



*The* Canadian  
**COURIER**  
*The* National Weekly

Expert Tips on Tennis

*First of a Series of Articles*

By A. F. WILDING



A Single Navy

*With Special Reference to the New Zealand View*

By NORMAN PATTERSON



Their Majesties in Paris

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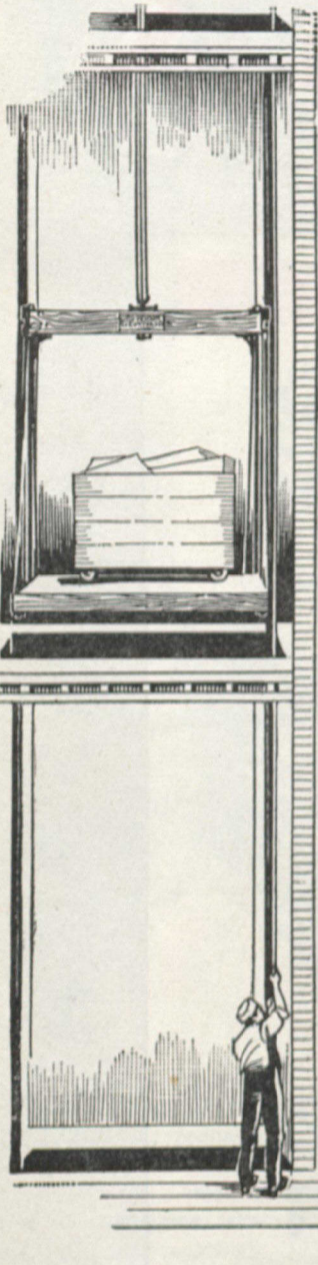
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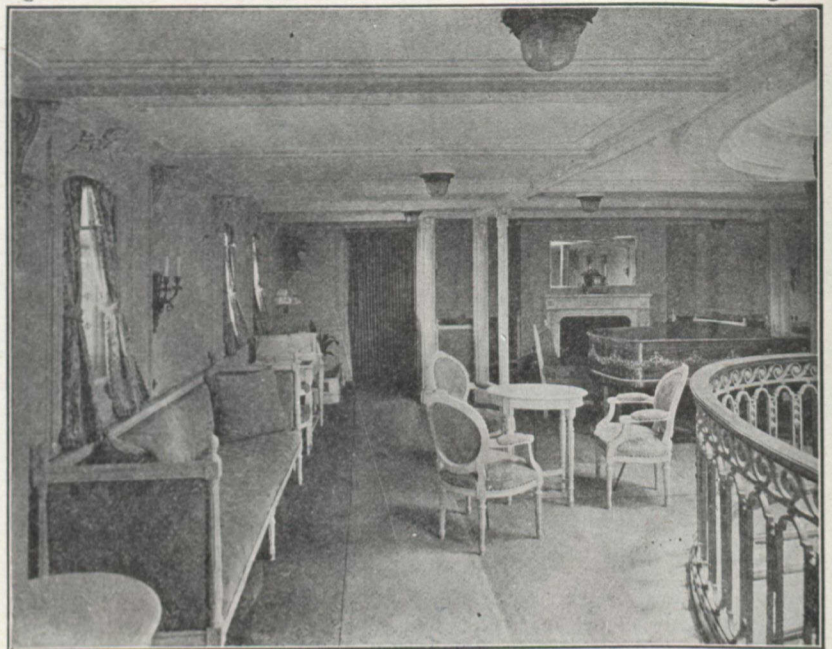


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# The Canadian Courier

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 24

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## Editor's Talk

FOR many years sporting England has been ardent in its devotion to Tennis. Something like a hundred and fifty open tournaments are decided each summer. On this continent Tennis is becoming increasingly popular. Canada is taking the game up so thoroughly that last year four representatives played in the tournament for the Davis Cup, and came out surprisingly well. This is our justification for publishing this week the first of a series of eight articles by leading British exponents of the game.

The writers of these articles are men whose names are household names in tennis circles. A. F. Wilding, S. N. Doust and J. C. Parke are amongst them. There will be more Canadian interest in tennis this year than ever, since part of the battle for the Davis Cup is to be played in America, within reach of the tennis enthusiasts of the Dominion.

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## In Lighter Vein

**A Narrow Range of Choice.**—Sylvia, supple and slender, and Aunt Belle, bulky and benign, had returned from a shopping tour. Each had been trying to buy a ready-made suit.

When they returned home, Sylvia was asked what success each had in her efforts to be fitted. "Well," said Sylvia, "I got along pretty well, but Aunt Belle is getting so fat that about all she can get, ready-made, is an umbrella."—Youth's Companion.

✻ ✻

**In the Rough.**—How to "damn with faint praise," in characteristically Scottish fashion, is told in the following story. As it runs, a certain politician was playing golf on a Scottish course, when he remarked to his caddie, "By the way, the last time I was here, I played with Tom McGregor. He's a grand player!"

"Ay," said the caddie, "but ye could beat Tam McGregor noo."

Knowing what a skillful player McGregor had shown himself to be, the politician was immensely pleased at the caddie's compliment to his own improved play.

"Do you think so?" he exclaimed.

"Ay," came the slow reply. "Tam McGregor's deid!"

✻ ✻

**To Become An Author.**—["What is the first step towards literary production? It is imperative, if you wish to write with any freshness at all, that you should utterly ruin your digestion."—H. G. Wells.]

"What have you dined on, husband mine?"

"Chocolate creams and ginger wine."

"What did you take as an appetizer?"

"Haggis and Sauerkraut a la Kaiser."

"Didn't they give you any sweet?"

"Hard-boiled eggs and whiskey neat."

"And your fruit, I trust, was over-ripe?"

"Doughnuts five with a pound of tripe."

"Have you had nothing at all since then?"

"Lobster and stout." "Then here's your pen,

"You must do a chapter or two to-night;

Have a banana and start to write."

—Punch.

✻ ✻

**Something More Simple.**—The friends of a certain distinguished professor frequently dropped into his laboratory for a chat in the evening. Generally they found him busily engrossed in some experiment.

One evening, when two friends called, they found the professor bending anxiously over a spirit lamp, on which a small pot was bubbling.

"Well," said one of the callers, "what is it to-night?"

"Guess," murmured the professor.

"Micrococci?" asked one.

"No."

"Pneumococci?" asked the other.

"No."

"Spirochaetae?"

"No."

The callers ran the scale of micro-organisms as far as they knew it. Then one of them said:—

"Well, we give it up! What is it?"

The professor smiled blandly. "Sausages!"

✻ ✻

**Raising Legislation.**—History Professor—"The Americans are the reformers of the world. Now, can you even mention, my dear sir, any Englishman who endeavoured to raise legislation to a higher plane?" Student—"Yes, sir; Guy Fawkes."—Harvard Lampoon.

✻ ✻

**Temptation.**—An Irishman walked into a hotel and noticed two men fighting at the far end of the room. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bartender: "Is that a private fight or can anyone get into it?"—Life.

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The  
**CANADIAN  
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*The National Weekly*



Vol. XV.

May 16, 1914

No. 24

THE Labour member in the Ontario House was having a real busy time all by himself. Studholme seldom does anything that anybody else does or the same thing the same way. So while Mr. Rowell, leader of the Opposition, tilted for two or three hours with Mr. Hanna and Mr. McPherson and the Speaker during the last debating session of the House before another election comes on some time before snow flies again, the member for Hamilton diligently changed his boots. He took the laces out of the pair he had on, strung them into another pair that he hauled from the inside of his desk in the front row, and pulled them carefully on. Then, without budging his black skull cap a 'steenth of an inch, he thriftily wrapped the pair he had discarded into a copy of the Evening News—because that in his way of thinking is a good way to use the News. Then he ferreted out a piece of string which was even more snarled up than the argument then going on about redistribution; and when he found he couldn't unsnarl it, he drew a pair of huge scissors out of a wooden scabbard, cut it in sections and tied it up again. Then, with one end of the string in his teeth, he tied that bundle of boots and laid them on the desk to wait until the adjournment immediately preceding prorogation.

Sir James was not present that day. He had not been in the House since last session. But on Friday he would be on hand to take part in the polite ceremony of proroguing the Legislature. Mr. Hanna, Mr. Foy and Dr. Pyne were all at their desks. Adam Beck was somewhere in the building. And the leader of the Opposition was having a very serious time, as he always does, trying to make the Government hew to a chalk line. It was just after the memorable affair over Mr. Hanna and Inspector Snider, out of which Mr. Hanna emerged as successfully as he did from the Central Prison affair last session. The Provincial Secretary has come to the time of life and experience when flies don't bother him like they used to. He is a humourist now, and somewhat blase. At the same time he has his coon-hunting eye peeled for what might possibly happen if Mr. Rowell and his supporters should be able to postpone the next election until after Sir James decides to retire. But Sir James has not retired. Not yet. He has gone through too much lately to let go what he has left just because it looks easy. He intends to lead the Government party in the next election. That will simplify things a good bit for Mr. Hanna and some other folk in the Cabinet. Because the Cabinet is still a unit behind Sir James; whereas without him—well, not even Mr. Rowell could tell what might happen.

AND Mr. Rowell was taking that last session of the House very seriously. Nobody ever knew Mr. Rowell to be flippant. He is always constitutional. Forty times that afternoon he rose, to remonstrate with the Government and Conservative members over redistribution. Every time he rose he took a sip of water. Every time he sat down he took another. Water is a strong element with Mr. Rowell. He intends to popularize water by abolishing the bar; and if the leader of the Opposition doesn't take lots of water publicly, he can hardly expect his supporters in the Province to take much of it privately.

So when Mr. Rowell faces Sir James Whitney for the first time outside of the Legislature, whether it be in summer or in fall, the issue will be clear enough. The liquor question never was so clear-cut an issue in Ontario politics as it is now. Foot-balled as it used to be by Ontario leaders, it is now a close-home, popular question which people are beginning to understand as never they did in the days when most of the anti-liquor crusading came from the churches and the temperance organizations. It is in

Ontario's Political Leaders  
 By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Sir James Whitney at the prorogation of the Ontario Legislature on Friday, May 1st. His first appearance in the House for a year.

fact the one problem between the Ontario parties which the public clearly understand. Nobody imagines that Mr. Rowell will sweep the Province with his bar-closing programme. But with all the publicity of the party press on both sides, with the recent allegations concerning Mr. Hanna and Inspector Snider, with the almost as recent small sensation over the member for Frontenac, who was alleged to be in collusion with the liquor interests to the detriment of his own party, and with Mr. Rowell's clear-cut, decisive and personal stand on what is considered a great moral issue, it is quite likely that Ontario electors will have uppermost in their minds the one problem of how to reduce if not to abolish the consumption of spirituous liquors in the public houses of Ontario. The same question is

face to face now with the electors of Manitoba, where an election is imminent, very largely on that platform.

It is not pretended that Mr. Rowell is more anxious than Sir James Whitney to moralize Ontario. It is quite certain that a man of Mr. Rowell's stamp could adopt no other platform so efficiently as "abolish the bar." He believes in abolishing the bar. He has always believed in it. Mr. Rowell has never been in a bar-room. He is a moral agent. He is not a politician. He is a crusader. Being a young man he naturally believes that it is time for a change in the government of Ontario. He prefers to forget that the Liberals held Ontario down for thirty-two years, till the Conservatives, with the uncompromising Mr. Whitney at their head, took a large broom in 1905 and swept them out. He probably does not deny that the Conservative administration of Ontario has been on the whole vigorous and effective. He very likely knows that even now Sir James could bristle with righteous indignation over the sins of the Grits in the days of the old regime. And as long as Sir James remembers those ungodly Grits, it is of little use for Mr. Rowell to work up any fine indignation over the sins of the Tories. Sir James can give him a Roland for his Oliver at every turn. Because Sir James, and before him, Sir William Meredith, were a long time waiting for a chance to "turn the rascals out." Now, if possible, Mr. Rowell would turn Sir James out—largely on the liquor question.

BUT can he? Probably not. Sir James is more popular now than ever. His appearance at the prorogation as pictured on this page was the occasion of a great tumult of appreciation. Even Mr. Rowell must have been officially glad to see the Premier back in his place, after at least one Conservative newspaper had published the news of his death. But he knew what it means. He knows that Sir James intends to have a Tory Government in Queen's Park once more, even though he himself should decide to retire after the election, if need be. Had Sir James decided to retire now, it might have been different. Because Sir James has made his regime a matter of personality. The once autocrat of Queen's Park has still the tenacity that made him able to get the Premiership when it was mainly a matter of morals who won the day.

Things have happened since then. The Ontario Cabinet has become a Whitney Cabinet. It has probably become blase. It has revived the old Tory doctrine of one in power, in for as long as possible. It has buttressed up the doctrine by a vigorous administration, some of it following along the lines sketched out by Sir George Ross. It has opened up New Ontario. A new community has arisen in the hinterland. New cities have grown up on Lake Superior. Cities in old Ontario have doubled in population. Toronto, the capital city, has two hundred thousand more people than it had when Sir James took office; hence one need of redistribution. But Toronto is still Tory. Adam Beck has come into prominence with his Hydro-Electric, which, when Sir James became Premier, was only a dream.

The Workmen's Compensation Act has become law. The Ontario statutes have been revised. The Provincial Secretary has established his celebrated Prison Farm. In conjunction with the Attorney-General he has organized the Provincial Police. Many changes have been made in the Education Department, so brilliantly evolved by Sir George Ross, and still by some cynical experts declared much behind the times. The bilingual problem has been stirred up and somewhat settled. The Province has added to its area in the north and has got a right of way strip to the seaboard on Hudson's Bay. The government railway has been junctioned with the Grand



The Ontario Leader is a Serious Man.

(Concluded on page 16.)



# Expert Tips on Tennis

## I—HOW TO VOLLEY

By A. F. WILDING

WITHOUT being absolutely necessary; in other words, without being a "sine qua non" to the successful lawn tennis player, volleying is nevertheless half the game. Those male players who, on finding their position a few feet from the net become reminiscent of terrified school girls, present to my mind one of the most pitiable spectacles the game can afford. It is therefore clearly the duty of every player, be he young or old, good or bad, to cultivate this attacking wing of the game.

It is well, however, to admit at the outset that ground play is the backbone of the game. It has been practically demonstrated on many occasions in the highest company that the most brilliant volleying not supported by steadiness off the ground is of no avail against the severe and accurate hitting from the back or a judicious blend of the two. To take a concrete example of a case that comes to mind most readily and forcibly is the career of Holcombe Ward, a brilliant American of about 1905. His volleying actually held the day for two sets against H. L. Doherty. But towards the end of the match some covering ground play on his part was not only urgently required, but spelt life or death. It was not forthcoming and Doherty sailed home a winner, his clever combination game triumphing as it should. The second example is S. H. Smith, whose wonderful passing drive kept Ward back, and to play Smith at his own game meant quick and certain defeat. But if Ward had possessed even moderate defensive ground strokes his excursions to the net could have been picked, and would thereby have been doubly successful. As it was he was forced to sacrifice judgment and rush in to the net indiscriminately. Having admitted this much we are able to tackle volleying, which is the subject of this text.

A PLAYER is often a very good volleyer and yet has only a remote idea of how and when to utilize his power. "Judgment" in knowing when, and when not, to go to the net is a gift of inestimable value, and is generally the product of a long and intelligent apprenticeship.

It is in this very connection that experience triumphs over youth; cool heads over hot; and intelligence over the mechanical player who merely hits the ball with his arm. The occasions to go up vary with every minute. It is impossible to give rules of thumb on this point, as every phase of the game calls for a different move. However, I venture to hope that practical experience has given me a little knowledge which it is possible to impart to anybody caring to wade through this. The very first point is to know and study your opponent. This study may extend over ten years or ten minutes. In the former case you probably will know a good deal concerning his game. But if you clap eyes on him for the first time when he takes his sweater off at the umpires' chairs, it is even then possible for you to find out a good deal about his game in a very few minutes. It is an admirable idea to keep constantly in mind that most players do not like to be volleyed. It puts them off. Dr. Evans, one of the best living judges of the game, in coaching me was always shouting exhortations to volley "all the time," as he put it. "Then," he said, "your opponent has to go for a shot." In simpler words, a player with his opponent in a volleying position is, so to speak, up against it, and has to do something risky. He either has to make—both are risks—a passing shot or a lob.

Some players—Arthur Lowe and Froitzheim are the type—revel in their opponent coming to the net. They have made a specialty of passing their opponent. But even with these players, if the right ball is selected for following up, they can be confounded by a well-thought-out volleying attack. A player who hits the ball low over the net and utilizes the angles of the court, must be treated very warily by the volleyer. Unless they are distinctly weaker on their back or fore hand (as the case may be), it is wise to generally choose a ball that you have hit a good length near the centre of the court and then come up close. But generally your opponent will be distinctly weak on his backhand. Then always wait until you can get one a fairly good length on the wing and then follow up to the net quickly and decisively with the ball. Don't hesitate after making your stroke or falter about the service line. Come straight in close to the net. I imagine the question asked: "But supposing he lobs me?" Never mind! Take the chance. If he wins half as many strokes as he loses by lobbing either he is a better lobber than I have ever met, or it is up to you to go home and get a small boy to toss balls in the air until you learn how to smash passably well. No! in a single a lob is a very useful occasional shot, but it is essentially defensive, and consistent lobbing in a single hardly ever pays. If it does, something must be radically wrong with your smash. The lob is much more useful in a double, as in this instance there are two players covering the court. It is comparatively easy to smash out of one opponent's reach in a single, while it is a different proposition to steer the ball

clear of two active opponents in a double. I have been reasoning this out to convince the reader that it is better to risk being lobbed and get in close to the net. If your opponent lobs without variation it is so simple to anticipate him.

THE closer one is to the net the easier it is to volley and the greater the chance of mishits—not infrequent with all of us—coming off. It invariably happens that a player has a favourite direction for his passing stroke. Let us take a backhand stroke for example. A player will often be able to execute a very good cross court stroke, i.e., hitting from his backhand corner to his opponent's backhand corner. But suppose he is forced to hit down the line, probably a wild, inaccurate shot will result. Many players, of course, such as Gordon Lowe, can execute this backhand to perfection in any direction. But in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a player is distinctly weaker on one side than on the other; as you all know that side is generally the backhand side. Therefore remember this simple formula, so obvious, but yet so seldom consistently adhered to. Play a good length on to the weaker side and follow in to the volleying position; again I say, get close to the net. This is the first move. The second is to anticipate, i.e., take up a position where your opponent is accustomed to make his shots. It is patent and obvious in so many cases that a player is more severe and accurate across the court than down the line. This being the case, the volleyer must place himself at the net ready for this cross court stroke. Two eventualities are now possible:

1. A stroke is forced which is strange to the striker and lacks confidence.
2. The volleyer is waiting ready to deal with the return.

But, of course, the first and most important point and one that should obviously never be lost sight of is to follow in to the net when you have succeeded in placing a ball—preferably a good length—on your opponent's backhand.

A few words as to the all important point of ex-

cuting volleys. Practice—hard, intelligent and consistent practice—has to be gone through. A wall provides an admirable substitute for a court and opponent. In fact, a wall is to the tennis player what a punch-ball is to the boxer.

Having regard to the various methods different first-class volleyers adopt, it is impossible to be dogmatic on the subject. However, I advise as far as possible:

I. Keeping the head of the racket above the wrist, i.e., racket running parallel with the ground rather than at right angles to it.

II. Getting down to low volleys, i.e., bend from the waist and get your shoulder down low. The wrong way is to stand upright and put the racket down, allowing it to be at right angles to the ground. To volley correctly it is necessary to stand well to the side of the ball.

III. Do not hit low volleys as you would a ground stroke. Hold the racket firmly and push rather than hit. The oncoming ball will have nearly sufficient force already to carry itself back if you present a resolute racket held firmly and quietly but firmly pushed forward. Balls shoulder high and above may be hit as hard as is compatible with safety. Each player soon learns to what extent he may "let her have it" without undue risk. Don't ever over kill for the sake of plaudits from the gallery, or a solitary admiring friend, as the case may be.

IV. Present the full face of your racket and never hit across the ball. Let the racket follow on through in the direction the ball has been aimed. The racket must never be allowed to follow across the body. Do not imagine the stroke is over when the ball strikes the racket. On the contrary, the most important part is to come. Following through with, and in the direction of, the ball spells the success or failure of the shot.

SUMMARIZING the foregoing suggestions I would like the reader to especially remember the following points:

- I. Get well to the side of the ball.
- II. Push rather than hit low volleys.
- III. Do not snatch out in front, but wait until the ball is level with the body before hitting it—it is at the side of course.
- IV. Play straight and not across the ball, except of course when playing across, but then follow through with and in the direction you wish the ball to go. Volleying is well worth cultivating.

## What is Imperial Citizenship?

### A Britannic Catechism

By RICHARD JEBB

On May 6th, the Canadian Minister of Justice introduced the "Imperial Naturalization" Bill. A similar Bill is now before the British Parliament. The following catechism is based on Mr. Jebb's article on the subject in "The Quarterly Review" for January:

Q. What is a British subject?

A. A person of either sex and any age, who owes allegiance to His Britannic Majesty.

Q. What persons owe allegiance to him?

A. (1) Generally speaking, all persons born within His Majesty's territories. Such persons are termed natural-born British subjects; (2) foreign settlers who, having complied with the requirements of the Naturalization Laws, are admitted to His Majesty's allegiance and receive a certificate to that effect. Such persons are called naturalized British subjects.

Q. Is the status or position of a naturalized subject the same as that of a natural-born?

A. No. A natural-born subject is a British subject throughout the world; but a naturalized subject, if naturalized in a Dominion or Colony—or even, according to some authorities, if naturalized in Britain—becomes an alien again whenever he or she goes outside the territorial limits of that part of the Empire in which the certificate was obtained.

Q. Does it follow that aliens naturalized in one part of the Empire are still aliens in another part?

A. Yes; unless in any part it is specially provided by local law that persons already naturalized in another part of the Empire shall be locally recognized as British subjects without having to be naturalized afresh. There are such provisions now in the laws of all the self-governing Dominions, but not in the law of Britain.

Q. By whom are the Naturalization Laws made?

A. By the British Parliament for Britain; by each Dominion Parliament for that Dominion; by the Governor-in-Council for India; and by the local Legislatures for the Crown Colonies.

Q. Are these Naturalization Laws the same in each part of the Empire?

A. They are the same in principle, but not in detail. Generally, the candidate for naturalization must be of good character, must have resided a certain period within the particular territory, and must declare his or her intention of continuing to reside within that territory. The main variation is in regard to the period of prior residence. In Britain it is five years, in Canada three years, in Australia and South Africa two years, while in New Zealand no definite period is stated in the law.

Q. Since persons naturalized in a Dominion or

Colony cease in the law to be British subjects when they go outside its boundaries, does it follow that when abroad they cannot claim the protection of His Majesty?

A. No; His Majesty does protect them. But whereas all natural-born subjects receive that protection as their right, these naturalized subjects receive it only by courtesy.

Q. What is the purpose of the Naturalization Bill which has been prepared for the British Parliament at the request of the Imperial Conference?

A. To effect a reform whereby (1) the whole Empire, not any particular part of it, would be the territorial area within which prior or future residence is required; (2) an alien naturalized in any part of the Empire would be a British subject throughout the world, on the same footing as a natural-born subject, provided that (3) he or she has fulfilled certain standard conditions.

Q. What are to be the standard conditions?

A. (1) Good character; (2) five years' prior residence within the Empire, provided that the last year is spent in the country where the application for a certificate will be made; or else five years spent in the service of the Crown out of the last eight; (3) declaration of intention to continue residing within the Empire; (4) adequate knowledge of the English or other official language.

Q. How will the Bill effect this reform?

A. By (1) amending the local law of Britain so as to prescribe the standard conditions for naturalization in Britain; (2) making it clear that persons naturalized thereunder will be British subjects throughout the world; and (3) recognizing that naturalization laws passed by the Dominion Parliaments or Colonial Legislatures will have the same "extra-territorial" effect, provided such laws likewise prescribe the standard conditions.

Q. Must the Dominions, then, do away with their shorter periods of prior residence, and adopt the five-year period before they can turn their foreign immigrants into local citizens?

A. No, not necessarily. Any Dominion could, if it liked, retain the shorter period for local naturalization as hitherto. But a person naturalized anywhere after less than five years within the Empire would

(Concluded on page 16.)





Troops charging in the Grand Military Review at Vincennes, when three divisions of the French Army marched before King George and Queen Mary.



King and Queen, President and Madame Poincaré, in the State procession passing the Arch of Triumph, in Paris.

## TEN YEARS OF ENTENTE CORDIALE

IT is ten years since King Edward the Tactful inaugurated the Entente Cordiale by a visit to Paris. On April 21st, 1914, his son, King George, went to the French capital. The visit of the King and Queen is something more than a ceremonial progress. Its significance is deeper; and France has been quick to recognize that King Edward's son came to testify to the fact that the salutary understanding which was the essence of the Entente Cordiale of ten years ago remains not only unimpaired, but is strengthened by the relations which have existed during the decade. To-day, the Anglo-French agreement of April 8th, 1904, may be a matter for congratulation alike to France and to England.

Their Majesties saw Paris in all its moods, and the three days were busy days. On the evening of Tuesday, April 21st, there was a state banquet given by President Poincaré at the Elysee, and everyone who is anyone in Paris to-day was there. On Wednesday the King turned host, and entertained the President and the Cabinet at the British Embassy. At night, there was a gala performance at the opera, when all that Paris has of fashion and beauty turned out to welcome a King and a Queen. On the same day, at Vincennes, the flower of the Republican Army passed before the monarch of a country which not once, but many times, was the deadliest rival to la belle France. Thursday's race meeting at Anteuil was happy as a witness to the mutual love of two countries for the "sport of kings." So with banners flying, and the streets of Paris gay with bunting and light, King George and Queen Mary returned the visit of France's president.

But most significant of all was the heartiness of the people in their welcome to England's Sovereign. Gaiety, courtesy, respect, and profoundly emotional homage were in that welcome. The Parisians actually learned to cheer. They could not have



King George and President Poincaré leaving the Hotel de Ville.

shown their approval of the King's visit in a manner more fitting, for a Frenchman doesn't cheer; he gesticulates.

Thus the Entente has been strengthened. There was statecraft in choosing this particular time for such action. The Moroccan difficulty was a little bit of a thorn in the flesh, and relations, at the time of its happening, may have been a little strained. But it is safe to say that the Entente is stronger to-day, and is more cordial to-day, than ever before. And because that Entente makes first for the world's pacificism and secondly for the harmony of two great and near powers, those who possess the true imperialism will hope it may flourish.

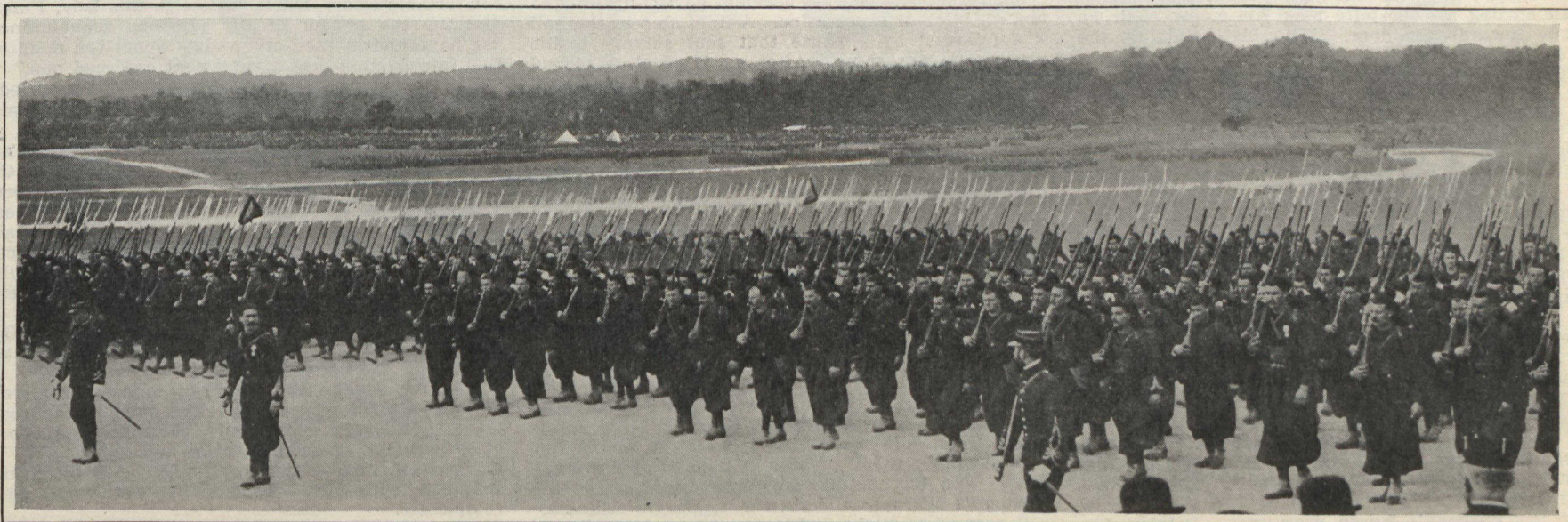
Since the King ascended the throne he has been to India, and to Germany and to France. Where next? Could any country be so fitting a place for His Majesty to visit as Canada? When are Canadians going to welcome their King? It is time they had the chance to demonstrate a still deeper Entente than the Entente Cordiale.

H. S. E.

### A New Governor-General

AFTER many months, and many rumours, Canada's next Governor-General has been chosen. Again, next Governor-General has been chosen. Again family. For three years Rideau Hall has been occupied by King George's uncle, the late King's brother. Now it is the turn of the other side of the house, and Queen Mary's brother, Prince Alexander of Teck, will succeed to the Canadian office.

Just what sort of administrator he will prove remains to be seen. Heretofore he has figured mostly in connection with charity bazaars, and enterprises for relieving disease and poverty. His wife, who is immensely popular in London, was Princess Alice of Albany, and in her Canada will have a gracious lady.



March past of the famous red-fezzed, baggy-trousered Zouaves in the grand military pageant witnessed by King George and Queen Mary at Vincennes.



# The Honour of Thieves

*A Story Whose Subtlety Challenges the Reader's Imagination*

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

THE quarrel had been an unusually bitter one—chilling accusation on Davidson's part, angry protestation on that of his wife. Again had Bob Fairfax's name been dragged into the dispute, and his second letter adduced as a witness to her inconstancy.

Eight months before, the marriage of Leigh Davidson had created a sensation far from mild. That he should wed the impecunious daughter of a Southern college professor was in itself paralyzing; that she should prove charming and beautiful beyond all report was like a red rag to disappointed ambition.

The first rift in the lute was caused by a letter from Fairfax which arrived some weeks after the hasty marriage in Panama. Davidson had found it lying open upon his wife's writing-table, and idle curiosity had given place to ugly suspicion. In vain had she declared Fairfax to be ignorant of her marriage; in vain she tried to assure him that so far as she was concerned all correspondence between them had ceased long ago. Her husband's unreasoning jealousy saw nothing but her disloyalty, and his resentment was that of an implacable nature suddenly roused to action.

Slowly the breach widened, reaching its climax on the first evening that they had dined alone for a week. The butler had withdrawn. Davidson alternately sipped his liqueur and took long puffs at his cigarette. His wife watched the play of lights upon her glass which she slowly twirled in slender, jewelled fingers.

"I hear your friend, Fairfax, is back in town." His voice was foreboding in its evenness and evident control.

"As I told you yesterday, I know nothing of his doings—not so much as you apparently do." She spoke slowly, in the vibrant tones that were one of her chief charms. Davidson raised his eyes, and his face crimsoned as he studied her features. The gown of old rose was one of his favourites; a circlet of sapphires rose and fell with her quick breathing.

"And you expect me to believe that?" His teeth showed unpleasantly as her glass upset, leaving a purple stain upon the cloth. She rose suddenly, her hands pressed hard upon the table while she faced him.

"Oh—I'm so tired of all this smallness—this endless suspicion. Why did you marry me if you thought I was that kind? To be the 'plaything of a day? It is all so common—so low—the kind of thing one looks for in a different world from ours. You doubt my word—it counts for nothing with you. What then can I say?" She paused and his look goaded her to further vindication. "I suppose your friends say your money bought me. That is untrue. I married you—because—because—"

"Because Fairfax happened to be in South America, I suppose. Well, he is back now and perhaps you can fix things up to suit yourselves. I'll not stand in your way." He faced her angrily, his napkin crushed in strong fingers. For a moment they remained thus, lost in a strange atmosphere of finality. Then hurling his serviette upon his empty chair he strode towards the door. With his hand on the crystal knob he turned.

"Good night. I'm going to the Club. The men of my crowd seem honest at any rate. Don't wait for me."

THE irony of his closing words outweighed the scarcely veiled insult. She smiled as the door closed and pressed the bell.

"Bring my coffee to my own room, Nelson, and if any one calls, say I'm not well, please."

"Yes, madam. And Mr. Davidson?"

"He's gone to his club and will be rather late, I imagine." With a dead sense of loneliness she made her way to her boudoir, whither she was followed in a few minutes by the impeccable Nelson. He placed the silver tray upon a tabouret before the grate, adjusted the softly-shaded lights, coughed respectfully and retired. Hilda Davidson threw herself into a deep, chinz-covered chair, drew forth a letter from her gold-mesh bag, and slowly studied the large, irregular writing. For a day she had carried it unopened, fearing to know its contents. She had not even noticed the local post mark. Now she knew that her husband's words were true. Fairfax was in town. That he should come to see her was inevit-

able, and she was glad she had given Nelson explicit orders. The boy had been fond of her and she had written him in the kindest way of her marriage. There was no reason why their friendship should end, but Davidson's attitude had made it impossible to continue on any footing whatsoever. For a long time she hesitated before opening the letter. She need not have feared. It was a manly, genuine message of good-will, no word of blame or reproach, and for the first time, tears came into her eyes. She could not but form a mental contrast between this boyish lover and her jealous husband, and a retrospection full of half-tender regret made her pitifully aware of present misery. She would have liked to show Davidson this letter, but he would have called it a trumped-up affair manufactured out of whole cloth. She replaced it in her bag and gave herself up to her thoughts. A bright fire blazed in the grate; she was surrounded by elegance and luxury; the pictures on the wall; the elaborately fitted writing-

her with its suddenness. For a brief moment she surveyed the slight, boyish figure who eyed her with laughter in his eyes and a smile on his lips. His brown hair was ruffled and a ruddy glow shone in his well-rounded cheeks. They faced each other quizzically and her heart beat a shade less quickly.

A STEP sounded on the stair. The hesitating figure stepped within the closet, the door closed and they were together in the darkness. She felt strong fingers close about her wrist as she was drawn nearer to him. His warm breath played upon her cheek as he leaned towards her.

"We must keep very quiet or we shall be caught," he whispered, and she experienced a wild desire to laugh at the social amicability of his we. A very pronounced tread, which she recognized as her husband's, made her hold her breath. The warm fingers were still clasped about her wrist, and in a mutual spirit of apprehension they drew closer together. She heard her name called, but a quick tightening upon her arm produced the desired effect. She remained silent and alert.

It could not last long. Sooner or later Davidson would open the door and expose her to some new and terrible suspicion. Her heart sank within her and she realized a strange sense of protectiveness in the fingers that throbbed against her own quickened pulse.

The suspense ended as expected. The closet door swung open and Davidson sneered upon them, silent, wrathful, outraged by the dealings of the beautiful girl before him.

"Well—you may as well come out and let's talk it over." His words were less terrible than his silence, and like two naughty children they stepped into the cosy room. Davidson eyed the handsome figure before him and his lips grew thin and bloodless.

"And this is your friend Fairfax—no doubt." Mrs. Davidson's eyes widened and a deep colour crimsoned her face. "Well, I'm ready to give you up if we can settle the thing quietly. I hate scandal." He lighted his cigarette and passed his elaborate silver case to the intruder, who refused it with a bow.

"I might have known," he continued, blowing vagrant wreaths of smoke. An air of settled conviction marked his every movement and the tenseness of his emotions was hidden behind a mask of indifference.

"I am willing to give you up, Hilda, if you'll go away—Europe—South America—anywhere. You've branded my name—you've made me a laughing-stock—you've deceived me at every turn—and now I'll give you back to—to your lover. Take her, Fairfax, and good-luck to your bargain." A rising anger betrayed itself in his quick step towards the fire.

"Leigh—" She walked, swaying, towards him, but halted at the sound of low, well-modulated tones.

"I'M afraid there's been a mistake. I'm not the person you suppose. I apologize if I've stumbled on a family skeleton in that very comfortable closet, but in justice to this lady, I must disclaim the honour of any previous acquaintance. We have known each other—just about ten minutes. Our introduction was a somewhat enforced one."

The young man smiled and Davidson's lip curled. "A likely yarn—but a little too thin," he said, savagely.

"For professional reasons I cannot divulge my name. Perhaps this will convince you." From the pocket of his neat, grey suit, the stranger drew forth a shimmering handful of gems. He placed these regretfully on the table, where they sparkled beneath an electric lamp. From another pocket he produced a roll of bills which he laid beside the jewels. "Quite a good night's work." He smiled with the winsomeness of a child.

"A well-planned scheme," growled Davidson. "But I'm not quite so easy. She can go with you to-night—the sooner the better."

"But I'm not the Mr. What's-his-name—I'm merely a thief—a thief whose heart was once in the right place." He spoke whimsically, but there was a tone of seriousness, of longing, in the soft voice.

"Prove it, then—damn you!" Davidson faced him defiantly, with clenched fists, his composure gone completely.

For a moment of irresolution the unknown gazed (Concluded on page 19.)



"Leigh, you must not. You cannot. It's like shooting a fox—"

Drawn by Fergus Kyle.

table, the simple hangings and soft upholstery, bespoke the tasteful expenditure of great wealth. But it had all become meaningless.

The Ormolu clock chimed two and at once she became conscious of the passing hours, of the stillness of the house. She had been alone before, many times, but to-night there was something uncanny in the quietude—something foreboding.

Suddenly her nerves became keyed up to the highest pitch of expectation. A light step in the hall was followed by a pause that sent shivery thrills chasing up her spine. After an interval, a second footfall caused the blood to swirl through her veins. With noiseless tread she stepped into the dimly-lighted hall. Standing alert in the centre of a rich Bokhara rug, she discerned the figure of a man. His back was towards her and hastily she retreated into her room. She was followed almost immediately by the hushed, cat-like tread, and a sudden terror pale her cheeks. So far away were the servants that her cry would be unheard, and the electric bell was just outside the door.

Nearer came the encroaching steps, and in terror of soul she opened her closet door. An automatic light illumined the rows of costly gowns, the neat enamelled shelves and cupboards. As she pulled the door tight the light was extinguished and she stood trembling amid her own perfumed garments.

She could hear the cautious steps without, the gentle opening and shutting of drawers. Her jewels—and they were many—lay loose in a box in her dressing-table, a roll of bills in the top of her escritoire. For ten minutes she was conscious of the stranger's nearness and then a suggestive stillness.

It seemed as if she had been cringing for hours in the darkness when a blaze of light almost blinded



# A Single Britannic Navy

*With Sidelights on this Vexed Question from a Recent Debate in the Parliament of New Zealand*

**B**RITISHERS of all nationalities are worrying over the various meanings attached to the phrase "A Single Navy." Some have one idea of this phrase and some have another. There are people in Canada who believe in a single navy and yet have an entirely opposite idea of naval development to other people who also believe in a single navy. The same is true of many persons in Great Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. It is worth while to clear up the misunderstanding and to explain this seeming paradox.

In an address to the New Zealand Legislature, on December 3rd, the Honourable Mr. Allen, Minister of Defence, began his address by saying:

"I ask honourable members to make up their minds as to the interpretation they place upon the words 'single navy,' because I feel sure that there will be a great deal of confusion in the minds of members as to the meaning of the expression. I fancy the mind of the admiralty has drifted into this position: that at the present day a single navy represents to them a navy concentrated in the North Sea, and they have lost sight of the fact that they themselves in 1909 agreed that there should be gradually built up a fighting navy located in Pacific waters."

It will be noted that Mr. Allen believes that the British idea of a single navy has changed since 1909. Before that period Great Britain had a single navy. Some of the ships of that navy were on the China Station, some were on the Indian Ocean, some were in Australian waters, some were at Bermuda, some at Halifax, a large number were in the Mediterranean and the remainder were in Home waters. Nevertheless, they comprised one indivisible British Navy. No person ever thought of them as separate navies. There were numerous fleets, but all the fleets were units of one great composite whole. It is therefore curious that people in a few years have come to

By **NORMAN PATTERSON**

believe that if British war vessels were scattered around the world as they were before 1909, there would be, not a single navy, but a large number.

When the British Admiralty sent a memorandum to the Imperial Conference of 1909 there was no sign of fear that some day the British navy would be weakened or "decentralized" because some of its vessels were on distant stations. They were even willing to believe that Dominion navies operating in Dominion waters might possibly be a source of strength as well as integral units of the great British navy. A quotation from this memorandum proves this statement:

"A simple contribution of money or material may be to one Dominion the most acceptable form in which to assist in Imperial defence. Another, while ready to provide local naval forces, and to place them at the disposal of the Crown in the event of war, may wish to lay the foundation on which a future navy of its own could be raised. A third may think that the best manner in which it can assist in promoting the interests of the Empire is in undertaking certain local services not directly of a naval character, but which may relieve the Imperial Government from expenses which would otherwise fall on the British Exchequer."

**HON. MR. ALLEN** quoted this paragraph in his address, pointing out that the Admiralty at that time contemplated "local naval forces" with equanimity. Because the Admiralty was then in favour of local forces, the Government of New Zealand had introduced a Naval Defence Bill making such provision. Mr. Allen further explains his views as follows:

"I want to make clear what the proposals at that 1909 Conference were, because, in

view of the decision then come to, we must consider the question of strategy as recently pressed by the Admiralty. At the 1909 Conference it is perfectly evident, the definition which the Admiralty then had in their minds of the 'one Imperial fleet' was not one Imperial fleet located in the North Sea or in the Mediterranean. . . . I want honourable members to understand that in this fleet, which the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) himself calls a Pacific fleet, it was proposed that there should be three large fighting battleships—one on the China Station, one in the East Indies, and one on the Australian Station. The necessity for a fighting navy in the Pacific was recognized, therefore, at that time.

"In discussing the question of strategy, members must not be led away by the idea that the only sound strategical situation is a fighting fleet in the North Sea and the Mediterranean, because we have the authority of experts in 1909 that there was a necessity for a fighting fleet—built up gradually—in the Pacific as well."

**M**R. ALLEN went on to discuss the arrangement between New Zealand and the mother country whereby New Zealand was to furnish one battleship which was to be the flag ship of the China Unit. That was done pursuant to the agreement reached in 1909. New Zealand built that battleship, not as a contribution to the defence of Great Britain in the North Sea, but as a contribution to British defence in the Pacific. This will be news to many people in Canada. There have been persistent attempts both in Canada and in Great Britain to make the public believe that New Zealand is much more patriotic, more loyal, and more Imperialistic than Canada, because it contributed a battleship to the Home Fleet. This is entirely untrue. New Zealand never intended to contribute a vessel to be used in the





North Sea. If the British Government is using that vessel in Home waters it is doing so in direct opposition to the agreement of 1909.

Since that date there has been a change in government in New Zealand, and the Premier of that day, Sir Joseph G. Ward, is now leader of the Opposition. In the presence of Sir Joseph Ward, Mr. Allen read from a letter, sent to Great Britain by the then Premier, in which he suggested that the proposed China Unit should be manned as far as possible by New Zealand officers and men. That was Sir Joseph Ward's proposal, and there are few Imperialists who can vie with Sir Joseph in the intensity of his devotion to the Empire. It is therefore clear that the Imperialists of 1909 believed that a British squadron in China waters did not and would not interfere with their conception of a "single navy."

When, therefore, the Hon. Mr. Allen charges the British Admiralty with having changed its mind since 1909, and with having failed to keep its bargain with Australia and New Zealand, he seems to have good ground on which to work. Without quoting all that Mr. Allen had to say, one paragraph will give an indication of the trend of his argument:

"Then, Sir, in the letter I find that an arrangement was made in 1909 between the right honourable gentleman (Sir Joseph Ward) and Mr. McKenna (then Minister of War), that the whole of the China Unit was to be taken in hand at once and completed before the end of 1912. We are now at the end of 1913, and the only portion of the China Unit that is complete is the battleship 'New Zealand,' and not one other item."

MR. ALLEN further explains by the arrangement made in 1909, the British Government and the then New Zealand Government considered that it was sound strategy to create three fleet units, an Australian unit, an East Indies unit, and the China unit. Yet to-day the Admiralty has a different idea. It now claims that such fleet units are not compatible with the idea of a "Single Navy."

If the British Admiralty and Sir Joseph Ward have changed their opinions since 1909, Mr. Allen has not. He still believes that a part of the British fleet should be stationed in Pacific waters and that such an arrangement will not be subversive of the idea of "one flag, one fleet, one throne." Mr. Allen refuses to follow the vagaries of the British Admiralty and to change his opinions with every breeze that blows. Another quotation from his address will make this clear.

"From the point of view of New Zealanders and of Australians, I believe that the agreement made in 1909 for an Eastern fleet of Empire was sound strategically, and from the point of view of those of us who live in the Pacific Ocean I desire to adduce some reasons why I think the arrangement was sound strategically. It is not necessary for me to say much about the protection of commerce, because it is obvious to everybody that the ways of commerce must be kept open or we cannot carry on our trade. Nor is it necessary for me to emphasize the fact that the waterways must be kept open, or we cannot go to the assistance of any other part of the Empire. There are other questions which are of extreme importance to us, and which, from our point of view, do not receive the consideration which New Zealand statesmen have a right to expect they should receive. I refer to diplomatic questions concerning the Pacific, upon which our representative men ought to have an opportunity of expressing an opinion in conference with the Imperial authorities.

"Honourable members know that the agreement of 1909 has been abandoned, but not by New Zealand. We have committed no breach of faith, nor has Australia—for her fleet unit is practically complete—but neither the East Indies unit nor the China unit is in existence."

#### The Question of Control.

UNDER the systems which prevailed previous to 1909 there were no difficulties as to the question of control. Whether vessels were on the Atlantic or the Pacific or the Indian Ocean, they were integral parts of a single navy controlled by the Admiralty in London. It is natural, therefore, that people should wonder how the same control is to be maintained when part of the fleet is manned and maintained by New Zealand, part by Australia and part by Canada. They hesitate to believe that the same single control is possible under the new conditions as were possible under the old. The Hon. Mr. Allen, in working out the New Zealand naval defence bill, had to face this problem. Australia has dealt with it in the Australian Bill and Canada has dealt with it in the Canadian Navy Bill. Mr. Allen's solution is similar, but different. He provided two clauses for the New Zealand Navy Bill, which meet two situations, first, that in regard to war, and secondly, that in relation to possible manoeuvres in time of peace. These two clauses are as follows:

(1) "Whenever war has been declared between Great Britain and any other country or countries, or whenever there is an outbreak of hostilities between Great Britain and any other country or countries, the ships, vessels, or boats acquired

under this Act for naval defence or for services auxiliary thereto and the New Zealand Naval Forces shall pass and remain under the control and be at the disposition of the Government of Great Britain until peace has been proclaimed or until hostilities have terminated."

(2) "Whenever war between Great Britain and any other country or countries is imminent, or when in the opinion of the Government it is expedient in the interests of Great Britain so to do, or upon the request of the Government of Great Britain, the Governor may by proclamation declare that the ships, vessels, or boats acquired under this Act for naval defence or for services auxiliary thereto and the New Zealand Naval Forces shall pass and remain under the control and be at the disposition of the Government of Great Britain."

These clauses are interesting to Canadians, because they go much farther than either Canada or Australia has gone in admitting "Central Control." The Canadian navy was to pass, in time of war, under Central Control if Parliament so decided; New Zealand's fleet passes automatically under Central

Control. Thus the New Zealand Government adopts the contention made by the Conservatives of Canada when the Canadian Naval Bill was under discussion, and rejects the provision which the Liberals put on the statute book at the time.

But New Zealand goes farther. If during times of peace, if the New Zealand fleet is needed for manoeuvres or for demonstration purposes, the Government of Great Britain may take control of the New Zealand forces and order them to any place they may desire. This is a provision which goes farther than even the Conservatives in Canada proposed to go.

In short, New Zealand provides for Central Control in time of peace, in time of imminent war, or in time of actual war. They simply ask that in time of peace, before war has actually broken out, that there shall be a "request" from the British Government. They thus provide generously for "a single Imperial Navy," so far as New Zealand is concerned.

Here, then, is the solution which New Zealand offers of the much discussed question, how to have local fleets, manned and maintained by each self-governing Dominion, and yet provide for "Central Control" and "A Single Navy."



## "Tipping" the Porter

EVERY now and then some august body or superficial "social reformer" takes a whack at the "tipping system." And every time I see it, I think of the old party in one of E. P. Roe's novels, who—when some one was trying to keep two lovers from loving each other—remarked that he would "just step out and stop the water from running down hill." The latest august body to run its ossified head against this stone wall is the State Railroad Commission of California—undoubtedly a well-intentioned and usually useful group of men. I presume that in that progressive State the Railroad Commission does good work. But when it undertakes to batter down the "tipping system" it is wasting its worthiest energies.

THE particular point at which it levels its attack is the Pullman car porter. The attack is nominally levelled at the Pullman Company; but even a set of political appointees must know that this is dodging the issue. The Commission says that the porters are inattentive to patrons of the cars, and that the reason is that they are paid only \$27.50 a month and must look to "tips" for the remainder of their rightful wage. Apparently, their inattention is to the patrons who do not "tip." So the Commission pillories the company, which it says is "mean," and asks that it should pay its porters "a proper wage." Its pronouncement upon the "tipping system" is especially rich. It says:

"It may be all right for persons to reward particularly good service with some gratuity—upon this, of course, we do not pass—but the Pullman Company forces its patrons to be generous or not get service."

I HOLD no brief for the Pullman Company. I have, in fact, a grudge against them, because they won't turn the heat off under my berth when I have a "lower." But what has happened in the case of the porters is sufficiently obvious to anyone who will give the matter a moment's candid consideration. The porters do get "tips." "Tips" tend to reach an average amount. Presently, men thinking of taking a porter's job reckon in this average income from "tips" as a part of the attraction of that job. This makes them willing to work for less salary than they otherwise would; and the competition of the applicants for these jobs gradually beat the salary down to a figure which depends upon the average "tip" to make it a living wage. The Pullman Company could not avoid this result unless it ceased to treat the hiring of porters as a commercial proposition, and took a Ford view of the problem. Of course, the Ford view is far nobler than the commercial view; but how many business firms take it?

NO company or Commission or Parliament will ever prevent men from giving "tips" to other men who will take them. It is possible that strict legislation might create a new crime and compel a new hypocrisy in the passing of these "pouroirs"; but they will pass. And, so long as they pass, they will be reckoned on by the man applying for a job which brings him in line for them; and the resulting competition will hammer down the regular pay for such jobs below their commercial value. Just why anyone should want so greatly to drive "tipping" into secret channels, or even to abolish it, if possible,

I cannot imagine. Wherein lies the disgrace in paying, or being paid, directly for a service? Take the porter on a Pullman. He performs a certain amount of service for the company, and a good deal more service for the passenger. The company pays him directly for his services to it. Then it tries to stand between him and the passenger, collect from the passenger pay for the services rendered him by the porter, and pass this pay along to the porter—with a "rake-off" for playing the "middleman." And everybody seems to think that this is highly honourable to all concerned. But the moment the passenger proposes to pay the porter directly for a part of the service the latter renders him, everybody cries out in horror that this is a degrading custom!

I CANNOT see it at all. Let us suppose that the company frankly put porters on trains for the use of passengers, but without any instructions to make up a bed or black a boot unless the passengers employed them to do it, would that be a shameful arrangement? If so, steamship companies, who put doctors on their "liners" and then permit the passengers to employ them, are engaged in a shameful traffic—and the ship-doctors ought to be ashamed to take the "tips." Of course, the sleeping-car people are not frank about it. They pretend to pay the porter for his whole services. The "tip" is presumably optional. But, in practice, on a long journey, it is not optional—if you are going to get the whole of the service which commonly comes to you. In reality, we have now the system we would have if we were all frank about it; but how dearly do we all love these little hypocrisies?

PERSONALLY, I am all in favour of direct relations between personal servants and the persons served. I would not like the State to pay my chauffeur, if I had one. I had rather that he looked to me for patronage and pay. Ah, but that is not a "tip," you say. That is a debt. Quite so. It is just like buying a suit of clothes or an advertisement in the "Courier." The porter cannot "dun" me for my "tip." That is, he cannot, when my journey is a short one, and I am expected to pay nothing until I bid him "good-bye." But when I know that he depends on my "tip" for a part of his salary, isn't that a debt—and a debt of honour? I need not pay him a cent; but, if every passenger follows my example, he will have made that "run" for half pay. His wife and babies will have that much less to live upon. We may think that we are standing out for a "great and high principle"; but we are only pilfering pennies from a poor family—we are robbing a helpless man; and a man who cannot effectively resent it. For a few casual meannesses will not abolish the "tipping system."

THEN the real basic difference between "tipping" and paying a debt, is that we—the debtors—fix the amount of the debt. In fact, we can repudiate if we like. And yet we are said to be the people who object to this arrangement. That is about the funniest part of the whole business. Some day, if we object hard enough, the corporations may oblige us by taking our "tip" money from us in advance, charging us double for their trouble, and passing on the original sum—about half—to their servants. The net result will be that we will pay twice as much as we do now; and get very much poorer and conspicuously less obliging service.



FIFTEEN THOUSAND TORONTO FANS AT THE OPENING



The baseball season in Toronto was inaugurated on May 6th with a game between Providence and Toronto in the International League. This was played at the Island Stadium, and the photograph shows the covered stand and part of the bleachers which run around the field. The airship seen in the picture dropped the first ball on the field, but a small boy got away with it.

“Play Ball!”

FIFTEEN thousand people spent each three hours' time watching the Leafs of Toronto beat Providence by a score of 5-4 at the Island Stadium in Toronto, Wednesday of last week. This makes a grand total of 45,000 hours or 4,500 days of ten hours each, or finally, just about fourteen years of a man's life, all consumed in the study of higher mathematics as exemplified by baseball. It was the opening game in Toronto of the International League series. The vast aggregation of fans overflowed from the grandstand on to the bleachers. They heard the band play the National Anthem and saw the players march in with the Torontos' Kewpie mascot in the train. They saw the hydroplane scud over the Bay and rise to a height of two hundred feet over the stadium, from whence the ball, pitched last year by Mayor Hocken, descended by a straight line to somewhere near the pitcher's plate. They experienced all the sensations of spring, which in the city is never so much a matter of leaves and birds as of baseball. It was the same old story of other years, with a few novelties rung in; the same old study of the parabolic curve to outfield and the straight line, the shortest distance between two given points, between the bases. Most of the players on the Toronto team were new to the fans. But the same old Kelley was on the field and the band played again the good old gladiatorial classic, "Anybody Here Seen Kelly?" The weather was fine. The ferry service was better than ever. The huge crowd representing fourteen years of a man's life were as happy as though none of them knew anything about the coincidence of the high cost of living with financial stringency. For baseball has become the great pastime of the democracy, and the sporting page must be kept up, no matter what the financial editor has to say on page ten of the same issue. Financial stringencies may come; financial stringencies may go, but ball goes on for ever.

GUARDING THE EMPEROR OF INDIA



King George, as Emperor of India, is attended by four Indian Orderly Officers. These are changed once a year. The picture shows the new officers who have just arrived in London to take up their duties.

SCIENTIFIC DEVICES FOR HUMAN PLEASURE AND SAFETY



This six-seater motor runs on two wheels and is balanced by a gyroscope driven by electricity. The propelling power of the car is distinct from the driving of the gyroscope. Total weight, three tons. The photograph shows the car on its trial run in London with its Russian inventor sitting in front.



The new ocean monster, the Aquitania, will be equipped with two motor boats, thirty feet in length, and fitted with wireless apparatus with a range of about one hundred and fifty miles. People afloat in such a boat would be able to keep in constant touch with neighbouring steamers in cases of emergency.



# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

## Canada and London

JUDGING by the lack of haste in filling the High Commissionership, Canada's affairs in London are not considered by the Government to be of much importance. Is this not a tactical blunder for a Government which is imperially inclined?

If Canada owes as much to Great Britain as the members of the present Government have claimed; if we are as dependent upon British sentiment for financial support as the financiers and ultra-imperialists have maintained; if our relations with the mother land are of supreme vital importance—then this office should not be vacant a week. Mr. Griffiths, the secretary in London, is a capable and efficient officer, but why give a man the duties without the authority?

There are plenty of good men available. Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Edmund Osler, Hon. Mr. Perley, Sir Richard McBride and other prominent Conservatives are eligible and probably available. Then why should Canada's interests in Britain suffer by this unnecessary delay?

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## Country Schools

EVERY now and again some courageous citizen rises to remark that the country schools of Canada are a shame. Not only are they manned by untrained girls, teaching subjects from a city rather than a rural point of view, but the buildings are mean and unsanitary. The latest protest comes from a medical man in Essex county, Ontario, who states that twenty-five per cent. of the schools in two townships had no wells, and that twenty-five per cent. of the wells at the other schools are bad. Pure water, the foundation of health, was not available in more than half the schools. Further, twenty-five per cent. had windows which would not open, fifty per cent. had filthy closets, and seventy-five per cent. no cloak rooms.

There is no justification for such conditions in Essex, and Essex is not any worse than many other counties in Canada. Part of the fault is due to the ignorance and the meanness of the trustees, and this can be eliminated only by substituting township school boards for section boards. The small school section is an abject failure in every sense and should be abolished.

Part of the fault is due to the negligence of the Legislatures. Take Ontario, for example, country schools were practically overlooked during the session which has just closed. There was much talk of "abolish the bar" and how to reform people who do not need reforming; there were hours and hours upon matters which have only a party importance to either side; but there was no one to plead with the Legislature for the thousands of children and teachers who are annually contracting tuberculosis because of dirty, ill-ventilated schools. A dirty country school-house will destroy more human life than the average country inn.

The preachers and other moral reformers would be well advised to turn their attention to these real problems as they affect the moral communities of Ontario, Manitoba, and the other provinces.

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## Earl Grey's Investments

OUR ex-Lieutenant-Governor, Earl Grey, a man who has worked hard to keep Canada imperial, is said to be head of a huge financial company which will develop oil-fields in California. If this report is true, it is to be hoped that no person will charge Earl Grey with being unpatriotic or unsympathetic with Canada. Whenever the British people have invested money outside of the British Isles they have always done so without sentiment. It mattered not whether the investment was in Uganda, Argentina, Australia, the United States, or Canada, the British capitalist sent his money where he could get the most profit. This is the only principle which is safe and sound.

Canada needs capital, but it is well for Canadians when the British investor picks only those Canadian investments which are solid in every respect. Whenever the Britisher invests in this country on sentiment, he does us harm. The reason is clear. The moment it becomes known that the British capitalist is anxious to help Canada, a number of unscrupulous Canadians take the next boat for London and offer him "a lame duck" among industrials or some worthless subdivision near an over-boomed town or city. Then Canada gets a black eye with that set of investors.

If Earl Grey and his associates think they can make a greater profit in the oil-fields of California, than could be secured in a Canadian industry, they are perfectly right in their choice. It is best that Canada should get its British capital on a competitive rather than a sentimental basis.

Perhaps such incidents as this will teach us that

our laws for the protection of the investor are not as well enforced as they might be, and will help to impress upon our people that all British and foreign investors must be given a fair deal if their friendship is to be retained. Recently, we have been somewhat careless in this respect, and it is quite right that our attention should be called to the fact that some countries treat the foreign capitalist with greater respect than Canada.

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## Nationality of Prince Alexander

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK, designated as Canada's next Governor-General, is more than half English. His mother was Princess Mary of Cambridge, a grand-daughter of George III. In 1886, the then Duke of Teck, as an Austrian officer, visited England and was present at a great Volunteer Review at Brighton. There he met the Princess Mary. After their marriage, they lived at Kensington Palace, where their four children, including Queen Mary and Prince Alexander, were born. In 1882 the Duke went to Egypt on the staff of General Lord Wolseley, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Subsequently he was gazetted a Colonel and

## Open Letter to Hon. George E. Foster

Re a Naval Service

Toronto, May 11th, 1914.

Hon. George E. Foster,  
Ottawa.

SIR,—As one who believes in your ability as a statesman and as one who has some claim to address you on a political subject, I venture to draw your attention to what seems to me to be at once your duty and your opportunity. In your recently published volume, entitled "Canadian Addresses," you have included your magnificent speech on "Naval Defence," delivered in the House on March 29th, 1909. At that time you urged the necessity of doing something in recognition of our responsibilities in the matter of naval defence. Five years have elapsed and nothing has been done.

Let me recall what you said on that occasion. You commenced by expressing your wish that "those questions that concern national defence and imperial obligations may be kept as far outside of party politics and party contention as they are in Great Britain." On this point, a large majority of thoughtful Canadians are at one with you. All the national journals, including the "Canadian Courier," have echoed and re-echoed that sentiment. Yet in spite of your wish, and our advocacy of this sentiment, the naval question has become and remains a football of party politics. Do you not think, therefore, there is an obligation upon you to lead in a movement to put this question where it belongs, on a non-partisan, non-political, national basis?

Again, you urged that Canada should be ashamed of her do-nothing policy. You remarked: "Whilst we take off our hats and cheer as the magnificent first line of defence in Great Britain makes its procession in the North Sea, we have to admit that in comparison with other dependencies and overseas possessions Canada stands silent and shamed." You were quite right in 1909. Is not your remark even more to the point after another five years of inaction and indecision? If you were shamed in 1909, are you not more shamed in 1914? Since 1909, Australia has built a fleet unit and manned it, to at least one-half, with her own sons. New Zealand has built a battleship and has developed a Naval Reserve. Canada alone has done nothing.

You discussed the various forms our aid should take and you concluded your argument on this point by saying: "I do not know which of these forms our aid will take after due care and consideration, but, whichever form is chosen, one thing is certain, that something ought to be done—and done now. . . . What boots it to drift from year to year? Are we proper stewards of this heritage if we allow it to go one moment longer without some proper care and provision for its defence?" This is a strong statement and shows that you felt deeply at that time. Do you feel this delay as keenly now as you did five years ago? If you do, then have we not a right to demand that you will lead those who are still fighting for what you claimed was overdue in 1909?

You argued in this able address, now reprinted in Great Britain and in Canada over your signature and with your authority, that you were opposed to a contribution whether in the form of money or ships. Your arguments in favour of a Canadian naval service were trenchant and convincing. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has never, in his most brilliant effort, surpassed your well-worded and logical advocacy of that policy. I should like to quote one magnificent paragraph:

"The interest that we take in a contribution spent

a Major-General in the British army. His death took place at White Lodge, Richmond, on February 4th, 1900. The Duchess of Teck had died two years earlier.

Thus through his father's marriage and adoption of England as his residence, Prince Alexander is English by birth and training. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. His marriage with H. R. H. Duchess Alice of Albany was in line with his complete severance with the Duchy of Wurttemberg.

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## Progress at Ottawa

LAST week little progress was made by the Dominion Parliament. A day was devoted to the militia estimates, but none were passed. The Minister is asking for appropriations of about thirteen and a half millions. The Finance Minister introduced his new Civil Service Bill, under which the inside service will be known as the "First Class" and the outside service as the "Second Class." The salaries of deputy ministers are to be increased from five to six thousand dollars. The Postmaster-General got through a Bill to amend the Postal Act giving him power to fix the rates charged on newspapers and other second-class matter. This Bill may be contested by the publishers at a later stage. Changes in the homestead law were considered, but not decided upon. Much historical information about the Canadian Northern Railway matter was brought down, preparatory to the debate this week. The general impression is that this information is satisfactory to most of the members and will remove some of the doubts which previously existed. Nothing was heard of the Redistribution Bill.

by another is not the interest that I desire for Canada. I want to see something implanted in the soil of Canada's nationhood that will take root and grow and develop until it incites the spirit of defence in this country, leads to a participation in the defence, and to that quick interest in it, its glories, its duties, and its accomplished work, which is, after all, the one great thing that compensates a people for great expenditures either on land or on sea in the way of defence and of the maintenance of the rights of the country."

Even if you have changed your mind since you said that, it matters little. Even if you are to-day in favour of building three dreadnoughts in Great Britain and leaving them there until Canada can handle them successfully, the real issue is not affected. On two points you cannot possibly have changed your opinions—(1) the necessity for a non-partisan or bi-partisan naval policy, and (2) the necessity for doing something at once. Nothing that has happened since could possibly justify your abandoning either of these beliefs. Indeed, the events of the five years which have elapsed must have impressed upon you that your judgment at that time was sound and that your advice was more timely and more valuable than you then had reason to estimate.

A word from you, honourable sir, at this time might mean much to Canada and all the Britannic peoples. If you, with your tremendous gift of oratory and your great personal influence, were to arise in the House of Commons and move for a bi-partisan settlement of this pressing question, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers must needs accept your suggestion. You are probably aware that your own colleagues would welcome it. Thousands of the best citizens of Canada, from coast to coast, would accord you unstinted praise and acclaim. The time seems opportune, because the party fires burn lower now than at any time during the past three years. Next session may be too late, because a general election will be in sight. This seems to be the appointed hour, and you the chosen leader.

Will you not, then, urge upon the House that something should be done at once and on a bi-partisan basis, and thus add a crowning glory to your career as a publicist? It matters not whether this year's appropriation be five million, ten million or thirty-five million; it matters not whether the ships to be built shall be Dreadnoughts or Bristols; it matters little whether they are to be manned immediately by Canadians or Britishers—but it is vital that this period of shame which you described in such scorching sentences in 1909 should be ended by the common and united decision of the two great political parties in 1914.

I venture to make this public appeal to you because the duty seems to be upon the editor of a non-partisan journal to do it. The editors of the avowedly Conservative organs are not free to do so, and you might doubt the motives of the Liberal papers. The "Canadian Courier" has no politics but Canada, no party but the nation, no interest to serve but the interests of all the Britannic peoples. The defence of Canada is the defence of the Empire, and you are the one man who seems to be, at the moment, in a position to urge that something shall be done immediately and with the approval of all parties concerned.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Yours respectfully,

Editor "Canadian Courier."



# The Use and Misuse of a Militia

*Col. Sam Hughes Demonstrates the Use and the State of Colorado Exhibits the Misuse*

THESE pictures were not taken in Russia, or in South America, or in any other country where civilization is supposed to be very much akin to barbarism. They are



When Louis the Greek was murdered by Mine Guards, smiling young Capt. Peter Catsules took his place as strike leader.

photographs of what happened to the strikers of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. mines, when the mine guards and the State militia got at them with rifles and machine guns. The Ludlow tent colony was in rebellion long ago on a question of recognizing the union. The Rockefeller interests, forty per cent. of the stock in the company, warned the men that if they persisted there would be trouble. The men persisted. They were mainly ignorant foreigners, banded together on a principle of unionism, which may have been right or may have been wrong.

Then something happened. A man was killed; by either one side or the other. War broke out. The strikers armed themselves for defence. The Ludlow tent colony was made the object of attack by mine guards much better armed than the strikers. The guards were augmented by the State militia. A battle was fought on the day that Vera Cruz was taken by the Americans, which, as one writer put it, "lasted longer and was more fiercely fought than most of the battles of the Mexican Revolution."

The Literary Digest said:

"Last week's dispatches reported armed conflict between strikers and militiamen and guards, the burning of the Ludlow camp where strikers lived with their families, attacks on mines and a twelve-mile-long line held for days by hundreds of miners against fewer but better armed militiamen."

The New York Evening Post remarked, that, "Huerta might well prefer to sever relations with a government under which it is possible for women and children to be mowed down by machine guns in a frenzy of civil war."

A livid summing up of the outrage upon civilization is given by the Denver Express:

"MOTHERS, babies, were crucified at Ludlow on the cross of liberty. They tried to help men folk rise in Rockefeller-ruled southern Colorado. Their crucifixion was effected by the operators' paid gunmen who have worn militia uniforms less than a week. The dead will go down in history as the hero victims of the burnt offering laid on the altar of Rockefeller's great god greed. With the operators enlisting gun-fighters in Denver to-day the end is not in sight."

No doubt there is technical right on the side of the company. But the point is in the deadly use of guns in the hands of mine guards and of the State militia for the suppression of the strike. It has often happened that under great provocation to quell violent disorder troops have been called out by various States in an act of civil war. The same thing has happened at two remote extremes of this country within the last three years;



Colorado State Militia and private guards employed by owners of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. firing on the Ludlow Tent Colony of the striking miners.



And this is what the Militia did to the Tent Colony; general net result—fifty lives lost by bullets and fire, including women and children.



The man between the rails is not asleep. The two crosses show: To the left, eight other dead bodies covered by canvas; to the right, earthworks from which miners were driven by militia.

in the mines at Glace Bay and the collieries at Nanaimo. But in neither of these cases were the troops more than a preventive; in neither case were women and children put to death; in neither case was fire used as an instrument.

The Colorado civil war has led many thinking Americans to conclude that civilization in that State has broken down, and that Federal intervention is necessary. It might lead others to conclude that troops for civil war purposes are not properly the jurisdiction of any one State, but of the

Federal Government.

In Canada the militia problem is in the forefront again, as it has been considerably since Col. Sam Hughes became our Minister of Militia. The cost and programme of the Canadian militia has been discussed in the House in one of the liveliest debates of the session. The Minister of Militia, who has been much criticized outside and inside of Parliament for his so-called lavish expenditures on the military arm of government and defence, has proved that in his department he is a master of detail, of

organization and of repartee in debate.

Mr. F. F. Pardee condemned the expenditure on drill halls, and violently opposed the development of a Canadian militia for war purposes.

Mr. F. B. Carvell declared that the militia is "one vast boozarium"; in spite of the fact that Col. Hughes has made one of the chief items on his programme the abolition of the canteen.

The Minister replied with great vigour and some sarcasm. He pointed out that so far in this century of peace movements and Hague Conferences and pacifist societies and poets, necessary wars had been fought in almost half the civilized countries.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux interjected: "Then there's the Ulster war."

Which again is a civil war originating, not in the army, but in the militia and the volunteers of Ulster.

The Minister preferred to wait till that was actual war before including it in the list. He made it clear that Canada, though a peaceful country, must be prepared for war; that the ground must be prepared for peace as well as for potatoes. He believed that the best guarantee of peace was to be prepared for war. He said: "I am sorry to confess my belief that universal peace is yet far off and wars will continue to devastate."

Again he added with great candour: "My aim is not war. It is the speculator and the contractor who favours it, never the soldier. What is the cause of the war in Mexico? Two commercial institutions struggling for mastery there. If eternal peace ruled I would still have the youth and beauty of Canada trained and developed."

THE Colonel went on to show what he did to organize the cadet system with a small army of more than 48,000 cadets, of whom one-third were in the Province of Quebec, and where he himself, Orangeman as he was, had reviewed thousands of cadets and had enlisted the co-operation of 160 priests. As to drill halls the Minister admitted that since 1911 the Government had spent nearly three million dollars on these temples of war; but that was one-tenth of what New York State alone had spent for the same purpose; and in the city of Toronto, where his own brother was the military chief inspector of schools, almost as much was spent on education as in the whole Dominion of Canada on the militia department. He regarded drill halls not merely as military institutions, but as forums and places of popular assemblage in the cause of peace.

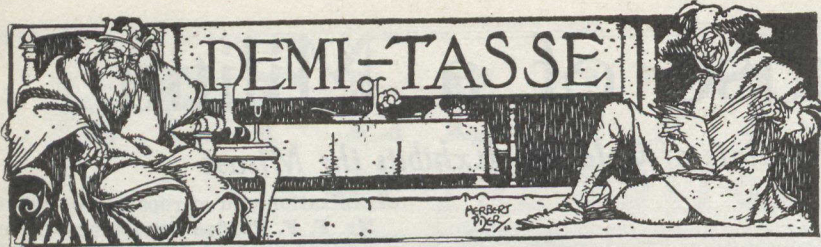
Col. Hughes also stated with pride what he had done to interest colleges and universities in the militia movement. He said that he did not believe in a standing army drafted from the ranks of the workers, but he did believe in a citizen militia which made it possible for every man of fighting age and ability to learn the art of patriotic self-defence. He outlined the present strength of the militia in this country as follows:

At present the militia numbered 77,627, of whom 3,021 men were in the permanent corps; the cadets, 44,680; civilian rifle associations, 23,880; reserves, Canadian and British, 500,000; corps organized and asking to be equipped, 78,000; teachers and cadet instructors trained since October, 1911, 12,000; making a total of 736,187 men in Canada trained to serve their country.

In the ablest speech he has ever made the military Minister of Militia proved that it is quite as necessary to spend a reasonable percentage of revenue for the upkeep of an effective force of defence.

He made it clear and logical that there could not be civilization without liberty, liberty without law, law without power, power without the army, the army without discipline, discipline without training, training without pay, or pay without taxation.





Courierettes.

THREE Algoma men say they want to get into the war in Mexico. The chances are that they are more anxious to get into print.

The public paid to meet the artists and hear them talk at the Canadian Art Club in Toronto. More interesting exhibits than their pictures, perhaps.

Berlin and Rome have been joined by a telephone line, but we want to see Rome and Belfast connected up and then watch for developments.

E. H. Sothorn, the actor, invented the coat shirt. Men bless him more for that than for his acting.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hartley, of Montreal, are now crossing Canada on their round-the-world walk. If that fever should spread what a boost it would be for the boot manufacturers!

Ontario fish are said to be the victims of parasites. From the remarks of Socialist orators we are led to believe that we are all fish.

Toronto may have an airship ferry to its Island. Nothing very new for a city whose inhabitants are more or less frequently up in the air.

A Baltimore doctor made a new lid for a woman's eye. Rather a handy chap to have around the house.

Cheers and hisses were mingled at Toronto Horse Show. Little need there of a brass band.

W. J. Bryan, U. S. Secretary of State, asks Congress to supply him with a footman. We rather fancied that he needed a lecture tour manager more.

Dr. Spankie may be Liberal candidate in Frontenac. A name like that should scare his rival.

The war, by which it acquired Tripoli, cost Italy \$191,000,000. Wars are bad bargains at the best.

That the United States will lose its sense of humour is the prophecy of Chauncey M. Depew. Why make it a prophecy, Chauncey?

King George is said to be an ardent stamp-collector. No, not the kind the Queen makes with her foot.

**The Way of a Maid.**—There was a pretty little girl who did not consider that she was pretty enough. Therefore, she bought a little black "beauty spot" and placed it on her pretty face.

If she had been born with a little spot there, she would never have been content until she had it removed by some beauty specialist.

**In the Proper Place.**—Thomas Langton Church, Controller of the City of Toronto, is the victim of quite a few jokes, but there was one perpetrated at the City Hall a few days ago that rather outdid the others in point of neatness.

Controller Church has a free and easy way with him, coming and going through the City Hall, in and out of meetings and conferences, always using the smile and the glad hand where it is likely to do the most good.

It happened that on this particular occasion representatives from all over Ontario had gathered in the Board of Control room at a conference on the care of the feeble-minded. Controller McCarthy, the president, was in the chair.

Entered Controller Church in his usual brusque and breezy manner. He

saw the people seated about and his colleague in the chair at the head of the Board of Control table.

Thereupon he walked over and said, "What the deuce is on now, McCarthy?" He probably thought it was a Board of Control session to hear a deputation.

Controller McCarthy smiled. "This is a conference on the care of feeble-minded, Tommy. Stay with us."

The delegates smiled, too, and then Tommy departed.

**Loud Enough.**

THE modern maiden decks herself in fashions most absurd— And if her costumes can't be seen They surely can be heard.

**Fixing the Value.**—There have been two interesting actions in Toronto courts recently.

A young woman was awarded \$7,000 damages for her broken heart in a breach of promise suit.

A man was awarded his full claim of \$5,000 for broken back, the result of an accident for which his employers are held responsible.

Now, on the basis of \$7,000 for a heart and \$5,000 for a back, there's a nice little problem in mathematics. What's a whole body worth?

**Just Deserts.**—A cartoonist in the U. S. was pardoned a long term in penitentiary because of the impression made by a cartoon he drew.

We have seen some cartoons which,



"Oh, mamma, why does the minister always say 'and lastly' in the middle of his sermons?"

judged by the same standard, should land their perpetrators behind the bars for life.

**"Safety First" Axioms.**

- Don't be a pedestrian.
- Keep away from Mexico.
- Soak all the kid's fire-crackers in water.
- Watch for the baseball coming your way on the street.
- Make friends with all the dogs in your neighborhood.
- Avoid canned goods and water at summer resorts.
- And beware of widows.

**Get This?**—"Do you want to take hold of something and turn it to your advantage?"

"Why, yes. What is it?"

"A door knob."

**A Point of Worth.**—The London "Times" is now being sold at a penny

per copy. At that rate we fancy that some newspapers we know should be not only given away but bonuses should be given to those accepting copies.

**Think This Over.**—Why is it that a woman will put a tub out in the back yard to catch soft water when it is raining hard?

**What's In a Name?**—T. F. Best, Secretary of Hamilton's Y.M.C.A., has resigned. Seems as if it would be hard to get a better man than Best.

**Another Spring Song.**  
Sing a song of Spring time—  
Sing to beat the band—  
Carpets hanging on the line,  
Blisters on the hand.

**Remember This One.**—What is it that—

The rich man wants,  
The poor man has,  
The miser spends,  
The spendthrift saves,  
The fool learns,  
The wise man forgets,  
The idler does,  
And that, when we die, we all take with us?  
Nothing, of course.

**Works Both Ways.**—Some old sage said that "the good die young."

But it was a modern cynic who declared that "only the young died good."

**Slightly Different.**—"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?"  
"No—impossible."

**Need For Discrimination.**—It is not safe to denounce things without due discrimination. Take graft, for instance. Most people are hard on grafters. But what about Luther Burbank?

**A Crumb of Comfort.**—Nature gives us our relatives. But we can choose our own friends.

**Quite Correct.**—"They say that poetry is a gift."  
"Sure it is. You can't sell it."

**This Is Easy.** — Black —  
"When does a man lose his self-control most easily?"  
White—"When he marries."

**Goes Without Saying.**—The woman who is most changeable is nearly always short of change.

**Daniel and the Lions.**—Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, tells a good story about a Sunday school teacher who was telling the kiddies about Daniel in the lions' den. The fact that the lions didn't touch Daniel puzzled one of the boys, who, when he was asked, said it was because they were circus lions.

"Oh, no," said the teacher, "that isn't the reason why the lions didn't hurt Daniel. What is the real reason?" And she looked round the class.

The answer came pat from Tom Sharp. Said he: "It couldn't have been because the lions were circus lions, 'cos it happened ever so many years B.C.—before circuses!"

**The Wrong Kirk.**—A story is told of two Scotchmen who were in London and had gone to an English church. About halfway through the service one of them turned to the other and said: "Sandy, mon, we're in the wrong kirk!"

"In the wrong kirk, Mac?" queried the other.

"Yes, Sandy. It says in the book, first collect, second collect, third collect! Sandy, mon, we're in the wrong kirk!"



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# Respects to Cardinal Begin

By A QUEBECKER

THE new Canadian cardinal, Archbishop Begin that was, head of the most picturesque archdiocese in Canada, his whole long life spent in the Frenchest city in America—was born just across the river in the gallery-lighted town of Levis, where travellers by the Inter-colonial take the ferry across to the ancient city. He has come to a very great honour. He deserves it. The pity is that there is not more honour to distribute when there are more than one deserving it. The cardinal's hat might have gone to Montreal. It was somewhat expected there.

Personalities apart, it is peculiarly fitting that the cardinalship should go to the most historic French city outside of France. And it happens that the new cardinal is as indigenous to Quebec as Archbishop Bruchesi to Montreal, except for the accident of having been born just across the river. He was born in 1840. His early education was got in the Grand Seminary of Quebec; afterwards in Laval; again in the Gregorian College at Rome, where he went deep into theology and imbibed the atmosphere of the sacred city. It was the wolf



Cardinal Begin, as Archbishop of Quebec, had some broad ideas about universal religion.

that founded Rome, the wolf that according to ancient story suckled Romulus and Remus, the founders of the city on the seven hills, where all the popes have lived. As the young student of old theology, Begin might have said it by way of cracking a joke to a jolly friar—it was a different Wolfe that took Quebec away from the French and made it a bilingual city. At the same time the founding of Rome and the capture of Quebec have much in common; at present nothing so remarkable as the new Cardinal Begin, who after he concluded his studies at Rome, took a course at the Catholic University of Innsbruck, Germany. In Quebec he had learned French, English, Latin, and some Italian. In Rome he added more Italian and took on Oriental languages. At Innsbruck he got a tincture of German.

BACK in Canada the young theologian became professor of dogmatic theology and ecclesiastical history in Laval University, Quebec. Here he remained for sixteen years, and until 1884. In 1885 he was made Principal of the Laval Normal School. This old school occupied historic and picturesque ground. Most places in Quebec are either one or the other, or both. It stood on the cliff that looks over Lower Town and the markets, one way into the misty St. Charles, with the blue domes of the Laurentians ghosting up to the north; the other way into the St. Lawrence, where the lights of Levis blink over the broad river.

That place has changed since Mgr. Begin was head of the Nor-

mal School. The school has gone, as here and there an old building had to go even in Quebec because of progress. The place where it stood just below the citadel that tops the grand height is now taken by the modern Chateau Frontenac, the gayest rendezvous in Canada. Just across the way almost is the old Basilica, quaintest of all great cathedrals in Canada. But it was to be some time yet before Dr. Begin was to be installed there as head of the Archdiocese. In 1888 he was made Bishop of Chicoutimi. He was then 48 years of age. In 1891 he was made coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau, with the title of Archbishop of Cyrene. From 1894 till 1898 he administered the archdiocese, and on April 12, just sixteen years before he was invested with the red hat as a member of the College of Cardinals, Archbishop Begin became head of the archdiocese, with his cathedral the Basilica and his career firmly established in the Capital City of the great French province.

In this remarkably progressive career there has been little of anything that either politicians or people could criticize adversely. Cardinal Begin has always been a hard, consistent worker in the interests of both Church and State. He has been discreet enough not to become entangled with too much politics, which is such an easy bane of church statesmen who do not keep their heads in Quebec. He has not declared himself as a Nationalist; neither has he taken a conspicuous part in other politics. He has been a very diligent and very quiet man. He has laboured hard in the interests of Quebec, which he probably regards as the finest city in the world. From the tower of his Basilica can be heard the vesper bells of nine parishes in that extended but very compact archdiocese. Cardinal Begin knows them all. He knows every square foot of Quebec. He is acquainted with all the haunts of history. He knows the people of Quebec, both French and English. He understands the significance of Quebec in the fabric of the Roman Church. He has kept history and religion and pure learning well poised in his mental outlook. He has been always quietly ambitious; not so much for himself as for the church. And he is a man of some vision. He once said:

"Perhaps in time all our differing religions may find a common meeting ground, and out of them will be evolved one universal faith that will encompass the whole world."

HE could have made no broader statement nor any so optimistically vague. He never expected to live to see the day when such a form of church union would be consummated. Now and then he may have meditated upon the effort made by Protestant denominations to obliterate differences and to unite upon a common policy. Or he may have smiled at the fact that when the Anglican Church cut away from Rome, all these dissensions began to creep in. But he has never said openly that he regarded this as a weakness of Protestantism.

Last New Year's Day, when the Anglican Bishop of Quebec, accompanied by his clergy, paid his respects to Archbishop Begin at the Palace of the Basilica, a Presbyterian minister present at the same time unconsciously commented on the Archbishop's own idea concerning world-wide religion, when he said that such a meeting of two sets of ecclesiastics was a possible portent of church union. This remark, intended as a serious joke, was afterwards taken up by the Quebec Chronicle, which said:

"There are many who think this is no idle dream; and groping more or less blindly as we all are at present around the question of Christian assimilation, it must be admitted that in many of our churches there is more of a tendency towards union or united action than there has ever been before."

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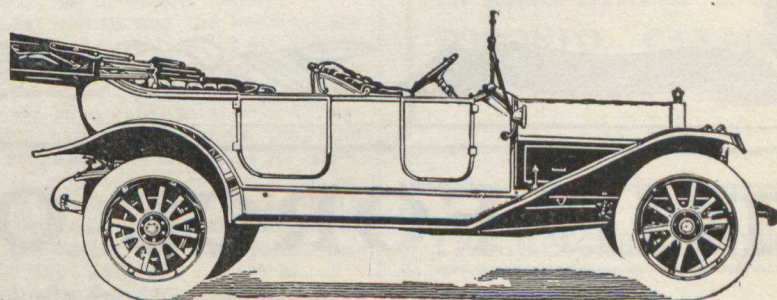
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### DOMINION LINE





## Ontario's Political Leaders

(Concluded from page 5.)

Trunk Pacific. Agriculture has been improved—very largely in the colleges. Farmers' Institutes have been extended and farmers' clubs organized. Fall fairs have been organized into a system. Municipal legislation has been considerably advanced.

And with much progress Ontario is still as much Tory in sentiment as it was in 1905. In 1911 the Province did a great deal to replace Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa with Mr. Borden. One of Mr. Whitney's colleagues became a Dominion Cabinet Minister. The Premier himself was knighted and shortly afterwards discarded his bicycle for an automobile, purchased by his Conservative friends.

In October, 1911, Newton Wesley Rowell was chosen leader of the Liberal party to succeed Hon. A. G. MacKay, who has since gone to Edmonton in the offices of Attorney-General Cross. Mr. Rowell had never been in Parliament, though in 1900 he made a run for the House of Commons in East York and was beaten. He was well entitled to the leadership, because he is an able lawyer, a highly moral man, an unimpeachable citizen, a fine student of politics and a splendid public speaker. Mr. Rowell began life as a parcel boy in a London, Ont., dry goods store. He went to the public school and became a clerk. All the education he got afterwards was based upon self-help; and Mr. Rowell may be considered an educated man, who has made the best possible use of his opportunities. He is a member of the University of Toronto Senate and of the Board of Regents of Victoria College. And by great diligence and ability he has worked himself up to a position where he may naturally be expected some day to become Premier of Ontario.

But the day is probably not yet, even though the temperance problem is more popular than ever it was in Ontario.

"Oh, we may as well let it go the way it is," petulantly says the leader on a point of order dealt with by the Speaker. "We only get voted down anyway." Which is by no means the way he will speak on the platform when the election campaign is on in moral Ontario.

### What is Imperial Citizenship?

(Concluded from page 6.)

have to await the completion of five years before receiving the certificate of a British subject throughout the world.  
Q. What are the duties and privileges of a British subject?

A. The whole duty of a British subject is, as expressed in the oath which an alien takes on naturalization, "to be faithful and bear true allegiance to" His Britannic Majesty. The main privilege is that of being defended by His Majesty against personal oppression, especially when residing in a foreign country, or when travelling abroad.

Q. But does not naturalization also give a right to vote, and a right of free entry to any part of the Empire?

A. No; each self-governing part of the Empire determines for itself what persons shall be allowed to enter its territory, and what persons shall have the vote. The restrictions imposed by local law on immigration, and the qualifications required by local law for obtaining the local franchise, apply to naturalized subjects just the same as to natural-born. Children, for example, and in most parts of the Empire women, do not have the vote although they are British subjects, and the immigration laws generally make no distinction between British subjects and foreigners.

Q. Then the Imperial Naturalization Bill does not curtail any powers of the Dominion Parliaments?

A. No; on the contrary, it extends their powers by enabling them to pass naturalization laws which will have effect beyond their own territories.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Selling Municipal Debentures

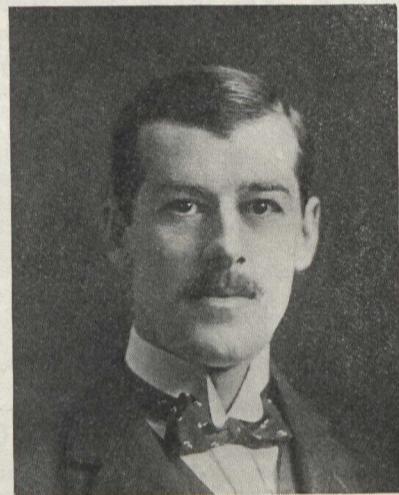
GREATEST of all tests of a city's ability to sell debentures is the average price obtained over a series of years. For example, Winnipeg and Ottawa have always received a high price for their bonds, and in addition, their bonds have been maintained at a high price during the whole of their life. The reason is not far to seek, especially in the case of Winnipeg. The city that gets the highest price over a period of years is the city that has made friends in the financial centres, and the city on which the dealers in municipal debentures can absolutely rely to give them a square deal. Such a city never sells a block of debentures until the purchaser of the previous block has disposed of those he has on hand. Such a city protects its friends by following a definite and well-understood system.

The city of Toronto is a notable exception in this respect. It has no financial friends. It has no financial system or policy. When it collects a few thousand dollars' worth of bonds it rushes out on the street and sells them to the highest bidder. A week later if it can gather up another small lot of debentures, it rushes out and makes another sale. Last year it sold a parcel of debentures almost every week. It sold forty-four lots during the year, and these varied in size from five hundred dollars to five million dollars. Naturally, it received variegated prices, and any one desiring bonds would find quotations all the way from 85 to 100. The consequence was that the bond dealers paid the city a lower price, and the public who buy debentures were so mystified by the various quotations that they preferred to buy the bonds of other cities.

It is extremely unfortunate that Toronto should have destroyed the excellent credit which it once had in the money market of the world. This is unfortunate for Toronto and also unfortunate for Canada. It is time that the city fathers of Toronto wakened up and appointed a finance commission which would frame a financial policy looking to a restoration of its credit and an elimination of its financial losses.

## Montreal Board's New President

AT the annual meeting of the Montreal Stock Exchange Mr. Hartland B. Macdougall, of the firm of C. Meredith & Co., was elected President, succeeding Mr. J. J. M. Pangman, of Burnett & Co., who has occupied the office for two years. Mr. Macdougall has been one of the floor members of the firm of C. Meredith & Co. for a number of years, and previous to becoming Vice-President was a member of the Committee. He has always been extremely popular on the floor of the Exchange, but it is more in the sporting world generally that Mr. Macdougall is better known. From his boyhood days he has been actively identified with athletics, having been a member of the Victoria Hockey Club that won so many laurels in the early nineties. During the past few years he has been one of the most enthusiastic polo players in Montreal and has been usually a member of the championship team in this district. This winter Mr. Macdougall, together with some of his Montreal associates, spent three months in England in the real hunting grounds, finding out just how Englishmen enjoyed themselves when they went about their pleasure in real earnest.



MR. HARTLAND B. MACDOUGALL  
New President of the Montreal Stock Exchange.

The firm of which Mr. Macdougall is a member has been one of the most prominent on the Street for many years past, the head of it being Mr. Chas. Meredith, a brother of Mr. H. V. Meredith, President, Bank of Montreal.

## Investors Are Faddists

SOME years investors go crazy over real estate, and stocks and bonds don't have a look in. Other years, industrial stocks are all the rage. Then, mining stocks come in for the lion's share of the investors' money.

This year, there is a boom in municipals. Last month was the heaviest for five years in the matter of municipal sales, when the heavy total of \$15,536,615 was registered. This is \$11,842,857 ahead of April last year, and constitutes a record for a single month's transactions.

For the first four months of the year, municipal bond sales total over thirty-three million dollars. This is over twelve and a half millions more than the figure for the whole of 1913, and is a million odd ahead of the total for 1909, the heaviest year during the last five.

Of course, municipals have been in the nature of bargains. In its April 4th issue, the "Courier" pointed out that even at that date high-grade municipal bonds were exceedingly cheap. This was not the case a year ago, before the adverse influences set in and created low levels right and left.

The boom in municipals, which started in January, has increased, and from all indications the ball will gather speed; and 1914 will smash all records for the placing of municipals. Borrowing contemplated by Canadian municipalities, of which the bonds have not yet been awarded, already amounts to nearly twenty-eight millions. In April, eight provinces were in the market, Prince Edward Island being the only one left out. Quebec was the heaviest borrower of the month, with British Columbia occupying second place.

With the exception of the Montreal loan of \$7,300,000, almost wholly taken by English investors, all the debentures issued by Canadian municipalities were taken up in this country. No wonder our municipal debenture brokers are rubbing their hands. Meanwhile the stock-broker wants to know when the faddist-investor is going to be crazy over buying stocks again.

## Ocean Mails

A MATTER of considerable importance to Canadians generally is that of the delivery of English mails. The Government will soon be called upon to enter into another contract for a winter mail service. The attitude of St. John toward the question differs from the attitude of Halifax in that, while Halifax is asking that their port shall be named as the sole winter mail

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port of Canada, St. John is asking that St. John and Halifax shall be placed on an equal footing. While Halifax has the shorter ocean haul, St. John has the advantage in a shorter rail carriage, so that in the final result there is practically little difference between the times of delivery of the mails in Montreal. The manager of the traffic department of the Toronto Board of Trade, who has been making tests of the service both ways, says that there is very little difference in time between the two ports so far as Toronto is concerned. St. John wants the matter left open so that the steamship companies might have the right of making their own selection of a port. The Board of Trade, the City Council and the Trades and Labor Council have united in a demand upon the Government that St. John should have a fair share of this mail business.

### Increased Acreage

MUCH has been said about the increase of acreage likely to be seeded in Western Canada this season. Last fall was very favourable to ploughing, and much land was prepared for the crop. The promise of last fall has only been partly realized this spring. The increase in land sown to wheat is hardly worth mentioning. The increase in the acreage sown to oats will be between ten and fifteen per cent. The most notable feature of western agricultural development is the increased acreage of flax. Owing to the removal of the duty on flax going into the United States about fifty per cent. more land will be devoted to this crop than in 1913. Such increase as there is in wheat acreage is mainly in the Province of Alberta, which will have this year over a million and a half of acres devoted to this grain.

### Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

LAST week marked a further decline in the price of the representative Canadian stocks, as will be seen from the following table:—

	April				May	
	4	11	18	25	2	9
C. P. R. ....	206	199 $\frac{3}{8}$	199 $\frac{1}{2}$	189	193 $\frac{1}{2}$	190 $\frac{3}{4}$
Brazilian .....	81 $\frac{5}{8}$	80 $\frac{3}{4}$	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	75 $\frac{3}{4}$	78 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{4}$
Bell Telephone .....	147 $\frac{1}{2}$	148	145	145	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	144 $\frac{1}{2}$
Can. Gen. Electric ....	109	107 $\frac{3}{4}$	105	104	105	102
Dom. Steel Cor. ....	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	31	28	26	25 $\frac{1}{2}$	21 $\frac{3}{8}$
Laurentide .....	188	185	181 $\frac{1}{2}$	176	181	175
R. and O. ....	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	98 $\frac{1}{4}$	100	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$
Rogers .....	119	119	116	116	103	107
Toronto Railway .....	138 $\frac{1}{2}$	138	136	134 $\frac{1}{2}$	136 $\frac{1}{4}$	132

Every stock in this list showed a decline, with the exception of Rogers common, which recovered from its recent slump to the extent of 4 points. Rogers is still fifty points below its position a year ago. Other closing prices on May 9th were: Barcelona, 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Canada Bread, 27; Canada Cement, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Mackay, 78 $\frac{3}{8}$ ; Lake of the Woods, 127 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Montreal Power, 218 $\frac{3}{8}$ .

### Murray-Kay's Year

AT the annual meeting of the Murray-Kay Company on Saturday profits were reported for the year of \$185,122, which compares with \$167,621, and \$186,408 in the two previous years. The feature of the report was the writing off of amounts carried in previous years as deferred charges, including what was known as the catalogue account. This conservative policy was carried further in the considerable amount placed to reserve for depreciation and bad and doubtful debts. The report showed a large reduction in liabilities.

Mr. Douglas K. Ridout was elected to the Presidency, succeeding Mr. W. P. Murray. Mr. W. Parkyn Murray was elected Vice-President, and the other directors are Messrs. A. E. Dymont, C. A. Barnard, K.C., George H. Gooderham, M.P.P., J. W. Drynan, J. A. Murray and W. T. Bradshaw. The directors ordered the regular quarterly dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. upon the preferred stock.

### Bank Clearings

BANK clearings for April, 1914, show a loss of 9.5 per cent. as compared with April, 1913, and of five per cent. compared with April, 1912. One has to go back to April, 1911, to get a favourable comparison. April, 1914, shows an increase of 23 per cent. over April, 1911. The greatest losses, as usual, are in the Western cities. Ottawa and Halifax report increases. Montreal returns a loss of five per cent., and Toronto, 2.7 per cent., while Winnipeg is credited with a decline of 13.5 per cent., Edmonton 17 per cent., Calgary 20 per cent., and Vancouver 33 per cent. The total clearings for the months of this year are—January, \$697,728; February, \$596,837; March, \$632,000; and April, \$671,705.

### The Robert Simpson Company

ABOUT May, 1912, the bonds and preference shares of the Robert Simpson Company, departmental store, Toronto, were offered in London, England. It was then shown that the profit of the business for 1911 amounted to \$586,100. That there has been a steady increase in the business is shown by a report just issued for the year ending January, 1914. The net earnings are given at \$850,700, or three times the amount of the interest on the bonds and preference shares. The surplus was divided as follows: a dividend was paid on the common stock of seven and one-third per cent., and \$281,600 was carried forward. The remainder was applied to depreciation and bonuses. The prospects for 1914 are said to be excellent.

### Canadian Trade With Holland

HOLLAND is anxious to secure some of the steamship traffic to Canada, and the Holland-America Line has just announced the contemplated improvement in the Canada Line steamship service for 1915. It is the intention to operate the new service next year with three steamers of about 14,000 tons, of which two are building and the third has been ordered. The steamers will sail from Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam and Antwerp to Canada. Other steamers will be put on this service from the fleets of the Hamburg-America Line and the Red Star Line, as circumstances will require, the idea being to maintain regular weekly sailings during the St. Lawrence season.

### Changing Stock Certificates

MORE than a year ago the Bank of Commerce decided to change the par value of its shares from \$50 to \$100. Arrangements are now being made to carry out this change. For this purpose the books of the company will be closed during the first half of August and new certificates will be issued to shareholders on or about September 1st. The reason for the change is simply to bring the Bank of Commerce shares to the same basis as the other chartered banks.

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8



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### NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. (7%) PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 31st of May, 1914, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday the 1st of June, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th May, 1914, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,  
 JAMES MASON,

Toronto, April 20th, 1914.

General Manager.

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**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED**  
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## The Honour of Thieves

(Concluded from page 8.)

about the room. His eyes rested at last upon a desk-telephone. Carelessly he seated himself and removed the receiver.

"West 2694." His voice trembled slightly as he gave his call.

"Hello, police station 6? Will you send an officer to 35 Central Avenue—Mr. Leigh Davidson's residence. Two? Not necessary. Yes—an arrest of interest—and importance. Thanks."

The bell tinkled. Removing a carnation from the bowl on the desk he placed it in his lapel. "Force of habit, you see. If you don't mind, I'll have a cigarette now—while we wait."

In a very short time Davidson himself answered a summons to the door. He returned in company with a booming and very officious representative of the police force. Hilda Davidson had been a silent spectator of the little drama. She felt strangely drawn to the youthful breaker of his country's laws who had sunk wearily into one of the comfortable chairs. He rose on the entrance of the two men. His face lost its look of childlike amusement; a shadow crept into his fine eyes and his lips pressed into firm, uncompromising lines.

"Officer, arrest this man as a thief. He has confessed to stealing these jewels of—of my wife." Davidson stepped to one side as the policeman advanced with his handcuffs. His wife watched him with strained eyes. Suddenly she placed herself before the midnight invader of her home.

"Leigh, you must not. You cannot! It's like shooting a fox, oh, it is so unsportsmanlike, so degrading. Give him a chance! He's a man, every inch of him. I don't care about the jewels, they are nothing to me now. He is not the one you thought. I know Bob Fairfax is in town, but this is not he."

NERVOUSLY she unclasped her gold bag and handed her letter to him.

"Read it please, now." She watched his face as he perused the kindly letter of friendship and congratulation. Something in its undoubted straightforwardness touched him and he read it through a second time. A heavy suspicion seemed to take wings, and as he returned it to his wife his eyes fell before her. He turned to the policeman, who scented promotion and fame in this extraordinary mix-up.

"Officer, I've changed my mind. The man is free, I refuse to prosecute. I'll speak to you in my library, and you'll lose nothing, I assure you." He then turned smilingly to the surprised intruder with outstretched hand.

"Good bye," he said. "If I can ever help you in any way, look me up. This way, officer." They left the room, and the uninvited guest prepared to take his departure. Mrs. Davidson went close to him, her shining eyes raised to his, her lips trembling. She took his hand in both her own and held it warmly.

"I can never thank you. You risked everything just to save my honour."

"I risked it to save the honour of a thief," he replied with a friendly pressure of his strong fingers.

She followed him to the top of the stairs. Without a backward look he descended, and in a moment the door closed as he passed out into the night. With new-born hopefulness and longing she returned to her boudoir to await her husband's coming.

After dismissing the well-satisfied minion of law and order, Davidson hurried upstairs. He stood hesitatingly by his wife's chair. Extending his hand he smiled down upon her tenderly.

"I am sorry, Hilda, mighty sorry. It remained for a thief to show me how big a man can be, and how small. Shall we make a fresh start, dear?"

Arising she placed her hands on his cheeks and drew his face towards her own until their lips met.



The fashion of the present day demands that the complexion of the well-groomed woman shall be clear and of snowy whiteness. The regular use of

# GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream

will bestow the charms that are so admired in a fashionable woman. Gouraud's Oriental Cream is a liquid powder, far surpassing the dry powders that have to be applied so frequently to gain the desired effect. It whitens, softens and clears the skin. It is absolutely free from grease and consequently does not encourage the growth of hair.

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"In addition to our two sturdy boys, we have a dear little baby girl aged 5 months. Her name is Eva Muriel, and of course we are bringing her up entirely on Neave's Food, as we believe that to be the very best food in the world for babies. She is getting along fine and is strong and healthy, and so bright and contented. She has been fed on Neave's Food since she was two days old and it suits her admirably, as I am sure it would suit every other child if it was properly made. That little 'Jack' I spoke of is such a sturdy little boy now. Neave's Food certainly saved his life." Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN.

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14C Front Street East, Toronto, Agent for Canada.

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the famous writer on business topics, has made a study of the A.A.C. of A. and their work, as well as of the plans for the Toronto Convention. He has embodied the result in a little book "The Story of Toronto." This book paints a graphic, inspiring picture of what this great movement signifies.

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# Utilize the Back Yard

Succinct Suggestions for Successful Seeding

By HUGH S. EAYRS

THOSE readers who have decided to be amongst the people to take up the suggestion of the "Canadian Courier" and make the back yards of the city look a good deal more as if someone cared for them, besides making good on the proposition from a business point of view, will be wanting to get on with the actual work of seeding. There are three main necessities. First of all, the seeds must have warmth—lots of sun. Little is gained by over anxiousness to begin. An early beginning, before the ground is warm, and in the days when there is little warmth in the atmosphere, will as likely as not be disastrous. Well begun is half done, and a good beginning in gardening is very often a late beginning. It is still much too early to plant corn, or cucumbers, or beans, or musk melon. A fortnight's time will be about the right moment to plant the seed for these vegetables, unless, of course, you are planting in a sunny spot.

The second necessity is oxygen. Vegetables, like people, need as much oxygen as they can get. And here a word may be said about the foolishness of planting the seed too deep, where they cannot get a sufficiency of air. In the case of most vegetables the seed should be placed about twice its own diameter in the ground. For instance, the garden pea seed is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, so that it should be placed about three-quarters of an inch from the surface of the soil. In the case of the turnip, which is one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, the depth at which it should be planted is just below the surface of the soil, only about one-eighth of an inch. The pansy—and this word is for amateur flower gardeners—will be still less deep, since the diameter of the seed is not more than a thirty-second of an inch. Now, if seed is sown too deep in the ground, the oxygen in the air can't get to it. Moreover, seed sown too deep doesn't possess enough nutriment in itself to shoot its stem up to where it can get the light. It is important to remember that until the leaf comes the seed is dependent for its growth upon the nutriment in itself, and not upon the soil. This necessity for oxygen is another reason why the soil should be well prepared, well turned over and worked up till it is fine, and free from clods. Too much water, also, is not a good thing, for it makes the soil have the tendency to be sodden and clotted. It doesn't matter how good the seeds are, if the fundamental conditions are not right. Oxygen is absolutely essential, if the crops are to be good.

SO is moisture, in due proportion. It is well to remember that except in the very hottest weather, the soil contains nearly enough moisture of its own without being drenched in season and out of season. Most amateur gardeners find themselves hampered by the kiddies, who see a watering can, and are anxious to find out how it works. Thus, a little watering can is often a dangerous thing. Water sprinkling now and then is a help—now and then. What is useful is repeated pressing-down, or "firming," as the gardeners call it. This tends to bring the moisture out of the soil below by capillary action. Here again, the action wants to be light. If you put a garden roller on your soil the latter state becomes worse than the first. Doing things by halves is a bad principle, but it is no worse than that of going to excess, in gardening as in other things.

A common error in seeding is to put the seed in too thickly. If it is good seed, a little of it goes a long way. Some people get discouraged when they don't get very good results. Often this is because they put in far too much seed. If the seed is that sold by a reliable house, like, say Carter's, of London, it is standard and a moderate quantity does the trick. Too much seed means congestion, and conges-

tion means that some of the plants will be weak, and waste away, after detracting from the staying power of the more hardy. A lot springs from a little. And very often only a little springs from a lot. Excess of seed is to be deprecated.

Reference has been made to the depth at which seed should be planted. While a general principle was laid down, there are some vegetables that don't conform to it. Cabbages and peas, for instance, may be sown to a depth of four inches.

Most all the vegetables may be sown now. Parsnips, lettuce, radishes, carrots, vegetable oysters, kohlrabi—a little known greenstuff, midway between a turnip and a cabbage, which grows above the ground—and potatoes may all be sown now. Potatoes are in use all the year round. One is reminded of the story about the minister who was saying some very scathing things about new theology. He said he was sick of indigestible commentators. Next day, a farmer who was one of his parishioners, wheeled a sack of potatoes round to the manse, and said, "Parson, I heard you say last night that you were sick of these indigestible common 'taters, so I brought you round a sack of real 'taters!"

IN most cases, it takes a few days for the first sign of leaves to appear. As soon as opportunity offers the plants should be thinned out by a hoe, or with the fingers. The most promising shoots should be left in, and those of the others worth it, may be transplanted. Lettuce, for example, should be thinned out when the shoots appear, so that the plants left in are about nine inches apart. Radishes don't often need thinning, if they are sown thinly to begin with. In the case of radishes, they should be sown not in rows, as indicated last week, of about 12 inches in width, but in rows two inches apart, for individual plants. There are three varieties of this popular vegetable, the quick growing, round sort, the slower growing, olive shaped kind, and the long kind, slowest growing of all. Lettuce and radish seed might be sown at intervals of about fourteen days right through the season.

All of what has been said so far applies to vegetables. But in our plan last week room was left for flowers. It is now time to sow seeds of all the annuals. The point to remember is to sow in clumps, and not in rows; the appearance of most flowers is spoiled if they look like a regiment of militia. Sow the seeds thinly, and then separate to six inches apart, unless the flowers are dwarfs, like Virginia Stocks, for instance, used most often for borders. Give the tall flowers about twelve inches to grow in. Overlapping looks bad. Flowers to plant now are gladiolus, nasturtium, chrysanthemum, phlox, morning glory, scarlet flax, sweet pea—for climbing—and many others.

There is one point of importance. It spoils a garden to have people trampling all over it. In this connection there is a story told of a man who had some very lovely fruit and flowers in his garden, which attracted a number of boys. To stop the onslaught upon his property the owner put up a board: "Trespassers will be prosecuted." But the boys came more and more. Then the owner put some broken glass on the walls. Still his fruit and flowers disappeared. But one day he put up a board, "Ampelopsis Vechii Kept Here." And the boys were so scared of a sign they didn't understand that they never came any more—so the story goes.

Nothing So Common.—"Do you have matins in this Church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church. "No, indeed," replied that dignitary, with scorn. "We has oil-cloth, and right up the chancel, too."—Christian Register.



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# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### The Homemade Hat

IS there anything more irritating than the story of the homemade hat, as told by the popular journal? It sounds so ridiculously easy when you read about the shape and the wire, the scrap of ribbon, which you can buy as a remnant at a price which is absolutely absurd, the few roses which you purchase, at an abjectly reduced figure, that you enter upon the task of hat-manufacture with a courage which makes you proud of your own temerity. After all, why shouldn't you make your own hat? Why should you swell the coffers of millionaire milliners, when you know, just as well as they, what is becoming to your head and how it may be achieved? So you buy your ribbon and roses, invest in a queer skeletony affair, which is the "shape" and set out, by the aid of a fashion magazine, to transform the raw material into a creation which you would never know from a Paris imported chapeau.

Then the blessed shape begins to exhibit that depravity which lurks in anything by which we hope to economize. It falls off the table, rolls under chairs, gets stepped on and refuses to stand still for a moment, while we try pinning the flowers on the right side in a droopy bunch and erecting the ribbon in a fierce and rampant bow, somewhere near the north-west corner of the structure. We read the article carefully, glare at the illustrations and determine to try again. But the shape is absolutely irreconcilable with anything smart or modish. The hat smirks at us in a hopelessly Mary Ann fashion, and the roses look as if they were the very last of the summer before last. The ribbon surely looks much cheaper than it did on the counter, and you wish you had bought something neat and simple, with very little trimming, at the Handsome Hat Shop. After all, it is better to have only one hat in a season, and have something with an "air" to it. Then a scornful young brother arrives on the scene and remarks in a loud voice on "the fierce lid," and you decide to give it away for sweet charity.

"This is something I'm trimming for the mission," you explain, blandly, and the seventh daughter of a Hungarian immigrant profits by your amateur millinery.

Of all base delusions and snares which make the lot of the would-be economizer a hard and misunderstood way, the homemade hat is the most beguiling and treacherous.

\*\*\*

### The Specious Article

HERE is one of the offensive articles, staring at me as I write. It is not in a journal especially designed for women's reading, but is in the "Strand," almost beside a delightful W. W. Jacobs' story. "What You Can Do With One Hat" is the beguiling name of this production, which proceeds to inform you of all the ways in which a plain shape of black Pedal straw may be manipulated. The brim is about four inches wide and is wired round the edge, the wire of course being neatly hidden by the "larm" or edging of straw. The illustrations are very fetching, indeed, too good to be true, and the story which is told is one of those light and airy bits of fiction which lure you into experiments which end in mortified vanity and vexation of spirit. There are about fifteen different hats shown, all made from various twistings and turnings of that same Pedal straw shape, and, of course, the fair face beneath the hat looks charmingly youthful and innocent in all guises and disguises. You believe you will buy such a shape to-morrow, also the two yards of ribbon, the quills, the roses, the drooping plumes and the trailing fruit vines, so eloquently described. You, also, will have a variety of hats, at a minimum of outlay. Well, don't say that I did not warn you, when you find that the ribbon will not loop right, the roses twist about and turn their faces from the brim in

the most contrary fashion, the plumes flop about in a dragged condition and the hat really looks as if you had made it yourself.

Once in a while there is a woman who really can trim hats, to make them look like the pedestalled triumphs in the smartest shops.

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### Womanliness and Its Negative

SOMEONE asked the other day: "What is Feminism?" and no one present seemed able to answer the question. "The new woman" and "the higher education of woman" were the most popular



OUR SOVEREIGN LADY ABROAD.

Though less fond of France than a former Queen Mary, the present royalty is here seen enjoying a drive through Vincennes with Madame Poincare, first lady of that gayest of republics. The occasion was a spectacular military show.

answers to the query, but these are, at best, indefinite replies. In truth, it is most difficult to define this latest "ism." One woman gave it as her opinion that "it meant the very essence of the Eternal Feminine."

"There is nothing womanly about Feminism," commented a man critic sweepingly. "Feminism is essentially unwomanly."

Here comes that adjective again, with all its various applications. "I detest smoking for woman," said a dainty girl, the other day. "It's so unwomanly."

"Yet the Turkish women smoke habitually, and think we are shameless and dreadful, because we go about with unveiled faces," said another girl.

"Smoking," said a man, dubiously, "I don't want any woman related to me to indulge in the habit—but the other man's sister may do as she likes. I don't want to see a woman smoke, any more than I want to see a man do Irish crochet."

"But it used to be considered unwomanly to ride a bicycle," said a young person who is said to have a weakness for the "sly cigarette."

"And it was most unwomanly to study mathematics or science or any poetry beyond Letitia Landon and Felicia Hemans," said a 'Varsity girl. "It seems as if the womanliness of one age were the affectation of another."

"Just a few years ago, it was regarded as a shocking thing for woman to ride astride her Arab steed," said the young athlete, who is famous at basket-ball in one of our best girls' schools. "Yet, at the Canadian Horse Show, in Toronto, last month, one of the most graceful and charming equestriennes rode in that

fashion. She was applauded by the women quite as warmly as by the men."

"It's a most inconsistent world," said the girl who wants a vote; "no man ever protested when he saw a woman scrubbing a floor, washing the windows or climbing a step-ladder to brush off the ceiling, that it was an unwomanly task—but the coarse work of casting a ballot is degrading."

\*\*\*

### The Women of Ulster

IN the present turmoil about Irish affairs, it does not seem a favourable moment for prophecy as to the political outcome. Bloodshed in Ireland would be no new "situation," but it is the hope of all British subjects that such a sad crisis may be averted. The Canadian who regards Ulster's opposition as a pretence or a passing whim is making a profound mistake in his racial judgment. Ulster may be right or wrong, but she is emphatically in earnest. In the United States, it is the custom to refer to Ulster people as Scotch-Irish. This is etymological, as well as temperamental error. Mr. Chesterton, in his book on George Bernard Shaw, comes nearer to an understanding and estimate of the North of Ireland people than any other writer. You might as well call a Boston Adams an Englishman as call an Ulster Roberts a Scot.

The women of Ulster are an unusually well-informed class, in matters of local history and politics, and their influence in the early training of the youth of the country is incalculable. The religion of Ulster has been sneered at, by those whose only views on that subject are a cheap and easy atheism. The Ulster women have not registered votes, but they have formed and strengthened convictions which it will not be easy for any opportunist to shake.

ERIN.

### Women as Office Holders

A CONSIDERABLE disturbance was created in a prominent organization of women two or three years ago over the fact that one woman had held the presidency of the organization for ten years and gave no signs of being willing to allow any one to succeed her. This led to a small scene and some heartburning, but in the end a new president was chosen.

A similar situation exists in the International Council of Women, which meets once every five years, and which is meeting this year at Rome. Lady Aberdeen has been president of this organization for about twenty years, and apparently has had no idea of retiring. A recent dispatch states that there was a movement to dethrone her, but later news tells of her re-election.

It is unfortunate that leading women should allow themselves to be persuaded to accept so many re-elections to office. In the men's Canadian clubs, which are scattered over the country, it is a usual thing for the president to be changed every year. If a man tried to hold the office for more than one year he would incur the displeasure of his fellows and his reputation would be seriously impaired. In the Canadian Club of Toronto, for example, there are about thirteen members on the Executive. At the last annual meeting eleven of the men chosen for the next year were not on the Executive in the previous year. The secretary became president and the past-president remained on the Executive ex-officio. Otherwise the Executive is entirely new. This may be radical, but it prevents dissatisfaction.

If women were to make it a rule that in all their organizations no person should be asked to occupy the office of president for more than one year, they would find the results much more satisfactory. Such a rule would add dignity to the organization by giving it a large number of past-presidents who would naturally continue to take an active interest in its affairs. Further, such a plan provides for the constant infusion of new blood and new ideas, and makes for progress. The old idea, that the longer a person holds office the more capable and efficient that person becomes, is an exploded theory so far as social organizations are concerned.





A daring horsewoman, whose riding at Toronto commanded the hearty applause of all onlookers. She is here seen leaving the Armouries under "military escort," as it happens.



Society at the National Horse Show resolved itself into well-known figures before the eye of the discriminating camera. Our snap shows Mr. K. R. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall, of Toronto.



Part of the I. O. D. E. delegation as snapped outside the Foresters' Hall, College St., Toronto, while waiting to embark in the motors provided by Mrs. E. V. Reynolds, to convey the guests to a reception at the Preventorium. The central figure, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, is president of the Order for the coming year.

### The Carnival of the May

WHO sent the word around that on an instant the trees should be strung with gems and lawns be set with the brightest of enamels? For the tulips are out, and the daffodils; and the crocuses have touched cups to the health of one another, and the humming-bird and bee are at the banquet.

The florists' windows are rare with dogwood and vague with the yellow of pussy-willows that have left their furs somewhere in the anti-chamber. Dandelions on the boulevards for children!

The tall buildings reach—what blue! And the streets if you follow them far enough out will take you to the places where trees, instead, are the props a nearer sky prefers to lean on. There, there are wood-peckers drumming for grubs and timid mice that dart between the tree-roots. But, there, we'll let the poet give the picture:

"And many a silly thing,  
That hops and cheeps,  
And perks his tiny tail,  
And sidelong peeps,  
And flutters little wing."

But the sun is as genial here as there, and the chauffeur in waiting beside the curb performs the miracle of lapsing into a yet more restful posture and exchanges a look of understanding with the dog who is sunning himself on a shop-door pavement. There are rainbow flashes in the drinking-fountain, where horses stop and newsboys squirt each other. Ladies pass in magnificent bonnets and their male equivalents hail one another and chaff and note their figures in the windows. For what is spring without its lord, the Tailor?

A gypsy-governed barrel-organ blunders into music. It is playing the classic "Home Sweet Home"—which, of course, reminds one. For the only baton to wield to that measure on such a day is, presto, the carpet-beater!

For a termagant as well as a siren—such is the carnival witch, the Month of May. And the revels are hers, no matter who join in them.

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### A Debatable Cult

TIME was when "athletics for girls" was put in the list of vulgarities with smoking and crossing the ocean without a chaperon. Athletics, to-day, have become a refinement, and the polite young woman of the present era, if overtaken by, for instance, fire, does not collapse as her grandmother did in the early Victorian manner, but organizes the rescuing corps and saves the day, a la Miss Ethel Heydon.

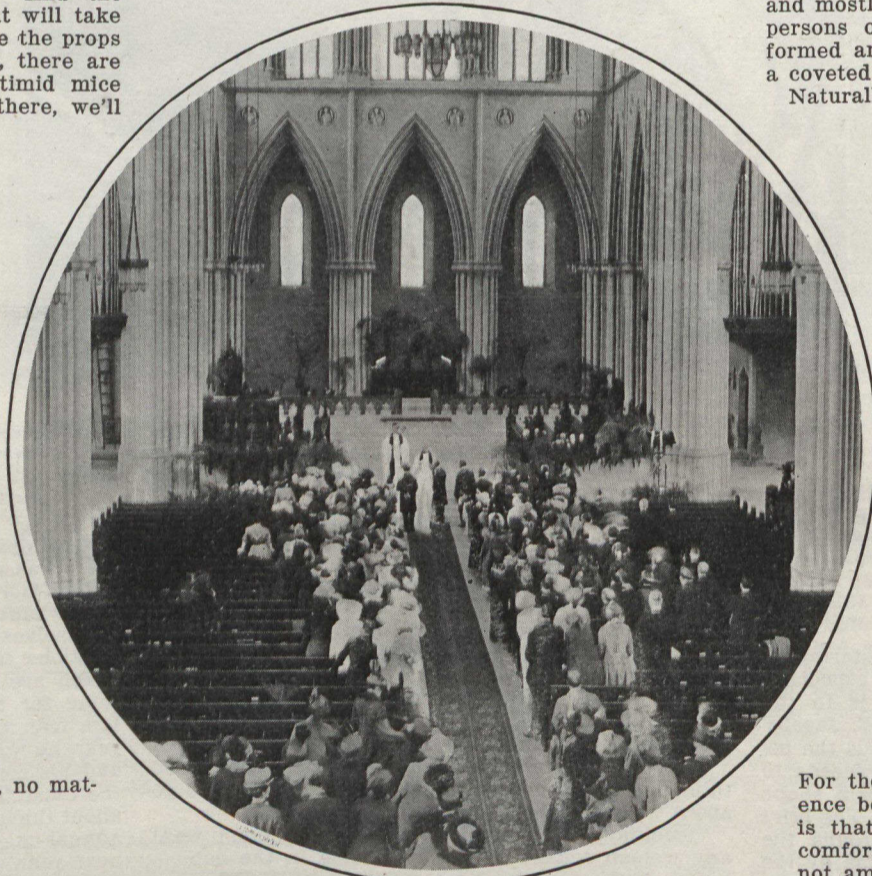
Sir Frederick Treves, the celebrated surgeon, and Lord Lonsdale, the famous traveller, recently addressed an audience in London and loudly commended sports for girls from the eugenic standpoint that the health of the race depends very largely upon the mothers.

Prejudice is willing to accept that dogma. It holds out, more or less, however, against the effect on the girls themselves of a somewhat excessive

attention to physical culture. It strongly objects to the masculine woman whom, according to its half conviction, the cult of the red corpuscle produces.

And just there is the place for a nice distinction.

The girl who golfs, the girl who rides, the girl who frequents the rifle ranges, must see to it that the white and grey are mixed as rightly in her brain convolutions as the white and red in her circulatory system. Otherwise, her cult is merely a craze. The boisterous girl is a creature to be avoided. She is



A picturesque church wedding in Toronto recently was that of Miss Beatrice Margaret Delamere, daughter of the late T. B. Delamere and Mrs. Delamere, to Dr. Henry Seton Hutchinson. The marriage was solemnized in St. Paul's, and the wedding march on the new organ was the happy inauguration of its use.

not more to be avoided, however, than the "delicate" girl who neglects outdoors, but would feel hurt if you called her plain "unhealthy."

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### The Princess of Teck

IN the midst of regret that the Duchess of Connaught has found Canada trying to her health, it has been read with delight in the feminine Dominion that the Princess of Teck, who comes in October to dispense, in the room of the royal Duchess, the

formal hospitality of Rideau Hall, is a great favourite, socially, in England, and across the water is unanimously voted "the prettiest as well as the best-dressed of all the British Royal Princesses."

It is whispered in the Capital that during the regime of that friendly and philanthropic vice-rene, the Countess of Aberdeen, many persons of the species "climber" imposed on her grace to such a degree that her visiting list had ceased to be exclusive. Succeeding hostesses at Rideau Hall had found the wedding too delicate a matter to be lightly undertaken and mostly shirked it. When royalty arrived in the persons of the Connaughts the wedding was performed and to be "commanded" became once more a coveted distinction.

Naturally, then, it awakens interest that the dignity of what the Americans have termed our "Canadian Court" will likely be continued. Before her marriage, ten years ago, to His Serene Highness Prince Alexander, who is a brother of the present Duke of Teck, and a descendant, through his mother, of George III., the Princess of Teck was her Royal Highness the Princess Alice of Albany. Her father was the late Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son.

In England, the Princesses of Teck rank in practice immediately after the daughters of the Duke of Fife, to whom the late King Edward VII. gave a definite precedence directly after the daughters of the Royal Family, who bear the title of Royal Highness.

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### Correcting G. K. C.

CHESTERTON exercised his wit to the sacrifice of his knowledge when he confessed that he scarcely knew "whether to be relieved or enraged by the substitution of the feeble platform lecture (as delivered by woman) for the forcible curtain-lecture." (Fancy him being in doubt about his feelings!)

For the whole world knows that the only difference between the two ways of absorbing wisdom is that the victim in the latter case snores in comfort, whereas in the former he snores, but not among the pillows.

Moreover, there can not be a substitution unless there is similarity of condition. The curtain lecture demands a husband; otherwise, it is not a curtain lecture. The platform lecture is the spinster's resort, likewise it is the widow's and the divorcee's. It is only in default of her husband's attention that a wife neglects her wife's opportunity, aided by "the curtain," and arraigns general man from the public platform. She wastes breath in whichever endeavour, as does also the husband for, as one has said, he snores.

One would not belittle the force, however, of the curtain lecture as G. K. C. may know it. For his wife, it is said, is his "business conscience," buying his ticket when he goes on a journey and doing her best to get him there in time. Nor would one belittle the philosopher's greatness. For great is he in mind as well as in body, and so great in body as in



gallantry of mind (despite the aspersions cast at the platform lady) that once he was observed to arise in a tram and proffer his seat to three ladies who accepted the accommodation with mirthful thanks.

The famous lines in indictment of the grocer contain a likewise explicit example of Chesterton's role of champion toward the fair sex on general lines:—

"He keeps a lady in a cage  
Most cruelly all day,

## A Canadian Etcher

By ESTELLE M. KERR

WHEN Dorothy Stevens first began etching four years ago, she seemed at once to have found the medium best suited to her genius and, though she paints during half the year both landscapes and portraits, it is by her etchings that she will always be best known. Her first efforts were in dry-print, in which medium she showed a delicate quality of line, but soon she abandoned this for the more satisfactory process of etching. She is a daring realist, working entirely from life and directly in her copper plate, but her choice of subjects is as varied as life itself. Now a wide rolling landscape attracts her, now a street scene, a group of ballet girls, a woman at her toilet, a cathedral, or a circus. Though her work is broad in character, minute architectural detail attracts her greatly and she will labour for hours at intricate traceries which in the finished proof, enveloped in shadow, will almost disappear.

This talented young Canadian inherits her artistic ability from her father who at one time devoted himself to engraving, but though born in Toronto, she went to England when she was fourteen, and was still a young girl with her hair down her back when she began to study at the Slade School in London. But "Stevie," as her fellow-students called her, soon attracted the attention of the professors, for her work was characterized by absolute fearlessness, and faulty drawing was concealed by masterly technique. Later she studied for two years in Paris and, though she now spends the winters in Toronto, each summer she returns to her old haunts.

She may be found in the most unexpected places, seated in front of a cafe where French ouvriers are sipping their absinthe, or perched on a roof, working with great concentration while her needle with quick, decisive strokes, lays bare the lines of glowing copper. But after her work is finished she is ready for all sorts of fun, and plays with

And makes her count and calls her 'miss' Until she fades away."

He objects to cages, as he objects to platforms—why not also object to the homiletic curtain? For the curtain has much of the use of the platform except for its very cage-like limitations.

G. K. C. is a maker of phrases who in that pursuit has forgotten to be consistent. But on that score, perhaps he has heard the "forcible" word.

even greater concentration than she works.

One very charming series of etchings was executed in Florence; Bruges inspired a number of fine plates, and a sketching tour in Belgium was productive of excellent results. Some of the most interesting of her etchings to a Canadian were



THE CITY OF DANTE.

As etched by the skill of Miss Dorothy Stevens, of Toronto, the young Canadian artist of this sketch. Italian landscape particularly attracts her, and one of her ablest etchings of Florence was loaned for the present reproduction.

executed in old Quebec, but as a rule her time in Canada is spent in interior painting, and her charming studio in Bay Street, in which she has managed to infuse continental atmosphere, is a rendezvous for the artist colony.



HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUGES.

Another example of Miss Stevens' cleverness, which shows her minute appreciation of architectural beauty and her more unusual power to reproduce it. The print is from one of her most admired etchings.

Just now she is doing some soft-ground etchings of Italian children from "The Ward," and may often be seen, very modishly dressed, hand in hand with a grimy little specimen of humanity who is willing to pose for twenty-five cents and an orange.

Dorothy Stevens is a member of the Chicago Society of Etchers and the Ontario Society of Artists, and examples of her work may be seen in permanent collections at Ottawa, Washington and Toronto. Collectors and art lovers are gradually acquiring some of her etchings which are handled by the best dealers in London and New York, and when her fame has had time to spread farther Canadians will be proud to have such a distinguished compatriot.

## The News in Brief

THE Winnipeg Babies' Milk Depot has recently been put on a civic basis through the persistent efforts of the ladies who had it in charge. It employs two nurses regularly, Miss Bradley and Mrs. Keena, and also two welfare nurses, Miss Smith and Miss Wanacott, who go down to the depot alternate weeks. The Board of Health is the managing body, and aims to make the station adequate.

Fully thirteen thousand persons, and half that number children, witnessed the crowning of the May Queen this year at New Westminster. The city's first May Day fete was observed in 1870, and the festival this year was the largest ever. The new Queen of the May, Miss Eva Atkinson, was crowned according to the annual custom by the ex-queen, who was Miss Jean McPhail.

Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney, of New York City, whose song-compositions have made her famous in the musical world on both sides of the line, is intending to spend this summer with her mother, Mrs. H. W. Branscombe, in Picton, Ont. Her two little daughters will be with her.

A dispatch from Rome announces the re-election of Lady Aberdeen to the position she held of President of the International Council of Women. The Honorary President, Mrs. Eliot, of Maine, was also re-elected. Among the many new officers chosen were two Canadians: Mrs. Harriet Sophia Sanford, of Hamilton, Ont., as treasurer, and Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, of Toronto, as President of the Committee on Finance.

The annual meeting of the Women's Musical Club of Edmonton resulted in the election of officers for the ensuing year, as follows:—President, Mrs. E. K. Broadus; and Executive Committee, Mrs. Maxfield, Mme. Cote, Mrs. J. H. Smith, Mrs. Ferris and Miss Corbitt. Re-elected to membership on the committee were: Mrs. Wallace McDonald, Mrs. Spratt, Mrs. Beaufort, Miss Seymour and Miss McIsaac. The club intends to have a club-house shortly, and will also set about founding a fund for the benefit of students who wish to study abroad.

The Canadian actress, Catherine Proctor, who is leading woman with the Bonstelle Players, has been playing in Toronto at the Alexandra this week in the comedy, "The Temperamental Journey," and will be a chief attraction there all summer. Miss Proctor received her early training at the Toronto College of Music and Dramatic Expression.

At the recent annual meeting in Toronto of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, of Hamilton, was made an honorary vice-president in recognition of her

## You Can Equal The Results of Professional Dyers



Reseda Green Dyed Black.

I trimmed it with new taffeta and made some alterations. I think it very smart. It certainly represents a great saving."

Color — really attractive color — lifts clothes out of the ordinary. Without charm of color clothes cannot have real style.

Why not give your last season's clothes fascinating new hues by using DIAMOND DYES.

Mrs. James Bell writes:

"My last year's spring suit was reseda green. Last spring that was fine, but for this season I wanted something different. I was going to buy a new suit when my sister told me to dye my old one.

"I sent for your DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL and DIRECTION BOOK and bought some black DIAMOND DYES for Wool or Silk. The material re-colored beautifully.

## Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Miss Virginia King writes:

"I send you my picture. The gown I am wearing was a light tan silk, made with an overskirt. I dyed the material purple and draped the overskirt.

"DIAMOND DYES have always given me splendid results and I recommend them strongly.

"It seems too good to be true that I can get results that equal those of professional dyers."



Gray Cloth Dyed Blue.

### Truth about Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics — Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

The WELLS & RICHARDSON Company, Limited  
200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, Canada



## Best Tea At Its Best

"SALADA" TEA is always the same, no matter when or where you buy it.

# "SALADA"

is the choicest tea—green, black or mixed—from the finest tea-growing country in the world—Ceylon, with its exquisite flavor and freshness protected by the sealed lead packages. 050

## Not "Bleached"!

The United States Department of Agriculture has met defeat in its efforts to prevent the bleaching of white flour with chemicals. The controversy over bleached flour does not disturb the household that knows

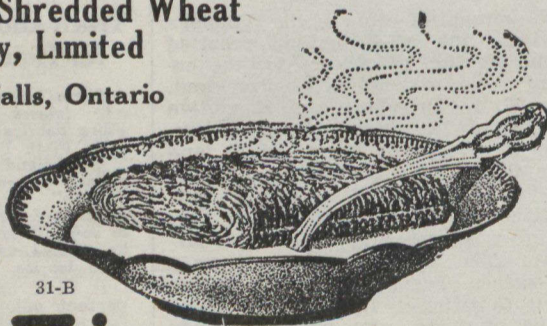
# SHREDDED WHEAT

It contains all the body-building nutriment in the whole wheat grain, is not "bleached" nor "treated" nor "compounded" with anything—just the pure wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Deliciously nourishing when eaten in combination with baked apples, stewed prunes, sliced bananas, canned or preserved fruits. Try toasted Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalade.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited  
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Toronto Office:  
49 Wellington  
Street East



31-B

## Assimilative Memory; or How to Attend and Never Forget

By Prof. A. Loiset. The complete Loiset Memory System. Its aim is to increase the power of memory in much the same proportion as the power of the eye for vision is increased by means of the microscope and telescope. 12mo, cloth, 170 pp. Price, \$3.00 post paid.

"I have no hesitation in commending Professor Loiset's system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively."—Richard A. Proctor, the Eminent Astronomer.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,

12 E. Wellington Street, - - - Toronto.

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

### Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.



National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited,

128

services to the order. Mrs. Crerar began the splendid campaign for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis—a work since taken up by many chapters.

The reception committee at the recent kermess, held at the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, was composed of the following well-known ladies: Mrs. G. E. Foster, Mrs. G. H. Perley, Mrs. E. T. Newcombe, Mrs. C. A. E. Harriss,

Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. Frank Oliver, and Mrs. C. F. Whitley.

The Political Equality League of Toronto is the newest of that city's suffrage bodies. The membership includes both men and women. The president is Mrs. Hector Prenter who is on the executive of the Single Tax Association, is a director of the Canadian Peace Society and a member of the Local Council of Women.

## The Clock and the Working Woman

By EDITH LANG

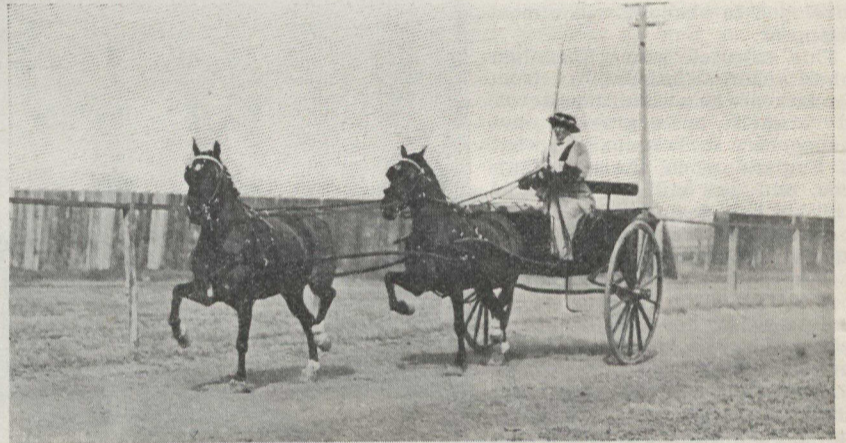
ALL the provinces of Canada have limited the working hours for women, as well as children, in factories—but in different degrees.

In British Columbia and Nova Scotia the legal working day in factories for women and children (i.e., boys and girls under 16 years of age) is eight hours; in Manitoba and the North-west Provinces it is nine hours, and in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick it is ten hours, not counting the one hour free for luncheon which the law of every Province demands. Ontario goes further than the other Provinces in providing that no women or children shall be employed after 6.30 p.m. or before 7 a.m., a practical regulation which makes inspection far simpler than it is, for instance, in New Brunswick, where the 10 hour day may be worked, at the pleasure of the employer, at any time between 6 a.m. and 10.30 p.m.

All the Provinces make an excep-

the fashions become "set," and then everyone rushes in to have clothes made according to the latest style, and each demanding the fulfilling of his or her order at top speed, there follows a period of overwork and eye-strain for the workers which ends only too often in ruined health.

The law of some of the Provinces, e.g., Nova Scotia, Quebec and many others, apply the same limitation of hours to those women working in shops (i.e., places where goods are sold) as to those working in factories (i.e., places where goods are made or prepared for sale). Manitoba and Ontario, on the other hand, allow women and children to work 12 hours daily in shops, and Ontario allows a further extension to 15 hours (from 7 a.m.—10 p.m.) on Saturdays, days before public holidays, and from December 14th—December 24th, inclusive. This is a disgraceful pandering to a thoughtless public, especially when it



BLUE RIBBON WINNERS IN REGINA.

In the Tandem Class at the Recent Horse Show the Proud Steppers "Broco" and "The Bantam" Were Superbly Driven by Their Owner, Mrs. J. L. R. Parsons.

tion of the canning industries, and, although some latitude may be deemed necessary during the busy fruit season, it does not seem either necessary or right that women should work from early morning until 9 p.m., or even later, as is at present allowed. Another weak point in the present regulation of hours by law is the facility with which employers can get permission to work their hands overtime (i.e., longer than the 8, 9 or 10 hours) which is usually allowed by their Province when an accident has delayed operations, or the "customs and exigencies of the trade demand it."

It is interesting to note that the two trades most frequently working overtime are laundries and the fashion clothing trades. People seem to have become obsessed with the notion that they must put on clean clothes on Sunday; have their washing called for on Monday or Tuesday, and returned on Friday or Saturday; the result is that every laundry worker's week is divided into a period of idleness and a period of overwork. If some people would adopt the system of sending out their washing on Thursday, say, and getting it back on Monday or Tuesday, the workers could be employed a reasonable length of time on each day of the week.

The evil of the fashion clothing trades is a far more difficult one to alter, as human nature is not getting better, but rather worse, in its mad desire for rapidly changing styles. Women in these trades are idle for frequent long periods of time before

necessitates children working these long hours, not only once a week throughout the year, but for fifteen days in succession at the already overburdened time of the Christmas rush.

A FEW employers have refused recently to take advantage of this license, but until the law, or an enlightened public opinion, demands that their competitors do likewise, such employers stand to lose financially for their fair dealing.

In general, public opinion must precede law, but the Shop Assistants' Act, passed about two years ago in England, is an illustration of how Parliament can educate public opinion. To increase the leisure of shop assistants throughout the country and, at the same time, to protect the generous employer from his less scrupulous rival, a law was passed, compelling every shop in the land to shut on one working day of the week at 1 p.m. The gain to shop assistants has been enormous, and the inconvenience to the public has been trifling and far less than it was expected to be. If a few people forgot to do their shopping early on Wednesday one week, they seldom made the mistake a second time.

Here in Canada many stores are closed voluntarily for a half working day during the summer months. It would certainly be fairer (and the municipal councils have in practically every case the power) to make it compulsory on all stores to do likewise.



# The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE latest names added to the roll of Club members are: Mrs. Grace W. Cochrane, of Toronto, editor of "World Wide" and "Northern Messenger," and Mrs. West Jones, of Calgary, who is editor of the Woman's Page on the "Daily Herald."

MISS BERTA THORNLEY, of London, having retired from active work, has withdrawn from Club membership.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING addressed the Women's Press Clubs at Winnipeg and Fort William, on which occasions he made a plea for more small, cosy theatres in Canada. The distinguished guest was accompanied by Mrs. Irving and his private secretary, Miss Alice Howe. The latter is a descendant of Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia, who secured for his province the freedom of the press.

To the large question as to what constituted a good play, Mr. Harvey declared there was a difference between a good play and a popular play, for sometimes the former in an unaccountable way lacked the "bacilli of success." Quoting he said the three attributes of a successful play were first, construction; second, construction; third, construction. Again that "women wanted love in a play, men character and the crowd action." And how about the psychology of a Canadian audience as contrasted with



MRS. ERNEST BEAUFORT,  
President Edmonton Branch C. W. P. C.

a British? was the next question. "Canadians are essentially British," was the answer, "and in a crowd one gets down to the essentials." An English audience, using the term correctly, had an exaggerated sense of the ridiculous, and so often laughed in the wrong place. Canadians having a strong admixture of other British elements were not so prone to laughter.

MISS G. BINNIE-CLARK, a member of the C. W. P. C., is the author of a volume, "Wheat and Woman," just issued by Messrs. Bell & Cockburn, Toronto. The story deals with the personal experiences of the author on her farm near Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask., where 320 acres of land are under her supervision. Miss Binnie-Clark is at present on her way out from England, where she spends half the year, the other half being devoted to interests in the Canadian West.

MISS MARJORIE MacMURCHY, of Toronto, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, have been appointed by the Executive of the C.W.P.C. to serve on the Canadian Peace Centenary Association.

MR. FRANK PARSONS, of the School of Applied Art in New York, addressed the Toronto Women's Press Club recently on the principle of "Unity" as regarding the head lines, type, balancing of edges, pictures, furnishings and objects of art.

COPIES of "Stories of the British Empire," by Miss Agnes Maule Machar, of Kingston, are being placed in all the Toronto schools. We

are also glad to learn that a new Canadian edition of this very excellent book is being prepared for immediate issue.

THE Calgary Club have subscribed \$10.00 to the Beneficiary Fund of the C.W.P.C.

THE Saskatoon Club have elected the following officers: President, Miss Irene Moore; Secretary, Mrs. H. C. Sproule; Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Becker.

IN the passing of Mr. Cy. Warman the Canadian Women's Press Club have lost a very good friend. To those members whom he accompanied last summer to Tete Jaune Cache in the Rocky Mountains, the news of his death came as a distinct shock. In his last letter to the President, written shortly before his illness, he said: "I think I have tasted every variety of sorrow, almost, but I am happy to say it has not embittered my life." All who had the honourable satisfaction of his acquaintance know this claim to be true without any qualifying limitations.

Mr. Warman was the first writer in this country to see the romance of railroading. He was able to discern many beautiful things behind the very thick veil of the commonplace. His verses, too, have a human pulse and a keen appreciation of the vagaries of human nature. One might say of him what Edouard Rod said of Edmund Gosse: "For him literature is neither a taste nor a profession, nor an exercise, but a condition of existence."

MISS MARIE NUNAN, on the staff of "The Canadian Mail," is to be married this month in England to M. Prottere ("Wyndham") of "The Daily Mirror," London. They will reside in Paris. Miss Nunan's home is in Toronto, but, of late, she has been a member of the Edmonton Club.

THE Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, Canada, are offering a prize of one hundred dollars for the best Imperial poem, to be set to the music recently composed and dedicated to the Order by Mrs. M. C. de Lotbiniere Harwood, of Edmonton, Alberta.

Those desiring to compete may obtain the regulations and copies of the script from the Honorary Secretary, MRS. R. PERCY BARNES, 478 112th Street, Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

The competition closes at Edmonton on September 1st. The award will be made by a committee composed of the following members: Mrs. Arthur Murphy ("Janey Canuck") of Edmonton, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club; Mrs. R. Percy Barnes, First Vice-Regent of the Municipal Chapter of the Daughters of Empire, City of Edmonton; Dr. W. T. Allison ("Ivanhoe"), of Winnipeg, Lecturer in English Literature in University of Manitoba, and Dr. E. K. Brodus, of Edmonton, Lecturer in English Literature in the University of Alberta.

THE Edmonton Capital on April 17th published the very excellent and exhaustive report made by Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Vice-President of the Board of Control of the Alberta Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, giving a statement of the work accomplished and outline of plans for the immediate future.

A DELIGHTFUL evening was spent by the members of the Toronto Branch on May 2nd, at the studio of Mrs. Elliott, when after the business of the Club had been attended to, an auction sale of "White Elephants" was held. The articles for sale formed a varied and unusual collection of pet encumbrances, and the bidding was keen, thus swelling the coffers of the Branch beyond expectations.

**This advertisement was written by 13 physicians, nurses and mothers**

Following are extracts from a few of many letters praising Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder and describing its unique value in the care of babies and young children. All these extracts are given in the exact language of the writers.

\* For the comfort of babies, Mennen's is a heavenly gift.  
\* It is sterile, bland, non-irritating and well-proportioned.  
\* I do not think these babies would have lived if it had not been for Mennen's (eczema).  
\* I have used Mennen's for twenty years in dressing the umbilical cord.  
\*\*\* With any burn or hurt, the children come running, crying for Mennen's.  
\* Its antiseptic, styptic and absorbent qualities and its impalpable smoothness make it an ideal dressing.  
\* Since my success with Mennen's, I have advised mothers to use no other powder.

\*\* Best of all powders to prevent chafing, and scalding is entirely overcome by it.  
\*\* During my twelve years' practice I never found any other Talcum Powder so satisfactory (maternity cases).  
\*\* This powder I used for umbilicus dressing for eight years with the finest results.  
\*\* I prefer it to any other powder for chafing, abrasions, prickly heat, and irritations caused by teething in infants.  
\*\* I began to use this powder while doing maternity cases in a Buffalo hospital. I never had one case where the baby became sore and chafed.  
\*\*\* I keep baby well dusted with Mennen's in the arm pits, under the chin, behind the ears and all such places to prevent cracking of the tender skin.

One star (\*) indicates physicians. Two stars (\*\*) indicates nurses. Three stars (\*\*\*) indicates mothers.

The letters from which the above excerpts are taken, together with hundreds of others equally commendatory, are on file in our offices, where they may be seen by any interested person. Use Mennen's for your children, and for every other purpose for which a smooth, dainty, refined, talcum powder is needed.

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# "HIS PLACE in the WORLD"

By Mrs. Bilborough

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"ARCHIE, indeed!" So the mahogany-faced man who was with her was Archie Robinson—now Lord Wallsend! And it was "rotten cheek" for him—John Grey—to touch the hem of her scarf!

He dug his cane savagely into the ground and scowled down at it.

Violet had spoken twice, and now touched his arm.

"Who was that lady, John?"

"Miss Pragg's niece—the Honourable Margaret Assitas," he answered curtly.

"What a rude man she had with her! Did you hear what he said?" Her voice was indignant.

"The man was Lord Wallsend, I believe."

"Oh!" Violet seemed impressed. "Are they engaged?"

"I don't know. Shall we be moving? I'm tired of sitting." He stood up and moved away restlessly.

Violet felt that a cloud had fallen upon their evening. They walked home in silence. At the Smilies' door he left her and, turning away, walked moodily and wearily by himself for another hour, a prey to bitter and unavailing reflections.

Latterly there had been moments when, without conscious efforts, glimpses of another life flitted across his mind to distract and torment him; but when he sought to grasp and concentrate his mind upon them, they seemed merely idle figments of the brain, without coherence.

Such experiences had been frequent lately. The numb blankness he had felt when he left the workhouse infirmary was now often broken by these fleeting, transitory flashes which, lighting up the dark places for a second, left him groping more painfully for coherent remembrance. Thus, when least expected, would flash the recollection of an armchair in which he had often sat—or a meerscham pipe, in the colouring of which he had once taken a peculiar pride—it was only the unconsidered trifles which seemed to have left their impression upon his sub-consciousness, and this struck him as the strangest thing of all.

Latterly he had begun to remember a little run-about car which he had driven in some remote place amongst the moors, and always at the end of the journey, a big house with a red-tiled roof flashed into view, or a grey-haired woman smiled a welcome to him from a doorway overhung with wistaria—but the moment he made a conscious effort to grasp these fleeting fancies, they were gone, leaving him uncertain how far they were real or imaginary; yet while they always left him chafing more than ever at his strange position, they roused a hope within him that in time his clouded brain would clear and his memory return.

The warm, lingering days of autumn had given place to a snap of cold weather, when he took Violet one Sunday afternoon to a concert at the Albert hall.

Music always had a great charm for John Grey, and although their shilling places entailed climbing innumerable flights of stairs till they attained a dizzy height, when they were at length seated, he settled down to enjoy a musical treat.

The programme for the afternoon included the "Valkyrie," but Wagner failed to interest Violet. She was, later on, however, roused to deep

emotion during the singing of Tennyson's beautiful song—

"Break, break, break,  
On my cold grey stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me."

She stirred uneasily, striving to keep back the tears that had arisen to her eyes as the song went on—

"And the stately ships go by  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Unable longer to control her emotion, the big tears rolled down her face and dropped into her folded hands.

"Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

Violet was weeping unrestrainedly now, and John Grey, as he watched her, wondered what acute sorrow memory had revived, and realized how little he knew of her life, how little she knew of his, what secret, inaccessible places there were in every life. He ceased to listen to the music, carried away by his own thoughts.

At the close of the song, he suggested they should leave, and Violet seemed glad to escape into the open air.

"I'm afraid you did not enjoy the concert much after all, Violet?"

"Yes, John, indeed I did! But that last song was so sad—it brought back so many things to me."

"It made you cry!"  
"I couldn't help it. It took me back to sweet Clovelly, where I was born; it made me think of the sea, which I have not seen since I came to London; of my father, who owned a trawler, and was drowned at sea; of our pretty little cottage with the honeysuckle and roses clambering over it and nodding in at the windows; and then I thought of mother, who died of a broken heart fretting about Rose—everything seemed to crowd back to me with that song." Her voice sounded inexpressibly sad.

"WHO was Rose?" asked John Grey, as they crossed the road and passed into Kensington Gardens.

"Rose was my only sister. Mother called us each after her favorite flowers."

"You never told me that you had a sister before! Did she die?"  
"We never knew what happened to Rose." Her voice sank to a husky whisper.

She walked on in silence, struggling to regain her composure. John Grey did not hurry her. After a time she grew calmer and continued her story—

"I was sixteen when Rose left home; she was, of course, much older. A rich lady had rented a cottage at Clovelly for the summer, and took an immense fancy to Rose. She persuaded mother before she left to let Rose go to London with her as a companion—she wanted someone bright and young. At first Rose seemed very happy, and sent money home regularly to help with my education. Rose was devoted to mother and me. All at once her letters stopped—just stopped!"  
"But you had her address?"

"Mother wrote, of course, but the letter came back after a long time through the dead letter office. Later she found that the old lady had died

and the house was empty, but she could hear nothing of Rose."

"That was strange!" commented John Grey with a puzzled look.

"Mother thought Rose had met with an accident and had been killed."

"How long ago was this?"

"Three years ago."

"How did you expect to find your sister when you got here?"

"I didn't know what London was like John; I had always lived at Clovelly. When mother died I felt I must come and look for Rose." Violet spoke simply. "I thought I should find her somewhere if she were alive—but I see now that it is hopeless. I can't bear to talk of Rose—it hurts."

Her voice choked again.

"She may not be dead—you may still find her," said John Grey with quick sympathy. "What sort of a girl was she?"

"Tall and dark, with lovely eyes; everyone admired Rose, she was so very beautiful."

"PERHAPS that was the cause of all the trouble," he said soberly. "Beauty is sometimes a fatal gift."

"No! oh, no! Rose would never do anything wrong, and I am sure she could not forget us. Mother never doubted her love. I wish you could have known my mother, John—you would have loved her."

"I wish I had. You have had a rough time, poor child, since she died." His voice was very kind. He felt deeply sorry for the lonely girl who had come on such a hopeless quest for a lost sister.

"I had reached the blackest hour of my life when I met you; since then, life has been better. You have been very good to me, John."

Her voice thrilled with pride in him. "The Smilies have been good, you mean," he protested. "I wish there were more Marthas and Jacobs in the world. What a contrast they were to our old enemy, Mrs. Bindels. I wonder how she felt when she woke up and found herself locked in and the birds flown!"

He laughed at the recollection.

"I've been terrified of meeting that woman ever since," said Violet.

"Nonsense! why should you be? She can't hurt you now."

He took a cigarette from his case as he spoke and, lighting it, lifted his eyes to become conscious that they were following a tall, graceful woman walking with that especial poise and erect carriage associated in his mind with one woman only. Lord Wallsend was sauntering lazily beside her.

Metaphorically, John Grey went to pieces at once, and, relapsing into profound silence, turned aside into the first path they came to.

Violet, with unerring feminine instinct, divined the cause of his sudden gloom, and a chill fell upon her spirits which she found it impossible to throw off.

"I should like to get home, John, in time for evening service."

Her voice sounded, all at once, weak and faint.

He put her on a 'bus, and then returned to the Park, walking aimlessly to and fro till dark.

A feeling of acute nostalgia overpowered him. A sickness for his own place in the world. There was a limit to a man's endurance, and whenever he saw Margaret Assitas, he felt he had reached that limit.

It was foolish of him to think of her as he did, he told himself savagely. But he could not help it. Again and again



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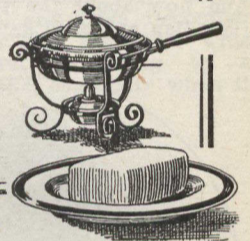
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would come one of those elusive flashes lighting up the darkness of his brain, seeming to show him that in that veiled past of his he had walked on equal terms with the class in which Margaret Assitas was such a splendid figure.

Would that veil of his past life ever be lifted? If it was lifted, would the revelation put him in a position to dare—

"Folly!" he cried aloud in answer to these thoughts. "Folly!"

And yet, despite himself, he knew that he was hoping.

CHAPTER XX.

Scandal in High Life.

LIEUT. ALAN WINTERFIELD, whose treatment by Lady Assitas, in connection with her daughter, Madge, had evoked such bitter words from Miss Pragg during the memorable car drive that so enlightened John Grey as to the matrimonial ventures of the Assitas family, had won his promotion before returning from his far station in China.

Letters had been forbidden by the petticoated Roman General, her mother, but he was young, and had faith in the woman he loved.

His years of banishment had been filled with hard work, lonely waiting, and a hungry, passionate longing for the girl he worshipped. Then he was stricken down with fever, then again with plague.

No one thought he would see his native land again! But the young officer fought tenaciously for his life. There was a woman waiting for him—wanting him as he wanted her—he must live, for her sake. When at length he was invalided home, it was only the power of his indomitable will which sustained him through the long journey.

Arrived in England, he lost no time in presenting himself at the Assitas' mansion in Curzon Street, determined that nothing should stand in the way of his union with Madge, now that his position had improved.

She was old enough to assert her right to choose for herself; he intended to marry her in the face of opposition. Never for a moment did the possibility occur to him that she might not be free to marry him. She was his, he told himself—irrevocably his—nothing could alter that.

His illness was forgotten in the eager joy of home-coming. The blow of the news that her mother had forced her to marry a dotard with a title, came with such overwhelming force, that it brought on a serious relapse, and he lay for weeks in a critical condition between life and death, with fever running through his veins again and burning out his vital forces.

Society, in a flutter, was waiting to welcome the young officer with open arms; but Captain Alan Winterfield, in the solitude of his sick-room, thought only of Madge, and registered a vow that, married though she was, he would see her once again at all costs, the moment he was able to set foot abroad. And with grim resolution he kept his vow.

Madge, gentle and passive, had been unable to resist the overpowering will of the Roman General, comforting herself with the thought that the old Earl, in the course of nature would probably be dead before her soldier lover returned from his China station. Then, free from the thralldom of home, she would be able to accept her happiness with both hands.

Thus she had temporised with fate, but Alan had returned before his time, and the old Earl was not dead, but very much alive.

It was a trembling, white-faced woman who received this impetuous lover of former days. On Alan's face, no trace remained of the glad joy of home-coming—all she saw was a stern man with set jaw, from whose despairing eyes angry fires answered her agonized and appealing glance. Excuses froze upon her lips before this inexorable, accusing man.

"I did not think it of you, Madge—I would have staked my life upon your constancy."

"Alan! Oh, Alan!" she faltered.

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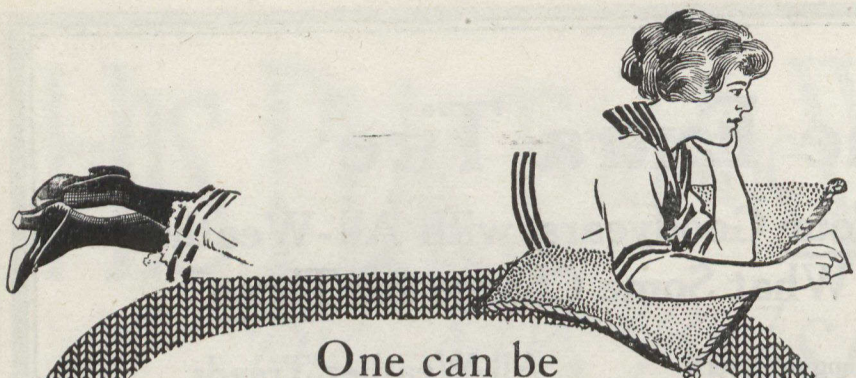
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"There is only one way out for me," he said bitterly. "I need not have fought so hard for life; it is of no use to me—now!"

"No, no, Alan!" cried Madge, with a new, wild terror. "You will not do anything rash?"

She sank on to her knees, clinging to his hands in a frenzy of fear and remorse.

"Nothing is left for me to live for—every moment I should wish your husband dead. I will not be a murderer even in thought—I shall go home and shoot myself! You are mine, mine! There is no other way out for me. Madge—oh, my darling!—I came to—say—good-bye!"

He disengaged her clinging hands, kissed them tenderly and gently, and left her kneeling, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Then he went out, closing the door silently behind him.

"Oh, Alan! my love, my life! Alan! Alan! What have I done? What have I done?" wailed the unhappy woman.

A thrill of horror stirred the butterflies of the fashionable world when it became known that the young officer invalided home, had deliberately locked himself into his room and shot himself. Officially, this was set down to the after-effects of fever and plague.

**B**UT more ominous whispers got about when his death was immediately followed by the suicide of Madge, Countess of Blackmouth.

Here was tragedy indeed!

Miss Pragg's face took on grimmer lines about the mouth, and her hair whitened visibly. There was a fiercely acrimonious scene between the Roman General and the spinster, when the sisters chanced to meet as they went to order mourning, and they parted in high dudgeon.

The two funerals, whether by accident or design, took place on the same day. Miss Pragg sent a wreath of white roses to each, identical even to the cards, on which were the words: "In death united."

Margaret hurried back from Nice, where she had gone on a visit to friends; but she had not been at home long when fresh trouble fell upon the family. Miss Pragg was the first to be informed of it in a letter which she received from Margaret's sister Louisa.

Letter from Lady Wentwell to Miss Pragg.

Wentwell House.

Dear Aunt,

I write to you because you understand to some extent how unhappy my life has been—it is hopeless to expect mamma to understand.

You told me when my poor deformed child died, to throw my mind into other channels—to try to forget! Oh, Aunt, I tried to remember, to cling to him still, to hold him before me as a shield between myself and—happiness. I went amongst the crippled children—I endowed a cot—I visited the slums of the East End—I went to the Salvation Army barracks—I did these things striving to find some one more miserable, more desolate, than I was. It did not help me! What had I to live for? My marriage was a sacrilege, not a sacrament; my deformed, epileptic little child the outward and visible consummation of its inward iniquity.

Mamma knew what my husband's family history was—what he was. You have asked me, why don't I get a divorce. Aunt, you forget that I cannot. However unfaithful my husband has been during our ten years of married life, he has not been cruel to me in the eyes of the law. He has not beaten me, or given me a black eye, therefore I am powerless—and he knows it. But what is physical violence compared to the moral degradation he has subjected me to?

I am now twenty-eight. If I were an old woman I might struggle on to the end. If I had my poor child, I would struggle on; but oh, Aunt! what have I to live for?

I met a dear old soul at the Salvation Army, called Martha Smilie;

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she gave me the first gleam of hope I have had for years.

"The blessed Lord wants us to be happy—wants us to live in the sunshine of life"—that was what she said.

"Then why," I asked her, "is there so much suffering in the world?"

"He does not make the suffering, my dear," she said; "it is sin. He gave us life, that we might rejoice and be exceeding glad—it is a great gift—He gave us life that we might be happy, living in the sunshine and not in the shadow."

I pondered over that, Aunt. I had lived in the shadow of great darkness, and put away all thoughts of joy or hope out of my life. A good man offered me the gift of a perfect love—but I had not the courage to cut myself free from the man who had broken all his vows made at the altar. I thought it would be a sin—a sin to be happy. While my suffering little child lived, I clung to him desperately, as a drowning man will cling to the frailest thing—but the child was taken. It was a sin to wish it otherwise, but oh! I had nothing left—nothing to save me from—from—drowning! Do not blame me too much, Aunt Pragg.

I shall be pilloried by Society; held up to censure, father and mother will disown me. But it was mamma's fault—she kept us ignorant of life. But she knew. It was not a marriage, it was a crime!

Colonel Berring has made great sacrifice for me. He has thrown up his commission, severed all connection with his world, as I shall do with mine. He intends to live upon a small private income, and we are going to New Zealand. When you get this letter, we shall have sailed. I know I can rely upon his honour; he will not let me suffer more than he can help from the step I have taken. No one will miss me. I shall be a dead woman to everyone except the man I love and who loves me.

Lord Wentwell can divorce me, if I cannot divorce him. When he does, Colonel Berring will marry me. It was the only way for me to escape from a living death—unless I took the way poor Madge took!

Wish me well, dear Aunt, in a new life, in a new country—pray that I may escape out of the darkness into the sunshine, and make something better out of my marred and broken life.

Oh, Aunt Pragg, save dear Peggy from the fate of her two unhappy sisters!

Good-bye for ever, dear Aunt.

Your affectionate niece,

Louisa.

Miss Pragg sat silent a long time after reading this letter—then she wiped her eyes.

"I do wish you well! Poor Louisa—so it has come at last!" she snook her head sadly. "The world will blame you, Louisa, but let him that is perfect cast the first stone—and not in my presence, either," she added grimly.

"No matter who is to blame, the woman must always suffer. Louisa will get all the odium, and her scamp of a husband will get his divorce. Everyone will pity him—unless the King's Proctor intervenes, which heaven forbid!

"To think that Louisa—that innocent, pure-minded woman—must put herself into this false position to get free! It is abominable! My poor girl, I do not blame you. At twenty-eight—all her life before her—she has a right to seek sunshine and happiness. Thank God, Colonel Berring is a strong man, a good, honourable man—he will not leave her in the lurch."

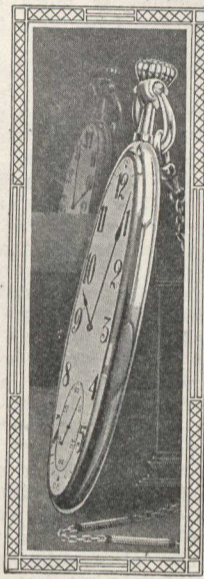
\* \* \*

Consternation reigned in the house in Curzon Street when the disastrous intelligence of Louisa's flight with Colonel Berring became public property.

Lord Assitas suddenly looked like an old man. Easy and indolent, he hated notoriety of every sort, and this second humiliating scandal was a blow to his pride, intolerable to bear.

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to discuss the subject with her.

Lord Wentwell took divorce proceedings at once, which were unopposed; and in due time the union was dissolved.

In the eyes of the law, Louisa was a free woman, and Colonel Berring, in the far-off land to which they had fled, lost no time in making her his wife. Never once had he caused her to regret the equivocal and perilous position in which she had placed herself. Her faith in his honour and integrity had not been misplaced.

These trying events had made a deep and lasting impression upon Margaret Assitas, and resulted in a very stormy scene between herself and the Roman General, driving her to write the following letter to her aunt—

The Honourable Margaret Assitas to Miss Pragg.

Curzon Street.

Dear Aunt,

Everything seems to be going wrong at home. Papa is gloomy and miserable, mamma is more domineering than ever, and I begin to feel that life is not worth living.

Lord Wallsend has formally proposed to papa for me. Papa referred him to mamma, and she promptly accepted him, without giving me even an option in the matter.

Of course I was furious. I told mamma plainly I would never marry him in any circumstances. I think he might have waited, instead of adding to the domestic troubles on the top of all the ferment over Louisa.

Mamma stormed at me; said I had permitted his attentions and tacitly accepted him by doing so; declared I should never get such another offer after the disgrace Louisa had brought upon us, not to mention poor Madge.

Perhaps I have let things drift. When one has known a man from childhood and is continually thrown into his company, the position is difficult to avoid. A few years ago, I might have let mamma hustle me into it; but after what has happened to Madge and Louisa, I see the awful seriousness of marriage—now, more than ever. I am determined to be an old maid. If I cannot marry a man I really love, I will never marry at all.

You have asked me if I have never met any one I liked. Perhaps I have; but he has not asked me—never will ask me—and I shall never tell you or anyone who it is. But it has shown me the utter futility of marrying without love.

Mamma laughed in my face when I flatly refused to accept Lord Wallsend, and said the announcement of our engagement had already been sent to the fashionable papers! I know mamma's methods, but I will not be treated as Madge and Louisa were. I shall take refuge with you, dear Aunt Pragg, if things get too much for me.

Your loving niece,  
Peggy.

P. S.—Does anyone get what they want in this world?

In a little room in the mews, Violet Vernon was also asking herself that self-same question with a heavy heart and eyes that were full of tears.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### An Offer of Marriage.

WHEN Archie Robinson returned from Rhodesia as Lord Wallsend, he took a suite of rooms in St. James, declaring it was central and more convenient for a bachelor than his big town house, where his aunt, old Sarah Field Robinson, had died.

He had a country house in Kent, not far from Stone Hall, and whenever the Assitas family went to Stone Hall, if Margaret went with them, he usually followed. His favourite residence, however, was a little villa at Monte Carlo, to which he always flew. If Margaret, escaping from her family, went to visit her numerous friends abroad.

Accustomed to indulge in every passion, he prided himself that he had cut a very creditable figure as the devoted lover.

Margaret, for her part, treated him

with an easy friendliness which indicated no deeper feeling; but this did not in any way discourage Lord Wallsend. He could not imagine any woman seriously ignoring his addresses, if he took the trouble to make love to her. Lady Assitas, he knew, was on his side, and she was a warm advocate and strong ally.

He did not want to hurry Margaret unduly, but he was getting bored. Things were moving too slowly for his impatient nature.

While the family were under a cloud, and smarting with bitter humiliation over the recent scandals, he thought they would welcome with gratitude an offer of marriage from himself, which would shed a fresh lustre upon them. He regarded it rather in the light of a condescension or his part to make it. He considered himself "a deuced fine fellow to stick it." He persuaded himself it was because he hadn't the heart to leave Peggy in the lurch!

Whenever his pale, enamel-blue eyes took in her points with their hard, cold scrutiny, his resolve strengthened to have her for his own, and he decided that the psychological moment had arrived to press his suit, when Society was buzzing with hushed horror at the scandal of Louisa's elopement, following on the heels of Madge's suicide, and the publicity of the latest divorce in high life.

Lady Assitas could scarcely conceal the fierce joy which possessed her, as with easy nonchalance he made his offer for Margaret's hand. A load was lifted from her spirits: she had feared he would draw back, and add another blow to the falling house.

HE accepted her effusive cordiality with very marked indifference.

Learning that Margaret was out, he left the Roman General with the delicate task of breaking the news to her, and, if necessary, bringing her to see the honour he had done her.

It could not be left in stronger or more capable hands. He felt it an unmistakable relief that he had not seen Margaret. She would have time to get over the first effect—he hated scenes—and he had an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty as to the attitude Margaret might adopt. It would all come to the same thing in the end, of course. He meant to have her. Lady Assitas meant him to have her. It would be well, therefore, for Margaret to realize this before she committed herself to a refusal.

He sauntered to his club, reflecting upon the course of events. He did not intend to call at Curzon Street again that day.

At the club he met several other choice spirits, and suggested a little supper party and a game of roulette at his rooms afterwards, by way of passing the time.

Two accepted the invitation joyously, the third sucked at his cigar with a thoughtful air.

"Fact is—Wallsend—awfully sorry an' all that—but I'm booked to take the divine Judy to supper—demned sorry I can't oblige, old man," he apologized.

A roar of laughter greeted this announcement, for Bertie Glossheimer—whose father was reputed to be worth a million—was known to be hopelessly infatuated with the latest "French" dansuese (a lady with a pronounced Irish accent), and was a helpless victim to her charms.

"We shall have to excuse you in that case, I suppose," laughed Lord Wallsend indulgently.

"Bertie's a goner," chirped a fair-headed "Nut," as he flicked an imaginary speck of dust from his coat sleeve, after which he lifted his eyes to one of the large mirrors on the wall, and took an anxious and altogether unnecessary survey of himself.

"Weally it's surprising how dishevelled a fella' gets going along Pwiccadilly," he complained; "the cwouds have no ideah of gettin' out of the way!"

He drew off a lemon-coloured kid glove, and smothered a faultlessly glossy head devoid of parting, the rather long hair being brushed back from his very plain face and plastered



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down to his head. He regarded it now despondently.

"Just had my hair ironed in Pwiccadilly, an' it wants doin' again." The other men eyed him critically, Wallsend with a flicker of contempt in his hard eyes.

"Comes of wearing your hair so long, Detrich," said Bertie languidly; "get it cut, man, saves a deuce of a lot of worry." He looked complacently at his own short hair with its neat parting in the middle.

The "Nut" shuddered, and his eyes dropped to Bertie's passionate silk socks of a vivid scarlet, shot with yellow, and then he transferred his gaze to his own white spats thoughtfully.

"Bertie's afraid of getting his hair pulled by the divine Judy," sneered Wallsend, "that's why he keeps it short."

After the laugh which followed this sally, Bertie excused himself in order to keep an obviously fictitious appointment with his tailor, and sauntered out of the club.

"'Fwaid of missin' the matinee an' a sight of the divine Judy's legs," giggled the "Nut," as Bertie disappeared.

After an hour's idle gossip, the other men drifted into the street.

Later in the evening they all collected at Wallsend's rooms, and amid clouds of cigar smoke and innumerable whiskeys-and-sodas, gambled away the night, stopping only when a slant of sunlight, filtering through the blinds, paled the electric lights to a sicklier hue, and warned them that another day had dawned.

Lighter in pocket, two flushed and rather unsteady youths descended in the lift to the street. The "Nut," still anxious about his appearance, was enveloped in a long coat which entirely concealed his evening dress.

Wallsend turned into bed, and at once fell into a sound untroubled sleep.

It was well after eleven o'clock before his valet ventured to disturb his slumbers by intruding into his bedroom with a silver salver on which were the morning papers and his letters, together with a stiff "refresher."

Wallsend opened one eye, and consigned the valet and all his race to everlasting perdition for waking him. The man, accustomed to such valedictory vehemence from his master, looked unmoved.

SEEING the brandy-and-soda, Wallsend opened the other eye, and drank off a tumbler full, after which he tossed his letters over without opening them.

"Bills," he grunted; "they can wait!"

A dirty envelope caught his eye, addressed in an illiterate hand.

"Curse it!" he ejaculated, and separated it from the others.

"Can't be bothered with the papers," he said.

The valet ostentatiously removed the offending sheets.

"What the devil are you grinning at, you ass?" he asked, suddenly irate, as he caught a peculiar gleam in the man's eyes. "Anything special in the papers?"

"Yes, m' lord," replied the valet demurely. "Leastways o' course, unless it's one o' them roomors the press is so fond o' gettin' 'old of."

"What do you mean, man? What are you talking about?" Wallsend raised himself on one elbow, wide awake now.

"It's in the society noos, m' lord—I 'opes no offence if I offers me congratulations to yer lordship!"

Wallsend snatched at the paper, and glanced over the page placed conveniently to catch his eye. A sudden intuition of what he would find there flashed through his mind. He read the announcement of his engagement to Margaret Assitas. The Roman General had wasted no time; it was a master-stroke on her part to clinch the matter.

"Deucedly smart piece of work," he muttered, as a slow smile spread over his face. "Now, Peggy, my girl—that's one to me—what will you make of that?"

The silver clock in his bedroom chimed twelve strokes to the hour.

(To be continued.)

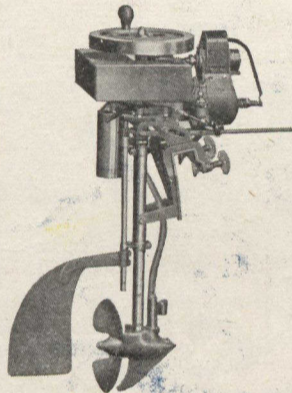


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