

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



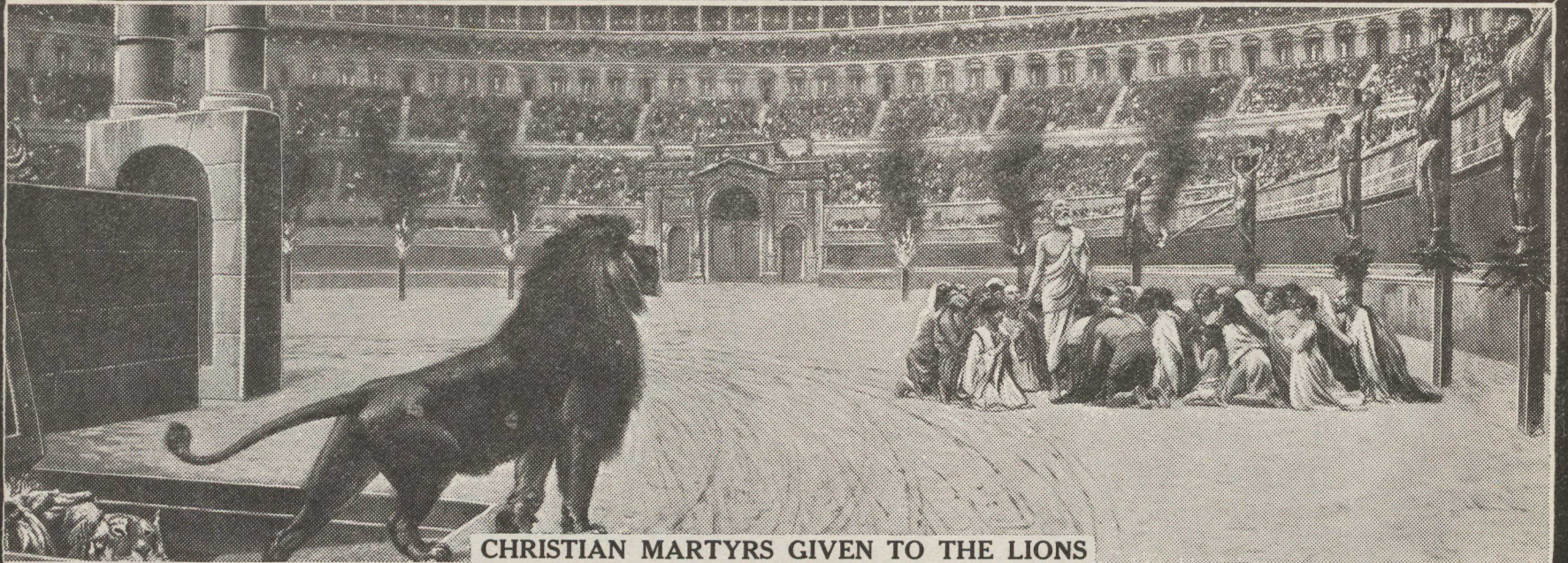
ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER

Our Debatable Navy

Panorama of 1912

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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**CANADIAN COURIER**

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 5

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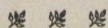


## Editor's Talk

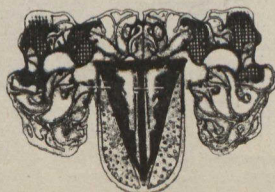
THIS week's feature is the Country and Suburban Life Supplement. We should like greater assistance from our readers in the development of this feature of the "Canadian Courier." Articles by amateur gardeners; photographs of flower gardens, vegetable gardens and country homes; experiences in building country and suburban homes, and similar material will be cordially welcomed. We invite correspondence from members of the various horticultural societies throughout the country, with questions, suggestions and news items. We can only make this department valuable to our readers through some such general co-operation.



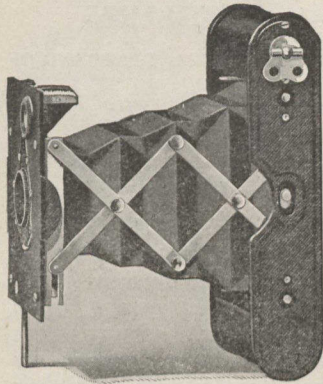
Similarly, we would again impress upon our readers that we are always glad to have news items and news photographs. This is a national weekly and hence the news and news pictures must be gathered from all parts of Canada. This is not an easy task and can be successfully performed only through the assistance and thoughtfulness of our friends in the eastern and western provinces. The "Canadian Courier" is not only a clearing house for national news, but a national advertisement. To fulfil the latter function, it requires up-to-date news and news pictures from every one of the nine provinces.



Next week's issue will contain a financial review of the year. It will be a meaty number, well worthy of preservation. The articles have been written for the public, not for the financiers. Every business man in the country should read this issue closely, as it will give him information which he cannot secure elsewhere.



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- 1 Egg
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- 1/2 cup Broken Nuts.

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Grocers sell Mapleine. Send 2c stamp for recipe book.



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## COSGRAVES

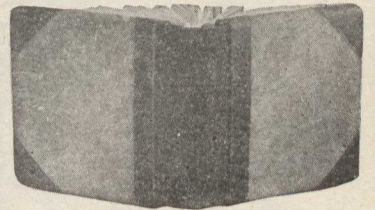
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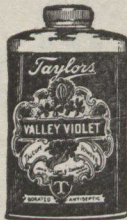
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## In Lighter Vein

Near Truths.

Most men fall in love with a one-cylinder heart and a 60-h.p. imagination. Man prefers a ruxury to a necessity; that is where the extravagant woman scores.

Advice from America: Advertise. When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened. When a hen lays an egg there's a whale of a noise. The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hens' eggs instead of ducks' eggs.

No matter how many times a man has been turned down or thrown over, nothing ever shakes his beautiful, comforting theory that every single woman he meets has matrimonial designs on him.

It is hard to conceive why the comic artists continue to picture the irate father as kicking his daughter's suitor out of the door instead of in the act of falling on the deliverer's neck.

When a man has recovered from his headache he may want some more champagne, but not from the same bottle; and when he has recovered from his heartache he may want some more love, but not from the same girl.

When you hold the key to a woman's heart don't forget that she can always teach another man to pick the lock with a hairpin.—The Tatler.

Close Rub.—The steamer was on the point of leaving, and the passengers lounged on the deck and waited for the start. At length one of them espied a cyclist in the far distance, and it soon became evident that he was doing his level best to catch the boat.

Already the sailors' hands were on the gangways, and the cyclist's chance looked small indeed. Then a sportive passenger wagered a sovereign to a shilling that he would miss it. The offer was taken, and at once the deck became a scene of wild excitement.

"He'll miss it."  
"No; he'll just do it."  
"Come on!"  
"He won't do it."  
"Yes, he will. He's done it. Hurrah!"

In the very nick of time the cyclist arrived, sprang off his machine, and ran up the one gangway left.

"Cast off!" he cried.  
It was the captain.—Tit-Bits.

What Could He Do?—The teacher was reading the history of England to some of the little pupils. When she came to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she noticed one of the little girls had raised her hand and seemed very desirous of attracting her attention.

"Well, Amy," said teacher, "what is it?"

"Please, ma'am," said little Amy, "what did Henry I. do when he was tickled?"—Harper's Bazar.

Misnamed.—It was a party of visitors seeing the sights in Pittsburgh, that finally entered the conservatory presented to the city by Mr. Phipps. The curator, while showing them around, was called away on business and left the visitors in charge of one of the clerks. They came to a beautiful statue which was admired immensely. It was of translucent marble. He pointed out the excellences of the statue, told the name of the sculptor and showed it from every viewpoint. One asked: "Alabaster, isn't it?"

"No," he said, "Venus."—Argonaut.

The Worst Had Happened.—A man who was greatly troubled with rheumatism bought some red flannel underwear recently, which was guaranteed in every respect, and a couple of weeks later returned to the store where he made his purchase. "These flannels are not what you claimed them to be," he said to the clerk.

"What is the trouble with them?" asked the clerk, "have they faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shrunk!" cried the purchaser indignantly, "why, when I came down to breakfast this morning with one of them on my wife asked me: 'What are you wearing the baby's pink coral necklace for?'"

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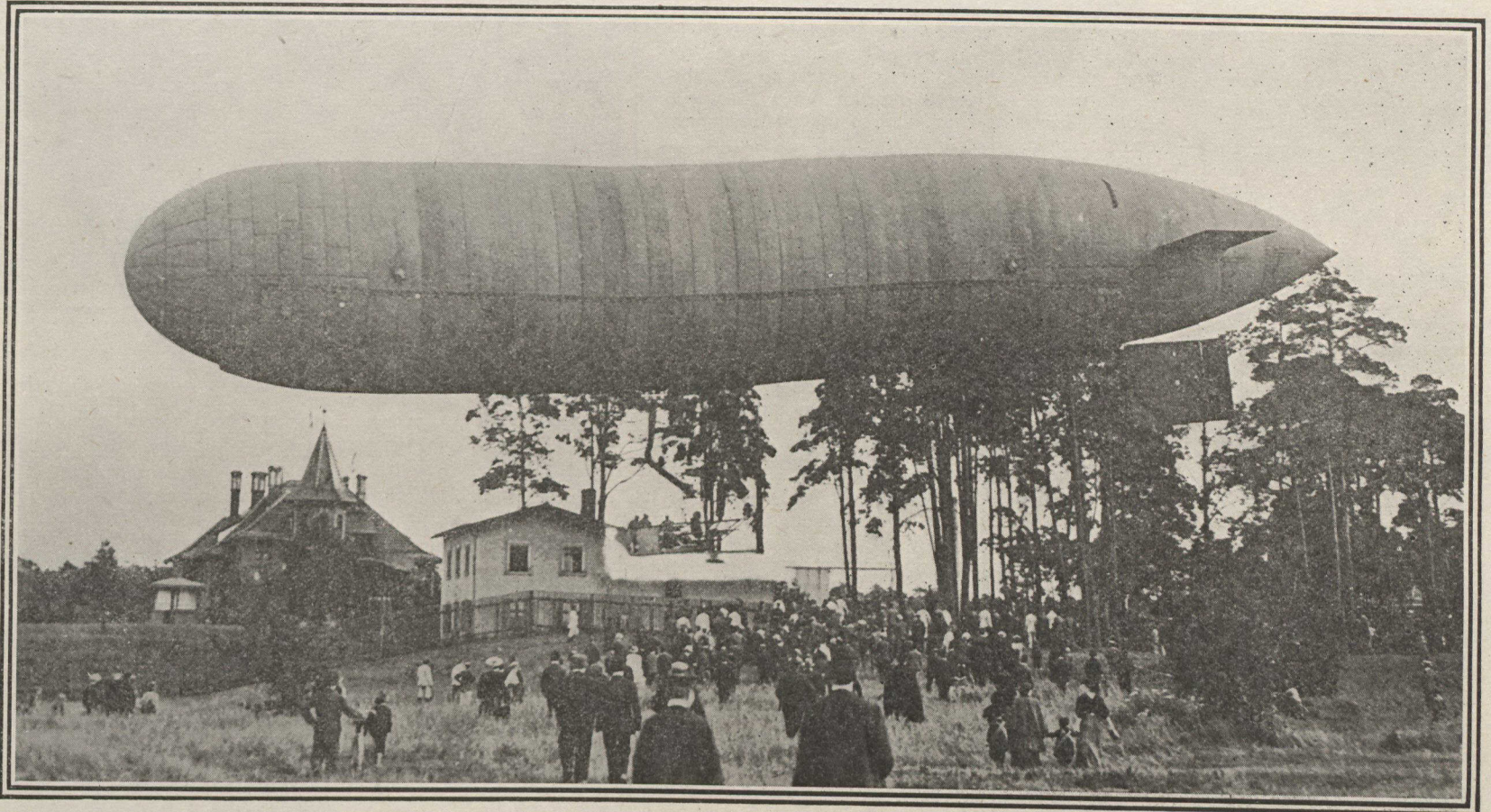
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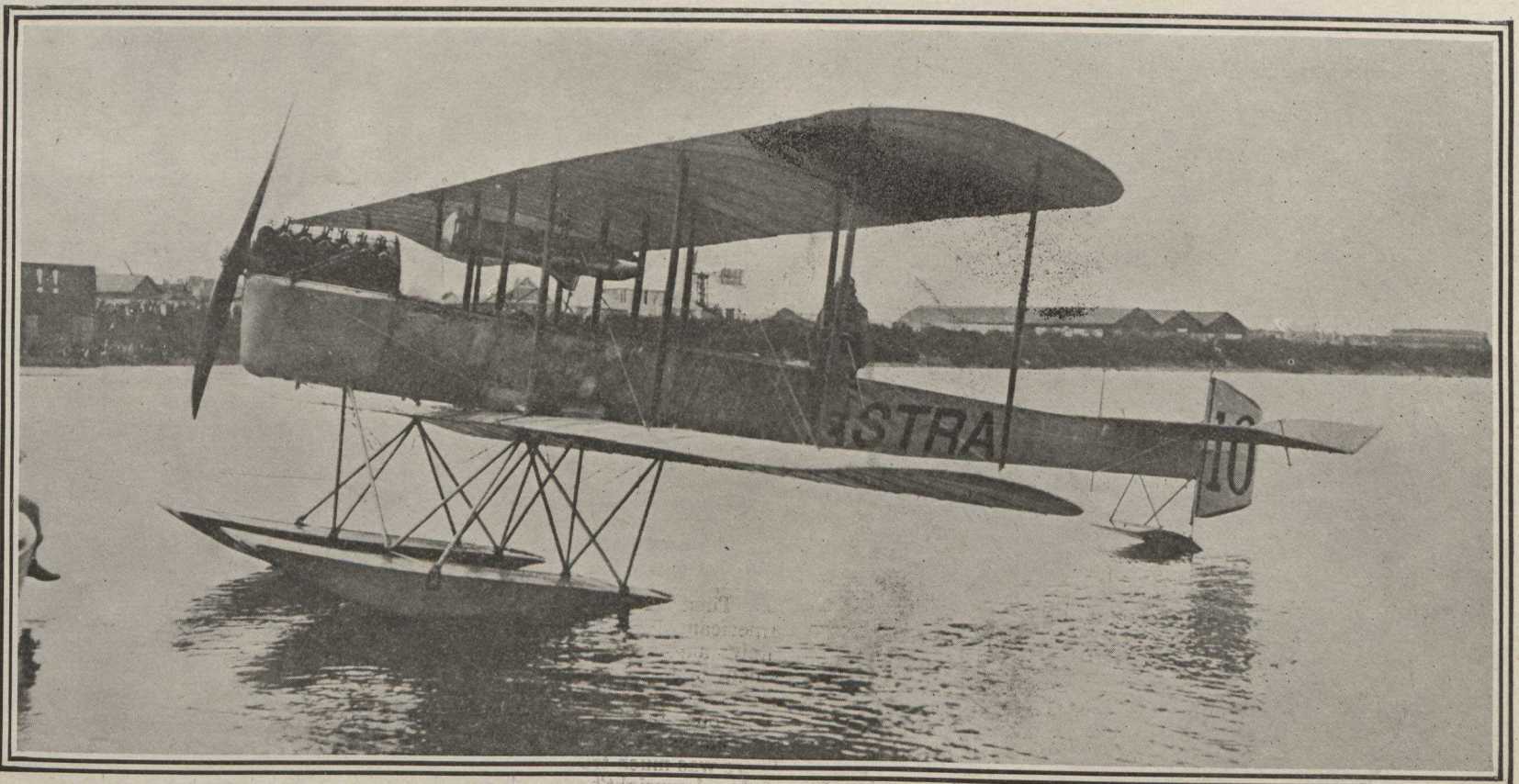
January 4, 1913

No. 5

NOW WE ARE PLACING ORDERS—WHY NOT AN AIRSHIP?



Great Britain is said to have Given an Order in Germany for this dirigible of the Parseval type. Why shouldn't Canada—not being strong on balloon-building as Mr. Borden might say—order another dirigible? Great Britain has only 45 airships as against Germany's 120.



Or, if a Dirigible Really Won't Fill the Bill, Why Not Order a Hydroplane Like this from France? Of Course, we Couldn't Supply the Crew, but if we Make a Present of a Hydroplane to the Admiralty, we Really Think it's up to Great Britain to Get Either Germans or Frenchmen for that Purpose.

# New Plays of the Week

"Hindle Wakes," "The High Road," "Peg o' My Heart," and Others

By JOHN E. WEBBER

THE traditional lull in theatrical activity, which invariably precedes the Christmas week, has been broken by the arrival of several new plays, among them, one, at least, proving a genuine dramatic event. Like so many of the current successes of the season, the piece in question comes by way of London, where it is said to have created very much of a sensation. "Hindle Wakes" is the title, and Mr. Stanley Houghton, heretofore unknown outside the cotton districts of Lancashire, where its scenes are laid, is the author. "Hindle" is any one of the centres of the textile industry, and "Wake" the local name for the annual week of holiday, which in the play as in the continental St. John's Eve, symbolizes an interruption in the ordinary routine of conventional life—an interval when primitive instincts come to the surface. This is what happens to Fanny Hawthorne, one of the mill hands, who goes with the mill owner's son to spend a week end at the sea shore. The affair is found out by the parents of both and naturally assumes a more serious aspect than the merely "good time" they intended. The young man is quite willing to marry the girl, but she refuses this conventional expedient for her moral regeneration, insists on her equal responsibility, and decides to work out her own salvation. To disclose the interesting denouement would be to rob intending spectators of a genuine surprise.

THE appearance of Mrs. Fiske in a new play is always an occasion of more than ordinary interest. She has chosen for her vehicle this year "The High Road," written by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell," "The Nigger," and "The Boss." The heroine of the new play is a woman who rises to a high place in the world of humanity by sheer qualities of heart and mind. We see her first as a girl in the narrow environments of an up-state farm, obeying the whims of a miserly father as if she were fulfilling a law of nature. An artist who comes to the farm finally succeeds in arousing her to a need of beauty and a freer life, and, quitting the farm she comes to New York with him in search of both. Three years pass in the midst of beauty, but, finding her nature still unsatisfied she leaves her lover to take up the work of a factory girl with a view to improving labour conditions. Years later she engineers a bill through the Legislature thereby winning the admiration of the governor, who makes her his wife. The skeleton of the past, of course, has to arise, and the time chosen is the governor's candidacy for the Presidential nomination. All in all, "The High Road" is the most representative American play of the season.

"THE CONSPIRACY," by John Roberts, a newspaper and magazine writer, is a play of New York Tenderloin life. Margaret Holt, who

has been a white slave victim until her escape, is devoting her life to wiping out the Scarlet Band, as the white slave gang is called. In this purpose she is assisted by her brother, an Assistant District Attorney. To get information she works as a stenographer for Pedro Alvarez, leader of the gang, who poses as a cutlery merchant. To prevent the band from killing her brother and to save her own life, she has to kill Alvarez. Through the intervention of a newspaper reporter Margaret gets into the service of Winthrop Clavering, author and amateur detective, who writes stories based on crime. He writes about the Alvarez murder and Margaret is compelled to take it down under his dictation. Her guilt is discovered and Clavering is about to surrender her to the police, thereby endangering her brother's life, whom the gang is holding as a hostage. However, he is finally persuaded to help her and save her brother's life.

"THE INDISCRETION OF TRUTH" is a comedy adapted by J. Hartley Manners from the Wilkie Collins novel, "Man and Wife." Truth Coleridge indiscreetly consents to elope with one Bruce Darrell, a gentleman athlete, who suffers a physical breakdown. Darrell takes her to a Scotch inn, where she is obliged to represent herself as a married woman in order to gain admittance. This, according to an old Scottish law, constitutes a marriage. Darrell is summoned away almost immediately and sends a Capt. Greville to look after Truth. The Captain, to protect the girl, asks for her as his wife, which also constitutes a presumptive form of marriage. Further complications follow, but finally Truth's guardian is able to extricate her from her entanglements and marry her himself. An excellent cast with Walter Hampden, Frank Kemble Cooper and Ann Murdock at the head, are presenting the piece.

"PEG O' MY HEART," a new comedy in which Laurette Taylor is starring, is also from the pen of Mr. Manners. Peg, the daughter of a lovable, but improvident, Irishman, and an aristocratic English mother, now dead, is brought to England to be educated and reared in the ways of polite English society, at the expense of her mother's brother, for which provision had been made in his will. An impoverished aunt is persuaded to undertake the girl's instruction for a handsome fee, and Peg's experiences with the punctilious, snobbish family provides a vein of rich comedy. Peg is a refreshing character study admirably suited to Miss Taylor's own particular comedy methods, and the story is sufficiently entertaining to carry the interest. H. Reeves-Smith plays a sympathetic and understanding friend admirably.

IN these days of feminist agitation Mere Man is surely getting "his." If any one doubts it let him consult the experience of Mr. Augustus Thomas, once dean of American playwrights, but lately author of a comedy which, under the title, "Mere Man," set out to deal in semi-humorous fashion with certain phases of the movement. There was much truth in some of the playwright's utterances, but, alas, much confusion likewise in their setting forth.



Mrs. Fiske in "The High Road."

The two imposed a burden beyond the play's strength.

"THE WHIP," the great Drury Lane spectacular melodrama just presented on the stage of the Manhattan Opera House, is a smashing success from start to finish. The delighted audiences also prove that the days of good old melodrama are not dead by any means, provided only that the melodrama be good, red stuff, with plenty of thrills, plenty of suspense, plenty of laughter, and that sufficient mechanical ingenuity be expended on its presentation. All these "The Whip" provides on a scale in keeping with the best traditions of Drury Lane.

A new comic opera, "The Firefly," with the dainty Trentini singing the leading role, has also been added to the attractions.

## General News.

MR. HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS, the well-known Canadian short story writer, now living in New York, has scored a success with his play entitled "The Argyle Case." This was produced in Atlantic City for the first time early in the season and has since been on the road. It opened in New York at the Criterion Theatre, on December 24th, and repeated its outside success. The experts believe that it is good for a five-months run in that city. Mr. Robert Hilliard takes the leading part. The story is based on some detective experiences of Mr. Burns, the head of the detective agency which bears his name. On the opening night Mr. Burns was present and was called before the curtain. He made a neat speech, giving credit to Mr. O'Higgins for the good points in the play. Mr. O'Higgins has associated with him as author Miss Harriet Ford, who is also the author of "The Fourth Estate" and other plays.

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"The Child," a melodrama in three acts, was recently produced for the first time in Fort Worth, Texas, with Margaret Anglin in the leading role. The story deals with the efforts of a young couple to defeat a will, by which a large fortune is bequeathed to the eldest child of the couple, provided it is born within ten months of the date on the will. The young husband is sentenced to prison shortly before the writing of the will. The baby is not born to the couple. They accordingly kidnap another woman's child and claiming it as their own return to their home town to receive their fortune. The baby's foster mother becomes attached to the child and it is with great difficulty that she can be compelled to acknowledge that the baby is not her own and to give it up. Miss Anglin is the wife in the story and William Howard is the young husband and convict. The play went fairly well considering that this was its first presentation.



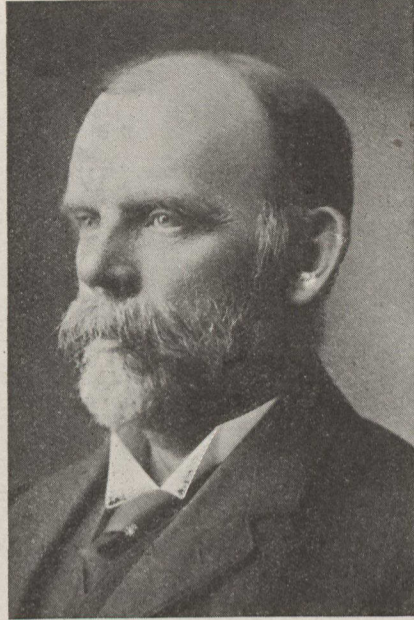
James C. Taylor, Alice O'Dea, and Emelie Polini, in a scene from "Hindle Wakes."



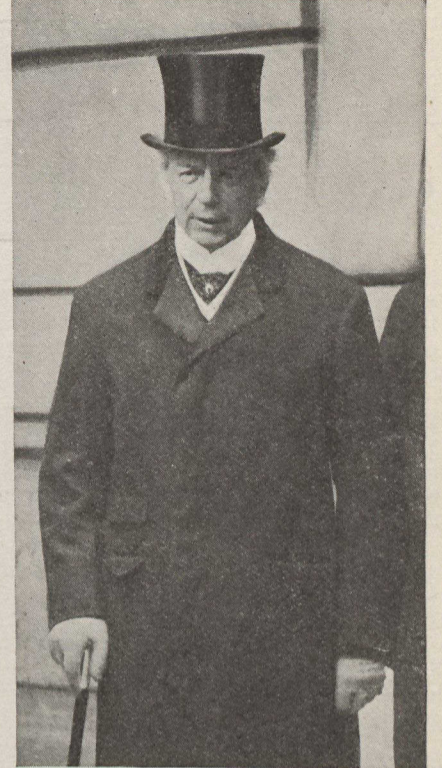
Mr. Borden, in England, said much, but kept much "sub rosa."



Hon. J. Douglas Hazen.  
The Minister of Marine has said very little, but has spoken very softly.



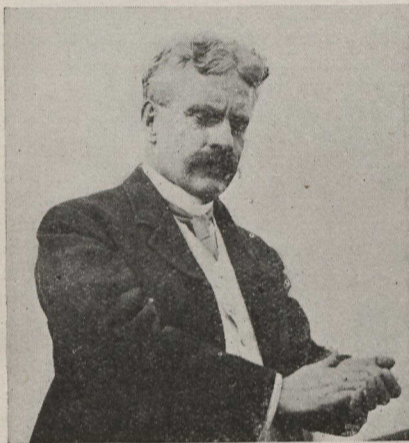
Dr. Michael Clark, from Red Deer,  
Who says "the German scare is attenuated."



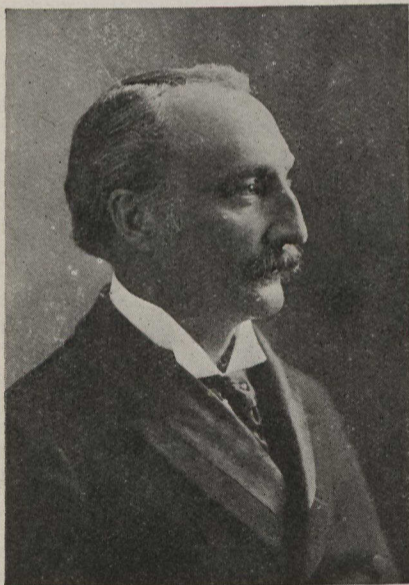
Last time in England, Sir Wilfrid, on matters of Empire, was sphinx-like.

## Our Debatable Navy

By H. W. A.



The German scare is large and healthy.



Hon. F. D. Monk, M. P.,  
Who resigned from the Cabinet on the Navy question. His resignation was caused by his pre-election utterances on the Navy problem. Like Dr. Michael Clark he did not change gears to suit the grade.

TWO parliamentarians stood watching the crowds gathered about the unopened entrance to the public galleries of the House of Commons during the progress of the naval debate. Both radiated an atmosphere of phlegmatic cynicism and boredom—with one the penalty of long experience; with the other the painstaking affectation of a youthful newcomer.

"And what does the country care about these heroics?" quoth the latter, evidently in response to some observation from his companion. "It doesn't take much to stampede Ottawa."

A square-shouldered, intense-looking man was bustling by and caught the comment. He stopped short and faced the young member. "Take much?" he repeated, sharply. "We are making history. We are making imperial history—more, we are making international history." And with that he shot on into the members' corridor. He was Colonel, the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence.

Few Canadians will take direct issue with the cyclonic Minister's hyperbole. Most will, at any rate, grant that the situation is destined to become historic. And as such it will doubtless be chronicled according to the historical method—a method some writer has described as one by which the greater and most important portion of the people concerned are left out of the narrative, or are only admitted to become lay figures in it, clothes-horses upon which to hang those deeds that reflect the high light of achievement. History is a decimating thing. It reduces every hero down to his deeds. A sentence is devoted to his personality and a chapter to his performance.

The fault of not introducing more of the personal portraiture is emphasized by the tenacity with which the reader clings to such meagre details as have, perchance, crept in.

Who does not remember that the Iron Duke was bow-legged, or that the nasal appendage of Cromwell was decorated by a mole? And who, years hence, when the great naval conquest has been won, and all Christendom is chanting the glories of the Canadian Dreadnoughts or the prowess of the Canadian fleet units, will not be interested in recounting the events which brought these fighting forces into existence, and the manner of men who, by their voices and votes, contributed to the parliamentary annals of the occasion?

During the last year of Salisbury's British Premiership two zealous deputations waited upon him to urge the importance of taking steps to "draw more closely together the world-scattered colonies of English-speaking men." He replied that the enterprise involved the future of the British Empire and expressed the belief that the time had fully come for getting out of the sphere of mere aspiration and for invoking the strongest brains to examine the

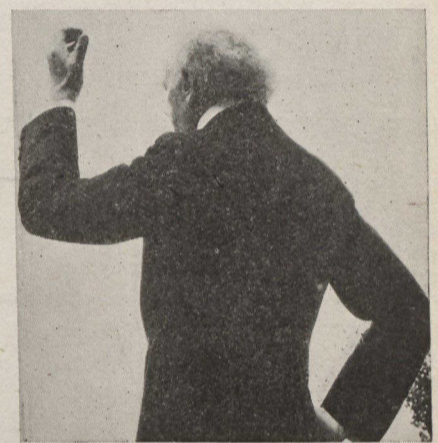
whole subject with the utmost care, with a view to a practical scheme which could be submitted to all the colonies. There Lord Salisbury left it. But there the Prime Minister of the Crown ought not to have left it. A question which has in it the vast destinies of the Empire cannot, and ought not to, be left to be battledored and shuttlecocked between Ministers and Federation Leagues. And itinerant evangelists of the Walter Long type, who visit Canada with the mission of impressing upon her self-governing people their ideals of the relationship which should exist between the Mother Country and her imperial progeny beyond the seas, are always open to objection on the score of breaking constitutional crockery or of dragging imperial matters into the arena of party strife.

It is good work that wants doing—and Canada proposes to do it herself, through her own Parliament; through her own people, if that be necessary.

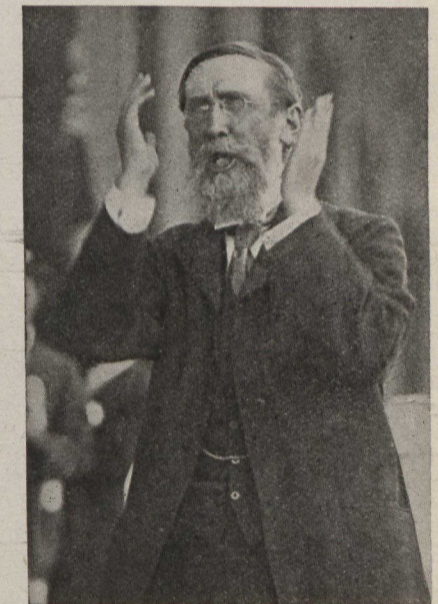
When Parliament adjourned for the Christmas recess, some days ago, two policies in relation to Canada's participation in imperial naval affairs were, as everyone knows, before the House. Premier Borden proposed a contribution of three Dreadnoughts at an estimated cost of \$35,000,000 to be placed at the service of the British Admiralty in the North Sea. Sir Wilfrid Laurier submitted a distinct development of his previous naval policy contemplating the construction of two complete fleet units to be stationed on the Atlantic and Pacific shores of Canada and to be at the service of the British Admiralty in time of emergency. Both policies have found effective advocacy from some of Canada's ablest parliamentary debaters. In support of the Premier's proposals the country has heard from Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine, and Hon. George E. Foster, while Sir Wilfrid's policy has found notable support in Hon. George P. Graham and Dr. Clark.

It was Canada's first dip into the realm of serious imperial and international questions, and she has had no reason to blush for the manner and method in which they were treated by those chosen to lead the discussion. New Brunswick seems to produce men who "fight with a smile." Like Hon. Dr. Pugsley, his predecessor from the little maritime province, "Dug" Hazen, is a master of soft tones and an archer of shafts encased in velvet. He affects the It-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you style of administering punishment. He is grieved to expose his honourable friend opposite, but he emphasizes the "honourable" and the "friend." Again like Dr. Pugsley, his friends declare that there never was a more charming man, while his enemies maintain that no more odious and self-satisfied personality ever affronted the House of Commons. The charm and offence are largely due to the same causes. He

(Concluded on page 27.)



There is no immediate emergency.



"The word is not 'emergency.' The word is 'need.' Who is to be judge of the need: the Premier, who has been counselling with the Admiralty, or the right honourable gentleman, who has not had the knowledge?"

# When He Played the Flute

*A Quaint Love Story of the Long Ago*

By W. E. TURLEY

“WANT to hear a story, do you?” the old man smiled at his questioner—  
“You’ve come to the right party, if I do say it myself.”

“See that picture on the wall?” He pointed to where a sleek, comfortable-looking man in butler’s livery was pictured. “That was my father. He’s gone long ago. ’Twas him told me the story I’ll tell you.”

“He was servant for many years with a titled family near St. Ives, whose ancestors crossed with William the Conqueror. One Christmas day he took mother and myself. I was just a boy at that time—to see the treasures of the Castle—the family then being away on the Continent.

“The old and oft-times battered armour, the quaint, old oil-paintings of knights and their ladies, with many other relics of the days gone by, we were long in looking over.

“At last we came before a flute, age-stained, it hung on the wall, its silver keys dimmed so they harmonized the better with the dark wood of the pipe.

“My father looked up at it and I could see his fingers twitching, as he said, ‘Every time I look at that flute my fingers itch to be on its keys and my lips pucker for the feel of its mouthpiece.’

“We passed along and no more was said about the flute then, but that evening father brought it home carefully wrapped up in a silk handkerchief.”

IN THE FIRELIGHT’S GLOW.

“WHEN the evening meal ended, the table was cleared and a warm-coloured table-cloth spread above it. The fire was made up, but when mother set the lamp on the table, father told her to turn it down and then the room was illuminated more from the fire than the lamp.

“He unwrapped the flute and fondled it as though it were the most precious thing. Then he put it to his lips and blew out softly, sweetly, ‘Sing we all merrily,’ an old-fashioned Christmas carol.

“Ear-haunting love songs followed, and I, who had heard him play ordinary flutes many times before, never knew his heart and soul to be in the music as it was that night.

“The last tune he played was ‘Afton Water,’ and mother cuddled beside him as the flute fairly sobbed out the lament, ‘My Mary’s asleep by the murmuring stream, flow gently sweet Afton, disturb not her dream,’ she sighingly murmured with the flute music. A tear came with the choking in my throat and I bent my face in the table-cloth.

“I’ve wished I had the gifts of poet or painter, so I could recreate that scene.” the speaker gulped and smiled. “The firelight leaping and falling, the blue-patterned plates edgeways in the rack, the old clock ticking, the dim glow in the lamp-globe, mother and father there, she sitting on the hearth-rug and he in the chair with that most wonderful flute in his fingers and the spell of its music on the three of us.

“Wouldn’t that make a picture?” he enquired, and his hearer agreed.

THE TALE OF THE FLUTE.

SLOWLY and carefully the story-teller filled a pipe, and when the weed was aglow, began again—

“Then Dad told us the story. The flute was two hundred years old, he said, and once

belonged to a son of the head of the family it came from away back in sixteen hundred and something.

“That lad was a master of music and in his time no man could play the flute like him. His father adopted a poor orphan girl, well bred—one of the same stock, in fact, and brought her to the old home.

“Of course the son fell in love with her, for she was sweet as is the dogrose on an English hawthorn hedge. They loved in secret, for at a hint from the lad, his father forbade him to entertain serious thoughts concerning the girl.

“One day the father came upon them enclasped in each other’s arms and he tore them asunder—he was an old warrior and strong as men are who have fought their fellow-men.

“His bitter tongue lashed the affrighted maiden till she swooned, then he turned upon the son: ‘Leave this place,’ he thundered. ‘No son of mine shall disobey me and stay to boast of it.’

“From appeals for a hearing to boisterous anger was a span soon bridged by the youth, and ’tis said that blows were exchanged between son and sire that night.

“Be that as it may, the boy went away and the girl was kept virtually a prisoner in the old castle. Rumours of wild, rakish outbreaks on the part of his son hardened the old man’s heart still more against the boy, and he drifted away, almost out of memory of all but the oldest servants, when on a Christmas Eve, when all there had retired, wildly sweet music was heard coming from the lawn beneath the girl’s bed chamber.

“No one saw him who played for at the first note, the father arose and dared any to venture as much as a foot from their rooms.

“The lover played a long, long time, his heart’s

pain floating outwards and upwards with each trembling, plaintive note. Those who heard it never forgot the music he made—tradition says that tears came with the memory of it while its hearers lived.

“There is a picture for you—the lover in the shadow of the castle, the moonlight flooding the lands and outlining the grey old building, the stern, unbending father and the shrinking maiden who would be sitting with hands clasped together and eyes straining as though they could pierce the stones between and feast on the figure of him she loved—Lord, I wish I could paint!

“Snow floated down after that serenade was ended, but not so much that it hid the flute, a note beneath it which told how he who had played was going to the wars as a common soldier.

“The flute was treasured, more and more as the months rolled by, and then came tidings of how as a soldier in the ranks of the Duke of Marlborough’s army, the son of a lord had fallen at the Battle of Blenheim when the French and Bavarians were defeated.

“No more than that, just died in battle like a common soldier, and him a lord.

“The girl he left behind never married, though she lived long after 1704, when the battle was fought and the flute was kept as a family relic, and say, a funny thing about dad’s borrowing it was the fact that he couldn’t sleep that night till he’d returned it to the place where it had hung so long.”

## Hideous City Streets

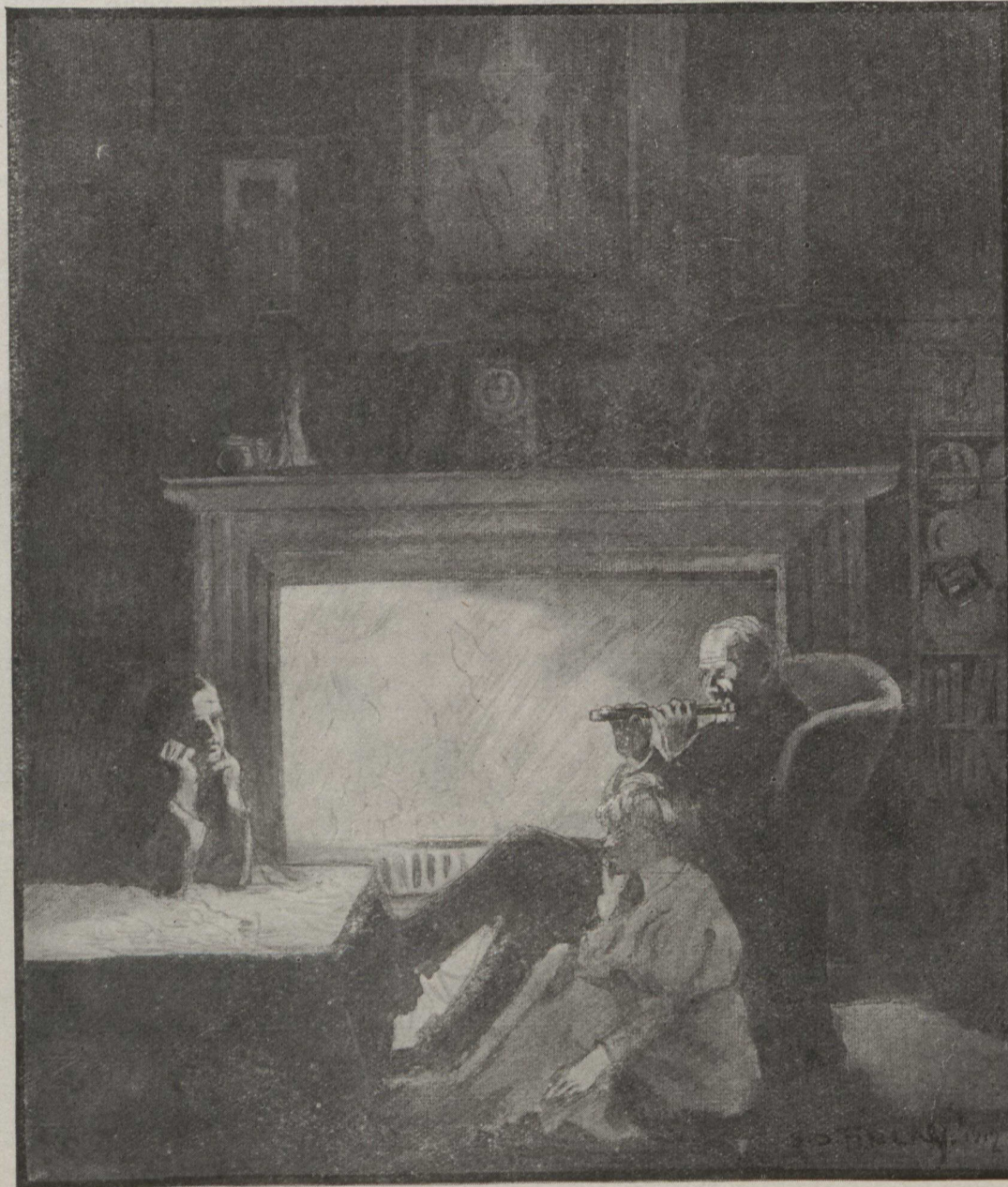
SINCE Toronto went in for a municipal lighting plant, the forest of poles has grown until the streets are hideous. Even Jarvis Street, once a leading residential avenue free of poles, is now lined with inartistic wooden poles. Winnipeg has done better. Through the

Manitoba Utilities Commission it will have only one set of poles. The Winnipeg Telegram explains it thus:

“The adjustment of the long and vexatious dispute between the city and the Winnipeg Electric Company through an agreement for the joint use of poles comes as a decided relief and with the utmost satisfaction to the people of Winnipeg. It relieves the city of a situation at once disagreeable and which threatened a tedious and costly litigation. It illustrates yet again the efficiency of the Public Utilities Act, and the capable administration of his duties by Commissioner Robson.

“But for the existence of the Public Utilities Act it is doubtful if an amicable arrangement would have been possible; what is more likely is that the city would have become involved in long-drawn-out and expensive litigation. The fact that the statutes provided such an agency as the Public Utilities Commission, with power to compel an adjustment of this difficulty, made the problem of composing the differences between the city and the corporation very less formidable. It was a case of agreeing to agree or being forced to it.

“At best there are too many poles in Winnipeg. The multiplication of their number through failure to arrive at an adjustment of the dispute between city and corporation would have imposed almost intolerable conditions upon the people. As it is, thanks to the activities of the Public Utilities Commission, there will be no addition to the number of the poles which mar the appearance of the streets.”

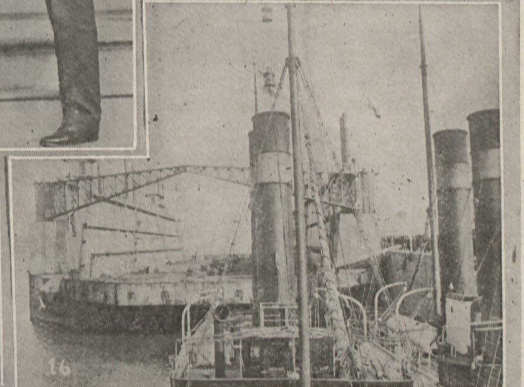
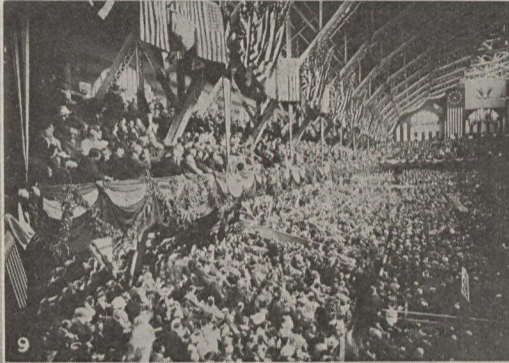
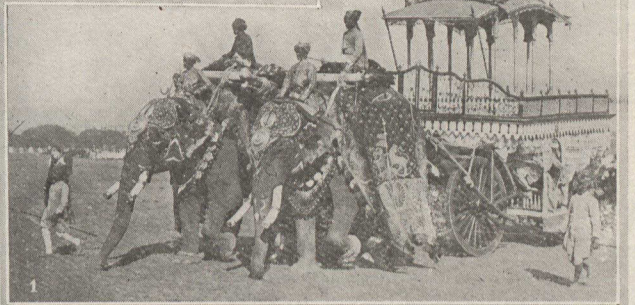


“And father in the chair with that most wonderful flute in his fingers and the spell of its music on the three of us.”

Drawn by S. S. Finlay.



# PANORAMA - 1912



1. At Calcutta last January a "Pageant of India" was part of the celebration of the great Durbar, in honour of the removal of the capital to Calcutta. A few days ago Lord Hardinge, Viceroy, narrowly escaped death by a bomb in Delhi. 2. Sir Edward Carson gives the Home Rule Bill a kick back towards goal by addressing a crowd of Ulster Unionists at Omagh. 3. China's awakening to American ideas as demonstrated by the emergence of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, provisional President. 4. In the latter part of February the great miners' strike broke out in England. 5. General Booth photographed a little while before his death. 6. April 15, the Titanic struck an iceberg. 7. West India Trade Commission visited Ontario. 8. The Duke of Connaught paid his first official visit to the Woodbine race track in Toronto. 8A. Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Liberal Opposition, visited New Ontario. 9. The great Republican Convention met at Chicago to sidetrack Roosevelt who afterwards organized the Progressive Party. 10. The greatest cyclone ever known in Canada devastated part of Regina, now pretty well rebuilt.

11. Governor Wilson gets congratulatory telegrams on his nomination as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. 12. Premier Borden visited England with two of his ministers to prepare material for the Navy Bill now before the House. 13. "Herb." Lennox held his annual greatest Conservative picnic in the world at Jackson's Pt., Ont. 14. Aime Geoffrion was cross-examined by the Canadian Courier about nothing in particular. 15. Opening the new entrance to the Canadian National Exhibition. 16. The new dry dock, floated across the Atlantic, was installed in Montreal harbour. 16A. Picture of the dry dock inaugural ceremony. 17. Clan Maclean, from all countries known to man, held an Old Boys' Reunion at Duart, Scotland. 18. The Duke made his first official visit to Vancouver. 18A. A Vancouver triumphal arch in honour of the Royal visit. 19. In October the Balkan States went to war with Turkey, and are now conducting an armistice peace conference at London. 19A. Guarding two bridges to Adrianople. On the whole, the year was excellent for the "news" photographer.



## Through A Monocle

### CIVIC GOVERNMENT

**A** PLAN for civic reform has occurred to me which is entirely original—so far as I know. I do not remember to have seen it mentioned by any one else; and, when you hear it, you will probably be quite willing to admit that few would be guilty of it. My plan is based upon a trait of human nature which a long observation of various forms of bad government has convinced me is at the bottom of most of them—the trait that no citizen likes to be robbed unless he himself does the robbing. Take a city treasury, for example. If a burglar were to break in and steal three cents, and the citizens had a chance to go to the polls and vote what should be done to that daring burglar, there would be “boiling oil” in it—sure. But if an alderman steals three millions, and then cleverly persuades the electors in his ward that they are getting more than their share of the “swag” back again in the form of local improvements which the other wards lack, these same citizens will go to the polls and re-elect him, time and again.

**T**HAT is the way that successful civic “grafters” get along. They “divvy” with the citizens. In a city which I know, there was once an alderman whom everybody knew to be corrupt, who grew enormously rich in the city’s service, who was most unblushing in his operations, which were, indeed, too gigantic to hide; and yet this alderman was simply invincible at the polls. Why? Because he fattened his own ward. Every man who wanted one, had a street light before his door; and those who didn’t want them, had them removed. Any shiftless son of an elector could always get a job through this alderman, either from the city or from some firm who wanted to oblige “Mr. Alderman.” He was a good “divider.” He scattered money wherever he went. All who came in contact with him, passed along distinctly richer. He convinced enough of the citizens, to make him invincible, that they were partners in his exploits.

**N**OW my plan for civic reform—patent applied for—is to have our cities governed by outsiders, dependent for their jobs on outsiders—and by a class of outsiders who could not be “fixed” by giving them a share of the “boodle.” Then when a city was robbed, it would lose the money down to the last cent. There would be no notion among the citizens that they “stood in” with the “high-binder,” and got more out of his bag than they, individually, put in. A citizen does not have to get very much to feel that way. He knows that he will have to pay taxes in any case. That is so much sheer loss. The civic services must be kept up; and he does not look for any very appreciable lowering of the tax-rate. The “boys” at the City Hall will find means to keep that up all right. So when he gets a little personal advantage because he is a loyal friend of a particular civic dignitary, he looks upon that as clear profit; and is quite anxious to overlook any libellous stories about the manner in which his particular friend behaves himself when left with the keys of the civic safe.

**B**UT my plan would kill that whole system of bribing the people with their own money. It would be of no advantage to the “grafting” alderman to bribe the voters; for they would have no votes, so far as he was concerned. And you may be very sure that he would never give away any part of his “loot” for nothing. He is no philanthropist. The consequence would be that the citizen would be exceedingly wroth when it was demonstrated to him that a portion of his tax-money had been quietly purloined. When the alderman or the controller or the “Prefect” or whatever you called him, pocketed any part of the public revenues which he was paid (I would pay him adequately on a business basis) to administer, he would be in precisely the position of a defaulting trustee of any other sort. He would have no friends. He would be simply a criminal. If the evidence was not clear, but the outside appearances bad, he might escape criminal prosecution, but he would infallibly lose his office.

**N**OW I know that you are going to ask me a hard question: viz.: to wit—“Who is your outside authority?” Who is to choose these alder-

men or controllers or “managers”? Well, I have this comfort as I prepare to answer your question—I cannot possibly select any person or persons who can be as poor “choosers” as those who now attend to the job. Any change must be for the better. The tax-payers who are robbed, and then bribed, are the worst possible. If I suggested that the King of the Cannibal Islands should attend to the election of our “worthy city fathers,” I would be suggesting an improvement on the present system—as a rule. I am not dealing with cities who are satisfied with their selection, nor with small towns where there is precious little to steal. But the King of the Cannibal Islands could certainly beat the voters of the average big city.

**B**UT I will not trouble the King. One plan would be to allow the voters of one city to elect the aldermen for another. That is, we could exchange aldermen. This plan would be improved by insisting that the aldermen so elected must be citizens of a third city. That is, if the electors of Toronto had to choose five men living in Winnipeg to administer the affairs of Montreal, I haven’t a doubt of it that Montreal would get better government than it has now. Another plan would be to let the Dominion Government name a civic board as it names a harbour board. This might result in creating a vast and powerful party “machine”; but it would at least vest the appointment in a body responsible to people who could not be bribed with Montreal revenues. The weakness of this idea is that the Dominion Government would thus have the control of all the cities in its hands. There is where the “machine” would come in. But if it could be applied to one city only, it would be a howling success for that city; for the Dominion Government would have very much to lose and very little to gain by permitting that city to be “looted.” A reputation for capable and honest administration would be of more value to it before the country than the gratitude of a half-dozen enriched “aldermen.” However, this question of an outside authority requires more thinking over. We have not the material in this country to Germanize our civic governments. We had rather be worse

governed, and less governed. And we are right in that. But the government of our great cities still remains an unsolved problem.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

### “Folly and Sin of Militarism”

**A** DDRESSING a meeting at the First Baptist Church, in Brandon, last week, Professor P. G. Mode, of the Brandon Baptist College, delivered a scathing attack on what he described as the “Folly and Sin of Militarism.” He described the Overseas Club and the Boy Scouts as movements organized under a cloak purely for the purpose of promoting militarism. He expressed himself as not at all in sympathy with an emergency contribution, neither did he believe in the development of a Canadian navy for this country.

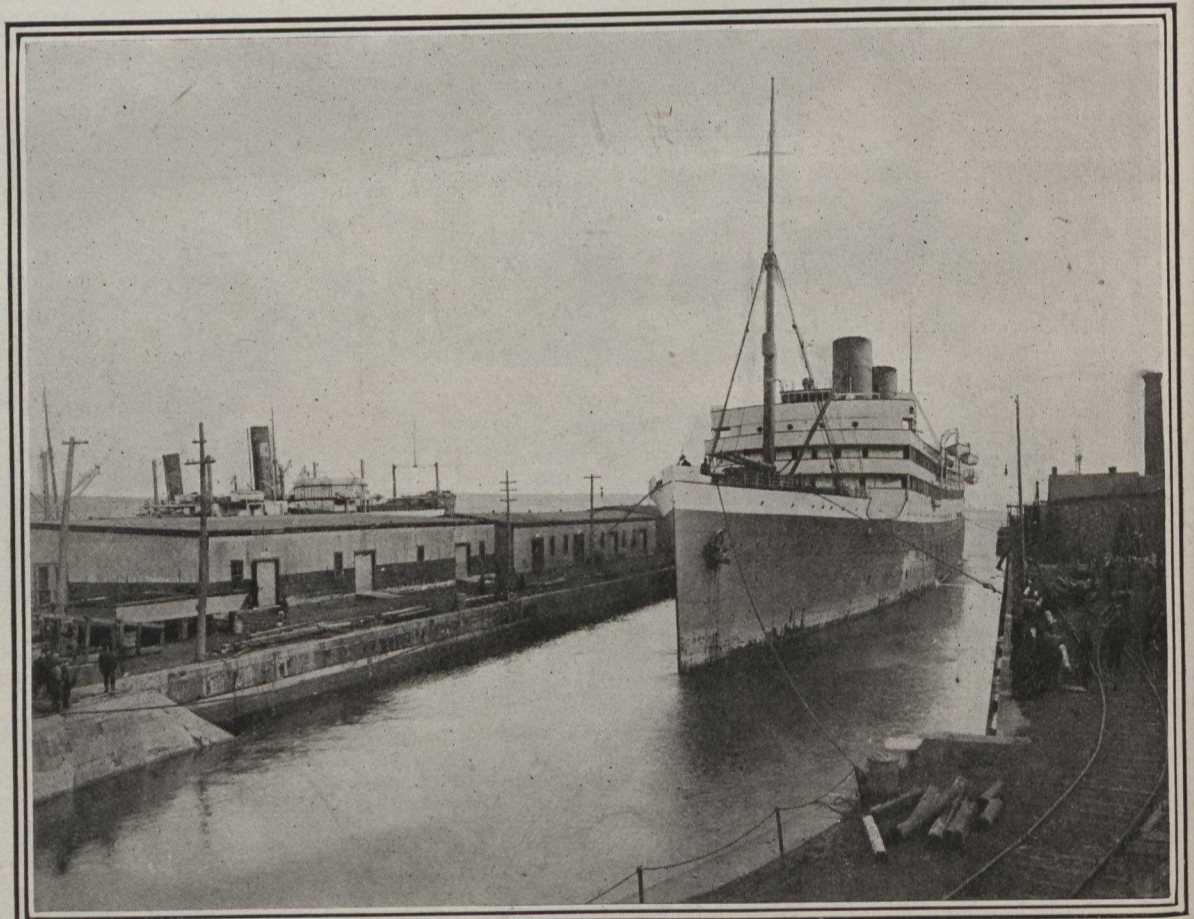
“Despotism and militarism have always gone hand in hand,” said Professor Mode at the outset of a vigorous speech. “We are now beginning to feel,” he said, “that no man has the right to go to another individual and ask him to lay down his life for any cause.”

“We crush down by keeping up ships that are not carrying commerce,” he said, “but the time has now come when men are not going to stand that sort of thing. The Socialist is rising and great organized bodies of workmen are determined that they will let the nation fall rather than go to war against their fellows.”

“It is not the men who play checkers with the great body of the people who go to war, but the very class of men whom the nation can least afford to lose. We cannot get the necessary education for the people while the great wealth of the nation is set aside to keep up militarism. Why should we have a great army standing on the border line between this country and our neighbour in the south? The spirit of peace is spreading over the land, but there are two great organizations whom we have to guard against. There are people who are making wealth out of this thing. There’s the Krupp concern, which declares a 12 per cent. dividend simply out of the manufacture of guns. Lord Northcliffe, who is the foe of Great Britain and of civilization, has three great newspapers doing their utmost to propagate the war spirit.”

“The conquest of the future is not to be won by militarism,” concluded the professor, “but by education and the cultivation of the social spirit. The words, ‘they that use the sword shall perish by the sword,’ embody the attitude the Christian church should take. I for my own part will do all I can to stop the forces that make for the destruction of my fellow man and the land that I delight to call my own.”

### The Royal George in Dock at Halifax



The value of large graving docks in all large Canadian ocean ports is here exemplified. The Royal George ran aground near the Isle of Orleans. She was pulled off, taken to Quebec for unloading, and then had to go all the way to Halifax to find a dock where her hull could be repaired. Had she gone to Montreal to use the new floating dock, she would have been “iced” in for the winter, with a great loss of revenue.

# At the Sign of the Maple

A HALF DOZEN ATTRACTIVE HALIFAX BUDS



Miss Hilda Outhit.



Miss Nita Vidito.



Miss Laura Simson.



Miss Bessie Curry.



Miss Margery Dimock.



Miss Berta Shatford.

## "Reluctant Feet."

THOSE same loth appendages are ascribed to maidenhood by no less a poet than Longfellow. Now, *are* they loth when they follow the brook to the river?

Longfellow was a man and, for the most part, an old one; though, indeed, he did have a youth when he wrote the "pumpkin poem"—the reader will have a care not to pronounce it "punk 'un." I, who am a woman and, comparatively a young one, have yet to see a reluctant maid at the door of womanhood.

The passion of children for dressing up is proof of the theory, when they play being brides, mothers, hostesses, what nots—now that so many new provinces open for women.

Latest proof, however, dropped from a girl's merry lips. And I mention the mirth advisedly, for the lips had also a firmness—that which comes when a young girl is working for her living, bravely, single-handed and with success. It was down in the laundry of a Y. W. C. A.

"I love my life—every bit of it!" the said lips were saying. Shirtwaist cuffs were assuming a proper stiffness.

"I have loved it from babyhood up, consciously, joyously, jealously. I love the hard parts huggingly!" A dark glance flashed up. "And I scarcely need to say how I love the joy parts!"

There were pleasant little ringlets bobbing against the girl's flushed cheeks. Her deft fingers were shifting the clumsy iron.

"It all becomes a part of one." A final press was given.

"It all goes into the crock!" And the blouse was finished.

A gesture flicked the garment up and the girl speaker was gone. But I thought, as I heard her footsteps beating down the passage, "There go feet one could not call reluctant. There goes youth it were good to 'grow old along with!'"

## Some Halifax Buds.

AND not in the least reluctant were the Halifax "buds," here pictured, to undo their first social petals so to speak at their comings out in the seaport town, this season.

Miss Bessie Curry, daughter of Dr. M. A. Curry, is a favourite, by virtue of her engaging naturalness.

Miss Berta Shatford, eldest daughter of Mr. J. F. Shatford, merchant, is a leading spirit in the "Halifax Ladies' College" set. She is of a piquant, laughing type, and possesses artistic talent.

Miss Laura Simson is a daughter of Mr. F. W.

Simson, a prominent business man and an active member of the North British Society. This "bud" is frank, ingenuous and very much in demand.

Miss Nita Vidito is the daughter of Mr. J. W. Vidito, of the leading firm of jewellers. The Vidito home is in Dartmouth, but the family is identified with Halifax social life and the daughter is an assured social success.

Miss Hilda Outhit is an ardent out-of-doors girl. Her father is Mr. C. W. Outhit, a foremost man of business, whose residence makes a picture at the head of the North West Arm.

Miss Dimock is the daughter of Mr. R. V. Dimock, manager of the Buckingham Street branch of the Royal Bank of Canada. Miss Dimock is fond of outdoor life; is keen about boating, motoring and tennis.

## The Young Wife's Guide.

By a Spinster.

"The Onlooker Sees Most of the Game."

BEGIN firmly. When he asks what you did with the five dollar bill he gave you week before last, be Irish and reply by asking what he did with all the five dollar bills he kept.

The first time you wish you weren't married just take a day off to consider all the occasions on which you wished you were.

"Feed the brute" is excellent advice—if you know how to cook. But remember that Eve's troubles began when she tendered Adam a raw apple.

Do not look amiable when he is bad-tempered—that is exasperating; but be amiable—that is effective.

Insist that he have a "night with the boys" occasionally. By the time his head is better he will have decided there is no place like home.

Never lay the fire or chop the kindling—you are establishing a bad precedent.

Do not think he has ceased to love you the first time he omits the good-by kiss. It is merely a sign that you are now one of the family.

When a man has one side of his face lathered is not an opportune moment to consult him about a fresh order of coal, or the delinquencies of Jane, for:

A man when shaving, and a dog with a bone,  
Are two very good things to leave alone.

Should he begin to quote his mother to you, send him home to visit her for a week.

Do not buy his neckties—then he has no excuse for selecting your hats.

More important than a smile to greet him at night is a pleasing appearance to speed him in the morning. Any stenographer looks prettier than a wife in curl-papers.

When a dish comes to the table spoiled, tell him it is a new recipe you got from his mother.

The woman who saves money at the expense of her own appearance is frequently providing fine raiment for a second wife.

Do not attribute all the unpleasant characteristics of the children to their father's family—unless your own genealogical tree is composed solely of angels.

A woman's tears are always effective, even with her husband—if she stops crying before her nose is red.

Take a honeymoon trip every year hereafter, but—take it separately.

LOUISE MASON.

## Recent Events.

ACTING for Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, Miss Pelly announces to the Board of Governors of the Victorian Order of Nurses that the subscriptions collected during the past year amount to \$220,000. This is a tremendous sum and reflects great credit upon the business methods which Miss Pelly employed in raising the money. Nearly every prominent man in Canada contributed. Of course the cause is quite deserving. The Order has done splendid work and every one will be glad to see its sphere of influence broadened.

The *Toronto Mail and Empire* has taken up the suggestion that the questions of girl-employment and the wage question ought to be officially investigated by the Ontario or Dominion Governments. The conditions which at present prevail in both Toronto and Montreal are unsatisfactory and call for heroic measures. The general feeling is that there should be a minimum wage of, say, six dollars a week for all girls working in factories, stores, and offices. Whatever opinions there may be as to the advisability of such a law, every person will agree that an official investigation is absolutely necessary. It is to be hoped that the *Mail and Empire* will follow up its suggestion with a series of articles on the subject, similar to those which were written by Miss Marjory MacMurchy for the *CANADIAN COURIER* last year.

Mrs. Colin H. Campbell, of Winnipeg, is regent of the new provincial chapter, I. O. D. E., in Manitoba. The chapter is concentrating effort on the establishment of hostels for the welcoming of the stranger.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Light on the Borden Navy.

I AM informed, on what to me is excellent authority, that the Borden permanent naval policy will not take the form of a Canadian navy. His permanent policy is already decided. He has taken the motto from the first page of Sir James Whitney's Ontario Readers: "One Flag, one Fleet, one Throne."

Where Sir James Whitney got the phrase I don't know, but it is there on the first page of every reader used in the public schools of Ontario.

This is just what I feared. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was so tardy with his Canadian fleet that the enemy got a chance to sow the seeds of doubt and distrust. Mr. Borden apparently is committed to the Whitney motto and the ultra-imperial clique. There will be no Canadian fleet. The clause saying that we may recall these three Dreadnoughts is only a bluff, a mere temporary expedient to give them time to drive home the new policy:

"One Flag, one Fleet, one Throne."

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## A Good Policy.

THIS policy of oneness is a good policy if correctly interpreted. It is a bad policy if it is interpreted as it was in the days of the so-called Family Compact. Before Lord Durham arrived in Canada the people who ruled this country were mostly living in Downing Street or representing Downing Street in Canada. They believed in one flag, one fleet, and one throne, and they believed in it honestly. To many of them the idea of Canada having a legislature of her own and an executive committee, to advise the Governor, chosen by that legislature, was ridiculous. It was an interference with the King's prerogative. It was subversive of monarchical government.

But the world has moved quite a distance since 1820. The political ideas of both Great Britain and Canada have shown considerable development in the last hundred years. Lord Durham believed in one flag, one fleet, and one throne, but he interpreted it quite differently from the way in which the early members of the Family Compact interpreted it. He gave it a meaning which many great men have accepted and developed since that time. Baldwin and Lafontaine agreed with Lord Durham. Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, and the Honourable George Brown also agreed with him. Still later the Honourable Edward Blake, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Charles Tupper adopted the Durham interpretation.

The men in Australia and New Zealand who corresponded with Durham, Baldwin, Lafontaine, Macdonald, Cartier, Brown, Blake, Tupper and Laurier, gave the same interpretation to this phrase. Canada has its flag, Australia has its flag, and New Zealand has its flag. Canada has its army, Australia has its army, and New Zealand has its army. Canada has its parliament, Australia has its parliament, and New Zealand has its parliament. The only oneness which these men felt was necessary was one King.

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## Mr. Borden's Amendment.

NOW comes Mr. Borden and those who agree with him and they introduce a new doctrine or give another interpretation to the phrase, "one flag, one fleet, one throne." They believe that there should be no flag used throughout the British Empire except the grand old Union Jack, which is the flag of Great Britain, Scotland and Ireland. There is to be no Canadian coat of arms in the field for Canada. There is to be no Southern Cross in the field for Australia.

There is to be only one fleet for the Empire. Canada is to have no fleet of its own. Australia is to give up the Royal Australian Navy which it has created. New Zealand is to surrender all its ambitions for a Royal New Zealand fleet. The only Britannic navy is to be in the North Sea.

Mr. Borden and his associates are apparently to go farther. No over-seas dominion is to have a Department of Foreign Affairs or a Consular Service of its own. These functions, like the naval function, are to be performed by Great Britain temporarily and by an Imperial Council or Parliament ultimately. When these changes are made we shall probably be asked to give up to some imperial body the right to make and unmake our tariffs, and also the right to make and unmake our trade treaties.

In short, the policy which has seemed good to the statesmen of Great Britain and the different dominions during the past hundred years is to be reversed, and once again we are to have centralization and bureaucratic government.

I entirely mistake the spirit of the people of Canada, of Australia, and of New Zealand if they are likely to adopt any such policy as Mr. Borden and the ultra-imperial clique in Great Britain are trying to foist upon these three young nations.

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## The Dreadnought Policy.

DO not mistake me. I am not opposed to the Borden Dreadnought policy. I do not believe that Dreadnoughts can be built in Canada at present, and I therefore am quite in accord with the policy which would order them in Great Britain. I do not believe that it would be possible at the present time for Canada to man, equip and maintain these ships. But I do believe that steps should be taken at once to create a Canadian naval service which will ultimately supply ships, men, equipment, maintenance, naval arsenals, naval stations, graving docks and all the other naval accessories as our share of Britannic defence.

If there was anything in Mr. Borden's recent

PRINCE ARTHUR SHOOTING



This picture shows Prince Arthur of Connaught shooting at Water Priory, Yorks. This year's shoot at this famous preserve was remarkable because of the very unusual fall of snow. It is rumored that the Prince will shortly receive a dukedom.

speeches which would indicate that in addition to his Dreadnought policy he is in favour of a Canadian naval service of a permanent character, then I would be quite prepared to lend my humble approval and support to the Dreadnought policy. If Mr. Borden's Dreadnought policy is simply the thin end of the centralization wedge, then I am frankly in opposition. No matter how great my admiration for the distinguished statesman, who at present is Premier of the Dominion, I must maintain my right to differ with his policy whenever I think that policy is subversive of our constitutional and national right to develop along the lines defined by the statesmen of the nineteenth century who laid the foundations of Britannic greatness and Britannic solidarity.

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## Hydro Finances.

THAT extensive government-controlled electric supply system in Ontario of which the Hon. Adam Beck claims to be dictator, is known everywhere as the "Hydro," and just now the Hydro is having a hard time. It has been passing through what is known as the construction period, in which it has been unable to distinguish clearly between

capital expenditure and ordinary expenses. This phase has almost passed and the charges to capital account are being reduced to a minimum. Henceforth most of the expense must be paid out of income. Apparently Mr. Beck is quite satisfied. No other person knows what the capital expenditure has been and no one knows just how the income is meeting the annual expenses. Mr. Beck is satisfied and has reduced the charges to some municipalities. Almost all the consumers of his power are saving money.

Only the municipal authorities murmur. They represent the general taxpayer, and recognize that in the end they will be called to account. Of course, some of the municipalities concerned have city treasurers who until late in life were mechanics or reporters or small merchants, and they have not sufficient knowledge to get excited. In Toronto, the city auditor has declared that the system is not working well. Attempts have been made to answer him. Mr. Geary, before he left the Mayor's chair, tried it. A special firm of auditors tried it. But, Mr. Sterling sticks to his ground and fights for efficiency, economy and scientific book-keeping.

The situation is interesting in view of the fact that many people prophesied that the Hydro policy would react upon the present Conservative administration in Ontario. Up to the present, there are no signs that this danger is imminent, although there is more or less muttering which may or may not indicate a coming storm.

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## Lo, the Poor Politician.

BANGING the politician seems to be gaining ground as a popular amusement. Mr. E. F. Surveyer, K.C., attended the Ontario Bar Association banquet to say that "it is time that Canada had law-made laws instead of laws made by politicians." Just the other day a distinguished expert from Great Britain declared that the appointments to all government offices should be made by a commission instead of by a politician. In a few months some one may suggest that all public contracts must be first approved by an independent commission of experts before it is finally signed.

It looks as if our politicians, some of whom are mis-named "honourable," are likely to find themselves without employment. This is bound to occur if Canadian intelligence keeps on developing at its present rate. There are a lot of people in this country who are already wise enough to see that there is little to distinguish Liberal politicians from Conservative politicians. They all have a penchant for distributing patronage and contracts to their friends and benefactors. Even the Montreal Harbour Commission had to be changed in order to show that the little sugar-plums there are now the property of a new set of party-workers. Most of us know that and some day the game will be up. It would be up now, if the people who see these things clearly were not in such a decided minority. But that minority is growing fast.

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## A New Mark in 1912.

THERE is a well-defined thought in my mind that one of the distinguishing characteristics of 1912 was a growing sympathy for the unfortunate. I am confident that this is true in Ontario, and it probably is equally true in the other provinces. In Ontario they are doing magnificent work in fighting tuberculosis. It is quite true that much of the money given for this purpose is being wasted in a huge, centralized, highly-expensive institution. It is also quite true that small local sanitariums would be less expensive and more efficient. But the big, spectacular thing appeals, and it is well that it does. The big hospital will do much good, and the money is better wasted on that than on useless and unnecessary furs, meats and wines.

So we find general hospitals and all kindred institutions being built or enlarged everywhere. In almost every city in Ontario they are planning or making an addition to a hospital.

In the treatment of the criminal, there is equal evidence of our growing humanity. True, the Toronto police magistrate marred the year by sending two young boys to Kingston Penitentiary. Yet the tendency is manifest—the suspended sentence and the prison farm. The old-fashioned stone walls, barred windows, and variegated clothing will soon be reserved for the inveterate criminal. The others are only wrong-doers and will be treated as such. They will be treated in the spirit of the man of Nazareth treated the woman, when he said, "Go in peace, and sin no more." The stern old judges who were wont to treat all criminals alike and to glare at them as they handed out the full limit of the law, now put their hand on the prisoner's shoulder and say, "What can I do to help you, my brother?"

# SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

## Consumption and the Open Air

By E. T. COOK

Photographs taken by special courtesy of one of the patients

*The White Plague is ravaging human life in most countries. Praiseworthy efforts are being made to stamp out the evil, and the late King Edward VII. was the foremost in this great and beneficent work. The illustrations show views in the famous Sanatorium at Midhurst, Sussex, England.*

THE terrible scourge known as the white plague is too familiar and has brought sorrow into too many homes to require any description. It is death stalking through the land, an insidious war against mankind that no Dreadnought can stem. But medical research linked with common sense have brought about marvellous changes, and John Burns, president of the local Government Board of Trade, declared in a memorable speech that the scourge would in the course of a few years disappear from the British Isles.

And this is happily true of the Dominion. No effort has been, and is being, spared, to fight against this cruel destroyer of some of the fairest of her children, and few mornings pass by without records of efforts made through the press and otherwise to leave in conventional language no stone unturned to make consumption only a hideous memory. The famous free hospital in Muskoka, set amidst all that is health-giving to mind and body, is widely known, and with the comforts that medical care can bestow the sufferer is brought back to vigorous life. Those in authority in the great cities of the Dominion are determined that disease in any preventible form shall not exist, but rightly, because of the great toll of death that consumption enacts, the weapons of science are directed with special fierceness towards the extermination of a disease once regarded as incurable.

Incurable it is not unless in an advanced stage, and years of Christ-like patient work amongst the millions of sufferers throughout the globe have resulted through the adoption of the simplest treatment, which practically signifies fresh air and

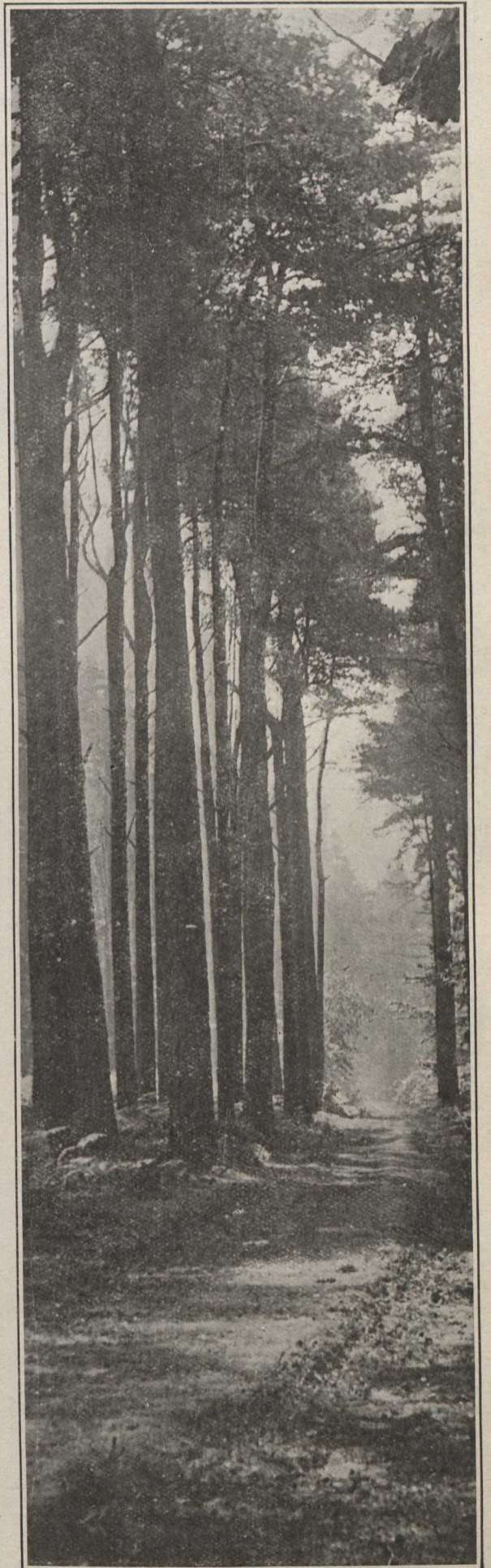
wholesome food, in widespread happiness.

It will be within the memory of many that consumptives were deprived of the bacillus-destroying breeze, and confined in wards or rooms from which the slightest current of air was eliminated. But a gradual change in treatment has taken place and now the famous hydros at Davos in the mountains of Switzerland and in the vicinity of the patients' own homes in those cases where luxurious treatment is impossible are influenced by sea breezes or pine-scented hilltops and mountains.

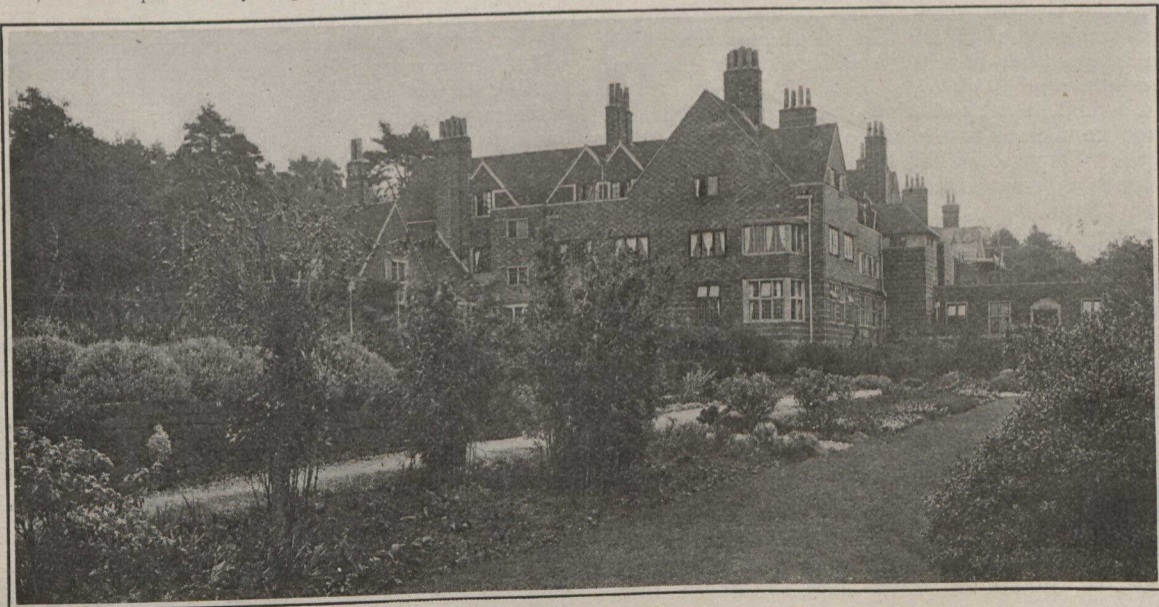
The late King Edward, whose name will be revered, amongst other good works, for the practical sympathy he displayed in the extermination of consumption, gave utterance to a wish for a sanatorium on the lines of the splendid institution of which illustrations are given. These are of more than passing interest because they were taken by one of the many grateful patients under the care of the leading skilled physicians in Great Britain.

The scenes are typical of this beautiful sanatorium, opened by the King in 1906, and on many occasions inspected by His Majesty during its erection. It is a spot—warm, sandy soil—for fairies to revel in. The quaint town of Midhurst, famous to visitors from this country who seek the byways of England, for its ancient inn and exquisite environment, is a few miles distant, and thence the picturesque roadway winds through the sweetest of English scenery, gemmed with the flowers of the four seasons and scented with the breath of country air, to the great health resort amidst the pines. Passersby bronzed with wind and sun we may have met on our way up and little suspected these apparently healthy "sons of the soil" were from the Sanatorium taking their rambles prescribed by the physicians. Noble pines rear their tall stems, sometimes in groups, sometimes in stately aisles, with the strong sun scoring the brown pathways beneath. Here amidst surroundings far from the hustle and strife of life, yet with nothing to suggest loneliness or morbidness, men and women of all ages and in all circumstances of life woo the health that many blessed with lightly throw away.

The garden is a garden that forms part of the picture—no jarring note and every flower contributes to the aromatic fragrances that bring healing



Sunlight and Shadow. Pine walk at the King's Sanatorium, England.



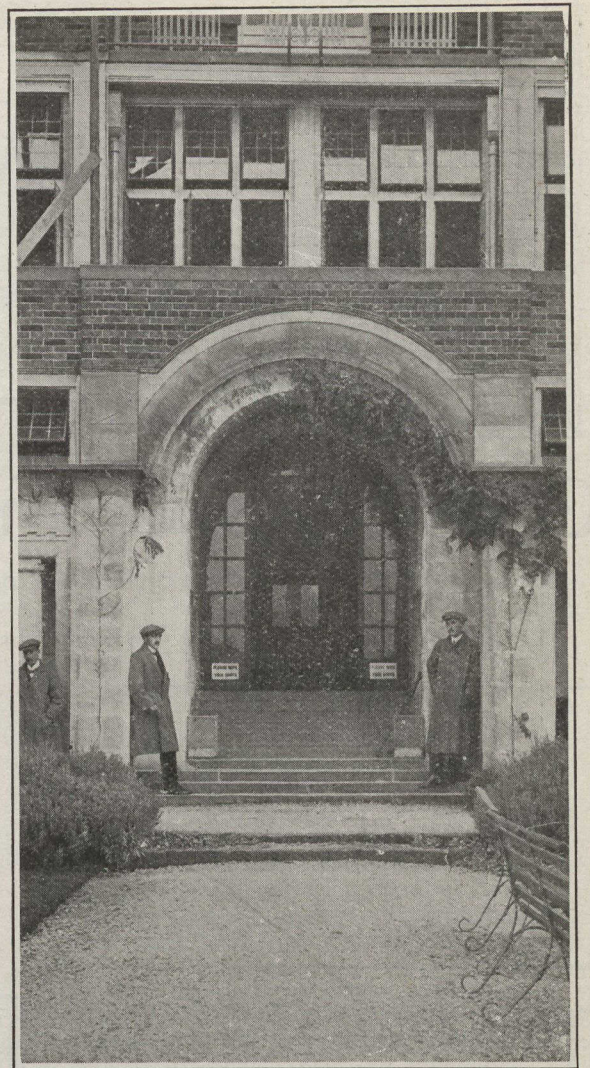
Scene in the Sanatorium garden, suggesting a beautiful English Home.



Patients at health-giving toil amid scents of pine and gorse.



King Edward's Sanatorium at Midhurst, England—Main view.



King Edward's Sanatorium—South Front.

influence to the patients. It has been well said, "We may get every charm of a garden and every use of a country place without sacrificing the picturesque or beautiful; there is no reason either in the working or design of gardens why there should be false lines in them. With only the simplest plans to insure good working, we should see the flowers and feel the beauty of plant forms, securing every scrap of turf wanted for play or lawn, and for every enjoyment of a garden."

There are pictures of living beauty on every hand, pictures for the true artist to rejoice over, low, stone walls, draped with Rosemary and Lavender, Pinks and many a mountain flower, Roses saturating the wind with warm scents, and noble masses of flowering shrubs, Lilac, Mock Orange, and many of the beautiful things that abound in Canada.

Lawns for tennis, bowls, and croquet, grounds for cricket, and other sports give amusement to the patients, each enjoying his or her hour or hours from rest according to the seriousness of the disease. But above all the scented pine whispering in the winds that blow not unkindly across the hills. There, not many yards distant, is the open chapel, its altar gleaming out to the passerby—Sanatorium and the House of God, built to bring health to the sufferer in the *first stages* of the disease. Both are masterpieces of the architect's skill, and both hallowed memories to those who have lived in this sylvan retreat amidst the Sussex heather and pine-scented wilds.

The clever, kindly young physician, under whose control the great Sanatorium has remained, is Dr. Noel Bardswell, and the writer well remembers a

sunny autumn day at Mundesley-on-Sea, a famous resort near the still more famous Cromer on the Suffolk coast. The doctor had then care of patients of renown and he said to me, "Would you care to play a game of golf with a famous golfer?" I said, "certainly." "Come along, then." I met a thick-set man of beaming countenance. He was "putting" on a green and I putted, too. My efforts were futile, but his not so. "Who is that?" I asked. "Why, that is Harry Vardon." "And who may that be?" No answer, but a withering look. I was not a golfer in those days. Vardon was resting, a cure taken just in time. He has recovered now, as the golfing world and his opponents in the game are well aware.

Canada has learned lessons from this great institution, as indeed has the whole Anglo-Saxon world.

## Horticulture and the New Year

By A. H. SCOTT, M.A.

President Ontario Horticultural Association

BY the courtesy of the CANADIAN COURIER I have the privilege of addressing these introductory sentences to the friends of the soil and gardens scattered throughout the provinces of the Dominion, and dwelling in those parts beyond, into which the National Weekly bears to its readers good-will and aroma from the hearty people of Canada.

On a certain occasion I was given the responsibility of an address which was to be delivered to an open-air assemblage, which was under the presidency of the Mayor of the place. Before the proceedings were begun the Mayor said to me that in all his life he never felt as he felt that day. It was a new occasion. It was an occasion that attracted large numbers. Something pertaining to the situation caused people to be thoughtful and expectant. As we walked from the out-of-door place of conversation to the platform, and witnessed the crowds on the grandstand and on the surrounding grounds, the presiding official whispered to me: "I do not know how I may get on with the opening speech that I am expected to deliver, but I am going to do my best, for this is a tremendous opportunity."

Charles Lamb wished it to be understood that a cotemporary was indulging in no poetic flight when he said, "I saw the skirts of the departing year." Then he said to a thoughtful group about him: "No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their

time and count upon what is left. Of all sounds of bells, most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never heard it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve-month."

It would seem from that statement that the old school companion of Coleridge and the clever author of the "Essays of Elia" had his mind running retrospectively, with the influences of the first of the year. Sometimes the influences that work at the meeting-place of the years point the other way.

A friend of mine was invited out on a New Year occasion. The hostess on the occasion, some days afterward, met my friend's wife and she said, "For lands sake, Mary, what's the matter with Thomas?" Then she wanted to know if the turkey wasn't properly cooked, or the company wasn't congenial, or if something else wasn't right, for her husband seemed so fidgety and so disposed to be doing something other than what the New Year gathering called for. Mary's response was something like this: "You would understand all about this if you had a husband who spent the greater part of the year on a ship. As early as January, but more noticeably in February, and in the early days of March, some spirit appears to take possession of my husband. I know all about it. He found no fault with any-

thing in your home. Indeed, he was pleased to be with you. But it is the prospect ahead that stirred him when you were together on New Year's day. Here is the explanation—It is Thomas' hankering for the water."

Now, there is a good spirit abroad that puts into the best of men and women a "hankering" for the soil. A cultured gentleman puts it in this way:

"The love of gardening, in its widest sense, is a hereditary inclination in which cultivated mankind has indulged throughout all time. To own, to till, and to beautify a bit of land, no matter how humble, is the absorbing desire of most men of moral breadth. To possess a greater area handsomely embellished as to house and grounds, to dwell in its environment and amplify its charms is the fascinating recreation and often the passion of many prosperous men, thus stamping them with worth and refinement. The developing of ideals in garden effects, the growing of varied plants, trees and shrubs from many countries, the play of judgment and experience in their selection, combination and application to the limitless variety of artistic possibilities, form one of the most pleasurable of occupations, rich in resulting beauty, happiness and healthfulness."

No people under the sun have greater reason to look forward with pleasurable longing to spring than our own Canadian people. The frosts of our winters are a providential preparation for the life giving sunshine that pours down upon our summer

gardens. No class holds monopoly of the pleasure and profit in the soil. The city man, if he desires, can employ his most skillful hands and expend his tens of thousands by using this instrumentality upon his civic estate. But outside of town and city there is the favoured mass, the privileged community, that may see and hear as the sweet voice cries to them to join in the luxurious delights and rewards of suburban and country employment.

We in Canada to-day are reaping the fruits of many generations in the culture of our soil. In a general way when we speak of agriculture, in the more specific way when we think of intensive agriculture or skillful gardening, there are more fresh, unblotted pages presented, for writing thereupon, to the friends of the soil and garden in Canada than to any other people in any other portion of the world. Babylon contributed some horticultural experience to Persia. Persia handed down something improved to Greece. Greece contributed in turn to Rome, and Rome for many a day helped the countries to which her world-wide influence extended. Then Italy and France have produced their particular styles of gardening, and the Dutch have added another. But here, as in many other things, Canadians do not need to go beyond their British borders for that which, in skill and style,

may be counted the best obtainable. The Americans desire to have a way of their own, and be it acknowledged that they are progressing well. But the British type by intelligent Canadians is recognized as the preferable type for Canadian example. Eaton Hall and Drumlanrig; Chatsworth and Dalkeith; the Botanic Gardens at Sheffield and Birmingham, and the kitchen and forcing garden of His Majesty at Frogmore; the remodelled garden architecture at Trentham, and the royal gardens at Kew are all prepared to furnish, in one way or another, what is helpful to the ambitious Canadian gardener.

Lord Bacon says: "God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handwork." One of the promising features in our young Canada at the present time is that wave of garden enthusiasm that is felt all over the land. Hence some of those who wish the very best for our country are crying—speed the day when the intelligent cultivation of the garden and field, along with artistic application of landscape skill, will forge into topmost place, in the estimation of a prosperous people, the premier enterprise of the nation.

The outlook is bright. The encouragement is enhanced by the interest manifested on the part of litterateurs who place choice columns in their publications at the disposal of those who are in sympathetic touch with "teeming old mother earth."

At this particular season when men, marking the movements of the rolling years, take a thoughtful look back, in order that they may gain momentum for the reach forward, there is a sacred impulse which would grip the future grandly. Contemplation will be rewarded by enlarged vision scanning the good time coming when "there shall be showers of blessing." In those days there will be raised up "a plant of renown." Upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold lie, and in a fat pasture shall they feed. No fallen branches shall be in the valleys. No broken boughs shall lie by the rivers. Where before there was wilderness, there will be graceful growths from "the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree." Where formerly there was desert now will be set "the fir tree, the pine, and the box together." Then the Creator shall "glorify Himself in the forest." Old earth, having recovered herself, shall join with every being that can voice a pean in showing forth praise to God.

## Prize Live Stock for Country Homes

*An Impression of the Recent Winter Fair at Guelph, Ont.*

By J. W. WHEATON

THE Ontario Provincial Winter Fair is an exhibition without frills. It is an exhibition of the best the country produces in horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, with a sideline display of seed grain, corn and roots, by way of emphasizing the need for producing suitable crops to feed them.

The exhibitor has two objects in view when he takes his live stock to the Winter Fair—to win, if he can, some of the prize money offered, and to come in touch with possible buyers for his animals. The visitor is there mainly for one purpose—to inform himself as to the best types of animals to keep on the farm, and incidentally to become the possessor of one or two if the price is not too long for his purse. The main purpose of the exhibition is thus educational. That was the object to be attained when the first one was held twenty-nine years ago. And the same object is the cause of the gathering together of the big crowds in these latter days. It is a producers' exhibition pure and simple, and as such has demonstrated its usefulness to the country.

The Winter Fair, nevertheless, is not without interest to those who dwell in towns and cities. An institution, whether it be a winter fair or anything else, aims at improving the quality and increasing the number of meat-producing animals, and should have the goodwill and the support of the consumer, whether he live in the country or in the city. The city consumer, as a rule, concerns himself but little with such things. He buys his pound of sirloin from the family butcher. If it is juicy, tender and fine-flavoured he pays the price and is satisfied. If it turns out to be dry and of the teeth-racking order he heaps his abuse upon the butcher. His likes and dislikes hark back no further. The man who produced the choice steak gets no praise, and he who palmed off the skinny, thin beef never feels his

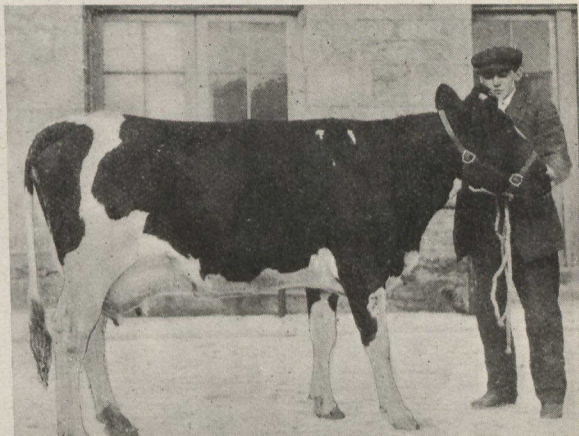
wrath. If his praise or blame is to accomplish anything, the consumer must look farther afield than the butcher shop. He must interest himself in the movements for improving quality and increasing the supply of the food that he must buy.

As to this year's Winter Fair, it ranked well with any that have gone before. Of good cattle, good sheep, and good hogs, they were on exhibition in plenty. The poultry display was the best by all odds that Canada has put up. Christmas turkeys and the lesser lights in the poultry line that grace the holiday feast were there, dressed and decorated for the occasion. It was a display that would rejoice the heart of any consumer. But few from the cities were there to see it and to give encouragement by their presence. And possibly it was just as well. The accommodation for exhibits and visitors was overcrowded as it was. 'Tis a pity, however, that it is so. The Winter Fair should be so located and so housed that every citizen would find pleasure and profit in visiting this great annual producers' exhibition.

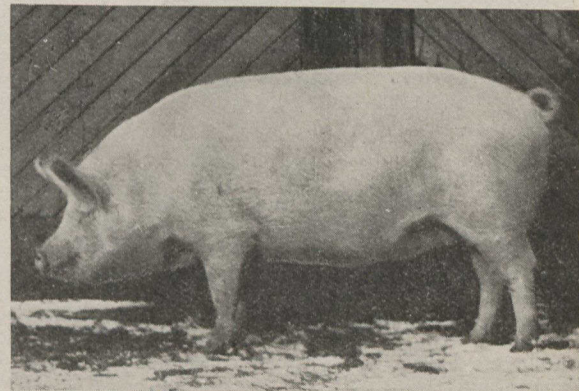
It should be the annual meeting-place for producer and consumer, where they could get together and discuss questions of mutual interest. Such meetings as these are of the greatest importance to the general community and all interested in the breeding of good cattle and poultry. The illustrations show a few of the finer types.

### To Encourage Good Breeding

SIR HENRY PELLATT has the interest of the raising of pedigree cattle and poultry very much at heart, and he showed his enthusiasm recently by inviting about six hundred farmers and families to a social gathering in the village of King, in which Sir Henry's beautiful summer home is placed at Lake Marie. The meeting was opened by Reeve MacMurchie, who introduced the host, and the reply was to the effect that the helping forward of farming was one of the aims of his life. There were two kinds of farmers, one who knew what he was doing and understood farming, and the farmer like himself from the city. The importance of good roads was insisted on. In the neighbourhood of Boston and other American cities where they had good roads, land was worth \$300 and upwards. In the township of King, they had hills and dales, splendid soil and everything that could be desired, and all they needed was good roads. When a man of the influence and intuition of Sir Henry takes up the farmers' part, much good accrues to the industry. There is not only the question of the actual farm and country roads, but of the breeding with a view to producing improved races of cattle and poultry. Cross-breeding, conducted on scientific principles, is fraught with increased possibilities and in this way the cattle of the Dominion are raised to a high level. We live in an age of competitions, and the exhibition has a levelling up force. The ardent agriculturist does not relish defeat in the battle of prizes.



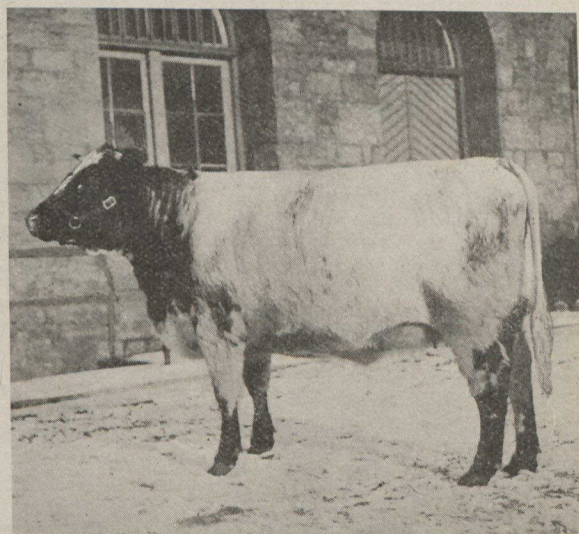
Champion Dairy Cow "Cherry" at the recent Winter Fair.



Champion Yorkshire Sow.



Champion Leicester Ewe.



The heifer "Mischief E. 3rd."

# A Rare and Nutritious Vegetable

By A CANADIAN HEAD GARDENER

*This is the Seakale, which in spite of its excellent qualities is seldom seen on Canadian tables—but is in high request in Great Britain.*

A VEGETABLE that, of course when forced, can rank with the luscious asparagus, is certainly, everyone will admit, worthy of consideration. I noticed you referred to it in an excellent and useful article some time ago on the "Cooking of Vegetables," and when grown and tastefully served it is a dish for all, the invalid in particular. The illustration will convey a better idea of it than mere words. It is unlike any other forced roots and grows wild on the seacoasts of Southern Europe, hence its name of Seakale, and the blue-green leaves have a certain beauty.

I am not certain whether the roots can be purchased from Canadian nurserymen. I fear not, at least I have made several futile attempts to procure them in the Dominion. Those I grow are obtained from Europe at a cost of a few dollars a hundred and it is advisable to ask for plants one year old. The roots must be planted out in spring in ordinary garden soil, that is, soil that will grow a potato, and they will be ready for forcing during the following winter. Any soil, but it must not be too heavy, will suffice for the forcing. As Seakale forcing cannot be indulged in except by those who have good gardens, it will be appropriate to write that soil not too heavy, such as comes from pots in which plants have been, will be the

most suitable. The best place to force in when a special house is unavailable is under the benches or in a warm cellar.

Five to eight crowns should go to each seven or eight inch pot and after potting insert another pot over the crowns to keep every ray of light away. When watering give water which is the same temperature as the surroundings and in sufficient quantities to keep the soil just moist, no more. Under no circumstances must the crowns get wet, otherwise premature decay will begin. The temperature necessary is from 55 degs. to 60 degs. Fahr. Another word or two on where to force Seakale. Houses are specially built in England for the purpose, and this will be in time the case generally in Canada. I find, however, that any warm cellar where it is a little moist will suffice. Under benches in plant houses or even a warm stable will do, but the Seakale must be kept, as I have written before, *not too wet*.

The treatment during the forcing is simple, though it is essential to think of details. Light for one thing must be excluded and just sufficient water given to moisten the soil. That is all. The shoots should under this treatment come up strong, firm, and white. A question once asked the writer was, "When the first shoots are cut, do others follow?" To this the answer is "Yes, but it is much better to remove all the small shoots or eyes before planting as by so doing the reward is five 'sticks,' the familiar name for shoots, in place of a small and useless one—not fit for any table."

My plan after the roots have been forced is to throw out all the old forced plants and start afresh with cuttings or planting crowns as soon as the weather permits in spring.

### The Way to Cook and Serve Seakale.

The simplest and daintiest way to cook Seakale, is first to remove the rough bits and then wash the shoots thoroughly. Have a saucepan of boiling water ready, put in the Seakale and let it boil for ten minutes, then drain it, and if it is to be served with white sauce stew it gently in milk, or in stock, until it is tender. Keep it hot while the sauce is made by thickening the milk with flour and butter. Add salt, pepper and a little nutmeg, and strain the sauce over the Seakale. Make a thick brown soup using some delicately flavoured soup stock and after draining the Seakale from the stock in which it was cooked, arrange on a hot dish and pour the sauce over.



The rarely-grown Seakale is a great vegetable delicacy.

# Winter in the Garden

EVERYTHING sown or planted in a garden should be labelled, such as all kinds of apples or other fruits, of dahlias, roses, carnations, and other things individually, and other things in the bulk. Labels may be made easily from stout laths rent for plastering, as these need little preparation. A bundle of laths, three feet long, will make hundreds of labels, from 4 inches, wired on to trees or roses, up to 8 inches for vegetables. First cut them into proper lengths, then pointed one end, if to be put into the ground, doing that with a sharp knife, and facing off both sides flatwise, quite smooth. A little thin white paint may well be rubbed over a few inches of the top of one side, and the name written with pencil whilst the point is wet. It then soon dries, and the writing will remain clear as long as the label endures. These wood labels should be prepared in winter.

### A Garden in the Home.

Many who love flowers and plants are unable to grow them from the want of proper facilities, and this is where the indoor garden becomes a real thing. As I have mentioned before, those who live in apartments, usually lighted by electricity, not by health-destroying gas, may brighten their rooms considerably by judiciously selecting a few good plants. Unless certain golden rules are observed in the culture of plants in apartments success is impossible. It is easy to deal with insect pests, as the

plants are under close and constant observation, but the failures may be attributed to wrong ways of watering, draughts and dust. Draught is a fruitful source of failure. The plants are often placed about the floor in the draught from doors when cleansing operations are going on in the early morning. All this means that in time (not very long) the deep green of the leaf changes to brown, and plant growing is given up in disgust. Water should always be tepid. A fruitful cause of failure is cold water, which chills the roots, hinders growth, and eventually kills the plants. This may seem a trivial matter; it is not so. Never over or under water. The soil should be kept in an equal condition of moisture, and when watering give a good dose at each application, so that it runs through the drainage and out at the hole in the bottom of the pot. When potting plants in rooms remember that it is most important to restrict the size of the pots as much as possible. Palms, for instance, are frequently happier with their roots cramped in a pot than when allowed greater freedom, and disturbance at all is seldom necessary. An important consideration is the selection of plants, and one of the first to be chosen should be the Aspidistra, or, as it is often called, the Parlour Palm. It has the good quality of resisting draughts more persistently than any other plant, and the thick green leaves offer small encouragement to insect pests or dust.

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# Dr Aram Kalfian

By  
Effie Adelaide Rowlands



## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

DICK EMBERSON, aged twenty-five, of Ardwell Court, Sussex county, England, has become engaged to Enid Anerley. He is summoned to London by a letter from Denise Alston, a widow, whom he had loved and who still loves him. He tells her of his engagement. She says that she will not give him up, and she shows him a letter which greatly worries him. Soon after his return, his home burns down, and his father's body—the head missing—is found in the ruins. Searching about Dick found a sleeve link bearing the initials "A. K." His attitude towards his friends shows a decided change. The arrival of a detective from Scotland Yard makes Dick's position more difficult. He finds it harder to maintain the incendiary story. The detective believes there is a mystery to be solved. Dick also has a mystery to solve. The two men go to work, each basing his efforts on his own theory.

## CHAPTER X.

### The Secret of the Dead.

UPON leaving Aram Kalfian's house, Dick walked slowly down by the Rye; and on the opposite side of the road, a few yards in the rear, came the police-sergeant in plain clothes, who had followed him by tube and train from Paddington Station.

When young Emberson had entered No. 19, Police-Sergeant Grigson placed himself on a seat which stood nearly opposite, and utilized the time of waiting by jotting down in his notebook the number, together with sundry particulars as to the general appearance of the house in which he was interested; also a rapid description of the man who had admitted the visitor. This done, to give himself a countenance, he drew a newspaper from his pocket and affected to be absorbed in its contents, whilst over the top he kept close watch for the next move.

As, on Dick's reappearance, he sauntered slowly down the street, keeping a keen eye on the tall, lithe young figure in front, he thought to himself that it had never been his lot to meet with a man so perfectly unconscious of the fact that he was being shadowed.

"Wonder what there is against him? Seems to have a pretty easy conscience, anyway," he said to himself; then with a shrug of the shoulders, added: "Suppose there is a woman in it somehow."

Suddenly a man came flying down the street at break-neck speed; it was Tigram who cannoned against our hero with such force that they both came to the ground. The assailant was on the top, and as, with ejaculations of assumed dismay and profuse apologies uttered in broken English, he assisted the other man to his feet; he very deftly relieved him of the packet he was carrying in his breast pocket.

Confused by the sudden onslaught and half stunned by the fall, Dick was not conscious of his loss; but, recognizing the fellow's face, he felt convinced that the assault had been premeditated.

"You scoundrel, you did it on purpose!" he cried angrily, as Tigram, in halting, guttural-sounding English, protested that the affair was a mere accident.

"Oh, no, no, no! I was in haste—great haste. I was looking de oder way, and did not observe de gentleman; it was accident, pure accident," he said, holding the stolen packet behind him with one hand, whilst he edged gradually round preparing for flight.

Dick, who did not in the least believe in this explanation, thought the concealed hand held a knife, and he'd himself on guard against further attack.

"I warn you," he said sternly. "I have a revolver, and shall use it if you try any further nonsense with me. As it is, I have a jolly good mind to give

you in charge. If there was a policeman about I would do so."

"I am sorry—it was accident—quite accident. I can say no more," repeated Tigram, who, having achieved his purpose, was now only anxious to get off with his prize. Making a bolt past Dick, he found himself suddenly seized by the collar, and swung violently round.

"No, you don't, my fine fellow," remarked Sergeant Grigson grimly.

Not realizing that his captor had the power of the law behind him, Tigram fought like a wild cat to free himself from the iron grip.

"Let me go! What affair is it of yours?" he cried, with a volley of strange sounding oaths.

"You'd best keep a civil tongue in your head, young man," remarked the sergeant, giving his captive a sharp shake. "I am a police-officer, and I saw you deliberately trip up that gentleman."

Feeling himself trapped, Tigram let the stolen object drop to the ground, whilst he tried to divert the official's attention by voluble disclaimers of any intention on his part to hurt or annoy anyone.

With a startled exclamation, Dick picked up his property and restored it to his pocket.

"Something he had robbed you of, sir, eh?" asked the officer, seeing him stoop and raise something from the ground.

Dick, who had no wish to enlist the services of the police at this juncture of affairs, coloured up as he replied carelessly—

"I can't say that. It may have dropped from my pocket in the fall."

"You will give him in charge, sir, of course, for the assault. To my mind it was a very deliberate one," remarked the police-sergeant.

"It was nothing of the sort. I was looking de oder way—I not see him—I not see you," whined Tigram, looking eagerly from one face to the other, and quick to realize that for some reason the victim of his onslaught was not anxious for his arrest.

"I quite believe you did not see me, my boy," remarked the officer, with a quiet chuckle. "But about the other matter, I have my doubts."

"We will give him the benefit of them, constable," interposed Dick, catching at the phrase as a loophole of escape from a course of action which he felt would be disastrous to his plans.

"Police-Sergeant Grigson, sir, at your service," corrected the other. "Mine was, so to say, a figure of speech, sir; there is no doubt in my mind that the assault was committed for the purpose of robbery."

"Well, I am not altogether convinced of that; and I don't want to be bothered, anyway, giving the man in charge, which would mean my having to appear against him afterwards. I am only up in town for the day, and it would be most inconvenient. As he has done me no real harm, and has not robbed me in any way, I would rather you let him go."

The arm of the law was loth to loose its clutch—it voiced its sentiments after this fashion.

"If you'll pardon my saying so, sir, I think it is your bounden duty to prosecute. It's just because gents like you shirk their responsibility, that these foreign hooligans get the upper hand."

Tigram wriggled violently.

"You let me go—de gentleman, he satisfied. What you want more?" he expostulated, sinking his voice to an injured whine.

"Yes, let him go, sergeant. Perhaps it will be a lesson to him in future,"

said Dick, stooping as he spoke to flick some dust off his garments.

"Is that your last word, sir?"

"Yes, my very last—not being certain of his guilt, I decline to prosecute."

Police-Sergeant Grigson administered a shake, which made the teeth of his victim chatter, and then released him, with the parting warning—

"I shall remember your face, my man, wherever I meet it, and, I promise you, you shall not get off so easily next time."

Tigram fled rapidly out of sight and the sergeant walked along by Dick's side.

"It may be just as well that I should keep with you a little while, sir," he said. "Of course, I don't know your business down here, and I don't want to," he added hastily. "It is no affair of mine; but this quarter of London is overrun with a tribe of foreigners of much the same kidney as the chap we've just let go. If for some reason they've got a grudge against you, and this was a put-up job, you might chance to get into difficulties again."

"I don't think so," replied Dick, with a laugh. "I fancy our friend just now yielded to a sudden impulse prompted by his peculiar sense of humour. 'Here's a well-dressed man; let's roll him in the mud,' sort of thing. I am scarcely likely to meet a second equally facetious person. Anyway, I am on my guard, and have no intention of lingering about here. I am going straight back to Paddington."

"Are you, sir?" exclaimed the sergeant. "That's a rum coincidence. I am going that way myself."

Anxious not to arouse the man's suspicions by evincing any desire to shake him off, Dick walked along by his side as far as the train, chatting upon indifferent matters; and nodded to him pleasantly when he saw him again on the platform of Paddington Station. Police-Sergeant Grigson lingered there until the down train had departed bearing young Emberson with it, and then being "off duty" for the time, turned into the refreshment bar and solaced himself with a modest thirst-quencher in the shape of a glass of beer.

The attempt to rob him of the weapons of offence chance had put in his possession in the shape of incriminating papers and the tell-tale sleeve links, made Dick (who was under no delusion as to the real nature and purpose of the late attack upon him) reflect that it was a foolish and foolhardy proceeding to carry them about on his person. He had thought it the safest mode of securing them; and whilst those most interested were unaware of their existence, the idea was reasonable enough; but now the complexion of affairs had changed, and he felt convinced that Aram Kalfian would stick at nothing to effect his purpose.

As a result of this reflection, Dick decided to entrust his precious packet to Enid. No one would suspect the young girl of having it in her possession, and therefore she would incur no risk. Determined to lose no time in carrying out this resolution, he seized the opportunity when, after dinner that evening, the Colonel and Ted Alston were sauntering up and down outside smoking their cigars, and Mrs. Anerley had considerably slipped away. Enid, seated at the piano, was softly playing snatches of Chopin, and little exquisite bits of Wagner; a few of those rare gems of melody which are set in those world-marvels of orchestration; and Dick, leaning his elbow on the top of the piano, stood gazing down at her, a softened light upon his face.

(Continued on page 23.)

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If you wanted to clean an engine you would not force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts—yet this is the process you employ when you drug your system to rid it of waste. Drugs force nature instead of assisting her. Drugs have to be taken in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficient, and soon we find ourselves slaves to this drug habit.

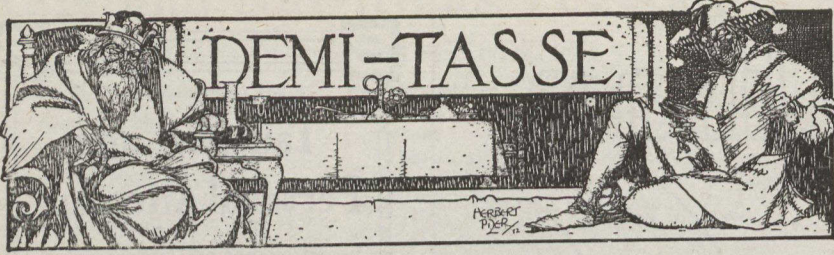
This is an unnatural and positively harmful method of treatment. Two of the most prominent physicians on the Continent state as follows:

Professor Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, states:

"All of our curative agents are poison, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality." Professor Joseph M. Smith, of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do poisons that produce disease."

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**Courierettes.**

Berlin will suppress all unnecessary noises. That rule would make the House of Commons a chamber of silence if enforced in Ottawa.

Toronto man tried to steal a goose in cold storage and was held in the refrigerator until the police took him to the cooler. That's what is properly called "cold" justice.

Judge Morgan admits that he is too tender-hearted to send a woman to jail. It is quite evident that the suffragettes have not meddled with his Christmas cards.

Winnipeg is likely to look like a city of poets and professors. Price of hair-cuts there has been boosted to 35 cents.

It took a Yukon M. P. two months to reach Ottawa. There are many politicians who have tried vainly for years to get there.

Yale professor says people will live to an average age of 250 years about the year 4000. Let's abolish the Senate before that.

Arthur Ellis, the Canadian hangman, finds it a weary job. Even time hangs heavy on his hands.

Do your Christmas shopping now. It's cheaper.

A man named John A. Macdonald, vainly aspired to be a Toronto alderman. You couldn't expect to keep a man with such a name out of politics.

"Sir James Whitney uses some strong language," runs a daily paper heading. No news in that. Sir James seldom uses the other sort.

The Y. M. C. A. has put the ban on some new songs because they are suggestive. We agree that some should be banned—but not for that reason alone.

Supply of gold pieces almost ran out in Toronto at Christmas time, says Receiver General. Supply of silver, we may mention, was a trifle short, too.

A large part of the world's industry depends for continuance upon the extravagance of women.

The other man always has the more desirable job.

The stove-pipe hat is at once the badge of respectability—and of the hack-driving profession.

**He Could Not Forget.**—Jones—"I never forget the duty I owe my family." Brown—"Never? How is that?"

Jones—"My next door neighbor is a life insurance agent."

**A Man of His Word.**—"I thought you said that you were a man of your word," said the indignant wife. "You told me a week ago that I should have a new hat."

"Certainly, dear," suavely replied her smooth spouse. "I said last week that you should have a new hat. I say it again this week, and next week I will repeat it again. I pride myself on being a man of my word."

**Riddle Me Right!**—"Why is a taxi like true love?" "Never runs smooth."

**Before and After.**

"It is strange what a change matrimony will make," wailed a bright little bride that I know.

"In our sweet courting days it was two dollar plays, But now 'tis a picture show."

**A King's Largesse.**—King George has, on his own initiative, raised the wages of his gardeners by 32 cents per week.

His Majesty's generosity thus enables the royal gardeners to have a fresh egg every other morning.

**The Cause.**—The passing of the period of matinee idol worship in the average woman's life is marked by the coming of the first baby.

**Can't Please Toronto Folks.**—Toronto is a hard town to suit. For years it has howled about the overcrowding of the Toronto Railway cars. Now it is operating a civic line and citizens are kicking because the cars are not crowded.

**There Always Is.**—"Ha! I see there is a woman in the case," chuckled the great sleuth as he opened the prisoner's watch and found a picture of his best girl.

**Whittier Down to Date.**—Tanners are to raise the price of leather, which reminds us of wise old Whittier's words—"Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy with cheek of tan, You don't need to care a hoot For you never wear a boot."

**Poetry Which Isn't.**—Toronto Mail and Empire prints a poem which begins like this:

"Hurrah for Borden, brave and bold, Our statesman strong and true." Isn't it remarkable how some people can string words together?

**Candor to the Candidate.**—Humours of the recent election campaign in Toronto are coming to light, and among them is the amusing tale of a candidate in Ward Six who has the misfortune to be quite insignificant in personal appearance. In his canvass of the voters he met a merchant who was a strong Conservative. He made the usual request for "vote and influence."

"So you are Mr. —?" queried the merchant.

"I'm the man."

"Well, I want to be candid with you. A few days ago I inquired as to the best three Tories in the aldermanic race, and you were mentioned as the third. I then decided to vote for you. However, since I have seen you—and his eye sized up the insignificant suffrage-seeker—"I must say that I cannot vote for you."

Another candidate in the same ward was just well started into a red-hot denunciation of civic extravagance when he found a little difficulty in speaking plainly.

"Excuse me a moment," he said to the audience, and turning aside he took a set of false teeth from his mouth. They had fitted a bit loose and handicapped his eloquence. There was a free flow of language after the removal of the teeth.

One of the candidates for Board of Control used as a plea for his fitness to be a City Father the fact that he fought the Boers in South Africa. In his long list of reforms he proposed to accomplish he included (note the wording) "the establishment of a home for mothers of infants convicted of petty crimes."

**An Orangeman's Money.**—"Jim" Clark, an official of the Intercolonial Railway at Moncton, N.B., is a prominent Orangeman. Spending Sunday at Riviere du Loup with two friends, one an Irish Catholic and the other a French-Canadian Catholic, he, to show his liberal-mindedness, went to mass with them. The vestibule of the church was dark, and as Jim had never been inside of a Roman Catholic church before he didn't know what the font was for. Seeing his friends dip their hands into the holy water he thought they were dropping money into the collection box, so not to be behind hand he fumbled in his pocket for a coin and splashed it into the font. Telling the joke on himself to some Catholic friends they said he did quite right as his money would have to go

through holy water before it could be accepted.

**Our Petty Journalism.**—Steva Sturgis, a product of Maine, but who for the past twenty-five years has lived in Moncton, N.B., is said to resemble the late James G. Blaine to a marked degree. He is a fruit tree agent, and by way of diversion trades horses, or, as he more graphically describes it, "peddles brush, and occasionally shifts a hoss."

Discussing Canada and Canadians, he remarked that the Canadian was small, mean, narrow and prejudiced. "Why even your papahs are petty and provincial, for a St. John paper referring to a triple drowning headed the article with 'Two Precious Souls Lost and a Man from Maine.'"

**Premier Borden's Version.**  
WE don't want to fight,  
But, by jingo, if we do,  
We've got the cash  
That'll build the ships—  
And John Bull can find the crew.

**A Dialogue of Little Women.**—Odd how differently the same play affects various people. "Little Women," dramatized from Louise Alcott's story of that ilk and appearing in a Canadian theatre last week, seems to have excited about as many contrary sentiments as the navy question. To begin with, ladies went to the play with extra handkerchiefs. They expected to weep—and they wept; though to be sure it was Christmas week.

Now there's no use in any ordinary man trying to be rational at a play like this. He knows the lady with him normally expects to be delightfully miserable before the end of the play. The play was intended to produce misery.

"Well, and isn't pathos one of the classic elements of drama?" asks the lady.

"Bosh! You don't call that pathos?" "But it's just a poor girl dying of consumption in the beautiful spring-time—"

(Newly hatched chicken peeps under the window)—

"Oh, dear! Beautiful contrast to the twins just born too," says the man. "I suppose if contrasts make drama, there's no end to the dramas that might be made. For example—a murder on Christmas day?"

"Hush! That's only supposing. This is real."

"No, it's just a case of interpolating enough sobs along with the bucolic comedy to keep the scales bobbing."

"Mercy! I do hope they don't bring the coffin on the stage."

"Might as well."

"Ah, don't try to be cynical. You know very well you feel just as much like crying as I do. Only you won't give in. That's silly."

"You're crying now."

"Well, so are lots of people." "Cheer up. There'll be a lot of jocularity in the last act to take the taste out of your mouth."

"Well, that's more than Ibsen ever did. Talk about gruesomeness on the stage—I think he went the limit. But of course he was supposed to be a philosopher, and poor Louise Alcott was only an American writer of fiction. Poor thing! What business had she to portray a death scene? She should leave such things to profound men."

"But, my dear, I'm not arguing in favour of Ibsen. I only hate the mawkish element in a play."

"This isn't mawkish."

"But it's a woman's play."

"No such thing! What's sauce for the goose is—"

"Suffragette!"

"But I'm not!"

"Of course you're not. If you were you wouldn't weep at a play."

"Oh, don't be absurd! Votes for women doesn't mean that women are to be like men—"

"Or men like women—I hope."

"Oh, it wouldn't hurt you a bit sometimes if you—"

"Ruined the Christmas mail once in a while, just to bother a government—" The orchestra struck up a murderous variation on "Auld Lang Syne" and "I'm Wearin' Awa," Jean." The argument was never decided. But it was agreed—that "Little Women" never would do for suffragette literature.



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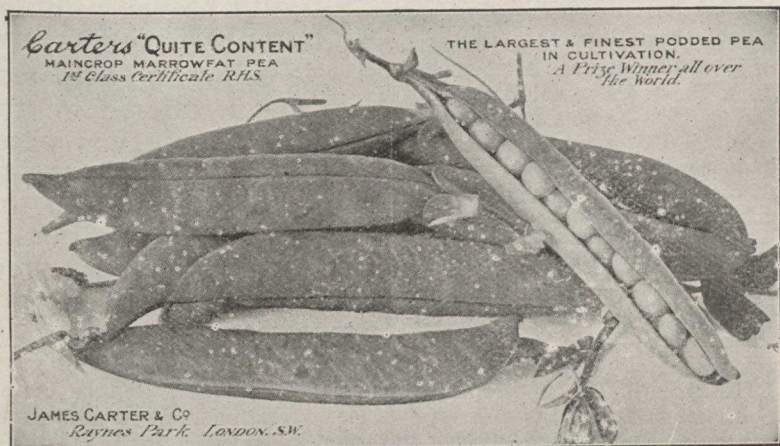
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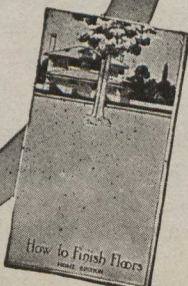
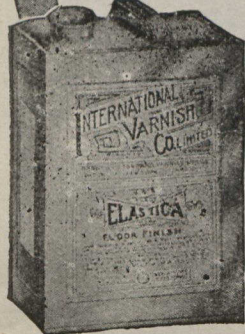
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**MONEY AND MAGNATES****New Montreal Harbour Board.**

THE appointment of Messrs. W. G. Ross, Farquhar Robertson and Lieut.-Col. A. E. Labelle as members of a new Montreal harbour board to succeed the old board, whose time ended on December 31st, 1912, was ratified, at Ottawa, by the Cabinet, on December 24th.

Mr. W. G. Ross, the chairman of the new board, is well known in business and financial circles. He was born at Montreal, in 1863, and was educated there. In 1880 he began his business career as a chartered accountant, and from 1888 to 1890 he was treasurer of Windsor Hotel Co., succeeding to post of assistant manager in 1890. This position he held till 1892. Mr. Ross now turned his attention to organizing street railways, and in 1896-9 we find him comptroller of Montreal Street Railway, and in 1899-1903 secy.-treas. of same company. He was appointed vice-president Montreal Heat and Power Co. in 1903, and managing director Montreal Street Railway in 1904. Besides these positions he has been managing director Montreal Park and Island Railway, Mutual Benefit Association, and general manager Suburban Tramway and Power Co. In 1904 he was elected president Canadian Street Railways Association, and Street Railways Accountants Association of America, also vice-president of American Street Railway Association. Mr. Ross is the first Canadian to hold this last mentioned office. His business activities do not end here, and a director of Dominion Iron and Steel



W. G. ROSS,  
Chairman New Harbour Commission.

Co.; president of Quebec Railway, Light and Power Co.; vice-president Montreal Industrial Exhibition Association, and a director of Montreal-London Securities Corporation, and Pay-as-you-enter Car Corporation, his interests also extend to the athletic field. He has been president Canadian Amateur Skating Association, and in 1908 was a member of Canadian Olympic games committee.

Mr. Farquhar Robertson has been mentioned in a subsequent article. Lieut.-Colonel Labelle has been managing director of St. Lawrence Flour Mills Co. since 1910. He is well known in business circles, and among various other positions he is a member of Montreal Board of Trade, second vice-president of Chamber of Commerce, and vice-president Montreal Industrial Exhibition Association. Joining the 65th Regiment as a private in 1882, has served in North West Rebellion and is now in command of the regiment.

**Merchants Bank Increase Board.**

CHANGES in banking circles seem never ending. On December 18th, the Merchants Bank of Canada held its annual meeting, and at this meeting, among other items of business transacted, three new directors for the institution were elected. The shareholders voted for increasing the number of directors from nine to twelve, hence the appointments. The three gentlemen elected were Messrs. Farquhar Robertson, George L. Cains and Alfred B. Evans.



MR. FARQUHAR ROBERTSON,  
New Director Merchants Bank.

It sounds much like taffy to say the Merchants Bank are lucky to secure these gentlemen for its board or anything like that, so we shall say nothing of the nature, but give you facts, and let you find it out for yourself.

Mr. Robertson is a coal merchant, and a pretty big one, too. He promoted Alex. McArthur & Co.; is a director of Prudential Trust Co.; Parks and Playgrounds Association; Montreal Citizens League, and is one of the promoters of the Montreal Typhoid Emergency Hospital. In 1908 he was vice-president of the Montreal Board of Trade, of which he was elected president in 1909.

Mr. George L. Cains began his business career in 1874, with S. Greenshields, Sons and Co. (now Greenshields, Limited). In 1891 he was made a partner and represented the firm in the Maritime Provinces. He has had experience on the Montreal Board of Trade, having been vice-president in 1909 and in 1910 president. Mr. Cains is a director of the Cumberland Railway and Coal Co., and of Montreal Canine Association.

Mr. Alfred B. Evans, of Montreal, is second vice-president of the National Drug Co. of Canada.

**On and Off the Exchange.****New President for Prudential Trust Company.**

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Prudential Trust Co., on December 19th, Mr. B. H. Brown was appointed president of that institution in the place of Lieut.-Col. J. H. Burland, who has recently resigned from that position. Mr. Brown has been filling the position of

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general manager of the Prudential Trust Co. since September, 1910. He was born at Whitby, Ont., in 1854. After completing his education at Normal schools in Toronto and Ottawa, he started out upon his career as a school teacher. He is generally known as an underwriter of acknowledged ability and reputation.

**Dominion Canners Sky-rockets.**

DESPITE the tightness of the money market, Dominion Canners went sky-rocketing last week, with Spanish River and Bell Telephone. For two years Dominion Canners has been piling up profits and apparently the directors thought this a good time to make their little splurge. The stock began to rise early in the week, showing that insiders had a tip. On Friday night, they met and made public a 6 per cent. "bonus." Whether this will be a regular dividend or not remains to be seen. The stocks controlled or "directed" by the Dominion Bond Company seem to be doing things these days. Toronto Paper and Spanish River are quite active companions for Dominion Canners.

**Bank of Hamilton and Its Profits.**

ON looking over the annual statement of the Bank of Hamilton for its year ended November 30th, one must note that the bank has made good profits. On comparison with last year's statement it would be seen that this year was considerably more profitable than last. The net profits for 1912 were \$495,860, as compared to \$443,506 for 1911. The percentage earned on the paid-up capital of \$2,995,000 was for the two years at the rate of 16.53 and 16.21 per cent. respectively. Total deposits at the end of November came to \$38,087,000. The bank is paying dividends at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum.

**New York Branches of Canadian Banks Do Well.**

THE New York branches of Canadian banks have done a good business for 1912. It is estimated that two-thirds of the business done by Canadian banks outside of their Canadian business is put through in New York city. Of course the state laws do not allow Canadian, or, in fact, any but United States banks, to discount paper or take deposits. But at the end of last month they had about \$100,000,000 out on call loans there. Most of their loans are call loans. With the rates as high as they have been this fall and a great demand for money the banks certainly had a fine harvest to reap in this line. Again, the foreign exchange business was very active during 1912, and it is said that it has been the best year the New York branches have ever had.

Let us state that all the business was not done by Canadian banks. The United States banks had a dandy year. Their loans have been immensely profitable, and notwithstanding the depression in the stock market they have been able to buy considerable commercial paper on terms favourable to themselves. Seven banks that have recently declared dividends have by way of a Christmas gift added extra amounts to them. In two cases the extra disbursement was five per cent., in three it was two per cent., and the other two declared a two per cent. raise on their dividend rate for the coming year.

**Market Notes, Mainly Optimistic.**

MANY are wondering as to the outcome of the present tightness of the money market. Some express fear of a repetition of something like 1907, others say that conditions are only temporary. It must be remarked that such conditions as exist to-day usually precede a big market depression. It seems probable, however, that toward the end of January things in Canada will ease up to a great extent.

Municipalities which turned their noses up at prices offered for their debentures last summer are now glad to take advantage of London funds at a much lower rate than they were offered then, and every little while one hears of a flotation of some issue of Canadian municipal bonds (a great quantity of them western cities' debentures) over there. The funds are not, however, brought over to Canada, as the rate of exchange is so high as to discourage this, and the funds are left to credit in London.

As time goes on improvements, developments and expansions develop, and it is reasonable to expect that at some time there will not be enough money to go around. Then will there be liquidations, etc., but nothing serious is expected, and it seems to be considered very likely this will not happen yet a while.

The above, briefly, is the opinion of a prominent Toronto stock broker, who further states that the Balkan War undoubtedly has a great depressive effect on the market. This is sure to continue as long as the Peace Conference in London hangs fire. One would, indeed, be worthy of the title of "Wizard" if one could say how long that would be. It is not the actual war that causes this depression, but more the fear of other European nations than the present belligerents that they may be drawn into the fracas, which fear causes them to hoard their funds. Hence a tightness all around.

**Canada Interlake Stock Going Well**

THE new Canada Interlake Company seems to have had a good opinion formed of it by the investing public. A. E. Ames & Co. state that subscriptions for the 9,500 shares 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference stock of the Canada Interlake Line, Limited, with Common stock bonus of 15 per cent. were received to the extent of 7,670 shares, which includes shares taken "firm" prior to the offering. The balance of 1,830 shares was taken by the underwriters. The number of subscribers is given as 301. The offering is regarded by them as very successful, having in mind the general adverse market conditions.

**Acadia Sugar Refining Company.**

THE annual statement of the Acadia Sugar Refining Co. for the year ending September 30th, 1912, which is just out, does not show as good profits as that of the previous year. This is explained by the loss by fire of their Woodside Refinery in February last. The actual profits were \$148,316, as compared to \$211,026 for 1911. Five per cent. was paid on the common stock and 6 per cent. on preferred. The actual earnings were 4.9 per cent.

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## Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

"I want you to do something for me, dearest," he said, having taken the precaution to look round, and make sure that they were quite alone.

"Yes, Dick; what is it?"

Letting the last notes of the "Liebestod" fade away in exquisite harmony, Enid rose from the piano and turned an inquiring face to her lover.

"I have something I want you to take charge of. Its safety is a vital affair to me; and I have reason to believe that at the present moment it is in danger in my hands. One attempt has already been made to deprive me of it; it was baulked by a happy chance, but another and more successful attempt might follow at any moment. I want you to lock it up somewhere amongst your belongings, and let no one, no matter who they be, see it, or know that I have passed it on to you."

"Very well, dear, give it to me now, and I will take it straight up to my room and lock it up."

Dick placed the packet in her hands, and, concealing it in a fold of her skirt, she left the room. A few minutes later she returned.

"It's all right, Dick," she said reassuringly. "It will be perfectly safe where I have put it."

The young man, who was seated on the sofa, took her two hands prisoner and drew her down by his side.

"It will be safe," he said, with a warning emphasis, "just as long as no one knows it is in your possession, and not a moment longer."

"Well, that will be until I give it back to you," she said, with a smile, then added wistfully: "It is such a joy to me to be able to do even a tiny thing like this for you, love! I wish—I wish—you would tell me a little more of the troubles and worries which oppress you; surely I have a right to my share of them. You seem lately to envelop yourself in mysteries. I am not complaining, but I find it hard to feel myself shut out of your confidence."

"Yes; it is hard on you, and hard on me," replied Dick gloomily. "I have told myself again and again that it is my duty to give you up, but I have grown a coward. I shirked the pain of it."

"Dick!" she cried, in an agonized tone. "What are you saying? Do you no longer love me, then?"

He caught her passionately to him.

"No longer love you?" he repeated. "You are to me as a cup of pure fresh water to a man dying of thirst in the wilderness. Never doubt my love for you, sweetheart, whatever happens!"

For a moment she yielded herself up to his embrace—to the happiness of loving and being loved. Then came a thought, which poisoned her joy, and gently, very gently, she drew herself from his encircling arms.

"Why, then, did you frighten me so terribly?" she asked, in accents of soft reproach. "Why did you speak of its being your duty to give me up? Was it—was it because of some other woman whom you loved before you knew me?"

"Some other woman!" he echoed, in evident surprise. "No other woman exists in the world for me, darling, but you."

"Not now—but before you knew," she persisted, "that such a person as Enid Anerley existed?"

"I have had boyish fancies in my time, dozens of them, I daresay," he answered; "but I never knew what love—true love—was, Enid, before I met you; you taught me, dearest, its full beauty—its holiness."

His voice dropped to a whisper, as with bent head he raised the two little soft, white hands to his lips. There was a long silence between them—the silence of a perfect understanding, and of feelings too deep for utterance. In answering as he did, Dick was no hypocrite—he had spoken the literal truth. His boyish fancy for Mrs. Alston had evaporated under the spell of the deeper feeling which followed it, much as the morning mist encircling the hill-top is dispelled by the rising sun. He never thought of her now, but to connect her with the shuddering horror of his father's death.

For a moment Enid was tempted to speak to Dick of the anonymous let-

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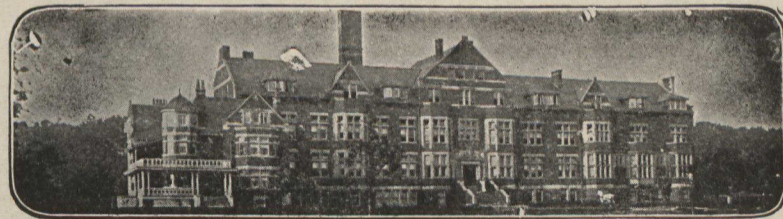
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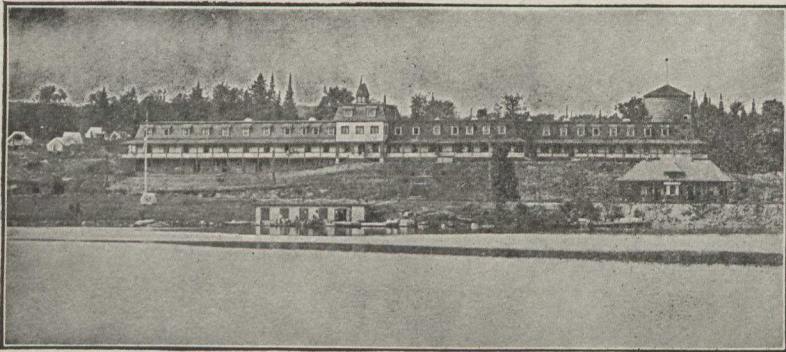
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ter which had caused her so much pain; but whilst she hesitated as to the advisability of so doing, the opportunity passed; his next words swept the subject again from her mind.

"No, sweetheart," he said tenderly, "what I meant was that, since we plighted our troth, everything is changed. To begin with, I thought myself to be the son of a wealthy man; now I have reason to believe that I shall be practically penniless."

"That does not matter, love," she interposed quickly. "I shall have money, you know; when I am twenty-one I come into the seven hundred pounds a year left me by my godmother, Mrs. Trevanion."

"I could not live on you, Enid." "Live on me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dick, for talking such rubbish!" she cried indignantly—her cheeks glowing, her eyes flashing. "Is a matter of pounds, shillings and pence to come between you and me? Can the wings of your love, the love you have called holy, not soar above such contemptible trifles?"

"Dearest," he whispered, trying to appease her genuine wrath, "you must remember there are others to be considered, besides ourselves. When your father realizes my true position, he will feel with me that, as a man of honour, I am bound to release you from your promise. He gave his sanction to our marriage under a misapprehension; he may very reasonably withdraw it now."

"I think my father will feel as I do," said Enid, with conviction; "but if he does not it will make no difference to me; it will only mean that we shall have to wait until I come of age. Meanwhile," she continued energetically, "you must take up the profession you have neglected. Mr. Alston told me the other day that you had passed all your exams, for the Bar and eaten all your dinners. Is that not so?"

"Oh, yes," he answered gloomily. "I am in a position to join the big army of briefless barristers at any time; but of what use is that? I might have time to starve a dozen times before I got my first case to defend."

"I think you must exaggerate, dear," said Enid softly. "Your father may have been in financial difficulties; he may have crippled himself for the time to buy back the property."

Dick groaned, and leaning his head upon his hand tried to shield his face from her observation. This she would not allow him to do. Softly pulling his hand away, she pressed a kiss upon the young man's brow, now pleated and furrowed by premature lines, and continued—

"That will all right itself in time! You must not forget that you have friends. My father and Mr. Alston will be only too glad, I am sure, to come to the rescue."

"I could not touch a penny of Ted Alston's money!" cried Dick, almost fiercely.

"He would be very much hurt if he heard you say that," said Enid reprovingly. "He is a good friend to you, Dick, the best of friends. I don't think you have treated him very well lately; but we won't enter into that now, dearest. I am so glad you have at last spoken to me freely; it is an immense relief to me to know that it is only money matters which are worrying you. I began to fear—I don't exactly know what; but something worse—far worse than that."

"And you were right," he said, almost in a whisper.

"Dick, what do you mean?" she said, in an agony of apprehension.

"There is a something worse—far worse than monetary embarrassments hanging over my head—there is a big cloud of shame—of disgrace—which may burst at any moment—that is one good and sufficient reason why I cannot ask you to share my fate."

"But I will share it," she answered passionately, "for weal or woe! I will not be shaken off. Dick, do you think mine is only a fair-weather love? If I were your wife I should have to share your fortunes, good or evil. I am your wife in heart, in spirit. I claim my rights. Only put mysteries aside, love, and tell me exactly what it is you fear."

"That is just what I cannot do, sweetheart," replied Dick sadly. "I can only repay your generosity by an un-

gracious silence—the secret for which you ask is not mine, it belongs to the dead."

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Bird Flown.

ENID retired to rest that night with a feeling nearer akin to happiness than she had known since the terrible day when grim tragedy had stalked into her young life, and changed for the time its whole colour. Her talk with Dick had left much unexplained; a man would probably have thought it unsatisfactory in the extreme; but, being essentially feminine, she was content. Assured not only of her lover's affection, but of her right to enjoy it, she felt that she could bear all else with patience and equanimity.

Poverty! What is poverty to one who has never known it? No more than an opening for sweet self-sacrifice, an occasion to spend oneself in the service of the loved one. Shame—disgrace! Ah, yes, those were words which made the listener at first catch her breath with apprehension, only to dismiss them later with a confident smile. The secret, whatever it was, which cast its monstrous shadow over Dick's life, belonged to his father; the shame, therefore, if shame there were, lay on the latter's head. The thought of it hurt her for her lover's sake; but it had not the bitter sting of personal dishonour. If the cloud of which he spoke burst, and the name dearest to her in the world—his name—was tarnished with disgrace—she would still wear it proudly, she said to herself, as any coronet; he and she would live the dark memory down.

Dick did not appear the next morning at the breakfast table. When the meal, purposely prolonged, had ended, the two ladies began to cast apprehensive glances at each other and wonder if he was ill.

"Ill? not he," replied the Colonel disdainfully; for the absentee was not by any means so great a favourite with him as he had been; and not once, but several times already, it had occurred to him to regret his daughter's engagement. "Lazy is more like it."

"Shall I go and see what's amiss," suggested Ted. "If I find him snoring soundly, I will administer a dose of 'cold pig,' otherwise wet sponge," he added, seeing Mrs. Anerley's mystified gaze.

"No, no, poor boy; if he can sleep, let him," cried that lady. "Only make sure that he is all right."

A moment or so after, young Alston had started on his errand, his voice was heard in a shout of dismay from the bedroom door. It struck terror to the hearts of the other three, who rushed upstairs as fast as their trembling limbs would carry them. Without thought of ceremony, they burst into Dick's room, and found the latter lying like a log in bed breathing heavily and unnaturally, whilst Ted, standing by his side with a very white face, was shaking him vigorously by the arm in an ineffectual attempt to rouse him.

A faint and sickly odour pervaded the room, which was in a wild state of confusion. The contents of the writing-table, which had been the late Mr. Emberson's property, together with those of the chest of drawers, the toilette table, the wardrobe, had been thrown out and lay scattered about the floor. The garments which Dick had worn the night before were lying across a chair with their pockets turned inside out. It was clear that everything in the room—with the solitary exception of the iron safe, which was dented and scratched, but had successfully withstood the attempt to force it open—had been hastily but exhaustively ransacked.

"Chloroform, by Jove!" cried Colonel Anerley, as he raised a pad of linen which lay on the floor close by the bedside, and sniffed it enquiringly. Striding to the window, he threw it wide.

"Give him air," he said, "that will bring him round sooner than anything. Now, what devil's work is this, I'd like to know? And why should Emberson in particular have been the victim?"

Enid, leaning white as a sheet against the lintel of the door, was the only one of the number who understood the situation; to her it was clear enough that the mysterious packet, now in her pos-



session, was the cause of the nocturnal raid. The transfer had been made, it seemed, only just in time. Dick had said it was no longer safe in his hands, that one attempt had already been made on the preceding day to rob him of it; the second had followed with a promptitude truly appalling. Where would it end?

The fresh morning breeze flowing freely into the room caused a sort of tremor to run through Dick's frame; his eyelids fluttered, lifted, and he looked vacantly round without, it was clear, recognizing those surrounding him. Then his eyes closed again, and he relapsed into unconsciousness.

"Oh, he is dying," wailed Enid, clasping her hands despairingly.

"Not a bit of it," replied her father, with cheery optimism. "He will come round all right, but his brain is saturated with chloroform. I think it will be best, Alston, to lift him up bodily and take him into another room. He will recover quicker in an altogether fresh atmosphere." Ted nodded acquiescence, and the Colonel, turning to the two trembling women, issued his orders with military peremptoriness.

"One of you go to the doctor and bring him back with you; the other to the police, and bid them follow hot-foot on these miscreants' track. Find that London chap and set him at work. Tell him here's a chance for him to show what he's made of. We will see to Dick; I promise you he will be pretty well himself in an hour's time."

Enid and her mother fled precipitately to carry out their allotted tasks; and the Colonel, having thus secured a free field, raised the limp, inert form in his strong, wiry arms, and carrying him into the next room laid him on a bed close by the open window.

As he prophesied, the effects of the drug soon passed; and by the time the doctor arrived on the scene the sufferer was able to speak and understand the questions addressed to him. He complained of headache and a deadly feeling of nausea; but as the day advanced, these symptoms gradually wore off. To his great annoyance he had to submit to another interview with Mr. Sreed; but this time, Ted and Enid, by his special request, remained with him.

"You have come to inquire about last night's affair, of course," Dick began, as the detective entered with his usual polite bow and scrutinizing glance round. "Well, it is really a waste of time on your part to question me, for I know less than anyone else of the matter. I went to sleep last night rather earlier than usual. I always have my window open top and bottom at night." ("It was tight closed when we entered," interposed Ted, and Mr. Sreed gave a quick nod of comprehension.) "And I never lock my door, so which way my assailant of last night entered, or if there was more than one of them, you will have to discover for yourself."

"I have already," remarked Mr. Sreed briefly. "There was but one; he has left his footprints in the damp mould in several places round the house. He seems to have searched for an easy mode of entrance and found it in the library-window, which, it appears, had not been properly closed last night. Whether he had a confederate amongst the servants, or the omission was due to simple carelessness, I don't yet know. I am inclined to believe the latter, as the footprints did not lead straight to the weak point. You neither saw nor heard your midnight visitor, then, Mr. Emberson?"

"No; the chloroform pad must have been pressed on my face whilst I was sleeping, for I know nothing and remember nothing till I came to, feeling deadly-sick, and found my friend here and the Colonel bathing my face and head with cold water."

"How do you account for the curious circumstance that your room was the only one visited? Do you keep anything of value here? And is the fact generally known?"

Enid's eyes and Dick's met for a flash, only to be again quickly diverted; but Mr. Sreed intercepted the glance and made a mental note of it.

"It is pretty generally known, no doubt, that I had my father's safe brought up here," replied Dick slowly; "an ordinary thief might expect that to contain valuables, and think perhaps to



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make a rich haul. An attempt has evidently been made to force it."

"No doubt; but had the safe been the primary object of the visit, it is likely—or rather certain—that the necessary tools would have been brought to open it. No, Mr. Emberson, that explanation will not fit the case. My theory is," he continued, fixing his keen eyes upon the young man's face, "that the would-be robber knew nothing whatever of your father's safe—and only attempted to force the latter when he failed to find the object of his search elsewhere. Now, what is that object, I want to know?"

"I am sorry I cannot tell you," replied Dick shortly. He purposely avoided looking in Enid's direction now, and she in his; but the omission only caused a slight smile to hover round the detective's lips. They were so transparent in their wiles, these young people, he thought.

"Because you have no idea yourself?" he queried, with as guileless an air as he could affect at a moment's notice.

Dick flushed angrily. "Surely the fact is sufficient for you, without my entering into reasons," he answered stiffly.

"Hm! You went up to town, I think, yesterday, Mr. Emberson?" remarked Mr. Screed, suddenly—changing the point of attack.

"I did." "Have you any reason to connect in your mind in any way your visit to London with last night's affair?"

"Certainly not!" Dick was a bad liar, and the blood flushed hotly in his face as he made the reply.

"Do you object to telling me your movements during the day, so that I may judge for myself?"

"I strongly object; and I think it is a gross piece of impudence on your part to ask it," replied Dick angrily.

Mr. Screed might have scored an easy victory by drawing from his pocket and reading aloud the detailed account of Dick's movements from hour to hour on the preceding day, together with the history of the assault made upon him in the street, and his subsequent refusal to prosecute his assailant. He had received it by the morning's post, and could almost have quoted it line by line from memory. But it was not his policy to do this; he was playing a waiting game, and he was slowly unravelling a very tangled web. The young man's denials and reservations were as instructive to him as any admissions could have been. He only, therefore, smiled benignly as Ted Alston, marvelling at his friend's hostile attitude, tried to smooth matters over, saying in a tone of remonstrance—

"I am sure, Dick, Mr. Screed had no intention of offending you. You must expect to be asked questions when you call the police in."

"I did not call Mr. Screed in," remarked Dick, turning upon the luckless intervener with a brow as black as night. "When I do so, I will give him permission to ask what questions he likes."

Ted was about to reply that if his friend had not applied to the detective for assistance, the Colonel undoubtedly had; but a light touch on his arm, together with an appealing look from Enid, arrested the words.

"Mr. Alston is perfectly correct in saying that I had no intention of giving offence by my questions, Mr. Emberson," said Mr. Screed, calmly. "It is usual in cases like this for people to give every assistance in their power to the police; but, if you will forgive my saying so, you treat me as if I were your natural enemy instead of your ally."

"If I do so," replied Dick hotly, "it is because you exceed your office. I am perfectly willing to tell you all I know about last night's business, which, as I said before, is next to nothing; but I decline to have my private affairs dragged into the matter."

Mr. Screed shrugged his shoulders. "In that case," he replied with perfect equanimity, "I must do without your assistance, as I have done before." He walked towards the door as if about to depart, paused as if in reflection, and then, turning, retraced his steps and came to a halt facing Enid, whom he fixed with his steely glance.

"Perhaps you, Miss Anerley, may be in a position to give me a hint as to the underlying purpose of this outrage?" he said, with great suavity.

"I!" she feebly ejaculated.

"Yes, you. Have you, for instance, entrusted any packet of, say, jewellery, letters, no matter what, to Mr. Emberson's keeping. If you had, the fact might have leaked out in some fashion, and we should arrive at a motive for the very deliberate search made in that particular quarter, and also for the otherwise incomprehensible neglect of Colonel Anerley's plate-basket."

Mr. Screed seemed to have arrived so uncommonly near the truth that Enid changed colour nervously, as she stammered—

"No; I have never given Mr. Emberson anything to take care of for me."

"Ah, well," he answered at last, "it was just an idea of mine; it seems there was nothing in it. Good morning, Miss Anerley. Good morning, gentlemen."

This time he really departed, and transferred his energies to the lower regions of the house and to the garden, carefully taking the impression of the various footprints and finger-marks left by the intruder.

The next two days passed uneventfully away; no arrests were made by the police; and the Colonel, whilst loudly expressing his contempt for their inefficiency, made elaborate preparations for another nocturnal visit, having electric bells affixed to doors and windows, and stretching thin cords across the stairs at various points to trip up unwary feet.

On the evening of the third day Enid came to young Alston in great distress. Dick had announced his intention of going up to town again the next morning, and she trembled for his safety. She begged Ted, with tears in her eyes, to accompany his friend.

"My dear Miss Anerley, I shall be only too glad to do so if he will allow me," said the latter; "but you heard yourself how he shut me up last time when I suggested it."

"You may have business in London as well as he," she urged. "He cannot prevent your going up in the same train with him."

"No, but he can, and probably will, prevent my following him any further. Dick can turn up rough when he is contradicted, you know, Miss Anerley. I would not mind risking that; but I don't see that we shall be very much further advanced. Now, if you were to make it a personal favour that he should take me with him, he might perhaps yield. This last nasty business gives you a very good excuse for nervousness."

"I will try," she said; "but you must come and back me up."

The two conspirators joined Dick on the verandah where he was awaiting the summons of the dinner bell. Ted opened the ball by announcing—

"Well, this is my last night here, Dick."

"Oh, are you leaving us then?" asked the other indifferently. If the tone hurt young Alston, he made no sign of it.

"Yes," he replied, "I am going up to London to-morrow. Miss Anerley tells me you are also; in that case we can keep each other company."

"As far as the terminus certainly," acquiesced Dick.

Enid came up close to her lover and slipping one hand through his arm, linked the other in it, and leant her head against his shoulder.

"Dearest," she said tremulously, "I shall be so horribly anxious about you all the time you are away. You may be followed and attacked again when no one is at hand to help you. Terrible pictures float before my mind; sometimes I think I see a murderous hand clutching a knife and thrusting at you in the darkness; sometimes I seem to hear a shot and see you fall to the ground—dead." Here her voice broke into a sob.

"Why, what a little goose you are, sweetheart," said Dick, looking down fondly at the lovely, pathetic face, "to torture yourself with such absurd fancies. I am big enough to take care of myself, forewarned is forearmed; besides which, I carry a very serviceable revolver."

At this indirect admission of possible danger, Enid shivered and hid her face on his arm.

"Do me a great, great favour, love," she whispered, nestling closer up to him. "Let Mr. Alston go with you."

With a little inarticulate ejaculation

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of vexation, the young man loosed himself from the clinging arms.

"Enid, that is unreasonable," he said. "You know very well that what you ask is impossible. From what I have told you already, you might guess that my business is of a private nature, and does not admit of the company of a second person."

Big tears welled up in Enid's eyes: one overflowed and trickled down her cheek; she brushed it hastily aside and turned away as if to hide her weakness from the two men. Both were, however, acutely conscious that she was quietly weeping; the knowledge made Dick fret and fume and bitterly regret what he, to himself, termed his insane folly in having mentioned the street attack and thus given her a legitimate cause for fear; whilst Ted was filled with a burning indignation at what he considered his friend's callousness.

"I really think you might have some regard for Miss Anerley's feelings in the matter!" he began hotly; then, seeing the other man's face stiffening to a cold anger, he recognized his mistake and tried to make it good. "Well," he said, apologetically, "perhaps I had no business to say that."

"I think not," replied Dick coldly. "I think I should be the best judge of what is due to Miss Anerley. She scarcely requires your championship."

At the second mention of her name, Enid turned sharply round. For a moment she looked with dismay at the two antagonistic faces, then said with energy, her blue eyes flashing through her tears—

"What nonsense is this? Have you two vowed to make me utterly miserable! If you begin to quarrel on my account you will succeed most effectually in doing so."

## Our Debatable Navy

(Concluded from page 7.)

is charming to his friends, because he is so thoroughly at his ease that he can put all those around him at their ease. His temper is unruffled; his style polished and refined. He has all the fascination of manner that distinguishes a great noble who is too sympathetic to be naughty and too intelligent to be dull. But to his foes the reverse of the same qualities seems by no means admirable. His imperturbable good temper is exasperating. His easy insouciance seems almost insolent, and his light-hearted mode of disposing of his assailants is infinitely more aggravating than invective and abuse. Occasionally Mr. Hazen rises to heights of eloquence. Then he is at his best.

A totally different parliamentarian is Hon. Mr. Graham. "George" is a boy among the boys, with a rough and ready Irish wit which charms his associates and stands him in good stead in debate. He has an epigrammatic humour which makes him effective in repartee and enables him to "hold the crowd" whenever he takes the platform. He is no orator, yet he can always win an interested hearing from the most hostile audience. Few are more keenly conscious of the psychology of the crowd, and few indeed know as he does when to sit down. He will never risk the chances of a battle that is already gained. When he has made his point he stops. In the House he is a bonnie fighter, bestowing his blows with a wholesome impersonal flavour that leaves no embittered recollection.

"Take care of that man," said Disraeli of Bismarck on one occasion, "he means what he says." That is the strength of Dr. Michael Clark, the eloquent British-born Canadian from Red Deer. His devotion to his end, not the devotion of a fanatic who is sustained by the glow of passionate enthusiasm, but the practical, businesslike determination of an engineer who has a certain amount of tunnelling to do, is one great secret of his power. When Peter the Great saw his semi-barbarous Muscovites driven from field after field by the Swedish veterans, he rejoiced and took courage; "for," said he, "in the end they will teach us the art of war." Dr. Clark is not an opportunist. He thrives in and on opposition. His theories are frequently pilloried and assailed, but it does not disturb his equanimity nor shake his conviction. He thinks out

"It takes two to make a quarrel, Miss Anerley," said Ted gravely: "you need have no fear as far as I am concerned;" then, addressing his friend in the old cordial way, he said: "Let us understand each other: I have no wish to pry into your affairs, old man, nor to in any way force your confidence: to be of any value the latter must be spontaneous. I only ask to be allowed to accompany you as an extra pair of fists in case of emergency."

Just for a moment Dick hesitated: he was deeply touched at his friend's devotion, which he felt he had not of late by any means deserved; and he was filled with self-reproach at having brought tears to the eyes he loved best in the world. In this softened mood, he asked himself, if it might not be possible to yield to their wishes without endangering the secret he so jealously guarded; he reflected that on the morrow no explanations would be needed—he had only to receive the answer to his ultimatum; and in the very possible event of Aram Kalfian's having prepared some trap for him; it might perhaps be as well to have a second person at hand.

"You are a good fellow, Ted," he murmured, "and I by your side seem a churlish brute enough. If I hesitated, old chap, it was not because I doubted you in any way; the honour of a third person is concerned in the matter."

Delighted at having gained her point, Enid flung her arms impetuously round Dick's neck and kissed him.

The next morning the two friends journeyed up to town as arranged. They reached the house in Peckham Rye without adventure; but this time, in response to Dick's ring, a dirty, slatternly-looking woman opened the door. Upon the young man asking for Dr. Aram Kalfian, she answered stolidly:

"E's gone: left England last night."  
(To be continued.)

his own scheme of political philosophy and applies it to the body politic. But he is no mere doctrinaire. He is intensely practical, willing to bide the proper time, but with a deep underlying faith in the triumph of every Right.

Yet it was, perhaps, Hon. George E. Foster more than any other that the House waited to hear. He was the man who three years ago had eloquently championed the policy he was now called upon to oppose and denounce. Mr. Foster has faiths, he has even enthusiasms; although, owing, mayhap, to his long and intimate acquaintance with practical politics, they are sicklied over with a pale cast of philosophic doubt. No one makes so great a mistake as those who imagine he is simply a cynic. He is a level-headed man capable of seeing and sympathizing with both sides in a debate. Intellectual differences do not create abysses between him and his opponents. There are some men to whom a difference of conviction upon the practical application of some general principle to a particular set of circumstances is sufficient to justify the major excommunication. It is not so with Mr. Foster. He has no repulsion; no sense of personal antipathy. He can enjoy a joke at his own expense, and appreciate the arguments directed against his own position. It does not irritate him to be opposed, or annoy him to be denounced.

And it is doing injustice to none of his colleagues to state that Mr. Foster made the most brilliant speech of the debate. It worried him not that, in the keenly reasoned periods of his eloquence, he had to dispose of the Foster of 1909. The mercurial mobility of his convictions always renders it difficult to feel confidence in the stability of his policy. With the man who supplanted him it is different. Hon. W. White may not be a genius, but you know where he is. There is a sense of continuity, of immobility, if you please, about his policy, which enables you at least to feel you know where you are. Like a patient ox he stands in midfurrow, while Foster skips like a kangaroo about the plain. When you try to follow his course, it is like riding shute-the-shute railway. It is all ups and downs, violent alternations at a rattling speed. Plenty of thrills, no doubt. The ox-wagon may be safer—but it is much more monotonous.

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