion of F. B. McCurdy \& Co.

MR. F. B. McCURDY, the prominent eastern broker, a year ago essayed to be a legislator. He came to Ottawa, it will be remembered, with somewhat of a halo about his head, having defeated such an old veteran as ex-Finance Minister Fielding.
Mr. McCurdy still retains a strong affection for the ticker. He has

F. B. McCURDY, M.P.

Well-known Maritime Broker who has opened, at Ottawa, the twelfth branch of his firm. announced that his firm will immediately open up a branch in Ottawa. There is to be no risk of the market getting away on him while the air of the Capital is live with politics. If all connections are counted, Ottawa makes the twelfth branch of F. B. McCurdy and Co. The Ottawa office will be managed by Mr H. B. Cassils, prominent in the financial undertakings of the Capital.

## More Capital for Bank of Ottawa

$T$ HE growing demands of the country I require more banking capital from time to time, and the Bank of Ottawa have now announced an issue of $\$ 500,000$ at 200 to shareholders of record. As the price, 200, the same as the last two issues in 1905 and 1909, is only about 13 points below market price, there is no "melon cutting" here, and even though the date of record set is in the future, the issue, in ratio of one new share to every seven old ones, gives but little chance for speculation or fluctuation in price. On account of the recent failures and the double liability attached, bank stocks have not been very popular as investments recently. However, in the case of an old established, conservatively managed bank, there is little danger in this respect, and bank stocks are now yielding a higher return than formerly.
This issue will make the total capital $\$ 4,000,000$, and the rest fund along with the premium on new stock will amount to $\$ 4,500,000$. The Bank of Ottawa has been established for 38 years, and only once, in 1909, during the past ten years have earnings been less than 14 per cent. on the capital. In 1911 they amounted to 17.01 per cent. In 1910 the dividend rate was increased from 10 per cent. to 11 per cent., which is equivalent to 5.1 per cent. on present market value or 5.5 per cent. on the issue price of the new stock.

## On and Off the Exchange.

## July Bank Statement.

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 appear to be any danger of a shortage in circulation this year. The circulation was reduced $\$ 6,000,000$ during the month, and there is now a margin of authorized circulation as against $\$ 13,600,000$ last year. In addition to this there are the new Dominion $\$ 5$ notes, which are proving quite popular, and also the 15 per cent. emergency circulation which is allowed after the 1st September.

Savings bank deposits show a gain of over $\$ 9,000,000$, amounting now to the new record of $\$ 640,592,000$. As might be expected after the payment of July dividends, the demand deposits show a decrease of $\$ 1,500,000$, and now stand at $\$ 372,012,000$, as compared with $\$ 316,973,000$ a year ago.
Commercial and call loans in Canada show increases of $\$ 3,300,000$ and $\$ 1,700,000$ respectively, while call loans abroad have decreased $\$ 2,600,000$. This is the first move towards recalling the foreign loans to meet the home demand and further decreases in these loans may be looked for if the commercial situation demands it. Like deposits, commercial loans have increased steadily each month during the year, and the present total, $\$ 852,256,000$, is a new record.
An important feature is that the ratio of commercial loans to deposits is 2.6 per cent. higher than July, 1911, and now stands at 81.4 per cent., as against 81.3 per cent. in June.

## Brazilian Merger Assured.

NY doubts that the public may have had as to the completion of the A Brazilian Traction merger, are now settled. Early in the week over 70 per cent. of the old stock had been deposited, and it is expected that by the time this issue is off the press, at least 80 per cent. of the old shares will have been deposited. This assures the completion of the merger, and the stock certificates of the new company will be issued after the first of the month.

## Other High Rails.

THERE has been so much talk of the high price that C. P. R. is bringing 1 in the market that one might be inclined to believe that C. P. R. was the highest selling rail in America.
This is not so. There are at least four higher rails: Delaware and Lackawanna at 530 to 540 ; Jersey City at 368 ; Lake Shore at 464 ; New York and Harlem about 400

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## News Not Always Fresh.

"T O my mind the popular method of buying and selling on 'the news' is positively silly," said one who is in a position to know. "People read the papers to find what is doing, but what they get is from a day to a week

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old and all the juice has been squeezed out by the insiders."
Very true in most cases, and the public should know that the officials of corporations are not giving out valuable information before they have first taken advantage of it. Most corporations whose stocks are on the market pride themselves in the fact that their organization has never been known to "leak" though occasionally the news gets out before they are ready. This happened when the news of C. P. ․ . application to increase its capital was divulged at Ottawa. And, by the way, C. P. R. officials do not appreciate the fact that their information was given out for them.

## Our Citizenship Doubtful

 THAT there are basic weaknesses in our system of citizenship is pointed out by the Marquise de Fontenoy, in a syndicated article which appears in the daily papers. She says:If a Canadian secures letters of American naturalization, he becomes a full-fledged citizen of the United States, with all privileges associated therewith, save eligibility to the Presidency of the Republic. But if an American takes out naturalization papers in Canada, he is not accorded the full privileges of British citizenship. He may spend all his life in Canada, may marry a Canadian woman, have Canadian-born children, and rise to the highest official position in his adopted country. But if he goes to Great Britain, he is as much an alien in the eyes of British law as the most recently arrived Jewish immigrant from Russian Poland.

If he goes to Australia, to South Africa, to New Zealand, or any other part of the British dominions beyond the sea, with the idea of settling there, he has to qualify anew for naturalization in that country by two or three years' residence, according to the local variation of the law. Of course, this ruling tion of the law. Of course, this ruling applies not only Amer and whe transferred their homes and allegiance to Canada, but all lized in the English colonial dependencies. They are all subjects of King George, but without the rights of British citizenship. Efforts have been made for the last two or three years to remedy this state of affairs, but so far without avail, and the negotiations, now being carried on more actively in London by the Canadian Premier and the Dominion's Minister of Justice, who argue that British citizenship should mean one and the same thing for the whole Empire, are not likely to be successful. For the Mother Country, which is very chary about granting letters of naturalization, insists on five years' continuous residence in Great Britain, and subjects the applicant's antecedents to the most careful and searching scrutiny; whereas in the colonies the qualifying period is shorter by two or three years, while as to antecedents, the investigation is merely nominal. Aside from this, the Imperial Government does not see its way to changes which might be construed as granting full rights of British citizenship to the three hundred million subjects of King George in India.

## More Comparisons

(From the Winnipeg Telegram, Aug. 17.) $\mathrm{N}^{0 .}$ l Northern wheat at Minneapolis yesterday sold for $1043 / 4$ cents a cents
No. 2 Northern wheat at Minneapolis yesterday sold for $1003 / 4$ cents a bushel; at Winnipeg it sold for $1041 / 4$ cents a bushel.
No. 3 white oats (the only grade quoted at Minneapolis) sold at Minneapolis yesterday for 30 cents a bushel; at Winnipeg it sold for 38 cents a bushel.
Old barley sold yesterday at Minneapolis for 36 cents a bushel; at Winnipeg the price for No. 3 barley was 50 cents and for No. 4 barley 46 cents.
The reciprocity newspaper will, of course, warn the Western Canadian farmer against accepting the logic of these comparisons. It will continue to point out that when prices are higher at Minneapolis than they are at Winnipeg the Western Canadian farmer loses money, and when the price is higher at Winnipeg than it is at Minneapoliswell, he loses money just the same.

## FOR THE JUNIORS

## The Loon's Nest

By F. Edwin Coster (aged 12).
Dear Aunt Helen,-Last summer I spent a pleasant vacation on an island
on Lake Magadavic. We arrived all safe and made our camp. The next day we visited another island and ther3 we found a loon's nest with two eggs in it.
We went over the next day aud tound We went over the next day and tound
one of the eggs hatched and the little loon in a small pool of water. My brother and I picked it up and patted it, much to the dislike of the mother who was swimming just ofi the island. Two days later the little loon was gone and we saw it later with its mother The mother carries its young on its back when it is frightened. The other egg was kicked almost into the water and the nest was all torn up. We took the egg back with us. _bout a week later we discovered a squirrel on the island and we fed it. After awhile it became so tame that it would eat the crumbs from under the table. It then began to steal our provisions, nibbled the ego sides of brown bread which had been left an It afterwards disappeared o cool. It afterwards disappeared a
The next week we sailed
The nex week we sailed down the lake on a pleasure trip and stopped for inner on a point where there was an old shack. After dinner we were tak ing a rest when we heard a rustling noise. We looked about and saw a rabbit trying to get at our lunch. We watched it and then put a biscuit out or it, and the rabbit ate it and then went away again. I hope to go there next year with the family.
(Certified by his mother, Georgia A.

## Birth Stones.

A WAY back in the seventeenth century there was a very strong su perstition among the Jews regarding precious stones, and it was believed by nem of its gem had a special infl the High Priest .of the High Priest contained twelve jewels, it for each or in this of Israel, and it was, perhaps, in this way that they came to be associated with the twelve months of the year. From a very good authority comes the following two lists rect
The Polish-January, garnet; Febru ary, amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June chalcedony or agate; July, ruby; Aug ust and September, sardonyx; October, aquamarine or beryl; November, topaz; December, turquoise.
The Jewish-January, garnet; Febru ary, amethyst; March, jasper; April, sapphire; May, chalcedony; June, emer-
ald; July, onyx; August, carnelian September, chrysolite; October, aqua
marine or beryl; November, topaz; De. ember, ruby

Miss Cherry Blossom and Mr. Sun. O NE warm spring morning a wee bud ed its eyes to the world peeped out, a tiny little bud wrapped green, and sniffed the sweet wrapped Was this the world? How nice to be in it! A sweet-briar bush growing near nodded, and said, "Good morning, Little Blossom," and a scarlet japonici stretched out one of its sprays and touched the baby bud.
"Glad to see you," it said. "I thought you would be born to-day.,
The little cherry bud was grateful for the notice the flowers took of her. "I think I was asleep before," she said. I don't remember much until this morning, when I woke, and saw the beautiful world, and all of you smiling. I do hope I shall last a long time." Then the japonica looked sad, did some of the other flowers, but the sweet briar rustled its branches, the ing such a sweet perfume, and sas, mak cheery voice, "Of course you will in long time, and when your petals fly a there will be little cherry where way grew. That will still be you where they So Little Blosim beyou, you know. the best of all her friend he best of all her friend
higher the wore on the sun rose higher and higher, and Cherry Blos som's petals opened wider and wider little life ed every moment of her sweet little life, and she loved to look at the "Hn looking down upon her all the time she said to herself "Be looking at me, she said to herself. "But I must be mistaken; he would never notice such a little creature as I am."
But Mr. Sun had seen her from the moruent she peeped out into the world, for he, too, was just rising after a
night's rest, and all the morning be might's rest, and all the morning he had been looking at her, thinking of her pretty petals. "I should like her for my crown for her, Then wove a golden it on he brow, whispered, "Little Blossom, be my own."
Cherry Blossom trembled and turned pale, for the sun's rays were burning and the crown made her feel faint But Little Blossom was more beant ful still in hel rolden crown, and she wore it day by day till the wind come into the garden and shook ber till trembled, and her golden cown blown away. Then se knew Swe Briar was right for as her cown sile far off on the fine a at the end of a tiny stalk cherry hung
$x \cdot$

## A Jingle.

$\mathrm{S}^{O M E}$ are here and some are there Leaves are fally fill
Isn't this ailly fhe fall


The Flower of the Farmer's Flock.

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Sign of the Maple

## (Continued from page 17.)

college professor who was an authority on fish, but did not know his students very well by name. On one occasion he excused himself for this by say ing that "whenever he remembered the name of a

## of a fish.

So with me. Whenever I try to re member how many varieties there are of any particular plant, I invariably forget something important regarding it.
Under the water there are gardens of another order. When paddling ove the lagoons on a still day, feathery, jade-green plants starred with pink and faint yellow, brush along the bottom of the canoe; and these are all gemmed and jewelled and strung about with and jeps of water that seem turned to drops of waterls and opals. Yet these strings of pearseeds that the big weed are cutter such lovely things should perish so.
things should periss so. Alh the wid elusive beauty with a strange them is impossible The perrume tises be imprisoned secure, for When in crystal. When we catch the scent of the woods on the wind, old indefinite sensations and primeval longings stis restlessly at the hearts of the mos worldly-wise of us. Some essence these untouched, untended plants and trees extract from the earth, that growing things in cultivated gardens do no reach at all. And it touches a responsive sense within us that strangely enough has not been quite killed out by all our modern artificial modes of life So I think God's gardens will always be the best beloved.
And of the wild flowers-most of us with Will Shakespeare-are fondest of hose that
Do paint the meadows with delight.

## $r$

## Recent Events

HISTORY repeats itself, but not in every instance. George Washington every instance. George a certain little hatchet and won his country's lasting adulation. Mary Leigh did one with a no doubt similar axe and won five years for herself in a British cell. Of course, the aims were different. Mary Leigh was found guilty of wounding one, Mr. Redmond, with a weapon aimed at the Pre mond, whose name is not Mr. Redmond. Which goes to prove that a woman is still a woman "for a' that"-"a' that" still a woman for a lital suffragitis n Mr. Asquith, the Prenier so recenty wounded by proxy, is fixing his thoughts on the maple-leaf as a possible leaf of healing-is thinking of seeking this country with Winston Churchill. But the enemy is beforehand. For one of the gentle sisterhood, just out from Hollo way jail, has preceded my gentleman to the city of Montreal, the which she will make the headquarters for militant oper-tions-perhaps even surgical ones, a la hatchet.

## 0

$\mathrm{S}^{01}$
E warp-a historical warp at that effects on the part of the average popular mind an interest, almost delight, n the dwarfed and freakish. And the same taste which misshapes vegetation in China, and which mutilated children in England as late even as the reign of James I., is being catered to in Edmonton just now by that Lilliputian attraction at the present exhibition, "Princess Victoria," smallest woman alive. This wee vaudeville performer resembles a two-foot doll, is perfectly formed, dresses with taste and includes in her quite varied list of accomplishments, the playing of musical instruments and singing.
$W^{E}$ hate reciprocity, as every patriot should, States ones. And, there even Untion is made of the coming o fore, mention is made of before born, of that boy heir, fathertess Mrs. Madeleine the name of All inherit $\$ 3,000,000$. And Astor's child will a very valiant stork it must have been a for that bird, at which undertook him, fost added to the least the specimen jud to be the bash London Zoo, is repu fhe fllow (and we fulest bird created. The not the baby) refer still to the stork, not a huge bill
filled with a strong membrane"-of all of which it had, this trip, every need.
$A^{\mathrm{N}}$ apartment house may be, or an N apartment house may of or barbers-anyway, something of necessity sacreligious, is destined sooner or later to take the place of "the angel factory" so called by students, otherfactory, so-called by students, olter wise, Bishop Strachan School, on College Street, Toronto. For the present sit has been sold, for $\$ 400,000$, to some un known buyer-unknown, that is, excep to Solicitor Gwynne. And clams may blush who learn of the
$A^{N}$ Englishwoman of fine mind and high A scholastic attainment is Miss Alice Taylor, who has recently been engaged by Dr. Hare, assisted by Mr. James L.
Hughes, as new Lady Principal for the Hughes, as new Lady Principal for
Ontario Ladies' College, at Whitby or
YOU expect it of a woman with hyphen in her name that when sh attempts to do a thing, she does it. And expectations are, for once, fulfilled the case of Mrs. Genieve Lipsett-Skinner the Winnipeg woman, just returne from her campaign in immigration in terests. This able lecturer has toure Great Britain and Ireland, and her influ ence will, no doubt, soon be strongly felt in a better class of folk who wil see this country

W HATEVER may be the limitations W mo's, it seems, has the power of chang ing. A blonde race, discovered in th Mackenzie River region, threatens to rather complicate that vexed Western question of white girl labour in Ocienta concerns. Our sympathy is extended io that official in Saskatchewan who is puz zling out just what may be a white woman.

## Naval Necessities <br> (From Toronto Daily Star.)

THE official report of Winston T Churchill's speech on the navy est. mates shows that he emphasized the point that safety can be obtained only by cool, steady, methodical preparation extending over a number of years. Naval preparations are slow. Small ships require eighteen to twenty months to build; large ships two, three, some times four years; docks more than four years. It takes two or three years to train a seaman, much longer to train an artificer, six or seven years to pre pare an officer. The efficiency which comes from a harmonious combination of these elements is a plant of slow growth.
Therefore, he says, it is no use fling ing money about on the impulse of the moment. The strain will be long and slow, and nothing is to be gained by slow, and nothing is to be "gained to learn from our German neighbours, to learn from our German neighbours, whose policy marches unswervingly to ward the goal across the lifetime of whole generation."
Elsewhere in the debate reference was made to the fact that the British Gov ernment was not building as many ships as its mechanical facilities wouid allow, and that it was not considered wise to make provision for building to far in advance. If this is done, said Mr Asquith, "You may find you are left with ships which are obsolete, out-of date, and which are not really fit for the growing requirements and exigencies of naval warfare, in which case you will have lost your money and will have to spend it over again in having to provide substitutes.
A further argument against the alarmists is the fact that the British Government is not borrowing money to build ships, as Germany is doing, but is simply using part of the surplus revenue for that purpose.
From all this it does not appear what is the emergency which Canada is to be asked to help to meet. The debate gives the impression not of any immediate danger, but of a heavy task extending over a long period of time, and requiring steady and methodical work. Mr Churchill was very vague and reticen about the part to be played by can ada. Doubtless making fuller explanations to Mr. Bor den, as was quite proper, an it Borden makes hisk exp his propesals endorsed.

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## Drink St. Leon Water The Water of Health

## Divided Devotion

(Concluded from page 8.)
was wanting you, and he was as drunk as drunk. He's not been gone longwengy's eyes flashed. "The brute-" to frighten eyes frashed. "he brute of Jim and euke this!" "But never mind, he won't come back
Wait. He's that bitter against you and Jim. An he said he was off to Mr Branksome's to fire the house."
Peggy laughed. "Not he
brave man when he's drunk, it He's a Besides, Mr. Branksome ", it seems.
"But it's true. He's got ranged. He told me how it all ardone. An' the blame'll fall on Jim be the folk as are marching there to and For a moment Peggy was silent; then she drew her aunt to a chair by the fire. "You sit there quiet," she said; "and don't worry about things. I'll run to Branksome's and warn them. It's not very far."
It was four miles to Mr. Branksome's house, a solitary, rambling place, flanking an unfrequented road. Peggy ran on, and on, stopping now and again Darkness breath.
Darkness had rallen, and the chill wind carried with it sudden showers of rain. Not a soul was abroad, for everybody was either taking part in the demonstration or watching those who were. Once Peggy thought she heard shouts borne on the wind, and she stopped, her heart beating wildly, wondering if
c were too late.
The noise resolved itself into a confused murmur, and Peggy, looking across the fields, could see in the distance twinkling lights. They were the lamps carried by the demonstrators.
It seemed as if her leaden feet could carry her no further, when she saw in front of her the lights of Mr. Branksome's house. Redoubling her efforts, she reached the door, almost collapsing with her supreme effort, and rapped loudly and often.

A maidservant opened the door "Mr. Branksome," panted Peggy; The maid looked at Pegey, dien ed and mud-stained clothes led and mud-stained clothes, and tossed
her head. "Well, you can't!" she snapher. "Head " engaged!"
"I must see him. Tell him I'm Peggy -Peggy from the mills. He'll see me. Quick, quick!"
The maidservant hesitated, and then, impressed by Peggy's earnestness, went to inquire. In a minute or two she returned.
"Come in," she said, grudgingly,
Peggy was shown into the diningfour elderly men with papers in front of them. Mr. Branksome looked front of "What is it $\%$ "
What is it? "Ise asked; then he alPeggy ?" tone: "Is anything the matter, Peggy ?
Peggy forced herself to speak. "Tonight," she panted, "the workers are
"Yes, yes; we
Yes, yes; we know that," said Mr. Branksome, with a slight smile. "Is
that your message "Wat your message?"
house before I Gray was at my aunt's house before I got home. He was drunk. He said he was coming on here to fire the house. He meant that Jim should get the blame." She stopped, catching "And so yer for breath.
"And so you came to warn me, Peggy. That was good of you. You must let me-" He broke off. Through the titude. "Here they are," he said to the men beside him. "Let us meet them at once."

T HEY rose and went out of the room,
followed by Peggy. Mr. Branksome threw open the rront door. The revealed them to them from the hall cold, hungry crowd it was, and tired, Branksome's glance softened when his eyes fell upon it. For a moment there was silence, and then a voice cried there "Come out o' that house. Peggy Maitland, an' no' shame yer man!!' And Peggy, listening, distraught, heard the words repeated.

Aye, come out-come out!"
angry words that, frightened at the She saw, prominent among the at her.
the white, stern face of Jim, and she longed for words to explain her presence.
But at that moment the attention of the crowd was attracted by a thin wreath of smoke that curled up from the adjoining stables and was swept away by the wind. It was followed by faces. Mr. Branksome rushed to the faces. Mr. Branksome rushed to the door. of the outhouse and opened it.
He was driven back by a suffocating He was driven
column of smoke.
"Fire!" The cry was taken up and echoed by the crowd. The stable contained no horses, but it adjoined the house, and the danger of the fire spreading was appreciated by all. In a moment Jim Newton had dashed forward, with two other men, to the task of extinguishing the fire. Quickly pails were found, filled with water, and passed along a chain of willing workers,
Mr. Branksome and his friends worked as well. As he hurried past Jim, the latter touched his arm
"This is no work of ours," he said, "Of course it isn't. Wait-,

A THOUGHT struck him. Wrapping his coat round his arm with which he shielded his face, he darted into the stable from which no flames now ap peared, but which was full of smoke.
He was gone but a few minutes, but Jim was anxious.
"What did he do that for?" he muttered. Then he hurried after Mr, Branksome. Almost at the doorway he stumbled against him. He was bending lown, endeavouring to raise in his arms the figure of a man. The next moment, with Jim's assistance, they had the man outside.
"Dan Gray!" Again Jim thought of Peggy. What had brought these two to Mr. Branksome's house? A thousand suspicions filled his brain. Mr. Branksome bent over the figure. "He's not dead," he said, "but it was touch and go." He rose to his feet. "The fire's out now," he said, turning to Jim. Thank you. Thank you all for your help. And now I've something to say to you all."
The crowd which, save for the active workers, had fallen back so as to give room to those engaged in putting out he fire, now came nearer. Mr. Brank "I raised his hand for silence.
" expected you here to-night," he cried, and I have news for you. But first let me tell you that you did wrong o accuse the best girl in or out of the mills with treachery. She came here to warn me of an attempt to fire the house. She came because she was afraid that you might be blamed for it. She ran here all the way to help you and to Jim hea
Jim heard the words, ashamed. He was standing beside the speaker. He hesitated for a moment, and then, "Where is she?" he cried, eagerly,
"You will see her in a moment. My news is this: These gentlemen are the executive of the Millowners' Association We have agreed to-night to stop the lock-out. We have agreed to recognie your union. We will meet your leaders to-morrow and discuss the other points. You've won. I congratulate you points. He said more, but Jim did not The lock-out was over the not listen. with the workers, and Peggy-quickly with the workers, and Peggy-quiekly
he turned away in search of her. He he turned a way in search of her. He
met her coming out of the house. "Did you hear, Peggy?" he said, softly, "the
"I
Theard, Jim. It's grand, isn't it?" And you and me, Peggy - are we to kind to yonain? haven't been me? I can't do without you you forgive "It was my fault, Jim. And I can't do without you,"
They were out of sight. From the other side of the house came the voice on Mr. Branksome and the shouts of sing, crowd. Then someone began to "For he's a hoarse chorus joined in, Peggy and lim good fellow. hands, listened. "Friend each other's said. "Then. Friends again," he take makes the weaven! It's give and and take and a power of sympathy,"


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## The Day's Work

By NOEL GRANT

THE mountains rose steeply on either side of the valley just leaving mountain stream, a rickety railroad and a rough, boulder-strewn waggon road. The stream was insignificant of itself but behind it lay the mountains and in case of a heavy rain, the stream would swell in a few hours to a raging tor rent. The little mining town of Margled over the sides of the mountain along the valley. Level ground there was none, and each shanty stood, as it were, on stilts, the verandah, along the front of the house, overnanging the rains creaked and groaned, shrieked and jostled till the coal rolled from the overfilled cars.
It could not be called a beautiful plac by any means, but, indeed, none of the people thought of beauty. It wa town filled winh she, cildrent, dirt odours. The thoroughfare was the odours. The thoroughrare
track, and along it trudged stoopedtrack, and aldered miners, unkempt slovenly women and toddling youngsters. The odours of the place were awful, as each family heaved its garbage over the ver andah, toward the stream below, but never into it. Above the houses, above the people's heads was the wild beauty God had given the place, but no one They plodded along the track with no object in life but th place their feet on the ties without tripping and thus reach the company store or the minemouth quicker
The faces of the people showed thei lack of the love of Nature, their joyEveryone had smile listless, worn out expression. The men smoked, slept or drank away their spare time and their money. The women were drudges with nothing to relieve the monotony save an occasional gossip at the top of neighbours' verandahs. True, the work was hard, lonely, disagreeable, dangerous. But is that not all the more reason that once outside of the mine, they should lift their eyes to the sunshine, should enjoy the beauties around, should give thanks for be ing alive to see these things? But no, each man trudged to the mine in the dusk of morning, swinging his dinner pail and trudged back again at night, dirty, tired and bent. He stripped to his waist on his verandah and washed the coal dust off him, ate his supper and wandered down to the saloon. This happening day after day, week in and week out, of course must take away from a man's higher nature and his natural instincts for the beautiful.
The last house in the village, and separated from the rest, belonged to Sam Brunt. He was isolated from the others, not so much from his own desire but because the company wished to avoid as many fights as possible. Sev eral times he had been in prison for some stabbing affray, and so it was just as well to keep him away from the rest.
He was a heavily-built man, stoopedshouldered, long-armed, and with his head thrust forward. His face was cruel and evil. The eye-brows were heavy and met over his nose. His eyes were iro-grey, piercing and inclined to grow very cold with anger. His mouth was overhung by a heavy red moustache through which a glimpse of a bitter smile could be seen, and his long upper teeth projecting. He was not a handteeme praje and. inclined to win one, confidences Still he had managed to confidences. Still he had managed to secure a wife. Poor woman, she led the life of a dog. She worked for him, slaved for him, and for it she received cruel words and blows if he happened to be drunk. He encouraged the chil dren to disobey her and to talk to her as he did. He had no respect for her and openly saia sho whe thim and he wished he could get rid of her Of house furnishings there were none The walls were bare. The furniture consisted of a couple of rickety beds, a rough tabls and several boxes for chairs. There were hardly enough cooking utensils to cook his coars
meals of fat pork and cabbage. Here in this hovel she had to work for this beast, receive his jibes and jeers with
as good a grace as she could. She reared his children to what they were and clothed them as well as her poor fingers knew how, while she, herself, was content with a Mother Hubbard wrapper and sunbonnet.
For years she had lived in such conditions, gradually growing thinner and thinner, more and more bent, more and more haggard. Her hands were long and bony, with the fingers twisted and bent. Her thin calico wrapper flapped about her poor shriveled form, She had no companions; she had no joys; she had nothing save her work, the spark of life God had given her, and a beast for a husband. Human endurAll day it had rained in torrents The creek rose and rose foaming about the rocks, carrying boxes, barrels and refuse away, and thus giving the vil lage its much needed cleansing. The road was mud to the knees. The water ran down the mountain side and a lit tle stream ran under the house, carry ing mud and rattling pebbles down to the creek below.
She had risen in the morning to get Sam's breakfast, but felt so weak sho could hardly stand. However, she had kept up till he left, and then crept back to bed. One of the children told her nearest neighbour she was sick, and this good woman had come in and done what she could for her and sent for the doctor. Hour after hour dragged away, and still it rained, and still no doctor. It neared Sam's hour for supper, and still she lay in bed, tortured and doubled up with pain.

A T last she heard a step on the ver"What, yo supper? Where's my supper, I say? What you mean by stayin' in bed and not doin' any work? I'll fix you, old woman. Get up and get my supper now and hurry up about it, too." The poor woman made a move to get up, but sank back with a groan. "None of your nonsense, woman I know you It's just sense, Won're just like all the just laziness. You're just re an the rest of the women. Youre lazy and content to live on me just so long as I get enough money and a good house. Get up and time and a good house. Get, up and get to work now, and no foolim. I been workin' all day, and here you been lying in bed takin' it easy. You got to get up now and take your turn at workin. Miry tried to tell him she could not do it, that she was too sick, but just at He had not stopped walked in.
He had not stopped to knock, but pushed open the door, and there he stood in the middle of the room, the rain dripping from his face, and streams of water running from his clothes and shoes as he had had to wade the creek, and it was up to his arm pits. "Hello, Mrs. Brunt, you sick? l've been trying to get here all day, but I couldn't get here any quicker. But here I am now, and IIl just take off my coat and hang it up to dry, and we'll have you all fixed up in no time. I tell you it's been an awful day this, and I've just been run clean off my legs with so many people sick. But don't you go worrying yourself now. We'll have you all fixed up.'
Sam had stood back during this, but now he stepped up and demanded who had sent for the doctor. He wasn't going to have him around his wife. She wasn't sick, and didn't need any "damn pill-pedlar" around her. He didn't wasn't going to doctors, anyway, and Anyway, hi for one now. him just a lazy good-for good to if she wast a lazy good-for-nothing, and she dider sick, let her be sick, and if she died, so much the better. The doctor tor her clear out, or he d be causing trouble, and that it was his duty to be there and attend her, and he wouldn't stand for any interference.
That angered Sam beyond endurance He started to walk the floor, cursing the doctor and threatening all kinds of abuse. 'I ain't a-goin' to stand for any of your nonsense, and I won't have you around my wife. You just better pack

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your things and get out or it will be her and I'll settle you lay a finger on
The doctor paid no attention to him but walked over to the bed and started to ask the woman questions. Sam, meantime, hung over the foot of the bed and listened. Gradually he drew from her all her symptoms, and Sam at last began to believe his wife was really sick. Having made up his mind he turned to Sam. "Say, Sam, we've got to have some hot water. You go and light the fire." Sam was sort of dazed and said that he'd be $d-d$ if he would, and then changed his mind and decided to do it, but first wanted something sober him up. The doctor handed to some morphine, thinking it would him him to sleep, but quite forgetting put it would stimulate him at first that make him worse than ever. first and "I'll get the water, Sam, light the fire," and he started and you couple of buckets in the rain with a he got back the morphine rain. When to act. Sam had become had started There he was, kneeling on crazy mad. chest, his fingers gripping her throat wife's The doctor dropped ther her throat. door, and with one spring pails at the door, and with one spring had Sam by the collar, jerked him off the bed and rolled him across the floor and into the kitchen. "You wretch, you dirty little bed, would you'd choke a woman, sick in bed, would you? Well, I have something to say in this, and so long as I'm Any mor see that you don't do it again. Any more such tricks now, and I'll have the whole town after you, and we'll tar and feather you and run you out on a He
He."
He filled a big iron pot with water and set it on the stove, seized an axe lighted the fire. Then of boxes and some hard wood, then he wished for around, so he broke up an old was none was stooping down to gather up the pieces when he glanced up and ther was Sam, creeping toward him and just ready to spring at him with an razor in his hand. He grabbed the pot of water and would have hurled it Sam's head, but Sam, in his rush it the room, had slipped on a rung of the broken chair. The doctor lad of the on the fallen man's wrist and secured foot razor. Sam fought and struggled the the doctor sat on his struggled, but strong miner as he was, Sim and, big, get up.
but all cursed and swore as he struggled, but all to no avail, while inside the woman shrieked in her fear. The dochim to the floor. his chest and pinned be death to himself be death to himself and his patient, so phine to and waited for the morpupils contracted Gradually the man's pupils contracted, his movements bequiet Still violent, then at last he lay quiet. Still he held him down until he was sound asleep.
The doctor rose. His patient had lost consciousness from fright. She lay in a huddled heap, her eyes wide and staring. Her fingers were fast in her dis heveled hair. He brought her back to her senses, and then she broke down into hysterics and laughed and screamed, and laughed and screamed in perfect paroxysms.
Tired with a whole day's tramp in the rain and mud, of listening to fretful patients and with his struggle with the madman, yet he had to sit down and use all his wits and patience to quiet this woman.
At last it was done, but he worked late into the night. He relit his fire as got her comfortably fixed up. Just mountains lifted his head above the quiet sleep. he saw her slip off into a quiet sleep. He pulled a little black pipe out of his pocket, and gazing off toward the rising sun-away out beyond the mountains to somewhere be-yond-he addressed himself to some unseen person.
"Ah, love, could but you and I with Him To grasp this,
to grasp this sorry scheme of things
entire, Would not Remouth
mould it, nearer to the heart's desire."
"But, oh, lady dear, it's all in the day's do the work, done. Someone mus me closer to you. The day's work is
hard, but at the end it larings

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His Little Girl
woman herself had not appearec anove eight and twenty years he had hitherto seen no one who had more than temporarily quickened his pulses or his heart beats. But to-day, he smiled :
little, as he thought little, as he thought of it, to-day, quite an unusual impression, and whilst he threaded his way along the Knightsbridge pavement, he mentally
reproduced for himself feature after reproduced for himself feature after feature which had so impressed him. "I want to introduce you to Miss
Rosa Muller," Mrs. Cardew had said, leading him up to a tall girl who stood a little apart, near the folding doors
of the inner drawing-room, "she has come to England to be near her uncle who is a friend of ours. And I ouly wish," here the hostess had flashed a charming smile first at the girl, and
then at the man, "I only wish I could then at the man, "I only wish I could speak Miss Muller's language a quarter as well as she can speak ours."
"Miss Muller's language presumabiy being German?" Berners answered, d with observing glance how deeply blue were her eyes, and what a delicious smile parted her well-cut lips.
German," she answered, in a low voice, whose tones pleased
ious ear, "though $I$, myself, am quite cosmopolitan. I call myself of no nation. I belong everywhere." She spoke tion. I belong every where, the faintest possible accent only adding piquancy to per speech, and Berners noticed that her laugh held in it the same low, musical quality as her voice. Although possessed of no actual beauty, and
assuredly vying in no single particular with the beautiful daughter of the house, there was about the young for-
eigner a haunting charm which made n extraordinary appeal to Berners. She talked easily and well; she was neither gauche nor forward; and those deep blue eyes of hers met his with a
frankness that was essentially womany , and with no trace of the coquette. Her conver ation was as frank as her manner. Berners quickly learnt that she had lived at various times in most of the European capitals; that she was an orphan, whose nearest relative, an uncle, was now in London in the Diplomatic service, hence her presence in the metropolis.
" $N$ OT that I live with my uncle," she added. "He has always been accustomed to bachelor existence; a niece would be an encumbrance, and so I am in a hotel with my companion-who is not here to-day. My uncle is not here dew who is a friend of his. You know, dew who is a friend of his. You know,
her blue eyes smiled enchantingly into his, "I have always wished Providence had made me an Englishwoman. Engishwomen are the freest, the most harming, and I think, the happiest in the world."
Berners recalled these words now, and, looking through the railings of the
Green Park at the freshness of trees Green Park at the freshness of trees and grass, still unspoiled by summer
dust, he smiled as he reflected fanci ully that the girl he had just left, pos sessed much of the freshness and sweet ness we associate with early summer.
He found himself resolving to cultivate the Cardews; be wished that Miss Mul ler's uncle had been of the party to-
day, that he might have made his icquaintance, and thereby laid up for himself possibilities of meeting his niece again, and he compared Rosa with
the young ladies of Stockley, to the the young ladies of Stockley, to the
obvious and total disadvantage of all those estimable young people. During dinner, at which a friend joined him, his thoughts were perforce wrenched away from the events of the afternoon,
to a discussion of a recent surgical to a discussion of a recent surgical
discovery, and to genial gossip anent his own and his friend's old hospital. But he did not linger long in the club after dinner, and nine o'clock was striking in Big Ben's sonorous notes as he
walked across St. Jame's Park and turned in the direction of the river. He was in a mood for walking, and for walking fast and far. He had more than half a mind, indeed, to tramp the ing against this, he determined to make
ror one of the South London stations,
on the line, and take the train from there instead of at a terminus. The night was very sultry, and heavy clouds rolling up from the north seemed to presage a thunderstorm, but as yet quick walk slackened to a considerably quick was as the sultriness inereased and when be found himself in some and when he found himself in some the less frequented thoroughfares on the hat and allowed what little air this hat and allowed what little air there was to play upon his bare head. He had been walking for some time, without paying any close attention to his whereabouts, taking the right turnings thoughts to bring back to him all the conversation of the afternoon, but all at once he roused himself from his abstraction to realize that he was in a narrow, dingy street, entirely unknown to him, and that in his absorption lie had missed his way. He glanced at the sordid houses, whose dark and forbidding appearance seemed to indicate that the neighbourhood was a poor one, and the faces of the few passers-by who slouched past him, did not give him a reassuring idea of the character ooking man, who eys him askance and asked civilly to be directed back into the main thoroughfare from wack he had unconsciously drifted. The man scowled at him, but answered gruffly:
'TAKE the first turn on the left, Graham Street, follow it right along, that's your way. The night was grow ng rapidly darker, those rolling clouds rom the horth had spread over the guide's direction, guides direction, turned to the lert, a ew large drops of rain fell on his head. Putting on his hat, he began to wishfirst, that he had not indulged in his ridiculous wish to walk an unnecessary number of miles; secondly, that he had im lowed his absence of mind to lead into this tangle of unknown and quickened as he realized along what a rery nad as he realz "mean" street now walked. The houses on each side struck him as unpleasantly lifeless and silent, the pavement and roadway wer deserted, and even the distant rumble f the areat city seemed deadened by he high buildings that nearly shut out sky Something in the darknes and the silence sent a little thrill along his nerves, strong man though he was, nd quite ungiven to nervousness. He hurried on at a good round pace, oppressed with a vague fancy that out of those silent houses eyes were furtively watching his progress, and he was be inning to speculate how near the end the street might be, when a sound of heels broke the all-prevailing still ness, and to his intense surprise a small, well-appointed brougham drove smart y past him, and pulled up at the door ft. That such a carriage should be That such a carriage shounare at ll, was in itself astonishing; that it should actually stop before one of the unprepossessing houses added point to the astonishing fact, and Berners found himself involuntarily pausing on the pavement to see who would emerge rom the brougham. Immediately in ront of the house at which it had topped, a lamp flickered in the now ris ing wind, and the young doctor saw tall man emerge from the vehicle, and hold out his hand to help someone else alight. He could not see the man's face, a white muffler was tied round his neck, hiding his mouth and chin, and the soft at he wore was drawn closely over his eyes, so that no part of his features vas visible. As the second form sprang ightly from the brougham, Berner saw that it was a woman, slight and raceful, wearing a long clok, ove what was evidently an evening dress and with black lace covering her hai and drawn close about her face. But s she stood upon the pavement besid her companion, a fresh gust of wind wept up the street blowing aside the moment leaving her face fully exposed to the flickering gleams of the lamp People careful of their health
realize that it is most important
that they should be more particu. that they should be more particu-
lareabout their underclothing than
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that shone full upon it. And in that moment Hugh saw every feature distinctly, and seeing them, almost started forward with a low exclamation of surprise and dismay. For there was no possibility of mistaking that well-cut nose and chin, the delicate colouring, the brightness of the hair from which the lace had fallen, the shining of the deep eyes on which the lamplight beamed. This was the very woman of whom his thoughts had been so full, the woman to whom, a few hours before, he had been chatting in the Cardews' drawing-room, the woman who, in spite of himself, had produced upon him so strange and unprecedented an mpression. But what was she doing here, in this small back street of South London, at ten o'clock at night? What possible errand could have brought a woman of her class and character into this forlorn, God-forsaken spot? And what man was he who accompanied her, who was even now opening, with latchkey, the door before which he and she stood? Why did Miss Rosa Muller allow any man to bring her to such place, at such a time? Anger, jealousy, disgust, raged within the soul of the man who still stood silently wast of the the two from the other side of the street. A seething mass of emotion rose within him. he was eoscious of a sose len upheaval in his soul of of sud den upheaval in his soul of elemental passions and sensations of which he had of the himself incapable. The stirring of those primitive instincts prompted him to dash across the street and de him an explanation of what seemed to him so utterly inexplicable. But long habits of self control, long years of training in poise and balance, had taught him not to act on unguarded impulse, and he remained quietly where he was, watching the neat brougham, and the two figures beside it. The door of the house was quickly opened, the tall man turned to the woman, said something to her in accents inaudible to Berners, and the next instant they had both disappeared into the house, and the door had clanged softly be hind them. With the closing of the door the coachman on the box had flicked his horse with the whip, and almost before Berners could realize what had happened, the brougham had driven swiftly away and vanished out of sight, round the corner of a side street. Moved by a curiosity most rare to him, the doctor crossed the street, and deliberately approaching the house into which the man and woman had just gone, he peered at the number on the door, and looked ap the unpre tentious walls and windows The building was as rrim, woomy and the builall was grimen as all the rest of the boaldings in thi gloomy street, just a two-storey grey house, like thousands of other house in London, with windows so closely shut tered or curtained that no ray of light could penetrate through them; with nothing to mark it as in any way different from the dwellings opposite or on either side of it. Yet Berners gazed up and down its black, non-committal facade, as though he expected to find in it something out of the way, something bizarre or sinister. An insane desire, with difficulty suppressed, made him long to ring at the bell and demand entrance, and discover for himself what the house contained, and why the woman, of whom he had dreamt such pleasant dreams, should have entered there. But he behaved as a normal, well-balanced Englishman would have behaved under like circumstances. He merely scanned the house up and down for the third time with interested, enquiring eyes, and then said to himself lowly, under his breath
"Thirteen, Graham Street-Thirteen, Graham Street"
(To be continued.)
A Common Type.-"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?" "Usually when I want to tell him something important."-Detroit Free Press.

Hard on Bos $v$
Hard on Boston.-A tourist from the east, visiting an old prospector in his "And yet you seem so commented: happy." "Yes," replied the one of the pick and shovel. "I spent a week in Boston me, I've been matter what happens to me, I've been cheerful ever since,"


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## SIGNIFICANT ADVANCES

A few striking comparisons made by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C., President of the

## Mutual Life

OF CANADA
in his address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company held February 1st:


## PEOPLE AND PLACES

Dr. Michael Clark, Farmer.
THE gentleman, leaning on the long I harvest fork, is better known as He is Dr. Michael Clark, M.P. for Red Deer, Alberta, the chief political economist of the House of Commons. Readers of The Canadian Courier will recall his able replies last spring to Professor Leacock's articles on taxation which appeared in this paper
Civil Service clerks, and a stray minister or two, are all that are left of the parliamentary cast at Ottawa these summer days. Many of the "big guns" of both parties are at home nursing

Off Days--


BUT HARD WORK.
Dr. Michael Clark, M. P. for Red Deer, is not electrifying Ottawa with economic argument these summer days, but he finds wrestling with the harvest on his Alberta farm just as strenuous.
their constituencies; others are abroad, or summering. Dr. Clark puts in the time between sessions on his Alberta farm. As may be observed, he does not do his farming from a verandah chair. He gets out in the fields and into the mow and works as if he enjoyed it Says the Doctor with regard to crop prospects in a recent letter to a friend: "If we only get three weeks' sunshine now, all is well. Danger from hail is over, with a minimum of damage. And the right weather for three weeks now will put crops beyond the reach of frost.

## A. Growing Fashion.

JUST now, there seems to be a great $\int$ influx of blue-blooded aristocrats from England into Canada, all with the farming craze. The Duke of Sutherland, and others, own land in the West on which they spend a part of the time each year. when they become satiated with events in the Gid Land. In Onwith events in the gords own "a hundred acres." An English newspaper dred acres. An English newspaper
recently contained an illuminating account of two Englishmen of title who have taken up land in the vicinity of the village of Pickering, Ontario. It styled them, with fine alliteration, "The ploughing peers of Pickering."
In the society columns of a Toronto paper, occurred, the other day, the following item which is illustrative of the growing fashion among the nobility:
"Lord Edward Beauchamp Seymour, son of the late Marquis of Hertford, has purchased the Wilson farm at Erindale, comprising 80 acres, and will go in for market gardening and fruit raising. There is already on the property a large orchard in full bearing, and this will be added to during the coming years."
."
lord is to become democratized to the extent of becoming a market gardener!

## Edmonton Independent.

IF reports are to be believed, Mr. Andrew Carnegie will not perpetuate his name in a library at Edmonton. The Ironmaster, as is his wont, re cently offered the Alberta city $\$ 60,000$ for a library. The Library Board of Edmonton threatens to turn down this money.
Mr. Carnegie makes his offers for libraries on the basis of population. The Dominion census gives Edmonton 23,000 population. Evidently Mr. Carnegie thought $\$ 60,000$ a sufficient sum to supply a city of this size with books. But the Edmonton Library Board claims that the Dominion census figures are unjust to Edmonton; that there are
55,385 people in the city according to the civic census.
They have recommended that Mr. Carnegie's offer be refused, and the city undertake to erect a library in keeping with the importance of the city. Basil King in Canada.
"I HOPE that you in Canada will not I hope that Canada will pick and choose her immigrants, and will keep the Anglo-Saxon dom:nant."
So spoke Mr. Basil King, the author, in an interview the other day, when he discussed the question of an immigration policy.
Mr. King is touring Canada. Perhaps he is not generally known to Canaadian readers as a Canadian. This is probably because Mr. King's books have been surrounded with a certain air of anonymity. His first great success, "The Inner Shrine," with its scenes laid largely in France, was published without the author's name appearing on the title page. The book, both because of its merit and the mystery of its author, created wide discussion
Basil King was for years a Halifax clergyman. He has given himself up recently entirely to literature, and has built up a big reputation as a popular novelist. His latest book, "The Street Called Straight,", is at present one of the "best sellers."

## A. Convenience.

$\mathrm{A}^{\mathrm{N}}$ innovation in the matter of selling stamps to business houses will be introduced by the Post Office Department in a few days.
One and two cent stamps, after September lst, may be obtained in rolls containing five hundred stamps each. It is expected that the petty pilfering which is a feature of the preseni system of selling stamps in sheets will be obviated.

## Labour and the Railways.

$\mathrm{M}^{\text {R. A. W. SMITHERS, chairman of }}$ land the Grand Trunk in London, Eng. pany's lines. He expects to spend two months in Canada conferring with Mr E. J. Chamberlin, the new president.

Mr. Smithers recently made a statement which has been much commented on. Referring to the labour situation he said:

The labour position is at the bottom of more than the troubles of Canadian railways. Considering the high price we pay for labour there ought not to be any difficulty in getting it. And yet we cannot get enough men to undertake the work we have to offer. It seems to me that all the provincial governments and all the railway companies ought to unite on some scheme for the greater stimulation of agricultural immigration. More labour on the land is migration. More labour on the land is Canad time.
Referring to the company's hotel sys tem, Mr. Smithers said it was generally conceded that the recently-opened Chateau Laurier at Ottawa was the finest hotel in Canada, if not on the finest hote
continent.

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