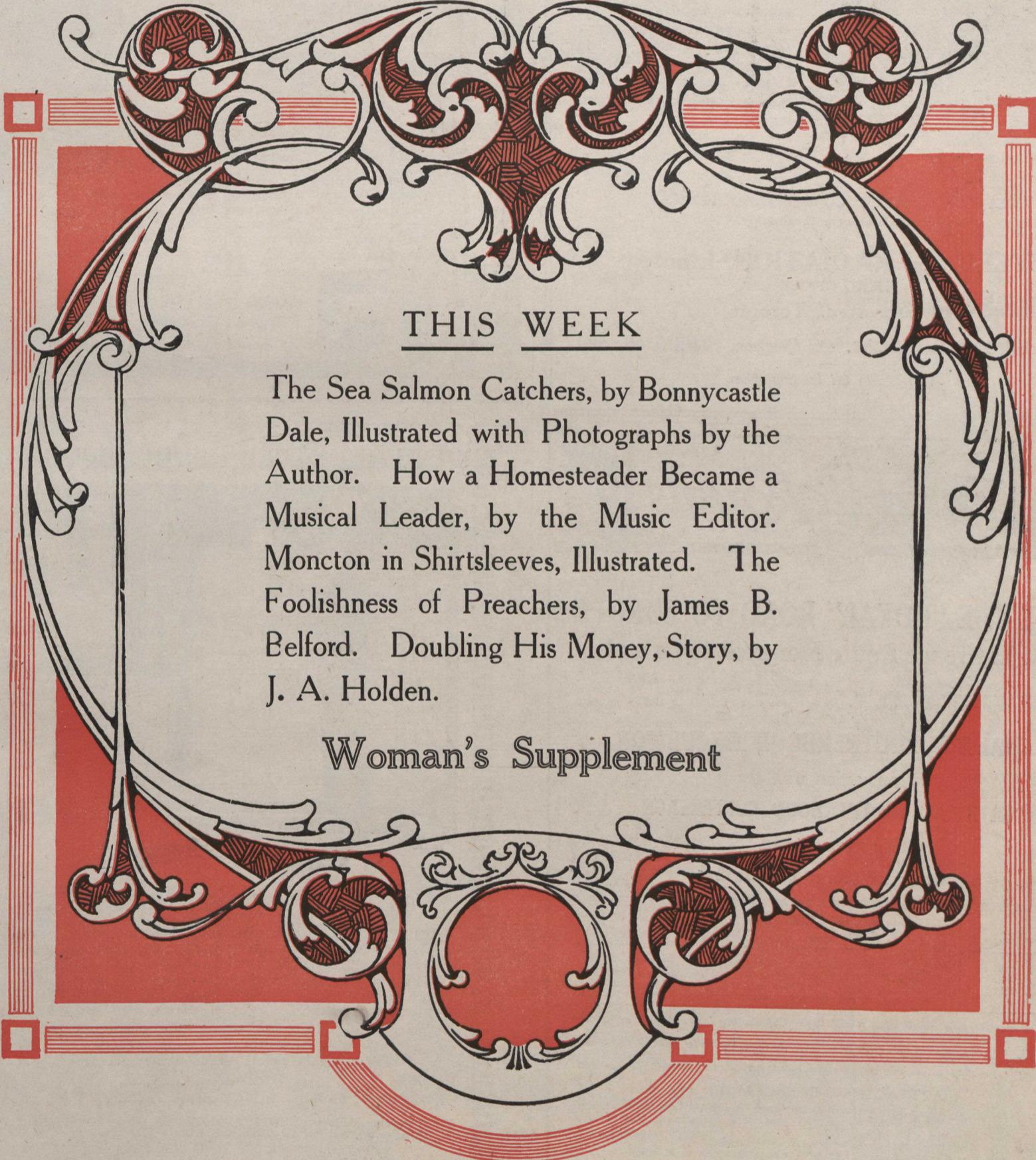


The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THIS WEEK

The Sea Salmon Catchers, by Bonnycastle Dale, Illustrated with Photographs by the Author. How a Homesteader Became a Musical Leader, by the Music Editor. Moncton in Shirtsleeves, Illustrated. The Foolishness of Preachers, by James B. Belford. Doubling His Money, Story, by J. A. Holden.

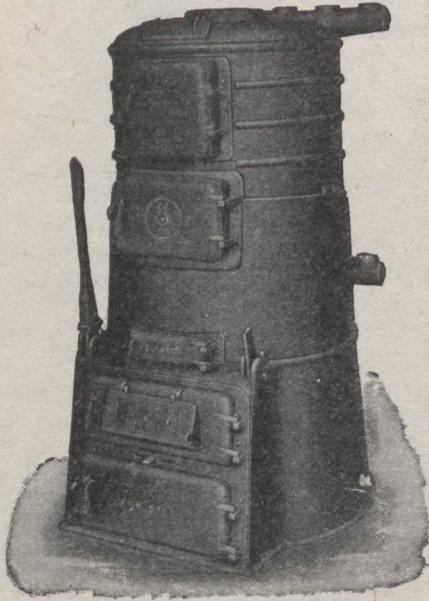
Woman's Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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in connection with the
NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD CONFERENCE
Birmingham, Eng.,

September 20th to 24th, 1913

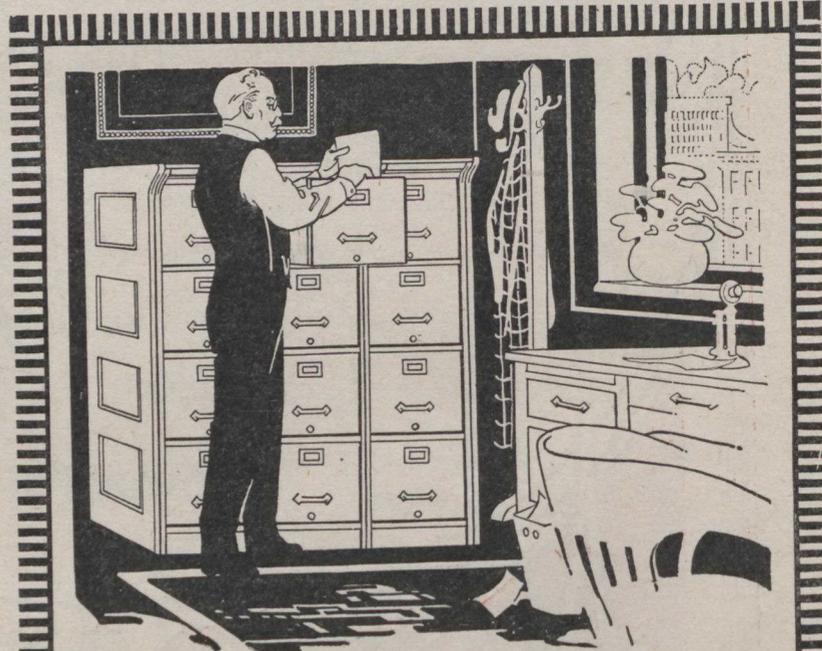
SAILING DATES

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

Special parties will be formed to sail from Canada on above dates and choice accommodation reserved for them.
Special fares in connection with steamship passage will be quoted from any point in Canada to the seaboard.
Regular steamship fares between Montreal or Quebec and Bristol or London.

ATTRACTIONS IN ENGLAND

Civic reception at Avonmouth on arrival of "Royal Edward," due August 16th.
Trip through the Shakespearian Country, including Stratford, Oxford and Windsor.
Reception by the Lord Mayor, Mansion House, London.
Demonstration at Crystal Palace, London. Choir of 4,000 male voices.
Visit to Windsor Castle.
National Brotherhood Conference at Birmingham.
Full information and further details will be gladly given by any Steamship Agent, or the following General Agents of the Canadian Northern Steamships:—P. Mooney, 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.; Jas. Morrison, A.G.P.A., 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; H. C. Bourlier, 52 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; and A. H. Davis, 254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.



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EVIDENCE of good management is shown in the office of the business man who takes particular concern in the proper equipping of his office.

To have modern conveniences for the saving of time and needless effort in office routine means increased value to the services of each one in the office.

Office Specialty Equipment is made to give the maximum of service in utility as well as wear.

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CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 7

CONTENTS

- Music in the West By the Music Editor.
 Doubling His Money, Story By J. A. Holden.
 Illustration by Arthur Lismer.
 The Foolishness of Preachers By James B. Belford.
 Moncton in Shirtsleeves By Edgar E. Kelley.
 Some Lloyd George Stories H. S. E.
 The Salmon Catchers, Story By Bonnycastle Dale.
 On Lawyers Declining Cases By the Monocle Man.
 News of a Week Illustrated.
 In My Garden By E. T. Cook.
 The River of Stars, Serial By Edgar Wallace.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

The good gospel of selfishness is preached by the free-thinking "Erin," with reservations; the progress of Supervised Play is sketched, and the provinces' news, in brevities, is presented.

- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
 Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
 Reflections By the Editor.

Editor's Talk

LAST week and this week are hot-weather numbers—plenty of pictures and not too much serious reading. The week's short story will get serious occasionally—it did this week. But it is serio-comic, dealing with the vagaries of the real-estate shark. Next week another beautiful animal story by Charles G. D. Roberts, with special illustrations by Arthur Heming, will be the story feature.

In controversial articles, Mr. Belford has the place of honour this week with a good-natured attack on the preacher. Perhaps Mr. Belford's views may not meet with general approval—if so, our columns are open. Undoubtedly there are two sides to this everlasting question. Next week there will be another controversial article, as well as several lighter features which are worth while.

The editor of the children's page has been on holidays, but there are some excellent little stories and illustrated material coming forward for the August issues.

"THE BIRMINGHAM OF CANADA"

HAMILTON

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Manufacturers should investigate the many advantages this city can give in the way of cheap power with excellent facilities for transportation by rail or water. Hamilton is located in such a position as to make it one of the great distributing points in Canada to-day. We have some very excellent investments in this lively go-ahead city. Some very fine locations in Factory Sites and also Business Sites in the heart of business activities.

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U-45

3 Grizzlies in Under 1 Minute

Feb. 10, 1913—Writing to tell you how pleased I am with the .280 Ross. Last season in Cassiar, B.C., I went after 13 head and bagged the lot, at ranges varying from 60 to 500 yards in 27 shots. My bag consisted of 3 Black Bear, 4 Grizzlies, 2 Goat, 2 Cariboo, 2 Moose. In my estimation

There is no Rifle to compare with the "Ross .280"

The balance is perfect, the action fast and smooth, while the flatness of trajectory quite does away with the judging of distances.

I shot a Goat at over 500 yards with exactly same sight

that I take at 100 yards. The 3 grizzlies were killed in under one minute. Cluny C. Luke, Alberni, B.C. (Extract letter to Ross Rifle Co.)

\$55.00. The "Ross" .280 High Velocity is now retailed for \$55.00, and the Ross .280 Ammunition, with copper tube expanding bullet, patented, specially adapted for it, at \$7.50 per 100.

Get one NOW for your next trip. If your dealer cannot show one write for illustrated catalogue.



ROSS RIFLE Co., QUEBEC, CAN.

Price \$7.50 Up

Made \$30 First Day

B. Basha, of Bell Island, Newfoundland, did this with our

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That beginners make such profit at the start, shows that no experience is needed in this wonderful money-making business. Robt. Bock, Willow Hill, Pa., took in \$35 in one day. Vernard Baker, Holbrook, Neb., \$24.90. Jas. E. Wendt, Ashton, Idaho, \$26. C.V. Lovett, Ft. Meade, Fla., made \$50 in one day. These testimonials are just a few of many hundreds we have on file. Pictures in Post Cards and on Buttons all the range at Fairs, Carnivals, Picnics, Resorts, Schools, Depots, Factories, on Streets—anywhere—everywhere. Our Champion Camera takes pictures size 2 1/4 x 3 1/4, 1 1/2 x 2 1/2, and buttons. Finishes complete photo in 30 seconds; 200 an hour. No dark room. Easiest, quickest, biggest money-maker known. Small investment. About \$50 profit on each dollar you take in. *Beginner own loss.* Write at once for Free Book, Testimonials and Liberal Offer.

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"Whyte & Mackay" is so good because fully aged and matured and perfectly blended.

At all Hotels and Stores.

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TOILET SOAP

Delicately Perfumed

Canadian Women delight in using this Soap Its faultless cleansing action—its soothing, beautifying effects—and its distinctive, lasting perfume—are a trinity of virtues not possessed by any soap costing three times its price.

Ask for the soap that comes in the sanitary package.

comes to you each cake in its own sanitary package. It is the original Taylor's Toilet Delight, as good for grown up as for Baby. **Taylor's Toilet Delights**

Oldest and Largest Perfumers and Toilet Soap Makers in Canada. 122



Save one ton in seven



LET us send you this book. It tells how to heat your home comfortably—and save one-seventh of your Coal Bill. The Hecla steel-ribbed fire-pot makes this saving. With three times the radiating surface of any other furnace, it sends more heat to the living rooms and less to the chimney. Everyone who is building a home, everyone who has a worn-out furnace or one that is wasting coal, will value the suggestions and information contained in "Comfort & Health."

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FOR COAL AND WOOD

Healthful heating is not possible with a leaky furnace. Coal Gas is not only unpleasant—it is a menace to health. The Hecla will supply your whole house with pure warm air because it cannot leak gas or dust. Every point where a leak might otherwise occur is fused by our patent process absolutely tight. Time and use cannot loosen the Hecla Fused Joint.

Is 1/7 of your Coal Bill worth saving? Do you want more healthful heat? Write for "Comfort & Health," a book on the sane heating of homes.

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Clare Bros. & Co.
LIMITED
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No Gas
No Dust
Fused joints cannot leak

Saves one ton in Seven



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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

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ARE YOU AS WELL AS YOU SHOULD BE?

Or do you suffer from—

The body derives its nourishment from the blood. When the blood is weak and "watery" it cannot supply the body with sufficient nourishment. Therefore people suffering from Anaemia have pale, transparent skins—have Weakness

constant headaches—and a feeling of intense weariness. But a few wineglassfuls of "Wincarnis" will speedily create a new fund of rich, new blood—will give brightness to the eyes and new vigour and vitality to the whole system. caused by "Wincarnis" being immediately absorbed into the system, thereby stimulating the heart—revitalizing the blood, rebuilding the lost vitality and creating new energy. By taking "Wincarnis" regularly for a few days you will derive new health, new strength, new vigour and new life.

Anaemia

Weakness

Sleeplessness is due to a disorganized condition of the brain cells. The body may be thoroughly worn out, but owing to the excitable and highly-strung state of the brain, sleep is impossible. A wineglassful of "Wincarnis" taken the last thing at night will compose and soothe the highly-strung brain and ensure an uninterrupted and sweetly refreshing night's rest. And while you are asleep "Wincarnis" is busy storing your system with energy in readiness for another day's work.

Sleeplessness

WINGARNIS

"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

How a Homesteader Became a Musical Leader

THE illustrated story of St. John's Church Choir, in Lloydminster, Sask., is not chosen merely because it is St. John's Choir, Lloydminster. It is a type of many such interesting stories of how music has been developed in the West, as Emil Paur once said to an Arts Club in Toronto, "out of de middle of de people."

This particular little choir of less than twenty voices won very high honours at the sixth Alberta Festival, held in Edmonton this year; and it did so by presenting choral art in a remarkably high form, even for a Western Provincial Festival, which is saying a great deal.

Three years ago this choir attended its first Festival, in Saskatoon, winning the shield for small choirs and entering in the open class as well. The adjudicators from Winnipeg described the performance of the choir as "an object lesson in choral singing to the whole Festival." For this also, after much difficulty in making the award, they were given a special cup. Next year the choir went to the Alberta Festival. This is a peculiarity of Lloydminster; its main street being part of the boundary line between the provinces, the choirs of that town may send competitors to both Provincial Festivals. So, in 1911, the St. John's Choir came next to the top in the small choir competition, beaten one point only by the Robertson Presbyterian Choir, of Edmonton. In 1912 they were too busy raising money for a new organ to attend any festival. In 1913 the Festival Committee at Edmonton offered the St. John's Choir a rebate on railway fares to compete. They went—and won.

The choir are all English, except one lady. Many of them are Barr colonists who founded Lloydminster under such discouraging auspices about eleven years ago. They live on farms, some of them six miles from town; but distance and bad roads and cold weather make no difference to their enthusiasm for attending rehearsals and services. Mr. H. B. Haines, for some time manager of the Bank of Commerce in Lloydminster, really started the choir attending festivals. He was then organist of the church and had produced the whole of Stainer's "Crucifixion" in a church service. The present organist and conductor, Mr. Francis Stevenson, an Englishman, was a homesteader. He acted as choirmaster and came regularly to town to attend rehearsals and services. In 1911 Mr. Stevenson moved to town, where at present he is engaged in the business of real estate, lending money, insurance and ticket agencies. He is now both organist and choirmaster. Every Good Friday his little choir gives Stainer's "Crucifixion" with special services during Lent.

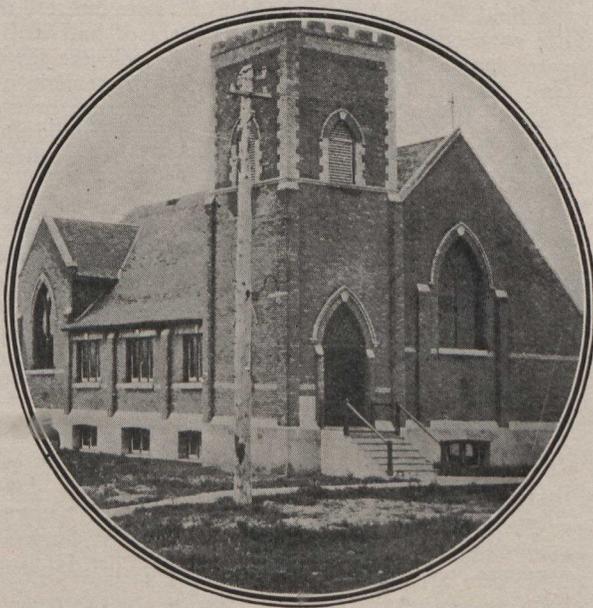
THIS is one of many such stories of good choirs developing choral art by sheer enthusiasm and love of music in the towns and cities of the West. And it is one of the best signs of the times in that country that so many people, both Canadians and British-born, are working with such interest to further the cause of art in a country that has so much to contend with in the real estate booster and the land gambler.

Six years ago the writer of this article came across a similar case in Calgary. In the school-

NO form of art does so much for social enjoyment as choral singing and costs so little. An English homesteader in Saskatchewan became the organist and leader of a choir that won two shields and a special cup at three Provincial Festivals. And that is the story of how a small band of men and women, all English but one, devoted their talents to the development of music for the sake of their fellow-citizens, without costing the community a copper. There are other people doing a similar work in many parts of the West.



The Choir of St. John's Church, Lloydminster, Sask., which in Three Years has won Two Shields and One Special Cup. The Conductor, Mr. Francis Stevenson, is holding the Shield won by the Choir at the Alberta Festival This Year.



St. John's Church, Lloydminster, Well Known for its Good Music.

room of a big Methodist church thirty or forty young people worked for two hours on a hot summer evening with fiddles and 'cellos and wind instruments rehearsing a work of Beethoven. The

writer asked to see the conductor, who was an enthusiastic Englishman.

"What are you doing this for?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "we intend to give a concert of good music in this church in about four weeks. These young people have talent. I had some experience as a conductor in England. We agreed that we might as well do something worth while, both for ourselves and the community. Because in this country we are a long way from music centres."

Seven years before that in Edmonton another ambitious Englishman had a small choir that developed a repertoire of two hundred best things in music, anthems, motets, glees and part songs. That choir traveled many miles to prairie school-houses, giving good concerts in places that never had a chance to hear a concert company.

Wherever you find the English you find a love of music for its own sake. And the West has thousands of English people, just as it has thousands of Canadians and other nationalities, who can't altogether live without good music.

Different From the East

THIS is all very different from the case of Ontario towns. Most of the musical activity in the East has gravitated to the big centres. It follows the conservatory and the college. There was a time when towns of the 10,000 population class in the East had choral societies and good citizens' bands and local concerts of oratorio. Most of these are now matters of history. There are still a few choral societies in Ontario, outside of Toronto—but not many. There are more choral organizations in the West than in Ontario or Quebec, except in the big centres. Even Montreal, which used to have oratorio and unaccompanied singing, has dispensed with nearly all of it in favour of opera. The church choir, of course, still remains in Montreal and Quebec. In the Maritime Provinces there has been a decadence in native music.

But considering its advantages, Ontario has lapsed most of all. Brantford, Hamilton, London and St. Thomas still have choral societies. Chatham has a small one. Windsor and Walkerville, up till a few years ago, had one. But in most other towns in Ontario the art of choral singing has gone into a decline. One reason is the exodus of musical talent to the West. A greater cause is—Toronto, which has managed to consolidate itself into a big music centre. There was a time when Hamilton was more of a music centre than Toronto. Now, except for one fairly prosperous conservatory and one choral society, it is content to take what Toronto leaves. There may be a reaction when such places as Hamilton and London and Ottawa and Brantford will develop a real impulse in native music. But it will not be until eastern towns get the same enthusiasm for music that is found in scores of towns and cities in the West; places that were scarcely or not at all on the map when musically decadent Ontario towns were flourishing. As a matter of fact, though we spend in this country millions of dollars annually on music, we are far from a truly musical people, simply because we measure progress by the big tone and the big check.

Doubling His Money

By J. A. HOLDEN

Illustration by Arthur Lismer

The experiences of Bobby Spencer are put into fiction form. But the story "Doubling His Money" has been lived in a thousand ways in Canada during the past few years. There is no particular plot in the narrative, nor does it merely point the moral. It relates experience; and there are hundreds of people who could furnish from personal history like experience to that of Bobby Spencer.



"Bobby entered the office, and for half an hour the salesman and the manager of the company regaled him with a hundred and one reasons why Glacier Park at Port Hudson could not fail to make his everlasting fortune."

THE popular craze got Bobby Spencer at last. All winter had he stood immune against the fascination of the gorgeous panoramic painting, the insidious attack of the blue-print, and the bold demand of the full-page newspaper ad. The sylvan beauties of the finest view lots of Paradise Park, as pictured by an insistent salesman, left him coldly wondering if the ice would be in good condition for the hockey match Wednesday night; the unparalleled opportunity to get in on the ground floor on Artico Acreage and "double his money" merely started him to thinking about that new motorcycle he thought of purchasing.

While the other clerks talked glibly of "quick turnovers" and "enhanced values" and declaimed loudly on the merits or demerits of "stuff" in the four-mile circle as compared with the eight-mile circle, Bobby was wont to declare them a bunch of simpletons for throwing their good coin away on tiny patches of farm land.

But one fatal day in April Bobby met an old Ontario friend who had beaten the real estate game in Calgary to the tune of a few hundred dollars, and when the shades of night had fallen on both the four and eight mile circles, that dread disease that sooner or later clutches all Westerners possessed of ten dollars or more had numbered one more among its victims. Bobby had the real estate craze!

Not in any mild form either, gentle reader. Far be it from our hero to do anything by halves. No little \$20 or \$30 plunge for him. No sir! Just as soon as he found a good thing, and he would know a good thing when he saw it all right, he was going to "invest" his whole savings of about \$150 and do without that motorcycle. What

was a little old motorcycle anyhow compared with the opportunity that real estate offered to get a flying start on the road to Easy Street—to acquire a competence for that evil and rainy day when his feeble fingers could no longer punch the typewriter keys with vigour and with vim? What matter if he would have no money left to meet the second payment in six months? Long before that, the way real estate was booming, he would undoubtedly be able to sell at an advance; perhaps even attain to that highest pinnacle of the small realty speculator's ambition, viz., double his money in a few months.

The next evening, after wading through three or four solid pages of real estate advertisements in each evening paper, Bobby took a stroll along Real Estate Row, otherwise known as First Street, carefully noting all the maps, blue prints, bird's eye views, placards, etc., that filled the windows of the realty offices, that is, about every second window. Being evening, nearly all of the "curb operators" were enjoying a well-earned rest after the strenuous labours of the day, so that he was able to proceed nearly a block down First Street before a "window worker," seeing him gaze interestedly at a gorgeous panorama of factories and warehouses supposed to represent Port Hudson five years hence, hurried out of the office and approached our hero: "Thinking of investing a little money at Port Hudson?" he began. "It will be the best thing you ever did in your life, my friend. You can't make a mistake there. Bound to grow as big as Edmonton. Better come inside and let me show you why our new subdivision, Glacier Park, will double your money in six months."

BOBBY entered the office, and for half an hour the salesman and the manager of the company regaled him with a hundred and one reasons why Glacier Park at Port Hudson could not fail to make his everlasting fortune. It looked reasonable enough, too. If one bought property while the coming city was still in its infancy, the rapid growth that such an important commercial point was bound to experience must make his holding more valuable. He knew that hundreds of fortunes had been made in just the same way. Of course a twenty-five foot lot at \$150 two miles from the centre of what was as yet only a village did seem

a doubtful opportunity at first, but the stories of other lots in the same subdivision already resold at an advance of \$50 or more, and that oft-repeated story, the good old standby of the real estate agent, of Edmonton lots two miles out advancing from \$100 to \$1,000 in five years overcame his last scruples, and he finally left the office minus \$150, but the proud possessor (when the last payment had been made) of three lots in Glacier Park, Port Hudson, now a mere village but destined—so the salesman clearly demonstrated—to become the busy metropolis of the last Great West. Of course he intended to hold the lots for a few years, but he was not a bit selfish and decided that if someone really had to have them for building purposes he would let them go for half as much again as they had cost.

Now, indeed, was Bobby a charter member of the Real Estate Boosters' Club. A new interest in life possessed him. Did a bleak vista of half-cultivated land a few miles from the city look like farm land now? Not on your unearned increment, it didn't! Bobby's prophetic eye could picture pretty cottages, gently-sloping lawns, and happy children, where you and I could see nothing but wheat stubbles, scrubby trees, and busted fences.

Let one of his fellow clerks but swing the conversation ever so slightly toward the realty topic, and our hero was right on the job to demonstrate to all and sundry how Port Hudson, the gem of the North, could and would double, treble, and maybe quadruple the money of every mother's son of them that possessed the business acumen, foresight, and coin of the realm to grab a few lots there while the grabbing was good.

Day after day he scanned the real estate columns of the daily papers with the same feverish interest that the race track follower bestows on the dope sheet, and many were the "good things" he was compelled to pass up until such time at least as someone insisted on taking over his Port Hudson lots.

May and June passed quickly enough for Bobby. Perchance on two or three occasions he had envied some friends who could take long trips into the country on their motorcycles while he had to be content with a street-car ride; but, he reflected, one could not have his pie and eat it, too; besides, a motorcycle was a poor rig compared with the motor

car he would have—some day. July came and with it a vacation for Bobby.

It was a beautiful summer afternoon when Bobby alighted from the stage at Port Hudson. The big river steamers being loaded with supplies and machinery, the numerous small craft and scows on the river, the fifty or more tents erected by new residents who could find no other lodgings, the astonishing number of new buildings in course of construction; all filled Bobby's heart with joy. Here was a city in the making if ever there was one! A dull imagination indeed that could not picture the coming metropolis spread over the verdant hills and across and beyond the mighty river that flowed so swiftly and energetically, as if in keeping with the spirit of the place.

BOBBY spent nearly the whole evening by the bank of the river, the mighty volume of which seemed to fascinate him, and retired to his not very soft cot in the corridor of the hotel (a room was not to be had at either hotel), filled with enthusiasm and joyous anticipation for the morrow.

The next morning Bobby arose bright and early and after breakfasting and watching a Hudson's Bay steamer get under way, walked leisurely to the first real estate office that met his eye.

"Glacier Park, eh," replied the man behind the roll-top to Bobby's inquiry. "Sure, I know all about it. Old Sam Hoggins' homestead. Claimed he couldn't raise even a decent beard on it, so he guessed he'd have to follow his neighbour's example and subdivide it. View lots? Oh, yes, fine view out there, but if you are going out you'd better take a compass along because

it's easy to get lost in the bush."

Bobby spent some time in the office discussing real estate conditions and the probable future of the town; and it must be confessed that his heart sank a little lower each minute, especially when he learned that good building lots much closer in than his could be bought for the same price. But, of course, they were not view lots, overlooking the country for miles and miles. After obtaining full instructions as to how to reach Glacier Park, Bobby purchased a cheap compass and started on his way.

For the first mile he enjoyed his walk immensely. The air was clear and exhilarating, and the wild raspberries that grew in profusion everywhere tasted better, he thought, than anything he had eaten since leaving Ontario.

Arriving at a point where the trail turned to the north, Bobby left it and made his way along a blaze that had been cut through the thick bush. Here he soon found the going to be anything but good. Fallen dead trees had to be climbed over. The underbrush had grown up pretty well and occasionally a whip-like gad stung his face. Very often he stepped on a soft spot and went in over his shoe tops. He wondered when the town would see fit to build sidewalks to Glacier Park and prayed that it would be soon. Then he remembered that the only apparent residents, the jack rabbits, would hardly have sufficient influence with the town council for that.

BUT poor Bobby's misfortunes were only beginning. Soon he arrived at the edge of a patch of muskeg and, deciding to go around rather than across it, inside of five minutes found that he had lost his way. He knew he could not be very far from the blaze he had been following, but try as he would he could not locate that blaze. It seemed incredible, but the cold fact stared him in the face. He tried retracing his steps; tried to figure it out with the aid of his compass and map; but it made no difference—that blaze could not be found. A hawk circling overhead laughed at him—so he imagined. But it was no laughing matter for Bobby. Finally he gave it up and headed due West, knowing that by proceeding in that direction he must reach the river and the rest would be easy.

But if following the blaze had been hard work, (Concluded on page 22.)

The Foolishness of Preachers

By JAMES B. BELFORD

IN the following article the old question of ministers' salaries is raised in a somewhat new way. The two difficulties which the preacher meets are, first, a small salary, and, second, irregular payments. Some congregations expect the minister to contribute to his own salary whenever there is a shortage. The Presbyterian Church has met this by guaranteeing all salaries; the others do not.

In the Methodist Church minimum stipends are fixed for Old Ontario and the East as follows: For unmarried unordained men, \$500.00; for unmarried ordained men, \$700.00; for married ordained men, \$900.00.

West and north of New Ontario the schedule adds just \$100.00 to each of these to make up the higher cost of living. In each case horse-keep up to \$100.00 a year is added; and in the case of married men a furnished house.

In the Presbyterian Church the individual stipends raised by the congregations often run very low in remote and rural districts. But the minister is guaranteed a minimum by the church. This minimum is as follows:

For ministers of augmented charges, aided by the church funds:

In Old Ontario and Quebec: Married men, \$1,000.00 and a house; unmarried men, \$950.00.

New Ontario and the West: Married men, \$1,200.00 and a house; unmarried men, \$1,150.00.

Ordained missionaries get respectively: Married men, \$950.00 to \$1,000.00 and a house; unmarried men, \$900.00 to \$950.00.

No convenient figures are obtainable for the Anglican Church. But the difference of scale between the various denominations is only a relatively small percentage.

It may be added that the best salaries paid by the leading denominations run up to \$4,500.00 and \$5,000.00, to which in most cases is added the use of a furnished or partly furnished house.

AS a body there is no class of men, with the exception of journalists, who are themselves preachers in a wider field, who are doing more or better work for humanity, than the class whose individual members style themselves, rectors, parish priests, ministers, elders, etc.; but who are broadly grouped by the man in the street as preachers. But there is an inherent tendency in all men who devote themselves to the public good to allow, at times, the idealistic to overcome the practical, judged by the standards of the business world. What an unpractical ass must Chinese Gordon appear to that able adjutant of the Goddess of Peace, the Laird of Skibo? That is, if the worthy Andy has ever heard of him. And how John D. must shake his shining poll over the gross remissness of Abe Lincoln, who emerged never a penny the better from the Civil War?

We would hesitate to entrust our case in the King's Bench to a Doctor of Medicine, or vice versa, our recovery from Grippe to a legal practitioner; and to do these gentlemen justice they would refuse to undertake anything foreign to their own line of work. But among preachers of a certain type no such faltering is found. Gentlemen who cheerfully confess their ignorance of Shakespeare, sit in judgment on our plays. Other gentlemen with the shell of the theological college still sticking to their heads arbitrarily decide our ethical code. Still others, whose Biblical investigations have landed them in the shoals and fogs of an uncharted back-water shout for a coalition of forces on the basis of lack of conviction.

Much of the foolishness of preachers is directly attributable to their native innocence. Taken at an early age and placed in the forcing-beds of a theological seminary; carefully shielded from the rude blasts of a material world, is it any wonder that the plant should appear thrifty and verdant, and yet withal lack something of stamina? It takes some knocking about in the rough-and-tumble of life, before the gifted graduate can learn from the deep experiences of sorrow and joy the way to the hearts of men. And some never learn. And among these latter we find the men who confound notoriety with influence, lack of conviction with broad-mindedness, and a smattering of German agnosticism with intelligent research.

They are to be found in every denomination, and in all parts of the country, although Montreal and Toronto seem to be exceptionally favourable to their growth. They can be known by two unfailing symptoms, first a perfervid desire to interfere with

what is none of their business, second, by the itch for notoriety. When one or both of these signs appear, a new chapter will shortly be added to the long scroll of the foolishness of preachers.

But happily the great majority of preachers do learn in the school of life something of their business in spite of their theological training. Their foolishness is of the kind which injures themselves, but is not offensive to society at large. It is the foolishness which Carnegie would see in Gordon, i.e., the rendering of services without an adequate recompense. The average yearly wage of the preacher, who is not a stage censor, or who obeys his bishop, or does not subsidize a reporter, is, in this Christian country and in this year of grace, something nearer \$800 than \$900. Foolishness—there is the proof. Mr. Deacon Jones, Mr. Church Warden Bull and Elder MacTavish quite understand. Far be it from these saintly men to allow worldly riches to corrupt the sanctity of their pastors. One can imagine the leer that lurks behind their sanctimonious eyes as they hand the Rev. E. Z. Mark, M.A., his quarterly cheque. But who is to blame? Not the worldly-wise Deacon, etc., but the foolish preacher. Not only is he sinning against God in failing to provide decently for his own family, sinning against his flock in allowing them to cheapen God's service, but he is sinning against the dignity and honour of his profession and ruining his influence. Men value most things in this world by their cost. Just as long as the preacher is the worst paid of professional men, just so long will his influence be below par. Of course, the preacher says and believes that he is not working for pecuniary ends. Quite so! But he is worthy of his hire, a living wage on which he can support his family. He can't do it on \$800.

The preacher is foolish in his coddling of his flock. He runs after Mrs. Brown, because it tickles that lady's vanity to have her neighbours see him call. He kow-tows to Mrs. Lawyer Smart, because the Smarts could be such a help you know. He worries over the Smith children, because the Smiths are too lazy and careless to do anything for their

well-being. He is trying by the power of his own personality to drag people into righteousness. The seeking should be the other way about. When the preacher substitutes common-sense for foolishness it will be.

What is wanted is a preachers' trade union. An iron-clad association which will ostracize censor-fakers and notoriety-seekers; and demand proper recognition for itself. Will we have it?

Perhaps. When the preacher ceases to regard himself as a universal entertainer, a sort of glorified vaudeville artist; and recurs to the Pauline conception of the ministry, there is hope that men in general will take him and his mission seriously. When our religious services cease to be a competition in sensationalism, and the Gospel of the Nazarene is once more the burden of the preacher's message, the material conditions of the preacher will be bettered.

The present day conditions of society fully demonstrate that our modern substitutes for the Gospel are inefficient. The world will never be saved by Lord's Day Alliances, or Committees on Social and Moral Reform. The preacher's work should concern itself with the inward, the spiritual life of man. But when he abrogates the functions of the prophet, for the duties of the policeman, he need not be surprised if he loses all his dignity and much of his influence by the exchange.

The hearts of men are still calling out for the eternal verities of God, and will not be satisfied with a crusade against ice-cream stands in its place. The world is seeking God, crying out for God. While the preachers of to-day, the descendants of the men who fanned the flames of righteousness in days gone by, seek to satisfy the soul's longings with competitive quartettes and pulpit clownings.

Herein is the great foolishness of preachers. Charged with a message of salvation to a perishing world, they deliberately discard it in favour of frothy mouthings on all manner of things of small importance, from theosophy to hobble-skirts.

The business of a preacher of the Gospel is to preach the Gospel.

A Marvel of "Movies"

Pictures of the Scott Expedition Now on Tour

THE expedition of Captain Scott to the South Pole, as seen by the moving pictures of it lately in this country, must have been the most remarkable that ever went to sea or travelled over land. The pictures themselves have never been equalled for humorous and scientific interest. The pictures shown by Captain Amundsen and Sir Ernest Shackleton were a more or less interesting attempt to give an outline of the wonderful no-man's land south of the Great Barrier. Those secured by Captain Scott were marvels of daring and endurance in the cause of science.

The cinematographer apparently carried his machine into places that to most tourists would have been impossible even with a pocket camera. He drew near to the mother seal and pried into the haunts of the kiltler whale. He hung himself and his machine over the side of the Terra Nova by a rope to get a record of the ship's prow ripping up the ice-floes. He followed the narum-scarum skua gull right to the nest and photographed the young skua hatching by the hour. He got in among the gawky and polite penguins as they sat on the eggs that the skua gulls didn't steal—and when the gull thief came swooping down for the penguin eggs he got that also. He showed how the men pitched their tent in a high wind and how they settled down to "hoosh" and a smoke and a snooze in the deerskin bags at 35 below. He described the hitching of the dogs and the tramps over the glaciers and the weird eruption of Mt. Erebus.

In the name of science and adventure and novelty of interest he left nothing out of his records. These pictures are the most remarkable ever shown in this country; a convincing proof that the Scott expedition was a 20th century marvel of organization for scientific purposes. The South Pole discovery was to be a scientific attainment; one big item in a great programme of adventure and research. The Antarctic was to be ransacked for new material—and it was. Beside the Scott Expedition

all other adventures to any part of the world were mere amateur attempts at scientific discovery.

Which, as has been said before, is the main reason why the expedition ended as it did. There was too much science. The thing was too splendid. Too much was attempted. The price paid was too—

But was it too great? Aside from the South Polar discovery, did Captain Scott or any of his men begrudge their lives in the interests of science? Had they left out the Pole the expedition would have been impossible. To leave out the science was to rob it of all that made it different from other expeditions. Science was successful—a never before under such conditions. And it was proved, not only that the Englishman knows how to die for a cause, which has been proved often enough, but that he knows how to keep abreast of the times in the march of organized science.

New Books Received

Scouts of Empire, by Lawrence J. Burpee; cloth, 50 cents: The Musson Book Co. *The Story of the Discovery of the Great North-West*.

Humour of the North, by Lawrence J. Burpee; cloth, 50 cents: The Musson Book Co. *Selections from Howe, Haliburton, Drummond, Mrs. Cotes, McCarroll, Lanigan and Derville*.

The Law Bringers, by G. B. Lancaster; cloth, \$1.25: Hodder and Stoughton. A novel of Prairie Life, introducing the R. N. W. M. Police.

Looking Forward, by Rev. Hugh Pedley; cloth, \$1.25: William Briggs. A story designed to show the value of Protestant church union.

The Outlaw, by David Hennessey; cloth, \$1.25: Hodder and Stoughton. The second prize novel in a \$5,000 competition held last year.



Moncton in Shirtsleeves—Showing a Portion of the Road-makers at Gilbert's Corners, Near Shediac, Which is Quite a Seaside Resort.

Moncton in Shirtsleeves

By EDGAR E. KELLEY

THESE pictures illustrate how Moncton rediscovered the function of shirtsleeves as a social improver. The Moncton Commercial Club has a mission, and a practical way of carrying it out. It has a constitution which sets forth the following objects:

"To boost Moncton in every legitimate way. Socially, to serve as a "get-together" organization. To advertise Moncton and attend to enquiries concerning the city's resources and opportunities. To give moral support to industries located in the city. To speak well of the city and citizens generally, and where good cannot be said to say nothing bad. To educate the citizens to appreciate more fully the opportunities and advantages of Moncton and the surrounding territory."

A club of original ideas, this body of men has practically out-done itself in the few short months of its life. On a day of the past month it demonstrated the efficiency of shirtsleeves.

The road question was a vexed one in Maritime Canada long before the present pilots of the several provincial craft occupied cradles. The revenues have always been inadequate to cope with conditions. In power and out of power, political parties have wasted good breath, and have filled tons of pages, anent the "merits" and "demerits" of the Maritime highways.

A few days ago the members of the Moncton Commercial Club, backed by a genial co-operation on the part of citizens of Shediac, set out to settle the question in the simplest possible way—by doing the work themselves.

That stretch of highway from the Railway City to the Westmorland seaside resort was selected for the initial operation; and from a "bad road" was converted into, not only a passable thoroughfare, but a smooth trunk highway.

The Mayor of Moncton and the Mayor of Shediac toiled shoulder to shoulder; the president of the Moncton Board of Trade shovelled the material loosened by the pick of a member of the New Brunswick Legislature; doctors and lawyers, merchants and brokers, civil engineers and journalists—"the

butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker"—one and all sank party differences and petty carping in one grand scheme to supplement the revenues of the Province with willing hands. Some one hun-



How the Moncton Business Men Showed Their Determination to Help Along the "Good Roads" Movement.

dred and fifty in all answered the call for "first aid."

It wasn't a really great event; but it made history. A pertinent moral was pointed on that sunny June day on the Shediac road—an example for the road-user, who in the past has elected to sit perched on a stump, a correct imitation of Rodin's "The Thinker," mulling over the shortcomings of this government and that, when all the while a few shovelfuls of earth and an occasional stone, judiciously applied, would have remedied, to a nicety, the subject of his ruminations.



A Group of Workers—Ex-Mayor Reilly, President Moncton Board of Trade, on Extreme Left.

words, a noisy interrupter chimed in, "And so am I." But the retort was as quick as it was overwhelming. "Yes, but you are not all there."

Mr. Lloyd George is an enthusiastic golfer, and frequently enlivens his play with witty and caustic observations.

When playing a foursome he and his partner were discussing a politician noted for his devious ways. His partner pulled his drive, and said, "What a nuisance. I was thinking of—" "Yes," said Mr. George, "that's why you didn't go straight."

When Mr. Balfour, in 1904, promised to introduce a Licensing Bill, Mr. Lloyd George said, "It is clear that Mr. Balfour's task is to look after the Government's Bottle and Jug Department."

During the education controversy, in regard to the claims of the clergy to appoint the teachers in church schools, he said: "Why should the clergyman appoint the teacher, who is essentially a civil servant? Why, he may, with equal fitness, claim to appoint the excise man. Indeed, the parson has more in common with the excise man, for they both have to deal with spirits in bondage."

"I do not blame Mr. Austen Chamberlain," he said, in a speech on the Fiscal question, "for sticking to his father. But the considerations which have made him a Protectionist are not fiscal, but filial. Neither am I surprised to find him remaining in the Government when his father has left it. History is ever repeating itself. The boy still stands—upon the burning deck!"

On the occasion of his first visit to Carmarthershire, in South Wales, the chairman of the meeting confessed to his audience that he was disappointed in Mr. Lloyd George's appearance. "I had read and heard so much about Mr. Lloyd George," he said, "that I naturally expected to see a big man in every sense, but as you see for yourselves, he is a small man in stature."

The Chancellor, however, was equal to the occasion. "I am grieved," he said, "to find that your Chairman is disappointed in my size, but this is owing to the way which you have here in the South of measuring a man. In North Wales we measure a man from his chin up; but here you evidently measure him from his chin down."

"If," he declared in the House, when the Education Bill was under discussion, "our navy were conducted on the denominational system of national education, we should see all the warships scheduled for the various denominations, just as we now see training colleges marked off for the exclusive use and advantage of Episcopal members only. We should then have Dreadnoughts for the Anglicans; cruisers for Congregationalists; torpedo destroyers for fiery Methodists; while for the Baptists there would be the submarines!"

When Mr. Lloyd George, not content with attacking Protection, as championed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, in the House, went to that gentleman's constituency, Birmingham, the mob gave him a hot welcome.

Mr. George R. Sims, when he heard of this, remarked: "It is all very well for Mr. Lloyd George to attack Mr. Chamberlain about Protection, but when he went to Birmingham he wanted it himself, and he got it!"

H. S. E.

Stories About Lloyd George

David Lloyd George, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has had a monopoly of the limelight in England, of recent years. He is said to be the best hated, most loved man in England.

His remarkable gift of repartee is well established. Here are a few examples, some old, some quite new, gathered from reliable sources:

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was strenuously advocating the pressing need of a comprehensive scheme of devolution which would free the Imperial Parliament from the parochial claims of small localities.

"We must give Home Rule not merely to Ireland, but also to Scotland and Wales," he declared. "Home Rule for Hell as well," shouted an exasperated opponent. "Quite right," was the imperterbable reply. "I am glad to see that the gentle-

man sticks up for his own country."

"What do our opponents really want?" asked Mr. Lloyd George, in a speech a few years ago. In the momentary pause that followed the question, there came a voice husky with alcoholic effects. "What I want is a change of government." Like a flash came the retort: "No, no. What you want is a change of drink."

Referring to one of the Welsh bishops who had been bitterly opposing him over Welsh disestablishment, he declared: "You cannot make a first-rate bishop out of a third-rate scholar, a fifth-rate preacher, a no-rate theologian, and an irate priest."

At a public meeting, Mr. Lloyd George began, "I am here—" but before he could finish his



Pacific Sea Salmon Heading Inshore Towards the Deadly Kwakiult Rancherie.

Sea Salmon Catchers

A Day Among the Kwakiult Fishermen of the Pacific

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

(Photographs by the Author.)

IT is well that I back myself with photographic illustrations of this—or else my readers might say, "What a fishy story!"

We were in British Columbia. The day was in early November. No sign was there of winter in all the landscape. Firs, green, ever washed to brightest colours by the steady rains, grew all about us. My host was an English rancher—lots of money and no experience; he got the latter later. He had arrived in the country the early part of the present year.

All the day long we had paddled through inlets and fiords. He was deaf to my advice. I wished him to discard the fly. Not a single rise had he got. In vain I exhibited attractive spoon baits. No! He would have none of them. The only game we got fell to my share. Pheasants, glorious as living gems, flashed up out of the alders on the steep banks of the rivers and sailed "rocketing" across. It is astounding how much noise a single cock pheasant can make and how he can rattle a chap as he springs with swiftly beating wings within ten feet of the canoe's bow. At times I was lucky enough to kill the male bird instantly—females are protected—at others he bore off the load of sixes and for the time escaped. This is the feature of these wild tangled covers—this loss of the poor wounded birds—that causes the hunter many a heart ache.

After our frugal supper on the river's bank, where the late wine fruit glowed, and the brilliant red berries in the yew overhead caught the glory of the setting sun, fruit and tree, valley and stream, aye, and snow-capped mountain peak were alike bathed in the ruddy beams. Ever, as the sun sank, came the "flap, flap, splash" of the salmon, rising in every deep pool along the river. We sat and watched and discussed this odd sight. In the half mile of the winding river within our view a constant leaping and splashing disturbed the smooth surface of the water. At times a dozen noble fish were in the air. From our studies we knew they were not

feeding, as all the stomachs of the inward bound salmon are found to be empty after they leave the sea. Nor was it a sporting instinct, as many claim, that led to this myriad water dance. No! just the commonplace fact that they leap and slap their tails on the water to dislodge the sea lice.

Now we run with the current. Ten thousand salmon were congregated in the lower pools or estuaries. The night had fallen dark and all the plankton were rising from the depths, these miniature light bulbs that make the dark surface of the sea glow with phosphorescence. As we entered the pools the crowded fish leaped and turned and swam rapidly from side to side, making the water one glory of blue flame. Every paddle stroke was a stroke of fire; every drop from our blades gleamed incandescent. Ah! gasped my host in the bow, and well he might. A sea lion had entered the pool and its great, skull-like, human-looking face protruded within a few feet of the bow in an upthrown mountain of water, every drop of which glittered and gleamed and burned with the phosphorescence. At times the hurrying, confused mass of fish, plunging in the ghastly light of the animalculae disturbed my steering. I knew they could not hurt us, but the night was so dark, and the tide currents so swift and the baleful light of the swirling sea so intense, that I breathed more freely when we paddled out on the shallow tide flats.

As we sat, with the hearth-fire dimly burning, a few hours later, my host regretted that the salmon could not be caught. So doleful was his lament that, to cheer him up, I promised to produce two men that could take a ton of salmon out of that river in the three hours of the flood tide and not use a net either. This roused him and he promptly wanted to wager me five pounds it could not be done. I refused the bet, but promised the ton should be captured before noon the next day.

LONG before the sun peeped over the range to the south I was paddling against the last of the "short run out" to the rancherie of the Kwakiult men. It took little urging to get my two old guides to promise to "get sammon" that day, and as soon as the "long run in" started they would be off up stream.

After a leisurely breakfast mine host and I entered the canoe and, aided with the incoming tide, headed riverwards. A regular procession of glaucous winged gulls flew along with us, all going to gorge on the feast my guides were preparing, as it only takes a short notice to bring the big sea-side flocks in, and I knew that the first gulls were even now picking out the eyes of the earliest caught fish.

The river, as we ascended, showed a great host of upward-bound fish. On the shallower riffles the bodies of the upgoing salmon showed almost completely out of water. In fact, in one place, we saw several fish struggle across a perfectly dry spot, where the water ran under the heaped-up pebbles. All the lower pools were filled, little bits of water, ten feet wide and a hundred feet long, with just enough depth to allow us to paddle through. They would have perhaps one hundred



Ashore After a Salmon Scrimmage.



Kwakiult Fishermen Wading Out to the Salmon.



"Fully half a ton on that rope."

adult salmon in them, enough to wet us through as they fled, alarmed, splashing about the pool.

It was not, however, until we rounded the upper bend that the full wonder of the scene burst upon
(Concluded on page 21.)



Taking the Salmon Off the Rope.



Through A Monocle

When Can Lawyers Decline Cases?

HAS a lawyer a right to refuse a case? No; gentle reader, this is not a joke. You may be under the impression that a lawyer has all the rights there are, and that, any new ones discovered, he immediately takes; but that is merely an "impressionist" conception of the legal profession. Like all the professions, the profession of the law is under certain very definite obligations to the public; and the public would be in a bad way if it were not. One of these obligations is—general speaking—to espouse the cause of any client who appeals to them for help. They are the knight-errants of a day when the lance has been replaced with the tongue, and the "lists" are lists of cases before the court.

HOWEVER, to come right to the point at issue, this question of the obligation of a lawyer to take up every case presented to him, has become a critical one in England, where two of the most eminent barristers of London are being pilloried because they did take "briefs" which gagged them as Members of Parliament and seriously weakened the case of their party. These two men were Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith. They are both Unionist politicians as well as leading lights at the London "bar"; and they were thoughtfully retained by a couple of Liberal politicians in a brace of libel actions which the latter entered over the Marconi insinuations. The result was that these two Unionist leaders were compelled to argue in court that their Liberal clients were as white as snow in this Marconi business, and so could not very well argue in the contrary sense in the "high court of Parliament." Of course, the contradiction of the two attitudes was not so blunt as that; but the effect on the popular mind was quite as disastrous as if it had been.

SO the question has arisen with sharp insistence—"Should these two K.C.'s, who are also Unionist leaders, have accepted the 'briefs' of the attacked Liberal politicians?" The defence is put in that they had no choice. It is argued that, if a lawyer should refuse an otherwise attractive "brief," he would really pre-judge the case before it was tried; and that such action—in accordance with the weight of his reputation—might seriously damage the litigant who sought his help. This would be contrary to the ethics of a profession which demands that the very judge on the bench shall, in some fashion, be the advocate of the prisoner at the bar until he is proven guilty. Then, in the cases in question, had these two Unionist lawyers refused them on the ground that they were political, they would have driven the litigants to seek out lawyers of their own party, and the tendency must have been to turn the trial into a political contest.

ON the other hand, it is urged that Members of Parliament accept a general and covering "brief" for the people; and that they should subsequently accept no private "brief" which conflicts with that prior obligation. This criticism does not apply with any decisive force to the case of the two men in question; for, when they accepted their Marconi "briefs," the Marconi case had not yet swollen into a huge party question. It was only a subject of mild surmise put down for investigation. Still the matter might arise in the form indicated. For instance, they might now be invited to accept Marconi "briefs." Could they refuse them? Could they honourably accept them? The general opinion in England appears to be that, under present conditions, they must decline such cases. They must not take any step which will deprive Parliament and their constituents of their services in the House of Commons.

OF course, such cases occur but seldom. A more practical question—in such a community as ours—is to what extent a lawyer should exercise an individual choice in taking cases. To say that this is not done at all by the profession, is to put too severe a tax upon our credulity. Even the most exalted and unselfish knight who ever rose from Arthur's "Table Round" to right the wrongs of the

world, could not go to the rescue of two damsels at once if they happened to be entrapped in different places. When a lawyer has all the business he can properly attend to, it is idle to talk of compelling him by professional honour to take on any more. And he must be a very poor lawyer, indeed, who cannot find this excuse—or as good a one—to get rid of a "brief" which fails to attract him. It must be kept in mind, however, that the question as raised by these English instances does not drop to the sordid level of choosing between cases by the size of their prospective fees. These English cases probably paid very well.

THERE can be no denial of the fact that when a lawyer refuses a paying case—except under pressure of tremendous business or because already retained by the other side—he does pre-judge that case. He may not say that it will not win; but he

does say that he does not like it. That is a very serious thing for a lawyer to do. Probably, in practice, he seldom or never does it; but it is the exceptional case we are now considering. What is the duty of a lawyer when he thinks that his candidate-client should be beaten? What is the duty of a lawyer when he thinks that the accused person, who has asked him to assume his defence, is really guilty of the crime? These are questions which have been debated for many a century; and it is easier to state them than to answer them. If a lawyer says to the accused man—"I believe that you are guilty—I will not take your case," and the fact leaks out, he will himself have been guilty of judging and condemning the man without hearing the evidence or at all events without hearing any professional defence. He will have made himself judge and jury—and, perhaps, executioner. On the other hand, with what heart can he go into a case when he believes himself to be helping a scoundrel to escape his just deserts? There are cases on record where lawyers have defended prisoners who had previously confessed to them—and they have got them off. This, you say, is carrying professional honour and chivalry—or "a guid conceit o' yoursel'"—too far. But then the courts themselves sometimes refuse to accept confessions and go on with the trial. It is a fine "hot weather" subject.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Australia and the Navy

ABOUT 1887, Sir George Tyrone, Commander-in-Chief of the British squadron in Australian waters, persuaded the people of that Dominion to contribute £126,000 a year to the cost and maintenance of the fleet in Australian waters. Some take the view that this was a contribution to the British Navy; others that it was only a partial payment of the cost of a fleet which it was stipulated should remain in Australian waters. Whichever view is correct, it is quite clear that had Britain brought home its vessels from Australia, as it did from Canada, the Australian agreement would have been broken.

In 1902, at the third Imperial conference, Australia increased the annual grant. New Zealand did the same, while Cape Colony and Natal gave according to their means. Unlike Australia's grant, the other three grants may reasonably be considered grants to the British navy.

In 1907, there was a change. Australia announced its intention of starting a local navy, to be built at its own expense and manned as soon as possible by its own officers and men. The other Dominions did not follow this lead. New Zealand, Cape Colony and Natal continued their contributions. Canada continued to do nothing.

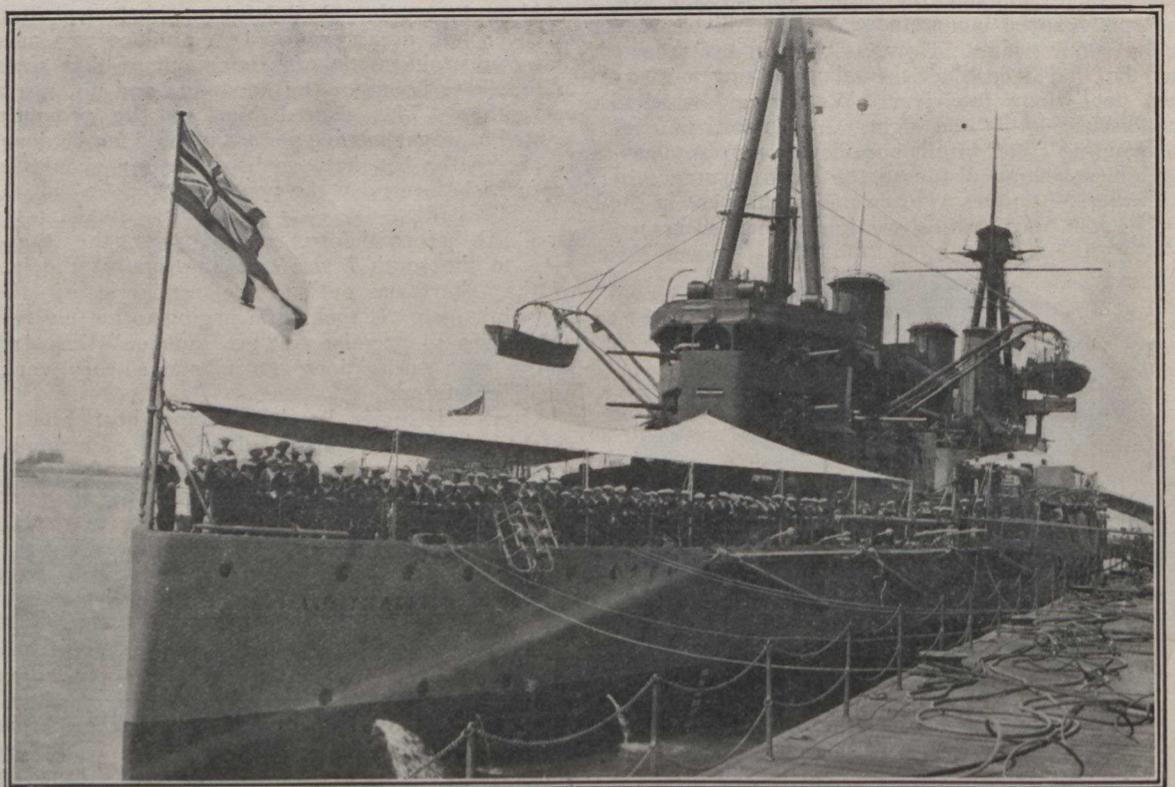
At the Imperial Conference of 1909, New Zealand and Canada followed the lead of Australia, as announced two years previously, and decided to build fleets for local defence. But while Australia

went ahead and ordered its vessels, some to be built in Great Britain and some in Australia, New Zealand ordered a battleship which it proposed to leave with the central British fleet. This battleship was built and is now on a trip around the world. Canada never ordered any new ships. Two training vessels were bought and a naval college established, but the general election of 1911 stopped any orders for vessels. The Laurier ex-administration claims that it would have ordered them if it had not been defeated; the Conservatives claim that the Liberals had plenty of opportunity to order them had they been anxious to do so, but they are no more anxious than the Liberals to carry out the agreement.

The net result is that at the present time Australia is the only Dominion which has a fleet of its own and is seriously undertaking the task of national defence. While no definite information is available, the fleet unit will probably be complete about the end of the year. Some of the vessels are already launched, officered and manned and are now in Australian waters.

A fortnight ago the flag-ship of His Majesty's Australian navy was inspected by King George, as shown in the accompanying photographs. So far as His Majesty is concerned whatever any Dominion does is right. Others may doubt the wisdom of any particular movement, but the King has confidence in people. Just what he thinks of Can-

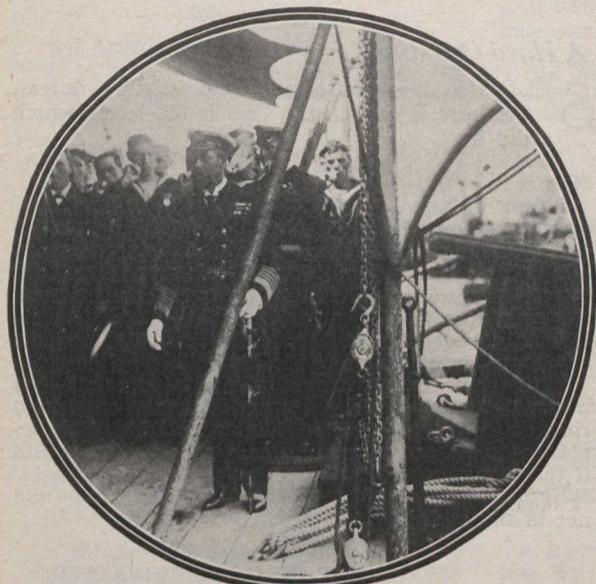
THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE NEW AUSTRALIAN FLEET



On June 30th, at Portsmouth Dockyard, King George Visited H. M. A. S. "Australia" Which is to be the Flag-ship of the Australian Fleet Unit. This Vessel Goes at Once to Australia and Will be Under the Direction of the Australian Government. As Fast as Possible it Will be Manned by Australian Officers and Crew.

TORONTO'S NEW GENERAL HOSPITAL

ada which has neither made a contribution for the maintenance of British ships in Canadian waters, nor ordered ships of its own, must be left to the imagination. Just now Australia is the leader in naval matters so far as the Dominions are concerned. As to Canada His Majesty do doubt expects that in time political bickerings and short-sighted partisanship will be eliminated and this Dominion will do something to recognize its responsibility for national defence and its duty to aid in the policing of the trade routes.



The King Arrives on Board H. M. A. S. "Australia." His Majesty Seems to Have No Objection to the "A" in the Prefix.

Sporting Chronicle

CANADA successfully defended the George Cup last week, at Prinyer's Cove, on the Bay of Quinte. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, in this international contest, as in many others, has shown that it has as good boats and as clever sailors as any yacht club on the Great Lakes. The Nirwana, skippered by Norman Gooderham, won two out of three races from the Neagha of Watertown, N.Y. The Neagha was the challenger and it won the second race in a light wind by 125 yards. Had the other two races been in light winds, the result would probably have been reversed. This is Norman Gooderham's third or fourth win in an international contest and he is still on the sunny side of thirty.

CANADA is doing better in the tennis competitions in England than most of us expected. Two more major victories would bring the Dwight F. Davis International Lawn Tennis Cup to Canada. If they win from the United States, they will have the right to challenge England, the present holder. Of the four who represent Canada in these competitions only one, Captain Powell, is a native Canadian. Schwengers migrated from England to British Columbia at the age of six. Mayes and Foulkes are English trained.

In the semi-finals, Canada had to play four singles and two doubles against the Belgians. They won three singles and both doubles.

IF Canadians can play tennis, it does not follow that they can shoot with the Ross Rifle. In the Empire, the first important match at Bisley, the Canadian team was a poor third to Great Britain and Australia. Last year Australia was not represented.

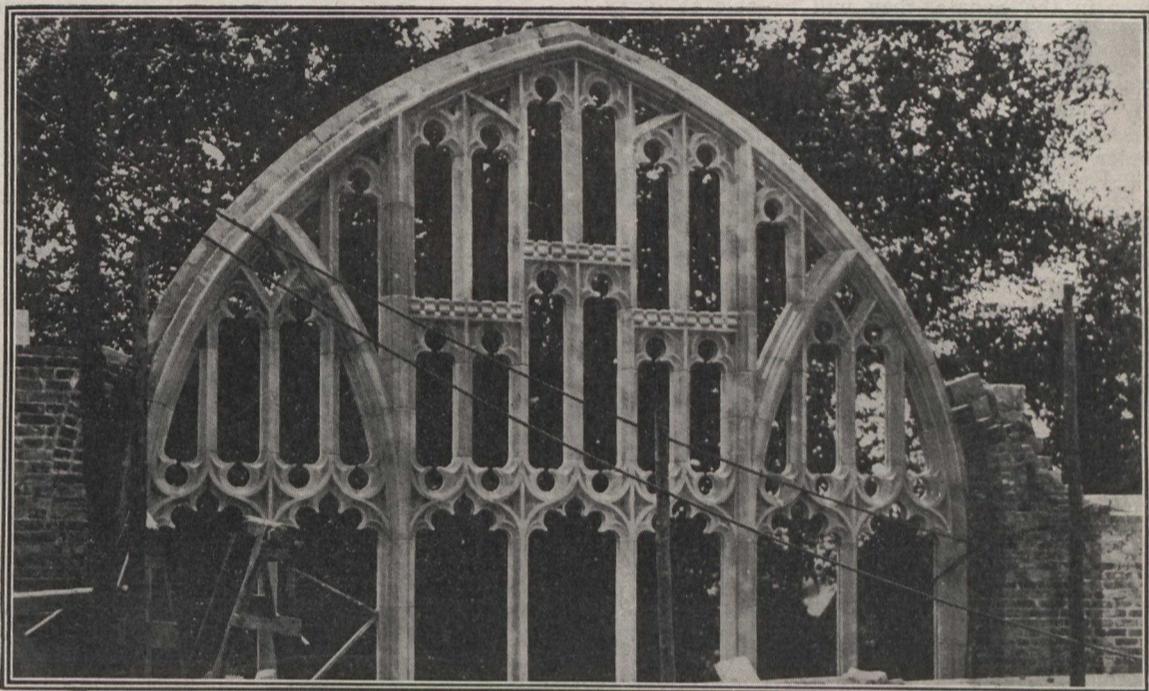
THE Lower Lakes Golf championships were played on the new course of the Toronto Golf Club last week, following the Amateur Canadian championship. The individual championship was fought out by two Torontonians, Moss and Blackwood. The former won. Moss had previously defeated George Lyon, the ex-champion of Canada, E. D. Speck, of Detroit, and J. M. Rhett, of Rochester. In the team final, Toronto won from Buffalo by the tremendous score of 25 to 0. The Toronto players were Lyon, Moss, Blackwood, Cassels, Rowbotham and Hood. Rochester got their place by defeating Detroit.

The Open Golf championship of Canada will be played on the Dixie course at Montreal on August 14th, 15th and 16th. The Ladies' championship will be decided on the same course the first week in October.

WHILE the Canadian Bowlers, most of whom are from Ontario, having been doing well in Scotland, the other Ontario cracks have been holding a tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The Ontario Bowling Association trophy went to Berlin, two rinks from that city competing in the final. Manager W. D. Euler's rink won out, the same skip who won in 1909. L. McBrien skippered the runners-up. The doubles were won by Wigmore and Hull of the Canada Club, Toronto, who defeated Ecclestone and Black of St. Catharines in the finals. The singles was finally captured by that well-known bowler, W. Brown, of the Westmount Club, Montreal. The Association final went to Burns of Niagara-on-the-Lake, and the Consolation to Heaman, of the London Thistles.



Transferring Patients From Toronto's Old General Hospital to its New Three-and-a-half Million Institution, Whose Equipment is said to be the Best on the Continent.



A Beautiful Gothic Window, Done in Stone, Which Will Dignify the New Knox College, Toronto. It is in the South End of the Chapel and is Twenty Feet Wide.



WORLD'S RECORD BROKEN. W. R. Applegarth Broke the World's Record at Cardiff on Saturday, Running 150 Yards in Fourteen Seconds and Two-fifths, Which is One-fifth Better Than the Previous Best.



A LADY CHAMPION. Mrs. Bickle (nee Moyes), One of the Smartest Women Tennis Players in Canada, Who Won the City Championship of Toronto on Monday Last, Defeating Miss Best. Score: 6-2, 6-1.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

A Curious Proposal

WHAT is indeed a curious proposal appears in the editorial columns of the Toronto *Evening Telegram*. It is argued there that Mr. Borden should have no further discussion of the Navy Question until 1916, when the Conservatives may possibly have a majority in the Senate. The three Dreadnoughts which Great Britain is supposed to have ordered when Canada's "gift" fell by the wayside will not be ready till then, and an appropriation passed in 1916 will be in time to "catch them."

This is another straw which indicates that the Conservative party intends to hold office for five years without an appeal to the people. No matter what may happen, what adverse votes may be given, or what the national feelings, there will be no election.

The *Telegram* also proposes to postpone redistribution until 1916. The Conservatives being then in power in the Senate, they will be able to gerrymander the country to suit their own political purposes. Presumably the next two sessions are to be merely formal ones, devoted to passing the necessary estimates.

If this is the Conservative programme, it is no wonder Mr. Borden is able to take a six-weeks' holiday, and that all the ministers are free to take matters leisurely. For two years there would be no political discussions of any kind worthy of the name. The country would be free to talk about the weather, "swap" ancient stories, and generally amuse themselves with the less trivial topics of society and commerce.

Under such circumstances the outlook would be rather blue for Sir Frederick Borden, Hon. Sydney Fisher, and Hon. Mackenzie King. September, 1916, is a long way off.

Small Towns and the Hydro

VARIOUS parts of Ontario have been benefited by the provincial electric distribution system known as the Hydro-Electric. All the larger towns between Toronto and London inclusive have increased their manufacturing facilities. The towns nearest to Niagara Falls have been abnormally benefitted.

On the other hand, there are a large number of smaller towns just outside the Hydro Belt which have been seriously injured. These towns cannot attract new industries, and cannot even hold those they had. The effect is the same as if the Ontario Government had bonused a certain number of towns and cities and left others without a bonus. The unbused towns are being depopulated.

There are unbused towns in Western Ontario where \$6,000 houses may be bought for \$2,000, and where population has declined from 25 to 50 per cent. Of course, the Hydro Commission did not intend to injure these towns, but the practical effect of their policy is as stated. That the credit of the whole province should be used to build up one portion and to destroy another seems unthinkable, yet this is what has occurred in Ontario.

Any province which is thinking of imitating Ontario's power policy should keep this in mind and so frame their plans as to spread the benefits over the whole provincial area. If they neglect to do so they will work irreparable injury to a large number of citizens.

A Great Journalist

IN many ways, Hon. John V. Ellis, of the St. John *Globe*, was the greatest journalist in the Maritime Provinces. His loss will be felt in New Brunswick as well as in the Dominion Senate, of which he was a member. The *Globe* was, under his management, the sanest and most intellectual paper in that part of Canada. And Senator Ellis was its editor for fifty-one years. In the Senate he was always on the side of moderation, and was the only Liberal Senator to vote for the Borden gift of thirty-five millions to the British fleet.

But Senator Ellis was not always mild and compromising. Behind the kindly face and soft voice there was a determined mind. In 1887 he was convicted of contempt of court for having criticised the action of one of the judges of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick and was sentenced to

thirty days in jail. He served his term and paid his fine. When he came out he was tendered a tremendous ovation by his fellow-citizens, his fine and costs were paid by public subscription, and henceforth he was a hero. The law was vindicated; but so was the independence and spirit of John V. Ellis.

Another Journalist Passes

JOHN REDPATH DOUGALL, journalist, has passed from the scene of conflict. The *Daily Witness* has become the *Daily Telegraph*, and is in other hands. Mr. Dougall will continue the *Weekly Witness*, but his big battle is over. Henceforth, the lone-furrow man must inevitably be much of a cipher.

The *Witness* was founded in 1846 by John D. Dougall, and in 1870 passed into the hands of his eldest son, John R. Dougall. For sixty-seven years the *Witness* has stood for religious ideal and for a temperance platform. What Canadian life owes

Why Falter?

Have we all been telling the truth about Canada during the last five years? If so, then why should any one lose faith in Canada's future?

Is Canada to have fifteen millions of people by 1820? We have all claimed that this would happen, and it undoubtedly will come to pass. Then why should any one falter? Is Canada to have twenty-five million people in 1840? We have all expressed our conviction that this would occur and that our growth in the twentieth century would equal that of the United States in the nineteenth. Then why be a pessimist?

Don't be misled by the pessimistic speculator. There will be more genuine business done in 1913 than in 1912, and more real progress in 1914 than in 1913. Your faith means prosperity.

to the Dougalls in relation to ideals will never be known. At one time its influence was tremendous. But the spirit of modern Canada is not the spirit of the Canada of the nineteenth century, and the Dougall of the day failed to recognize the change.

It is not that Canada is more immoral or less temperate than it was fifty years ago. It is not that private or public morality is less highly regarded. It is not that the welfare of the masses is a matter of less general concern. Canada is more temperate, more moral and more inclined to social reform than at any time in its history. The great change is the growth of liberality in opinion and judgment. The old idea that a man who drank a glass of beer was destined to be burned in a fiery lake of brimstone does not appeal to Canadians as it did three or four generations ago. The *Witness* was too true to the ancient philosophy, became entangled in the weeds of modern commercialism, and went down with its colours flying.

Bulgaria's Mistake

AT the moment it looks as if Bulgaria had made a tremendous political blunder in not retaining the friendship of Serbia and Greece. It is generally agreed that the only objectors to the treaty which was signed a few weeks ago in London were Bulgarian delegates. Doctor Daneff was anxious to make some improvement in the agreement which the Balkan allies had signed before the war began. Apparently, King Ferdinand, acting on his own or Dr. Daneff's initiative, undertook to take roughly and crudely that which Serbia and Greece were unwilling to surrender. Naturally, Serbia and Greece resented this, and proceeded to make trouble. When King Charles of Roumania saw this golden opportunity, for which he had waited many years, he at once put his army in the field and occupied a piece of territory at the mouth of the Danube which Roumania has long coveted and to which it felt it had a moral and historical claim. To make

matters worse, the Turk awoke from his slumber and he, too, seized the golden opportunity of recouping some of the territory which the allies had wrested from him during the recent campaign.

Thus a great deal of what was gained by a tremendous sacrifice of human life in the Balkan war has been thrown away through the apparent stupidity of one of the allies. The mistake may be far-reaching and may have an injurious effect upon international relations in the Balkans for years to come.

A Hard Question

SELDOM does an editor acknowledge defeat, but here is one case. This is the letter which did it:

"Brandon, July 11th, 1913.

"Sir:

"I find by reading 'The Farmer's Weekly Telegram,' published in Winnipeg, that the Conservatives intend to introduce a far-reaching policy of aid to agriculture, and that in the meantime they have appropriated \$500,000 to be apportioned among the provinces 'on a population basis.' This, I think, is a highly commendable innovation, and reflects credit on Mr. Borden and Mr. Burrell.

"But what bothers me is why this principle—'on a population basis'—is adopted in this case, and refused in the case of the Highways Bill. I understand the Senate offered to pass the Highways Bill if the money was distributed 'on a population basis.' Why does the government adopt it in one case and not in the other?"

"Yours truly,

"LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE."

The editor confesses an inability to answer the question. If any member of parliament or party journalist can explain, we shall be glad to give the necessary space.

Immigration Keeps Up

DURING April and May Canada received new citizens to the number of 146,060. During the same period last year the total was 129,453. There is thus an increase of 13 per cent.—which is most gratifying. The British immigration, or migration as it should be called, amounted to 56,940, as against 49,279. The influx from the United States was 33,507, as against 39,595 last year—a considerable reduction. From "other countries" there was a big increase, 55,613, as against 40,979. So long as such records can be maintained in Dr. Roche's department, the progress of the country cannot be stopped, even by a world-wide financial stringency.

The Britannic Question

THOSE who are interested in the relation of Great Britain to the British dominions, and all the varying phases of that problem should study "The Britannic Question," by Richard Jebb. This is published by Longmans, Green & Co., and is sold in this country at 35 cents. It is therefore within the reach of all. This is important, because it is a book which will be useful for reference purposes for years to come. Richard Jebb is a London journalist who has spent much time in Australia and Canada and other parts of the Empire. He knows the Britannic peoples as few journalists know them. His great question is, "Could we have a Britannic Commonwealth without a central government?" and his answer is in the affirmative. His idea of the British Empire is a Britannic Alliance. He would tolerate a central parliament, but fears the evil effects of "an armed sovereignty as the essential basis and guarantee of our Britannic Commonwealth."

In the July Nineteenth Century, Arthur Hawkes has a long article on the Canadian navy question, and also deals with the Britannic Question. Hawkes is also an Englishman who has lived in the United States, and now resides in Canada. The *Times*, reviewing the article, says this is "a declaration by a son of one of the dominions," which is just as true of Hawkes as it is of Dr. Clark, of Red Deer. Mr. Hawkes' article is a magnificent historical survey of the naval discussion in Canada, and as such should be in the hands of every publicist and every student of public affairs in this country. Incidentally, his Britannic philosophy comes close to Jebb's. The *Times* recognises this and quotes a significant sentence: "The Britannic Alliance under one living head which will be as far beyond the dream of a mere centralised Empire as high noon is above the setting of the sun."

Is this then the new Imperialism—an alliance of equal nations under a common monarch instead of a central country ruling over a number of subsidiary nations?



Courierettes.

MANY a woman who keeps her mouth shut may be merely trying to hide the fact that she has false teeth.

An advertising agency that started to write up Toronto got the Don River on the west and the Humber on the east. Almost as much at sea on civic matters as the Controllers who ordered the write-up.

Hon. Adam Beck won prizes at the London Horse Show with a horse named "Sir James." Delicate compliment to Premier Whitney, who has won a few firsts in his time in political steeplechases.

They have found two rectors in England name Helle and Heaven. Why should one church get Heaven and another Helle?

Modern lacrosse games have so much bloodshed and so little lacrosse in them that the sporting writers simply sum up the casualties, feature the battle-axe business, and let the score tell the story of the actual play.

The comparatively easy manner in which the police seized those rifles bound for Ulster "patriots" would indicate that the patriots have a press agent.

Eganville, Ont., reports having seen a big moose recently. Probably the bull moose that the Americans drove into the tall timbers last fall.

Two Goderich lads threw eggs into the Baptist Church there during service. That sort of thing was once restricted to the stage.

A man and a maid, both named Price, were married in Toronto. Cuts down the cost of living when two Prices are made one.

A snake entered the Presbyterian Church at Clayton, Ont., during the Sunday service, and coiled up in a pew. The historical incident of the garden of Eden thus repeats itself in modified form.

Canada has sent two buffalo to the Old Country. Is this an attempt to placate Britain for the Senate's refusal to send her three Dreadnoughts?

Thirteen hundred Americans recently invaded Western Canada, bringing with them cash and goods worth \$213,000. That kind of invasion is a trifle more welcome than the one that was made a century ago.

Britain is having a big aerial warship built in Germany, right under the Kaiser's nose. That German war scare seems to be shrinking to small proportions.

Jack Johnson crossed from the United States into Canada disguised as a ball player. Many another Yankee crosses in the same disguise.

A Toronto judge went to sleep on the bench on a hot day recently. We have heard of Justice being blind, but it is even worse when she takes a nap.

Truth vs. Fiction.—"Making the Best of the Summer in Town" is a heading in the Globe. Quite wrong. The best of the summer—financially and otherwise—is made by the keepers of summer resorts out of town.

Society Note.—Mr. and Mrs. John Arthur Johnson have gone to Europe for an indefinite visit.

Get This One.—Choosing a new

poet laureate must be a sort of a muse-ing event to the poets of Britain.

His Motto.—"None but the brave deserve the fare" is the motto of the car conductor who tramples on your toes.

And it Was.—When he called next evening, she said, "Darling, it was just 24 hours ago you asked me to marry you."

"Yes, dearest," he cooed. "It seems like yesterday."

A Word to the Wise.—Young men at summer resorts, be warned. The best girl swimmer may be the worst biscuit-baker.

Unanimous.—J. P. Morgan announces that money is scarce.

More than the millionaires agree on that.

A Baseball Query.—What face card does Ty Cobb resemble?

Why, the King of Diamonds, of course.

The Lesser Office.—Sometimes the



Old Lady: "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that he swears very badly."
Bird Dealer: "Well, Madam, it's a very young bird. It'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older."

best bits of humour are said or done or written quite unconsciously.

An amusing instance of this came to the office of a Toronto daily newspaper the other day in the form of a letter from the mayor of a town in Eastern Ontario, who was agent for that particular paper in his town. He wrote to tell the paper of a news story in his town and ended his letter by signing himself,

"John _____,"
"Your Agent,
"Also Mayor."

An Accommodating Corpse.—The Toronto Star Weekly has been offering "leather medal" prizes for funny breaks and mistakes that its readers may discover in other papers.

We hereby enter a sample that appeared in the Toronto Daily Star recently in the report of a supposed suicide. To quote,

"Suspended by a sheet attached to a stovepipe, the body of a woman, who gave her name as Mrs. Thompson, was found dead as the result of strangulation at 194 Simcoe Street."

It is worthy of remark that few dead bodies are so considerate to reporters as to return to life and identify themselves.

Ten Terse Truths.

The man who knows everything must find the world monotonous; The "chic" of some young women might properly be called cheek.

Many fools put much foolishness on foolscap. Say it—don't write it.

Woman divides our sorrows, doubles our joys and triples our bills. Give the devil credit—he won't bother you if you are busy.

The most dangerous sin is the one we think it safe to commit.

Many a chap who could not carve out a fortune can cut into one with ease.

The least wise are the readiest to offer their advice.

Preachers may take vacations in hot weather, but the devil never does.

The hardest thing in the world to hold is one's own tongue.

My Fancy for Nancy.

I COURTED a maiden named Nancy
Who certainly suited my fancy
But the cute little beaut
Did not fancy my suit—
And that's all of my fancy for Nancy.

"Scotched."—At the recent Highlanders' camp at Barrie, the officers allowed themselves a little liquid refreshment, after which came the speech-making.

One young officer got up and tried to tell a story. His imitation of the Scotch brogue was, however, painful.

An old colonel rose, and looking very hard at him said, "Eh, mon, there's naething Scotch about ye but y'r breath!"

"An Urchin's Wit."—A very fat and comfortable clergyman was once riding in the suburbs of London. His steed was as lean and bony as its rider was fat.

The contrast excited the amusement of some street urchins, who began to make fun of the parson.

"Boys," said he, thinking to awe them, "do you know who I am? I'm a follower of the Lord."

Came the reply, "You'll never ketch him on that nag, mister!"

Irish Gallantry.—The Irish car-driver can be complimentary when it seems to suit his purpose. An old lady was getting into a car one day in Dublin, and finding it a somewhat difficult task, she turned to the driver and said, "Help me in, my good man, for I'm very old."
"Begorra, ma'am," was Pat's gallant reply, "no matter what age you are you don't look it."

He Spoke the Truth.—Two Irishmen, who were having a little jollification, arrived home in the early hours of the morning. There still remained one bottle of whiskey, and neither Pat nor Tim could trust each other not to drink the whole of it. Finally they agreed to leave it downstairs in the corner of the parlour and went to bed.

An hour or so later Pat got up, went down to the parlour and drank the whiskey.

Later still, Tim woke up, and was stealing out of the room.

"What do you want?" said Pat.

"Oh—nothing, nothing," replied Tim.

"Very good," said Pat, "you'll find it in the bottle in the corner."

Signs of the Times.—The latest costumes of fashionable women are so daring that they can best be described by a question mark.

And the views of their male friends on the aforesaid costumes can only be properly punctuated by a series of exclamation marks.

One Right off the Reel.—"If a cinematograph actor were hungry, would a picture film?"

THE PURPOSE OF A JOURNEY IS NOT ONLY TO ARRIVE AT THE GOAL, BUT TO FIND ENJOYMENT ON THE WAY.—VAN DYKE

Sailings from Montreal and Quebec

*MEGANTIC	- -	Sat. July 19th
TEUTONIC	- -	" " 26th
*LAURENTIC	- -	Aug. 2nd
CANADA	- -	" " 9th
*MEGANTIC	- -	" " 16th
TEUTONIC	- -	" " 23rd
*LAURENTIC	- -	" " 30th

*THE LARGEST CANADIAN LINERS

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WHITE STAR DOMINION CANADIAN SERVICE

Your Vacation Trip



Is simply a question of distance—there is only one "best route," and that is via Lake Ontario and the grand old St. Lawrence.

Where to go:

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| ROCHESTER | MONTREAL |
| 1,000 ISLANDS | QUEBEC |
| THE RAPIDS | MURRAY BAY |
| NIAGARA FALLS | TADOUSAC |
| CLEVELAND | THE LOWER ST. |
| DETROIT | LAWRENCE |
| | SAGUENAY RIVER |

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It's all Whisky.

Bottled in Scotland.

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Leith, Scotland

Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE



It dries up the carcasses and absolutely prevents the unpleasant results attending the use of inferior preparations.

Common Sense Roach and Bed Bug Exterminator sold under the same guarantee.

25c., 50c., and \$1.00, at all dealers. If not at your dealer's, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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If the doctor says "you need a tonic," you will find strength and vigor in

O'Keefe's

Special Extra Mild ALE

A Flower of Many Colours

A Chat About The Pleasing Peony

By E. T. COOK

A FLOWER of early summer, the flower it may be aptly called, is the peony, which is a hardy herbaceous plant, that is, a perennial dying down each year to spring forth the next. It seems to enjoy thoroughly the parks and gardens of Canada. It is wild in many countries—Siberia, Northern Asia, the south of France, Spain, and the tree or mountain forms are among the flower treasures of China and Japan. The herbaceous or border peony is in mind now, the big, splendid mass of petals which are the chief note of beauty in many gardens of the land, and whether in groups, one distinct laid in each, or in a variety of colours, it stands apart as a thing to regard with much consideration.

Here is a suggestive note for a peony bed in which lilies and daffodils are used as a foil. The bed should be made deep and rich, as peonies cannot be expected to reveal their true strength and beauty in shallow, poor soil. In the spaces between them, lilies may be planted in clumps of from six to twelve bulbs, but no manure should be allowed to come into contact with these—a most important point. Good kinds of lilies for this purpose would be the madonna lily (*Lilium candidum*), orange lily (*L. croceum*), white martagon lily (*L. martagon album*), nankeen lily (*L. excelsum*), scarlet Turk's-cap lily (*L. chalcedonicum*), and the tiger lilies (*L. tigrinum splendens* and *fortunci*). Daffodils of golden colour are preferable for this planting, such as *narcissus emperor*, *empress*, *horsfieldi*, *maximus* and *golden spur*, while of the incomparabilis section, *Sir Watkin*, *Stella*, *cynosure* and *conspicua* are the most reasonable in price and give most satisfaction.

The horticultural world owes a deep debt of gratitude to the famous Kelway and Sons, of Langport, England, for raising the many lovely forms we see in our gardens to-day. As they point out, they are amenable to the simplest treatment in almost any soil, and are as hardy as the dock by the wayside. They need not the slightest protection, as neither the severest frost nor the most biting wind does them hurt.

When it is written that they will grow in "almost any soil," that does not mean some preparation is not needful. Dig the soil from two to three feet deep and add to it plenty of cow manure, with some leaf material in the case of stiff clays, and when once planted never disturb them if this is avoidable. There is one strong objection to the peony, and that is disturbance at the root. Until six years, or even more, have elapsed, when root division and fresh soil are an advantage, the plants by that period having become too mat-like in growth,

over the surface of the soil around the big, lusty clumps spread manure or leaky litter to maintain moisture in the ground during the hot summer weather. All depends upon where the plants are to go and what distances apart they are placed—but for a quick display not less than 18 inches will be correct, removing every other crown in the second year. Four feet or five feet is sufficiently close for permanent plants for the obvious reason it is a flower of much strength, the big thick leaves spreading over a considerable diameter and the flowers are in the same massive mould. In this helter-skelter age everything must be done at once. There seems no joy in watching flowers pass through the various stages to full development, and those who have such dispositions should not talk with nature. The peony may be disappointing the first year. It takes its own time to grow into maturity, but once the roots have got firm hold of the new soil growth begins surely and firmly, and the second year of blossoming will reward the first year's apparent shortcomings.

Fragrance and Colour.

The peony may be accounted among the sweetest of all flowers, even the rose not excepted. The writer was in a nursery garden once in which peonies of every variety were planted in thousands, new sorts and old sorts, and the range of colours was bewildering from snow white to the crudest purple, but scented—the wind was saturated with the breath of a hundred odourous gardens. Spices and honey, rose and honeysuckle, violets and woodruff—a pot-pourri of fragrance wafted over the neighbouring village. A fragrance study, if you will, this great gathering of all that was best in the peony world. When the fall came the nursery was once again seen, no warm scents, but a rich, sun-dyed colouring from the fading leaves, shades of purple-brown, blood-red, and dull rose-pink—a great end to a glorious season of beauty, which had given many bow-erfuls of flowers for the home and friends.

The collection has been increased so largely of recent years that it is a matter of difficulty to choose the finest from the gay throng. There are single and double kinds, and the range of colouring is almost infinite. The double Duchess de Nemours is at the moment of writing in full flower in a garden in Toronto, and a sweeter representation of the peony it is difficult to conceive. This is one to select. The flower is fully double and pure white, with a primrose tint at the base of the petals, and the scent is delicious.

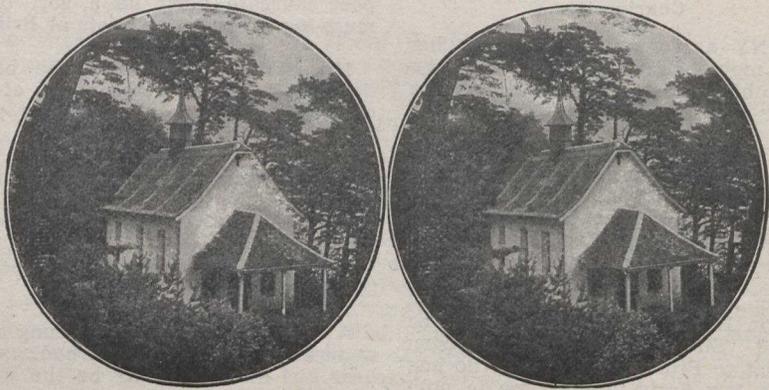


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MONEY AND MAGNATES

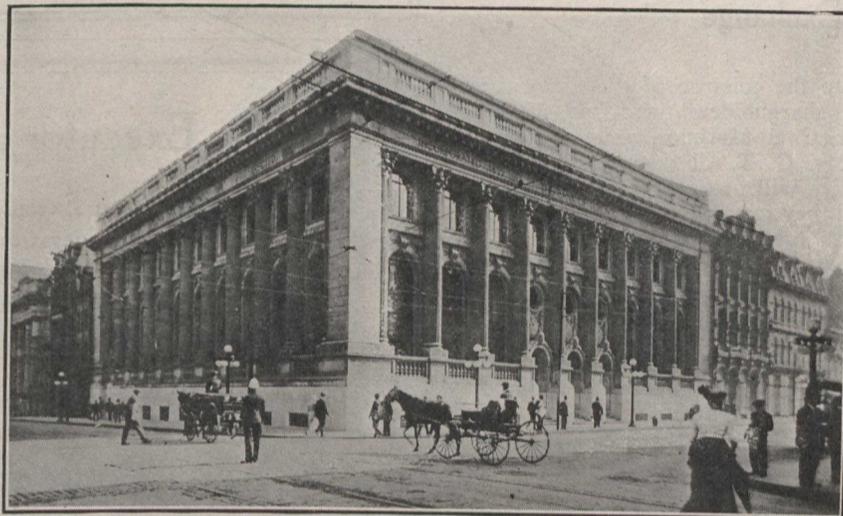
Western Conditions

OF the Publicity Commissioners, connected with the various cities and towns throughout the west, Mr. F. Maclure Sclanders, of Saskatoon, is one of the sanest and most reliable. In a personal letter to the editor, under date of June 16th, he has the following frank remarks to make about western conditions:

"I may say that while the universal money stringency has to some considerable extent restricted local development work, particularly in building—standard lines of commerce are very brisk, and better indeed than they have ever been in the previous history of our city. Several of our larger merchants report having done as much during the first five months of the present year as they did during the whole of 1912. Real estate, which we really never ventured to elevate into the plane of standard commerce, is very quiet, and only lots for actual building purposes are changing hands. Values of all properties within the city limits are, however, quite firm, and it is not possible to buy such property at a lower figure than was quoted for it six months ago. Remote, outside subdivisions are absolutely dead—a feature for which all thoughtful western people are sincerely grateful. The curb real estate parasite is quickly reverting to his former legitimate line in the boot-brushing, bar-tending, hair-cutting or cuspidor-cleaning capacity. The good, old-established real estate concerns are still proceeding peacefully and profitably on the even tenor of their ways—doing well for their clients and making a reasonable and legitimate return for themselves.

"Crop conditions are entirely satisfactory. There is more water on the land this spring than has been seen for over twenty years. Sloughs and water-

A NEW HEAD OFFICE BUILDING



The Splendid New Head Office of the Bank of Toronto, at the S.W. Corner of Bay and King Streets, Which Was Opened to the Public Last Week. Second to the Bank on the Left of the Picture (Bay St.), is the New Toronto Stock Exchange Building, With Columnar Front. On the Right (King Street), is Property Which Has Been Acquired for a New Seventeen Storey Hotel.

courses, which had long been dry, are now filled to the brim. On my own farm, quite a number of acres lie under feet of water where there never was water before in my experience of six years. This is a very encouraging feature. Further, the germination this spring was very even. The root system is very satisfactory. The cool spell, which started about the 23rd of April, and continued for about two weeks, induced an exceptionally good root system, and, consequently, a plant of excellent constitution. In addition, the wheat this year got a good start of the weeds. The crop will, therefore, be clean, and the dockage small. This means much to the farmer.

"The area under crop will be larger than last year's, but will not show the extraordinary increases characteristic of past years. This is solely for the reason that there is at present a most definite indication of the awakening of mixed farming in these provinces. I have always contended that until our farmers are content to work twelve months of the year in the same way as other people do, instead of merely six or seven; and until they compel their land to fulfill its primary primitive function of providing themselves with most of that which they require for their own sustenance, this west shall never have achieved the proper economic agricultural basis. The past two years of comparatively moderate yields and quite low wheat prices constituted a real blessing. Of course, the situation throughout the country is good and prosperous; but it might be rendered infinitely more so were mixed farming the order of the day instead of the exception, as it now is. The whole problem is one of kindergarten economics; and I believe that our governments, railways and public bodies, as well as the farming community, are beginning to grasp a little more than a mere glimmering of this vital fact."

A Criticism—and a Reply

UNDER the caption of "Good and Bad Advice" the London Free Press has the following remarks to make with regard to the recent editorial in this column, "Living on Porridge":

"The Canadian Courier advises Canadians to hold on to what real estate they may possess, even though reduced to eating oatmeal. As proof of the soundness of this advice The Courier says it knows a man who 'held on' to some Winnipeg lots for many years, and who is in consequence to-day a millionaire. The presumption is that if everybody 'holds on' all will eventually join the millionaire class.

"The idea may be good, because plain living is conducive to longevity and to high thinking. If in retaining possession of real estate a man and his family are reduced to an oatmeal diet, it may come to this that here in Canada we will produce a race as frugal and as brilliant as the Scot.

"Otherwise, the advice is bad. Canada does not want her people to be mere hangers-on. The man who holds real estate for a rise in the price is not worthy to be rated as a first-class citizen. He is rather a parasite. If his practice were to be generally followed, real estate prices would never rise. The country would become a waste place. Thousands of acres of good land in the Canadian

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West are not tilled to-day because the owners live in the East and are waiting for an advance.

"Also, if The Courier knows of one man who became a millionaire by holding on to Winnipeg lots for twenty years, a little investigation in Ontario cities would reveal the identity of a dozen men who were reduced to poverty through the same process."

THE COURIER didn't advocate any owner of property holding on indefinitely. The man who "held on" in Winnipeg only did so until his property was required for building purposes. Our advice was intended to cover only the period of the present stringency. The *Free Press* writer needs to do some clear thinking. He is a bit muddled.

Bank Profits in 1913

WILL Canadian banks show an increase in profits during the year 1913? It seems exceedingly probable that they will. The English banks have had a record half-year. The *London Statist* says:

"The past half year has been a very profitable one for bankers apart from the fresh depreciation in the prices of investments. It has, indeed, been one of the most profitable, if not the most profitable that bankers have ever enjoyed. We have to go back to the first half of 1907 for a period giving anything like the same amount of profit as the past half-year. The rates obtained for money have been higher than in any corresponding half-year, for nearly fifty years. Should rates be maintained throughout 1913 they will be as high as they were in 1907, and higher than in any former year since 1866. It should be recognized, however, that the high rate of interest has been precautionary, and due to the action of the Bank of England in maintaining its rate at 5 per cent. until the middle of April, and 4½ per cent. for the remainder of the half-year, notwithstanding a high measure of strength throughout the half-year. The notion has prevailed that if the rate of interest in London were permitted to fall a large amount of gold would be withdrawn for the Continent, and that high rates must be maintained to avert such a movement. Thus the high rates of interest are the direct result of the political situation in the Balkans, which has made money on the Continent so scarce and dear and has sympathetically affected the British market."

On and Off the Exchange

Union Life---Dead

THERE is to be a thorough enquiry into the collapse of the Union Life Assurance Company. The English shareholders, who had \$600,000 invested in the company, through Mr. C. S. McInnes, insisted upon an investigation, immediate and searching. Mr. G. T. Clarkson has been appointed permanent liquidator, and the enquiry will proceed without delay.

So far as the policy-holders are concerned they may congratulate themselves that the Metropolitan Life of New York has agreed to re-insure them. This is a strong and entirely reputable company, and their terms are excellent. They propose to re-insure upon the same basis as the old policies were issued. Those policy-holders who allowed their policies to lapse rather than throw good money after bad, will be given the opportunity to continue their assurance by paying the premiums owing. Or if they wish they may realize at once upon their policies, instead of continuing to pay their premiums. So that the policy-holders have good reason to be thankful. For them, at any rate, there is Balm in Gilead.

A Noteworthy Increase

THE Department of Interior, Forestry Branch, Ottawa, announces in a bulletin just issued that there is an increase of 28.8 per cent. over the year of 1911 in the amount of pulp consumed in Canada. Last year forty-eight pulp mills used 866,542 cords of raw material, valued at \$5,215,582. Quebec increased its home consumption by 48 per cent.; New Brunswick by 14 per cent.; and Nova Scotia by 18 per cent. Ontario alone showed a decline, amounting to 18.6 per cent.

The total cut of pulpwood was 1,846,910 cords, worth \$11,911,415. More than 50 per cent. of this was exported to the United States.

A New Offering

MESSERS. Fleming and Martin, of Toronto, advise that they are offering an issue of \$50,000 preferred stock in Eastern Cafeterias, Limited, a new restaurant and catering business to be established in Montreal. This is a seven per cent. cumulative stock of the par value of \$10, and carries a bonus of 25 per cent. of common stock.

The two branches of Cafeterias, Limited, which are located in Toronto, have been a signal success, the business first established paying 20 per cent., and the second, which is but eight months old, has placed its stock, both preferred and common, on a 10 per cent. basis.

Gold!---in the Mint

AN Ottawa despatch says that the Government is taking steps to double the capacity of the Mint. The reason given is that the amount of Canadian gold being submitted to the refining process at the Ottawa branch of the Royal Mint is increasing year by year.

So that notwithstanding that impending panic, there is some gold somewhere. A stock broker was understood to say that so long as he could find it, he didn't mind who refined it.

Houston's Financial Review

THE 1913 issue of this valuable compendium of financial information is now to hand. It is more invaluable as a work of reference than ever, since it contains accurate and reliable knowledge of the important banks, insurance concerns, and industrial corporations of Canada.

This year's volume is slightly larger than that for 1912. Several noteworthy concerns have dropped out, but in almost every case they appear as merged in larger corporations. Most of the newly listed corporations are of the industrial class. They are very numerous, and represent some large undertakings.

Next Week's Annual

THE British Columbia Packers' Association, of Vancouver, will hold its annual meeting next week.

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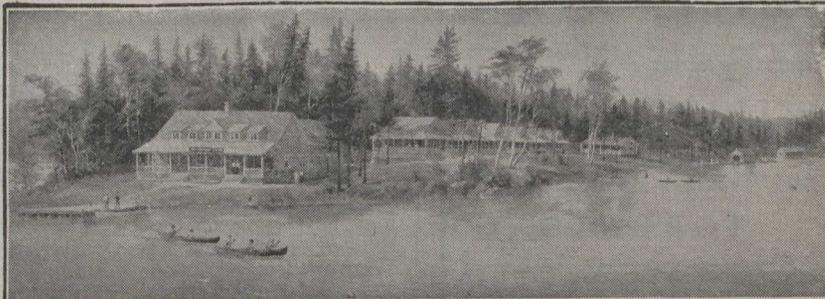
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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Making Other People Happy

IN this world of many chances and fleeting opportunities, it is a mournful fact that we often do our worst with the best intentions.

"I'll never, never have anything to do with another person's happiness, again," bemoaned a good friend of mine, the other day, after she had recited a sorrowful tale of benevolent interference, with a most disastrous result. "I had only the very best intentions and no one will believe it. Of course, when one means to do a malicious or unkind act and suffers for it, there is, at least, a feeling of justice about the whole situation. But when you have set out in the firm belief that you are a kind of fairy god-mother who is going to set everything right, and finally make everyone angry and miserable and are regarded as a wretched mischief-maker, you feel perfectly bewildered by the injustice of it all. Do you ever try to do anyone good?"

"So seldom," I responded, amiably, "that a failure to accomplish it would hardly be noticed. Honestly, do you approve of the people who try to make you either good or happy?"

"Why—why, I'd just like to see anyone try it!" said the benevolent one, indignantly—"and I don't see what you are laughing at, either."

"Personally, I like the French version of the Golden Rule, that we should not do unto others the things which we would not have them do unto us. Interference usually implies a sense of superiority, and one just hates a benefactor."

"But how is the world to become any nobler, if we don't try to make others happy and encourage them to do better?"

"If you have time and tact for that kind of enterprise, why you may venture upon it with much fear and trembling. This is such a very large world, with so many years to its credit, that I really shouldn't waste too much energy over trying to improve it."

"That sounds dreadfully selfish," said the misunderstood one.

"It is better to be selfish than to go on an altruistic mission in other people's interests, only to make everyone concerned uncomfortable."

The Folly of Unselfishness

NOW, have you not observed how the extra-unselfish person is encouraging all manner of evil in others? I know a man who has been utterly spoiled by an adoring mother and three worshipping sisters who have waited on him, hand and foot, until he has become a domestic autocrat. He is constantly being criticized for his bad manners and boorishness, but he, poor man, is hardly to be blamed. From his early childhood, his comfort has been made the first care of every member of the household, his wishes have been consulted as of supreme importance, and it is no wonder that he has developed into a most odious tyrant. The mother and sisters have simply allowed the feminine instinct for self-sacrifice to carry them to the length of immolation—and the consequence is that they have ruined what might have been a fine character.

There is no special virtue in self-sacrifice. I know that ever so many will consider that remark a bit of heresy, but it is really amazing the amount of rubbish which has been talked and written in praise of self-sacrifice and suffering, as if there were some peculiar merit in pain or deprivation. It all depends upon the motive and the aim. The gloomy and pernicious doctrine that there is something meritorious about crushing a desire for brightness and joy and that suffering and lamentation are desirable for the spirit caused ever so much needless discomfort. Self-development is a

finer and, in some respects, a more difficult process than self-sacrifice. Have we not often seen in family life the most unlovely characteristics developed by certain members for whom others were expected to make sacrifices?

"Did you ever consider," said a moralizing gentleman to a patient friend, "what a beautiful world this would be if we were all to help each other?"

"And did you ever reflect," replied the other, "what a satisfactory universe it might become, if each of us learned to stand on his own feet and to mind his own business?"

About the unkindest policy to pursue towards a small person is to save him from all hard places and give the world the privilege of teaching the



A SUCCESSFUL FLORICULTURIST.

Mrs. Allen Baines, of Toronto, whose Hobby is Roses and in whose Home the Rose Society of Ontario had its inauguration. The Society, the President of which is Mr. E. T. Cook, Writer for this Journal, and the Capable Secretary of which is Miss Armour, of Toronto, recently held the First of its Annual Rose Shows.

Spoiled Grownup that he is only a small fraction of the universe. Too much ease makes the hardest time in the world.

Concerning Door-Mats

THERE was an excellent play produced in England this winter which exemplified the classification too often made of human beings. The play, which was called "Door-Mats," divided society into two classes—the "mats" with absolutely no individuality who permit others to step upon their yielding surface, and the "wipers"—nasty, arrogant creatures who spend their time in wiping their clay feet on the unfortunates who are willing to be so used. Do not be a "mat." Absolutely refuse to let one of those insolent "wipers" make use of you at his own muddy pleasure. Once in a while, a "mat" rebels and the "wiper" experiences the surprise of his life when the long-suffering receptacle of mud and debris suddenly arises from the floor, flings the accumulation of months of humiliation into the face of the "wiper" and fills the neighbourhood with a cloud of microbes. Yes, a revolting "door-mat" is a spectacle which is not

to be forgotten and which is sure to leave dust in the smarting eyes of the "wiper." Sometimes a whole community of "mats" will rebel and then we have a national revolution and wise men write whole books on the subject, showing just why it happened and just what it meant, and the "wipers" disappear for a time, only to come on the scene, a generation or so later, wearing different clothes, speaking in another accent, but with the same old trampling feet.

Now, someone will say that the metaphor is all wrong, that the "mat" is needed in the course of social and domestic economy and that it really does not suffer at all—in fact, is quite quiescent in the part it plays at the entrance. Nevertheless, it cannot be either enjoyable or exciting to be a human "mat" and be forever walked over and stepped upon. Wherefore, if you have any reason to suspect that you are being so used, shake the dust out of your long-suffering texture and silently roll away.

The Reason for the "Militants"

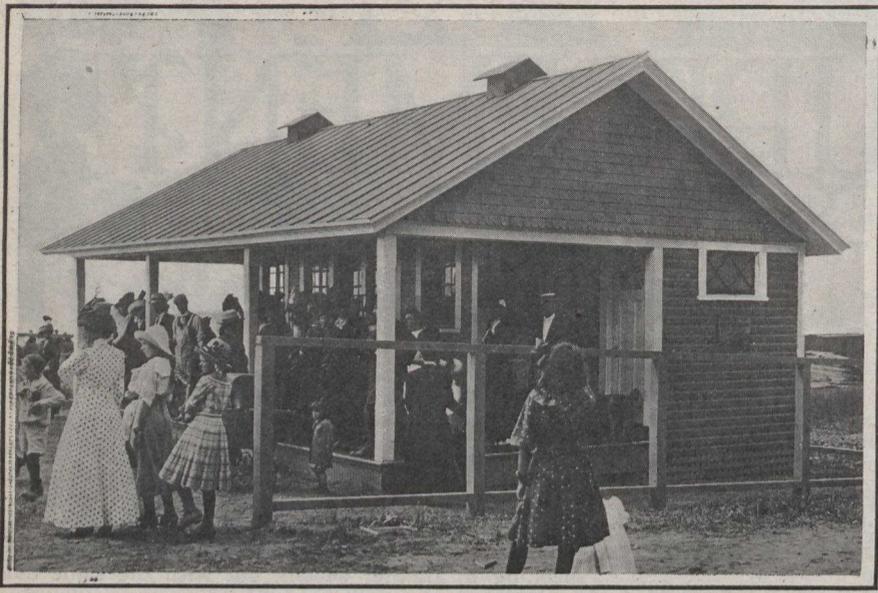
A CHARMING book recently published—"The Odd Farm House, by the Odd Farmer's Wife"—presents in one chapter a depiction of a British husband of the ultra-domestic type, who is certainly enough to drive any wife to militancy. He interferes with all culinary matters and actually insists on engaging the servants and inquiring minutely into their "characters." He is a fussy tyrant of the worst order, and is sure to want his meals strictly on time. Such a monster of interference is enough to explain the extraordinary antics of the militant suffragettes, so incomprehensible to women who have lived with sensible men who minded their own business and did not attempt to manage both house and office.

"There must be ever so many horrid Englishmen," said a young Canadian girl graduate to me; "or the women wouldn't act like that. The militant suffragette is merely the effect. Some awfully disagreeable men are the cause."

To most Canadian women, the ways of the Pankhurst household and their followers have been decidedly bewildering, and we have been quite at a loss to account for such demented struggles for mere votes. But, if many generations of fussy masculine bullies are behind the agitation, of course, even the attacks on unoffending citizens are explicable. Personally, I have not been able to see why any woman should agitate herself about the franchise—to say nothing of donning prison garb and eating (or refusing) prison fare. Not for unlimited privileges in the way of voting early and often, would I wear the Holloway uniform and devour the Holloway hard tack. In this country, most women have everything they want, and, even in the West, where they have not been treated decently in the matter of homestead rights, conditions are rapidly improving. But in England, it seems, there has existed for years a certain class of husband who has actually dictated all the domestic details—even down to the colour of his wife's Sunday gown. It is small wonder, then, that woman, after generations of silent rebellion, has broken out in frenzied demands for something which, she fondly fancies, will put man in his place and keep him there. This continent is unlikely to see militancy in all its glory, for the simple reason that the masculine inhabitants are inclined to allow woman to manage her own affairs and usually pay the bills without too much scrutiny of the items.

The qualities of manhood most admired by women have frequently been discussed, with a preference declared for courage and strength. However, among the desirable qualities, the modern maiden esteems none higher than generosity, and that amiability which results in "easy to get along with." The day of the bully is vanishing, and man would do well to realize the fact.

ERIN.



ALLISON PLAYGROUNDS FIELD HOUSE.

The Grateful Retreat of Mothers and Others Who Like to Watch the Activities of This Pleasure Spot in St. John.



LITTLE GRASS GROWS UNDER THE FEET

Of the Small Frequenters, Big in Numbers, Who Patronize the Sports of the St. John Playgrounds.

“Healthful Play” for the Child

A Woman's Scheme Which Began in St. John, and Has Rapidly Been Extended Throughout the Dominion

By M. J. T.

IN the brain of a woman, Miss Peters, of St. John, the idea of play at the public expense and, primarily, play with supervision had its beginning. And charity beginning at home, this charitable Miss Peters, whose fame exists in her schemes to benefit children for the most part, began in St. John, her home city, to wrestle with that Public Opinion which scorns “the untried thing.”

With what success the originator laboured the reader is partially informed by the accompanying views. By degrees Miss Peters enlisted the interest of that multiple-handed body of workers, the Local Council of Women. And plans took shape. To-day these shapes are substantially represented by six much patronized, thoroughly equipped and well-supervised playgrounds in St. John.

From its maritime source the playgrounds leaven has spread with amazing swiftness, until now there is scarcely a city of size throughout this wide Dominion where the supervised play has yet to prove its value.

The Ottawa Playgrounds Association, launched in February, has been most praise-worthily instrumental in bringing into existence in the capital several playgrounds. A lecture by Dr. Hodgetts helmed, which presented the most regrettable statement, supported by truth-telling pictures, of conditions of children's play in Canadian cities—the crowded districts. The Ottawa playgrounds which will counteract such features are equipped with a competent staff of supervisors.

IN Toronto, the famous “Boys' Dominion” serves to example that supervised play has become in that city an integral part of municipal and educational interest. Numerous playgrounds, ably operated, supply a long-felt need in the various districts and better safeguard “small fry” than the curfew—better, a long shot. This year, if the playgrounds advocates maintain their annual custom, visitors to the Canadian National Exhibition will be able to see a model playground, fully equipped and supervised. Last year, in Toronto, the sum of a million dollars was invested (which means that returns were expected), in playgrounds and parks for the general use.

In Hamilton, according to the year's report of the local Playgrounds Association, they had, during the two and a half months the playgrounds were open, an attendance of forty thousand children ranging all the way from one to fourteen years of age. The which intimation hints the hold of “healthful play” on the tender imagination.

Swimming baths are a popular feature of sport at the London playgrounds, and under the conduct of Sheriff Cameron excellent training is given in aquatics. The value of the same swimming classes is felt when the present and the former toll of the

Thames in victims, mostly youthful, are contrasted. The London playgrounds are particularly attractive, shaded as they are, with fine old trees.

Winnipeg specializes in play, under adequate supervision, as a master-mould for the healthier, happier citizenship of the future. Inevitably that citizenship will be healthy, will be happy, for naturalness is the law of such an outcome. And playing is nature. Unlike the system of Hamilton,



FUN AGAIN BY FUNDY.

Involving Apparatus Which Especially Delights the Boys of the Public Playgrounds.

where grounds are a holidays' feature, Winnipeg has its sports for all the seasons.

Edmonton was recently declared to be in favour of a system of organized play in connection with schools. Exception was taken by one trustee, to importing an American supervisor. Not a valid objection really. For a communication from the Department of Education in the Province of Quebec gives the welcome news that a complete course for the training of supervisors for playgrounds may be had in McGill University. See, pure native!

For the first time, this very summer, Victoria opened its playgrounds—an alluring and adequate park system, the plan of an English landscape architect. Skilled supervisors are in attendance and children flock to the rendezvous already.

A sort of pied piper dance this movement, where children trip in the wake of joy to the ever happy

valley and the rock-door shuts forever behind on the joylessness of the love-forsaken alleys. A blessed movement, and an evidence of the practical, strong religion which is Christian.

THE progress made has been swift, indeed, to the casual observer; but rapidity to the onlooker is but snail's pace to the worker. For to quote Miss Peters in a recent letter:—“You speak of the playgrounds work in Canada being of a rapid growth. I feel that it has been, oh, so slow! I have worked since 1900 openly, and the time seems very much longer, for many causes.”

The present need is a national basis on which to rest the playgrounds superstructure. Some of the playgrounds are under church control; some are special associations' peculiar enterprises; some are municipal concerns; school boards run others. There is no entirety. No common headquarters. No possible way of making concerted progress, as things exist. Developments, therefore, are more or less haphazard.

In addition to her hope to see established a national playgrounds body, Miss Peters is bent upon seeing used the school plots, drill-halls, all public open spaces, which ubiquitously, for much of the year, lie useless. “I hope to see no child,” she writes, “in need of an evening or winter afternoon social centre while there are public buildings standing idle, such as school buildings and grounds, exhibition buildings and grounds, drill-halls, etcetera. All country schools should have movable seats and desks so that the same could be set aside and the rooms used as social centres for adults in the district as well as children.”

THIS end in view, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Toronto, convener of the committee on agriculture for women, recently moved at the annual meeting of the National Council of Women this resolution:—“Whereas the Dominion Government is on the eve of voting ten million dollars, to be expended during the next ten years on the development of rural life, and Mr. C. C. James, who has been appointed Director, is now making plans for the carrying out of the work of this commission, I would therefore move that this National Council petition the Department of Agriculture that part of this appropriation be devoted to schemes for the benefit of women in agriculture and that a grant be made for the development of playgrounds and social centres.”

The above resolution, given in essence, was seconded by Miss Peters. Some years ago this promoter was asked, “What are these playgrounds, anyway?” The prompt reply was prophetic of the present: “Little drops of water, little grains of sand.” For certainly an ocean of joy is the manifold visible outcome and “the pleasant land” is fact to the playgrounds children.

THE far lure of the fox-ranching and the immediate lure of fishing are accountable for the presence in Canada, at present, of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his beautiful lady. The pair paused, in their honeymoon tour, recently in Toronto, previous to their departure for Winnipeg. Lady Fitzgerald was the popular actress, Miss May Etheridge, of London.

How Wags the World

“Gossip, How Wags the World? ‘Well, Gossip, Well’”

—Jean Ingelow

The Wife and the Steady Job

“I COULD not love thee, dear, so much loved I not leisure more.” Some phrase with the smack of gallantry about it, irrespective of the wording, no doubt lodged in the youthful bosoms of wives of erstwhile heroes, proved deserters. For repeatedly one is called to marvel at wives’ forgivingness toward husbands classed as the worthless—jobless—faithless.

My friend, Mrs. F— employs a washer-woman whose husband’s predilection for home, deserted under compulsion, the fact of the matter being he went to prison, has proved a constant drag on the bread-winner’s pocket.

“Has your husband steady employment, now?” my friend, unknowing the facts of the case till casually, later, inquired of her help with solicitude.

“Yes,” replied the unblinking helpmeet (the “help” part being ironically fitting) “the master has got his steady job—for a time.”

And the “steady job” is the Government cure for hosts of just such household difficulties—just about such. An addition was made to the criminal code by parliament last session whereby a man is liable now to a fine of five hundred dollars or to one year’s imprisonment who fails to provide for his wife and for his children who are under sixteen years of age.

It might help some if the worker in jail were paid, via his family, for his labour.

A Habit of Two Hemispheres

“SHE has her faults,” admitted Mr. Guppy referring to his most obnoxious mother. “She has her faults—we all have—but she doesn’t do it when company is present.”

Now the holding of hands was one of the faults one did not “do” in public, until lately. The nearest thing to it was a certain bourgeois gallantry of the elbow, observed in the cases of couples catching cars. Propriety forbade it—a drastic prohibition, anathematizing the thing to the death as “vulgar.”

Then all at once an adorable princess, who but the Kaiser’s daughter, defied the custom, permitting herself to be snapped in the very action, and walked the streets with her lover, holding hands! And President Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, lovers though many years married, were photographed, only the other day, hand in hand on the street at Cornish, New Hampshire.

It remains to be seen if the world is tinder to kindling from the torch of such examples. At any rate, time has completed a round, a cycle, on its most amusing orbit, and women are back at the place where they may walk, if they wish, to church on the arms of husbands—personal husbands. Nor does anyone wish to convey the notion that women walk Jugernaut-wise on the mentioned members.

Those arms, by the way, from long disuse may act, at the first, as the curtain poles to the rings—be so responsive.

A Grower of Roses

A DEVONSHIRE origin, a passionate love of roses, and the patience which brings an enchanting reward when one is one’s own gardener, have been the equipment of Mrs. Allen Baines, whose garden space on Bloor Street, Toronto, has blossomed out this summer, a very bower.

Mrs. Baines’ garden, while not large, has a bountiful showing of roses, including in addition to hybrid teas and hybrid perpetuals, a large number of beautiful rambles in all the suitable places. Some climb over arches that shadow a central path, while others disport themselves upon a sloping bank. Among these latter

the “Tausend Schon” Roses have been a very beautiful sight this season.

This clever floriculturist employs no resident gardener, but performs what she is pleased to term “the hard work” in person. She admits, however, the fact of a gardener who “helps” two days in the week. Mrs. Baines’ great wish is to draw the attention of all women with leisure to the vast store of amusement and health to be derived from gardening as a hobby.

To this end, a year ago, Mrs. Baines invited to a drawing-room meeting a number of flower lovers to hear Mr. E. T. Cook, the writer, lecture on “Roses.” At that time it was decided to form the Rose Society of Ontario—which recently held a most encouraging rose show in Toronto.

Mrs. Baines was aided in the work of forming the society by the kindly assistance and encouragement of Mr. J. T. Moore, of Moore Park—the present Honorary President; of Sir Edmund Osler, Mr. Edward Armour, K.C., who drew up the constitution of the society, and numerous other friends. The president of the society is Mr. E. T. Cook; the vice-presidents, Mrs. Allen Baines, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Hartley Dewart and Miss Coleman; honorary secretary is Miss Marion Armour; the treasurer is Miss Beatrice Francis.

Dismissing a “Peck of Troubles” of Troubles”

IN the personal case of Mrs. Carlyle, wife of the famous Thomas, the servant problem resolved itself into

simply “a peck of troubles”—a case familiar.

Some hitherto unpublished letters have recently been placed on view in the London Library with this inscription: “A few examples from a long series of letters written by Mrs. Carlyle to Miss Kate Sterling (Mrs. Ross). One runs as follows:

“I am in a ‘peck of troubles.’ I am again at Cheyne Row superintending the works and remodelling the establishment of one woman—Mr. C. exploded Fanny a fortnight ago—and I was vexed with him at the time; for my natural cowardice inclined me to puddle or with Irish cabinism and ‘a cloud of lies’ rather than front the horrors of change and of a strange face in the house, but now that the creature is fairly gone—even though I am in a state of interregnum—I am glad.”

What might be said of the points of servants would fill a volume, let alone a letter. But help is at hand for housekeepers who have not Carlyles for husbands, and so are forced to do their own “exploding.” Luckless task!

The educational authorities in London have opened a school for the training of girls in household work with a view to domestic service. The school provides for a two years’ course and, as a departure in the trade school system, is at present attracting the general attention. Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, president of the Board of Education, expresses the opinion that special training will dignify this field of Woman’s labour. There is every reason why it should be shorn of its mediaeval servility and beneathness.

Canada is bound to benefit, primarily, from this movement, for native “help” is not to be got to occupy our kitchens, recruits for the same being chronically Old Country.



ETHICS OF THE DUST.
The Dustman Saw It to Be His Duty (Seeing Beauty Likewise) to Buy a Posy From One of the Vendors Abroad in London on Alexandra Day. Profits of the Sales Are All Devoted to the Pet Charities of Queen Alexandra.

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Triumph for Port Arthur Women

By MARY SLIPPER

A UNIQUE entertainment was carried to a most successful finish by the women of Port Arthur, Ont., this month. The affair was a four days' carnival of amusement held in the largest building in the city, the Lake City Rink, and the end in view was to raise funds to purchase a nurses' home for the Railway, Marine and General Hospital.

Every woman's organization was pressed into the service and each booth at the carnival represented some organized society of women in the city. The affair was called the "Streets of Paris," and was opened to the public the first day of July and Dominion Day was befittingly celebrated. The entertainment closed the evening of the fourth of July, and that day was placed in charge of the resident American citizens to celebrate their national holiday. To the credit of the Americans be it said that they made it the best day of all, and helped to swell the receipts to the desired sum.

Every day hundreds of people gathered and enjoyed the merriment provided. The interior of the rink was



"MISS CANADA," But Usually Miss Mansell, of Port Arthur, Who Ushered in the Grand March Through the Recent "Streets of Paris" in That City.

transformed for the event, thousands of yards of coloured bunting and flags being used in the decorative scheme. Each evening the "Streets" were formally opened to the public by a march of all the booth holders in costume. The first night, "Miss Canada," led the march, the second night the band of gypsies, Highland lads and lassies the third evening, and on the American holiday, George and Martha Washington headed the march. Each booth contained something to sell, and the donations therein came from all parts of the province, from manufacturers and wholesale houses, and from local merchants in the two cities.

Mrs. Alley, of Port Arthur, provided the most taking portion of the entertainment, the gypsies, all of whom were local girls. The gypsies were costumed in true picturesque style and trained to do all the "stunts" of the real people. This band of gypsies met the incoming boats and trains and entertained the tourists who showed their delight by contributing generously to the funds. In the gypsy booth each evening the gypsies told fortunes and served Mexican coffee, Chili-con-carne and corn bread.

The result of the four days' entertainment netted the women four thousand dollars.

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Relieves Sunburn and Removes Tan



Every lady who spends the Summer at the seashore, in the mountains or at some fashionable watering place should take with her a few bottles of Gouraud's Oriental Cream to improve and beautify her complexion and protect her skin from the burning sun, bleaching winds, and damp night air. It has been in actual use for considerably over half a century, which proves its superiority.

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To assure the best results in applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream, we have imported a sponge of the finest quality from the Adriatic Sponge Fisheries. It is smooth and velvety, and will give the most satisfactory results. We strongly recommend its exclusive use. Sent on receipt of 50c.

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are indispensable to the woman who travels, motors, drives, or is accustomed to be out of doors. They are in booklet form and delightfully perfumed. Just the right size, can be slipped in the purse where they are always ready for an emergency. Send us 10c. for a booklet of them.

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Neave's Food has been the standard Infant's Food in Great Britain for more than 85 years.

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book, "Hints About Baby", by writing Edwin Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto, who is the Agent for Canada. (Mention this paper.)

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Ask Your Druggist for It. Accept no Substitute!

PREPARED ONLY BY LANMAN & KEMP, NEW YORK AND MONTREAL.

Sea Salmon Catchers

(Concluded from page 9.)

us. Here, in some long, clear, pebbly-bottomed pools, thousands of upward-bound spawning fish were darting rapidly hither and thither, and in their midst two dark figures worked, throwing out, with clocklike regularity, salmon after salmon. From where we sat we could see the swift thrust of the spear, the drawback of the arm, the plunging struggle of the fish, and its aerial flight.

On the pebbles of the shore were great piles of freshly-killed fish. Each pile had from ten to thirty big coho or dog salmon in it, fish that ran from six to twelve, thirteen and even fourteen pounds weight; and there were many piles too.

It was a wonderful sight. Here, in the very solitudes of this mighty west, where their once numerous tribesmen had gathered, year after year for centuries of time—as the old skulls found under the roots of fully-grown firs testify; of this annual harvest of the sea, a harvest so great that no man may number the dead fish that remain—over half a billion per year is only a fair estimate. Here in the presence of two representatives of the new tribe that would ultimately wrest away everything they valued, these two swarthy little Coast Indians speared in a fine frenzy. They danced, they yelled, they threw their spears into the plunging mass, they dragged the fish ashore with many a joke and a laugh. They sang the "old folks" song and the rocks and firs on the banks threw back the same barbaric taunts from man to fish as they did, no doubt, hundreds of years before Cook, or De Fuca or Vancouver sailed these shores, aye, before Columbus himself first crossed the "Western Sea." These two last survivors of this branch of the Kwakiutis worked like men bereft of their senses. At times an extra heavy current-borne fish would throw one of them over and into the stream he would plunge, with his song cut in two by the water.

Both the men were wet and breathless, blood and scale covered, so they "rested" to string their fish. What a string! Ye eastern fishermen that carry a cord stringer, could you but see this inch rope, some forty feet long, that these native fishermen use! In the same frenzy they ran back and forth over the pebbles, passing the rope through the gills, running the fish down the rope, dragging the huge lot of slippery fish over the pebbles and into the water. Later they had to drag it always in the water, as that element helped to sustain it.

Now they have fully half a ton on that rope, so another rope must be brought off, splashing his swift way through the fish-crowded waters—waters and fish all seeming to send back to him his unmannerly splashes—he plunges. Soon he appears, dragging another "string." Watch him pause to kick—actually kick—a salmon ashore out of a shallow dip in the riffles. See him fall bodily on it so that it may not squirm and wriggle its way back into its native element. There! the first fish is on the "string," and he splashes and plunges ahead in the knee-deep—or ankle-deep—river. Now watch them both crowd those fish onto the rope. From where we sat it looked as if they were feeding rope to unwilling fish. Now off they stagger with a hundred, now two hundred, now five hundred, now a thousand pounds of fish behind them.

The tide is running out, fully time that the long laden ropes should be pulled down stream to the canoes. These once laden, paddle off rapidly before the water falls so that the bars and riffles are impassable for a canoe laden with over a ton of freshly-run salmon, gaffed or speared within the three hours of the "long run in."

Wondering at the wildness and novelty of it all we sat awhile watching the gulls fighting over the scattered salmon the Indians had discarded. Then we entered our canoe, paused a moment to watch through our glasses a black bear that emerged from the woods to dispute the gulls' right; then, with the retreating tide, passed through the fish-crowded pools, out into the estuary.

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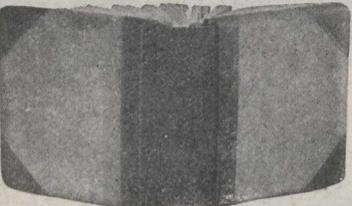
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BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS**

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Doubling His Money

(Concluded from page 6.)

how much harder was it now that he had to plunge through the primeval wilderness! The underbrush was so thick in places that it was all he could do to fight his way through it. Masses of fallen fire-killed trees, sometimes four or five feet high, had to be climbed over. At times he sank to his knees in the muskeg. It seemed impossible that a town could be less than two miles away. Rather he seemed to be in the midst of an African jungle. The bounding of a frightened jackrabbit scared him stiff for a minute and brought horrid visions of bears or lynx to his mind.

On and on poor Bobby struggled, while the hour hand of his watch crept to noon, to one o'clock, to two o'clock. Hunger assailed him, but that was only one of his troubles. His light-coloured suit, that looked so natty and smart that morning, was torn in a dozen places and blackened by rude contact with burned trees he had climbed over. His limbs were bruised and his hands and face were scratched. It was a sorry specimen, indeed, that stumbled through the bush. And he was only going to see his lots that in a year or two at most—the real estate man said so—would be within the city limits!

However, patience and perseverance must eventually win out, even in a journey to a "farthest North" subdivision. At last Bobby, footsore and weary, stumbled on to a clearing, where a man was plowing with a team of oxen.

"So you are another victim of that bunch of sharks," said the man when Bobby had related his experience. "Well, take my advice and don't make any more payments on those lots. You'd better go out a little farther and take up a 160-acre homestead. How those people can inveigle sensible folks into paying \$150.00 for a twenty-five foot piece of ground this far from town beats me. Certainly the town has a bright future, but this kind of insane gambling on that future will only retard its growth in the long run. Let's go over and see your lots. Glazier Park is not far from here."

After Bobby had disposed of some cold lunch and got rested up a little, they set out, and after an hour's search among the surveyor's stakes they found Bobby's three lots—in the centre of a marsh. About forty per cent. of the "Park" was good view property; Bobby's lots were in the other sixty per cent.

A sadder and wiser Bobby walked back to town that evening and boarded the stage next morning. Arriving at Edmonton the next day, he walked up First Street, the picture of dejection.

"Of all sad words of pen or tongue, The saddest are 'Again I'm stung.'"

Bobby wondered how many other suckers had been stung. Well, he would call at the real estate office and tell them what he thought of them, anyhow. Perhaps he could get at least part of his money back.

The manager was out and he did not know any of the others in the office. Again he looked at the map of Port Hudson. Certainly his lots looked well enough on the map. How different from the real thing!

In about ten minutes the manager came in. "Hello, Spencer," he exclaimed, "just the man I'm looking for. Wrote you a few days ago but got no reply. I've got those three lots of yours sold if you are satisfied with a profit of a hundred dollars less our commission. Told you that stuff was a money-maker."

A Trait in Common.—As a man entered a picture gallery the attendant tapped him on the shoulder and, pointing to a small cur that followed him, said:

"Dogs are not admitted."
That's not my dog," replied the visitor.
"But he follows you."
"So do you!" replied the old gentleman, sharply.

The attendant growled and removed the dog with entirely unnecessary violence.—Tit-Bits.

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Better! Even Better!

Think of any soup in the recipe-book — think of your favourite soup—arrange to have it for dinner to-day and make it better than ever before, like this:—

Prepare your soup in the ordinary way, and before you put it in to boil add a packet of "Edwards"—either the Brown, Tomato, or White variety.

When the soup is served you'll find it better and thicker and more nourishing; in short, you'll like your favourite soup so much better that you'll want to improve every Soup-recipe in the book by adding "A little Edwards." You can use Edwards' Soup as a basis for practically any soup you make. Although splendid by itself, Edwards' Soup blends so naturally with other soups that it seems like a part of the original recipe. Get a few packets of Edwards' Soup to-day.

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5c. per packet.

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"Look here, old man, let's put all our cards on the table—"

"I'll be cursed if I do," snapped Lambaire; "you're mad, Whitey. What do you think I'm—"

"All the cards on the table," repeated Whitey slowly, and rapped the desk with his bony knuckles to point each word, "your own pack, Lambaire; you've got to say, 'Look here, old son, let's understand one another; the fact of the matter is, etc., etc.'"

What the etc. was Whitey explained in the course of a heated, caustic and noisy five minutes.

At the end of that time Grene appeared on the scene, and the conversation came to an abrupt finish.

"Three o'clock," said Whitey, at the bottom of the stairs, "you play your cards well, and you get yourself out of a nasty mess."

Lambaire grunted an ungracious rejoinder and they parted.

It was a different Whitey who made an appearance at the appointed hour. An urbane, deferential, unruffled man, who piloted a youth to the office of J. Lambaire.

Francis Sutton was a good-looking boy, though the scowl that he thought it necessary to wear for the occasion disfigured him.

Yet he had a grievance, or the shreds of one, for he had the uncomfortable feeling that he had been tricked and made a fool of, and generally ill-treated.

It had been made clear to him that when that man of the world, Lambaire, had showed a preference for his society, had invited him to dinner, and had introduced him more than once to the Whistlers, it was not because the "financier" had taken a sudden fancy to him—not even because Lambaire had known his father in some far-off time—but because Lambaire wanted to get something out of him.

By what means of realization this had come to him it is no province of mine to say. The sweetest, the dearest, the most tender of woman being human, for all their fragrant qualities, may, in some private moment, be sufficiently convincing to bring a foolish young man to his senses.

The scowl was on his face when he came into Lambaire's private office. Lambaire was sitting at his big desk, which was littered with the mechanism of commerce to an unusual extent. There was a fat account-book open on the table before him, letters lay stacked in piles on either hand, and his secretary, with open note-book, by his side.

An imposing cheque-book was displayed before him, and he was very busy indeed when Whitey ushered his charge into this hive of industry.

"Ah, Mr. Sutton!" he said, answering with a genial smile the curt nod of the other, "glad to see you. Make Mr. Sutton comfortable, White—I've one or two things to finish off."

"Perhaps," said the young man, relaxing a little, "if I came a little later—?"

"Not at all, not at all."

Lambaire dismissed the supposition that he was too deeply employed to see him at once with a wave of the hand.

"Sit down," he pleaded, "only for one moment. Are you ready, Grene?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dear sir," dictated Lambaire, leaning back in his padded chair, "we have pleasure in enclosing a cheque for four thousand six hundred and twenty-five pounds seven and fourpence, in payment of half-yearly dividends. Full stop. We regret that we were not able to allot you any shares in our new issue; the flotation was twenty times over subscribed. Yours, etc. Got that?"

"Yes, sir," said the unmoved Grene. Could this be the adventurer his sister had pictured? thought the young man. Would a man of this type stoop to lure him to a gaming house for the gain of his few hundreds?

"Send a cheque to Cautts—how much is it?" said Lambaire.

"About six thousand," said Grene at random.

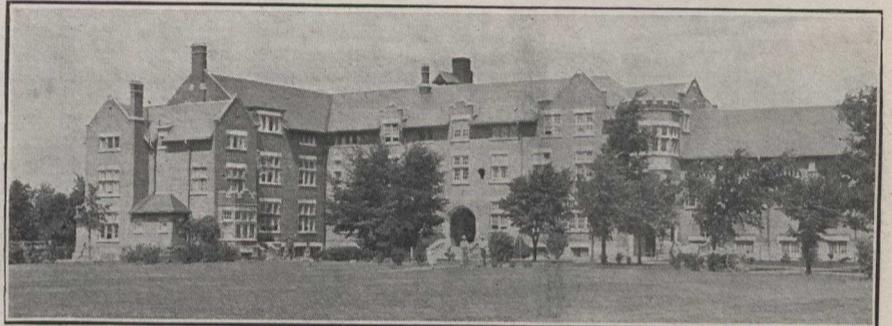
"And pay that little account of mine at Fells—it's about four hun-

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dred—these wretched little wine bills mount up."

The latter portion of the sentence was addressed to Sutton, who found himself smiling sympathetically. As for Whitey, he was one benign grin.

"Now I think that is all," and Lambaire fluttered a few papers. "Oh, here is a letter from S—" He handed what was in reality a peremptory demand for the payment of the very wine bill to which he referred to Grene.

"Tell him I am sorry I cannot go to Cowes with him—I hate strange yachts, and unfortunately," this to the young man and with a smile of protest, "I cannot afford to keep my yacht as I did a few years ago. Now."

He swung round in his seat as the door closed behind Grene.

"Now, Mr. Sutton, I want a straight talk with you; you don't mind White being here, do you? he's my confidant in most matters."

"I don't mind anybody," said the youth, though he was obviously ill at ease, not knowing exactly what was the object of the interview.

Lambaire toyed with a celluloid ruler before he began.

"Mr. Sutton," he said slowly, "you were at school, I think, when your father went to West Africa?"

"I was going up to Oxford," said the boy quickly.

Lambaire nodded.

"You know I equipped the expedition that had such an unfortunate ending,"

"I understood you had something to do with it."

"I had," said Lambaire, "it cost me—however that has nothing to do with the matter. Now, Mr. Sutton, I am going to be frank with you. You are under the impression that I sought your acquaintance with some ulterior motive. You need not deny it; I had a—"

"Hunch," said the silent Whitey suddenly.

"I had what Mr. White calls a 'hunch' that this was so. I know human nature very well, Mr. Sutton; and when a man thinks badly of me, I know the fact instinctively."

To be exact, the intuition of Mr. Lambaire had less to do with his presence than the information Whitey had been able to supply.

"Mr. Sutton, I'm not going to deny that I did have an ulterior motive in seeking your society," Lambaire leant forward, his hands on his knees, and was very earnest. "When your father—"

"Poor father," murmured Whitey.

"When your poor father died, a chart of his wanderings, showing the route he took, was sent to you, or rather to your sister, she being the elder. It was only by accident, during the past year, that I heard of the existence of that chart and I wrote to your sister for it."

"As I understand it, Mr. Lambaire," said Sutton, "you made no attempt to seek us out after my father's death; though you were in no sense responsible for his fate, my sister felt that you might have troubled yourself to discover what was happening to those who were suddenly orphaned through the expedition."

This tall youth, with his clear-cut effeminate face, had a mouth that drooped a little weakly. He was speaking now with the assurance of one who had known all the facts on which he spoke for years, yet it was the fact that until that morning, when his sister had given him some insight into the character of the man she distrusted, he had known nothing of the circumstances attending his father's death.

All the time he spoke Lambaire was shaking his head slowly, in melancholy protest at the injustice.

"No, no, no," he said, when the other had finished, "you're wrong, Mr. Sutton—I was ill at the time; I knew that you were all well off—"

"Ahem!" coughed Whitey, and Lambaire realized that he had made a mistake.

"So far from being well off—however, that is unimportant; it was only last year that, by the death of an uncle, we inherited—but rich or poor, that is beside the question."

"It is indeed," said Lambaire heartily. He was anxious to get away from

Schools and Colleges

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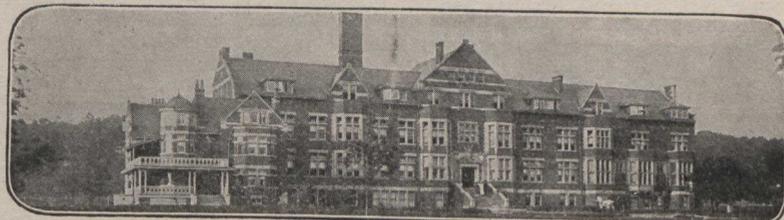
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Lambaire is a man of the world, we can't judge him by convent codes, or by schoolgirl codes; if you argue the matter from now until quarter-day you won't budge me. I'm going through with this. It's a chance that will never come again. I'm sure father would have liked it."

He paused expectantly, but she did not accept the lull as an opportunity.

"Now, for goodness sake, Cynthia, do not, I beg of you, sulk."

She turned from her contemplation of the outside world.

"Do you remember how you came home the other night?" she asked suddenly, and the boy's face went red.

"I don't think that's fair," he said hotly, "a man may make a fool of himself—"

"I wasn't going to speak of that," she said, "but I want to remind you that a gentleman brought you home—he knew Lambaire better than you or I know him—yes?—you were going to say something?"

"Go on," said the youth, a note of triumph in his voice, "I have something to say upon that subject."

"He said that Lambaire was something worse than a man about town—that he was a criminal, one of the cleverest of criminals, a man without scruple or pity."

There was a smile on Sutton's face when she finished.

"And do you know who this gentleman was?" he asked in glee. "He's Amber—you've never heard of Amber?"

She shook her head.

"He's a thief, just a low-down thief—you can jolly well shake your head, Cynthia, but he's a fellow who gets his living by his wits; he's been out of gaol exactly a week—that is your Mr. Amber."

"Mr. Amber," repeated a voice at the door, as a maid admitted the imperturbable subject of the conversation.

Amber was in the conventional garb of civilization. His tightly-buttoned morning coat was of the newest cut, his linen was of the shiniest. The hat which he held in his hand shone as only a new silk hat can shine, and spotless white was alike the colour of the spats over his varnished shoes and the skin-tight gloves on his hands.

He might have stepped out of a fashion plate, so immaculate was he. He smiled cheerfully at the uncomfortable youth and held out his hand to the girl.

"Called in," he said easily, "passin' this way: motor buses pass the door—very convenient; what I like about London is the accessibility of everywhere to everywhere else—may I put my hat down?—thank you so much. If ever I make a lot of money I shall live in Park Lane; it's so close to the tube. And how are you?"

Sutton muttered an ungracious platitude and made for the door.

"One moment, Francis," the girl had gone red and white by turn, and the hand that traced patterns on the table had trembled a little when Amber came in: now she was very self-possessed, albeit paler than usual. The boy stopped, one hand on the handle of the door, and frowned warningly at his sister.

"Mr. Amber," she said, ignoring the signal, "I think it is only fair to you to repeat something I have just heard."

"I beg of you, Cynthia!" said Sutton angrily.

"It has been said, Mr. Amber," she continued, "that you are—are a bad character."

"My lady," said Amber, with a grave face, "I am a bad character."

"And—and you have recently been released from prison," she faltered, avoiding his eyes.

"If," said Amber carefully, "by 'recent' you mean nearly a week ago—that also is true."

"I told you," cried Sutton, with an exultant laugh, and Amber whipped round.

"My Democritus, my Abderite," he said reproachfully, "wherefore rollick? It is not so funny, this prison—quid rides my Sutton?" His eyebrows rose questioningly.

Something made the girl look at him. She may have expected to see

him shamefaced; instead she saw only righteous annoyance.

"My past misfortune cannot interest you, My Lady," he said a little sadly, "when, on a memorable night, I faced James, at your wish, entering the portals of an establishment to which I would not willingly invite a self-respecting screw—by which I mean the uniformed instrument of fate, the prison warder—I do not remember that you demanded my credentials, nor set me a test piece of respectability to play."

Then he again addressed himself to the boy.

"Mr. Sutton," he said softly, "Me-thinks you are a little ungracious, a little precipitate: I came here to make, with the delicacy which the matter demanded, all the necessary confession of previous crimes, dodges, acts of venal artfulness, convictions, incarcerations, together with an appendix throwing light upon the facility with which a young and headstrong subaltern of cavalry might descend to the Avernus which awaits the reckless layer of odds on indifferent horses."

He said all this without taking breath, and was seemingly well satisfied with himself and the sketch he gave of his early life. He pulled himself erect, squared his shoulders and set his monocle more firmly in his eye, then with a bow to the girl, and an amused stare at the young man, he turned to the door.

"One moment, Mr. Amber," she found her voice, "I cannot allow you to go like this; we owe you something, Francis and I..."

"Owe me a memory," said Amber in a low voice, "that would be a pleasant reward, Miss Sutton."

Impulsively she stepped forward and held out her hand, and he took it.

"I'm so sorry," was all she said, but she knew by the pressure on her hand that he understood.

As they stood there, for the briefest space of time, hand to hand, Sutton slipped from the room, for he had been expecting visitors, and had heard the distant thrill of a bell.

Neither noticed his absence. The girl's face was upraised to Amber's, and in her eyes was infinite compassion.

"You are too good—too good for that life," she said, and Amber shook his head, smiling with his eyes.

"You don't know," he said gently, "perhaps you are wasting your pity—you make me feel a scoundrel when you pity me."

Before she could reply the door was flung open, and Sutton burst into the room; behind him was Lambaire, soberly arrayed, sleek of hair and perfectly groomed, and no less decorous of appearance was the inevitable Whitey bringing up the rear.

Cynthia Sutton gazed blankly at the new-comers. It was a bold move of her brother's to bring these men to her house. Under any circumstances their reception would have been a stiff one; now, a cold anger took possession of her, for she guessed that they had been brought to complete the rout of Amber.

The first words of Sutton proved this.

"Cynthia," he said, with a satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal, "these are the gentlemen that Mr. Amber has vilified—perhaps he would care to repeat—"

"Young, very young," said Amber tolerantly. He took the management of the situation from the girl's hands, and for the rest of the time she was only a spectator ne puero gladium—eh?"

He was the virtuous schoolmaster reproaching youth.

"And here we have evidence," he exhibited Lambaire and his companion with a sweep of his hand, "confronted by the men he has so deeply wronged; and now, my Lambaire, what have you to say about us that we have not already revealed?"

"I know you are a thief," said Lambaire.

"True, O King!" admitted Amber genially.

(To be continued.)



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