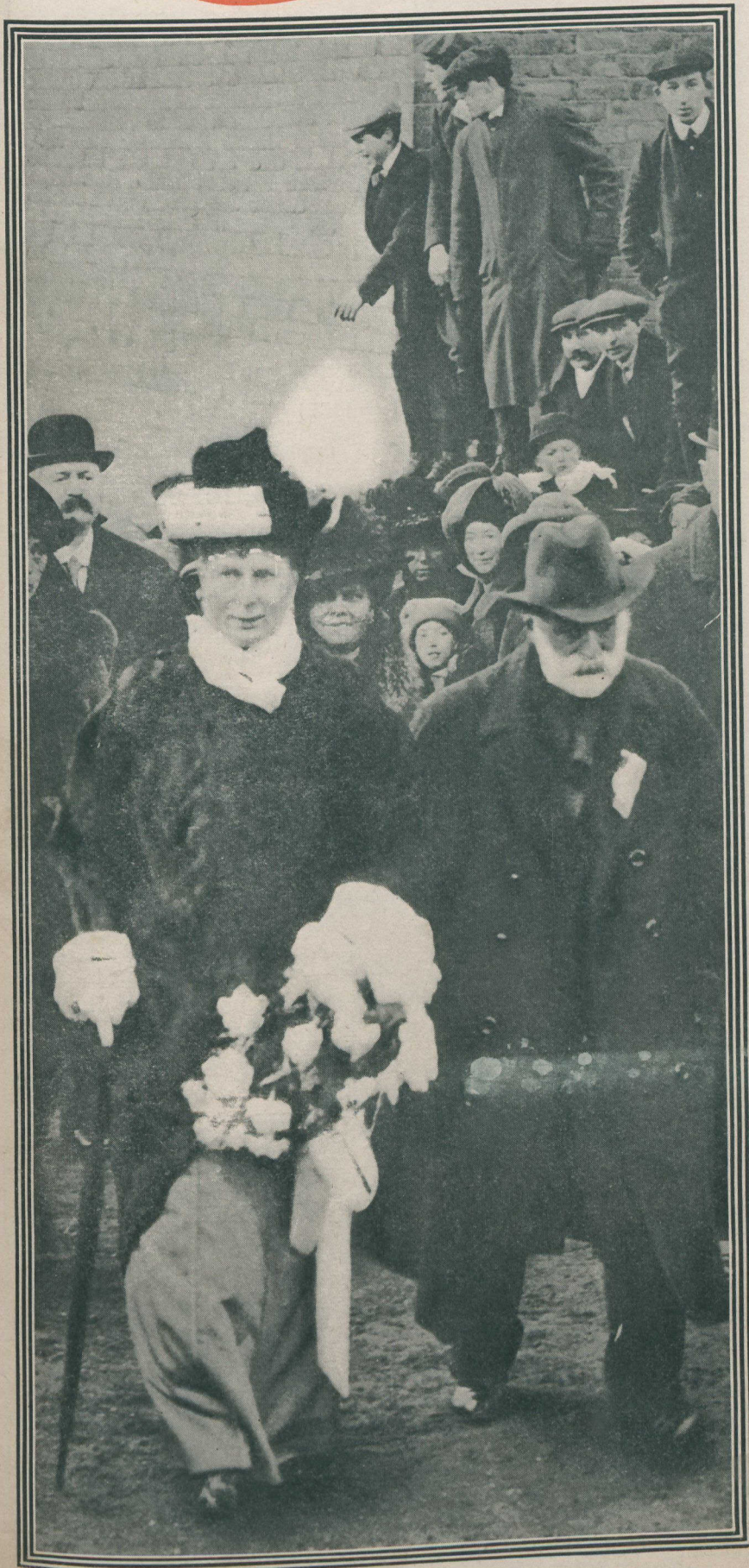


The Canadian  
**Courier**  
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Queen Mary Dispensing Good Cheer Among the Durham Miners.

Canadianizing  
 the Immigrant

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK



The Traders from  
 Cormorant Lake

By L. F. KIPP



Men I Avoid

By ASHLEY STERNE



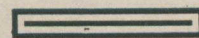
A Cloud Removed

STORY BY EDITH BAYNE



Should Canada Go Slow?

By THE MONOCLE MAN



Woman's Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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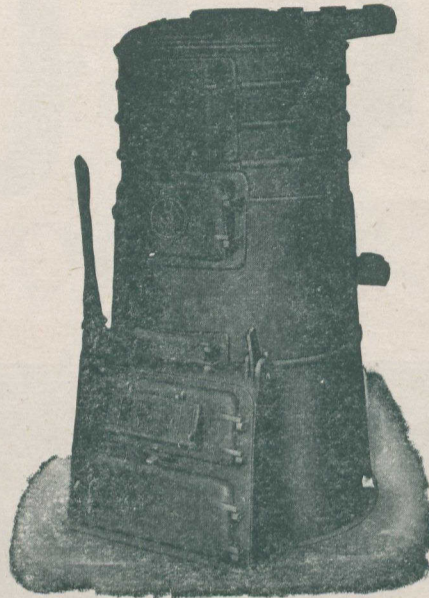
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The fastest steamers in the British Canadian Service, which have created a new standard of appointment and exclusive features in all classes of accommodation.

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Wed., Jan. 28, 1914	Royal Edward	Wed., Feb. 11
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 3



## Household Cares and Worries

vanish in thin air after a refreshing glass of O'KEEFE'S PILSENER LAGER. It is good for you too—a natural food tonic, rich in nutriment and mild in stimulating properties.

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348

## Back Numbers Canadian Courier

The Sales Department of the "Courier" desire to obtain early issues of the paper. Subscribers or others having either complete volumes or partial sets of the first NINE VOLUMES are requested to communicate with this office. State definitely Volume and Number. Address—

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- Peace on Earth ..... Illustrated.
- Pictorial Comment on the Great Christmas message to mankind.
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Illustrated by Intimate Photographs from the Camps of Canadianism.
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- The Cloud Removed, Story ..... By Edith Bayne.
- Men I Avoid ..... By Ashley Sterne.  
Second of a Series of Benevolent Satires.
- Should We Go Slow? ..... By the Monocle Man.
- Traders from Cormorant Lake ..... By L. F. Kipp.  
Story of two Oddly Interesting Scotch Folk on the outposts of our civilization.
- The Cost of Living ..... A Look Back.
- The Hounds of the North ..... Illustrated.  
Superb Pictures of the Russian Imperial Hunt.

## WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" has Erinized the Scotch "as others see us" into the new title for her columns "As We See Others." Sir Almoth Wright, one she discusses, might fume, but would have to acknowledge she has "the giftie." An exquisite drawing by Hans Johnson illustrates a mystical poem-in-prose, by M. J. T., its title being "The Glory of a Night." "Happy Old Year" is a story of the season by a clever new contributor, E. M. Strang. The rest—brief news in note and picture.

- Demi-Tasse ..... By Staff Writers.
- The Red Virgin, Serial ..... By Frederick G. Turner.
- Money and Magnates ..... By the Financial Editor.
- Reflections ..... By the Editor.

## Editor's Talk

YOU will find in this issue more pictures than usual. The reason—because we frankly believe that you like pictures. We do not believe that people necessarily read less than they did in the days of their fathers. We believe that they read more; but they add to their reading—pictures.

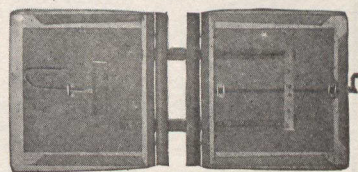
It's an agreeable habit. People nowadays use their eyes more than ever. We believe the human eye is being educated. And the illustrated papers are doing a great deal to make the eye familiar with people and places and conditions the world over.

The "Canadian Courier" has always made it its business to familiarize Canadians with Canada and Canadian people. But on the threshold of our eighth year we have only just begun to get into our pages the weekly picture story of a great, colourful country in the making. We want more pictures. We have said so before. We repeat it now. More pictures from everywhere in Canada; whether across the street from our office or up in the Arctic, or on the coasts of Canada; pictures both professional and amateur; snapshots particularly—living, interesting impressions of people you know and think other people should know about. We will pay a fair market price for all pictures accepted, and we guarantee to use them in a way equalled by no other Canadian publication.

May we also call your attention to the series of six benevolent satires now running; of which Number Two appears in this issue?

Kalamazoo Point Number Two

## The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is of Simple Construction.



The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is the best expression of the loose leaf idea that has yet been offered.

This binder has been made in the United States and in England for many years, and is to-day recognized as the highest standard of loose leaf binder.

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N.1

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# Russell KNIGHT

To make the Russell completely comfortable was our aim. That we have succeeded is shown by the wide-spread adoption of many features which we *pioneered* a year ago.

By a clever, exclusive arrangement, we utilize the heat of the exhaust gases to warm the tonneau. The value of this feature in our severe Canadian winter is apparent.

"I was at the rugby match at Ottawa," said a prominent owner of a Russell Six. "It was a bitter day. My friends could not see how we were able to sit in comfort in our open car, while they found it unbearably cold in their limousine. I explained the Russell Heating System—how by running the engine slowly the car was most comfortably warm the whole afternoon."

The *Russell rear windshield*, too, is a wonderful help in protecting the tonneau occupants from dust and biting winds. It is an original Russell feature—now widely copied.

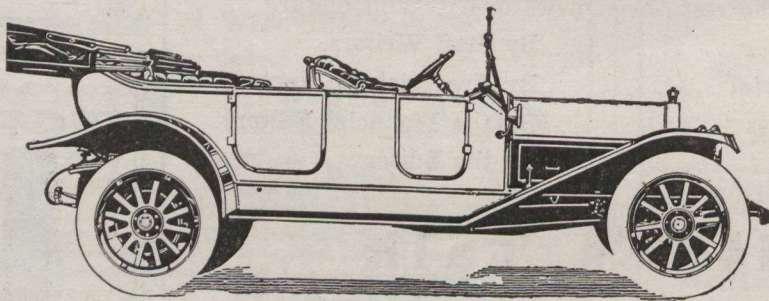
Nothing less than *complete comfort*, as embodied in the Russell-Knight should satisfy. Russell owners—not merely pleased, but enthusiastic—have voluntarily written these fine letters.

## Russell Motor Car Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory: WEST TORONTO

Branches: Toronto Hamilton Montreal Calgary Winnipeg Vancouver Melbourne

"Made up to a standard, not down to a price"



No. 14

Winnipeg, Nov. 18, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,  
346 Donald Street,  
City.

Gentlemen:—

It may be of interest to you to know that I am very pleased with my Russell-Knight "28," purchased from your Company last spring. All being well, I hope to have a second car of your make next year.

One cannot say too much of the comfort of your "28"; it surely has no superior, is a very smooth operating car and easy riding.

I desire to express my fullest recognition of the quality of the Russell-Knight Car and bespeak for you continued success.

Yours truly,  
(NAME ON REQUEST)

No. 11

Calgary, Nov. 25, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,  
1504 1st Street East,  
Calgary.

Gentlemen:—

With reference to the Russell Model "28" purchased from you three months ago, I have driven the car about three thousand miles, and during the time I have had it I have not had a particle of trouble in any way.

The electric starter is a marvel, never having failed me once.

It is the seventh car I have had and needless to say, it is the best. Its finish and riding qualities are much admired by all who see and ride in it.

In my opinion the car is better than any other sold at the price.

Yours truly,  
(NAME ON REQUEST)

## Good Light—Good Eyes

The best light for studying is Kerosene light.  
The best oil lamp is the

# Rayo

Strong, attractive, convenient. Can be lighted without removing chimney or shade—easy to rewick. Stock carried at all chief points.

For best results use ROYALITE OIL.

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is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

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M. BEETHAM & SON,  
CHELTENHAM, ENG.







The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*

HERBERT  
 P.D.R.



Vol. XV.

December 20, 1913

No. 3

**PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN**

*Paradoxical England Pays Her Respects to Mars and the Star of Bethlehem by Experimenting with Aerial Artillery and Launching Great Battleships that Burn Fuel-Oil Instead of Coal*

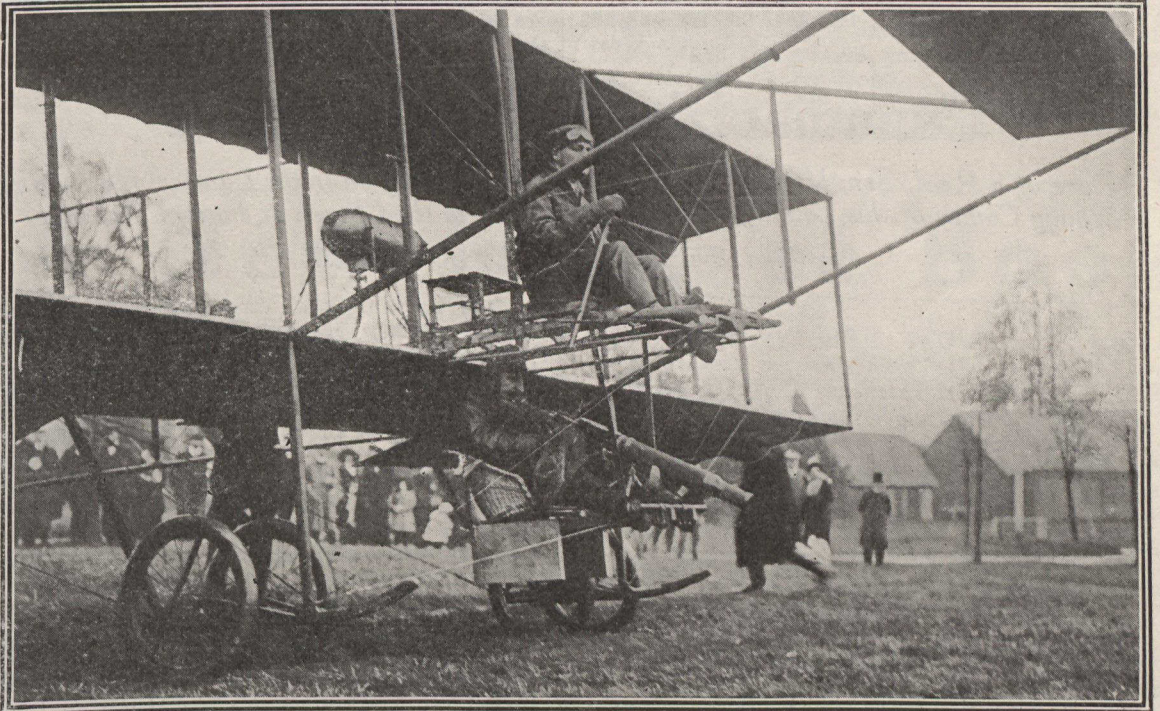
WHEN in doubt blame the poet. It was peace-loving Tennyson of the Victorian era who prophesied in "Locksley Hall" two of the pictures on this page; in the lines:

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting and there rained a ghastly dew  
 From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue."

The poet's countrymen are already testing out aerial artillery. Mr. Churchill's naval holiday is still a poet's dream. The First Lord of the Admiralty has himself become an aeronaut and is applying for an aviator's license. He has launched two ultra-modern battleships intended to fit into the time when the coal mines of his colleague's (Lloyd George) country may be without coal. The "Warspite" and its predecessor of a few days ago will burn oil which has an immediate advantage over coal, because it can be carried in tanks or pipes anywhere in the vessel that it may be needed as ballast, and will not take up the space of coal.

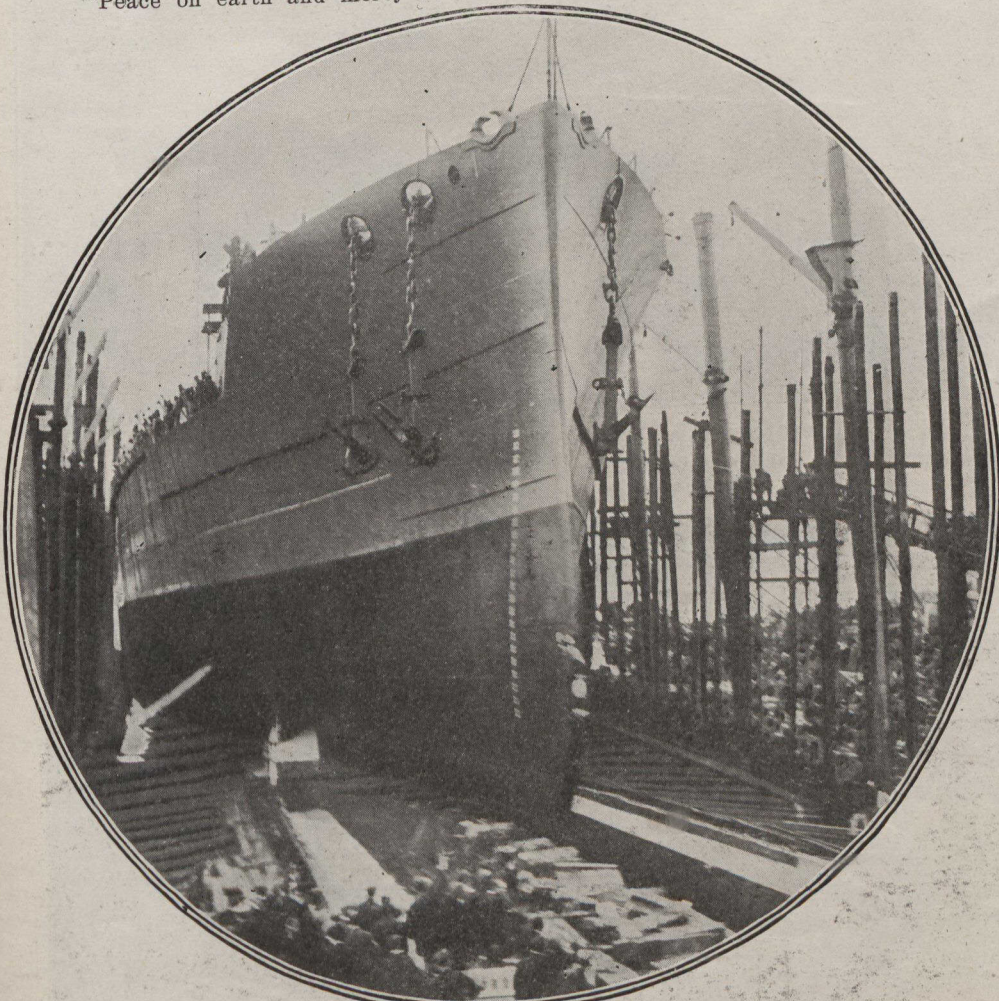
England has glorified Christmas and goodwill to men more than any other nation. She has also deified war. On Christmas Eve the whole blessed little island on the shoulder of Europe will be a jargon of happy bells. And if old Santa Claus should happen to stop at Bisley he would see a stranger air-craft than his sledge—in the artillery air-ship. If he should touch at Devonport he might bump into the funnels of the "Warspite" with her tanks of oil. And if another poet of vision comes along we may yet foresee the crew of an artillery air-ship manoeuvring in mid-air on Christmas Eve and singing,

"Peace on earth and mercy mild."



**TESTING OUT A NEW CHRISTMAS IDEA.**

This is an Artillery Gun Attached to an Airship. At Bisley, Recently, Experiments were Made with This Gun by Lieut. Stellingwerf, a Belgian Officer.



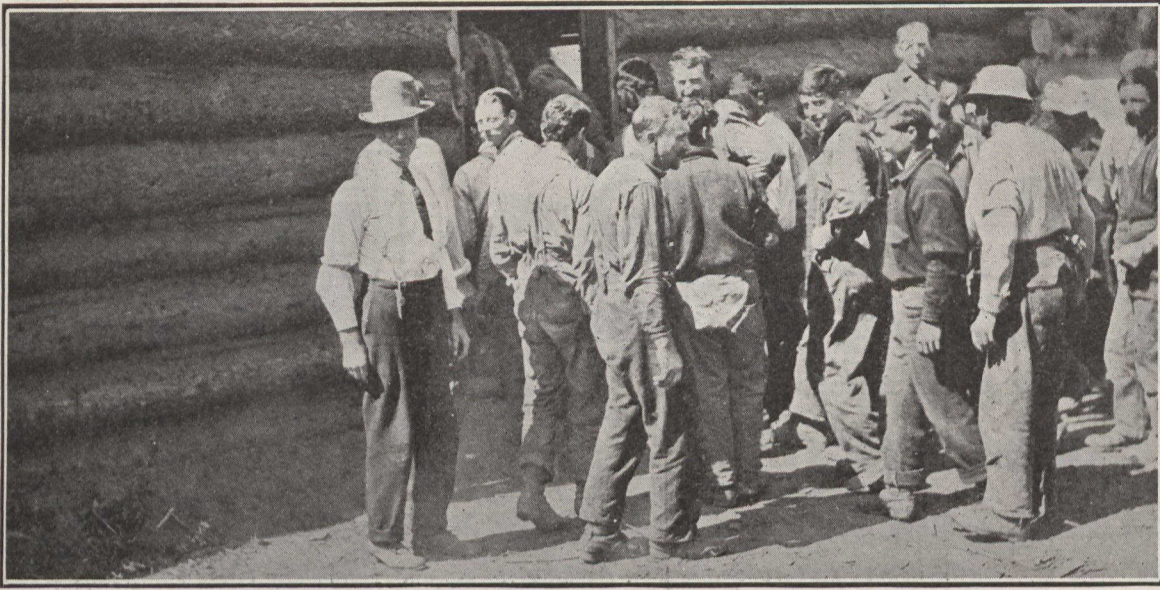
**THE GOOD-WILL OF THE "WARSPITE."**

This is the Second All-oil Battleship of the British Navy to Take Water. At Devonport Recently Winston Churchill Benevolently Permitted Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, Wife of a Political Opponent, to Christen This Monster of Eight 15-inch Guns, Carrying the Largest Weapons of Any Warship Afloat.



Firing the Aerial Gun from a Tripod Field Mount.





"CHUCK-TIME" AT MILE 288, B.C., ON THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC.

R. J. Williams, of Manitoba College, was Camp Instructor at Mile 288. Other Schools at Miles 83, 136, 141, 142, 146, 156, 160, 164, 186, 232 and 233 were Conducted by Men from Every University in Canada West of Quebec City.

## Canadianizing the Immigrant

*A Picture of a Real, Sensible Missionary Work that is Going on in the Lumber, Railway and Mining Camps of this Country Without Reference to the Church or Formal Religion*

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK

**M**S. ELLIOTT (*Varsity*) acted as "straw boss" with Austrian navvies on the Weyburn west extension of the C. P. R. and taught the younger men of the gang. When confronted with an empty school car in the evenings he strolled into the bunk-house, good-humouredly routed out the sleepers, and taking a couple of men by the arm, ordered the others to follow.

Once a month pay night interfered with D. R. McDougall's classes of Austrians, Russians, Bulgarians, Roumanians and Greeks at the Dominion Coal Co.'s mines at New Aberdeen, C.B. Common beer was the trouble. One night McDougall went into a cabin where the beer devotees were playing cards and showed them a new sleight of hand trick. They all rose and followed him to the night class.

**T**HE greatest problem before this country is, how to incorporate into our national life the tremendous tide of foreign immigrants coming into Canada. In 1911-12, 82,406 foreigners came to Canada. Of this number, apart from those who sought employment in the cities, approximately forty thousand engaged in temporary labour on our frontier. At the lowest estimate these immigrants will remit \$100 each every season to their families in the old land. This means four million dollars is sent out of the country annually. If these men were placed on the land and this sum spent on providing temporary quarters for them, four million dollars would be kept in Canada and forty thousand settlers with their families added to the permanent population every year. There is no wild-cat promoter outside of prison walls who would even dare to promise as good returns as such an investment offers to Canada.

The first railway construction work in Canada was done mainly by Canadian and British labour. The conditions in which the men were asked to work drove the self-respecting Canadians out of the camps. At the present time ninety-five per cent. of the men engaged in railway construction are foreigners, while the British and Canadian-born are being rapidly displaced in the lumbering and mining camps as well. Our best effort should be made to meet these men at their work on the frontier rather than when, after they are battered about from camp to camp and saloon to saloon, they are compelled by sheer force of circumstances to drift back to the city or return to their native land. If the conditions of labour are made what in all reason they should be, on the homestead and in the frontier camp, the city's slums will soon become depopulated and our immigrants will remain and become intelligent citizens of our young country.

The Reading Camp Association has always urged the Provincial Departments of Education to extend their public school systems to include the needs of

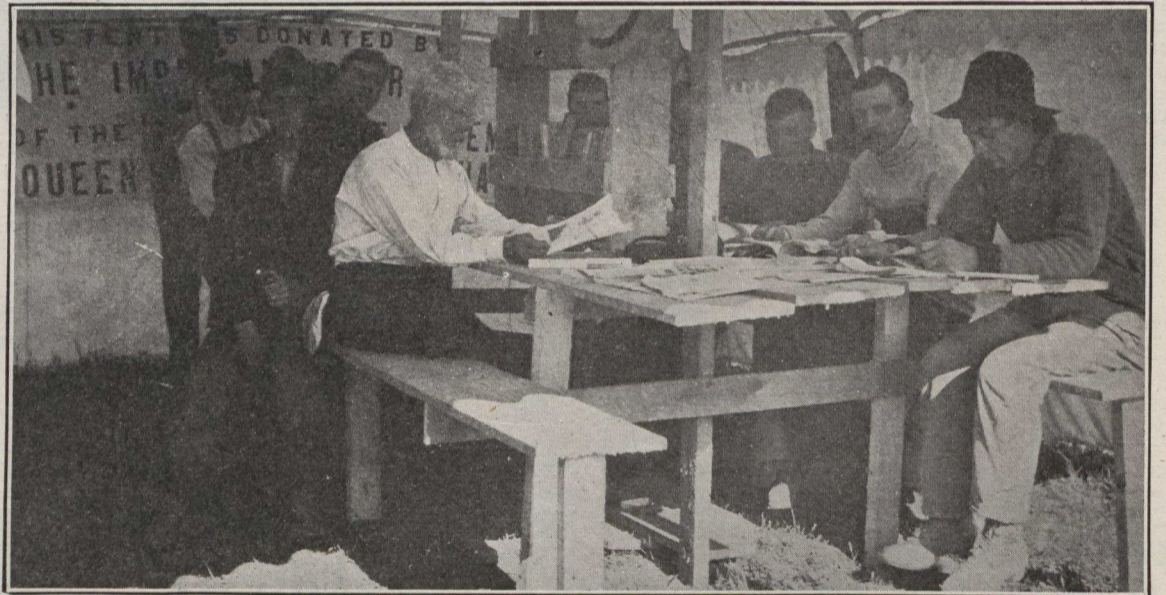
our Canadian hinterland. Its object is to carry the benefits, not only of primary and secondary, but of university education to the frontier camps and homesteads. Its teachers don the sweater, mackinaw and shoepacks of the frontiersman and at the first sound of the gong, long before day, fit themselves in all kinds of weather for clearing a right of way, building a camp, descending with the other workmen into the deepest mine, or in lumber camps "falling," bucking or skidding. The camp instructors are blazing a trail that promises to lead to a new



PLAYING POKER ON THE SUPPLY BOX.  
Gang on a Fraser River Scow has a Friendly Game of Poker on one of the Typewriter Boxes Packed with Camp School Supplies.

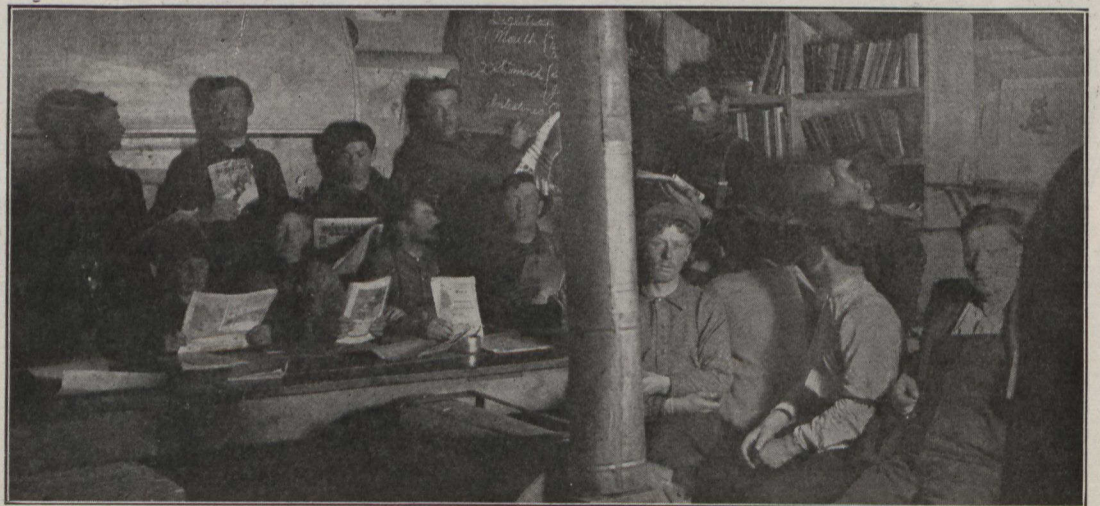
Canada. The importance of their task cannot be emphasized too strongly. If they went into the camps as ordinary teachers without assuming responsibility for any other duties, the undertaking might well be considered Herculean. When it is remembered that they are expected to go to the modern towers of Babel, bring order out of the chaos of babbling tongues to mollify the foremen, reconcile the labourers to their work and hold out the olive branch of common understanding in the near future by means of the magic wand of the English language, some conception of the magnitude of the project will be grasped.

In addition to this, what seems to many an impossible scheme, the instructors take upon their shoulders the self-same work as the men themselves. This is no child's play and only those who have an unselfish purpose in life can measure up to it. The instructors are chosen with greater care than are the missionaries of any church or the teachers of a public or high school. Qualifications that fit a man for teaching school are inadequate for the camp instructor. He is asked not only to present



WOMEN'S WORK IN THE CAMPS.

This is a Tent Donated to the Reading Camp Association by the Queen's Own Rifles Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.



THE STUDY OF GASTRONOMY.

This Cant-hook Brigade, in the Georgian Bay Lumber Co.'s Camp at Nine-Mile Siding, Ont., is Getting a Lesson on the Digestive System.



certificates of good character and to be able to teach practical problems in arithmetic, give a lecture on physiology or hygiene, but also to conduct a concert, "skin" (drive) a team of mules or swing an axe with equal facility. On arrival at camp after strenuous days and restless nights in mud and muskeg the teacher performs his dual task. He is expected to accept whatever work the foreman assigns him without grumbling and make himself indispensable to his employers. The Association's instructors have in this way time and again won the admiration of foremen who at first openly cursed the institution that dared to send college men to their camps, as there even a university athlete of



CITIZENIZING THE SLAVS AT LA TUQUE.

N. Davies, of McMaster University, has His Sleeves Rolled up, Dressed Just Like His Russian Navvies Are.

campus fame is not regarded as a young Hercules. The standard of excellence in a camp is not culture, but physical strength combined with experience in camp work.

It might be of interest to the readers of the COURIER to note some of the methods employed by a few of the seventy reading camp teachers who during the past summer worked at widely different points throughout Canada.

M. S. Elliott (Varsity) acted as "straw boss" (foreman of a small gang) with Austrian navvies on the Weyburn west extension of the C. P. R. and taught practically all the younger men of the gang. Often the men worked long hours and after tea Elliott was face to face with an empty car. He invariably put on his sunniest smile, walked into the bunk house, rolled the blankets back from the loungers, some of whom had already turned into bed, laughingly picked up the cards from the improvised tables, put them neatly into their boxes, and, taking a couple of men by the arm, ordered the others to follow. As he knew the men by name



This is a Reading Car Loaned by the C. P. R. to the R. C. A. at Munroe's Point, West of Sudbury. Instructor H. B. Free, of Queen's University, Worked as Engineer on the Hoist at this Camp.

and rubbed shoulders with them by day they understood his off-hand manner, and he was seldom, if ever, without a class.

To instance another camp, Mr. D. L. McDougall, instructor and bratticeman in the Dominion Coal Co.'s mines at New Aberdeen, Cape Breton, had Russians, Austrians, Bulgarians, Roumanians and Greeks in his classes. When the hour for the night school arrived his pupils were often too tired—"too much work, too sleepy," some would say. He would go to one or two on whom he could depend and

they would assist him in rounding up the others. Once a month pay night always interfered with the classes. On pay night the men all chipped in, bought a pail of beer, placed it on a table and dipped in with a common dish. Mr. McDougall studied this institution of common beer from every angle and decided that it would not do to draw the line too tightly. On pay nights, when he would try to cajole them away, they would very often resent his overtures, so he decided to try to win them and let time do its work in bringing about a desire for more refining pleasures. The first time he succeeded in getting them into the tent school was one night when he went into one of their cabins where they were playing cards and dexterously showed them a sleight of hand trick they had never seen before. They all rose at once and followed him.

The camp teacher is asked to give his most earnest attention to the foreigner and give his class instruction not only in season and out of season, but in school and out of it. For example, Mr. S. Lett, of McGill College, Vancouver, who acted as instructor and teamster on C. N. P. construction near Cowichan Lake, Vancouver Island, taught his class practical grading. One evening a week he took them to the grade, teaching the words used, as "dump," "grade," "scraper," "grader," etc., and combinations of these. Another night he took them to the blacksmith shop and named the tools, as "anvil," "tongs," "hammer," etc. Again he took his class to the stable and drilled them on such

words as "horse," "hay," "oats," "stall," "hames," and "trace."

The same methods as are employed on the C. P. R. and C. N. R. are used on the G. T. P., T. C. R., St. John Valley Railway and in those of the lumber and mining camps at which the Association operates night schools. To aid the instructor in his great task the Association publishes a Handbook, compiled by E. W. Bradwin, one of its former instructors and now its Ontario Camp School Inspector. The phonetic method is recommended and sample group lessons supplied. The immigrant is gradually led on to learn of our national ideals and principles of Canadian citizenship.

The Association notices with great pleasure that every year it is easier to secure instructors who are accustomed to manual labour or who have some trade. A prominent educationist has said that "our system (of education) trains boys not to become better craftsmen, but to be unwilling to be put to any kind of craft." It is encouraging to note the leavening effects of manual training in the schools, and of technical and agricultural colleges. If our boys' hands were trained to honest toil as part of their education, and educational facilities provided at the camp and homestead after they leave the schools, more of them would seek employment on the frontier. Our employers would not then be tempted to import Chinese and Japanese navvies, miners and lumberjacks.

## A New Kind of Book

*The Year Book of Canadian Art*

A BOOK written by 32 different people ought of itself to be a novelty, quite independent of its subject. Such a book has just been printed by J. M. Dent and Sons, and is now on the market. But the number of copies printed is in almost inverse ratio to the number of contributors. The total first edition in Canada of this book by 32 people will be under 2,000. Which probably means that the demand will outrun the supply.

It's altogether an odd kind of book. Nothing like it was ever before produced in Canada. The writers are all Canadians. The 57 illustrations, all photographs of one thing or another, are all of Canadian productions. The general subject is—Art; not in the world at large, but in Canada. It is called "The Year Book of Canadian Art," and it is brought out by the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, which happens to be a peculiar organization of art workers more or less Bohemian, but not so unbusinesslike that they can't buckle down to a cold, hard job and get out a book of 300 pages on art in Canada.

Another peculiar thing about this art book is that the price is so low that the Club will never make more out of it than the cost. The cost, again, is so low that the publisher makes little or nothing. None of the 32 contributors are paid a cent for their articles. All they get is each a contributor's copy of the book. The seven men on the publication committee, whose chairman was Mr. Alan Sullivan, met not less than thirty times, wrestling all through the hot weather with the problem of how to get out this peculiar book that was expected to profit nobody. None of the committee was or expects to be paid a copper for his labours. Which is one proof that the unpaid commissioner does not lack enthusiasm in a public cause, and that the high cost of living has nothing to do with art.

THE reason for all this organized benevolence on the part of the art workers of Canada is, that a limited number of people in Canada might for the first time get a clear, definite notion of what Canada is doing and has been doing in the various arts of literature, architecture, music, painting and sculpture. If the book could be circulated in Europe by the Government of Canada it might be a better proof that this country is up with the march of civilization than most of the government and railway literature now in circulation.

But the Arts and Letters Club are quite satisfied to let this peculiar commentary on the cost of living go to only such people as care to be interested in that sort of thing. The articles cover a wide range of interest, from what the West is doing in music to what the East is doing in architecture, and *vice versa*. What literary workers are doing in Quebec, how chamber music is flourishing in Montreal, what was right or wrong with the Art Exhibitions of 1913 in Ontario, what's what about half a dozen

leading art workers in various parts of Canada, how orchestras and choral societies are developing, what great buildings are going up with any art character in them, what monuments are being erected in Canada and what they amount to as works of art, who are making our musical compositions and our poetry and our prose works—in fact, wherever there was anything in the Canadian world of art to write about, the publication committee got some one to send in an article with illustrations.

And when the articles and the pictures were all in, the work of cutting down and polishing began. It was a big job, for this was a very peculiar kind of book. It was done in a few months and done exceedingly well. If it had taken a year it might have been done considerably better; for the men who produced this remarkable dollar's worth for a few hundred people are experts in the matter of publication. At the same time they will admit that in spite of the enormous amount of interest in this book, some of the articles are still a little crude and some of the illustrations rather more so; especially the photographs of buildings and some of the people.

But the defects are so few that it takes a little hair-splitting even to point them out. The book as it stands is the joint production of more able people than any other book ever produced in this country, or perhaps any other. It represents more talent than a half year's issue of the best monthly magazine in America. It is printed and produced in the best English style of J. M. Dent and Sons, which is quite the last word in that sort of book production. And it's the best and biggest dollar's worth ever put between two covers in this country.

### The Evils of Patronage

(From the Toronto News.)

"As the 'News' has said more than once, the political worker who assists to carry an election has no more right to public office than the man who passes the plate in church has a right to the collection."

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In our issues of December 27th and January 3rd we will publish a paper by Mr. Richard Jebb, the famous author of "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," "The Colonial Conference of 1910," and "The Britannic Question." The title of this paper is

"BRITANNIC ALLIANCE,"

and was read before the United Empire Club of London a few days ago.



# A Cloud Removed

*The Misunderstanding of Frank Dillon and the Power of a Child's Christmas Gift*

By EDITH G. BAYNE

PEOPLE turned for another look at the tired, old-young woman in the rich furs and the golden-haired prattling child who moved about in the throng of Christmas shoppers. Surely an ill-assorted pair they were—the woman, listless, bored, restlessly wandering from counter to counter—the child, eager, bright-eyed, radiating happiness, her small arms full of bundles.

"Oh, mother, let's buy daddy's here!" she cried, stopping short before a case of gentlemen's novelties.

The woman murmured something mechanically, as she had done a score of times already, when the child had tugged at her arm and reminded her that "daddy's" gift had still to be purchased.

"Very well. Choose quickly, and I will go on towards the door."

It seemed a long time to the woman, waiting, until the little girl came up gleefully clasping a large, square bundle.

"It's a cigar set, mother. I 'member how he used to smoke and blow big rings over my head. Won't he be s'prised, though!"

A car full of delighted people were entertained on the way home, by the overflowing spirits of the little shopper. Many times she dropped packages, which had to be stowed in her mother's muff, but like a vise the small arms clung to "daddy's" cigar set. A greybeard opposite smiled involuntarily and longed in his innermost being for the fountain of perpetual youth—and that once-cherished belief in Santa Claus.

"But, mother!" cried the child, suddenly, in a loud whisper, "what have you got for daddy? Are you keeping it a s'prise?"

The mother smiled wanly under the eyes of the passengers, and whispered something to her daughter.

"Oh, all right. I'll be quiet, only you can't fool me, you know. I b'lieve you've bought him something pretty nice. Never mind. I'll know to-morrow."

THE Connaught Apartments frowned upon children as a rule. Marion, however, by virtue of having first seen the light of day there, was permitted. Also, her parents had leased the best suite. The rooms on the morrow were to be filled with a gay assemblage of little folks, who were to do honour to their small hostess and to be entertained with a real, live Santa, who would denude a gorgeous tree for them. Festoons of green and wreaths of holly hung at the windows and in the farthest corner of the drawing-room the majestic tree spread its promising branches.

"But it's daddy I'm *most* anxious about, mother. I don't care for the party nearly so much. He will come, won't he?"

"Perhaps," answered the woman.

How could she say, "No, he will never come back. He said so." The clear eyes of the child would have searched her very soul and demanded the reason.

"He would not stay away Christmas Day, the best day of all the year, and leave us alone, would he, mummy?"

"Perhaps he—has forgotten us."

The reproach in the blue eyes hurt her even as she spoke.

"No, he would not, mother, and I *know* he will come back." Thus she had persisted.

An hour later, when dinner was over, Marion arranged her gifts. The porter, summoned, bore off half a dozen dainty be-ribboned packages to those of her friends who could not come to the party. As he took them up one by one in his arms he came to a rather large, square one, which was tied with broad, red ribbon.

"No, James, not that one. That's daddy's."

She laughed merrily and pointed to the super-scription, which was in her own large, straggling characters.

"Yes, that's for my daddy. He's coming to the party, didn't you know?"

The man glanced covertly at Mrs. Dillon. Her back, happily, was turned. He smiled indulgently and patted the curly head.

The hands of the clock nearing eight announced bed-time, and soon Marion's yellow head was among her pillows, and the realities of the day had given place to delicious dreams of mysterious parcels.

Mrs. Dillon in the drawing-room was putting the finishing touches on the tree. Close to the floor on a lower branch, and probably as high as the

young giver could reach, hung the box for the absent "daddy." Scrawled across the top the message ran: "For my dear daddy, from his loving Marion."

Oh for the faith of a little child! Amy Dillon's throat tightened and she turned away. On a small table lay a gift of her own which had arrived that morning—a costly trinket in a velvet box. She opened it again, but the flash of diamonds brought no answering gleam to her eyes. Once she might have gone into ecstasies over the beautiful, glittering thing, but now—

The clock striking the half-hour after eight roused her, and simultaneously came a discreet knock on the outer door.

She glided swiftly over and opened it.

"Oh—you!" she said to the man who stood without.

"None other—whom did you think it was?" he said, stepping inside, with the air of one perfectly at home in the luxurious little flat.

She made no reply and he continued:

"You see, being a privileged person, I dispense with the porter, sending up my card, etc. I take it for granted—"

"You take a good deal for granted," said Amy, incisively breaking in, as he seated himself near the fire. He gazed at her a moment. Her face was inscrutable. He was used to her joking little ways, but this time the smile that would have belied her words was missing.

"Your welcome this evening is not the most cordial," he said, rubbing his hands before the blaze.

She had not invited him to remove his overcoat, which at first he was about to do, but something in her manner restrained him. He took out a fresh cigar which he bit, but did not light.

"Hmm!" he muttered, eyeing her restlessly.

"Where's the little girl?" he asked, abruptly.

"Gone to bed."

"Amy—will you explain to her that I can't play the Santa role to-morrow?"

Mrs. Dillon made no reply.

"I'll send her a present," he went on, doing his best to appear nonchalant, when he well knew that the mother of the little one had come to the point where she could no longer treat him with more than mere civility. "By the way, did you get my little gift this morning?"

She turned and picked up the velvet case.

"Won't you put it on—and come to the theatre? I have two seats."

She gave him a look that meant more than she could express in words.

"Man, you know that I won't go. You have no business to ask me. As for the gift, you had no business to send it—and I can't keep it. Please go and leave me. I have never encouraged you to come otherwise than as an acquaintance. I am sure you have forgotten—"

He did not reply. Slowly Jim Holden buttoned his overcoat. He it was—

"Marion, go back to bed instantly!"

"I thought I heard my papa," she said.

He did not reply, but opened the door and went out, closing it softly.

LEFT alone, she turned the gas out and sank into the big chair before the fire. It was dying out, so she stirred it up and stretched out her hands to the blaze. Marion had returned to bed and the rooms were all in darkness save for the firelight glow. Amy's thoughts had fallen into the old, lonely strain. The hard lines softened, the weary eyes drooped and presently a tear stole down her cheek, followed by another and another until great sobs shook her. A strange and lonely scene, on this night of all nights! Away in the gloom of the farthest corner stood the tree, gaily trimmed, seeming to mock at her in its tinsel trappings. From without came sounds of the city world—merry sleigh-bells, the crisp, crunching of snow as many feet passed over it, the jangle of cars and the tooting of motor-horns. This was the gayest and merriest night of the whole year, and yet before a solitary fire sat a still more solitary woman, who saw only the stern, drawn face of a man as he had looked upon her last, and said:

"And you shall not want for anything—you and the child."

They had not wanted for anything. Every month had come his generous cheque and she had taken

it for Marion's sake. How much longer could she continue to take it and live upon his bounty? He had believed her careless of him. He would not listen to her. All explanations were unavailing, he had said. Francis Dillon was proud—none prouder. Amy lived again over that last scene, shuddering at the recollection.

A SLIGHT sound, the slightest possible sound, roused her. She shivered with cold and fear. Again the sound—a step it was and in the very room! Her senses suddenly and keenly alert, she remained in hiding before the darkened fire and in the shadow of the great arms of her chair. How much time had passed she could not tell. The fire was long since dead. From somewhere behind her came again the footsteps and the sound of a match being drawn across the door.

"Who—who is that?" she at last cried out, as the match, flaring up, revealed to her a tall man, muffled in overcoat with fur cap pulled low. An exclamation of astonishment from the intruder! He had doubtless not reckoned on the darkened drawing-room being occupied. Boldly, however, he reached for the gas jet and at once the room was flooded with light.

No burglar, this!

"You—and here—at this hour!" said the tall man. "I thought the gay dance at eleven p.m. would claim you, and that I could steal in unknown to anyone—to see my child."

Before he had finished she had screamed once, twice, and then sank back into the chair.

"Just remember the hour," he went on, "and do not rouse the house."

"Frank!" she breathed, in a weak, wholly unbelieving voice, "oh, Frank!"

The eyes of the man gleamed oddly from beneath the fur cap. Suddenly he remembered that he should remove it, and did so, gazing at her in silence.

"So you are at home—for once!" he said.

She did not reply, being, indeed, overwhelmed with surprise and various other feelings.

"Where is Marion sleeping?" he asked, drawing some parcels from his capacious pockets.

"In the same room," replied Amy Dillon.

He looked about the apartment, as a stranger returned to his native land from long absence in foreign countries might view old, familiar spots. His eye caught the gayly-decorated Christmas tree and he smiled, a little grimly. Amy pointed to a lower branch.

"Marion left something there for you."

The man strode across and read the child's affectionate words on the outside of the big, square package. He read them twice, slowly.

"She remembered," he said, brokenly.

"And I did, too, Frank, I did, too!" cried Amy, hotly. "I have never had a moment's happiness since you left us—ten months ago."

His face hardened again. He believed her to be lying.

"And you say this! What of Jim Holden—"

"I have sent him away, Frank."

He looked his unbelief.

"I am innocent," she cried, passionately, "and have always been. Only your insufferable pride and temper prevented you from hearing me."

At the display of fire, on her part, the man gave ear. He had not listened to her before. He was compelled to do so now. She gave vent to all the pent-up wrong that had been racking her heart and mind for the past ten miserable months.

A scrambling sound from the next room broke in upon her and she ceased as a long, delighted scream rang through the room. Their voices had unconsciously risen and again the little night-robed figure had parted the curtains. Like a white rocket it flew straight into the arms of the fur-coated man and nestled there.

"I've got a s'prise for you," said Marion, presently; it's on the tree, but you mustn't have it till to-morrow. When is to-morrow? It should be most here. Oh, mumsy! Didn't I tell you he'd come!"

Then she began rummaging in the pockets of the big, fur coat, while the wearer laughed and the woman, looking on, smiled—her heart warming at the sight. In the midst of it all, a sudden pealing of many bells rose on the air, sharpened in sound by the keen frost.

It was Christmas morning!



# Men We Meet

## Number Two in a Series of Six Benevolent Satires

MEN I AVOID—By ASHLEY STERNE

**H**OWEVER good a man's intentions may be, however much he may desire to be charitably minded towards all and sundry of his fellow-creatures, there are certain types of people with whom he finds it absolutely detrimental to his health and temper to come into direct contact.

When I first embarked upon the good ship, Career, I formed the noble resolve that I would march through the sandy desert of life without falling down the old crevasse of Enmity; and to this course I tuned my lyre, until one day I realized the fact that, though I was not making enemies, I was not manufacturing any friends. This naturally gave me cause for wonder, as I was not generally supposed to be aloofish. However, I soon arrived at the bottom of the problem, to epitomize which is to say that the man who never makes an enemy never makes a friend.

Bearing this point in mind I therefore set to work, and made friends and enemies freely with both hands. The result is, that to-day I am in danger of being tossed between the two stools of Scylla and Charybdis, for each class of person has individual members that it is expedient for me to avoid if I am to enjoy that peace of mind to which, as a rate and tax payer I am morally entitled. Hence I felt it incumbent upon me to warn you against the following types who, from many years' experience, I can honestly say are better shunned than cultivated.

**F**IRST, there is the Bore. Strange to say he usually belongs to the "friend" group, for he is really a good fellow at heart, and is absolutely stone-blind to his own very annoying idiosyncrasies. He sincerely believes that his conversation is an enthralling and uplifting entertainment to you, and he would feel terribly hurt if he tumbled to the fact that his society merely tended to alienate all your sympathy and interests. His stock-in-trade always consists of things that don't matter. He treats you, for example, to a long and intricate account of why his wife's aunt first had reason to think that she was suffering from appendicitis. He enters into a wealth of technical detail that only a coroner could fully appreciate. He recounts fully the minutiae of the doctor's prognosis and diagnosis. He tells you her temperature to two places of decimals. And then it ultimately transpires that she hadn't got appendicitis at all; that she was suffering from nothing more serious than a malady which a pinch of bi-carbonate of soda would remedy.

Then, before you have time to run away and disguise yourself, he is at you again with a rambling rhapsody concerning his progeny. They are so remarkable that it appears that they have formed the habit of getting up before they go to school. There they go through the unheard-of curriculum of receiving instruction in the sundry arts, crafts, and sciences. Then they return home, and perform the marvellous feat of assimilating nourishment; and finish the day, these astonishing children, by actually going to bed.

The Bore carries his character consistently in all that he does—I will say that for him. He even makes his last will and testament so tedious that the beneficiaries themselves are weary of it long before they know what he has bequeathed to them. His funeral arrangements—provided for at length in the document in question—are laboriously elaborate, and his tombstone of gorgonzola marble remains a perpetual eyesore ever after.

**A**NOTHER type I avoid is the Man who talks in the Train. No matter whether he knows anybody in the smoking-car or not, he will talk somehow or other. If you do happen to be ever so slightly mutually acquainted, he will commence his siege of you with the inept and idiotic remark: "Folks all well?"

As if you would be travelling to town, callously immersed in a halfpenny daily, if your whole household were stricken with any one, or all, of the seven plagues! If, however, he is a stranger to all, he bursts into loquacity through the medium of the man who has jurisdiction over the window. If it's down, he will ask him if he minds its being up. If it's already up, he will ask if there's any objection to having it down. If there isn't any window, he will remark to the assembled company that it's

a confounded scandal; and then if anybody has the temerity to volunteer even so much as a monosyllable in reply, the wretch will construe it as an open invitation to make further incursions into the others' privacy. Thus, before the train has travelled a hundred yards, he will have set the whole compartment literally by the ears, and their subsequent unspoken profanity will be by far the most eloquent silence he will ever have experienced.

However, he is easily avoided in future by the simple expedient of your entering a different carriage to the one he is occupying; or, if he invades the one you already chance to be seated in, you can make a dramatic and effective exodus by exclaiming "Hi!" to a supposititious friend on the platform, and hastily alighting, contrary to the by-laws of the company, while the garrulous one is depositing his business impedimenta in the hat-rack.

**O**THER aggressive individuals are the Man who has done the round in "ten under bogey, my boy," and the Man who has just bought a motor-car. From the manner in which they speak of their respective achievements you might reasonably infer that the former had discovered a certain, short, and easy bridle-track to Paradise, and that the latter had magnanimously purchased the whole of the German Fleet, and presented it with his compliments to the British Admiralty. I would commit any offence known to criminology in order to escape meeting either of these two individuals. They both employ a jargon which is as unintelligible to me as Tamil or Sanskrit. They can neither stand nor sit still while they are gibbering at you, but they must needs be continually jumping about in order to demonstrate something to you, or else going through a piece of bewildering pantomime with the idea of driving home some point which they think you have failed to appreciate proportionately.

The golf-ghoul will borrow your silver-mounted walking-stick in order to impress upon you the exact stance he assumed when he did the fourth hole in one. The motor-maniac will attempt to drag you off to his garage, then and there, to show you how a particular crank works—in spite of your protestations that you have already seen how one not over particular crank works, and are not anxious to increase your knowledge.

As I said before, I would go to any length to deprive myself of the society of either of these two types, and once, in order to avoid an encounter with a man whose handicap had recently been increased,

I went so far as to beat a prompt retreat into a small fancy-embroidery shop, where a young lady was examining—with a view to purchase—a number of garments to which one alludes, as a rule, in the most pianissimo of whispers. I forget what I asked for; I think it was for poker-work pyjamas.

**O**F other men I avoid there is the Man with an Imaginary Grievance. He's an appalling person, for the reason that he can never see anything except in the distorted proportions with which the work of the Futurist turps-slingers has made us familiar. He is the kind of person who invariably attributes all the little side-slips and mis-cues of life to a personal spite against himself. He is always over-assessed for his rates, he will tell you—the consequences being that the local press is the richer by a quantity of gratuitous copy in the shape of alleged "correspondence."

He is dissatisfied, too, with the remuneration he is receiving from his firm in the city. It appears that they have had the impertinence to raise his salary so disproportionately that his net income is now less than formerly, owing to his being unable to obtain anything like an adequate abatement of income tax. At least, he tells you so, and shows you several printed forms to prove his contention; but, rather than read any more government literature than you are actually obliged, you accept his statement. Anyway, you don't contradict it.

Then, too, he peevishly incessantly at the way parliament is governing him. Everyone except himself, it would seem, is in receipt of special ameliorative legislation. He grumbles out his grievances all through his mundane life, and I should not be surprised if, on the day he enters Heaven, the welkin rings with his allegations that he has been supplied with a harp of an inferior metal to that which he had been led from earliest childhood to expect.

**A**ND finally, there comes a group of men over whom it is not worth while to squander the contents of the dictionary, since their hideous characteristics are so widely recognized. There is the man who prods you with his finger when he wishes to emphasize some point which the poverty-stricken nature of the English language precludes him from performing otherwise. There is the man who has apparently no other mission in life than to circulate stock exchange or racing tips, which have as much likelihood of coming off as Nelson from his monument. Not so much, in fact.

There is the man who has urgent need of a five dollar bill—and, really, if you once meet him and accede to his appeal for assistance, you'll never have to bother about avoiding him again. He'll do all the avoiding; and I cannot help thinking that the deprivation will be worth the capital outlay.

And that has given me an idea. If one could only dispose of all the other objectionable types at the same price, it would be a thoroughly sound investment to sink a paltry hundred pounds, in order to purchase perpetual immunity from molestation.



FIVE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH WOMEN.

An At-Home and Sale of Work Was Held in London Recently by the Duchess of Sutherland in Aid of the Cripples' Guild. Our Picture Shows the Duchess, on the Left, and Her Assistants, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, Miss De Trafford, Miss Millington Drake, and Lady Sybil Grey at the Opening of the Sale.





## Should Canada Go Slow?

THEY say that we are going to have "hard times" this winter. The charities report that two or three times the usual number of applications for help have been coming in; and men in many trades declare that there is precious "little doing" in their lines of business. I met an optimistic book-store man the other day who said that "hard times" would probably help him during the Christmas season. I inquired why. He replied that a ten-dollar bill would go much farther in his store than in a jeweller's—and he would thus get more than his usual share of Christmas shopping. So even his optimism was a pessimistic comment. I know another man who wants to buy an automobile, but he is waiting. He expects to get a second-hand one, cheap, before spring.

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"TIGHT money" was bound to bring "hard times" to a country organized on the basis of constant activity. We have manned this country with a view to rapid growth. Our building trade, for instance, is organized on a scale—not merely to replace worn-out structures and meet a moderate demand for better buildings—but to take care of an unflagging "boom." It has shown its ability during the last few years to put up all over the Dominion an immense number of costly and extensive new buildings, and to put them up simultaneously. Our growth in this regard is startling and incredible to visitors from the staid and steady old world. But all this implies that our highly-developed building trade must be kept busy at this astonishing rate, or else both men and equipment will lie idle. When money became tight, further big building operations were postponed. They cost too much under present financial conditions. The inevitable result followed. Labour and capital found themselves out of a job and eating their heads off.

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THIS all brings up the question whether we are altogether wise as a people in trying to suck up our whole big, luscious and juicy orange in so furious a fashion as we have followed lately. Admittedly we have got a country here rich in natural resources beyond the dreams of romance, hardly scratched by the plough of development, uncounted square miles of fertile land awaiting the settler, the richest forests in the world, the loadstone of Europe, the modern El Dorado. Naturally, we want to make the most of it while we ourselves are yet alive to profit and partake. This slow building for future generations may be all very well for an old country with the pride and love of race exceedingly strong, or for an historic institution like the Roman Catholic Church. But for hasty, hungry, passionate, living-for-the-moment individuals, the Present is always spelled with a capital P; and we want what we want when we want it.

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BUT do we want unnecessary hard times? Won't we find them unpleasant—not to say painful? Yet it is as sure as Fate that, if we keep ourselves manned up to the "rush" standard, equipped to build a town-a-day, roaring ahead on the eat-em-alive system, we are bound to suffer hard times whenever circumstances compel us to put on the brakes. We are over-staffed for ordinary life; and it is feeding that idle staff in ordinary times which makes us think the times are "hard." In such a country as ours, with so wide-open an opportunity to everybody to employ himself on the land, we should never even guess what "hard times" are. But you can't stop an express train suddenly without entire comfort to the passengers. And what do we get by hogging it all in a decade? Some of us get more money to spend than we can use—a lot more of us get extravagant notions of life—the country gets much more "foreign matter" in the way of immigration than it can digest—and our posterity gets the leavings, robbed of much of their rightful heritage. Moreover, we waste an immense amount of raw material in thus digging through it hastily for the "plums."

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HOWEVER, I know perfectly that it is absolutely no use to waste good printer's ink talking this way. We are all going to get just as much

as we can in the shortest possible time—and the devil take the hindmost! Philosophy may tell us that too much money is bad for us, and does not bring happiness, and the rest of that sort of ethereal wisdom which every whirring "limousine" seems to deny and utterly disprove. But we all feel that we would like to try it for ourselves—just once. So, when profit beckons, the mad race will go on just as soon as the financiers of Europe ease off the brakes a bit. As we thus take note of the gentlemen whose hands are on the brakes, we might also take note of the reason why they have turned stingy all at once. It pays them to lend us money—so why don't they lend it? The reason is only too plain—they haven't got it. It was taken away from them by the late Balkan War. The Balkans burned up some—the Powers used up a lot more getting ready for eventualities—considerable more was hoarded by nervous individuals—and a big lot more is being lifted from their pockets to-day by all and sundry to get ready for the next war. I just mention this, by the way, for the benefit

of those who thought we had no personal concern with the Balkan War. They thought it simply "a butchery of barbarians" which our newspapers would have done well to leave out—as they do (or don't do) the prize fights. Well, when the "hard times" arrive, they will notice that they enclosed in a neat box on which is painted—"With the compliments of the Balkans."

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OBSERVE that there is a tendency on the part of some of the Ministers to treat the approaching "hard times" as none of their funeral. They should not be too sure. If Sir Richard Cartwright were still alive, he could tell them what happened a Government which told the Canadian people, afflicted with "hard times," that their Ministers were "only thirteen flies on a wheel." The "wheel" turned over. It does not do for the men responsible for the government of the country and the presumably great powers of Parliament, to assume too philosophical and "top-lofty" an attitude toward the real troubles of the plain people. Sufferers do not like their sufferings to be borne with too great equanimity by other people who do not particularly feel them—and especially if these detached "other people" are drawing salaries for making us prosperous. If I were going to give a bit of advice to the Ottawa Government, it would be to be twice as anxious about the coming "hard times" as are the Opposition leaders.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## The Traders From Cormorant Lake

Where the High Cost of Living is a Dream

By L. F. KIPP



Peter Durie, 170 miles from a White Neighbour.



Mrs. Peter Durie home from Cormorant Lake for Christmas.

IN cariboo coats and hoods, beaded moccasins and great gauntlets of moose skin and bear trimmings, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Durie, two hardy Scotch fur-traders of the great north land, are nearing Scotland to-day. Out of the north country they came a week ago, to sail from Quebec on the Empress of Ireland for a Christmas vacation with their parents and friends in Edinburgh and Scotland. Then, when the holiday season is over and the Indians are ready to dispose of their fur catch again, they will return to the barren shores of Cormorant

Lake, to the tiny little shack on the bare, flat rock that they call home. Fifty miles from the nearest white woman, there Mrs. Durie will reign "Queen of the North" again.

Mrs. Durie was the observed of all when she walked up the gang plank of the big ocean liner at Quebec. A three-quarter length cariboo coat, with a great hood of the same skin, was the most striking part of her costume. The cuffs were ornamented with designs in red silk; it had no buttons or patent fasteners, but strong strips of moose-skin tied it close around the body when that was needed. The hood, of the Esquimaux style, was thrown back off the head, revealing a mass of lustrous brown hair, the choice possession of the attractive Scotch woman of thirty years of age.

Around the waist was a big, red scarf, knotted at the right side. Moose-skin moccasins, ornamented in Indian style, and like the coat made by the Esquimaux at Fort Churchill, were the covering of the feet, while a pair of heavy gauntlets, ornamented with black-bear trimmings and fancy designs on the cuffs, completed the dress. Mrs. Durie carried herself like an Indian princess as she came on board—strong, lithe and proud.

Fifteen months ago the young Scots were living in Sheffield. The husband was a commercial traveller, selling tea. He longed for the wild, free life; his young wife shared his longings. One day the chance came to them; an old fur-trader of the far north wanted a young couple to come and live

with him and learn the business. Mr. Durie went, and in a few weeks he and his wife were installed on the rocky shores of Cormorant Lake, fifty miles from Le Pas, on the Hudson Bay Railway. It was a new life of rock, canoe, muskeg and Cree Indians.

"It is a grand life that we live," she said. "I would not go back to the city for the world. I am Queen of it all—I get everything I want," she laughed.

"Lonely? Not a particle. Why, we have dances there. Last winter I took the dogs and went to one forty miles away. We had a fine time, too.

The woods are full of fur animals and there is always the keen interest in the trapping. The Indians are clean and honest. We never have to lock our doors against strangers like you have to do in the city," she continued. "The Crees are straight—except when fish for their dogs is needed. Then they will steal any that they need.

"We have to hunt our meat there; there is no butcher just around the corner. One time we ran out of 'grub' and Peter had to walk forty-three miles for some more supplies. He made the journey in thirteen hours. When we go out on a hunt we always take with us provisions for three days for every one we expect to be away. Once we got caught in a terrible storm and made only eight miles in three days.

"The Crees seldom get lost in the woods, but occasionally one loses his bearings. Last spring one was in trouble. He walked and walked, but found no way out of the timber. Finally he stopped and muttered, 'Indian no lost; no, Indian no lost, but tepee gone.'"

As happy as two children and in the very pink of physical condition the hardy fur-traders will arrive in Scotland about the 20th of the month for three months with their friends; then they will return to the little shack on Cormorant Lake, for the call of the wild is stronger than the lure of the great city; but this time the nearest white neighbour will be 170 miles distant. And they will be able to laugh at the high cost of living.





NATIONAL BASEBALL LEAGUE MAGNATES IN SESSION AT THE WALDORF HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 10th.

Seated, Left to Right: Barney Dreyfus, of Pittsburg; Charles H. Ebbetts, of Brooklyn; Governor Tener; Mrs. S. B. Britton; Augustus Herrmann, of Cincinnati; Steven W. McKeever, of Brooklyn.  
 Standing, Left to Right: E. J. McKeever, of Brooklyn; L. C. Ruch, of Philadelphia; Ackerley Lloyd, of Philadelphia; John Harris, of Pittsburg; Secretary Heydler; Harry Ackerland, of Chicago; James Gaffney, of Boston; S. W. Britton, of St. Louis; W. F. Baker, of Philadelphia; J. C. Toole; John B. Foster, of New York; Larry Stephens of Cincinnati; and Harry Hempstead, of New York.  
 Photograph by Paul Thompson.

# The Cost of Living

How Under-Production of Foodstuffs Has Operated to Raise Prices—Second Article on the Subject

THE cost of living has been a problem since ever Adam and Eve got the sentence: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Only the child, whether grown up or juvenile, believes in cornucopias and eldorados; the average man understands that what he gets out of life means hard work and plenty of it. That was the price paid by our forefathers in Canada when wheat was sixty cents a bushel, dressed hogs three cents a pound, clothes were homespun on the premises, and nobody traveled on the railways. These people had the high cost of living along with low prices, because they had to work like sixty from dawn until dark 313 days in the year to wrestle from the bush farm the necessaries of life, and all they could rake and scrape to sell had to be teamed at a high cost of labour over bad roads to market many miles away. They swapped butter and eggs for brown duck and sugar and raisins. Eggs were ten cents a dozen and butter 14 cents a pound. The brown duck and the sugar and the raisins were not much lower in price than they are now. Prices for all they had to produce were low. Many of the things they had to buy were low. But the cost of labour which is the ultimate cost to all of us, was very high. So the bush farmer had the high cost of living in his day along with low prices.

Suppose a bush farmer of fifty years ago could have read in his weekly paper the following price

list as quoted in a daily paper last week:

Cattle—Choice butchers, \$8 to \$9; good medium, \$6.50 to \$7.25; common, \$5 to \$5.50; fat cows, \$4.50 to \$6.25; common cows, \$3.50 to \$4.  
 Calves—Good veal, \$8.75 to \$10; common, \$4.75 to \$5.10.  
 Stockers and feeders—Steers, 910 to 1,050 lbs., \$6 to \$6.75; good quality, 800 lbs., \$6 to \$6.25.  
 Sheep and lambs—Light ewes, \$5.50 to \$6; heavy, \$3 to \$3.50; bucks, \$3 to \$3.50; spring lambs, \$8.50 to \$8.90.  
 Hogs—\$8.65 to \$8.75, fed and watered; \$8.90 to \$9, off cars; \$8.30 to \$8.35, f.o.b.

He would have taken a conniption fit. Or if in a dream he should have picked up a copy of the "Canadian Farm," issue Dec. 5th, 1913, and read this:

	1913.	1912.
Export steers, medium ...	\$7.25—\$8.00	\$6.10—\$6.40
Export heifers, choice ....	6.75— 7.25	5.25— 5.75
Butcher, choice .....	7.75— 8.25	6.25— 6.35
Veals, choice, 200 lbs.....	9.50—10.00	8.50— 9.00
Hogs, choice, Toronto,		
f. & w. ....	8.50— 8.60	f. & w.— 8.20
Sheep, ewes .....	5.00— 5.65	4.00— 4.25
Lambs .....	7.50— 8.60	6.25— 6.65

He would have noticed that in one year the price of beef was to climb thirty per cent.; veal five to ten per cent.; hogs five to seven per cent.; sheep

twenty-five per cent.; and that a pound of beef, veal, mutton or pork in 1913 was to be just about three times what he was getting in 1863. And he would have said:

"Hedges! I wish I could be my own grandson." The other day a hard-headed, clear-thinking farmer in a smoking car, gave a city man his gospel of the cost of living:

"There was a time," he said, "when you city people had us all where the hair was short. You—or your forefathers—picked over our choice loads of meat and vegetables and fruits, hauled many a mile to market, and if you bought it at all, you paid a skimpy, measly price. Sometimes the price was so low that we had to haul the truck home again. That's all changed now. We're not blaming you particularly. We rural producers were the majority; the urban consumers were the minority. The tables have turned. We're the minority now—and by jingo! on some things we just about rule the roost. Majorities may rule in elections. But when it comes to the cost of living, well, it isn't always the majority that rules."

"How did the removal of the American tariff on beef affect you people?" asked the city man.

"Tiptop! Why it so happened that in our part of the country feed was short owing to dry weather. We had lots of cattle to feed. We were up against the problem of how to hold our cattle for the high price without their eating their heads off. Along came Woodrow Wilson and let down the bars. Out went our cattle to Uncle Sam's markets at a top price just in the nick of time. Great!"

Of course this was a Grit farmer and some allowance must be made for his politics. Sir Wilfrid Laurier would agree with him. Speaking at the Fielding banquet in Montreal last week he said:

"Are we to be the spectators of want and hunger in this country? We should be recreant as Liberals and as citizens if we closed our eyes to this burden of the high cost of living."

### THOSE COMBINES AGAIN.

The Toronto "Star" backs up Sir Wilfrid in a leader. It says:

"While Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes to remove the duties on food, Mr. Borden, according to the 'Mail and Empire,' will give the suffering consumer an investigation. The pangs of hunger will be appeased by literary food.

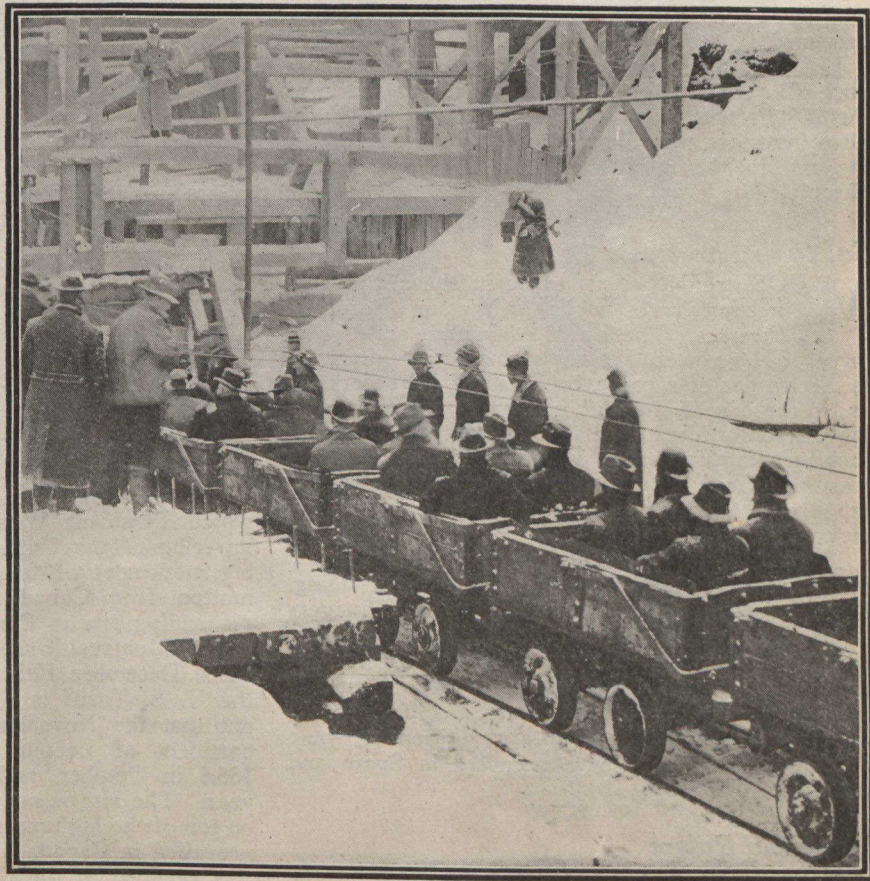
"To an investigation into the general question of food production and distribution there is no objection. But it ought not to be used as an excuse for delay. Let the food taxes be removed at once; that will be evidence of a sincere desire to attack all the other causes of dearness. Let there be a short and sharp inquiry into all kinds of combines which enhance the price of food, followed at once by energetic action. Let parcel post be established at once, so as to promote direct trading between farmer and consumer. Then, while these things are being done, there may be also a general inquiry into such questions as intensive cultivation and the improvement of the conditions of country life."

It now appears that the food-consuming population in Canadian cities and towns has increased so out of proportion to the rural food-producing population that in almost every line but wheat there is under-production. Though the total home market

(Concluded on page 22.)



On December 10, as Promised, Engineer Brown's Men Blasted the Last Few Feet Between the Two Headings and Completed the C.N.R. Tunnel Through Mount Royal. This Picture Shows the Final and the First Men Through.



The First Train Through the 3/4-mile Tunnel Started from the West Portal, Consisted of Twenty Dump Cars, and Carried Nearly a Hundred Prominent Railway Officials and Well-known Montreal Citizens.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Our Imperial Minister

MUCH better it is to term Mr. Foster our imperial minister than to use cheap and nasty, even if historical, phrases like "The Wandering Jew." Mr. Foster has been touched by the great problem of 860 odd millions of yellow and brown people facing 150 millions of Anglo-Saxons and Latins on the Pacific. He cannot therefore tarry with us long. He is again to take his luggage—mark the word—and start for dear old Lunnun, where men talk in kingdoms and empires, not in constituencies and bye-elections. We wish him a merry Christmas and further oratorical honours.

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## Snow, Ice and Character

WHEN speaking recently—not at Smith's Falls—Mr. Foster spoke of the effect of our snow, our frost and our ice upon national character. Because we have cold days in January and February we are an active, robust and virile people. Further, we are ambitious. We have abundant restless energy. And to crown these qualities, "our strong national feeling is worth more than all our other resources."

Yet despite these remarks, he cannot stay with us to decide whether there shall be a town clock in Berlin, Ont., an armoury at Kinloss, or a sawdust wharf at St.-Mary's-By-The-Sea. These things seem trivial to one who has seen the larger world. But let Mr. Foster remember that, though he goes to shudder and shiver in the London fog, we will still be developing under the benign influence of the frost and ice and snow which make for strong character.

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## The Naughty Stock-market

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY must have been grieved last week. The stock-market was unjustly cantankerous. When he gave Sir George Paish the honour of cabling over the world that there was "something doing," C. P. R. stock went up. Next day, the announcement came out about the division of ten millions of dollars among the shareholders, on the condition that they put up forty million in cash—and the stock dropped, dropped, and fell.

Seldom has the stock market made such an exhibition of itself. Berlin sold, London sold, New York sold—and why no one knows. The London *Times* spoke unkindly, but in its usual rounded phrases; the Toronto *Globe* talked of melons a la Farmer Maclean, and the less informed journals whispered their usual nothings, but still the mystery deepened.

Yes, the stock market behaved badly. Its conduct all year has been questionable, but this was the wearisomest blow of all. Perhaps the European investors were disappointed in the size of the melon. In the meantime there is naught but to chronicle the event.

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## Safety in Theatres

MUCH trouble seems to be in the air in connection with public safety in Toronto's theatres. The Royal Alexandra and two or three of the newer theatres seemed to be prepared to meet a fire or a panic, but most of the others are under the ban of the authorities. A fortnight ago, the Mayor ordered special firemen to be present each evening in three or four of the principal houses. Now it is announced that sterner measures are to be taken unless two of them are fixed up promptly.

There is a story behind this which will probably come out later, as stories have a habit of doing. But the lesson seems to be that theatre managers of to-day are as careless of their patrons' safety as they are of their patrons' morals. Every city council should make its fire chief report once a month on the safety of its theatres. Such eternal vigilance alone will prevent a repetition of some of the horrors which have occurred in Spain and the United States.

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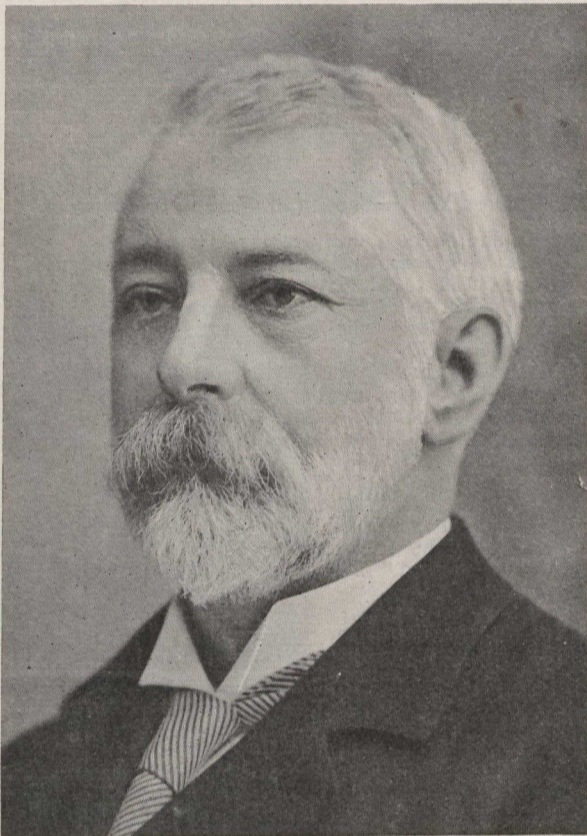
## Municipal Rulers

CURIOUS how careless people are as to the quality of the men whom they send to their city councils. The story is told that in Toronto, recently, one hundred prominent business

men were canvassed by a citizens' committee to run as alderman and ninety-nine of them refused. Curious, too, the answer that most of them are said to have given—they would not endure the carping criticism of the newspapers.

To the average business man, the criticism of the press is hard to bear. As members of the legislature or parliament, a decent citizen has some chance because his own party press may be counted on to laud him and defend him. But the alderman has no party press to stand by him. He must be prepared for the crudest and cruelest kind of assaults. This at least is the opinion of the Toronto business men.

Nor is this unhappy state of affairs to be found in Toronto alone. It exists in other cities. The only relief seems to be to abandon voluntary civic



Hon. W. S. Fielding, ex-Minister of Finance, was given a banquet in Montreal last week on the occasion of his assuming the editorship of the Montreal Daily Telegraph. Speaking at the banquet Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that he wanted to see Mr. Fielding back in his customary place in Parliament, and that if Nova Scotia did not provide him with a seat, Montreal would.

rulers and go in for commission government. Commissioners, being elected for a long term of years, seem to escape much of the abuse which is the lot of the yearly-elected alderman. St. John and Lethbridge have already done this, and the mayor-elect of Edmonton is pledged to take a plebiscite on the question.

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## A Trying Position

GOVERNMENT journals are having a trying time just now discovering a way of handling the situation caused by the "free food" tariff which President Wilson has inaugurated. The lowering of the United States tariff has caused a big movement of foodstuffs, especially beef and mutton, from Canada to that country, with a corresponding rise in Canadian prices.

The Montreal *Gazette* has an Ottawa despatch, dated December 10th, which is headed, "Effect of the U. S. Tariff is Small." This despatch points out that the November index number of the Department of Labour is 138.4, as compared with 136.8 in October, and 136.6 in November of last year. The rise is not great, but, coming as it does on top of the high prices of foodstuffs which already prevailed in Canada, it adds to our difficulties.

A removal of the Canadian duties on beef, mutton, fruit, eggs, butter and vegetables would probably help some Canadian consumers. But that is not the whole case. It would mean lower prices

to certain producers. The Government must decide which is most entitled to consideration.

Then, again, as some of the Ministers are pointing out, Canada must produce more foodstuffs. The movement into the cities can be checked only by high prices and education. The cry, "Back to the Land," has had little effect as yet. Perhaps 1914 will tell a different tale.

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## A Costly President

SOMETIMES people look askance at the yearly salaries of railway presidents, especially when these amount to fifty thousand dollars or more. But the case of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway shows that a good president is worth the price. A man by the name of Mellen was its president for some years, being nominated for the position by the late J. P. Morgan. The policy he inaugurated was most disastrous and the stock steadily declined from \$255, the high point, to \$68 a share, the price last week. The holders of the stock, presuming they held it during the whole period, thus lost a hundred million dollars!

Was it not this same Mellen who, as president of the Great Northern Railway, sold the Manitoba lines of that company and valuable terminals in Winnipeg to Mackenzie and Mann for about three millions of dollars? These lines and terminals are now worth probably ten times that sum.

So it would seem that a clever railway president is worth his hire.

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## Municipal Bonuses

ASKATCHEWAN has passed a law to prohibit municipalities granting to manufacturers a free site, the exemption from taxes for a period of years, the guaranteeing of industrial bonds, the subscription of stock, or the assessment of land below its real value. They are foolish enough to think that this will do away with the evil of bonusing industries. But they have yet to reckon with the special acts which all legislatures grant to favoured municipalities.

Still it is pleasant to know that the idea is gaining ground that a town or city which invests in its own industries is taking a chance with the rate-payers' money which is not justified by experience. There are dozens of towns in Ontario which have been almost ruined by such practices. The bonused industry usually has as its motto that "he who floats and runs away will live to float another day."

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## Montreal's Population

MONTREAL has no Canadian citizens, according to the census returns. Those of British origin, the newspapers gaily echo, are 26 per cent. of the population, and those of French origin, 63. Think of classing Canadians, whose ancestors came to this country one hundred years ago, or more, as British or French? Why not give the number of the native-born?

The total of "British" origin is given as 121,128; of "French" origin, 298,878; Jews, 27,948; Italians, 7,013; Germans, 2,502; and other nationalities smaller figures.

The religious count is interesting. The Roman Catholics number 355,796, out of a total population of 470,480. Anglicans come next, with 38,142; Jews, 27,622; Presbyterians, 23,777; Methodists, 10,791; mere Protestants, 4,696; Baptists, 3,146. That they are pretty religious people in the great city is shown by the fact that only 328 people ventured to declare that they had "no religion," and only 603 are "unspecified"—less than a thousand who have no label.

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## Bonusing Electric Railways

PEOPLE in rural communities should be careful in bonusing rural electric lines. Recently, in Western Ontario, several towns and townships gave bonds to a company to build an electric road for them. Two or three years later they woke up to find that the money had disappeared and there was no road—only a few miles of grading.

Down around Cornwall, there is another movement for an inter-county railway. It may be all right, but the municipalities would be well advised to pay over their money after the road is built and not before.

Around Perth and Smith's Falls there are two or three schemes of a similar nature. Perth would like to get back \$500 it spent on a survey.

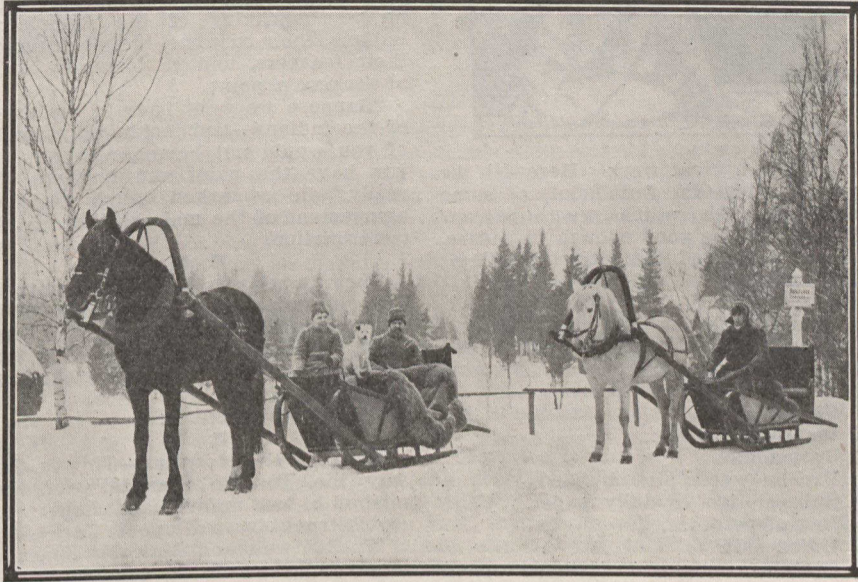
So it goes. The smooth promoter finds the municipalities very gullible, and the Provincial Government sleeps on while the people are parted from their money. The man who thimble-rigs an individual is punished if caught; the man who separates a municipality from its wealth goes unscathed because there is no public prosecutor.



# THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL WOLF HUNT



Pobedim, a Magnificent Specimen of the Borzoi Wolf-hound. This Species of Wolf-hound is Not Uncommon in Canada.



Prince Golitzine, Master of the Russian Imperial Hunt, in His Sleigh.



Ready for the Long Run; the Wolf, Breaking Covert. This Might be Taken as a Good Picture of Hunting Life in Northern Canada.

**R**USSIA is the greatest wolf-hunting country in the world. From earliest childhood the world has been familiar with stories of terrible man-eating wolf packs that followed the sledges.

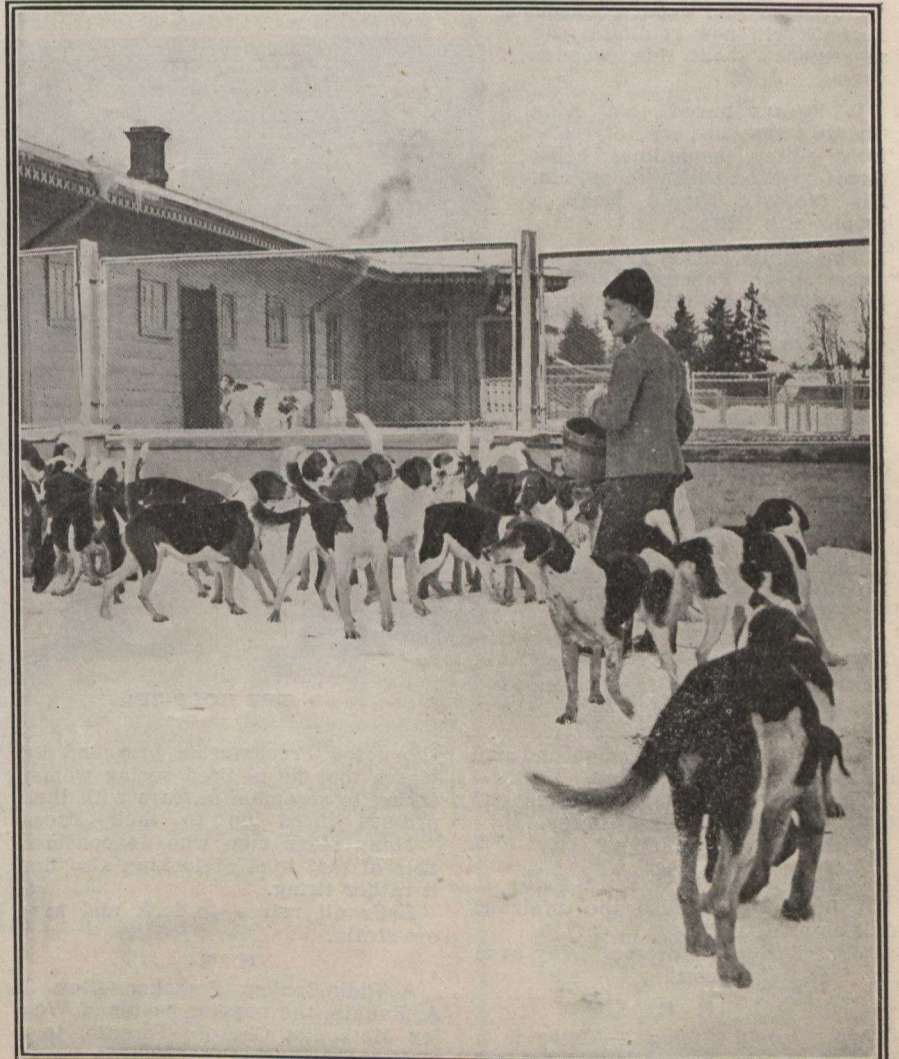
The pictures on this page are remarkable glimpses of the Russian wolf hunt as carried on by the nobility who are able to spend thousands upon thousands of roubles for the packs of hounds used in this exhilarating pastime. The Czar, of course, is nominally the chief wolf hunter. His kennels are located in a huge park at Gatchina, 30 miles from St. Petersburg; right adjacent to the railway, so that the Czar goes to the hunt in his Imperial train. The Imperial hunt has its own set of buildings and its own church. It also has the finest aggregation of Borzoi wolf hounds in the world, containing the winners for several years of the Russian Waterloo cup. The master of the Imperial Hunt is Prince Golitzine, who has hunted several seasons with the crack Midland packs, speaks English perfectly, and is well acquainted with England and English sport.



One of the Finest Dog Action Photographs Ever Taken. Throwing Hounds Into Covert at Gatchina, Thirty Miles From St. Petersburg.



Prince Golitzine With a Pack of His Incomparable Borzoi Hounds Used in Wolf Hunting.



Russian Hounds Returning to the Kennels After Morning Exercise.





Courierettes.

IT'S a queer old world. Some folks resent being forcibly fed, and others are dying for want of food.

Conservative petition to unseat Reuben Truax, new M.P. for South Bruce, alleges that a man was given \$5 for a cigar. Think of it—and for a campaign cigar!

Queen Mary has reduced Prince Henry's spending money by 25 cents per week. Even the Royal household must be feeling the strain of the high cost of living.

In Ireland the people have a superstitious fear of the mistletoe. Everywhere else that we know of young men and maidens think highly of it. The Irish don't need its encouragement.

One peculiar feature of the fight in Toronto over the proposal to buy out the Toronto Railway is that those people and papers who shout most loudly for public ownership are yelling lustily against it when a concrete case to put their principles into practice comes along.

Liquor is not to be allowed to travel by parcel post in Canada. No, this is not a reflection on the postmen, though otherwise they might stagger under the loads.

Andrew Carnegie, determined to die poor, says he has but \$15,000,000 left now. He is too much worried over trifles like that.

Toronto Globe has a double-barrelled campaign cry—"Free Food and Abolish the Bar!" Is it not aware that there are already free lunches in the bar rooms?

Cable despatch says Britain values American friendship more than Mexican wealth. Seems to us that each is a sort of "intangible asset," as the experts put it.

Young British poet describes Toronto as a city of wooden houses. Toronto will now retaliate with a remark about his wooden verses.

It is announced that King George's speeches are very carefully edited, sometimes being thrice edited before spoken. His Majesty should make a proper city editor.

The Orillia Packet grieves because Judge Vance, in holding court, discarded the time-honoured judicial gown. We see no reason to complain so long as the judge did not wear a classic dancing costume.

Huerta's perpetual lack of money is rather tending to create a little sympathy for him among those of us who feel the same way about it.

Many mighty hunters come home with tales of slain deer, but in spite of the venison supply the price of beef stays up.

**The Two Classes.**—Around Christmas there are two classes of husbands.

One is unhappy because it is his first Christmas as a husband and he has to carve the turkey.

The other is unhappy because he lacks the price to buy a turkey.

Which is most unhappy?

**A Sure Sign.**—"Was the affair so dull as all that?"

"Was it? It was worse. Why even my foot fell asleep."

**Are You a "Spug"?**—There is a Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving at the Merry Christmastide.

It's doing a great work. Herewith we print a little list (unofficial) of some sensible gifts which we hope our friends will be good enough to peruse. It will be noted that they are all at least useful.

- Sox.
- Coal scuttle.
- Soap.
- Snow shovel.
- Piano tuned.
- Gas bill paid.
- Insurance policy.
- Suspenders.
- Broken water pipe mended.
- Subscription to daily paper.
- Bag of potatoes.
- Union suit.
- Certain articles redeemed from pawn.
- Cash—(any amount).

**Some Christmas Definitions.**

- Too good to live—the fat turkey.
- People make light of it—the Christmas candle.
- Lead us not into temptation—the second helping of plum pudding.
- On the desert air—Mistletoe in an old maid's home.
- A winning campaign cry—the full stocking.
- Full of Old Nick—the chimney Santa Clause uses.
- The most pious swindle in the world—Santa Claus.
- The acme of human happiness—a good wife, a cosy home, happy children and a good Christmas dinner.

**A Christmas Toast.**

Here's hoping life's  
Best joys you'll know,  
Where candles gleam  
And Yulelogs glow;  
A heart that loves  
And tells you so—  
A kiss beneath  
The mistletoe.

**It is Tiring.**—Rev. John McNeill,



THE HOLD-UP!

the noted Presbyterian preacher, declares that he is tired seeing women trying to scramble on cars with their dresses lifted up to their knees. Many other men who do considerable of that kind of looking also find it rather tiring.

Let's all refuse to look and save eye-strain.

**A Plain-Spoken Preacher.**—Rev. J. A. Rankin, the popular pastor of Wesley Methodist Church, Toronto, is a plain-spoken preacher, and is never afraid to say just what he means.

Sometimes he puts a phrase so bluntly that it hits some hard, and sometimes the plain phrasing brings a laugh from his congregation.

In the course of a recent sermon he was speaking of the American Indians, their customs, their paint and their feathers, and so forth, by way of making a point.

"Suppose we went back to the time of the Indians—and incidentally some of you would not have far to go, for you have the paint and feathers already," he remarked, much to the amusement of the male section of the congregation.

**They Surely Do.**—A railway president asserts that no man is worth more than \$25,000 per year.

All in favour of making \$25,000 the minimum salary for we workers say "Aye."

The "Ayes" have it!

**Hard on the Hospital.**—This is the way the Toronto Star tells of the mishap of two unfortunate chaps:

"Struck by a Dupont Car.—J. W. Cantwell and Malcolm Fearn were thrown with considerable force to the pavement. They were taken to the General Hospital, but escaped with minor cuts and bruises."

And that's the hospital that cost Toronto over two million dollars!

**Most Miserable.**—The most miserable woman in the world is the one who has been told a secret by some other woman—and then forgets it before she can tell it to somebody else.

**Ban the Cornet.**—That "Peace on earth, goodwill to men" message should be sufficient to prevent fathers from buying drums or cornets for their small sons at Christmas time.

**As It Soon May Be.**—The Shopper—"How much are your eggs?"  
The Grocer—"Seventy-five cents."  
The Shopper—"I'll take one."

**Oil Versus Coal.**—Now they say that oil is to take the place of coal as fuel for American warships.

Evidently the Oil Kings are about to put one over on the Coal Barons.

**Those Mexican Names.**—Nowadays you see such names as Salvador Mercado, Marcello Caraveo, Jose Manzillo, and Pascual Orozo in the papers. No they are not new brands of cigars—just Mexican generals.

**Mistaken Identity.**—Rev. Provost Street Macklem, of Trinity College, Toronto, was reminded the other day of a portrait painted by E. Wyly Grier of the late Professor Clark.

This portrait was hung at the Canadian National Exhibition. In another room at the same exhibition there was a portrait of Rev. Dr. Barclay, Presbyterian, who looked as much like Professor Clark as an ostrich plume resembles a dessert spoon. While the Provost was talking to some friends an inquisitive individual came over and said:

"I say, Provost, could you tell me," pointing to the portrait of Dr. Barclay, "if that is the portrait of Professor Clark?"

"No, that is certainly not his portrait," said the Provost.

"Thank you, so much"

In a few minutes he came back.

"Provost—are you sure that is not Professor Clark?"

"I am quite sure it is not," smiled the Provost.

The man went away again, but after a while came back.

"Provost—if that is not the portrait of Professor Clark, would you mind telling me who you think it is?"

"Why, it is Rev. Dr. Barclay."

"Oh! Thank you! Thank you so much! I promised Professor Clark I would take a good look at his portrait. Now I know that isn't his, I shall be able to find the right one."

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**BROWN CORBETT & CO.**  
Belfast and Coleraine

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CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

**The Young Man of Twenty**

looks up to the man of forty. The man of forty looks back to the time he was twenty with mixed feelings of regret that he was not as wise at twenty as he is at forty. Had he been he would now be maturing Twenty Year Endowment Policies every year. Do not make the mistake of considering yourself too young to place more insurance on your life. Value yourself high—it will pay in the long run. We issue the Policy you want.

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Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

**WHITE HORSE WHISKY**  
Established 1742.

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

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

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Continues from January 5th and students may enter any school day after that date. All who desire a good business training should attend one of our schools—The Central Business College (Main School) with Five City Branch Schools. Write for calendar to **W. H. SHAW, President**



# Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

TORONTO STREET - - TORONTO

Established 1855.

President, W. G. Gooderham.  
 First Vice-President, W. D. Matthews.  
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 Joint General Managers, R. S. Hudson,  
 John Massey.  
 Superintendent of Branches and Secretary,  
 George H. Smith.  
 Paid-up Capital .....\$6,000,000.00  
 Reserve Fund (earned)..... 4,000,000.00  
 Investment .....31,299,095.55

The Corporation is a

## Legal Depository for Trust Funds

Every facility is afforded Depositors. Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail with perfect convenience. Deposits of one dollar and upwards are welcomed.

Interest at

## Three and One-half Per Cent.

per annum is credited and compounded twice a year.

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For sums of one hundred dollars and upwards we issue Debentures bearing a special rate of interest, for which coupons payable half-yearly are attached. They may be made payable in one or more years, as desired. They are a

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# THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ....\$25,000,000  
 Capital Paid Up .....\$11,560,000  
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 Total Assets .....\$180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

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300 Branches in CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND; 30 Branches in CUBA, PORTO RICO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC and BRITISH WEST INDIES.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## C.P.R. Flotation

CANADIAN Pacific Railway Company offered \$52,000,000 six per cent. notes to its shareholders for subscription at eighty. The ratio of shares was one to five. Rights have since been selling at 4½ or thereabouts. The price of the stock dropped fully that much, so that so far as the market quotation is concerned the shareholders made nothing. The man who sold his rights and held his stock is \$4.50 per share to the good.

The scheme does not seem very popular with the shareholders and prospective buyers. Nevertheless, as the New York "Sun" says, it "does insure the success of the financial operation at a season not very propitious for borrowings of Canadian origin." Thus it would seem that in certain quarters the directors are charged with having used the shareholders for the company's advantage, instead of benefitting the shareholders at the company's expense. The howling dailies say it was a melon; the shareholders say it was a lemon. The letters in the two words are exactly the same, but the sound is different.

A Toronto financier thinks the drop in the price is due to a misconception among investors as to the nature of the security offered. They feel that any separation of the land from the railway proper would weaken their securities. As soon as they discover that this is merely a cashing in of amounts due on land sales already made, and not the much-feared separation of unsold lands, the price of the stock will recover.

## Personal Mention

MR. HUNTLEY R. DRUMMOND was made a director of the Bank of Montreal at the annual meeting in December, 1912, and has now been added to the directorate of the Royal Trust Company. Mr. Drummond succeeded his father, the late Sir George A. Drummond, K.C.M.G., as president of the Canadian Sugar Refinery Company, and is a prominent member of the Montreal Board of Trade. He is one of the strongest figures in the financial world, and is one of a large number of young Canadians who have proved that it is not a handicap to be the son of a great father. He is a native of Montreal and has a considerable reputation as an amateur sportsman. He has been prominent in almost every sporting organization of any prominence or standing in that city.



H. R. DRUMMOND  
 Director Bank of Montreal and  
 of Royal Trust Company.

Mr. G. C. Cassels, who for six years was assistant to Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor at the London Office of the Bank of Montreal, has been appointed manager in succession to his chief. Mr. Cassels first entered the employ of the Bank of Montreal in Toronto. From there he went to Halifax, and later to New York. In 1906 he was sent to London and remained with the Bank until about a year ago. During the past year he has been a member of a London banking and brokerage house with which Lord Fairfax is intimately connected. His new position makes him a prominent figure in the Canadian banking world, and also makes him one of the most important persons in the Canadian representation in London, England.

Mr. J. Frater Taylor, President of Lake Superior Corporation, has declined to act as a director of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills Company, pleading pressure of work.

Mr. B. B. Cronyn, Vice-President of W. R. Brock and Co., Toronto, has been elected a director of the Union Bank of Canada, to fill the vacancy created by the death of the Hon. John Charpeles, Quebec.

## After Forty Years

SUPPOSE that Canadian Pacific Railway paid a dividend of seven per cent. a year for forty years and then stopped—even if only for one quarter—it would be quite a jar to Canada, wouldn't it? Well, that was what happened in New England last week, when the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway passed its quarterly dividend. There was sadness everywhere.

## Remarkable Expansion of Trade

FOR those who may be inclined to be pessimistic or to talk of hard times the figures of Canadian trade should be of considerable value. The latest statistics available are for the twelve months ending October. These show that the trade of 1913 is 40% greater than the trade for the same period in 1912. Here is the comparison:

	1911.	1912.	1913.
Imports .....	\$504,139,802	\$631,910,148	\$680,126,591
Exports .....	300,113,579	359,876,526	447,156,108
Totals .....	\$804,253,387	\$991,786,674	\$1,127,282,699

How any man could be pessimistic after examining this table thoroughly it is difficult to understand. If there is any criticism to be made at all, it is that our foreign trade has been expanding too fast, and that the balance of trade against us is too large. It would be reasonable to suggest that we should try to reduce our imports and increase our exports. If we could keep our imports down by using more "Made in Canada" goods and buying less abroad, the effect would undoubtedly be stimulating. While this gives food for thought and consideration, it does not afford a basis for pessimism, or doubt.

## On and Off the Exchange

### Cheaper Money in Europe

WHILE money is still in strong demand in London the strain seems to be growing lighter in some of the financial centres of Europe. The London "Statist" of November 29th speaks of this situation as follows:

"We have been able to report for some weeks in succession now that

## YOU ARE WORTH WHAT YOU SAVE

"What is a man worth?" The question is never answered by the salary he earns, but by what he has to show in savings. We solicit the deposit of savings and pay good interest, compounded half yearly. When your savings amount to \$100 we will issue you one of our

## 5 Per Cent. Debentures

Interest payable every six months. These Debentures are absolutely safe and are a preferred form of investment. Write us for particulars about our plan of "Banking by Mail," and learn how to make your savings increase.

## Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation

Capital Paid Up - \$2,000,000.00

Assets - \$5,000,000.00

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BONDS AND STOCKS  
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Branches and Connections throughout Canada.

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 78 Church Street  
 Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst  
 Cor. Queen West and Bathurst  
 235 Broadview, Cor. Wilton Ave.  
 Cor. Queen East and Ontario  
 1871 Dundas St., Cor. High Park Ave.  
 1151 Yonge St. (2 doors North of Shaftsbury Ave. on east side)  
 2115 Yonge St., North Toronto, Cor. Eglinton Ave.



# THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901  
 HEAD OFFICE 26 KING ST EAST TORONTO.  
 MONTREAL LONDON, E C ENG.

Municipal Debentures Authorized for Trustee Investment in the Province of Ontario

Security	TO YIELD	per cent.
CITY OF TORONTO .....	4.90	per cent.
CITY OF LONDON.....	5	per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF BARTON .....	5 1-4	per cent.
TOWN OF WELLAND .....	5.30	per cent.
CITY OF FORT WILLIAM.....	5 3-8	per cent.
CITY OF PORT ARTHUR.....	5 1-2	per cent.
TOWN OF STEELTON.....	5 3-4	per cent.

## CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

### Safeguarding Documents

VALUABLE securities and documents, the loss of which might entail much worry and inconvenience, should be placed in a safe deposit box. The rental cost is trifling.

## National Trust Company Limited

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# NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED

Norwich, England

:: Insurance Against ::

Fire, Accident and Sickness - Employers' Liability - Plate Glass  
 Agents Wanted for the Accident Branch  
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## 7% INVESTMENT With Additional Profit-Sharing Features

SERIES: \$100, \$500 and \$1,000; TERMS: 5 YEARS

Interest paid twice a year on Bonds of a well-organized, successful company which has been established 28 years. Send for Special Folder "C."

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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Christmas vacation, Jan. 13th, 1914. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

money in both Vienna and Buda-Pesth was growing more plentiful, and that, while it was still usable, even at the higher rates the Open market rates were giving way. That this is so is most strongly confirmed by the action of the Austro-Hungarian Bank. In Germany money is exceedingly easy likewise—considerably more so than in London. And in Paris, too, money is very cheap and abundant. Everywhere we have evidences that the stringency is giving way."

If the real cause of the financial stringency of 1913 has been the hoarding of money among the peoples of the Balkan States, then there is some measure of relief in sight. The Bank of France has added largely to its gold reserve during the past couple of months and is now in a very strong position. The Austro-Hungarian Bank has reduced its rate of discount from six to five and a half per cent.

\*\*\*

### The Steel Situation

PEOPLE who are not connected with the steel industry have wondered why there is so much pessimism in regard to that industry. Sir George Paish, who was in Canada last week, sends an explanation to his paper, the London "Statist." While he is speaking only of the United States, it is probable that he would give nearly the same explanation in dealing with the Canadian situation:

"No small part of the activity of trade in this country in the past few years has resulted from the large expenditures of capital by the railway companies upon improvements, widenings, and new equipment, and should anything now occur to prevent the companies from spending a normal amount of capital for these purposes it is evident that trade would receive a somewhat serious set-back. The railways purchase nearly one-half of all the iron and steel produced in the country, and the shutting down of construction and economies in maintenance would have a very serious effect upon the prosperity of the iron and steel trades, and of its allied industries. The difficulty experienced by the railways in raising capital has already caused many of them to reduce their new capital expenditures, and this reduction in a large measure accounts for the reaction in the iron and equipment trades that is now observable. If the difficulties of raising new capital become still greater, then it is obvious that the railway companies would practically stop improvement work, and a serious set-back in trade would result. If, however, the railways succeed in finding the large amount of notes which fall due in the coming year and in raising the new capital they require to expend on works of improvement and on new equipment, then the reaction in trade due to international conditions and other influences would, in my judgment, be comparatively small."

\*\*\*

### Mixed Sentiment in Montreal

DURING the past fortnight there has been a mixed sentiment on the Montreal Stock Market. The advance in Montreal Power to 217 and Richelieu and Ontario to 112 was reassuring, and made some people think that a rising market was in sight. On the other hand, the fall in Steel Corporation Common and Canadian Pacific tended to neutralize the good effect of advances in other stocks. These mixed sentiments are likely to continue for some time in the minds of investors, every man being influenced by the rise and fall of the price of the particular stock in which he is interested.

\*\*\*

### Canadian Cereal

THE committee who are acting for the bondholders of the Canadian Cereal and Milling Company have not yet decided what to do with the property. Some of the mills are idle and some are working full time. Offers of purchase have been made by outside interests, and something may be done at the meeting of the bondholders, in Montreal.

\*\*\*

### Our Borrowings

CANADIANS are some borrowers. Already this year London has loaned us as follows: Dominion, \$35,000,000; provinces, \$15,000,000; municipalities, \$77,500,000; railways, \$130,000,000; miscellaneous, \$50,000,000. The grand total is \$307,500,000. That is the estimate of the "Daily Telegraph" to December 11th, and even then the "Telegraph" says this is "apart from semi-private operations." Is it any wonder that the rate of interest has gone up?

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### Noiseless Typewriter

BONDHOLDERS of the Noiseless Typewriter Company, Montreal, have failed in their plans for reorganization. The business will go under the hammer, unless some magic financier turns up.

\*\*\*

### Prince Albert at 5 3-4.

PRINCE ALBERT offered a million dollars' worth of bonds in London at 90. The interest worked out at about 5 3/4 per cent.

\*\*\*

### Big Year in Cars

FOURTH annual statement of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company shows increased sales of \$3,800,000 for the year ending September 30th. The net profits increased 22 per cent. This shows energetic and frugal management.

During the year, a plant at Brantford was purchased, a new factory built at Fort William, and the plant at Amherst enlarged. The output of the combined plants was \$27,000,000, and next year may be \$40,000,000. Senator Curry is president.

The following comparative statement shows how the net earnings after charging depreciation have steadily increased since the inception of the Company:

	1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.
	11 months.			
Gross Sales ....	\$10,250,000	\$12,500,000	\$16,500,000	\$20,300,000
Net Earnings ..	1,007,530	1,217,137	1,322,741	2,126,253
Bond Interest ..	175,000	210,000	212,808	280,506

\*\*\*

### A Surprising Report

MOST people were surprised by the report of the Steel Company of Canada for the first half of the current year. The steel business is not supposed to be good just now, but this company showed net profits in excess of its estimates. These amount to \$1,108,233, and are the largest in the history of the company, which was formed in June, 1910. Since that time, half a million dollars has been set aside for depreciation.



# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## As We See Others

### The Curse of Loquacity

IT has remained for a Russian to make the alarming discovery that we talk too much. "Verbomania" is the name given this entirely new ailment by Ossip Lourie, the learned gentleman who has just found that excessive talking is to blame for nearly all our troubles. In his opinion, civilization is responsible for the ravages of loquacity, and something must be done to check the modern flow of language, or we shall all be talked to death. Mr. Lourie is unkind enough to assert that, if it were impossible to speak without thinking, the greater part of mankind would become dumb in a few years.

This scientific gentleman says that we use words, without thinking of what they mean, and that we are mere animated talking machines, not human beings who reflect and therefore speak. He urges preventive measures quite seriously upon teachers, physicians, clergymen and other guardians of the public well-being. We should learn what words mean, insists this Russian philosopher, before we rush in and discuss the topics of the hour. He urges humanity to wage war against verbosity, just as it enters a campaign against alcoholism or tuberculosis. But how is this to be done? By talking against talking? We have an alarming number of "fancy Sundays," as it is, with collections for special causes. However, we may as well have another, and ask the ministers of the land to deliver discourses (brief, be it understood) on the sweet uses of silence. It is, really, a serious charge against civilization and we may as well talk it over.

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### Differences and Definitions

IT was Ruskin who said that there had been a vast amount of bloodshed in Europe, because people had different definitions for the word, "Church." It is rather comforting to reflect that we have not been quarrelling after all—we have merely forgotten to define what we were talking about. It is well that we are not asked to stand and deliver a definition at every turn in the conversation.

Some years ago, there was much amusement created by certain reporters in New York, who set out to secure a definition of the word, "lady." Most would-be definers usually wound up their remarks with the sentiment: "Well, of course, you can always tell a lady when you see her."

A maid who was informing her mistress some time ago that someone had called, added, reassuringly: "It was a real lady, for I noticed she had a silk dress and mink furs."

So, we define most types or classes by the things possessed, rather than by the qualities attained. The "best people" so often means the merely rich, "good society" so often means nothing more than the smart set. In his day, Thomas Carlyle wrote a fierce attack on "Gigmanism," which was nothing more than defining a respectable man as "one who kept a gig." We have changed the form of the vehicle since the days of the author of "Sartor Resartus," and now consider the motor-car the test of social and financial importance. Curious, surely, that the possession of wheels or the ability to make them go round, should mean so much in the worldly measure of personality.

\*\*\*

### An Anti-Feminist

SIR ALMOTH WRIGHT is a gentleman who, on more than one occasion, has devoted his energies to expressing an aversion to militant suffragism and kindred movements. Recently, however, his views on the unvoicing sex have been published at some length, and make rather exhilarating

reading. Sir Almoth is just as much of an extremist as Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, herself. In fact, he outdoes that amiable agitress in the violence of his convictions, and assails womankind in a wholesale fashion which will add to the hilarity of nations and the hubbub of five o'clock teas.

Sir Almoth is a physician, too, which makes the indictment all the more serious, since the dear doctors are supposed to know more about feminine nerves and moods than is good for any profession. Is it not just possible that Sir Almoth has known so much of the fancy ailments of hysterical patients that he is hardly in a position to judge of the sex calmly? Perhaps, one of irrepressible Emmeline's



A NEW-WORLD MADONNA.

That Art is at Its Noblest When it Expresses What is Primal is Suggested by This Picture of a Squaw and Her Papoose Which Might Have Served a Raphael for Subject.

followers has "eaved the 'arf of a brick" through the window of Sir Almoth's study and smashed a statuette of Æsculapius (or whatever dignitary a fashionable London physician sets up). In that case, one can pardon his evident emotion and allow for the vehemence of a disturbed householder.

He is really funny, however, when he remarks: "Woman has stifled discussion by placing her taboo upon anything seriously unflattering being said about her in public." Now, when has frail, little woman ever been able to place a taboo upon a discussion of her place and station? On the contrary, man has had the literary field very much to himself for centuries, during which he has written reams of abuse of the dear ladies—as well as woeful ballads in praise of her eyebrows.

Even at Christmas time, we are afflicted by little books containing many sparkling epigrams.

"My only books were women's looks,  
And folly's all they taught me"—

is one of them, written by Tom Moore, and a repre-

sentative sparkler, directed as it is at the wisdom and discretion of fortunately impervious womankind.

It is true that some trifling domestic infelicity may have been the cause of these bitter proverbs and scathing epigrams. The porridge may have been burnt, the omelette may have been done to more than a turn, the grocer's bill and the milliner's little account may have marred the morning coffee—and woman is to blame for it all.

\*\*\*

### Masculine Diatribes

AS we remarked some weeks ago, the writings of a man, from Solomon to Shaw, have been strewn with acid remarks concerning the ladies, in whom they vainly put their trust. It is hardly matter for surprise that woman, now that she has taken her pen in hand and is attaining unto the dignity of a university degree, should "say things back." The militant suffragettes, however we may deplore them, are an effect, not a cause. The book by Sir Almoth explains many things. So long as there are Sir Almoths, there will be Emmeline Pankhursts. When Englishmen play the bully, Englishwomen will act the rebel—and right spectacularly, too. In the United States and Canada, women are accorded more consideration than in Europe; thus New York and Montreal are likely to be spared such antics as "dear old Lunnon" has witnessed. But let the man assume the role of bully and any woman worth calling a human being will match his brutality with feminine malice of the most ingenious order.

\*\*\*

### The Rude Man!

JUDGING from the extracts we have seen, Sir Almoth's book contains many rude remarks, and none more startling than the declaration that there are no good women. Really, Sir Almoth, this is not a bit nice of you, and is hardly what one has a right to expect from a mature masculine mind. It is usually a very young man, who wishes to be considered fearfully and wonderfully sophisticated, who indulges in a sweeping condemnation of that order. Even Emmeline, herself, does not say anything so horrid concerning the men who elect the legislators.

We should be sad, at heart, indeed, if corresponding libels were to be uttered concerning perfect and peaceable gentlemen. In fact, whenever we wish to hear or see a "villain," it is necessary to buy a ticket (or wheedle a pass out of the dramatic editor) and betake ourselves to the theatre. Of course, we shall be accused of becoming femininely personal, but we cannot help wondering how Sir Almoth or any other caustic critic of our much-abused sex came to form such vitriolic views. Wide observation, indeed, must have contributed to his scathing ultimatum. However, even Sir Almoth has his moments of modification and admits that although there are no good women,

there are some fairly respectable specimens, "who have lived under the influence of good men." Thanks, ever so much, Almoth dear. Fortunately, we have been so long and happily associated with good men and also good women that we recognize your pessimistic nonsense for the absurd and dyspeptic stuff it is. Take a long walk—and read "Spanish Gold."

ERIN.

### Dispensing "Cheer" in Edmonton

EDMONTON, the capital city of Alberta, is planning to make the coming Christmas memorable. The United Aids Council, which came into existence over four years ago, has, from its inauguration, been active in looking after the needs of those who, through sickness, misfortune or accident, have been face to face with difficulties, and during the Christmas season it has been the means, through the generosity of Edmonton's citizens, of bringing joy to many homes.

The United Aids Council is incorporated by Act



of Parliament. It was initiated through the St. George's, and other kindred societies, finding that in some cases the generosity of the benevolent was being imposed upon by duplication. In a growing city like Edmonton one meets with many distressing cases which need the timely and kindly help of such a body as the Aids Council, which is very largely assisted in its work by a strong Ladies' Auxiliary Council.

As Christmas approaches, each year, a stirring appeal to the generous public is made through the press and by personal circular; last year over \$1,500 was raised in this way. It is hoped that this year's appeal will bring a much larger sum, as the increased population and present labour conditions will necessitate the expenditure of a much larger sum than was expended a year ago.

The Aids Council will have a busy time from now on to Christmas, in directing the help of the generous; they will have an emporium in the centre of the city for receiving good things of all sorts, which will be distributed, all over the vast city area, by means of motor trucks and automobiles to be lent for the purpose. It is intended to have all the "cheer" in the homes of the poor before noon on the day preceding Christmas.

Last year a number of lonely well-to-do citizens made themselves and others happy by personal care and service, letting the poor stranger cheerily into their homes to enjoy the good things and pleasures of the season, reminding one of the lordly doings of times which have been made famous in song and story.

Besides the subscriptions of the wealthy, each year store-keepers, and the public generally, have helped the work, by giving all kinds of articles of food, clothing, and other home comforts; in the stores and school buildings, for a week or two before Christmas, attractively decorated barrels have been placed for the reception of good things. As these fill up, collection is made, and a fresh receptacle is placed for a further supply. It is the intention of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Aids Council, who control this work, to direct their efforts to cheer and help the needy at the Christmas season on the recommendation of their own committees, of the Civic Relief Department, and of the Salvation Army.

Experience makes us wise. Big gatherings with amusements, gifts of toys and nice things to eat, were tried two years consecutively, but it is generally felt that more lasting good can be done by helping people in their homes, with fuel, and good food, toys for the children, and warm clothing, than by an explosion of jollity that only lasts a few hours. Christmas is a great event the world over, and our readers may feel assured that at Edmonton, the rising prairie city of the great West, the day will be celebrated, as such a day should be, with such joy and gladness as the generosity of a prosperous community can assure.

## Halifax Notes

**D**R. E. M. SAUNDERS, Miss Marshall Saunders, known all over the continent as the author of "Beautiful Joe," and Miss Grace Saunders, left two days ago for Toronto, where they will spend the next six months and may take up their permanent residence. Their going means a very real loss to Halifax—that of three cultured people and choice spirits.

Mrs. Stebbins Wells, Police Woman of Los Angeles, visited Halifax a few days ago and addressed a largely attended meeting conducted by

the Local Council of Women. This lecturer has been touring Canadian cities and has also made former touring visits. She is the recognized first woman police in all America. She firmly believes that women police are a general civic need and is doing much to convince public opinion.

A "personality" in Halifax is Mrs. F. H. Sexton, wife of Principal Sexton, of the Nova Scotia Technical College. She is chairwoman of the committee of the Local Council of Women, under whose direction were opened recently, in the Women's Council House, equally successful classes in dressmaking and house decoration, as well as a sewing class for school girls. She is a charming young woman and is never seen to greater advantage than in her own home, with her two lovely children.

Miss Manners, of Edge Hill (the Church School for Girls at Windsor, N.S.), the new warden of Forrest Hall, the residence for girl students at Dalhousie University, has arrived in Halifax. She succeeds Dr. Eliza Ritchie, the beloved first warden of the residence, to whom is very largely due its complete success. Dr. Ritchie sails the first of the year for Italy.

There is to take place shortly, in Halifax, on behalf of the citizens, a presentation of a handsome purse to Richard Power, Superintendent of the Public Gardens for half a century. Mr. Power came to Halifax from the employ of the Duke of Sutherland. It is no excess of praise to say that in his capacity

as Superintendent of the Gardens he has proved himself a genius—under his fostering hand they have become widely celebrated for their beauty.

## Happy Old Year

An Intimate Little Picture-Story for the Season

By E. M. STRANG

**T**HE One Man and the Only Girl sat before the open fire in their Very Own Den, their chairs so close that his strong, muscular right hand clasped her little, brown, left one. Only the fire-light lit the room, for the candles on the mantel-shelf had burned low, flickered and gone out; the silence of peace and content hovered over them, save for the rhythmical voice of the Very New Clock, which announced unobtrusively that the hour was half-past eleven. The honeymoon had not yet even begun to wane. The silence drifted apart, rather than was broken, by the One Man's dry, serious tones. "I wonder," he said, slowly—"I wonder why it is always 'Happy New Year?'"

The Only Girl's fingers twitched with a half-defined fear, but the honest, grey eyes opposite looked into her brown ones steadfastly, and full of possessing love, with no trace of apprehension of evil to come.

"You see," he continued, musingly, "it isn't that I doubt old Rabbi Ben Ezra, nor the rest of the prophets who proclaim the best is yet to be. Only somehow," he said, "it doesn't seem just fair to be always so eager for the New Year. Why should the Old Year always be a bent and weary pilgrim, laden with care, sorrow, and failure? Why should men be so eager to part with that which brought each one the opportunity to win a new vision? Who can be sure of ever possessing, in toto, the New Year—happy or unhappy? Grace before meat may be devotional all right, but I'll bet there's more real sincerity and gratitude in grace after meat."

The Very New Clock intimated politely that it now lacked but a quarter of an hour till the turn of the year. The Only Girl spoke softly: "Surely it will be a happy New Year, and yet I, too, cling to this good old year. No other, I am sure, can ever bring me so much in so short a time. Think of that last New Year's night, when we two met as strangers, and parted—friends."

"Rather I would think of Easter," said the One Man, "that glad Easter Sunday when I first dared to hope." The Only Girl's smile was still shy and girlish. "And June," she whispered, "when we both knew, and the whole world was recreated around our bliss. Then all the busy, happy months between, and best of all, this good old December. Truly a happy old year!"

And now the Very New Clock began to strike, and far away many church bells rang out their silvery greeting. The One Man and the Only Girl had risen instinctively. "My wish for you, dear heart," and the deep voice was tender as the broad shoulders bent lovingly over the little figure at his side, "is that you may be always as reluctant to see the Old Year go." And from his blue serge shoulder came a muffled little whisper—"Amen."

## THE GLORY OF A NIGHT

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

**A** PROFUNDITY waits in the infinite, wherein abide the creatures of God which yet are uncreated. Petals were there ere they yielded the scent which wastes not though they blossom in a desert. Wings of unthought brilliancy are sheathed there, biding their hour to make His sport in places imaged only, yet unmade. Mountains, embowelled yet, rest in that mighty compass; and unborn seas! And Adam, the red clay like to us, though unlike to be proof against a fall, is possibility crying there, "How long wait I existence?" In which abyss a clod hung, void and shapeless.

"Be a star!" The Omnipotent Will exulted. "Be a star!" The clod trembled, its veins ran fire, it blazed till every planet was wan, by and in farther distance; then yielded its frame to the Palm that plucked it forth with unscorched fingers. "Be a token"—so willed the Creator—"hang thou a space near earth. I hurl thee down. This ere I snuff thee out. My Son is born!"

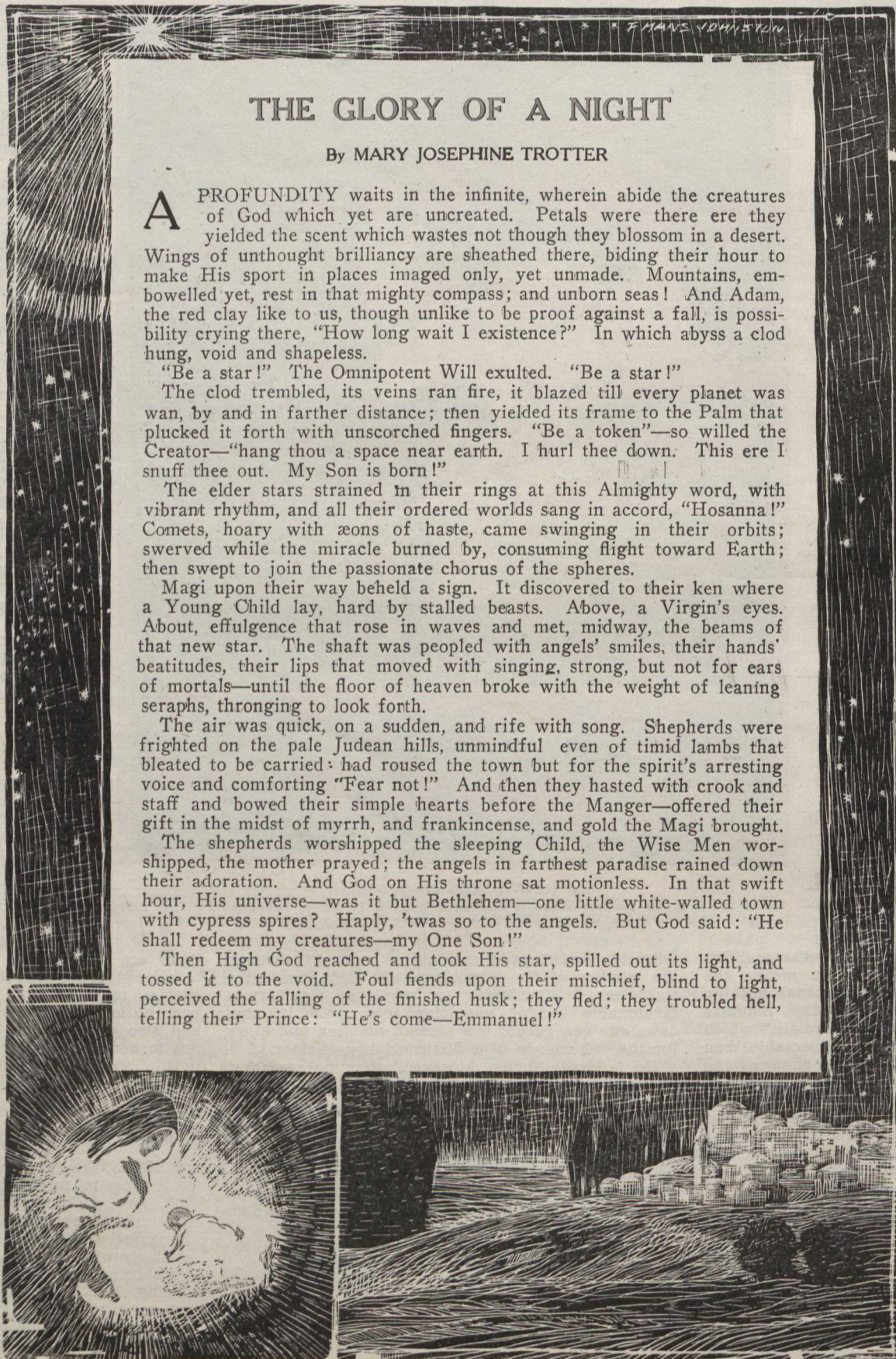
The elder stars strained in their rings at this Almighty word, with vibrant rhythm, and all their ordered worlds sang in accord, "Hosanna!" Comets, hoary with æons of haste, came swinging in their orbits; swerved while the miracle burned by, consuming flight toward Earth; then swept to join the passionate chorus of the spheres.

Magi upon their way beheld a sign. It discovered to their ken where a Young Child lay, hard by stalled beasts. Above, a Virgin's eyes. About, effulgence that rose in waves and met, midway, the beams of that new star. The shaft was peopled with angels' smiles, their hands' beatitudes, their lips that moved with singing, strong, but not for ears of mortals—until the floor of heaven broke with the weight of leaning seraphs, thronging to look forth.

The air was quick, on a sudden, and rife with song. Shepherds were frightened on the pale Judean hills, unmindful even of timid lambs that bleated to be carried: had roused the town but for the spirit's arresting voice and comforting "Fear not!" And then they hastened with crook and staff and bowed their simple hearts before the Manger—offered their gift in the midst of myrrh, and frankincense, and gold the Magi brought.

The shepherds worshipped the sleeping Child, the Wise Men worshipped, the mother prayed; the angels in farthest paradise rained down their adoration. And God on His throne sat motionless. In that swift hour, His universe—was it but Bethlehem—one little white-walled town with cypress spires? Haply, 'twas so to the angels. But God said: "He shall redeem my creatures—my One Son!"

Then High God reached and took His star, spilled out its light, and tossed it to the void. Foul fiends upon their mischief, blind to light, perceived the falling of the finished husk; they fled; they troubled hell, telling their Prince: "He's come—Emmanuel!"







SIR FREDERICK WILLIAMS-TAYLOR'S COUNTRY HOUSE AT ASCOT.

Where Lady Williams-Taylor, an Anglo-Canadian Hostess, Entertained Numberless Guests This Summer, Among Them Many Canadians of Distinction.

## Lady Williams-Taylor

*The Accomplished Anglo-Canadian Hostess, Wife of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the New Head of the Bank of Montreal*

By M. J. T.

IN January, Lady Williams-Taylor will accompany her husband, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, to Canada, where he will occupy the position of general manager of the Bank of Montreal—an honour which has fallen to him lately.

The Canadian Club, in London, properly banqueted Sir Frederick on his assumption of this highly important office, when the jest of Sir Frederick himself went round—no doubt to appropriate fluid—concerning the start it gave him once to be called by a western paper a "live wire." He approved another daily as shrewd, which dispensed with metaphor and termed him simply "a plain, matter-of-fact Canadian."

Now, Lady Williams-Taylor is a distinct Canadian also; not, however, by any means ungarnished. She returns now to Canada after an absence of ten years, two of which were spent in Chicago and the remaining eight in London, England; and returns as much a Canadian in feeling as when she was a Miss Henshaw, of P. Q. Her people, U. E. Loyalist stock, resided at St. Hyacinthe and enjoyed the social prestige in the province which is usually accorded that extraction.

The position occupied in Chicago by Lady Williams-Taylor was one not only of social leadership, but one of influence as well in art and letters. She had a habit of making "finds" in the shapes of struggling genius and her power to attract the people who "do things" made her salon in Chicago, as elsewhere, a gathering-ground of privileged persons of talent. Artists, musicians and writers by the score, recall their evenings there as memorable.

The life of the Williams-Taylors in England had even an access of interest, divided as it was between their artistic flat in London and their splendid country house located at Ascot. To the latter place Lady Williams-Taylor is particularly devoted, as is also her pretty and charming daughter, Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor. Many Canadians will recognize our picture, among the number entertained at the house this summer being: Sir George Gibbons, Sir Gilbert Parker, Colonel Sam Hughes, Mr. W. T. White (Minister of Fin-

ance), Baroness Macdonald, and hosts of others.

Not only in Anglo-Canadian circles is Lady Williams-Taylor famous; and even there not only as a hostess. She is an indefatigable traveller and collector of beautiful things, an omniverous reader and a constitutional student. She speaks in public upon occasion. By her intimate knowledge of the "habitant" life, which enabled her to address the Sesame Club upon that subject, she interested her hearers in Quebec. Further, she spoke some months ago under the

of sporting and patriotic aim. Moreover, she is an able writer and has promised brief articles for the "Canadian Courier" shortly on the social and literary circles of London as compared with Paris, New York and Canadian cities, and the influence of women in these circles and in art.

"The whole social standard of England," she writes, in a recent letter dated at London, "is a sealed book to most of our fellow country people—and this ignorance places them in an uncomfortable position and false light on this side. It is, to my mind, a very serious question, and one that affects the future of the on-coming generation of our wealthy classes."

Lady Williams-Taylor, upon her arrival in Montreal, will reside at the Ritz-Carlton, where, no doubt, a welcome awaits her which will help to atone for her present sorrow at leaving her well-loved England, a country which she terms "this delectable land."

### Recent Events

MISS KATHERINE DAVIS, Superintendent of the State Reformatory for Women, New York State, recently addressed the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal on the present reform system of that institution. Miss Davis advocated the cottage system in preference to what she was pleased to term "the antiquated way of herding women together in large buildings."

Mrs. Henshaw, of British Columbia, who has been lecturing in England, was recently elected a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and is the first Canadian woman to be so honoured.

Mrs. Arnold Bennett will accompany her husband when the author visits this country in January. At least two weeks will be spent in Toronto.

One of the interesting results of the recent municipal elections in Calgary was the sweeping victory of Miss Anna G. Foote, the women's candidate for School Trustee, who defeated Colonel James Walker, Chairman of the School Board, by the good,



LADY WILLIAMS-TAYLOR.

Who is Returning to Canada, and Who as a Hostess and a Patroness of the Arts, Will Occupy an Important Social Position.

auspices of the Victoria League, at Mrs. St. Loe Strachey's country house near Guildford, on "Canada and Canadian Towns and Cities." In private talk she is brilliant and her worthwhile conversation is liberally enhanced with the flash of wit.

We spoke of travel. Every winter, Lady Williams-Taylor has made it her custom to take long motor trips in the south, as far as possible off the beaten track. Southern Europe, seen in this way, she found most fascinating, Sicily proving particularly attractive.

As a club woman the object of our sketch is a member of several continental societies, of the Ladies' Empire Club, Sunningdale Golf Club, Royal Montreal Golf Club, Council of the Victoria League, and other bodies

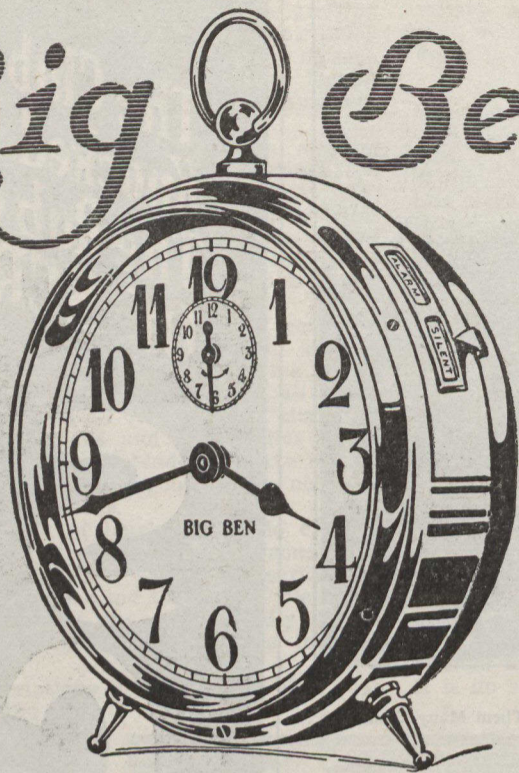
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Knocked Half  
The Rub Out  
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For your accommodation he rings TWO WAYS. He'll get you up by degrees or in a hurry. Set him either way you wish—to give one long five-minute ring, or ten short rings at one-half-minute intervals, until you're wide awake.

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He is sturdy and strong—built to last a lifetime. Yet under his dust-proof steel coat is the most delicate "works." That's why his on-the-dot accuracy has won him fame.

Big Ben's wonderful sales are due to his having "made good." His biggest hit has been with folks with the "make good" habit. He stands for success—that's why you'll like him for a friend.

When 3 million families find Big Ben a good clock to buy and 20,000 dealers prove he's a good clock to sell, it's evidence that he is worth \$3.00 of your money. Suppose you trade \$3.00 for him today.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him. Their imprint, *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox*, is the best alarm-clock insurance you can buy.

round majority of one thousand. Other Western cities are following suit.

The Needlework Guild of Canada recently held its annual meeting, with a very good attendance, in Montreal. One of the incidents of interest was the announcement of the President, Mrs. Huntly Drummond, that the Duchess of Connaught had presented two garments, made by her own hand, and sent with greetings.

The Belleville Ladies' Curling Club, which has been in existence since 1907, and was this year affiliated with the Ontario Curling Association, recently held its annual business meet-



AN ACCOMPLISHED ORGANIST. Mrs. H. M. Blight, of Toronto, who is Complete Mistress of Her Instrument, the Timothy Eaton Memorial Church Organ.

ing. Officers elected for the coming year were: President, Mrs. Walter Lingham; vice-president, Mrs. S. Robertson; secretary, Mrs. O. A. Marshall, and treasurer, Mrs. J. F. Dolan. At its outset the membership of the Club was very small, but at present has reached the limit number, forty.

In January, the question will be decided in Toronto, whether or not married women are to have the municipal franchise, like widows and spinsters. A bazaar was held on Saturday in the interests of the referendum at the home of Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, President of the Equal Franchise League, who was assisted by her girls of the Lorne Park Hostel.

### "And he Said 'Fight On'"

(Tennyson.)

TIME, and its ally, Dark Disarmament,  
Have compassed me about,  
Have massed their armies, and on battle bent  
My forces put to rout,  
But though I fight alone, and fall, and die,  
Talk terms of Peace? Not I.  
They war upon my fortress, and their guns  
Are shattering its walls,  
My army plays the cowards' part and runs  
Pierced by a thousand balls,  
They call for my surrender, I reply  
"Give quarter now? Not I."  
They've shot my flag to ribbons, but in rents  
It floats above the height,  
Their ensign shall not crown my battlements  
While I can stand and fight.  
I fling defiance at them as I cry  
"Capitulate? Not I."

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.  
(Tekahionwake.)

The above poem, which has just been published, and is being sold this Christmas in souvenir form, was written by the Canadian poet, the late E. Pauline Johnson, after her physicians in Vancouver had informed her that she could not recover from her illness. She wished the poem to be published after her death.



Every woman owes it to herself and loved ones to retain the charm of youth nature has bestowed upon her. The regular use of

## Gouraud's Oriental Cream

will render that youthful appearance free from skin blemishes, giving that clear, soft complexion so much desired by a particular woman.

For nearly three-quarters of a century this preparation has been in actual use by the most fashionable women—the surest test of its perfection.

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It is exceptional in that it is one of the few genuine violet perfumes that express the true delicacy and fragility of the dainty "emblem of love."

The perfumers, John Taylor & Company, have used the same odor in Valley Violet Cologne, Toilet Soap, Sachet and Talcum so that you can have complete harmony in your toilet making.

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## Ganong's Chocolates





### The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE following have become members of the C. W. P. C.: Miss Eleanor M. Sanderson, 286 Grace St., Toronto; Miss Mildred MacMorine, 32 Church St., Toronto; Miss Mabel E. Crews, B.A., 33 Richmond St., Toronto; Miss L. K. Hyslop, 10 Sparkhall Ave., Toronto, and Mrs. Kathleen M. Taylor, 24 Main St., Edmonton South.

MRS. REGINALD SMITH, Treasurer of the C. W. P. C., and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, visited Calgary in November. While there, Mrs. Murphy addressed the Business Girls' Club, and was entertained by the Local Council of Women and the Women's Press Club at a luncheon in the beautiful tapestry room of the Hudson's Bay Company. Miss Mable Childs acted as hostess. Mrs. Murphy also attended a meeting of the Provincial Board of Control for the Queen Mary Sanitarium and was elected to the office of vice-president.

MRS. LIPSETT-SKINNER, the President of the Winnipeg Club, recently entertained the members of the C. W. P. C. in honour of

and Mrs. A. L. Felkin (Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler).

AT their November meeting, the Winnipeg Club entertained Mrs. Richardson, a noted suffrage worker; Mrs. Falis, an American journalist, and Miss Ekwarzel, the physical director of the Y. W. C. A. The club will hold their Christmas banquet in the vice-regal suite of the Royal Alexandra, on Dec. 18th, after which they will hold a reception for the friends of the Club.

MRS. REGINALD SMITH, the newly-appointed treasurer of the C. W. P. C., gave an address this month to the University of Alberta branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, at Edmonton. Mrs. Smith, who is Sunshine editor of "The Journal," touched on the scope of Sunshine work in general, making it clear that this field was not merely local, but international.

THE Women's edition of the "Montreal Herald," printed on Nov. 26th, is an especially attractive issue. One section of it is entirely



New Headquarters of Canadian Women's Press Club in Civic Block, Edmonton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Campbell, of London, England.

THE Fort William and Port Arthur branch are giving a tea this month in the Prince Arthur Hotel for the friends of the Club. Mrs. Barrie, the newly-elected President, will preside.

IN November, Mrs. MacNaughton-Manson, of Vancouver, entertained the local club at the Hotel Badminton. A letter was read at the tea from Sir Gilbert Parker, signifying his willingness to become an honorary member of the Book Club of Vancouver.

MRS. A. G. WHITE, of the Toronto branch, has forwarded to the Executive an excellent design for a new club pin for the C. W. P. C. The President will be glad to receive suggestions or other designs before giving the order.

MISS KATHERINE HUGHES, of Edmonton, the author of "The Black Robed Voyageur," was present at the annual dinner of the Society of Women Journalists recently held in London. Among the guests were Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Bernard Shaw, the Duke of Marlborough,

devoted to the subject of woman suffrage.

THE attractive calendar entitled, "The Canadian Year," which has been issued by Mrs. Gratiot Bale, 69 Maryland St., Winnipeg, has been greatly admired. It is a souvenir of the Triennial Convention of the C. W. P. C.

VERY special interest is attached to a poem by the late E. Pauline Johnson, published for the first time in souvenir form by the Mussen Book Co. The exquisite lines, considered by many to be the finest ever written by the Indian Poetess, were produced after her doctors had made known to her the impossibility of her recovery, and handed to her sister with the promise that they would not be used until after her death. The souvenir, which appears in the form of an eight-page folder, contains besides the poem entitled "And He Said Fight On," a cabinet size photograph of Miss Johnson, her favourite picture of herself. Several thousand copies have been issued and will sell at 25c. in all book stores from coast to coast, the profits to be devoted to the E. Pauline Johnson Memorial Fund. The poem is reproduced in another part of the paper.

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## The Cost of Living

(Concluded from page 11.)

population has increased since 1911 by about one million, the raising of cattle, hogs and sheep has actually grown less—by at least small percentages. Beans and corn have decreased. Turnips and other roots have gone behind. We grow less hay and clover now than in 1911. All these were once staple commodities steadily increasing in volume of production, much of them exported, now not sufficient to supply the home market, while the export in some lines continues.

Again cheese, which made Canada famous at the World's Fair in 1893, just twenty years ago, has fallen off in exports several million pounds in five years. Imports of cheese have increased from less than a million pounds in 1910 to nearly 1,500,000 lbs. in 1912. Canadian farms are producing less butter now than they were a few years ago, though the production of creamery butter has increased.

### PROSPERITY A CAUSE.

Hon. T. W. Crothers, Minister of Labour, interviewed in St. John, N.B., last week, blamed prosperity for driving people away from the land where they should have producers to the cities and towns where they joined the ranks of consumers. If hard times should come he thought people would go back to the land because on the land the cost of living is lower than in the city. Increased production would tend to lower the cost of living. He, of course, takes no stock in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's declaration as to free foodstuffs lowering the cost of living. He said:

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier is interested in the cost of living just now because it is a campaign cry that will bring him votes. That is all. If he were sincere in his opinions that the combines are responsible for the increased cost of living, why, when he was in power, did he not do something to check the combines? With the exception of 1907, which was a panic year, the cost of living during the Liberal regime rose every year, and yet Sir Wilfrid did not worry.

"High cost of living is not confined to Canada, for in England, where they have no duties on foodstuffs, the same cry is made. I do not look for a reduction in duties until there is a greater movement to the land. 'Grow food' will be the solution of the problem, not 'free food.'"

### BLAMES THE SPECULATOR.

A correspondent of the Canadian Courier lays the blame for the present condition of things on speculation. Hanover, Dec. 7, 1913.

The Canadian Courier:

Is there room for one more guess at the high cost of living, and the remedy? If so, one would say that demand has outrun supply, because too much time, labour and capital are employed in competition for the necessities of life, and too little in the production of them.

In Europe, competition is largely international, involving huge armies and navies. In America it takes the form of universal gambling. By gambling is meant all methods of getting money that do not involve the giving of value for value. For instance, many, if not most of the men in our country who have spare capital, have it staked on bets as to the rise of prices of real estate or of fictitious shares of stock. The farmer says, "I will not lay out money to increase the yield of my farm, the less the yield the higher the price, and the money will make more invested in the Northwest." So that there is in the whole country the conditions of a mining camp; production of the common necessities of life is lost sight of in one concentrated effort to obtain the means to buy them. As to the remedy: something may be done in a political way to lessen international competition; and something by legislation to check gambling; but perhaps the most effectual remedy is education, to give the mind of man a better understanding, and the heart a better disposition. E. T. EEDE.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

"MORAL courage—the courage of your ancestor who beat back the Turks from the breaches at Kraag—can overcome all these obstacles."

"Impossible. The die is cast. Acting with my consent, on my advice almost, Cyril has taken violent possession of young Karl's person. He has by now reached Wolfsnaden with his royal prisoner. If, as you say, you value human life, it is you and your friends who will make terms with the Regent, and show the moral courage to bow to the fait accompli."

"Unfortunately," said Saunders slowly, "the fait accompli is not an accomplished fact."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that Cyril has not reached Wolfsnaden with his royal prisoner." The Freiherr's countenance became exceedingly grave.

"You know this?" he demanded.

"It is my business to know things. I know, for instance, that the abduction prospered till the ducal sleigh reached a point in the Schlet Weg. Then, I am informed, Providence or its representative—it is immaterial which—dispatched a fine avalanche directly in front of the abducting conveyance."

"Incredible! But Cyril is not the man to be stopped—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Saunders. "Cyril is a man, and therefore, like the best of us, a pygmy in the face of natural forces."

"But he will never abandon his project," persisted the Freiherr. "He is a man of ruthless determination and the fiercest energy. He has staked all on the cast. Checked in one direction he will strike all the harder in another."

"Still, he has failed," said Saunders. "Does not that tend to modify your resolve?"

"It tends to harden it," retorted the Freiherr grimly. "I have pledged my honor, and I will support a man in difficulties more willingly than a successful one."

Saunders rose deliberately. He realized that his mission had failed. It had never had a chance. The Rathsherren and their President must go.

His eye wandered over the great mantelpiece with its marble pride and pomp of heraldry, and unconsciously he echoed the Freiherr's words spoken earlier in the evening: "A pity—a very great pity."

Then aloud he said, "I must bid you good night, Freiherr, and I thank you for your courtesy."

The Freiherr was about to reply when there came a confused sound of voices and footsteps from the hall outside. A second later the door was burst open. The first man to enter was the Arch-duke; the second was Major von Lacherberg; behind were three officers of the Field Artillery.

Saunders stood motionless, save that his left hand dipped unostentatiously into his overcoat pocket. The Freiherr remained seated, frowning, but scarcely turning his head.

"This is luck indeed," cried Cyril, who held a revolver. "We came to you to report, Freiherr, and we learn from your man that one of the big rats has entered the trap."

"WILL you please ask one of your friends to close the door," said the Freiherr impassively, "I am sitting in a draught."

The Arch-duke was surprised into giving the necessary order.

"News first and then action," he said. "All went well with our little expedition till we got to the Schlet Weg, and then—"

"Then," interrupted the Freiherr, "the Schlet Weg justified its title."

"Body of the fiend! How do you know?"

The Arch-duke's savage glance roamed in inquiry till it rested on Saunders' hatefully calm face lit by a slight but intensely scornful smile. Then he uttered a still coarser oath. O, it was your handiwork, was it, Schwein-hund? You must play the Deus ex machina, must you, and save the tender youth from the clutches of the wicked cousin? I thought it was the devil fighting against me, but it was someone even more damnable."

"The devil does not fight against you, Arch-duke," said Saunders quietly. "Why should he? Your interests are identical."

"Sneering fool! You did an idiot's work in bringing me back to Weidenbruck, as you will learn all too soon."

"I am all attention."

"If our scheme had come off," went on Cyril, "if I had got young Karl and his mother to Wolfsnaden, my position would have been secure. With such hostages no one could have questioned my rights to the Regency. The Grimlanders, who like their rulers to be strong and fearless, would have applauded. The situation would have solved itself; there would have been peace."

Saunders shrugged his shoulders.

"The peace of Cyril of Wolfsnaden," he said. "How beautiful."

"More beautiful perhaps than war, Englander. And it's war now. You've forced my hand. If I were the veriest coward in Grimland, I must strike hard now or go under myself."

"Where is Karl?" broke in Freiherr.

"Karl and his mother are in a house in the Krippel-Thor," replied the Arch-duke.

"The Krippel-Thor" repeated the Freiherr in amazement. "That's where the anarchists live."

"Exactly; we have strange allies, Freiherr, and I don't fancy I could have got a securer hiding-place for our royal couple. They are being well guarded."

"AND having deposited your guests there you came here?" went on the Freiherr.

"By no means. We had to strike blows in all directions. I collected a few blades and raided Fritz's house in the Gerade-strasse. He had been wounded in a brawl last night and could only put up a moderate defence. I was for killing him there and then, for I have an old score to settle, but Lacherberg here turned womanish and would not let us make a clean job of it. So we sent him off stunned and bleeding, to join his friends in the Krippel-Thor."

"And then?" asked the Freiherr, not without a look of disgust.

"Then we had a failure," said the Arch-duke. "We visited Meyer's house in the Peter-strasse. But the General's butler, a white-haired old thing, by some devil's instinct was looking out of the window when we approached. When we rang the bell a piece of paper was pushed underneath the door. On it was written: "General Meyer is at home, but is not receiving. The next person who rings will be shot through the head from the best bedroom window, which commands the portico."

"And then?" said the Freiherr again, with a little smile.

"Then we came here, little thinking that our failure would be so handsomely compensated for."

"As how?" asked the Freiherr.

"As by securing the person of so important an antagonist as Herr Saunders."

The Freiherr slightly raised his eyebrows.

"But you have not secured his person," he objected.

"We have got him dead or alive,"

said Cyril, "and I am not sure that we have not secured a richer prize than if we had Meyer's blood on our sword blades."

"You forget one important detail," said the Freiherr, "and I must remind you of it. Herr Saunders is my guest."

"What in the name of sin has that to do with it?"

The Freiherr shrugged. "Simply everything," he returned.

"You mean—?"

"That the guest of the Freiherr of Kraag is a privileged person."

"HEAD of a martyr!" cried Cyril.

"Was there ever such madness? We have declared war—civil war, which is bloodier, more utterly ruthless than any other kind of strife—and you say that this man, this foreigner, this arch-enemy of our cause, is your guest. It is his life or ours, I tell you."

"Maybe, but it is not his—in my dining-room."

"Freiherr," cried Cyril, in almost pitiful vexation, "you are squandering our chances. Was ever man so hampered by his friends as I? Lacherberg refuses to put his sword through Fritz of Friedrichsheim—why, God only knows. And now you—"

"I," said the Freiherr, "have an old-fashioned objection to offering a man a glass of wine one minute and death the next."

"Then I will not listen to your objection," cried Cyril, losing all patience and raising his revolver.

"Your Highness!" thundered the Freiherr, rising to his feet, pale with intense emotion. "You burst into my dining-room armed and unannounced. That I can forgive, for the times are troublous. Now you raise your weapon against a man who has the sacred protection of my roof. It is too much. If I were armed, I tell you deliberately you would act at your peril. But I am unarmed, and all I can say is this: if you violate the sanctity of my home, if you kill my guest before my eyes, if you put this black shame upon me, I shall not survive it. The Freiherr of Kraag has neither wife nor child to mourn him, and he will go to his God like a gentleman."

An intense silence followed this speech. The Arch-duke was gasping with amazement. For the second time in his life he was face to face with a man who set principles above personal safety. The thing frightened him because it was so incomprehensible, and his superstitious notion that he was struggling against Fate itself recurred to him with chilling conviction.

"You would kill yourself—?" he muttered.

"A nobleman can always die," said the Freiherr with dignity, "and no hand is more honorable than his own for the purpose. If, however, you think my life valuable to your cause—"

"Valuable! It is indispensable," said Cyril.

"Then lower your weapon," said the Freiherr, "and give this gentleman safe conduct to his house."

The Arch-duke's answer was to dash his revolver on to the floor, and grind his teeth in bitter impotence.

Saunders walked slowly to the door. His scornful smile had never left his lips. As he passed von Lacherberg he nodded genially to him. For some reason the old soldier's face was beaded with drops of perspiration, and his breath was laboring like that of a man who has just performed a heavy physical exercise.

Saunders turned when he reached the door. "Freiherr," he said, "I believe I saved your life yesterday. This evening you have repaid the debt

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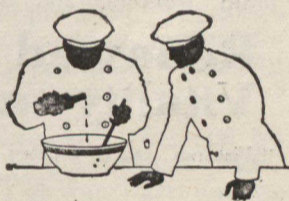
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with interest. I have the honor to thank you."

"Your Highness the Arch-duke, I have the pleasure of saying to your face what I recently said behind your back; not that you are a villain—that would be indeed a platitude—but that you are a cad."

"Gentlemen, auf Wiedersehn!"

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### One Possessed.

SAUNDERS walked swiftly away from the Freiherr's house in the Roderick-strasse, but not because he feared pursuit. Neither was he congratulating himself very heartily on a hair-breadth escape. He had not, in truth, been very highly alarmed under the muzzle of the Arch-duke's revolver. He was reasonably confident that Cyril would have missed him with his first barrel, and unreasonably confident that in that case Cyril would have been a dead man. Saunders was an optimist with a superb trust in his own physical and mental infallibility, and however irritating such people may be in times of peace they are invaluable assets in time of war. Just now he strode rapidly over the snowy pavements because it was necessary to harmonize his steps with the vigorous gait of his marching thoughts. Karl was a prisoner somewhere in the Krippel-Thor. Fritz, mishandled and senseless, had been sent to the same disreputable den. What was Meyer doing? Was Drechsler meeting boldness with equal boldness, or was he failing at the crisis, as some men with the best intentions are apt to fail, not from want of physical courage, but from pure lack of morale?

There was no suggestion of excitement in the streets. In fact, they were surprisingly empty. He turned into the Bahnhofstrasse, expecting here at any rate to meet with wayfarers and lighted cafes. To his astonishment the main thoroughfare was even more conspicuously empty than the side street. From the central line of iron standards hung the endless chain of white arc lights, but not a shop was lighted, not a vehicle was in the roadway, or a soul on the pavement. The solitude of the usually busy thoroughfare was abnormal, alarming almost, more subtly suggestive of tragic events than a crowded square or shouting citizens. Suddenly a patrol of Dragoons came trotting down the middle of the empty road.

Saunders' presence seemed to act on the soldiers as the view of a fox acts on huntsmen. The trot quickened to a gallop, and the troop bore down on him with a rush.

Saunders stood his ground, because it seemed to him the safest thing to do under the circumstances. When the Dragoons drew near, he held up his uninjured arm, and the men reined in their horses. "Saunders, by the powers!" cried the officer at the head of the patrol, who was no other than Nolda.

"I believe so," replied the Englishman, "though I fancied for the moment I was a stag at bay."

"Himmel! I'm glad you did not think to run. You'd have been shot or cut down for a certainty. It's dangerous being abroad to-night."

"So I am beginning to discover. May I ask why this excess of military zeal?"

"Orders."

"Whose orders?"

"Meyer's—Meyer's and Drechsler's. Martial law has been proclaimed. You know what that means."

"I have a rough idea. No crowds are allowed to assemble in the streets. After sunset one or more persons constitutes a crowd. I was perilously near constituting a crowd myself."

Nolda laughed, and then grew quickly serious again. "Go back to the Palace," he said. "We've had our hands forced, and are bound to be brutal. Cyril dodged us on his return from the Schlect Weg, and has gone to ground with his royal booty somewhere in the heart of the Morast. Fritz has been kidnapped, and Meyer has had a narrow escape."

"So much I know. What I want to learn is what our side has been doing."

"A mighty lot—on paper," said

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Nolda. "The constitution is suspended, martial law is proclaimed throughout Weidenbruck, and Cyril of Wolfsnaden and others are outlawed. You will find notices to that effect posted on most of the street corners; only unfortunately there is no one about to read them."

"Is the President of the Rathsherren outlawed?"

"There are no Rathsherren. They were abolished by an Order-in-Council at five o'clock this evening."

"But these papers decree—"

"Are effective as far as the range of a dragoon's carbine—no further. That is why we have to be brutal. Cyril's boldness, hated though he is, has touched the popular imagination. For the moment he is almost beloved. Had he succeeded in getting Karl to Wolfsnaden, I believe he would have been all that he desired to be."

"You mean that we must touch the public imagination with a little brutality?"

"It is the only way," replied Nolda. "But let me offer you the protection of my troop. The city is being patrolled."

Saunders shook his head.

"I can look after myself, thanks," he said. "Please continue your heroic charges against overwhelming odds."

Nolda laughed a farewell, and set his men in motion again down the empty thoroughfare.

Saunders resumed his progress and his broken train of thought. He approved the paper decrees. Such measures were necessary, and proved that Drechsler was no second-rate demagogue with a front of brass and a heart of wax. But young Karl was the master-card of the situation, and whoever held him held a vitally important trump when the turning point of the game was reached. Half a dozen wild schemes for regaining his person suggested themselves to him, but not one stood the test of analysis. A house-to-house search in the Morast was like trying to catch one particular rabbit in a peculiarly labyrinthine rabbit warren.

**F**RITZ, who for the moment was at least alive, would no longer remain so if the hunt became too pressing. And Fritz's life was invaluable from every point of view.

He turned down a side street to take a short cut back to the Neptunburg. So engrossed in thought was he that he almost stumbled over the prostrate form of a man lying across the snowy pavement. He halted abruptly and saw that the man's head, bleeding but bandaged, was in the lap of a thinly clad young woman.

"Red Virgin!" he ejaculated.

A pair of grey-green eyes met his. "So, Herr Saunders, we meet again. And always in the presence of death."

"This poor fellow—?"

"Is breathing his last. A body of soldiers met him. Soldiers, did I say?" she echoed fiercely. "I should have said butchers. He was committing the crime of being in the public streets. He should have fled and hidden himself, but—" She hesitated.

"But what?" insisted Saunders.

"His girl had just promised to marry him. His brain was among the stars. You, an Englander, do not understand such things. But Grimlanders are creatures of warmer passions than you can comprehend, and when they are in love there is no room for fear in their breasts. A dirty hound in the King's uniform struck him, and he fell, never to rise again."

Saunders bent over the prostrate man—touched beyond his wont. Despite the bandage he was bleeding fast, and open wounds with the temperature below zero spell gangrene and a speedy decease.

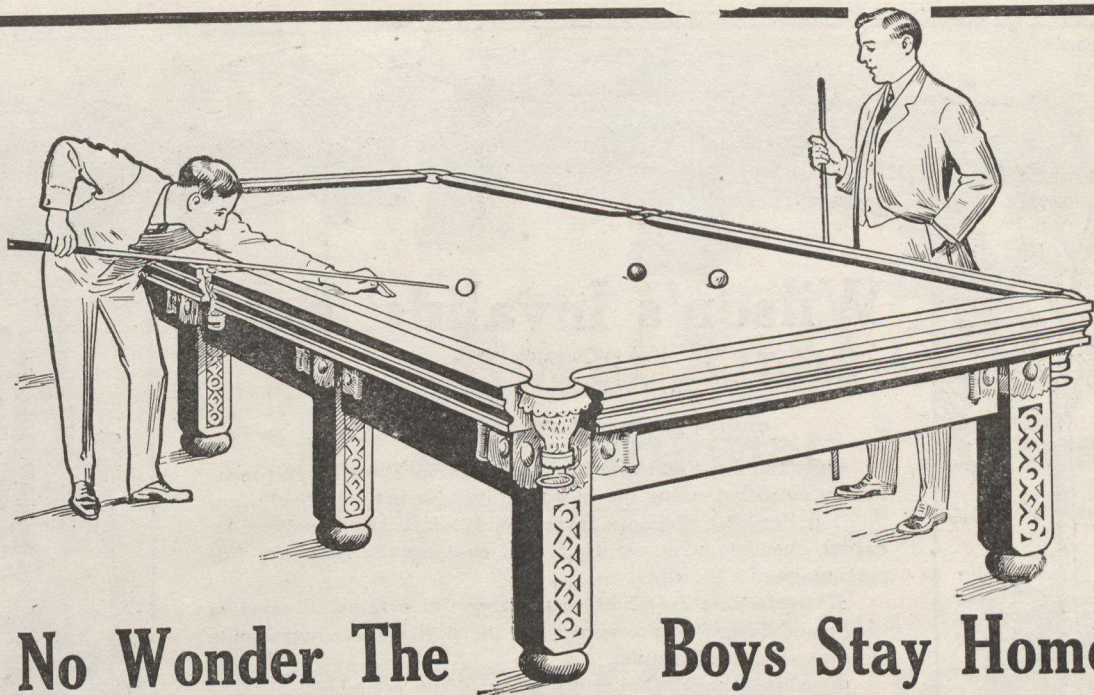
"I have a handkerchief in my left-hand pocket," he said; "will you kindly extract it. My right arm, as you know, is not very serviceable at present."

The Red Virgin obeyed.

"This will form another bandage," she said, applying it to the lacerated temple; "but to what effect?"

"While there is life there is hope."

"Hope in Weidenbruck!" she repeated bitterly. "Hope on such a night as this! Do you suppose a wounded man can live in the streets



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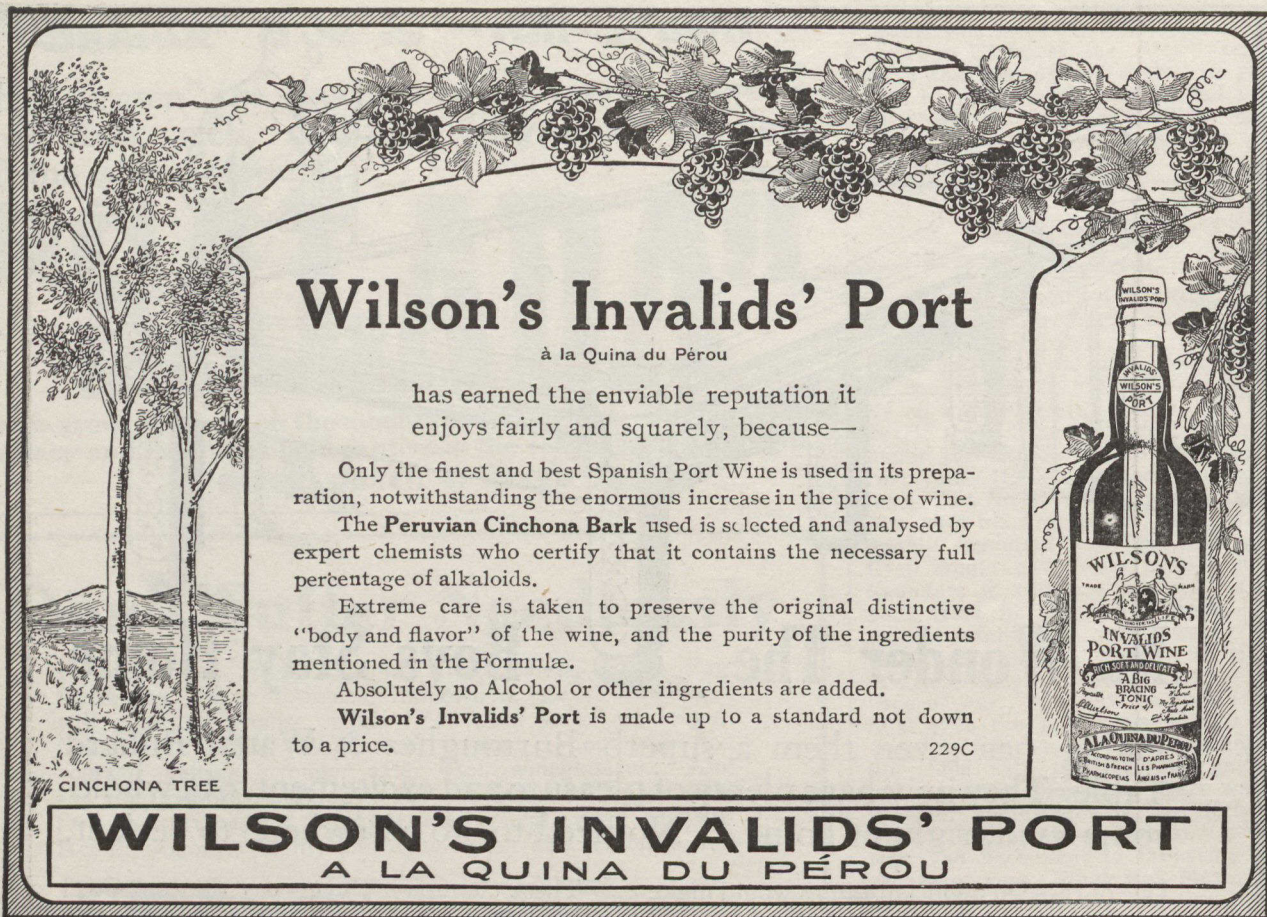
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with the damp-cold wind freezing the blood as soon as it wells from the gaping wound?"

"We must get help," said Saunders. She laughed mirthlessly.

"Help! We must get help! But how can we get help, when there are no sleighs to carry him to a hospital, no wayfarers to lend a hand. I have knocked at a dozen houses on either side of the street, but they are close shuttered, and as impenetrable as the gates of Heaven."

"Then we must carry him, ourselves."

"I have tried, but I am a woman and Paul Roeder is a big-framed lad. I achieved nothing but an addition to his suffering."

"Perhaps I might be more successful," suggested the Englishman.

"You—you have a wounded arm."

"Also an unwounded one," Saunders rejoined. "I am fairly strong, and I fancy I could get him as far as the Neptunburg, if you could help me get him into a good carrying position."

"You will hurt yourself."

"Possibly, but that is a minor detail. Come, my girl, let us make the attempt, anyhow."

**S**AUNDERS knelt down in the snow beside the stricken Roeder, and got his left arm under the sufferer's body.

"Now lift his legs, Red Virgin, while I am getting to my feet. So!

Paul Roeder was, as the Red Virgin had said, a big-framed lad, and Saunders' strength, handicapped as he was by his wounded arm, was taxed to the uttermost. Nevertheless he strode bravely on, setting his lips, and putting a fair pace to his steps. But the farther he went the heavier grew his burden, the more imperious the desire to shift the weight on to his other arm. The sweat poured down his face, and the breath came in thick gasps from his lips. What had at first been discomfort became acute suffering, and the cramp in his arm grew almost unbearable.

The Red Virgin was not oblivious to his distress.

"Set the man down and let him die," she said suddenly.

The sentiment astounded Saunders, but he vouchsafed no reply, save a slight increase of his tottering gait.

"After all, what is a life?" pursued his companion.

"That is a question neither you nor I can answer," he replied in gasps, and struggled gamely on.

"At least rest a minute," she persisted.

"We must run no risks," he retorted.

At last the long battle was ended—and won. The gates of the Neptunburg were reached, and Saunders set his senseless burden in the porter's room.

He flung himself into a chair and remained for a few minutes silent and motionless.

"Schickert," he said presently to the amazed porter, "who is the officer on guard?"

"Major von Arheidt, Excellency."

"Then take him this note," said Saunders, rising and going to a desk that stood in the corner. He took a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote with his left hand:

"Please dispatch a couple of men for the nearest doctor, and bring him back under escort to the porter's room, where there is a wounded man in whom I take a personal interest."

"Thanking you in anticipation,

"R. Saunders."

He gave the porter the note and sent him to find Major Arheidt.

"Now," said Saunders, opening a cupboard door, "I'm going to have a glass of wine—and so are you."

He took out a bottle of kurdesheim and filled a couple of glasses, one of which he offered to the Red Virgin. She shook her head.

"I never drink wine," she said, "and if I did, I would not drink it here."

"Here?" he repeated.

"We are in the Neptunburg—a royal palace."

"And a very good place too on a night like this. Come, drink to Roeder's better health."

For the first time in his life Saunders saw the Red Virgin smile; but



what the smile meant he had not the faintest idea.

"Why not?" she said. "Yesterday I was an anarchist. To-day I am—God knows what."

"A very admirable and well-balanced young woman, who tends a wounded man at the point of death."

She tossed down the wine, and broke into an almost soundless laugh.

"That's better," said Saunders. "There's some colour in your cheeks now."

"So the Red Virgin is growing beautiful before your eyes?" she mocked.

"Handsome is as handsome does," he quoted.

"Then what of yourself?"

"I am full of virtue, and therefore exceedingly beautiful," he replied chaffingly. "Gad! that young friend of yours was as heavy as a fatted bullock."

She laughed in turn, and looked him up and down with a glance of mockery. Then with an abruptness that was almost incredible she flamed into white-hot rage.

"Jest on," she cried savagely. "Play the hero with a sneer at your own heroism. Save life and make a mock of it. Suffer pain, and gibe at your own agony."

"Red Virgin—"

"Enough!" she said, turning her steps to the door, "I am going."

"Not yet."

"I say, I am going," she repeated fiercely.

"And I said, not yet," he reiterated calmly.

She came back to him with a wild light in her eyes, faced him squarely, and thrust her face within an inch of his.

"Do you command?" she demanded.

"I do."

"Summon the guard, lock the door, arrest me," she cried dramatically.

"Calm yourself, my girl," he said soothingly. "The door is unlocked, and I have no intention of summoning the guard. Nevertheless, I say, remain."

She glared at him for a full half-minute, and then the rigidity went out of her frame; she staggered back, and sank into a chair.

"Why am I to remain?" she asked in dull tones.

"Because I want you."

"You want me?"

"I want your help."

"In what way?"

"Karl's person has been seized by the Arch-duke. He has been spirited away to some anarchist haunt in the Morast. I want you to help me to rescue him."

"YOU want me—the Red Virgin—to rescue the King from the hands of anarchism."

"I do. After all, as you said just now, you are a different person from the anarchist of yesterday. I am fighting on the right side, the side of order and justice and mercy. I believe you can help us as no one else can help."

She hung her head, and pressed her hands to her temples.

"Yes, I am a different person from yesterday," she said in a monotonous, almost weary, voice. "Yesterday I was the Red Virgin, a strange plant growing in a fetid soil. To-day I am a woman in a palace—a courtesan."

"You use words of which you do not know the meaning," he said in astonishment.

She rose abruptly to her feet, and tossed back her shock of ruddy hair. The colour that had crept into her pale, freckled cheek had deepened to carmine, and a weird light burned in the depths of her green eyes. She had always been stately; for the moment she was positively beautiful.

"Am I not fair enough for—for a courtesan?" she demanded.

Saunders shrugged his shoulders.

"You are too fair—within and without," he said.

She laughed wildly.

"Listen to what I have to say," she went on, "and then tell me that I am too fair."

Saunders shifted uneasily. He had a vague notion that something horrible was going to happen. This strange creature, weird product of a degraded civilization, was the prey to a frenzy of emotions he could only

guess at. Her limbs were a-tremble and her lips quivering. The frail temple of her emaciated body was being shaken by some supernal force that was almost blasting her poor starved brain with its intensity. He regretted giving her the wine. Her nervous system was not used to it—not fitted for it. He could have ended the uncomfortable scene by curtly dismissing her to the streets from which she had come. But two things restrained him. He needed her help for political reasons. She needed his, and in a way she did not comprehend.

When he spoke it was in studied, matter-of-fact tones.

"Time presses," he said. "I have to join my wife, who may be anxious on my behalf. Will you help us or will you not?"

"At a price—yes."

"THE Red Virgin used not to ask for rewards for well-doing. However, anything in reason."

"Anything in reason!" Her voice shrilled to a scream. "Do you suppose I want a common reward for violating my life-long principles?"

"I don't see that your principles are suffering—on the contrary. But as your assistance would be invaluable, I shall not haggle in the bargaining."

Again she broke into her harsh laugh.

"You want the body of a king," she cried, "and I want—"

"What?"

With a sudden emotion she seized him violently by both shoulders.

"Was there ever such a one as you?" she demanded passionately. "Such a hero and such a scoffer, so wise and such a fool, so seeing and so blind, so compassionate and yet so ice-bound? I want you—you. Cannot you see? You are my king, as Karl is King of loyal Grimlanders. Nay, you are more. I have no religion, I believe in no God, but to me, you are—"

Saunders wrenched himself free, and raised his left arm in a commanding gesture to check the coming blasphemy.

"You are mad—overwrought," he said sternly. "The Red Virgin has stood for purity in a quarter where all else was tainted."

"Purity!" she echoed bitterly. "I was no more pure than the small child is pure, or the infant temperate. My purity was distaste, not virtue. Those who are never tempted cannot boast if they do not fall. But to-night the Red Virgin has vacated her tenement, and the world-spirit has entered the empty house. I live as I have never lived before. There is a meaning in life where there was no meaning before. Anarchism, the religion of sterility, is scorched and withered by the new-born flame in my breast. Can one disbelieve in God, when the powers of Heaven and hell are in one's own heart?"

Saunders muttered two Anglo-Saxon mono-syllables, of which the second was "rot!"

"You mentioned 'purity,'" she continued. "If chastity is purity, I am pure, and I do not intend to be otherwise than pure. I shall not 'fall,' for I am already 'fallen.' The soul that was within me, the soul of the Red Virgin, is dead. Love, the love of a woman for a man, has entered in and there is neither purity nor impurity in my heart"—her voice broke in a tearless sob, and she sank to her knees before him—"only worship."

Saunders' lips framed themselves as if to whistle, but were twisted in the act into a sad smile.

He was no more disgusted than he was tempted—he was merely touched. There was nothing vulgar in her adoration—perhaps nothing physical. For the second time in his life he passed his hand lightly over her red locks.

"Poor, poor Red Virgin," he murmured.

She gazed up at him with hungering eyes.

"Surely a woman may worship her master," she begged.

"Yes, yes," he said gravely. "Only her master should not be somebody else's husband. It is better still," he added reverently, "if he should not be mortal man at all. But get up, Red Virgin, and let me ask you a few sensible questions."

(To be continued.)



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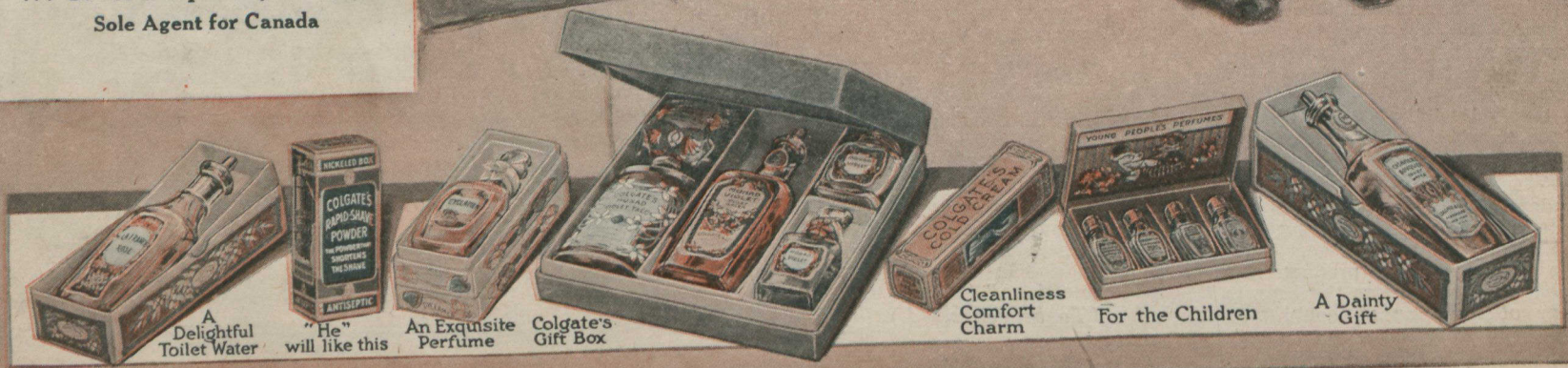
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