

The Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

Spring Art Show at Montreal

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE



Is Rural Ontario Making
Progress?

By NORMAN P. LAMBERT



Sane Investments

Attractions of a Good Bond



The Worth of Worry

By THE MONOCLE MAN



The Servant of the City

STORY By ALAN SULLIVAN



Lord Lockington

A New Serial

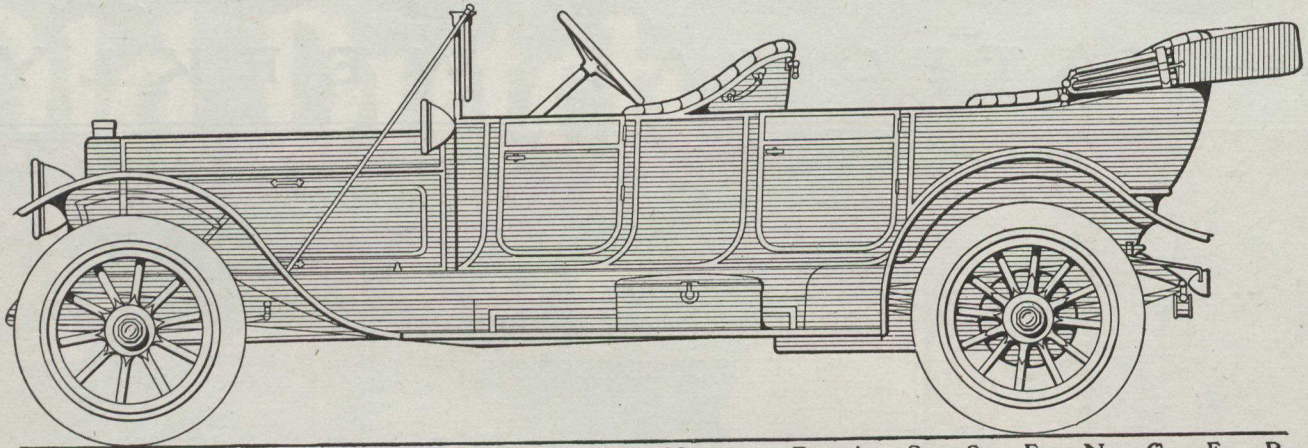


News Pictures

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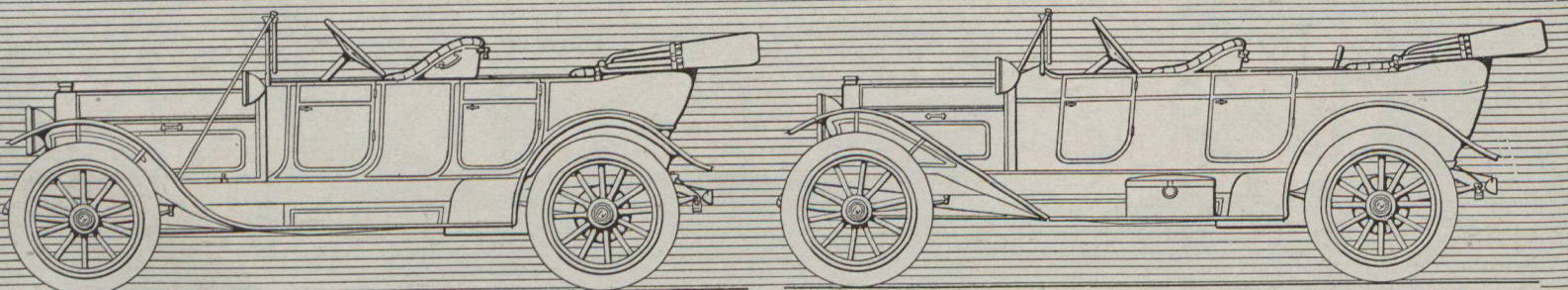
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How will immigration affect it?
Has immigration raised or lowered the standard of life in the United States?
Shall immigration be restricted?
If so who shall be excluded?

The Immigration Problem

By two members of the U. S. Immigration Commission, Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Economics and Politics, Cornell University; and W. Jett Lauck, A.B., formerly Assistant Professor of Economics in Washington and Lee University. Gives the latest right-down-to-the-minute facts on both sides of this important question which is attracting the serious attention of the foremost statesmen in both Canada and the United States.

Dr. Jenks was a member of a special U. S. Immigration Commission, and with Prof. Lauck spent four years of searching work resulting in a report occupying forty-two volumes.

The facts have been carefully summarized in this book.

The remarkable fund of information here presented for the first time and without prejudice was gathered from reliable and official sources. As here given and treated it covers the entire field of immigration—causes, conditions, influences, extent and effects—from every land and in every phase known to American life and industry. It is of profound importance to legislators and students of sociology, and of positive interest to all citizens.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 20

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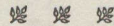
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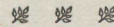
Editor's Talk

HAVE the Eastern provinces of Canada been making progress agriculturally in proportion to the growth of the West agriculturally? This is a question which has been much discussed in recent years and upon which there is much ill information. The progress of the West has been so splendid and so spectacular that it has overshadowed all other phases of Canadian development, especially the agricultural expansion of the older provinces.

Mr. Norman P. Lambert has an article in this issue which sheds some new light on this vexed question. He shows that certain Ontario districts declined in population between 1901 and 1905, but during the second half of the decade they regained part of what they lost. Again, Mr. Lambert discusses the question of the efficiency of the present Eastern farmer, and attempts to show that, while the population may not be increasing, the annual production per head of the rural population has increased tremendously. On the whole he takes a most hopeful view of the situation.



Next week we shall publish our monthly Woman's Supplement, which will contain the usual budget of illustrated news concerning the activities of the women of the whole Dominion.



A most interesting letter was recently received from North Battleford, showing that some of our subscribers at least appreciate the breadth of view which a national weekly should and must take. It runs thus:

North Battleford, March 23rd, 1912.

Editor, "Canadian Courier":

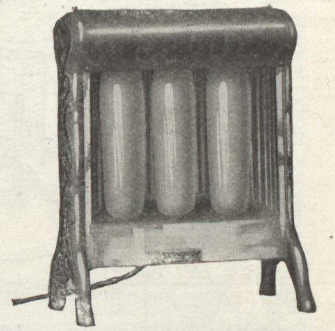
Sir,—Enclosed please find P. O. money order, paying my subscription to your paper from June 1911 to June 1913.

To say that I appreciate your "Courier" would be saying it very mildly indeed. There always seems to be something in it to please all tastes, and never anything to hurt anybody's feelings.

I enjoy indeed reading the paragraphs, and sometimes the pages which you print about our prominent French-Canadians or about the French-Canadians in general; you seem to understand them better than any other paper published in Ontario, especially in Toronto. Justice is all we want, and if all editors would act as you do, there would be better feeling between the two predominant races in our fair Dominion.

Yours sincerely,

NAP. JUBINVELLE.



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Last November British Columbia won the Stilwell trophy and \$1,000 cash prize at the Madison Square Gardens, New York. These spuds beat the world in open competition.

The best of these potatoes were grown in the Fraser Valley, where from \$200 to \$600 can easily be made per acre per year.

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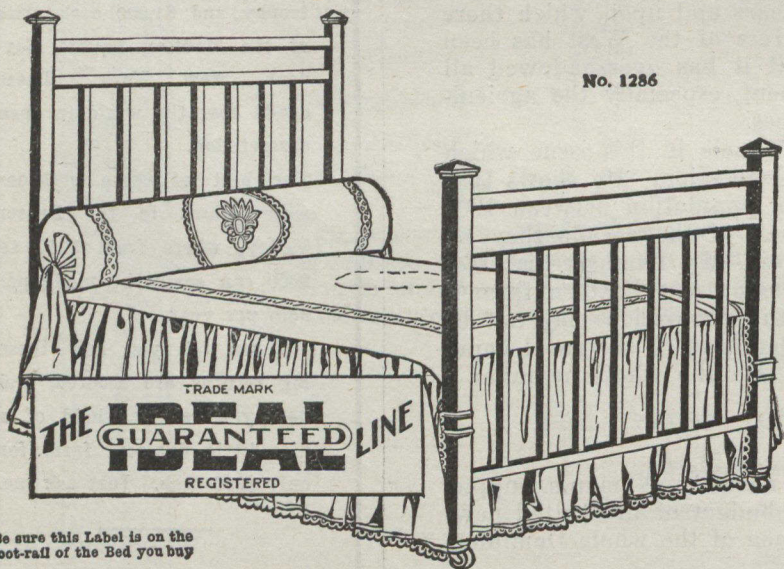
Nothing more delicious than these toasted flakes of sweet corn hearts, has yet been created. Until it is, Kellogg's will stand supreme—the breakfast cereal of the masses as well as the classes.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Practical Hygiene.—During a recent epidemic of spinal meningitis in Dallas, Secretary Paul Casey of the Health Department went with a sanitary inspector to raise the quarantine on a negro shack and remove the big green sign.

An old negro came to the door. "Now sholy, boss, you'all ain't gwine ter take that sign down?" she asked. "Yes, we are going to remove the quarantine," said Casey. "Don't you want it removed?"

"No, sah, boss, 'cause dar ain't been nary collectah 'round heah sense dat sign was put up."

The quarantine remained.—Houston Post.

Making Sure.—"I'm afraid we might run into an iceberg."

"The danger is very slight, auntie."

"Well, give the captain a dollar anyhow, and then he'll be extra careful."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Thoughtless.—"Your honour," said the arrested chauffeur, "I tried to warn the man, but the horn would not work."

"Then why did you not slacken speed rather than run him down?"

A light seemed to dawn upon the prisoner. "That's one on me. I never thought of that."—Houston Post.

The "Lay" of the Print Shop.

Who gives instructions clear as mud,
And when your art begins to bud,
Who "jumps upon you" with a thud?
—The Foreman.

Who in one hollow wedge-shaped line
Can fifty frightful "bulls" combine,
Reset and make them worse each time?
—The Operator.

To lift whose ads you can't begin,
And who, with self-complacent grin,
Leaves out the words that "won't go in?"
—The Adman.

Who marks the commas just for fun,
And when the job is nearly run,
Finds errors plain as noonday sun?
—The Proofreader.

Who so abhors monotony,
Each page a different length must be,
Who hides his string ends carefully?
—The Make-up.

Who bends the chase like cupid's bow,
And when the type moves to and fro,
Who plugs a quad and lets her go?
—The Stoneman.

Who puts a form on wrong-end-to,
Who sets his guides a mile askew
And can't tell pink from prussian blue?
—The Pressman.

When quoin or key on half-tone lies,
Who starts the press with dreamin' eyes
And feeds the sheets in corner-wise?
—The Feeder.

Who cleans the brayer with a spade,
And thinks he knows the blooming trade,
Whose ways are in his name betrayed?
—The Devil.

Who sweetly lauds his fellow's art,
And flawlessly performs his part;
Whose work defies the critic's dart?
Why, I don't believe I've met the gentleman.
—The Craftsman.

Higher Education.—Mrs. Struckit Rich—"Our waiter is a student. He is working his way through college."
Mr. Struckit Rich—"You don't tell me! Well, if the colleges would only turn out a few more good waiters I'd have more respect for them seats of learning!"—Puck.

How They Do It.—"What a lot of style the Browns are putting on."
"Yes, and what a lot of creditors they are putting off."—Boston Transcript.

Society Classified.—"You say you can get me into society?"

"Yes; but we must plan a campaign. Now which crowd do you want to get in with, the bridge set or the gasoline set?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Pleasure of Sweeping

is unknown to the woman who uses a corn broom.

For centuries sweeping has been done in a primitive way, and not until the introduction of the BISSELL Sweeper thirty-six years ago, did woman ever enjoy relief from the drudgery and



bondage of antiquated methods. To-day women all over the world are using the BISSELL Sweeper, and with the facility, ease and thoroughness with which it performs its work, housewives and servants are given more time for other duties. It is a useless waste of energy and an inefficient method of sweeping to use a corn broom, and just consider the injury to fine carpets and rugs as compared with the gentle thorough operation of the

BISSELL Sweeper

The rapidly revolving brush of the "BISSELL" lifts all the dirt and grit out of the carpet, depositing it in the pan receptacles, whereas a corn broom simply scatters the dirt and dust, never doing its work thoroughly.

A trial of the "BISSELL" will make you regret those years of wasted effort, and once you know how the "BISSELL" cleanses and brightens your carpets and rugs, and confines the dust, and how quickly and easily it performs its work, you would not be without one of these machines for ten times its cost.

They are sold by the best trade everywhere at \$3.00 to \$4.75.

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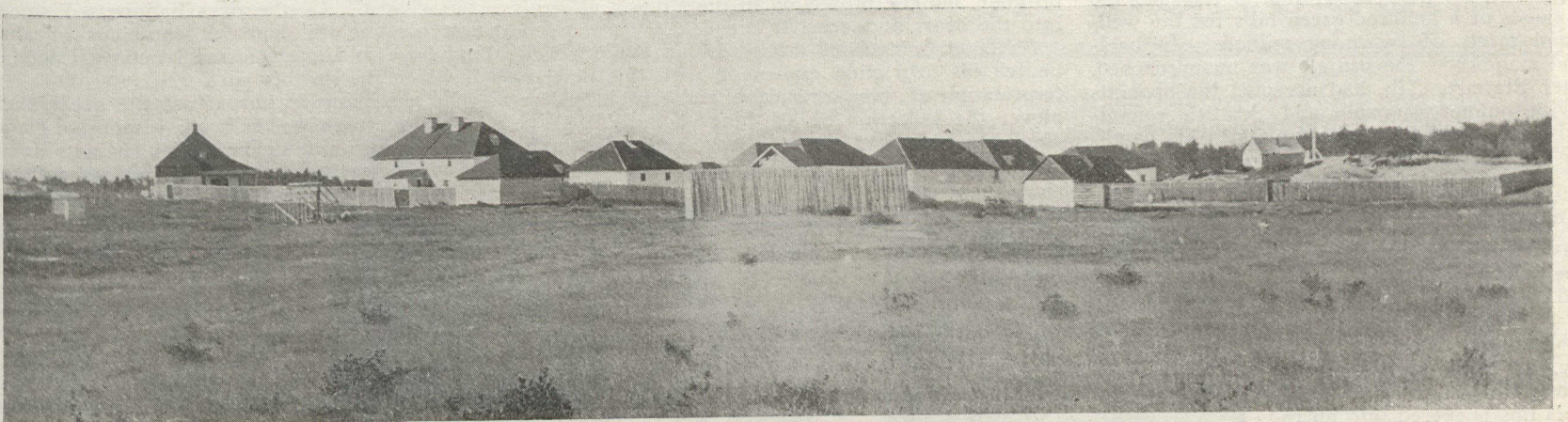
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April 13, 1912

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IN THE "ANNEXES" OF ONTARIO AND MANITOBA

Which Will be Opened to Settlement by the New Hudson's Bay Railway



General View of Norway House, a Hudson Bay Post, About Twenty Miles North of Lake Winnipeg.



Natives Making Canoes at God's Lake.

IN a district which is about three hundred miles north and east of the north end of Lake Winnipeg are quite a number of Indians—Swamp Crees—of whom those shown in the accompanying photographs are types. They receive yearly from the Dominion Government five dollars per head, which sum they spend on flashy trinkets and for such articles of clothing as hats, collars and white shirts. They are also given some flour and bacon, but they make but little attempt at growing anything. They depend much upon fish for food.

The Government agent and the Hudson Bay Company's men are the only whites whom these Indians see.

A white man who travelled through this district believes that instead of five dollars per head, which these Indians spend quickly—and for the most part foolishly—they should be given vegetable seeds and taught how to make and care for gardens. They also need clothing, and need to be taught better ways of living. They formerly wore furs, but they now sell the furs in order to obtain food. So they are poorly clothed, and as their tents and shacks are filthy they quickly contract disease.

The district has some good agricultural land, considerable timber, good possibilities for power development, and a fair supply of minerals.



Indian Children at Island Lake.



Where Power Could be Developed; Rapids in Island Lake River.



Unloading, at Island Lake, Supplies from Norway House.

Photos by G. H. Scott.

The Servant of the City

By ALAN SULLIVAN.

THE chief engineer pushed back a pile of blueprints, and intently studied a foolscap sheet. "Masonry eight and a half a yard, and concrete five dollars in place—how on earth can the old man do it?" he questioned himself with wrinkling brows. "Fifteen per cent. the lowest all round! Brent has gone crazy!"

His thoughtful and unseeing eyes turned from his desk out over the furrowed bay to the green slopes of Governor's Island. Mentally he surveyed the long procession of contractors, on whom, for sundry and technical reasons, he had put professional screws. Poor footings, bad bonding, inferior material—the list of delinquencies grew as he pondered; and now, to cap it all, the trickiest, shiftiest, most dangerous of them all had put in a tender which it was practically impossible to decline.

A great corporation had entrusted to him the design and construction of a barrier of masonry which was, with buttress wing and ramp, to impound the crystal floods of a hundred green hills for the well-being and safety of swarming millions. In boldness and magnitude, the project was unapproached, but Peter Stewart, C.E., had accepted the appointment with unimpressionable and Scottish equanimity. Far corners of the world attested his handiwork in Titanic structures that groped at the very ribs of mother earth for foothold, but the vast proportions of the new Catskill dam overshadowed them all—was Brent to be the man?

As he pondered, a clerk entered and laid on the desk a yellow sheet, with a typewritten slip attached. The chief glanced at it indifferently, his mind dominated by new possibilities, and then suddenly his lips puckered into an inaudible whistle. It was a potent message:

Rio Bastia, Brazil.

Main dam burst. No water, light, power; come immediately. Super-vise reconstruction; own fees.

Fondino, Mayor.

"Brent, again, by thunder!" he murmured. Instinctively his fingers pressed a button, and a red lamp over his door sprang into light. It was Stewart's signal, an imperative demand for solitude, and, on the instant, every man of the staff constituted himself a guardian over that door, while the chief resolved into thought.

Professional pride, his belief in himself—that he was one of those whose office it is to control the powers of nature to the uses of man—the reflection of his exacting, self-sacrificing career, all the influences which guide men who are strong were rioting through his head—but on the surface of things, not a sign.

Brent's work had melted into ruin in South America, and Brent's tender was the lowest in New York. Its acceptance meant a clear saving of eighty thousand dollars to the municipality, provided specifications were lived up to; but there came the rub—would they be? It was unthinkable that the board could sacrifice such a reduction in cost.

There is a certain subjective despondency which comes at times over the minds of honest men when they realize how comparatively futile are the best endeavours of the wisest of us; and such a shadow fell, for a moment, on the pulsing, pounding brain of the quiet, gray-eyed engineer. But, far back, unmarred and untouched by change of circumstance, lay the bone and muscle of his endeavour—an abiding faith in the ultimate, if unseen, end of good work. Then there was Haskell—he had forgotten Haskell.

As the creases in his cogitations smoothed themselves out, something of the humour of it all relaxed his mood into a grim placidity that boded ill for backsliding contractors. "The powers of nature to the uses of man." Brent should be—was—a power of nature; and, with concise, unrelenting exactitude he would be guided to his appointed end.

The red light winked and died, and simultaneously the chief clerk was summoned.

"Thompson, get me the next sailing for Rio Bastia, and tell Mr. Haskell I would like to see him."

"I've got the sailings here, sir—thought you'd want them. The *Neronic* to-night at eight, and Mr. Haskell is on the work. Said he was going to check contour levels, and won't be here till to-morrow."

Stewart hesitated a little, running his fingers—a favorite trick—through the mass of his gray hair.

"Get me a berth, and please take a letter to Mr. Haskell. It's too private for the office."

In later years, Thompson's memory invariably fixed itself upon that afternoon. The dull roar of traffic in canon streets below filtered through the quiet office, as this dispassionate, silent engineer expressed himself in such a letter as but few men ever write. The wisdom of long experience, kindly warning, confidence, encouragement—through all these channels his inmost self revealed itself. Not the business letter of a professional man to a subordinate, but the projection of his ethics and ideals into the heart of a trusted friend.

As Thompson echoed the words with flying pencil, he felt his own mind expanding with this new interpretation of things mundane, and saw in his employer the reflection of all things admirable. The chief finished, then paused, and, looking at the clerk with the ghost of a twinkle in his eyes:



"Dad, what is it? What's the matter?"

Drawn by S. S. Finlay.

"By the way, Thompson, I'm glad it's not necessary for me to ask for Mr. Haskell all the help the office can give him."

"No, sir," Thompson replied, with much fervor. "It is not."

The accent on the last word brought a smile to Stewart's face. "This," he said slowly, "is his great opportunity."

WHILE Thompson's machine was clicking the chief's message in the thirteenth story of the Broad Street Building, a tall, heavy-shouldered, red-faced young man was striding down the flank of a hill not one hundred miles from New York. Beneath him, a rocky rib thrust out toward a sister promontory across the valley, and between, crystal clear, chattered and foamed a mountain stream.

Here the great Catskill dam was to rear its impregnable front. The sparse woods on either side were laced with straight, clear-cut lines and ranks of posts to indicate where should come the water's margin when the torrent had been smothered by a man-made sea. A hundred feet below, the fat fields smiled—fields that the thin lips of rising floods were to lick, then swallow—and Haskell smiled back at them, for spring was in the air, and life was good.

He stopped for a moment at the bluff, picturing the coming transformation. There the toe of the dam would cross the hollow; here its broad, flat

coping would knit itself into living rock. It was good, very, very good; but best of all, in three hours he would be in New York, and in five he would be gazing into the softest pair of brown eyes that ever befogged the vision of a young engineer.

So it came that while his chief sat in a corner on the bridge of the *Neronic*, watching the great light at the Hook punctuate his departure, Stanley Haskell mounted a broad pair of steps on West Fifty-sixth Street, and inquired whether Miss Helen Brent was at home.

As she rose in greeting, he experienced the sense of absolute fitness with which she always impressed him. The perfection of her surroundings had never excited his curiosity; it seemed only suitable, and the contrast with his own worldly position was a matter of no import. She had come into his young life as a rose leaf drops on the surface of an un-stirred pool, and his heart had mirrored every delicate charm. As the days had passed since their first meeting, he had felt conscious of ambitions and hope and strange translations of mood, in all of which she had her part.

Now, looking at her across the great, flickering hearth and meeting her quick, responsive glance, the odds against him suddenly felt heavy. He was ill at ease, speaking disjointedly, furious with himself that the golden minutes sped so fast and fruitlessly.

She rescued him—womanly and intuitive.

"You have not told me what you've been doing with yourself since Sunday."

"Tramping the Catskills, and looking through a telescope at a pole with black and white stripes on it, and blessing the man who wouldn't hold it straight."

"Leveling?" she said, being a contractor's daughter.

He nodded. "Yes, it's going to be the biggest thing of its kind, this dam. Stewart, my chief, designed it. He is going to super-intend. I suppose I'll be there all the time."

"Father has built a great many. He was speaking about it to-night; in fact —" she hesitated.

"If it's a state secret, leave me out," broke in Haskell opportunely. "I've got too many of them already."

"At your early stage in life!" she laughed. "That's hardly fair."

Haskell did not answer at once—he was trying to put into words thoughts that would not be assembled. That afternoon, in the silence of great spaces, he had formulated his sentences; but it was with the confidence of the untried. Now, when he would have given everything to discover whether he was anything to her, the power of understanding expression had left him.

Helen's slight figure lay motionless in the depths of a big chair. The room was in subdued light, and the yellow flame leaped uncertainly on the hearth, touching her brown hair into gold. Her eyes rested for a moment on him, and he was about to speak, when Brent's heavy step sounded at the door.

Haskell shot at the girl a look so eloquent that her voice faltered as she greeted the contractor.

"Father, you know Mr. Haskell?"

Brent, a huge, colourless man, with heavy jaw, held out a soft, engulfing hand.

"Know him!" he said, in a thin voice that seemed not to belong to his bulk. "Know him! Old friends, ain't we, Haskell? Heard of him often. Expect to hear of him more—eh, Haskell?"

The latter wedged in his brief acknowledgment between modesty and assent, and the thin voice went on:

"Been in the field—see it by your nose. Where was it?"

"Catskill dam, sir. I got in to-day."

"So!" Brent's left eyelid dropped—a trick some had reason to remember—and his voice shaded in tone. "You're on that work with Stewart?"

"Yes." The engineer had, he could not tell why, a feeling of annoyance.

"Nice job, but no money in it for the contractor."

Too many of them looking for anything they can get."

"Why should any one lose on it?" asked Haskell.

"Wages are high, horses eating their heads off, and plant going to rust. I know—I ought to know."

The smooth, purring note in the last words suggested that Brent knew a good deal more than he had any intention of saying, and the engineer's sense of social discomfort returned afresh—yet this was Helen's father!

His host settled down, lit a very thin and black cigar, and eased his mind about money that had been lost by contractors on public works. That his surroundings were a flat contradiction did not affect him in the least. It was all so studied that his arguments lacked point, and Haskell, rather piqued that he should be accorded credit for so little perspicacity, made his farewells more abruptly than ever before.

It was true that Helen's hand rested in his a fraction of a second longer than usual, and her eyes expressed something that might have been more than friendship—but there was a rift in the lute.

"MR. HASKELL, I would give a year's work to receive a letter like that," said Thompson, next morning, handing the engineer a sealed envelope. "I took it down," he added apologetically, turning to his desk.

Haskell glanced at the clerk with surprise, and disappeared into his own mechanical sanctum. For the next hour, he sat motionless, deaf to rappings and a clamorous telephone. Dumbly conscious that a vast change had taken place in the scheme of things, he felt, more than anything else, the prodigal sweep of Stewart's confidence, and next, he doubted his own ability. But this seemed a reflection on his chief's judgment.

Was the dam safe? Were his figures right? Could Stewart have overlooked something? His eye fell on a blueprint, and in the corner shone, staring white: "O. K. P. S." It was the best answer he could have. Sentence by sentence his instructions cleared the way, till he halted at the words:

If Brent gets it, and I think he will, watch him, watch him all the time. Live on the work. Sleep on it, build yourself into it.

Watch the father of the girl he loved next to his own honour! And, should conflict ensue, what then? The final words hammered themselves into his brain:

In all things remember that you are the servant of the city.

In a flash, his horizon widened; he felt, at last, the beneficence of his profession, the range of its usefulness, and thanked God for his opportunity.

Within a week, Brent's tender was accepted, and Haskell had a curious sensation when he wrote that detail plans could be had on application. Then he became a man of many parts, and moved with instruments, plans, and drawing board to the scene of action, and the plant was already arriving when he was installed in a small house overlooking the work.

On either side of the gap, a skeleton tower arose, and between stretched a horizontal cable. Below, the ground was dotted with derricks, and a line of rails terminated at the place of excavation. A master hand was visible everywhere; never too much of anything, but always enough. Things seemed to move themselves into appointed places, and one morning the blue hills flung back a sharp whistle, and excavation began.

On the second day, Brent alighted from a private car which backed quietly up the spur. The whole manner of the man had changed. He was brisk, alert, dominating; his greeting was hearty, his congratulations apparently sincere. He answered his foreman's questions and gave orders as one whom authority fitted like a garment. The derrick booms seemed to swing more rapidly, the pulse of the huge undertaking seemed to quicken with his very presence.

"Looks good to see the dirt moving, doesn't it?" he said, biting off the end of a cigar.

"You'll finish digging by the end of next month at this rate," assumed Haskell. "There are only sixty thousand yards, by our test pits. What cement are you using?"

"Green Valley—best in the world."

"Well, you know the specifications. I want to test it. When is it coming?"

"First carload next week; after that, a car a day. Send up some to-morrow for test." Then his heavy lid dropped. "Mr. Haskell, this is your first big job, and I've built a dam every year for the last twenty. Your specifications are all right, but there's two kinds of experience wanted—the contractor's

and the engineer's. Many a job has been bungled by too stiff specifications."

Haskell's jaw stiffened. "I'd like to know just exactly what you mean, Mr. Brent?"

"Nothing to offend; nothing whatever. You're a young man, and your life is before you, that's all. I say, take a big view of things; this isn't the only dam in the world."

The engineer laughed, but there was a serious note in his voice: "It's the only one for me and will be till it's finished."

The cement looked right. In his hand it rubbed to a fine flour, and its gray colour told of proper calcining. He pressed it into molds and immersed the resultant briquettes. Then, as the days passed, he inserted these into iron jaws that noiselessly tore them asunder. The stress registered itself on a dial, and Haskell was well content.

A carload arrived, and another and another, thousands of oblong sacks with "Green Valley" in blue letters, and great blocks of limestone that

strained the creaking cables as they were lifted into a battlemented pile. The crushers began to swallow masses of rock and spew them out in a shady stream, and, day after day, their dull-thudding strokes coughed across the valley.

EVERY week a wire went to Stewart. A few had been answered by a curt word of advice; but, for the most part, Haskell was left to himself—and then one night the awakening came.

He sat by the edge of the excavation smoking a reflective pipe, and in his pocket lay a letter from Helen Brent. She was to come to the work in three days with her father. Since the receipt of the letter, the mechanical march of his mind had been diverted into more gentle channels—something of romance had come into it. She would see him at his work, then she would understand, and then, perhaps—

Suddenly he became aware of voices near him, (Continued on page 26.)

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE WORTH OF WORRY.

WORRY is a good thing—some times. Like many other good things which have a bad name, it owes its evil reputation to foolish people who abuse it. But you might as well say that fire is a bad thing because some silly folk burn their fingers as to insist that worry is an unmixed evil because even sillier folk worry themselves sick when it is useless. The great test of the worth of worry is—Can the thing be cured? If it cannot be cured or prevented, then worry is just so much waste energy and lost happiness; but, if it can be either cured or prevented, then worry is like the human conscience—it may be precisely the force which will make you so uncomfortable that you will "get busy" and wipe out the cause of the worry. There is the whole secret in two sentences.

I KNOW a lot of people who ought to worry; but who don't. They are doing something—let us say—which is bad for their health, and which will in time bring on a real sickness or even carry them within sight of that grimmest of spectacles—the plumed hearse—but they tell you it is too much trouble to stop it. They like it too well, or they find it too comfortable to let it slip. And, as they do not worry, it goes on from year to year until it bears its inevitable fruit. Now if they worried about it, the worry itself would so entirely poison any pleasure or comfort they take out of the "sweet sin" that they would stop it to get rid of the worry. They would say—"I don't believe what they tell me about that confounded thing, and I am willing to take a chance on it anyway; but it has got me worrying so much that I will have to drop it just to get quit of the worry."

WE all like to be comfortable—at ease in our minds—nothing to bother us and a clear sky overhead. Most strong natures have the ability to achieve this serenity unless circumstances absolutely forbid. They can cast off small worries, we say. This is an excellent mental quality. But these are often exactly the people who should deliberately set to work to worry themselves about some menacing evil which they could banish from their paths if they would only give attention to the task. Their very tendency to fling aside worry leads them to dismiss from their minds a duty which they owe themselves and their families. The duty is difficult or bothersome or an interruption to the even tenor of their way; and they postpone it—and then conveniently forget it. The very capacity to escape worry, which has made so much for their happiness, may in this way become their slippery path down to disaster. Such persons should carefully teach themselves to study each possible cause for worry as it comes up, and decide whether they should do the thing indicated or not. If the decision is that they should act, then they ought to command "worry" to give them no peace till they have acted. That would be to make worry a useful servant—not permit it to ride them as a master.

QUITE as foolish—probably more foolish if we measure by the number of possible happy years they lose—are those who permit worry to become their demon-tyrant and to plague them to the verge of madness, when it is of absolutely no use to dwell on the thing that worry has emphasized.

Things that are over and done with, should never, never be worried about. It does absolutely no good. It kills the joy of the present without promising any addition to the joys of the future. The proper course, when a mistake has been made or a misfortune suffered, is to say: "Well, here I am where that slippery bit of ice has thrown me. I can't prevent that now. But I will just get up and go ahead, and do the best I can, avoiding ice for the future, and utterly forgetting this last unpleasant experience with it." The eye always on the future. That is the great thing. Few of us have a past which brings very much comfort if we examine it too closely.

NOR is it wise to worry about things which will happen in the future but which cannot be escaped. Some people worry because they will eventually grow old—and their worry hastens the time. Other people worry because they think they have an incurable disease, forgetting the receipt of Oliver Wendell Holmes for a long life, which ran—"Get an incurable disease, and then take care of yourself." And he should have added—"Don't worry!" Worry over the unavoidable is as perfect a waste as worry over that which is past and done with. And worry is more than a waste—it is a joy-killer; it blunts the point of wit, and dims the brightness of the summer sun; it steals half its melody from the sweetest music and half its beauty from the fairest scene. It is a much worse companion than a bad conscience; for there is ever the feeling with a bad conscience that we have at least had the tang of the regretted wickedness on our tongues. With worry, there seldom goes any compensating memory. It is a skeleton at the feast which was never clothed with fair and tempting flesh.

BUT when we sum it up, I think that probably more people don't worry who should, than do worry who shouldn't. At least, I fancy that it is so among the people I know. It may be that I am blessed with the acquaintance of a particularly light-hearted lot; but the truth is that I know very few "worriers" and quite a few of the hand-to-mouth sort who might worry a bit with profit. After all, it is simply a question of the net amount of happiness secured. If we lose that fine flush of health which brings such an enormous dividend of happiness—so much more than will ten times as much "good health" that just lacks the climax of joy—because we have not worried about some menacing symptom which might have been cured if taken in time, then we have lost more happiness than all the worrying possible could have spoiled for us. We should especially take pains to keep well. With most of us, health is the great desideratum of happiness. "Financial worries"—that hackneyed phrase of the suicide item—really bother few people. Financial envy may trouble some fools. They may push away from their lips the cup of happiness which is within their grasp because they see a friend whose cup is of costlier ware; but that is not worry—that is insane and sinful envy which brings its quite proper punishment. Of course, envy has its uses, too. They are quite apparent to you, I am sure. When we come to look at them, there are, indeed, very few vices. They are only virtues out of place.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



Brittany Washerwomen, by Maurice Cullen, R.C.A.

Spring Art Show at Montreal

By ST. GEORGE BURGOYNE

THE high standard of the work shown at the Twenty-ninth Annual Spring Exhibition of the Art Association of Montreal, which opened on 14th March, is little short of surprising, and the predominant note is that of individuality. Where in the past a few artists of eminence have led, with the mass following as closely as possible, the work now shown indicates that the painters represented have struck out a line for themselves and have imbued their work with a distinctly personal vision and interpretation. Never before has the lack of space been so sorely felt, and much really meritorious work was crowded out on that account. The present exhibition is the last that will be held in the Art Association's old quarters, and in their new marble home on Sherbrooke Street ample provision has been made for many years to come.

One of the features of the exhibition is the six canvases painted by H. R. H. Princess Patricia of Connaught. Two of them are snow scenes done since her arrival in Canada, and the others are secluded bits of parks at Stockholm and Drottningholm, Sweden. The colour sense is sound in all of them, and the selection of subject has been made with good appreciation of its artistic possibilities.

In addition to the fine canvas, "Autumn Leaves," which was exhibited at the R. C. A. show, Mr. William Brymner, P. R. C. A., in "Elm Trees, late September," renders a faithful transcription of rolling, wooded meadow land rich in the garb of Autumn—a glimpse of a stream between steep banks, a few cattle grazing in the distance and overhead a grey, cloudy sky. The whole spirit of the picture gives the impression of unsettled, chill weather. He has also accomplished an interesting colour scheme in blue, gold and russet in the portrait of William Hope, Esq., R. C. A., garbed in a costume of 1815.

Mr. J. W. Morrice, besides a number of small sketches, shows a luminous nocturne in his "Venice Night." The sky painted with velvety depth dims the indefinite waters out of which rises the tower and dome of San Giorgio. The grouping of the promenaders and the placing of the people at the tables in the foreground is done with his accustomed skill. In "Palazza Daria, Venice," he depicts one of the ancient toppling palaces; brilliant sunlight floods the roof while the facade in shadow is reflected in a palpitating swirl of colour on the waters of the lagoon with the sombre gondolas.

Mr. Maurice Cullen, R. C. A., in addition to showing his "Winter Night, Montreal," exhibited at the Canadian Art Club, strikes a new note in "Brittany Washerwoman." The figures grouped on the banks of a stream are busy at their task, the light of the sun floods the canvas and the painting of the trees, rising above the sun-flecked banks, shows truthful observation in draughtsmanship and tone. In

"Lifting Fog"—a bit of Newfoundland scenery, the combination of silver and grey is wholly satisfying. Some fishing houses on pile foundations washed by a tide on which boats, ghostly in the mist, ride at anchor. "Torbay, Newfoundland," shows the sun through haze bathing the marge of a bay seen from a cliff-top and it is full of atmosphere. In a snow scene, "A Laurentian Valley," he has successfully solved the problem of the reflection of sunlight on the surface of a placid stream, rounding a bend between banks, which in the foreground breaks into rapids, the troubled water also catching the sunlight.

Mr. Edmond Dyonnet, R. C. A., shows a conscientious portrait of Mrs. Hayter Reed. Mr. G. Horne-Russell exhibits a portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier full of character, and Mr. E. Hodgson Smart, an English artist who recently opened a studio here, shows a full-length portrait of a lady in a black silk dress, the painting of the sequined

spangled black lace on the shoulders being notably well done.

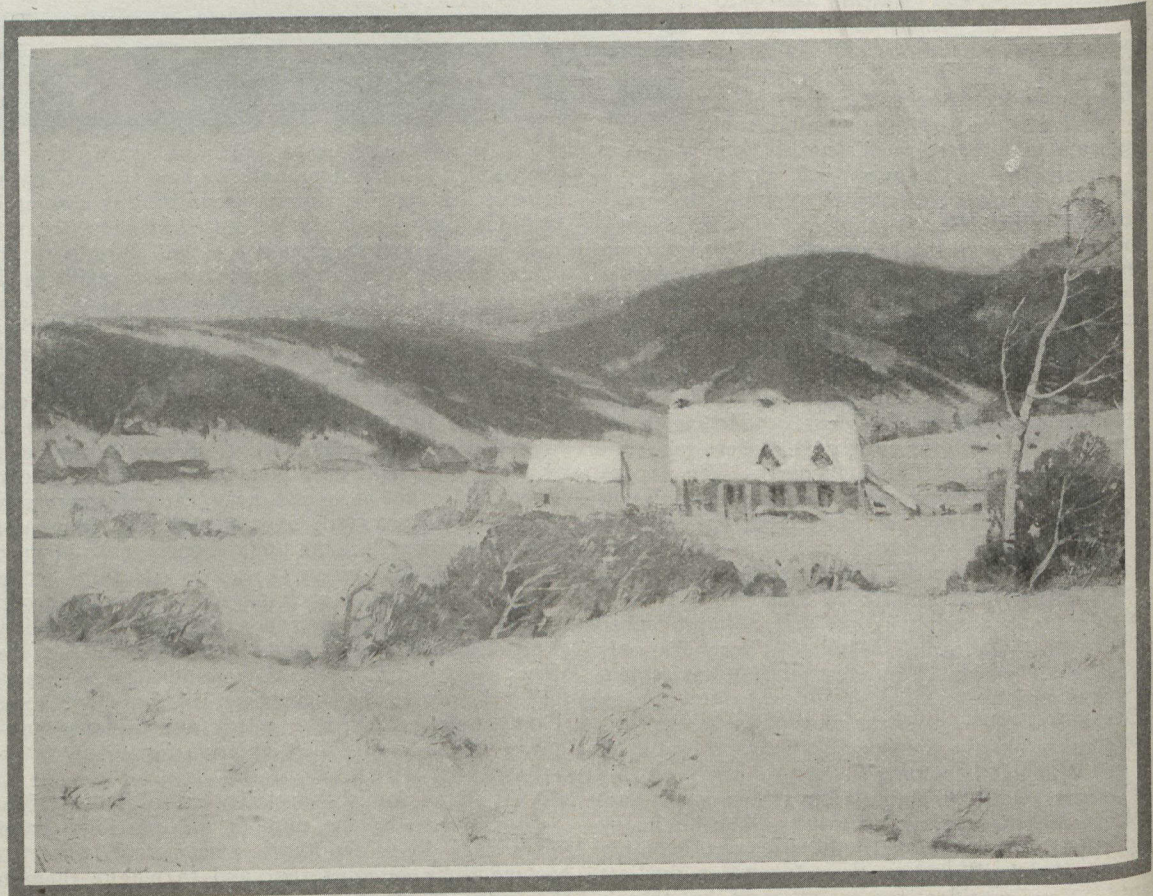
Another new-comer who shows work of a high order is Miss Gertrude Des Claves. In her "Portrait of a Man" there is dash and confidence. It is almost Sargentesque in its assertive deliberateness, and the modelling of the face and the terse manner in which it has been accomplished arrests the attention at once. In her portrait of a Spanish gentleman, the same sound knowledge of drawing is evident, though the modelling has been attained without revealing the means employed. Mr. Robert Harris, R. C. A., shows an ably painted portrait of Mr. David Morrice.

Mr. Albert H. Robinson, A. R. C. A., is well represented by work done on his recent sketching excursion to St. Malo, St. Cervain and Dinard. In "Leaving Port, Night effect," he depicts the oily heave of the water reflecting the lights of the harbour, the steamers waiting to weigh anchor bulking against the quay from which the indefinite town rises. "Night at St. Cervain" shows grey roofs bathed in moon-light, the needed note of colour being furnished by the dulled tan sail of a schooner at the wharf. In "Low Tide, St. Malo," the tone is sumptuous—a bit of the town through sun-lit haze, two steamers at the quay, a stretch of water of entrancing blue, the high note being supplied by three white fishing boats stranded on the mud. As a successful interpreter of tone and atmosphere, Mr. Robinson is adding to his past successes by these foreign canvases.

Mr. W. H. Clapp, A. R. C. A., shows two important canvases and has been markedly successful in "Under the Arbor," depicting a girl seated before a table in shadow, the sunlight flecking the cloth in a few places. The colour of the silver-grey dress is beautiful in tone and treatment, and the china and plate of peaches shows more than average skill in still life painting. "A Rainy Day" is a canvas drenched with moisture, and is ahead of anything he has shown heretofore.

Mr. A. de Suzor-Cote, A. R. C. A., is represented by small snow scenes, and Mr. Clarence Gagnon, A. R. C. A., shows the canvases which were exhibited at the Canadian Art Club in Toronto recently. Miss Berthe Des Claves shows fine sympathy in landscapes, her mastery in the use of greys and greens being especially noticeable. In "Spring," a barn with trees, is fresh and convincing in colour, and the odd clump of daffodils in the freshening grass intensifies the impression of nature's awakening. Another canvas beautiful in its harmony of tones shows a stretch of meadow through the edge of an orchard in bloom. The distinctive characteristics of the trees is set down with certainty.

Miss Laura Muntz, A. R. C. A., shows children of elfish beauty, and among several satisfying canvases a striking full-length portrait of a girl. Miss Helen McNicoll has a number of sun-lit landscapes well up to her usual standard, and Mr. A. Y. Jackson shows pictures painted in Normandy last fall. One of his most successful pictures is "The Ramparts



Winter in the Laurentians, by Clarence A. Gagnon. (Bought for the National Gallery.)

by Moonlight, St. Malo." There is dash to the moon-lit foam beating against the quay wall, topped by houses dark against a luminous sky. The Ontario artists are unusually well represented. Mr. J. P. Hunt, London, maintains his reputation as a sound colourist. Gertrude Kerr, Toronto, has two convincing bits of Cornwall scenery and a girl's head. Elizabeth A. McGillvray



A Cottage in Sweden, by H. R. H. Princess Patricia.

Knowles, A. R. C. A., sends a case of dainty miniatures, and Mr. F. McGillvray Knowles, R. C. A., a canvas entitled "August Afternoon." Mr. R. H. Lindsay, Brockville, whose work is not often seen here, has some landscapes full of charm. His "Winter Morning" is a convincing piece of work. Mr. C. Macdonald Manly, A. R. C. A., is entirely successful in his canvas "Rain and Flood, Dartmoor"—the mist sweeping off the hills and water full of dash and colour rushing out of the blurred distance. Clarity of colour characterizes his water-colour, "On the Gatineau," and the same may be said of the good landscape that represents Mr. F. H. Brigden's contribution to the show.

Mr. F. M. Bell Smith, R. C. A., is represented by a number of water-colours—"bits" about London, and a large drawing, "Morning Mists," in which he has caught the spirit of the scene. Miss Florence Carlyle, A. R. C. A., has two small canvases, "The Story," depicting a girl reading at a table under the soft glow of shaded candlelight being notable for the admirable painting of the crimson velvet dress.

Mr. Alfred E. Mickle and Henrietta M. Shore are well represented, and there is quaintness and simplicity in Miss Helen E. Turquand's pastels of Dutch subjects. Mr. William J. Thompson, Toronto, shows some dry points, and the etching and black-and-white section is full of meritorious work.



Under the Arbour, by William H. Clapp, A.R.C.A.

Is Rural Ontario Making Progress?

How Farming Conditions Have Changed and What the Outlook Is

By NORMAN P. LAMBERT

THE published results of the late census have given political journals and economists of all sorts a rare chance to argue and theorize over the one-sided development of Canada, particularly over the decay of rural Ontario. This alleged decadence of the banner Province has been attributed to many sources. The politician of certain stripe blames the country's fiscal system; others say that the boy is being "educated off the farms," and still other voices rise to announce that rural Ontario has been bled by the rush to the cities and the new lands of the West. One editorial pen and itself proud in the following declaration: "The attractions of the old homestead have been eclipsed by the glare of Toronto's electric lights, and by the opportunity of participating in the rapid increase of prairie land values."

The Dominion census, however, has given the wrong impression. Ontario is not decaying. The fact that fewer people reside in rural Ontario today than resided there ten years ago does not necessarily mean that the Province is going to seed like Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

THE opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the West in 1886 marked the beginning of the depopulation of rural Ontario. From 1867 to 1886 the growth of Ontario was steady and strong, but the depopulation was just as marked during the next twenty years. Since 1906, however, the trend of population has favoured rural Ontario again, and in 1909, the municipal records showed exactly the same number of people in the country districts as was shown in 1872, namely, 1,050,000. On the other hand, the towns and cities of the Province increased by 900,000 between the years 1872 and 1909. This means that in the face of a remarkable urban increase and the steady trek to the plains of Western Canada, Ontario has held her own, and is now beginning to gain a little.

By examining the recent Dominion census returns and comparing them with the municipal statistics compiled each year by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, it will be seen that the populations of the following counties have increased slightly since 1905, thus reflecting anything but a decadent condition at the present time:

	Dominion Census, 1911.	Municipal Record, 1905.	Dominion Census, 1901.
Essex	56,018	52,309	57,194
Elgin	67,546	59,203	58,744
Norfolk	44,316	41,451	43,586
Lincoln	27,110	26,326	29,147
Welland	35,435	30,718	30,552
Halton	42,163	32,282	31,588
Peel	22,215	18,794	19,545
St. Catharines	22,097	21,475
St. Lawrence	55,828	52,394	59,291
York	47,372	44,791	48,404
Westchester	50,765	48,248	54,726
North	49,163	49,037	49,871

Let it be noted particularly that the growth of

these twelve counties has been commensurate with the development of improved methods of agriculture by the farmers of those counties. It may be seen that these districts are doing a different kind of business to that which was carried on ten years ago. The agriculturist has seen the wonderful expansion in Western Canada and the increasing rush of people to the cities; has realized that Ontario could no longer hope to produce grain successfully in competition with the fertile prairie lands, and has succeeded in demonstrating that more money could be made in supplying the growing urban masses and the new peoples of the North and West with dairy produce, fruits and meats.

One phase of this change that has taken place in the system of Ontario farming was referred to by Sir Wm. Whyte in a recent dissertation on conditions in the West. He said: "In Ontario, when the farmers were all growing wheat and shipping it out of the country they were almost all poor. Since they have gone into dairying, especially into the production of cheese, they have become very prosperous." This prosperity of which Sir William Whyte speaks is merely the result of taking advantage of the economic forces which are moulding the destiny of Canada. The Western producer seems bent on supplying the world with wheat, which for years and years he will be able to grow to better advantage than anything or anyone else. Therefore, let Ontario make instant use of the valuable growing demand for smaller foodstuffs.

IN addition to economic influences such social agencies as the rural mail delivery, the telephone, the electric light and the good roads movement are keeping our people on the farms, and have done much to give proper dignity and importance to that large part of the nation known as the rurality.

The good work is only in its infancy. It is a matter of education, and public opinion is rapidly changing in its attitude towards life and occupation in the country. The Province of Ontario, twenty years ago, expended on its farms, through the Department of Agriculture, only a little over \$177,014. Last year, the amount devoted to agriculture by the Province was nearly \$838,000. This means that, with about the same number of people on the farms to-day as in the early nineties, the public interest in farming is five times as great as it was in 1890. Money has been spent in teaching and in organization so that now the Agricultural College at Guelph has over a thousand students taking various courses, and fifteen counties have agricultural experts who go to the farmers on their farms and demonstrate to them the uses of scientific cultivation. Twenty years ago the attendance at the Provincial College was not two hundred, and no one wanted, or ever thought of, scientific research amongst the farmers of the different counties. Last year over one hundred men were engaged

in various ways throughout the Province planning drainage systems, teaching the secrets of successful cheese and butter making, pruning and spraying trees, selecting seeds and supervising field crops of all kinds, organizing co-operative associations and helping in the marketing of products. As a result of these activities, a live interest has been awakened and the word "progress" is being written over the face of agricultural Ontario. The land is yielding more abundantly, and farm values are increasing. In ten years more the output from the Ontario farms will be doubled.

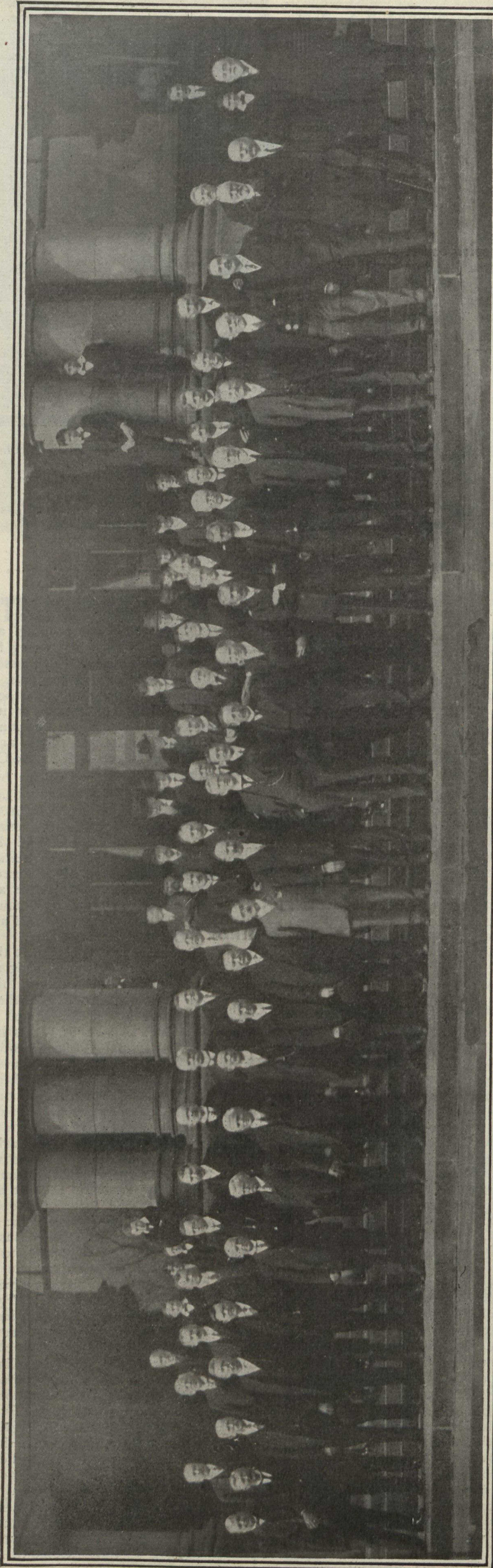
DECAY always means depreciation. If the farmers in Ontario are worth less to-day than they were ten years ago, the rural districts must surely be deteriorating. It has been shown that the country population instead of decreasing at the present time has begun to increase again, and it will be interesting, now that we know the farmer is still with us, to see what his assets are, compared with what they were ten years ago.

Though smaller in numbers than in the year 1900, the farmers of Ontario are producing a more valuable output than ever before in the history of the Province, and the assessed value of their lands was never as great as at the present time. The popular estimate places the number of farms in Ontario at 175,000, and the annual output from the fields of those farms is generally valued at \$250,000,000. These figures hardly account for the entire agricultural worth of the Province. In the first place, it is questionable if there are any more than 150,000 farms in Ontario. The past ten years have been a period of mergers in the farming world as well as in that of other industries, and the farm of one hundred acres has rapidly passed out of sight. Fewer people hold more land than at the beginning of the century, and the farm of two hundred and three hundred acres has become the unit. Such is the condition at the present census taking, but there are signs even now that point to the resumption of the smaller areas before the next decade will have passed. At the present moment, however, the number of real farms in this Province would be more nearly 150,000 than 175,000, but their value is considerably greater than when the number did amount to 175,000.

Two hundred and fifty million dollars has been given as the annual value of Ontario's field production, but there is every reason to believe that this amount falls short of the mark. Even Mr. C. C. James, former Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who first quoted those figures, admits that the estimate is too low. The field crops when turned into beef, butter, cheese and eggs are greatly enhanced in value, and would be worth in a normal year at least half a billion dollars. But, for the sake of comparison, Mr. James' conservative estimate of \$250,000,000 shall stand, and thus we have every farm in Ontario earning a yearly income of \$1,666. Five years ago, the value of Ontario's agricultural output was placed at 145 millions, and ten years ago it was

Some Members of the Ontario Legislature Whose Annual Session is Almost Over

This Body Consists of Seventy-eight Conservatives, Nineteen Liberals and One Labour Member



Front Row—Left to Right. 1. Napoleon Champagne, East Ottawa; 2. C. A. Brower, East Elgin; 3. Alex. McCowan, East York; 4. A. M. Rankin, Frontenac; 5. Geo. H. Ferguson, Grenville; 6. R. A. Norman, Prince Edward; 7. R. J. McCormick, East Lambton; 8. J. G. Anderson, South Bruce; 9. H. Eilber, South Huron; 10. J. C. Elliott, West Middlesex; 11. R. Sutherland, East Middlesex; 12. Gustav Evanturel, Prescott; 13. Udney Richardson, E. Wellington; 14. W. MacDonald, Centre Bruce; 15. F. G. Macdiarmid, West Elgin; 16. A. E. Ross, Kingston; 17. R. M. Mason, East Victoria; 18. J. H. Devitt, West Durham; 19. John

Galna, Parry Sound; 20. Elisha Jessop, Lincoln; 21. A. E. Donovan, Brockville; 22. Geo. H. Gooderham, South Toronto; 23. T. G. Carscallen, Lennox; 24. _____; 25. _____
Second Row—Left to Right. 1. R. F. Preston, North Lanark; 2. A. E. Vrooman, Victoria West; 3. N. W. Rowell, North Oxford; 4. Forbes Godfrey, West York; 5. W. E. N. Sinclair, South Ontario; 6. J. C. Milligan, Stormont; 7. Hugh Munro, Glengarry; 8. T. R. Mayberry, South Oxford; 9. Geo. W. Sulman, West Kent; 10. J. Torrance,

North Perth; 11. J. I. Hartt, East Simcoe; 12. A. Ferguson, South Simcoe; 13. C. N. Anderson, Essex South; 13a. E. A. Peck, West Peterborough; 14. Jas. McQueen, North Wentworth; 15. Allan Studholme, East Hamilton; 16. Z. Mageau, Sturgeon Falls; 17. A. Grigg, Algoma; 17a. W. S. Brewster, South Brant; 18. Duncan MacArthur, North Middlesex; 19. C. R. McKeown, Dufferin; 20. J. R. Cook, North Hastings; 21. J. J. Preston, East Durham; 22. W. K. McNaught, North Toronto; 23. D. Racine, Russell; 24. W. R. Ferguson, East Kent.

not more than a hundred millions. The number of farms to share in that one hundred millions was larger then than now, so that the average income to each farm was considerably less than \$1,666. In fact, the average income in 1901 was about \$800 according to calculations made from statistics published by the Department of Agriculture. This means that the Ontario farm of to-day is giving to its owner returns that are at least 160 per cent greater than they were in 1901.

THE growing value of the output of the farms can only result in one thing, and that is the increased value of the land. Thus, the latest records of the assessment of the rural areas show that the farm lands of Ontario are worth over \$108,000,000 more than in the first years of the last decade. To make the comparison still more striking, the assessed rural land of Ontario is worth \$10 an acre more than in 1901, and another significant fact is that the area of these lands has extended in the last ten years fully 1,500,000 acres, showing that farming is actually becoming a more widely followed pursuit in Ontario. This seems almost impossible when the Dominion census shows such a great decrease between the years 1901 and 1911, but it only proves that even with less labour certain kinds of farming can be developed in Ontario and found exceedingly profitable.

Just one more proof of the fallacy contained in the charge that rural Ontario is in a state of decay. The land, buildings, implements and livestock owned by the Ontario farmers at the present time are worth in round numbers about \$1,225,000,000 as compared with \$950,000,000 ten years ago. In other words, the average value of the Ontario farm to-day is \$8,000, as against \$5,000 in 1901. It is true that prices of farm products have advanced nearly 60 per cent. in the past ten years, but the marked increases in the total values of the annual outputs and of actual property during that time can only be due to the fact that the productivity of the farms has also increased.

And the stimulus to all this improved agriculture with its increasing values, is the growing demand for food in Canada, as much in the Western Provinces as in the Ontario towns and cities. With the farmers in the great Western half of the Dominion producing to supply an export trade, it behooves the farmers of the other half to produce with a view to supplying the home market, and the statistics of our trade show that this is precisely what is being done.

PARTICULARLY in the dairy industry has the home market made itself felt, and done much to increase the worth of the Ontario farmer. Mr. J. A. Ruddick, the Dominion Dairy Commissioner, in a year-end review of the dairying industry in Canada, said: "Canada's home consumption of dairy produce, it is needless to say, continues to increase, but few people seem to realize the extent of this increase. The increase cannot be less than \$2,000,000 every year, including milk and all its products. This means that our home market absorbs of the dairy production, \$20,000,000 more than it did ten years ago. The total home trade cannot be far from \$80,000,000 a year, which means that our home market is by far the most important one for the dairy farmer. Ontario, of course, has the large share of this eighty million dollar market, for fully three-quarters of the dairy product of Canada is produced in this Province. The connection, therefore, between the greater wealth of the Ontario farm and the growth and expansion of the towns and cities is very obvious. The fact that the urban centres of Ontario have increased in size with marked rapidity during the recent years does not mean that there has been a corresponding lack of activity, and a presence of decay in the rural parts of the Province. On the contrary, the growth of the towns and cities has been responsible for the adoption of such lucrative pursuits on the farm as dairying, fruit-growing and livestock-raising.

Instead of decay and ruin prevailing throughout rural Ontario, prosperity abounds as never before, and the future has still greater things in store for the banner Province of the Dominion. Mr. C. C. James said last year in a report to the Conservation Commission, "I venture this prediction, that when we have the Province of Ontario manned in all counties and districts, and fifty representatives with their assistants have got down to work, we can double the output of the farms of Ontario in the next ten years." If this prediction proves true, it will mean at least a doubling of the value of the yearly output, which also means that more people will be farming for a living in Ontario than can be counted at present.

Ontario is just beginning to find itself so far as agriculture is concerned, and all it needs is to be shown how to profit by Canada's development.

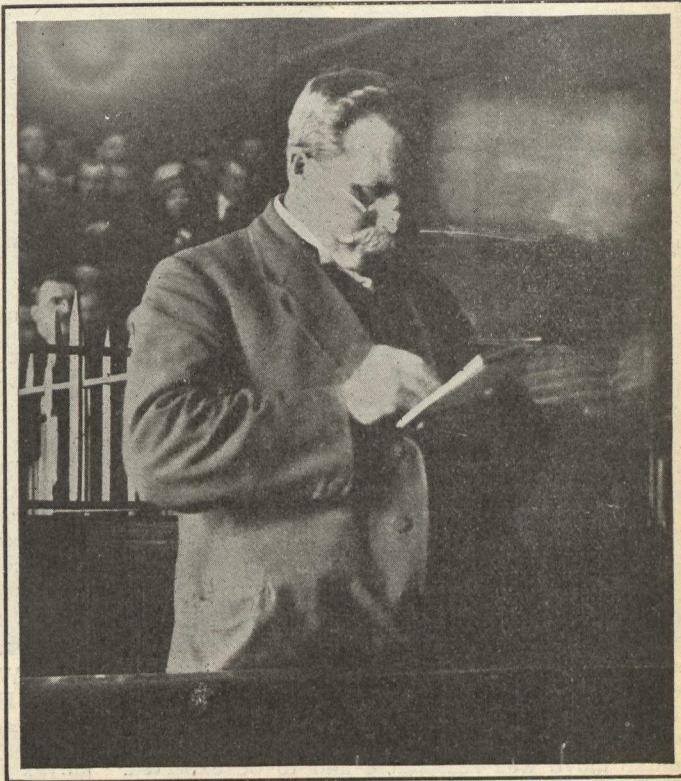
The Coal Strike and the Navy



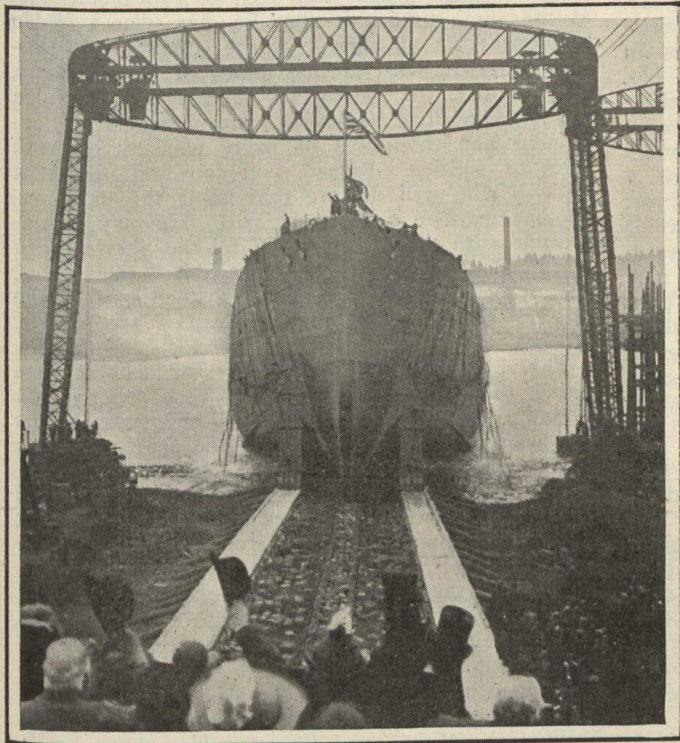
Guy Bowman, Benjamin E. Buck and Charles E. Buck Being Tried for Sedition at the Old Bailey.



Tom Mann Leaving St. Pancras for Salford in Charge of Detectives.



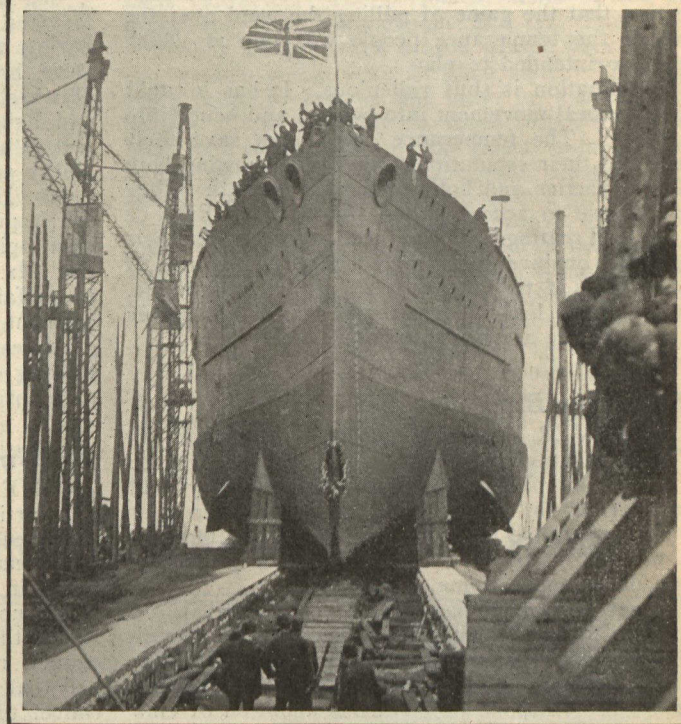
The Labour Leader Making Notes in the Police Court at Salford.



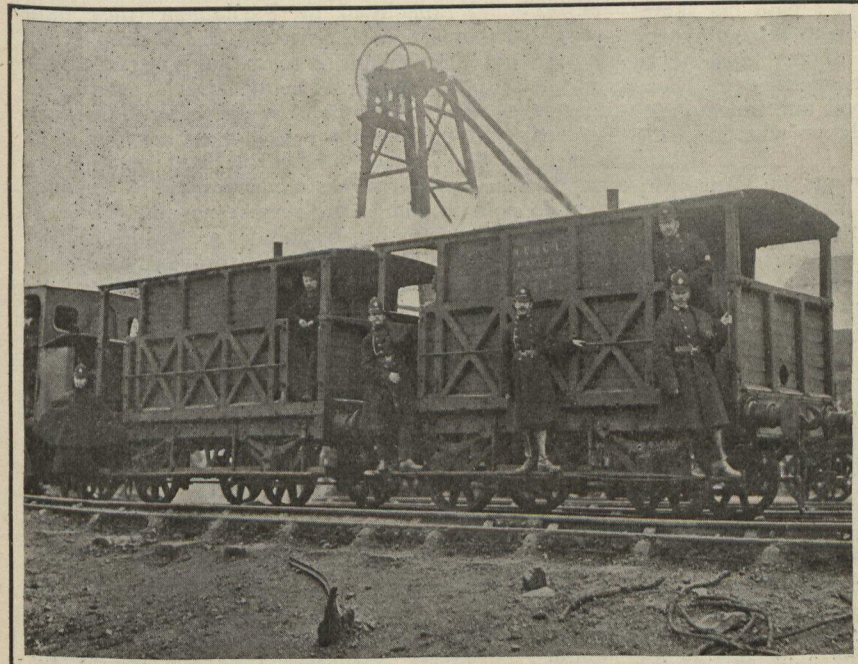
Launch of Britain's Biggest Warship, "Queen Mary," at Jarrow.

COAL mines and warships are at the basis of British political economy. The great strike now dragging to a close has cost the nation in loss of wages, and in the stoppage of industries and shipping about \$180,000,000. The modern navy has been made possible only by the coal mines. In the last analysis if Britain were at sea war with a great naval power, the coal miners would become part of the navy. Coal is not merely king, but absolute ruler in Britain which has no water powers of importance. The strike of the miners, almost paralyzing a nation's industry, was part of a social upheaval which has its phases in other lands, and in Britain takes the form of "syndicalism," a movement which aims to place all great public utilities in the hands of Government. Tom Mann, the labour and syndicalist leader, was arrested for alleged seditious utterances during the strike. Meanwhile two of the biggest warships in the world were being launched; the super-Dreadnought "Ajax" at Greenock in Scotland, and the "Queen Mary" at Jarrow-on-the-Tyne. These vessels were on the stocks long before Lord Beresford's fulmination against Dreadnoughts.

The race for naval supremacy has swung away from the two-power standard to a standard by which warships are turned out of the British dockyards in a discreet ratio to the building of warships by Germany. In all probability if universal free trade were to be adopted by the powers of the world along with a guaranty of perpetual peace millions of people would call it commercial millennium. The cost of navies that earn nothing is out of all proportion to the cost of railways and merchant marine. Canada alone of all great railway-building peoples reverses the ratio.



The Super-Dreadnought, "Ajax," Launched at Greenock the Same Week.



At Wood Pit, Haydock, the Police Were Called in to Check the Riotings of a Thousand Miners.



At the Same Pit, After \$3,500 Had Been Paid Out of the Strike Funds, Only a Week's Pay Remained.

Photos by Topical and L.N.A.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Temperance Reform in Ontario.

TEMPERANCE reform has received a decided set-back in Ontario and the temperance people are largely to blame. Not content with the tremendous progress made during the past ten years by local option and license reduction they have forced their movement into politics. When a moral reform movement gets into politics it is doomed.

During the past fortnight, Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Liberal Opposition, declared himself in favour of "Abolish the Bar," leaving the clubs and liquor stores to supply the demands of the drinking public. It was a half-hearted adoption of the temperance people's platform. It was clearly an attempt to use temperance reform for the advantage of the provincial Liberal party. Mr. Rowell is a consistent temperance man, but as leader of a political party he has broader interests than that of temperance reform. He and his advisers thought they saw a chance to use this movement to help rebuild a party which has now only nineteen members in a Legislature of ninety-eight. Hence largely his resolution in the House in favour of "Abolish the Bar."

Naturally, the Conservative administration made a counter move. Being a political game, such a counter move was reasonable and to be expected. The government of Sir James Whitney met Mr. Rowell's proposal with a notice that at some future date they will introduce legislation to abolish "treating." They served notice on the Liberal Opposition that the game of pulling the wool over the eyes of the temperance people was one at which they also intended to play.

The situation is thus ridiculous. It has brought a great moral movement into politics and hence into disrepute. The temperance people can save their cause and their reputations only by disavowing both political parties and both political proposals. They must refuse to accept either "Abolish the Bar" or "Abolish Treating." They must refuse to let their cause out on hire for the advantage of any set of politicians. If they approve of either programme, their cause is lost. Temperance reform can never be successfully a party question.

Abolish the Bar.

HOWEVER sincere Mr. Rowell may be in his declaration in favour of the abolition of the bar, his party is not with him. He may hold them together for other reasons, but it will be in spite of his temperance plank. The Liberals of Ontario are not all in favour of Mr. Rowell's proposals. Some desire more, some desire less.

The proposal itself has little to recommend it. If the bar is to go, it must go as a whole. The labouring man's club cannot be abolished and the rich man's club retained. Liquor-selling in hotels cannot be abolished, without simultaneous abolition of club and liquor-store selling. "Local Option" abolished everything and when adopted swept a district clean. "Abolish the Bar" only half sweeps a district, and hence is less of a prohibition movement than "Local Option."

The bar will never be abolished until it is put under the ban by public opinion, and then it will disappear in all its forms. Here in Ontario, drunkenness is a disgrace, over-indulgence in liquor is unfashionable; but an occasional drink of buttermilk, ginger ale, beer or spiritous liquor taken in a bar room does not affect a man's reputation as a good citizen.

This has been proved in many places outside Ontario. In Fredericton, N.B., for example, where the Scott Act is supposed to be in force, the bar does business as openly as under a license system, except that the bar rooms have no windows opening on the front street. It is as easy to get a drink of beer or liquor in Fredericton as in an Ontario town with licensed hotels.

Mr. Rowell cannot abolish the bar in Ontario. Only public opinion will do that. Mr. Rowell will never be a substitute for public opinion.

Abolish Treating.

AS Mr. Rowell's "Abolish the Bar" is impossible and inadequate, so Sir James Whitney's "Abolish Treating" is equally unscientific and equally incapable of enforcement. It has created a laugh wherever it has been discussed. Some say it

is a good political move, but even that is a severe condemnation of it. Others say it is bad politics and equally bad temperance reform.

Any proposal which has its origin in political exigency lacks the moral impulse necessary to give it strength. This proposal is not wholly based upon moral impulse, nor sound and mature judgment. The Conservative party in Ontario, as such, is not in favour of the abolition of treating any more than the Liberal party is in favour of abolishing the bar.

But the impossibility of preventing treating in public drinking places is the source of most merriment. There are some eighteen hundred licensed houses in Ontario, and it would require two men in each and every hour of the day to secure proper enforcement of the law. This would require an army of 3,600 officials—a manifest impossibility and absurdity.

In conclusion—Mr. Rowell and Sir James are both joking.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes, Propagandist.

NEWSPAPER reports indicate that Mr. Arthur Hawkes has handed in his report on immigration and will retire from the service. Mr. Hawkes was never in the service. He was retained by the Hon. Mr. Rogers to prepare a special report on a special subject as a specialist. He did that, and now finds himself back in his former sphere of activity.

The Liberal papers seem anxious to discredit Mr. Hawkes. His famous appeal to the "British-Born" during the last election campaign still rankles in their breasts. Personally, I also denounced Mr. Hawkes' racial appeal. I thought it wrong then, and have seen no reason to change my opinion. But I have never lost my belief in Mr. Hawkes' ability and Mr. Hawkes' usefulness as a citizen.

Mr. Hawkes has his faults like the rest of us. He is pugnacious. He has a high estimate of his own opinions. He is essentially a propagandist. But Mr. Hawkes is too virile a student of men and affairs to be side-tracked by a permanent government job. His report on immigration will be good reading, if we ever get it, and it will be good reading even if Hon. Mr. Rogers finds it advisable to suppress it.

The Single Tax Humbug (?)

SOME time ago, Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., had an article in the *Vancouver Province*, under the heading, "The Single Tax Humbug," which is still creating attention. I notice that it was reproduced in the *Transcript*, of Moncton, where single tax is now a live subject. Mr. Wade's chief point is that the single tax theory, as they have it in Vancouver, never had the sanction of Henry George, and that Henry George's son was brought to Vancouver to assist in humbugging the people.

Henry George, says Mr. Wade, was opposed to the private ownership of land. Like air and sunlight, land should be free to all. Private occupancy was indispensable, but the occupier paid his rental in taxes, not his rental in addition to taxes. Henry George believed not in taxation of any kind, hence Vancouver has not the Henry George theory. There they have taxes on real estate, poll tax, income tax, excise tax and customs tax. Hence what he calls "The Single Tax Humbug."

From 1895 to 1905, improvements in Vancouver were taxed at 50 per cent. of their value. From 1906 to 1909 this was reduced to 25 per cent. In 1910 it was eliminated and improvements are not now taxed. Mr. Wade maintains that this is not the explanation of Vancouver's prosperity. Regina, for example, showed a greater increase in building and in bank clearings in 1909-1910 than did Vancouver. He believes that Vancouver is prosperous mainly for the same reasons as Winnipeg, Montreal and Toronto are prosperous.

Nor does Mr. Wade believe in single tax. "That the poor land owner should have to liquidate the debts of the rich contractor or proprietor of buildings or the millionaire hotel corporation is abhorrent to anyone's sense of justice and fair play."

It seems to me that Mr. Wade takes a rather extreme position, though his arguments have considerable force. It cannot be successfully denied that in Ontario, at least, too large a proportion of the taxes falls on "improvements." Whether these should be entirely eliminated is an open question,

and one which for the present had better be left to the provinces or the municipalities to decide. Alberta has answered "yes," but Alberta is new and has special reasons for encouraging the builder of big buildings.

Government Loans to Farmers.

ASKATCHEWAN has not yet decided to adopt the principle of government loans to farmers, such as are sanctioned by the governments of Western Australia and New Zealand. The subject, however, is being investigated. There was a short debate on it during the recent session and the following resolution was passed unanimously:

"That in the opinion of this House it is expedient that the Government should enquire into the question of obtaining money for making loans at a low rate of interest to farmers in the province."

The Three Graces of the Service.

CANADA has produced many excellent civil servants, but among these there are three men whose fame is so far above that of their fellows that they may be termed the Three Graces of the Service. One of them, the late J. Lorne McDougall, has passed to his reward; the other two we still have with us. They are "Judge" Mabee, of the Railway Commission, and "Professor" Shortt, of the Civil Service Commission.

These three men stand out from among the thousands of men who have been or are now in the Service, because they were never known to bow the knee to Baal. They did their duty as they saw, whether it pleased premier, cabinet minister, senator, member or any other prominent citizen. Men said of Lorne McDougall, the late auditor-general, that he was so straight that he leaned over backwards. Judge Mabee has been so courageous and at the same time fair that he has won golden opinions from all classes of the community. Professor Shortt, with the assistance of his colleague, has followed the new Civil Service Act with a fidelity which has displeased many members of Parliament and thousands of party workers on both sides of politics. Indeed, you can find people at Ottawa who will declare that he is the most unpopular man on Parliament Hill. He may be unpopular with those who would fill the Service with "incapables" and with the "incapables" themselves, but on the whole I believe the best citizens of the country are as proud of him as they are of Mr. Mabee.

There is no doubt that Professor Shortt has drawn the lines of the new Act very strictly. In so doing, he has encountered much opposition. This has been so strong, that during the present session an act was passed to enlarge the Civil Service Commission from two to three members. It is hoped by some that, with two votes against one, a check may be put upon this man of iron. I do not believe that this hope will be realized. The other present member of the Commission will undoubtedly stand with Professor Shortt in the future as in the past, and the third or new member, whoever he may be, will probably serve his country with equal intelligence and integrity.

Canada owes much to these three men—McDougall, Mabee and Shortt. They have set a high standard in the public service which many of the junior members are doing their best to live up to. Though appointed by Parliament, they have regarded themselves as trustees for the people, and throughout their public careers have regarded the interests of the people as being superior to the interests of the politicians. In so doing they have earned high places in the public estimation. The story of their careers makes pleasant reading for people who are sometimes almost forced to conclude that in politics and public service no man, however strong, can always be absolutely true to the highest principles. Their faithfulness disproves the cynical statement that "every man has his price."

The Sinfulness of Sin.

Hanover, March 31, 1912.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

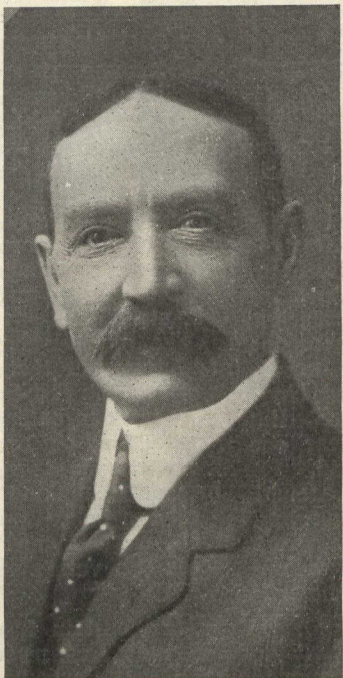
Sir,—Perhaps the reason of the world's want of appreciation, observed by the pulpit, is that the world is not able to recognize Sin in its most destructive modern manifestations. The time-honoured mystical and poetical definition of Sin may no longer appeal to a world grown direct, matter of fact, and prosaic in its mental operations. Would a definition like the following assist the pew to a keener appreciation of the message from the pulpit? "Sin is that which takes from the good or adds to the evil that is in the world. Whatever diminishes the happiness or increases the misery of mankind is sin."

REFLECTIONS OF A READER.

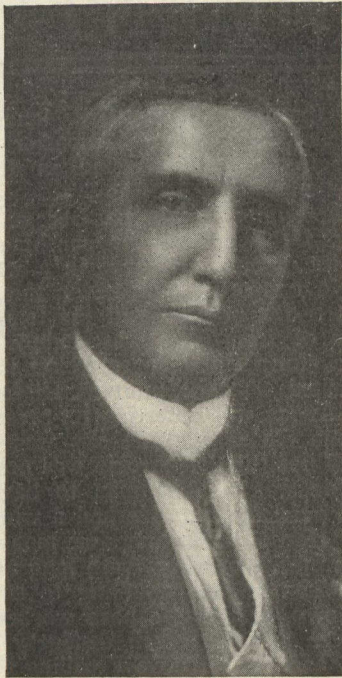
St. John Holds Its First "Commission" Election



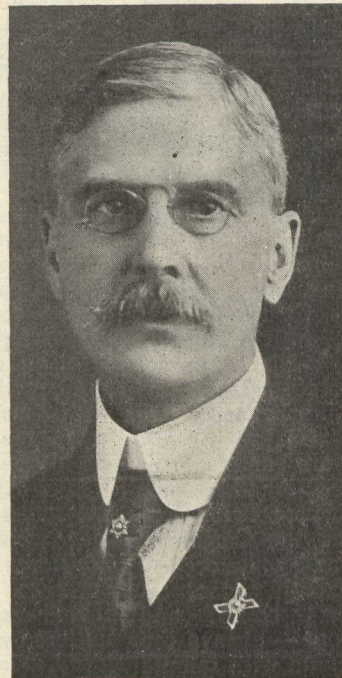
HERBERT B. SCHOFIELD,
Wholesale Paper Merchant.



W. SHIRES FISHER,
President of the Enterprise (Stove)
Foundry.



MILES E. AGAR,
Wholesale Hardware Merchant.



C. B. ALLEN,
Retail Hardware Merchant.



WALTER W. ALLINGHAM,
President Trades and Labour
Council.

These are the Five Candidates Nominated by the "Citizens" Committee. There were in all three Candidates for Mayor, and eighteen for the Commission, of whom four were to be Chosen. The Preliminary Voting Took Place on Tuesday Last, and the Final Voting Occurs a Fortnight Later.

Music in Winnipeg

WINNIPEG may be "a hundred dollars from anywhere," as a clever Winnipeg lady not long ago expressed it; but, thanks to the rapid development of the arts of civilization the city of wheat may soon expect other Canadian towns and cities, even in the East, to locate themselves on the map as anywhere from Winnipeg.

Music in Winnipeg has begun to stimulate the music season in Toronto, which it most closely resembles. The four concerts of the Elgar Society, given in Grace Church a few days ago, with the aid of the St. Paul Symphony Orchestra, made for the time being almost as much stir as a star company at the Walker Theatre. The Society was augmented by the Portage la Prairie Choral Society.

Now to the conventional notions of the East a symphony orchestra playing Tannhauser and the Soldiers' Chorus in a Methodist church would have been regarded as just the least bit bizarre. But as there is no music hall in Winnipeg, and the Walker

Theatre is regularly pre-empted for plays, the church was the only place for these concerts.

Universal music gets a rather odd stage setting from a platform where on Sunday stands a Methodist pulpit. But the works chosen were of a character such as even John Wesley could scarcely have objected to. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, the Grail and Transformation Scene from Wagner's Parsifal, Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionette, a Waltz of Johann Strauss, the Prologue from Pagliacci, the oratorio St. Paul and the Pathetic Symphony of Tschaiowsky—these and a host of other things made up the four programmes.

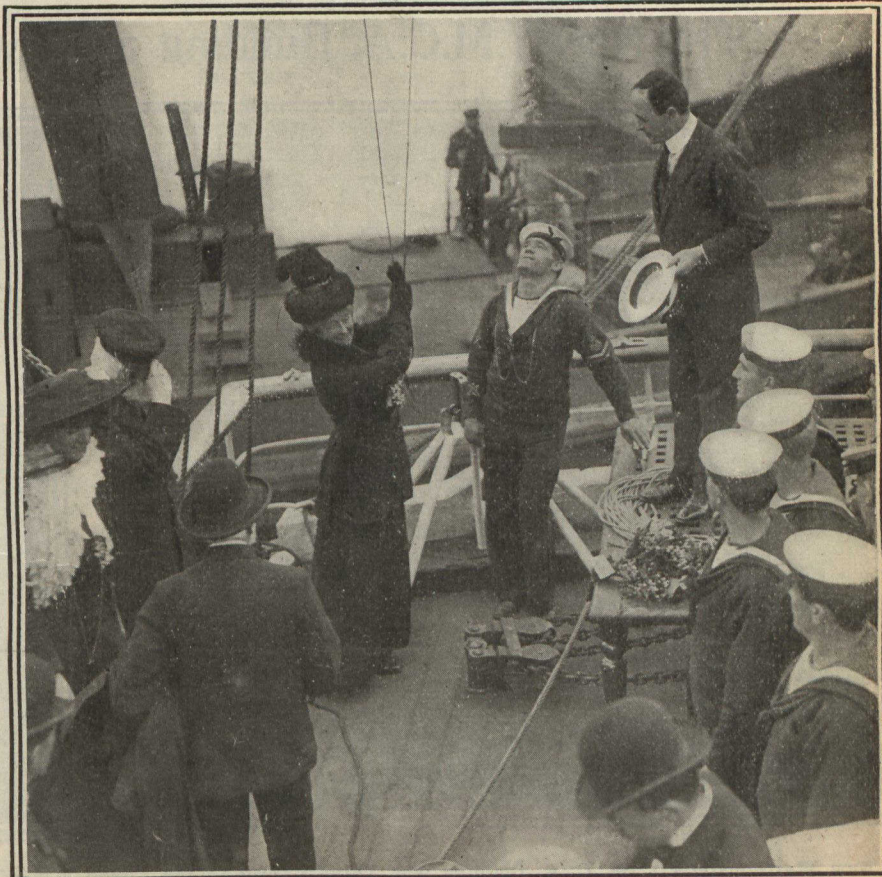
WINNIPEG has a most cosmopolitan taste in matters of music—as in most other things. Musically Winnipeg is perhaps more cosmopolitan than almost any other Canadian city. At least it feels that way. There is a larger preponderance of the truly Bohemian musician who hails from Europe and imparts a touch of real art life to the music hall programmes and the cafes and the rotundas

of the hotels. The regular music programme at the Royal Alexandra hotel is itself of very high-class character. The periodical visits of the two orchestras from Minneapolis and St. Paul give Winnipeg an orchestra season of the very best in the world's music done in good style. The Winnipeg band is famous not only in Canada, but abroad. It is probably in some respects the best band in Canada. One of the finest violin teachers in the country is in Winnipeg—M. Couture. Recently Toronto has become a province of Winnipeg in the matter of establishing a branch of the Columbia Conservatory, whose Canadian headquarters are in Winnipeg. A few weeks ago Winnipeg talent gave a most remarkably fine performance of the Chimes of Normandy; such a performance as has never been surpassed if equalled by native talent anywhere else in Canada. The Winnipeg Clef Club is a most cosmopolitan organization, containing musicians of all nationalities and persuasions as well as a large number of other people. The city of wheat has set out to get art in music.

"Terra Nova" Returns to New Zealand, but Captain Scott Remains in Antarctic Another Winter



This Photograph of the "Terra Nova" Was Taken in June, 1910, as She Was Leaving London for New Zealand, Where Captain Scott Joined Her on His Second Trip to the Antarctic. Though Beaten by Amundsen, Scott Will Persevere.



One of the Last Pictures of the "Terra Nova" Before She Left London. Lady Bridgman is Breaking the Pennant. Captain Scott Stands With Hat in Hand. The "Terra Nova" Returns to the Antarctic at the End of the Year.

CORRIDOR COMMENT

Ottawa, April 8th.

THERE are many interesting groups among the two hundred-odd men from all parts of the Dominion who compose the membership of the Canadian House of Commons. Each group seems to have an individuality of its own. Sometimes the units seem to be almost grotesquely mated. For instance, there was long, lanky, western



A. B. McCOIG, M.P.,
West Kent.

Glen Campbell, and short, rotund, eastern Tom Wallace, an inseparable pair in the last Parliament, the Mutt and Jeff of the corridors and caucus rooms. Another pair of Siamese twins constituted the Commons' own and only orchestra, mouth organ, tin whistle, bones and what-not — always the same tune with infinite varieties—the one a Toronto Orangeman, the other a Halifax Roman Catholic.

Over on the then Government side, where there isn't nearly so much opportunity for the display of individuality, even in groups, there was an Ontario trinity who

overcame all party bounds in establishing its universal popularity. Visitors had to examine the seating plan of the Parliamentary Guide to determine the actual designation and home habitation of the three. Most parliamentarians were individually known as Mr. So-and-so, or the Member for Blank. But when anybody talked of "Tom" everybody thought of Mr. T. A. Low, of South Renfrew; when "Archie" was mentioned all eyes were directed to Mr. A. B. McCoig, of West Kent; and when reference was made to "Johnnie Angus" no one needed to be told that Mr. J. A. McMillan was in question. A genial political opponent, on one noteworthy occasion, described the trinity as the "Tom, Jack and Archie" of the Canadian Commons. And no one on either side objected to the indicated general representation of the membership by them. That their personal popularity extended beyond the confines of the chamber was evidenced by the fact

that when the big Conservative landslide was sweeping over Ontario last September it avoided engulfing Tom, Jack and Archie in the debris. They all came back.

Within the trinity Archie was recognized as the unit who put the midsummer sunshine effect in the composite picture. If, once in a while, fleecy clouds cast a temporary shadow on the scene, the House took it for granted that the temperamental individuality of Irish Tom was unduly exercising itself. If a storm cloud appeared on the horizon no one doubted that the militant Highland blood of Johnnie Angus was asserting its presence. But when the sun shone and the sky was clear one could depend upon it that Archie was around.

And Archie was a good man to have around. He radiated good nature. He had a winning way. The whole House liked him for many reasons. He never bored the members with long and tedious speeches. When he had anything to say he said it and sat down. He was a hard worker on committees, where there is much drudgery and little glory going, and he was always willing to take his full share of the little inconveniences which attend the perennial attempt to "house" five members in rooms designed for four. And all the time the sun continued shining.

Archie McCoig hasn't lived very many years, but he has crowded a lot into them. For years he served as an alderman in the council of his native city of Chatham, at the time of his entrance probably the youngest man ever chosen to the post. Moreover, he invariably headed the poll. He acquired that habit early and has kept it up ever since. When the Liberals of West Kent got out their lanterns and started to search for a man who could cope with the astute, able and experienced James Clancy in the legislative campaign of 1905, the only one whom they could locate was Archie McCoig, and he turned the trick. Meantime the federal seat was held by the Conservatives and Archie was again requisitioned when Dominion polling day came round. As a consequence he transferred his representation from Toronto to Ottawa, and joined the trinity. He combines with constant geniality an unusual amount of political sagacity. Archie knows men. And apparently the men of West Kent know Archie. It has been whispered more than once that fate turned him a cruel trick on September 21st last. Had the former government been sustained there seems little doubt that Mr. McCoig would have been selected to preside over one of the important Parliamentary committees. But Archie is young. And youth can hustle while

it waits. That Archie will live up to this maxim is not for a moment to be doubted.

GOVERNMENT members are getting much sound, if strenuous, training in the art of "sizing up" human nature and its versatility these busy days of job-hunting, and many, indeed, are the tales told of the weird and original methods adopted by applicants to gain the coveted goal. It is related of Mr. W. F. Nickle, the young Conservative who captured the former Liberal riding of Kingston, that on the morning after the election he encountered a stalwart who saw him first.

"Me and my two sons voted for you," the man volunteered.

The member-elect beamed his acknowledgments and then put them into words, good, heartsome words, too. But the voter tarried.

"I want to be appointed guard at the pen."

"But how old are you? The age limit is forty."

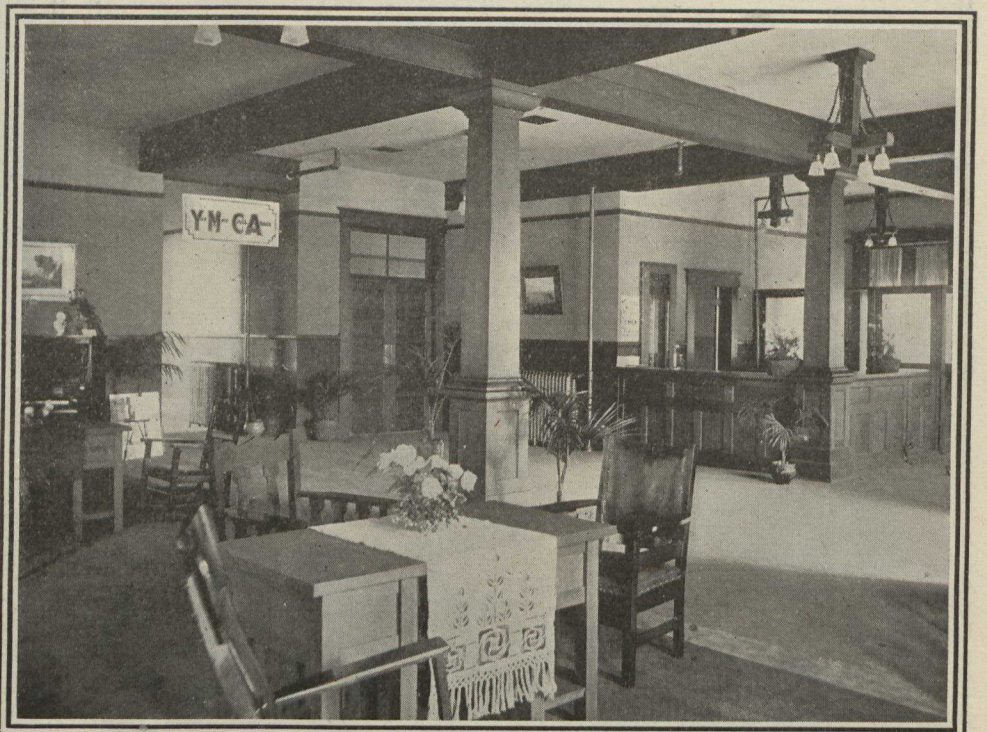
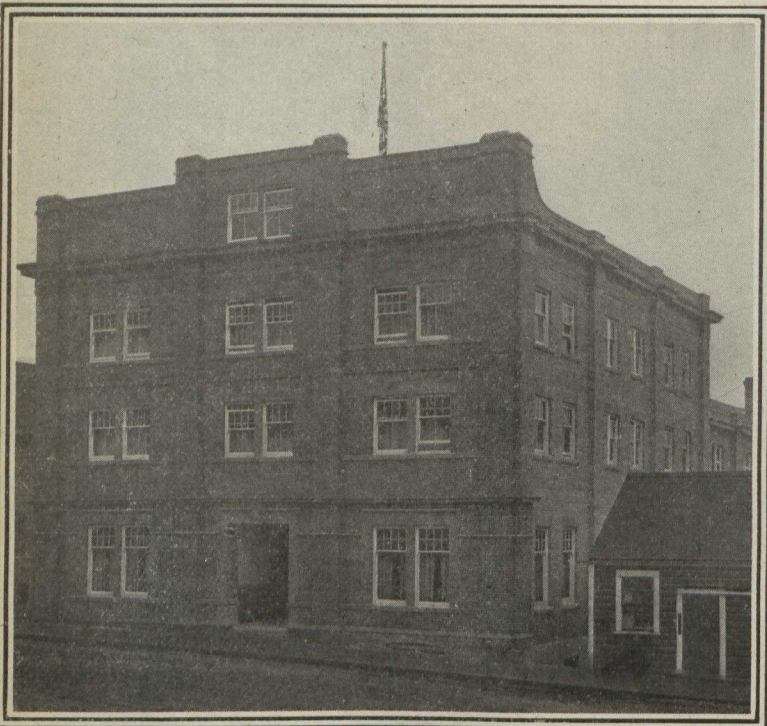
No trouble there. "I am thirty-six," was the prompt, unblinking response.

The member smiled. "Married mighty young, then, weren't you?" he observed. "How old are those two voting sons?"

THE curtain has fallen. The first act of the new Conservative administration is at an end. Its initial Parliament has prorogued. And everybody seems satisfied. Moreover, you have their word for it. Ask any good Tory as he smilingly lugged his baggage along the corridor and he would assure you that everything was lovely, the Government had made good and the Opposition had failed absolutely to make a puncture in its armour. Then step around to another corridor and locate an equally good Grit diligently packing his grip. Give him a chance and he'd tell you that things never looked better, that the Government was demoralized and already broken, and that the Opposition had established itself in public confidence. You "pays your money and takes your choice." Politics is a grand old game in which the very players are frequently at sea. Isn't it wonderful how much difference it makes to the outlook whether you wear the blue or the red goggles? For, after all, they are goggles, as Ottawa wears them, and as Ottawa interprets the battledore and shuttlecock which goes on upon "the hill." So the curtain fell, with the Senate in the stellar role of the finale. Not for many years has the upper house occupied a part other than mildly picturesque. The young Commoner, trained to regard it as a pleasantly innocuous sort of body to which, if he were good, he might maybe some day attain, suddenly regarded it with awe. It was really alive, after all, and it really could bite when so disposed. The Senate came into its own and all but upset the apple-cart of those elaborate and gaudy ceremonial preparations.

H. W. A.

The New Y.M.C.A. Building at New Westminster, Which Cost \$62,000



New Westminster's Y. M. C. A. Building was Thrown Open to the Young Men of that City a Few Days Ago. The Building is 60 x 132 feet, and Three Stories High. Its Total Cost, Including Furnishings and Equipment, was \$62,000. It has a Swimming Bath 20 x 48 feet, and a Gymnasium 55 x 60 feet. There are Thirty-six Bedrooms for Members. It also has a Billiard Room, a Bowling Alley, and an Indoor Rifle Range. The Second Picture Shows the Spacious and Artistic Rotunda, with the Secretary's Office.



At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

An Outworn Cult

A LONG-DUE protest has been made, at last. Mr. Frederic Harrison, philosopher and essayist, has created much interest by his recent article on a certain cult which he calls by a long and uncouth name and which really means the cult of the ugly or unpleasant. For the last decade or more artists and novelists have been exploiting the unpleasant and distressing, until we have taken to aeroplanes and flown away from so much that is harrowing. Mr. Thomas Hardy is usually admitted to be the greatest modern English novelist and he is sombre to an afflicting degree. It is all the "demnition bow-wows" in most of the Hardy stories and yet we are all afraid to say that we do not like them, lest the critics should call us uncultured and raise deprecating eye-brows. Then there is Mr. Shaw, who writes about more disagreeable persons in less time than any other disciple of the displeasing.

Of course, I shall be reminded that all these depressing heroes and uncouth heroines are merely a healthy reaction from the Early Victorian women—the Dora Copperfields and Amelia Sedleys of tender memory. After a course in the George Bernard Shaw type of woman, one is fain to fly to the deadliest Dora of them all for relief. The "advanced" young woman of the Shaw drama is the most revolting of the species and we can only hope that Mr. Shaw will some day be confronted by a lady resembling his imaginary heroines.

Then some one takes you to an art exhibition, where you survey yards and yards of canvas, depicting ugly and depressing human countenances; and when you venture on a protest, you are informed by a shocked and superior acquaintance: "Oh, of course they're not pretty. That wouldn't be art." Then you become an out-and-out Philistine and retort: "What is art, anyway? Does it consist in mud and misery?" And the superior one sighs and murmurs commiseratingly: "Perhaps you don't understand. This is what the artist sees." You complete the list of your iniquities by declaring—"Well, I shouldn't care to have his eyes."

Mr. Harrison has sent a refreshing breeze into the studios, the libraries and the conservatories. Surely we have had enough of Strauss music, Shaw dramas, and Nietzsche's negations. Life is not always pretty, but it is hardly so bad as the modern philosophers would have us believe. It may be weak-minded to prefer the "Spring Song" to the "Danse Macabre," but most of us have a deep sympathy with the Shakespearean philosopher who said: "I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

Ugliness and unpleasantness have had their sway long enough, and it is time for the feminine world to demand a return to something more sightly and joyous. If we prefer sunshiny pictures like Sir John Millais' "Bubbles" to depictions of "The Vampire," by all means let us have the courage of our preferences and openly advocate the pretty.

The Matter of Decoration.

THE spell of the East is over the world of fashion still, and we are to have reminders of the Durbar in the spring months in the form of turbans and Oriental drapings and decorations. Beads continue to adorn gowns and girdles and to be the chief material of dainty hand-bags, such as our grandmothers used to carry. They may be a barbaric fashion, but we rather enjoy them, even in this sophisticated century, and cheerfully study their latest and most intricate designs. They appeal to a woman's innate love of adornment and we rejoice that they will not too soon be "out of style." Speaking of adornment, one realizes how painfully prosaic and sad-coloured is the garb of the

modern man when one reads Thackeray's description of the attire of a young commercial traveller in the days when Queen Victoria was young.

"With his long, curling flaxen hair, flowing under a sealskin cap with a gold tassel, with a blue-and-gold satin handkerchief, a crimson velvet waistcoat, a light green cut-away coat, a pair of barred, brick-dust-coloured pantaloons, and a neat mackintosh, he presented, altogether, as elegant and *distingue* an appearance as any one could desire."

Vegetables and Vagaries.

WHAT imposing words are employed nowadays to describe the various systems of healing which are going to do us good and make us young, healthy and happy! There is psycho-therapy, for instance, a perfect terror of an abstract noun,

A Biography in Bonnets.

BY MINNA IRVING.

THEY lie within a cedar chest,
The bonnets that she wore
From rosy dimpled infancy
To eighty years or more;
The baby cap of lawn and lace
With soft embroidered crown,
The quilted hood she wore to school,
Of silk and eider-down.

The leghorn of her early teens,
As fine as gossamer,
That hid her blushes when he first
Walked home from church with her;
The bridal hat of satin shirred,
Once topped with plumes of snow
That armies of the moth reduced
To powder long ago.

The matron's bonnet close and grey
With knots of rosebuds pale,
And last of all the widow's ruche
And length of sable veil.
All, all are here, of varied hues,
And fashions queer and quaint,
Except the one she wears to-day—
The halo of a saint.

—People's Journal.

which, so far as I can make out, means no more than cultivating self-control and not allowing your imagination to play the bully. The latest of these is legumino-therapy, which is really enough to frighten most of us into measles. It is merely the application of a vegetable diet to all the ills which flesh is heir to, with the happiest results. It seems that vegetables are various and have quite different effects on the human beings who devour them. Let no one imagine, however, that the eating of cabbage will result in peculiar or unusual stupidity.

Mr. Clifford Howard informs us that "green peas, for example, according to this new science, cause frivolity and should be withheld from young ladies with a congenital tendency to flirt. On the other hand, they are excellent for wall-flowers and pessimists, and should be given in generous helpings to bashful boys. Carrots develop good temper and amiability, and are particularly recommended for janitors, car conductors and ticket agents. The potato develops reason, as well as calmness and reflection; but care must be taken lest it induce apathy and indifference or that disinclination to work which is observable among boys who are fed daily on fried potatoes. String beans stimulate the poetic and artistic faculties. . . ."

So, we feel ever so much encouraged to become vegetarians and, by partaking of carefully-selected dishes, develop into artists, poets, actresses or hair-dressers. But last week there came the crushing news that legumino-therapy is all wrong—lettuce is positively dangerous, beets are bad, asparagus is fatal, while tomato salad is the first step towards the cemetery. Indeed, according to this latest advice, the paths of potatoes lead but to the grave. What are we going to do? There's nothing left but breakfast food and dessicated dates to satisfy human longings. In the meantime, let us observe the advice of Miss Carolyn Wells—"eat, drink and be merry—for to-morrow we diet."

In Our Happy Home.

THIS is an age of "little suppers down town" and dinners at the cafe. Such delights are more alluring in the pages of fashionable fiction than they are in reality. There is a flatness—an artificiality—about the restaurant repast which the most brilliant lights and the most elaborate service cannot make you forget. There is nothing like "home cooking," in the estimation of the sensible citizen, and there is no better time for indulging in an orgy of home viands than the hour of midnight. It may be bad for the digestion, but a piece of cold apple pie at the witching hour is more to be desired than steak and fried onions in the middle of the day.

Do you remember when you found a last and delicious piece of chocolate cake or a dish of cold pudding which had been carefully put away? Just because you should not do it, just because you are sure to be sorry the next day, you devour such stray delicacies with a zest which no orthodox meal at a righteous hour could arouse. We all cherish the memories of such raids, even if age or indigestion may now forbid them and consequently smile when we read a poem on "Midnight in the Pantry," in which a "late" husband describes his protracted feast:

"Oft I hear a call above me: 'Goodness gracious, come to bed!
And I know that I've disturbed her by my over-eager tread,
But I've found a glass of jelly and some bread and butter, too,
And a bit of cold fried chicken, and I answer,
'When I'm through!
Oh, there's no cafe that better serves my precious appetite
Than the pantry in our kitchen when I get home late at night."

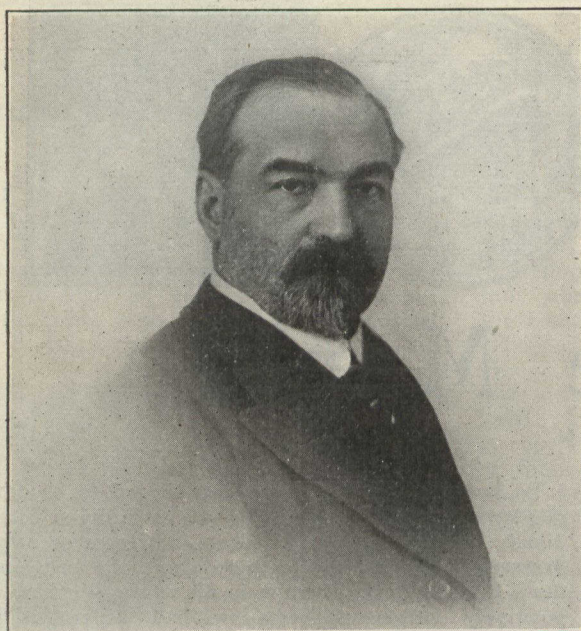
This is a song from the inmost soul, which proves once more the wisdom of the advice given to an anxious young wife—"Feed the—gentleman!"

CANADIENNE.

The Making of the Home.

PROBABLY the most successful meeting yet held by the Women's Canadian Club of St. John, N.B., took place on the last Saturday of March. Mrs. Bowlker, president of the Women's Municipal League, of Boston, was the speaker. Her address on "Home Problems" showed a very intimate knowledge of the subject and delighted the audience.

Mrs. Bowlker has neither old-fashioned nor modern ideas. She took no stand on the suffrage question, but insisted that there is work which women alone may accomplish. She agreed with neither the old nor the new ideas of a mother and wife—both were extreme. She believed in the mother, the hostess, and the social worker, with the duties reasonably blended. But above all "maintain the home." The work of the Women's Municipal League of Boston was to make it possible for every woman to have a home and to make the city a community of homes. True homes would do a great work in eliminating the vice of the world.

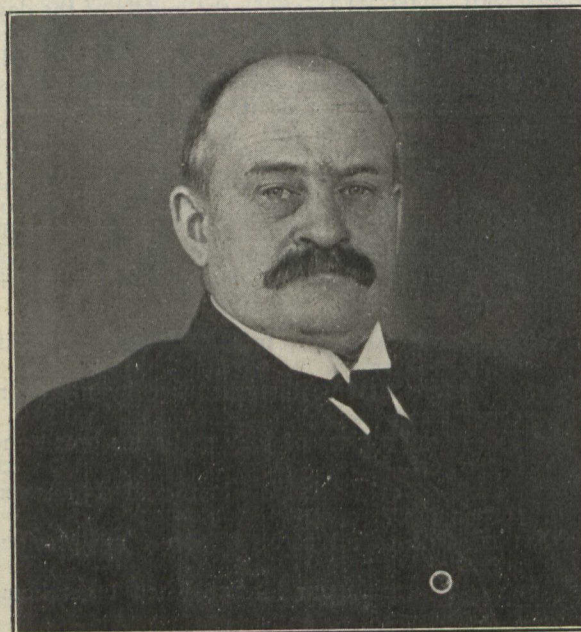


SIR DONALD MANN

"One of the Greatest Living Railway Builders"
—J. J. Hill.

First Vice-President, C. N. R.

"A big man who gets things done. A prodigious observer, who has a rare and never-ending power of projecting great enterprises." Such is an estimate of the man who conceived the great Mount Royal tunnel project in Montreal. Thirteen years ago he came out of the far West, where he had been busy, and found the Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Co. a bargain. He bought it. He formed a partnership with a shrewd financier, and the railway is going to be a transcontinental. He justifies his partner's financial ability by construction, and has financial ability of his own.



COL. ANDREW D. DAVIDSON

The Man Who "Discovered" the Great Saskatchewan Valley

Land Commissioner, C. N. R.

He is looked upon as the greatest living land man, whose advice regarding the C. N. R.'s great land purchase and Model City at Montreal was a big factor in developing the tunnel project. A good many years ago, this man saw that Chicago was developing only the bottom half of the wheat circle, of which she was centre. He "discovered" the great thousand-mile-long Saskatchewan valley, believed in its future, infected the farmers of the Western States with his enthusiasm, and was instrumental in moving thousands of families into Canada. He is known as the father of the American "invasion" into Western Canada. Nearly a million have followed his trail and prospered. Saskatchewan is now the banner wheat province of Canada, just as the Model City is the banner real estate opportunity of to-day.

"The Big Four"

and Their Daring Conception of the Mount Royal Tunnel and the Model City, Montreal

FOUR FAMOUS MEN whose far-seeing vision and magnificent constructive ability have enabled them unaided to project a ribbon of steel nearly across a continent within thirteen years; four men who blazed the way for multitudes who peopled vast new regions of the great West whose influence in Canada quickens the pulse of the nation--these are the men whose conception has made possible what is acknowledged to be the greatest real estate opportunity in Canada to-day.

A MOUNTAIN stood in the path of the C.N.R.'s progress into crowded Montreal, Canada's largest city. It was not feasible to go around as other railways had done. Straight to the heart of the congested city, under and through the barrier was the daring conception. Already preparations have commenced. But the feature of greatest interest to-day, made possible by the "Big Four," is the creation of the Model City, capable of housing 40,000 people, situated at the nether side of Mount Royal, bringing a beautiful residential section within eight minutes of the centre of Montreal.

Montreal's Great Real Estate Chance

Squeezed by Mount Royal, the barrier at its back, Montreal has extended many miles along the river, until the distances have become a distressing problem, especially in winter, to its teeming population housed largely in tenements, flat houses and apartments. In this, one of the most crowded cities in America, it was found there was no feasible right-of-way, or suitable sites for freight yards and station. It was freely predicted that Mackenzie and Mann and their lieutenants could not find a way into Montreal with the same advantages as the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk.

But men who could blaze a transeontinental could find a way. They combined Montreal's pressing need for expansion to-

wards the direction of the mountain barrier with their own problem. They purchased 5,000 acres back of the mountain and drew the plans of the tunnel that is going to expand only eight minutes' ride from her congested centre of population. What a tremendous advantage for the thousands who will prefer this new district to the 40 to 60 minutes consumed in reaching the centre from Montreal's present outskirts.

The New Model City will have its C. N. R. terminal at its centre, from which will radiate four diagonal boulevards, ensuring access from every point. The great circular drive around the city will be lined with small parks. Lots will be 100 to 120 feet deep, and 35 to 50 feet frontage, the

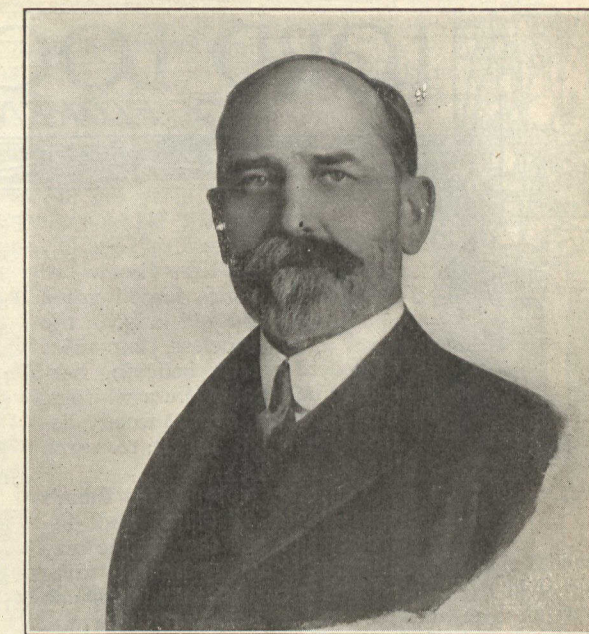
for residences. And they will cost early purchasers less than half that of properties in Rosedale, Toronto, which is far less accessible to the centre than is this Model City to Montreal. You see, there is a wide margin of profit possibilities—from 100 to 300 per cent.—in Model City real estate secured at to-day's prices. Taxes will be low, as the New City is outside Montreal's city limits.

As work on the tunnel progresses to completion the value of the lands bought by the Big Four as part of the project will become more valuable day by day.

The men who have twenty-five millions in this gigantic project can be depended upon to rush the tunnel to completion. The Big Four are too deeply concerned in their share

of business in Canada's greatest commercial port to not know the tremendous value of a concrete realization of the project at the earliest possible date.

The Model City will be quickly built up. It is the conception of four men whom Canada believes in. It is a wonderful opportunity—a real estate opportunity the like of which has never occurred in Canada before and will not happen again. We have been in close touch with the Big Four ever since the birth of their project. Our lots are well located, and you will find it pleasant as well as profitable to do business with us. Ask us for further information. The sale of lots is now in full swing. The earlier you act the wider your selection of locations. Fill in, cut out and mail the coupon to-day.



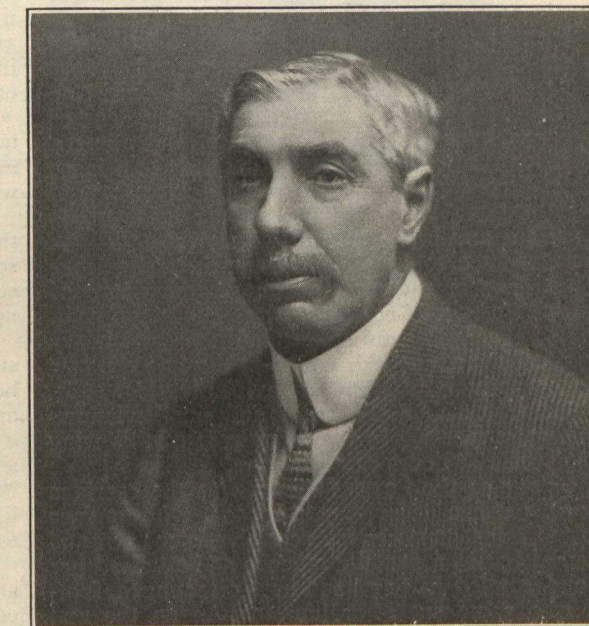
SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE

"The Master of Finance"

President of the C. N. R.

In 1896, the beginning, to-day 6,500 miles of railway in operation, 2,500 miles under construction or surveyed—a monument to the financial genius of one man. From the farm, school teaching, store-keeping, and building trestles and snow sheds for the C. P. R., he came to control street railways in Toronto, Winnipeg, Birmingham, Mexico, Brazil, etc.

It was said the C. P. R.'s feat could not be duplicated in the West. Sir Wm. Mackenzie is a man who never lets go. Now he is chief of nearly half the railroads west of Lake Superior. "A man who looks right into the centre of a problem, knows its vital spark and discovers a way to kindle it into a blaze." A man who made a successful deal for a railroad 250 miles long in five hours' time has turned his talents to a magnificent feat in pushing the C. N. R. into Montreal, and at the same time providing an outlet for Montreal's increasing population.



MR. D. B. HANNA

The Man Who Carries the Enormous Burden of Day-by-Day Management

Third Vice-President, C. N. R.

A genial, much-liked Scotchman, who began railroading in the Old Land at 6 shillings a week, thirty years ago. He rose from the auditing departments of the G. T. R. to be land commissioner of the Manitoba and Western Railway. At the inception of the C. N. R., in 1896, he became its first general superintendent, and third vice-president in 1902. Big affairs are his forte. His advice is much sought for on the boards of financial institutions. He is intimately associated with every big move on the C. N. R., and his judgment behind a scheme is considered a surety of its worth.

When such a man is associated with the C. N. R. Model City project you can bank on its being a success.

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LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER III.

"DOES she know all about him?" asked the old lady, in the toneless, flat voice of a deaf person, believing herself to be speaking in a whisper, but uttering every word distinctly enough for it to reach the poor girl's ears.

The tears sprang to Edna's eyes—tears of alarm and distress. For she saw by the way

in which the old gentleman, believing himself to be doing it in the neatest and cleverest manner, shook his wife's arm and frowned at her, that there was something to be known which she did not know—something dreadful.

"What does she mean?" asked the girl, addressing the old gentleman in an almost imperious tone.

He smiled with an effort. "Oh, my wife wonders whether you know that—that Lord Lockington is a great invalid?" said he.

"Oh, yes, I know that," said Edna, gravely. "Was that all?"

"Yes, yes, that was all. There's our train in, I believe. Letitia, my dear, our train." When he had helped the bundle to what might be presumed to be its feet, he turned once more to Edna, and said, in a very kindly tone: "Will you write to us and tell us how you get on? Write to me—'Sir George Wyngall, Shore Place.' We shall be most anxious, both Lady Wyngall and myself, to know whether you are happy there."

"Thank you," said Edna, with her teeth chattering, as, full of nameless fears which made her colder than the atmosphere did, she went out on the platform in search of the train, and took care not to get into the same compartment as the Baronet and his wife.

What did they mean? She could think of nothing else during the remainder of the journey. And it was in a state of vague terror that she got out of the train at Bilston, got into the old-fashioned station brougham, painted red, which she had been told she should find waiting for her, and drove in the gathering darkness through what seemed an uninteresting suburban district, until she passed through an open gateway by a lodge, and along a short drive through well-wooded grounds to a large house, which would have been more imposing, if less picturesque, if it had not plainly belonged to two periods and been built in two styles.

She could scarcely make out so much as she drove up to a door in the main building, which was of stone, with a row of columns surmounted by a pediment; on the right-hand side was a plain and heavy wing of the same period, while on the left she saw a wing in quite a different and evidently older style, of red brick, with a tiled roof and small windows in the upper storey. In the lower part of this wing she saw neither doors nor windows.

The door of the house flew open as the carriage stopped, and an elderly manservant, with a face which to Edna seemed very repulsive, came out and looked at her in a stealthy manner as he helped her out and carried in her hand-bag, directing a footman who came out after him to take up the rest of the very modest luggage.

Edna followed him into a hall of vast height and size, the front door being hidden from the rest by a wooden screen, the doors in which were pushed open and closed automatically like those of a cathedral.

The hall itself looked, she thought, bare, cold, and dreary; and the sight of a large organ built into the wall on her right, filled her with terror. It was, then, upon that instrument, in that vast space, that she was expected to play. She could have cried at the thought. In a corner to the right of the organ, in the outer angle of the wall, was a grand piano in a commonplace rosewood case. On the left was a harp.

Closed doors were in the walls on her right and in front, but there were none on her left. The only thing that broke the flat surface of the left-hand wall was a gallery some twenty feet from the ground, with one small doorway opening on to it.

There was a gap about ten feet long between this gallery and another which ran along the other two sides of the hall, and upon which there opened six

or eight doors, while a winding staircase, rather mean for the building, led up to it.

Up this staircase she was led by the footman, and at the top she was met by Mrs. Holland, who looked at her with an anxious face, and whispered:

"Would you mind, Miss Bellamy, playing something—anything—or singing something, before you take your things off?"

And as she spoke, the housekeeper, with a frightened glance at the empty gallery, which had no staircase to it, led the girl downstairs again.

Shaking from head to foot, Edna pulled off her gloves, and in the dreary vastness of the cold and empty hall, where the breath showed in the nipping air, she sat down to the open piano, and ran her trembling fingers over the stone-cold keys.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Lockington Hall was first built, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, by erecting a heavy stone building with one massive wing and adding it to the remaining part of an old Priory of red brick, the sole means of illumination of the mansion was by candles.

Now, however, that the gradual encroachments of the town upon country had brought the most modern appliances near to hand, the whole house was lighted by electric light.

The effect in the hall, however, was not good. For although the magnificent painted ceiling now showed up better than it had ever done before, the bright light gave a look of cold vastness to the enormous hall, and made Edna shiver.

For it was evident that very little care had recently been given to the furnishing of this part of the mansion; so that this hall, which a modern hostess would have made a great feature of the house, and would have furnished with stately oak settles, with palms and hothouse plants in heavy oaken brass-bound tubs, with tiger-skin rugs and costly carpets, remained a wilderness of distempered walls, of white paint, with rows of doors all alike, and with the enormous floor stretching out in an unbroken Sahara of matting, dreary, severely plain, and wholly out of keeping with the magnificent ceiling, or with the old-fashioned gilded pipes of the organ.

At the side of the hall where the musical instruments stood there was a long, narrow carpet of nondescript colour, and upon it there were a few wicker chairs and rush-bottomed seats.

With the exception of these and a large table at the other side of the hall, near the front door, and some dozen plain oaken hall chairs, there was scarcely anything in the way of furniture to break up the waste of floor and desert of wall.

The heating appliances were modern, but scarcely sufficient; so what heat there was came from painted hot water pipes that were ranged along the walls, and left in all their bareness.

Edna, with one frightened glance around her as she sounded the first notes on the frozen piano, gave her heart to her work, bent over the keys with set lips and tightly-clenched teeth, and did her best to play.

The girl loved music, put her whole soul into it, and, although not an executant of any marvellous powers, she played with feeling, taste, and intelligence.

She felt, as she began to play, as if the music in the instrument had indeed been frozen up in it, and as if it resisted the puny efforts of her fingers to bring it out.

But as she warmed to her work, and became conscious that the instrument was a good one, she grew more confident, her touch grew firmer, her cheeks flushed, and, with the knowledge upon her that this was a trial of her powers in which she must do or die, she bent over the keyboard and made the piano sing.

As she had made music the principal study of her schooldays, she knew a good deal by heart of various sorts. And she wondered what sort of pieces Lord Lockington preferred, and wished she could hear some sound which might help to guide her in her selection.

But, try as hard as she might, she could make out nothing at all. After the first sound she had heard, when a slight noise like that of the opening of a distant door had followed the striking of the first notes upon the piano, not so much as a cough or

a sigh, a shuffling footstep, or the creaking of a door, reached her ears.

Suddenly aware that she was not getting enough volume of sound out of the instrument to fill so vast a space, she jumped up from her seat, and went round the piano to open it.

As she did so she cast a glance towards the gallery that had no staircase, and saw that, from a framework which she had not previously noticed, a blind had been drawn down in front of the door there. As the blind, the framework, and the door itself were all of the same light colour, she thought she would scarcely have distinguished the one from the other if she had not been so carefully noting everything around her.

She thought that perhaps Lord Lockington was behind that blind, and the thought spurred her to fresh exertions.

Sitting down again, with more confidence this time, she once more ran her fingers over the keys, and then, gaining courage, sang a little song—a simple German Volkslied—with all the feeling and sweetness at her command.

Her voice was not very strong; it sounded rather thin, perhaps, in the huge hall. But, on the other hand, it was sweet and fresh and clear, and she sang unaffectedly, and with that grace of youth and feeling which makes even small voices pleasant to listen to.

She knew that she was doing her best, and she earnestly hoped, as she played the last soft notes of the accompaniment, that some sign, some faint apology for applause, or some word of thanks or encouragement, would reward her efforts.

But not so much as a word or a tapping of a foot upon the floor came in response as she sat for a few minutes, with hands folded in her lap, biting her lip and tremblingly hoping for just a little kindness or encouragement.

None came, and the girl's heart sank.

She was sure someone was listening, and she was equally sure that no one had applauded. She must have failed dismally in coming up to the standard required of her.

As this feeling gained upon her, she sat, with heaving breast and eyes filled with tears, staring at the raised lid of the piano, and feeling that it was hopeless to play or sing any more.

Before another hour had passed she felt convinced that she would receive some sort of intimation that her services would be dispensed with on the following day, and that she would have to return, disappointed, and with the stamp of failure upon her, to her aunt's house.

TRUE she had played nothing from her music as yet, but had in the circumstances been obliged to fall back upon what she knew by heart. But though she had some more brilliant music in her portfolio than any she had played, she knew that if she had failed to please already there was very little hope that she would do much better in the future. Excitement had given an added interest to her playing, and she had felt that she was at her best. The novel circumstances, the atmosphere of the mysterious old mansion which she as yet did not know, the knowledge that she was listened to by unseen ears, and looked at perhaps by unseen eyes, had roused her imagination and fired her spirit.

No. If she had failed now, she would fail always.

So hopeless did the girl feel that she sat, with her head bent and her hands in her lap, and made no attempt to play again.

And as she sat on, the very silence, the very loneliness of the place began to alarm her, and she felt as if she could not have played another piece if she had been threatened with death as a punishment for refusal.

Suddenly the tinkling of an electric bell reached her ears, and being the first sound she had heard since she began to play, except that of her own music, it alarmed her, and made her listen intently for the next.

Then there came to her ears various slight, distant sounds, suggestive of a person's running upstairs quickly and presently running down again. And then a door opened, and Mrs. Holland came across the hall to her, with an old book of bound music in her hand.

It was one of those marble-covered, shabby old books of music which one finds piled in the lumber-rooms of old country houses, or hidden away in cupboards and corners in more modest dwellings.

Edna knew the look of the thing, young as she was, and took it with diffidence, knowing that there are pitfalls in some of the old melodies, pitfalls of dulness sometimes and of monotony, which the moderns cannot cope with.

"His Lordship will be much obliged, Miss Bellamy, if you will sing him some of these old songs. He says they are all very old-fashioned, and you will

perhaps look down upon them, but they were sung by his Lordship's mother many years ago, and he would like to hear some of them again." Edna drew a long breath of terror. She knew the sort of halo which time throws round old songs sung by a long silent voice, and she dreaded the ordeal. Moreover, there was something uncanny in the knowledge that she had not been unheard, as she had begun to think, but that her hearer had remained miraculously quiet and undemonstrative that she scarcely known of his presence. "Will you please tell his Lordship that I will do my best, but that I'm not very clever at reading music—especially singing and playing the accompaniment at the same time." Edna uttered these words in a very clear voice, hoping that this apology in advance might perhaps reach the ears of Lord Lockington. Mrs. Holland said: "I'm sure his Lordship will make allowance for that. He is a very clever musician himself." And then she retired, going out of the hall by the door by which she had entered and shutting it behind her. Edna threw a look behind her up at the drawn blind before the door in the gallery, and then round the rows of closed doors. There was something terrible in that sight; she began to picture to herself all sorts of wonderful sights to be seen within those unknown rooms and passages, and to wonder whether behind some of the doors there might not be other ears than those of the Viscount listening to her—other hearers perhaps mocking her feeble efforts. However, she had no choice—the ordeal must be gone through. She opened the music-book, found in a very few moments half a dozen sweet old ballads of the melodious kind that never grow old, and at once plunged into the simple charm of "My Lodging on the Cold Ground."

A trace of fatigue appeared in her voice at last, and, when she had come to the end of the ballad she was singing, she shut the book and sat awhile with her hands in her lap once more. There was another distinct tinkling of the bell, the faint sounds were audible again, and Mrs. Holland appeared for the second time. "His Lordship is much obliged to you, Miss Bellamy, and he won't trouble you to play any more this evening. The dressing-bell will ring in five minutes. And, if you please, we always dress for dinner here." The words filled Edna with horror. True, she had brought with her the white frock of Japanese silk with a half-open bodice which she had had made for the vicar's concert. It had been put into her trunk not with any notion that it would be wanted, but merely because it was the smartest garment she had, so that she felt a pride in its possession, and had been loth to go away without it. But though this difficulty was thus met, there was the awful vision evoked of dinner, a grand state function, with a crowd of people whom she had never seen to be met, and perhaps even to be talked to. Edna said, "Thank you" in the faintest of voices, and rose, trembling, from the piano. Mrs. Holland would not allow her to shut the instrument, but apologized for her having had to open it herself, and said that a footman would be in attendance next time she played to do that or anything else that she wanted. Edna, much alarmed at this ceremony, said hastily that she could do all those little things herself, but the housekeeper cut her short with quite a new cold stateliness, and said aloud that it was his Lordship's orders she was to be waited on. Feeling not comforted, but snubbed by the message, poor Edna bit her lip, bowed her head in silent assent, and once more followed Mrs. Holland upstairs. When they were in the gallery Edna looked down and felt a new sort of fright at the exceeding vastness of the hall, which looked larger from above than it had done from below. She noted, too, that the blind which had been drawn down before the door in the other gallery had been drawn up again, and that the door was shut. From which she con-

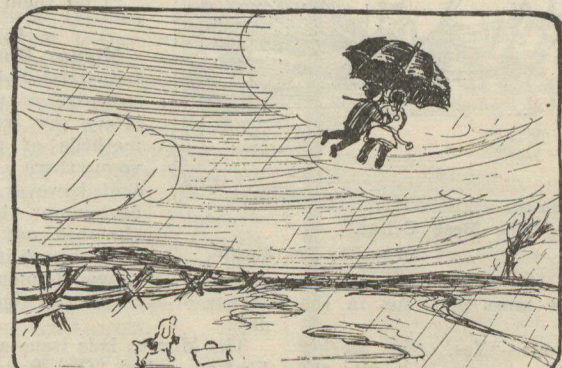
cluded that Lord Lockington, having listened quietly to the music, had retired again. It was all so stately, so mysterious, so alarmingly ceremonious and cold, that she could have cried for very terror of what might yet be in store for her in the way of experiences of this eccentric household. In the meantime she was following Mrs. Holland, who led her from end to end of the gallery and opened a door at the end. At once, to Edna's great comfort, she found herself in a new atmosphere, less chilling, more homely. She and her conductress were in a wide, carpeted corridor some forty feet long, with three doors on their right hand, and three doors on the left. Just as they entered they passed the entrance to another corridor on the left at right angles to the one they were in; and in front of them, at the end, was a very wide and lofty window with a deep-cushioned window-seat. The curtains of this window had not yet been drawn, and Edna could see, as they approached, that the view from it was charming, an outlook over the wide waters of the Mersey, with the shipping, seen between the branches of the trees of Lockington Park. Mrs. Holland opened a door on the right, near the end of the corridor, saying: "This, Miss Bellamy, is your bedroom, and the adjoining room has been fitted up as a sitting-room for you by his Lordship's orders. It has a piano; and anything else you want—if you will mention it to me—I will see about it at once." Already Edna noticed a change in the housekeeper's tone, which had become more deferential, and less condescending. The girl was intelligent enough to guess from this that word must have been conveyed to the housekeeper that her choice was approved of, and that the salaried musician "would do." The bedroom into which she was shown was by far the handsomest Edna had ever slept in. The child of an officer in the Army, who had been killed in action before he had lived long enough to make any provision but a small insurance for his wife and child, Edna had never known much luxury; and the sight of the large room, with its old-fashioned glories of carved tester bedstead hung with crimson silk, its handsome mahogany furniture, and the little

(Continued on page 25).

Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



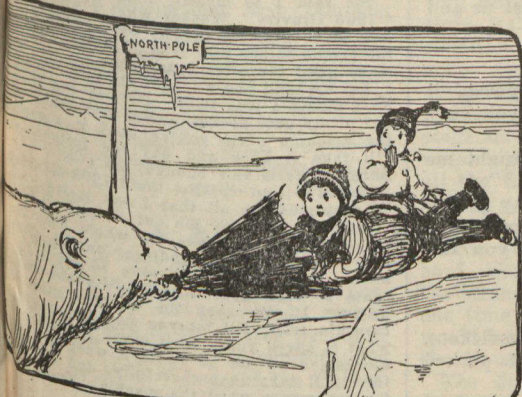
The rain came down in fitful gusts,
The wind blew strong and cool,
But Will and Lillie and their dog
Set bravely off to school.



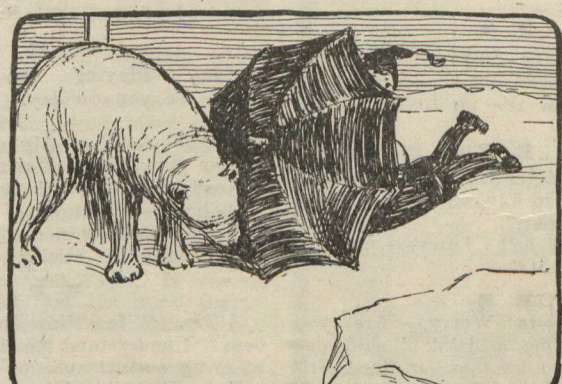
Alas! the wind blew very hard
And also very high,
And pretty soon the little folks
Were sailing through the sky.



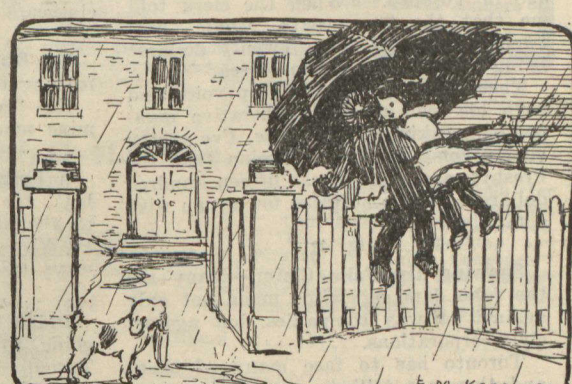
They got entangled in a cloud
All made of softest snow,
And so they pelted snow-balls
At poor Toby down below.



The cloud went sailing northward
Till it bumped into a pole,
And there they met a polar bear
Who tried to eat them whole.



They put their big umbrella up—
It made a splendid tent!
The bear kept nosing round it
Just to find out what it meant.



And then a strong wind carried them
Back to their school-house gate,
Where Toby waited, but they were
Quite twenty minutes late.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

THE President of France is preparing for his retirement, and Teddy Roosevelt sometimes thinks that Bill Taft ought to do likewise.

Once more the Canadian Senate has done something that causes talk about "reforming or chloroforming" it.

When lovely woman stoops to folly the milliners and modistes rejoice greatly.

Maurice Maeterlinck has become a "passionate devotee" of boxing. Maurice will be losing his passion for the manly art along about the third round of a real fight.

A "Spring Maid" chorus girl has secured a divorce from her husband, who earned only \$6 per week. Now the poor chap will have to support himself.

Some short-sighted suffragette is liable to mistake Winston Churchill for a pane of glass some of these days.

At this distance it looks as if Teddy Roosevelt should cease trying to become President, and should sell his photograph as an advertisement for a good tooth powder.

Not "Exit March."—A good story is being told about a Kingston professor. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Grant Hall, Kingston, recently. They were due in the Limestone City between 7 and 8 p.m., but their train was late, and it was after nine o'clock when they were ready to commence the programme.

As usual, they first played "God Save the King." The audience had had a wearisome wait, and Prof. Goodwin had dozed off to sleep. "God Save the King" wakened him. He was used to hearing that piece as what most audiences seem to consider an exit number. So he got up and was starting to put on his overcoat, preparatory to going home, when somebody informed him that it was the first—not the last—number that had wakened him.

Ministry and Money.—Rev. Mr. Findlay, who leaves the pastorate of St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, to become governor of that city's industrial farm, is a tall, big-framed man, with large vision and with great love and sympathy for his fellow-man.

His appointment as head of the institution that is expected to greatly benefit men who are sent to jail fits in well with his feeling that the cost of living is a serious thing for a minister.

"I have just been downtown buying overcoats for my two boys," he said to a lady whom he met on a car some time ago in Toronto. "When the clerk told me that the two coats would cost twenty dollars, I said, 'Twenty dollars! Bring me a fan or a cup of tea.'"

Then he added, in his deep voice and with his well-known, deliberative manner of speaking, "You know, I've pretty nearly come to the conclusion that the Presbyterian ministry at fifteen hundred dollars a year is no place for a man with a family."

Showing Up Fake Claim.—Many are the fake damage claims made not only against railway companies, but against civic corporations.

Toronto has to face many of them, and they are telling now of the nervy way in which Wm. Fitzgerald, the civic claims agent, showed up a fake case recently.

A woman had entered a claim for injuries suffered by a fall on a sidewalk.

She was confined to her bed and suffered greatly, according to her tale.

Mr. Fitzgerald went to the house to investigate the case. He was seen approaching, and there was some delay before he was admitted. He insisted on going to the bedroom, and he found the injured woman lying in bed, the coverlet up to her chin. She was groaning.

The agent was suspicious. He strolled around in an easy-going fashion until he reached the foot of the bed, and then, with a quick movement, he pulled the covers up enough to show that the lady had her boots on. She had been hustled into bed when he was noticed approaching the house, and she hadn't had time to undress.

Her claim dwindled away to nothing right there.

He Hadn't Time.—Old Uncle Mose sat on the bank of a tiny stream, apparently fishing, and certainly smoking.

"Surely there are no fish in that rivulet?" remarked a curious stranger, passing by.

"There aint none," admitted Mose.

"But you are fishing?"

"Yep."

"Why?"

"I just want to show my ole woman I aint got no time to sif' the ashes."

Generous to a Fault.—Fond Mother—



Literary Term—"The Best Cellar."

Drawn by Joe Sheard.

"My boy is the most generous in the school."

Nasty Neighbour—"Yes, the teacher told me that it was your boy gave the measles to all the boys in his class."

Often the Case.—"That young man has nerve and originality."

"But the pity is that he only shows those qualities in the choice of his clothes."

He Knows.—She—"I've just had my fortune told, Jack."

He—"And now it's up to me to get mine made."

A Puzzler.—"I see that N. W. Rowell, K.C., the Ontario Liberal leader, wants to abolish the bar."

"Why should he? Lawyers are always called to it."

Didn't Need to Worry.—"Are you going to buy me a drink?" said one Toronto man to another on Good Friday afternoon.

"Yes," was the answer. "I'll buy you a drink."

"But," said the first man, after a pause, "we can't buy drinks to-day. It's Good Friday."

The second man brought up several points to prove that the bars were still open, so the two went to a near-by hotel.

"I'm going to disgrace you," said the man who had been asked to buy. "I'm going to order ginger beer."

The man who was being treated ordered buttermilk, and the two are still wondering why they needed to worry as to whether the bars were open or closed.

Surprising.—James Whitcomb Riley used to tour the country with Bill Nye in lecture courses. One night, while the two were behind the scenes in the theatre of some Eastern town, Riley got tired of waiting while Nye tried to make himself beautiful, and, tiptoeing to the drop curtain, peered out into the auditorium. He came back to Nye's dressing-room in consternation.

"Great Scott!" he whispered, "this is awful! There aint a pesky handful of people out there, Bill!"

"I don't know why there isn't, Jim," replied Nye, dreamily, continuing to "wrastle" with his tie, "we've never been here before."

Pity the Girl.—The funny advertisement is still appearing. In the Toronto Globe a few days ago appeared the following from a Western Ontario hotel keeper:

Wanted—A porter to drive 'bus and a dining-room girl at once.

The Western Way.—Mr. W. F. Muenster, manager for James K. Hackett, who has been playing lately in Canada, tells an amusing little yarn about the unconventional ways of the Westerners when they want to see a show.

"It was out in Wardner, a little town in Idaho," said the theatrical man, "a few years ago, and I was with a musical comedy troupe. I was taking tickets at the door—the theater did not have a regular ticket-taker—when three men came up and were about to pass me."

"Tickets, please," I spoke up. "Oh, that's all right, I'm the sheriff," said the first man. "I'm the constable," said the second man. "And who are you?" I demanded of the third. "Oh, I'm their prisoner," said he.

"I let them all in free."

Mimico Humour.—Mimico Industrial School has been a centre of public interest lately by reason of the methods of punishment in vogue there. It is quite evident, however, that the sense of humour has not been thrashed out of the boys, even though it be but unconscious humour, for an instance of it came to light the other day.

The Mimico lads issue a monthly publication, called "Our Boys," which they write, make up, print and publish themselves. In the last issue H. Cooper reported a concert given by the choir of College Street Methodist Church, Toronto, and after praising the singers, the report concluded: "The members of the choir really felt at home amongst us and promised to come again."

Many Playing It.—Newlywed—"I didn't see you Sunday. Did you stay home?"

Oldhubby—"Yes. My wife taught me a new game called 'Bashmarah.'"

Newlywed—"How do you play it?"

Oldhubby—"You hang a carpet on a line and see how many times you can hit it with a stick."

A Tip.—Wife—"How about the tickets, dear? I understand the theatre is packed at every performance."

Hub—"It is, but I managed to get seats for two weeks from to-night—and, by the way!"

Wife—"Well?"

Hub—"You might begin to get ready now."

The "HOOSIER" KITCHEN CABINET



The Greatest Time and Labor Saver for the Busy Housewife. Write us for Catalog K 10

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FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED
Canada's Largest Homefurnishers
Toronto, Ont.

This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had been bred in the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—"1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people might think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines all over the world. I have sold over half a million of them.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash clothes, without wearing or tearing them, less than half the time they are washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't hurt the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump.

So, said I to myself, I will do with "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted to do with the horse. Only I won't ask for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't like the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after a month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till you pay for it. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll give you for my money until the machine itself pays the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—D. L. Bach, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto



PEOPLE AND PLACES

Basketball in Western Canada.
FOUR years ago, when the Hamilton Y.M.C.A. nearly took the World's Basketball Championship from the Boston Germans, the highest ambition of the younger generation was to become professional basketball players.

Four years ago the West saw hardly anything of basketball, except in the larger cities and towns, but to-day it is one of the most popular sports in every town and village, and can be classed with hockey, baseball and lacrosse.

In 1907 the Central Methodist Young Men's Club of Calgary formed a house league of four teams. This was the beginning of the growth of basketball in Calgary.

The gymnasium of the church was small, the ceiling was low, and the gymnasium had the extra inconvenience of three pillars running down the centre of the floor. But in spite of all these drawbacks, the interest and enthusiasm of both fans and participants was so marked that the game obtained a popularity that has never decreased—in fact,

3. Tell who are your favourite characters in Canadian history, and what are your reasons for liking or admiring them?

4. What can we do to make London a beautiful city?

5. The growth of Canada and Canadian industries during the past five years.

St. John is Happy.

A FEELING of prosperity and of great things to be in the air at St. John, N.B., these days. And the remarks of prominent visitors to that city are not such as to lessen that pleasant feeling.

For instance, at the Board of Trade banquet a few evenings ago, J. Norton Griffiths, M.P. for Wednesbury in the British Parliament, summed up St. John's possibilities as follows:

The position to my mind is this: you have only one or two important centres on the east coast of your great continent which are linked with your trans-



Champion Basketball Players of Calgary.

Photo by courtesy of Harold H. Rankin.

as so increased that the progress made is worthy of note.
 The schedule for 1911-12 for the house league formed in the Y.M.C.A. at Calgary has brought basketball from an almost unknown game to one of the fastest and best patronized in Western Canada.

The accompanying illustration shows the Maple Leafs, champions of Calgary's City League, 1911-12. Many people will recognize, both by name and reputation, Mel Snowden, who played with the Westmount rugby team of Montreal; R. Watt, from Toronto Central Y.M.C.A., known in baseball circles as well as a player in basketball; W. Dingle, a well-known player from Winnipeg. These three compose the veterans, who have given much time and thought as well as physical exertion to not only perfecting their own team, but to the promotion of the sport in general.

Ironsides, McSpadden and Donnelly are also to be put in the limelight on account of their speed and ability on the forward line. Ironsides is a Hamilton Central Y.M.C.A. boy, while McSpadden and Donnelly belong to Calgary.
 Morrison and McNeil made their debut in the Calgary society, and although they were spares, they made a first-class impression.

Public School Essayists.

THE Woman's Canadian Club of London, Ont., has donated several prizes for essays to be written by public school pupils. The list of subjects was prepared by Prof. Wrong, of the University of Toronto, and is as follows:

The power of the vote for good or bad.
 Why does the city of London send members to two Parliaments?

continental railway systems. My reading of the position to-day is that in taking time by the forelock, as you are doing here, you will have every chance in becoming the New York of Canada and that everyone of you here, even the most optimistic, has no conception of the extent and wealth the principal eastern cities of Canada will assume. I have said over and over again that Vancouver must be the 'Frisco of Western Canada, and from what I can gather you have every possibility of making the running very hot in becoming the New York or Liverpool of Eastern Canada.

A Nautical Feat.

THAT her crew had accomplished the remarkable feat of rigging a jury rudder during a northeast hurricane is the news brought by the big freight steamship Hazel Dollar, which arrived at Victoria, B.C., a few days ago in a disabled condition.

For fourteen hours First Mate Abernethy and Second and Third Mates Metham and Cairney worked on a stage slung over the stern, often dipping waist high in the heavy running sea and all the time being drenched with spray, reeving a chain on the broken rudder six feet below the surface of the water.

Mrs. Gow, wife of the master, worked hard, nursing the men injured during the strenuous fourteen hours. It was at one time thought that the Hazel Dollar would become a derelict and drift toward the Aleutian Islands.

The disabled steamer has gone into drydock at Esquimalt for repairs to her rudder. Special crib work was built in the dock so that she could rest on an even keel without being forced to discharge cargo.

WHAT HAS GIVEN JAEGER GARMENTS WORLD WIDE REPUTATION?

Worth—Nothing else.

WORTH means Purity, Quality, Fit and Finish. Wherever health is the first consideration in dress—Jaeger Underwear is naturally chosen.

The natural wool qualities are preserved.

The mechanical work and all details are perfectly done.

The only secret is excellence.

Medium weights for Spring and Fall, and light weights for Summer.

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Increase Your Income



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Aside from their great value in widening a man's mental perspective—putting him in a position to appreciate and enjoy all the beauties of literature—these six books have an intrinsic value far beyond their cost. They have put thousands of men and women into the path that leads to increased business, promotion, and higher salary. They are the simplest, the most practical, the best, for Business Managers, Correspondents, Advertisement Writers, Stenographers, Story Writers, Authors, Public Speakers, and others.

"Your course is rich and fine. You seem to have condensed the experience of years into a few sentences that a business man can use immediately," says W. P. Warren, Marshall Field & Co.'s Advertising Manager, in speaking of these books.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD, BUT THEY'RE YOURS FOR A TRIFLE

These six books include many chapters, covering such subjects as

Spelling	Use of Words	Verse Writing
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Word-Building	Description	Essay Writing
Grammar	Dialogue	Best Poetry—How to Read It
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 50 Cents a Month

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Inclosed find \$1.00 for which send me Sherwin Cody's six cloth-bound books, "The Art of Speaking and Writing the English Language." I will send you four further monthly payments of 50 cents each, until the price (\$3.00) is paid.

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No. 4

Investment Advice

The investment of your money is too vital a matter for you to purchase stocks or bonds entirely on the impulse of surface market quotations. Invest on *conditions*—not alone on their reflection in prices.

Seek the advice of a sound investment house—one that has the facilities for determining investment values.

Such advice concerns itself with security and income. It is based on a knowledge and study of the prosperity and financial soundness of the enterprises back of their securities. As an investment house—we *advise*.

Our Security Reports

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

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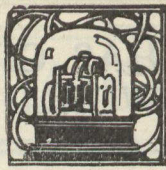
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MAGNATES**

SANE INVESTMENTS

Attractions of a Good Bond

AMONG the securities offered to the investor, bonds are generally considered to give a good yield on capital invested together with the element of safety. While many readers of the COURIER hold bonds, there are others who are considering the investment of money in such securities, rather than in those exposed in previous articles. First, therefore, we must obtain a clear understanding of the value and function of a bond. It is a certificate of obligation usually issued by a corporation to pay money secured by mortgage or otherwise. It is almost invariably an interest bearing certificate. The usual denomination is \$1,000, although the tendency of the Canadian investor to patronize good securities has led to the issue of small bonds in denominations of \$500 or \$100. There are many varieties, such as industrial, railroad, and public utility issues, all of which are popular in Canada. Then also there are government and municipal bonds, which are usually considered to have the maximum of safety, although yielding, as a rule, a smaller interest return than the other three classes noted.

A coupon bond is one both interest and principal of which are payable to bearer. Such a bond carries with it a series of coupons, usually attached to the bond itself, which are clipped off on the respective interest periods and deposited with the banks for collecting by the holder of the bond in the same manner as checks are deposited. A registered coupon bond is one which bears the name of the owner, and only the principal can be paid to him. The interest, however, is still payable to bearer. A straight registered bond is one bearing the name of the owner whose name is registered on the books of the company issuing the bond, and the interest payments are made by checks forwarded to the address of the owner.

A gold bond is one which is specifically payable, both principal and interest, in gold coin; a currency bond is one which is payable with any kind of money that is legal tender.

Investment bonds are issued at all rates of interest from three to seven per cent. Generally speaking, as the rate rises, the degree of safety declines, although this cannot be regarded as a hard and fast rule. A letter recently came to this office asking for an absolutely safe, gilt-edged investment, yielding 10 per cent. That is an impossibility. As soon as one leaves the sphere of the six per cent. bond, the speculative arena is entered. This is based on the principle that it is better to invest money where it will be safe and the interest sure, rather than to take a chance on getting a higher rate for a while, then to witness interest default and possibly lose the original capital. Safety is clearly the first consideration in investment. The money invested must be returned to you or your heirs in full at a definite time. Ownership of property does not insure this. A bond, however, is a secured promise to pay, an obligation or guaranty to return for value received a certain sum of money on a given date.

The next important point is that the investment shall return a satisfactory income. Real estate, an instance of individual ownership, gives uncertain profits, for when lands or buildings are idle, the income ceases. The investor should not depend upon the rise or fall of business profits. Stock dividends, as an example, may increase, decline or stop entirely, according to whether prosperous or adverse times are surrounding the business or dominating the country. A good bond overcomes these difficulties.

Then there is the question of convertibility. Your investment should be of such a nature and in such form as to permit a ready sale for cash, if you so desire, or to be used as collateral for a loan at a bank in case borrowed money is needed quickly. A good bond fulfils all the requirements noted.

The financial houses of to-day have made it possible for the small investor to participate in the big bond issues. They are divided into many small parts and one of those parts is the bond you buy. For example, an issue for one million dollars may be divided into one thousand parts, or bonds, of \$1,000 denomination each; or perhaps 2,000 bonds of \$500 each, or even 10,000 bonds of \$100 each. Such a bond issue may be compared to a large farm mortgage, divided into many parts, each part like a separate mortgage. A bond, therefore, is a negotiable instrument, so prepared as to be readily recognized at banks and in the market places of the world as a part of a loan of real worth and infinitely secured as to repayment of principal with interest. But as we have learned in Canada, there are even bad bonds.

The art of discriminating can to a large extent be learned by the average investor, and we will try to show how. Last year, Canadian bonds to the value of \$239,000,000 were sold.

Views of a Nova Scotia Investor.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

SIR,—I have read with interest the splendid articles in your recent issues exposing the methods of the "Get Rich Quick" swindler in sales of mining and other stocks. I am really indebted to a friend in the House at Ottawa who called my attention to the articles for the pleasure of reading them, and congratulate you on the good work you have been and are doing in trying to down the swindler and work for *better* laws, for protection of the unwary investor here in Canada. I might say that subject is one in which I am deeply interested, and I have been using my best efforts for months past in trying to bring about needed reforms, and now that reputable publications of your class and papers of note in the Dominion have taken up the cudgels and are lambasting the glib fiscal agent, public sentiment will be thoroughly aroused and we may expect, before long, to have substantial laws enacted that will eventually crush out this great evil.

With due respect to you and our good friend, the Deputy Minister of Ontario Mines, Mr. Gibson, permit me to point out that the fact of you and he telling the public *not* to buy mining stocks, does not have much force with it for the simple reason that while papers, magazines and other publications in Canada are allowed to accept and publish IN ANY FORM misleading prospectuses and other worthless stuff of the "get rich quick" variety,

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and thus sow broadcast over the land material that it is against the laws to send, through the mails, the public and the unwary investor will buy, and buy it all the more quickly because of its publicity and the prestige given it. There are good and bad stocks, and the proper way to protect the investor so that he will know what he is buying, is to adopt the Kansas law for Canada, which compels the seller of stocks and fiscal agent to register and file reports of his company, and you would find mighty few "wild cat schemes" or fraudulent promotions flourishing for the future in Canada.

Give us a law that will make it a *crime* to mail misleading prospectuses and other fraudulent literature, and let the same law apply to all papers or publications that dare to print and publish similar stuff and you at once strike at the very foundation of the evil, and prevent the swindler from getting good ammunition to carry on his rascally game. Another important measure that it is necessary to embody in the law is to compel all prospectuses and new companies soliciting the public to buy their stock, to add the words, "When earned" when they state that "dividends will be" or "are payable" on certain dates. I understand, and so do others, that it is understood that "when earned" is supposed to be read in the clause, but when it is left out, it *misleads the investor*, who puts up his money. When he *thinks* a dividend is due on the dates the company has named, and he doesn't get it, and writes for an explanation he is apt to be told that it is *against the law* to pay dividends when *not earned*. He may be told, also, that they "did not say, when they were going to begin to pay 'dividends.'" This is disappointing, and had the investor known all about it, in the *first* instance, he would not likely have invested.

Dartmouth, N.S.

H. A.

On and Off the Exchange.

Business Expansion.

COMMERCIAL statistics for the first quarter of the year generally tend to dispel the forebodings expressed earlier in 1912 as to the future of business. It is plain that business is expanding in this country at as rapid a rate as in 1911. The railways are making a beginning at catching up with the Western crop and it is evident that, with the opening of navigation, a further stimulus will be given commerce. The banks are extending credits to Western merchants and farmers who have not yet received their return from last year's crop. There will be less deterioration to the grain than was expected according to the confidential advisers of the institutions making the loans. There are some indications that the efforts to stem the wave of real estate speculation which extended from one end of the country to the other have been at least partially successful and the country is now in the second lap of the 1912 race, with a substantial margin above all previous records.

No Spring Boom.

THE Stock Exchanges have given very little indication that the traditional spring boom is anywhere near in the future. Lending institutions are not encouraging speculation for the moment, and it is probable that with the strain on the monetary system of the country occasioned by the belated movement of grain on the opening of navigation, there will be very little money to spare for the market.

The Dome Celebration.

SOME of the statements made by the president and metallurgical expert of the Dome Mines, at the celebration in Porcupine, have an important relation to the mining industries of this country. They are distinctly encouraging, coming from the sources that they do. The abrupt change in the policy of the Dome and the sudden decision to take the public into the confidence of the directors is rather remarkable. For two years, the mine management has not encouraged publicity and the mine management carried its desire for secrecy to such an extent as to even refuse admittance to the lower workings to the company to eminent mining engineers who visited the Porcupine camp a few weeks ago.

A week ago, the curtain was drawn aside. The directors of the Dome lent their support to a demonstration plainly designed to attract the widest possible attention to the camp. Over a thousand invitations were sent to prominent people throughout Canada, asking them to be the guests of the Porcupine Board of Trade. The world and his wife were cordially pressed to see everything below surface on the Dome, which formerly had been so jealously guarded.

Optimistic Miners.

MR. AMBROSE MONNELL, of the United States Steel Corporation and the International Nickel Company, and president of the Dome, told the diners at the banquet of the Porcupine Board of Trade that the directors had great faith in the future of the property, and Mr. Merrill, the metallurgist, announced that in the mill constructed under his direction for the treatment of the Dome ore, a 95 per cent. recovery of gold was being obtained.

This is all immensely gratifying, as is Mr. Monnell's further statement that there is no reason to believe the Porcupine ore bodies are contained in only a few properties. It is evident, however, that we are about to have a flotation of more than a few properties and that the public will be asked to come in on a number of other good things on the strength of the Dome showing. Developments of the past half year have shown that the mineralized ore bodies of Porcupine are well distributed, and that proximity counts for very little. It has also been proven by the melancholy experience of a score of companies that it is impossible to develop a gold mine upon the methods of financing most popular with the companies which appeal to the public for assistance. While there is every reason to view the future of the Porcupine camp in a spirit of hopefulness, the fact that we have a real gold field in the North has yet to be completely demonstrated, and it would be regrettable indeed if the benefits arising from the development of such properties as the Dome and Hollinger were to be offset by another outbreak of the stock gambling mania.

Advertising Porcupine.

WALLACE NESBITT, K.C., lectured the newspapers of Canada at the banquet of the Porcupine Board of Trade for their apathy with regard to the North country. He accused them of lacking a spirit of optimism

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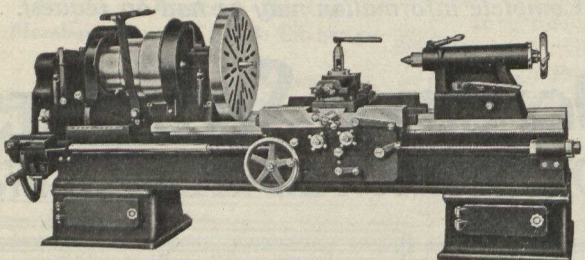
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	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2,450,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
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Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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and said that while some papers were on the shady side of the street, others were even in the cellar. It may be remarked in passing that Mr. Nesbitt is a director of the Dobie Mines Company, Limited, and that possibly many Canadians who paid from \$2.50 up for Dobie stock when it was issued did so because they saw Mr. Nesbitt's name on the prospectus. The operations on the Dobie have been suspended for the good and sufficient reason that no pay ore was found. Mr. Nesbitt, however, being the legal adviser and a director of the Big Dome can still view the future with equanimity. The best minds associated with the Northern mineral industry agree that the Porcupine camp has had altogether too much publicity from the newspapers for its own good, and that it would be much better for the camp itself if nothing more were said about it until it lived up to some of the promises made for it.

Montreal's Model Suburb.

MONTREAL'S new model suburb, as laid out for the Canadian Northern Railway by Frederick G. Todd, the landscape architect, will have an area of 1,700 acres, with sixty miles of streets. It will have two diagonal streets such as the Civic Guild has proposed for Toronto, a circular driveway five miles in length, and fourteen small parks. The plan embodies all the best features of modern town planning and is the most scientific and comprehensive plan ever adopted in North America. It resembles some of the best German plans which are the envy of the world. The suburb contains 7,500 lots, and will provide homes for about 40,000 people. The wide diagonal streets will accommodate the stores and business places of the new suburb. This feature has also been adopted in the new Humber suburb in Toronto, which has recently been put upon the market.

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"Estimate Returns—Three eggs per week per goose, 900 eggs a week; 900X52—46,800 eggs per annum; 46,800X3—140,400 eggs in three years. No eggs sold, but all incubated and hatched. Allowing for bad eggs 40,400, 100,000 live geese.

Two pounds feathers per goose, 200,000 lbs. at \$1 per lb. (not counting down) \$200,000.00
200,000 lbs. goose grease for greasing gun barrels, at 25c. per lb. 50,000.00
100,000 goose necks for plumbing purposes 100,000.00
100,000 goose livers, at 60c. 60,000.00
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27 mills for toothpicks to be had from each goose, 2,700,000 toothpicks, at 33 1-3 cents per hundred 9,000.00
\$1.50 for each goose dressed up to close of business 150,000.00

Total returns (conservative) \$589,000.00

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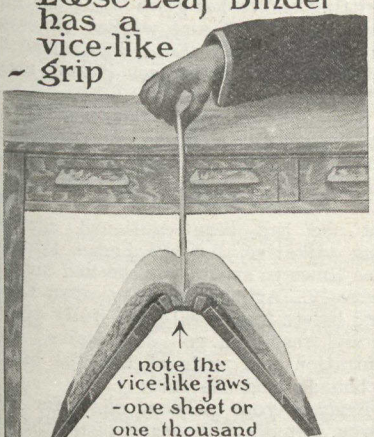
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Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 17.)

refinements of square couch, small tables, and above all, a handsome old mahogany cheval-glass, filled her with frank delight.

There was a fire burning in the grate, and Mrs. Holland, as she entered the room, turned on the electric light, which threw a rich glow on the crimson hangings of the bed and the two windows, both of which looked out on the river.

Edna turned to the housekeeper. "Oh," she said, "what a beautiful room!"

The housekeeper was delighted. Like all such old retainers, she had long since taken a proprietary interest in Lockington Hall and all within its walls. Therefore, the ingenious praises of the young girl, coming as they did after the somewhat chilly look of dismay and repulsion with which she had looked round her in the large and dreary hall, mollified her and won her heart.

"It's a nice room," she admitted, with a condescending smile. "And I think you will like the sitting-room, too. It belonged to the Honourable Joan Lockington, his Lordship's sister, in the old Viscount's time."

She had already led the way out of the bedroom, and beckoned Edna to follow her into the next apartment, which was even more resplendent in old-fashioned glories than the other.

A modern cottage piano did indeed look somewhat incongruous among the rose-wood furniture, with its old, faded, but still handsome tapestry coverings, the worked fire-screens, the odd little work-tables, and the group of humming-birds under a glass shade.

The housekeeper knew enough of more modern requirements to make a condescending apology for these things.

"You will notice, ma'am," she said, using that form of address for the first time to her young protege, for as such she considered the musician of her choice, "that there are many things in this room that you don't expect to meet with in sitting-rooms, boudoirs, or, indeed, anywhere nowadays. But as they belonged to his Lordship's sister, I didn't care to remove them until I knew what you would wish, not even the stuffed birds. People laugh at them now, I know, but to me they seem very pretty, I must say."

"I wouldn't have them moved for worlds," said Edna, as she ran lightly across the room to the little table, with its crochet cover on which the humming-birds were placed. "It's all charming, Mrs. Holland, and much, much too good for anything I can do."

The housekeeper's face relaxed again into a smile. This overwhelming of the young inmate with the mansion's glories was pleasant and gratifying.

"There's one other thing I have to apologize for, ma'am," said Mrs. Holland, whose face had grown soft under the influence of the subtle flattery of the young girl's enthusiastic admiration. "You will understand, I'm sure, that we keep just as small a staff as possible here now, as his Lordship dislikes noise and disturbance above all things since he's been an invalid, and as when my Lady comes she brings her own people with her."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Edna, wondering why such an explanation should have been thought necessary to her, who looked upon the household, with its menservants and housekeeper, as being splendid and fully manned.

"And, therefore, it has not been easy to find a maid for you on the spur of the moment, since his Lordship did not wish me to engage any new young person."

"A maid! Oh, if you mean a lady's maid, I don't want one. I've never had one," said Edna, with vivacity.

In the housekeeper's face, as she smiled and held up her hand deprecatingly, there might have been detected the thought that what Miss Bellamy had been used to had nothing to do with it; what the House had been used to was the only thing that mattered.

"The ladies who have lived here," Mrs. Holland said with lofty indulgence, "have always been used to have their own maids, and it is his Lordship's wish that you should have yours. Therefore, as I was about to say, there being no one else handy, I have arranged that a young girl who has been under-house-

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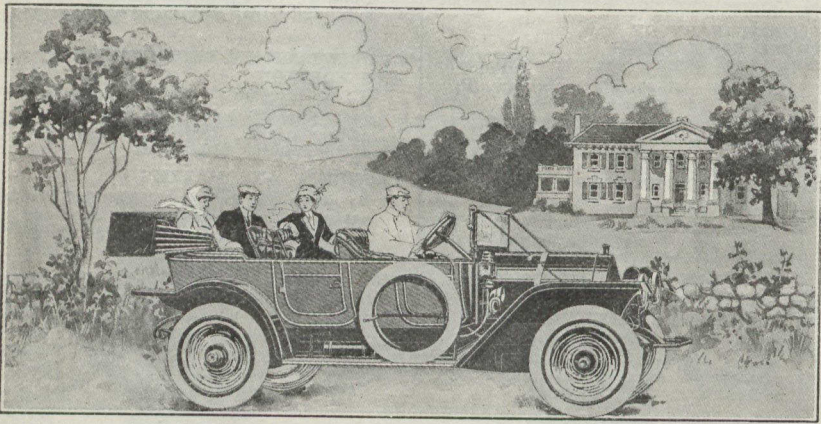
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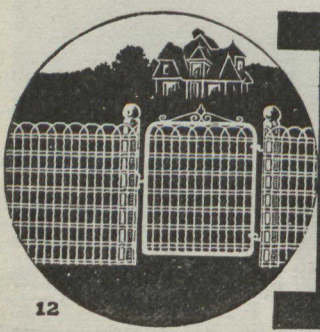
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maid, but who is quick and willing, shall attend you in that capacity, that of lady's maid, I mean."

"But really, I'd much rather not," said Edna plaintively. "I've always done my own hair, and mended my own clothes, and really I have so few that there will be nothing to do in the care of them. I do beg, Mrs. Holland, that you'll tell his Lordship that I'd much, much rather not. I prefer to be left alone."

But the housekeeper was placidly obdurate. "Well, ma'am, of course it will be for you to say how much you want her about you, or how little. But I daren't go contrary to the rules of the house, nor to his Lordship's wishes. So I hope you will be pleased with Susan Greening. She'll help you to dress for dinner. And now, ma'am, I'll leave you, as you won't have too much time."

She retreated from the sitting-room, and opened the door of the bedroom, where Edna saw as she went in with a very long face that a red-cheeked, merry-looking girl, in a neat black dress and apron, was laying out her white silk dress on the bed.

Poor Edna, upon whom the weight of all this state fell heavily, entered her bedroom with the timidity of an intruder.

"I've found all your things, I think, miss," said Susan, with a proud and beaming face, "and if I shouldn't be quite handy just at first, I hope you'll forgive me. If I don't do it all right the first time, I will the second."

"Indeed, you'll not find much to do for me," said Edna, smiling, and taking an instinctive liking to the merry country girl. "I really don't need any help, for I have so few dresses, and I've always been used to do my own hair."

"Oh, but you'll let me do it for you now, miss, won't you?" asked the girl, earnestly.

Edna's hair was beautiful, of a rich

golden colour which looked brown in the shadow, but shone like metal in the bright light. Susan begged so hard that she might "do" it for her for dinner that Edna yielded, and indulged in the luxury of sitting before her glass while the girl brushed and tied and worked so carefully and well that Edna was forced to confess she had never seen it look nicer in her life.

The delight of Susan when she had at last dressed her mistress, smoothed the folds of her skirt, arranged her hair, and tied a black velvet ribbon round her neck, was unbounded. It was evident that she had been cautioned against being talkative, for she began two or three times to speak, but checked herself discreetly. At last, however, when Edna stood before the cheval-glass, fully dressed, and ready to go downstairs, the admiration and pride of the girl broke all bounds, and she said:

"Begging your pardon, miss, for the liberty, but it's a thousand pities there's no one to dinner to see you, for you do look sweetly pret—that is to say, I think you're just all right, miss."

The girl was so ingenuous, so anxious to behave perfectly, and so evidently full of proud delight in her position and in her young mistress, that Edna was touched and delighted, too.

It seemed to her, though she did not dare to say so, a great pity to have to waste the glories of her only evening frock upon a dinner which she was to eat by herself; but still, if this was one of the disadvantages of what promised otherwise to be an interesting situation, she had to make the best of it without demur.

So she smiled enigmatically, and said Susan had done everything very nicely, and then the dinner-bell rang, and, escorted by her maid, to show her the way, she went downstairs.

(To be continued.)

The Servant of the City

(Continued from page 7.)

that lifted from across a huge slab of stone. He was about to walk on when the word "cement" reached his ears; then he stopped, and deliberately listened. One voice he knew to be one of his own men, employed in taking samples of cement from the stock pile for test.

"It's simply great," the words came low but distinct, "the old man sent me down and I got the job from Haskell. Easy as falling off a log, too."

"Ain't Haskell onto you?"

"No!" There was something of contempt in the tone. "He sends me up on the pile, and I have to pull down a bag here and there—simple, ain't it? And I do pull 'em down. But I know what I pull—see!"

"What's the difference?"

"Well, Brent's cement is in Green Valley bags, all right, but there is a little blue mark, not much of a one, mind you, and I'm not saying what it is, but it's there, just the same, and it's Brent's."

"Give us the rest of it."

"Them bags with the blue mark came from Brent's mills; he bought 'em last year, and the cement's rotten. I know—I helped make it. Do you catch me pulling down one of them bags? I don't think! And I'm getting a hundred a month from the old man, and fifty from Haskell. That ain't bad for a labouring man, is it?"

The men got up and walked slowly away, their voices dwindling into silence. For a long time he sat still, fingering little fragments of stone, trying to set in order the riot in his brain. Stewart knew, he certainly knew what he was saying when he wrote: "Watch him, watch him all the time." But had he been watching? The question seared his reflection; then came the vision of Helen.

Under the quiet stars, courage and confidence rallied to his aid. The foundation work was to start next week—no cement had so far been used—there was time to communicate with Stewart for instructions and then there arose in him sturdy independence, the greatest of all creative factors. Stewart was waging single-

handed war against ruin and pestilence, and his assistant had seen enough of South America to picture one of its huge cities without water. In a strange land, with a strange language, a great burden lay on his chief's shoulders, and Haskell revolted at the thought of adding to it. Here he faced long odds—he could ruin Brent's reputation if the case were proven, but what then?

A briquette parted noiselessly as Haskell looked at the dial, and he shook his head. For a day he had been climbing over a mountain of dusty bags. The lettering seemed identical—if there was a mark it was well placed. The examination of his assistant had proved fruitless, accusation was met with flat denial, there had been no conversation; he knew nothing—never heard of Brent before Haskell had hired him. But when the engineer had tested for hours in baffled silence, the dial had told him a voiceless story of something wrong, two-thirds or more of the material was faulty.

IT was Helen who greeted him first when the private car nosed into the siding—a tan-colored goddess, her brown eyes alight with excited interest.

"Mr. Haskell, this is perfectly splendid. No wonder I've seen nothing of you." Her eye caught the lift of rolling hills, and followed down the valley to where a great brown gash scarred the green earth. "Is that the foundation?"

"Yes, Miss Helen, the real work will start there in a few days."

"Father was talking on the way up, and, do you know, he says everything is going like clockwork—and I said that that was on account of you."

The engineer had a vision of the sudden stoppage of the clock, and fumble for words. "It certainly is going well, but"—and he hesitated a little—"clocks have a nasty way of stopping when least expected."

There was a tone in his voice that puzzled her. "But you don't anticipate anything like that here—such a

thing is absurd, isn't it? Dad says when he has finished the dam, he's going to retire and travel, so I suppose this time next year we'll be in Japan or India," and she looked at him demurely.

"About this time next year, I want you to break a bottle on the coping," said Haskell, and catching sight of Brent's advancing bulk: "I think your father wants to see me."

He steered his hand against the contractor's finger tops, otherwise he would have felt manually soldered to him:

"Will you come into the office, Mr. Brent? There are some papers I want you to see."

The big man clambered laboriously behind him. "What is it?" he puffed. "I'm not so young as I used to be. What is it? Specifications—more specifications?"

Haskell pretended not to hear him. His own breath came a little short, but not from lack of wind, and, reaching the door he motioned the contractor in—then took a folded sheet from his desk.

"It's not specifications; it's cement," his voice was low, but very clear-cut.

The shadow of a change sped over Brent's face.

"Cement; what's the matter with it?"

Haskell's level eyes looked like gray steel. "There are about sixty thousand bags here that won't go into this work. I think you could probably pick them out. I can't."

"Are you crazy, or am I? What are you talking about?"

The engineer was getting warm. "I'm talking about cement; it's used for bonding stone." The contractor watched him, fascinated at the transformation. "That's not what most of your cement is for. Some of it's good, but most of it's rotten. Look at the figures."

BEFORE the words were spoken, he realized his mistake—every diplomatic resolution had gone by the board, he knew he was but a hot-headed youth, and the reflection sobered him.

The elder man's face was a colorless mask, without a vestige of feeling, and Haskell felt a grudging admiration for his control.

"Your figures are wrong," said Brent, handing back the papers.

"How do you know that you had fair average samples?"

Through the open window Haskell saw Helen with a leveled camera pointing at the rampart of cement. It all seemed so grim, so unnatural, that he almost shouted at her to stop; but when he turned to her father, his jaw was set and his face wrinkled with tense muscles.

"Mr. Brent, my figures are the only ones the commission will take. There may have been a mistake in manufacture; you may perhaps have got hold of a lower grade." He paused a moment; but, as the silent figure gave no sign, he went on very slowly and deliberately: "With that I have nothing to do. I am writing you to-night to remove that stuff and replace it with standard material, and, if not—"

"Well, if not, what then?" There was just a trace of impatience in the voice.

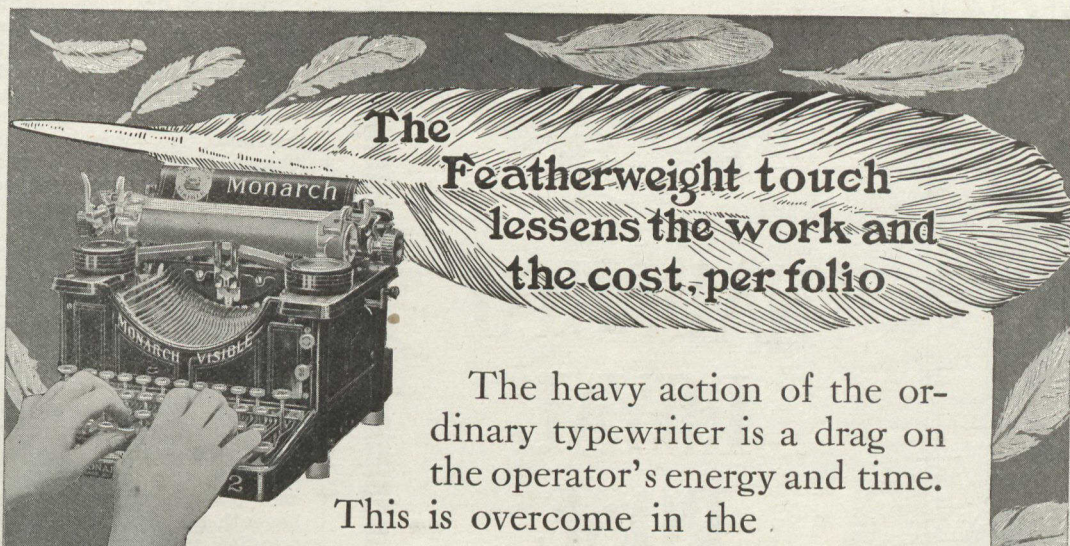
"If not, I shall notify the commission four days from this date."

"Yes, and put yourself into the biggest hole any young fool engineer ever occupied!" This time, Brent let go of himself, and Haskell saw the man revealed, naked and unashamed. "I'm something more than a contractor to be ordered about by a kid like you. I know every member of the commission; know 'em well, too. It wasn't only my figures that took this job. Write your letter, and see what comes of it, if you don't know already."

Stewart's words flashed into his assistant's mind: "Mr. Brent, I am a servant of the city. That's all there is to it. You have four days to make good."

"Then the city has a nickel-plated idiot for a servant!" As the words were in the air, Helen's shadows fell across the threshold.

"Dad, what is it? What's the matter?" Her voice was vibrant and high,



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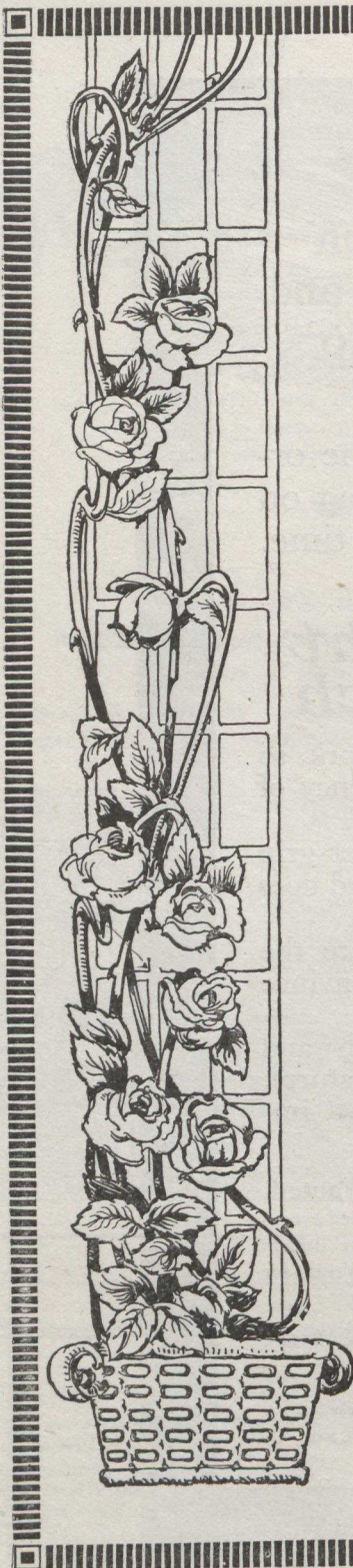
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as she looked anxiously at the two men.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing; not a woman's matter," and he waved a diffident hand toward the engineer.

She suddenly felt detached and helpless. Had Haskell no explanation?

He almost shrank under her gaze, so insistent it was, so compelling. Things were at their worst, now—if the next moments could be endured, the pressure would ease.

There was a silence as they both looked at him, very much alone, very quiet and very, very proud. In spite of herself, she had a thrill of admiration for him. She knew the result of war with her father—it was invariably the same; and now the rupture was so definite, so final, that it seemed like the shadow of a good-by.

The contractor turned with a gesture of impatience, hooked his arm into the girl's, and, as they went out, shot one glance at the engineer from beneath his drooping lids. In it there mingled contempt and a derisive pity, more baleful than contempt.

In silence they walked together down the hill slope, climbed the opposite rise, and Haskell, rigid as a statue, watched them to the platform of the private car.

HE drew a long breath and his frame relaxed. This was the inevitable breach heralded by that midnight whispering. In boyish dreams he had pictured such scenes, and always emerged throbbing with virtue triumphant, but there had never been a Helen or a man like Brent.

His mind leaped to Stewart—sweating under tropical skies. What would Stewart have done? Mechanically he took up a photograph that always stood on his desk beside that of the contractor's daughter—his two ideals. Almost lovingly he scanned the broad brow, the keen, kindly eyes; the firm, masterful mouth; the clean line from ear to chin. Mentally he made his report; by telepathy he received the verdict. He could not imagine Stewart doing otherwise, and with so much, he was perforce content. But his own ambitions, his grip of worldly possibilities—these were in the balance—things apart from Stewart's approval; and he had begun by making a mortal enemy of a man powerful in his own professional circles. He saw the mistake made in not colaring that unconscious informer, for now his case rested solely on the tests.

His extremity was such that he experienced something almost of grim satisfaction in driving through it, the instant response of a clear, active brain and vigorous, untainted body. His mood was akin to that of men of old who shrived themselves in solitary chapels before they donned the armour of their knighthood.

Of Helen he hardly dared to think, but he knew she was his inspiration. This first and loyal devotion had ennobled every effort of his manhood, and coloured every dream of things to come; the bond of impulse, action, and ideal; and, although she had always seemed beyond him—now, she was infinitely removed.

Doggedly, conscientiously, the time that intervened before Brent's return was filled with labour, but seventy per cent. of his briquette-tests were eloquent of bad material.

LATE on the fourth afternoon, he was peering through an instrument at a carefully balanced picket, and turned at the contractor's voice. It was palpable that both men had schooled themselves, for the vital point was approached deftly and dispassionately as Brent made his query.

"No," said Haskell, "I have nothing more to say except that more tests give the same result."

"Well!"
"My report is waiting for to-night's post. I may take it out myself; probably shall."

"Mr. Haskell, I would like to know in a friendly way just what you think is going to happen to that report?"

The strength of a great decision was in the answer: "I don't know; I don't very much care—except that I shall have done my duty."

The contractor's voice was like soft

velvet. He almost purred: "Don't you think it's possible you're making a slight mistake? I've seen such things happen before—and now the men who made them are looking for jobs and don't find them."

The reply came like flint: "It's quite possible, but not so much a one as you made putting rotten cement into other people's sacks."

A great, fat fist was lifted under his nose, and Brent shook with sudden anger. He swore—swore viciously; told Haskell he was a young fool, then turned on his heel, and stumped down the hill to his car.

The engineer looked after him with trouble in his eyes. The parting of the ways had come—but his hand was on the plow, and, with set jaw, he vowed that the furrow would be clean and straight.

LATE into the night, he sat polishing, condensing, and clarifying his report—this done, he reached for his code book, and constructed a very terse cablegram to Stewart.

The report partook of the nature of a bombshell, when it exploded in the mahogany-paneled boardroom of the commissioners. A circle of white-haired, eminently representative men stared at each other from under lifted brows, as a secretarial voice aired its sentences in precise and formal tones.

They felt almost affronted that any procedure of Brent's should expose them to such a crisis, and, being in this mood, Haskell's technical proofs did not relieve him from the suggestion of hot-headed youthfulness. Of the engineer himself they knew but little. The work was being done by Peter Stewart; he alone was responsible. On one point they were unanimous—the papers must not get hold of it. A long and somewhat stormy session ensued—for Brent was a big man, and the channels of his influence lay broad and deep. He was a silent force in municipal circles; he moved slowly but with dogged certainty, seldom appearing in person, but always dominating every strategical point.

A sense of the man's ability had filtered through the board, and they took a noncommittal course. An independent expert, named Horton, known professionally to some of the members, was appointed to take personal samples of the cement and make personal tests; until his report should be received, the matter would remain open. In the meantime, only such cement was to be used as Haskell had accepted. Official notification was sent to both parties, and the meeting adjourned for a fortnight, when the report was expected.

With this ultimatum, Haskell was satisfied, and, when Horton appeared and began climbing over the mountain of bags, he greeted him with pleasure—any honest man could but corroborate him. The samples were taken with professional skill, and the huge pile raked fore and aft, that no section might pass unexplored.

Horton's face and black mustache were powdered gray when, at the end of the second day, he clambered down and gave Haskell's hand a parting shake. He had been sociable—very sociable—for an arbitrator, thought the latter. Brent remained in the city and had had no communication with the expert—for this Haskell gave him grudging credit, but Brent's vicious oaths still grated on his ear. With an effort, he shook off a sudden strange depression that fell over him—there was no doubt as to the finding, but what a barren victory that should cost him Helen!

IT was on a breathless June morning that he pulled down the top of his desk to answer the summons of the board; then, with a sudden impulse he shoved it up and thrust Stewart's farewell letter into his pocket. As he glanced along the valley, it was swarming with men, for his instructions had been to push the work, and the shrill signal whistles followed him as his train swung round a curve and gathered speed on a down grade. As the rail joints clicked, he slipped into a self-analysis that carried him to the Grand Central.

In the board room were the commis-

sioners, talking to Brent. The contractor looked up as Haskell was announced; his eyes narrowed to a slit, his face like a mask, and beside him sat Horton with an acid contentment on his countenance. The chairman motioned the engineer to a seat; then rose, and, after briefly recounting the last session, said:

"Gentlemen, the representative of Mr. Peter Stewart is here, and, without further delay, I will read the report of the expert appointed to investigate the matter in dispute."

He had not repeated more than a few lines when Haskell started in astonishment. It was monstrous—credible—Horton had taken one hundred samples, and they were all good. He shot an indignant glance in that direction, but the expert was stroking the tip of a black mustache and looking at him out of the tail of his eye. There was a stir among the other commissioners as the smooth statement unfolded itself, and the engineer's every accusation was wiped out by this independent evidence. Brent's face wore an air of modest humility when the chairman voiced the concluding paragraph:

It is patent, therefore, that a mistake has been made by your engineer. After a careful and thorough examination of the cement in question and an elaborate series of physical tests, I find it in every way suitable and safe for the work for which it is intended.

Haskell's blood was pumping in his ears, and his fingers had disappeared, gripping the soft leather arms of the chair. He leaned forward, his eyes blazing and riveted on the chairman. The latter took off his glasses and rubbed them delicately, then spoke in a small, clear voice that seemed like the voice of fate:

"It is a matter of regret to the board that this unfortunate affair has occurred. We hesitate to think that Mr. Brent would knowingly stultify his contract, and trust he will see that the only motive of our engineer has been a desire to serve the city as best he could."

The last words bit into Haskell's brain, but he mastered himself, for the end was not yet.

"A mistake has been made a mistake due, probably, to lack of experience—we are taking steps to provide against this happening again, and trust that the contractor will be uninfluenced by what has taken place and will push the work to a rapid and successful issue." He gathered his fellow-commissioners into a glance. "In this I think I express the wish of all the members of the board."

A murmur of approval sounded as he sat down, and then a silence, which was broken as Brent arose.

NEVER had he seemed so confident, never had the impervious armour plate of his manner seemed so unassailable. He spoke quietly, with an air of calm assumption that maddened the helpless Haskell, and bent on his accuser an eye mellow with benignant charity.

"Gentlemen, I thank you—and I understand. There are no bones broken, and I bear no grudge against Mr. Haskell. These things happen to the best of us." He paused for a moment, thinking rapidly. "I hope you won't make any change. Mr. Haskell has the work at his fingers' ends, and you have every reason to know that he is more than honest. Pardon the liberty I take."

"We appreciate the very handsome way you look at this," said the chairman, rising, "but I am forced to reply that, although you may have every confidence in Mr. Haskell, this board has not." Then, looking not unkindly at the young man: "Do you wish to say anything?"

All the blood in the engineer's body seemed to rush into his face, and across his eyeballs burned little red lines of fire. The truth—the truth—he knew the truth, and could not prove it, except by another examination which he knew would not be granted. The ghastly hopelessness of it all hit him in the face, and left him speechless. He felt the curious glances, he recoiled from the thought of their thoughts, and then, when it was at



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the worst, a door opened, and a short, brown-faced man, with gray beard and travel-stained clothes, stood in the threshold.

Haskell jumped up, and stretched out a nervous hand.

"Ask him!" he piped, in a high-pitched voice. "Ask him—he knows."

The chairman was on his feet, vigorously shaking the little man's hand. The other commissioners were welcoming him, when Haskell looked at the contractor. Brent's face had changed. The smooth, sallow contour was flecked with a yellow tinge, and his brows, unruffled before, had drawn into deep wrinkles. His arm was moving back and forth restlessly, as if inviting, and then avoiding, a greeting. Horton's nonchalant air had vanished, and the two watched Stewart closely. The latter dropped into a chair beside Haskell, and put an affectionate hand on the young man's shoulder.

"How goes it, old chap?" he said; and then turned to the two reports, his assistant's and Horton's which were handed him.

The circle of men dropped into silence as the little, bright-eyed man threaded the clean, typewritten pages. Haskell leaned back in his chair, and felt courage flow anew through his veins at his chief's very presence, and around the two, the board sat with understanding patience.

Brent alone betrayed any sign of uneasiness, tapping constantly on the table with his heavy finger tips, and glancing occasionally at Horton, who was nursing a silk-clad ankle with ill-concealed discomfort.

Suddenly Stewart pushed away the papers and spoke. He turned to the broad Scotch he always used when greatly moved, for his father had a cottage on the Pentlands that looked across at Arthur's Seat.

"Yon report—Horton's—is not worth the paper it's written on—forbye what ye paid for it. I've come from the South Pacific to tell ye. There's a dam there, or speaking more correctly, there was a dam there. It was a fine dam to look at, I'm told, but it was no' fine when I saw it, being in pairfect dissolution. It was faced up wi, granite, looking sleek and pretty, but its guts were rotten—juist a jumble o' dirt and stuff they called cement. The contractor's name was Brent and the engineer's Horton. It's an out-o'-the-way place, and they did what they would."

HE paused, slipping his arm into Haskell's, and looking quizzically round the ring of intent faces. Brent's eyes twitching, and Horton's bent out of sight.

"Before I left, I wrote my assistant a letter, expressing my views."

Haskell thrust a hand into his pocket, and held out an envelope.

"As it's here, I'll read ye an extract: almost prophetic, I'm thinking: 'If Brent gets it, and I think he will, watch him,' mark that, please. 'Watch him all the time, live on the work, sleep on it, build yourself into it.' Gentlemen, yon's exactly what he did, an' I'm proud of him. Will ye leave the matter in my hands for another report, if ye've no' had too many?'"

But Brent was on his feet, speaking in a hard, rasping voice.

"I protest against this extraordinary treat—"

"Sit down, sit down," the commissioners almost growled. The atmosphere was charged with some electrical essence generated by Stewart's plain speech. Horton's eyes were darting about, as though he wished every window were a door of exit, and Haskell's fingers were twitching with a mad desire to get at his throat.

The chairman restored order with some difficulty, and said:

"I think Mr. Stewart's arrival very opportune, and suggest that the meeting adjourn till I can confer with him."

No one moved till Brent arose and Horton with him. As they passed out, there was absolute silence. The contractor's face was changed, grim and lined, while down the expert's chin trickled a little thread of blood, for he had bitten his lip through till it bled.

As the door closed behind them, the chairman got up, courtly and dignified, came over to Haskell, and shook his

hand warmly, and, in turn, each of the men followed him; then the precise secretary annexed the reports, and the meeting was over.

Stewart was speaking as they walked along the brilliant street, the cool evening air in their faces. The fire in his voice had died into unemotional precision as he counseled his assistant with worldly wisdom:

"I'm not saying that Brent will lose his contract. I'm not for that. He will keep the contract and lose money, for he bid too low. It's our task to make him do honest work, and you've started well. He's a force of nature, his end is the use of man; you'll not forget that."

A FEW hours later Haskell looked out of his window at the flaring chess-board of a great city. Above, the shining sphere of a full moon flooded the heavens with a soft light, and from far spaces breathed the sweet airs of night. This time it was the heart, not the active, creative brain that stirred within him; and love—love that he had bound and dungeoned, stood on tiptoe before him with outstretched arms. Every perception was submerged in the thought that the world was empty without love. He knew that reputation and success awaited, that clean, honourable years were ahead, and that his strong body and active mind would rise to every emergency, but—

Just how will never be told—yet in half an hour he was on the broad steps of the house in West Fifty-sixth Street. Again the fire leaped on the great hearth, again he hesitated on the threshold, and again the slight figure rose to greet him. Her hand trembled in his, and there was a world of question in her troubled eyes; but through Haskell's veins ran a delicate fire.

He knew instinctively that she knew all—but he did not falter. His voice was low and steady. There was a new note in it that she recognized with a thrill that carried with it the heart of his purpose.

"May I tell you a story? It will explain why I am here."

"It's a story about a boy in Vermont, whose parents died when he was sixteen. The boy was left with a solid-rock farm and two sisters. He tried to make a living, but it was no use. Then, one day, a survey party came along, in charge of a man called Stewart, and the boy got a job, and at the end of the summer had saved enough to go to Columbia for the winter, and worked in a grocery store at night. Every summer he worked, and every winter he studied. Stewart was good to him all the time, lent him books, had him at his house, talked to him, made him feel that it was the finest thing in the world to be a civil engineer. Then he got his degree, and Stewart took him into his office, and he felt toward his boss as he did toward his own father. The work went well, and then other things came—things that come into every young man's life. Everything went right, and then suddenly he got up against it in a curious way, too; he heard something that wasn't meant for him."

She looked at him quickly, but the level voice went on:

"What he heard made him investigate, and he did, faithfully and honestly. The result was that he had to act; it was hard to do this, harder than he had ever guessed anything could be. You see, he had Stewart's honor as well as his own to take care of. He wanted to make that work stand not only for himself and his chief, but for the good name of every American engineer who ever looked through a transit. If that ideal were lost, he would have nothing left, and so he lost everything except that."

"Everything?" she said faintly.

The lace at her throat was trembling, and Haskell's heart began to hammer, for this was the hour of all hours for him.

Helen's eyes, full of rare divinity of womanhood, met his for a fraction of time, and dropped, while, through every fiber of his being pulsed a sudden intoxicating flood.

"No," she half-whispered, "not everything."

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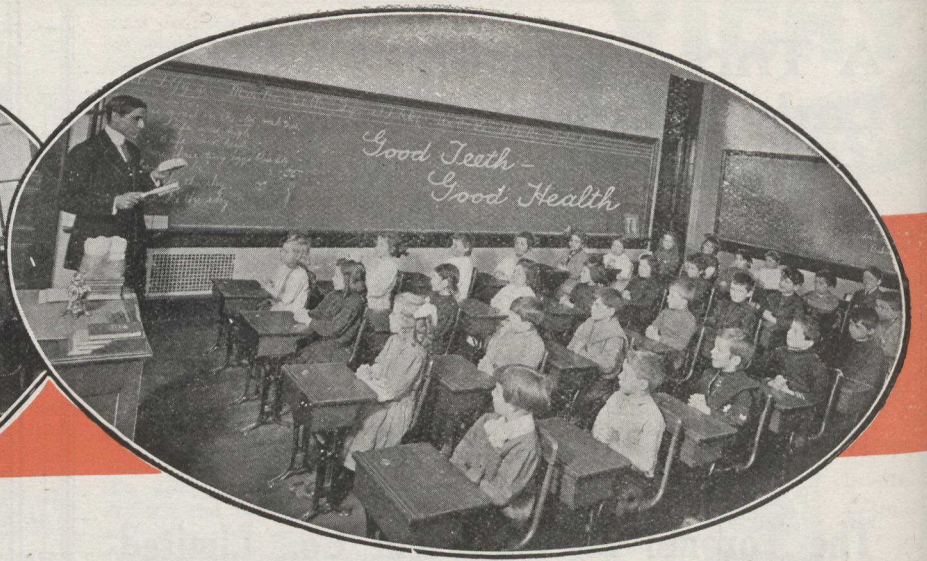


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