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July 26th, 1913

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The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



In This Issue:

The Grey Master

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Illustrations by Arthur Heming

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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in connection with the

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Birmingham, Eng.,

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SAILING DATES

Leave Montreal.	Steamers.	Leave Bristol.
Sat., Aug. 9th.	Royal Edward.	
Sat., Aug. 23rd.	Royal George.	Sat., Oct. 4th.
Sat., Sept. 6th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Oct. 18th.
	Royal George.	Sat., Nov. 1st.

Special parties will be formed to sail from Canada on above dates and choice accommodation reserved for them.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 8



Summer Outings



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Editor's Talk

ONCE a year The Canadian Courier prints an account on the fall revival of business by issuing an Industrial Number. That issue this year will be on August 23, the day of the opening of the Canadian National Exhibition. It will be a different sort of number from any of its predecessors. There is a human side to manufacturing which people who buy food and clothes and houses and motor cars are often too busy to notice. Last year we published more than fifty photographs of factories and their workers. This year we shall pay more attention to the people who pay the wages and those who get them. There will be several brief illustrated character sketches of leading manufacturers; articles on conditions affecting the kind of goods people buy; the experience of labour; the areas of power; the future and character of manufacturing communities; recent movements that affect the well-being of labour in a country which, on a basis of population, has no equal for bulk and quality of manufacturing.

The number will be bright and snappy; well illustrated and interesting to every Canadian. It will also be—optimistic.

This week we publish mainly a fiction number; casually, the best of that kind we ever got out.

S Here and Now!
T — Visit Winni-
A peg and her
M Wonderful West,
P —and See Once
E For All Time
D The Glorious,
E Thrilling, Stu-
P pendous
E STAMPEDE.
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In Lighter Vein

No Hedger.—“Say, boss, can I get off this afternoon about half-past two?”

“Whose funeral is it to be this time, James?”

“Well, to be honest, boss, the way the morning papers have it doped out it looks like it's going to be the home team's again.”—St. Louis Republic.

The Balance True.—“Indeed, and you are a music-hall artiste! I am a banker, and I think it must be at least twenty years since I was in a music-hall.” Music-Hall Artiste (regretfully)—“And I am quite certain, sir, it's twenty years since I was in a bank.”—Sacred Heart Review.

Much in a Name.—The editor of a great magazine sent for a certain author who had submitted an unsolicited manuscript.

“I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir,” said the editor, enthusiastically. “The story you sent up is perfectly splendid. But why use a nom de plume? Let us publish it over your own name and it will make you famous.”

“I'm not after fame,” objected the author. “It's money I want.”

“But you'll get just as much money in either case.”

“No, I won't. If I publish it over my own name, my wife will get the money.”—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Modest Liver.—Old Gotrox (savagely)—“So you want to marry my daughter, do you? Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?” Young Softly (slightly embarrassed)—“I—I hardly think you will notice any difference, sir.”—Puck.

An Honest Man.—“Bliggins says he is going to make a trip around the world.” “Yes,” replied Miss Cayenne; “I suppose he feels that he owes the world an opportunity to make his acquaintance.”—Washington Star.

His Business in Her Name.—Counsel: “What is your business?” Witness (vaguely): “My business?”—(pause)—“My wife's a washerwoman.”—London Opinion.

Or Behind the Barn.—Parson: “Do you know where little boys go to when they smoke?”

Boy: “Yes; up the alley.”—Cleveland Leader.

C. O. D.—“I feel that I have an important message for the world,” declared the young man.

“Send it collect,” advised the practical friend.—Buffalo Express.

Nemesis in Season.—There are people who go in for a house in the country who are their own architects. They have their reward.—The Bystander.

Craft or Consideration?

Nodd—“Is your wife going to Europe this year?”

Todd—“No. I've persuaded her to stay home.”

“And what are your plans?”

“I hope to go to Europe.”—Life.

A Little Goes a Long Way.—“An ounce of a man's own wit is worth a ton of other people's.”—Lawrence Sterne.

Indifferent.—Landlady—“Will you take tea or coffee?”

Boarder—“Whichever you call it.”—London Opinion.

Awful Prospect.—“Pop, did you look like me when you were a boy?”

“Yes, Willie; why do you ask?”

“Oh, nothing.”—Puck.

Who Was Who.—During sermon time the other day a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it toward the door. “Stop!” said the minister, “the baby's not disturbing me.”

The mother turned toward the pulpit, and made the audible remark, “Oh, 'e ain't, ain't 'e? But you're a disturbin' of 'im!”—British Weekly.

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Double
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MARKED GAINS IN STANDING

Miss Olive Isaacs of Cobalt, Ont. is Back in Second Place

Nearly every candidate in the “Canadian Courier” Contest shows a substantial gain. Now that school is over for the summer the Candidates are devoting their entire time to the Contest, hence nearly every Candidate shows a gain.

The largest gain for the week was made by Miss Edna Fraser, of Canso, N. S., who advances in the race some 29,000 votes. Miss Blanche F. Bourque, for some time the leader of the race, still holds that position, with the second highest gain for the week, holding the enviable position by a substantial number of votes. Miss Bourque shows a gain of 26,000 votes.

Miss Olive Isaacs, who has been in third position for the past few weeks, has again resumed second place with a splendid gain of 24,000 votes. Miss Esther Downey, of Comox, B. C., is still in fourth place, with a gain of 16,000 votes. Miss Katherine Macdonald, of Truro, N. S., 18,000; Miss Margaret Campbell, of New Waterford, N. S., has a gain of 20,000 votes to her credit and shows the third highest gain for the week.

Other smaller gains are numerous, but space will not permit the mentioning of them all; suffice it to say that altogether the candidates are doing splendid work and are being well supported by their respective towns and cities.

THE STANDING FOLLOWS:

Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	281,950	Edna Coutanche, Vancouver, B.C.	24,000	Miss Mary Sumara, Amherst, N.S.	11,000
Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	225,950	Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	22,950	Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,950
M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich Ont.	225,900	Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	22,100	Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Esther Downey, Comox, B.C.	191,850	Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	20,600	Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	139,750	Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P. O., Sask.	19,100	Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,800
Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	104,950	Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.	18,400	Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,800
Minnie Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	98,800	Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	16,850	Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,750
Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	72,300	Etheline Schliefauf, Iona P. O., Ont.	16,100	Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,550
Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	68,800	Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	15,600	Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont.	10,450
Rhona Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	66,100	Doris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	15,250	Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	63,850	Sophia Shriar, Montreal, Que.	15,100	Alice Hamil, Meaford, Ont.	10,400
Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S.	60,900	Mary Dorcy, Ottawa, Ont.	14,000		
Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	56,300	Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont.	13,100		
Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	55,800	Kathleen Platt, Toronto	12,600		
Cecelia Peppin, Blind River, Ont.	47,950	Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont.	12,400		
Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	45,900	Maud Chambers, Sudbury	12,050		
Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	36,500	Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	12,000		
Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	34,800	Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	11,650		
Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	33,950	Ethel J. Smith, Montreal	11,600		
Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	28,900	Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B.	11,600		
Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	27,950	Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500		
Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	24,950	Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	11,500		
		Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	11,150		

Ballot No. 19

This ballot is good for 50 votes in CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss
Address
if forwarded to the “Canadian Courier” to be credited in the official standing on or before Aug. 9, 1913.



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 PIER.

Vol. XIV.

July 26, 1913

No. 8



Miss Canada at Sea

By ALICE L. EBERLE

Drawings by Estelle M. Kerr

Be careful to choose wisely when you mention lunch to any one.

THERE really wasn't time to feel sad, goodness knows, when the voyage meant the exodus permanently of the family who had me in charge. There was such nailing of boxes and strapping of trunks and running up and down stairs and suddenly coming upon things that "mustn't be forgotten, if everything else was," that it kept my mind pretty active getting through doors and passages without collision, and knowing just when *not* to offer the assistance I couldn't give anyway. When, an hour before the train was due, I was going carefully through the kitchen adjusting the lamp at just the proper angle (the lights had been disconnected) lest any fearful bit of granite or patriotic stew-pan should take that opportunity for refusing to brave the perils of the deep, I kept thinking what a disaster it would be if my light should fail like those of the foolish virgins of history. Nevertheless I was awfully excited.

Yes—and happy. For, among other things, the nicest Boy was to meet me in the ladies' waiting-room a good half hour before the train left, and I was alive to the added dignity attaching to one "going abroad." How the multitudinous boxes were all nailed and roped at last I don't know, but we were twenty minutes later than I had promised the Boy and he had a little way of fuming. Moreover, when, with only ten minutes to spare, we managed to get lost from the rest of the party in the labyrinthic Union Station, I got even more excited. Gracious, if I should miss it after all. But when coming suddenly into the light, I was darted at and laid hold of to a general chorus of, "Here she is," I made rather a mess of the introductions. Especially when one of the searchers looked me over and said he hadn't been looking for that sort of a person at all.

I WAS pulled up the car steps like an obstinate piece of luggage that "would" be left, subsiding into a seat piled with rugs and suit-cases and cloaks, without even trying to make room for the nicest Boy. By this time I was beginning to get a bit doleful. The Boy's solemnly giving me his autographed photograph (which I had pleaded vainly for for years), the general excitement and con-

An Impromptu, Impressionistic Story of what it humanly feels like to be on board an Atlantic liner for a week—when the observer is a woman. The sort of material from which fiction is frequently made.

fusion and a horrid feeling of being in everybody's way combined to make me realize the greatness of the occasion, and I protested almost passionately to the Boy, perched on the arm of my seat, that I would *not* fall in love with a "beastly Englishman," and smiled faintly at his exaggerated English accent and his mild "three rousing British cheeahs." I've been abroad since and Englishmen propose beautifully—but that's another story.

MORNING dawned at last in Montreal. It was raining. Before night I was using quadruple superlatives to describe the streets. When I trod the gang-plank at ten o'clock, with my sea-sickness remedy where I could get at it easily, and my books and roses and chocolates, there wasn't the smallest infinitesimal spark of the orthodox emotion about parting from one's native land. I make this confession hesitatingly because I am fully aware of its impropriety. As the odour of fresh paint and disinfectants rushed into my face as I followed the steward with my luggage, I clutched frantically for my "remedy" and said, with the calmness of one meeting the expected, "I think I'm getting sea-sick." It must have been midnight when everything was in the place of everything else, and nothing was where it could possibly be found without earnest searching—and, I'm afraid it was vulgar—but we were simply ravenous. So we sallied forth, and in an untidy little French restaurant I ordered—mutton-pie!

I was sound asleep on the top-shelf of my cupboard when they hauled up the gang-plank and steered down the St. Lawrence.

We passed Quebec at night; its million lights

gleaming like fairyland, and the will-o'-the-wisp search-light sliding over the river. And then jumbled sentences of people of sensibility, who had seen and been moved by Quebec, rushed confusedly through my brain. I rose to the occasion. "Tell the story," I whispered, finding the man of the "Songs of the Sourdough" among the silent group at the rail. "So happy," he returned. "Once upon a time Wolfe took Quebec. It was night. He dropped down the river saying to those in the boat with him, 'Play the man—this day we shall light a fire that will never go out,' and to the frowning banks he threw his signal, 'This day, England expects every man to do his duty.'" I slipped away to the quietness of my own thoughts, but my day, like "Alice's," was a very strange one. All the words of the "Elegy" came wrong.

The third day out, I took my remedy—never-failing-mother-somebody-or-other out on the deck and pointed out to the green-hued group, the delicate shade of the pink capsules and the soft, brown, toothsome-ness of the larger ones, dwelling at length upon the soul-stirring words printed in red ink on the box, with all the genius of a patent-medicine agent. People when at sea approach very nearly primitive simplicity of manners! I gathered up the overturned contents of my pretty box in the dignity of silence. Let me take this opportunity to recommend this famous remedy. Take it—in your steamer-trunk—and leave it there. You will not suffer. I didn't. Except that I, too, was gathered into the cabin with the suffering members of the party—and read to.

THERE isn't really much to do on a steamer but sit in a deck chair and eat chocolates as long as the ship's supply lasts (which isn't long), and to wonder if people feel as wretched as they look, and who is married to whom, and what those horrid children are allowed to make such a row for, and why you didn't bring more rugs, and where your cushion is, and why somebody doesn't start some fun, and what's the use trying to read, no one reads on a boat, unless it's that Swede who always has a book and stands out on deck in the dark with it still open before him, and if the woman who wears the green silk tea-gown is literary, and what the

green leather book she always carries (even to service) is about, and which is the boy that got the college yell, and why that man and woman are always walking and never getting anywhere. You make up your mind she was his stenographer before they decided to go to Europe on a honeymoon; the "Boy," with which she addresses him, rustles with newness—and flattery; he must be fifty! Then the captain comes by and someone asks him when this log will hit and what the deuce we're stopping for, and when will we get to London.

No, there isn't much active amusement on the steamer unless one is very young and enjoys the catch of breath and the spray in her face at the bow, or is interested in porpoises, or in being a Diogenes and searching for someone who knows why the water is phosphorescent. When you slide up and down in your berth like a piston rod, and the water comes through your port at deck-swabbing time and deluges the couch and its contents of books and clothes, and you ring and ring and no one comes, and you climb down staggering and step on an orange that has been playing hide-and-seek with a plate, and sit down suddenly on the swimming couch and get up only to be thrown against the lower berth, and step into the butter that accompanied your night lunch—when these little things take place, and the fruit doesn't last until the voyage is over, one simply must be very philosophical or he will say things.

THE men tell each other pet stories in the smoking room, and play cards and bet on how many knots the boat will make, until they get tired of each other and then they look up the girls and take them for walks round the deck. In the course of these walks one learns that the tall Englishman has been in Canada three years and knows all about sanitariums, and one gets acquainted with the thick book, which is a journal by snap-shot and vastly amusing. One finds in this passenger, with the delight of an old prospector, a delightful appreciation of the "Alice" books and "Peter Pan," and, side by side with it, a knowledge and love of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat. He carries a copy in his pocket and it is underscored in several places as her copy is. One reads aloud some of the quatrains she loves best. The young man who is a preacher and smokes comes along just as she reads that one beginning, "Ah, Love, could and I with Him conspire," and asks abruptly if she believes and means that. And, although it isn't time for serious conversation, she says yes. The young man who is a preacher says the quatrains make him angry because they aren't true. And the tall Englishman replies rather inanely that "there's 'that' about it!"

Later on, the young man who is a preacher and the girl are found in a sheltered spot on deck with a New Testament and a much lined copy of the Rubaiyat. Among other things she finds out why he smokes.

Though the conversation begins bravely enough with books and the weather and the wisdom of not looking at the water when one is on a steamer, they never end there! No, indeed, men usually above flirtations on land find themselves saying pretty things to indifferently pretty girls before the voyage is over. The young man who is a preacher tells one soulfully how he has never found anyone before who understands him as she does, and the man who is interested in first impressions unburdens his heart impartially about English politics and suffragettes, and his ideal woman (who one comes perilously near being).

A rather embarrassing person, this last, to encounter upon a first essay into the joy-land of travel. He follows one about when anything unusual, like a steamer passing or a glimpse of the Scilly isles takes place, and reminds one awfully of the White King who was always making memorandums of things. "I must make a note of that," he says, evidently charmed with some silly remark, and is quite beside himself when, in response to his bewailing his antiquity over against one's young activity, she says that he is well preserved.

There are always little thrills of interest in the progress of other flirtations besides one's own. To this day, I haven't gotten over wondering about the English boy who borrowed my "Sonnets of the Portuguese," because "Gl—, Miss Smith," was awfully fond of poetry, and what she did with the book-mark he was at such pains to make with his card and yards and yards of pale blue baby ribbon which I gave him.

Sometimes on board there are games which are rather amusing—if one is inclined to be particular, she may elevate her chin at the common vulgarity of obstacle and potato races and athletics on greased poles.

There is always somebody who gets up a concert in aid of the Sailors' Orphans' Home or something.

There is a great deal of singing and playing and impromptu eloquence by a lot of people who have been falsely suggesting to themselves all their lives that they are gifted in these lines. It is one of



"Protesting almost passionately that I would not fall in love with a 'beastly Englishman.'"

those times when looking the gift-horse in the mouth is permissible.

It's great fun stopping at some port en route, as we did at Havre. The men produce Derbys from some sacred place and get their hands into gloves and look so thoroughly respectable that one wonders. "Oh, it's you!" said the tall Englishman, looking under my hat. "I was regarding the size of the hat with amazement and wondering!"

THERE never was a more beautiful sight than Havre, seen from the highest point where the signal stations are, lying in the mystic purple haze of that October afternoon. My heart was full of poems as we leaned on the bluff watching silently the sun sinking into the purpling sea, until the nice English boy dared me to race to the bottom, and recalled me to earth and the startling fact that the tall Englishman was holding my hand to keep me from getting dizzy and falling over.

We rushed back to dock with the blood-curdling toot of the motor horns, with which all the trams are supplied, taking all the poetry from our souls, and discovered the mighty steamer in which we had put our trust lying off from the wharf, and the dinner-bell going madly on deck. The ship's doctor doubled up his fists and said things. A young man scrambled daringly through the nearest port-hole—with ample assistance from the rear. But he never smiled again—in those clothes! The tall Englishman paced up and down at my side in the uncomfortable darkness and asked if I didn't think that only women who had been disappointed in love were capable of being suffragettes. I said yes, that I was always disappointed in it myself. But I felt that I had not lived that day vainly because the White King, in the interests of first impressions, had given us tea out on the street and had allowed me the joy of choosing the delicious little cakes in the windows.

Oh, the last day on board! Everyone is confused and hurried. Everyone braces himself and begins packing—and tipping. The stewards have evidently conceived a deep and slavish regard for the passengers. They hunger for service. Everyone agrees that it has been a delightful voyage—even the woman in the green tea gown who stopped me on deck every day to deplore weakly "the impossible conditions" and "the impossible people" and who thought she'd feel a little better if the service wasn't "so impossible," and who had to resort to her green-leather Walt Whitman for strength.

But, as I was saying, everyone pledges himself to remember everyone else and gives everyone his card and says to let him know if you ever come to—Toronto. Everyone promptly becomes sentimental. "What do you think of me?" murmured the nice English boy at my side. "I never think of you," I replied, softly. "But I'm awfully, beastly,

rottenly fond of you, you know. Can you—?" "All children are," I return softly. The young man who is a preacher promises to remember me in his prayers—he means it, too, I think—for the moment.

When we ran up on deck the next morning at Southampton, there was a strange sensation in my throat. The White King's hat was off. A heavy mist lay over the land, all kinds of vessels tossed at anchor in the harbour. England was an indistinct blur. A boat of some sort was sinking, bow first, into the murky water. "Is that part of the Invincible Armada?" I queried—because this impression was uncomfortably like sadness.

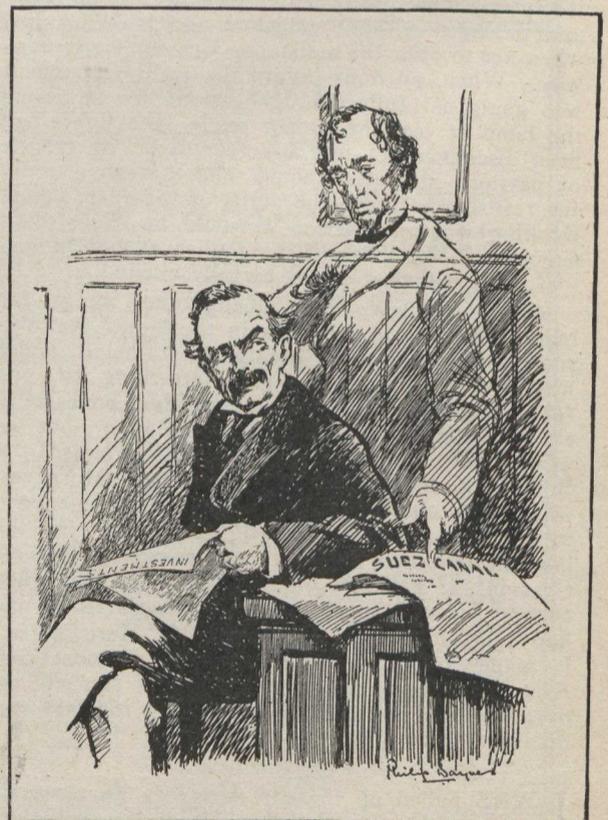
MEN began running about throwing trunks down hard everywhere. But we were through the customs house at last. A silly little engine puffed importantly into the station with a shrill, hair-raising shriek. "Where's the boy?" I inquired of the White King. "The Boy?" "Yes; who drags the train. Do they allow us to sit on top, and don't one's feet drag a little?" I continued, looking suggestively at the tall Englishman.

"Well?" queried the W. K., "your voice isn't tiny enough." I said, "not tiny—!" in amazement. "Oh, 'Alice'!" the tall Englishman laughed appreciatively. "It's exactly like the coach Alice rides in, in my book," I said. I bravely swallowed the ginger ale—or whatever it was—that the nice boy had provided, and munched biscuits and looked at the scenery. When the porter locked the compartment, I was ready for anything. "Where are they all?" I demanded. "All?" from the W. K. "Why, yes, all the people who inhabit these little islands. I expected to find them standing shoulder to shoulder! And will the engineer be able to stop before we run off the edge, if we go so?" At special request the nice boy ceased to be interesting so that I could look at the scenery. The hedges were too irregular for a chess-board. From a hint the W. K. dropped, I knew I was expected to be greatly impressed with Waterloo Station, and I kept getting more and more nervous as we sped past the green little fields and the criss-crossing hedge-rows. When we stopped at last the station reminded me, I don't know why, of my grandfather's barn, and I couldn't get over the disappointment of not seeing swallows swinging through its rafters and hay bunches filled with chattering sparrows! Which I confided meekly to the W. K.

But this was dingy, smoky, wonderful old London! The streets roared and the cabbies talked in a language we couldn't understand, and the porters banged trunks everywhere. People rushed in every direction and because of the numerous frock-coats and top-hats I thought half of the inhabitants of London town were on their way to a wedding.

Life looked very interesting—this was a new land—mine yet not mine. I wondered if my mother would be kind to me, this tiny, dear old mother-land!

MILLIONS OR—MORALS?



Shade of Disraeli: "We used to speculate in our days, too, but we did it rather differently. The Suez Canal shares I bought from the Khedive at £4,000,000 are now worth £44,000,000—and I bought them for England!"—"London Bystander."

The Grey Master

How Kane the Schoolmaster Captured the Long-jawed Marauder of Quah-Davic

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

(Illustrations by Arthur Heming.)

WHY he was so much bigger, more powerful, and more implacably savage than the other members of the grey, spectral pack, which had appeared suddenly from the north to terrorize their lone and scattered clearings, the settlers of the lower Quah-Davic Valley could not guess. Those who were of French descent among them, and full of the old Acadian superstitions, explained it simply enough by saying he was a *loup-garou*, or "wer-wolf," and resigned themselves to the impossibility of contending against a creature of such supernatural malignity and power. But their fellows of English speech, having no such tradition to fall back upon, were mystified and indignant. The ordinary grey, or "cloudy," wolf of the east they knew, though he was so rare south of Labrador that few of them had ever seen one. They dismissed them all, indifferently, as "varmin." But this accountable grey ravager was bigger than any two such wolves, fiercer and more dauntless than any ten. Though the pack he led numbered no more than half-a-dozen, he made it respected and dreaded through all the wild leagues of the Quah-Davic. To make things worse, this long-flanked, long-jawed marauder was no less cunning than fierce. When the settlers, seeking vengeance for sheep, pigs, and cattle slaughtered by his pack, went forth to hunt him with dogs and guns, it seemed that there was never a wolf in the country. Nevertheless, either that same night or the next, it was long odds that one or more of those same dogs who had been officious in the hunt would disappear. As for traps and poisoned meat, they proved equally futile. They were always visited, to be sure, by the pack, at some unexpected and indeterminable moment, but treated always with a contumelious scorn which was doubtless all that such clumsy tactics merited. Meanwhile the ravages went on, and the children were kept close housed at night, and cool-eyed old woodsmen went armed and vigilant along the lonely roads. The French *habitant* crossed himself, and the Saxon cursed his luck; and no one solved the mystery.

Yet, after all, as Arthur Kane, the young schoolmaster at Burnt Brook Cross-Roads, began dimly to surmise, the solution was quite simple. A lucky gold-miner, returning from the Klondike, had brought with him not only gold and an appetite, but also a lank, implacable, tameless whelp from the packs that haunt the sweeps of northern timber. The whelp had gnawed his way to freedom. He had found, fought, thrashed, and finally adopted, a little pack of his small, eastern kin. He had thriven, and grown to the strength and stature that were his rightful heritage. And "the Grey Master of the Quah-Davic," as Kane had dubbed him, was no *loup-garou*, no outcast human soul incarcerated in wolf form, but simply a great Alaskan timber-wolf.

But this, when all is said, is quite enough. A wolf that can break the back of a full-grown collie at one snap of his jaws, and gallop off with the carcass as if it were a chipmunk, is about as undesirable a neighbour, in the night woods, as any *loup-garou* ever devised by the *habitant's* excitable imagination.

All up and down the Quah-Davic Valley the dark spruce woods were full of game—moose, deer, hares, and wild birds innumerable—with roving caribou herds on the wide barren beyond the hill-ridge. Nevertheless, the great grey wolf would not spare the possessions of the settlers. His pack haunted the fringes of the settlements with a need-less tenacity which seemed to hold a challenge in it, a direct and insolent defiance. And the feeling of resentment throughout the Valley was on the point of crystallizing into a concerted campaign of vengeance which would have left even so cunning a strategist as the Grey Master no choice but to flee or fall, when something took place which quite changed the course of public sentiment. Folk so disagreed about it that all concerted action became impossible, and each one was left to deal with the elusive adversary in his own way.

This was what happened.

IN a cabin about three miles from the nearest neighbour lived the Widow Baisley, alone with her son Paddy, a lad under ten years old, and

little for his age. One midwinter night she was taken desperately ill, and Paddy, reckless of the terrors of the midnight solitudes, ran wildly to get help. The moon was high and full, and the lifeless backwoods road was a narrow, bright, white thread between the silent black masses of the spruce forest. Now and then, as he remembered afterwards, his ear caught a sound of light feet following him in the dark beyond the roadside. But his plucky little heart was too full of panic grief about his mother to have any room for fear as to himself. Only the excited amazement of his neighbours, over the fact that he had made the journey in safety, opened his eyes to the hideous peril he had come through. Willing helpers hurried back with him to his mother's bedside. And on the way one of them, a keen huntsman who had more than once pitted his woodcraft in vain against that of the Grey Master, had the curiosity to step off the road and examine the snow under the thick spruces. Perhaps imagination misled him, when he thought he caught a glimpse of savage eyes, points of green flame, fading off into the black depths. But there could be no doubt as to the fresh tracks he found in the snow. There they were—the footprints of the pack, like those of so many big dogs—and among them the huge trail of the great, far-striding leader. All the way, almost



from his threshold, these sinister steps had paralleled those of the hurrying child. Close to the edge of the darkness they ran—close, within the distance of one swift leap—yet never any closer!

Why had the great grey wolf, who faced and pulled down the bull moose, and from whose voice the biggest dogs in the settlements ran like whipped curs—why had he and his stealthy pack spared this easy prey? It was inexplicable, though many had theories good enough to be laughed to scorn by those who had none. The *habitants*, of course, had all their superstitions confirmed, and with a certain respect and refinement of horror added: Here was a *loup-garou* so crafty as to spare, on occasion! He must be conciliated, at all costs. They would hunt him no more, his motives being so inexplicable. Let him take a few sheep, or a steer, now and then, and remember that *they*, at least, were not troubling him. As for the English-speaking settlers, their enmity cooled down to the point where they could no longer get together any concentrated bitterness. It was only a big rascal of a wolf, anyway, scared to touch a white man's child, and certainly nothing for a lot of grown men to organize about. Some of the women jumped to the conclusion that a certain delicacy of sentiment had governed the wolves in their strange forbearance,

while others honestly believed that the pack had been specially sent by Providence to guard the child through the forest on his sacred errand. But all, whatever their views, agreed in flouting the young school-teacher's uninteresting suggestion that perhaps the wolves had not happened, at the moment, to be hungry.

AS it chanced, however, even this very rational explanation of Kane's was far from the truth. The truth was that the great wolf had profited by his period of captivity in the hands of a masterful man. Into his fine sagacity had penetrated the conception—hazy perhaps, but none the less effective—that man's vengeance would be irresistible and inescapable if once fairly aroused. This conception he had enforced upon the pack. It was enough. For, of course, even to the most elementary intelligence among the hunting, fighting kindreds of the wild, it was patent that the surest way to arouse man's vengeance would be to attack man's young. The intelligence lying behind the wide-arched skull of the Grey Master was equal to more intricate and less obvious conclusions than that.

Among all the scattered inhabitants of the Quah-Davic Valley, there was no one who devoted quite so much attention to the wonderful grey wolf as did the young school teacher. His life at the Burnt Brook Cross-Roads, his labours at the little Burnt Brook school, were neither so exacting nor so exciting but that he had time on his hands. His preferred expedients for spending that time were hunting, and studying the life of the wild kindreds. He was a good shot with both rifle and camera, and would serve himself with one weapon or the other as the mood seized him. When life, or his dinner, went ill with him, or he found himself fretting hopelessly for the metropolitan excitement of the little college city where he had been educated, he would choose his rifle. And so wide-reaching, so mysterious, are the ties which enmesh all created beings, that it would seem to even matters up and relieve his feelings wonderfully just to kill something, if only a rabbit or a weasel.

But at other times he preferred the camera.

Naturally Kane was interested in the mysterious grey wolf more than in all the other prowlers of the Quah-Davic put together. He was quite unreasonably glad when the plans for a concerted campaign against the marauder so suddenly fell through. That so individual a beast should have its career cut short by an angry settler's bullet, to avenge a few ordinary pigs or sheep, was a thing he could hardly contemplate with patience. To scatter the pack would be to rob the Quah-Davic solitudes of half their romance. He determined to devote himself to a study of the great wolf's personality and characteristics, and to foil, as far as this could be done without making himself unpopular, such plots as might be laid for the beast's undoing.

Recognizing, however, that this friendly interest might not be reciprocated, Kane chose his rifle rather than his camera as a weapon, on those stinging, blue-white nights when he went forth to seek knowledge of the grey wolf's ways. His rifle was a well-tried repeating Winchester, and he carried a light, short-handled axe in his belt besides the regulation knife; so he had no serious misgivings as he trod the crackling, moonlit snow beneath the moose-hide webbing of his snowshoes. But not being utterly foolhardy, he kept to the open stretches of meadow, or river-bed, or snow-buried lake, rather than in the close shadows of the forest.

But now, when he was so expectant, the wolf-pack seemed to find business elsewhere. For nights not a howl had been heard, not a fresh track found, within miles of Burnt Brook Cross-Roads. Then, remembering that a watched pot takes long to boil, Kane took fishing-lines and bait, and went up the wide, white brook-bed to the deep lake in the hills whence it launches its shallow flood towards the Quah-Davic. He took with him also for companionship, since this time he was not wolf-hunting, a neighbour's dog that was for ever after him—a useless, yellow lump of mongrel dog-flesh, but friendly and silent. After building a hasty shelter of spruce boughs some distance out from shore,

in the flooding light, he chopped holes through the ice and fell to fishing for the big lake trout that inhabited those deep waters. He had luck. And soon, absorbed in the new excitement, he had forgotten all about the great grey wolf.

It was late, for Kane had slept the early part of the night, waiting for moonrise before starting on his expedition. The air was tingling with windless cold, and ghostly white with the light of a crooked, waning moon. Suddenly, without a sound, the dog crept close against Kane's legs. Kane felt him tremble. Looking up sharply, his eyes fell on a tall, grey form, sitting erect on the top of a naked point, not a hundred yards away, and staring, not at him, but at the moon.

In spite of himself, Kane felt a pricking in his cheeks, a creeping of the skin under his hair. The apparition was so sudden, and, above all, the cool ignoring of his presence was so disconcerting. Moreover, through that half-sinister light, his long muzzle upstretched towards the moon, and raised as he was a little above the level on which Kane was standing, the wolf looked unnaturally and impossibly tall. Kane had never heard of a wolf acting in this cool, self-possessed, arrogantly confident fashion, and his mind reverted obstinately to the outworn superstitions of his *habitant* friends. But, after all, it was this wolf, not an ordinary, brush-fence wolf, that he was so anxious to study; and the unexpected was just what he had most reason to expect! He was getting what he came for.

KANE knew that the way to study wild creatures was to keep still and make no noise. So he stiffened into instant immobility, and regretted that he had brought the dog with him. But he need not have worried about the dog, for that intelligent animal showed no desire to attract the Grey Master's notice. He was crouched behind Kane's legs, and motionless except for his shuddering.

For several minutes no one stirred—nothing stirred in all that frozen world. Then, feeling the cold begin to creep in upon him in the stillness, Kane had to lift his thick-gloved hands to chafe his ears. He did it cautiously, but the caution was superfluous. The great wolf apparently had no objection to his moving as much as he liked. Once, indeed, those green, lambent eyes flamed over him, but casually, in making a swift circuit of the shores of the lake and the black fringe of the firs; but for all the interest which their owner vouchsafed him, Kane might as well have been a juniper bush.

Knowing very well, however, that this elaborate indifference could not be other than feigned, Kane was patient, determined to find out what the game was. At the same time, he could not help the strain beginning to tell on him. Where was the rest of the pack? From time to time he glanced searchingly over his shoulder towards the all-concealing fir-woods.

At last, as if considering himself utterly alone, the great wolf opened his jaws, stretched back his neck, and began howling his shrill, terrible serenade to the moon. As soon as he paused, came far-off nervous barkings and yelpings from dogs who hated and trembled in the scattered clearings. But no wolf-howl made reply. The pack, for all the sign they gave, might have vanished off the earth. And Kane wondered what strong command from their leader could have kept them silent when all their ancient instincts bade them answer.

As if well satisfied with his music, the great wolf continued to beseech the moon so persistently that at last Kane lost patience. He wanted some variety in the programme. Muttering: "I'll see if I can't rattle your fine composure a bit, my friend!" he raised his rifle and sent a bullet whining over the wolf's head. The wolf cocked his ears slightly and looked about carelessly, as if to say: "What's that?" then coolly resumed his serenade.

Nettled by such ostentatious nonchalance, Kane drove another bullet into the snow within a few inches of the wolf's forefeet. This proved more

effective. The great beast looked down at the place where the ball had struck, sniffed at it curiously, got up on all fours, and turned and stared steadily at Kane for perhaps half a minute. Kane braced himself for a possible onslaught. But it never came. Whirling lightly, the Grey Master

all at once he felt a tingling at the roots of his hair, which seemed to tell him he was being watched from the darkness. Peer as he would, however, he could catch no hint of moving forms; strain his ears as he might, he could hear no whisper of following feet. Moreover, he trusted to the keener senses, keener instincts, of the dog, to give him warning of any furtive approach; and the dog was obviously at ease.

HE was just beginning to excrete himself for letting his nerves get too much on edge, when suddenly out from the black branches just ahead shot a long, spectral shape and fell upon the dog. There was one choked yelp—and the dog and the terrible shape vanished together, back into the blackness.

It was all so instantaneous that before Kane could get his rifle up they were gone. Startled and furious, he fired at random, three times, into cover. Then he steadied himself, remembering that the number of cartridges in his chamber was not unlimited. Seeing to it that his axe and knife were both loose for instant action, he stopped and replenished his Winchester. Then he hurried on as fast as he could without betraying haste.

As he went, he was soon vividly conscious that the wolves—not the Grey Master alone, but the whole pack also—were keeping pace with him through the soundless dark beyond the rim of the spruces. But not a hint of their grim companionship could he see or hear. He felt it merely in the creeping of his skin, the elemental stirring of the hair at the back of his neck. From moment to moment he expected the swift attack, the battle for his life. But he was keyed up to it. It was not fear that made his nerves tingle, but the tense, trembling excitement of the situation. Even against those strange, hidden forces of the forest, his spirit felt sure of victory. He felt as if his rifle would go up and speak, almost of itself, unerringly at the first instant of attack, even before the adversary broke into view. But through all the drawn-out length of those last three miles his hidden adversaries gave no sign, save that once a dead branch, concealed under the snow, snapped sharply. His rifle was at his shoulder, it seemed to him, almost before the sound reached his ear. But nothing came of it. Then a panic-mad rabbit, stretched straight out in flight, darted across the fast narrowing brightness of his path. But nothing followed. And at last, after what seemed to him hours, he came out upon the open

pastures overlooking Burnt Brook Settlement. Here he ran on a little way; and then, because the strain had been great, he sat down suddenly upon a convenient stump and burst into a peal of laughter which must have puzzled the wolves beyond measure.

After this, though well aware that the Grey Master's inexplicable forbearance had saved him a battle which, for all his confidence, might quite conceivably have gone against him, Kane's interest in the mysterious beast was uncompromisingly hostile. He was bitter on account of the dog. He felt that the great wolf had put a dishonour upon him; and for a few days he was no longer the impartial student of natural history, but the keen, primitive hunter with the blood-lust hot in his veins. Then this mood passed, or, rather, underwent a change. He decided that the Grey Master was, indeed, too individual a beast to be just snuffed out, but, at the same time, far too dangerous to be left at liberty.

And now all the thought and effort that could be spared from his daily duties at the Cross-Roads were bent to the problem of capturing the great wolf alive. He would be doing a service to the whole Quah-Davic Valley. And he would have the pleasure of presenting the splendid captive to his college town, at that time greatly interested in the modest beginnings of a zoological garden which its citizens were striving to inaugurate. It thrilled

(Continued on page 16.)



"He raised his rifle and sent a bullet whining over the wolf's head."
Drawn by Arthur Heming.

turned his back on the disturber of his song, and trotted away slowly, without once looking back. He did not make directly for the cover, but kept in full view and easy gunshot for several hundred yards. Then he disappeared into the blackness of the spruce woods. Thereupon the yellow mongrel, emerging from his shelter behind Kane's legs, pranced about on the snow before him with every sign of admiration and relief.

But Kane was too puzzled to be altogether relieved. It was not according to the books for any wolf, great or small, to conduct himself in this supercilious fashion. Looking back along the white bed of the brook, the path by which he must return, he saw that the sinking of the moon would very soon involve it in thick shadow. This was not as he wished it. He had had enough of fishing. Gathering up his now frozen prizes, and strapping the bag that contained them over his shoulder, so as to leave both hands free, he set out for home at the long, deliberate, yet rapid lope of the experienced snowshoer; and the yellow dog, confidence in his companion's prowess now thoroughly established, trotted on heedlessly three or four paces ahead.

Already the shadow of the woods lay half-way across the bed of the brook, but down the middle of the strip of brightness, still some five or six paces in breadth, Kane swung steadily. As he went, he kept a sharp eye on the shadowed edge of his path. He had gone perhaps a mile, when

An Epidemic of Welts

A Story That Should Interest Any One With a Mathematical Imagination

By ELIZABETH POLLARD

Drawing by Fergus Kyle.

MISS LETTERSBY trod softly as she entered the editorial sanctum. The first quick glance showed her that it was neither so grand, nor so imposing as she expected it would be.

"Well, Miss Lettersby, what can I do for you?" queried the editor, as he swung round on his revolving chair and motioned her to a seat with the manuscript he held in his hand.

"When I sent my last bunch of stories you promised to read them, and then give me your candid opinion," the girl reminded him, as she eagerly searched his face with a pair of hungry gray eyes.

"Ah, yes; so I did"—he was about to give her some encouragement to struggle on, but a keen glance convinced him that she couldn't hold out much longer. Her fine, classic features were sadly lacking in both flesh and blood, and she had a look that no matter how small her clothes were they would still be too big to fit her attenuated form.

"Well, I've gone over them carefully, and I honestly think you might do better in other lines," was the verdict.

"Can you suggest any lines?" she asked with clouded face.

"Well, er—knitting, for instance. If you'd go at it in earnest you'd find it fairly profitable, and the field isn't at all overcrowded."

"But I never learned to knit," she objected, with sinking heart.

"Neither have you learned to write stories," he retorted.

"Even so; I might better be engaged in defacing cheap paper than in spoiling good yarn."

"But you've already spoiled many a good yarn," cut in the long-suffering editor; "as an earnest knitter you'd probably meet with success."

She argued with him for some time, but he finally convinced her that she was being guided onto the right road.

SO Miss Lettersby went home racking her brain to discover some means whereby she could raise the necessary capital. The result was, she gathered up as much of her wardrobe as she could spare, and added thereto all the manuscript of her stories, then entered into negotiations with the rag-man. The wardrobe was light, but the stories were middling heavy, which brought the weight up to a fair average. The deal went through without a hitch, and the girl interviewed the lady from whom she rented a room. Mrs. Tubbs declared herself a corker at knitting, but with a big family to work for she had no time for such "extras."

"But if I do something for you instead, you might find time to show me how," pleaded Miss Lettersby.

"Sure thing. You can knit Bobby a pair o' stockin's."

Mrs. Tubbs was large and flat of form, dark-faced, with straggling dark hair, and expressionless dark eyes. To aid her limited understanding, she usually looked and listened with open mouth. She liked the young writer, as did the other inmates of the tenement. They looked upon her as rather loony, but harmless, and always diverting. That she should forsake literature for knitting was a sign of near-sanity; therefore Mrs. Tubbs encouraged the venture.

"You don't hardly know enough to buy the yarn alone," she tactfully intimated. "I'd go with you, only I scalded my foot this morning. I guess the Dutchwoman in the basement'll go if you ast her."

Miss Lettersby felt equally sure of Mrs. Krats. That lady used to hang around the literary den in hopes of improving her English. She had a habit of conning over the typewritten synonyms, but was rather hazy concerning their application. She cheerfully acceded to the request.

Side by side the two shoppers entered the store. Mrs. Krats, stout and round of form, fair, and rosy; the girl, slim, gray-faced, and black-haired.

An obliging floor-walker sighted them and came

forward. "What did you wish to see?" he asked of the imposing one.

"I vonts to stare at some yarn," affirmed the lady from over the Rhine. Then noting the puzzled look on the face of her questioner, "I vonts to gaze on some yarns," amended she.

The rose on her cheek was fast becoming a poppy when Miss Lettersby came forward. "Mrs. Krats wishes to look at stocking yarn," she said.

They bought the yarn, then Mrs. Krats went to the meat shop, leaving the girl to go home alone. The fine day tempted her into the park, where she met a young man with a sketching kit. They greeted each other warmly.



"Bobby came home with a note sayin' as how he had 'em."

"How are you getting on?" she asked the tall, pale young man after a few minutes' chat.

"Not very well," he returned gloomily, "I haven't sold a picture in an age. Have you sold any stories lately?"

"Yes; I sold a bunch to-day," she returned, with a whimsical glance at the package of yarn in her hand.

"That's good. Did the syndicate buy them?"

"I don't know," evaded she, "they're paid for, so I asked no questions."

"Lucky girl! I wish he'd buy some of my pictures," he said enviously.

She was about to say that she hoped it wouldn't come to that with his pictures, but she hadn't the courage to admit that she had proved false to her ideals, so she abruptly changed the topic and soon went home. Mrs. Tubbs set up a stocking, knit a few rounds, then handed it to her pupil, carefully showing her how to make the stitches.

But in writing the habit of compactness had grown on her to such an extent that she made the stitches so small that after knitting a few rounds the needles got so tight she couldn't budge them. Mrs. Tubbs sat by viewing with misgivings the efforts of the amateur.

"I can't knit another stitch, it's got so tight," deplored the knitter.

"Give it here, an' I'll see what I can do with it," proposed the other.

The instructor took the work in hand, knit till quite loose, then handed it back. Again Miss Lettersby knit on till the same trouble caused her to desist, when it again changed hands. This caused loss of time, so Mrs. Tubbs hunted up another set of needles and set up the second stocking. The plan worked beautifully. Miss Lettersby would knit on one till she had to give up, then take up the other. When Mrs. Tubbs had to sit down to nurse the baby she could knit long enough to loosen up both.

When finished, the stockings looked rather ridgy, but the head knitter declared they would look all right when they were on, especially if the child had nice fat legs.

Miss Lettersby groped around in her mind for a likely market.

"Auline Nester," she announced joyfully.

THE offering proved suitable to the present needs of Mrs. Nester, and she paid on acceptance. The ex-author was delighted to make such a speedy sale, so she reinvested, and hopefully resumed operations.

Now, it so happened that Auline was a very bad little girl, and often got punished in school. It was also a fact that Mrs. Nester was a careful mother and always looked in on her children before retiring. The night following the day on which Auline first wore the stockings was warm, and she had kicked off the covers. What was the surprise and indignation of the mother to see the lovely fat legs of her darling disfigured by angry red welts. She called her husband. "Just see what a brutal punishment Miss Teechum has given Auline," she whispered, with suppressed anger.

"Thunder and lightning," roared the father, "that girl isn't fit to—"

"Sh-h—" warned the mother, "don't wake her. If Auline finds she has any backing at home, no teacher can manage her."

"I don't care a fig. I'll lay a complaint against that teacher."

"Why were you whipped yesterday?" asked Mrs. Nester next morning.

"Because I mocked Ruby Janes when she stuttered," she promptly answered.

"That was very naughty. I hope you won't again merit such a whipping."

On the second night the welts were there as angry as ever, though the child declared she hadn't been punished during the day. This gave

Mrs. Nester the idea that the first welts were still unhealed, and she was proportionately indignant.

On the third morning Auline was lying in bed fast asleep when the pup came trotting in to pay her a visit. He put his paws on the edge of the bed, sniffed her hands, and licked her rosy face, but she gave no heed. He decided to play a joke on her. He took her stockings in his mouth and went out with them. His original intention had been to bury them in the garden where he kept his surplus meat; but as he was passing the open gate he saw a friend. Out he raced, and the two went frolicking into the alley, where he dropped the stockings.

Presently, along came two of the Grady boys. They spied the stockings, and Tommy examined them. "They're new," he remarked.

"There's a great big hole in the heel o' one o' mine. I've a notion to put on one," hazarded Din.

"There's a bigger one in my toe, so I'll put on the other," responded Tom.

They quickly made the exchange, then ran to school.

Meantime, other stockings were rapidly growing. (Continued on page 21.)



WHERE SUMMER SUBURBAN COTTAGES WOULD BE A GREAT BOON.
From the Top of Mount Royal May Be Seen the Greatest Congestion of City-dwellers' Houses in Canada.

The Suburban Summer Shift

Getting Away from the Crowded City, a Modern Need

By W. STEWART

WHEN summer zephyrs flutter and die away in arid city streets, backyards and lanes, and the mercury climbs to ninety-odd in the shade, the townsman's fancy obstinately turns to thoughts of open country, shady bush, and breezy lake. He has had enough of the dusty thoroughfare, enough of the super-heated shop, warehouse, office, factory, and dreams of ambrosial evenings, shady walks, and refreshing sleeps. He is tempted to desert his post. He fancies well-kept gardens, where the lily, rose and violet blow in season, and pictures cultivated fields where the grain stands green or golden. The fragrant meadows and the apple blossoms call him, and the restful empty spaces and smokeless skies make forcible their summons. If not for himself, he desires for wife and children, ease, renewed health, and keener zest of life, to be had under torrid skies only by dwelling in the country and not in the town. Sending his household to cooler spots may mean separation from them in the dog days or hasty week-end trips to join them, and the time seems all too brief to hear about baby's cutting a new tooth, or Andy's running through his shoes, or Edith's equipment of new dresses. Week-end trips are too fleeting. More time is needed to lead your little son's wobbly steps, teach baby to talk, or train the older children to play. To men who feel these shortcomings of life there is a better way than by helping summer resorts to make money. This way is the suburban home.

A solution of this kind is becoming all the more needful, for the way the cost of living rises makes the outlook for pleasant holidays more dim for the city man who is not one of those who are engrossed in the business of making the cost of living rise. To send a family to summer hotels or boarding houses takes so much, mine host and mine hostess shove up their rates so high, evidently under the delusion that a city man's purse is stuffed with twenty-five-dollar bills, that you may be forced by your pocket to swear off supporting them. But so helpful are summer rests in the country, so insistently does medical science tell us of their virtue, a person feels somewhat defrauded of his rights if bereft of their enjoyment.

HOW to get room for the greatest number of people to shift their homes from the town for spring, summer, and early autumn, this is the burden of my article. It is best done by the development of widely-scattered suburbs, and by joining these suburbs with the great centre of activity by frequent suburban railway services and cheap commutation tickets. Trains leaving every few minutes and fares little above street railway fares, cottages and bungalows at low rentals; these are now a necessity for every large town. It is surprising that this accompaniment to modern civilization is not more general in this country. Most of our larger cities depend upon electric radial lines for their suburban service, but while these railways play a vital part in the development of the supporting land, people who settle along these lines do not go far from the city if they draw their livelihood from it. Transit by these electric roads is too slow to permit families whose pillars are sustained by town vocations moving to suburbs fifteen or twenty miles out and coming and going conveniently from and to their work. What serves these

persons best is a fast steam railway service. It whirls them to their destination at the rate of thirty miles or more an hour, so that a passenger can travel fifteen miles about as quickly as he can travel three miles by an electric car. A special suburban service has also to be put on to handle suburban travel.

GOOD speed in the forming of the summer residence habit among townspeople depends upon the sympathy and aid of the railway companies. Railway men are business men. To get them to start a sufficient suburban passenger service they must be convinced that it will pay. They must also have terminal room to handle the increased



A Bungalow Like This an Hour's Run From a Big City Means a Physical and Mental Revolution to a Family.

traffic. The long-distance travel comes first. In the summer also their passenger departments are busiest. They take care of so many pleasure excursions, such heavy tourist and resort travel. So to gain your end you will have to get up a league of prospective summer suburbanites, pledge a minimum amount in fares, and lay your case before the powers in control of the railways. Skilled treating with these gentlemen ought to make them see matters in your way.

The suburban summer home has obvious benefits. It allows many more families to taste the sweets of country life than could do so under other conditions. Children get rid of disease germs bred in the crowded city, germs that may be costly and laden with grief later on, if not cut down at the beginning. Facilities for play are also vastly extended. Older people get a chance to rest and escape for a time the crash and grind of the city. Tired men are refreshed and go to work with keener nerves and clearer minds. Breathing fresh, cool air instead of hot, dusty air twelve or fourteen hours out of the twenty-four sometimes works miracles. To pick wild berries from vine and shrub, to gather flowers from the vale, to sip tea on the verandah, and watch the robin rob the cherry tree, or the rarer wild canary chant to his heart's con-

tent, while the trees rustle in the breeze, all these make you lean back restfully and say to yourself: "Life is really worth living after all. Pass the cream, please." It is such a change from the bustling, rattling, stifling city.

"Will it cut the cost of living?" This I hear from the practical, hard-pressed man. Well, it may if properly managed, but in places that I know it is in vogue it does not. But he may rent his city house furnished and come out the gainer in that fashion. Suburbs also have to be in style as well as towns, and prices have a bent to ascend wherever one goes. One may have to cart food and even fuel from town. But here is the reward: healthy, happy families, robust children, saved doctor's bills, force gained for making money.

FOR suburbs Montreal stands first, and almost, if not alone, among Canadian cities. With these are not classed the shack-dwellers of her outskirts. Fifty thousand people, a tenth of her population, migrate like the waterfowl in warm weather, clustering on the water's edge. Thus they live from May till October. Ten or twelve thousand suburban passengers are hauled by the railways every day on cheap commutation tickets from six score little stations. There are a thousand little summer colonies. The colonists pay in fares little more than they do for street car fares in many cases the rest of the year. The bulk of the monthly fares run from two and a half to five dollars. The greater part of this shifting population lives from five to fifteen miles from town. Some few live sixty or seventy miles out and pay twenty dollars for fifty-five trips. These summer colonies are seated along the St. Lawrence River, Lake of the Two Mountains, and Back River. On the water dozens of regattas are run off every summer, and boating, swimming, fishing, are common recreations. All sorts of houses are seen: huts, cottages, bungalows, pretentious summer residences. Some of the larger and older of these estival stations have attracted a considerable dependent population and have grown into prosperous small towns.

Whether from habitual love of ease or a just appreciation of Nature's handiwork, the founders of these summer colonies have allowed much of their natural beauty to stay. The houses are mostly coated with sanitary whitewash or with white lead, gleam brilliantly in the sun, and look cool and cosy. Their whiteness is set off by the refreshing greenness of the grass and trees. Many are sheltered and protected by ancient tall beeches, maples, elms. Waving in the moist breezes of the St. Lawrence Valley that blow from the upper lakes, down the Ottawa or up from the gulf, these trees seem to have a brighter, fresher foliage than trees that wave anywhere else except on the seashore. The beauty of these little homes captivates their occupants, and people long remember train rides past these enchanting spots.

But the money lust is sending up rents and breaking up and driving these happy colonies farther away from the heart of the city each year. Land values have risen high in a flood of speculation. Rents have doubled in the past three years. Bungalows that brought a hundred or two hundred dollars for the season now bring two and four hundred dollars. Land is being broken up into townsites at a rapid rate.

The chief reason for the success of this Montreal suburban life has been the plentiful supply of houses for renting. The dwellings were first built by French-Canadians who like to herd in hamlets and villages. Frugal, thrifty Jean Baptiste quickly seized the chance to let his little home to the city man and live in the woodshed or outhouse. He also put up more habitations for the next season's migration from town. The rent would come in handy. He would not have to work so hard, or he could hoard it, and have it to carry him through the winter if his crop failed, as Quebec crops have been often prone to do. But the advance in the value of land has made land-owners around Montreal a wealthy class and independent of crops or rent. They can sell their farms to speculators at two or three thousand dollars an arpent—we have French acres in Quebec—and retire to the city. So you often see once pitied farmers who were at one time poor and saving, slipping around town in motor-cars and showing townspeople how to get rid of money fast. It is a fact that enough subdivisions have been put on the market to furnish sites for New York and Chicago in one, but still the buying goes on. The newspaper readers are being told in news paragraphs or glowing advertisements every day of some new sale and of some fresh townsite with a novel name.

A worthy problem of the times, though I do not see it mentioned in the minutes of our busy leagues, to

(Concluded on page 22.)

Building a \$10,000,000 Hotel

NEW YORK'S latest addition to its hotels is the Biltmore, now approaching completion. This is being erected on the plot which was Commodore Vanderbilt's grazing field for his famous horses. The hotel will cost \$10,000,000.

Hotel planning was, in this case, brought to a supreme point of excellence. There was no overlapping—no extras to the cost of building. The hotel is to entail an expenditure of \$10,000,000; no more, no less.

But if it takes money to build a hotel, it takes more to run it. The Biltmore has been rented for 42 years, for a total rental of nearly \$20,000,000. The furnishings are on a lavish scale. Some idea of the money involved may be gathered from the following figures:

Linen	\$150,000
Furniture	225,000
Table silver	120,000
Crockery, etc.	100,000
Bedding	75,000
Wine and cigars	100,000

Of course, it needs a small army to run a ten million dollar hotel. The Biltmore will have 200 waiters, 150 chefs and cooks, 100 bell boys, 100 chamber maids, 50 engineers and 15 watchmen, besides managers, assistant managers, housekeepers, clerks, bookkeepers, pages, sewing girls, and ladies' maids. The switchboard in the hotel office will have 25 operators.

There are one or two unusual features in this hotel. It is built quite near to the New York Central depot, and there are five underground trains which convey passengers from their Pullman car right to their suite in the hotel. There is to be a wing for business men only, where the rustle of milady's skirt never penetrates, where men may snatch a hasty, albeit luxurious lunch.

As to actual equipment, the Biltmore will rank as one of the largest hotels in the world. It will have a thousand rooms and twenty-three floors above ground. There will be, of course, the usual Turkish baths, cafe and grill rooms, great and small dining halls, roof gardens, palm rooms, club rooms and ball rooms. A president's suite will also be included, which can be isolated from the rest of the hotel, and which has its own elevator from the trains passing beneath the structure.

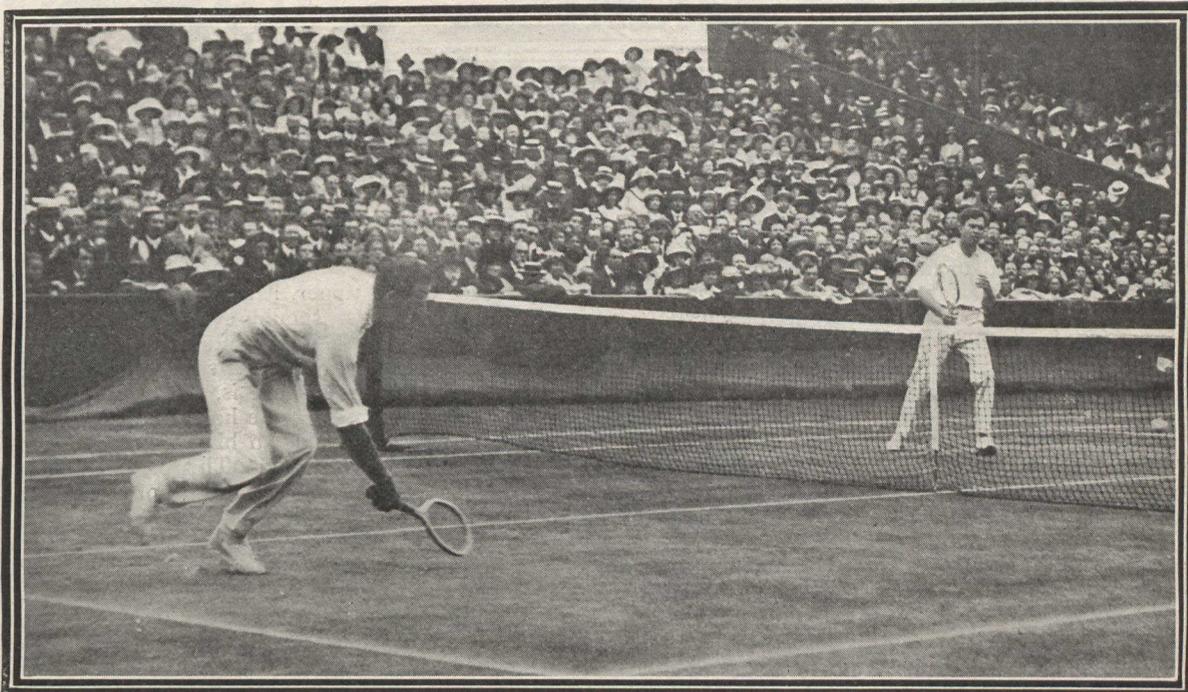
Not the least commendable feature of the Biltmore is the excellent provision it has made for its army of helpers. Bath rooms, parlors, libraries and dining rooms are there. This is a sign of the times.

Historical Catechism for Hot Weather

NOW that vacations are on and thousands of people are prowling about in places they have never seen before, a great many questions are being asked and answered about Canadian history and geography that never occur to any man at his desk down town. It's a good thing, not only physically, but mentally, to retrace in this idle kind of fashion the scenes of the journeys made by great explorers, old battlefields, camps of Indians, old churches, ancient monuments, anything that freshens up a man's interest in his country. It's a good thing to ask questions—at the same time allowing for a few absurdities in the answers, such as may be noticed in the following:

- "Children, why is Dominion Day?"
- Bright American youth: "Please to celebrate the Independence of Canada."
- "Who was George Etienne Cartier, whose memorial is to be erected in Montreal?"
- "Please, his first name was Jacques."
- "Who discovered Montreal?"
- "Sir William Van Horne."
- "How did the Mackenzie River get its name?"
- "From Sir William Mackenzie."
- "Who headed the Rebellion against the Family Compact in Canada?"
- "Louis Riel. The Tories wanted to drive out the half-breeds."
- "Who named Vancouver Island?"
- "It was named after the city of Vancouver."
- "How did Ottawa become the Capital of Canada?"
- "Because Sir John Macdonald assembled the first Parliament there."
- "Who is the Premier of Canada?"
- "Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But Mr. Borden is taking his place for a while, because Sir Wilfrid wanted time to start a Canadian navy."
- "Who made Ontario such a vast Province?"
- "Sir James Whitney."
- "Where is the Quebec Bridge?"
- "Please, ma'am—there isn't any."

SPORTS AS THEY HAVE THEM IN ENGLAND



ENGLAND BEATING AMERICA AT LAWN TENNIS ON JULY 4TH. A Close Play Over the Net When Wilding Beat McLoughlin for World's Championship at Wimbledon.



When Wise Beat the Canadian, Butler, by Two Lengths at the Henley Regatta, He Collapsed.



And in the Grand Challenge on July 3rd, the Leander Crew Beat the Canadian Argonauts by a Length.



THE BLESSED "TIPS."

I WAS astonished to find that experienced traveler and ripe philosopher—Mr. W. D. Howells—indulging in his last chat from the cushioned depths of Harper's "Easy Chair" in a virulent attack upon "the tipping system." I expect this sort of thing from superficial and impatient people; but I had looked for something better from the keenest analyst of American life who has yet put pen to paper. It seems that a correspondent tempted him into this outburst by writing him an account of two hotels—one in America and the other in London—where "tips" are loftily declined. The correspondent loved these hotels, and hated "tips"; and Mr. Howells proceeded in sympathetic fashion to discourse on how bad "tipping" is for the tipper—and how infinitely worse for the tipped. "Tipping," he says, "which is the gross and offensive caricature of mercy, inverts the effect of the heavenly attitude which it mocks; it curses him that gives and him that takes, but most it curses him that takes."

THERE is a very popular notion—here put into literary dress by Mr. Howells—that the waiter who accepts a "tip" is disgraced thereby. For the life of me I cannot see it. So far as the fact goes, if he feels disgraced, then waiters are universally the most accomplished actors on or off the stage. They never betray that they are consciously humiliated. They have rather the effect of pocketing the payment of a just debt; and of intimating that they are getting possibly something less than the full amount. What is the use of talking nonsense about it. Whenever a sense of humiliation or failure is present at the exchange of a "tip," in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is felt by the tipper and not by the tipped. It is never the tipped who slinks out of the room, feeling the eyes of half-a-dozen superior fellow-beings boring holes through his back—it is the tipper who infers from the reproachful eye of the tipped that he has hardly measured up to expectations.

SO much for the fact. Now for the theory. What has the tipped done of which he ought to be ashamed? He has not accepted "largess"—as Mr. Howells seems to imagine. Nothing of the sort. He has only sold his services, as a waiter, directly to the man on whom he waited. Instead of selling his services wholesale to the proprietor of the restaurant or hotel, and then letting the proprietor retail them over again to the customer, he—the waiter—has done business with the customer, face to face and man to man. Is that a proceeding to blush for? Do we regard other similar transactions as degrading? Which do we rank the higher as a rule—the man who hires himself out to another man and lets that other man sell us the products of his work; or the man who himself sells us the products of his own work? In the former class come practically all factory hands, clerks, and men who write "stories" or articles for another man's paper. In the latter class come practically all professional men, artists, and men who write "stories" and publish them over their own names—like Mr. Howells.

THE only feature of the "tipping system" which is annoying, and, perhaps, a bit humiliating to the tipped, is the circumstance that he must leave the amount to be paid for his services to the tipper. But this works against the tipped only when they have to deal with ignorant people, mostly on or from the continent. When a European customer leaves a restaurant or hotel in Europe, both he and the waiter and the other servants know to a penny what he ought to pay—and almost always he pays it. They have reduced it to a system over there; and none of the feeling of doubt on the part of the tipper and of disappointment on the part of the tipped, which too often occurs where our people play one role in the little drama, is experienced. It is simply buying a service whose regular price is known and recognized; and both parties to the transaction carry out their parts of it with dignity and certainty. Nor is the tariff hard to learn. A few months'

experience; and you are tipping with the coolness and matter-of-fact method of the born European.

IN the case of the tipper, it is a marvel to me that he, at all events, should ever grumble. The system is entirely to his advantage. He is in an absolutely ideal position. He steps into another man's place of business—that is, the place of business of the man who owns the hotel or restaurant—and is instantly made able to hire his own private servant to serve him his meal. This private servant of his has to please him—not the proprietor of the hotel. He must serve the meal the way the customer likes it—not the way the hotel likes it. This is advantage enough for the customer, you would think. But it is by no means all. The customer has not bargained beforehand with this newly-hired private servant of his as to how much he is to be paid. The servant cannot say to himself—"I will shirk or skimp my work, and get my salary all the same." There is no salary fixed. The salary de-

A Choral Opera

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ALWAYS something new musically from Russia. This time it is a new style in grand opera. Charpentier and Puccini may be novel enough. Moussorgsky, with his Boris Gudonoff, is newer still. This opera was produced some months ago in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The critics there had much to say in its favor. It succeeded in giving even blase New York a series of thrills, and New York has gone through most of the experiences of grand opera, right down to the stage when Wagner has begun to be somewhat hackneyed. Now London has been hearing Boris Gudonoff, and London always prefers the accepted style to the new thing because it is new. But the tribunal of grand opera has been shaken from its customary monocular attitude of drawing approval, and has consented to roar a little at the astounding effects in this new Russian opera.

For the first time in the history of opera it is not the *bel canto* singer, as with Delibes or Donizetti, not the orchestra as with Wagner, not the stage setting—but the chorus that carries the dynamics. It was the chorus that carried New York; and the Metropolitan Opera House has known some big choral singing. It was the remark-

able choral writing along with the folk songs that inspired London. One critic said:

"How wonderful is all the chorus writing! In the Coronation scene, in the amazing scene of the peasants' revolt, it simply carries you off your feet." This is natural enough from a land where some of the most remarkable choral voices in the world are to be found. Russia is full of tremendous choral material. It may be true that the "dago" in the American city knows his operatic arias; that Milan is full of people that sing the Italian classics; that the Englishman wherever you find him knows his oratorio, or the German his folk songs; but Russia is fairly teeming with choristers, many of whom are heard in the music of the church Russian for which Tchaikowsky wrote so much. In fact, great as much of Tchaikowsky's orchestral work is, much of his choral work is quite as great and much greater than the modern choral works of most other countries.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

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EXALTATION of the chorus in an epoch-making grand opera is worth while. If there is one thing more distasteful and utterly wearisome than mere shallow ignorance parading as wisdom in opera, it is the hysterical attitude of the man who goes to opera only because he wants to hear a star. This is an inheritance from Italian opera, where the *bel canto*ist who could imitate several kinds of birds totally without emotion was the thing that brought the heavy hand. Wagner got opera away from that to appreciation of the orchestra and the stage setting. Modern opera inclines towards the deification of the singer who can act. And the real opera fiend will tolerate a mediocre orchestra, an inferior stage setting and a diabolical chorus, so long as a few times in an evening he is able to watch and listen to his divine hero or heroine of song with more or less acting thrown in.

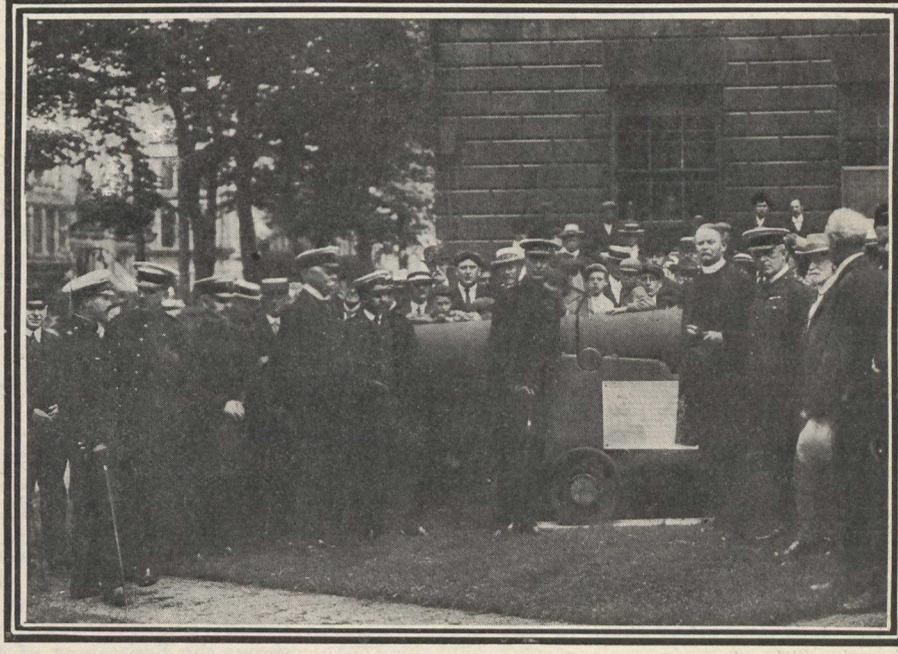
It takes a good deal more brains and a much better balance of temperament to appreciate the value of a good choral performance in an opera. And the writers of most operas have taken very good care that people don't get a chance to hear much from the chorus. In Boris Gudonoff the chorus is—not all, but the one biggest thing.

There are other features. An opera cannot be all choral. The illustration herewith shows that even with a dominant chorus it is necessary to have big acting and solo work. The work of M. Chaliapine in the title role made London gasp. Probably in twenty years' time we shall have the privilege of hearing this opera in Canada. At present we hear a great many operas in a year, and about half of them might be dispensed with. If opera managers could weed out their repertoires, and instead of putting on a melange of everything except Wagner, would take half a dozen big things, including Wagner, and given them over and over till people got to know them—Canadians might then be in a mental attitude to appreciate such an opera as Boris Gudonoff.



M. Chaliapine, the Baritone who, in the Role of the "Conscience-stricken Tsar" in the Opera Boris Gudonoff, Created a Great Sensation in London.

A Little of Everything New in Pictures



On July 11th a Tablet Was Unveiled by the Minister of Militia at the Birth-place of Sir John Inglis, the Halifax Hero at the Siege of Lucknow in 1857.

The Same Day Sir Ian Hamilton Unveiled a Tablet on the Historic Gun Used on the Shannon in her Memorable Battle with the Chesapeake, June 1st, 1813.

Left to Right in the First Picture: Major Hayter, Major Weatherbee, Lt.-Col. Humphrey, Col. Rutherford, Sir Ian Hamilton, Archdeacon Armitage, President Nova Scotia Historical Society, Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes and Lieut.-Gov. Macgregor.

The Crocker Expedition

ON July 12, a despatch appeared in the New York Tribune from Donald B. MacMillan, head of the expedition to Crocker Land sailing from Boston on July 4th. The Crocker expedition was sent out under the auspices of the American Geographical Society and the American Museum of Natural History, New York—to spend two years getting scientific information about a very remote region in the far north. And it was at Sydney, N. S., that Donald MacMillan, head of the expedition, wired the Tribune to say:

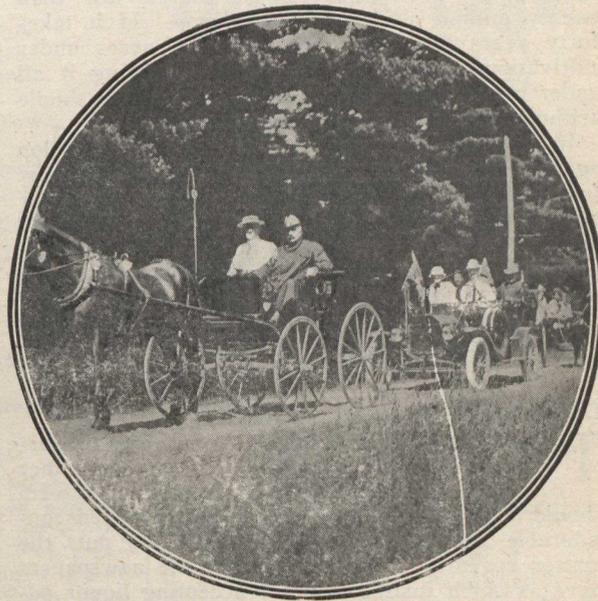
“We sail to-night for Battle Harbour, Labrador, and in a few days will be in the ice of Baffin’s Bay. Flagler Bay, our objective point for winter headquarters, is 2,000 miles north from Sydney and only 650 miles from the pole. From reports received, ice conditions are favorable for a good run to Cape York, 76 north latitude. There we shall take in our six Esquimau dog drivers and 100 dogs. We should arrive at Cape Sabine about August 20.”

On July 18th, came another despatch from St. John’s, Nfld.—not from MacMillan. It read in part:

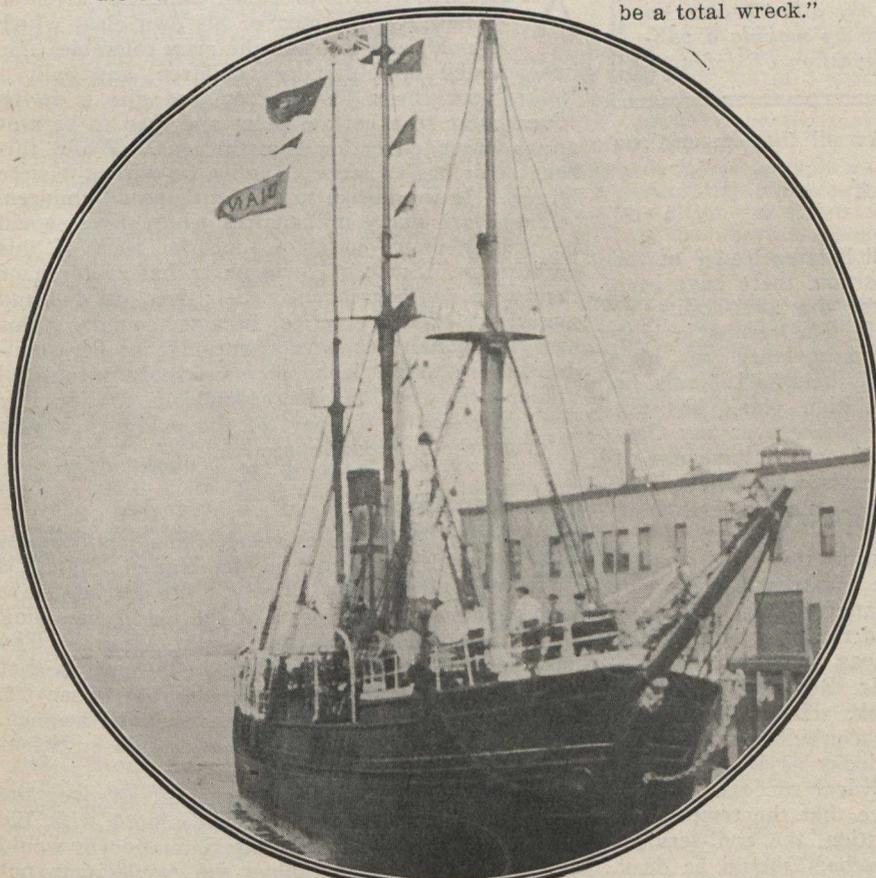
“The sealer Diana, conveying MacMillan’s Crocker Land expedition northward, went ashore last night in a dense fog at Barge Point, forty miles west of Battle Harbour, Belle Isle Straits, and is likely to be a total wreck.”



A Boat-load of People Going Down Lake Simcoe to the Famous Lennox Picnic, Last Week.



“Herb.” Lennox at the Head of a Train of Top Buggies and Automobiles.



The Diana of the Crocker Expedition Ready to Sail From Boston Eight Days Before Being Wrecked at Barge Point, Near Battle Harbour.



Donald B. MacMillan (Right), With His Wireless Operator, Head of the Crocker Expedition, That Went on the Rocks in the Straits of Belle Isle Last Week.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Crop Area

UNDOUBTEDLY many men have been sitting around in real estate offices in Western Canada who should have been out working farms. There are those who claim that hardly more than ten per cent. of the new people who have gone into the West in the past two years are cultivating the land. Instead of farm land appreciating in price, it has been hard to sell at any price. Everybody wanted to buy town lots and get rich quick. Even the farmers of Eastern Canada have put their surplus earnings into Western town lots.

While all this is true, the figures of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa show that there is 500,000 acres more under cultivation in Western Canada in 1913 than in 1912. There is an increase of 52,000 acres in wheat, 391,900 acres in oats, and 47,800 acres in barley. This is not large, but it is about the average of the forty years Canada has been at this job.

But half a million acres in one year indicates that it will take a long, long time to bring the Western provinces under anything like adequate cultivation. Saskatchewan alone has about 70,000,000 acres of cultivable land. Alberta has nearly as much and Manitoba has perhaps half as much. But of this 175,000,000 acres, less than twenty million acres are under crop. If it takes forty years to bring twenty million acres under cultivation, how long will it take to bring it all under crop? The answer is ascertained by simple arithmetical calculation—300 years.

In brief, if Western Canada continues to develop agriculturally at the same rate as during the past forty years, there will be 40 million acres under cultivation in 1953; 60 million acres in 2003; 80 million acres in 2043; and 80 million acres in 2083. This will still leave half the three prairie provinces uncultivated at that date.

It would seem as if future generations will have little reason to complain of land-hunger.

Liquor Advertising

THAT controversy between the *Christian Guardian* and the *Toronto Globe*, as to whether a paper which believes in temperance reform should accept liquor advertising, has attracted considerable attention. The *Kingston Whig* puts the matter cogently when it says that the newspapers have as much justification for accepting liquor advertising as the church has for accepting contributions from men in the hotel and liquor business or in any questionable business. This is a fairly complete answer.

The Phantom Dreadnoughts

FOR some time there has been a difference of opinion between certain schools of political thought in this country as to whether or not Right Hon. Winston Churchill had ordered three Dreadnoughts to take the place of those from Canada which have been delayed by the Senate. Some said the War Lord had ordered the three vessels, acting under the advice of Rt. Hon. Mr. Borden and Sir Hugh Graham; and that the understanding was that Canada was to pay for them when they are completed. Others said Mr. Churchill had done nothing of the kind; that Canada's ships were jolly well extras and not needed anyway except for Canadian or overseas service.

In his speech last week on the subject the War Lord has settled the matter for the time being. He is not very reliable, and he may give a different answer three months hence, but for the present his statement stands. And that statement shows that neither of the disputing parties is right. *Mr. Churchill has not ordered three Dreadnoughts to be purchased by Canada later or by anybody on their behalf.* All that he did was to accelerate the building of three of the British Dreadnoughts by advancing the date for letting the contracts for them.

Canada's Dreadnoughts are not ordered yet. Therefore, Mr. Borden can hardly take the advice of the *Toronto Telegram*, the organ of the ultra-imperialists in Toronto, and delay further discussion of the navy until 1916. The *Telegram's* advice was based on the belief that Mr. Churchill had ordered the three Dreadnoughts and hence they

would be ready in 1916 whether Canada ordered them or not. Now it appears that such advice would delay Canada's Big Vessels until 1919—by which time, of course, Dreadnoughts will be out of date and disarmament will have begun.

Drop a few tears, please, for the "Emergency." It was used to club the "Tin-Pot Navy" out of the water, but in its turn has been clubbed by an irresponsible, doddering, tottering old Senate. O, ye cruellest of Fates!!

The Hindu Problem

IMPERIAL or Britannic citizenship is still an unsettled question. The Minister of the Interior has recently had a bout with it. A Hindu by the name of Hakam Singh has, as a special case, been allowed to bring in his mother and four children. But why should a British citizen be compelled to ask for special privileges in any British country? The answer to that question shows the limitations of British citizenship in such countries as Canada, Australia and New Zealand.

Australia's Message

Australia has sent a message to the other Dominions. The new Australian Government announces that the Post-office and the Telegraph Department are to be placed under the control of a business commission which shall be non-political. In Great Britain the Post-office is non-political because of the civil service acts, but Australia thinks it best to go straight to the commission idea. If Canada's Post-office were under a commission, we should all be agitating for control of the telegraph and telephone companies.

Again, Premier Cooke announces that he will continue Premier Fisher's naval policy and hopes that the subject of national defence will always be treated on purely non-party lines. Will this make any impression on Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier? Will it make any impression on the Conservative and Liberal partisans who encourage their leaders to keep the navy question in politics?

Will Canada be less patriotic than Australia? Shall we continue to belittle ourselves in the eyes of the other peoples in the Britannic Alliance by making a political football of the question of defence?

We are not yet prepared for all that imperialism involves.

Ontario Politics

SINCE Mr. N. W. Rowell became leader of the Ontario Liberal Opposition, there have been two by-elections to test the advisability of his plank "Abolish the Bar." The results in both cases have been highly unsatisfactory to him. Although both were previously held by Liberals, he lost them both. His prohibition plank has not been sufficiently attractive to draw over any Conservative support, and has been the means of estranging some of the Liberals who believe that the prohibition movement has gone far enough in Ontario for the present.

When Mr. Rowell first took up this cry, "Abolish the Bar," he frightened the Whitney Government into adopting a counterbalancing cry, "Abolish Treating." They soon found that it was regarded as a silly expedient, and it was dropped as quickly as it had been adopted. Mr. Rowell is not in a position to abandon his plank. He must stand or fall by it, since he has been a prohibition advocate all his life. Just now, it looks as if this plank will militate against his political success.

Many thinking men believe that the temperance question, like the naval question, the civil-service-reform question, and some others should be dealt with in a non-partisan way. These questions should be kept out of party politics. No temperance law could be enforced in any province or any community

if one political party had declared against it. Temperance legislation to be effective must have the active or tacit approval of both political parties.

Mr. Rowell has much to commend him to the public. He entered political life at a considerable personal sacrifice. Nevertheless, so long as the Whitney Government continues to administer the present license laws and the local option act as efficiently and as fairly as it has done in the past, Mr. Rowell's "Abolish the Bar" policy is not likely to detach many Conservatives from their party allegiance. This seems to be a fair deduction from the two by-elections.

Liquor and the Army

COLONEL the Hon. Sam Hughes is a temperance reformer without a doubt. His objections to liquor in field and garrison messes are those of the average business man. The latter will not allow his employees to drink while on duty, nor to drink to excess even when off duty. This is the attitude of the Minister of Militia. It is a reasonable and businesslike attitude.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, liquor-drinking was a common practice among both permanent and volunteer militia. When a captain in a city corps took out his company to a hotel after an evening's drill, he would find that three-quarters of his men would order spirits. But practices have changed in the militia as in other walks of life. To-day, when a city captain takes his company out for a "treat" he finds that less than one-quarter will order spirits.

This is as it should be. Military training, whether in barracks, city armouries, or field camps, is a serious business, not a jollification. The young men who go in for military training to-day go at it more seriously than those of twenty years ago. They are seeking physical benefits and serious training. Their pleasure is in their work, not what happens when they are off duty. The ideal is higher.

All the credit for this is not due to Colonel Hughes. The work of reform has been going on for years. The personal influence of Sir Frederick Borden was not helpful to the movement, because he liked to see the wine bottles at a mess dinner. But in spite of his influence in this direction, the reform movement made headway. Colonel Hughes' advent to office has quickened it immensely and he deserves much credit. His rebuke to the officers of the Halifax Garrison may have been somewhat harsh, but it will do good. The Canadian soldier should have the same ethics and standards as other men in the public service. Many of them have done their work faithfully, but there have been enough exceptions to justify Colonel Hughes' attempt to put this branch of the service on a sounder business basis.

A New Usefulness

A MILLIONAIRE in Tulsa, Okla., has invented a new use for men of his own class which should help to make the class tolerable. He has adopted three hundred children, and built a "home" for them. Every boy and girl is to be educated up to a certain point and then to be sent on to other educational institutions. While this benefactor has so large a family, he wishes it were larger. He would like to have a thousand children.

There are many millionaires whose lives would be greatly improved by a touch at least of this enthusiasm. Some of them never had children of their own and consequently their lives are dull and material. If the practice became common, for every millionaire to have twenty-five or fifty children, there would be happier and more purposeful millionaires. Further, there would be considerably less objection on the part of the public to a man entering the millionaire section.

Canadian Consuls

A PROPOSAL to establish Canadian business consuls or agents in the United States is rumoured from Ottawa. We already have such agents in certain parts of the world, including Great Britain, Holland and South Africa. The only possible criticism of these in the past is that the appointees were selected for their party service, not for their business knowledge or trade acumen. The names of Preston and Jackson are sufficient to indicate what is meant.

Canada should have trade consuls all over the world. But if these are not appointed with the same kind of judgment and discrimination as would be used by a British cabinet the results may not be quite satisfying. Men distinguished for ward services only are not likely to be distinguished business consuls.



Courierettes.

"THE Camerons are coming" is not the favorite tune of the Rowell-McQuaker ranks since the North Grey ballots were cast.

Stranded chorus girls gathered a harvest of coin in their hats as they stood on Chicago street corners. Many a hen-pecked husband no doubt regarded it as quite an adventure to chip in a dime.

They say that one dollar does not go as far now as two used to go a few years ago. To us the regrettable feature is that they all insist on going—somewhere.

Incidentally, we might remark that the Bulgarian barbarities are not all in print. Some of them appear in other dress goods.

Torontonians complain that their tax bills were not checked. It is left to the citizens to do the cheque-ing.

Six hundred chers, cooks and waiters have left Britain to take service on the dining cars of the Canadian railways. The tips they take will be the "charge of the six hundred."

A Chicago bank is opened every morning with prayer. Probably the depositors need it.

Unionist members of the British Parliament want to cut off their salaries. If they are outvoted, however, their principles will hardly carry them to the extreme of refusing the money.

The Goddess of Freedom on top of the Capitol at Washington has been washed and gilded. If only the rest of the nation could get the same soap and water treatment!

New York bakers sent a 180 pound loaf to the striking mill-workers in Paterson, N. J. They do everything in spectacular fashion across the line—even feeding the hungry is made a spectacle for the moving pictures.

That Gettysburg reunion seems to have been engineered for the benefit of the movies.

The Balkan allies are very much like western real estate speculators in their strenuous struggle for land.

Toronto Globe takes a column to explain editorially why it preaches abolition of the bar and prints liquor advertisements. After reading said column, we still ask—why?

Ontario farmers are decreasing in number but their products are increasing. The hired man must be working overtime.

A toy pistol, discharged by suffragettes in the British House of Commons, caused more of a fuss than the broadsides of the big guns in heavy debate.

It Should Be Easy.—Burglars in New York got away with perfume worth \$5,500.

So far the police have failed to even get on the scent.

Why Not Try a Woman?—Arnprior's magistrate has resigned because he has to listen to too many details of petty quarrels for too little money.

Why not give his job to one of the town's gossip-loving women? She'd listen for nothing.

The Usual Supply.—Daily papers report a tremendous shortage of lemons this season.

Some managers of ball teams, however, assert that they find the supply up to the average.

Driven to it.—No sooner is a young man married than his bride drives him to equivocation and possibly falsification by embarrassing queries

as to relative merits of her cooking as compared with his mother's.

The Big Role.—The leading man in many a company—Dan Cupid.

A Good Reason.—She—"Tell me, why do you remain a bachelor?"

He—"I fear that matrimony would interfere with my profession."

She—"How could that be? What do you do?"

He—"I write love romances."

Isn't It Strange?—Peculiar that old maids are always imagining there is a man in the house while married women know there isn't. The latter have learned by experience.

Force of Habit.—These are the days when the blushing bride, as the train emerges from the tunnel, anxiously asks her hubby if her mouth is on straight.

He Just Wanted to Know.—One of the favourite amusements of campers in the Muskoka wilds is the playing of baseball games between teams representing different resorts on the lakes.



Emaciated Beggar—"Mister, would you please give a poor fellow sixpence to keep him from dying?"

Stranger—"You've struck the wrong man this time. I'm an undertaker."

A couple of players on Canadian League teams who were up there on a holiday trip last week tell of a game in which they played and which was umpired in rather unsatisfactory fashion by a Toronto lawyer.

The umpire's decisions on balls and strikes were particularly irritating to the batters. One hitter was disgusted when a ball two feet above his head was called a strike. There were many such cases.

Finally the umpire evidently began to have a few doubts himself as to what constitutes a strike.

Turning to the pitcher, he queried, "Say, how many inches above the batter's head may the ball go and yet be called a strike?"

Let's All Go To His Church.—At last has been found a ministerial marvel—a preacher who doesn't care whether his flock goes to sleep while he is preaching or not.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Rankin, pastor of Wesley Methodist church, Toronto, is the man.

"If any man goes to sleep under my preaching I won't try to wake him" said Dr. Rankin the other day. "If he goes to sleep it is a sure sign that sleep is what he needs most. Therefore I am satisfied to let him sleep."

Then he related the story of how a young man dropped into a church in England years ago to hear that noted divine, Rev. Dr. Kirk, preach. The young chap fell asleep and slept all through the great preacher's sermon.

He woke up just as Dr. Kirk was about to pronounce the benediction. It was pronounced in such an affective manner that it made a lasting impression on the youth and he was converted as a result. That youth was Dwight L. Moody.

Getting a Bite.—In the Sparrow Lake district of Muskoka they have a stock fish story that every new-comer is destined to hear and in all probability to "bite on" before he is long in that locality.

Somebody turns the conversation to fish, and the uninitiated finds himself addressed.

"Was out trolling on the lake last night," says the yarner, "and suddenly a big fish flopped out of the water and into the boat, then out again before I could grab him. He weighed eight pounds."

"Eight pounds!" exclaims the new-comer. "Why, he must have been a whopper. But how could you judge his weight when you just got a glimpse of him?"

"By his scales."

Then silence.

Paradoxical.
I LONGED for death. Ah, how I longed!
(Such fools we mortals are.)
I stepped aside—the way was thronged—
To miss a trolley-car.

I longed to sleep—Fate gave the word!—
Beneath the cypress' shade.
I vaulted nimbly to the curb
To 'scape a frightened jade.

To shuffle off this mortal gown,
I was in such a hurry,
That when the cyclist knocked me down,
I smote him in a fury.

For Chaaron hither side of Styx
I was an eager waiter;
Yet rue my cuticle which sticks
To that perambulator.

I longed for death. Ah, how I longed!
It's weary keeping shop.
I went into my boarding house
And ate a juicy chop.

How to Please the Host.—The Montreal Standard, in three part-columns, advances the reader some kind advice on how that person can make himself an agreeable summer guest. The Courier would have been more concise—would simply have said: "Don't Come."

The Strong Brothers.—Three Italians working on a railway were discoursing in camp upon the marvellous strength of their respective brothers who were all very strong men indeed.

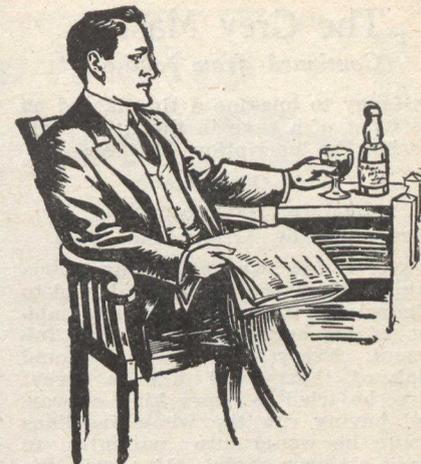
"My brudder," said Pietro, "you should see him. I tole you—oh, bigga de arm, bigga de chest! He work in a quarry. He take a piece of rock between hees two han's, press them together—pff! powder!"

"Dat's noddin'!" cries Michelangelo. "Oh, listen to me. My brudder, he work in saw-meel. He—gotta greata arm, and greata leg. He take a chunk of log, squeeze it by de ends—sawdust!"

But Dominique was very scornful of his companions' descriptions of strong men. He had a better story concerning his brother and he told it as follows:

"My brudder—you ask me? Ah! He works in de stock yards. He ees—very stronga man. Bigga de arm, bigga de chest, bigga de leg. Oh, I have seen heem—taka a bull by de horns wit one hand upon hees hips, squeeze heem compress—ah! Bovril!"

The Modern Match.—Matches they make nowadays are remarkable things. Here is a pretty fair average in six. First one makes a huge fuss when you strike it and goes out before your pipe is lighted. Second, breaks and the lighted end flies into a curtain. Third, tip sizzles off and burns a hole in your finger. Fourth, makes a frightful smell and doesn't light. Fifth—no good whatever.



HAVE a bottle waiting for you.

After the day's work, enjoy O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager. It will take all the tiredness away.

O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

"The Light Beer in The Light Bottle"

is concentrated vigor and refreshment. It is the ideal food- tonic, strength-giver and reviver.

Keep it in the house.

ORDER A CASE FROM YOUR DEALER. 307

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BILLIARDS

played on tables so equipped are made doubly enjoyable. Champion professional players endorse Steel Vacuum Cushions. For further particulars, address

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The Luxfer Prism Company, Limited
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The Grey Master

(Continued from page 8.)

his fancy to imagine a tin placard on the front of a cage in the little park, bearing the inscription—

Canis Occidentalis.

Eastern North America.

Presented by Arthur Kane, Esq.

After a few weeks of assiduous trapping, however, Kane felt bound to acknowledge that this modest ambition of his seemed remote from fulfillment. Every kind of trap he could think of, that would take a beast alive, he tried in every kind of way. And having run the whole insidious gamut, he would turn patiently to run it all over again. Of course, the result was inevitable, for no beast, not even such a one as the Grey Master, is a match, in the long run, for a man who is in earnest. Yet Kane's triumph, when it blazed upon his startled eyes at last, was indirect. In avoiding, and at the same time uncovering and making mock of, Kane's traps, the great wolf put his foot into another, a powerful bear-trap, which a cunning old trapper had hidden near by, without bait. The trap was secured to a tree by a stout chain—and rage, strain, tear as he might, the Grey Master found himself snared. In his silent fury he would probably have gnawed off the captive foot, for the sake of freedom. But before he came to that, Kane arrived and occupied his attention fully.

Kane's disappointment, at finding the splendid prize in another trap than his own, was but momentary. He knew his successful rival would readily part with his chains, for due consideration. But he was puzzled as to what should be done in the immediate emergency. He wanted to go back home for help, for ropes, straps, and a muzzle with which he had provided himself; but he was afraid lest, in his absence, the trapper might arrive and shoot the captive, for the sake of the pelt and the bounty. In his uncertainty he waited, hoping that the trapper might come soon; and by way of practice for the serious enterprise that would come later, as well as to direct the prisoner's mind a little from his painful predicament, Kane began trying to lasso him with a coil of heavy cord which he carried.

His efforts in this direction were not altogether successful, but the still fury which they aroused in the great wolf's breast doubtless obscured the mordant anguish in his foot. One terrific leap at his enemy, resulting in an ignominious overthrow as the chain stopped him in mid-air, had convinced the subtle beast of the vanity of such tactics. Crouching back, he eyed his adversary in silence, with eyes whose hatred seemed to excoriate. But whenever the running noose at the end of the cord came coiling swiftly at his head, with one lightning snap of his long teeth he would sever it as with a knife. By the time Kane had grown tired of his diversion the cord was so full of knots that no noose would any longer run.

But at this point the old trapper came slouching up on his snowshoes, a twinkle of elation in his shrewd, frosty, blue eyes.

"I reckon we'll show the varmint now as how he ain't no loup-garou!" he remarked, lightly swinging his axe.

But Kane hastily intervened.

"Please don't kill him, Dave!" he begged. "I want him, bad! What'll you take for him?"

"Just as he stands?" demanded the old trapper, with a chuckle. "I ain't a-goin' to deliver the goods to yer door, ye know!"

"No," laughed Kane, "just as he stands, right here!"

"Well, seein' as it's you, I don't want no more'n what his pelt'd fetch, an' the bounty on his nose," answered the trapper.

"All right," said Kane. "You wait here a bit, will you, an' keep him amused so's he won't gnaw his paw off; an' I'll run back to the Cross-Roads and get some rope and things I guess I'll be needing."

When he got back with rope, straps, a big mastiff-muzzle, and a toboggan, he found Dave in a very bad

humour and calling the watchful, silent, crouching beast hard names. In his efforts to amuse himself by stirring that imperturbable and sinister quiet into action, he had come just within the range of the Grey Master's spring. Swift as that spring was, that of the alert backwoodsman was just swift enough to elude it—in part. Dave's own hide had escaped, but his heavy jacket of homespun had had the back ripped clean out of it.

But now, for all his matchless strength, courage and craft, the Grey Master's game was played out. The fickle Fates of the wild had pronounced against him. He could not parry two flying nooses at once. And presently, having been choked for a few moments into unconsciousness, he awoke to find himself bound so that he could not move a leg, and his mighty jaws imprisoned in a strange cage of straps and steel. He was tied into the toboggan, and being dragged swiftly through the forest—that free forest of which he had so long felt himself master—at the heels of his two conquerors. His only poor consolation was that the hideous, crunching thing had been removed from his bleeding paw, which, however, anguished cruelly for the soothing of his tongue.

II.

DURING the strenuous and dangerous weeks while Kane was jailer to his dreaded captive, his respect for the grim beast's tameless spirit by no means diminished; but he had no shadow of misgiving as to the future to which he destined his victim. He felt that in sending the incomparable wolf to the gardens, where he would be well cared for, and at the same time an educative influence, he was being both just and kind. And it was with feelings of unmixed delight that he received a formal resolution of gratitude from the zoological society for his valued and in some respects unique donation.

It was about a year and a half later that Kane had occasion to revisit the city of his Alma Mater. As soon as possible he hurried to inspect the little gardens, which had already marched so far towards success as to be familiarly styled "The Zoo." There were two or three paddocks of deer, of different North American species—for the society was inclined to specialize on the wild kindreds of native origin. There were moose, caribou a couple of bears, raccoons, foxes, porcupines, two splendid pumas, a rather flea-bitten and toothless tiger, and the Grey Master, solitary in his cage!

A sure instinct led Kane straight to that cage, which immediately adjoined the big double cage of the pumas. As he approached, he caught sight of a tall, grey shape pacing, pacing, pacing, to and fro behind the bars with a sort of measured restlessness that spoke an immeasurable monotony. When he reached the front of the cage, Kane saw that the great wolf's eyes were noting nothing of what was about him, but dim with some far-off vision. As he marked the look in them, and thought of what they must be remembering and aching for, his heart began to smite him. He felt his first pang of self-reproach, for having doomed to ignominious exile and imprisonment this splendid creature who had deserved, at least, to die free. As he mused over this point, half angrily, the Grey Master suddenly paused, and his thin nostrils wrinkled. Perhaps there still clung about Kane's clothes some scent of the spruce woods, some pungent breath of the cedar swamps. He turned and looked Kane straight in the eyes.

There was unmistakable recognition in that deep stare. There was also, to Kane's sensitive imagination, a tameless hate and an unspeakable but dauntless despair. Convicted in his own mind of a gross and merciless misunderstanding of his wild kindreds, whom he professed to know so well, he glanced up and saw the painted placard staring down at him, exactly as he had anticipated—

Canis Occidentalis.

Eastern North America.

Presented by Arthur Kane, Esq.

The sight sickened him. He had a

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A nourishing, strengthening, refreshing porter, brewed by the exclusive COSGRAVE process—the favorite in the home. Recommended by physicians for invalids, convalescents and nursing mothers.

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NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED. 129

NOTICE is hereby given that Alicia Hill, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Erastus Hill, formerly of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Dentist, but now of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, United States of America, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF,
Solicitors for the Applicant.

foolish impulse to tear it down and to abase himself with a plea for pardon before the silent beast behind the bars. But when he looked again, the Grey Master had turned away, and was once more, with indrawn, far-off vision in his eyes, pacing, pacing, pacing to and fro. Kane felt overwhelmed with the intolerable weariness of it, as if it had been going on, just like that, ever since he had pronounced this doom upon his vanquished adversary, and as if it would go on like that for ever. In vain by coaxing word, by sharp, sudden whistle, by imitations of owl, loon, and deer calls, which brought all the boys in the place admiringly about him, did he strive to catch again the attention of the captive. But not once more, even for the fleeting fraction of a second, would the Grey Master turn his eyes. And presently, angry and self-reproachful, Kane turned on his heel and went home, pursued by the enthusiasm of the small boys.

After this, Kane went nearly every day to the little "Zoo"; but never again did he win the smallest hint of notice from the Grey Master. And ever that tireless pacing smote him with bitterest self-reproach. Half unconsciously he made it a sort of penance, to go and watch his victim, till at last he found himself indulging in sentimental, idiotic notions of trying to ransom the prisoner. Realizing that any such attempt would make him supremely ridiculous, and that such a dangerous and powerful creature could not be set free anywhere, he consoled himself with a resolve that never again would he take captive any of the freedom-loving, tameless kindreds of the wilderness. He would kill them and have cleanly done with it, or leave them alone.

One morning, thinking to break the spell of that eternal, hopeless pacing by catching the Grey Master at his meals, Kane went up to the gardens very early, before any of the usual visitors had arrived. He found that the animals had already been fed. The cages were being cleaned. He congratulated himself on his opportune arrival, for this would give him a new insight into the ways of the beasts with their keepers.

The head-keeper, as it chanced, was a man of long experience with wild animals, in one of the chief zoological parks of the country. Long familiarity, however, had given him that most dangerous gift, contempt. And he had lost his position through that fault most unforgivable in an animal keeper, drunkenness. Owing to this fact, the inexperienced authorities of this little "Zoo" had been able to obtain his services at a comparatively moderate wage—and were congratulating themselves on the possession of a treasure.

ON this particular morning, Biddell was by no means himself. He was cleaning the cage of the two pumas, and making at the same time desperate efforts to keep his faculties clear and avoid betraying his condition. The two big cats seemed to observe nothing peculiar in his manner, and obeyed him, sulkily, as usual; but Kane noticed that the great wolf, though pacing up and down according to his custom, had his eyes on the man in the next cage, instead of upon his own secret visions. Biddell had driven the two pumas back through the door which led from the open cage to the room which served them for a den, and closed the door on them. Then, having finished his duties there, he unfastened the strong door between this cage and that of the Grey Master, and stepped through, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Biddell was armed, of course, with a heavy-pronged fork, but he carried it carelessly as he went about his work, as if he had long since taught the sombre wolf to keep at a distance. But to-day the wolf acted curiously. He backed away in silence, as usual, but eyed the man fixedly with a look which, as it seemed to Kane, showed anything rather than fear. The stiff hair rose slightly along his neck and massive shoulders. Kane could not help congratulating himself that he was not in the keeper's place. But

he felt sure everything was all right, as Biddell was supposed to know his business.

When Biddell came to the place where the wolf was standing, the latter made way reluctantly, still backing, and staring with that sinister fixity which Kane found so impressive. He wondered if Biddell noticed. He was just on the point of speaking to him about it, through the bars, when he chanced to glance aside to the cage of the pumas. Biddell, in his foggy state of mind, had forgotten to close an inner door connecting the two rooms in the rear. The pumas had quietly passed through, and emerged again into their cage by the further entrance. Catching sight of the door into the wolf's cage standing ajar, they had crept up to it; and now, with one great noiseless paw, the leader of the two was softly pushing it open.

Kane gave an inarticulate yell of warning. No words were needed to translate that warning to the keeper, who was sobered completely as he flashed round and saw what was happening. With a sharp command he rushed to drive the pumas back and close the gate. But one was already through, and the other blocked the way.

AT this tense instant, while Kane glanced swiftly aside to see if help were in sight, the Grey Master launched himself across the cage. Kane could not see distinctly, so swiftly did it happen, whether the man or the intruding puma was the object of that mad rush. But in the next second the man was down, on his face, with the silent wolf and the screeching puma locked in a death grapple on top of him.

Horrified, and yelling for help, Kane tore at the bars, but there was no way of getting in the door being locked. He saw that the wolf had secured a hold upon the puma's throat, but that the great cat's claws were doing deadly work. Then the second puma pounced, with a screech, upon the Grey Master's back, bearing him down.

At this moment Biddell rolled out from under the raving, writhing heap, and staggered to his feet, bleeding, but apparently uninjured. With his fork and his booted foot he threw himself upon the combatants furiously, striving to separate them. After what seemed to Kane an age he succeeded in forcing off the second puma and driving it through the gate, which he shut. Then he returned to the fight.

But he had little more to do now, for the fight was over. Though no wolf is supposed to be a fair match for a puma, the Grey Master, with his enormous strength and subtle craft, might perhaps have held his own against his first antagonist alone. But against the two he was powerless. The puma, badly torn, now crouched snarling upon his unresisting body. Biddell forced the victor off and drove him into a corner, where he lay lashing his sides with heavy, twitching tail.

The keeper was sober enough now. One long look at the great wolf's body satisfied him it was all over. He turned and saw Kane's white face pressed against the bars. With a short laugh he shook himself, to make sure he was all sound, then pushed the body of the Grey Master gently with his foot. Yet there was respect, not disrespect, in the gesture.

"I wouldn't have had that happen for a thousand dollars, Mr. Kane!" said he in a voice of keen regret. "That was a great beast, an' we'll never get another wolf to match him."

Kane was on the point of saying that it would not have happened but for certain circumstances which it was unnecessary for him to specify. He realized, however, that he was glad it had happened, glad the long pacing, pacing, pacing was at an end, glad the load of his self-reproach was lifted off. So he said something quite different.

"Well, Biddell, he's free! And maybe, when all's said, that was just what he was after!"

Then he turned and strode hurriedly away, more content in his heart than he had felt for days.

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Night train leaves at 7.00 p.m., arriving New York 9.00 a.m. and Buffalo 8.20 a.m.

Trains for New York leave at 7.20, 7.45, 7.55, 9.30 and 10.45 a.m. daily; 12.55 p.m. Sunday only; 1.00 p.m. daily ex. Sunday; 5.15, 7.15, 8.00, 9.00, 9.28 and 10.35 p.m. and 12.01 midnight.

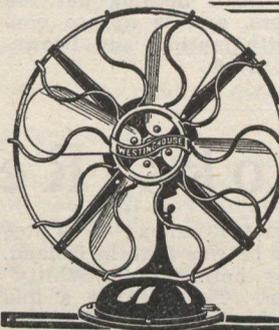
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ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

A Scotchman on Canada

MR. G. C. THOMSON, a young Scotchman, who has been three years in Canada studying law, and was recently made a magistrate at Swift Current, Sask., has some very definite opinions about Canada which he ventilated in a recent issue of "Everyman," published in London, Eng. He says:

"In this Western country one frequently has to ask, 'Who is the Canadian?' the nationalities are so endless in number and so quaint in species. A Canadian by birth is almost always an Eastern Canadian, and it is easy to speak well of these Easterners. They are kind-hearted, obliging, acute, and industrious. Moreover, they have a high standard of comfort and savoir vivre, and quite as high a standard of private morality and sobriety. The Canadians are a remarkably law-abiding and order-loving nation. Street fights are hardly known; and such is the force of example, that Orange processions are as decorous as funerals. The Westerner's consideration for women is one of the traits that strike some shame to his British brother. On the whole, the Canadian is a man of broad outlook; and of a fine, alert, forceful, straightforward way of doing things. He is quite above pettiness. Canada absorbs innumerable races and handles unexampled enterprises with an energy and a success that only a virile na-

tion can show. It is no small people that is constructing a thousand leagues of railroad every year, and that is conceiving one great motor highway from the islands of one ocean, through mountain peaks and forests and lakes and over gullies and plains, to the cliffs of another ocean three thousand miles away. Nor is that a sunken nation where one Province alone builds two schools for every school day of the year. Quite the opposite.

"The Canadian young man is hardly a being of broad culture. His forte is action rather than thought; and his hobbies are often (perhaps too often) poker, pool, and watching baseball. I doubt if he is one bit more of an athlete or a sportsman than his British brother. He won't walk one yard for pleasure. You will search far over Western Canada before you find one rambling club. The Canadian is not ashamed to tell you that he is off to the 'ball game'; and he will yell his lungs thin over ice hockey; but the proportion of loungers is grave. Not alone in football has the referee a bad time of it. In general information, too, the Canadian youth is hardly level with the home Briton. Literature makes no appeal to him. He reads nothing but the sporting papers, and is apt to confuse Lamb with mutton, and Browning with boot-polish.

"Nor does the public spirit of the Dominion strike a stranger as abundant. It does not find its expression in the Territorial forces, at any rate, which are manned, out of all proportion, by home-born Britons. Certain Canadians suffer from the gratifying belief that the Dominion saved the effete Empire in 1901, and are indignant when told that of the Canadian contingent sent to South Africa eighty per cent. were home countrymen. Nor does public spirit find much expression in local government, where the 'best people' are conspicuously absent—too busy making money to bother with such matters. Between the French in the East and the Yankees in the West, Canada's naval ambitions, for example, are not without opponents. There is, though, in every community, a small band of patriotic men, who insist on the British flag flying over schools, and generally keep up a standard of patriotism. Recently, for instance, some of these in Winnipeg took action over the display in the local picture palaces of films showing the heroic battles of the U. S. army. The fear was that the rising Canadian would be led to cheer and admire foreign forces instead of his own; and the abuse was actually stopped. The Canadian is loyal certainly, but his is rather a philosophic than an active patriotism.

Recent Books Reviewed

"THE OPEN WINDOW," by E. Temple Thurston, is a book for the quiet hour. You can read the ordinary hero-heroine-villain-denouement-novel any day in the week, when you are in any sort of mood. But not so with "The Open Window." It is a book with a purpose, the purpose of making one reflect on the beauty and the significance of the ordinary things of life. When you lay the book down after spending two or three hours in company with the rector and his wife, listening to their moralizings, it is as if you had left the busy city and got out and played for a time with the things of nature that always are, come day, go day.

Mr. Thurston has done us a service in writing this book. One remembers his "Sally Bishop," and the delight its reading gave. I fancy that this latest book will not be the good seller that that was—but it is a real tonic to the tired man or woman. We need more of them.—Musson Book Co.: Toronto; \$1.25 net.

"The Port of Adventure," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Under this title, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have given us another charming novel. As is usual, with the work of these authors, an automobile is conspicuous in the story, the scene of which is chiefly laid in California. There is not very much plot, but the interest is well sustained by reason of the bright, fresh diction. The hero is a lovable fellow, who emanates the cool, refreshing breeze of the American ranch. There are the usual accompaniments of the fair-haired woman who is also fair-minded, and the dark haired virago who is also dark in her ways. Of course, the dark one goes to the wall, and the story ends in the approved "happy-ever-after" manner, which is where this type of yarn ought to end, for the average reader is bound for the same satisfactory harbour.—Musson Book Co.: Toronto; \$1.25 net.

"Doctor Whitty," by "George A. Birmingham." I don't know whether I ought to be tickled by a man's propensity for terminological inexactitudes—to use Winston Churchill's phrase. But I was, when I was reading George A. Birmingham's stories about Doctor Whitty. He is a lovable liar, and a rollicking rogue, who has the "divilment" of the average Pat writ large upon him. Best of all, he gets away with it, as he deserves to.

No one could have written these sketches but an Irishman. "George A. Birmingham" (Rev. J. O. Hannay),

knows his subject when he writes about Pat, for he was born in Ireland, and is a rector there. "Doctor Whitty" is lots of fun. The book is a fine piece of work from the pen of the man who wrote "General John Regan," a play recently produced in London.—Bell and Cockburn: Toronto; \$1.25 net.

"Humour of the North," by Lawrence J. Burpee, is a collection of poems and prose excerpts from leading Canadian humourists. In it may be found representative selections from Howe, Haliburton, Drummond, Mrs. Cotes, McCarroll, Lanigan and Derville, and these are, for the most part, well chosen. But there is no

mention of the one real humourist that Canada possesses, Stephen Leacock. What has Professor Leacock done that something from his pen should not be included? His "Literary Lapses," and "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," are brim full of real humour. Indeed, Mr. Leacock has been dubbed "the Mark Twain of Canada," and is not unworthy of the title. We think that the absence of some of Prof. Leacock's work from "Humour of the North" leaves it the poorer. It is, however, well worth reading, and its handy size makes it just the thing for your vacation trip.—Musson Book Co.: Toronto; 50 cents net. H. S. E.

The Choosing of Pets

IN "Bubble and Squeak," Walter Emanuel's new book (London: Hutchinson, 25c. net), the author scores the modern woman because of her fondness for pets. In this regard he takes upon himself the advising of all and sundry, and says:

"Lovers of quiet and sufferers from neuralgia require special consideration in the matter of pets. To these I would recommend silkworms, whose language is unexceptionable, except when you have to take the lettuce from them for the salad; or moths. Moths, however, require a lot of pampering. For instance, you must, unless you would for ever be listening to grumbles, supply them with fur overcoats. And for persons with nerves who cannot stand animals which are always jumping and frisking about there are snails. But if you are keen on having a pet that will not soon wear out, take my advice and go in for a hippopotamus. Hippopotami are very little trouble, and eat anything. All you have to do is to take them once a day to the Serpentine, or your nearest river, for a swim, for the little beasties are very fond of water. And remember that they are somewhat sensitive in the matter of names. An acquaintance of mine owns a lady hippopotamus, and the vain creature will only purr when he calls her 'Fifine.'

"Finally, a point well worth considering, especially by economical folks, when choosing a pet is this: Shall I be able to eat it or use it after death! Ducks, for example, will give satisfaction in this respect. In their lifetime they will lend a nice countrified appearance to a drawing-room. Of course, one cannot have

water there, but a sheet of looking-glass on the floor serves as well, for ducks have never been noted for intelligence. After death they are admirable in the dining-room. Take your tiger, again; when his soul has departed, press him between the leaves of a heavy book, and you have a handsome rug. A hedgehog carefully treated will form a capital stand for hat-pins; and a hippopotamus, stuffed, makes a novel and striking paperweight."

For the Knight of the Paddle

IN their thousands, people are planning where to spend their vacation. "See Canada first" is an excellent maxim for all, and in Canada there are no more delightful spots for the open-air man or woman than the Rainy Lake district and the Inetico Forest Reserve. Here you may study animal life in the wild state. Moose there are in abundance, and at almost any time during the canoeing season one can, with skill, approach to within fifteen or twenty feet of them.

The best guide to this sportsman's paradise is the new booklet issued by the C. N. R. This is the result of the personal investigation of the district by special hunter-writers both from Canada and over the line. It is profusely illustrated, and contains some moose pictures which are recognized as unique work in animal photography. The hints to intending visitors are varied and complete, and readers of the Canadian Courier will do well to possess themselves of this handy little brochure.



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Regulation of Municipal Issues

WRITING in "Canadian Finance," Mr. Vere C. Brown has some sound and sensible remarks to make anent the wisdom of regulating municipal issues. Mr. Brown, who is a bank superintendent of prominence in the West, and who is consequently able to speak with intimate knowledge, advocates the appointment of a municipal commission by each prairie province, whose duties it will be to approve all expenditures for local improvements by urban municipalities. Mr. Brown prefaces this suggestion by the following remarks:

"I know of no instance of a western municipality having made expenditures on a scale beyond its ability to pay. But, having regard to the extraordinary condition of growth existing in the west, is it likely that this will continue to be the case if we do not find some effective means of laying on a restraining hand?"

Nor does this gentleman merely throw out the suggestion. He goes further, and outlines in detail the methods of this provincial commission. He says:

"The duties which would fall upon a commission of the character now proposed would come under six main headings:

"To regulate the limits to the boundaries of each municipality, beyond which expenditures for improvements may not be undertaken.

"To see that assessments are limited to conservative valuations of property. (In some cases we have high assessments and a low tax rate. A higher tax rate and a lower assessment would remove the ground for a good deal of ill-considered criticism.

"To decide whether any proposed improvements are really warranted and well within the ability of the municipality to pay.

"To see that the plans and specifications call for work of an approved character, and that they have been prepared with a reasonable regard to the possible necessities of the future.

"To regulate the period of time for which the relative debentures shall be issued.

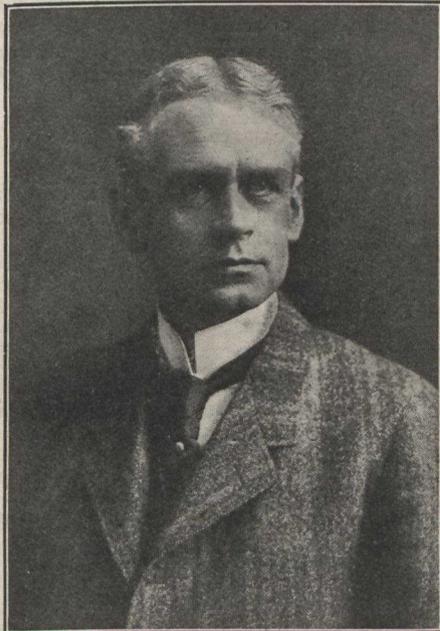
"To regulate the investment of sinking fund moneys."

Mr. Brown's remarks will appeal to Canadians who are broad-minded and sensible enough to acknowledge that municipal issues need careful regulation. It is all very well to get up and howl about Mr. Horne-Payne's inopportune remarks about municipal debentures in Canada. But while it is universally recognized that debentures of Western municipalities do constitute a first-class security, it is also patent that heretofore, insufficient regard has been paid to the market's power for absorption. To quote Mr. Brown:

"Hereafter municipalities will have to arrange a firm sale of their securities before embarking on capital expenditures, and our chief concern at the moment should be to see that everything possible is done to further the creation of a sufficiently broad market for such securities."

A Popular Western Financier

IN the recent election of officers on the Winnipeg Stock Exchange, Mr. W. Sanford Evans was re-elected president. Mr. Evans is a picturesque figure; a big man in stature, he thinks big and does big things. He began life as a journalist in New York, subsequently going to Toronto and becoming an editorial writer on the Mail and Empire there. In 1900 he went to Winnipeg, where he was for some time connected with newspaperdom, being editor-in-chief of the Telegram. He is now engaged in a big brokerage business.



MR. W. SANFORD EVANS,
Recently re-elected to the Presidency of the
Winnipeg Stock Exchange.

Perhaps his leading characteristic is his public spiritedness and his alertness to public affairs. He has had much to do with the Canadian Club movement, being one of the founders of the Hamilton and Toronto Canadian Clubs, and was president of each. He was also, in turn, president of the Winnipeg Canadian Club.

His writings on financial and other matters of public interest are widely known. Politically, he leans towards the idea of Canada providing her own defence, both by land and sea. Winnipeg is fortunate in having such a man in her midst; she has shown her appreciation of his worth by making him Mayor on two occasions.

June Bank Statement

THE bank statement for June merits more than ordinary attention, inasmuch as it deals with money conditions at the end of the first half of the year. For the month, there is a welcome increase in note circulation, amounting to over two and a half millions. Current loans in Canada increased by three hundred thousand dollars. So far as deposits are concerned, in the aggregate, a decline of nine millions is to be registered. But in this connection it is to be noted that deposits outside Canada increased over last month by the sum of six million dollars.

Compared with a year ago, aggregate deposits show a decline of nineteen millions. Last year, the billion mark was touched, for the first time in the history of the banks. Deposits are now down to \$985,000,000. Probably, payments on real estate, and other investments, are the reasons for such a heavy withdrawal of deposits.

On and Off the Exchange

New Bond Issues

THE Laurentide Pulp and Paper Company of Quebec announce an issue of \$2,400,000 additional stock, which will be allotted to shareholders at par in the proportion of one new share for every three shares held. The present outstanding issue is \$7,200,000. The new stock is to be issued to

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When you buy a stock you become a partner in the enterprise it represents—your returns depend on its earnings—your security is regulated by its success,

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- KAMLOOPS, B.C.

Complete particulars of these and other municipal issues may be had upon request.

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ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

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All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.)

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

shareholders of record July 23. The authorized capital is \$10,000,000, and the paid-up capital, when the present issue is taken up, will be \$9,600,000.

Messrs. Anderson, Robinson and Harcourt, of Toronto, are handling the new issue of \$250,000 six per cent. first mortgage twenty-year sinking fund gold bonds of Messrs. William Neilson, Limited, candy manufacturers, of Toronto.

Manufacturers' Orders

ORDERS coming into the manufacturers have fallen about ten per cent. as compared with last year. Those from Western Canada have fallen twenty-five per cent., but increased business in the East has partly made up for decreased business in the West. A general loss of ten per cent. may therefore be taken as pretty nearly accurate. The greatest drop, of course, is in orders for agricultural implements. This affects both Canadian and United States factories. The importations of agricultural machinery this year should show a decline somewhere between twenty and forty per cent.

An Important Merger

MR. GARNET P. GRANT, the able president of the Dominion Bond Company, has engineered the merger which will result in the formation of the largest paper manufacturing company in Canada. When this combine is completed, the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, the Lake Superior Paper Company, and the Ontario Pulp and Paper Company will be united. This twenty million dollar merger was approved by the directors of the Spanish River Company, and now awaits the sanction of the shareholders, who are to meet in the near future.



MR. GARNET P. GRANT,
Who is Responsible for this Latest Merger.

The agreement provides that the Spanish River Company will receive 30,000 preference shares of the Lake Superior Company, of the par value of \$3,000,000, and 50,000 common shares of the par value of \$5,000,000, and \$900,000 cash, which latter will be paid in fixed instalments. For this consideration the Spanish River Company is to issue to the syndicate 37,000 fully paid preference shares, the par value of which is \$3,700,000, and 50,000 full paid common shares with a par value of \$5,000,000, together with the guarantee by the company of the payment of the principal and interest and sinking fund upon the present issue of first mortgage bonds of the Lake Superior Company, amounting to \$5,000,000.

The capital stock of the Spanish River Company is to be increased to \$20,000,000 by the issue of 70,000 additional preference shares and 60,000 additional common.

The new company will have splendid facilities. The total output of the various plants of the Spanish River Company is 500 tons a day, while the Lake Superior Company is at present constructing a new mill, thus adding to their present excellent equipment.

New Appointments

A NEW general manager of the Sterling Bank of Canada has been appointed in the person of Mr. A. H. Walker. The vacancy was caused through the resignation of Mr. F. W. Broughall. Mr. Walker was formerly chief inspector of the Sterling Bank, and has been connected with banks and banking for the past twenty-four years. His appointment is a happy and popular one.

In succession to the late Mr. Arthur Hazen, Mr. George B. Gerrard has been appointed to the Montreal management of the Bank of British North America. Mr. Gerrard, who was first agent of the bank's branch in San Francisco, entered the service of the bank in 1882. He was stationed at Quebec, St. John, and New York branches, and has been manager at Kaslo, B.C., Winnipeg, and London, Ont., in turn.

The Northern Assurance Company, of London, Ont., has a new manager in the person of Mr. W. J. McMurtry. Mr. John Milne, the former manager, resigned. Mr. McMurtry is an Ontario man. He spent his earlier years as a merchant in Bowmanville, and some time in banking. In his younger days he was prominent in military matters, serving in the Northwest in the stirring times of the 'seventies. He retired from the Canadian militia in 1874 with the rank of major.

The Importance of Making a Will

A BOOKLET bearing this title has been recently issued by the Union Trust Company, Limited, of Toronto. It is an exceedingly useful little brochure, and while making no pretence at being a legal treatise, it contains much useful information for the man in the street who hasn't the time or the inclination to consult books of legal lore.

Prudential Trust Dividend

THE directors of the Prudential Trust Company, Limited, of Montreal, have authorized a dividend payment of two and a half per cent. for the six months ending June 30 last. This will be paid to shareholders of record that date and is the second dividend declared by this trust company, the first, of similar denomination, being paid at the beginning of the year, applying on the six months ending December 31 last.

Enquiries

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:
What do stock salesmen mean when they say a stock which pays, for instance, a five per cent. per annum dividend yields ten per cent.?
Toronto. H. C. A.
(Evidently the stock is in shares of \$100 par value. If the selling price was par, or \$100 a share, and the dividend five per cent., the stock would yield five per cent. per annum on the investment, but if the selling price was, say, \$50 a share and the dividend five per cent., the yield on the investment would be double, for the dividend is figured on the par value, and in this case, ten per cent.—Editor.)
Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:
Can you give me the earnings of Dominion Cannery for the last three years?
Halifax, N.S. A. H. B.
(According to their reports net earnings—after providing for all expenses, including depreciation—have been: 1910, \$408,825; 1911, \$422,870; 1912, \$563,409.—Editor.)

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An Epidemic of Welts

(Continued from page 9.)

and Miss Lettersby kept a sharp look-out for fat-legged children. Mrs. Rigsby bought two pair for her twins.

On the same day that these stockings were donned for the first time, it happened that a patent-medicine man had been going about leaving samples of some wonderful pills. They were made up in the form of flat tablets, sugar-coated, pink, and seductive looking. On returning from school the twins found them, and mistaking them for candy, promptly ate them.

When their mother went in at bedtime to arrange the covers, she was shocked to discover the red welts on their legs. Unlike Auline, they were very good in school, and had never before been whipped. They were hot, feverish, and wide awake.

"Did your teacher whip you to-day?" asked the mother.

Both declared she had not.

"What is the matter with your legs?" she pursued.

"We don't know. We feel queer, and our heads ache, and we can't sleep."

In great alarm she phoned for young Doctor Sprout. He arrived promptly and looked grave. He counted the pulse, and found the hearts beating rapidly. He tucked the thermometer under little red tongues, and found high fever; then he viewed the angry welts across their fat calves, and marvelled.

In the joy of ready market Miss Lettersby worked like a hero. The patent-medicine man, being lame, was slow, and being addicted to strong drink, he did some streets over, and over again. The children kept tab on his movements, followed in his wake, and greedily ate the toothsome samples.

DR. SPROUT soon received so many evening calls, he began to fear that some strange disease was attacking the legs of the children.

An old soldier who had travelled the world over, remembered that once in the far East, some disease had attacked the legs, but he knew nothing positive about it. Thither, Dr. Sprout wrote to a celebrated alienist, describing symptoms.

He began making daily visits to the school, and was appalled at the progress the disease was making. He wrote a learned treatise on the subject for the daily paper, which was largely copied by other papers. This erudite article caught the eye of Dr. Nosey, principal of the Medical College. Down he came in hot haste, to investigate, with four students at his heels. Every afternoon, the two doctors, accompanied by their satellites, haunted the school. One would peel down the stockings, while the other carefully measured the affected ones, and inquired for other symptoms. The students stood by, note-books in hand, carefully recording all data.

It soon became apparent that the trouble attacked mostly fat-legged victims; but the other symptoms appeared in lean children, in more aggravated form. This would indicate that in the less robust patients, "it didn't come out," and, consequently, was attended with more serious results, as measles would be under like circumstances.

They had to decide: was it contagious? Could one have it but once, or as often as exposed? Was it a germ? If welts failed to appear when other symptoms were present, how should they be brought out? How ease the welts? The farther they waded in, the more complicated matters became, till they were almost lost in a scientific maze.

The case of the Gradys was puzzling. There were six of school age, all healthy, and fat-legged. The mother had no time for darning, so there were holes galore. Every morning they fought for the whole stockings, and each child wore one, turn about, so they were attacked only in one leg at a time. One day the boys came home with a note, requesting the mother to get, at the drug store, a certain poultice, and apply.

"I think I see myself payin' a quarter each for poultices to put on your

worthless legs," ridiculed she, as she made one of skimmed milk and crusts. This she bound on to the suffering members of her sons.

The boys waited till she was safely engaged in friendly gossip, then took off the encumbrance, fed it to the chickens, and bolted for the river. They spent most of the afternoon in the water, and came forth healed.

Miss Lettersby lingered over her supper, at the same time glancing over the daily paper. Mrs. Tubbs entered, and gave a look of approval at the repast. During her literary career, it had been understood that a doctor had restricted her to a stringent diet, the staple of which was dry bread and weak tea.

"Seems good to see you eatin' sumthin' like other folks," approved the visitor, as she picked up a stocking, and began "loosening up."

"Yes; I'm gradually getting on a more liberal diet," smiled the girl, as she began clearing away the things.

"Well, I should say it was time. I'll be goll darned if I'd go on such a diet for any doctor that ever lived. You're pickin' up some now, but a while ago, it'd take two o' you to make a shadder."

"I see by to-night's paper that two more alienists have arrived," announced Miss Lettersby, with a view to changing the conversation.

"Oh, well," commented Mrs. Tubbs, "let 'em hunt their germs. I s'pose they ain't got nothin' else to do, but we must 'tend to our knittin'." There, you knit a spell on this, while I loosen up the other. We may get these done to-night, all but toein' off, an' I can do that after the kids get to bed. Dear knows, Bobby needs 'em bad."

While busily knitting, they flitted from one subject to another. Miss Lettersby got great entertainment out of these chats.

"I ain't seen Mr. Brush around here in a dog's-age. There ain't nothin' wrong, is there?" hinted Mrs. Tubbs, after a silence.

A faint colour crept into the face of the girl. He's busy with his art, and I expect he knows by this time that I've given up mine."

MRS. TUBBS doubted which of the two mentioned reasons kept him away, so went on following her own train of thought. "He's a real good-lookin' young feller, if he wasn't so thin. But like enough he's on a diet, too. I don't believe in them fool diets. I eat anythin' I can get hold of, and I'm sure I'm healthy enough."

"You certainly are a strong argument in favour of your theory," smilingly agreed the converted author.

"Too bad he doesn't leave off paintin' them pictures, and do some-thing useful. Of course, they ain't bad lookin', but nobody'll buy 'em as long as they can get such nice calendars, and magazine covers for nothing."

"I'm afraid you have a poor opinion of art in general," laughed Miss Lettersby with eyes bent on her knitting.

"If a man has to earn his livin' he'd better let it alone, but I see no harm in youngsters writin' love stories like you used to."

"But great men have written fiction, even in their ripened years," defended the girl, "a few days ago I read of an old man who took to novel-writing when nearing seventy. He is now bringing out his third book. What do you think of that?"

Mrs. Tubbs opened her mouth a trifle wider, as her mind wrestled with this poser. "Maybe the poor old fellow had got so's he wasn't much good for anything else," she feelingly suggested.

The thin shoulders of the listener shook with laughter.

Next day she was busily knitting when Mrs. Tubbs came in looking queer.

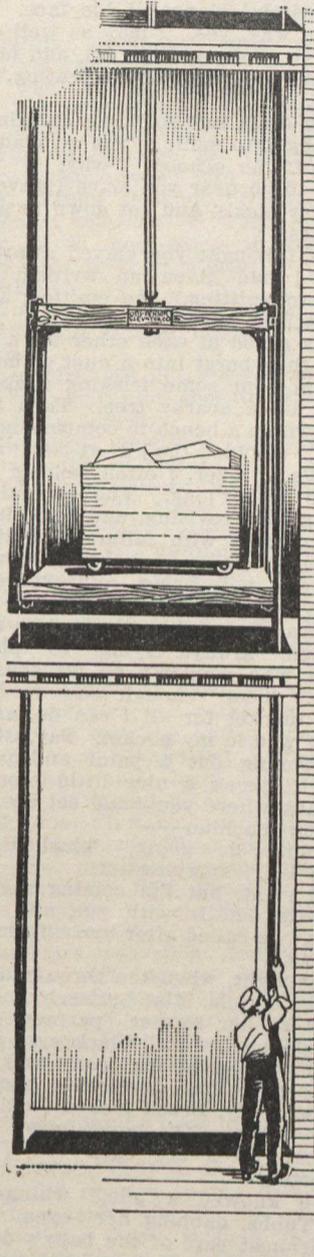
"Do you know what's causin' all this rackets about leg-welts?" she asked.

"Not quite. Have they discovered anything new?"

"No, but I have. It's them stockin's we've been a-knittin'. Bobby came home with a note sayin' as how he

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had 'em, an' orderin' of me to put a poultice on his legs. I looked, an' there they were sure enough, but they was the ridges made by the tight places you knit on the stockin's."

"O-o!" faltered Miss Lettersby, turning pale, "is it really?"

A brief discussion convinced her of the truth of Mrs. Tubbs' statement, and also made clear to her the gravity of the situation. The country showered honours on one who discovered the germ of a disease, but what would be the fate of one who created disease by sending forth germs? The ones with which she was most familiar were "plot-germs." She knew she had harboured many, but never knew quite how to handle them. Suppose they had emanated from her brain, followed their noses, as they might if left unguided, gone down to her fingers, and hid in the yarn (natural enough), then fattened on the legs of their victims? What if those all-seeing alienists should discover them to be plot-germs, and trace them home to her? She shuddered at the thought.

A wretched stocking lay in her lap. She threw it aside, and nervously picked up a newspaper. All at once her eye was held by an ad. WANTED—To exchange good knitting machine for typewriter. She got an idea.

She sprang up, and hastily made her way to the address given, and made the exchange, and with the machine came wooden moulds for shaping the stockings. These gave her another idea.

That same night Miss Lettersby went about collecting her output, offering to re-shape them on the moulds free of charge. Then Mrs. Tubbs ravelled, while the girl re-knit on the machine.

"I certainly never expected to get these articles back," lamented the converted author, while patiently revising her work as in former days.

She gave a sigh of relief when the knitting was done, then went at the moulding. She dropped some carbolic acid into the moulding water, saying, "There, you troublesome plot-germs. That's your finish."

The editor had asked Miss Lettersby to call and let him know how she succeeded in her venture. This time, he scarcely recognized her as she walked into his sanctum one bright morning. He listened with interest to her story. "So you disinfected your plots," he commented, "I wish to the Lord some other'd do likewise. How's it done?"

"I just carbolized mine. Formaldehyde is more effective."

"What's that?"

"Enbalming fluid."

"I'm," he speculated hopefully, "that might enable us to preserve some of our present-day literature for posterity."

The girl felt that she was being helpful, and went on, "There's also a

way of steaming. That's called sterilizing."

The editor looked scared. "Oh, that wouldn't do at all," he objected. "most of them are too sterile. That's what's the matter with them."

She was loitering home by way of the park, when she met Mr. Brush. Both felt some restraint, but stood for a moment to chat.

"I never saw you looking so well," he asserted, "your eyes are bright, and your cheeks are filling out, and getting rosy. I suppose it's success."

"You're also looking uncommonly well, so you also must be meeting with success," she intimated, with a little wistful glance at his face.

"In a way, yes. I may as well own up. I've given up high art, and taken to house painting and decorating," he sighed.

"You don't say so!" she exclaimed, breaking into smiles, "I'm so glad."

"Glad," he echoed, "why, I was afraid to go near you since I gave up my lofty ideals, and got down to plain business."

"And I thought you stayed away because I had given up writing, and taken to knitting," she emitted, after a surprised silence.

They gazed at each other for a moment, then burst into a duet of laughter that sent some frisking squirrels racing up a nearby tree. Then they sat down on a bench to compare notes.

"Oh," confided the girl at last, "now, that it's all over, I often wonder how I bore it so long. The eternal re-writing, and revising, and re-revising, only to meet with failure and disappointment. Now, I know just what my work will bring, and where to sell it."

"It was the same with me," he sympathized, "always trying to please people who wouldn't be pleased. It seems queer enough now to have ready market for all I can do, and a goodly wad in my pocket. Say, Girlie, I'm opening out a paint and paper store. There's a nice little room in the back where you could set up your knitting machine—"

"I must be going," blushed the young lady, hurrying off.

"All right, but I'm coming to-night to settle details with you and Mrs. Tubbs," he called after her with merry warning.

That night, when the three had settled the details, Miss Lettersby looked across at her former partner, and noticed that her dull black eyes were humid with gathering tears, and was surprised to find answering ones in her own. Mr. Brush looked from one to the other. "Oh, come, now. You two can often see each other," he comforted.

"She knowed a pile," whimpered Mrs. Tubbs, dabbing her eyes with the cleanest part of the baby's dress, "but she wasn't stuck up with us, an' didn't talk as if she'd swallered the dictionary ither."

The Suburban Summer Shift

(Concluded from page 10.)

help the workingman to better housing and healthy, wholesome living conditions—a helpful problem of the times—is to give a chance of enjoying suburban homes to every wage-earner. The good of this will be surely grasped by everyone. I should like to see the taking of measures to convince the mass of city men of the benefits of these summer migrations. The employer would gain in the greater efficiency of his workmen, the employee would gain in the greater cheerfulness and health of himself and family.

The best sites for these warm weather colonies are by a lake or river. Clubs might purchase or rent suitable ground at reasonable prices and on easy terms and build their bungalows. Cheap, but tasty portable buildings could be bought at three or four hundred dollars each, and at small cost the occupant could own his own roof.

In putting these houses up care should be taken to leave as much of Nature's architecture standing as possible. A bit of woods with bunga-

lows scattered among the trees, would be delightful. It would be like living in a park. Arrangements could be made with the railways for club cars. These could stand on sidings and be hitched on when the train was passing at small cost to the companies and passengers. One of these cars ought to be hired for seventy-five to a hundred dollars a month, and if fifty joined in the hiring it would cost them a trifling sum apiece.

Another advantage of people clubbing together to form summer colonies and buying their own lands would be that it would be a safe investment and a source of profit as the values went up, so that when the colony broke up by its members parting, it could sell the holding at an advance. This clubbing could be handled like a joint stock company with shares given to each member and leave to sell at any time to anyone suitable to the rest of his associates.

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SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The preface and chapters one and two introduce several characters: Sutton, an explorer; Commissioner Sanders, of Central West Africa, the witch-doctor of the Alebi country, and Amber, the mysterious and educated gaol-bird. Then come Lambaire and Whitey the arch conspirators who had sent Sutton, with a false compass, to find a diamond mine. And old Peter Musk, friend to Amber, and a slave to yellow romance. Finally comes Sutton, the younger, whose father had discovered the diamond mine but had lost himself in the doing. Lambaire promotes a pseudo-diamond mine. He proposes that Sutton the younger should go out to it. This the boy agrees to do, though against his sister's advice.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"I KNOW you've been convicted three or four times for various crimes."

"Sounds like a nursery rhyme," said Amber admiringly, "proceed, my Lambaire."

"That is quite enough, I think, to freeze you out of decent society."

"More than enough—much more than enough," confessed the unabashed young man, with a melancholy smile, "and what says my Whitey, eh? What says my pallid one?"

"Look here, Amber," began Whitey. "I once had occasion to inform you," interrupted Amber severely, "that under no circumstances were you to take liberties with my name; I am Mister Amber to you, my Whitey."

"Mister or Master, you're a hook—" said the other.

"A what?" The horrified expression on Amber's face momentarily deceived even so experienced a man as Whitey.

"I mean you are a well-known thief," he said.

"That is better," approved Amber, "the other is a coarse expression which a gentleman of parts should never permit himself to employ, my Boswell; and what else are we?"

"That's enough, I think," said the man rudely.

"Now that you mention the fact, I think that 'enough' is the word," he looked round the group, from face to face, with the quizzical smile that was seldom absent. "More than enough," he repeated. "We are detected, undone, frus-tered, as a dear friend of mine would say."

He slowly unbuttoned his tight-fitting morning coat and thrust his hands into an inside pocket. With a great show of deliberation, he produced a private pocket-book of red morocco. With its silver fittings, it was sufficiently striking to attract attention, even to those who had never seen it before. But there was one who knew it, and Lambaire made a quick step forward and snatched at it. "That is mine!" he cried; but Amber was too quick for him.

"No, no, my Lambie," he said, "there is a lady here; let us postpone our horseplay for another occasion."

"That is mine," cried Lambaire angrily, "it was stolen the night you forced your way into the Whistlers. Mr. Sutton, I am going to make an example of this fellow. He came out of gaol last week, he goes back to-day; will you send for a policeman?"

The boy hesitated. "Save you the trouble—save you the scandal—club raid and all that sort of thing," said Amber easily. "Here is your portmanic—you will

find the money intact." He handed over the pocket-book with a pleasant little nod.

"I have retained," he went on, "partly as a reward for my honesty, partly as a souvenir of a pleasant occasion, one little fiver—commission—eh?"

He held between his fingers a bank-note, and crackled it lovingly, and Cynthia, looking from one to the other in her bewilderment, saw Lambaire's face go grey with fear.

CHAPTER VI.

In Flair Court.

NO word was spoken by Lambaire or Whitey as a taxi-cab carried them through the city to the big man's office. They had taken a hurried and disjointed farewell of Sutton and had left immediately after Amber.

It was after business hours, and Grene had gone, when Lambaire snapped the lock of his private room behind him, and sank into his padded lounge chair.

"Well, what do you think?" Whitey looked down at him keenly as he put the question. "Phew!" Lambaire wiped his forehead.

"Well?" demanded Whitey sharply. "Whitey—that fellow's got us."

Whitey's thin lips curled in a contemptuous smile.

"You're dead easy to beat, Lambaire," he said in his shrill way, "you're Flab! You're a Jelly-fish!"

He was lashing himself into one of his furies, and Lambaire feared Whitey in those moods more than he feared anything in the world.

"Look here, Whitey, be sensible; we've got to face matters; we've got to arrange with him, square him!"

"Square him!" Whitey's derision and scorn was in his whistling laugh. "Square Amber—you fool! Don't you see he's honest!" He's honest, that fellow, and don't forget it.

"Honest—why—"

"Honest, honest, honest!" Whitey beat the desk with his clinched fist with every word. "Can't you see, Lambaire, are you blind? Don't you see that the fellow can be a lag and honest—that he can be a thief and go straight—he's that kind."

There was a long silence after he had finished. Whitey went over to the window and looked out; Lambaire sat biting his finger nails.

By and by Whitey turned. "What's the position?" he asked. The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Things are very bad; we've got to go through with this diamond business; you're a genius, Whitey, to suggest the boy; if we send him to carry out the work, it will save us."

"Nothing can save us," Whitey snapped. "We're in a mess, Lambaire; it's got beyond the question of shareholders talkin', or an offence under the Companies Act—it's felony, Lambaire."

He saw the big man shiver, and nodded.

"Don't let us deceive ourselves," Whitey kept up a nodding of head that was grotesquely reminiscent of a Chinese toy, "it's twenty years for you, and twenty years for me; the police have been searching the world for the man that can produce those bank-notes—and Amber can put 'em wise."

Again a long silence. A silence that lasted for the greater part of an hour; as the two men sat in the

gathering darkness, each engaged with his own thoughts.

It was such an half-hour that any two guilty men, each suspicious of the other, might spend. Neither the stirring of remorse nor the pricking of conscience came into their broodings. Crude schemes of self-preservation at any cost—at whose expense they cared not—came in irregular procession to their minds.

Then— "You've got nothing here, I suppose?" said Whitey, breaking the long silence.

Lambaire did not answer at once, and his companion repeated the question more sharply.

"No—yes," hesitated Lambaire, "I got a couple of plates—"

"You fool," hissed the other, "you hopeless Mug! Here! Here in the first place they'd search—"

"In my safe, Whitey," said the other, almost pleadingly, "my own safe; nobody has a key but me."

There was another long silence, broken only by the disconnected hissings of Whitey.

"To-morrow—we clear 'em out, d'ye hear, Lambaire; I'd rather be at the mercy of a Nut like Amber, than have my life in the hands of a fool like you. An' how have you got the plates? Wrapped up in a full signed confession, I'll take my oath! Little tit-bits about the silver business, eh? An' the printing establishment at Hookley, eh? Full directions and a little diagram to help the Splits—oh, you funny fool!"

Lambaire was silent under the tirade. It was nearly dark before Whitey condescended to speak again.

"There's no use our sitting here," he said roughly. "Come and have some dinner, Lambaire—after all, perhaps it isn't so bad."

HE was slipping back to the old position of second fiddle; his voice betrayed that. Only in the moments of anger did he rise to the domination of his master. In all the years of association, these strange reversals of mastery had been a feature of their relationship.

Now Lambaire came back to his old position of leader.

"You gas too much, Whitey," he said, as he locked the door and descended the dark stairs. "You take too much for granted, and, moreover, you're a bit too free with your abuse."

"Perhaps I am," said Whitey feebly. "I'm a Jute Factory on Fire when I'm upset."

"I'll be more of a salvage corps in future," said Lambaire humorously.

They dined at a little restaurant in Fleet Street, that being the first they found open in their walk westward.

"All the same," said Whitey, as they sat at dinner, "we've got to get rid of those plates—the note we can explain away; the fact that Amber has it in his possession is more likely to damage him than us—he's a Suspected Person, an' he's under the Prevention of Crimes Act."

"That's true," admitted Lambaire, "we'll get rid of them to-morrow; I know a place—"

"To-night!" said Whitey definitely. "It's no good waitin' for to-morrow; we might be in the cart to-morrow—we might be in Bridewell to-morrow. I don't like Amber. He's not a policeman, Lambaire—he's a Head—he's got Education and Horse sense—if he gets Funny, we'll be sending C. Q. S. messages to one another from the cells."

"To-night then," agreed Lambaire

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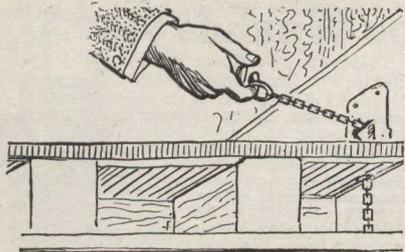
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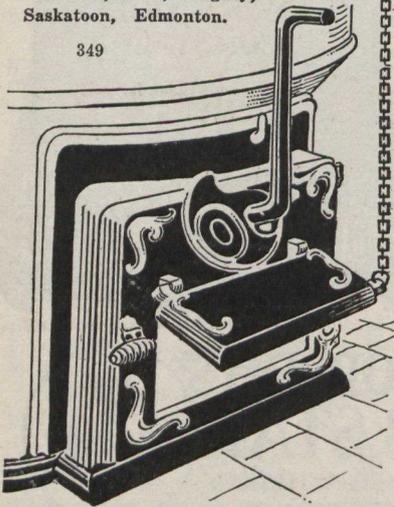
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ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

hastily; he saw Whitey's anger, so easily aroused, returning to life, "after we've had dinner. And what about Amber—who is he? A swell down on his luck or what?"

Throughout these pages there may be many versions of the rise and fall of Amber, most, indeed all but one, from Amber's lips. Whether Whitey's story was nearer the truth than any other the reader will discover in time.

"Amber? He's Rum. He's been everything, from Cow-boy to Actor. I've heard about him before. He's a Hook because he loves Hooking. That's the long and the short of it. He's been to College."

"College," to Whitey, was a vague and generic term that signified an obscure operation by which learning, of an undreamt-of kind, was introduced to the human mind. College was a place where information was acquired which was not available elsewhere. He had the half educated man's respect for education.

"He got into trouble over a scheme he started for a joke; a sort of you-send-me-five-shillings-and-I'll-do-the-rest. It was so easy that when he came out of gaol he did the same thing with variations. He took up hooking just as another chap takes up collecting stamps."

They lingered over their dinner, and the hands of Fleet Street's many clocks were pointing to half-past nine before they had finished.

"We'll walk back," said Lambaire; "it's fortunate that there is no caretaker at Flair Court."

"You've got the key of the outer door?" asked Whitey, and Lambaire nodded.

They passed slowly up Ludgate Hill, arm in arm, two eminently respectable city men, top-hatted, frock-coated, at peace with the world to all outward showing, and perfectly satisfied with themselves.

Flair Court runs parallel with Lothbury, and at this hour of the night is deserted. They passed a solitary policeman, trying the doors of the buildings, and he gave them a civil good night.

Standing at the closed door of the building in which the office was situated, Whitey gave his companion the benefit of his views on the projected Sutton expedition.

"It's our chance, Lambaire," he said, "and the more I think of it the bigger chance it is: why, if it came off we could run straight, there would be money to burn—we could drop the tricky things—forget 'em, Lambaire."

"That's what I thought," said the other, "that was my idea at the time—I was too clever, or I might have brought it off."

He blew at the key.

"What is the matter?" demanded Whitey, suddenly observing his difficulty.

"It's this lock,—I'm not used to the outer door—oh, here we are."

The door-key turned in the lock and the door opened. They closed it behind them, and Lambaire struck a match to light a way up the dark stairs. He struck another match at the first landing, and by its light they made their way to the floor above.

Here they stopped.

"Strike a match, Whitey," said Lambaire, and took a key from his pocket.

For some reason the key would not turn.

"That's curious," muttered Lambaire, and brought pressure to bear.

But still the key refused to turn.

Whitey fumbled at the match-box and struck another match.

"Here, let me try," he said.

He pressed the key over, but without success; then he tried the handle of the door.

"It isn't locked," he said, and Lambaire swore.

"It's that cursed fool Grene," he said. "I've told him a thousand times to make certain that he closed and locked the door when he went at night."

He went into the outer office. There was no electric light in the room, and he struck another match as he made his way to his private room. He took another key and snapped open the patent lock.

"Come in, Whitey," he said, "we'll

"No darning for me *this* trip, Dad.

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take these things out of the safe—who's there?"

There was somebody in the room. He felt the presence rather than saw it. The place was in pitch darkness; such light as there was came from a lamp in the Court without, but only the faintest of reflected rays pierced the gloom of the office.

"Keep the door, Whitey," cried Lambaire, and struck another match. For a moment he saw nothing; then, as he peered through the darkness and his eyes became accustomed to the shadows, he uttered an imprecation.

The safe—his private safe, was wide open.

Then he saw the crouching figure of a man by the desk, and leapt at him, dropping the match.

In the expiring flicker of light, he saw the figure straighten, then a fist, as hard as teak, and driven by an arm of steel, caught him full in the face, and he went over with a crash.

Whitey in the doorway sprang forward, but a hand gripped him by the throat, lifted him like a helpless kitten, and sent him with a thud against the wall.

"Strike a match, will you." It was Lambaire who was the first to recover, and he bellowed like a mad bull—"Light—get a light."

With an unsteady hand, Whitey found the box.

"There's a gas bracket over by the window,—curse him!"—he's nearly settled me."

The glow of an incandescent lamp revealed Lambaire, dishevelled, pale as death, his face streaming with blood, where he had caught his head on the sharp corner of the desk.

He ran to the safe. There was no apparent disorder, there was no sign that it had been forced: but he turned over the papers, throwing them on to the floor with feverish haste, in his anxiety to find something.

"Gone!" he gasped, "the plates—they've gone!"

He turned, sick with fear, to Whitey.

Whitey was standing, shaky but calm, by the door.

"They've gone, have they?" he said, in little more than a whisper, "then that settles Amber."

"Amber?"

"Amber," said Whitey huskily. "I saw him—you know what it means, don't you?"

"Amber," repeated the other, dazed.

"Amber—Amber!" Whitey almost shouted the name. "Don't you hear what I say—it's Amber, the hook."

"What shall we do?"

The big man was like a child in his pitiable terror.

"Do!" Whitey laughed; it was a curious little laugh, and it spoke the concentrated hatred that lay in his heart. "We've got to find Amber, we've got to meet Amber, and we've got to kill Amber, damn, him!"

CHAPTER VII.

Amber Goes to Scotland Yard.

PETER MUSK had the entire top floor of 19, Redcow Court, and was accounted an ideal tenant by his landlord, for he paid his rent regularly. Of the three rooms, Peter occupied one, Amber ("My nephew from the country," said Peter elaborately) the other, and the third was Peter's "common room."

Peter had reached the most exciting chapter in the variegated career of "Handsome Hike, the Terror of Texas," when Amber came in.

He came in hurriedly, and delivered a breathless little chuckle as he closed the door behind him.

Peter looked up over his spectacles, and dropped his romance to his lap. "In trouble?" he demanded eagerly, and when Amber shook his head with a smile, a disappointed frown gathered on the old man's face.

"No, my Peter," said Amber, hanging up his hat, "I am not in trouble—to any extent." He took from his pocket two flat packages and laid them on the table carefully. They were wrapped in newspaper and contained articles of some heavy substance. Amber walked over to the mantle-shelf, where an oil lamp burnt, and examined his coat with minute interest.

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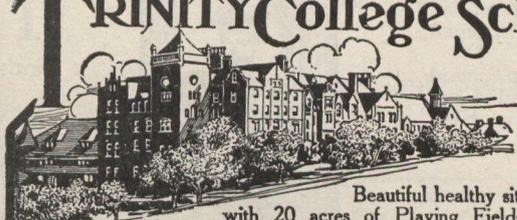
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REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

"What's up, Amber? What are you looking for?"

"Blood, my Peter," said Amber; "gore—human gore. I was obliged to strike a gentleman hard, with a knobby weapon—to wit, a fist."

"Hey?" Peter was on his feet, all eagerness, but Amber was still smiling.

"Go on with your reading," he said, "there's nothing doin'."

That was a direct and a sharp speech for Amber, and Peter stared, and only the smile saved it from brusqueness.

Amber continued his inspection, removing his coat, and scrutinising the garment carefully.

"No incriminating stains," he reported flippantly, and went to the table, where his packages lay. He had resumed his coat, and, diving into one of the pockets, he produced a flat round leather case. He pressed a spring, and the cover opened like the face of a watch.

Peter was an interested spectator. "That is a compass," he said.

"True, my Peter; it is a compass—but it has the disadvantage that it does not cump: in other words, it is a most unblushing liar of a compass; a mis-leader of men, my Peter; it is the old one who is the devil of compasses, because it leadeth the feet to stray—in other words it's a dud."

He shook it a little, gave it a twist or two, and shook his head severely. He closed it and put it on the table by his side. Then he turned his attention to the other packages. Very gingerly he unwrapped them. They were revealed as two flat plates of steel, strangely engraved. He leant over them, his smile growing broader and broader, till he broke into a gleeful little laugh.

He looked up to meet the troubled and puzzled eyes of Peter, and laughed out loud.

"Amber, there's a game on," said Peter, gloomily; "there's a dodge on, and I'm not in it. Me that has been with you in every dodge you've worked."

This was not exactly true, but it pleased Peter to believe that he had some part in Amber's many nefarious schemes.

"It's a Dodge and a Game, my Peter," said Amber, carefully wrapping up the plates. "It's this much of a game, that if the police suddenly appeared and found these in my possession I should go down to the toms for seven long bright years, and you for no less a period."

It may have been an effect of the bad lighting of the room, but it seemed that Peter, the desperate criminal, went a little pale at the prospect so crudely outlined.

"That's a bit dangerous, ain't it?" he said uncomfortably. "Takin' risks of that kind, Amber,—what is it?"

"Forgery," said the calm Amber, "forgery of Bank of England notes."

"Good gaw," gasped Peter, and clutched the edge of the table for support.

"I was thinkin' the same," said Amber, and rose. "I am going to take these precious articles of virtue and bigotry to a safe place," he said.

"Where?—be careful, ol' man—don't get yourself into trouble, an' don't get me into trouble—after me keepin' clear of prison all these years,—chuck 'em into the river; borryer a boat down by Waterloo."

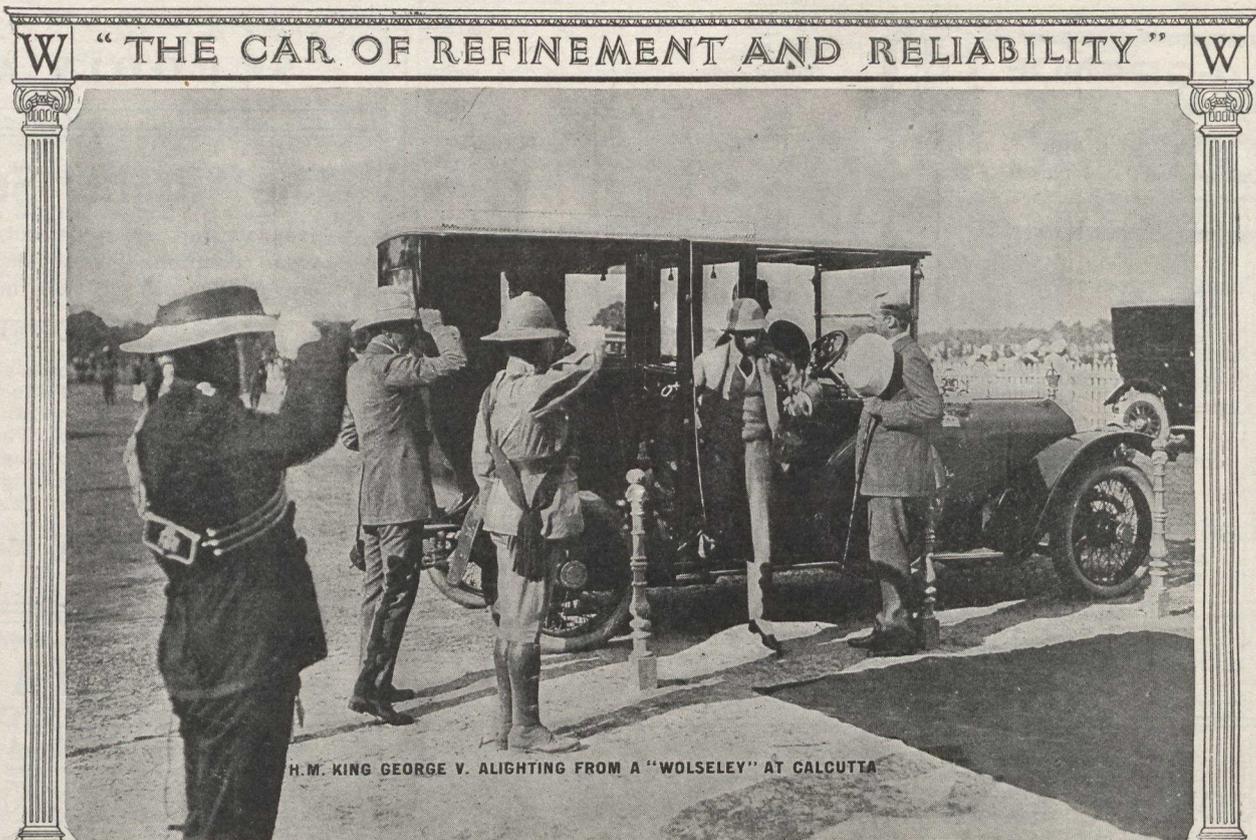
He gave his advice in hoarse whis-pers as Amber left the room, with a little nod, and continued it over the crazy balustrades, as Amber went lightly down the stairs.

He turned into the Borough, and walked quickly in the direction of London Bridge. He passed a policeman, who, as bad luck would have it, knew him, and the man looked at him hard, then beckoned him.

Amber desired many things, but the one thing in the world that he did not wish was an interview with an inquisitorial policeman. To pass on, pretending not to have noticed the summons, would annoy the man, so Amber stopped, with his most winning smile.

"Well, Mr. Amber," bantered the constable, "I see you're out-going straight now?"

"So straight, my constable," said Amber earnestly, "that you could use



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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

my blameless path as a T square." He observed the quick, professional "look over" the man gave him. The plates were showing out of his pocket he knew, and the next remark might easily be a request for information regarding the contents of the flat package. His eye roved for a means of escape, and a slow moving taxicab attracted him. He raised his hand and whistled.

"Doin' the heavy now, are you?" asked the constable disapprovingly.

"In a sense I am," said Amber, and without moving he addressed the chauffeur who had brought his machine to the kerb.

"I want you to take me to New Scotland Yard," he said; then addressing the policeman, he asked, "Do you think Chief Inspector Fell will be on duty?"

"Inspector Fell"—there was a note of respect in the constable's voice—"I couldn't say, we don't know very much about the Yard people—what are you going to see him about?"

"I am afraid I cannot appease your curiosity, my officer," said Amber as he stepped into the cab, "but I will inform the chief inspector that you were anxious to know."

"Here, Amber, none of that!" said the alarmed policeman, stepping to the edge of the pavement, and laying his hand upon the door. "You're not going to say that?"

"Not a bit," Amber grinned, "my little joke; honour amongst policemen, eh?"

The cab made a wide circle, and Amber, looking back through the little back window, saw the policeman standing in that indefinable attitude which expresses doubt and suspicion.

It was a close shave, and Amber breathed a sigh of relief as the danger slipped past. He had ten minutes to decide upon his plan. Being more than ordinary nimble of wit, his scheme was complete before the cab ran smoothly over Westminster Bridge and turned into New Scotland Yard. There was an inspector behind a desk, who looked up from a report he was writing.

"I want to see Mr. Fell," said Amber.

"Name?"

"Amber."

"Seem to know it,—what is the business?"

For answer, Amber laid one hand on the polished counter that separated him from the officer, and placed two fingers diagonally across it.

THE inspector grunted affirmatively and reached for the telephone.

"An outside—to see Mr. Fell. . . . Yes." He hung up the receiver.

"Forty-seven," he said; "you know your way up."

It happened that Amber did not possess this knowledge, but he found no difficulty in discovering number forty-seven, which was a reception room.

He had a few minutes to wait before a messenger came for him and showed him into a plainly furnished office.

Very little introduction is needed to Josiah Fell, who has figured in every great criminal case during the past twenty years. A short, thick-set man, bald of forehead, with a pointed brown beard. His nose was short and retrouse, his forehead was bald, the flesh about his mild blue eyes was wrinkled and creased by much laughter. He was less like the detective of fiction than the unknowledgable would dare imagine.

He recognised Amber, and for a good reason, for he it was who had exposed the working of an interesting little fraud which, although it had been directed against the least scrupulous of outside brokers, and excited a great deal of private sympathy in police circles, was, nevertheless criminal—as Amber had discovered to his cost.

"Amber, by heavens!" said the detective.

He had a habit of using strong and unnecessary language.

"Amber, my boy, come in and firmey la porte. Well—?"

He unlocked a drawer and produced a box of cigars. He was always glad to meet his "clients," and Amber was an especial favourite of his.

"You'll have a cigar?"

"What's wrong with 'em?" asked Amber, cautiously selecting one.

"Nothing much," and as Amber lit the cheroot he had taken—"What do you want? Confession, fresh start in life—oh! of course, you've got somebody to put away; they telephoned up that you were doing outside work."

Amber shook his head.

"I told 'em that because I knew that would get me an interview without fuss,—an old convict I met in prison gave me the sign."

He took the packages from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"For me?" queried the officer.

"For you, my Hawkshaw," said Amber.

THE detective stripped the paper away, uttering an exclamation as he saw what the parcels contained.

"Gee—Moses!" He whistled long and softly. "Not your work, Amber? Hardly in your line, eh?"

"Hardly."

"Where did you get them?" Fell looked up quickly as he asked the question.

"That's the one thing I'm not going to tell you," said Amber quietly, "but if you want to know how I got them, I burgled an office and found them in a safe."

"When?"

"To-night."

The inspector pressed a bell and a policeman came into the room.

"Send an all station message: In the event of an office burglary being reported, keep the complainant under observation."

The man scribbled the message down and left.

"I send that in case you won't alter your mind about giving me the information I want."

"I'm not likely to tell you," said Amber decisively. "In the first place it won't help you much to know where they came from, unless you can find the factory." The inspector nodded. "When a gang can do work like this, they've usually got more than ordinary resources. If you went for them you'd only bite off a bit of the tail, but the rest of the body would go to earth quicker than money melts."

"I could put them under observation—" began the inspector.

"Pouf!" said Amber scornfully, "pouf, my inspector! Observation be blowed! They'd twig the observer in two shakes; they'd recognise his boots, and his moustache, and his shaven chin. I know your observers. I can pick 'em out in the crowd. No, that's not my idea." Amber hesitated, and appeared to be a little ill at ease.

"Go on, have another cigar, that will help you," encouraged Fell, and opened the box.

"I thank you, but no," said Amber firmly. "I can talk without any such drastic inducements. What I want to say is this; you know my record?"

"I do," said Fell; "or I think I do, which amounts to the same thing."

"My Chief Inspector," said Amber with some severity, "I beg you to apply your great intellect to a matter which concerns you. A flippant and a careless interest in the problem I am putting forward, may very well choke the faucet of frankness which at present is turning none too easily. In other words I am embarrassed."

He was silent for awhile; then he got up from the other side of Fell's desk, where he had sat at the detective's invitation, and began to pace the room.

"It's common talk throughout the prisons of England that there is a gang, a real swell gang, putting banknotes into circulation—not only English but foreign notes," he began.

"It is also common talk in less exclusive circles, Amber, my dear lad," said Fell dryly; "we want that gang badly." He picked up a plate, and held it under the light. "This looks good, but until we 'pull' it I cannot tell how good."

"Suppose"—Amber leant over the table and spoke earnestly—"suppose it is the work of the big gang,—suppose I can track 'em down—"

"Well?"

"Would you find me a billet at the Yard?"

(To be continued.)

REMINGTON-UMC

The Latest Important Event in Ammunition Circles is Canadian-Made Remington-UMC

WHEN you buy Remington-UMC ammunition from your dealer this season, you will get the product of our new Canadian factory at Windsor, Ontario.

The plan of establishing a Remington-UMC factory in Canada is not a new one with us.

We have seen the preference for Remington-UMC grow and spread into every part of Canada. And not with the user, the sportsman, only—but with the representative dealer, because no dealer can escape being judged by the ammunition he carries.

Right here, in this matter of *reliability*, is the secret of the Remington-UMC success, in Canada as in the States, and indeed all over the world.

Remington-UMC is the most costly ammunition made in Canada: and we have yet to find the keen sportsman who balks at paying the price, or the alert dealer who is afraid to ask it.

Your first acquaintance with Canadian-made Remington-UMC will probably be shot shells—Arrow and Nitro Club (*smokeless*) and New Club (*black powder*).

We began shipping this fresh stock from Windsor on July 1st. Your dealer will have it—or can get it. Ask him about it.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
Windsor, Ontario

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Educational

MAIL course in stenography, bookkeeping, civil service, matriculation. May finish course by attendance at College. Dominion Business College, Toronto; J. V. Mitchell, B.A., Principal.

LEARN ENGINEERING—Stationary, Traction, Gasoline, Automobile, Marine, Locomotive; taught thoroughly by mail. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. K, Toronto, Canada.

Patents

WE SELL, MANUFACTURE, DEVELOP and market patents; rights obtained: Canada forty-five dollars, United States sixty-five dollars; expert advice given free from the Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 22 College Street, Toronto.

Investments

FREE—Investing for Profit Magazine. Send me your name and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth \$10 a copy to any man who intends to invest \$5 or more per month. Tells you how \$1,000 can grow to \$22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the Real Earning power of your money. This magazine six months free if you write to-day. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 465 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Bakers' Ovens

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens—plans supplied; latest machinery; lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 732 King West, Toronto.

Male Help Wanted

MEN WANTED for Canadian Government Railway Mail, Postoffice and other positions; excellent salaries; three weeks' vacation each year; many appointments coming; common education sufficient. Write immediately for full information and list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. P184, Rochester, N.Y.

Stamps and Coins

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

Printing

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath ..\$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath\$2.00 up.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neil, Proprietor.

PALMER HOUSE

TORONTO -- CANADA.
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada.
250 rooms.
American Plan\$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan\$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

(European Plan.)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

LA CORONA

A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath ..\$1.50 and \$2
Room with private bath..\$2, \$2.50 and \$3
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.



Delayed Delivery

We have been sadly behind orders at times, but with increased facilities, can now deliver promptly.

(The boy's sorrow will soon be gone, for Daddy, Mamma, and Sister will divide their packages with him and the sighs will turn to smiles when he sits behind a big bowl of crisp, brown Toasties with some cream and sugar.)

Tears dry up when they taste Toasties.

Post Toasties