

A Cadet - Instructors' Camp

BY E. K. MARSHALL

23

The Waste of Life

BY DR. C. W. SALEEBY

23

A Reply to Mr. Bourassa

BY EDWARD KYLIE

23

The New Crop of Plays



COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Concentration of Purpose **Not Spasmodic Improvements**

NOT occasional, spasmodic change or improvement made the L. C. Smith gun what it is to-day—the gun with no shortcomings-not one.

The concentration of the six men for 22 years has done it. The six Hunter Brothers keenly foresaw and held fast to one vital truth, i.e: that any little shortcoming—seemingly but a trifle---in the field or blind, will offset all your skill, wipe out

all your well laid plans, and spoil a whole trip.

Concentration produced for the L. C. Smith gun a firing pin of vanadium steel---an unbreakable pin---gas proof.

Concentration produced a rotary clawing type of bolt, which takes up all wear in all directions by the double wedging of its double claws. The limit of breech bolting strength is attained by these claws entering the frame, ofter next strength is attained by these claws entering the frame,

after passing through the extension rib.

And so on through the list, Concentration of Purpose has produced the

gun with

NO SHORTCOMINGS

The Smith gun is "two guns in one," bored to meet combined requirements of field, blind and trap. Have your dealer show you the new Smith 20 gauge---20 gauge from butt to muzzle. Write to-day for catalog, showing grades from \$35 net to \$1,500 list in Canada.



C. SMITH GUNS

"6 Times 22 Years' Experience"

HUNTER ARMS COMPANY, 88 HUBBARD ST., FULTON, NEW YORK

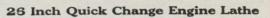


DRINK

St. Leon Water

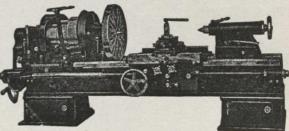
THE WATER OF HEALTH





Drills Shapers Slotters Drop and Helve Hammers and Shears

Presses



Matchers Surfacers Moulders Chain Morticers Saw Tables Sanders and Saws

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wood Working Machinery

Iron Working Machine Tools

CANADA MACHINERY CORPORATION, Limited, Galt, Ont.





The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

Hotel Victoria

Fifth Ave., 27th S. and BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. American Hotel Victoria Co.

GEO. W. SWEENY,

ANGUS GORDON,



Scours Your Pots & Pans

> Without Hard Scraping

Because the fine particles of the Cleanser immediately loosen and remove the hardest "burnt in" tood-crusts, which soappowders and scouringbricks may only wear off after long, hard scrubbing.

Rinse pot or pan in water: sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (no tiresome scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 14

CONTENTS

A Cadet-Instructors' Camp	By E. K. Marshall.
The Waste of Life	
A Reply to Mr. Bourassa	
Charles Colquhoun Ballantyne	
Our Slip-shod Way of Living	.By the Monocle Man
Reviving History in Halifax	Illustrated.
The New Queen's	By W. L. Grant.
News Features	Photographs.
The New Crop of Plays	
Gardens, Wild and Tame	By Virna Sheard.
The Day's Work	
Divided Devotion, Story	
His Little Girl, Serial	
Money and Magnates	
Reflections	
	and marrow.



Editor's Talk

IFFERENCE 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



ELECTRIC FANS

FOR THE

Sick Room

FOR THE

Poorly Ventilated Office

Restaurant

For Any Position

WESTINGHOUSE



Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited

HAMILTON, - ONTARIO

District Offices: Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

The Education of

(Formerly Published as "Self-Control and How to Secure It")

By PROF. PAUL DUBOIS, M.D., Author of 'The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders,' 'The Influence of the Mind on the Body,' etc.

(Translated from the French by Harry 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 self-control, and especially upon want of it as contributing to the production of nervous disorders as set forth in his "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders' and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body."

CONTENTS.

Introduction—The Conquest of Happiness—Thought—The Act—Conscience—Education — Moral Clear-Sightedness—Egoism and Altruism—Meditation—Tolerance—Indulgence—Humility—Moderation—Patience—Courage—Chastity—Sincerity—Kindness—Idealism.

"This is a philosophical and direct discussion as to what self-control may accomplish, and how it may be secured. He shows the influence of conscience, and how education develops conscience. He makes plain the necessity of moral clear-sightedness, and expounds the difference between mere egoism and so-called altruism. The book is certainly stimulating and helpful."

-San Francisco Examiner.

12mo, cloth. Price \$1.75 postpaid. NORMAN RICHARDSON, TORONTO, 12 E. Wellington St.

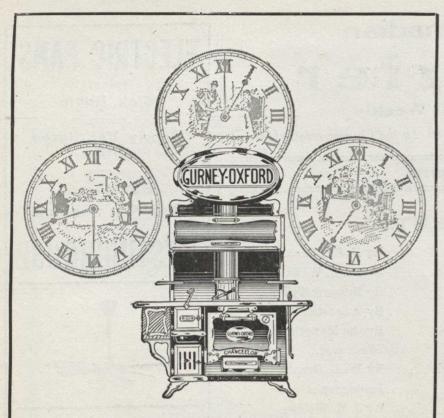
DOG DISEASES



Books on and How to Feed

Mailed free on application to

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S. 118 West 31st St., New York, U.S.A.



The Gurney-Oxford is prompt

No matter what comes or goes—meals we must have.

The preparation of meals comes round three times a day.

Every housewife wants to know that she can depend on her stove absolutely; she wants to know that there is no element of chance or likelihood of mishap in her cooking arrangements; that meals will be ready promptly on time.

The Gurney Economizer is an assurance against accident and mishap in cooking. It is a simple device and found only on the Gurney-Oxford. One lever controls everything. The fire can be slowed down for hours and revived in a few minutes. An arrangement of flues makes the Gurney-Oxford Oven always uniformly heated—the Gurney-Oxford Oven is never to blame! It will make a good cook a better cook; it does more than its share towards making every meal a success and a pleasure.

The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited

TORONTO - CANADA

MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

A Natural, Wholesome, Hot-Weather Drink

The pure juice of selected, luscious Douro Grapes pressed out while fresh and cool, and combined with Cinchona Bark extract. A deliciously zestful drink that possesses

permanently refreshing and energizing properties

The "hot-weather" way to serve Wilson's Invalida' Port
is blended with cold soda or sparkling mineral water. Good



FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

141



IN LIGHTER VEIN

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

M M

Proved.—"Do you believe in luck?"
"Yes, sir. How else could I account or 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. M M

Described .- A Philadelphia lawyer and 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 Cross-eye?' 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. Me partner's got de hiccups
an' I want to scare him."—Wareham

35 M

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.

30, 30,

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.

30, 30,

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.

30 Mg

A Quick Thinker.—Boss—"Young man, this is the third time, to my knowledge, that you've buried a grandmother."

Boy—"Well, you see, boss, my grandfather was a Mormon."—Brooklyn Life.

2 2 2 E

Candid.—"So the appendix is useless, then, doctor? We could live without it?"

"Well, the patients, perhaps, but not the surgeons."—Pele Mele.

30, 30,

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.

10 Mg

Keen.—Somebody had mentioned the fact that the father of Woodrow Wilson 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 looking rather frayed around the eyes, doctor. What's the matter with him? Still I don't know but that he looks as well I don't know but that he looks as well as you do.' To which my father re-plied: 'That's because I take care of my horse, while my parishioners take care of me."

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.



The "KALAMAZOO" Binder will do everything that any other binder will do and do them better. It is constructed and operated on an entirely different principle from all other binders.

It is the only binder that does not require to be "padded" to a certain thickness in order to be workable. Sheets are inserted and removed in the "Kalamazoo" binder just as easily as in any other, and the wide, flat holes which fit over the thongs ensure perfect alignment. In addition to this, if they should work out of position while in use, the unique construction of the binder permits of straightening the sheets into perfect order before lock-

The "Kalamazoo" binder is recommended highly by scores of users throughout the coun-

Write for Booklet "C1" and examine this before deciding on a Loose Leaf Binder.





MURPHY & ORR Irish Linen and Lace House. BELFAST, IRELAND.

TABLE LINEN, IRISH LACE, CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, SHEETING, TOILETS, PILLOW LINEN, COSIES, TOWELS, MATS, DUSTERS, DOYLIES, GLASS CLOTHS, BAGS, TEA CLOTHS.

Hand Embroidered Linen Robes and Blouses. DRESS LINENS DRESS LINENS
And LINENS of EVERY DESCRIPTION,
Plain and Embroidered.
Only thoroughly Reliable Goods stocked
and supplied at lowest Belfast prices.
WEDDING LINEN OUTFITS a specialty Price Lists and Samples Post Free





Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for WHITE HORSE specially if you want it.

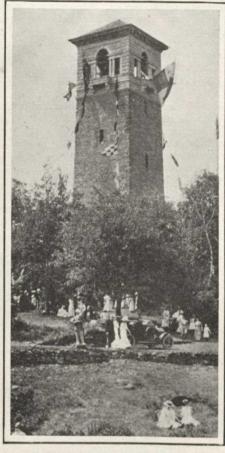
Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels

Vol. XII.

August 31, 1912

No. 14

Reviving History in Halifax



A MONUMENT TO THE PAST.

The Halifax Memorial Tower Commemorates the Founding of Free Assemblies in America; the Pioneer Representative Assembly Sat at Halifax in the year 1758.



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 plaudits of the spectators at Fleming Park; then, accompanied by President Macgillivray, of the Canadian Club, he proceeds to the Tower.



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

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 Mayor of Bristol, in his Robes of Office. Sir Frank Brought a Tablet from Bristol and some Flags from the Ladies of the City Whence Cabot Sailed.

Personalities and Problems

11---Charles Colquhoun Ballantyne

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

HERE's something quite unusually odd about the commercial career of Mr. Charles Col-quhoun 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

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 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 defects—such as knots and nail holes and wind-checks. Mr. Ballantyne has nothing to conceal. There is no more even minded outspoken man anywhere. 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

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; problem—how did he make ends meet and have anything left for Sunday-school collection? (4) Stacking pots 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 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 Mont-

real 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. director's is one and in no respect different from

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 Sherwin-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.

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 Cottingthe story of how Ballantyne and his crony Cotting-ham 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

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 populated. 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.

S 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

It 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 a week. a 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 where 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 a 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 paint anywhere in Canada. The paint shop on Peter St. became an emporium.

A 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 branch 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 en. By hard work and hustle and originality in methods and modern advertising C. C. 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 American firm. But when the opportunity came to 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 all the customers know you that these terms of the customers are customers and the customers are customers and the customers are customers and the customers are customers. the customers knew was that these two young Canadians were the most enterprising purveyors of paint 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 deal 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, big-trunked man who has never had much trouble being able to define "where he was at." Since he was 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 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 Shakespeare didn't live in the value of a name. 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 uni-

versal language.

Mr. Ballantyne would have done as well in any 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

the 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 a 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 Westmount. 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 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 a city council, save the mark!—would do more to advertise him in the newspapers than all he has even vertise 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 take 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.

Queen's The New

By W. L. GRANT

N 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 with out the backing of hundreds of private individuals throughout the country. Ministers in country 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 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. it gave two new buildings to the newly established School of Mining, founded by the liberality of the citizens of Kingston and the adjoining municipali-ties, 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.

UEEN'S had been founded by the Presbyterian Church, and much of the spirit of optimism and sacrifice which inspired her growth sprang from that vigorous Scottish faith. Most, though

not 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 Presbyterian Church gave its consent to the formal severance 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.

N EGOTIATIONS 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 661

clothes by her side.

He moistened his lips, and tried to speak coaxingly, although there was some anger in his tone. "You know what you are doing? You are taking sides against our people—your people and mine—against 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-

"But that needn't be, Jim," the girl interrupted eagerly; "it needn't be. It is all so useless. What quarrel have you 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 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 right, there are others where cruel injustice is being done, and we must stand by our pals. They need our help."

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 did for me—and for you, too, Jim. I'm going to stand by the mills, I am; and it's more I'd like to do for them-not less."

do for them—not less."

Jim Newton was silent; then, with a sudden gesture, he seemed to brace himself up. "Very good, Peggy," he said, quietly. "It seems queer that 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 can'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 job—ugh, the blackleg!"

the strike and then sneak another fellow's Job—ugh, 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

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.

D OWN 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. Marsfor 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. 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 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,

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, con-

fused.

"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."

"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? 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."

M R. 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,

"Yes, worse luck," he grinned. "I've tried to ta 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 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——"

"Don't say one word against Jim to me," flashed Peggy. "Whatever he does he does for the right."

"Oh, does he?" sneered Dan. "Well, I could tell you a few things you might like to hear."

"Oh, does he?" sneered Dan. "Well, I could tell 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 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!"

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. "In any case——"

"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—what'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-

"But they tell me—"
Peggy flung back her head. "You've been listening 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—"

"Peggy-

now, when we do meet, you scold me, and for nothing.

The girl was distraught, and spoke unthinkingly. "You had better get back to the lazy folk you think

"You don't mean that, Peggy."

"Oh, yes, I do. And I hear you're going to demonstrate outside Mr. Branksome's house, frighten-

ing 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 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 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 matt

What's the matter?" she cried. "Dan Gray's been here," panted the woman. "He (Concluded on page 25.)



OUR SLIP-SHOD WAY OF LIVING

AVE you ever taken notice in what slip-shod fashion we moderns live and move and have 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 address 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

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 corrected it to go out of his shop unless the 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

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"?

T HAT is the trouble with us moderns. We live in a wholesale, impersonal, machine-made, industrial 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 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. 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 customers 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 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.

W W 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

HOWEVER, soup is safe. We'll have some soup. 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 to him as a next order; and dip into the soup. See! 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 discoloured; the new corn is too new. There is lots of everything—such as it is; but, with all our abundance, 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 diminutive "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 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

UCH as Great Britain is interested in the Panama Canal, she is even more interested, in a sense, in the Kiel Canal in Ger-

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

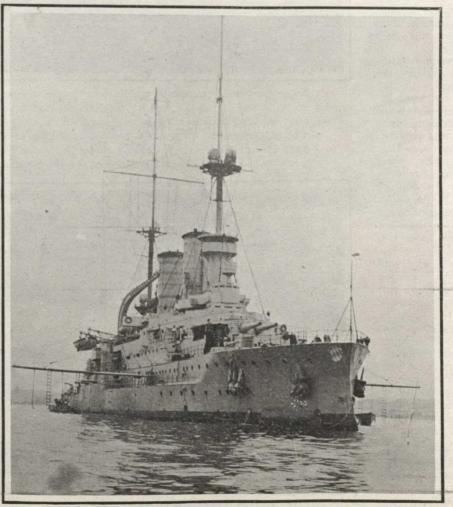
so desired.

Construction of the Kiel Canal was commenced in 1887, and finished in 1895. Sixty-one miles in length, it 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 peninsula 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 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 yachtsmen who were let go later. The five cruised in a 27-ton yacht, the



German Battleship in Kiel Canal- Photographed by an Englishman.

"Silver Crescent," from Dover, through the North Sea and into the canal. One of the party, Dr. Dudley Stone, took several photographs, including 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 vessel 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 surprised 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

alongside and wanted to know the name of the yacht, which we gave.

"The last thing I saw," declared Dr. Moore, "was Stone taking photographs of the yacht from the collapsible 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 you see on picture postcards. 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

ANADIANS are under greater obligations to Mr. Bourassa than they usually acknow-ledge. 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.

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.

and the Indian sides.

I F Canada enters into an imperial partnership, there must obviously be a delimitation of powers between the imperial and the Canadian parliaments. 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 the soften the consult with two thorough going imrequired 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 statesmen 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 tween the colonial administration and the home authorities. Their mistake lay in dwelling upon the few cases in which disagreement was possible, 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 satisfactory 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 institutions which the Indian people now enjoy will 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. to secure a satisfactory solution of the problem.

THIS 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 which

they will be discussed and given shape. We must then expect that those upon whom the responsibility is fixed of adjusting differences and arriving at 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 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 lutely, 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 prob-lem 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 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 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 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.

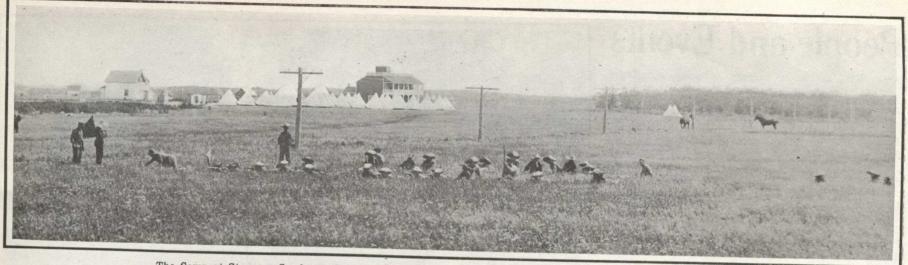
A Great Floating Dock for Montreal



In 1909 Major Stephens, President of the Harbour Commissioners 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. "Duke of Connaught" being built by Vickers-Maxim 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.



A few of the links in the great chain that will be used to tow the drydock.



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

Cadet-Instructors' Camp

Combination of Enjoyable Outing and Valuable Training UST now Canada is un-



dergoing 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 move-ment is to be welcomed rather than feared. There

rather than feared. There is nothing about it un-British, nor is it drifting from British ideals; it is simply the old Saxon spirit simply the old Saxon spirit 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.

In connection with this also

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

military officials alone, but is a part of a general awakening of the public to the necessity for a higher type of the individual character, and a loftier 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 con-cerned with the movement because these things are considered as essential to the best Canadian citizenship and as qualifications necessary on the part of every one in the Empire to enable each to more thoroughly embody and carry out the Anglo-Saxon idea, which is the strengthening of the state 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-

conjunction with the educational authorities, has established, at several points of the Dominion, camps for the assistance and qualification of Cadet-instructors. At these camps a course is outlined which if followed faithfully will enable and qualify the menagerable school teachers, to carry on Cadet work especially 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, flank and rear guards—attack, defence, physical training, games, and athletics, and a hearty co-operation with one's fellows for the securing of a desired corporate end, apart from an individual end desired corporate end, apart from an individual end, are constantly held in view in these training camps during 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 By E. K. MARSHALL

be officially recognized and to participate in the rights and privileges of such, must be in charge of some one who has had this or equivalent training. It is to furnish such instructors and strengthen and guide the movement that the authorities have established these camps.

Sturgeon Creek Camp was under the direction of Lieut.-Col. A. C. Macdonell, D. S. O. L. S. H. (R.C.), who was Camp Commandant. Col. Macdonell is singularly well qualified for this duty, having seen service in South Africa and being a very effective lecturer.

having seen service in South Africa and being a very effective lecturer.

Major A. C. B. Hamilton-Gray, R. C. R., was directly in charge of the camp. The Major, who served many years in the Leinster Regiment, is a very superior officer, popular with the men and an instructor of first rank.

In addition to these two military men, who lectured on Military Tactics, etc., there were on the staff, Quarter Master Sergeant Instructor H. George, R. C. R., who served in the Soudan under Lord Kitchener and three years in South Africa; Colour Sergeant Instructor E. Rushton, R.C.R., who

the period was a delightful and helpful outing. might be interesting know what a typical day's duties are, and the following will serve as a sample:

Reveille, 6 a.m.; breakfast, 7.30 a.m.; physical drill, 8.30 a.m. till 9.30 a.m.; company drill, 9.45 a.m. till 10.30 a.m.; lecture on the "Attack," 10.45 a.m. till 10.45 a.m. till

"Attack," 10.45 a.m. till
11.30 a.m.; infantry in battle, 11.45 a.m. till 12.30 MAJ. HAMILTON-GRAY
p.m.; luncheon, 1 p.m.;
musketry, 2 p.m. till 3 p.m.;
signalling, 3.15 p.m. till 3.45 p.m.; physical drill,
4 p.m. till 5 p.m.; dinner, 6 p.m.; lecture on "Map
Reading," 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.
I am sure if it were more widely known among
teachers many more would take the course if for

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 an outing.

The establishing of corps of Cadets, Boy Scouts,
Girl Guides and instruction in drills is
only part of a general movement to-

wards the securing of a better training 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 demand in life.

The end in view is not preparation for war only, although if that should occur our citizens would be in a better 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 Act every one is practically a Canadian militiabecause under the Militia Act every 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 establishment of such classes as

the one at Sturgeon Creek Camp is a step that is decidedly in the right direction.



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 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 contact of deciliary 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,

No Canadian Accent

THE GENTLEWOMAN is a London publication which looks after society and other things. It has made the interesting discovery that Mrs. Borden "possesses all the great naturalness and restraint of the Englishwoman and has scarcely a trace of the Canadian accent." This is quite reassuring.— Vancouver News-Advertiser.

The Backbone

P REMIER BORDEN uttered a platitude when he remarked that Canada welcomed worthy Englishmen. For a century back Canada has been gladly receiving them, and they are the backbone of the Dominion.—Hamilton Spectator.

People and Events

WELLERS in factory suburbs sometimes have more excitement free of charge than citizens down town. In districts where motor car factories are situated there is 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 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 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 motorized that the resultance didn't make. The driver ing 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.

继 继 继

The Hon. Walter Long in Canada ?

The Hon. Walter Long in Canada

NOTABLE 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

gentleman, his love of all forms of outdoor sport He is a horseman, huntsman and cricketer of

renown.

麗 麗 麗

The Passing of General Booth

N Tuesday 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 carry-ing the message of salvation to the darkest and vilest districts of the cities of Britain. In 1874

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 long.



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



The late General William Booth, from a photograph taken 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 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

unfitting in the bronze statue of a bare-neaded 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 word-

thing 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 unostentations yet been devised. They are simple, unostentatious, inexpensive and yet in good taste. When the Canadian Club of Toronto started marking his-When the Canadian Club of Toronto started marking instorical 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 Colchester County. The tablet is side of the Court House at Truro.

R ECORDS have been made at nearly all the provincial rifle matches which have

RECORDS have been made at nearly all the provincial rifle matches which have been held during the month. Probably the Dominion Rifle Association's matches, to be held immediately 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 the same feature a team of the Ninetieth Rifles made an aggregate score of 499 points, an average of 99 4-5 per man, which is probably the highest average made in a team event at any regular meet-

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.

麗 麗 麗 Moving a Museum

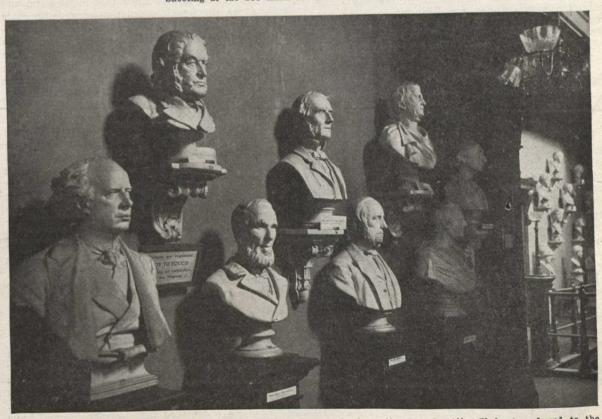
PROGRESS and population are eternally playing hob with landmarks, especially in our older and bigger cities. The Education Department for the Province of Ontario for some generations since the days of Egerton Ryerson has with the Normal School and the Provincial Museum occupied St. James Square in the 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 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 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 sudpoint unknown to the marksman. The moment a team see the target they drop and take aim. In 15 seconds the target disappears. The judging is by teams. denly appear at any point unknown to the marksman.



Shooting at the 800 mark for the McKenzie Trophy.



The Statesmen's Corner 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 frid Laurier, Alexander Mackenzie, George Brown, Edward Blake. Back row—Sir Charles Tupper, John Sandfield Macdonald, Sir Francis Hincks and Sir John Macdonald.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Non-Partizan Naval Policy.

HOSE 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 supplemented 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.

permanent policy.
On that one policy all the people of Canada are practically in unison. The only question in dispute is 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 adof this policy. He vantage and glory. Hence the jockeying for party ad-

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 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 politicians will be marathoning to get into line.

继 继 继 Two Kinds of Home Rule.

ANY Canadians who are in favour of Home Many 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 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.

继 继 继 In Westminster Abbey.

O man better deserved to rest in Westminster Abbey than the late General Booth. His ways may not have been our way, but he was a British hero. He did his duty as he saw it. He reflected 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 important than practical sympathy with the sinner, whether he be in affluent circumstances or whether

whether he be in affluent circumstances or whether he be homeless and friendless.

I went to hear him the last time he was in Toronto. The meeting was in Massey Hall, but most of the audience were members of the Army. I heard him also at the Canadian Club meeting. He 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

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 49th 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.

麗 麗 麗

St. Lawrence Insurance Rates.

A 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 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

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 dry dock has enabled the insurance companies to keep their rates at 65 cents to \$1.10 per 100 as compared with 12 to 15 cents on vessels entering New York. This is a handicap which the St. Lawrence cannot stand. If the present insurance companies will not lower the rate when the dock arrives, it will be necessary to create a Canadian Lloyds to it will be necessary to create a Canadian Lloyds to take care of this business.

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 question of insurance must be settled and it is the duty of the Dominion Government to act promptly and effectively.

麗 麗 麗

The Surplus Woman.

REAT BRITAIN has too many women; Can-ada 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 wages, 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. I 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.

000 000 000

Doubts About "The Emergency."

RAVE doubts are being cast by certain British 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 until some time next year. until some time next 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 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 return 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-naval-expansionist at that time, and actually wrote a book

expansionist 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 pro-

the sake of an unnecessary and provocative programme of ship-building."

继 继 继

Inconsistency Rampant.

O more inconsistent man ever sought high pub-lic office than Theodore Possessit lic office than Theodore Roosevelt, bull-mooser, 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 Ladren at D. "Teddy," and to play any card which will bring him votes. He was once a friend of Lodge and Penrose—two men who are entirely opposed to the principles which Roosevelt is supposed to represent. He 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. any movement if it means more tavourable 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.

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 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 ignorance of its meaning.

继 继 继

Roosevelt and Harriman.

HERE has been much discussion as to whether Roosevelt, while denouncing the money-power, accepted campaign funds from the late Mr. Harriman, multi-millionaire railway owner. The New York Evening Post, in a recent editorial, summarizes anew the facts of the case, as follows:

"Mr. Harriman wrote to Sidney Webster, January 2, 1006, that the President had sent for him to talk

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

ITH 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" ings 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 re-volving round the experiences of a Secret Service man who has been assigned to the task of breaking 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

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 does the 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, 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

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.

OTHER 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."



FLORENCE REED, In "The Master of the House." Photo by White, N. Y.

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.

FROM the announcements before us Klaw & Erlanger will confine their activities almost altogether 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

C 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. 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.

M R. 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. 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 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), 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

evitable 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

"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 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 Eve 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 Fran-

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. This article is typical of the man and his gospel.

S OME 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, for as I showed at the Royal Institution five years ago, the birth-rate has been falling since the dawn of life, and in the main line of life's ascent. The highest birth-rate is among the microbes; the highest 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. increases in numbers.

The obvious explanation of this paradox of the 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.

merely be maintained.

Infant Mortality.

A LL this clearly means, in a word, that, as life ascends, its wastage diminishes. To produce three offspring, and save them all, is more economical, more human, more humane, more vital in the long run than to graduate william the long run. 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 birth-rate 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 bearing uses the important When tion 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 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, 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 Cormans 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 mother-hood. 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 race-courses 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 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 reconstill the brief of Henry the Eighth?

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 equal 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 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.

T HE only rival to the infant mortality, which more than decimates our national life, is the tuberculosis mortality, above all from consumption, which 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. also more than decimates us; and here, be it noted,

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

Eliminating Politics

S OME prominent men in Winnipeg and Toronto have decided to make an active of 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

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:

WE, 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.

should forthwith take her part in the naval defence of the Empire.

2. That capacity for self-defence being a necessary 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 should look to the establishment of a navy that will be 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 forthwith of Canada's recognition of her responsibilities as part of the Empire; and that the action taken in accordance with this idea should be of such a notable character as to be adequate in the light of the responsibilities of Canada, and of the exigencies of the case, and worthy of Canada's material wealth and prosperity.

4. That the motive animating Canadians is not to promote the military spirit as such, and, in particular, is not to render more 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 makes for the preservation of the world's peace, and to demonstrate unmistakably the strength of the Overseas' resources which are available for the defence of the Empire.

5. That it is highly desirable that the policy of

Overseas' resources which are available for the defence 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 should 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, securing the adhesion of both parties, may remove the whole question of Imperial Defence from the domain of contentious politics.

It is not the intention of the committees to make a 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

W HEN a constituency sends a man to the British W HEN 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

HERE are two kinds of gardens—the wild, Nature makes it, and the other is man-made and more or less geometrical in de-sign, though why it is desirable for flowers to grow in squares, circles or triangles, is a question un-

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 horticul-

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 wire-framed "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. Lady Lavender, Candy-tuft, Johnny-jump-ups, Lady-slipper, Queen-Anne's Lace, Mignonette, Honey-suckle, 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.

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

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

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Mystery surrounded this plant also. Never did it 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. 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 cauli-flowers (which are only cabbages with a college education, as someone has said) grew in beauty side

cation, 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 Persian poet, would have sold half his last loaf of bread to buy hyacinths, as "food for his soul."

Another garden I remember belonged to a little,



MISS REBA DALE

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

As Mme. Ruby Shotwell-Piper, Miss Dale Once Toured Canada in Concert Work, Where Her Fine Soprano Voice, Beautiful Presence and Engaging Personality Won High Praise From the Critics. In Private Life Miss Dale is the Wife of a Prominent Young New York Banker.

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. 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 pink-coral, 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. had lived, Miss Martha tearfully told us, to a good

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

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.

A 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 Now and then there comes a summer when 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 trees 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 fire-flies have lit their fairy lamps, is to see visions and dream dreams. In the perfumed silence one leans against the old, friendly trees and keeps very still, for it seems so likely a voice may come across the shadows; or a step 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 the 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 graden of the gods, though a weath inspiring thing. 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 I do not know, blossoms in the very abandon of

joy for miles along the roads in Ontario.

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 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 box lands and restricted the second series of the long lands. 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."

S OME 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.)

Fis Little Girl OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

66 KV ELL, 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 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 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 ques-

tioned 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 angry grey eyes, 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, 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 income is less, I have made up my mind to work." come is less, I have made up my mind to work.

Robert gave a laugh that was something between

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 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 ' and Robert 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 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 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 a hand which, though it trembled a little, had nevertheless an oddly quieting effect upon the angry

"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 until 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

from Marion.

"Hold your tongue," her protiet exclaims arply, "if Helen chooses to make herself an unarply, "if Helen chooses to make herself an unarply, "if Helen chooses to make herself an unarply, "if the continuous it is and if it doesn"." tongue," her brother exclaimed, comfortable bed, she must lie on it; and if it doesn't suit her, she can't come whining back here. 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

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 dale, 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, and he punctuated his sentence now with a short laugh that second to held the concentrated asserts 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 I 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 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, and what I shall be required to do. I feel, I mean this has come so

suddenly, is such a surprise, 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,

nave 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 about the

Bewilderment, dismay, surprise, chased them-selves 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.

"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 posi-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

"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 not believed.

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 interfere with my household arrangements. 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, as 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.

HUGH BERNERS, the rising young doctor, who was making himself a name and reputation in the large 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 realized had been words of wieders. 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 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 day he would offer the best of himself to the woman he should ask to be his wife. But until now, the

(Continued 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 a 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.

20 20

Concerning Cleopatra.-The all too

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 appearcess Cleopatra's appearance at the races" drew a smile from the others in the room.

N N

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 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

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.

out a thirteen page paper.

Adam's Worries.

No Paris fashions! No milliner's bills!
No dresses to hook or pin!
No orders to buy Eve ribbons and rders to buy

How happy must Adam have been!

How happy? Indeed he was happy a while→

He understood women, he thought; But Eve had every feminine wile, And Adam—he learned a lot.

Though her plaint about "nothing at all to wear"

Wore out and became a joke, ad 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.

Said Eve,

"Come on," said Adam. Said Eve,
"Keep cool"—
When he tried to hurry her pace,
And she loitered to gaze in every pool
And smoothed her beautiful face.

"We're late again for the circus to-

night,"

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

"The social lions be d-d!"

took him almost a couple of hours To hush Eve's terrible sobs;



"Almost Persuaded."

Thereafter the getting of feathers and flow'rs
Was one of his steady jobs.
W. A. C.

The Way of a Man.—A man may 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, And realized his "break," When one chap in the audience piped, "You made a great mistake."

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 youngster'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-

lieves that some Englishmen haven't much more sense of humour than the most serious Scotchman.

heard this story told," he said, a few days ago:

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.

"Next morning he was wakened by the farmer at three o'clock—quite a

while before daylight.
"'Tumble out!' said the farmer. "'What's the hurry?' asked the young

'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 dark?'"

"Everybody, except an Englishman, laughed when the story was told," says the traveller. "The Englishman said, 'Well, I don't see anything funny in that."

27 25

Inappropriate.—J. Harry Smith, editor of "The Motor Magazine," Toronto, is being subjected to a little "joshing" by his friends.

In his official position, "Harry" has much to do with automobiles, but when he took his summer holidays he went on a long walking trip.

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.

\$7 \$5

Aldermen Might Have It.—Montreal policemen, for the most part French-speaking, 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. Aldermen Might Have It.-Montreal

car forgot an umbrella After asking the motor-man and conductor of the city cars where they 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

their story, and not by any means comprehend-ing what they meant, he stared at them for a moment in blank stu-pidity. Suddenly an idea penetrated his grey matter, and with a smile of awkward intelligence he said, "Go to de City 'All."

Queer Idea of "Sights."

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

COLLISION OF HAMILTON Hibernian delegates seeing the city

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

37 35 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

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. have a cosmopolitan musical population that is going very rapidly into the melting What will it produce? We shall see. There is no necessity for boasting. Facts alone are eloquent enough. The musical num-ber of October 12 will deal with

The Reader's Part.

But with all the material that we are accumulating on this subject, 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 ground may represent security, but it does not offer profit.

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

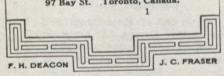
An investment house of the right sort advises its client as to what constitutes a genuine investment for his money.

Our Security Reports

are sent from time to time, as issued, to our clients, and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities dealt in on all markets. May we not put your name on this list? It will obligate you to nothing and will be of great value to you in finding secure investments.

F. H. Deacon & Co.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange
Investments
97 Bay St. Toronto, Canada.



Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

-Paris Office-

vil Rue De Provence

BONDS

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION

DOMINION BOND COMPANY, Limited

Dominion Bond Bldg., Toronto Montreal Ottawa London, Eng.



Another Directorship for Gordon.

HE 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 top-

At forty-four, Gordon is director of some of the biggest concerns in Canada controlled from Montreal. He is best known as 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 inof 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 Company—and, incidentally, the fortune of Charles B. Gordon.

MR. C. B. GORDON,
Now a Director of the Royal Trust Co.

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

HIS 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.



COMMODORE A. R. DOBLE, Who will henceforth command the Royal Securities Corporation.

orporation in succession to Skipper Max Aitken, retired.

Mr. Doble's appointment has two interesting features about it. One 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

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 immediately 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 pro-

motion 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 his time. Sir Max founded Royal Securities in 1903, when he was not much over 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. much longer.

Special Crop Report.

A 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 are still green, but other grains are ripening well.

He also investigated the ripening process along the Crow's Nest line. Here

Municipal **Debentures**

Write us for full particulars of High Grade Issues, at attractive prices.

Wood, Gundy & Co.

6 King St. W., Toronto



Members Toronto Stock Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS also COBALT STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres, and Man.-Dir.
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE.
per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00
Total Assets, - \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.
Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers And Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

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.

R. 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



F. B. McCURDY, M.P., Well-known Maritime Broker who has opened, at Ottawa, the twelfth branch of his firm.

somewhat of a halo about ms nead, as ex-Finance Minister Fielding.

Mr. McCurdy still retains a strong affection for the ticker. He has 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 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 fluctua-

tion 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

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

On and Off the Exchange.

July Bank Statement.

JUDGING from the July returns of the chartered banks, there does not 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.

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. 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.

A NY doubts that the public may have had as to the completion of the 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 month.

Other High Rails.

THERE has been so much talk of the high price that C. P. R. is bringing 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.

News Not Always Fresh.

TO 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

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

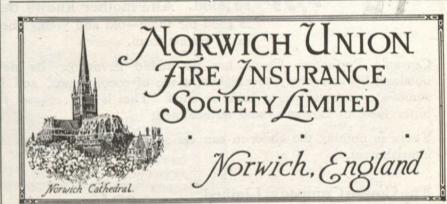
SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President. ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager. JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

Remitting Money To Foreign Countries

All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.).

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.



FOUNDED 1797

Head Office for Canada

Norwich Union Building

12-14 Wellington St. East, Toronto

JOHN B. LAIDLAW, Manager. A. H. RODGERS. Branch Secretary.

DOMINION SECURITIES

CORPORATION LIMITED, HAS MARKETS FOR ALL STANDARD CANADIAN BONDS AND DEBENTURES

TORONTO MONTREAL-LONDON.ENG

PIG IRON

HAMILTON

Montreal Tramways Co.

5% 1st and Ref. Mtge. Bonds

Due 1st July, 1941

Price: 102 and interest

Murray, Mather & Co. Investment Bonds 85 Bay St., Toronto

WINNIPEG

THE STEEL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

BAR STEEL **BAR IRON**

MONTREAL

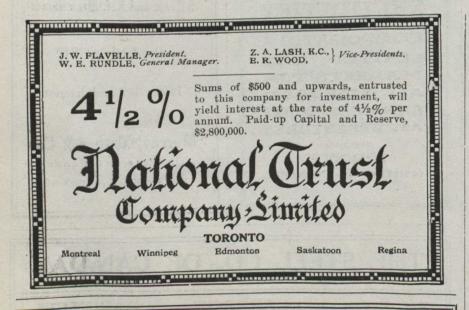
RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

TORONTO

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."





Drink St. Leon Water

The Water of Health

Visitors to the Toronto Exhibition

should make at once for the east wing of the Horticultural Building; we cordially invite you to pay an extended visit to our dis-play of Canadian products of

Carter's Tested Seeds

In any case we desire your address for catalogues, and even if you intend favouring us with a call we ask you to send us a post-card now for illustrated literature regarding the products of the House of Carter.

Patterson, Wylde & Co., 65 Front Street East, TORONTO

and at BOSTON, MASS.

Sole Canadian Agents for James Carter & Co., London, Eng.

ed Growers by Appointment to H. M. King George V.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

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. R. 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 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

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 applies not only to Americans who have transferred their homes and allegiance to Canada, but to all foreigners naturalized in the English colonial dependencies. They are all subjects of King

transferred their homes and allegiance to Canada, but to all foreigners naturalized 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. citizenship to the three hundred subjects of King George in India.

More Comparisons

(From the Winnipeg Telegram, Aug. 17.) No. 1 Northern wheat at Minneapolis yesterday sold for 104¾ cents a bushel; at Winnipeg it sold for 106½ cents a bushel.

No. 2 Northern wheat at Minneapolis yesterday sold for 100¾ cents a bushel; at Winnipeg it sold for 104¼ cents a bushel; at Winnipeg it sold for 104¼ cents a bushels.

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

Old barley sold yesterday at Minne-apolis for 36 cents a bushel; at Winni-peg the price for No. 3 barley was 50 cents and for No. 4 barley 46 cents.

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 Minneapolis—well, he loses money just the same.

FOR THE JUNIORS

The Loon's Nest.

By F. Edwin Coster (aged 12).

Dear Aunt Helen,—Last summer 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 there we found a loon's nest with two eggs in it. We went over the next day and found 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 off 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 top and sides of brown bread which had been left to cool. It afterwards disappeared as

to cool. It afterwards disappeared as mysteriously as it had come.

The next week we sailed down the lake on a pleasure trip and stopped for dinner on a point where there was an old shack. After dinner we were taking 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 for it, and the rabbit ate it and then went away again. I hope to go there went away again. I hope to go there next year with the family.

(Certified by his mother, Georgia A.

Coster.)

Birth Stones.

AWAY back in the seventeenth century there was a very strong superstition among the Jews regarding precious stones, and it was believed by them that each gem had a special influence of its own. The breastplate of the High Priest contained twelve jewels, one for each of the tribes 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 of birthstones, both thought to be cor-

The Polish—January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, bloodstone; April, diamond; May, emerald; June, chalcedony or agate; July, ruby; August and September, sardonyx; October, aquamarine or beryl; November, topaz; December, tupazica December, turquoise.

The Jewish-January, garnet; February, amethyst; March, jasper; April, sapphire; May, chalcedony; June, emerald; July, onyx; August, carnelian; September, chrysolite; October, aquamarine or beryl; November, topaz; December, ruby. 80, 80,

Miss Cherry Blossom and Mr. Sun.

ONE warm spring morning a wee bud on a spray of cherry blossom open-ed its eyes to the world. First it peeped out, a tiny little bud wrapped in green, and sniffed the sweet air. 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 japonica stretched out one of its sprays and

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, and so did some of the other flowers, but the sweet briar rustled its branches, making such a sweet perfume, and said in a cheery voice, "Of course you will last a long time, and when your petals fly away there will be a little cherry where they there will be a little cherry where they grew. That will still be you, you know."

So Little Blossom loved Sweet Briar the best of all her friends.

As the day wore on the sun rose higher and higher, and Cherry Blossom's petals opened wider and wider.

She enjoyed every moment of her sweet little life, and she loved to look at the sun looking down upon her all the time.

"He really segme to be looking at "He really seems to 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 moment she peeped out into the world, moruent she peeped out into the world, for he, too, was just rising after a night's rest, and all the morning he had been looking at her, thinking of her pretty petals. "I should like her for my own," he said, as he wove a golden crown for her. Then, as he bent to place it on he: brow, he whispered, "Little Blossom, be my own."

Cherry Blossom trembled and turned pale, for the sun's rays were burning.

pale, for the sun's rays were burning, and the crown made her feel faint.

But Little Blossom was more beautiful still in her golden crown, and she wore it day by day till the wind come into the garden and shook her till she trembled, and her golden crown was blown away. Then she knew Sweet Briar was right, for as her crown sailed far off on the breeze a tiny cherry hung at the end of a tiny stalk. 30 30

A Jingle.

SOME are here and some are there In the happy summer time, Leaves are falling in the fall-Isn't this a silly rhyme?



The Flower of the Farmer's Flock.

Early Display of **Fall Suitings**

We have every reason to be confident of pleasing you with our new and exclusive line of Fall suitings. They comprise the choicest productions of the leading woollen mills of England and Scotland, and were all personally selected at the mills by our Mr. Broderick, which in itself is sufficient to recommend them to your considera-

Prices \$22.50 to \$45.00

Write for prices and self-measurement chart.

TORONTO CANADA

St. John Realty

Real Estate in St. John is the best and surest investment in Canada to-day. We own and control, close in, Factory and Warehouse Sites, with Trackage; Residential Sub-divisions. If interested communicate with

Lauriston Company, Limited 17 Pugsley Bldg., St. John, N.B. James Straton, President





FRRORS IN WORDS

Spoken or Written

Easily corrected or avoided if you have DESK-BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH

By Frank H. Vizetelly.

12mo, cloth, 240 pages, \$1.00 post-paid.

'It should be on the table of every one who wishes to speak or write pure English.''—The Philadelphia Item.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,
12 E. Wellington St. - Toronto.



This Garage Pays For Itself In Less Than One Year

EEP your car in a public garage and it will cost you from \$7.00 to \$15.00 per month for rental alone—from \$84.00 to \$160.00 per year for which you get no actual returns

Stop handing out money, and invest in a Preston Portable Metal Garage. It will return its cost in one year-in several years it will save you enough to buy a new car.

THE PRESTON METAL GARAGE

affords MAXIMUM protection at LOWEST cost. BURG-LAR PROOF, WEATHER PROOF and CONVENIENT, it is an IDEAL and ECONOMICAL home for your car. Send for particulars. Mention Canadian Courier.

Agents wanted in every locality.

The Metal Shingle & Siding Company, Limited Preston, Ontario

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 saying that "whenever he remembered the name of a student, he forgot the name of a fish."

So with me. Whenever I try to remember how many varieties there are of any particular plant, I invariably forget something important regarding

forget something important regarding it.

Under the water there are gardens of another order. When paddling over 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 drops of water that seem turned to strings of pearls and opals. Yet these are only the weeds that the big weed-cutter is kept at such great expense to exterminate. Alas! that such lovely things should perish so.

All the wild gardens are beautiful with a strange and elusive beauty. The perfume of them is impossible to secure, for it refuses to be imprisoned in crystal. When we catch the scent of the woods on the wind, old indefinite sensations and primeval longings stir restlessly at the hearts of the most worldly-wise of us. Some essence these untouched, untended plants and trees extract from the earth, that growing things in cultivated gardens do not 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 those that "Do paint the meadows with delight."

those that

"Do paint the meadows with delight."

Recent Events

Recent Events

HISTORY repeats itself, but not in every instance. George Washington performed a deed with 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 Premier, whose name is not Mr. Redmond. Which goes to prove that a woman is still a woman "for a' that"—"a' that" in the case being militant suffragitis. Mr. Asquith, the Premier so recently 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 Holloway jail, has preceded my gentleman to the city of Montreal, the which she will make the headquarters for militant operations—perhaps even surgical ones, a la hatchet.

SOME warp—a historical warp at that
—effects on the part of the average
popular mind an interest, almost delight,
in the dwarfed and freakish. And the same
taste which misshapes vegetation in
China, and which mutilated children in in 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.

WE hate reciprocity, as every patriot should, but we do love babies—even United States ones. And, therefore, mention is made of the coming of that boy heir, fatherless before born, of the name of Astor. Mrs. Madeleine Astor's child will inherit \$3,000,000. And it must have been a very valiant stork which undertook him, for that bird, at least the specimen just added to the London Zoo, is reputed to be the bash-London Zoo, is reputed to be the bash-fulest bird created. The fellow (and we fulest bird created. The fellow (and we fulest bird created and a huge bill "has an enormous head and a huge bill

filled with a strong membrane"—of all of which it had, this trip, every need.

AN apartment house may be, or an up-to-date establishment of smart lady barbers—anyway, something of necessity sacreligious, is destined sooner or later to take the place of "the angel factory," so-called by students, otherwise, Bishop Strachan School, on College Street, Toronto. For the present site has been sold, for \$400,000, to some unknown buyer—unknown, that is, except to Solicitor Gwynne. And clams may blush who learn of the secrecy of him.

AN Englishwoman of fine mind and high 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 Ontario Ladies' College, at Whitby.

YOU expect it of a woman with a hyphen in her name that when she attempts to do a thing, she does it. And

You expect it of a woman with a hyphen in her name that when she attempts to do a thing, she does it. And expectations are, for once, fulfilled in the case of Mrs. Genieve Lipsett-Skinner, the Winnipeg woman, just returned from her campaign in immigration interests. This able lecturer has toured Great Britain and Ireland, and her influence will, no doubt, soon be strongly felt in a better class of folk who will see this country.

WHATEVER may be the limitations of the Ethiopian's skin, the Eskimo's, it seems, has the power of changing. A blonde race, discovered in the Mackenzie River region, threatens to rather complicate that vexed Western question of white girl labour in Oriental concerns. Our sympathy is extended to that official in Saskatchewan who is puzzling out just what may be a white woman.

Naval Necessities

(From Toronto Daily Star.)

THE official report of Winston Churchill's speech on the navy estimates 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 chips require eighteen to twenty months. Naval preparations are slow. Small ships require eighteen to twenty months to build; large ships two, three, sometimes 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 prepare an officer. The efficiency which comes from a harmonious combination of these elements is a plant of slow of these elements is a plant of slow

comes from a harmonious combination of these elements is a plant of slow growth.

Therefore, he says, it is no use flinging money about on the impulse of the moment. The strain will be long and slow, and nothing is to be gained by erratic, impulsive action. "We ought to learn from our German neighbours, whose policy marches unswervingly toward the goal across the lifetime of a whole generation."

Elsewhere in the debate reference was made to the fact that the British Government was not building as many ships as its mechanical facilities would allow, and that it was not considered wise to make provision for building too far in advance. If this is done, said Mr. Asquith, "You may find you are left with ships which are obsolete, out-ofdate, 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 reticent about the part to be played by Canada. Doubtless he left the task of making fuller explanations to Mr. Borden makes his explanations it is not reasonable to ask that his proposals be endorsed.

If you love music you will find no music maker so easy to buy, so easy to play and so easy to listen to as the

EDISON

The Phonograph With the Right Home Tone





The Opera.

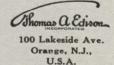
The Amberola.

The Edison brings the best of everybody's kind of music, band and orchestral pieces, the opera, sacred songs, old-time melodies and vaudeville screams—each whenever you want it and perfectly rendered by the famous artists.

And more than this, the Edison Phonograph records your own musical efforts. Sing to it, play to it, talk to it, and you have a lasting record that can be reproduced as often as you like.

Go to your dealer's to-day and hear the Edison play the selections you like best. Make a record yourself. Find out just what the Edison Phonograph means to you and your family.

Edison Phonographs\$16.50 to \$240 Amberol Records (twice as long).. .65 Amberol Concert Records\$1.00 Grand Opera Records.....85c to \$2.50



With the Edison Dictating Machine you can clean up a mass of accumulated correspondence and sweep your desk clean at one sitting.

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 long—went off swearin' what he'd do an—"

Peggy's eyes flashed. "The brute— to frighten you like this!" She thought of Jim and her refusals. "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. He's a

brave man when he's drunk, it seems.

Besides, Mr. Branksome—"
"But it's true. He's got it all arranged. He told me how 'twas to be done. An' the blame'll fall on Jim and the folk as are marching there to-night."

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 only to gain breath.

Darkness had fallen, 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 se 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. "I want to speak to Mr. Branksome."

The maid looked at Peggy's dishevelled and mud-stained clothes, and tossed her head. "Well, you can't!" she snap-ped. "He's 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 diningcom. Round the table were sitting four elderly men with papers in front of them. Mr. Branksome looked up. "What is it?" he asked; then he al-tered his tone: "Is anything the matter,

Peggy?"
Peggy forced herself to speak. "To-night," she panted, "the workers are

coming here-"Yes, yes; we know that," said Mr.

Branksome, with a slight smile. "Is that your message?"
"Wait. Dan 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 at her throat for breath.

"And so you came to warn me, Peggy That was good of you. You must let me—" He broke off. Through the windows came the sound of a great multitude. "Here they are," he said to the men beside him. "Let us meet them at

THEY rose and went out of the room, followed by Peggy. Mr. Brank-some threw open the front door. The light streaming upon them from the hall revealed them to the crowd. A tired, cold, hungry crowd it was, and Mr. Branksome's glance softened when eyes fell upon it. For a moment there was silence, and then a voice cried out: "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!"
She hung back, frightened at the angry words that were hurled at her. She saw, prominent among the crowd, the white, stern face of Jim, and she longed for words to explain her pres-

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 a denser volume that blew in their faces. Mr. Branksome rushed to the door of the outhouse and opened it. He was driven back by a suffocating 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 mo-ment 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 lat-

"This is no work of ours," he said, eagerly. "We—"
"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 appeared, 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 down, 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. 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 the fire, now came nearer. Mr. Brankthe fire, now came nearer. some raised his hand for silence.

"I expected you here to-night," cried, "and I have news for you. But first let me tell you that you did wrong to 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 help me."

Jim heard the words, ashamed. was standing beside the speaker. 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 recognize your union. We will meet your leaders to-morrow and discuss the other points. You've won. I congratulate you.

He said more, but Jim did not listen. The lock-out was over, the victory was with the workers, and Peggy—quickly he turned away in search of her. He met her coming out of the house. "Did you hear, Peggy?" he said, softly, "the war is over."

"I heard, Jim. It's grand, isn't it?"

"And you and me, Peggy—are we to be friends again? Oh, I haven't been kind to you, Peggy. Will you forgive me? I can't do without you."

"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 of Mr. Branksome and the shouts of the crowd. Then someone began sing, and a hoarse chorus joined in, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Peggy and Jim, holding each other's ands, listened. "Friends again," he hands, listened. "Friends again," he said. "Thank Heaven! It's give and take makes the world go round, give and take and a power of sympathy."





Like the grass—it is everywhere. You can't get away from Ford service for Ford owners-to be found in practically every business center of civilization. Ford repairs are seldom needed—but are always at hand-and cost but little when required.

75,000 Ford cars already sold this season—onethird of America's product. Five-passenger touring car \$850-three-passenger roadster \$775—torpedo runabout \$775—delivery car \$875 -town car \$1,100-f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont., complete with all equipment. Get catalogue from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario.

The High-Cost Problem

is easily solved in Summer when meats and other expensive foods are neither healthful nor satisfying. A toothsome, wholesome combination that has always brought health and strength is

The whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked a crisp, golden brown—all the goodness of the wheat (the most perfect food given to man) combined with berries, sliced peaches or other fruits. Nothing so wholesome and satisfying and nothing so easy to prepare.

Simply heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness and cover with berries, sliced peaches or other fruits and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. Try it to-day.

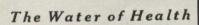
Shredded Wheat is the Whole Wheat

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited Niagara Falls, Ontario

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

DRINK

St. Leon Water



The Merchants Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

184 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business Transacted.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all
branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed
at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Par-liament St.; Dundas St. and Ronces-valles Ave.

ONTARIO LADIES COLLEGE (WHITBY ONTARIO

Offers the highest educational facilities and the most charming home life under healthful and inspiring surroundings. Seven resident University Graduates give instruction in the Literary Department. The Departments of Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Commercial and Household Science are equally far in advance in staff and equipment of those found in the ordinary Ladies' College. Proximity to Toronto gives City advantages without the distractions incident to city residence. Buildings and grounds, new gymnasium, swimming pool, etc., unequalled by any Ladies' School in this country. All physical exercises in the gymnasium directed by an expert Lady Physician. Send for Calendar during July to Prof. W. J. Greenwood, B.A., Mitchell, Ont., and during Aug. to Dr. J. J. Hare, Whitby, Ont.

The Day's Work

By NOEL GRANT

THE mountains rose steeply on either side of the valley just leaving enough room at their bases for a enough room at their bases for a 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 torrent. The little mining town of Marmot lay in this yelley or rether strage. rent. The little mining town of Marmot lay in this valley, or rather, straggled 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, overhanging the railroad below, over which the trains creaked and groaned, shrieked and jostled till the coal rolled from the overfilled cars. filled cars.

jostled till the coal rolled from the overfilled cars.

It could not be called a beautiful place by any means, but, indeed, none of the people thought of beauty. It was a town filled with smoke, coal dust, dirty-faced miners, ragged children and evil odours. The thoroughfare was the track, and along it trudged stooped-shouldered miners, unkempt slovenly women and toddling youngsters. The odours of the place were awful, as each family heaved its garbage over the verandah, 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 ever raised his eyes to look upon it. They plodded along the track with no object in life but to place their feet on the ties without tripping and thus reach the company store or the minemouth quicker.

reach the company store or the minemouth quicker.

The faces of the people showed their lack of the love of Nature, their joyless lives. A smile was never seen. Everyone had the same listless, wornout 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 their voices across the valley to their neighbours' verandahs.

True, the work was hard, lonely, dis-

their voices across the valley to their 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 being 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. Several 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, stooped-

just as well to keep him away from the rest.

He was a heavily-built man, stooped-shouldered, 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 handsome man, and not inclined to win one's 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 children to disobey her and to talk to her as he did. He had no respect for her and openly said she was no use to him, 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 table and several boxes for chairs. There were hardly enough cooking utensils to cook his coarse

meals of fat pork and cabbage. Here in this hovel she had to work for this beast, receive his jibes and jeers with

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 endurance could not stand this forever.

All 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 village its much needed cleansing. The road was mud to the knees. The water ran down the mountain side and a little stream ran under the house, carrying mud and rattling pebbles down to the creek below.

She had risen in the morning to get Sam's breakfast, but felt so weak she 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.

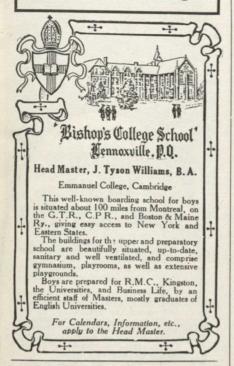
A T last she heard a step on the verandah. It was Brunt, drunk as usual.

A T last she heard a step on the verandah. It was Brunt, drunk as usual. "What, you in bed, Miry! Where's my supper? 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 laziness. You're just like all the rest of the women. You're lazy and content to live on me just so long as I get enough money for you to have a good time and a good house. Get up and get to work now, and no foolin'. 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 that moment the doctor 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? I've been trying to get here all day, but I couldn't get here any quicker. But here I am now, and I'll 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 soing to have him around his wife. She wasn't sick, and didn't need any "damn pill-pedlar" around her. He didn't have any use for doctors, anyway, and wasn't going to stand for one now. Anyway, his wife wasn't any good to him, just a lazy good-for-nothing, and if she was sick, let her be sick, and if she died, so much the better. The doctor told him he was drunk, and better clear out, or he'd be causing trouble, and that it was his duty to be there an

Schools and Colleges





Bishop Strachan

Principal: MISS WALSH

Vice-Principal:

Wykeham Hall College St. Toronto

Forty-seventh Year.

A Church Residential and Day School for Giris. Full matriculation course. Elementary work.

Domestic art MISS NATION Music and Painting.

RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 11.

Ulma (Ladies) (öllege

An ideal training home for young ladies. At-tractive location---ample grounds. Plenty of wholesome home-cooked foods and rational exer cises. Literary, art, music, domestic science, commercial, elocution, etc. A thoroughly trained and practised faculty. Resident Nurse. Moder-ate fees. Fall Semester begins Sept. 9th. Address the President,

Robert I. Warner, M.A., D.D. St. Thomas, Ont.

A DESK-BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH

By Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A.

Associate Editor of the Standard Dictionary, treats the hundred and one questions that arise in daily speech and correspondence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

ence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

The New York Times: "The scope and plan of the volume, which is of handy size and alphabetical arrangement, strike one as pleasantly sane and sound."

12mo, cloth, 240 pages. Price \$1.00 post-paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St. Toronto. your things and get out or it will be the worse for you. You lay a finger on her and I'll settle you.

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 and then changed his mind and decided to do it, but first wanted something to sober him up. The doctor handed him some morphine, thinking it would put him to sleep, but quite forgetting that it would stimulate him at first and make him worse than ever.

"I'll get the water, Sam, and you light the fire," and he started off with a couple of buckets in the rain. When he got back the morphine had started to act. Sam had become crazy mad. There he was, kneeling on his wife's

chest, his fingers gripping her throat.

The doctor dropped the 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 beast! You'd choke a woman, sick in bed, would you? Well, I have something to say in this, and so long as I'm here I'll see that you don't do it seein here I'll 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 rail.

He filled a big iron pot with water and set it on the stove, seized an axe and broke up a couple of boxes and lighted the fire. Then he wished for some hard wood, but there was none around, so he broke up an old chair. He was stooping down to gather up the pieces when he glanced up and there was Sam, creeping toward him and just ready to spring at him with an open razor in his hand. He grabbed the pot of water and would have hurled it at Sam's head, but Sam, in his rush across the room, had slipped on a rung of the broken chair. The doctor had his foot on the fallen man's wrist and secured the razor. Sam fought and struggled, but the doctor sat on his chest, and, big, strong miner as he was, Sam could not get up.

Sam cursed and swore as he struggled, but all to no avail, while inside the woman shrieked in her fear. The doctor sat quietly on his chest and pinned him to the floor. To let him up would be death to himself and his patient, so he sat there and waited for the more he sat there and waited for the morphine to act. Gradually the man's pupils contracted, his movements became less 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 disheveled 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 and got her comfortably fixed up. Just as the sun lifted his head above the mountains, he saw her slip off into a quiet sleep. He pulled a little black pine out of his packet, and gazing off 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 beyond—he addressed himself to some unseen person.

"Ah, love, could but you and I with Him conspire,

To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,

Would not we shatter it to bits and then

Remould it, nearer to the heart's desire." "But, oh, lady dear, it's all in the day's

work. It must be done. Someone must do the work, and, dear heart, it brings me closer to you. The day's work is hard, but at the end it leads to you."

Schools and Colleges

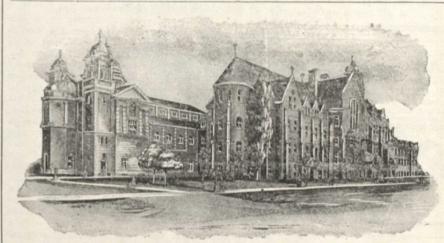


A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

St. Catharines, Ont.

Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L.

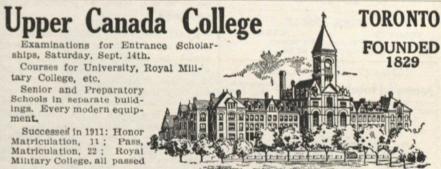
Three separate residences, new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House for boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink. Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. The School won University Scholarship in Classics, 1909, and in Classics and Mathematics, 1910.



LORETTO ABBEY

Wellington Place, Toronto

Seminary for the education of young ladies under the direction of the Ladies of Lor-etto. For prospectus apply to Lady Superior. School reopens September 3rd, 1912.



Autumn Term Begins on Thursday, Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m. Boarders Return on the 11th. H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Principal.

Western Canada College

Calgary, Alberta

Oldest and Largest Boys' Residential and Day School between Vancouver and Winnipeg.

Preparation for Universities, Royal Military College and Business Life.

EFFICIENT STAFF .-- SPACIOUS GROUNDS .-- SPLENDID GYMNASIUM,

Calendar and full information on request.

DR. A. O. MacRAE, Principal.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application.

Handwarter. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D.,

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

COSGRAVE BREWS PALE ALE

XXX PORTER HALF AND HALF

Experience has perfected our products, established our standard, made our reputation and proved our guarantee.

On sale in pint and quart bottles at all hotels and dealers.

Cure that Bunion



Hotel Directory

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Toronto, Canada. Geo. A. Spear. President. American Plan, \$2—\$3. European Plan, \$1—\$1.50.

PALMER HOUSE TORONTO : CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day Free Bus to all trains.

H. Stephens, Prop.

HOTEL MOSSOP.

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop. European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up. Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards
St James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal

THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada.

250 rooms.

American Plan. \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan. \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150.000 spent upon Improvements

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL \$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan. 300 rooms.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.

—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.

American and European Plans.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

London, Canada.

American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones.

Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.

Geo. H. O'Neil, Proprietor.

LA CORONA
A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath, \$1.50 and \$2.
Room with private bath, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels. LA CORONA

His Little Girl

(Continued from page 18.)

(Continued f woman herself had not appeared above the rim of his horizon, and in all his 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 a little, as he thought of it, to-day, a woman's face had produced upon him quite an unusual impression, and whilst he threaded his way along the Knightsbridge pavement, he mentally 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 only wish," here the hostess had flashed a charming smile first at the girl, and 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 presumably being German?" Berners answered, as he bowed to the tall girl, and noted 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 his fastidious ear, "though I, myself, am quite cosmopolitan. I call myself of no nation. I belong everywhere." She spoke almost faultless English, the faintest

cosmopolitan. I call myself of no nation. I belong everywhere." She spoke almost faultless English, the faintest possible accent only adding piquancy to her 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 forwith the beautiful daughter of the house, there was about the young foreigner a haunting charm which made an 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 woman-ly and with no trace of the country. ly, and with no trace of the coquette. Her conversation was as frank as her manner. Berners quickly learnt that 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 either, I have come alone to Mrs. Cardew 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. Englishwomen are the freest, the most charming, and I think, the happiest in the world."

charming, 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 and grass, still unspoiled by summer dust, he smiled as he reflected fancifully that the girl he had just left, possessed much of the freshness and sweetness we associate with early summer. He found himself resolving to cultivate the Cardews; he wished that Miss Muller's uncle had been of the party today, that he might have made his acquaintance, and thereby laid up for himself possibilities of meeting his niece again, and he compared Rosa with 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, 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. 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 whole distance to Stockley, but decidwhole distance to Stockley, but deciding against this, he determined to make

for 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 night was very sultry, and heavy clouds rolling up from the north seemed to presage a thunderstorm, but as yet there was no sign of rain. Berners' quick walk slackened to a considerably slower pace as the sultriness increased, and when he found himself in some of the less frequented thoroughfares on the Surrey side of the river he took off his the less frequented thoroughfares on the Surrey side of the river, he took off his 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 almost mechanically, and allowing his 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 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 he 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 of the inhabitants. He stopped an evillooking man, who eyed him askance, and asked civilly to be directed back into the main thoroughfare from which he had unconsciously drifted. The man gri ad unconsciously drifted. The 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 growing rapidly darker; those rolling clouds from the north had spread over the sky, and as Berners, following his guide's direction, turned to the left, a few 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 not allowed his absence of mind to lead him into this tangle of unknown and unsavoury streets, and his footsteps quickened as he realized along what a very narrow and very "mean" street he now walked. The houses on each side struck him as unpleasantly lifeless and silent, the pavement and roadway were "TAKE the first turn on the left, Granow walked. The houses on each side struck him as unpleasantly lifeless and silent, the pavement and roadway were deserted, and even the distant rumble of the great city seemed deadened by the high buildings that nearly shut out the sky. Something in the darkness and the silence sent a little thrill along his nerves, strong man though he was, and 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 beginning to speculate how near the end of the street might be, when a sound of wheels broke the all-prevailing stillness, and to his intense surprise a small, well-appointed brougham drove smartly past him, and pulled up at the door of one of the grim buildings on his left. That such a carriage should be driving along such a thoroughfare at all, 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 the astonishing fact, and Berners found himself involuntarily pausing on the pavement to see who would emerge from the brougham. Immediately in front of the house at which it had stopped, a lamp flickered in the now rising wind, and the young doctor saw a 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 a white muffler was tied round his neck, hiding his mouth and chin, and the soft hat he wore was drawn closely over his eyes, so that no part of his features was visible. As the second form sprang lightly from the brougham, Berners saw that it was a woman, slight and graceful, wearing a long cloak, over what was evidently an evening dress, and with black lace covering her hair and drawn close about her face. But as she stood upon the pavement beside her companion, a fresh gust of wind swept up the street blowing aside the lace that covered her head, and for a moment leaving her face fully exposed to the flickering gleams of the lamp



Save Syrup Money---

By dissolving white sugar in water and flavor with

MAPLEINE

You have a better syrup than maple for 60c per gallon.

Mapleine---sold by your grocer. It flavors all confec-tions and desserts.

Send 2 cent stamp for Mapleine Cook-Book.

Crescent Mfg. Co. Seattle, Wn.





THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Paid Up \$7,900,000 Reserve Funds \$9,300,000 Total Assets \$123,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGE

190 Branches in CANADA and NEW-FOUNDLAND; 23 Branches in CUBA. PORTO RICO and DOMINICAN RE-PUBLIC.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

BAHAMAS

BARBADOS JAMAICA Bridgetown Kingston TRINIDAD Port of Spain San Fernando

LONDON, ENG. Princess St., E.C.

NEW YORK, Cor. William Cor. William and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches

Get Your Canadian Home From the

C.P.R. Lands and Town Lots in Mani-toba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

We would advise passengers travelling via the Canadian Pacific Railway to the West to stop off and see the Big C.P.R. Irrigation Dam at Bassano, Alberta. Bassano is a rapidly growing town on the main line of the C.P.R., situated 83 miles east of Calgary. The irrigation project of the C.P.R. is the largest of its kind on the American Continent.

Full particulars by applying to

Full particulars by applying to

Joseph H. Smith, Agent General 61 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. SPECIAL AGENTS WANTED.

Okeefes

Special Mild

Not a headache in a barrelful - and never makes you bilious. It's extra mild and absolutely pure.

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 be-fore, 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 impression. 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 women of her class and she would be supposed to the strange of the class and she would be supposed to the strange of th 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 a latchkey, the door before which he and she stood? Why did Miss Rosa Muller allow any man to bring her to such a place, at such a time? Anger, jealousy place, at such a time? Anger, jealousy, disgust, raged within the soul of the man who still stood silently watching the two from the other side of the street. A seething mass of emotion rose within him; he was conscious of a sud-den upheaval in his soul of elemental passions and sensations of which he had believed himself incapable. The stirring of those primitive instincts prompted him to dash across the street and de-mand 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 behind 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 up at the unpre-tentious walls and windows. The building was as grim, gloomy and silent as all the rest of the buildings in this gloomy street, just a two-storey grey house, like thousands of other houses 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 dif-ferent 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 singuistics. behaved under like circumstances. merely scanned the house up and down for the third time with interested, enquiring eyes, and then said to himself slowly, under his breath:

that shone full upon it. And in that

"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

Hard on Boston.-A tourist from the East, visiting an old prospector in his lonely cabin in the hills, commented:

"And yet you seem so cheerful and happy."

"Yes," replied the one of the pick and shovel. "I spent a week in Boston once, and no matter what happens to me, I've been cheerful ever since."



Holidays! Summer

In this land of lake, river and stream, what more enjoyable than a canoe trip, with a supply of sparkling, delicious



"SALVADOR" is light and palatable, and contains but a very small proportion of alcohol.

"SALVADOR" is the ideal Summer drink for all temperate people, and is pure absolutely - just selected malt, choicest hops and pure sterilized

Brewed and bottled in the most sanitary and up-to-date plant in Canada by

Reinhardts' of Toronto

INSPECTION INVITED



By Appointment

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

with Cold Meats.

The Original & Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE.

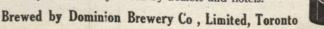
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. Mont eal Canadian Agents



Two Brews Worth While: LABEL ALE

INVALID

Each has stood without an equal for over a quarter century. Sold by dealers and hotels.







WE want to know, and we want you to know—all about your floors. We want to show you, as we daily show so many others, how inexpensive, and how easy it is to end permanently all your floor troubles Elastica is the only floor varnish which will give you positive satisfactory results. It is trade-marked like this—



mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

Whether your floors be old or new, of soft wood or hard wood, painted or unpainted, stained or unstained, Elastica will preserve them with an elastic, bright, durable, waterproof finish. Elastica can be used just as well over linoleum or oilcloth.

Send for descriptive booklet. Ask your dealer.



Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works

New York, Chicago, London, Berlin, Brussels, Melbourne

Largest in the worl 1 and first to establish definite standards of quality.





ELASTICA M

The food that enjoy: the universal recommendation of medical men.

- ¶ For use during illness and convalescence.
- For weakly infants and overgrowing children.
- As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition, and in all cases of dyspepsia and impaired digestion.

the most easily digested of all foods, but is not pre-digested.

A full descriptive booklet may be obtained post free on application.

BENGER'S FOOD LTD.

The Force of Mind

Or the Mental Factor in Medicine By A. T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S.

or of "Nerves in Disorder," "The Uncon bus Mind," "The Springs of Character," "Faith Healing," "Personal and Domestic Hygiene," etc.

The action of the mind in the cause and cure of many disorders is considered in this book from new and scientific standpoints with suggestions for the practical use of this knowledge by physicians and lay-

The Scotsman, Edinburgh:
"Thoughtful, earnest, and fully inform-

Nature, London:
"There can be no doubt that the reforms advocated are much needed."

12 mo. cloth, 347 pages, \$2.00 postpaid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON. 12 E. Wellington St.

SIGNIFICANT ADVANCES

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

Mutual Life OF CANADA

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

	1886	1911	Increased
Income Interest Assets	43,000 905,000	\$2 450,000 875,000 18,131,000	Nearly 10-fold Over 20-fold Over 20-fold
Insurance in force Surplus	9.774.000	71,000,000 3,312,000	Over 7-feld Over 50-fold

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

THE gentleman, leaning on the long

THE gentleman, leaning on the long harvest fork, is better known as a parliamentarian than as a farmer. 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 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 Gld Land. In Ontario several young lords own "a hunwith events in the Old Land. In Ontario, several young lords own "a hundred 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."

We are to believe that the noble

years."
We are to believe that the noble

lord is to become democratized to the extent of becoming a market gard-

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, recently offered the Alberta city \$60,000 for a library. The Library Board of Edmonton threatens to turn down this money.

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. Car-

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.

87 8º

Basil King in Canada.

"I HOPE that you in Canada will not give your country over to aliens. I hope that Canada will pick and choose her immigrants, and will keep the Anglo-Saxon dominant."

choose her immigrants, and will keep the Anglo-Saxon dominant."

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 Canadian 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."

Called Straight," is at present one of the "best sellers."

A Convenience.

A Convenience.

A 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 1st, may be obtained in rolls containing five hundred stamps each.

It is expected that the petty pilfering which is a feature of the present system of selling stamps in sheets will be obviated.

Labour and the Railways.

M. A. W. SMITHERS, chairman of the Grand Trunk in London, England, is in America inspecting the Company'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:

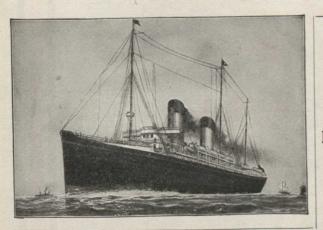
"The labour position is at the bottom of more than the troubles of Canadian railways. Considering the high price we pay for labour there ought not to be any difficulty in getting it. And yet we cannot get enough men to undertake the work we have to offer. It seems to me that all the provincial governments and all the railway companies ought to unite on some scheme for the greater stimulation of agricultural immigration. More labour on the land is Canada's greatest need at the present time."

Referring to the company's hotel system, 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 continent. continent.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS. PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."







"Laurentic"
and
"Megantic"
Largest and
Finest Steamers
From Canada

Orchestras Carried

BY THE WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE

Sailing Every Saturday from Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool.

For all information apply to nearest Railway or Steamship Agent or to Company's Offices at MONTREAL---TORONTO---WINNIPEG.

Attractively illustrated booklet free by request.

Try it at Our Risk

Order an Electric Glad Iron sent up to your home in time for Tuesday's ironing. It will cost you nothing—you get a 30-days' trial free. But if by that time you don't honestly believe that an Electric Glad Iron is one of the best all-round health and comfort investments a housewife can make, simply tell us to take it back, that's all. There's no obligation to keep it one minute longer than you wish. Hundreds of satisfied Toronto housewives now use the Electric Glad Iron. Join them in immunity from hot weather discomforts on ironing day. Phone the Summer Comfort Number.

ADELAIDE 404.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto



CANADIAN PACIFIC

GREAT LAKES SERVICE---Five Sailings Weekly
From PORT McNICOLL to

S. STE. MARIE - PORT ARTHUR - FORT WILLIAM

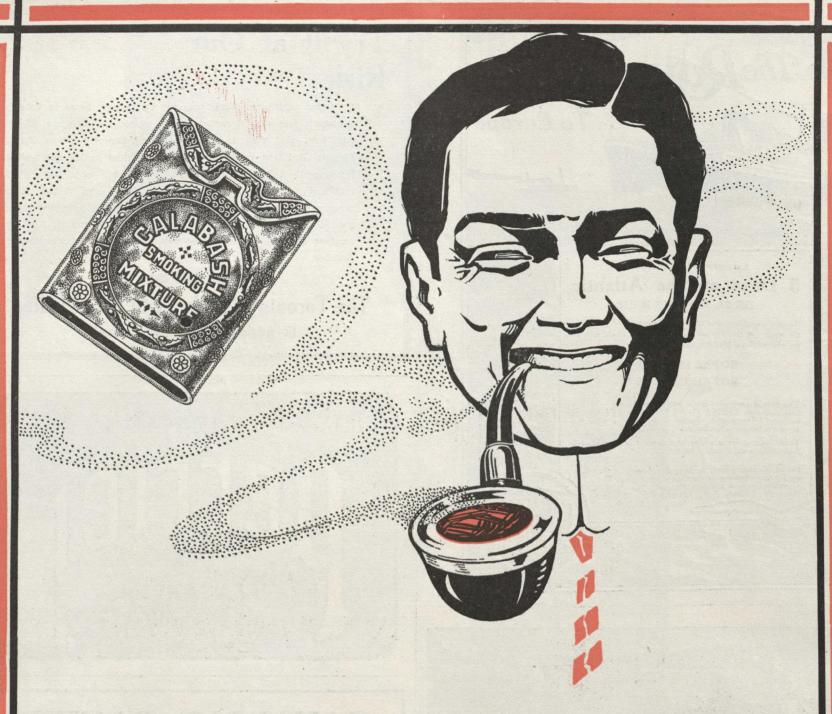
Making close connections for all points west.

STEAMBOAT EXPRESS

Leaves Toronto 12.45 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, making direct connection with steamers at Port McNicoll.

Full information from any C.P.R. agent, or write M. G. Murphy, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.





The smoker smiles when he smokes "CALABASH." It tickles him and pleases his fancy, because it always smokes smooth and cool and sweet. "CALABASH" has its own distinctive, delightful flavor—that comes from the expert blending of the choice tobaccos used in making this "quality" smoking mixture. Get "CALABASH" and smile.

In 2, 4, 8 and 16 oz. Moistener Top Tins___also in 2 oz. Pocket Tins.

Calabate GRADE Smoking Mixture