

The Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. XIV. No. 21

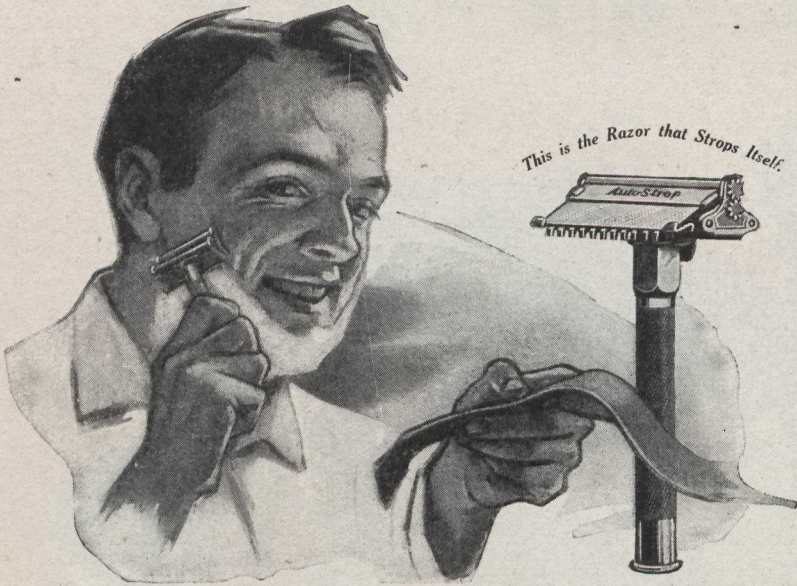
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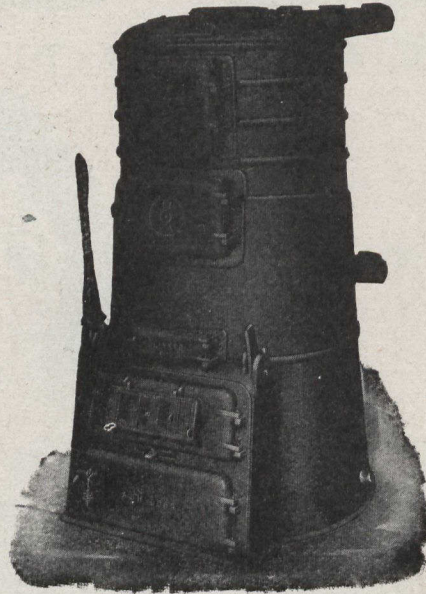
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XIV TORONTO NO. 21

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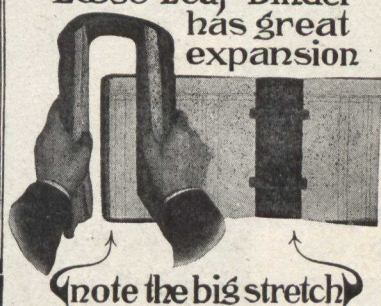
Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor

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In Lighter Vein

Agreed.—While James McNeill Whistler, the eccentric American painter, was trying on a hat in a London shop one day, a customer rushed in, and, mistaking Mr. Whistler for a clerk, exclaimed: "I say, this 'at doesn't fit." The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied, scornfully: "Neither does your coat, and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."—"Argonaut."

Oh, I See.—A physician was driving through a village when he saw a man amusing a crowd with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor pulled up and said: "My dear man, how do you manage to train your dog that way? I can't teach mine a single trick."

The man glanced up with a simple rustic look and replied: "Well, you see, it's this way: you have to know more'n the dog or you can't learn him nothin'."

The Practical Mind.—A certain school teacher was giving her class reading. It came to a part about a woman drowning herself. The teacher asked a boy to read again. He began: "She threw herself into the river. Her husband, horror-stricken, rushed to the bank—" The teacher interrupted: "Now, tell me why the husband rushed to the bank?" Quick and sharp came his answer: "Please, ma'am, to get the insurance money."—"The Argonaut."

Possibilities of the Future.—Old Top: "I say, what's the matter with those Newtypes? They have been running back and forth to the drug store, and calling up all the doctors in town."

Jolly: "Why, didn't you hear? Newtype gave his wife's mother one of Dr. Research's Suspended Animation Tablets to relieve her sick headache. Newtype can't just remember where he put the prescription to bring her to, and Dr. Research has gone to South Africa on a hunting trip!"

Old Top: "But what's the hurry?"—"Life."

A Doubtful Compliment.—Old Lady: "Well, here's a shilling for you, my poor man."

Tramp: "A shillin'? Lor' bless yer, Lydy, if there ever was a fallen angel, you're it."—"London Opinion."

School Friends.—The conductor of a western freight train saw a tramp stealing a ride on one of the forward cars. He told a brakeman in the caboose to go up and put the man off at the first stop. When the brakeman approached the tramp the latter waved a big revolver and told him to get away.

"Did you get rid of him?" the conductor asked when the train was under motion again.

"I hadn't the heart," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old school friend of mine."

"I'll take care of him," said the conductor, as he started over the tops of the cars.

When the train had again started the brakeman came and said:

"Well, is he off?"

"No, he turned out to be an old school friend of mine, too," replied the conductor.

Most Unreasonable.—Two suburban mothers met on the train one day, and the topic of their conversation was their daughters. "How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as teacher?" asked one. "Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but they asked that girl about things that happened long before she was born."—"The Argonaut."

As She Heard It.—A young lady who was inspecting bicycles said to the clerk: "What's the name of this wheel?"

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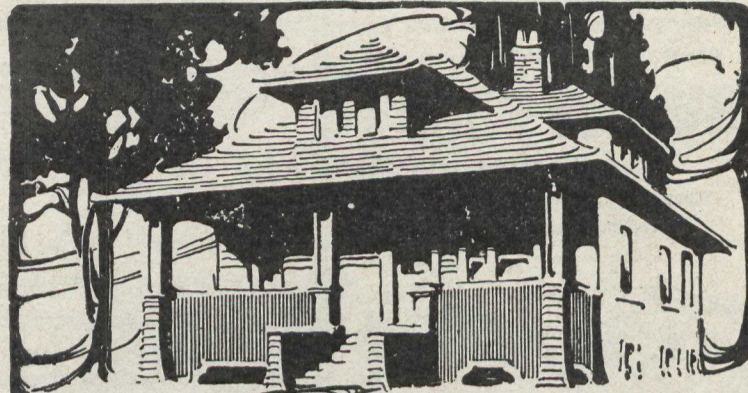
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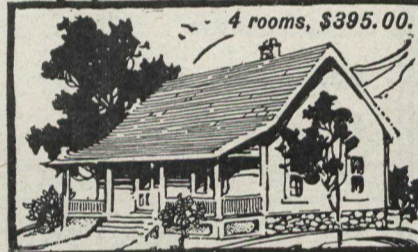
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Vol. XIV.

October 25, 1913

No. 21

Is Canada Musical?

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



ONE OF THE NUMEROUS LIGHT OPERA LEVITIES IN MUSICAL WINNIPEG.

Dr. Ralph Horner's Opera Company Photographed in the Finale to Act I. of "The Belles of Barcelona." Winnipeg Has Almost a Premier Place in Canada for Light Opera.

THERE are about as many ways of tackling the question "Is Canada Musical?" as there are ways of playing a symphony. A few of them succinctly stated are:

Number of musicians in the country—impossible to determine. But don't leave the census to other musicians.

Amount of money spent on music in a year. This involves considering: Cost of musical tuition running to millions of dollars annually; amount spent on concerts and operas; on musical instruments; on musical literature; on musical buildings.

Number of choral societies. There are probably a hundred at least averaging from fifty up to three hundred voices each.

Church choirs. These are legion. Canada has more reputable church choirs than the United States, with one-tenth of the population.

Number of pianos sold in a year. This runs into many thousands. Canada turns out more pianos than any other country of its population in the world. Toronto alone produces more pianos than New York, Chicago or Philadelphia. Most of them are good pianos—not to mention names. Every little while a new make is put on the market. Just the other day I saw the artist's sketch for the nameplate on a piano that has never yet been sold in Canada.

Pipe-organs made and sold in the country. Here, again, we score heavily. We have one of the best pipe-organ concerns in the world; and several smaller ones. The cost of pipe-organs in Montreal and Toronto would run into not less than \$1,500,000. One almost ready to install in St. Paul's Church, Toronto, will cost \$30,000. Another opened this



HALIFAX DID LIGHT OPERA WHEN WINNIPEG WAS A FUR-POST.

This is a Picture of the Principals, Chorus and Stage Setting to the "Yeomen of the Guard," Done in the Gilbert and Sullivan Revival Last Year by the Halifax Amateurs.

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GILBERT AND
SULLIVAN'S
"GONDOLIERS,"
AND A
CONCERT OF
STANDARD
CHORAL
WORKS LATER
IN THE YEAR.

SASKATOON IS ONE OF THE MOST MUSICAL CITIES IN THE WEST.

week in Calgary by Mr. Frank Wrigley, organist of Knox Church there, cost \$15,000. One opened recently in Saskatoon—or is it about to be opened?—cost \$10,000. Almost anybody within reasonable distance of a small town on the prairie may hear a pipe-organ if he wants to. And more than nine-tenths of the organs are made in Canada by Canadians.

Number of concerts. That is the basis on which old Berlin has the world's supremacy. Statistics are not available, but it's safe to say that for ten months a year there are at least fifty concerts a night in various parts of Canada, costing as high as \$3 a seat down to 25 cents. In most cities the number of people at concerts in one evening is quite half the number at the theatres. In one week alone last year about 50,000 people attended one series of concerts in Canada. Nine-tenths of the concerts in this country are by Canadian talent. One concert manager alone has had four concert companies on the road at once for eight months of the year in the West.

BUT the biggest single item of expense is in music tuition. This is impossible to estimate. Some of the figures are interesting. For instance, there are several music teachers in our three or four first cities whose yearly income averages not less than \$6,000 each. Some go as high as \$7,000 a year; not many. The price per lesson of these magnates is on a basis of about \$5 an hour. Figure it for yourself on a basis of even six hours a day effective teaching for eight months in the year. There are teachers in some of our leading institutions who are engaged from Europe on a guarantee of \$4,000 to \$5,000 a year; that is, they are sure of receiving that much from the institution and are expected to teach up to that revenue and as much beyond it as they like on a percentage basis. At the same time there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of humble and often very efficient teachers glad to get from fifty cents to a dollar a lesson. Dr. Torrington, when a young man in Montreal fifty years ago, used to get fifty cents a lesson—when he got it.

But the price of tuition, like the cost of living, has gone enormously up. Teachers are more efficient. There is more competition—and more pupils. The more pianos sold and the greater the number of concerts in a year by local talent the greater the amount spent in lessons. This is always tremendously increasing. Look at the colleges, academies and conservatories being established and enlarged all over the country. Look at the annual music festivals in the three inland western provinces. These are worth a separate notice. There never has been anywhere in the world quite another new-country movement like this. Every year for three days or more there is held in one of the chief cities in each province a competitive festival open



WESTERN ONTARIO HAS A FEW CHORAL SOCIETIES.

This is the Combined Choral Societies of Chatham, Wallaceburg and Dresden, Taken This Year. Geo. E. Cummings, Conductor.

to all choirs, choruses, solo singers, players and orchestras. Prizes are awarded. A few of the winners of such prizes are pictured in these pages. More would have been shown had there been space. Scores of high-class choirs and choruses may be found all over the west; all the development of the past five or six years. Many of these choirs and choruses give music the equal of the general works done by eastern and British choruses; largely because much of the talent in that country is either eastern or British. In one Calgary chorus there are several singers who used to be in the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. There is a horn-player in Calgary who used to play in the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. There are players in scores of bands and orchestras who have played in big bands and orchestras in Great Britain. In the west there are hundreds of musical workers who have passed through the hands of F. H. Torrington. The most active musical workers in Vancouver and Victoria come from Ontario.

Take the case of such an organization as either the Operatic Society, conducted by Dr. Horner, in Winnipeg, or the Halifax Amateurs, both pictured on the front page of this issue. Is it possible to put on such works as these people do with full chorus, orchestra and complement of soloists without a great deal of talent, tuition and organization? And there are in Canada scores of such amateur operatic societies.

NO doubt about it, there is at present, and will be for a long while to come, a huge wave of musical development all over this country comparable to the best known in any country, and on a basis of population superior to any. Music is no longer the cult of a learned and mysterious clique. It is the pastime of the people. It is as popular as baseball or politics or railroads. It is the most democratic and most practical of all the arts, because it brings some sort of message, from ragtime to grand opera, to the greatest number of people.

On this basis Canada may be called a musical country. So far we have not got much beyond

that. We have not yet a grand chain of symphony orchestras; but we have at least five permanent organizations of that kind, of which the latest is the Calgary Symphony, noted on another page of this issue. We have a circuit of grand opera, for the first time in 1913 and 1914, a company growing out of the Montreal Opera Company giving performances all through the west as well as in the east. We have not a school of Canadian composers. But we have a number of people who rank as producers of original works, and pictures of these may be found on other pages of this number. Some day we shall have a real Canadian school of composition that gets its material and inspiration direct from Canadian life. The very fusion of races is sure to produce a marvelous development in music, not only in performance at festivals, sangerfests and eistedfodds, but also in the production of native music. The French *chanson* is already a national asset far more musical than the negro melodies of the South. Our Indian melodies are a mine of material not yet exploited by the writers of "programme" and dramatic music.

Photo by T. L. Johnston.

BUT we are a long way yet from being a musical country in the same sense as Germany is, or Russia. Our people do not sing folk songs, unless we except the *chansons*. Some day they may. When the musicians are done with mystery and have got over the novelty of making money, the common people will produce music that comes, as Emil Paur once naively put it in a talk to Canadians, "from de middle of de people." When that day comes a music number of the CANADIAN COURIER will be a far different product from this of 1913.

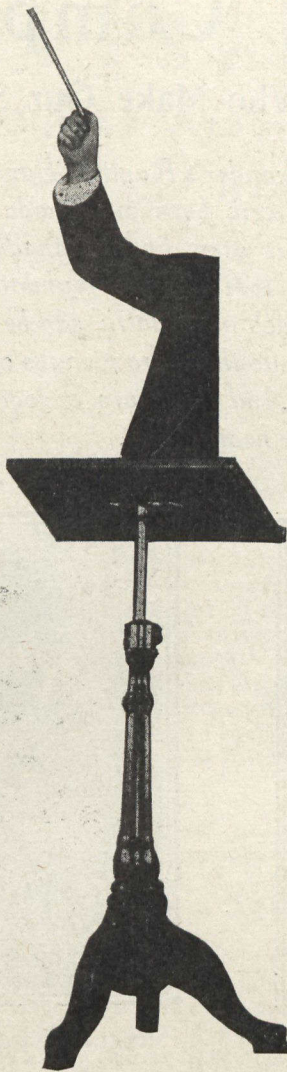
Choosing a Teacher

SO often we are asked—"What vocal teacher should I get for Mary Ann?"

Well, a good deal depends upon Mary Ann, and the good teacher knows it. The kind of teacher to avoid is the individual with a "new method." There is nothing particularly new about the human voice, though we are attempting to do some new things with it. For the average girl or young man who wants to get ordinary vocal culture there is nothing to be gained by studying for the stage. There are a lot of vocal-culture fakirs. The reason is that so many young people's parents and friends imagine they should study for the stage or the concert platform, when the most they can ever do is to perform a little, sweet, comfortable singing right around home. The shrewd music-fakir knows all about that. He encourages it. If he were to discourage Mary Ann from singing in public Mary Ann's papa might relieve him of his job. Half of some people's vocal culture is just plain vanity.

Conductors in Canada

HERE is as much individualism in great conductors as in great baseball pitchers. If this page were filled with the photographs of great baseball artists it would be a highly popular page. But when it comes to the expression of personality the baseball virtuoso compared to the conductor is a very limited individual. Consider Nikisch. Was there ever an orator more eloquent or an actor more vivid? Did any one ever hear Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony as Nikisch performed it on his orchestra? Karl Muck we do not know in Canada as yet; but he is a profound interpreter. Boston thinks as much of Muck as Leipsic does of Nikisch. Winnipeg and Minneapolis admire Emil Oberhoffer just as much. A number of New Yorkers consider Walter Damrosch the equal of any living batonnier; though that's stretching it just a little, for Damrosch is never subtle. Some people in Chicago swear by Frederick Stock, who surely is coming along, but might have had a hard time doing it quite so well but for the remarkable orchestra which he inherited from Theodore Thomas. Josef Stranski, who was in Canada last year for the second time with the New York Philharmonic, has some individual points as strongly as any. But what he makes up in physical magnetism he rather lacks in finesse. Young Otto Urack, assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony, has a marvelous amount of intelligent emotional vitality caged up in a very insignificant physique. Frank Welsman, who leads the Toronto Symphony, has as capable a command of himself in rhythm as most men and a strong general grip of the possibilities of a piece, though he sometimes lacks fire.



CAUGHT IN ACTION.
The hand of a well-known Canadian Conductor—Whose?



A TRIO OF CELEBRATED BATON-MEISTERS.

Herr Arthur Nikisch, the omniscient Leipsic conductor, is not half so impressive sitting down as he was when he appeared in three cities of Canada last year with the London Symphony Orchestra. There is no other Nikisch. To his right stands the almost equally celebrated chorus-master, Siegfried Ochs, of Berlin, who has the finest chorus in Europe. In a recent letter to Herr Augustus Vogt, of Toronto, he expressed the hope that on his forthcoming visit to America he would be able to see Canada. Herr Max Fiedler, recent conductor of the Boston Symphony, was also in Berlin during the Bach-Beethoven-Brahms Festival some time ago when this picture was taken.

MAX WEIL, with his enterprise, is yet to show Calgary and the West that he can do things with a Canadian orchestra in the foothills that may compare well with the work of Oberhoffer in Minneapolis. American by birth, he studied in Leipsic and spent several years as violin teacher and conductor in Halifax, where he started the first operatic school in Canada, giving "Martha," "Faust," "Bohemian Girl" and "Der Frieschutz," with local principals, chorus and orchestra. In 1908 he took a violin desk in the St. Paul Symphony, visited Calgary with the orchestra and decided to locate there; result at orchestral concert last January and the Calgary Symphony Orchestra.

Lieut. Williams, conductor of the Grenadier Guards Band, is the greatest bandmaster that ever appeared in this part of Canada. He could probably do as well with a symphony orchestra. He is perhaps the only really eminent conductor who never has time for a rehearsal. And it is a real pity

that more of our bandmasters did not profit more by the methods of so able a man.

There is a sort of dry rot that seems to pervade some of our bands, especially in the big cities. Once in a while a band conductor tries to break loose from the routine methods that made the bands of New York such a farce before Arthur Farwell got hold of them. The conductor of the Mississauga Horse regimental band has certainly tried to do so, and, so far as a man could under such conditions, has succeeded very well. The Citizens' Band, in Winnipeg, has set a standard for itself and for a good deal of Canada at the same time. There is an excellent band in Calgary. There are several good bands in Halifax and in some of the smaller towns in both Quebec and Ontario. But the big city bands are for the most part in musical ruts.

THE bandmasters of Canada should realize that people are just as naturally fond of good music done well by any band as they are when they hear it from one of His Majesty's Guards bands. But to do programmes that are not built out of piffle means that the conductors of bands must take their business as seriously as the orchestra conductors do. The bandmen will have to work harder. But both bandmen and conductors will find out that the appreciation of really good music by the people will more than repay them for all the extra trouble it is.

A really live conductor is sure to learn a great deal from observation of other conductors. No band-conductor could fail to learn something from Nikisch, or Emil Paur, or Josef Stranski, or any of the other conductors pictured on this page. Sometimes a man learns what to avoid. Mainly he will learn to emulate without mere imitation, which is the bane of all good conducting. There have been some imitations of Sousa that were very bad. The best use any conductor can make of watching another man is to see how he gets his effects and try to do likewise in so far as he may be able without aping a style. The conductor is the life of the band. Poor players with a good conductor will do more than an aggregation of soloists under a poor leader.



NEWEST OF THEM ALL.

Max Weil, conductor of the newly-organized Symphony Orchestra in Calgary, has set out to emulate Minneapolis. Music-lovers all over Canada wish him success with the Calgary Symphony, which makes its initial bow with fifty players and the Apollo Choir in November this year.



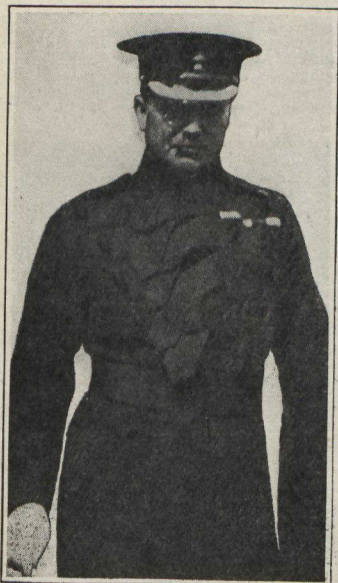
A CANADIAN PATHFINDER.

Frank Welsman, who leads the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, is here seen in one of his quietest moods. But if he were not primarily a quiet man he would never have got the T.S.O. where it is to-day, building on the foundations of Torrington.



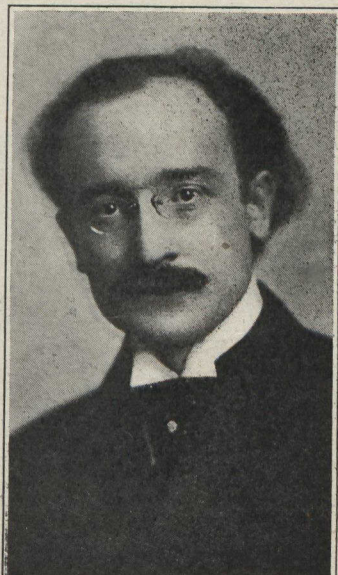
A CONDUCTOR-MANAGER.

Walter Damrosch whose annual appearance in Canada is due to the enterprise of the National Chorus. His recent opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," which he revived in Toronto, was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House last season.



A REMARKABLE BANDMASTER.

Lieut. Albert Williams never needed his Mus. Doc. to make him the greatest bandmaster in the British Isles. He was in Canada with the Grenadier Guards in 1910. He may be back in 1914.



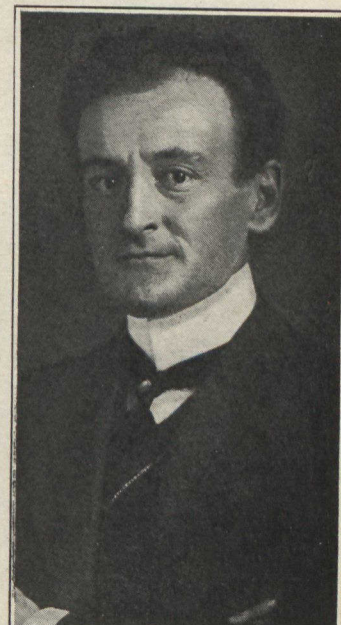
THE DARLING OF WINNIPEG.

Herr Oberhoffer, who leads the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, has never been seen in Eastern Canada. But he has been many times in Winnipeg, where he is admired as hugely as he is in Minneapolis.



A YOUTHFUL GENIUS.

Otto Urack, second in command to Karl Muck, convinced Canadian critics that the public had nothing to fear when he took the baton with the Boston Symphony last year. He is the youngest near-great conductor in America.



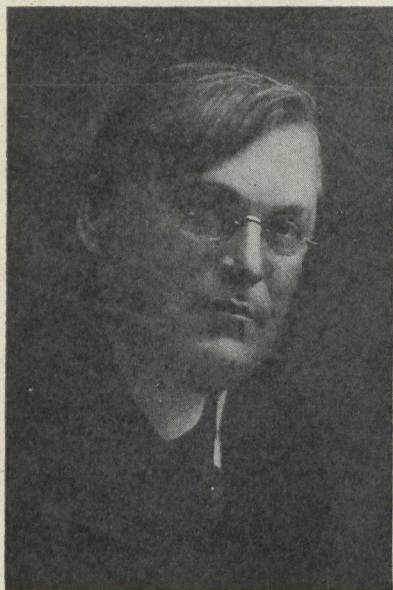
A GREAT INTERPRETER.

Dr. Karl Muck, who has the chief baton of the Boston Symphony, was prevented at the last moment by illness from making his first appearance in Canada last year. He is the ablest conductor that Boston ever had since the days of Nikisch.

Canadian Composers

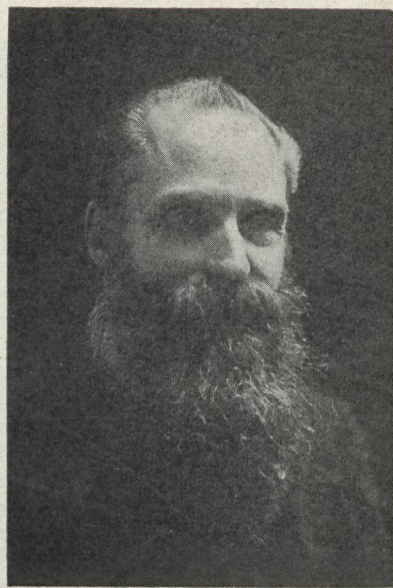
Some People Who Make Our Songs

They have not joined "Alexander's Ragtime Band" "By the Light of the Silvery Moon." Some were born in Canada and live abroad, some came from Europe, others grew up in Canada; and they have done a large number of things that lay the foundation of a national school of composers without which no country can be called truly musical. On other pages of this issue there are pictures of people who have composed many good things. And there are a good many others that the Canadian Courier has never heard about.



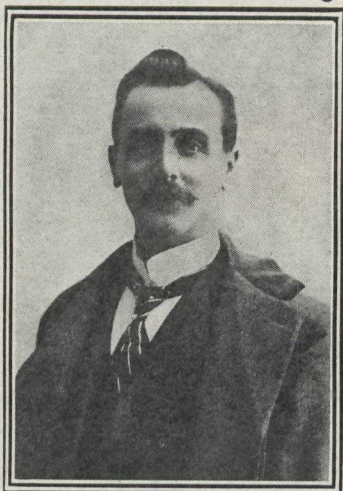
W. O. FORSYTH, Pedagogue.

Teaches about ten hours a day, but ever since he was a student with A. S. Vogt in Leipsic, over twenty years ago, has taken considerable recreation in composing many pieces for the piano, to which he devotes all his teaching time, and a large number of very thoughtful and good songs.



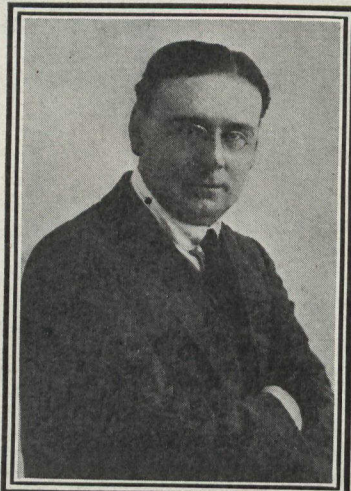
PROF. GUILLAUME COUTURE.

The venerable maitre de chapelle of St. James' Cathedral in Montreal has had a long experience as teacher, choral conductor and composer. His chief works are a number of French masses for St. James' choir.



J. EDWARD BROOME, Mus. Doc.

The organist of Jarvis St. Baptist Church and conductor of the Oratorio Society in Toronto has written a great many excellent anthems, men's choruses and songs. He is a Lancashireman who for some time was thought to be a Welshman; largely a matter of temperament.



HEALEY WILLAN, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O.

The newly-appointed professor of Theory and Harmony in the Toronto Conservatory of Music was already well known in Canada for his very effective church services for the English Church. Two of these were recently given in St. Thomas Church, Toronto.



A. S. VOGT, Mus. Doc.

The conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir and the recently-appointed musical director of the Toronto Conservatory is not a prolific composer, but everything he writes expresses his remarkable insight into the real demands of modern choral composition.



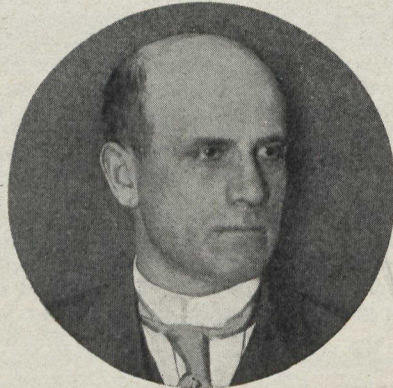
FRANK E. BLACHFORD.

The leader of the Toronto String Quartette and concertmeister of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra is particularly fond of writing choruses for men's voices.



CHARLES A. E. HARRIESS, Mus. Doc.

Impresario at present; Imperially interested in choral performances, but a composer of many clever things, one of which, his dramatic cantata "Pan," was given under his own direction at Covent Garden.



CLARENCE LUCAS, Cosmopolitan.

Mr. Lucas lives in New York, and was for some years resident of London. He has seen most of the musical world, and may be set down as our most representative Canadian composer. His book on "Musical Form" is one of the simplest good things of that kind ever written.



LUIGI VON KUNITS, Pedagogue.

Austrian by birth, Mr. Von Kunits has been professor of the violin in the Canadian Academy of Music since 1912. He has found time to write a large number of works for stringed instruments and for orchestra.



GENA BRANSCOMBE TENNEY.

This talented Canadian composer, living in New York, has become quite famous for her songs, which are poetic in character, never superficial, always worthy of her native land, and sung by great artists.



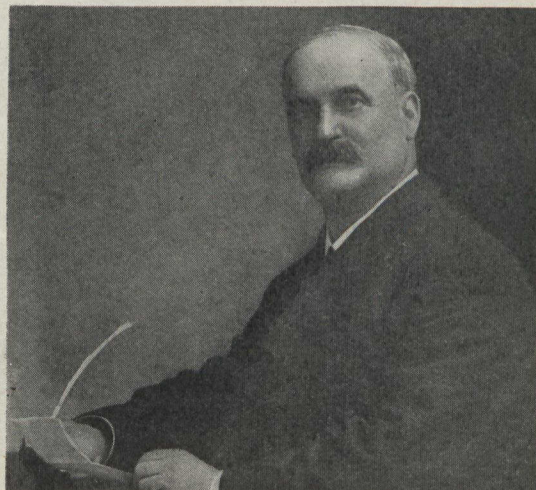
LEO SMITH, Mus. Doc., 'Cellist.

This talented Englishman, who played several years in the Covent Garden Orchestra, is here seen seriously caricatured at his beloved work of composition. Mr. Smith has just finished a new batch of good songs which will be brought out by Schirmer, of New York. He writes songs that should be in the repertoire of every lover of good music.



HENRY J. LAUTZ, Interpreter.

Mr. Lautz is German by birth, but has been several years in Canada. He is known as a fine interpreter of good songs, an able accompanist, and as the prolific composer of songs that have splendid melodic qualities.



ALBERT HAM, Mus. Doc.

Organist of St. James' Cathedral and conductor of the National Chorus, Dr. Ham is still further equipped for original composition by his regular vocation as a teacher of voice.

The Invisible Harp

A Musical Ghost Story From a Western Homestead

By J. A. HOLDEN

NOTWITHSTANDING the objections of my parents, who maintained that in three years I could save the price of an improved farm from my modest salary, I had resolved to go homesteading. Vivid word pictures of the dreary life of the solitary homesteader, doomed for six months each year to a hermit-like existence far from civilization, failed to shake my purpose. Though I knew that much of what they said was true, still the idea of choosing my own piece of earth, a piece unsullied by the touch of man, fresh, as it were, from the hand of the Creator, and shaping it to my own ideas, exercised some subtle fascination over me, as it doubtless has over the minds of thousands.

This, then, accounted for my presence at Roscow, a new Northern Alberta town in the centre of an undeveloped but promising district where land was rapidly being taken up. At the hotel the evening of my arrival I had engaged in casual conversation an elderly man, evidently a resident, and had asked if he knew of any good government land thereabouts.

"Settlers have been coming in so fast lately," he replied, "that you'll have to go out some six or seven miles for a first-class quarter-section. There's a hundred-acre fraction up the river, though—a little rough, but pretty. Mile and a half above town."

"Why, that's just what I want!" I exclaimed, delightedly. "I would like nothing better than to be located on the river, especially if the view is good, and I wouldn't care a snap if it was not a full quarter-section or even if the land was broken or poor. A mile and a half from town! Why, that's not much outside the town limits, and if this place becomes a distributing point, as people expect, it will be part of the city some day."

"Right you are, and you never saw a prettier view in your life," he replied; "fine meadowland, sloping gradually to the river. Good spring on it; lots of timber for building; the soil ain't so bad, either."

"Then why has it not been taken long ago?" I asked.

"Ah! that's quite a story, my boy. It has been taken—twice; but now it's open again. It has a history—that homestead has. The first man that tried to prove up on it hanged himself; the second we had to send to Ponoka, crazy as a loon. There's something wrong with the place, lad. No Indian will cross it if he can help it, and never would. Nobody wants that place, and if you take my advice you'll leave it alone." His voice sank to a whisper. "It's haunted!"

"Oh, go on!" I remonstrated, laughingly; "I may be fresh from the city, all right, but surely you don't expect me to swallow any such yarn as that."

"Well, I was just telling you." He drew a newspaper from his pocket and commenced to read.

I considered for a moment; somehow he did not look like a frivolous person given to stringing tenderfeet. "Come, now, don't get offended," I apologized; "let's have a drink and tell me all about it."

We had a drink—two or three, in fact. With a bottle in my pocket to keep the old fellow's talking apparatus lubricated, we went up to my room, and there, seated on the little bed, he related the following strange story:

"It was about three years ago, when Roscow was a mere fur-trading centre, and railroad communication was unthought of, that Banjo Sam drifted into the community. He was a little dried-up nigger, and that's the name we gave him, on account of him everlastingly twangin' that banjo of his. All the dancing folk—and that was about everybody—were a little tired of Old Michael, who was a good trapper but a mighty poor fiddler, and Sam, who really could play, was a welcome relief. Being a good-natured nigger, though he had some mighty peculiar ways, he got to be right popular, and he 'lowed he was goin' to settle down here, so he takes up a homestead—that fraction I'm telling you about."

THE speaker paused and gazed at the ceiling reminiscently. Presently he continued:

"Well, sir, no sooner does he go to live on that place than his queerness begins to stick out more pronounced-like. When he comes to town he's always talking about inventing some new musical instrument. No one ever saw his invention until after his death, but folks passing his place at night

could hear some queer sort of music, like a cross between a banjo and a harp.

"Well, finally, it having been some three weeks since Sam had been to town and I was happening to be out that way, I thought I'd drop in to see him. No friendly smoke curled above his chimney as I drew nigh. The door swung back and forth on cranky hinges. A rabbit bounded out the door as I approached. There was poor Sam, hanging by the neck from the middle rafter. He had been dead for some time, so the Mounted Police said when they cut the body down. His banjo and a crazy-looking instrument were lying on the floor—both can still be seen at the barracks.

"Well, that part is not so very strange. Other homesteaders have shuffled off the same way. But here's the queer part. Whenever a bad storm raged at night Sam's banjo can still be heard; not the tinkle of any human-made instrument, mind you, but a wild, thunderous, discordant twanging, accompanied by a horrible, weird sound, something like a fiddler makes when he rubs his finger up and down the E string.

"Two or three that had a kind of hankerin' after that place decided it would be just as well to file on better land further out when they got hold of its history."

After a generous pull at the bottle the narrator resumed his tale:

"Well, Heusler wasn't that kind of a chap at all. Just laughed when he heard the story. Said that sort of rubbish wouldn't sound so bad if it happened in an old-settled country, like England or even Eastern Canada, where there are decayed houses that look ghostly enough, but in a new country it was ridiculous.

"He was a fine, strappin' fellow—young Heusler was—and a good worker, too. Well, sir, he filed on that homestead and went out there every night, but we noticed that, for all his big talk, he didn't sleep in Sam's cabin, but built himself another close by. For over a month he came in regularly every morning to work on the new Methodist Church, him being a carpenter by trade. Asked how he liked associatin' with Sam's ghost, he called us a lot of old grannys. 'I did hear some sort of hummin' one windy night,' he says. 'I suppose that's what you imagined to be Sam's music, but you bet it didn't scare me none. T'was only the wind whistling through the tree-tops.'

"WELL, Heusler seemed to get along all right, and we that had heard the ghostly music are beginning to think we'd only imagined it, after all, when one night there comes a terrible storm. The next morning Heusler didn't show up, although it was a bright, clear morning. Along in the afternoon he came down the road, unsteadily, like a drunken man, only he was a man that never let liquor get the best of him. His face was very pale and haggard and most of his talk was rambling-like, all about harps on high and angels singing and such. As he passed the poolroom, where a squeaky phonograph was disturbing the peace, he got quite agitated. Altogether, it was quite plain that Sam's ghostly banjo had got the best of poor Heusler, so we sent him down to the asylum; though we heard later that he got all right again in a few weeks. He's never showed up around here, however.

"So there you are, my boy. If you don't believe it, ask the Mayor of the town, or the newspaper editor, or anybody that's lived here a year. Nobody has monkeyed with that place since. It'd sure make a nice piece of property—so close to town. It's too close to go unclaimed forever. Someone will lay the ghost and realize a tidy little fortune when the town grows up. If you've got the nerve, why go to it, young man."

Next morning I walked out to the mysterious homestead, easily recognizing it by the description given. It was truly a beautiful place. About half of it lay on the top of a flat bench; the other half sloped gradually in soft, undulating rolls of green meadow to the river, on which a motor-boat was pattering cheerfully. Clumps of bushes here and there gave it a park-like appearance. The few dead trees that slightly marred the landscape could easily be removed, I decided. Along the top of the bench lay some forty acres of open meadow almost ready for the plow. But back of that, back of the narrow strip that extended along the brow of the bench—

ah! there was the discordant note. There lay a dense forest of dead trees, fire-killed many years before. Leafless and barkless they stood or leaned on each other in all manner of grotesque positions, white, withered, crumbling skeletons of the long ago. No underbrush relieved their ghastly nakedness; only crawly, slimy vegetation flourished in that swampy desolation. It seemed like a bit of this fall earth blasted by the breath of God. I stood gazing at this picture of desolation and death for some time; then turned toward the river. How different the view in that direction. As beautiful as the other was abhorrent!

CLOSE to a spring that bubbled forth a streamlet of sparkling water, stood the log cabin of Banjo Sam. I entered and gazed at the rafter from which the unfortunate negro's dead body had been cut down. Ugh! it was a creepy-looking place. I was glad to get outside. Some little distance off, near two tall trees, stood the well-built cabin of Heusler, the carpenter. This I decided to pre-empt—for I had already resolved, ghost or no ghost, to become the possessor of this beautiful estate. The dead forest could be burned easily, I thought, and probably the swampy land could be drained and made tillable.

Returning to town, I made some discreet inquiries. The Mayor and two business men assured me that the strange story I had heard was true in every particular. All three of them had heard on stormy nights a distinct sound, as of a banjo or harp, when half a mile or more from the place. They could offer no explanation of the phenomena, but all were quite certain they would not stay there alone at night under any circumstances. The newspaper editor showed me his file, and I read the account of Heusler's experience. No paper had been published when Banjo Sam committed suicide.

Having learned all I could, I entered the local land agent's office and filed on the fraction—a ten-dollar bet with the government that I could fulfill the requirements necessary for a patent, the chief one being residence on the place six months each year for three years.

I hired a drayman to haul some furniture and provisions to my homestead, bought a saddle-horse, and prepared to live on the place six months, or until late in the fall.

The first night I did not sleep very well. From the abyssal depths of the dead forest came a dismal creaking and moaning that my vivid imagination was only too ready to interpret as the struggles of departed spirits. At irregular intervals a coyote gave vent to his mournful cry—a long, drawn-out wail like that of a woman in agony. However, the night passed uneventfully and I felt encouraged. The next night the coyote and the dead trees disturbed me hardly at all, and after the first week I did not feel even the least tremor of fear.

In town I was an object of curiosity, the local paper having printed a lurid history of the so-called haunted homestead, together with an account of myself and my "bravery" in sleeping there alone. When questioned on the subject, I answered in a light, disdainful way, as if such exploits were as nothing to a daredevil like myself. The young ladies were not averse to getting acquainted with me, and in my own estimation I grew more and more important as time wore on.

But, as ever, pride goeth before a fall. I was awakened one night by a humming noise; something low and vibrant, like the wind blowing against a stretched rubber band on your bicycle, but louder than a thousand rubber bands. Sitting bolt upright in bed, I clasped my pistol and listened for a repetition of the sound. I did not hear it again, and finally sank into fitful slumber; but when next questioned regarding the ghost my manner was not quite so cocksure.

FOUR months passed. With joyous anticipation I looked forward to an early return to my father's luxurious Edmonton home—to theatre parties, to the society of innumerable friends, to all the comforts of life that only the lonely homesteader can properly appreciate.

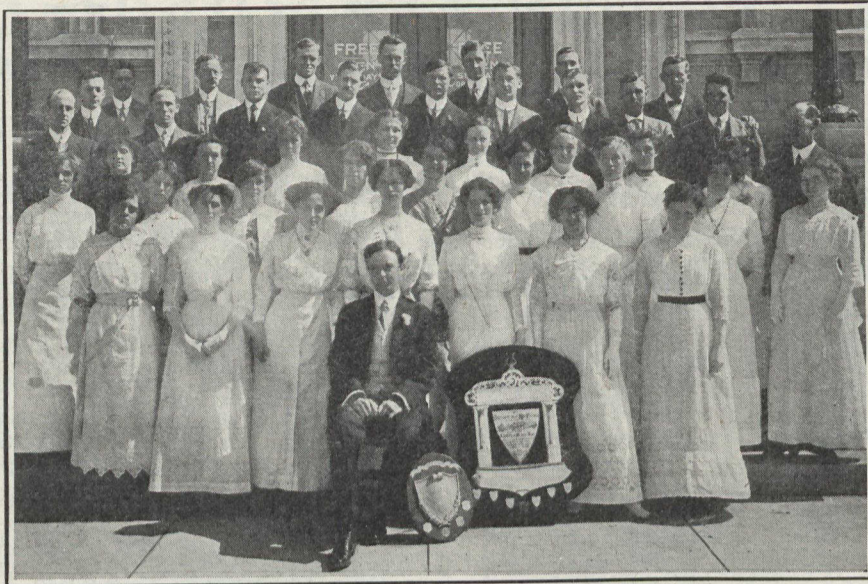
Then came the terrible night of the storm. As I retired, after an unwise indulgence in one of Poe's morbid tales, that somehow gave me a creepy feeling in spite of myself, the wind swept around the cabin in fitful gusts, and the skeleton forest moaned more dismally than usual, I thought.

(Concluded on page 22.)



PROGRESS PRESTISSIMO.

Prof. George A. Izon went to Moose Jaw only a year ago from Birmingham, where he was organist, conductor and associate of Trinity College, London. As conductor of the Beethoven shield-winning choral society at the Saskatchewan Festival last May, he will conduct the Grand Choral at next year's Music-Fest in Saskatoon.



MOOSEJAW AND MUSICAL TROPHIES.

The Beethoven Choir, George Izon, Conductor, Was the Winning Choral Society at the Festival in Regina, 1913.



A BANDMASTER COMPOSER.

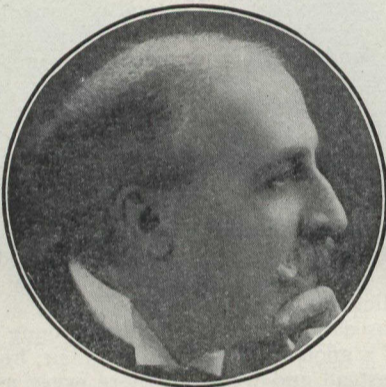
J. N. Boisvert is the able conductor of the Philharmonic Band in St. Johns, P.Q., which won the trophy at the Provincial Contest in Montreal. Several years cornetist under Sousa, he gives St. Johns programmes of Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Gounod and Rossini, interspersed with light opera selections. His own compositions are published by Carl Fischer, of New York.

DURING the past six or seven years there has been a musical revolution in Canada. People who live in Montreal and Toronto have the habit of imagining that most of the new movement is confined to those two places. Westerners think differently. Music has the habit of being universal. It does not depend upon raw material and power. It goes wherever the people are, and it goes independent of provincial boundaries, tariff walls or industrial areas. There has been a new movement in the cities. European musicians have been brought in to man new institutions. In some cases Canadian musicians have packed up and gone to new fields. The West has called a good many. But the West has also got a large number of music-makers from Great Britain, as may

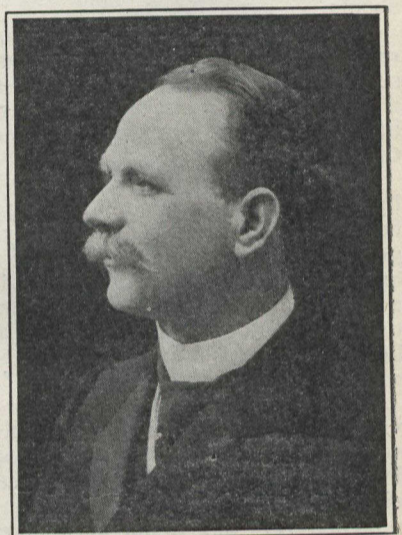
Musical People

AN ORATORIO COMPOSER.

Prof. Alexis Contant, organist of the St. John Baptist Church, Montreal, composer of "Cain," the first oratorio by a French-Canadian, performed in 1905 at the Monument Na-



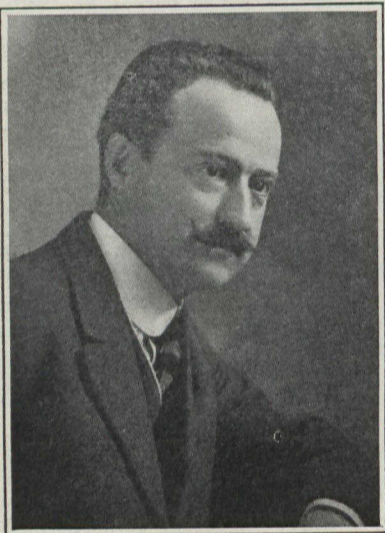
tional with a chorus of 250 and orchestra of 45. He has just finished a symphonic poem, "Les Deux Ames," which will be brought out in November at the Princess Theatre with chorus of 300 and orchestra of 52.



A WELSH MUSICIAN.

Mr. Rhys Thomas was born at Ystradgynlais; in spite of which he has been a great loss to Welsh music by his removal to Winnipeg, where for several years he has been organist of Knox Church, choral conductor, vocal teacher and adjudicator at festivals.

able to do officially at Ottawa. Some day even our Parliamentarians may take a practical interest in music. It is not long since a visiting English choir sang anthems in the Canadian House of Commons. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a devotee of the player-piano. Hon. George Graham once led a choir; Sir Edmund Walker is honorary president of the Mendelssohn Choir, and Sir William Van Horne is a musical enthusiast.



A PROFESSOR OF COMPOSITION.

Arthur Letondal, organist of the celebrated Church of the Gesu in Montreal, is also professor of composition and president of the Academy of Music of Quebec. He is the son of Paul Letondal, pioneer musician in Montreal. His compositions for piano, organ and voice are published by O. Ditson and J. Fischer, of New York.

be noted by some of the pictures on these two pages. The West is almost as cosmopolitan in its music as it is in its peoples. Winnipeg has a number of musicians who speak more than one language. Other Western cities have been developed musically more by the British element and by people from the East. The great choral movement now going on in the West should have been impossible without the British Isles, Ontario and a progressive, enthusiastic people.

But wherever the musical revolution in this country is going on, it is as surely a phase of developing nationality as railroads or manufactures. The Lieutenant-Governor of Saskatchewan is as much interested in Western music as he is in Western politics. Earl Grey, while Governor-General, did more for the cause of music than he was



A SOLO ORGANIST.

In 1901 Mr. Wm. H. Buckley was solo organist at the Pan-American, Buffalo; 1902, twilight recitals at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto; 1907, city recitals in Convention Hall, Buffalo; gold medalist Toronto College of Music, now choir-master in Regina.



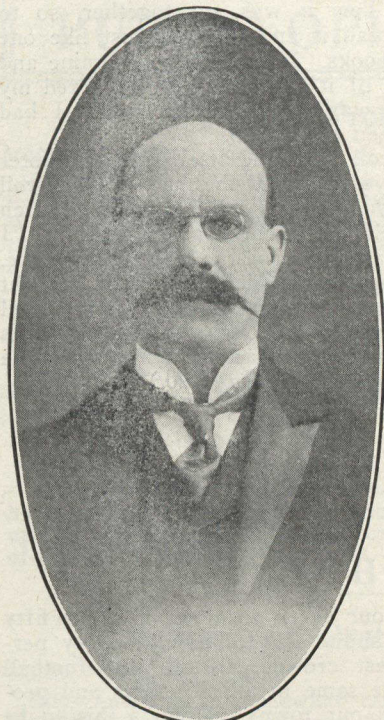
A CALGARY CHORUS-MASTER.

Horace Reynolds, conductor of the Calgary Choral Society, will produce "The Messiah" this season; also "The Geisha" with the Calgary Amateur Operatic Society. He was formerly a conductor of the Sheffield Choral Union.

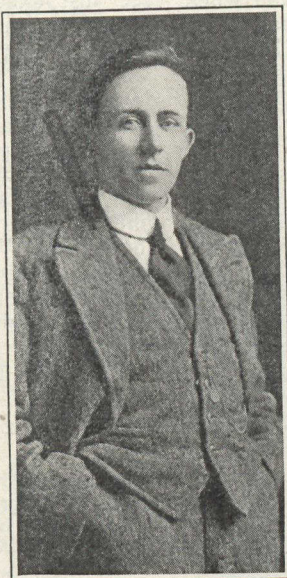


IT'S THE CHURCH CHOIR THAT GETS AT THE ROOT OF GOOD CHORAL MUSIC.

The Metropolitan Methodist Church Choir of Regina, Conductor Wm. Buckley, Do Two Concerts a Year of Standard Choral Works. They Won the Class A Choir Shield at the Saskatchewan Music-Fest, May, 1913.



Mr. Ernest E. Vinen, Mus. Bac., is organist and choirmaster of Grace Church, Winnipeg, and conductor of the Elgar Musical Society, the largest choral organization in the West, giving standard works in conjunction with the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Vinen organized the Coronation Musical Celebration in 1911.



Mr. Alf. E. Whitehead, F.R.C.O., is 26 years of age; born in Peterborough, Eng., where he was organist and choirmaster of Trinity Congregational Church; at 19 conducted Mozart's Requiem there; came to Truro, N.S., in 1912, organizing choirs and choral societies; in 1912 was made assistant director and professor at Mt. Allison Ladies' College.



Mr. Paul Wells, a clever young American pianist, is a new appointee in the piano faculty of the Toronto Conservatory. He gave his first public recital in Canada last week.



Mr. Francis Stevenson is the young homesteader who became a chorus-master in Lloydminster and is now in Saskatoon, where he has an important choir and is in charge of the Orpheus Society. He is one of the most enterprising musicians in a very musical province, and knows what it is to make the best out of hard conditions.



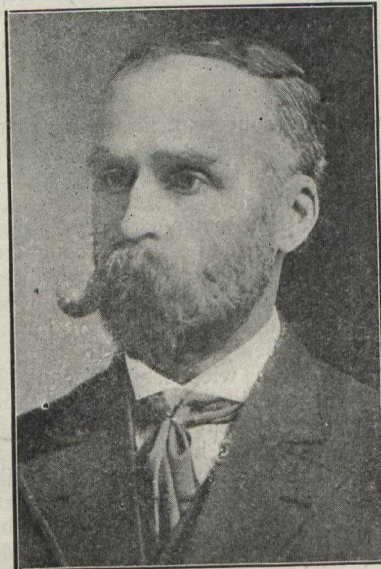
Mr. Viggo Kihl is the new Danish pianist and pedagogue at the Toronto Conservatory. He has lived several years in London, Eng. Last week he gave piano illustrations to Mr. Healey Willan's analytical lecture on "The Variation Form."



Mr. D. Arnold Fox is one of the best known and most successful teachers of music in St. John, N.B.



Madame Beatrice La Palme is a Canadian prima donna of great distinction. For three years she was one of the "headliners" in the soprano roles of the Montreal Opera Company. She lives in Montreal, and is one of the most engaging personalities in Canadian musical life.



Mr. George Weaver is the President of the Saskatoon Philharmonic Society, which was established in 1908, and won many prizes at Provincial festivals. Mr. Weaver was a Church of England chorister for more than forty years, and has sung in St. Paul's Cathedral under Sir John Stainer.

Note.—The Music Editor is indebted to the Publication Committee of the Arts and Letters Club Year Book for some of the names used in this issue.

How I Became an Opera Fan

If you are a musician of the merely orthodox variety do not read this article, for it will disagree with you. But if you are like the majority of people willing to be interested in good music, but unable to get an intelligent line on what most of it means, you will find a lot of your own mental experiences set down by this amateur who became a grand opera and symphony fan by studying music on the player-piano. People like best what they know best. The average man is debarred from a close acquaintance with good music because he can't afford time and money to hear it often enough. The player-piano is not a substitute for, but an auxiliary to, learning to play the piano. Neither is it a competitor with the phonograph which occupies a field by itself.—Editor's Note.

By A REAL AMATEUR

I DO not live in New York. There are so many reasons for it that it would be a waste of space to put them down here. I live in Toronto. There is only one reason that might tempt me to live in New York, and that is—music.

I have been very fond of music ever since I can remember. Music and reading have given me more enjoyment than any of the other things with which normally constituted people occupy their leisure hours. I say music and reading, not music and literature. "Literature" would imply a certain amount of studious application—something I do not seem to be gifted with. I like stories and biographies most. The best sellers have not much attraction for me. They lack substance. They make me feel as if they had been written not for the people, but for certain editors. There are lots of new-old books in the second-hand stores—more than enough to occupy the time I can spare. I think biographies are great. For real reading give me something like the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. A good biography is a sort of post-graduate course in the appreciation of one's favourite author. What can equal the redoubtable Italian's version of how he shot the Constable of Bourbon with his own blunderbuss from the ramparts of Rome, or his account of the travail he underwent in casting his beautiful Perseus. I drag in Cellini because his character is perpetuated in music as well as in books. Berlioz, whose life and times were quite as exciting as those of the Italian bravado, has written an overture in his memory and I am going to hear the Toronto Symphony Orchestra play it this season. Berlioz is one of the composers that I have grown to know and appreciate in my own way—in the same way that I appreciate my books, but how I have been able to do it, I do not want

to disclose just yet. I want to tell first of my wanderings in the wilderness of music ineptitude. At school, I was never any good at mathematics and I couldn't or wouldn't learn to play the piano for the same reason. My father sent me to quite a good teacher—the best in our town—and after a full quarter of lessons I could only play three simple exercises. I remember very well attending for a lesson one day and the teacher asking me quite sharply if I had practised it.

"Why, yes," I said, "I didn't practise it very long, though. I just skimmed over it two or three times."

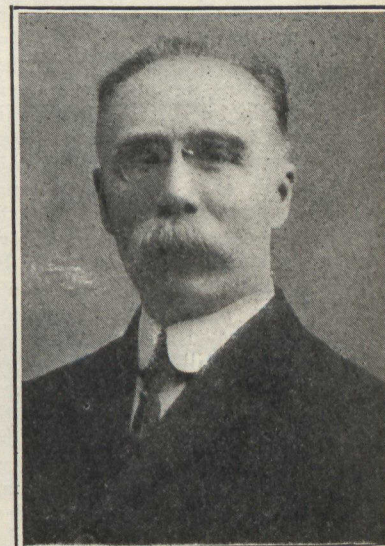
"Well," was her reply, "you will have to do more than skim over it the next time. Now, I'm going to send you home with a note for your father. Don't come back next week unless you are prepared."

I went away and I did practise that exercise. My father was musical and he helped me. When I went back next week, I played that exercise to the teacher's satisfaction, but my performance was a hollow deception. I had learned it by ear and not by reading it and counting the time from the notes.

THE difficulty seemed to lie right there. The notes as they appeared on the scale seemed to be such an inadequate representation of the tune. My imagination seemed to stop working when I sat down to try to master the knack of reading music. Instead of looking forward to my music lesson as a pleasant hour, my process of learning failed utterly. It wasn't because I didn't make an earnest attempt to learn. It was because I couldn't give the notes their relative value. I couldn't assemble them, so to speak, into the tune they represented. My teacher likened me to the Irish pupil who, when asked if he could read at sight, replied, "Yes, but



Miss Violet Johnston is the soloist with the Beethoven Choir of Moose Jaw, where she has been for two years. She was born in Brantford, educated in Toronto University, and won the gold medal for Soprano Class A at the recent Festival in Regina, when Mr. Krehbiel, of New York, was the adjudicator.



Dr. Ralph Horner has been in Winnipeg since 1909. He was for three years conductor of the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, which gave Verdi's Requiem in 1912 with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Since 1911 he has been conductor of the Amateur Opera Company, which in March, 1912, gave his own "Belles of Barcelona." He is music editor of Winnipeg Town Topics and a booster for musical Winnipeg.

not at first sight!"

So I gave up the idea of learning to play the piano. But it did not lessen my appetite for music. There happened to be at home a catalogue of a large firm of music publishers. It was quite a bulky, paper-covered volume, and my recollection of it now is that it must have contained the name of every piece that has ever been written. Although it was only a collection of titles, the book fascinated me. I used to ponder over the names of the songs, the marches, the quadrilles and the mazurkas that they had in those days. Two of them stick in my mind. One was La Paloma (The Dove), and the other was Apajune (The Beggar Student). I have never heard either of them, although I have learned since that the second one was the title of a very popular light opera of the 70's. Popular airs I could always pick up readily and whistle. The secret of a popular song's popularity I found a very fascinating and elusive study. In the light of later experiences, I have learned that the kernel of musical appreciation is born with it, plus, of course, the appeal it makes to not exactly the intellect, but the intelligence. It takes quite some time for even an exceptional average intellect. I mean one not musically gifted, to awaken to an appreciation of real music. When I say "real music" I mean that which in the popular mind is classified vaguely as "classical." I have found that books and reading give me an analogy which applies here. I found it in what the teachers of English call imagery in poetry. Imagery, which exerts the power of suggestion—it governs my appreciation of real music and everybody else's. In the latter class, I do not include musicians, professional and otherwise, because so many of them are abnormally constituted. Their instincts carry them a step further than the rest of us and they enjoy something that we do not, that is, close intimacy with the master-works of the great composers.

FOR a number of years after I came to Toronto, I took in a lot of music, but always feeling that my comprehension of it lacked a certain intelligence. Band music and light opera melodies tickled the ear and were pleasant, but there was nothing beyond. I remember the first grand opera I heard. It was Pagliacci in Italian and it conveyed nothing. To me it was a sort of vocal pantomime and altogether unintelligible. The beauties of its orchestral score were lost on me because I wasn't familiar with the story, and the programme notes were so roughly condensed that they failed to enlighten. So it was with my first grand opera, and it was the same with the recitals I went to. I went away with the feeling that this music was beyond me. So I continued to divert myself with the frothy effusions of Lehar and the reminiscences of de Koven, with a little of William Tell thrown in. I did not seem to be able to inoculate myself with the virus which would make me feel at home in the conversation of a few musical people with whom I was becoming acquainted. I went to a couple of big orchestra concerts, but they failed to take hold. Once, I asked quite an eminent musician, who was a professor of the piano and a composer of some reputation, about it, but he ensconced himself behind his professional pose and explained that "absolute music" was that kind of musical composition which expressed a definite theme without any extraneous aids like a stage setting or a story. To say that I was still as ignorant as before is putting it mildly, because I found that the compositions he referred to were all labelled Op. 17, Polonaise in A Minor, Nocturne in F, or some such illuminating designation. I tried some of them out at recitals, but I fell down again, because there was nothing to start my imagination. Furthermore, I found that the professor's definition was in the precise words of a musical dictionary which I had occasion to investigate, so I felt that as a musical missionary he had failed miserably.

What puzzled me most was why Beethoven should be hailed as such a great composer. I had listened to Beethoven pieces on the piano at recitals. I heard his trios. I heard a big orchestra play a symphony, but still no light. I saw other people applauding—most of them, who appeared to do so sincerely, were musicians. The others, I felt, did so because it was the proper thing. I came to the conclusion that if Beethoven was the Shakespeare of music, he had failed to make himself clear to ninety-nine one-hundredths of the community who knew the bard of Avon and loved him. So I was just about to give up hope for myself as a seeker after the truth.

It was at this time that the beginning of my musical regeneration began to sprout.

I was persuaded to buy a player-piano. I didn't buy it with the feeling that I was going to improve myself one bit. The ingenuity of the instrument

appealed to me more than anything else, and when I tried it for the first time, I felt like I had often done when I had listened to a good band. I wanted to handle the baton and lead the music myself. I envied the conductor.

The first collection of music rolls I took home was quite within the range of my appreciation. I had the William Tell Overture, the Miserere from Trovatore, the incidental music from Peter Pan, the Blue Danube of Strauss, and the Merry Widow.

Playing these pieces gave me a new satisfaction. I found that the lighter, simpler melodies were charming for a short time, but that I soon got tired of them. William Tell, with whom I was familiar through dozens of hearings, seemed to wear better than the others, because I was able to

see just exactly how it was put together, so to speak. I could read it and know it just like one of my favourite books. I was able to examine and weigh every part of it minutely, and it stirred my imagination in a way that no other music I had listened to had been able to do.

As the paper roll unwound itself and the notes came forth, my eyes followed the marks on the roll and I could see the geometrical equivalent of each phrase trace itself out clearly and distinctly. I looked upon William Tell as a fine musical structure, which I enjoyed and with which I had been brought into intimate, clear understanding. William Tell was the beginning. Somebody, I think it was another player-piano enthusiast, told me about the

(Concluded on page 20.)

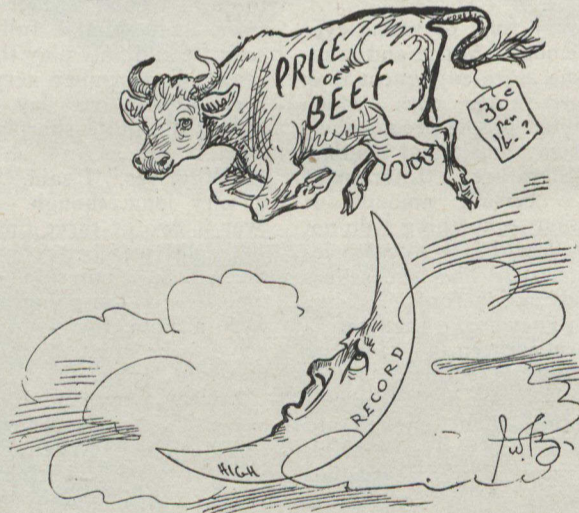
Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

THE *Globe* prints an interesting story illustrative of the kindness of the late King Edward. Having taken refuge from a shower in a humble cottage, where he was treated with much hospitality, he graciously suggested that he would like to leave a souvenir of his visit and asked the cottager to name something he would like to have. The old fellow requested the gift of one of the King's famous big, black cigars, saying he would keep it till his dying day. This he literally did. Being at length taken ill, he decided to smoke the royal cigar, and his son dutifully lit it for him. "He sat up in bed and puffed away with apparent enjoyment," goes on the account, "but before he had finished the cigar he fell back on his pillows, dead." This is no doubt a touching tribute to our late Sovereign's graciousness, but isn't the story a little hard on the quality of the "weeds" he patronized?

I've been badly sold lately by putting a child-like faith in a newspaper critic, who extolled the unexampled genius of a certain visiting orator, describing him a marvel of eloquence. I had missed this rare treat, and was regretting my ill luck when an unexpected opportunity of hearing the paragon was announced. I eagerly availed myself of it, and was rewarded by finding that the speaker was no better than any one of a dozen of our own men. Now, the cantankerous critic who goes out of his way to pick flaws is not a desirable citizen, but he is not, in my opinion, to be condemned more strongly than the flamboyant panegyrist.

HISTORY—NOT NURSERY FICTION



"The cow jumped over the moon."

We are told that the cost of living continues on its upward course. This is vouched for by newspapers of the highest respectability, and our personal household experience seems to corroborate it. Contemporaneously with this upward movement there is, it appears, a downward tendency of opportunities for employment. One would imagine that the outcome of this double action would be hard-times, but the same reliable newspaper authorities are ringing the changes on the era of prosperity we are enjoying. It looks a good deal like a paradox, but if the prosperity talk were challenged the journals would certainly be able to point a triumphant finger at the field of sport and amusement in corroboration. Just consider the multitudes at the recent world-series of baseball games—every seat taken at fancy prices, and twenty thousand or so shut out for want of room. Here in Toronto the

regular thing at our seven theatres, and our fifty or so of picture shows is "full-up" at every performance, and vast crowds at all the football matches. It is the same in all our cities and proportionately in all our towns. How is this to be reconciled with the money stringency we hear so much about? Our banner seems to bear the strange device—High cost of living and a high old time.

One of our enterprising journals is offering prizes for lists of the ten men in Canada who would be most greatly missed if they happened to "slip away." To win this money it is only necessary to secure the names of the ten leading foot-ballers of the moment, and send them in neatly written on one side of the paper only.

The five hundred Winnipeg Orangemen who have offered their services to Sir Edward Carson, to go to Ireland and fight against Home Rule, are misplacing their valor and pugnacity. We hope it will occur to them in time that the domestic affairs of the United Kingdom are none of their business; but that, on the other hand, there is a lot of really profitable fighting required here at home. They can find a splendid outlet for their prowess in the bloodless conflict which lies ahead of the newly-formed Canadian League. Let them join that organization and help it to accomplish its four-fold object—the inspiring of our new settlers with Canadian ideals; the promotion of the patriotic unity of Eastern and Western Canada; the removing of all national undertakings, and especially those having to do with defence, from the realm of partisanship; and the building up of Canada as a self-governing nation within the Empire. This is the only Home Rule that Canadian Orangemen are called upon to fight for, and they don't need guns for the purpose.

Perhaps the two most striking discoveries of this age—and likely to prove the most fruitful—are, first, that woman is a human being, and second, that war is absurd and futile.

The former discovery is making its way rapidly into logical minds all over the world, and when logic has done its perfect work we will have a transformed and, we may confidently hope, an improved society.

As to the discovery about war, it holds within it the utter destruction of militarism. It has been pretty well known for a long time that war is wicked, cruel, barbarous—that, in short, its true character was summed up in Gen. Sherman's explosive phrase—"War is hell." The man in the street recognized the truth of this and fully endorsed it. But it didn't really affect him practically, because he also believed that it was necessary, inevitable, a part of human destiny. He can stand being a party to what is cruel, barbarous and even wicked, if it can't be avoided; but he draws the line at having anything to do with what is absurd. He hates to be made ridiculous; and just as soon as he realizes that war is folly, that expenditure on armaments is futile, and that in the very nature of things conquest cannot benefit conquerors, he is going to act on his proverbial common sense and cut it out. Well, Mr. Norman Angell has demonstrated all this in his book, "The Great Illusion," and the book is abroad in the world. Time and agitation will do the rest if reliance is to be placed on the statement, "Truth is mighty and will prevail."

PUBLIC OPINION

A Catholic Protest

Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—I read with some surprise your "Religion in Schools" in your issue of the 4th of October last. What is the trouble with you? Is it something in the air around Toronto, or are you simply one of those plain, ordinary bigots?

When I subscribed for your paper I did not think it was a champion of Protestantism. If I am correct in assuming that you are, I think it would only be fair for you to hang out your sign, when I, with other Catholic subscribers, would then know where to place your so-called National Weekly.

L. X. MACDONALD.

Sydney, N.S., October 13th.

[This reader has misjudged the article of which he complains. There was no intention of reflecting upon Roman Catholics, and a careful examination of what was said will show that.—Editor.]

Anglicans not Protestants

Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—Arent your somewhat tactless remarks in the October 4th issue of your delightful periodical, to the effect that the Anglican Church should be the leader of Protestantism, it might be well to point out now to prevent any more painful disillusionment in the future, that she is scarcely likely to fill such a position whilst possessing a Catholic and Apostolic Hierarchy, teaching and practising Catholic doctrines and performing Catholic services out of a Book of Common Prayer. This book, for all that is contained within its two covers, might receive the imprimatur of the Bishop of Rome himself. There are sundry passages in the Thirty Nine Articles having reference to a few errors in Faith and Practice, current in the Latin communion, errors which were then and are to this day more tolerated than authorized in that communion, and which had to a certain extent become rooted in the pre-Reformation Anglican communion, which was as a matter of historical fact separate and distinct from the Latin. For instance, her own canon law, by which she abided, was different from the Roman.

Until all this and much more is swept away, until in fact the Anglican Church ceases to be the Anglican Church, an event which would seem to be a long way off, judging by the present and growing strength of the Catholic party, who will one day be as triumphant in Canada as it is now elsewhere in the Anglican communion, she will maintain the position which she holds in theory, if not everywhere in practice. She is a bulwark of true Catholicism against the vain assaults of Romanism and its bastard offspring Protestantism. So that is why "a majority of the clergy" favour having our own schools, so that we can teach our children the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints, and which is to be found, unaltered to this day and everywhere practised in the Holy Catholic, Apostolic and Orthodox Church of the East, which is the religion of the Prayer Book, the religion of the English reformers, who were as distinct from the Protestant continental reformers as medicine is from poison.

Yours truly,

PERCY ELWIN WRIGHT.

Winnipeg, Oct. 4th.

The Liberal Monthly

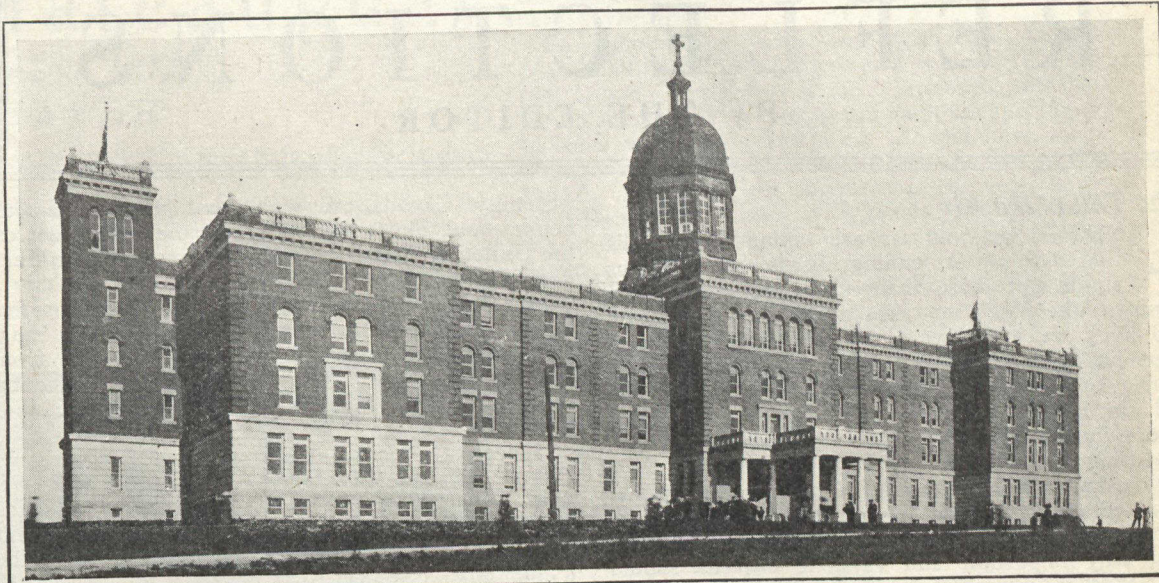
No first issue of a new publication should be criticized too severely, but the Volume I, Number I, of The Canadian Liberal Monthly, published at Ottawa, is a distinct disappointment. It is neither informative nor educative. It is purely condemnatory—campaign literature in a new form. To compare it with English political weeklies would be an insult to the British journals. Even the editorials in the most partisan Liberal papers are more intelligent and reasonable than the "magazine" material in the new Liberal monthly. Somebody has missed another golden opportunity.

Bourassa and Laurier

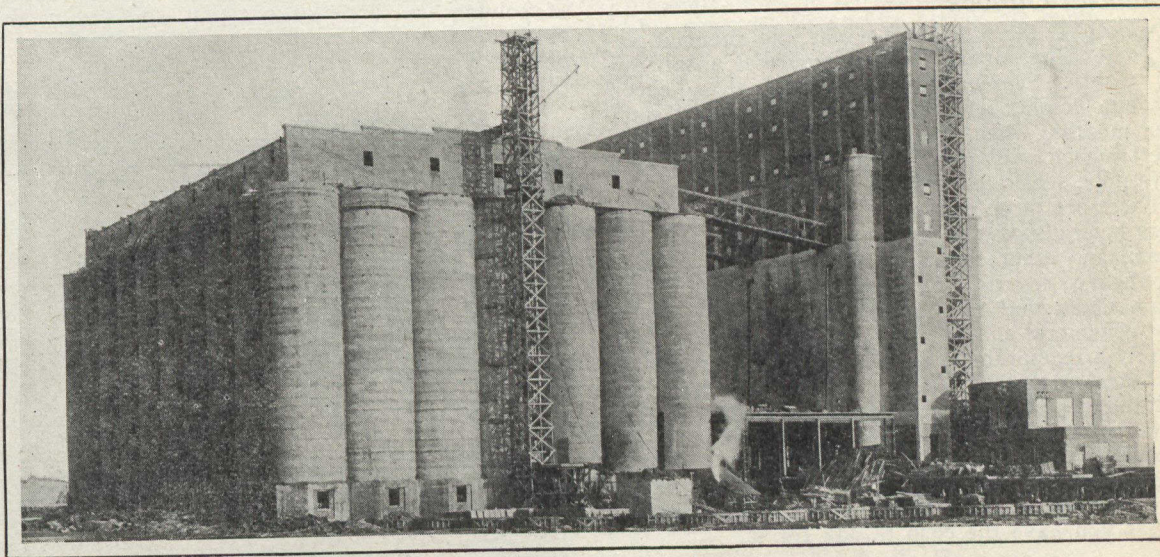
(Montreal Daily Mail.)

"It is not likely that Bourassa and Laurier will fight side by side within a measurable period; but "understandings" are always possible with politicians. The Nationalist-Conservative combination last general election bore witness to that. A Nationalist-Liberal entente, with specific agreements sub rosa, is something well within the range of possibilities in the near future. It looks as if Mr. Bourassa's course in the Chateauguay bye-election spelled it almost to the last letter. In other words, he sent Mr. Patenaude to help beat Sir Wilfrid's ex-Minister of Agriculture to demonstrate his potency. That Mr. Bourassa should gravitate towards the Liberals is most natural, once an understanding is had. His instincts are Liberal and his methods are militantly

THE NEWS OF THE CAMERA



St. Augustine Seminary, East Toronto, the largest Roman Catholic institution in Ontario for the training of students of the Catholic priesthood. The late Eugene O'Keefe donated the buildings and furnishings at an estimated cost of half a million dollars.



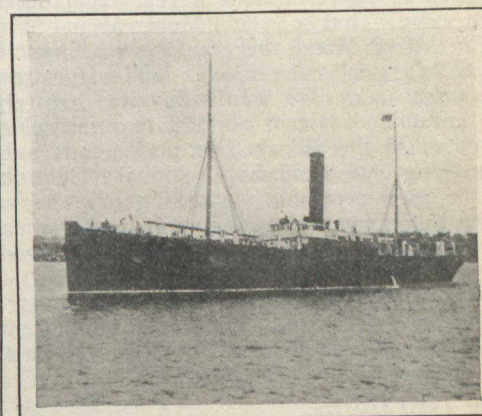
The Government Elevator at Port Arthur was opened on October 10th. It has a capacity of 3,250,000 bushels. This is the first of several Government elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur.



The Canadian Vickers Company carried out their first real job with their floating drydock at Montreal when they repaired s.s. Mount Temple. This picture shows the vessel in the dock, off the Maisonneuve shore.



The ill-fated Voltorno leaving Halifax Harbour on Her Last Voyage Before the Disaster. Photograph by J. H. Jost.



The Rappahannock, which rescued some of the Passengers from the Voltorno Burning in Mid-Ocean and Brought Them to Halifax.

Liberal. He and Mr. Lemieux are at daggers drawn, it is true, but Mr. Bourassa will go farther with the greater part of his compatriots to-day than Mr. Laurier's lieutenant. He has a larger following and

a more potent personality. Perhaps one may say the Chateauguay fight, while ostensibly separating Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Bourassa still farther than ever, in reality drew them closer together."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Toll of the Air

LAND and sea and air are taking heavy tolls these days. A mining disaster in Wales snuffs out more than 400 lives in a few minutes; the *Volturno* takes fire in mid-ocean and 140 lives are lost; two German aeroplanes and a Zeppelin airship go down in one day, carrying 30 people to death. Perhaps the man that put the "13" in 1913 is giving mankind a few rude jolts. There must be some unlucky stars in the firmament. Mining disasters and burning steamships we have with us always, but the toll of the air is new and spectacular. All other accidents seem incidental, but the toll of the air is decidedly unnecessary. Just why important and valuable citizens should be risked in untried and unsafe air machines it is difficult to see. Surely these experiments could be managed with less risk to human life.

Financial Outlook

DURING the past three weeks, the financial outlook has again become somewhat unsatisfactory. September was rather bright and cheerful, but October was like unto the spring and summer months, when the God of War cast shadows over Europe. Just what is casting the shadow these days none seems to know.

There are those who claim that the London financiers have discovered hidden weaknesses in Mexico, Brazil and other countries and that it is necessary for them to restrict their financial activities. Others again claim that the September movement was at best ephemeral and had no real significance. It was merely a temporary break in the year's dark clouds. Hence most theorists are dropping back on the old theory that commercial activity has outrun capitalistic savings. Ten years of extravagance and speculation have made the world poor, and poor it must remain until the people acquire new habits. The wise owls say to their fellows: "Buy nothing unless you have the cash to pay for it."

The Increment Tax

BROTHER INCREMENT TAX seems to be rather popular these days, more so than even his brother Single Tax. Both in Great Britain and Canada Mr. I. T. is making new friends. The province of Alberta has adopted him outright, Premier Sifton giving notice last week that a measure of naturalization will be accorded him at an early date. Henceforth, Mr. I. T. will be at home in that new part of Canada and at every exchange of property some one will contribute part of the rise in value for his benefit.

There is no doubt that the cities of Canada would be taxless if they had adopted an increment tax twenty-five years ago. The German cities did, and in nearly 1,500 cities in the Kaiser's domains no taxes worth mentioning are collected. No Prussian city takes in a new subdivision until the title to all the land is vested in the citizens generally. The full rise in value thus goes to pay for sewers, roadways, sidewalks, parks and street railway extensions. If Toronto had the German system, it would have a revenue of many millions a year from the rise of land values—and so would Montreal and Winnipeg.

Sir Alfred Mond, the great Jewish financier who visited Canada recently, was loud in praise of the increment tax. He would do away entirely with the antiquated system of local taxation which was invented in the Elizabethan period, and substitute something better and more rational. He would add to the increment tax the taxing of "site values." Then improvements could go free, and the man who improved his land and his building site would not be fined.

Truly, the spirit of taxation reform is terrifically active in these days. Henry George's dream was but a half-revelation of the reforms now in sight.

The Two Horns

THAT the Empire dilemma has two distinct horns is clearly pointed out by Mr. C. H. Cahan, K.C., in a letter to the *Montreal Gazette*. Mr. Cahan says that a Canadian must be politically equal to a Britisher and this can be accomplished only in two ways. First, there can be a Britannic Parliament in which every citizen of the Empire shall have an equal voice, a Canadian or Australian voter being equal to an English voter.

Secondly, Canada can insist on her parliament being equal, under the crown, to the parliament of the United Kingdom. The latter was Sir John Macdonald's ideal.

Mr. Cahan does not say which he would prefer, but he indicates his belief that the decision must come from the United Kingdom rather than from the Dominions. If Mr. Asquith is right in saying that the responsibility for British diplomacy cannot be shared with the Dominions, then the first method disappears. That was also said by Mr. Harcourt in his official message of December 10th, 1912. If, then, Great Britain is unwilling to share her control of diplomacy, Canada has no alternative but to go back to Sir John Macdonald's idea of "The Kingdom of Canada."

Mr. Cahan puts the issue clearly. In answer, Principal Peterson says there is a third alternative in "Imperial Alliance." Perhaps Mr. Cahan would accept this as nomenclature for his second method of solving the imperial question. Sir John also used the word "alliance" in speaking of his proposed "Kingdom."

THE ROYAL BRIDE



The Duchess of Fife leaving her mother's house in Portman Square, London, to go shopping. On October 15th she became the bride of Prince Arthur of Connaught in the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace. Their Majesties and many notables attended. The Canadian Government sent a present.

What is rapidly sinking into the Canadian mind is that "Alliance" implies equality of citizenship, while "Federation" implies inequality. Only under Alliance may a Britisher in Montreal be electorally equal to a Britisher in London or Birmingham.

Penalizing Britain

A DESPATCH from Ottawa says that only 25 per cent. of the goods imported from Great Britain are free, while 36 per cent. of imports from the United States are so treated. The difference is probably due to the coal imports from the south. Even allowing for this, it looks as if there might be some adjustments in the tariff designed to equalize our treatment of the two countries. An expert would work out such a scheme for the Minister of Finance in a week.

The Grangers want an extension of the British

preference; the Manufacturers do not. Here is an excellent compromise: Take the duty off a few of the articles which we import largely from Great Britain. This would not hurt the manufacturer if carefully done, would please the Grangers, would equalize our treatment of England and the United States, and would increase the cargoes coming this way across the Atlantic so as to make them equal to the cargoes which Canada sends back in the same vessels. The idea has much to commend it.

Lord Montreal

PERSISTENT rumour has it that Sir Hugh Graham would like to be called Lord Montreal. The little gentleman thinks he is as great a publisher as Lord Northcliffe and hence deserves a similar reward. Besides, he is a Warwick; he has made and unmade governments.

Emulating Lord Northcliffe, he is dominating the newspaper situation in Montreal. When Hon. Mr. Fielding became editor of the *Telegraph*, the Liberal successor of the *Witness*, similar enthusiastic editorials appeared in the *Star* and *Mail*. It would thus appear that Sir Hugh controls one Conservative, one Liberal and one Independent daily. He is said to have an interest in a French daily, perhaps two. He is also engaged in a big legal fight resulting from an attempt, it is charged, to put the *Herald* in an awkward position by preventing it getting some international news service.

Consolidation is the order of the day, but it is a question whether it is in the interests of the people that the news and editorial policy of four or five daily papers should be controlled by one man who must necessarily be guided by his self-interest instead of his public or political convictions.

Yea 'y vs. Weekly Income

WHETHER the farmers will be content with a once-a-year income or strive for a once-a-week income is the great agricultural problem of Western Canada. The farmer who depends upon grain alone gets his year's salary in what is practically a lump sum when he markets his grain. The operator of a "mixed" farm, such as is the rule in Eastern Canada, gets his revenue approximately once a week. The revenue for milk, cream, butter, eggs, poultry, fruit, vegetables, pork and beef is coming in more or less every week of every month.

The farmers who have suffered in the West this year are those whose whole income is derived from grain. If their crop was not sufficient last year to leave them a surplus in the bank, they found it difficult to get seed grain, to hire steam ploughs and to pay for the necessities of life during the summer. Those who possessed a few beef cattle, some milch cows, pigs and chickens were never short of cash. The natural inference is that mixed farming is more satisfactory even if not much more profitable.

The great drawback to mixed farming is the greater amount of capital involved. Barns, stables and foundation stock require an investment. If a man has not the wherewithal to make the investment there is little use advising him to better his conditions. Here is where agricultural banks and loan companies, with government assistance, may step in and help with the West.

Taxing Sky-scrapers

EVERYONE admits that no city should grant some of its citizens perpetual franchises which cannot be granted to all. A perpetual franchise to sell water or gas or electric light is so valuable that no modern city grants one. A perpetual franchise to operate a street railway is in the same class. But there is one franchise which cities are granting freely because of their ignorance—a franchise to erect a sky-scraper. By such franchises, a few citizens get the right to shut off sunlight and fresh air from the property of other citizens. The city gets no revenue from the franchise, and the owner of the property injured has no redress.

A prominent architect suggests that if such franchises are to be granted, they be made to pay a civic revenue, as in the case of a leased street railway. For example, all buildings up to ten stories in height might be taxed in the usual way. For every story over that let one-tenth be added to the taxes. Thus a twenty-story building would pay double the taxes paid by a ten-story building on the same sized lot.

Better still, do as Europe does and prohibit all buildings from being higher than one and a half times the width of the street. Montreal is almost the only city in Canada which maintains a reasonable limit and which has not been influenced by the follies of New York and Chicago.

The Hero of Chateauguay

In Memoriam, Battle of October 26th, 1813

By EMILY P. WEAVER

ON the eve of the centenary of Chateauguay, it may not come amiss to recall the story of the gallant French-Canadian who was the hero of the day.

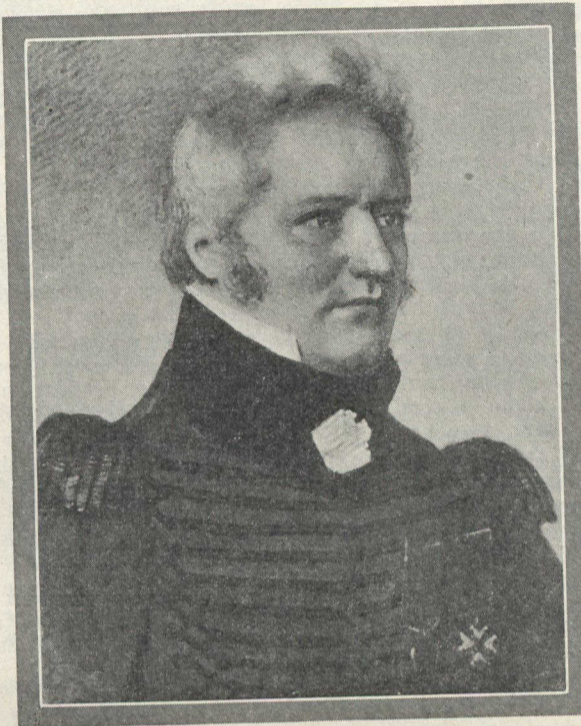
Charles Michel d'Irumberry de Salaberry was a hero such as the writers of ancient ballads and romances loved. Almost a giant in stature, he came of a family bred up in inspiring traditions of prowess, courage and nobility. The first De Salaberry to arrive in Canada was a naval captain—Michel—who fought valiantly against England in 1759. But his son fought as valiantly for England during the Revolutionary War, whilst his grandson, the redoubtable Charles-Michel himself, served his British King on many a battlefield in the Old World and the New.

He was born on November 19th, 1778, in the ancient Manor-house at Beauport, which had come into the family with his grandmother, and echoes of the struggle still raging between England and her colonies rang about his cradle and perhaps inspired him with the ambition to be a soldier. At any rate, he was but fourteen when he attached himself to the 44th Regiment as a volunteer, and, when he was sixteen, his father's friend, the Duke of Kent, made the boy happy by obtaining for him a commission as ensign in the 60th, which was sent straightway on active service to the West Indies. It proved very dangerous service. There was terrible carnage during the defence of Fort Matilda, in Guadeloupe, and many died of fevers due to the hot, unhealthy climate. Intemperance increased the mortality amongst the officers, so there were "many promotions," and De Salaberry, who retained his health and his light-heartedness through all his grim West Indian experiences, soon gained the step to his lieutenantancy. It is said that "this fine boy" with his smiling face and his great strength "made a furore at parties." He complained of the costliness of the uniform, but, once, on receiving forty pounds, wrote to his father, "I am going to give myself what will make a fine figure."

Prince Edward presently took his young protege into his own regiment, stationed at Halifax, and immediately gave him leave of absence to visit his family at Beauport. Returning to Halifax, he was ship-wrecked on "Isle St. Jean" (soon to be named after his royal patron), but managed to reach his destination, and then obtained permission to embark on the King's ship, *Asia*, as lieutenant of marines. Soon afterwards he became captain in his old regi-

frightful blow—an end to the affair which he always regretted.

In 1809 he distinguished himself amidst the disasters of a luckless campaign against the French in the Netherlands, and was rewarded by being ordered home to Canada as aide to General de Rottenberg. But this was the beginning of a time of heavy private sorrow, for there came from Spain



COL. DE SALABERRY

The French-Canadian soldier who, with 200 Voltigeurs and 150 other troops, turned back a United States army of 3,500 men at Chateauguay on October 26th, 1813. From a miniature.

and the West Indies news of the death of one after another of his three brothers.

Early in the eventful year 1812, he married a cousin, ten years his junior, Marie-Anne Hertel de Rouville, and to them were born four sons and three daughters. The year 1812 saw also his promotion from the rank of major to that of lieutenant-colonel, and his organization, a few weeks before the Declaration of War, in June, of the Voltigeurs, at the request of the Governor, Sir George Prevost. De Salaberry was already a hero in the eyes of his

young countrymen, and when he issued his stirring call to arms it took but two days to gather the needed recruits.

For months and years, war with the United States had been threatening, but it was not till 1813 that Lower Canada was seriously attacked, and that De Salaberry and his Voltigeurs had the opportunity to show what spirit they were of, and how much "Canadiens" would do to save their country to the British Crown. In the summer of that year, however, General Wilkinson, with nearly 9,000 men, and Major-General Wade Hampton, with over 5,000, began to move, intending to effect a junction of their armies above Montreal, and, by capturing that weakly defended but most important position, to end the war triumphantly.

Crossing the border at Odelltown, and plunging into the woods beyond, Hampton was so sorely harassed by Indians and light Canadian troops—starting up with unexpected suddenness, and incited to the most audacious activity by a huge officer in the dark-grey uniform of the Voltigeurs—that he fell back, and marched westward to Chateauguay Four Corners. Thus in the first brush the honours fell to De Salaberry.

But Hampton had by no means done with him. Halting for many days at Four Corners, his advanced camp was disturbed one afternoon by the astounding incursion of De Salaberry at the head of 200 Voltigeurs, who, in pursuance of the wildly impracticable order of Prevost to attack the camp, contrived at least to throw the Americans into great confusion.

Having given this shock to the nerves of the invaders, De Salaberry retired down the Chateauguay, to busy himself for the next three weeks in preparing a still more disconcerting surprise. Choosing a spot where the river ran amongst ravines, swamps, and tangled woods, De Salaberry strengthened his position (which the Americans must pass to go by that route to Montreal) with breastworks of logs and acres of slashed tree-trunks and brush. He kept his axemen at work till the moment when the slow-moving Americans reached the spot, on October 26th; then, "by a masterly use of illusion," in which bugle-calls and Indian yells proved as efficacious as the well-directed fire of his sharpshooters, he succeeded in so discomfiting his opponents that they went back by the way they had come, and as a result of this victory and that of Chrysler's Farm, a few days later, the attempt on Montreal was abandoned. The troops actually engaged were about 350 on the British side, and 3,500 on that of the enemy.

Prevost most ungenerously tried to rob De Salaberry of his laurels, but he was generally recognized as "the hero who saved Lower Canada." He received a gold medal, the Order of the Bath, and the thanks of the Parliament of Lower Canada. In 1818 he was appointed a Legislative Councillor, but died at Chambly at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.

The Vital Need

A Woman's View of Patriotism and Loyalty

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

JUST now whoever watches the trend of Canadian affairs with eyes unblurred by party prejudice can scarcely fail to see that we have reached a critical period in our development. Canada does not yet realize what she is, or what she wants to be. We waver between an attitude of suspicion toward England, so unjustified as to be really funny—and a reckless and unconsidered Imperialism which teaches Canadians themselves to put their own country in the background of their thoughts and plans, quite subordinate to an Empire of which probably each section has a differing ideal. Now, I cannot see that English statesmen show any desire to suppress or divert Canada's individuality; it seems to me rather that England, on the whole, is amicably interested in seeing what Canada is going to make of herself. Whence, therefore, we cannot but ask, comes the retrograde movement which would make us less, instead of more, a self-governing nation? Is it not from some short-sighted individuals in Canada itself, so dazzled, perhaps, by the glittering pageantry of Imperialism, that they cannot foresee the results of the kind of Imperialism they are preparing?

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world," is the great dream of a great poet; and the federation of the English-speaking world, a shade more easily imagined—is the vision dear to many a forward-looking soul; but any true and lasting federation must be one of adult nations, not a

"union" of one powerful state and a number of dependencies.

Yet just at this stage in Canada's growth we find the crude Imperial idea being forced into the brains of our school-children in such a manner and proportion as to thrust love for our own country into an altogether subsidiary place. This seems to me a grave wrong to Canada. We are teaching her future citizens, those who soon will help to shape her course among the nations, that they must think of the Empire first and their native country second. Now, with all due love of our great and dear and ever-glorious mother-land, I maintain that things should be just the other way, and that in the hearts of all true Canadians Canada comes first. Nor is this spirit of patriotism, this passionate loyalty to our country, in any way inconsistent with love for and devotion to the England that bore us; rather is it that we are developing as Anglo-Saxons would naturally develop, and protecting the individuality of our national ideal as those of English descent might be expected to do.

To what extent the Imperial idea may yet develop it were hard to prophesy. But surely we can see that a nation of united, honourable, intelligent and deeply patriotic Canadians is what it is our present business to maintain. The place of such a nation in the future of the Empire will not be unworthy of its great promise, its tremendous possibilities.



MADAME DE SALABERRY

From a miniature in the historical collection of the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal.

ment, the 60th, and went again to the West Indies. There were officers of several nationalities in the regiment, and young De Salaberry was drawn into a duel with a German bully. The Canadian bore a scar on his forehead from this encounter to his dying day, but, owing to his great strength, came off victorious, slaying his antagonist with one

At The Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



Miss Gabrielle Ray, the clever musical comedy actress, who made her greatest success in "The Merry Widow," has not been on the stage since her marriage to Mr. Eric Loder. It is understood, however, that she is soon to return to the footlights.

Weston Women's Enterprise

IT reminded one of the piping that cleaned up "Hamelin town in Brunswick" to meet, as one did the other day at the Council House at Weston, the Town Improvement Society—exclusively women.

I suppose one got the "piping" idea from the promisory sound of pleasant teacups—there were rows of them arrayed behind the meeting, eke cakes—as well as from the brand-new and delightful mural painting, before the assembly, and announced later to be the gift of the artist, Mrs. Mary Reed. The "piping" was further contributed to by mountain ash berries in ruddy bunches. In brief, the general look of things was cheerful.

As for the programme: the speaker of the afternoon was Miss Marjory MacMurchy, of Toronto, who chose as her most appropriate subject before that assembly which included the members of the Women's Institute: "Woman's Share in Social Progress." The address partook of that semi-informal nature in which Miss MacMurchy is most happy. She did not so much "lecture" her hearers as she seemed to be chatting with them—with leadership always. And the frequency of the responsive interruptions was sufficient sign of the general interest.

Miss MacMurchy is a very wholesome person of many enthusiasms based on facts, and her address was a demonstration of her belief that without some share in the social advance of the community in which she has her home it is impossible for a woman of modern times to reach the ideal set for the true home-maker.

The speaker, by a score of hopeful suggestions, demonstrated how this share might be taken. She spoke of the pressing need of statistics in the field of conditions affecting employments of women. She urged the absurdity of women with working daughters being unacquainted and unable even to become acquainted through some official source, with those conditions. It is woman's work to bring about such sources.

Miss MacMurchy, as the writer happens to know, has done a considerable amount of research along this particular line of progress, so that her declaration bore weight that the nicest employments of the present day for girls are two: the care of children and domestic work. The speaker deprecated profoundly that the social attitude of women—the employers in these branches—had made girls loth to undertake these ventures. "The girl worker we look to for the comfort of our home, and she who cares for the children should be best types."

Another obligation of women, as brought out by the speaker, was the education of girl workers in the art of "getting along" on slender incomes. Knowing how to buy food, it appeared, was not an instinct, and neither was the knowledge of how to make one's clothes.

Touching the subject of women prisoners, the speaker thought it perhaps a mistake to exclude women, aside from the accused, from the court-

rooms. It seemed to her the additional view-point was somehow only fair to the woman prisoner.

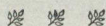
The high cost of living discussion created a buzz of whispers, and when it was suggested that communities of women might together buy in bulk to immense advantage, the buzz threatened to become a controversy. Miss MacMurchy serenely appended the suggestion that only women who know each other well and who like each other should attempt any such solution.

Miss MacMurchy referred to the Housing Problem and what women are doing at the present time to solve it; and also to a great many other fields of effort which defined the scope of woman as most divergent. But space is niggard.

A charming diversion was supplied to the programme by a choice selection of songs rendered by Miss Delamere, of Toronto, accompanied by Miss Armour, also of Toronto, who had both motored out. Both the speaker and the soloist were presented with beautiful flowers in appreciation.

Then Polly put the kettle on and we all had tea—and the aforesaid cake. Such tea and such confection as could only have been the production of home-makers, unspoiled, though town-improvers.

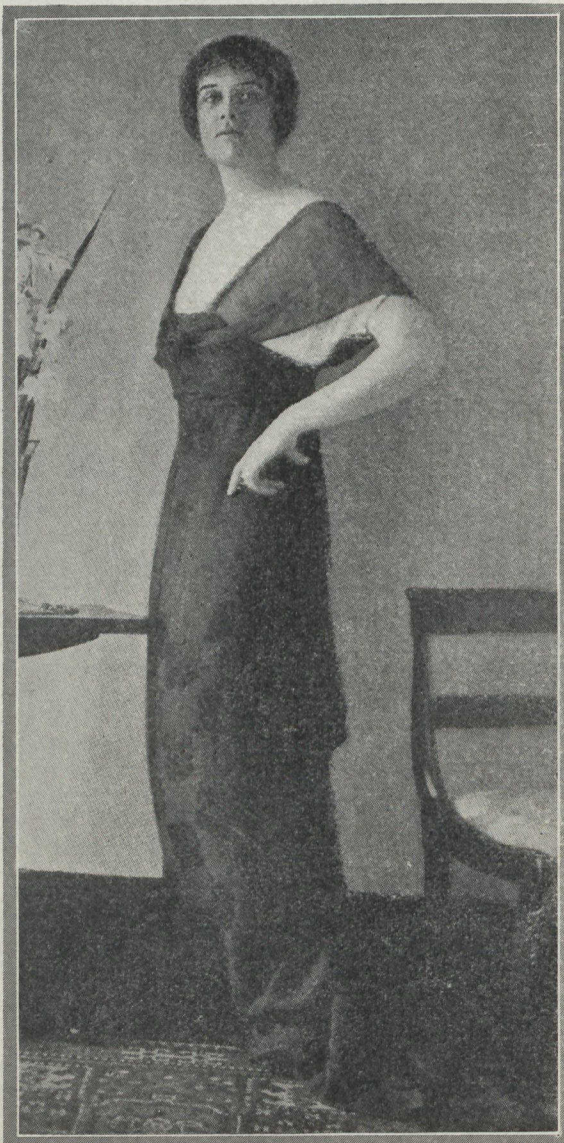
Mrs. Dawson is the clever and energetic leader of the Town Improvement Society of Weston, and her efforts and those of the other women, her supporters, may be seen in a reformed dumping-ground, now a park, a tennis-court for the youth of the town and a thoroughly remodelled council-chamber. Which are examples. The women are hoping now for moving pictures. And perhaps the nicest part of it is, the men of the town, in the main, are enthusiastic.



Some of the Achievements

SINCE writing the above I have a letter from Mrs. Dawson, from which is made the following interesting excerpt:

"I enclose you some clippings that will, I hope, interest you in our struggles to fulfil our share in



Miss Gladys Roosevelt, daughter of Mr. John Ellis Roosevelt, and second cousin to the ex-President, is to be married to Mr. Fairman Dick early in the winter season.



Lady Lovat, who, before her marriage in 1910 to Lord Lovat, was the Hon. Laura Lister, has recently been entertaining a distinguished house-party at Beaufort Castle, Inverness-shire, Scotland.

"Social Progress," as defined by Miss MacMurchy in her splendid address. Please send them back to me, as they are all the record we have of past battlefields. The names of our gallant soldiers are too numerous for mention, but Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Hawkins and myself called the original meeting; Mrs. Le Maire is our great business head and vice-president, and Miss Savage and Mrs. Morris are our indefatigable secretary and treasurer respectively."

The clippings tell of the raising of funds and the wise ways in which the same were expended. "Some of the money," runs one of the clippings, "was spent on improving the tennis courts, which are now handed over to our worthy constable. Any people wishing to form a tennis or croquet club can erect nets or hoops there whenever they please."

Another appreciates the support the town has given and addresses the townsfolk gratefully as follows: "What we have been able to accomplish has been owing to the public support we have had. If you had done more we might have had more to show for the year, if you had done less we would certainly have had less to show. So we wish now to thank the people of Weston for what they have given us: whether it was a gift of money, the loan of a horse and cart, a chair, a table, a few hours of time, some word of encouragement, helpful criticism, yes, even adverse criticism, for we have profited by that, too."

ANOTHER cutting deals with the dangers of level railway crossings. "Our most important work this year, 1913, was to secure the protection of two dangerous level crossings at King and John Streets. A petition was presented to the Council two years ago, but no steps were taken on account of the expense involved. After the loss of an invaluable young life, the people of Weston became convinced that they could not afford to continue the present dangerous state of things and readily signed a petition circulated by the Improvement Society. This resulted in the Dominion Government, the Provincial Government, the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R. all spending large sums of money to protect folk."

Quoting once more, in conclusion, from the letter of Mrs. Dawson: "I can't find a clipping bearing on the band-stand and park, but they were really our biggest achievement. The band-men built the stand in their spare time and we paid for all the material, and by spending about two hundred dollars on the ground around it, we have quite a pleasant little park and enjoy splendid band-concerts all summer. Formerly a vacant lot sufficed and the people walked up and down the street.

"The Carnegie Library is now secured and work will begin next spring. In our former poor little one-room library, three women were on the board and worked hard to keep it open and pay the few expenses. Having secured the Carnegie grant, they have formed a new board composed of men. No women were invited! Oh, Adam! Adam! How you do enjoy the boards and spending the money! Leave the work to those who are fond of it—that's Eve."

M. J. T.



Courierettes.

Many folks celebrated Thanksgiving Day in a manner that left them anything but thankful.

Not many of the pert paragraphers could miss the chance to remark that the brave captain of the Volturmo was "every Inch a sailor."

A citizen named Castle has been telling Toronto how to save \$1,600,000 on a big job. Some of his critics refer to him, however, as "a Castle in the air."

Prince Arthur received fourteen clocks among his wedding presents. He won't dare to come home in the wee sma' hours hereafter.

Arctic explorers report that they have seen a green sun. They have nothing on some of us who have at times glimpsed whole constellations of amazing hues.

A St. Catharines Church gave \$200 more than it was asked for. There'll be rivalry among the preachers now to get that charge.

Now comes the season of the year when many men commit suicide by going on a hunting trip.

The hopeless idiot says: "The noiseless typewriter makes a noise like the college cry of a school of fish."

They are now teaching the art of singing in the U. S. navy. Why not go a step farther and put on a few "Pinafore" productions?

A valuable necklace of pearls was lost for six years behind a radiator in an English hotel. Moral—Don't forget the housecleaning.

President Wilson took a fifty cent seat at a vaudeville show. Wonder what he would pay to hear Bryan lecture.

Courtship is fiction, wedlock is fact.

This is the season when the odour of moth balls is abroad in the land.

Jack Johnson now boasts that he is a naturalized Frenchman. We wait in vain for France's boast about it.

A Toronto man was fined \$1 for kicking a woman until she was half senseless. Why must our magistrates be so severe?

The modern militant believes in "rocking" the cradle by heaving them at it.

A Problem.—The latest is stockings to match the eyes. That's rather hard on the cross-eyed folk.

The Chance They Took.—Gunmen who recently "shot up" Broadway were sent to jail for three months. They did not kill anybody. If they had it might have been four months.

Another Poet Wrong.—Was it not Shakespeare who declared that music is the food of love? Nevertheless, the retailer, the middleman and the wholesaler all seem to be making a living.

Not One Word.—They tell of a certain playwright who is having his latest drama produced on Broadway just now, and who created a merry scene at a recent rehearsal. One line in the play ran, "It is only me."

The actress who had it remembered a little of the grammar she had been taught, and changed it to "It is only I."

Angrily the playwright shouted, "Here, stop that! I won't have a word changed in my play."

The Effect of Example.—Mrs. Pank-

hurst wants to lecture in America. She has probably heard about William Jennings Bryan.

A Daniel Come to Judgment.—Solomon has been centuries dead, but there's a modern Solomon and Daniel combined in the person of a Pittsburgh judge who condemned a bigamist to support both his wives.

Poetic justice. The punishment fits the crime.

An Actual Advantage.—Cole Younger, who was once a member of the Jesse James outlaw band, has, he declares, "got religion." He thus gets into the one circle where a black past is an actual asset.

A Sure Cure.—There is much complaint about the evils of the secret caucus.

The remedy is plain. Votes for women.

Once is Enough for This.—Over in Holland they have given votes to the women.

A Dutch treat, did you say?

Good Average.—The battleship Arkansas, in a recent cannonading contest, made six hits out of six attempts.

Considerably better than the batting averages of the Giants in the recent world's series.

A Pertinent Query.—With all the Bull Moose they seem to have across the line, one would think the price of beef would be soon due for a drop.

Maude Tells One on Himself.—Mr. Cyril Maude, the noted English actor, who is making a transcontinental tour of Canada, the first of his career, likes nothing better than to tell a story the point of which is at his own expense.

One of his favourites, enjoyed by his Canadian friends, concerns Sir Herbert Tree and himself.

The two friends were standing outside His Majesty's theatre in London after a matinee performance of Tree's Svengali. They overheard a man

THE COST OF HIGH LIVING



The Gourmand—"Yes, it costs me five thousand a year just to live."
She—"I wouldn't pay it; it isn't worth it."

slightly "under the influence" giving his views on the play and the players. The fellow declared that Tree was a pretty fair actor.

"As good as Cyril Maude?" inquired Tree, with malicious humour.

"Sir," said the stranger, "I consider Cyril Maude one of the ten or twenty best actors in London."

Some of Maude's friends think that the joke is on Tree.

A Play on the Word.—Sir William Mackenzie has a young man in his

office who sometimes shows himself possessed of a sense of humour.

The other day a newspaper reporter called up and said he had heard that Sir William, while travelling, had lost his luggage, or as the scribe put it, his grip. He wanted to know the particulars.

"Nothing in it," said the alert young man. "Sir William never loses his grip."

Out of Season.—Did you notice that the Panama Canal was opened in October?

Came into use just as all the other Panamas were going out.

Correct.—A Toronto girl named Rash has just begun a suit for damages for breach of promise of marriage.

This is what might be termed a rash action.

Bryant Up-to-Date.

THE melancholy days have come, And this is what we hear— "While hunting in the woods he was Mistaken for a deer."

What They're Thankful For.

(Just a suggestion, now that Thanksgiving Day is past.)

Prince Arthur of Connaught—That it is all over—but the honeymoon.

George Bernard Shaw—That the papers still mention him occasionally.

Hon. Col. Sam Hughes—That there is no war on just now, while he is planning to count the Canadians capable of bearing arms.

Mrs. Pankhurst—That in spite of her some people still consider woman suffrage a serious question.

Toronto Telegram—That some people read it and nothing else.

William Jennings Bryan—That talk is not always cheap.

Worth and Poiret—That women will wear the most freakish frock they can make.

Robert Bridges—That nothing much is expected from the poet laureates, anyway.

Great Britain—That it can still play cricket and football a bit better than the Americans.

John McGraw—That the Giants won one game of the world's series.

R. J. Fleming—That when he gives up his seat in a street car three people can take it.

Toronto City Council—That there is only one "Tommy" Church.

Ambiguous.—The Christian Evangelist (St. Louis, Mo.), in reporting the recent Disciples convention, remarks:

"Some of the delegates who landed at Niagara-on-the-Lake on Tuesday morning after several hours on the rolling lake will not soon forget the sign at the wharf which greeted them: 'Meals, 25c. and up.'"

Frohman's Wit.—An interviewer was talking to Charles Frohman about his plans for the winter season. Said Charles:

"I hoped that George Alexander would go to the States. Alexander is, of his type, the best actor alive to-day."

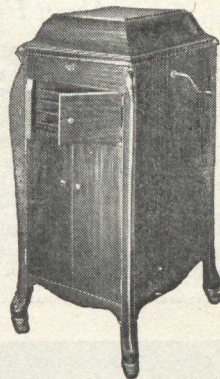
"Alexander isn't his right name, is it?" the journalist asked.

"No," said Mr. Frohman, "his right name is Samson. It was a pity to change the name of Samson for that of Alexander."

"But Alexander conquered the world, you know," smiled the other.

"Samson, however, is the more appropriate theatrical name," Mr. Frohman insisted. "Have you forgotten that Samson was the first who brought down the house?"

Not to Blame.—Thos. A. Edison says that we sleep too much nowadays. There must be something in it, when you remember that Edison has invented several things to keep us awake.



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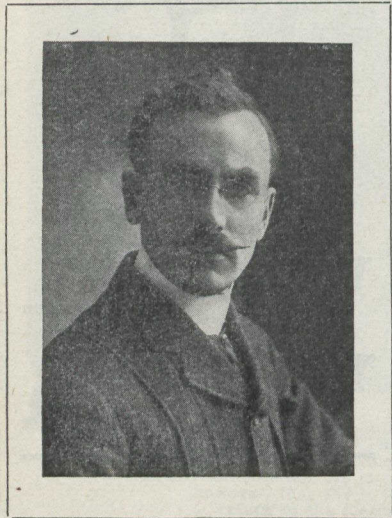
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A Musical Melange

About Personalities and Performers

EVER since the Alberta Music Festival was organized seven years ago, Vernon W. Barford has been chairman of committee and conductor of festival chorus and orchestra. Ten years ago he became musical director and stage manager of the Edmonton Operatic Society. Twelve years ago he became organist and leader of the All Saints' choir. He has grown up with musical Edmonton as no man



VERNON W. BARFORD,
Dean of Edmonton Music.

in the West has grown up with any other community. He has taken part in its prestissimo grand march from a couple of small church choirs to the day when the best music available is given by Edmonton talent in chorus, opera, orchestra and solo work. Mr. Barford has done a fine work. He is an Englishman who used to be known best for playing the piano, which is now only an accessory. He remembers very well the struggles he had to build up choral work, and to develop his own church choir, which now numbers 60 voices and is one of the best choirs in Canada.

It is a toss-up whether Edmonton or Calgary is the more musical. Each has done wonders. We regret that for this issue it was impossible to obtain more than Mr. Barford's photograph from this musical centre. But we must say that we think it is about time Calgary had one of the music festivals. Saskatchewan does the festival business better by sending it round to the four chief cities of the Province. Alberta should do the same, and Mr. Barford might well co-operate with Calgary in this regard.

Unspectacular Friedheim

AT his recent recital in Massey Hall Arthur Friedheim demonstrated once more as he has done again and again, that he is probably the most morally convincing piano artist on the platform to-day. He is not merely flawless in execution. He is poetically pleasing and morally just about perfect in his work. He plays the piano with the gentle strength of reading Wordsworth or a Milton sonnet. But as he will persist in looking like a comfortable banker instead of like an eccentric mysterious genius of the piano, he fails to kindle what is called the imagination.

Friedheim aims above all things to make the message of the piano as lucid and plainly interesting as it can be. He abuses nothing, pounds out no great climaxes, though he has abundance of strength and conviction, never raises a hand above the frame of the piano, just calmly sits in and elicits from the keys a simple edifying message of art—to a few hundred people. And we never rave about that. No, that's merely—art.

There was a time when Friedheim might have become a matinee idol. Twenty-five years ago he wore a velvet studio jacket and had his hair long. He was then a young man. In 1894 he played at the opening of Massey Hall. He was then regarded as an over-restrained, unimpulsive man who was

not anxious to create a spectacle. That was about the time Paderewski was coming to the height of his American furore. No man in Europe has worked harder than Friedheim—it may be to overcome that native diffidence which the much-advertised freak artist never had; but at the same time to perfect himself in a well-balanced way for the delivery of a clean, consistent message from the piano. He has succeeded. There is no man alive who can deliver that message with more certainty and with such absolute freedom from personally obnoxious tricks and mannerisms. But the public are not particularly interested over the mere moralities of the piano. The Massey Hall crowd is too large for genteel piano-playing even of the most effective sort. They would prefer Friedheim to jump on the piano and take a sledge-hammer to it—which he is perfectly able to do, but doesn't.

Anyway Friedheim is a good-natured man. And if I were in his place I would think up some newer way of giving a recital than by going to a great barn of a hall on a vast prairie of a stage to give a programme. With his immense repertoire, his intimacy with Liszt, his great authority as an interpreter, his mastery of technic and his amazingly cheerful industry he should be heard under much better auspices by people who want to study the real personal message of the piano.

The Ingenue

QUITE another side of piano playing was presented last week by young Paul Wells, whose photograph appears on another page of this issue. Wells is the youthful, new appointee on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory. He is an American who has played a good deal in Europe and who made his Canadian debut last week to a very curious audience. A few years ago it wasn't so much the custom for members of faculty to give solo recitals. And after all, to teach piano effectively one does not need to perform in public. Besides there are so many great pianists on the Canadian tapis for this season—Friedheim, Paderewski, Hofmann, Carreno, Bachaus—what could this slim, gentle youth hope to accomplish by way of anything new?

This is exactly where Mr. Wells fooled most of us. In his own almost wistful way he demonstrated that there is such a thing as personality at the piano. Of course, we knew this long ago. But we are not used to this peculiarly wistful, shy sort of quickly sensitive young man facing up to such a programme as this:

- Bach-Liszt
Fantasie and Fugue in G minor
- Beethoven-Rubinstein
Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens."
- Schumann Sonata in G minor.
Allegro.
Andantino-Scherzo.
Rondo.
- Chopin...Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 2, in D.
Nocturne, Op. 48, in C minor.
Waltz, Op. 70, No. 1, in G flat.
Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, in G flat.
- Liszt
Sonnet (after the 123rd Sonnet of Petrarch).
- Liszt..... Concert Etude in F minor.
- Weber-Tausig
"Invitation to the Dance."
- Godard
Etude "Le Cavalier Fantastique."

To be sure there's nothing excessively modern about his programme. It contains no Chaminode or Cyril Scott or even Macdowell. But it presented works by the standard composers, some of which were at least unfamiliar to a majority of the audience, and it raged over most of the repertoire of big playing.

Wells began with his audience in doubt. He finished with an audience full of enthusiasm. People who went blase came away animated. There is that comfortable, vivacious quality to this alert young man. He has such a deft sense of rhythm, such a deli-

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cate perception of tonal colour, such a sympathetic reaching out after the possibilities of a piece. He seemed always fresh; always hoping he would do what he wanted, but not absolutely certain that he would; always so girlish without being effeminate. It was the eager, warm pursuit of the thing that made his performance so delightful. He was there not to exploit his personal peculiarities, but to play the piano. There wasn't much of him—but every ounce went into his work. He left nothing untouched to put his audience into good humour. The ingenu—we always warm up to when he has ability. And if Paul Wells had more merely physical strength he might get rid of some rather uncomfortable manoeuvres.

500 Kirmess Performers

ST. JOHN, N.B., has given a Kirmess with 500 performers, of which the St. John Globe has this to say as a foreword:

"In the grand opening march and tableaux there will be five hundred people on the stage at one time, each picturesquely attired. Here one sees a gentleman of Spain flirting with a coy lass from Japan, while a modern beauty of the Anglo-Saxon race makes love to the Mikado, and the King of the Kirmess in be-powdered wig pays pretty compliments to a laughing-eyed Roumanian beauty. Later when each of the fair dancers are through with their parts, they will go into the audience with their brilliant costumes and prettily painted faces, and will lend an air truly cosmopolitan and carnival like.

"An architect is now at work on the stage and tiers, and it is assured that nothing in a scenic effect will be lacking to make this Kirmess all that the press has claimed for it in all the Canadian cities and 194 cities of America, the most magnificent production ever staged by local talent.

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A CARICATURE.
The man with the baton is Welsman, Conductor of the T.S.O. The violinist—is Kubelik.

their cheeks, the third to the lips, and the fourth will pencil their eyebrows, the fifth painter is on the other side of the line of march and gets the other cheek. Then the sixth, or general superintendent, will make an inspection of all the painted ones and add the finishing touches and send them on their way, happy and smiling. In this way speed in making up the participants unused to slapping on stage paint can be obtained and the best be got."

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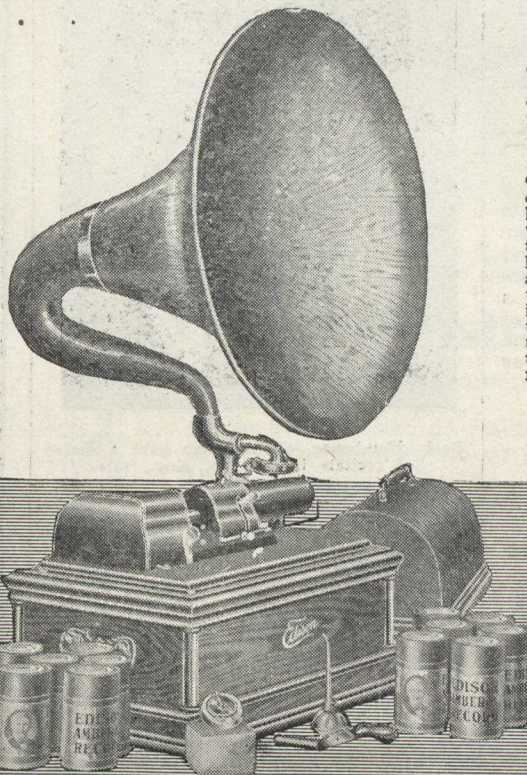
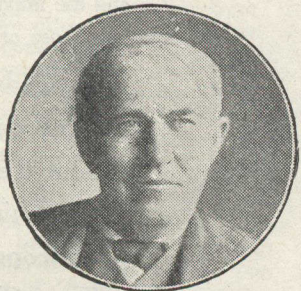
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three in London and one in Birmingham. He was received with enthusiasm, and the press notices of his work were complimentary. He deserves the distinction. Boris is an artist, and a uniformly temperamental player. He will be heard in a series of recitals again this year with his brother Jan and Mme. Leginska and Mr. Frank Warner, pianists. The Hambourg family have done a great deal in this country to stimulate interest in good music.



Boris Hambourg, Cellist, who gave a series of recitals in London, Eng., this summer.

How I Became an Opera Fan

(Concluded from page 12.)

Oberon Overture by Weber. I had heard the Pittsburg Orchestra under Emil Paur play this piece once, and I liked it, but there was no part of it so simple that I could carry it away in my mind after hearing it only once. Playing it myself at home made all the difference in the world. I liked it so well that I took the trouble to get a book about Weber.

Then I tried the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, again at the suggestion of my friend. I got the whole four movements, and at the same time, I came across some programme notes written by Philip Hale, the music critic of the Boston "Herald," and I read them carefully. They were very complete. They told all about the creation of the "Fifth" and its relation to the other great symphonies which Beethoven wrote. When I sat down to play that symphony my mind had a picture of it, which I assimilated with the keenest enjoyment. It was the same with the Pastoral Symphony and the others—I know several of them quite well now. When the Boston Symphony Orchestra played the "Fifth" in Massey Hall last season my appreciation of it was embellished to a degree which I hadn't thought to be possible. I read more of Beethoven, not in books, but from the rolls, and while I found the lesser compositions did not make the same impression on me as the master-work, my interest never flagged.

Then I got Grieg—the Peer Gynt Suite—the Norwegian Bridal March, and after I learned them on my piano I went to hear the big orchestras play them. Before the Montreal Opera Company came last year, I got all the rolls I could of Rigoletto, Aida, Thais and Carmen. The performances themselves when I heard them visualized and synchronized my preconceived idea. The mystery was swept away. I became a grand opera fan.

There is one respect in which the player-piano furnishes a test for composers which I want to mention. It gives me a far different view-point on their collected works from the one I would obtain if I had to spend four or five years learning to play them with my hands. I can make quick and direct comparisons. Take Puccini, for instance. If you try his Madame Butterfly music and compare it with La Boheme, again and again you will find, what they call in harmony, the same progressions, that is, Mr. Puccini repeats himself so often that you cannot help but notice it. Each composer has his style by which he may be recognized, and I find that those whose compositions have stood the test of years are those who showed originality. Beethoven is greatest of all.

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LONDON LETTER

London, Oct. 8, 1913.

No fewer than five Queens will be present at the wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife at St. James' Palace next week, these being Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, the Empress-Dowager of Russia, the Queen of Norway, and the ex-Queen of Portugal. This is probably a record at a royal marriage function. There will also be included two reigning sovereigns, and three heirs-apparent, the former being King George and the King of Norway, and the latter the Prince of Wales and the Crown Princes of Sweden and Norway, while the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha is a reigning prince. In many ways the Royal gathering is destined to be a very notable one. Their Royalties will reassemble on the evening of the marriage, when the King and Queen propose to give a "family" dinner party in their private dining-room at Buckingham Palace.

The guests, numbering from 200 to 300, will comprise the foreign royalties nearly related to the contracting couple, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and various Ministers and ex-Ministers of the Crown, and a full attendance of foreign diplomats.

Canadian lovers of music will note with interest the musical arrangements for October 15, at the various stages of the wedding ceremony for the carrying out of which Dr. Alcock and the "gentlemen and children" of the Chapels Royal are responsible. Needless to remark the music will form an important feature of the proceedings.

As the guests are assembling the organist will play the march from "Tannhauser," "The Imperial March," by Sir E. Elgar, and the "Marche la Reine le Saba," by Gounod; while the clergy will pass in procession to the accompaniment of Sir Hubert Parry's "Birds" of Aristophanes. On the arrival of the Queen with other Royal guests the organist will render Gulmunt's "Marche Nuptiale," and some of Sir Charles Stanford's processional music from "Drake," and later upon the bridegroom entering the chapel a "Marche Nuptiale." As the bridal procession subsequently passes down the aisle the choir will sing the hymn "Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us, O'er Our Life's Wild, Restless Sea."

Immediately before the Archbishop's address to the newly wedded couple the choir will sing Mendelssohn's "Lift Thine Eyes," and immediately before the address—and before the final blessing—the children will sing as an anthem "O Perfect Love," to Lady Arthur Hill's setting. Following the Benediction, and during the joint procession of the bride and bridegroom from the chapel Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" will be played. No other musical instrument will be used to reinforce the organ for the musical service.

It is now finally understood that Lord Kitchener has abandoned his wish to become Viceroy of India. This chiefly arises from the fact that he finds more to do in Egypt than he expected, and has clear ideas of what he is going to effect in the "Land of the Pharaohs." Few know that "K" is an astute financier, and his vigilance over the Egyptian banks is all the sharper because he does not proclaim it. Under these circumstances it is practically certain that Lord Grey—although a Unionist and an able man above parties—will succeed Lord Hardinge in the Indian Viceroyalty, and a better selection could not be made.

DR. DIESEL—whose disappearance from a steamship on a voyage between the Continent and England has taken place in such mysterious circumstances—will rank as one of the most eminent engineering inventors of the past few years. The engine known by his name has the enormous advantage of being able to utilize crude and heavy oil, and it is

opening up a new era in marine engineering, having been adopted for liners and warships. It is also being experimented with for locomotive purposes.

His invention was not an accident or the flash of a momentary bright idea, but one thoroughly worked out, as the voluminous patent specification testifies. Apart from the achievement as a landmark in the annals of invention, a noticeable peculiarity of Diesel's work was the union of technical and commercial activities. Whereas, Britons too frequently allow their science to be divorced from business, on the other hand, it was in the striking combination of the inventor and the commercial mind that the chief lesson of Dr. Diesel's career lies. Had it not been for this commercial ability and courage, which British scientists rather affect to despise, the world would be the poorer by the absence of a practical Diesel engine, for the difficulties of development would never have been incurred without strong commercial incentive. The significance of Diesel is that British enterprise must commercialize science. The world cannot afford to let science be the plaything of the dilettante.

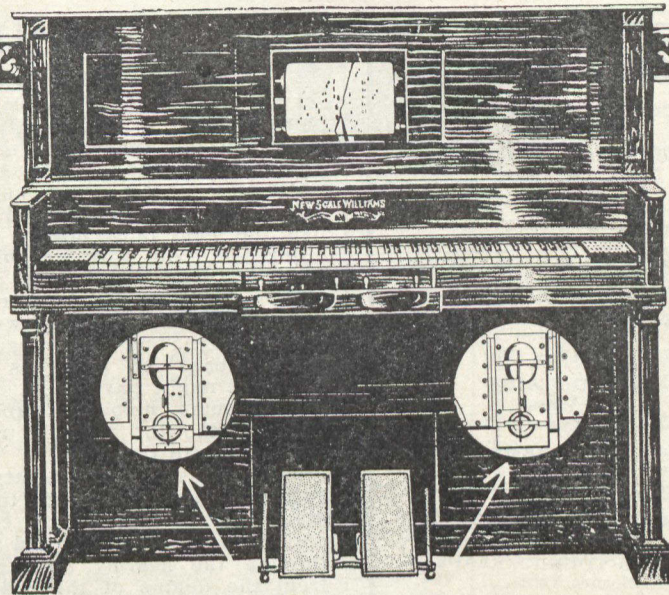
THE seventy-sixth birthday anniversary of Miss Braddon, the famous novelist this week coinciding with her composition of novel number seventy-five at such an advanced age is an outstanding occurrence. Miss Braddon lives at a charming flower-embowered home at Richmond on Thames, and is exceedingly popular in the river-side town. There she has extended a kindly welcome to innumerable friends through the long flight of years. Than the gifted writer, few, if any, more industrious literary workers could be named. She usually plies her busy pen on or immediately adjacent to the table on which Wellington wrote his dispatch describing the battle of Waterloo—for that is, unquestionably, the most treasured possession in the authoress' workroom at Richmond. Few careers in literature have been happier or more successful than Mrs. Maxwell's—as she is known in private life. Her late husband was a member of a well-known firm of publishers. The majority of Miss Braddon's readers would no doubt give "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Aurora Floyd" the first place in charm.

WITH Mme. Pavlova voyaging to the West—the farewell extended to her last night at the London Opera House being characterized by phenomenal demonstrations—Miss Lydia Kyasht at the new Empire ballet—an adaptation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," remains the supreme danseuse on the stage in the metropolis. It is scarcely possible to say anything new in praise of her dancing, but here at last, in Titania, it seemed she had found the part in which she was to achieve the triumph of a lifetime. The audience was rapturous on its presentation. She received ovation upon ovation, and recall after recall. One felt that this was indeed a realization of the exquisite charm and beauty of the fairy scene. Especially delightful was Miss Kyasht's interpretation of the reposeful melodies of Mendelssohn's music. The ballet was superbly mounted and the colour effects all that artistic talent could command. CALEDONIAN.

A Practical American.—She had returned from a tour through Italy with her father who informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's and Michel-angelos."

"Oh, no," the young lady interrupted, "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."



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The Invisible Harp

(Concluded from page 9.)

I was awakened by the low, vibrant humming that I had heard once before. But this time it did not cease, as I sat up in bed, grasping the automatic pistol that I always kept under my pillow. What sounded at first like the hum of a mighty dynamo, filling the room with its volume, so that I could feel my body, as if clutched by some demon-force, vibrate with it, gradually swung to a weird, unearthly pitch, and slowly sank again—the moans of countless souls in agony, it might have been. Stricken with a numb, helpless terror that I had not thought possible, nevertheless I crept to the window. The rain drove against it in mighty gusts. Brilliant flashes lighted the landscape bright as day, but I could see nothing unusual. The wind shrieked through the near-by tree tops, and from the depths of the dead forest came a groaning, a creaking and snapping and straining, as of unknowable forces locked in deadly conflict. And, undertoning it all, the horrible, ceaseless hum, now low and vibrant, now, not an undertone, but ear-splittingly high. Then—and I grovelled on the floor and cried to God for mercy—the twanging of some stringed instrument, but louder than a hundred earthly instruments, as if a giant hand from on high discordantly swept the strings of a celestial harp. Then it commenced tolling. Tung! Tung!! Tung!!! Slowly the death knell vibrated through the small cabin, dying away into silence, no less terrible than before. I cowered in a corner like a dying dog, pistol in hand, awaiting the end of all earthly things. Twang! Twang!! crashed the harp again, louder than before. Then a roar, sense-deadening as the crash of doom. "O God!" I shrieked, firing my pistol as the cabin wall closed in on me. Then all was blank.

The glare of the sun on my unprotected face awakened me. Part of one side of my cabin was crushed in, but I was unhurt. I crawled out on the green grass, gathering strength to arise. I noticed first of all, that one of the nearby trees had fallen, and that a branch had wrecked my house. Except for that, the landscape remained unchanged. The sun shone brightly. Birds twittered joyfully. Far off, on the river, a steamer fought its way against the swollen current. I arose and walked about. So far as I could determine, I was neither physically nor mentally injured by the terrible experience of the night. Were it not for the house, I might have merely dreamed it.

I started to the stump of the lightning-shattered tree. Something in the long grass tripped me and I fell on a twisted mass of fine wire. Wire? I had used no wire! I stared stupidly at it for a moment, then cried aloud with joy as the solution of the ghastly humming and twanging became quite clear.

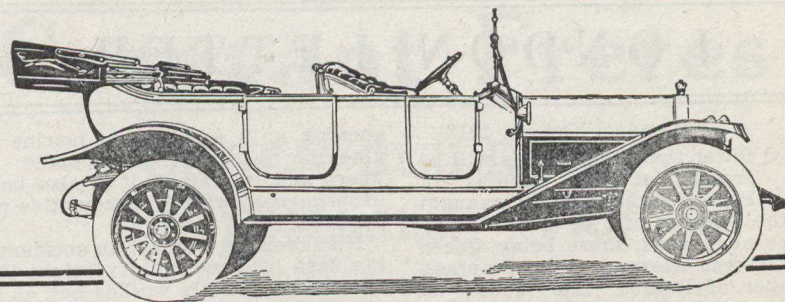
Banjo Sam, being a little crazy on the subject of musical instruments, had constructed a giant harp high up in the tree-top, so that it was quite invisible and only a considerable wind could affect it through the thick foliage. Near it was a trimmed branch from the other tree. Only a gale could cause the branch to swing sufficiently to sweep the strings. This, then, was the cause of the discordant notes and weird humming heard on stormy nights.

In due course I obtained title to the homestead, which, to-day, cleared of the dead forest, lies inside the limits of a vigorous young city.

Bad Walking.—An aged coloured man, of the "Unc" Rasmus type, shambled into a shoe store in Thomasville, Ga., and asked for a pair of boots.

"What's the matter, uncle?" asked the clerk. "You never wore a pair of shoes in your life."

"No, sir," said the old darkey, scratching his woolly head; "dat Ah ain't. Ah ain't neber had no shoes on in mah life, but sense dis here probishun done gone int' effeck, de woods is so full ub bottles dat a well-meanin' niggah kain't keep from manglin' his feet."



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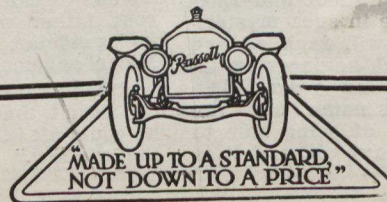
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto and Its Street Railway

FOR about six months the civic authorities of Toronto have been negotiating with Sir William Mackenzie for the purchase of the Toronto Street Railway. Sir William and his co-directors refused to sell the Street Railway unless the city also bought the Toronto Electric Light Company. As a beginning he placed the price at \$22,000,000 for the Street Railway and franchise, the latter having eight years to run, and \$8,000,000 for the Toronto Electric Light Company. The figures did not stagger the civic negotiators, and experts were appointed to examine the properties and estimate their value. The experts reported that the properties were worth about \$28,000,000 under certain conditions. They did not, however, report upon the advisability of the city taking them over.

When this stage was reached the reports of the experts were submitted to other experts, including the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission, as to whether it would be advisable for the city to make the purchase. These have not yet reported, and no agreement has yet been arrived at.

Toronto's position is peculiar. In 1891 the citizens agreed to lease the exclusive right to operate surface cars on the streets of Toronto to a company. The city was to receive a certain rising percentage of the gross earnings. Unfortunately no provision was made for the extension of tracks into newer districts, and after Toronto grew the suburbs were left without transportation. The railway company declined to extend their lines into the more sparsely settled districts, because they could earn larger dividends by serving only the district in which population was dense and the hauls comparatively short. To serve the outlying districts the city was forced to build and operate short, disjointed, civic lines, on which there is an estimated loss of \$150,000 per annum. Citizens in the outlying districts must also pay two fares.

The question of buying out the franchise and establishing one fare over the whole city is therefore the keynote of the situation. The estimated profits of the Street Railway during the next eight years is over \$20,000,000, and the city is asked to pay half that sum now as the value of the "intangible assets." The franchise of the Toronto Electric Light Company is estimated to be worth about \$2,000,000. Thus the city must pay \$12,000,000 for franchises and about \$16,000,000 for plants and equipment, a total of \$28,000,000. Whether the citizens will decide to do so or not remains to be seen.

Wanted--an Answer

IN the "Courier" for August 9th, mention was made of Vancouver's experiment in selling its bonds locally "over the counter." They had been for sale quite a little time, when the City Treasurer in a letter to an enquirer in Toronto revealed the fact that only \$40,000 worth out of an issue of \$152,000 had been disposed of. The experiment has been tried in other places. The City of Chatham has, at present, \$40,080 worth of debentures for sale, but although they are advertised locally, only \$15,376 have been sold over the counter.

It seems, from reports received, which, of course, are not entirely reliable, in as much as several cities are still in the middle of their activities in this regard, that no very great success is rewarding the efforts of municipalities in trying to sell their bonds locally. And it is a moot point whether there is much to be said for the scheme.

One thing worth noticing about it is that it is only resorted to when money is tight and municipalities cannot persuade bond houses to pay high prices for their issues. When money is easier, little is heard of any "over-the-counter" transactions in municipal securities. In its reference to this question on August 9th the "Courier" said: "It might be much more economical to save brokers' fees in London, and let Canadian brokers have them." It might, and it might not. For while selling half a million dollars' worth of bonds to the residents of a municipality and thus saving outside brokers' fees and incidental expenses is good business, it is an open question whether it isn't just as well to get half a million of outside money into the municipality, leaving the half million of the residents' money to be employed in other schemes. It is a nice point—whether is it better to encourage home buying of home securities at a minimum cost or pay a brokerage fee and secure fresh monies from outside?

The Dominions to the Front

THE feature of the figures published in the "Statist" relative to new issues in September, and for the nine months of this year, is the extraordinarily large amount which has gone to the colonies. For the nine months ending September, 1912, the amount is \$370,000,000. For the corresponding period of last year it was \$200,000,000. An increase of \$170,000,000, or 85%, is notable. So far as Canada is concerned she continues to have, by a long way, the largest share. The "Courier" conservatively estimates it at about \$20,000,000 a month.

The preference of London for securities from British dominions is evidenced by the fact that since 1910 foreign countries have generally dropped behind and Britain has attended to the wants of her own dependencies (if that word is permissible). In the first nine months of 1911 British possessions secured \$170,000,000; in 1912, it was \$200,000,000, and this year's figure is \$370,000,000. On the other hand, foreign countries have not done so well this year as last, for whereas from January to September in 1912 they received \$410,000,000, for the same period in 1913 they received \$400,000,000. It is probable that by the end of the year the disparity between money supplied to British colonies and foreign countries will be still more marked.

So far as the month of September is concerned, new capital issues in London were substantially greater than in August, but were not quite as large as in September of last year. However, there seems no doubt that they will pick up for the remaining three months of the year, and even if they don't, 1913 will be markedly better in this regard than its predecessor.

On and Off the Exchange

The Situation in Spanish River

THE statement of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills has at last been given out. It is disappointing, for the circular recently issued said distinctly that the company had fully earned its bond interest and its preferred stock dividend. The statement now issued refers to the last eighteen months. It shows that although the company earned enough to pay fixed charges, it had to draw to the extent of \$91,391 on its reserve and surplus accounts to pay preferred stock dividends, which, for the period totalled \$266,875. Moreover, reserve and surplus accounts which stood at \$91,551 on December 31st, 1911, now—that is on

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June 30th last—boasted only \$160. The weak period was the six months up to June, 1912. It is only fair to say that since that the situation shows great improvement. Profits for the year, after all fixed charges were paid, left \$190,754 net available for dividends.

But the latest move is the circulation among shareholders of a letter in which it is made known that not for two years is there any prospect of dividend upon the preferred stock, or at any rate, not until the new issue of \$1,500,000 term notes are taken up by the company. The circular goes on to say that the "financial interests in London" who have effected the new financial arrangements "deem it advisable to reduce the number of the board of directors to seven." This means that the Dominion Bond has dropped out of the concern altogether, and the supposition is that Lake Superior interests are now in absolute control of the company.

Pulp Company's New Move

THE Chicoutimi Pulp Company are to consider a proposal for the exchange of the company's five per cent. thirty year bonds into six per cent. thirty year bonds. Five per cent. industrials are a rarity just now, and the assumption is that the move contemplated would be made with a view to securing additional funds on the security of the property now mortgaged by the five per cent. issue.

Milling Company's Good Year

EARNINGS amounting to nearly sixty-six per cent. on the common stock are the main feature of the annual report of the International Milling Company. The statement advises that the net earnings for the year ended August 31, after payment of bond interest, amounted to \$452,301. The company's bonded indebtedness amounts to \$755,500. Interest on its outstanding bonds was earned more than ten times over.

Take the Bad With the Good

EIGHTY-EIGHT per cent. of the Alberta Government's loan of \$5,000,000 four and a half has been left with the underwriters. This news, coming so soon after that relating to the half-success of the Edmonton and Vancouver issues, would indicate that, temporarily, Canada has struck a bad patch. So you may confidently expect that every other man in the financial way that you meet, will have assumed once again the hang-dog expression, and will assure you in a very melancholy manner that Canada is going to the dickens.

But an examination of the trend of public opinion in London, so far as it concerns things Canadian, and a cursory running-over of the many times when almost before we called, London had answered, are enough to point the moral. Canada must take the bad with the good. There isn't much bad to take, anyway.

St. Lawrence Annual

ALTHOUGH no detailed statement was made as to the financial results of the St. Lawrence Flour Mill Company's year, it was stated that the shareholders "expressed their appreciation of the good business lately done by the company, and at the excellent prospects for the coming year." The net profits of the previous year were eminently satisfactory, and doubtless this year's are the same.

No statement has been issued as to when the preferred dividend will be resumed. It will be remembered that this dropped about six months ago, because the company felt the then need of husbanding its resources.

A New Company

THE British Canadian Film Company has been organized. Its capitalization is \$200,000, divided into 2,000 shares of \$100. There are no bonds. It is proposed to issue \$150,000 for organization and flotation expenses. The company will have a threefold market, for it aims to manufacture films for educational, entertainment and commercial (chiefly advertising) purposes. In the prospectus stress is laid upon the fact that films will be produced which are calculated to foster a true Canadian and Imperial spirit.

Good Business

A DESPATCH from Ottawa says that for the four months ending July, 1913, according to a statement issued recently, Canada's total exports amounted to \$130,811,031, of which Great Britain took \$59,985,645 and the United States \$52,702,585. On the other hand, Canada imported from Great Britain in the same period to the value of \$48,188,012, and from the United States to the value of \$149,367,823, of the latter amount \$54,500,664, or 36 per cent., represents the value of free goods, while from Great Britain free imports totalled \$11,968,054, or 25 per cent.

Although it may be more blessed to give than to receive it looks as though Canada were doing good business. A margin of nearly seventy thousand dollars in imports is a very respectable surplus. It is to be hoped that the margin will be maintained and increased, particularly so far as raw products are concerned. Canada needs to do far more manufacturing.

Next Week's Annual

THE Consumers' Gas Company will hold its annual meeting during the week.

Enquiry

"AN ENQUIRER" writes to know whether it is possible to borrow money without offering bonds or property of some sort as security. This enquiry has probably been in the minds of a good many people again and again. There are only two ways in which a man may be confident of borrowing upon note of hand. One is to pay an extortionate rate of interest. There are thousands of professional money lenders who will lend any reasonable sum upon a mere note of hand, but the interest they charge is ridiculously and unjustifiably high. You may borrow five hundred dollars from one of them, and the interest you pay is anywhere from fifteen per cent up. And usually it is up, particularly with anyone who is illiterate and uninformed. The money-lender is perfectly within his legal right in forcing any old sort of interest he can, but in most cases of this sort, the arrangement which is come to between lender and borrower is inordinately and scandalously out of proportion. Of course, the smaller the loan, the higher the rate of interest.

But there is a way in which a man may procure a loan on his note of hand, and that is if he possesses a bank account. Necessarily, a good deal depends upon its size, but in most cases, a man may reasonably expect his bank to accord him a loan if he has been a regular depositor for some time. A bank account is a business asset. Latterly, there has been a slowing-up on the part of the banks in lending money to their depositors, but the man with a bank account can usually procure a loan. Keep a bank account.

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A Great Disappointment

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

MELBA, Burke and Friedheim all appeared at Massey Hall last week. The two former, with a very good flautist and a most excellent accompanist, packed the hall beyond capacity, filled the choir gallery behind the platform, and put several enthusiasts at half a dollar each on the platform itself. It was like a Gipsy Smith meeting. The latter—as satisfying a pianist as ever touched ivory—got less than half a house and a great deal of that was paper.

Friedheim's performance was pure and almost perfect art, Melba's was to a great extent very bad art; Burke's better art, but on the whole indifferent singing.

And Toronto is supposed to be critical!

Of course—all a matter of taste, may be set down as a principle. A great many people may consider Melba an artist. Certainly she used to be. But that was some time ago. She is not merely a decadent great singer. She is the remains of a singing personality that never had any particularly passionate regard for the public, never was gracious and kind—or pleasantly hypocritical; always cold, wonderfully accomplished, a miracle of technical perfection, but with no tonal colouring and no expression of emotion.

AFTER thirty years' experience on the stage and concert platform, Madame Melba sings a simple song like "John Anderson, My Jo," from a score! This was an encore. It was as satisfactory as anything she did. The dear old public were delighted. They always are when a great virtuoso goes stumping about on the verge of extinction. There's something very fascinating in the last November wabble of a gorgeous butterfly. The more it wabbles and flutters on the sand the better chance you get to notice what beautiful wings it has. Melba's wings are still beautiful. But they do very little real flying. She flaps them amiably and keeps the public gasping. But if she were to sing into a phonograph and the record were sold on its merits without any name attached, would any of that same public buy it? It's a fine streak of human nature in people that makes us all more interested in a personality than in art. We have accompanied a great many celebrated divas to the tune:

"When a final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest."

But as long as they keep coming back we are glad to hear them and look at them and observe how much they are failing, poor dears! and what glorious talents they once had, how they thrilled us in 1894 or thereabouts, and still remind us of the golden age.

But when we come to compare the actual art performance of such a woman as Melba with the most ambitious of even some of our local talent—sh! You never should praise local talent. Let them go abroad. When they get the glamour of grand opera and box-office receipts they may come back and fool our good money out of our pockets; just as Melba does—and she is surely one of the greatest box-office artists in the world.

We like to be fooled; so long as it's done interestingly, and thousands of others are fooled at the same time.

AS for Burke—disappointment. He has sung prodigiously better. With a fine voice, great range, excellent dramatic ability and a splendid stage presence, he seemed to be gasping for breath and seldom able to get a real basso-cantante grip of his audience. He knows how to sing on the concert stage quite as well as in opera. He is an artist. He is also a Canadian of whom we should like to be increasingly proud. But at present he seems to be under a handicap. He has taken many big roles in European cities and has done Mephisto satisfactory to Covent Garden, which is the most critical audience in the world; but not at his present status of performance.

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FOR THE JUNIORS

The Best Baby

ONCE upon a time there was a baby whose mother and father lived in a Canadian town called Notre Dame de Grace, not far from the big city of Montreal. When the baby was quite a tiny fellow he was given a rather big name. They called him Reginald Stephen Newton, and when the baby heard it we suppose he said to himself something like this: "Well, I guess I'll have to grow pretty quickly



and get to be a big fellow to fit that name!"

So the baby grew big and strong and plump, and his mother and father and all his relatives thought there never was just such a baby as Reginald Stephen Newton. But they didn't know what a really fine baby he was till he went to Toronto

and took a —, but you must hear how it all came about.

Last August, when the baby was fourteen months old, his mother went on a visit to Toronto, where the great National Exhibition was being held. Now you know, there is a Baby Show at the Exhibition each year, and when Reginald Stephen Newton's mother heard this, she probably said to her self: "There certainly couldn't be a finer baby than Reginald, so I think I'll take him to the show and let him win a prize."

And that's exactly what she did. There were over five hundred babies looking for prizes; some of them round-eyed and wondering, some of them merry-eyed and smiling, many of them red-eyed and howling. But they all wanted the prize that was given to the big baby from Notre Dame de Grace, because he was the finest baby in the whole five hundred.

When they asked his mother how she came to raise such a fine fellow, she said:

"Oh, just gave him lots of fresh air and good milk," but we think that Reggie had something to do with it himself; he just HAD to grow up a big fellow to fit that fine name of his.

Good Morning

GOOD morning, Brother Sunshine;
Good morning, Sister Song,
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
My heart is standing open;
To shut you out were sin,
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
Good morning, Sister Smile,
They told me you were coming,
So I waited on a while.
I'm lonely here without you,
A weary while it's been;
My heart is standing open;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness;
Good morning, Sister Cheer,
I heard you were out calling,
So I waited for you here.
Somehow I keep forgetting
I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
Won't you
walk
right
in?

A Dog Telephoned

A WOMAN took her little brown cocker spaniel with her to call on a friend who lived a mile or so away. When she left she quite for-

got the dog, and as soon as her friend discovered him she did all she could to make him leave, without success.

Some hours passed and he was still there. So she telephoned to his mistress to let her know his whereabouts. "Bring him to the telephone," said she. One of the boys held him, while another put the receiver to the dog's ear.

Then his mistress whistled and called, "Come home at once, Paddy!" Immediately he wriggled out of the boy's arms, rushed to the door, barking to get out, and shortly afterward arrived, panting, at home.—The Spectator.

Sing a Song of Sixpence

YOU all know the rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four-and-twenty black-birds represent the four-and-twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the daydawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlour counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey on which she feasts is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, in daytime, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," are the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—Ex.

Leetla Giuseppina

By T. A. DALY.

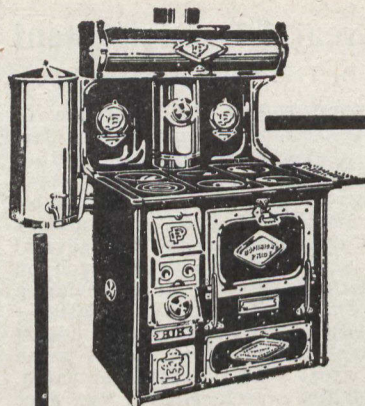
JOE Baratta's Giuseppina
She's so cute as she can be;
Justa com' here from Messina
Weeth da resta family.
Joe had money enn da banka—
He been savin' for a year—
An' he breeng hees wife, Bianca,
An' da three small children here:
First ees baby, Catarina,
Nexta Paola (w'at you call
Een da Inglaice langwadge
"Paul,")
An' da smartest wan of all—
Giuseppina!

Giuseppina's justa seven,
But so smart as she can be;
Wide-awake at night-time even,
Dere's so mooch dat'st strange to see.
W'at you theenk ees mos' surprise her?
No; ees not da buildin's tall;
Eef, my frand, you would be wisa
You mus' theenk of som'theeng small.

Eet's an ant! W'en first she senna
Wan o' dem upon da ground,
How she laughed an' danced around:

"O! 'Formica,' he has found
Giuseppina!"
"O!" she cried to heem, "Formica,"
(Dat's Italian name for heem),
"How you gatta here so queecka?
For I know you no can sweem;
An' you was not on da sheepa,
For I deed not see you dere,
How you evva mak' da treeepa?
Only birds can fly een air.
How you get here from Messina?
O! at las' I ondrastand!
You have dugga through da land
Jus' to find you lettla frand,
Giuseppina!"

The Editor is always pleased to receive letters from any of the "Junior" readers, and to publish them in this department. They must, however, be neatly written on one side of the paper only.



WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

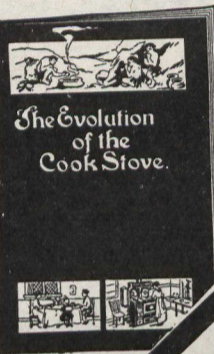
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the certain discomfort and possible danger he was about to incur. "Saunders is a big man," he soliloquized, as he shut the hatchway doors after his companions, and crossed the Council Chamber to put out the light. "I am prouder of his friendship than of all the quarterings of the House of Friedrichsheim. My dearest wish is that he could learn to admire me as much as I admire him. Himmel!" he went on, getting into his hiding-place; "men don't do brave things to win the love of fair ladies—not nowadays. They do them for the quiet approval of their fellowmen. Saunders is an unemotional, stolid Englander, but I'd sooner have him shake me firmly by the hand, and say with that quiet smile of his, 'Fritz, you're a plucky devil,' than I'd have any girl I've ever met gush her unctuous compliments—" He broke off. "I was forgetting her," he said. "Yes, Saunders was right. She is different from the others. I'd like her to think me plucky." He got into the barrel and carefully adjusted the lid above his head. The darkness and stuffiness oppressed him, and his meditations took on a more depressing hue. "Plucky! She thinks me a coward. I intend her to go on thinking me a coward and all that's despicable. Women are cats, and she's the queen of all the cats. And I'm afraid of cats—when they have eyes like hers."

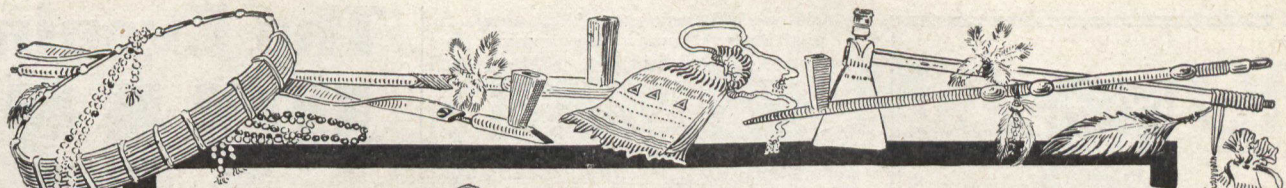
A vague scuffling sound interrupted his train of thought, and brought him instantly to the grim realization of his position. His first idea was that the Rathsherren had arrived, and a tingling of the scalp and a quickening of the pulse were the concessions of his physical nature to the propinquity of danger.

He listened attentively, but there was no general sound of voices, no noise of many footsteps, no scooping and creaking of chairs, such as must have occurred had a number of gentlemen been taking their seats at a gathering. But what he did hear—and it filled him with alarm—was the sound of somebody tapping the row of beer-barrels one after the other in succession. Each one in turn gave out a dull sound that told of fullness within, and then came the turn of his barrel. Fortunately the tapper tapped where his shoulder was pressed hard against the bellying staves, and the sound given forth was much as the previous sounds had been. Then came the turn of the barrels on the opposite side of the room. The first three knocks were the dull thuds of full vessels; the fourth knock was a hollow sound. And then, just as Fritz was wondering what further noises would inform his intelligence, the great clock of the Strafeburg struck five with almost deafening notes. A moment later a hum of many voices was heard, growing suddenly louder as the door of the apartment was thrown open. The ancient Council of the Rathsherren had entered their historic Chamber of Assembly!

Fritz breathed a sigh of relief. The period of waiting was over and the crucial moment had arrived. If he was not discovered within the next few minutes, there was every probability of his mission being a successful one. Should there be a search, it would naturally take place before the debate, not after it, and therefore it was with a most distinct sense of relief that he heard a clear demand for silence and the plain statement that the proceedings of the Council were begun.

There was an exposition, in the high, somewhat querulous voice of the President, of the gravity of the issue that awaited their decision; there was a perfunctory appeal to the Almighty to bestow wisdom to their counsels; and there was a conventional expression of sorrow for the loss of their late sovereign and loyalty to the young monarch whose guardian they were about to nominate. Then came the real business of the meeting: the putting forward of several names and the discussion of their merits and demerits.

Someone suggested a military dictator, and the name of the Commander-in-Chief, General Meyer, was brought forward. To him there was the overwhelming objection that he was a Jew, and the ever-lurking danger of anti-Semitic riots precluded



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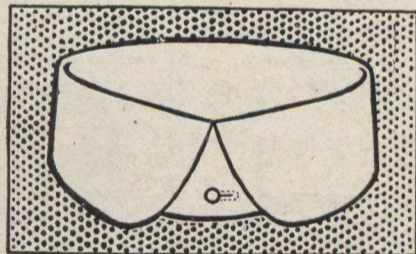
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the idea of putting one of his stock in a position of such conspicuous importance. General von Bilderbaum was next proposed by another member of the Council, but though all conceded that he was a fearless and upright soldier there was a general agreement that his intellectual abilities were scarcely equal to the extraordinary difficulties of such a post.

Then someone put forward the claims of the Arch-duke Cyril, and the murmur of approval which greeted his name suggested the likelihood of his being the favoured candidate for the coveted position.

He was, as his proposer pointed out, a member of the ancient house of Wolfsnaden-Oberstein, which was allied by marriage to the Royal House, the Arch-duke being, in point of fact, a distant cousin to the youthful Karl. "Cyril of Wolfsnaden," went on the proposing Councillor, "is a man of middle-age, old enough to have learned wisdom, young enough to display energy, courage and resource. He is one of the richest men in the kingdom, and his estates are second only in importance to the Crown lands. He has studiously refrained from taking part in the various disturbances which have from time to time distracted the Commonwealth, and if he has not always displayed an enthusiastic allegiance to the Royal House, he has never sided against it when his hostile influence might have been fatal to the dynasty. To select him for this high honour is to consolidate the loyalty of the greatest subject of the Crown. To pass by his claim is inevitably to alienate a man of great wealth, great energy, and incalculable influence in the State of Grimland."

A dignified burst of applause greeted this peroration and it seemed to Fritz that the proceedings were about to terminate in the unanimous selection of the redoubtable Arch-duke.

"Has any Councillor another name to put before us?" asked the President.

"Yes," came the clear, ringing tones of the Count of Tortonform, "I propose Fritz of Friedrichsheim."

The growl of disgust and hostility which greeted this proposal was unmistakably sincere and heartfelt.

Fritz found himself smiling grimly at the almost universal chorus of disapprobation his name had evoked.

"A demagogue," said one. "A revolutionary," said another. "An anarchist," said a third.

"They do not mention my faults," said Fritz to himself. "They might have called me hard names with truth, but I suppose my actual failings resemble too closely their own."

"Fritz of Friedrichsheim does not seem a very popular candidate with the present assembly," said the Freiherr of Kraag. "Do you persist in his advocacy, Tortonform?"

"No; my lord, I withdraw it. And I beg to substitute the name of Herr Saunders."

A buzz of amazement and indignation greeted this novel proposition.

"We are electing a Regent for Grimland," said the President dryly, "and Herr Saunders is an Englishman."

"He has resided a good many years among us and could be naturalized," announced Tortonform.

"He is the son of a London tradesman," objected another of the Rathsherren.

"I am not asking you to elect his father," came Tortonform's quick retort. "And even if I were, I am unaware what rule of social precedence places a linendraper below—a butcher."

A storm of indignation and loud cries of "withdraw" greeted this pronouncement. Tortonform's sobriquet was the same as Herr Drechsler had fastened to the unpopular Arch-duke, and the Rathsherren, who objected to what they deemed sentimentality, were furious. But Tortonform stuck bravely to his gune.

"Who is this Arch-duke Cyril?" he went on in rousing tones. "A man who blew neither hot nor cold, a sifter on the fence, a man loyal only to his own appetites. The people hate him because to save his face he shot down their brothers and their sisters in the crowded thoroughfares of the

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Goose Market. And even if his hands were clean they would be right to detest him. The man is a libertine; his daily life is an outrage against civilization. I know we are no saints in Grimland; I know that morality is not expected of the rich and nobly-born; but there are limits even to our tolerance. What of the Castle of Wolfsnaden? Is it a house of good fame and clean repute? I say that this man whom you name for the Regency is a man of ruined blood and withered conscience. I say that to put such a one at the head of the State is a blunder; to put him in charge of a lad of sixteen is a crime!"

The speaker paused, and to the intently listening Fritz the silence that followed was not the silence of contemptuous dissent, but the hush of men moved beyond their wont.

Then the speaker went on in quieter and more persuasive tones:

"And why not give Herr Saunders the Regency? No one questions his loyalty to the late King, or his staunch affection for the late King's heir. Saunders was a man who acted while Cyril hesitated, who endured hardships and dangers while Cyril feasted and drank, who, when the trouble was at end, preached mercy to the vanquished while Cyril slew the helpless. Saunders has the ideal qualities for this difficult post—a brain of ice, a physique of welded iron, and nerves of chilled steel. He will show favour to no party and no faction: he will serve the King and the State of Grimland. He is an honest man, a clean man, and my only fear is that if we ask him to accept this great honour he may refuse. But, my Lord President, let us at least see whether this be so. Before we take this irrevocable and vitally important step, let us see whether the one strong man whom Providence has set in our midst, will—stranger or no stranger—act for the just, honourable and wholesome government of the good country of Grimland."

As the speaker ceased, there was a slight but distinct murmur of approval. He had pleaded an impossible cause, but he had pleaded fearlessly and well. He had advocated an unthinkable procedure, but he had advocated it so eloquently that it had become at least thinkable. And to Fritz, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the narrow shell of his beer-barrel, it seemed that the impossible was going to happen, and that the wonderful Englander was going to be elected over the head of the noble and native-born Arch-duke. And strangely enough, Fritz, who ardently desired the Regency for himself, who would have grudged the post to moderate men like Tortenform or Grauberg, even to his own friends like General Meyer or von Bilderbaum, felt nothing but joy in the possibility of Saunders obtaining the coveted distinction. But it was not to be.

Saunders had a round dozen votes, and the Arch-duke Cyril over forty.

The last mentioned therefore was declared Regent-elect of Grimland, and all present were solemnly enjoined by the Freiherr to keep their decision a secret till the formal proclamation was made, a week later, from all public buildings throughout the country. Then the beer-cans were clinked, toasts were drunk, and chattering volubly the body of Councilors left the Chamber.

As soon as he heard the door shut, Fritz pushed up the lid of his barrel, and protruded his head cautiously above the summit of his cask.

To his utter amazement he saw another head similarly protruded from one of the barrels on the opposite side of the room.

CHAPTER X.

Question and Answer.

THE head that Fritz found himself gazing at was a sufficiently striking one, and the great candelabrum that hung from the coved ceiling shed ample light on its features.

The face was that of a man of about forty, and was crowned with a thicket of dark red hair. Beneath bushy eyebrows, and close-set against a long, fleshy nose, glowed two eyes of palest blue—the hard, cold blue that is fre-

quently seen on the eyes of great generals and great criminals, and is symptomatic of entire ruthlessness.

There was a brick-red moustache brushed fiercely upwards, as if to show the grimly drooping corners of the cruel mouth. There was a ruddy square-out beard, and below that there was nothing visible but the barrel which contained the body.

"Who are you?" demanded the head. The expression was menacing; the voice doubly so.

Fritz knew the head and the man it belonged to. Even if he had not known it he would have realized that he was face to face with a vehemently hostile personality. There was a world of savage strength and raw virility stamped on those unprepossessing features; but if there was an evil emanation suggestive of much sinning, the atmosphere bespoke the vigorous brute rather than the worn-out debauchee. But besides these indications of nature, Fritz knew his man, and the knowledge did nothing to allay his apprehensions. Apparently he himself was not known to his questioner, and he made up his mind not to reveal himself.

"If it comes to that," he returned politely, "who are you?"

The drooping corners of the mouth went up, and the resulting smile was even more sardonic than the previous scowl.

"I have not the least objection to answering your question," the head rejoined, with a courteousness almost equal to Fritz's, "though I gather from your asking it that you are a stranger to Grimland. I am the Arch-duke Cyril, hereditary Prince of Wolfsnaden-Oberstein."

"Then I congratulate you," said Fritz coolly, "on being Regent-elect of Grimland."

"I am much beholden to you, sir, and if you answer my questions quickly and truthfully I may congratulate you on having found me in an amiable mood. Who are you?"

"I am a gentleman."

"Your name?"

"Would not interest you."

Down went the corners of the mouth again, and the Arch-duke peered cautiously on all sides of him to make certain that they were alone. Then he protruded his shoulders and arms above the top of his barrel, and calmly presented a revolver at Fritz's head.

"I did not quite catch your name?" he said.

A wave of heat passed through Fritz's limbs. He was unarmed, and he knew that the man who threatened him was no respecter of human life. He did not wish to die, for life had become very interesting the last few days. Unwilling to yield information to his rival, and unwilling to goad him to extremities, he temporized.

"You did not catch my name," he answered, "because I did not mention it. The last time my name was asked for I gave myself the title of Herr Lugner."

The blue eyes hardened, and the cruel mouth set itself in even sterner lines.

"Young man, you are very near death."

Fritz knew that the simple words contained a vast and horrible truth. The hand that held the lethal weapon needed but a message from a remorseless brain, and he was blotted out from among the living things of the world.

"Kindly pay me the compliment of listening very intently to what I am about to say," pursued the Arch-duke. "I have asked you your name, and you have retorted with a foolish jest. That is a trifle, though it is a trifle which nearly sent a bullet crashing through the vacuum where your brain ought to be. What I must know, if you wish to leave this Chamber alive, is what you are doing here."

"I have been doing what you have been doing," Fritz replied, "listening to the proceedings of the Council from the concealment of a beer-barrel."

"So much I gathered," retorted the Regent-elect dryly. "Now for something which partakes of the nature of information. Who smuggled you in? Whose interests do you serve? Who are you?"

(To be continued.)

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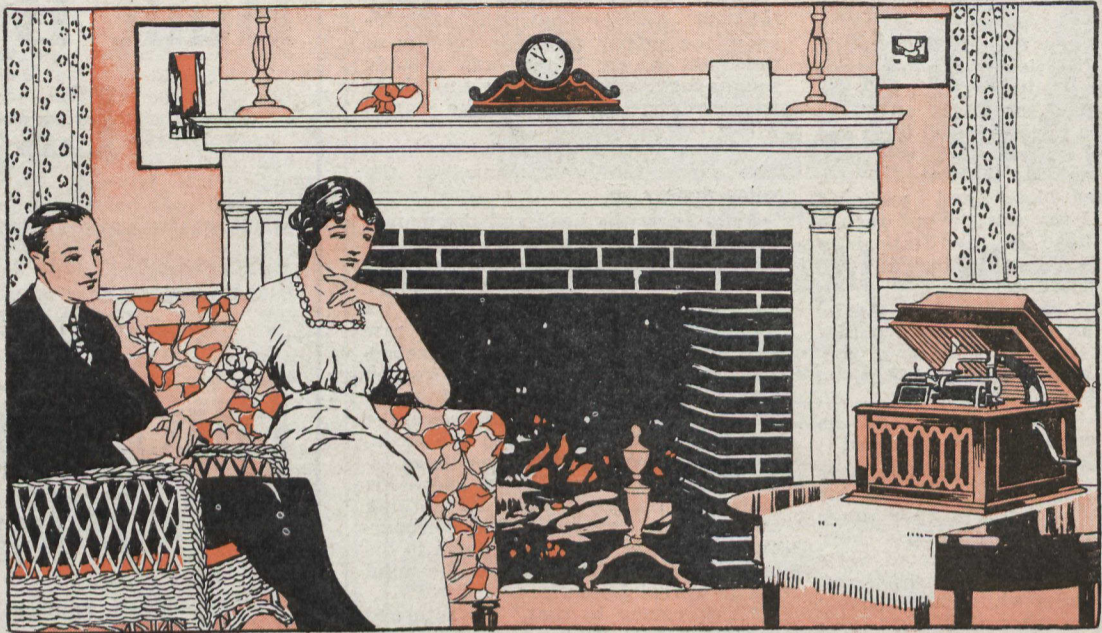
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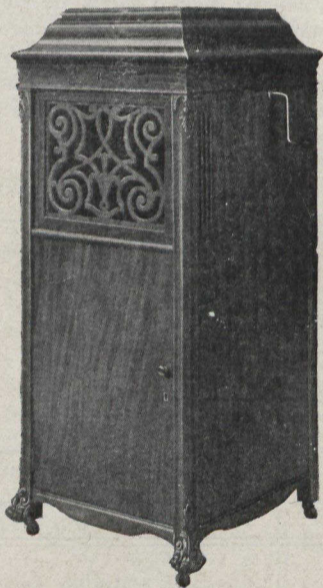
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