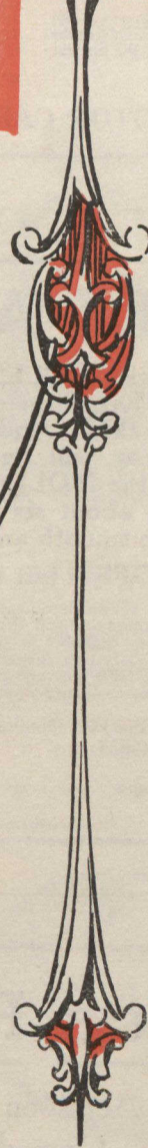
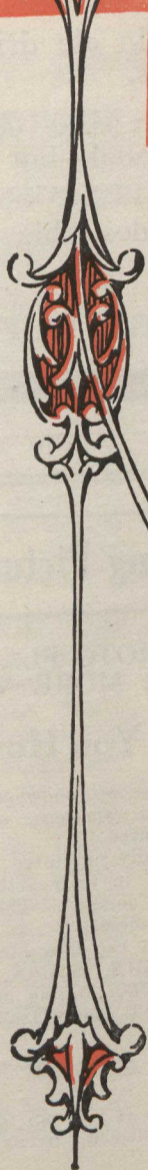


# The Canadian Courier

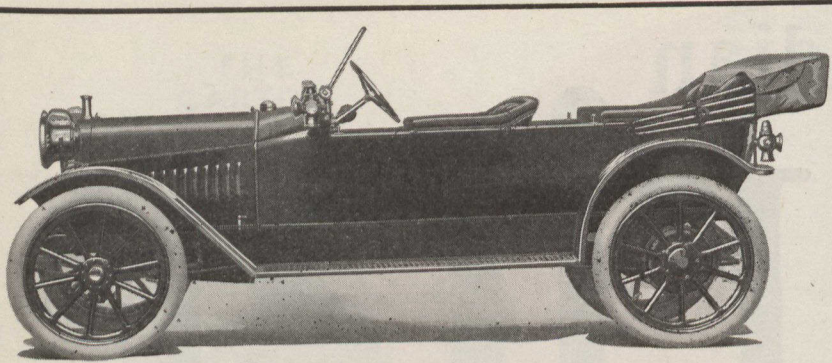
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## This Week

**T**AXATION of Land Values,  
by Prof. Swanson, of Queen's  
University—"Sir Alured," a Fascin-  
atingly Weird Story, by Marjorie  
Pickthall—Character Sketch of Henri  
Bourassa, by Augustus Bridle—Two  
Pages of Christmas Entertainment for  
the Children—An Appreciation of  
the Royal Canadian Academy Exhi-  
bition at Ottawa, by J. W. Beatty—  
Two Pages of Illustrated Christmas  
Music, by the Music Editor.







Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, \$1150

F.O.B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jifty curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse, sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3 1/4-inch bore and 5 1/2-inch stroke; wheel-base 106 inches; 32 x 3 1/2-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimming, black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped, \$1150 f.o.b. Windsor  
 "32" Delivery, fully equipped, \$1125 f.o.b. Windsor  
 "20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped, \$850 f.o.b. Windsor

## How this Self-Priming Device makes cold-weather starting easy

The Hupmobile gasoline system shows many distinctive features of motoring convenience that are well worth your notice.

By the hot-air control and self-priming device you are enabled to start your motor in cold weather almost as easily as you do in summer.

This device, together with the direct fuel feed; the gasoline cleansing screen; the emergency supply; go to make a system as complete as engineering skill can accomplish.

We lay stress on it here because it is characteristic of the thoughtful and painstaking skill in designing that is evident in every detail of Hupmobile construction.

It is but one of many instances we can show you to justify our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

### How the Automatic Primer Operates

Gasoline motors need a heavy charge of gasoline to start them in cold weather.

Generally this is obtained by flooding the carburetor. Or, when still more gasoline is needed, by injecting it directly into the cylinders through the relief cocks.

We have done away with both of these troublesome methods by supplying the Hupmobile carburetor with an automatic primer.

The air supply to the carburetor is controlled by a shutter operated by a handle conveniently placed on the dash.

By turning this handle the quantity and temperature of the air passing through the carburetor can be regulated.

For starting in cold weather the air shutter is nearly closed and a mixture very "rich" in gasoline is drawn into the cylinders.

This comes from the carburetor nozzle as a very fine

spray, making it easier for the spark to explode than in the car of ordinary priming with liquid gasoline.

All air passing into the carburetor at starting is drawn through the hot air collector and heated by the exhaust pipe, so that the engine gets under way almost as quickly and smoothly as under more favorable weather conditions.

Another advantage of the Hupmobile gasoline supply is the location of the tank under the dash shroud, so that gasoline is positively fed to the carburetor by gravity, whether on the level or hill.

On its way to the carburetor, the gasoline passes through a screen so fine that the water and dirt are separated from it.

Just below the screen is a valve, operated by the gasoline outlet handle, which can be set to keep one gallon of gasoline in reserve for an emergency.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CO., Desk A, Windsor, Ont.

## MOLES AND WARTS

Removed with MOLESOFF, without pain or danger, no matter how large or how far raised above the surface of the skin. And they will never return and no trace or scar will be left. MOLESOFF is applied directly to the MOLE or WART, which entirely disappears in about six days, killing the germ and leaving the skin smooth and natural.

MOLESOFF is put up only in One Dollar bottles.

Each bottle is forwarded postpaid on receipt of price, is neatly packed in a plain case, accompanied by full directions, and contains enough remedy to remove eight or ten ordinary MOLES or WARTS. We sell MOLESOFF under a positive GUARANTEE if it fails to remove your MOLE or WART, we will promptly refund the dollar. Letters from personages we all know, together with much valuable information, will be mailed free upon request.

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## Choice Fruit Lands

3000 Acres on the lower Arrow Lakes in B.C. Owned exclusively by us. FOR SALE CHEAP, in Tracts or en-Block.

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Pacific Terminals Investment Company

46 Scott Block, Winnipeg, Man.

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## SPECIAL

### EXTRA MILD ALE

The modern tendency in ale drinking is towards the lighter brews.

O'Keefe's "Special Extra Mild" Ale is low in the amount of alcohol—but high in stimulating health-giving properties.

It is a particularly desirable ale for the home.

Order a case from your dealer.

287

## Write Ideas For Moving Picture Plays!

**YOU CAN WRITE PHOTO PLAYS AND EARN \$25. OR MORE WEEKLY**

**We Will Show You How!**

If you have ideas—if you can think—we will show you the secrets of this fascinating new profession. Positively no experience or literary excellence necessary. No "flowery language" is wanted.

The demand for photoplays is practically unlimited. The big film manufacturers are "moving heaven and earth" in their attempts to get enough good plots to supply the ever-increasing demand. They are offering \$100, and more, for single scenarios, or written ideas.

We have received many letters from the film manufacturers, such as VITAGRAPH, EDISON, ESSANAY, LUBIN, SOLAX, IMP, REX, RELIANCE, CHAMPION, COMET, MELIES, ETC., urging us to send photoplays to them. We want more writers, and we'll gladly teach you the secrets of success.

We are selling photoplays written by people who "never before wrote a line for publication."

Perhaps we can do the same for you. If you can think of only one good idea every week, and will write it out as directed by us, and it sells for only \$25, a low figure,

YOU WILL EARN \$100 MONTHLY FOR SPARE TIME WORK.

**FREE** SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AT ONCE FOR FREE COPY OF OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "MOVING PICTURE PLAYWRITING"

Don't hesitate. Don't argue. Write now and learn just what this new profession may mean for you and your future.

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## The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is easy to operate

THE "KALAMAZOO" BINDER will do everything that any other binder will do and do them better. It is constructed and operated on an entirely different principle from all other binders.

It is the only binder that does not require to be "padded" to a certain thickness in order to be workable. Sheets are inserted and removed in the "Kalamazoo" binder just as easily as in any other, and the wide, flat holes which fit over the thongs ensure perfect alignment. In addition to this, if they should work out of position while in use, the unique construction of the binder permits of straightening the sheets into perfect order before locking.

The "Kalamazoo" binder is recommended highly by scores of users throughout the country.

Write for Booklet "C1" and examine this before deciding on a Loose Leaf Binder.

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 3

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## Editor's Talk

OUR special numbers seem to be growing in popularity with our readers. A Philadelphia Canadian writes: "I like your idea of making each number of special interest. Allow me to congratulate you on the Book Number." Speaking of the same issue a Montreal newspaper man writes: "It would have been hard to improve upon the reading matter in your Book Number, and I think you covered the ground remarkably well." Congratulations on the Christmas Number are also being received. Those from whom we have heard agree that it is the most artistic issue of a weekly paper ever produced in Canada. Of course, this does not indicate that we are more than doing our duty. No other Canadian publication has as wide a circulation or as large an advertising patronage, and it is but reasonable to expect that the "Canadian Courier" should lead in the production of special issues.

There is one point which we would like to emphasize. All the special numbers of the "Courier" are issued at the regular price and go to every subscriber. We have not adopted the policy of issuing special numbers at a special price. Our next extra-sized edition will be the FINANCIAL NUMBER, to be issued early in January. Most financial reviews of the year are prepared in the offices of the financial publications and limited editions are sold at special prices. With this number we shall adopt the principle of issuing a financial review of the year, which will go to every "Canadian Courier" reader from Halifax to Victoria in the regular way. Canadians are becoming a nation of investors as well as a nation of borrowers, and this is our justification for preparing this popular financial review of 1912.

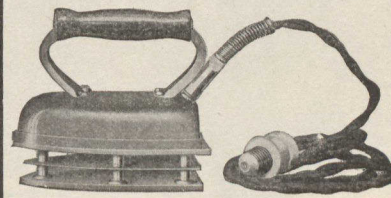
The editor and his staff take this opportunity of sending Christmas greetings to all contributors and readers.



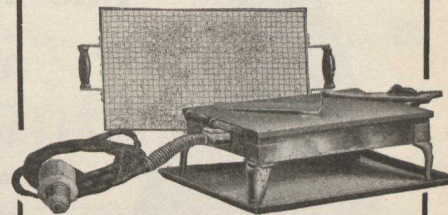
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Westinghouse

## Electric Iron



## Toaster Stove



Or a Sewing Machine Motor Or General Utility Motor

The Coming Favorite

## Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited

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Vancouver Calgary Winnipeg  
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## COSGRAVES

Half and Half

Simply delicious — this glorious, sparkling, family beer. Has an irresistible tang that aids digestion and acts as a tonic.

At all hotels and dealers.



When your order comes from the grocer's see that he has sent you WINDSOR TABLE SALT. Why should you bother with salt that "cakes" as hard as a rock, when you can get WINDSOR SALT? Windsor Salt is all salt—absolutely pure clean crystal—and every grain a perfect crystal. It costs no more. 55

## WINDSOR TABLE SALT





## The Most Popular Gift in the World

Perhaps the most popular Christmas gift in the world for men is the necktie or cravat. This for the very good reason that a man always appreciates the gift of a handsome tie with true sincerity.

But be sure you get the right tie. If you ask your dealer for Reid Cravats you are sure to get a Cravat that has built up an enviable fame among smartly-dressed men—a fame for strikingly beautiful patterns, handsome, durable materials, and perfect style.

### Reid's Real Bengalene

is a special weave that won't wrinkle, won't show pinholes, and won't get old. Ask your dealer to show you some of the thirty five rich new shades of Reid's Real Bengalene Cravats, priced from

50c to \$1.50

Or Write

**A. T. REID CO., Limited**  
262 KING STREET WEST  
TORONTO



It's the car higher up—in the esteem of the automobile buying public. We have had to double our gigantic output—and the demand is more than doubling. Those who placed winter orders for Ford cars last year were not disappointed in delivery.

Every third car is a Ford. Nearly 180,000 have been sold and delivered. New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—delivery car \$775—town car \$1,000—with all equipment, f. o. b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

## In Lighter Vein

At Our Jokes.—He who laughs last is an Englishman.—Princeton Tiger.

Waiter—"Do you mind if I put your bag out of the way, sir? The people coming in are falling over it."

Diner—"You leave it where it is. If nobody falls over it, I shall forget it's there."—Fliegende Blatter.

Success Assured.—Chicago has a school for brides. If it guarantees every graduate a position it is bound to become the most popular institution of learning in the country.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Another Dog.—Griggs—"Lost money in that stock deal did you? Say, let me give you a pointer."

Briggs—"No you don't. No more pointers for me. What I'm looking for now is a retriever."—Boston Transcript.

Unappreciative.—She—"I have made a water-colour drawing and hung it up in your study to hide the stain in the wall-paper."

He—"But, darling, I never complained about that stain."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Post-mortem Chat.—Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building one day when one made a misstep and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called:

"Are yez dead or alive, Mike?"

"O'im alive," said Mike, feebly.

"Sure you're such a liar Oi don't know whether to belave yez or not."

"Well, then, Oi must be dead," said Mike, "for yez would never dare to call me a liar if Oi wor alive."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Natural Protector.—"O Clara, we had a dreadful scare this morning; a burglar scare!" said Mrs. Fink. "There was a frightful noise about two o'clock, and I got up. I turned on the light and looked down, to see a man's legs sticking out from under the bed."

"Mercy, how dreadful! The burglar's?"

"No, my dear, my husband's. He had heard the noise, too."—Youth's Companion.

Making Money.—Old Hand (to new ticket seller at state fair)—"Ever been on the wicket before in a crush?"

New Hand—"Nope."

Old Hand—"Thought not."

New Hand—"Why not?"

Old Hand—"You give change first, and tickets afterward."

New Hand—"What is the difference?"

Old Hand—"Hundreds of dollars, my boy. No one ever passes in and forgets his tickets."—Judge.

The Expert's Verdict.—Mrs. John Hays Hammond, wife of the widely known American mining engineer, shows as much appreciation of the marvels of the profession as her husband.

"One day a friend," she says, "came joyfully to Mr. Hammond declaring he had found oil flowing from a spring in his land. He brought along a sample in a bottle.

"The bottle was one which he had picked up in a hurry somewhere around the house. Mr. Hammond forwarded it to an expert chemist, and his client waited with considerable impatience for the report of the analysis to be returned. In a few days this telegram was received.

"Find no trace of oil. Your friend has struck paregoric."

Clever.—Louis XIV. playing at backgammon had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at the instant.

"Decide the matter," said the King to him

"Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong."

"How!" replied the King, "can you decide, without knowing the question?"

"Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given in for your Majesty."—Life.

## Diamond Dyes Spell Economy For These Women



Made over from a tan broadcloth dyed black.

"I am sending you photographs of my sister and myself to show you what we have been able to do with Diamond Dyes.

"The gown that I have on I made over from material we had in a tan broadcloth Russian Blouse that we never liked. We dyed this black. My sister's suit we made according to a pattern, from a grey homespun suit which we dyed navy blue.

"I think you can see from these photographs of my sister and myself how much Diamond Dyes mean to us."

Mrs. J. R. Raymond,  
New York City.

Diamond Dyes are the wonder-workers of the home. Rugs, portieres, curtains and feathers, etc., can be made bright and fresh as new.

## Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in Blue envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in White envelopes.

### Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics: Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres, another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



Made over from grey homespun dyed navy blue.

### DO NOT BE DECEIVED

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for colouring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and another class of Diamond Dyes for colouring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in colouring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. AND REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in colouring Wool or Silk, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c. per package.

### Just Out—Sent Free—New Edition—1912-1913 Diamond Dye Annual

This book is full of dress secrets, how to do almost magical things about the home, etc., etc.

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

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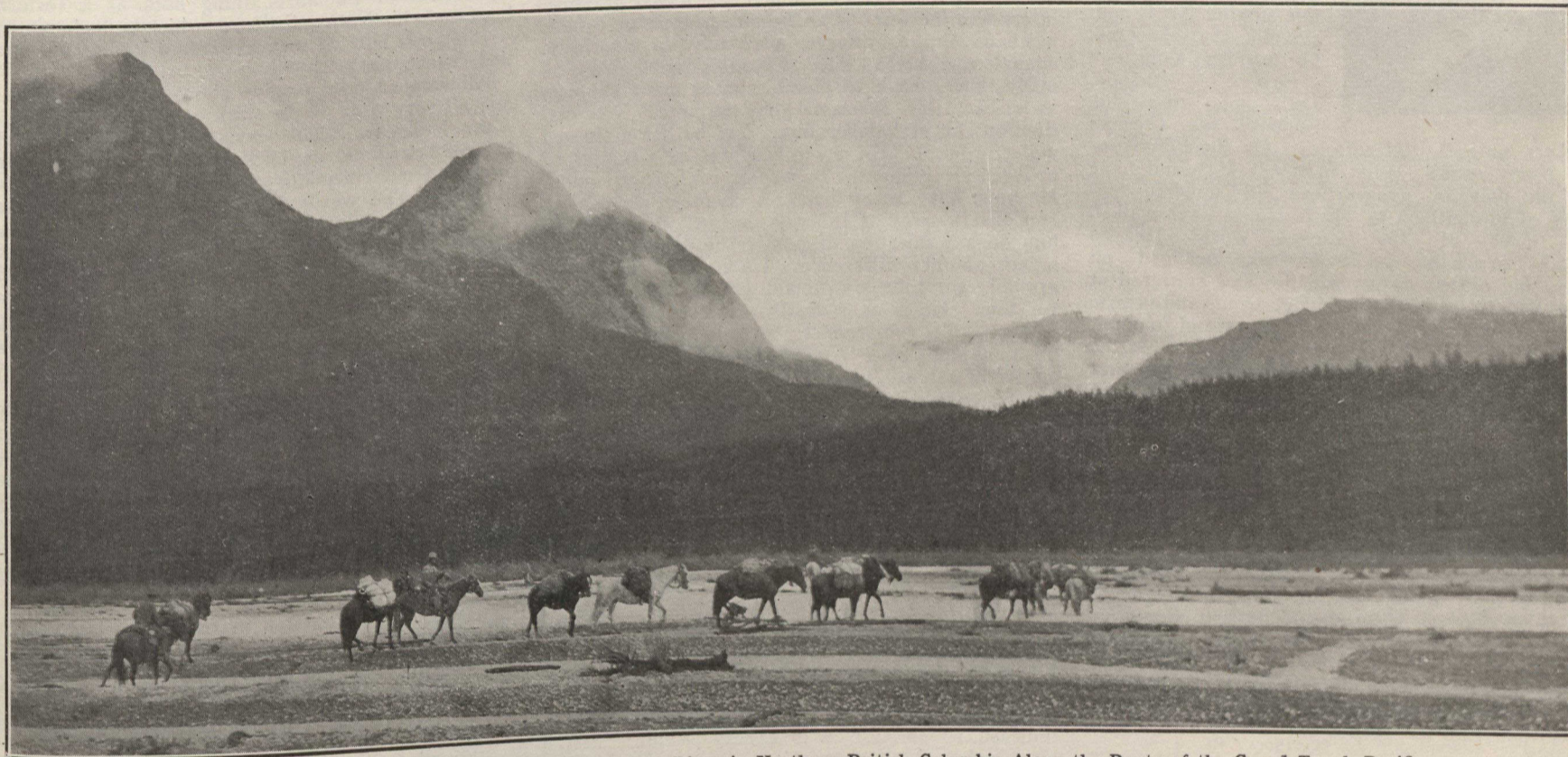


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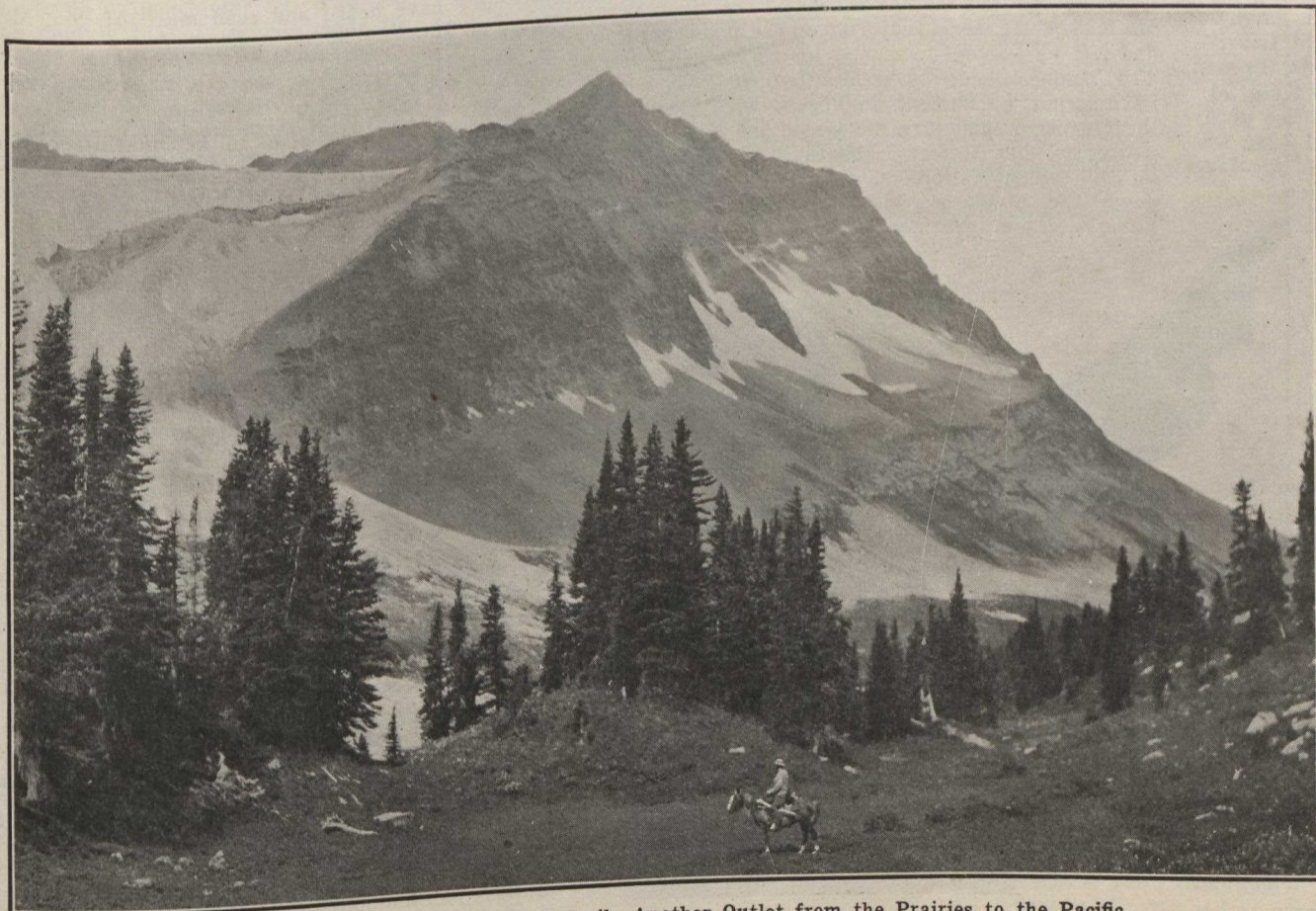
December 21, 1912

No. 3

## Pack-Horse Vanguard of a Transcontinental



An Outpost Train of Pack-Ponies fording the Moose River in Northern British Columbia Along the Route of the Grand Trunk Pacific.



A Spruce Glade in the Moose Pass Trail; Another Outlet from the Prairies to the Pacific.

CANADA has about 30,000 miles of railways and the most remarkable railway history in the world. The photographs on this page are an illustration of the kind of pathfinding that has made the story of our railways even a bigger romance than that of the great fur companies. One railway company in Canada is the greatest corporation in the world. Its pay-roll amounts to about \$45,000,000 a year and includes 75,000 employees. The second transcontinental, which was only authorized by Parliament in 1903, has now 2,350 miles of road in operation west of Winnipeg, and a port on the Pacific and a certainty of being linked up with the interior in 1914. The pictures herewith are an example of the relentless crawl of the survey and the construction camp into the Rockies; such pictures as may be paralleled in the construction of our third transcontinental, the C. N. R., through the same mountains which thirty years ago were first pierced by the C. P. R. All the railways of Canada employ a grand army of 141,000 Canadians at a wage-bill of \$74,000,000 a year. We have the greatest railway mileage in the world compared to population. We have a Government railway which cost \$92,000,000 to build. And about half a century ago the building of the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Toronto, now one of the finest roads in the world, was regarded as almost a miracle of engineering.



# Personalities and Problems

No. 19—Henri Bourassa

*Who Between Intellectualism and Splendid Delirium is Always More or Less Misunderstood.*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

AT the conclusion of Premier Borden's \$35,000,000 address the House of Commons, Conservative, Liberal, Nationalist, Labour and Socialist, rose and sang "God Save the King!" It is not recorded who started the tune. Probably the Speaker. It is doubtful in what key.



Perhaps about F sharp. There may have been a slight discord. Quite likely the Cabinet took it a tone higher than the Opposition and Sir Wilfrid. Quite as likely at least four Nationalists mumbled it somewhere down about E.

It may have been bad music, but it was fine singing. It is conceivable that the Quebec members sang it in French—officially. Let's hope they did. Suppose any German

members sang it in Deutsch? Or Scandinavians as a Norse saga? What matter? It would have been the polyglot, non-partisan, all-Canadian rendering of the anthem to which armies have walked over most of the known world; played by ships' bands on the seven seas; twanged on banjos and piffled on tin whistles and stuttered at by the B flat cornets of the village bands and prairie bands and bands of all creeds, colours and tongues, played by all orchestras from the rattletrap of the burlesque theatre to the sublimest epical outburst of a huge symphony orchestra in the Crystal Palace with a ten-foot big drum whacked by a two-hand bludgeon.

In all ways known to all sorts of music men of mostly every colour and language on earth have helped to save the King or the Queen by means of this national anthem. But it is not on record that it was ever performed with more meaning than when done by the House of Commons at Ottawa a few days ago. There was no doubt in any member's mind that the King should be sent victorious long to reign over us. The differences of opinion as to how this should best be accomplished began to come out when Hon. Frank Oliver declined to rise to the occasion; and on Thursday last when Sir Wilfrid Laurier opened the Naval debate.

I AM quite sure that if Henri Bourassa had been in the House on that occasion he would have joined just as heartily in singing "God Save the King" as Premier Borden or Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But when the House was listening to Mr. Borden on the \$35,000,000 method of saving the King, Mr. Bourassa was in the somewhat gloomy office of *Le Devoir* on lower St. James St., Montreal. He was in Toronto just a day or two before that; speaking at the University on the bilingual problem. He was at the Arts and Letters Club for luncheon in company with two college professors, one of French, the other of history. In the same company were two Englishmen, one a member of the House of Lords. One of them had read an article by Mr. Bourassa in *Le Devoir*, copied in the *Toronto Evening Telegram*, on the decadent British immigrant. They had some naive objections to his rather wholesale condemnation of the degenerate slummer immigrant who comes to Canada with "God Save the King" on his tongue and all sorts of physical and mental diseases in his make-up.

"Well, the man who wrote the article is over yonder," said a member of the Club, pointing to Mr. Bourassa.

"Really?" They looked him over.

It was their first glimpse of Henri Bourassa, who is the most openly mysterious character in Canadian public life. I first heard him years ago in Toronto, speaking on the historical evolution of the French in Canada; an able speech. That was after the Nationalist leader had seceded from the Liberal party on the question of the Boer War; when he ran as openly counter to the general trend of popular enthusiasm as ever did Goldwin Smith, whom intellectually without pessimism Mr. Bourassa rather resembles. But no man can understand Henri

Bourassa who reads only his articles or hears him in public speech. None doubts that he is one of the most effective impassioned orators in Canada; able to stir the superficial emotions of a French-Canadian Sunday-afternoon crowd to the top notch of frenzy. None disputes his thorough, practical scholarship. He is a keen student of history. He has mastered Guizot and Gibbon and Macaulay and Froude, and has probably some very drastic opinions about Parkman and Kingsford. And there is nobody outside of Col. Roosevelt better able to make dry history snap and crack with present-day meaning.

ORATOR and scholar as he is, that's only the tedious outline of the man who for more than ten years now, since Parliament first took a practical interest in the wars of an Empire present or future, has had courage, or nerve, or audacity, or fanaticism enough to think as differently as possible from as many other people as possible on as many subjects as he can. Mr. Bourassa goes the limit. Nice distinctions never hamper him. Yet he has a shrewd dialectic mind. He never hesitates as a matter of policy. He plunges. *In medias res!* is his motto. He must have an audience; a clientele; opposition. If Conservatives or Liberals decided to agree with him on any question of politics he would probably invent another difference. He has no ear to the ground. Sir John Macdonald was never an example for him. He is as radical as Roosevelt or Lloyd George. No compromise; no intellectual quarter; no hums and haws if you please; but consider the matter *in extenso*, up to the hilt and draw red-blood conclusions—when his eyes snap and dance and his face gleams with the light of one who thinks most of the world wrong, and could have told you long ago just why it was sure to be wrong. I believe that Mr. Bourassa's ancestors must have been duellists and chevaliers.

This again is begging the question. To Henri Bourassa there is always—a crisis and a phantom. Dilettantism; *laissez faire*; fat-headed cynicism; smug tolerance; bland lip-loyalty—bah! he will have none of them. A man must be enthusiastic. Goldwin Smith, as magnificently wrong by popular majority as Mr. Bourassa, never was enthusiastic. Moreover, he was a Pan-American. Bourassa is anything else. He is essentially a minority enthusiast, which carried to excess produces first a bigot and in the last analysis a martyr. He despises mere majorities. He bucked a popular majority when he opposed sending troops to the Boer War. He bucked a Liberal majority on the navy question and left Parliament to muster his forces in Quebec. That dramatic meeting at Montreal, in 1908, when, having quit Parliament and been twice elected to the Quebec Legislature, he kissed his wife on the platform; that stormy Sabbath at St. Hyacinthe, in 1911, when Nationalist enthusiasm nearly broke down the platform; his discipling of Armand Lavergne; his agreements with the Archbishop of

Montreal on the race question; his many lectures and political addresses to all sorts of audiences, intellectual and otherwise; his numerous pamphlets and editorships; his fuliginous attacks upon the Liberals; his recent alliance with the Conservative party affecting reciprocity; his subsequent defection when the Conservatives began to jilt him, more or less secretly at first, afterwards openly—

I remembered them all with a sort of timidity, waiting in the ante-room of his far-back office in the newspaper precincts of *Le Devoir*, which from its title would convince every French-Canadian of his duty to Canada. How would it be possible to talk to this man; as morose as Byron, as disgruntled as Carlyle, as revolutionary as Voltaire or Tom Paine? Seceded from the Liberals, out of joint with Conservatives, no particular alliance with Labourites or Socialists, flung back as a forlorn hope upon his Nationalist party which he had created—what was left for such a man but to tear his hair and crunch his teeth?

All very easy to imagine about Henri Bourassa; and all very wide of the truth.

As I listened, there came over the rumble of presses below and the click of linotypes behind, the sound of a tremendous clarion voice, dictating in English. The words I could not make out. He was beyond a tall, glass partition, in a long, gloomy room. He was tussling with some imaginary foe; for his voice cadenced up and down and lighted with a sort of exuberant ferocity upon some chimera of argument. Since he had last gone to sleep enough had happened in this world of headlong innovations to call for another blast from the trumpet of *Le Devoir*.

It was no place to go for the rest cure. Evidently *Le Devoir* was no paper for dilettanti; but a sheet born in strife and controversy, delighting in battle—a projection of Mr. Bourassa. Personal journalism is not dead. It survives in *Le Devoir*; even more than it does in *Le Pays*. Singular contrast these two—Bourassa and Langlois; both journalists and modern as microbes; yet they say all French-Canadians look alike!

AT last I got into the same room with the editor; a long, high partitioned place set down midst of a big building; one table long enough for a board of directors, and on the opposite side of that Mr. Bourassa rose, as cordial as the rising of a harvest moon.

"I'm glad to see you," said he, with a fine, temperamental grip.

"And I have heard and read much of you, Mr. Bourassa."

"Oh, yes?"

"You—are a Nationalist?"

"I am—a Nationalist!"

"Strange—but some of us up in Ontario consider Nationalists rather dangerous."

He laughed loudly, and with a sort of crackling, habitual glee.

"So I am led to believe."

"On close acquaintance, however——"

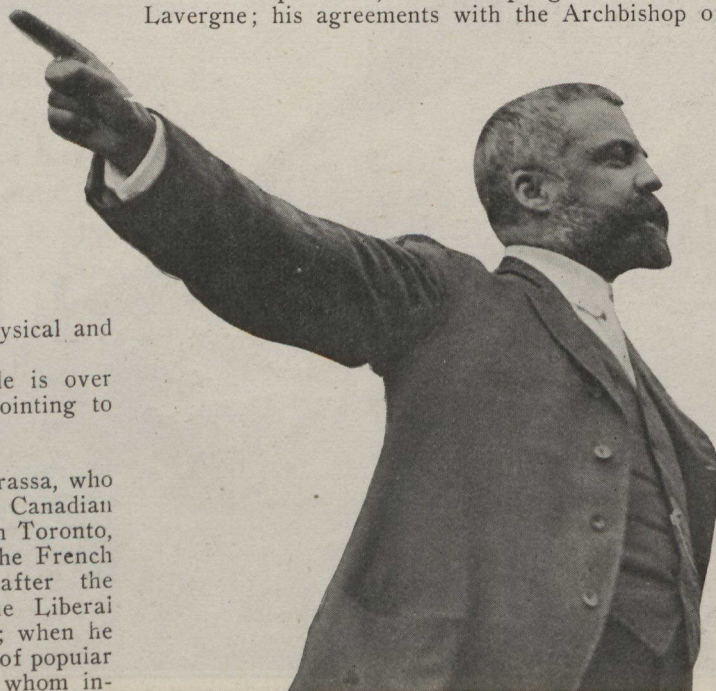
"We do not seem so unhuman, eh?" He laughed again; and he would not sit still, or loll in his chair, or look the least bit comfortable, but held himself ready to spring like a lynx or swoop like an eagle or run like a fox; a very resilient, dynamical man who does not require a crisis in Parliament or a St. Hyacinthe Sunday afternoon to make him volcanic.

I could see that he was ready for an argument with anybody—upon most anything.

"Well, my good friend the — (mentioning the name of a newspaper) has been helping to misinterpret me on the — (name of some problem on which Mr. Bourassa has been misunderstood; one of the many). And my friends (another paper) have been spreading the misrepresentation in French. Oh, it is a splendid conspiracy against me!"

He laughed again with hectic energy.

This little amenity settled, he sailed into exposition. Now, there is no excuse for a mortal man sitting at table with Mr. Bourassa and not being either entertained or instructed. His conversation—no, scarcely that, because it takes at least two to converse—was as brilliant as a Tiffany window. The subjects he illuminated in less than an hour included the navy, the bilingual problem, the French-Canadian status, the Empire, the Englishman, national



"Who thinks most of the world wrong."



defence, national character—and Nationalism. On each of these he spoke with declamatory emphasis, sincerely and passionately and with immense jocularity. Oh, how his voice swooped and curved and beat upon the walls, echoing I'm sure out into the busy street; and if that had been a holiday it might have been noticed clear down to the harbour. Such splendid vitality is not given to every man; not to many Anglo-Saxons. It was the Latin fire blazing in a man who all his life, without help from colleges, has been thinking intently along divergent lines, accumulating knowledge which to some men is mere culture, in Mr. Bourassa so much coal for the boilers of intellectual, impassioned controversy.

"I'm a French-Canadian!" he said. "So I am able to look at the Empire perhaps a little more impartially than an Englishman or an Anglo-Canadian. I have been in England and I have talked with political leaders."

MR. BOURASSA has indeed studied English affairs with more intimacy than most Canadians abroad. He has not been content with documentary evidence or with pointers from great people. He has knocked about among the common folk. He has purposely pushed his way into British bar-rooms that he might see the slummer being submerged by gin and beer; babies sucking from drunken mothers; idle, dejected and melancholy men who drift down to the embankment and whom as he says the Salvation Army and other benevolent organizations help to bring out to Canada without proper immigrant inspection.

On this he was morally eloquent. And he was logical. Granted that he has seen what he relates; then thinking as he does, his article on indiscriminate immigration is reasonable enough.

Besides, it has the merit of being not Grit nor Tory.

Again, quoting his interviews with prominent

people, he gave his views concerning the Empire.

"But I thought you were anything but an Imperialist, Mr. Bourassa?"—(some feat to get that query in).

He took a forward lunge across the table. One finger pointed hard at me as though I was the offender in the name of all Ontario, he glared with a fine frenzied illumination along the finger, for all the world like a Nimrod going to pot a bear as soon as it came close enough. And he proceeded to show me that he was no anti-Imperialist; but that he had a different notion concerning the Empire from most other people. He would come at the problem from the national side. He believes in autonomy. The Empire is not a great central organization spreading life to the colonies; but conversely—the result of organizations developing all over the world and converging upon Westminster.

In spite of the lurid emphasis of his logic he was intellectually not unreasonable. It was easier to agree with than to dispute him.

"Yet they say I am a —!"

A number of things he screamed as he flung himself back in a fit of tremendous laughter, till it seemed as though his chair would cavort over backwards. The spikes of his belligerent hair became like the quills of a porcupine. He was in his seventh heaven of disputation.

"Won't you please—smoke?" he said, humanly.

With feverish haste he dug out a pipe, filled it vociferously and lighted it once. That pipe went out many times before Mr. Bourassa had finished. In fact he did not finish. He never does.

NOW he lighted out on the bilingual problem; of which he is as good an example as any man, for his command of English is almost superb—lacking, however, most of the delicate benevolent touches and revelling in the polemical. Mr. Bourassa has learned English, not that he may interpret

Anglo-Saxon life on the domestic and the poetic side, but that he may be able to know what the Anglo-Canadian is arguing about and meet him on his own ground with tons of hefty adjectives and other parts of speech.

I know not that the key in which he pitched his voice ever was known to music. It was like the scream of a war trumpet, or the wail of the north-east wind down an old chimney; at times like the whisper of a cobold in a cave—weird and creepily intense. Naught but a phonograph hitched up with a moving picture ever could reproduce such a monologue.

Yet here again he was logical. Of course he began with the French root; historically—just as the Archbishop does. He took the bilingual fact for granted; radical and constitutional.

"Is it not one great tremendous characteristic of Canada—that she has the two root languages?" he demanded. "Is not that one splendid distinction between us and the United States? Is it not worth while to accentuate that difference? What is there to lose? Why should not every French-Canadian understand his own language as well as he is able—and as such English as he may? Why should not Anglo-Canadians learn French. Why should not the railway companies clear across Canada have their sign boards in both English and French? Why leave all the bilingual affairs to Hansard?"

He alleged that plenty of people in the villages of Quebec speak English.

"Go to an Ontario village," he insisted. "Do you find there—one that speaks French unless it is by accident?"

The corn was humbly acknowledged. There was no time to admonish Mr. Bourassa that the French-Canadian learns English when it is a business necessity, and not usually from choice. I might have

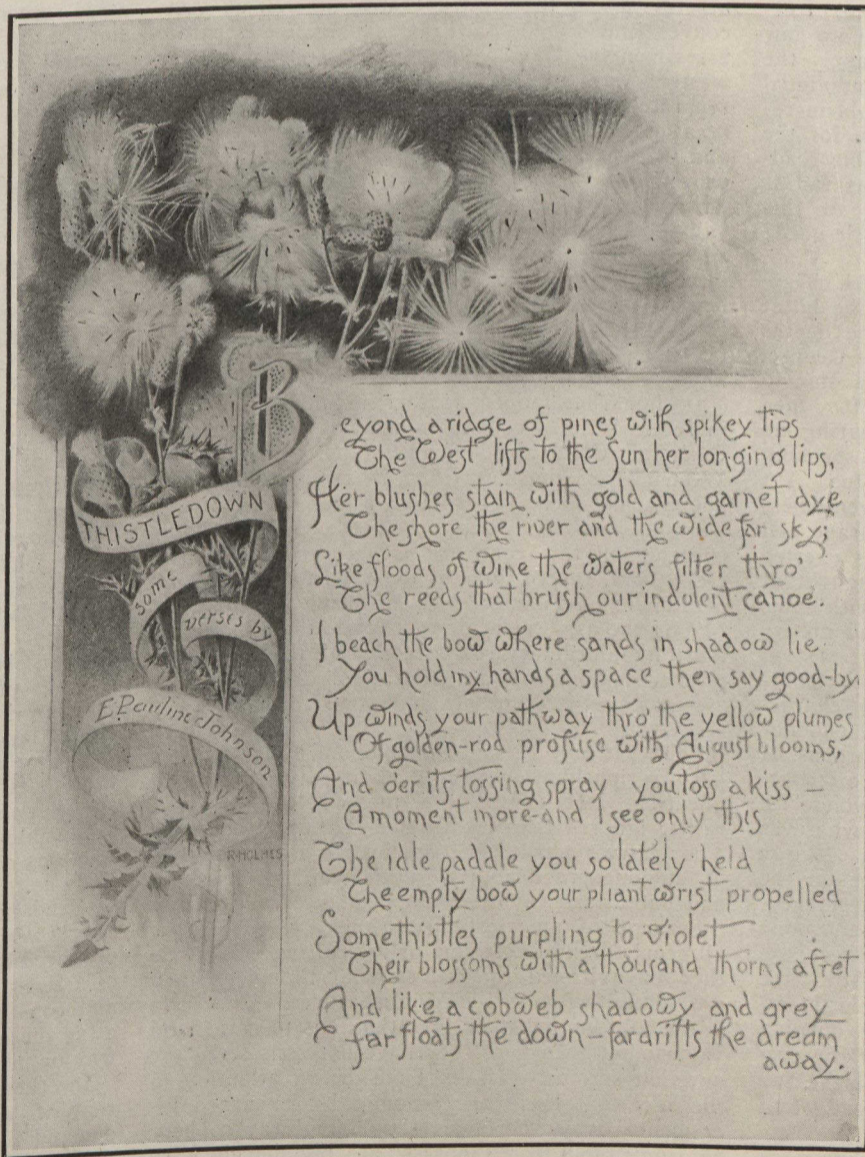
(Continued on page 20.)

## A Pictorial Poem and a Picture

FROM time to time in the development of this country we are compelled to halt a moment and observe the Indian, whom we have succeeded in civilizing almost to the point of obliteration. While we acknowledge no debt to the "noble red man" for any commercial lessons, even at the furpost, and have come to regard him either as a conveniently sombre background to our railroads and young cities, or an object of solicitude for the missionary, we can't forget that the red men once interpreted this country in their own way, and did it more poetically than ever we shall be able to do by developing its resources. The land is full of legends made by the red men. Every legend, every crude picture or a tepee and every totem-pole was an effort to express the red man's perceptions of the great land in which he was lord only a hundred years ago.

But we have also the modern red man's cheerful attempt to voice the meaning of this country in an age of progress. The works of Pauline Johnson, one of which, beautifully decorated by Robert Holmes, painter of wild flowers, appears on this page, are perhaps the most complete effort ever made by a survival of the great red races to express a patriotic and poetic regard for Canada. Pauline Johnson is slowly dying in a Vancouver hospital. The tender sentiments of the poem, "Thistle-down," she may never have intended to be a comment on her own sad illness, so much of a mere episode is an era of railway wrecks, dynamite explosions and wholesale tuberculosis. But the poem is at least a beautiful tribute to the poetic regard of a gifted woman for the land of her fathers; done in the gentlest way and without the least tinge of aboriginal protest. As such, with acknowledgments to the artist, it is published. The decoration of the poem was done originally in 1894 for the Art League Calendar, once a yearly production of the Art League in Toronto, largely for private circulation.

For several years Miss Johnson has



John Fairbank  
E. Pauline Johnson

The verses, "Thistle-down," were written by Pauline Johnson in 1893 and decorated by Robert Holmes in 1894. They are a delicate example of purely descriptive sentiment in poetry.

lived in Vancouver. Her retirement followed a long period of appearances on public platforms in readings from her own works—and Pauline Johnson knew how to read her poems better than most authors succeed in such things. She was quite as successful in this way as was Charles Dickens; much more so than Ian McLaren. The publication of her works came after she had popularized many of them in recitation. Her poems are contained in a volume entitled "Flint and Feather." Her prose work is reflected in "Legends of Vancouver" (Indian) and a series of boys' stories in American magazines.

Months ago Miss Johnson became too ill to write. She is now in a hospital where not long ago she was visited by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught—himself an honorary Mohawk chief.

Public interest was roused by a paper on Pauline Johnson and her work, read by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, at the Women's Canadian Club, in Vancouver. Shortly afterwards leading citizens met at the home of ex-Mayor Douglas and formed a Pauline Johnson Trust Fund for the author's benefit. A publishing committee, Mrs. C. R. Townley, Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, Mr. Bernard McEvoy, Mr. R. W. Douglas and Mr. L. W. Makouski, arranged for the publication and sale of several editions of the "Legends of Vancouver" and the book of poems, "Flint and Feather."

The late Coleridge Taylor, famous English composer, was another curious example of the perception by one race of the peculiarities of another. Part Negro as he was, he did much of his best work in the interpretation of Indian life. He was a master in the use of Indian melodies, many of which he adapted in various forms, just as Dvorak did both Indian and Negro melodies in his New World Symphony. Yet it is said that Coleridge Taylor never even saw a live Indian, or a camp ground, or visited America. He was becoming a serious rival to the younger English school in succession to the older composers.



# The Taxation of Land Values

By PROFESSOR W. W. SWANSON

Department of Political Economy, Queen's University

**M**UNICIPAL taxation is still a subject of experiment. The problem presents almost as many difficulties as the revision of tariffs. The two chief cities in Canada have not as yet got beyond the kindergarten stage in the levying of taxes. Western cities have made more progress. Certain Ontario newspapers have been agitating for years to take some of the tax off improvements and levy more upon idle land. Henry George's great book, "Progress and Poverty," became popular just about the time a bursted "boom" made the idle lands within the city limits a problem in Toronto. It is still a problem there. In Ontario there is now a commission to investigate and recommend to the Legislature a fixed and uniform rate of levy upon improvements. Some municipalities are in favour of its abolition, some of modification, some of the present system. The Provincial Premier is on record as opposed to what he calls the "checkerboard" system. He believes in a uniform rate.

Out West considerable progress has been made that has been the subject of a special tour of investigation by the Assessment Commissioner of Toronto. In Winnipeg, two years ago, the assessment rate on improvements was reduced to two-thirds of their value. Moosejaw assesses

land at full value and buildings at 60 per cent. In two years Regina has decreased on improvements from 60 per cent. to 30 per cent., with certain prospects of a vanishing point. Calgary assesses land at full value; buildings and improvements at 25 per cent. Edmonton, pioneer in the radical application of the Henry George idea, several years ago undertook a complete revision. There buildings are not assessed; business assessment has been discontinued; income and personal property are exempt; land is fully assessable. Vancouver has no assessment on business, income or personal property; land is levied upon at its actual value as it would be appraised in payment of a debt; but, as elsewhere in the province, every male person over eighteen and under sixty years of age pays an annual tax of \$3 to the Provincial Treasurer. In Victoria improvements are exempt and this year buildings also.

In the article below, Professor Swanson, of the Department of Economics in Queen's University, ably analyzes the whole doctrine of municipal taxation, which, like the tariff, is becoming a live question in Canada. The treatment of the problem is on broad lines, involving the whole vexed question of the unearned increment.

**S**OME seventy years ago Carlyle propounded the famous question: "Why is it that any well-formed horse with its stupid head and clumsy hoof can always fetch a good price in the market, while a man with that marvellous head on his shoulders, and those wonderful hands at the end of his shackle-bones is not only worth nothing to society but society can afford to pay him a good round sum if he will only consent to go and drown himself?"

This is not, as many have supposed, the riddle of our own time, but the riddle of the centuries. For generations men have been asking philosophers, teachers and guides to lead them out of this jungle of despair. Their answers have been for the most part either visionary, impracticable, or mere half-measures. They have preached socialism, free-trade, protection; they have added law unto law upon the statute book, in an attempt to apply the prevailing ideals of abstract justice to individual cases of mercy and need; but still the problem remains unsolved. Is there, then, a panacea for the ills of the body politic, or must innumerable readjustments in society be attempted until, as far as possible, each shall contribute according to his ability and all shall receive according to their need?

**T**HIRTY odd years ago, the problem of the cheapness of human life, the waste, and the bitter battle for mere subsistence, stirred to the depths the soul of a humble worker, Henry George. Humble he was; but his soul rose like a star to glorify that humble birth. He appeared before men with no flavour of academic culture, wearing no decorations of university degrees, not speaking with the authority of wealth or social status. Yet there was something as compelling in his gentleness of soul, his spirit of self-sacrifice, his courage and devotion to duty as he saw it, that he has exerted a profound influence not only upon the thought of his own time, but upon our own. It is with some aspects of his plan to abolish distress and misery that this article will deal.

In his opinion it was quite evident that the enormous increase in productive power which characterizes the industry of to-day has had no tendency to extirpate poverty or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. In factories where labour-saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development little children are at work; wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized large classes are maintained by charity or live on the verge of recourse to it—"amid the greatest accumulation of wealth men die of starvation, and puny infants suckle dry breasts; while everywhere the greed of gain, the worship of wealth, shows the force of the fear of want." It is a terrible indictment, this, which George makes, in the opening chapters of *Progress and Poverty*, against the present structure of society; but to appreciate the full significance of the charge one should read that human document itself.

As is well known, Henry George's solution of the problem consists in the application of the Single Tax. This involves the abolition of all taxes upon personal property, on buildings of all kinds, on farm implements and improvements, and on farm animals. Excise and tariff duties are also to go by the board. In lieu of these he proposed to tax the value which inheres in land alone—that value which exists because of the growth of population

and the development of industry. In brief, the tax is to be placed upon the economic rent of urban, suburban and rural lands; of mines, of railways and all quasi-public enterprises which show an unearned increment. In this way the burden of running the machinery of the State would be lifted from the shoulders of the poor, and the people given access to the land. Thus at one stroke are the fiscal and subsistence problems solved.

It is impossible longer to deny that such a tax, from the point of view of assessment, is feasible. The separate assessment of land values, aside from the improvements, is already an accomplished fact. New York has separated its assessments upon lands from those upon improvements since 1903. Boston, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Detroit, San Francisco and other cities in the United States, as well as Vancouver and Edmonton in Canada, have separate assessments of land values. The tendency in our western provinces from the first has been to separately assess land and to lay the burden of taxation upon it. New South Wales, New Zealand, and other Australian colonies have exempted improvements in whole or in part from taxation. The British budget of 1909 provided for the separate valuation of urban and rural lands, and mineral sites, for the avowed end of laying an unearned increment tax; while German cities since 1904 have been taking 9.5 per cent. of the unearned increment. So that it has been abundantly established that a tax upon land can be separated from a tax upon improvements.

It should be noticed, further, that there has been in recent years a colossal growth of land values in Canadian cities and of rural land values in the West. Every business man is familiar with the phenomenal increase of land values in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. But the most striking example on this continent is seen in the city of New York. According to the report of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments for that city (1908) the assessment of real estate there exceeded that of the ordinary real estate of all the states and territories west of the Mississippi, including the assessments of Minnesota and Louisiana.

**N**OW, it may be said that economists have never seriously attacked the validity of the tax upon unearned increments. On the whole they have rather ignored than condemned this fiscal measure. They have regarded the application of the tax as of dubious practicability; a hobby of doctrinaires and enthusiasts, a programme not yet fully within the range of practical discussion. Economists of all people dread the stigma of radicalism. As a rule they have busied themselves with things as they are, not with forward-looking measures. They have practically limited their investigations to rural land values; but even here they have not considered the question seriously. They have drawn attention to the fact that there are innumerable unearned increments—why, therefore, should highway robbery be singled out for suppression while burglary so obtrusively flourishes?

However, let that be as it may, there has been no one since the time of Ricardo to question the menace attaching to the increasing pressure of population upon land. With increasing pressure both food and room tend toward scarcity, and consequently to higher prices. And as in most civilized countries land is becoming relatively scarce, and

food products and space for living relatively less ample, land rents are rising. And it follows that a smaller per capita equipment means a smaller per capita volume of product, and therefore a smaller income for the average human being. As the product becomes more restricted the landlords get an ever greater share. They wax fat by the general hunger. Recent theorists on the increased cost of living seem to have missed this vital point.

Evidently, these increases in the landlords' incomes have had, in the main, not the remotest reference to any merit on their part. As a rule the owner of a city lot raises no crop therefrom; it is not used for park-land or for play-land; even the small boy is denied the use of it. Why, therefore, should he continue to draw increasing rents? No really valid reason has ever been offered why a city might not act the landlord over its own lands. With agricultural lands, however, the State cannot well replace the owner. Some sort of institutional service attaches to private ownership of farm lands. The relation of landlord to tenant is disastrous to good farming.

Taking all this as true, however, it is obvious that the single tax principle offers no way of escape for society as a whole, from the results of increasing pressure upon land. All that it can do, and all that it purposes to do, is to effect a juster distribution of whatever product there is to be divided. Single tax discussion proceeds on the assumption that the tax once imposed cannot be shifted. Could it be shifted by the landlord that would defeat the principle and purpose of the tax; it would not then, ultimately, appropriate any part of the unearned values of land. On the other hand, if the tax can be shifted from the landlord to the tenant or the consumer, it would avoid the most bitter part of the criticism directed against it; and it would not be worth while as a measure of social amelioration. The pivotal question, then, is: Can a tax upon the rent of land be shifted?

**I**T must be frankly confessed that almost since the time of Ricardo it has been held as a cardinal principle in economic science that a tax upon the rent of land cannot be shifted to the tenant, the consumer, or anyone else. Professor Carver, of Harvard, puts the case as clearly as anyone:

"All goods, except land, are perishable and reproducible, while land is not. . . . These distinctions are important, because important conclusions as to public policy depend upon them. A tax on land has a different effect from a tax on an article which is being produced, worn out, and reproduced by human effort. A tax on the latter class of articles has the effect of discouraging that effort, and consequently of reducing the supply; whereas a tax on land does not affect the supply in the same way or in the same degree."

In other words, it is assumed that a tax upon the rent of land will have no effect upon either the demand for, or the supply of, land or of land products. But if the tax is to justify its name of the single tax it must be a very heavy tax, and farmers will endeavour to place their capital where it will not be so burdened. It is true the farm cannot be now sold at its former figure; but it can be parted with just as surely. A farm may be "skinned" of its fertility, and worn out utterly. It is as easy as selling out to an insurance company by burning one's house. Rural New England is an example—



an horrible example according to the *Montreal Star* in the recent reciprocity campaign; tenant farming everywhere is an example; the progressive exhaustion of our farm lands in many parts of Ontario is a direful example; stupid farming everywhere is turning over to posterity an exhausted farm area. Farming in the West at present consists largely of mining.

It follows, then, that the tax upon the rent of farm lands can be shifted because the supply of farm lands can be diminished; and this defeats in large measure the aims and ideals of the single taxers. Nevertheless, the general principle of the land tax is valid for position value in city and country. Such values cannot be "skinned" or removed.

But, as a matter of fact, the single tax is not a tax at all. It is merely an attempt on the part of society to collect for its own benefit the rentals upon estates which, in its opinion, belong to it. No new burden is placed upon wages or interest or profits. In theory and in substance it simply means that the rents upon the public estates shall be collected and applied to the reduction or the displacement of the various taxes that are now levied. If, however, this proposition is true, a broader truth must be faced: namely, that the appropriation of the unearned increment of values is not only not taxation, but that the principle of appropriation is not possible of application through taxation.

THE value of a property depends upon its income. A tax upon the capitalized value of future incomes will inevitably decrease that value by the amount of the capitalized value of future taxes.

Hence, to secure the same return in the following year a heavier tax will need to be levied. This will necessitate constant changes in the rate of taxation; while, if the ideal of the single-taxers is met in the entire appropriation of the unearned increment, there will be nothing left to tax. Thus there is nothing for the case but to abandon the present worth of future incomes and to proceed directly each year against the rent.

Now, for practical purposes, all this has an important bearing upon the taxation of corporations and of corporate securities. Let it be assumed that the bonds and preferred stock of most corporations are sufficient, upon the average, to cover the investment costs of building the plant and establishing the business; it follows that the common stocks carry a market value representative of nothing else than the present worth of hoped-for future excess income. The question, then, is whether prices can not be steadied and the public given a square deal by appropriating these unearned increments for public purposes.

Where increases of earning power have already appeared in the values of stocks which have been traded in upon the market it is evident that to take these values would be a plain act of confiscation on the part of the state. If, on the other hand, the increase is not from earning power but from hoped-for earnings, and if it is intended that taxation should step in to appropriate these increases the difficulty is, on this assumption, that the increases will never manifest themselves. Market values will disclose the expected earnings only upon the condition that no remedial action will be taken

against them. Concealments of value to avoid assessment have been common enough in practice.

THE only proper solution is the adoption of such measures as shall forbid the emergence of the unearned increments in question. These measures must be entirely anticipatory and preventive, whether by regulation of rates in the case of railroad corporations, by increased franchise charges from time to time, or other methods. At all events the present is an especially opportune time for coming to realize that so long as society shall neglect the principle of appropriation of the unearned increment, so long is society going to stake its financial and industrial stability on the chance that the people will consent to be systematically plundered. High prices in Canada, for example, at this moment are not due so much to the increased production of gold, or the protective tariff, as to the mergers and combines and pools that have been formed to take advantage of the necessities of the people.

It is no part of the purpose of the present article to disclose the fallacies or shortcomings of a single tax. In the writer's judgment it can never be adopted as a practical programme; but a full examination of the subject would necessitate the undue extension of this study. Suffice to say Henry George emphasized a great and important truth; a truth which is slowly dawning upon the minds of the people and expressing itself in the Canadian West in legislation and in our own province in serious reconsideration of the worth—or worthlessness—of the present programme of municipal taxation.

## Sir Alured

By MARJORIE  
L. C. PICKTHALL

*A Reminiscent Monologue Dealing with Love, History and Imagination*

MY lady wishes to see the old fish-ponds and the big fountains? I be coming as fast as I can. It is all in its old age, and I be in my old age, too, seventy-eight come Candlemas. But the pergola with the Persian roses is young. 'Twas made by the last baronet's father and 'tis now at its most beautiful. This very morn I swept a bushel o' gold petals from the gravel. I like to keep the old place fair and neat while I'm here, for I've kept it so all my days. Gardener's boy, second gardener, head gardener to the last baronet, so I've been, my lady. Of these parts? Yes, but I've had a deal o' book-learning in my time, though I don't always mind to speak so. I've no friends left but the old stories and the old books. The owner o' the house lives abroad and does not bear the title nor the old name. The Gearys is done.

The laddie's yours? A noble straight child. 'Tis so long since there was a child in this garden, my dear. If my lady will bring the little gentleman, we'll see if the fountains will play again. Once they made designs in the air, and a wonderful pattern o' rainbows, but now they're old, so old—

Nay, my old hands be too weak to turn the keys. 'Tis pity, but there's still fish in the ponds, carp with green hair upon 'em. There's nought the little lad would like to see in the house. 'Tis all too sad, with the ivy over the windows and the yew grown wild, and owls in the roof. Nay, my dear, you'd not like to go there. The dark's full o' great, round eyes, and hisses like a terrible many serpents.

Ay, the Gearys is past and gone. They were a proud race, a strong race, but death levels all. Many's the tale there is about them and their prideful deeds. Tell, shall I? About Lady Grizel that rode the white stallion, or Sir Hew, that died at Worcester, or the priest that had heard one confession too many? They hid him from Elizabeth's officers, my lady, in the secret room behind the armoury, and then—forgot him. Ay, such tales come o' most great families. But there's not many families has such stories as ours o' Sir Alured. A terrible old man, and lived in this house. I've heard tell about him from my great-grandad, but how much I've heard and how much dreamed, I can't get straight in my wits. I be too old. Ay, a terrible old man, old as I be now, with one son and a niece for all the kin he'd left. And that niece he loved better than anything else in this world.

There's another old tale about that, how Sir Alured had loved the girl's mother, and she had wed his younger brother, and both died in their youth, leaving the little lass to him. He named her Damaris and loved her in a way wonderful to see. And a fine, proud, brave maid she grew, with red hair down to her knees. Sir Alured, he didn't waste much love on the rest of the world, least of all on his own son.

He'd beat the boy something terrible, for he'd say, "A whip for a cur, and my son's a cur," said he. Then the lass would beg her cousin off, and

the two young things'd cosset each other up, she ever giving comfort, he ever taking and sniffing for more. Fine in the face, with the softest o' velvet-brown eyes, but a cur he was, which his people weren't used to be. At twenty he went ruffling it to London-town, and not a beauty there had such eyes as Miles Geary. And Mistress Damaris, she stayed here, walking in the garden with old Sir Alured on her arm, riding about the beechwoods. They'd see her hair like a flame on the downs, and the old man, gaunt in his velvets, ever at her heels. Three-four-five baronets back Sir Alured was, and dressed wonderful, in garments that sound like some o' those disrespectful Bible ladies.

After Miles was off to London, they saw little of him down hereabouts for three or four year. 'Tis a gap in the story, these years, for the next one knows Miles is home again and wedded very quietly to Damaris. She could scarce have loved him, knowing somewhat o' his nature. But maybe those velvety eyes moved a lass's fancy, and she would have done most things to please old Sir Alured. Pleased he was, some queer way, fairly kind to Miles, and all smooth as curds and sweet as honey for a few months. A happy season, and no time for the lady to repent.

It must have seemed like to last forever, for Damaris had brought a fortune to Miles, and he was well content to spend it. But one even she walked among the yew hedges with Sir Alured, listening maybe to the throstle-cock, or watching the white moths above the bearded pinks, as I was watching last night. When, so the tale goes, a travelling carriage drove up the avenue, and a lady alighted and came to them across the dewy lawn. She had a little boy by the hand. "Your will, madam?" says Sir Alured, very tall and stately.

The lady threw back her veil still more, as if waiting for something that did not come. And then she gave a great blush, and a child-like

"Did not Miles give ye my portrait, dear sir?" she cried. "Fie on him, he hath kept it for his own. The traitor!" She was a very slight, graceful lady, and now she

(Concluded on page 20.)



Drawn by A. Lismer.

"Sir Alured sat at the head o' the long oak table."



# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## CHRISTMAS GIFT "REFORM."

**S**IMPLICITY in present-giving at Christmas is a good deal like "funeral reform"—easy to agree to for others, but difficult to carry out yourself. We can all sit down about our fire-places of an evening, and agree with great unctiousness that it is a pity and a shame and a crime that "the poor" are led to pinch themselves in order to give their "beloved dead" as showy a funeral as their better-off neighbours. But when it comes to burying our own dead, are we quite so ready to show them an example? I myself know only two classes who really are—the notoriously rich and generous who are perfectly aware that their course will not be misunderstood; and the "hermit crabs" of humanity who care nothing for the opinion of their neighbours. And it is no virtue in either of these cases. The average human beings are so deluged with grief at such a time that they lack the stamina to "make a stand for principles," or to think of anything else, save their irreparable loss and their increased need for human sympathy and understanding.

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**T**ALKING of funerals is a funny way of beginning to talk of Christmas-boxes; but the Editor buys my "stuff" because it has "funny ways." So you will have to stand it. Anyway the similarity of the cases is apparent. You say—"Let us give inexpensive presents this year." You use the word "inexpensive" because it sounds better than "cheap." If you said "cheap," right out, I should have more hope of you. But you are afraid of the jibe that your presents are "cheap" at the very outset. Very well, then let us compromise on "inexpensive"; and look over our list. Here is Aunt Martha—we will give her something "cheap." "Inexpensive," I mean. Let us see—what will it be? Ah, but there is her other nephew—Spendthrift Billy—he never is more than ten dollars ahead of the game; but he will be sure to go into debt for a dazzling present for Aunt Martha. He doesn't care what a thing costs; because money is always touch-and-go with him. And if I give something "che—inexpensive" to stand alongside of his, I will be so ashamed of it—well, it will be the hardest "saved" money I ever earned. Guess Aunt Martha will have to get something pretty good.

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**A**ND so it goes. You cannot walk around with every Christmas present and explain to the astonished recipient—and all his or her friends—that you have taken a vow this year to help establish a fashion in "inexpensive" gift-giving. The gift just has to speak for itself. And it will do that in stentorian tones—even if you have carefully rubbed out the price-mark. Simplicity is a noble theory—and it is quite as difficult to practise as most noble theories. Yet when we can manage to detach ourselves a little from the ruck and swift and superficial opinion which surrounds us, it is easy to see that our very inability to achieve simplicity in so unmercenary a thing as Christmas-giving, stamps us for the Golden Calf idolaters we are. We have come to measure everything—even love and sweet remembrance—by money. We apply the cash test to the most sacred emotions—the most intimate relations.

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**W**E do this in everything—we North Americans. Let me illustrate. You know how we look at "tipping" on this continent—at casual personal expenses, and that sort of thing. We pride ourselves on a careless open-handedness. The rich man "tips" largely and spends recklessly—as a rule—and gains in "kudos" by his course. Not only do the servants fly about with winged heels at his bidding, but the rest of us accept this lofty carelessness as to money as a proof of his high standing and commanding wealth. We think better of him. He must be a clever fellow to have got together so much money. He doesn't count money by dollars, but by "deals"—he doesn't care whether his personal expenses for a day run ten dollars this way or that. He is above such trifling considerations, and we freely accord him the superior rank that his success at the "great national game" has won for him.

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**I**N Europe, the precise opposite is the case. There is no man so careful to keep his "tips," and his public personal outlays for services of known value, at exactly the proper sum, as the wealthy aristocrat. He always "tips"; but he never "over-tips."

He makes it a point of honour to keep down to the tariff. Why? Not because he has not plenty of money; but because—like our wealthy man—he values chiefly the good opinion of his own world. Our wealthy man gets that good opinion by making a display of his wealth. But the European aristocrat has a blue-blooded world about him, a large percentage of which is living on limited incomes and would find an increase in the cost of living very distressing. Hence if the wealthy aristocrat were to "bull the market"—so to speak—in the matter of "tips" and similar personal expenses, he would become very unpopular with his "world." And his is the "world" that counts in Europe. The result of this is that even the men of wealth who are not of high birth, but who know "what is what," keep themselves rigidly in hand. Only the "bounders" and what they indiscriminately call over

there "the Americans" are lavish.

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**Y**OU may not like an aristocracy of blood any more than you like a plutocracy; and it undoubtedly has other effects which are less pleasing than the one we have noticed. Its lofty exclusiveness cannot be imitated by an aristocracy in whose ranks even you or I might arrive to-morrow. But it does offer the relief to people from this continent that, at all events, it does not bow down and worship the Golden Calf. Which brings us back to "our muttuns." In Europe, a league for simplicity in present-giving at Christmas, would be quite possible and even popular. People would take it up who felt that it brought them personally great relief, and yet who did not fear that it would lose them caste. And their example would be compelling with thousands of other people who had "money to burn" but who were more anxious to conceal than advertise that rather vulgar fact. I doubt, however, whether it is yet a practical reform on this continent. It would look altogether too much like an act of blasphemy against our real religion.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## What Might Have Been—Or Might Be!

*A Suppositious Conference Between Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the Navy Question*

By WILLIAM HENRY

**P**REMIER BORDEN sat in his old room, now occupied daily by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He had exchanged greeting with the Leader of the Opposition, and had been received cordially. For a brief moment there was silence, and in that moment, Mr. Borden's thoughts wandered from his mission, travelling back to the days when, with a handful of members, he had fought for power, to the days when he was free from the responsibilities of office and the demands of the hungry horde who haunt the door-steps of the mighty.

"The room looks familiar?" queried Sir Wilfrid, as if divining his visitor's thoughts.

"Yes, indeed," acceded the Prime Minister.

"Want to exchange rooms again?" jocularly asked the Leader of the Opposition.

"No, not to-day," replied Mr. Borden. "Whatever my personal views might be," he retorted, "I must always bear in mind the interests of the country. Sir Wilfrid," he continued, raising his voice, and the smile left his lips, "can we unite on a common naval policy? There are other questions about which Grits and Tories may fight, without dividing on a matter which so clearly affects the country's honour, and requires the country's support."

Sir Wilfrid rose from his chair and walking to the other side of the table that separated the two, grasped the Prime Minister's hand. "My dear Borden, with all my heart I say you are welcome. I wish it were my lot to be playing to-day the big part you are taking in the country's affairs, in thus coming to the Leader of the Opposition."

"I thank you, Sir Wilfrid, for receiving me in such good spirit. I suppose we should first see how far we are already in agreement."

"Excellent," commented Sir Wilfrid, returning to his seat.

"You do not object to the amount of money I propose to spend?"

"No," said Sir Wilfrid.

"And there are no conscientious objections to dreadnoughts?" queried the Prime Minister smilingly.

"No," answered Sir Wilfrid, "our dreadnought differences are now merely mathematical. You want three and I want two. I have my mind on two fleet units, and naturally two dreadnoughts, or super-dreadnoughts, are sufficient for my purposes."

"If you had outlined that policy," said the Prime Minister, "when you brought down the naval bill of 1909, I will frankly say, it would have embarrassed me and many of my followers to have opposed you."

"Ah," said Sir Wilfrid, looking at the Premier doubtfully, "it is all right to say that in view of the present public sentiment, but the feeling of 1909 was not that of 1912. We Liberals had to educate public opinion, and paid the usual penalty of political pioneers by our party losses, of course principally in the Province of Quebec."

"I suppose we had better not digress into past differences," said the Prime Minister. "I understand you want two dreadnoughts and complementary ships to make up two complete fleet units. Do you object to their being built in England?"

**S**IR WILFRID did not hesitate. "If you will proceed to erect ship-yards so that eventually our vessels may be built in Canada, I have no objection to orders being given in England for the immediate construction of the dreadnoughts and cruisers."

"I think I can state very frankly," said the Prime Minister, "that I would not have come to you if I had not been prepared to accept the principle of building ships in Canada. We of the Maritime Provinces are naturally predisposed to assist ship building industries. We can never forget the days when our coves and harbours echoed to the hammer of the ship-carpenter, and every sea in the world bore evidence of our industry and craft. Times have changed. In 1909 I was in favour of Canadian-built war-ships. I am on record in this matter, but when I came into power and found documents in possession of the Government, indicating that the cost of such vessels built in Canada would exceed those built in England by twenty-five and thirty per cent., probably more, it was different."

"My dear Borden," replied Sir Wilfrid, "surely you are not going to suggest that we also agree on a policy of free-trade. It is a matter of the tariff. There are many articles which can be produced in England cheaper than in Canada, but is that a reason why we should buy our woollens in Yorkshire, our cottons in Lancashire, and our steel products in Birmingham?"

"Apparently war-ships are built only to be scrapped," continued Mr. Borden, ignoring Sir Wilfrid's interruption. "A few years ago a navy was judged by the strength of its sub-marines, then by its dreadnoughts, and now by its super-dreadnoughts. Let us admit that the whole business is rank economic waste, but none the less inevitable. So long as men are to be employed in this way, and Canada is to pay the bills, I have concluded upon mature reflection, that we ought to make preparation to give the work to our own people, and build up industrial communities which will provide the wider markets for our farmers in Canada, which you encouraged them to look for in the United States."

"Ah, you relieve me," laughed Sir Wilfrid. "I was afraid that, having deprived me of my navy, you were proceeding to take away my reciprocity."

"No," chuckled the Prime Minister, "you are welcome to reciprocity for all time to come. However, Sir Wilfrid, the matter in hand is of serious importance. I am just as anxious as you are to keep clear of the vortex of European militarism, but there are certain reasons why I believe these ships, when completed, should be stationed in the North Sea."

**T**HE Prime Minister took from his inside coat pocket a document bearing the official stamp of Downing Street, and handed it to Sir Wilfrid.

"Read this memorandum," he said, tersely.

Sir Wilfrid unfolded the paper, crossed his legs, and proceeded to read it in silence. Once or twice he raised his eye-brows, as if the document were not to his liking. Once he puckered his lips, as men are wont to do when whistling means incredulity, and on one occasion, in turning a sheet,



he returned it, as if he were in doubt as to the text of the document. When he had finished he returned the paper to the Premier, without comment, and walked to the end of the room and back to where the Premier, who had risen from his chair, was standing. The two men faced each other in silence. Finally Sir Wilfrid, speaking emphatically, exclaimed:

"Borden, I do not believe it," and he walked away as if in deep thought. "But," he continued, and turned back, "it is official and I am prepared to accede to their views. It is understood, I suppose, that once these conditions, if they do exist, are removed, the ships are to take their places at stations on the Canadian coasts?"

"That is a vital point," admitted Mr. Borden.

"Officered and manned as far as possible by Canadians," continued Sir Wilfrid, "paid by Canada and administered by Canadian Parliament?" He paused.

"Going to the service of the Empire in all parts of the world, when needed," added the Premier.

"I am not going to quarrel about that part of the business," answered Sir Wilfrid. "If the Government of the day sees fit to send them, then they go, no matter what we place in the statute books. The public sentiment of the country at the time will direct their sailings."

"If you could not get the men to man the *Niobe* and the *Rainbow*, Sir Wilfrid, how do you expect us to man two fleet units?"

"We did not try very hard," admitted Sir Wilfrid. "The Tory Jingoos of Ontario and the Na-

tionals of Quebec were in violent opposition, and although we never expected recruits from either of their ranks for the navy, we knew that we could not build up a navy amidst such bitter dissensions. You, I may say, deserted the cause to which you were pledged by the—"

"Allow me to interrupt," interjected Mr. Borden. "We cannot accomplish anything by discussing the past. Possibly I was at fault in referring to your failure to get men, but frankly it is one of the main reasons for my hesitancy to accept the principle of the Canadian Navy."

"Canadians go into the United States navy," replied Sir Wilfrid, "why not into their own? Conditions in Canada are very similar to those of the United States. Probably they find recruiting difficult. For that matter, very apparently the service is not over-crowded in England, but you must face the problem and I pledge you my support and the support of my friends," and the two arose as if by mutual consent the conference had concluded and the business on hand had been completed.

"Thank you, Sir Wilfrid. If we unite in this matter we can place public sentiment behind the Canadian Navy, and," continued Mr. Borden, "what neither of us could accomplish in the face of the other's opposition, we may be able to do working together. I think we are in accord."

"The King's flag will still fly over the Canadian Navy," said Sir Wilfrid, grasping the hand of the Premier.

And thus was preserved the dignity of Canada as a nation with the Empire.



Ottawa, Dec. 16th.

THERE is a certain commendable competition among members of Parliament for the distinction of launching the initial piece of legislation in every new session. This job has its advantages. It doesn't always follow that the measure which first sees the light of legislative day becomes law—more often, in fact, it does not. But the enterprising member who is ready to step into the limelight and grab that brief space of time which elapses between the message of the Governor-General in the Speech from the Throne and the studied periods of the nervous young members who have been carefully coached to do the moving and the seconding of the address in reply, is assured of crowded galleries and attentive press correspondents. It is a typical "psychological moment." Time was, in the olden days when he sat to the left of Mr. Speaker and enjoyed all the freedom and irresponsibility which is the portion of a private Opposition member, when this fleeting period was regularly annexed by that most modest of men, Edward Norman Lewis, he of West Huron. Edward Norman used to beat them all to it, every time. And Edward Norman knew how to take the best out of it. It was no ordinary piece of legislation that he would submit to an interested and expectant House on such occasions; no technical amendment to some obscure statute; no insertion of legal words in some more or less involved clause; no mere matter of routine. Edward Norman was too astute a politician for that. While the country's eyes were momentarily fixed on Ottawa, he saw to it that Edward Norman was in the picture. He was there, all right, in the fore-front, gravely submitting a proposition to filter the great lakes or to turn back the course of the sun.

But the hygienic and astronomical enterprises of Mr. Lewis fell upon evil days. His party came into power. No longer could he dash heroically to the rescue of Providence or seek to regulate the affairs of the universe. A sense of responsibility settled upon the man from Huron—responsibility, and silence. And he regretfully withdrew from the post of eminence which he had pre-empted. The place that had known him on the first day of every session knew him no more. Last year there was no successor.

Thus it was that, when, at the Lewis moment, on the first day of the present session of Parliament, a tall westerner, clad in immaculate black broadcloth and glistening linen, clambered into the gap, all Parliament recognized that something was doing.

It was. Mr. George Henry Bradbury, native of Hamilton, Ontario, representative for Selkirk, Manitoba, had come to the front to save the flag—to save it and wave it, if you please. George Henry adores the flag and is not altogether indifferent to George Henry. In fact, he thinks they look well together. Moreover, it was an excellent chance to exhibit both to advantage.

George Henry spoke with feeling. He throbbed with intense patriotism. That was manifest to the crowded galleries, whence George glanced ever and anon. Men of debased mind were debasing the ensign of the British Empire, he opined with unctious—"the beautiful Union Jack," he called it, thereby exemplifying his artistic sense. They, the unwashed proletariat, were using the imperial bunting for advertising and other improper purposes. And

George Henry, patriot and gentleman, would hereby enact "a severe penalty for any indignities that may be offered to the flag." Applause for George Henry; gall and wormwood for Edward Norman; and the first reading of Bill Number Blank, "Respecting the Use of Flags."

Mr. Bradbury, who is of Irish parentage and is a manufacturer of brick and managing director of the North-West Lumber Company, of Winnipeg, shares with Mr. D. D. Mackenzie, of Cape Breton, the distinction of being the baldest man in the House. But that polished dome of his contains a fund of quiet humour and political shrewdness. Hence he enjoys, probably as much as anyone, the recounting of the incident of two years ago from which he emerged with a parliamentary pseudonym as "The Man Who Didn't Speak." It doesn't do him justice, for he can speak. He is, in fact, a regular Marathoner in that respect. But, on the occasion in question, he prepared the manuscript of a prospective speech in advance and forwarded it under special delivery stamp to a Winnipeg paper of his political persuasion for publication in full. It appeared all right, properly interspersed with parenthetical touches as "Applause," "Prolonged Cheers," "Laughter," and other manifestations of approval which usually characterize the utterances of the member for Selkirk. Moreover, testifying to the typical enterprise of the West, the paper carried a paragraph response from the then Minister of the Interior, which it picturesquely described as "a tirade of abuse from beginning to end." But Parliament dissolved before George Henry got a chance to deliver the speech, or the Minister had an opportunity of getting off his "tirade of abuse" in reply. Such things will happen in the experience of politicians, and it speaks well for Mr. Bradbury that no one enjoyed the laugh more than he. Some day he threatens to deliver a speech which will put the report to shame. And he can do it, too. Meantime he is engaged in piloting the flag to safety over tumultuous legislative seas.

IT fell to the lot of Mr. David A. Lafortune, the eloquent French-Canadian member for Montcalm, to submit to the House on Friday night last an unanswerable argument against the Borden naval proposals and the construction of three Dreadnoughts by Canada in the British shipyards.

"Of what use," he enquired dramatically, "of what use to Canada would be our railways if there were constructed in England?"

"You have us there," put in Hon. Mr. Pelletier, amid laughter.

The other day in the House of Commons quiet Alexander Morrison, the new member for Macdonald, following Hon. Colin Campbell's famous example, made his maiden speech in fourteen letters. Mr. Rhodes, of Cumberland, was speaking, and he recited certain alleged Liberal election tricks in answer to the Macdonald accusations.

"Oh, that can't be so," put in a shocked voice, and the House turned to find that the sarcastic speaker was the hitherto silent Morrison of Macdonald.

H. W. A.



A Country Road, by E. Dyonnet, R.C.A.—At the Royal Canadian Academy Exhi



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## The Naval Issue Defined.

NOW that both Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have set down their naval programmes, the issue is joined and defined. Speaking generally, Premier Borden is for a contribution to the British fleet, the building of some British ships in Canada, and presumably against the establishment of a Canadian naval service. On the other hand, Sir Wilfrid is for a Canadian navy, manned by Canadians, and serving the Empire either at home or abroad as occasion demands.

The position of the CANADIAN COURIER is well known. We are for a Canadian navy first, last and all the time. We do not insist that these Canadian ships shall all be built in Canada nor that they shall serve only in home waters. Nor do we expect that they shall be manned at first wholly by Canadians. But we do believe that a Canadian fleet, built by Canada, manned by Canadians, controlled by Canada, and working with the other Britannic fleets is the only possible permanent solution of the sea-defence problem.

We do not favour this policy because it is Sir Wilfrid Laurier's. We would support it if it were Mr. Borden's. We advocated it when we thought it had the support of both parties and we have seen no reason to change. It is the policy of Australia and will be the policy of New Zealand and South Africa.

We believe that the genius of the Canadian people is for self-defence in a form in which this country shall contribute men as well as ships.

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## Weaknesses of the Borden Policy.

MR. BORDEN'S policy has commendable points, as noted last week. It provides for immediate action and it recognizes Canada's obligation to do something towards Imperial sea-defence. As a purely emergency policy, the giving of three Dreadnoughts is satisfactory. But it is more than a "mere emergency" policy. It professes to provide for the establishment of naval shipyards in this country. It thus indicates that it is the beginning of a permanent policy.

Note that the ships to be built in these Canadian shipyards are to be British, not Canadian. To my mind this is a direct intimation that Mr. Borden has no intention of entering now or later upon a Canadian naval policy. Mr. Borden has seen fit to abandon his partiality for a Canadian fleet, but he cannot expect all his admirers to show equal agility.

Again, Mr. Borden and his ministers state plainly that they do not believe it is possible to get Canadians to serve on a fleet, and that therefore they do not intend to establish a Canadian naval service. The imputation is unpleasant, to put it mildly.

Further, Mr. Borden and his associates are turning over one of our national functions, that of sea-defence, to the authorities of Downing Street. This is unpleasant also. To a man who believes that Canadians are as well fitted to govern themselves as any other people in the world, that is galling. If Canada is not prepared to undertake her own sea-defence, as we have done in the case of land-defence, then we are unworthy of our nationhood. Heretofore we have relied upon Great Britain in this respect. Temporarily we must still rely upon her. Ultimately we must undertake the burden, and no giving of ships will be a satisfactory assumption of that burden.

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## The Laurier Policy.

THE greatest charge that can be made against Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy is that it is late in coming. It is a fair criticism. Nevertheless I must confess that it seems to typify Canada better than Mr. Borden's. It indicates that Canadians are willing to serve as well as to give. It affords proof that Canadians feel competent to build, man and direct a fleet. It implies that there is no phase of national obligation which Canada is unwilling to assume. Its adoption would prove that we are a Dominion and not a crown colony.

Not so long ago, the Canadian militia advocated the appointment of a Canadian to the supreme command of the Canadian army in place of a British officer as had been customary. There was no thought of separatism in that. The men who advocated it were loyal Britishers. There have been

other events of a like nature. For eighty years Canada has been working towards greater autonomy, greater self-reliance, and more complete self-government. It would be remarkable inconsistency if we should adopt a different principle in sea-defence.

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## The Question of Cost.

HON. MR. PELLETIER says that the cost of the Borden policy would be \$1,750,000 a year and that of the Laurier policy from five to ten millions. Let us examine this. Suppose the three Dreadnoughts are built for thirty-five millions and that within a year after they are delivered to Great Britain they are destroyed. In four years, our thirty-five millions would be lost. Which shows the absurdity of quoting figures.

Let it be admitted that the policy of a Canadian navy would be more expensive than an occasional contribution of battleships to a British fleet, and what has been proven? It would be cheaper to pay

## STATESMAN AND SPORTSMAN



A Few Days Ago the Hon. Sam Hughes Took Some Members of the Ottawa Press Gallery to Petawawa Camp to Shoot Partridge. Here he is seen, with Paul Bilkey (left), and Eddie Grange (right), Explaining the Mechanism of a Hammerless Gun.

for five or six British regiments to garrison Canada and to provide a nucleus for a defence army, than to maintain our present regular force of 5,000 or 6,000 men—much cheaper. Would the Postmaster-General favour the hiring of British troops for service in Canada?

No quotation of cost figures enters into this question. What Canada does for the defence of herself and of the Empire must be done in the best way, regardless of cost. If a Canadian navy costs five times as much as a contribution to the British fleet, I would still be in favour of it for other reasons.

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## Killing British Connection.

BRITISH connection is more likely to be killed in the Dominions by the re-imposition of imperial control than by the building of Dominion navies. Out in South Africa the advocates of imperial centralization have forced the resignation of Premier Botha, whose record in office is one of extreme loyalty to the Imperial Crown. All over the Empire there are men, representing a certain coterie in London, who are trying to steer all the Dominion Governments into ultra-imperialism and into centralization of authority. These men are, no doubt, honest, but if so they are honest blunderers.

The glory of the British Empire has been the freedom of its component parts. Take away that freedom and the glory is gone. Take from South Africa the privilege of developing along autonomy lines, and South Africa will either lose all the springs of progress, or it will cease to be British.

Tell Canada that its people have neither the ability to build and control two fleet units, nor the patriotism to decide that these should be used in Britannic defence and you put this country back to the condition in which Lord Durham found it.

The spirit of every hero, whether Britisher or otherwise, has been, "Give me freedom or give me death." And if I know my Canadian he will not allow any man or any set of men to barter away his freedom for a few petty titles or for temporary political expediency.

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## Is Mr. Borden Misjudged?

IF I have misjudged Mr. Borden or wrongly interpreted his policy, then I shall make amends as soon as the facts are made plain. If he has not deliberately cut himself off from the idea of a Canadian navy sooner or later, then he should make this clearer than he has done.

Sam Hunter had a clever cartoon in the *Toronto World*, owned and edited by Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., in which John Bull is represented as going down to the shore where his battleships lay, leading three young bull-dogs. These represented Canada's three new Dreadnoughts. And John says, "Three more pups to feed."

If Mr. Borden desires to stop such ideas getting abroad, he must make his attitude clearer. If he is being misrepresented, let him get up in the House and say, "I am in favour ultimately of a Canadian fleet, manned by Canadians, maintained by Canada, and controlled by the Canadian Government." If he does that he will avoid a serious split in the Conservative party.

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## Imperial Pressure.

ALTHOUGH the evidence is not all in, it looks as if General Botha had been forced out of the South African premiership by Imperial pressure. Commenting upon the report of his resignation the *London Standard*, one of the organs of the ultra-imperialists, says that there was grave disappointment in London over Botha's omission to mention naval defence in a recent speech in his constituency. Here are the *Standard's* words:

"Neither does it appear that any intention has been formed to submit to Parliament any definite proposals either for adding to the meagre contribution now made to the Imperial Navy or, in the alternative, for laying down the foundations of a small cruiser squadron, by which the Imperial Navy might be relieved of some of the less important duties which it is now called upon to discharge. These, however, are times in which Imperial unity can be demonstrated only by material tokens of substantial sacrifice, and the mere beating of the air with pious opinions weighs as nothing in the scale."

This interference in the affairs of the Dominions by the over-zealous imperial federationists in London is to be regretted sincerely.

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## Treatment of Young Criminals.

LAST week two youths, aged 15 and 19, were taken to Kingston Penitentiary to serve a three years' term imposed on them by Magistrate Denison, of Toronto. The officer in charge of them said that in his forty-seven years' experience these were the youngest prisoners he had ever taken there.

If I am not mistaken, there is in that institution a man who, when a boy of thirteen, received a life sentence for killing an old man. Since his incarceration he has been a model prisoner and has developed into an expert mechanic.

But what a blot on our criminal laws and their administration! Think of the crudeness of the punishment and the absolute indifference to possible reform.

More than half the prisoners in Kingston Penitentiary should be in institutions where they would have a chance to grow better and to become ultimately useful citizens. Instead, more than two hundred of them are herded daily into a long building where they sit breaking stones and slowly losing what manhood is left in them. It is worse than a pest-house.

Toronto is abolishing its jail and putting its prisoners on a farm, where they can get outdoor work and show signs of reformation. The Hon. W. J. Hanna has abolished the Central Prison for Ontario convicts, except in special cases, and established a prison farm where men are given an opportunity to get strong in body and mind.

Only the Dominion Government is backward in prison reform. Our penitentiary methods are twenty-five years behind the times. Is there one member of the House of Commons who will take up the question and prod the authorities into making a move along new lines?



# At the Sign of the Maple

## Victoria Women's Association

### A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

TO Queen's University, Kingston, belongs the honour of being the first institution in Ontario to grant the degree of B.A. to a woman student. The first girl graduate of that broad-minded university was Miss Elizabeth Fitzgerald, who was a medallist in Classics. Victoria University and the University of Toronto soon followed the example of Queen's, and, in the days when Victoria was "on the old Ontario strand" at Cobourg, many women students were enrolled. With federation and the removal to Toronto, this feminine attendance rapidly increased, until it was evident that a "residence" was needed.

Several warm-hearted and liberal Methodist laymen in the city of Toronto put their heads together and opened their pocket-books, with the result that there stands to-day, near the Alexandra Gates of Queen's Park, a women's residence of which any student community may well be proud. It was necessary, of course, that feminine sympathy and counsel should put masculine liberality into effect, and such aid was forthcoming. Mrs. Burwash, the late Mrs. George A. Cox, Mrs. J. W. Flavelle, Mrs. Massey Treble, and Mrs. Gurney were among those who were foremost in the early efforts to establish such a hall. Commodious and modern as Annesley Hall was, it proved inadequate to meet fully the student demands, and South Hall, in Queen's Park, was added to the residential equipment of Victoria College.

The growth of the association of women who had as an object the raising of funds to equip and maintain residences for women students of Victoria College may be indicated by the attendance of nearly three hundred at the annual luncheon, held recently in Toronto. This organization, known as the Victoria Women's Association, has also interested itself in supervised boarding homes, a most important feature in the student life of a large city.

Miss M. E. T. Addison, Dean of Annesley Hall, gave a most interesting report from which it was learned that there have been enrolled in the two residences eighty-two students, seventy of whom are registered at Victoria College, four in Domestic Science, seven in the Faculty of Education. From Ontario, there are sixty-three students, while British Columbia comes next with eight. The most interesting student, perhaps, is Miss Marjorie Hung, from Foo-chou, South China, who does credit to Oriental training in her academic work.

One of the most significant features in our modern civilization is the interest women are taking in the work of the girl student, and the efforts they are making to give the younger women every advantage of twentieth century training. These annual luncheons, which combine social, business and intellectual interests, are an excellent illustration of the methods of the modern feminine organization. This year, the Victoria Women's Association enjoyed a convincing and eloquent address from Dr. J. A. Macdonald, on "War and the Human Breed." The officers are Mrs. J. W. Graham, Mrs. R. N. Burns, Mrs. Gurney, Mrs. J. R. L. Starr, Mrs. D. G. Sutherland, Mrs. E. R. Wood, Miss M. E. Potts, Miss S. A. Chown, and Mrs. Rowlands.

### The Girl Guides

A COAL can be a live coal without causing further ignition. But if a coal be a living one and be blown upon by a bellows, immediately there's a blaze—soon a conflagration.

The Girl Guides' organization was a live coal in Toronto even before the bellows was taken in hand by Lady Pellatt (appointed under Miss Baden-Powell, the originator in England), commissioner of the movement for Canada. And Lady Pellatt most justly and graciously wishes it understood that unbounded credit is due to the pioneer captain, Miss Marjorie Jarvis, and also

to her capable colleague, Miss Cooper.

The office of Lady Pellatt has been to lift and enlarge the movement, to glow the coal; in brief, to work the bellows—saving her grace. By a voluminous correspondence and by drawing-room eloquence, the sympathy and co-operation of provinces is enlisted. Lady Pellatt made it her business to travel from coast to coast this year and kindled the interest, while cooling the teacups, of every lieutenant-governor's wife in the country. Something that surely! And who could fail to be interested when an argument ends in this way: "The girls will be the mothers of our citizens by-and-by. We must train them for womanhood and for citizenship?"

Is that, then, the purpose of the movement, do you ask? Yes, certainly. Who said it meant unsexing? But surely it is boy-like for girls to go out scouting? They do not scout. Let a pamphlet from headquarters clear up doubts upon that score, quoted as follows:

"This movement is not connected with the so-called Girl Scouts, nor is it an imitation of the

Boy Scout movement; for there is no militarism in it. It is a purely womanly scheme and the aim of the pursuits engaged in is to make girls better housekeepers, more capable in womanly arts from cooking, washing and sick-nursing to the training and management of children. Girls are encouraged in every way to practise the most useful subjects a woman can know that they may become 'better mothers and guides to the next generation.'"

By the members which form the Dominion Council, with headquarters at 20 College St., Toronto, the Girl Guides are allied with these older organizations: The National Council of Women, through Mrs. Torrington, chairman; the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire, through Mrs. A. E. Gooderham; the Business Women's Club, through Mrs. Helen C. Parker, and the Dominion Council of the Y. W. C. A., through Mrs. R. Falconer, wife of President Falconer of the University of Toronto. Other prominent members are Mrs. Plumtre, wife of the Rector of St. James; Mrs. P. L. Mason and Mrs. H. D. Warren.

A splendid performance was recently given in Massey Hall, Toronto, by the local companies of Girl Guides, in conjunction with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade—under the auspices of his Honour Lieut.-Governor and Lady Gibson and the Dominion Council of Girl Guides. As Captain Jarvis admitted, Massey Hall was a big order. But the Girl Guides acquitted themselves throughout the unique demonstration in such a way as to leave no doubt in the minds of the audience—a big and interested one—of the efficacy and importance of their training.

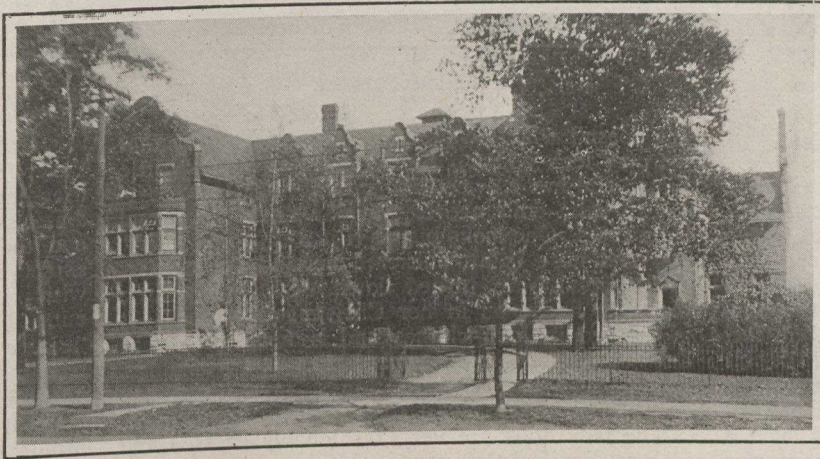
The Girl Guides' motto, "Be prepared," is followed not only in Canada, but in Africa, in New Zealand, indeed, in all the greater British Dominions. The West is enthusiastic and companies have been formed on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed, an inquiring letter from Estevan, Sask., is responsible for prompting the present writing.

### News Miscellany

THE folly of the exempt is the crime of the liable. Which is to say, concretely, that, in Victoria, two Romany women charged with "dukkeran" telling have been called to account, while the women and men who bought the halcyon futures pursue the even tenor of their ways, scot free. Victoria took exception, it seems, to the "future" phase of the trade, for the Gypsies had purchased a license to tell the past. And the men who came turned out to be detectives. Madame Dimitro and Madame Lizzie Mitchell were accused of an infraction of the criminal code, by making bold with the secrets of the future. Phrenology is a quite legitimate business. Victoria seems to be capable of rather nice distinctions. 'Tis a go-ahead city—a live city. Has it not—or is that Vancouver—a crematorium?

Toronto has made a beginning in the special education of children described as "mentally defective." A class has been formed, under the conduct of Miss Carruthers, of children whose minds are so undeveloped as to make them unable to follow the regular school course. As much individual attention as possible is given and the method consists mainly in training the five senses—a method which has worked wonders in those "health centres" of London which Miss McMillan is lecturing on at present.

Miss Wilson, of Halifax, who has been, since her father's death, performing with perfect efficiency the duties of his former office as secretary of the board of school commissioners, has applied for that office permanently. Well-known Halifax men strongly favour the innovation. The appointment of women to the school boards is also being discussed—the Local Council of Women as agitators. The special committee to deal with the matter consists of Mrs. Charles Archibald, Miss Ritchie and Mrs. C. H. Penoyer.



Annesley Hall, Women's Residence for Victoria College, Toronto, Provided by the Victoria Women's Association. Three Hundred Recently Met at the Annual Luncheon, Held in Toronto.



Brother and Sister-in-law, so to speak, of the Girl Guides Movement—Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell—as Recently Caught by the Camera at Nottingham.



## FOR THE JUNIORS



Shy? No—just pretending.



Our littlest reader.



"I wonder if he bites?"

## Master Tom Cat's Christmas Dinner



ASTER TOM CAT had a dream. He dreamed that it was Christmas Day and he was out in the garden, cold and hungry. His little mistress had forgotten all about him and had given him no dinner, which made him feel very sad and also a little bit wicked. Someone opened the kitchen door and he slipped inside where everything was warm and had such a good, cooky smell. In the living-room there was a big, soft window seat that the sun poured in on, where he loved to lie and doze. He curled himself up there and tried to go to sleep, but he was so hungry and cross that his eyes wouldn't shut. Presently he heard a soft "tweet" just over him, and there, with his little head poked out between the bars of his cage, was Dick, the canary.

"Ha! ha!" thought Master Tom, "I think I will make a nice Christmas dinner of you, Dickie bird. It will serve Miss Polly right for forgetting to give me my turkey bones." Slowly and stealthily he climbed on to the back of a chair that was nearer the cage and was just about to spring when—

"Tommy! Tommy!" cried Miss Polly's voice, "where are you, my dear, lazy pussy cat! I've come to carry you off to the loveliest Christmas dinner a cat ever had," and Master Tom awoke to find himself being carried off in Polly's arms and very much surprised that his mouth wasn't full of fluffy, yellow feathers. "Tweet, tweet," called Dick after him from his cage. "Look as though you had been having a bad dream, Master Tom."

## Toyland—A Visit to the City of Wonders

DO you want to hear about it? It's more like a wonderful Christmas dream come true than anything else in the world. You turn off a busy street for a block or two, and there before you, behold the Magic Sign, "Toyland," with a painted hand pointing out the entrance.

But we won't go inside right away. We'll linger in front of the decorated windows just for a moment, to get a taste of the wonderful things we are going to see. What a splendid space has been given over to the dolls, the little citizens of that Wonder City. Dolls, dolls, dolls, girl dolls and boy dolls, lady dolls and baby dolls, dark dolls and fair dolls! There is a beauty in the far corner, dressed in a red hat with a plume and a motor coat, about to step into her limousine and be whirled away. Only

she doesn't whirl away, but stays quite still so that we may look at her. She is quite as big as Little Sister and has a sweet and smiling face.

The baby dolls are cunning and have such real baby faces. One looks just as if it were going to cry. Its pink nose is all puckered up and the corners of its mouth are turned down. Oh, happy little girl that finds you in her Christmas stocking! It is dressed in long clothes and is lying in a very duck of a cradle, white wicker with blue trimmings. Mollie, who knows these things, says it's a boy doll—"blue is for boys," she says, wisely.

The lady dolls are very fashionably dressed and look so dignified that you would almost be afraid to play with them. However, Mollie says you could pretend that they were mother dolls who cared more for society than for their children, and send them out to teas and bridges and things, and so get over that difficulty. Mollie "simply adores" the blond doll in the brown costume with the ermine trimmings and draped skirt—she says nothing could be more up-to-date.

I wish I could describe them all to you, but there

are so many—two big windows full—and Little Sister is tugging impatiently at my arm and dragging us on to the next window, where the animals are. Oh, see the tiger, and the elephant and the wild cats! They seem so real that you shiver and are glad that the windows are barred with iron to keep the fierce creatures from breaking out. There is a sign, too, asking that visitors "Please do not feed the animals." One great, lithe, tiger nods his head and switches his tail in such an angry way that it is very hard to believe that his coat is plush, and his inside filling only sawdust. Mollie says, let us go on; for her part she thinks zoos are always stuffy and disagreeable.

SO we go on, past the window filled with mechanical toys, engines, airships, and automobiles, until we come to the very Magic Entrance itself.

And here we must go slowly and take our turn with the stream of visitors to Toyland.

"All the children going in are smiling," says Mollie to me, "and all the children going out look sad and weepy. Why do you suppose that is?" I was surprised that Mollie asked this question. You know how sorry you are to be wakened out of a beautiful dream? Well, that's what going away from Toyland is like. Oh, how they did so want to stay and see more. Just for a few minutes! It was no use for their mothers to tell them that they had seen everything that was to be seen, that it was time for them to go home, and that they would come again another day. The best of them sniffed a little and looked longingly back; the worst howled and refused to be comforted. Let us hope the King of Toyland did not hear these naughty children. Think of their sad little empty stockings on Christmas morning if he did!

Inside the Magic Entrance Mollie stopped. "That's music for you," she said. It wasn't a band or an orchestra, but it was music. Little gurgles of joy from the throats of a hundred happy children; the moo-ing of a sawdust cow, the tinkle of a toy piano, the shrill note of a bugle, a little cry of wonder and delight, and the choo-choo of a steam engine as it whirled around on a miniature track pulling a train of noisy passenger cars behind it. There's no gayer music in the world than the music of Toyland.

And there in the midst of it all stands the King—His Majesty, Santa Claus! His hair is white, his cheeks are rosy, and his eyes are blue, and oh, so very twinkly, just what we know the real Santa Claus to be like, though, of course, no one has ever seen him. Mollie explains this to Little Sister, who wants to know if this is really, truly Santa from the Northland.

(Concluded on page 21.)

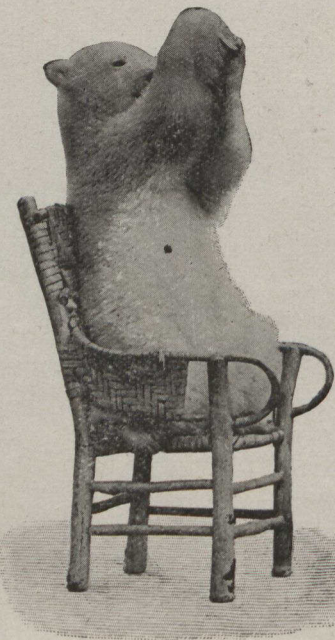
## THE EXILE

*Wouldn't you much rather, Mister Polar Bear,*

*Be sitting on a cake of ice than on a wicker chair?*

*I wonder what your family, in far off northern lands,*

*Would say if they could see you with a bottle in both hands!*



*We find your tricks delightful, Mr. Polar Bear,*  
*There never was a bruin quite so clever, we declare.*  
*But we wish we could transport you, for we know you'd love to go*  
*Back to the land you came from—to your home of ice and snow.*



# Why Willie and Lillie Were Late

By ESTELLE M. KERR

Well, Santa Claus has come again to little girls and boys!  
He brought to Will and Lillie gloves, a story book, some toys,  
A doll, a gun, some handkerchiefs, and money, if you please!  
But, best of all, he brought them each a lovely pair of skis.

So Will and Lillie started out with hearty shouts of glee  
For they were going to Grandmama's to see the Christmas tree.  
Said Willie: "Let us take our toys and presents by the dozens,  
As much as we can carry, just to show our little cousins!"

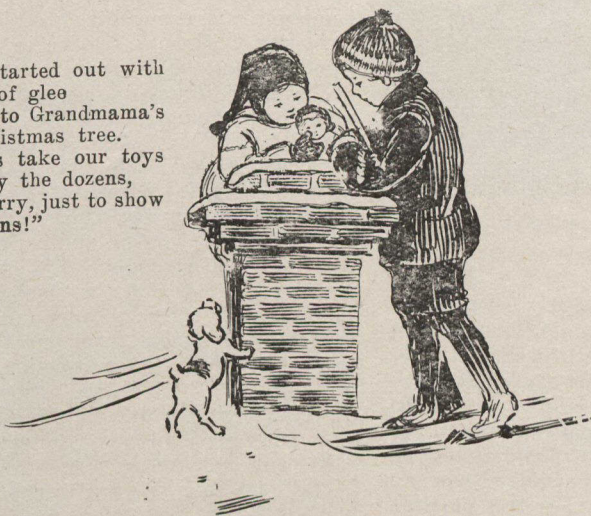
Their skis were tied securely and they started down a hill  
They journeyed, Oh, so swiftly, and then—ker-plump!—were still.  
You hardly will believe me, and yet I tell the truth,  
They bumped against a chimney-pot and halted on a roof!

Out from the little house below there came a tiny girl,  
Who cried, "Is that you, Santa Claus?"—Their thoughts were in a whirl,  
And so they didn't answer till she said, "I know it's you,  
They said you couldn't come this year,—I thought it wasn't true!"

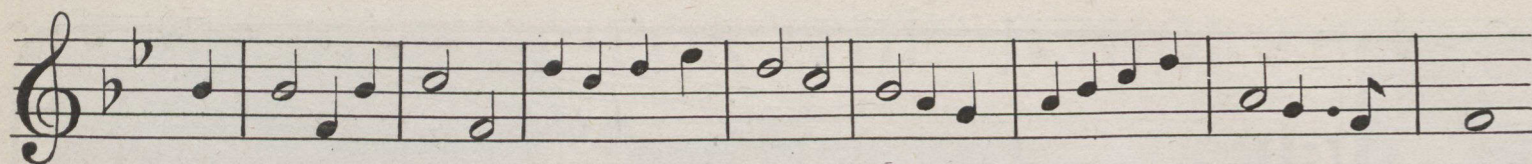
"Just put the presents down the flue—we haven't any fire,—  
A doll, a gun, gloves, handkerchiefs, are what I most desire."  
And Will and Lillie couldn't bear to spoil her Christmas fun,  
So down the little chimney-pot went every single one!

First Lillie's doll, then Willie's gun, and Will and Lillie's toys,  
The little girl went running in, for she had heard the noise,  
And then a voice from down below came floating up above,  
"Oh, thank you, dear old Santa Claus, you are a perfect love!"

So then the children both jumped down and lighted on the snow,  
And soon they were at Grandmama's house—they hadn't far to go,—  
They got another doll and gun and gloves,—the tree was great!  
But playing Santa Claus had kept them twenty minutes late.







O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy - full - y tri - umphant, To Beth-lehem hasten now with one ac - cord.

### Christmas in the Choir Loft



Repetition Avant la Messe, un Jour de Fete. From a painting by L. Azema, in the Paris Salon.

If the angel Gabriel were to go over the church programme announcements Saturday of this week, he would be somewhat puzzled to make out why in many sanctuaries there should be such a miscellaneous programme at that most sacred festival. Custom has made Christmas Sunday a pair of sacred concerts. In a choral city like Toronto—which has many smaller parallels all over Canada—a large number of good church choirs and ambitious choir-masters has made it possible to produce a bewildering array of music more or less appropriate to Christmas. For this purpose the literature of choral music from Bach to Bantock has been ransacked.

The choir-master is ambitious. Most of the pieces are difficult. He believes that his choir can do them. The selection of music is judged by the amount of hard work it gives the choir, some of whom would be thankful for less difficulty and more simplicity. It is of no particular concern to the choirs of heaven that the choirs of Xyzville are able to do "stunts" in honour of the sublime birthday; or that every soloist and would-be soloist and quartette and trio and duet in the B-street Presmethbaptational church should be given an outing on Christmas Sunday along with the new winter hats. It may be of great interest to the heavenly choirs that the choirs of Christendom should sing simply and devoutly such good things as most nearly express the real religious feeling of a congregation. For after all the choir is part of the congregation, and the congregation is supposed to be edified by sensations of devotional beauty at sound of the Christmas music. But it is as hard for an average congregation to be devoutly affected by a musical parade of alleged masterpieces as for an average man to discover any sequence in a vaudeville show.

Heaven preserve us from musical vaudeville in the churches! And there are many kinds. An ambitious country choir-master with some city experience and a choir of 13 once gave a mutilated version of the Hallelujah Chorus, consisting of about half of the work, taken at random from the beginning, middle and end. Was



"Away she go—hooraw! hooraw!"

Reproduced from "The Habitant" of Dr. Drummond, by courtesy G. P. Putnam's Sons.

it because he had not time for the remainder? Nay verily! But he was unable to play any more of it; neither could the choir sing it. So they did all they were able, cheerfully in the name of Christmas and without respect to Handel. One thing he did, however, that a good many other choir-masters might do for the sake of their choirs: he transposed it from two sharps to five flats, making it a half-tone lower. Was that to prevent the sopranos from screeching? Nay. It was because he couldn't have played it in D to save his neck.

THE same choir-master in a western furpost a year or two later had a genuine picnic playing the solo "Comfort Ye" from the Messiah at a Christmas service; being saved from a breakdown only by the impartial nerve of the soloist who couldn't be scared from his cue by a bad accompaniment.

Christmas services have considerably changed, of course, since the *piece de resistance* in solo form was first "The Star of Bethlehem," and afterwards "The Holy City," by the same composer. I remember first hearing the former at a very elaborate Christmas service in Dundas St. Methodist Church, London, Ont. The choir-master and organist was Mr. A. K. Birks, since deceased. He was the first choir-master in Ontario to give unaccompanied music in church—which was in the days when A. S. Vogt, the real apostle of "a capella" in Canada was choir-master and organist in the First Methodist Church at St. Thomas. Birks was a sort of genius. He had a thoroughly rotten old organ, a bad technic, an absolute passion for good choral music and a choir of sixty, whose enthusiasm was almost marvellous. His choir was talked about by commercial travellers in the smokers of Monday morning trains. His musical services were attended by huge crowds. His repertoire extended from anything in Handel or Mendelssohn to gospel hymns unaccompanied, such as "Master, the Tempest is Raging." At Christmas he always managed to have a number of good bright carols, solid, well-rendered and resonant anthems, and most excellent hymn tunes; besides, an elaborate menu of solos and quartettes. One of those Christmas services was a real fat feast of good things; perhaps over-enthusiastic and opulent, but at the same time a real apocalypse of good music: at a time when the choirs of Canada outside of Montreal, Quebec and Toronto and Halifax and St. John were doing mighty little but most barren and uninspired things chosen at random from bad books.

THE Christmas services of Dr. Torrington in those days were an inspiration. In the churches of Montreal and Quebec for many years there have been great Christmas services; some of them not unlike the choir-loft picture at the head of this article. And there is no reason why in time Canada should not be as famous for really good choir work in churches as any country in Europe.

What we most need is more attention to the average choir. There are many small choirs in Canada that might develop as much character in their music as the choirs of England. There is no lack of good music. There is plenty of demand for it. People like good things better than poor things. The taste of a rural congregation is as susceptible of development as that of a city congregation. In many respects there is more hope of a country or a village choir developing the musical tastes of a congregation than there is of any city choir. The deadliest obstacle is an indolent attachment to stereotyped things that no longer have any meaning. The next deadliest is trying to do things that are impossible. The wisdom of a choir-master consists in selecting good, suitable music within the scope of his choir and gradually developing the choir in sympathy with the music. But it must be first of all music that the singers love because of its simple goodness; because it is neither so tawdry that they sing it mechanically nor so difficult that the effort to carry the parts obliterates the real joy of singing.

### The Christmas Dance

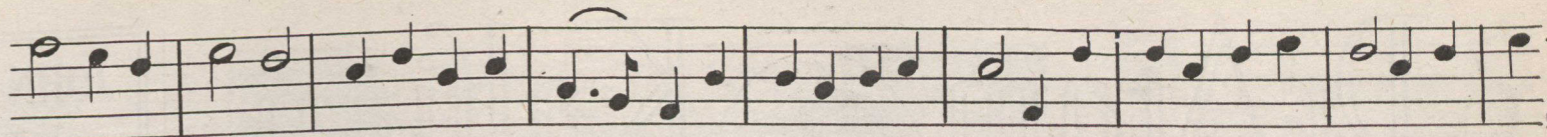
From "Le Vieux Temps."

By DR. DRUMMOND

But tam I 'member bes' is w'en I'm twenty wan year—me—  
An' so for mak' some pleasurement we geev wan large soiree.  
De whole paroisse she be invite, de Cure he's come, too,  
Wit' plaintee peep from 'noder place dat's more I can tole you.  
An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for tune up hees fidelle,  
It mak' us all feel very glad—l'enfant! he play so well,  
Musique suppose to be firs' class, I offen hear, for sure,  
But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is ol' Batuse Latour.

# MUSIC

By THE MUSIC EDITOR



Lo! in a man-ger sits the King of An-gels. O come, let us a - dore Him! O come, let us a - dore Him! O come



Almost the Last Word in Music Expression by means of Mechanism. Pipe Organ and Music Room, Mr. J. C. Eaton in Toronto.

### A Great Redundant Organ

THERE are several varieties of "canned music." (The phrase was invented by John Sousa when a few years ago he went on a campaign against the phonograph.) Two are illustrated on this page. One is comparatively ancient. One is just as modern; the other is comparatively ancient. One is just as modern; the other is comparatively ancient. One is just as modern; the other is comparatively ancient. One is just as modern; the other is comparatively ancient.

The peculiarly interesting organ pictured above belongs to and is more or less regularly played by Mr. J. C. Eaton, in his new home on the hill overlooking Toronto. The street-piano—none but the license department and operator, who plays six days a week from early morning till late afternoon—knows the name of the owner and the repertoire of the organ runs into hundreds of pieces, some of whose records may be seen stacked on the console in the kitchen wood-box and a great many more.

However, the gorgeous tones of the finest house organ in Canada depend upon any comparison. The contrast is pointed out to illustrate the strange peculiarities of modern civilization in art, as illustrated by almost the last word in music-expression by means of mechanical contrivance. On Christmas morning Mr. J. C. Eaton will probably play many of his grandest pieces on the organ. Perhaps, also, the street pianist will go her rounds on the same old repertoire—which oddly enough has at least one thing in common with that of the organ, a fragment of a very brilliant piece.

IT is now almost a year since Mr. Eaton's organ in the music room of his new house was opened by the Aeolian Organ Co., of New York, its builders. In that time little or nothing has been said in the newspapers concerning it. Perhaps the critics do not consider a self-playing organ as belonging to the category of musical art. Which is the wonderful organ on the hillside and the average self-playing organ that is turned on like a phonograph and left alone to grind out its repertoire.

Mr. Eaton's instrument is just as much a sincere pipe organ as any cathedral organ in Europe. It is capable of as many nuances and tone-poetries and dynamics as can be played just as well by hand as by mechanism. It has a full battery of about 50 speaking

stops, most of which are capable of being transformed to more than one of the three manuals. It has all the crescendo pedals and couplers and pistons and beautiful solo stops and lovely tonal mixtures possible on the finest concert organ in the world. It has an echo organ built far up in the third story, and heard in the music room below only as a mere murmurous hush of harmony. It has thunderous diapasons, cathedral chimes, harps and string stops. And all these remarkable co-ordinations of tone are at the complete command of the player who operates the mechanism, even more completely than they can be produced by the most skilful wizard playing by hand.

Mr. Eaton has mastered the mechanical possibilities of the instrument, so that he is able to play anything in the literature of organ music from a church hymn to a transcription of Wagner or an offertory of Batiste. And this is not as simple as operating a player-piano. It is, in fact, a difficult thing to learn. The record roll is inserted in front of the performer, just as it is in a player-piano. On one side of the roll in blue

letters are the directions calling for the use of stops, pedals and couplers and tempos; on the other side, similar directions in red; each concerning the mechanical contrivances on one side of the organ or down below. To follow these directions keeps the performer almost as busy as any organist playing by hand. He must himself personally operate all the stop and pedal and swell mechanism and regulate the tempo of the piece. The only difference is that he need never touch a finger to a key or a foot to a pedal. The tone-colourings and the rhythms, the nuances and the tempos and the dynamics are all as humanly done as though by hand, and with much greater certainty of technic.

In this organ the records are specially made by an expert organist, giving a traditional rendering of every piece as it might be played by a Guilman or a Frederic Archer. And the organ is designed and specified to suit the records. So that it is quite impossible for any owner of an organ of any other make to get the effects produced on the Aeolian.

### Handel's Messiah Reported by "Rounds"

THE most unusual performance of Handel's "Messiah" ever known in any country was given at the recent Birmingham Festival, by a choir of 350 and an orchestra of—145! Some account of this festival has already been given in the music columns of the COURIER. The almost sensational story of the Messiah production under the baton of Sir Henry Wood is of particular interest to Christmas readers.

To be brief, the greatest British conductor has given the traditional listeners to the Messiah a tremendous jolt—according to the critic in the London *Musical Times*. Dr. A. S. Vogt was present at the festival and heard the oratorio. His opinion has not been published.

But the mental and emotional experiences of the *Times'* critic at the daring, almost Berliozian interpretation of Sir Henry Wood, is vividly portrayed in his severely analytical criticism. He must have had a pocket metronome, a score of the Messiah and a rapid-fire pencil, to have recorded such a deadly and ripping dissection of the way in which he says Sir Henry Wood modernized the great oratorio. A preliminary paragraph says: "Has such an audience as was assembled to hear Handel's 'Messiah' no rights, no feelings, no judgment worth consideration in the interpretation of a work of this kind?"

The Englishman knows his "Messiah" by heart. To deviate from the traditional rendering of the oratorio is as bad to him as to distort a nursery rhyme. So with his pocket metronome the *Times'* critic riddled Sir Henry Wood's interpretation *seriatim*,

*ad lib. disgustissimo*. He found snags right in the opening solo, "Comfort Ye," sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes. At bar 22 instead of D sharp an F sharp on is; bar 26, appoggiatura D omitted, minim C only sung. "O Thou That Tellest," sung by M<sup>me</sup>. Butt very finely; chorus at M. 168, an impetuous rush. "For Unto Us"—greatly distressed and disturbed many of the audience; pace at first 72; at first climax in "Wonderful," reduced to about 48. Two changes of tempo were noted before the whole number ended "in a feverish glow."

Pastoral symphony: First time "thick as instrumentation"; second on the piano repeat "cinematographed with vibrato." "There was with the Angel," M. 160. "Glory to God" began pp. An anticlimax! Bar 26—chorus and orchestra lashed to a tremendous *ff* climax, and the pace became frantic.

"He Trusted in God" lost some of its virtue by erratic treatment. At the *Adagio* the orchestra "was turned on at the main," the timpani becoming a specially obstreperous feature, through which we could still hear the choir singing for all they were worth. "He is the King of Glory"—pace suddenly increased to 100; a dozen bars later hectic; bar 63, even faster.

No explanation is as yet given of why Sir Henry Wood did this. He is a great figure in music. He should not have compelled the critic to report "The Messiah" as though it had been a prize fight. O tempora! O mores! Even the greatest of all oratorios is becoming ruthlessly modernized. When shall we have in Canada such a performance and such criticism?

### The Musical Nomads of the City Streets

MOST people like street-pianos, preferring them to hand-organs. Street-pianos are prohibited in some cities. They have never invaded others. No man, however musical, always objects to all street-pianos. They are the one form of "canned music" that goes where the people are. When they first came to Canada from New York about thirty years ago they were a greater novelty than the regular self-playing piano is now. In that time they have reproduced most of the popular songs known to mankind. The repertoire has degenerated along with the character of popular music. The street-piano of twenty years ago was a liberal education compared to the street-piano of 1912. So far as is known there has been no development in the mechanism of either the piano or the people that play it. The technic of the street-piano is not taught in the conservatories. The only case on record of a distinguished musician teaching the street-piano is that of the piano composer Moskowsky. That was in either Leipsic or Vienna. The composer one day came across a curbstome virtuoso cranking up one of his best pieces. The style did not suit him.

"Stop!" he said to the crank-musician. "You are playing that much too slow. That is one of my own compositions. I—am Moskowsky. Permit me?" He took the crank and showed the musician the correct tempo. He went on his way, supposing that he had done a good deed. Next day he saw the same street-piano. On the box was a placard with

the enterprising motto, "Pupil of Moskowsky." Which of course was a satire on such folk as visit the studios of celebrated music pedagogues and straightway advertise themselves as pupils of the great masters. But it is not known that the street-pianists of Canada are familiar with classic composers.



The Same Old Repertoire from Morning Till Night, Six Days in the Week.



# Dr Aram Kalfian

By  
Effie Adelaide Rowlands



## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

DICK EMBERSON, aged twenty-five, of Ardwell Court, Sussex county, England, has become engaged to Enid Anerley. He is summoned to London by a letter from Denise Alston, a widow, whom he had loved and who still loves him. He tells her of his engagement. She says that she will not give him up, and she shows him a letter which greatly worries him. Soon after his return, his home burns down, and his father's body—the head missing—is found in the ruins. Searching about Dick found a sleeve link bearing the initials "A. K." His attitude towards his friends shows a decided change.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A VISITOR FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

THE inquest had been fixed for June 1st. Ted Alston's arrival took place on May 30th. In a few hours—reassured by the cordiality with which Colonel and Mrs. Anerley seconded their daughter's invitation—that young gentleman became as much at ease with the whole household as if he had known them for years; his bright personality, though unable to dispel the gloom and uncertainty which hung like a pall over the inmates of "The Lindens," at least appreciably lightened it, whilst his friend, though moody and taciturn, showed no actual sign of resenting his presence.

On the afternoon of the thirty-first a messenger came down from London, sent by Messrs. Prentiss and Usher, to fit the key of the safe for which Dick Emberson had written. The latter had already found means to open his father's writing-table, and had carefully looked through its contents. This was but a measure of precaution on his part, for he felt sure from the first that Mr. Emberson would not have placed papers of any importance behind locks which could so easily be made to betray their trust; and results had proved him to be right; but when retiring early to his room, after making sure that his privacy could not be suddenly intruded upon—he turned the new key in the lock of the safe—his hand trembled like a leaf.

It was with evident effort that he began his search. There at the top were the deeds of the estate which had so lately returned into the hands of the man who had vowed to win it back; and who had lived so short a time to enjoy his triumph. For a moment Dick's eyes were blinded with a rush of scalding tears—one fell upon the legal-looking document; he brushed it away, impatient of his weakness and resumed his task.

There were many certificates of stocks and shares; there were letters and papers, closely covered with a small cramped, foreign handwriting; but these were in a language unknown to Dick, and, mistrusting what he could not understand, he laid them carefully aside. There was a long memoranda of debts starting from ten years back and reaching to within eight months of the present time. To each of these figures representing sums of money of varying size, but mostly of considerable amount, were affixed. The list had been drawn out by Mr. Emberson himself; but there was nothing to indicate whether the total (a huge one) should be placed to the debtor or creditor's side of the deceased gentleman's account. Lastly there was a narrow slip of a book in red leather, which had been used as note and address book. Most of the names which figured therein were curiously foreign; their owners seemed to be spread far and wide over Europe. Against some of them a small star was set. Amongst others so distinguished was a Dr. Aram Kalfian, residing at Peckham Rye. The name was a far less remarkable one than many of the others, yet Dick sat and

gazed at it as if it had been a Medusa's head. "Aram Kalfian!" And the initials on the sleeve-link he had found were "A. K." Was it a coincidence simply? Evidently to the young man's mind it conveyed something more.

After awhile, with a heavy sigh, he sealed up the note-book and the few papers he had laid aside, together with the sleeve-link in a small packet which he placed in his breast-pocket. That done, and the rest of the papers carefully restored to the safe, he closed and locked the latter; then resuming his seat planted his two elbows on the table, rested his head on his hands, and seemed straightway to lose himself in a vein of thought so absorbing that the hours fled by unnoticed. The candle he had lighted (Colonel Anerley had a profound dislike to gas, and thought electric-lighting an unnecessary luxury), burnt down to the end, flickered and went out, but he was evidently unconscious of the fact; the hours sped by, the first streaks of dawn began to show in the heavens, and still he kept his vigil.

It was scarcely surprising that he looked worn and ill when he appeared downstairs a few hours later. Enid drew a sharp breath of consternation as she noted the livid circles round his eyes, but she made no comment, and asked no questions; she had learnt her lesson, learnt that he hated to be watched—was impatient of all observation; and she could guess only too well how he was dreading the ordeal before him.

Neither of the two ladies, by the Colonel's wish, attended the inquest. Enid, having been the first to discover the fire, had feared she would be called to give evidence to that effect—but, having received no summons, was only too glad to be spared the publicity. She and her mother watched the three men depart with anxious hearts; for Dick's face, in its rigid pallor and unnatural calm, scared them. After the strain and tension of the last three days, they feared that the agitation would be too much for him, however much he had nerved himself to endure it, and that he would break down in court.

As the hours crept by with leaden feet, and the two women, driven by anxiety, fidgeted from room to room—and in and out of the garden in a state of nervous restlessness which made it impossible for them to settle down to any occupation, they for the first time regretted the Colonel's prohibition.

"Oh! why did we not go down with them? Anything would be better than this uncertainty!" exclaimed Enid, to which her mother acquiescingly replied, "I really think it would!"

In reality it was only three hours, but it seemed to them ten years before the little party of three returned. One glance showed the two apprehensive watchers that all was well. The Colonel and Ted nodded to them reassuringly; even Dick essayed a feeble smile, though he swayed as he walked as if on the point of falling. Ted who had linked his arm in his friend's, and was watching him closely, was the first to speak—

"With your permission, Mrs. Anerley," he said, "I will take Dick straight up to his room—he must lie down and keep quiet for a bit—he is just worn out; then I will come down and help the Colonel tell you all about it."

"All right, my dears; a verdict of misadventure," answered the elder gentleman to the eager queries of his wife and daughter. "For goodness sake, Enid, get me a long drink—the heat of that stuffy little place, crammed with people as it was, has nearly turned me

up. Tell Parsons to take a whisky and soda up to that poor lad. I am sure he needs it. Mr. Alston will join me here."

By the time the Colonel's thirst was assuaged, their visitor had come down again.

"Dick says he feels now as if he could sleep," he remarked; "it will do him heaps of good if he can!"

"Yes, poor chap! Help yourself, Alston," said the master of the house, pushing the decanter across the table.

"Not for me, thanks," replied that gentleman.

"Never mind being polite—do tell us how matters passed," said Mrs. Anerley impatiently. "We are dying to hear."

"Yes; did any fresh evidence turn up to show how the fire originated?" asked Enid.

"One at a time," remonstrated the Colonel, good-naturedly. "Matters passed very smoothly indeed, mother. The coroner—old Jelfs, you know—evidently wished to spare Dick as much as possible, and accepted his theory of the origin of the fire unquestioningly. As far as I am concerned," he continued, stretching out his long legs with the luxury of a man who has been sitting cramped for some hours, "I should have preferred a fuller investigation. What do you say, Mr. Alston?"

"I must confess it did not strike me as altogether satisfactory," was the reply. "I thought the coroner was new to his job, and too ready to accept suggestions."

"Do tell us just what happened?" pleaded Enid. "Mr. Alston, you are better, I should think, at description; father will interlard it with his opinions, which we already know."

Only too eager to oblige the fair speaker, Ted Alston complied.

"Well, first the evidence of the servants of the Hall was taken. They laid some stress upon the fact that two foreign gentlemen had called on the afternoon of the 28th to see Mr. Emberson. They stayed over an hour with him, and, according to the butler, the interview was rather a stormy one. As he passed the library, where they were, he heard, to quote his exact words, 'the foreign gents talking loud and threatening like.' One of the other servants confirmed him in this. Of course, being foreigners, seen in the light of after events, the two visitors became at once suspicious characters; but as they left the house before five, it seems difficult to make them responsible for a fire which broke out eight or nine hours later on an upper floor where they had never set foot."

"Did Dick see these people also?" asked Mrs. Anerley.

"No; he was in London all that day, don't you remember, Mary?" interposed her husband.

"But he went into his father on his return; I know he said so. Did not Mr. Emberson speak of his visitors?" she asked again.

The Colonel, who had been carefully decapitating a cigar, waved it in Ted's direction.

"You have made Mr. Alston spokesman—be consistent, address your questions to him."

"Dick, in his evidence," continued the younger man, "stated that when he returned from London at ten o'clock, he went into his father's bedroom and remained talking with him for over an hour. Mr. Emberson had not retired to rest, but was sitting reading. He casually mentioned the fact that some gentlemen with whom he had had business transactions abroad had called on him that day, but Dick attached no import-

(Continued on page 25.)

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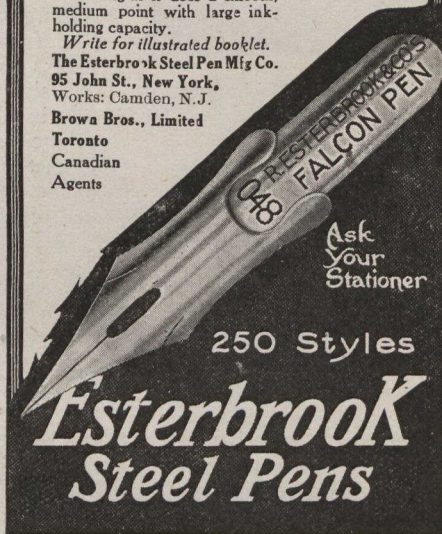
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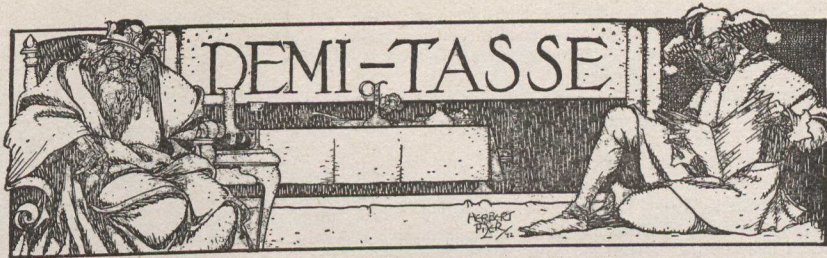
Actual statistics show that only six per cent. of those who reach old age accumulate sufficient funds to maintain themselves in comfort without the aid of relatives and friends.

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**R**EMEMBER that upon yourself Your happiness depends—The chaps who keep their tempers are The chaps who keep their friends.

An old man in Toronto chose to go to jail rather than the House of Industry. That word "industry" must have scared him.

President Taft announces that he will not accept a nomination in 1916. There are about 100,000,000 people in the U. S. who quite agree with him.

Rather remarkable that orange and blue were not the colours chosen for the Toronto new civic car tickets, as all the Controllers are Orangemen.

Revised to Date.

**T**WAS the night before Christmas and all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The hosiery hung by the gas grate with care— Said St. Nicholas sadly, "It's me for the stair."

The Cause.—Hamilton mountain is said by City Engineer McCallum to be moving toward the city at the rate of two feet per year. No doubt the cause will be found to be the moving eloquence of that modern Mahomet Allan Studholme, M.P.P.

Explained.—"She is the most popular woman in our set." "And why?" "She is a good listener."

Earning a Meal.—Six suffragettes listened to Toronto City Council talk for five hours and then dined with the members. They earned what they ate.

The Way it Works Out.

Go shopping early to avoid the rush, And—you'll get in the early shoppers' crush.

Give Him a Carnegie Medal.—A Toronto paper is conducting an amateur poets' competition. Its editor is clearly entitled to be ranked as one of the great heroes of history.

How to Save England.—In England there are a million too many women. A suggestion has been made that some of them be put on the various police forces. Why not form an Imperial Defence corps of militant suffragettes? Can anybody imagine any mere male soldiers conquering women who can hit a plate glass window with a stone and can pour acid into mail boxes?

"Unequally Yoked."—Fire which began in a Vermont theatre consumed a church next door. No doubt the church people will now quote the scriptural injunction, "Avoid all appearance of evil."

An Overcharge.—Lulu Glaser, the actress, is being sued for \$50,000 for alienating the affections of her leading man. Terribly high value to put on the affections of a leading man, which are in the class of "the snows of yesterday."

The Biter Bitten.—When "Captain" Smith, editor of the Farmers' Sun, came down from Manitoulin Island to join the reportorial staff of the Toronto Telegram there were a few little things he did not know about the newspaper game. He was placed on the City Hall assignment, and it was not long before an official wag named Bell in the City Clerk's office set a trap for the new reporter.

When Smith dropped into the City Clerk's office, Bell quite casually informed him of a terrible fuss made out

in Parkdale by a fierce bear that had escaped from its captors, and attacked people in the streets, or something of that sort. It was a wild and weird tale, but Bell told it without a symptom of suspicion in his tone. Smith sized it up as a great scoop and ran almost breathless into the office with it.

The story surprised the city editor and was called to the attention of John R. Robinson, the editor, who had covered City Hall and knew the ways of the officials. "Who told you this story?" he queried.

"Mr. Bell." "All right." And that afternoon The Telegram came out with the great bear story preceded by a line of introduction to this effect—"Mr. Bell, of the City Clerk's office, states the following:"

A Benevolent Innovation.—Just at the present time when everybody in Western Canada is counting the big profits he has made in 1912 Sir Donald Mann's typical story may well be told. He relates how a man in British Columbia met a man from Alberta and the two fell into conversation on the usual topics. It is said that there are only two subjects of conversation in the West, wheat and city lots. However, this particular talk became more general and turned on the relative merits of the two Provinces.

The man from British Columbia dilated upon the wonderful natural resources of that Province. Any man who could work was sure to become rich in a very short time. Any man with a little capital could become a millionaire with equal rapidity.

The Alberta man admitted that British Columbia was a fine Province, but he was bound to maintain the superiority of his own.

"Yes," he said, "men get rich in Alberta without working."

"But what's farming if it isn't work?" "No," he persisted, "the farmers have very little real work to do. It began to be middling easy when the gang-plough and the self-binder came in. But the gasoline engine—"

He paused to see if the British Columbian was "getting him."

"Yes?" "The gasoline engine has made ploughing, seeding and harvesting a real recreation—"

"Go on. You're doing well." "Why—on some of the big farms they're building gymnasiums so that the hired men may be able to get exercise!"

A Pair of Western Tales.—Here are two more or less truthful sidelights on Western Canada—the old and the new West.

Some years ago on a combined passenger-freight train, which was noted for making many stops on its quite short trip, a passenger became much disgusted at the train's lack of speed.

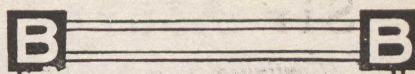
"Say," he said to the conductor, "you have the cow-catcher on the wrong end of this train."

"What are you getting at?" asked the conductor.

"The cow-catcher should be on the back end of the train," answered the passenger. "You see there are a lot of cattle running about loose in this part of the country, and one of these days some of them will run into the back end of your train and dash their brains out."

The other story also concerns a train. One day recently, 'tis said, a certain conductor noticed that the engineer was going past many little centres of population without stopping.

Calling the brakeman, the conductor said: "I think you had better sit out on the platform for the rest of the run. Take pencil and paper, and jot down the names of all the towns which have sprung up along the line since our trip yesterday."



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# Sir Alured

(Continued from page 9.)

floats up to the old man and pops a kiss on his whitening cheek. "I am your daughter, dear sir," she says. "O, I'm sure you cannot be so cross as Miles said you were, after three years." And the little boy grabs the old man's hand and rubs his soft cheek against it and swings with his feet caught up from the ground.

Ay, my lady, it takes the good old blood to face great happenings. There was scarce time for the little woman to lose her blush and shrink back, just touched with fright, before the old man had her hands in his and was bowing over them. For he had seen she was gentle-born and innocent as a young calf, than which there's nothing innocent.

"Not angry with you," says he, and because she was new to his voice she did note that 'twas sudden dead and harsh, "not with you, but with him, for keeping so much grace away from me so long."

The little lady laughs sleepily, and looks wistfully at Damaris. "And you, madam?" she says in her child's way. "Will you not welcome me to Miles' home?"

"His cousin, madam," says Damaris, and kisses the little lady with lips colder than snow.

"'Tis all like a stage-play," cries the little lady.

"The unexpected wife, or, Miles much married?" But I am sick and faint with the journey, dear father. 'Tis a sweet word, for I never remember father of my own. And where's Miles?"

"From home for a few hours," says Sir Alured. The little lady drooped of a sudden. "Then may I rest," she says, "and explain things in the morning?" Her laugh came more sadly. "I'm tired, so tired, father and fair cousin. Why has not Miles told me of you, cousin? You're my very cousin now."

Damaris gives her a reverence, and the little child throws a baby kiss to the tall lady with the wonderful bright hair. His mother takes him, and goes to the house on Sir Alured's arm. He hands her over to the housekeeper, and goes back to Damaris. A few light questions he put to the newcomer and at each reply for sure his heart beat heavily as a knell. He was a very fierce, proud man.

Mistress Damaris was standing where he left her, as stiff and cold as that sleeping stone damsel yonder with the rose leaves on her eyelids. The old man stopped in front of the lass he loved so dearly, and sudden he looked his years and more, he that had been so gallant and proud in his Babylonish garments, his amber Genovese velvet and carved chains of gold. Now he was shrunken and his eyes were terrible wild.

"She is his wife," he said in that dead voice. And then cried out shrill, "O Damaris, it is my son hath done this, my son hath done this!"

The lass looked at him blindly. Then she groped with her hands, and said gasping, "Never let me see him, never let him come near me! If he comes and offers a kiss, I shall try to kill him!"

"There'd be no need, sweet, with me here," said old Sir Alured simply, of his wisdom thanking God she was hurt rather in her pride than her heart. Of his wisdom, too, he offered no sympathy, no soothing speeches for what was as yet past any soothing. "On my soul I fear she's his wife," said he, "and wed afore you. But—gold will find flaws in anything—Damaris."

Then of a sudden she laid her head on his shoulder, and wept as if she must weep her very life from her, and he that was so crushed and old thanked God that there could be both anger and pity in her tears.

"O, not that, not that!" she cried, when she might speak. "Tempt not my pride to that! Think on the little child, the bonny youngling that kissed his hand to me, and say whose right is the greater, theirs or mine. I am strong to bear even this, and they are of the weak o' the earth. Think o' the little child!"

"Thou are a holy, sweet lass," says Sir Alured, "but I think only my son is a villain."

With that he put her from him very gentle, and left her to the kind dark

and the young stars. And he went to the house, where the servants were fluttering and glancing askance, though too feared o' him for much speech. "Bid Master Miles come to me in the little hall," he said, "when he comes in from riding."

It was late and dark, my lady, when Miles came in from his riding. 'Twas black marks under his soft eyes, a stain o' sack on his cream-coloured coat, and his long boots tripping him at every step.

Sir Alured sat at the head o' the long oak table in the little hall, and he was a very weariful ancient man, for all he might think was "My son hath done this." And doubtless it was borne in upon him that it was in his hands to do justice.

He looked at Miles with no word upon his lips. And under that look the gallant sobered before men could count two-score, and began to tremble, mightily caught with fear. At that Sir Alured bowed his head. "Sit thou there," he said, and his voice was an awful thing, for it was dead. There was no life in it.

"Thou hast an illness, sir," stammered Miles. But Sir Alured waved that aside. "Sit thou there," he repeated, and Miles sat him down in the chair pointed to. 'Twas the middle chair at the left side o' the great long table, and opposite it was a mighty old throne-like seat o' sooty-black oak, where 'twas held King Harry the Seventh had sat, after raising money from the Gearys o' those days. Miles sat him down, cutting his sweet eyes round corner at Sir Alured, and sick with the guilt o' his soul and strong drinks overcome with fear suddenly.

My lady, can anyone say just where lies the line that parts sense from madness? Sir Alured was a terrible strong-souled old man, with a will fit to break stones with; and the natures o' those that dealt with him bent to his, as was the Lord's will. But mad he was then, by all suspicion afore and after, though rather with a gain to his other powers. He must have been strong in that hour to make his son see what he see, hear what he hear'd.

"Are you fit to meet my guests?" he asked of Miles, his terrible ancient eyes shining in the gloom. There was no other lights save two wax candles, glimmering in a solid sea o' black oak. Two neeshy flames be a terrible lowering sight, reflected in the deeps of melancholy wood with a high polish on. Miles, he looks about, and he sees there was nine cups o' wine on the table, in front of empty chairs, and one in front o' the great black canopy-chair. Sir Alured looks at him, across and above the misty white shift and flicker of the candle-flames, and even then his eyes began to have their will o' that weakling. "Be you fit to face my guests?" says he, in the voice of desolation.

"What guests, father?" said Miles, and Sir Alured gives a flickin' glance at the nine empty chairs, and Miles maybe feels his heart shrink and creep like a coward's scalp as he looks also.

"The Heads of our House," says Sir Alured slowly, "the Heads of our House."

There was nought there but Miles breathing sick and short in his place, and the empty seats, and the untouched cups of wine. Yet it was as if Sir Alured answered stern eyes with his own.

After a silence he turned sharp to the chair at his right, and spoke wearily. "Such a noble, holy lass," he says, "with the touch of God's own fire in her hair and her soul," he says. "And the first one a fair innocent dame enough. It's true there's no other clean way from the tangle, and the poor thing's child would inherit," he says, and leans his hand to his head. "This cur's a disgrace to the house," he says, "and would God he had never been born. He hath done this for her money," he says, "for her money!"

At this Miles gave an oath, for he saw all was known of his villainy; but his foreign liquors had taken his strength and he might not move. He sat staring at Sir Alured, his hands gripped on the edge of the oak, without words, yet mightily struck with fear, of the silence and the ancient man at the table's head. Those two oriel windows above the flagged walk are the windows of the little hall, my lady. As Sir Alured and Miles sat there, they heard a light,

unsteady footfall on the stones, and then a pitiful low crying and wailing that past and was still. 'Twas Mistress Damaris going to her rooms—by those stone steps and the dark arch—while maybe in the cope-wood the nightingales were a-singing and the owlets calling as they will to-night.

At the sound of her Sir Alured, that had been quiet, struck on the table with his hand. "Your sword," he thunders at Miles, and Miles unhooked it, and threw it on the table, shaking and full of wine and wonder. Sir Alured drew the dainty blade, and thrust savagely at the floor till it was like to make the circle. But the steel sprang back with a hiss. Then he took it roughly in his hands and broke it across his knees, flinging the pieces away; and his hands were bloody, but he never heeded. With a bitter smile he looked at those empty chairs, and it was, maybe, as if dim heads nodded sternly back to him from the shadows.

"I will make restitution," began Miles, but Sir Alured stayed him, quite gentle again after the breaking of the sword. "Nay," said he, "there is no talk of restitution, for if I guess aright, you shall by no means leave this room alive."

"Would you kill me, your son?" cried Miles, with a great cry that was all of noise the household heard. But Sir Alured stayed him again. "Nay," said he once more, his eyes, terribly set upon Miles, "I shall not foul my sword in the vile body I have begotten for my sins—O God, for my most heavy sins!—but one comes presently shall fulfill our judgment on you for love of me."

It was said after that just thenabouts, my lady, a great smooth wind came up the valley and cried among the chimneys of the house. In the little hall the curtains blew out softly as the wings of moths from the wide casements, and a candle sank and died in the breath of

it. There was now nought but the voices o' the wind and one neeshy wee flame amid all that great crowd o' shadows that must have drawn close and closer about the long table, their ghostly condemnation heavy upon the helpless soul.

"Thou hast come to our judgment," said Sir Alured, "the judgment of our House." And the big, black, round wind came pouring in at the windows and drowned his voice, so that his words but came solemnly in the hushes. "By the judgment of the Heads of our House—Sir Richard, Sir Guichard, Sir Aymery—Bernard, Kenelm, Alain, Silvester—these who in past times headed our house—cleanly and in honour"—and the shadows drew close and closer round the black table.

"These have righteously decreed—because of thy vile and coward deeds—that the Headship shall not be thine—thief, liar, deceiver of women—fit neither for this life nor for that of the world to come. Yet upon thy wretched soul may God have pity—after thy body shall have suffered death."

"Death," the great wind seemed to sigh, and flickered the rotted black leather canopy o' the seat opposite Miles, and died out there. Sir Alured bowed his head as if content. "Thou art faithful," he murmured, "faithful to our House in its need, though thou hast not come to me yet, for all my calling, friend."

Maybe, my lady, maybe some vaster shadow than any there, some shadow seated in the king's seat, lifted the tenth cup o' wine with a pledge to old Sir Alured and a promise o' quick comfort. Howsoever, Miles was found next morning stiff in his place, his hands gripped on the edge o' the oak, his beautiful dead eyes fixed in fear beyond telling, as on the eyes o' that one who had sat in the king's chair.

# Henri Bourassa

(Continued from page 7.)

reminded him that Chinamen also acquire English for the same reason; that most of the English-speaking Frenchmen are to be found in the cities and big towns; that what English is spoken in small places is very fragmentary—and so on. All this he would have discussed with fine logic. But there was no time.

The navy question came up. It was sure to come. At that time Mr. Borden was in England. There was talk of an unpolitical caucus at Ottawa to take the navy problem out of politics.

"How absurd!" said he, "that Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Edmund Walker and a few others should settle this whole matter without reference to Parliament!"

"But personally how would you settle it in Parliament?" (Question not asked.)

"And meanwhile our poor Canadian navy is on in the drydock," he said merrily. "Mr. Borden will soon be home with views imposed upon him from the Admiralty. He will tell us of an emergency. He will emphasize the German scare. He will not admit perhaps that most of it is manufactured by newspapers and shipbuilding companies and makers of steel plate. No, we shall be told that Canada must do something immediately to help England. Why? Because of an emergency. How? By voting money right away to be expended on building Dreadnoughts as a gift to the Admiralty. A Dreadnought takes three years to build. So we shall be asked to vote money for an immediate emergency taking effect in two or three years' time. Isn't it impossibly absurd? And at the same time"—he shot himself half across the table again—"Canada is borrowing money from England to build her railways and finance her municipalities."

He hurled himself back in a high hubbub of intellectual glee. His logical sense had been assailed. Oh, Mr. Bourassa is nothing if not the soul of logic. He applies the test to all politics, the most illogical mass of absurdities in the world except society and some religion. Asked how he would view the Empire if he were a member of the British Parliament and not a French-Canadian he handed out a readymade solution of all difficulties—which I have forgotten. But he made it impregnably

certain that Canada's unrest over the navy is the most untenable, incoherently impalpable thing conceivable; when Canada refuses to fortify her own frontiers or to guard the approaches to her own harbours on the sea coasts.

Again he was right; so it seemed. In fact when you are hearing Mr. Bourassa talk at the same time you are trying to talk to him, a lot of things seem brilliantly right that afterwards seem impossible. Such is the intellectual charm of the man amounting almost to a bugaboo. To him there is nothing right which is not the explication of a root idea. In Canada there is one sure root—and the tree is Nationalism. Viewed through his spectacles Nationalism is absolutely right. He is able to prove it. You agree. There is no other way. Talking to him you become for the time being a Nationalist. You need not follow him implicitly. No man does. He is a law unto himself. He is the same in private conversation as in Parliament: fascinating, brilliant, scholarly, intensely impossible and the personation of ultra-logic, by the test of which mostly anything can be proven absurd from gravitation to the hopple-skirt.

Yet he is said to represent French Canada as not even Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Mr. Monk or Mr. Pelletier can do. He has studied the habitant astutely. He knows the small village and the countryside; was himself once Mayor of Montebello and of Papineauville—though born in Montreal. He is able to warp a crowd of French-Canadians into a pitch of excitement that is at once a spectacle and a storm. He denies that there is any such habitant as that depicted by Dr. Drummond; much as some might allege that there is no such dagoman as delineated by that other Irishman, T. A. Daly. To him the habitant is a pure, eternal Nationalist.

And to the habitant whom he represents and champions and tries to instruct—what is Mr. Bourassa?

A mystery. The habitant may shout for him and break down platforms in his name. Does the habitant ever understand him?

If so, Mr. Bourassa expounding Nationalism as the solution of Canadian problems is undeniably right. For nobody else in Parliament or out understands Mr. Bourassa, who intellectually



knows more about what is wrong with this country than any other man alive.

At the same time he does not observe that politically most of us are very much wrong a good deal of the time; and that if we waited till we were sure of being right before we went ahead—we should probably be as a country now where some parts of Quebec still are. Napoleon once said of an engagement in the Peninsular War, "C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre." So also one may say of Mr. Bourassa—

"He is magnificent, but he is by no means practical politics."

The day will come when we shall be thankful for having had Henri Bourassa. He is a stimulus to Parliament; a brilliant example of intellectual French-Canadianism; such a man as we may never have again.

He is not a traitor. He is not altogether a fatuist. In his own way Henri Bourassa is as loyal to King George as Mr. Borden. In his heart he could sing "God Save the King" quite as fervently as any member of the Conservative Cabinet and might have as many original differences of opinion as to the best means of doing it as the Hon. Frank Oliver. He believes deeply in Canada. He deprecates the American influence. He belauds the mission of old England in Canada just as he swears by the function of the French in Canada or the beneficial results of William of Normandy's conquest of England. And on purely intellectual grounds there is not much wrong with the man who gleefully tells you how persistently and eternally he is misunderstood.

## Toyland

(Concluded from page 14.)

It couldn't be, you see, because the real Santa is a fairy and always keeps himself invisible. But this man who is dressed to look like Santa strolls around among the children, smiles at them, pats their heads and shows them the great pack on his back fairly bursting with good things for good children when the grand day comes. Little Sister thinks he is wonderful and fairly glows with happiness when he calls her to him and asks to know her name. And so would you be proud, little boys and girls, if this jolly, kind old fellow had spoken to you.

For an hour we wandered in Toyland, seeing things wonderful and beautiful and new, and wishing that we had been better children all through the year of 1912, so that some of these treasures might be our reward on Christmas Day.

Then Mollie sighed and said she supposed we must be going, and we each took one of Little Sister's hands and passed out of the magic entrance and turned our footsteps away from Toyland and toward home. And we were sorry to depart, but oh, if you want to have wonderful dreams for nights and nights and nights, just you, too, make a visit to the Wonder City of Toyland.

## A Little Bouquet

(Quebec Telegraph.)

WHEN Mr. W. T. White entered politics, there were many people to promise a brilliant political future, but his reference to the Canadian Courier recently on the cement debate, as "an obscure journal," would indicate that Mr. White, like many of his predecessors, has entered political life too late to acquire those amenities that go to make up the successful politician. Possibly for Mr. White's lack of knowledge of what is going on in the Dominion of Canada, we might say from this end, that the Canadian Courier has a very large circulation among the French Canadians of this Province, as well as a wide circulation throughout the whole Dominion of Canada, a record in newspaper work that has probably not been equalled by any other weekly publication since Champlain landed in Quebec.

Insulting the Trees.—"This is quite a stretch of practically waste land," remarked a man in the observation car of a train that was speeding westward in that long strip of Ontario land that divides Eastern and Western Canada. "Some day, however, they may find minerals here."

"I've been noticing the spindly trees," said his companion. "I suppose this must be where toothpicks come from."

# FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT of The Royal Bank of Canada



## LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:	November 30, 1912
Deposits bearing Interest .....	\$100,663,364.59
Deposits not bearing interest .....	36,058,812.94
Interest accrued on deposits .....	749,739.56
Deposits by other Banks in Canada .....	419,750.63
<b>Total Deposits .....</b>	<b>\$137,891,667.72</b>
Notes of the Bank in Circulation .....	12,584,617.69
Balances due to Banks in Foreign Countries .....	1,524,415.60
Bills Payable (Acceptances by London Branch) £439,113.3.10 .....	2,137,017.54
	<b>\$154,137,718.55</b>
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital Paid-up .....	\$ 11,560,000.00
Reserve Fund .....	12,560,000.00
Dividend No. 101 (at 12% per annum) .....	341,613.32
Former Dividends Unclaimed .....	1,206.85
Balance of Profits carried forward .....	610,219.36
	<b>\$179,210,758.08</b>

## ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin .....	\$ 5,204,964.22
Dominion Government Notes .....	14,443,785.25
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation .....	578,000.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks .....	9,769,273.06
Balances due from other Banks in Canada .....	122,482.32
Balances due from Agents in United Kingdom and Banks in Foreign Countries .....	3,665,037.01
Government and Municipal Securities .....	3,950,698.14
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	11,715,900.62
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada .....	9,422,451.90
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Foreign Countries .....	14,556,189.97
	<b>\$ 73,428,782.49</b>
Loans to Provincial Governments .....	185,488.77
Current Loans and Discounts, less rebate interest reserved .....	99,828,879.54
Overdue Debts (Loss provided for) .....	246,816.20
Bank Premises .....	5,520,791.08
	<b>\$179,210,758.08</b>

CONTINGENT LIABILITIES:	
Acceptances under Commercial Letters of Credit .....	£88,186.13.5

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

### For The Eleven Months Ending 30th November, 1912

By Balance, 30th December, 1911 .....	\$ 401,480.56
Net Profits for Eleven Months ending 30th November, 1912, after deducting Charges of Management, Accrued Interest on Deposits, Full Provision for all Bad and Doubtful Debts and Rebate of Interest on Unmatured Bills and General Bonus granted to the Staff .....	\$1,527,324.77
Premium on new Capital Stock .....	5,503,812.00
	<b>\$7,432,617.33</b>
To Dividends Nos. 98, 99, 100 and 101, at 12% per annum .....	943,585.97
Officers' Pension Fund .....	75,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account .....	300,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund .....	5,503,812.00
Balance carried forward .....	610,219.36
	<b>\$7,432,617.33</b>

## RESERVE FUND

By Balance at Credit, 30th December, 1911 .....	\$7,056,188.00
Premium on new Capital Stock .....	5,503,812.00
	<b>\$12,560,000.00</b>

Net Profits for the Eleven Months of 1912 on the Average Paid-up Capital, \$8,680,756.—19.19%.

W. B. TORRANCE,  
Chief Inspector.

EDSON L. PEASE,  
General Manager.



**We Own and Offer**

**\$950,000 of 7% Cumulative Preference Shares at Par**  
**(Redeemable at 110) with 15% Bonus of Common Shares of the**

# Canada Interlake Line

(Incorporated by Ontario Charter)

**LIMITED****CAPITALIZATION:**

**7% Cumulative Preference Stock (Authorized \$1,500,000) Redeemable at 110. Issued . . . . \$1,000,000**  
**Common Stock (Authorized \$1,500,000). Issued . . . . . \$1,000,000**

Par Value of Shares \$100 Each.

We offer for sale at par 9,500 fully-paid shares of the above-mentioned 7% cumulative Preference Stock, with bonus of 15% of the amount of the preference shares in Common Stock.

**Payments are as follows:**

\$25 per share with subscription,  
25 per share on January 2nd, 1913,

\$25 per share on February 1st, 1913,  
25 per share on March 1st, 1913,

with the right to the subscriber to pay in full on allotment, or on January 2nd, 1913, or, with accrued dividend, on February 1st, 1913, thereafter ranking for the full quarter's dividend, payable April 1st, 1913.

*Application will be made in due course to have both the Preference and Common Stock listed upon the Toronto Stock Exchange.*

*Preference shares are preferential, both as to assets and cumulative dividends, at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, and are redeemable at 110. The Preference Shareholders have the right to elect two of the seven directors.*

*Fractions of Common Shares will be adjusted on allotment on the basis of \$70 per share.*

*Validity of the issue of Preference and Common Shares has been certified to by Messrs. Rowell, Reid, Wood & Wright and Messrs. Thomson, Tilley & Johnston.*

*The amount of underlying bonds is \$720,000, and there is mortgage indebtedness of \$66,432.*

*The Company's charter provides that, before dividend can be paid upon the Common Stock, there must be transferred to a Reserve Fund 3 per cent. per annum upon the amount of the outstanding Preference Capital until the Fund reaches 50 per cent. thereof.*

*The following memoranda give features of the business furnished by Mr. J. W. Norcross, Managing Director, and include figures as to earnings for 1912, certified by Messrs. Clarkson & Cross, Chartered Accountants.*

**BUSINESS:**

The Canada Interlake Line, Limited, has been formed to take over the well-established and prosperous business of the Canadian Interlake Line, Limited, and to acquire other vessels, making fourteen in all. It is now the largest company in Canada engaged entirely in freight lake transportation. All are modern steel vessels.

The names of the ships are as follows: Canadian, Acadian, Regina, Kenora, Tagona, Fordonian, Gordon, Hamilton, Calgarian, McKinstry, Renvoyle, Cadillac, Pioneer, and Mars.

The first nine vessels constitute the finest, most modern and best-equipped fleet of canal-size package freighters operating on the great lakes. The "McKinstry," "Renvoyle," "Cadillac" and "Pioneer" are thoroughly modern steel bulk freighters, and are also canal size. The "Mars" is engaged in freight traffic on the lakes west from Buffalo and Port Colborne and on Georgian Bay.

The total insurance on the fleet is over \$1,800,000, which exceeds the total

of the Preference Stock and underlying Bonds.

Considerable of the Company's tonnage is protected by favourable contracts, having from three to seven years to run. Under these contracts 180,000 tons of westbound freight were handled this year. The Company has also a contract for each of the next three years for transportation of pulpwood for four boats for the four months of the season of navigation when tonnage is slackest.

The value of the vessels, as fixed by appraisal of seven by the Canadian Appraisal Co., Limited, and by the purchase prices of the other vessels, totals \$1,851,958, and is in excess of the total of the underlying Bonds and the Preference Stock.

The Company will be in a strong financial position, having ample working capital, and three of its vessels free of bonded indebtedness. By 1925 the Sinking Fund will have retired the Bonds on four other vessels, and those now outstanding will then have been reduced to \$220,000, while in 1927 all the existing Bonds will have been paid off.

**PROFITS**

Net Earnings for the year 1912 (seven vessels for the full season, and two from the early part of July—actual to November 30th, \$211,270, and estimated for the balance of the season \$14,000) . . . . . **\$225,270**

Estimated Net Earnings for 1913, on the basis of the same earnings for the nine vessels operated in 1912, though two of them were not in commission for the first three months of the navigation season, and proportionate earnings for the five other vessels . . . . . **\$348,000**

The Earnings indicated for 1913 will provide for payment of interest, Sinking Fund, Preference dividend and Reserve Fund, and leave \$134,250 as earnings on the Common Stock, being 13.4%. This showing is after providing out of profits for payment of \$67,000 for Sinking Fund, which is actually paying off liabilities and not really a charge upon profits.

**DIVIDENDS**

*The first dividend on the Preference Shares is to be paid on April 1st, 1913, for the quarter commencing January 2nd, 1913.*

*Interest on payments on account of subscriptions will be paid on the first dividend date at the rate of 7% per annum from dates made.*

*In view of the current earnings, valuable freight contracts and generally favourable business prospects, the directors propose to commence paying dividend on the Common Stock from July 1st next, the first payment to be on October 1st for the quarter then ending.*

**DIRECTORS**

M. J. HANEY, C.E., President, Contractor, Toronto.

R. M. WOLVIN, Vice-President, President Standard Shipping, Limited, Winnipeg.

HENRY MUNDERLOH, Munderloh & Co., Montreal.

E. H. AMBROSE, Mewburn, Ambrose, Burbridge & Marshall, Hamilton.

J. F. M. STEWART, Treasurer, Toronto.

T. BRADSHAW, Member of Firm, A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto.

J. W. NORCROSS, Managing Director, Toronto.

REGISTRAR AND TRANSFER AGENT—National Trust Co., Limited.

BANKERS—The Metropolitan Bank.

**SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS**

**SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS ARE NOW OPEN AT OUR OFFICES, AND WILL CLOSE NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY, THE 21ST INST., AT NOON.** The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.

Subscriptions may be forwarded by mail or by telegram at our expense. They may be on regular forms, which may be had on request, or, where these are not available, letters simply stating that so many shares are subscribed for under the terms of the offer will be sufficient.

Full printed statements relating to this offering have been published in folder form, and copies may be had on application at our offices.

We recommend purchases of these shares from the standpoint of security, interest return, and prospect of increase in their market value.

## A. E. AMES & CO.

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Investment Series— Talk No. 9

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Say you decide that you are interested, or may be interested in some half a dozen securities. Inform yourself first concerning the standing of the enterprises issuing those securities. Watch carefully the market quotations on stocks and bonds of the companies. Get their annual reports—study them. When you believe that you are thoroughly conversant with all conditions covering these six companies and their securities, carry your information (perhaps your settled opinion) to a reliable investment house. It will supplement your individual knowledge with many facts (for or against) that will further enlighten you. Without this final word your investment is inexpert.

That you may begin your study, have your name put on the mailing list of a progressive investment house.

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

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F. H. DEACON J. C. FRASER

**PELLATT & PELLATT**

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## Willow River

D.L. 788

This new "TOWN OF IMPORTANCE" on main line of Grand Trunk Pacific, and Pacific and Hudson Bay, at junction of Fraser and Willow Rivers, British Columbia "has opened up Canada's greatest treasure house" and "SPELLS OPPORTUNITY for the man or woman who wishes to judiciously invest a small or large amount." Lots \$10 down, \$10 per month; no interest, no taxes; 10 per cent. off for cash. Write today for maps, plats and printed matter.

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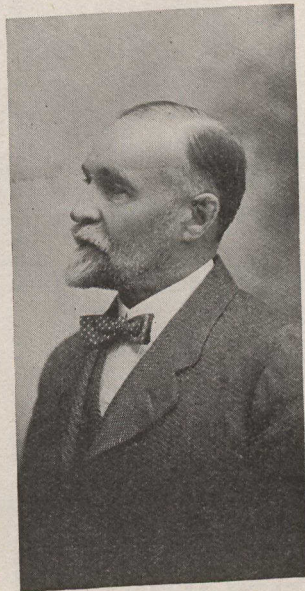


# MONEY AND MAGNATES



## President Winnipeg Canadian Club.

PROMINENT business men are taking a larger part in political and social movements. There was a time in Canada when this sort of leadership was confined to doctors, lawyers and clergymen. To-day prominent manufacturers, financiers, and business men are ranking intellectually with the members of the professions.



MR. C. N. BELL,  
Sec. Winnipeg Grain Exchange.

is a member of several national and international geographical and historical societies.

The new president of the Winnipeg Canadian Club is Mr. C. N. Bell, who has for many years been prominent as secretary of the Winnipeg Board of Trade and Winnipeg Grain Exchange. The club has a membership of over twelve hundred and is one of the most active in Canada.

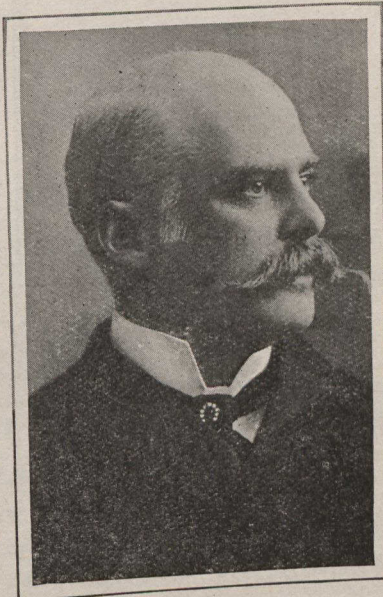
Charles Napier Bell was born in Perth, Ont., in 1854, his father being registrar of South Lanark. In 1870 he went West and served under General Wolseley in the Rebellion. Instead of returning East he spent a year or two in hunting and in trading with the Indians. When the organization of the country became definite, he was engaged in customs and railway work. Since 1887 he has been secretary of the Board of Trade. He has been a prominent member of almost every commission in connection with transportation in Western Canada. On three occasions he represented Winnipeg at Imperial Trade congresses in London, and is said to be the originator of the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau, the best of its kind in Canada.

Besides his interest in the marketing of grain, Mr. Bell has also been president of the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society, and has done a great deal to help preserve the records of the early settlers of the Province of Manitoba. He

## Dr. J. J. Guerin President of a New Trust Co.

A NEW trust company, capitalized at \$1,000,000, has been formed and will begin operations in Montreal in the near future. The capital is divided into 5,000 shares 6 per cent. preferred and 5,000 shares common, both \$100 a share.

Dr. J. J. Guerin, of Montreal, has accepted the presidency of the new company, Lt.-Col. Charles A. Smart is the vice-president, and the other directors are Hon. J. L. Decarie, Dr. L. J. Lemieux, Mr. Albert Hudon, of Montreal, and Mr. J. De S. Basse, Quebec.



DR. J. J. GUERIN,  
President of a New Trust Company.

The new company is to be called the Canadian Mortgage Trust Co. and Le Credit Hypothecaire Canadian.

Dr. Guerin is known as a sane, practical man. Besides being attached to Hotel Dieu, of which he is president, and other medical societies and activities, Dr. Guerin is a director of National Real Estate and Investment Co., and vice-president of Standard Gold Mines, Limited. His name is associated with various other enterprises and he has been mayor of Montreal since 1910.

### Some Bank Truths.

CANADIAN banks are still showing a steady increase in their yearly earnings. Some eight or nine banks closed their year either on Oct. 31st or Nov. 30th, and most of these have made their earnings public. The net earnings for 1911 and for 1912 are

compared in the following table:

#### NET EARNINGS SIX CHARTERED BANKS.

Bank.	1912.	1911.
Commerce .....	\$2,811,806	\$2,305,409
Merchants .....	1,338,844	1,179,581
Montreal .....	2,518,408	2,276,518
Quebec .....	294,804	276,391
Royal .....	1,527,324	1,152,249
Toronto .....	835,787	677,964

This table shows that this year is no exception to the general rule as far as these institutions are concerned, as all show an increase over their earnings for 1911. In the case of the Royal Bank the earnings shown are only for eleven months, as last year the bank closed its year on Dec. 31st, and this year on Nov. 30th. Hereafter their year will close on the latter date.

### Increased Dominion Textile Dividend.

FOR some time past the Dominion Textile Co. have been paying 5 per cent. on their common stock. At the meeting of the directors some weeks ago it was announced that the stock would be put on a 6 per cent. basis. This change to take place January 2nd, 1913. Doubt of the

## Manual of Preferred Stocks

We have compiled a comprehensive booklet entitled "Canadian Preferred Stocks" containing particulars of thirty leading preference issues on the Montreal or Toronto Exchanges, or dealt in with their unlisted departments.

Among the preferred stocks dealt with in this booklet are those of the following companies:

Ames-Holden-McCready  
Belding Paul, Corticelli  
Dominion Iron & Steel  
Penmans, Limited  
Sherwin-Williams  
Tooke Brothers

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### Murray, Mather & Co.

85 Bay St., Toronto



company's ability to keep up this rate was expressed in some quarters. The reason for this doubt, it appears, is founded on a comparison of earnings for last few years. The percentages on the stock for these years do not seem to warrant a higher dividend. The figures are as follows:

1909-10 .....	5.7%
1910-11 .....	5.7%
1911-12 .....	7.0%

However, there is another side to the question, and there seems ample reason to suppose the company's earnings for the coming year will greatly exceed that of those previous. In the first place, on December 1st the company had \$5,000,000 unfilled orders on its books, enough to keep all their mills working at capacity for some months. At the same time last year unfilled orders only came up to \$3,750,000.

Then, again, whereas for the last two or three years and first portion of this year cotton came very high, and no raise in manufactured stuff lessened the tightness caused by this. This year, on the contrary, the company is enabled to buy raw cotton very cheaply.

Thirdly, the Dominion Textile have large holdings of Montreal Cottons, Limited, stock, which was recently put on a 4 per cent. basis, and it is thought that the dividend on this will pay the major portion of the dividend increase on the latter company's own stock, which will amount to \$50,000 per annum.

### Steel Statistics.

THE following are comparative figures of the output of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. for last two months:

	November.	October
Pig Iron .....	28,670 Tons.	31,090 Tons.
Steel Ingots .....	28,010 "	29,975 "
Blooms .....	27,060 "	27,880 "
Rails .....	15,385 "	15,650 "
Rods .....	7,250 "	8,068 "

The total shipment for November amounted to 26,520 tons, as compared to 29,360 tons in October. The big company produced some 47,000,000 tons of coke, and its subordinate company, The Dominion Coal Co., had an output of 4,000,000 tons of coal. It is said that for the year the company will have produced about four and a half million tons of coal.

### Cobalt Comments.

THERE are those who affirm that as much money goes into mining for precious metals as comes out of it. This is not strictly true, but Canada's experience has not jolted the wise investor's faith in the maxim. Cobalt Lake Mining Co. is one of the exceptions, which may or may not prove the rule. It was put on the market in 1907. In 1908 the prices varied from 10c. to 25c. per share. In 1909 the lowest was 12c. and the highest 19½. Since then it has done better. In 1910 it touched 29¾ and in 1911 29½. During the present year it has gone as high as 51.

Sir Henry M. Pellatt, president of the company, issued a letter last week to the shareholders, in which he states he has made a tentative deal with an English syndicate for the sale of his own and other shareholders' stock and a meeting is to be held on December 20th to consider the matter. So far as Sir Henry is concerned he has deposited his own million shares with the trust company which has charge of the matter. Twenty per cent. is to be paid in cash. In the last annual statement the property was valued at \$3,635,000 and the paid-up capital \$3,304,000. It looks as if Sir Henry had done a good turn for those who originally bought the shares at 10 cents.

### C.P.R. Items.

FOR the first week in December the Canadian Pacific showed earnings of \$2,771,000, as compared with those of 1911, which amounted to \$2,478,000. When this is added to the total of year's earnings they will show about \$9,600,000 more than 1911 earnings up to the same time in that year.

The C. P. R. and Canadian Northern are to build a big Union Depot, costing \$1,500,000, in Victoria.

The new quadruple turbine engined C. P. R. steamer was successfully launched from the celebrated Fairfield Ship Yards, on the Clyde, on November 23. This ship, the Empress of Asia, is one of the two sister ships the Canadian Pacific Railway are building for their Pacific trade. The other steamer, the Empress of Russia, was launched in August last, and is expected to sail some time in April next. These steamers will have a length of 590 feet and 68 ft. beam, and their gross tonnage will be about 15,000 tons.

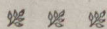
### On and Off the Exchange.

#### New Transportation Line.

A. E. AMES AND COMPANY announce an offering, at par, of \$950,000 seven per cent. cumulative preference stock of the Canada Interlake Line, redeemable at 110, with a bonus of fifteen per cent.

The earnings of this company up to end of November came to \$211,261. These figures will, it is estimated, reach over \$225,000 by the end of the year. During the 1913 season the probable profits are fixed at approximately \$348,000. The company will have eight new vessels in operation then, making a total fleet of 14.

The board of the Canada Interlake Line includes the following gentlemen: M. J. Haney, Toronto, president; A. M. Wolvin, Winnipeg; Henry Munderloth, Montreal; E. H. Ambrose, Hamilton; J. F. M. Stewart, T. Bradshaw and J. W. Norcross, of Toronto. Mr. Norcross, the managing director, is generally regarded as having a full and practical knowledge of water transportation.



#### Canadian Car Co. Statement.

THE third annual report of the Canadian Car and Foundry Co. for the year ending September 30th has been issued lately. According to this statement the profits were \$1,404,000. The gross sales for the year amounted to \$16,500,000. The company has about \$16,000,000 unfilled orders to keep them going for some time.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. .... President.  
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.

### Remitting Money To Foreign Countries

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.

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May we offer some sug-  
gestions?

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and Corporation Bonds

### THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

With which is united

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ..... \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up ..... \$11,500,000  
Reserve Funds ..... \$12,500,000  
Total Assets ..... \$175,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

290 Branches in CANADA and NEW-  
FOUNDLAND; 28 Branches in CUBA,  
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RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

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and figures compiled by  
experts

Paris Office

60 Rue De Provence



# Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

ance to the visit. A little after eleven he said, 'Good-night,' and went to his own room. At the first alarm of fire, given by the Colonel, he tried to make his way to his father's bedroom, but found that the staircase was destroyed, and the whole passage leading from one side of the house to the other was a blazing furnace. Realizing the impossibility of proceeding further in that direction, he had returned to his room and made his escape by clambering down the ivy."

"Did Dick say that he had not left the house after his return at ten o'clock on the night of the fire?" asked Enid in evident surprise.

"I don't know that he said it in so many words; but he certainly implied it," was the reply, followed by the very natural query, "Why?"

"Oh!" hesitatingly, "nothing."

"Nonsense, child, you must have some reason for putting the question," interposed her father.

It was with evident reluctance that Enid explained.

"It was only that I thought I had seen him in the garden here at about 12 o'clock that night. I could not sleep, and looking out of the window I saw distinctly a man's figure outlined against the background of trees. It looked just like Dick, and I called him by name—but instead of coming nearer, when he heard my voice, the figure promptly vanished."

"Thus showing pretty conclusively that it was someone who had no business to be there," exclaimed the Colonel. "Why on earth, child, did you keep such an important fact to yourself?"

"Yes, I wonder you did not mention it, love," replied Mrs. Anerley, "the police ought certainly to have been told that someone was lurking about at that hour."

"I was convinced it was Dick," answered the young girl simply; "and so much has happened since that I never gave it a second thought until this moment—it went completely out of my mind."

"Well, when the lad comes down we will ask him about it," said the Colonel; "but I am pretty sure what his answer will be beforehand. What possible reason could there be for his skulking round among the trees and vanishing when you spoke to him? Even if he had been writing a sonnet to your eyebrows, Enid, by the light of the moon; or gazing up at your windows, in orthodox lover fashion, when you spoke to him he would only have been too glad of a few words with you, whatever the hour. A Romeo who runs away when he sees his lady-love at the window is, to my mind, a suspicious character."

In her heart Enid was by no means convinced. It is difficult to deceive a lover's eyes, especially when they are young and keen as hers; and a lover's instinct is impervious to reason: something told her that the secret watcher had been Dick and no other. But if he wished the fact unknown—as from his silence upon the subject it would almost appear—she would cut out her tongue rather than betray him. She was vexed with herself for having mentioned it.

"Yes, I see now I must have been mistaken," she said hastily. Then, anxious to change the subject, turned again to the younger man, murmuring, "Go on, please, Mr. Alston."

"Really, there is not much more to tell; Pollard and some of the other members of the police force laid great stress upon the fact that Mr. Emberson's body was found minus the head; but Dick very sensibly pointed out that the latter might have been pinned down by the burning beams right in the heart of the fire—in which case it was scarcely surprising that all trace of it should have disappeared."

"Who was that little dark fellow, Alston?" asked Colonel Anerley, "who stood at the back of the court during the first stage of the proceedings, but went round afterwards and said something to the coroner?"

"I don't know, I am sure; but I think the questions that followed were put at his suggestion."

"What were they?" asked the two ladies eagerly.

## BANK OF MONTREAL

The 95th Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held Monday, 2nd December, in the board room at the Bank's headquarters, at Montreal.

Amongst those present were:—Messrs. R. B. Angus, Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, Sir W. Macdonald, Senator R. Mackay, Major G. Hooper, D. Morrice, Alfred Piddington, W. A. Murray, C. J. Fleet, D. F. Angus, W. F. Angus, Edward Fiske, A. Baumgarten, G. F. C. Smith, W. B. Blackader, W. Stanway, Wm. H. Evans, H. V. Meredith, J. J. Reid, W. R. Miller, C. R. Hosmer, Bartlett McLennan, E. B. Greenshields, Dr. W. B. Yates, Henry Joseph, J. B. Learmont, Henry Mudge.

The President, Mr. R. B. Angus, occupied the chair.

Mr. H. V. Meredith, General Manager, presented the Annual Report of the Directors, as follows:

### THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the Report Showing the result of the Bank's business for the year ended 31st October, 1912:—

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October, 1911	\$1,855,185.36
Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1912, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	2,518,408.76
Premiums on New Stock	834,322.50
	<b>\$5,207,916.62</b>

Dividend 2½% paid 1st March, 1912	\$385,798.70
Dividend 2½% paid 1st June, 1912	400,000.00
Bonus 1% paid 1st June, 1912	160,000.00
Dividend 2½% paid 1st Sept., 1912	388,302.98
Dividend 2½% payable 1st Dec., 1912	400,000.00
Bonus 1% payable 1st Dec., 1912	160,000.00
	<b>\$1,894,101.68</b>

Amount credited to Rest Account	\$1,000,000.00
Amount credited to Contingent Account	1,000,000.00
Amount expended on Bank Premises during year	511,000.00
	<b>\$4,405,101.68</b>

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward ..... \$ 802,814.94

Since the last Annual Meeting, Branches have been opened at points in the following Provinces, viz:—

In Ontario—Windsor.  
Quebec—Theftford Mines, Granby, Lachine, Magog, St. Lawrence (Montreal), Maisonneuve (Montreal).  
North-West—Plum Coulee, Man.; Swift Current, Sask.; Red Deer, Alta.; Ogden Shops (Calgary, Alta.); East End (Calgary, Alta.).

British Columbia—Port Alberni, Princeton, North Vancouver, Sapperton, Invermere.  
The Branches at Marysville, N.B.; Rosenfeld, Man., and Oakville, Man., have been closed.  
At a Special Meeting of the Shareholders, held on 18th June, 1912, an increase of \$9,000,000 to the Capital Stock of the Bank was authorized, making the total Authorized Capital \$25,000,000.

With deep regret the Directors have to record the death of their esteemed Vice-President, Sir Edward S. Clouston, Bart., who had been a member of the Board, and Vice-President for seven years, and who had held the position of General Manager for upwards of twenty-one years.

All the Offices of the Bank, including the Head Office, have been inspected during the year.  
Bank of Montreal,  
2nd December, 1912. (Signed) R. B. ANGUS, President.

### THE GENERAL STATEMENT.

The General Statement of the position of the Bank on October 31, 1912, was read as follows:—

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	\$ 16,000,000.00
Rest	802,814.94
Balance of Profits carried forward	<b>\$ 16,802,814.94</b>
Unclaimed Dividends	1,503.01
Quarterly Dividend payable 1st December, 1912	\$400,000.00
Bonus of 1% payable 1st December, 1912	160,000.00
	<b>560,000.00</b>
	<b>\$ 17,364,317.95</b>

Notes of Bank in circulation	\$ 16,131,862.00
Deposits not bearing interest	45,338,954.54
Deposits bearing interest	141,970,011.01
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	122,373.87
	<b>203,563,201.42</b>

#### ASSETS.

Gold and Silver coin current	\$ 8,051,668.74
Government demand notes	11,259,417.75
Deposit with Dominion Government required by act of Parliament for security of general bank note circulation	750,000.00
Due by agencies of this Bank and other banks in Great Britain	\$ 6,934,890.28
Due by agencies of this Bank and other banks in foreign countries	7,198,713.45
Call and short loans in Great Britain and United States	55,158,633.00
	<b>69,292,236.73</b>
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	587,109.16
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	14,472,573.30
Notes and Cheques of other Banks	9,238,115.36
	<b>113,651,121.04</b>
Bank Premises at Montreal and Branches	4,000,000.00
Current Loans and discounts in Canada and elsewhere (rebate interest reserved) and other assets	\$118,869,751.36
Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise	188,041.73
Overdue debts not specially secured (loss provided for)	218,605.24
	<b>119,276,398.33</b>

#### CONTINGENT LIABILITIES.

Acceptances under Commercial Letters of Credit against Merchandise	£ 278,885 10s. 4d.
Acceptances under Bankers' Credits against Securities	£ 872,090 19s. 2d.
Acceptances Current other than the above	£1,717,519 8s. 5d.
	<b>\$236,927,519.37</b>

The election of Directors resulted as follows:—Messrs. R. B. Angus, A. Baumgarten, E. B. Greenshields, C. R. Hosmer, Sir William Macdonald, Hon. Robert Mackay, H. V. Meredith, D. Morrice, James Ross, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, D. Forbes Angus, Huntly R. Drummond, C. B. Gordon.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, the following officers were elected:—Hon. President, Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal; President, Mr. R. B. Angus; Vice-President, Mr. H. V. Meredith.



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For use during illness and convalescence.

For weakly infants and over-growing children.

As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition, and in all cases of dyspepsia and impaired digestion.

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is soothing and comforting, when other foods cause pain. It is the most easily digested of all foods, but is not pre-digested.

A S.M. 1 of Benger's Food, with instructive Booklet on the feeding of Infants, Invalids and the Aged, free from BENGERS' FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:—  
The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, or any of their Branches at  
Halifax N.S. Winnipeg Man. Vancouver, B.C. Nelson B.C.  
St. John, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Victoria, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.  
London, Ont. Hamilton, Ont. Calgary, Alberta. Regina, Sask. BrogR

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This is one of the most sensible little books of advice ever offered to the young man or young woman seeking employment. Mr. Hall has been with a large correspondence school, and has had much experience in getting positions for young men. Above all, he would have the young man drop all foolish notions about the getting and holding a position. Hard work alone makes good. He gives much practical advice on letters of application; personal application; what is good and what is bad form, etc., etc.

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Contents: 1. Special Ability and Choice of Occupation. 2. Positions Obtained Through Advertisements. 3. Positions Obtained Through Unsolicited Letters. 4. The Letter of Application. 5. Personal Interview and Letters of Recommendation. 6. Special Hints to Various Classes of Applicants. 7. On Keeping Positions and Winning Promotions.

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By S. ROLAND HALL  
NORMAN RICHARDSON, TORONTO  
12 E. Wellington St.



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Cocoa shares with  
milk the first place as a  
drink for children. A pure  
Cocoa, it contains nerve, flesh  
and muscle - building material.  
Made with milk it is a perfectly  
balanced food, as well as a drink  
the children love.

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**TORONTO**

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As a suggestion, give your wife a small Electric Kettle. These come in either pint or quart sizes. They will answer the same purpose as the more elaborate Chafing Dish for the light lunches which are so welcome after an evening of Bridge.

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Quebec, - Canada

**Her Wish**

**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

Ted took the onus of reply on his shoulders.

"Dick was asked whether his father was reading by lamp or candle-light that evening; and when he said the former, how far off the table upon which it was placed was from the window-curtains? Dick answered about three yards; and the coroner remarked that it was clearly impossible then for them to have caught fire as had been suggested. Dick replied, somewhat sarcastically, that although he had left his father seated in that particular chair, he could not say how long he had remained there. To his mind, there were two different ways in which the fire might have originated. Mr. Emberson might by accident, awake or asleep, have knocked the lamp over—or, it was quite possible that, after undressing, he had continued reading in bed; and in that case he would probably have made use of the candle which, with matches, always stood ready to hand. Supposing him to have done this, and, falling asleep, to have left the candle burning, a sudden gust of wind from the window, which was always left open at night, might very well have blown the light muslin curtain into the flame and so caused the conflagration."

"Then the little dark man whispered again," said Colonel Anerley, taking up the thread of the narrative, "and the coroner asked a rather strange question; he wanted to know if Mr. Emberson had been in the habit of wearing false teeth?"

"False teeth!" echoed the two ladies, in amazement.

"Yes; don't you see, if he had, and they were attached to gold plates, the latter ought to be found."

"I should never have thought of that!" murmured Mrs. Anerley.

"What did Dick reply?" asked Enid.

"Not to his knowledge."

"Oh, but he did!" exclaimed the elder lady.

"He did! Who did? What did they do, my dear?" queried her husband.

"I know he did," she continued, without heeding the interruption. "When Mr. Emberson was talking to me one day he threw his head back and laughed, and I saw then that he wore something of the sort."

The Colonel elevated his eyebrows. "Trust a woman," he said, "for observing trifles of that description. It seems to me, my dear, it would have been better if you and Enid had gone this morning instead of us; your evidence would have been decidedly more valuable than ours."

The summons to luncheon here broke up the conversation. Whilst the others took their places at table, Enid crept upstairs on tip-toe to Dick's room and listened outside. The door was ajar; and the sound of regular breathing betrayed the fact that, forgetful for a time of his troubles, he had fallen asleep.

She slipped into the room and went up close to his side; then stood for a moment looking down with an almost maternal tenderness at the pale, worn, young face—at the athletic figure, and the strong right arm thrown out widely across the pillows. Seeing him thus in the abandonment of sleep, Enid's heart throbbed with a mingled love and pity almost painful in its intensity. Yielding to a sudden temptation, she bent forward and pressed a kiss, soft as the caress of a rose-leaf, upon his forehead. He stirred a little and she drew back quickly, catching her breath with the fear of having awakened him. But he slept on; and creeping away as noiselessly as she had entered, she joined the others below. It was quite late in the afternoon when Dick appeared downstairs. He declared himself to feel heaps better; and his looks corroborated his statement; the expression of mental strain and worry had sensibly relaxed, and he was more like his normal self. Ted Alston whispered as much to Enid as he wished her "Good-night," and she replied under her breath, lest her lover should overhear—

"Yes; if only the funeral was over! When that is past we shall all begin to breathe again freely."

People came from far and wide the next day to attend at the last solemn laying to earth of the poor fragments of mortality which had once known the pride of manhood. Owing to Mr. Emberson's having been so many years absent from that part of the country, and also





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to his having led, since his return to the property, the life of a recluse, many of those present had never seen him; but all wished to pay a last token of respect to the victim of an appalling catastrophe; and all turned pitying eyes on the bereaved son as he stood with bowed head by the open grave.

When the last solemn words had been said, and the mourners had returned sorrowfully home, Dick sank into a chair on the verandah with a sigh, the heavy sigh of a man who feels that he has progressed one stage on a long and wearisome journey. He closed his burning eyes, and a feeling of restfulness and something akin to peace came over him. But he was not long undisturbed. The man-servant came out through the dining-room, a visiting card in his hand.

"The gentleman would like to see you, sir," he said. "I told him it was unlikely you would see anyone just now." Dick took the card mechanically; it bore the name of "Mr. Albert Screed," and in the corner of the card was the significant inscription, "Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Mr. Screed Explains Himself.

WITH the first glance as he entered the library, Dick Emberson recognized in Mr. Albert Screed the stranger who had made himself conspicuous at the inquest, short in stature, about forty years of age and generally insignificant in physique; rather gloomy-looking about the legs, dark-complexioned and clean-shaven; a long-pointed nose, and slightly prominent grey eyes. Such was the outward appearance of the man who rose to his feet as the library door opened.

The young man advanced, holding the card in his hand and, without greeting of any sort, said icily—

"Will you kindly state your business, Mr. Screed, as briefly as possible; it must surely be of a pressing nature, since it brings you to me an hour after I have laid my poor father in his grave. I had imagined, erroneously, it seems, that on this day, at least, I should be free from intrusion."

The visitor gave a little deprecatory bow whilst his prominent grey eyes noted every detail of the other's appearance. There was nothing in Mr. Screed's manner to betray the fact that he had of malice prepense forced an interview at a moment when he might reasonably expect to find the person he wished to interrogate least master of himself—least capable of fencing with an astute antagonist.

"If he is not a cold-blooded monster, he must be pretty well shaken by yesterday's and to-day's work; and when a man's nerves are out of gear, it is uncommonly difficult for him not to give himself away."

Such had been his calculations; and after that first quick, keen survey he had mentally summed up his impressions—first impressions—to an habitual observer of mankind generally the most valuable—thus:

"Looks pale and ill; that's no more than might be expected. Shows a certain hostility in his manner; but that might also be explained by a natural indignation at my untimely visit; his eyes meet mine firmly and steadily enough—there's a steely gleam in them which suggests to me that Mr. Richard Emberson could be a nasty antagonist if once fairly roused—but his right hand opens and shuts convulsively over what looks like my bit of paste-board; that shows that the young gentleman is not quite as calm as he would wish to appear—that my coming fills him with nervous apprehension—of what, I wonder?"

"I am sorry, Mr. Emberson, to appear intrusive," he replied quietly. "Perhaps it would have been better had I deferred my visit. I am a business man, and I don't myself allow sentiment to interfere with necessary work; but it was certainly thoughtless of me not to remember that you might be of a different way of thinking. I will call again tomorrow if you prefer it."

"I should prefer, as I said before, your telling me at once the object of your visit."

Mr. Screed shrugged his shoulders. "As you wish. With your permission I will take a seat; the day is warm, and I have been on my feet a good many hours."

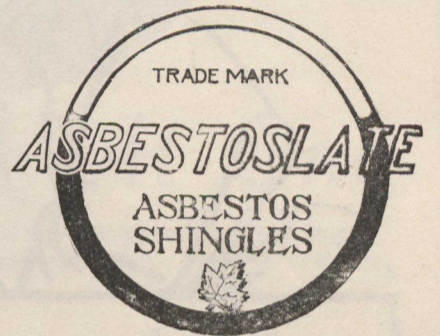
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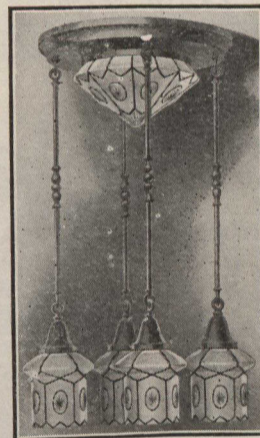


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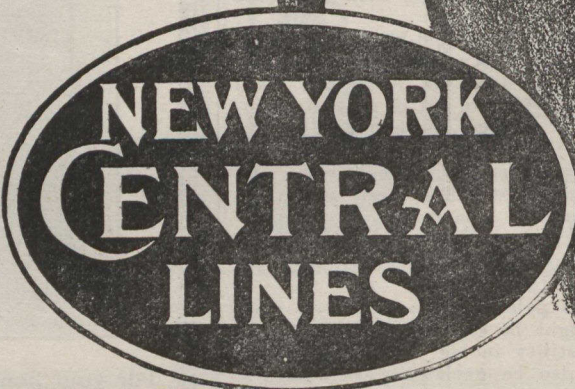
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Dick flung himself impatiently into a chair facing his visitor, and waited for the other to continue; the crumpled up paste-board escaped from his nervous fingers, and dropped unheeded to the floor, as he beat an impatient tattoo upon the table by his side.

Mr. Sreed was not a man to be hurried—the signs of restiveness shown by his companion only caused him to affect a greater deliberation of manner and speech.

"My card," he said, "will already have told you who I am. The circumstances attending your father's death, Mr. Emberson, being somewhat out of the common, Scotland Yard sent me down to watch the case. I was present at the inquest."

He paused—leant back in his chair, and folded his arms as if awaiting some comment on his announcement.

"I know; I saw you there," remarked Dick. "I should like to take you by the throat and shake what you have to say out of you," was his added but inward reflection as the other drawled slowly—

"Ah—ye-es. Well, I am sure you will agree with me when I say that nothing quite so scandalously inefficient as that inquiry, and no one quite so dense as your worthy coroner has ever come under my notice."

"I don't agree with you at all!" said Dick explosively, glad of an excuse for venting the irritation which seethed within him. "Mr. Jelf is an old friend of mine—and, to my mind, he showed a tactful delicacy—a consideration for the feelings of those involved in this unhappy catastrophe, which it would be well for others to emulate."

"Not being so easily satisfied as the worthy Mr. Jelf, I have been making independent inquiries; these, so far, have only served to increase the suspicions I had already formed; and I naturally come to you, as the person most likely to be able to assist me in my investigations."

"Of what nature are your investigations?" asked Dick, grasping the two arms of the big lounge chair in which he sat so tightly that the knuckles stood out white and prominent.

"I am pretty sure to begin with that the fire at Ardwell Court was not the result of accident, but incendiarism," was the reply.

"Ridiculous! Impossible!"

With an impatient movement the young man twisted his chair round so that his back was towards the window, and his face therefore less plainly visible to his companion. The manoeuvre, though skilfully effected, was perfectly transparent to Mr. Sreed, who smiled again—somewhat grimly this time.

"Neither one nor the other as I will show you later," he said, "but, with your permission, we will put that point aside for the moment whilst I ask you a straight question. What proof have you that the body you have interred to-day is really that of your father?"

"Good God, man; who else could it be?"

The sudden start, the wheel round, the eyes widened with a half-stupefied amazement indicated either that Mr. Richard Emberson was a consummate actor, or that this was a question for which he had been totally unprepared. The detective was not quite sure which hypothesis to accept, he was slightly disappointed at the effect of his bomb-shell: it had not been just what he anticipated.

"Ah, that I can't say at present," he answered reflectively; "but I will tell you this much. If Mr. Emberson really lost his life in the fire which burnt his house to the ground, certain traces should be found to prove his identity. These are conspicuous by their absence."

"I left my father at ten o'clock in his own bedroom when all the rest of the household had retired; he and he alone failed to make his escape when the alarm of fire was raised; in the face of that well authenticated fact, the presence or absence of traces you might expect to find signifies little or nothing!"

The young man spoke with considerable heat; but Mr. Sreed's judicial calm was quite unruffled as he replied—

"I differ from you entirely, to my mind it is extremely significant. I will show you how; you cannot be sure that after you had left your father he did not privately introduce a visitor; he had already had one interview in the afternoon with two strangers; he might





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have arranged for a second at an hour when he might reasonably expect it to be unobserved. The fact that the body found must have been fully clothed when the fire broke out rather lends colour to this theory."

"How did you prove that he was fully clothed?" asked Dick abruptly.

"My dear sir, the position of the keys, and the blade of the pocket-knife, discovered lying just under the deceased, shows clearly that they had been contained in his pockets." The detective enjoyed for a moment in silence the spectacle of the other's evident surprise and discomfiture, then continued: "You will probably ask for what purpose could Mr. Emberson have made such an appointment? I reply frankly: I cannot tell you—it is idle now to surmise; perhaps to receive certain papers which the others had not with them (they had left a bag in the cloak-room), or pay over a sum of money. The reason is immaterial. The quarrel of the afternoon—"

"Which was probably only the idle imagining of two wooden-headed servants!" interposed Dick hotly.

"May have been resumed," continued the other imperturbably.

The younger man, with a resigned shrug of his shoulders, resumed his former position, with his back to the light, so that only the silhouette of his face was perceptible to the keen eyes fronting him.

"May have reached a higher pitch—have changed from words to blows. Supposing a fatal one to have been struck—intentionally or unintentionally—what would be the first idea of the survivor? How to escape detection. What would naturally present itself to his mind as the safest course of action? To fire the house and slip away unobserved in the darkness."

He paused, noting with satisfaction the slight tremor which passed through Dick's frame; then continued quietly, whilst his companion maintained an ominous silence—

"Accepting this hypothesis, the natural question arises—Who was the assailant? who the victim? If Mr. Emberson had fallen—there would have been little or no reason to hide his identity; the fire would be expected to cover up the crime; but if it was his visitor who met with a sudden and violent death that night, the case would have been different; it might then have been necessary to take certain precautions to prevent later identification."

The measure was full; with a bound Dick was upon the detective, had seized him by the collar, and shaken him as a terrier does a rat; then flung him to the ground, and stood over him with clenched fists and gleaming eyes.

"You had better pick yourself up and go, Mr. Screed," he said between half-closed teeth, "whilst I have still sufficient command over myself to refrain from breaking every bone in your body. You will know perhaps another time that it is scarcely safe to dub a man murderer and incendiary in his son's presence."

The little man picked himself up rather ruefully, and quietly straightened his disordered collar and tie.

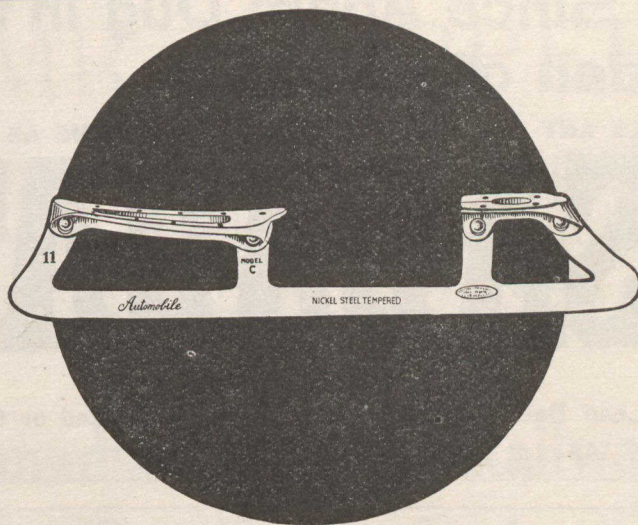
"I think I knew that before," he answered dryly; "but in our profession we have to take risks. Your arguments are most convincing, Mr. Emberson; and I sincerely envy your muscular strength. Some men might bear you malice for handling them as you have me; but, 'pon my soul, I like you all the better for it. Let us cry quits! Set your shaking against my offence. I will promise not to repeat it, if you, on your side, will hear me patiently to the end."

Dick stared at him in amazement; but his fury had spent itself in the tussle, and the pluck and sportsmanlike spirit of the little man raised the latter several degrees in his estimation. Flinging himself heavily back in his chair, he said with a short laugh—

"For heaven's sake, then, proceed and get it over."

The detective remained standing, placing his elbows on the top of the chair and leaning over it in such fashion that it formed a rampart between him and his impetuous companion, he said quietly—

"I have not yet told you my chief reason for doubting the identity of the person buried yesterday."  
—person buried yesterday."  
"You are touching on dangerous ground, Mr. Screed. I thought we had



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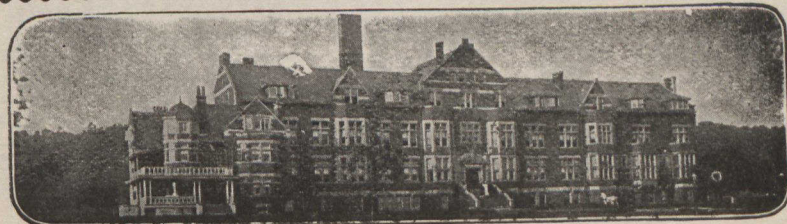
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agreed to leave that subject."  
"I agreed to draw no further conclusions—aloud; but not to be silent as to facts. Surely you would wish to have those communicated to you."  
The young man sighed impatiently.  
"Go on, then," he said, "if you must."  
"In your evidence at the inquest you stated that your father did not, to your knowledge, wear false teeth. Not being satisfied on that point, I have since made further inquiries—I will not go into details, but give you at once the result of my investigations. I am now in a position to bring forward a dentist at Oxford who has Mr. Emberson's name on his books; and can prove by them that the last work done by him for that gentleman was the repairing of a gold plate which had been slightly damaged. I think that is conclusive."  
Dick bent his head silently.

"I will content myself for the present by adding that the most exhaustive research carried out under my personal supervision had failed to bring to light any trace, however small, of the dentist's handiwork, and pass on to the next point in which I need your help. It is absolutely necessary to trace out the two men who called here on the afternoon of that day." Dick stirred uneasily in his chair. "Can you throw any light upon their movements or identity?"

"None whatever!" was the emphatic reply—to which was added, as an afterthought, "beyond the fact mentioned by my father that they had come from London. They probably returned by the seven o'clock train that evening."

"As it happens, they did not!" replied the detective; "they had abundance of time to catch the train, the last, as you know, in the day; but they sauntered into the station just after it had started, and finally decided to put up at the inn for the night and take the first train in the morning."

Again, Dick endeavoured to close the interview.

"I think it is time that our interview came to an end. I see no possible use in prolonging it."

"Just one moment more, Mr. Emberson," said the other, with a gesture of entreaty. "It has occurred to me that amongst your father's papers we might find some clue to the identity of these men; would you"—he hesitated—then continued with a rush—"would you object to going through them with me?"

He fully expected an indignant refusal: he was prepared for an attempt to force him from the room. What he was not prepared for was Dick's drawing a key from his pocket and politely handing it to him, saying—

"If you like to come up to my room, you are at liberty to examine my father's papers to your heart's content; but I don't fancy you will derive much information from them."

"You have already gone through them?"

"Should I have waited your permission to do so?"

The first question was put in a tone of challenge; the return query in one of sarcastic defiance. The eyes of the two men met with a steely flash like the crossing of blades. There was a moment of tense silence; it was broken by Mr. Scree—who, with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders, remarked dryly—

"Since you have taken that precaution, it would be little use my going over the same ground."

"I think so," rejoined Dick. "To be quite frank with you, Mr. Scree, my opinion is that there is literally no opening for your talents in this case."

Mr. Scree bowed politely, and, as if accepting the repulse and acknowledging defeat, moved towards the door. His fingers had already closed round the handle and a long breath of relief was hovering on his antagonist's lips, when he suddenly turned and retraced his steps.

"By the bye," he said, "it occurs to me that I have omitted to mention an important fact. Our search amongst the ruins, although fruitless in one respect, has yet brought to light a startling piece of evidence." He paused for a question which did not come. Dick waited in stony silence for him to proceed. Mr. Scree came a step closer, and, fixing him with his penetrating eyes, said—

"It was by your orders, I believe, Mr. Emberson, that some cans of petrol were stored in the coach-house?"

The angry flush which had gathered on Dick's brow faded into a ghastly pallor. It was with perceptible effort that he answered—

"Certainly, I have several times had the loan of a friend's motor car; and it was convenient to have the petrol at hand."

"Quite so. Would you be surprised to hear that several of those cans of petrol have disappeared from the place in which they were stored, and that the remains of two of them have been found among the debris—"

(To be continued.)

## On-gwa-nada

**P**ATRIOTISM which nowadays is so complicated a thing in Canada was comparatively simple to the Indians who owned the country a few hundred years ago. Canadian history is full of stories of red men who, after the land had passed to the white man, became allies of either English or French in the struggle against a common enemy. Brant and Tecumseh are as familiar heroes as Wolfe and Montcalm and Danlac, and more familiar than Poundmaker and Big Bear—who in their own way were expressing a sort of patriotism in rebellion.

The literature of the red man has always been more or less patriotic, because in a crude way it was poetic. Descendants of the old chiefs have left on record verses which indicate an attempt to interpret modern Canada in a modern way. Among the most recent is J. Ojiatekha Brant-Sero, who in an Ontario Government report of fourteen years ago was said to be "the brightest Indian ever born on a reserve."

Brant-Sero was born on the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, a descendant of Joseph Brant, and son of a Bay of Quinte Mohawk named "Sero." He is a self-taught red man. In 1896 he married Mrs. Kirby, an English lady. He is by profession a judicial interpreter, a poet and something of a dramatist. He is the author of several works, and volunteered for service in the Boer war. His letterheads bear the names Brantford, New York, London, South Africa, Berlin, Paris and Switzerland. He is a cosmopolitan and a nomad. A short while ago he wrote a poem on Canada which he sent in manuscript to Mr. A. T. Cringan, a friend of his, teacher of singing at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and a well-known authority on Indian melodies, many of which through his efforts have been published in the Ontario Government archaeological report. In a letter to Mr. Cringan the author—somewhat apologizing for the rather crude form of what he calls "the enclosed hybrid," says:

"The Mohawk stanza should, if ever this piece of joyous patriotism sees print, set at rest any dispute as to the origin of the word 'Canada.' A literal translation of it could be better supplied on the spot by one thoroughly acquainted with the 'Long House Festivals.'"

The poem is entitled:

### ON-GWA-NADA. OUR HOME.

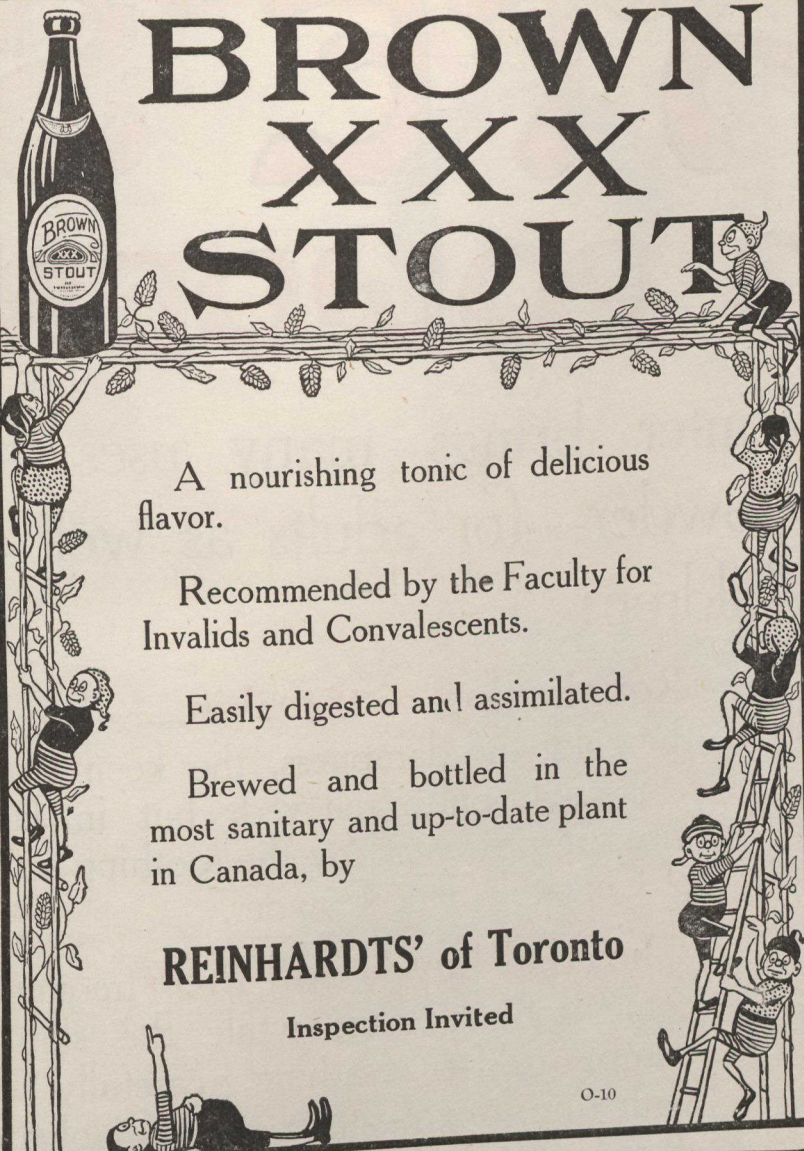
"Ka-non-s'hon-ni," yoh son, Kanada.  
H'ow nyoh, H'ow nyoh, H'ow nyoh;  
Tsits dod's tse ri ne kea, wa hon ron.  
Ne, T'ha kah sah he re,—  
Tsi—On-gwa-nada,  
Tsi—On-gwa-nada.

Imperial Canada the free,  
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice;  
Hear, each warbling grey bird so happy,  
Cooling his mate for choice?  
The Maple Leaf a Home,  
Where'er we may roam.

Our Beaver motto of old gave life—  
Each treasured bow'r a care;  
And Axemen's pioneer deeds foretold  
strife  
What Canada may dare.  
The Maple Leaf a Home,  
Where'er we may roam.

Hail, songs of our queenly mother love,  
Behold, our kingly choice;  
Nation's virgin birth, sturdy and rough  
Breathing stillness rejoice!  
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