

The Canadian COURIER

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY.

The Trick of It

An Illustra'ed, Incurrible Humoresque

By H. A. CODY

....

Canadianizing the Newcomers

By N. DOROTHEA BROWN

....

Parliamentary Peregrinations

By THE OTTAWA CORRESPONDENT

....

Woman's Supplement

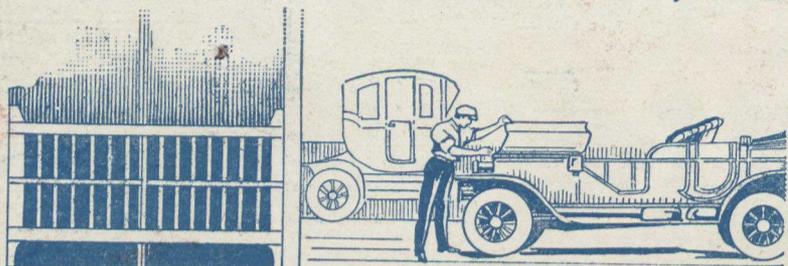
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AS SEEN BY THE WOMAN'S EDITOR

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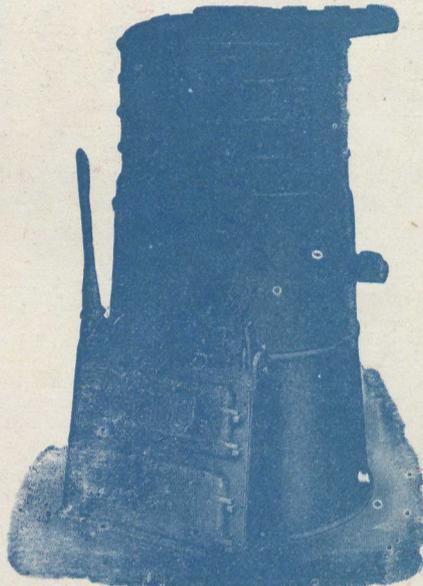
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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TORONTO

NO. 12

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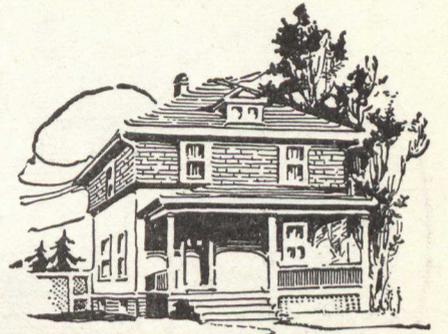
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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

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 Money and MagnatesBy the Financial Editor.
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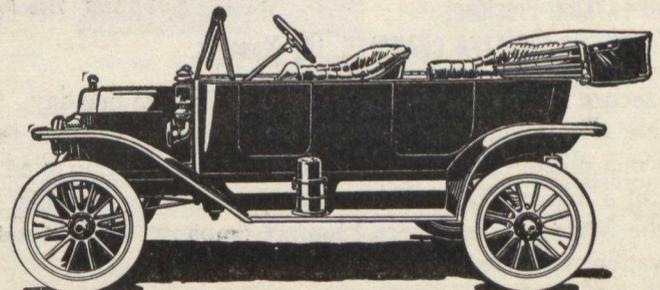
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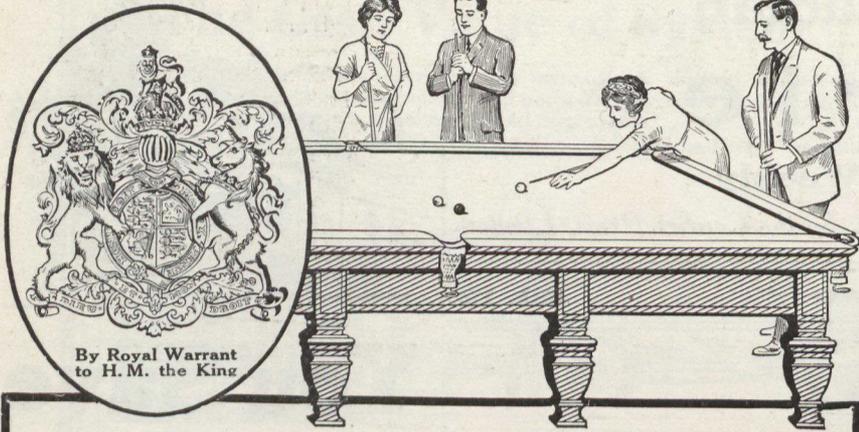


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In Lighter Vein

To Keep His Memory Green.—The furniture dealer in the Grand Rapids hotel had waited fully an hour for the waiter to serve two courses.

"Now, my friend," said he, "will you fetch me some chicken salad?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter.

"And while you are away, you might send me a postal card every now and then."

Bad News.—"Any good seats left?" asked the tall, cadaverous-looking man at the box-office. "Plenty of 'em," said the box-office man. "All down in front, too." "Gee, I'm sorry!" said the tall, cadaverous man, turning away with a sigh. "I'm the author of the play."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Very Thing.

MAUDE went to a department store: And told her plan:

"Oh, something nice I'm looking for,

For a young man!"

The clerk was very tactful who Suggested this:

"I think you ought to look into A mirror, miss!"

—Town Topics.

One Advantage.—"There's one thing I like about these new-fangled dinner dances."

"What's that?"

"They keep a man from wondering what to do with his hands between courses."—Detroit Free Press.

A Clash of Faith.—A gentleman, rushing from his dining-room into the hall and sniffing disgustedly, demanded of Jeames, the footman, whence arose the outrageous odour that was pervading the whole house. To which Jeames replied: "You see, sir, to-day's a saint's day, and the butler, 'e's 'igh church, and is burning hincense, and the cook, she's low church, and is burning brown paper to hobviate the hincense."

Doubly an Agnostic.—Professor Haley had been much annoyed by the persistency with which a young man, who boasted of being an agnostic, discussed his religious beliefs in the history class. One day he was giving his class a brisk oral examination. The young man was having a hard time with the direct, pointed questions that Professor Haley shot at him.

"I believe," remarked the professor, after a bit, with his usual lisp, "that you are an agnothtic in reliigiouth matterth."

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, promptly, scenting an opportunity to escape from the grilling to which he was being subjected.

"I can athure you," said the professor, setting down a zero in his grade-book, "that you are an agnothtic in hithtory ath well."—Youth's Companion.

The Wrong Term.—Senator William Hughes, of New Jersey, told a story in demonstrating that when a man wants to lucidly express himself he cannot be too careful in picking out the right brand of language.

The parson of a small church in one of the back counties tenderly announced that he had received a call from another field. At the conclusion of the service the parson was approached by one of the deacons.

"I have been thinking about the announcement you made, parson," said the deacon. "Are they offering you any more money in that new field?"

"Oh, yes, brother," was the prompt rejoinder of the parson, "three hundred dollars."

"Well, I don't know as I blame you, parson," thoughtfully returned the deacon, "but in making the announcement you didn't use the right term. That isn't a 'call,' it's a 'raise.'"—Philadelphia Telegram.

Reason Enough.—Bessie—"What makes you think that he married for money?" Jessie—"I have seen the bride."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XV.

February 21, 1914

No. 12

The Trick of It

An Illustrated, Incurable Humoresque

CONCERNING all and sundry in modern times, who perform the near-miraculous by some species of touching the button. Including all such masters of magic as those who sign checks for \$1,000's each; who on skimpy salaries eke out fat programmes of living; measly specimens of manhood who marry magnificent women; millionaires who make their own money; the man who is put under a magnifying glass by a big position; the shrewd manipulator who performs the mysterious trick of pulling wires; the popular author who from a prize package of passionate words and lurid sentiments is able to concoct a "best seller"; and many other such prestidigitateurs who on honest jobs, at fair wages, might have great difficulty in performing the mechanical job known as "making ends meet."

By H. A. CODY

Sleight-of-Hand Sketches by Arthur Lismer



"A Rabbit from His Hat."



"Married to a Scarecrow."

I HAVE always admired the conjurer or sleight-of-hand man. He appears before you and does all sorts of wonderful things. If eggs are needed he will turn to a man and produce several from his hair. If you wish a rabbit, one will come from an innocent-looking hat. Yes,

"The conjurer's life is so easy and grand;
 He makes such superior jokes—
 O it's splendid to stand with a wand in your hand,
 And puzzle relations and folks."

We gaze in awe upon such a man as the marvellous Paul Cinquevalli, as he balances two billiard balls on the top of each other on the point of a cue. It is astounding to us, as are many other such performances.

And yet how many conjurers we meet in daily life, people who can do all sorts of things with so little apparent effort. How I wish that I could do the same. One man, for instance, will pick up a pen, and sign his name to a cheque, and that name will make that little piece of paper worth thousands of dollars. If I signed my name it would not increase the value of the paper so much as a postage stamp. There must be something in the way the letters are formed which does the trick.

I have noted many wonderful sleight-of-hand performances which have often puzzled me. I know a man who is getting a small salary as clerk in a retail store. Well, with that six hundred dollars he can do great things. He can keep up a comfortable house, feed and clothe his family in a proper manner. He has a summer cottage out of town, and owns a motor boat. At Christmas he is most liberal. He buys expensive presents for his wife, children, relatives and friends. He smokes good cigars, belongs to numerous societies and clubs, and dresses well. Why, the ordinary professional conjurer is nowhere by the side of this man. How he does it is beyond my comprehension.

I SOMETIMES wonder how certain men ever got married. It must have been through some sleight-of-hand performance. You will often see a beautiful, bright, and intelligent woman hitched to a man who would make a good scare-crow in a farmer's corn-field. But this could be accounted for if the man had brains. But often we find that he is sadly lacking in mental machinery, as well as being almost a diminutive in size. And yet I stand in awe of such a man. He certainly must be a conjurer or else he never could have induced such a splendid specimen of womanhood to become his wife. This trick was even hard for wise old Solomon to fathom. He was forced to acknowledge that among the three or four things he could not understand one was "The way of a man with a maid." There must have been such conjurers in his day as there are now.

A thing which used to appeal to me as most re-

markable was the way some people, such as millionaires, made their money. I knew there was a trick about it somewhere, but could never learn the secret. They were all like the sleight-of-hand man you see upon the platform. They had nothing to start with, but it wasn't long before they had an abundance of things around them. These men generally reached some city without a cent, their shoes out at the toes, and their clothes the worse for wear. But they always did the trick, and presto, they became railway magnates, or some other kind of a magnet, and drew all things toward them. Now, I could never do that trick, no matter how hard I tried. I have gone to cities something like those men, but always came away poorer than I went, if such a thing were possible. I have endeavoured to study the secrets of the success of those great men, but so far have failed. There is one thing, though, which appeals to me. It is said that mighty financiers often unite and put their money into a pool. Just what comes of it I don't know. But it must be a way of making money or such great men would not do it. Now, I am just waiting to get several men who are as hard up as I am. Then we shall hunt for the biggest pool in the whole country, and throw in all the money we can scrape together. If this doesn't bring us riches then I shall give up the effort. I shall know by that time that the millionaires had a trick of which I know nothing. Anyway, they keep it a deep secret, for most people so far have never found it out.

THERE is something fascinating about a man with a big position. He awes you like a conjurer. He looks big, and he feels big, not only in body, but in importance as well. He has great influence. He says to one man, go, and he goes, and to another, come, and he comes. You hardly dare approach him, he is so big. And yet you once went to school with him, scrapped with him, called him "Bill," "liar," and other euphemistic terms. But now you must address him as Mr. Higher-rung, and take off your hat when you come into his presence. What is the cause of this difference in positions? Why is it that he commands thousands of people, and you—why you dare not even command your wife? Is it because he had more brains than you? That idea is ridiculous. It is comforting to know that others have been puzzled in the same manner. It was the lean and hungry-looking Cassius who many years ago had similar thoughts concerning Cæsar. He could not understand why Cæsar should be so much greater than his friend Brutus.

"Why," he asked, with poetic emphasis, "should that name be sounded more than yours?"

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great?"

AH, Cassius, you thought perhaps it was the meat which Cæsar devoured which made him so great. But you were wrong. Cæsar was a conjurer and knew the trick of reaching that high position which you didn't. And so, believe me, when you look upon the Honourable William Higherrung, Minister of Brooks and Ponds, do not think for a moment that it was his name, the weight of it, the sound of it, or the meat he ate which put him where he is. Not a bit of it. He was an adept at sleight-of-hand work, take my word for it. He knew the trick, and did it.

Now, what was the trick? you ask. I am not altogether sure, but some have told me that if you get a pull, or pull a lot of wires, the thing can be accomplished. Now, this idea has interested me immensely, and I intend to try the scheme. Regarding the first I am somewhat at sea, as no one has told me what a man is to be pulled with. The whole thing is indefinite. But the second is as clear as day. I shall get a whole bunch of wires, and if I don't pull them for all I'm worth it won't be my fault. If only poor old Cassius had known this trick he might have been in Cæsar's place. All I've got to do is to get those wires, give them a good pull, and who knows, I may be Premier of Baffin Land, or Archbishop of Black-lead Island.

To me it has always been a puzzle why some authors have such tremendous success. Mrs. Lightweight, for instance, writes a book. The publisher accepts it, and then begins at once to advertise it, declaring that "The Twisted Hair-Pin" is the most remarkable book that has been published for years. Soon it becomes a "best seller," and heads the list for several months. Newspapers and magazines speak about it, some favourable, and some otherwise. All kinds of reasons are given for its popularity, such as delineation of

character, the subject it deals with, and many more. Now, it is quite evident that the cause of its success is not in any of these, for a more foolish, insipid, sentimental medley of gushing jargon it has never been my miserable lot to read.

"Lady Bernice burst into tears, she falls upon the neck of her adoring young lover, Lord Length-wise, and beseeches him to help her. He kisses her fondly, madly, and then, rising to his feet, he



"Looks Big and Feels Big."

hurls his aristocratic fist through the air, and mutters, 'Bah Jove, I shall protect you.' His noble head is held high, his courtly, dignified figure is drawn to its full height, his—"

But, stay, why should I mention more? This is a sample of the entire book. And is this the thing, I



"Much Ado About Nothing."

ask myself, over which people are going half-mad? What is the cause of it? Ah, I have been informed. Mrs. Lightweight is a conjurer; she knows the trick, and I have learned the secret. I read it in a magazine. I copied it out, and have learned it by heart. It is this:

"SHE CAUGHT THE EAR OF THE PUBLIC."

Now, isn't that a simple solution? I have reasoned the whole thing out to my entire satisfaction. The word Public means the people of a country, and if Mrs. Lightweight caught only one ear and performed so much, what might not one do if she could catch several ears? From henceforth this shall be my one object in life. I shall make it my business to catch ears. I care not who the people are, friends and foes, my dearest relatives and my

most deadly enemies, the coal-heaver and the politician, the fair, blushing maiden, and the raging suffragette, their ears must be caught if I am to make a best seller of my new book, "The Tangled Thread." I am not going to tell what steps I shall take to catch these aural appendages, but it will be well for all to be on their guard and watch their ears very carefully. Mrs. Lightweight's secret is mine. I know the trick, and shall begin at once.

WHEN Master Shakespeare composed his play, "Much Ado About Nothing," he knew whereof he wrote. He understood human nature if any man did. He was aware that people like to be tricked, and played upon, or in other words, to be duped. The conjurer knows this, and it gives him his living. He pretends to do something, to make things seem real, when it is only a sham after all. People crowd to see him, applaud his acts, and make much ado about nothing.

Business men understand this popular feeling, and so work the trick. Did you ever notice the crowd at a Great Bargain Sale? What a mad rush took place. Men, women and children surged madly forward in the wildest confusion. It seemed as if every one was fleeing for his life from wild beasts or a raging fire. And it was all about a few pieces of cloth, lace, and pins, for which the business man could find no sale. He had marked them down two cents each, and to save this amount a mass of living humanity tore at one another for hours. Women had their dresses torn and ruined; men

had their hats knocked off and trampled under foot, while several received severe bodily injuries, and others had nervous prostration. It was all to buy something they did not need, merely because the price was reduced two cents. The business man knew the trick, and Great Bargain Sale were the three words which produced such magical results.

Now, isn't this idea worth trying? I have some old shoes, a pair of worn-out rubbers, two broken-ribbed umbrellas, a number of frayed collars, and many other articles which can be produced. They are absolutely useless to me or to any one else. But why throw them into the furnace or into the ash-barrel? I should be losing a splendid opportunity. I used to do this, but now I know better. All that is necessary is to find out what I paid for the articles when they were new, reduce the price two cents, and then put up a notice, "Great Bargain Sale," outside the door of my house. If there isn't much ado about nothing, and if I don't get clear of all the useless rubbish about my place at a handsome profit, then I do not understand human nature.



"And Then Put Up Another."

What is a Gentleman?

No. Seven in the Series "Men We Meet"

By COULSON KERNAHAN

AN American mother had been telling her boy about George Washington. When she had finished, he inquired:

"Mamma, did you ever tell a lie?"

Being a very conscientious woman, she replied, after a moment's pause:

"Oh, perhaps, when I was young."

"Did Uncle Sam ever tell one?" was the next question.

Again she hesitated before replying. "Well, perhaps he may have been led away."

"Did Aunt Jane?"

"Possibly, once or twice."

The boy thought it over a moment. Then he said: "It will be very lonely up in heaven, mamma."

"Lonely, dear? Why?" was her query.

"Because there can't be anyone up there except God and George Washington," came the answer.

I quote this story, told originally, I believe, by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, because, if we apply a similarly severe test of word, thought, and conduct to our past and to our present selves, and probably to other persons, we shall have not only to admit with the Psalmist and Mr. Russell's small American, that "All men are liars," but shall also have to ask ourselves whether this earth of ours can boast a single gentleman; for there is not one of us whose gentlemanhood has not at some time or turn of his life fattled him.

The question, "What is a gentleman?" can therefore best be answered, not by asking ourselves what a man is, but what is it that the man strives to be.

That which, in his nobler, truer moments, a man longs unutterably to be; the ideal upon which his eyes are for ever fixed, and towards which, in spite of stumblings by the way, he struggles on and on, rising with new yearning and longing after each fall—that, in a very real sense the man is, notwithstanding the human error, weakness, and even wrongdoing, from which none born of woman is wholly free.

A gentleman, then, I take it, is one who strives to be truthful, courageous, and honourable in thought, word, and act; "clean" in mind and body; and unselfish, considerate, and courteous in his relation to others.

THIS, I admit, is a view which entirely rules out and ignores the arrogant assumption—still occasionally put forward—that the word "gentleman" necessarily implies gentle birth. I should be the last to deny that "blood tells" or to assert that it matters nothing from what forbears one springs. Whether we are dealing with race horses or roses, one has to consider the pedigree of the animal or the stock on which the flower was originally grafted. The man who from infancy upwards has had the incalculable benefits of the best of food, clothing, and sanitary conditions; who has had a superior education; lives among beautiful and refined surroundings, with books on his shelves, flowers and silver on his dining table; and who, because he comes of a long line of rich and powerful ancestors, has never had cause to soil his hands,

should, surely, with all these manifest and manifold advantages, find it easier to be and to behave as a gentleman, than does the son of a herdsman, born and brought up in a mud hut, and compelled possibly by the force of circumstances to crush down his manhood's independence, and to show respect to, and to take orders from those whom he has reason to despise. It is easy for a man who, because he was born into affluence, and all his life has been accustomed to give orders which his dependents dare not disobey, to acquire that air of command and authority which we all so much admire in what is called a "great gentleman." But if that same great gentleman had been born in a station of life which necessitated his earning his livelihood as a labourer, a clerk, or a shop assistant, and possibly had to bow to the will of a tyrannical employer, and to feign, at least an appearance of respect for a master whom he had reason to hold in contempt—something of that fine air of command and of authority would be likely to vanish. In practice, the theory that what is called "gentle birth" must go to the makings of a gentleman does not hold good. Possibly the manners of the man of birth and position may be easier and more polished than those of the man born in a humble sphere; but in himself (and it is what he is himself that matters) the poorly born man may be, often is, infinitely the finer and truer gentleman of the two. Blood and breeding, so called—for all the obvious advantages they bring—often mean no more in men and women than in dogs. The thoroughbred terrier who is awarded first prize at a show is sometimes an unintelligent, sulky, snappy, greedy and vicious brute, while a despised mongrel is not unfrequently a dog-gentleman from ear tip to tail, and a dog of brains to boot. Moreover, while considering the question of "gentle birth," we should remember that if, with all his obvious advantages, your well born man be not a gentleman in himself, he must not complain if the standard by which he is judged takes account of these advantages, and if he be pronounced all the greater boulder and cad for forgetting the motto, "Noblesse oblige," and for forgetting also that these same advantages imply added responsibilities of their own. Similarly if a man who with all the handicapping of poverty-stricken surroundings and sordid considerations of ways and means to hamper him, succeeds in attaining to true gentlemanhood—then is he to be held in greater honour and admiration than the man who has merely held his own in the station in which he was born.

OF one of the characters of a novel, Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "He looked a little too like a wedding guest to be quite a gentleman"; and Dr. Wendell Holmes once remarked that he had seen men who might have passed for gentlemen but for the wearing of a showy and gorgeous scarf pin. I should not like to say that a gentleman is never overdressed for a too-sweeping assertion often nullifies itself by suggesting the very exception which is

its own contradiction. There has undoubtedly been a dash of the dandy and even of overdress about some of the world's great men and great gentlemen, just as there has been a suspicion of the sloucher and the sloven about others. But any tendency to loudness, either in dress or in voice, is as a rule as instinctively avoided by gentlemen as is the tendency to boastfulness in speech, of which it is the silent counterpart. To be too palpably and too expensively over dressed, is as much vulgarly to parade wealth as to gas about one's bank balance, or purposely to pull out a handful of sovereigns to pay for a half-penny paper. It is done to impress others with a sense of one's importance, and that is what a true gentleman never does. The moment I find a man anxious or eager to acquaint me with the fact that he is a very great person and one of the utmost social importance—whether he seek to convey the information by mentioning, the first time I meet him, the number of peers he has upon his visiting list, or whether he seek to overawe me by an expansive assumption of "side"—I know perfectly well that he is a nobody, who is not even sure in his own mind about his social standing.

I REPEAT, in conclusion, that a gentleman is one who strives to be truthful, courageous and honourable in word, thought and act; clean in mind and in body; and unselfish, considerate and courteous in his relation to others. By the word courteous I do not mean an over-parade of politeness. On the contrary, the man who is too ostentatiously polite is seldom sufficiently "sure" of himself to be quite a gentleman. Your truly courteous man quietly and unobtrusively stands back to let a woman or an old man precede him in entering an omnibus or tram car. Your merely polite one possibly waves an effusive hand and protests "Ladies first," or "After you, sir." One very pretty instance of tact and courtesy comes to my memory as I write. A train which happened to be very full was just starting, and a hunch-backed man with crutches was anxiously but unsuccessfully looking for a seat. "There is room for one in here," said a young fellow sitting near the door. As a matter of fact, there was no room, but as the hunchback entered, the young fellow quietly slipped out. He knew that the hunchback, handicapped by crutches, was in likelihood of being left behind. Ostentatiously to have given up his own seat would have drawn some attention to the other's deformity, so as I say, he slipped out without comment to find another seat or possibly to stand for the remainder of the journey.

His cap had possibly cost him sixpence-halfpenny and had seen its best days. He was dressed in a soiled and shoddy suit, and his unblackened boots were badly patched. But as I, standing just outside the carriage out of which he got, and so seeing and hearing everything, threw open the door of another compartment, so that he might jump in, I raised my hat as punctiliously to that gentleman, as if he had been the great Chesterfield himself, of whose last spoken words on earth, "Give Dr. Dayrolles a chair," the comment was made: "Superb! The man's breeding does not desert him even in death."

Canadianizing the New-comer

"When the United States Close Their Gates, Canada Will Face the Deluge"

By N. DOROTHEA BROWN

CANADA occupies most of the northern half of the continent of North America, and embraces within its boundaries 3,745,574 square miles. It stands midway between the civilizations of the East and West. It is the channel of communication between Europe and Asia. Its position is strategic.



Icelandic.

Its frontiers are the longest and most exposed in the British Empire. It has resources in farm lands, mineral rock, forests and waterways; in agricultural, industrial and commercial opportunities unsurpassed, and probably unequalled by any other similar area on the surface of the globe. Its population is comparatively meagre, but its people are energetic and ambitious, and have determined to give practical effect to the assertion of one of our leading statesmen that the "twentieth century belongs to Canada." Before the South African War the people of Canada were either English, Scotch, Irish or

French, or the descendants of these nationalities; but to-day we are "Canadians," and Canada is "our country." We are no longer satisfied with a colonial status, but are rapidly assuming the attributes and responsibilities of nationhood. We are proud of our lineage, our institutions and our inheritance, and prouder still of the fact that we form no small part of the greatest empire in the world's history.

"Four nations welded into one, with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs the throb of conscious life, of waking energy."

Canada is a magnet of wonderful power, whose bigness, wealth, position and character make it irresistible to the restless and energetic of the world's peoples. The tide of humanity flowing to its shores presents a source of energy that bespeaks for the future undreamed-of possibilities in nation building, and at the same time creates in the minds of thinking people a deep concern regarding the safety of the institutions which our forefathers established at tremendous cost.

IMMIGRATION was always a factor of importance in the world's progress. Teutonic, Vandal and Hunnish migrations figured largely in early history, but they were movements of whole peoples, while to-day immigration is individual, not tribal or national, and is, therefore, much greater and far more rapid. It must not be assumed that the tide of immigration, aggregating approximately 1,500,000 a year, which is flowing to this continent is depleting the population of the old world. In general terms it may be stated that the excess of births over deaths in European countries is twice as great as the annual exodus. The tide may, therefore, continue to flow with undiminished force for an indefinite period. For this reason we cannot be too careful in fixing the standards governing the admission of Europeans to this country. So long as Britons and northwestern Europeans constitute the vast majority there is not so much danger of losing our national character. To healthy Britons of good behaviour our welcome is everlasting; but to make this country a dumping ground for the scum and dregs of the old world means transplanting the evils and vices that they may flourish in a new soil.

Since 1882 the immigration flowing into the United States has changed from the progressive and enlightened people of northwestern Europe to those of the south and east. Nearly 80 per cent. of the immigration of the United States consists of peasantry, scarcely a generation removed from serfdom, and comes from Austria-Hungary, Italy, Poland and Russia. More than one-half their total population is foreign born, and the very foundations of their civilization are threatened with destruction. The United States has long ceased to be British in sentiment or ideals. These are facts that Canadians should ponder seriously. When the United States finally close their gates against the immigrant, as they are certain to do soon, Canada will face the deluge.

It is a mistake to assume that the four hundred thousand people a year who are coming to Canada—except, perhaps, the Russian Jews—are seeking primarily religious and civil liberty. The amount of sentimental gush that has been written by well-intentioned people, emphasizing this point, is not only misleading, but suggests characteristics of the immigrants which are not according to the facts. The reason for the coming of the vast majority is

the hope of bettering their condition. They believe that in Canada they can make money easier and more rapidly, and can escape from the restrictive conventionalities of the old world. It was a serious blunder on the part of the immigration authorities to offer as an inducement to certain religious sects in Europe, residence in Canada with exemption from military service. No one who accepts the privileges of Canadian citizenship should be allowed to shirk his civil and military responsibilities.

IT is officially asserted that Canada advertises only for farmers, farm labourers, female domestic servants, and these are the only classes who are guaranteed employment on arrival. In 1912-13 there were 114,573 farmers and farm labourers, and 28,872 female domestics, or a little over one-quarter of the total number admitted. The Canadian Governments—Federal and Provincial—seek immigration from the British Isles, the United States and certain continental countries, such as France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark (including Iceland), Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Germany. Canada does not seek the immigration of southern Europeans or Asiatics of any race. Those who come to Canada from such countries are attracted by the industrial conditions here, or are induced to come by employers of labour, such as railway contractors. Through the advertising campaign conducted so ably by the immigration authorities the people of the United States and Europe are learning a very great deal about this country. Canada is said to be the best advertised country in the western hemisphere; but what are we going to do with nearly 300,000 people a year who are not interested in agriculture or domestic service?

The magnitude of the problem of assimilation may be estimated from the fact that only in one decade between 1800 and 1900 did the immigration of the United States equal the present immigration into Canada. The American Republic was unable, with a population of 75,000,000, to assimilate between 200,000 and 300,000 a year, and since their population has passed the 80,000,000 mark their immigration has increased from 300,000 to 1,000,000 a year with no better results. Yet Canada, with less than 8,000,000, is attempting to assimilate 400,000 a year.

There is another phase of this problem equally perplexing. Notwithstanding the fact that the efforts of the Canadian Government are, as we have seen, directed toward securing farmers and farm labourers, we are not increasing the proportion of our people on the land. A comparison of rural and urban population in the United States and Canada will show that the tendencies to crowd the cities and magnify all the evils of congested districts are practically the same in the two countries. In 1910 53.7 per cent. of the population of the United States was rural and 46.3 urban. In 1911 the Canadian population was distributed in the proportion of 5.4 per cent. rural and 45.6 per cent. urban. The increase in food prices in the United States was 29 per cent., and in Canada 27 per cent. Students of economics and social science are agreed that a nation desiring permanence and stability cannot afford to increase its urban at the expense of its rural population. Only a few years ago 75 per cent. of Canada's people were living on the land, or were identified with agricultural pursuits. To-day conditions are changing with great rapidity.

A STATE cannot accept an excessive influx of people without injury. It is not necessary to recount all the racial, social and economic changes that have taken place because of the immigration into the United States. Everyone knows that they have been not only fundamental, but far-reaching, and are to-day causing the more public spirited of the citizens of the neighbouring Republic very grave concern. What has happened in the United States during a century appears likely to happen in Canada in a few short years. We are introducing into our population elements that are wholly at variance with the people who have made this Dominion what it is. Fortunately 75 per cent. of the new-comers speak English, but the remainder presents a problem with which we must grapple or we shall find the language question alone a menace to our future peace. The non-English-speaking immigrants are in most cases illiterate, and have minds that are unresponsive to Canadian sentiment. Their tendency is to form colonies and establish on Canadian soil their own customs, methods and traditions. The granting of the franchise to these groups only serves to encourage corruption in political matters, endangering the interests of good government. The serious character of the problem may be stated thus: if we do not Canadianize and Christianize the new-comer, he will make us foreigners and heathen on our own soil and under our own flag. If British institutions mean anything they stand for the championship of Christian civilization. If the foundation principles underlying our institutions are to be ignored and set aside by the illiterate foreigner who has no conception of the character

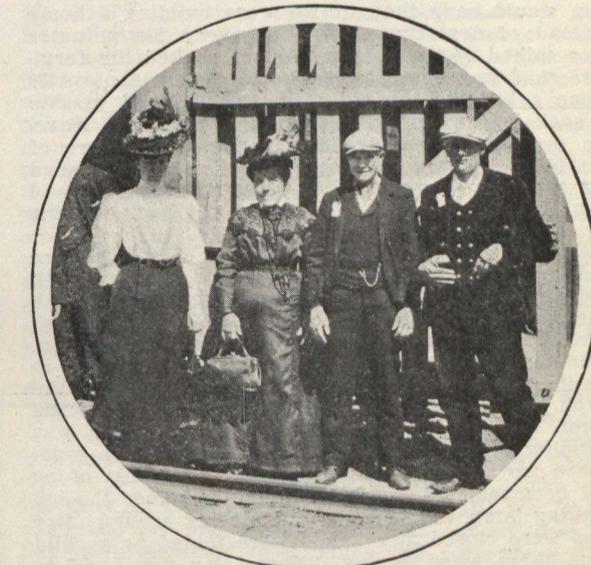
or purpose of the ideals governing our race, we are taking hazardous risks. Material prosperity may be desirable, but are we not making too great a sacrifice to bring it about? It seems that Canada is undertaking to solve a problem that has never been successfully worked out by any people heretofore. We



More Immigrants Come to Canada in a Year Now Than Used to Enter the United States When That Country Had Over 50,000,000 Population.



English—But Now in the Small Minority of Canadian Immigrants.



Belgians Who Must Be Canadianized—in More Ways Than by Learning to Grow Wheat.

must not only Canadianize the new-comer, but we must check the tide of immigration until we are better prepared to deal with it.

The records of our criminal courts, asylums, hospitals and charitable institutions indicate in a most striking manner the absolute necessity of exercising greater care in selecting the new-comers. We are paying vast sums annually in controlling and assisting people who have no claims on us. Instead of bonusing the steamship companies to secure immigrants we shall soon be obliged to follow the exam-

ple of the United States and demand a poll-tax. It is true that we require labour for construction work of all kinds, but it is probable that it would be cheaper in the long run to pay more for the labour in order to secure a better class of workers.

It is gratifying to note the efforts that are being put forth by many agencies, such as schools, churches, hospitals, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and by individuals to instruct and help the stranger within our gates. The task is so great, and the need so pressing, that it seems as if our efforts must be multiplied a thousandfold before an impression will be made, or adequate measures instituted.

People who are adaptable and can be easily assimilated are welcome to our shores. Where they are willing to become good Canadian citizens and are ready to maintain the moral and intellectual standards that are essential to this country, every facility should be offered to them. Mere numbers, however, without these qualifications, are more likely to be a source of weakness and disturbance rather than strength and security.

The hope of the future lies in the children and

the young people. They must be given the best education that the public can provide. School attendance should be compulsory. Physical and military training should form a part of the school curricula. Medical inspection and supervision should supplement the work of the teacher, and sanitation, hygiene, temperance, and the elements of vocational training should be emphasized. Canadian and British history should be sympathetically and accurately taught.

So far as the adults are concerned it is imperative that they be given, not only a chance to make a decent living, and be assisted in adjusting themselves to their surroundings, but they should be instructed in their duties and responsibilities as citizens. The barriers that prevent the new-comer from entering into the spirit of Canadian life should be, as rapidly as possible, removed. It is only by devoting ourselves systematically to the work of qualifying those who are making their homes in our midst for their privileges and duties as Canadians that we can hope to sustain our institutions and keep our national ideals.

We know that too rapid immigration may mean

sacrificing quality to quantity; lowering our physical, social, moral and intellectual standards, and perhaps placing ourselves and our national ideals at the mercy of the recently imported crowds. To overcome these forces it is imperative that prompt and adequate means be employed. The church and school must work as they never worked before to cleanse, vitalize and enlighten the whole people. The talent and resources of the country must be more largely devoted to social and intellectual betterment. The militia must be more generally employed in teaching patriotism, in developing physical and intellectual standards, and in making manhood and character. Cadet training in the schools should be compulsory, while universal military training should become a part of our national policy. There is no better method known to teach the elements of patriotism, to develop manliness, to establish respect for law and order, and to create personal and co-operative efficiency than putting a nation's youths into British uniforms, training them to keep step to British and Canadian music, and marching them under the flag. That done, you are well on the road to making real patriots.

Making New Trails

How the West Opened Up a New Vista of Opportunity to a Lonesome Old Man

By LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS

THEY were not able to keep house, so we persuaded them to give up the old home, and come and live with us. It took all the courage we possessed, backed up by a strong conviction that it was the right thing to do, to enable us to make the suggestion. It grips the heart strings to have to put a blighting finger on a home—and the grip is more vital and the wrench more severe when the home is "your own old home," and the makers are "your own folks" whose grasp on life has become too feeble to hold around them the dreams of a lifetime. As soon as we mentioned it, we saw Grandpa shrink, and we knew Grandma shrank inwardly, and our hearts smote us, for we knew we had struck the blow they had been dreading. Neither spoke at once, but a grayish pallor settled on their faces. We slipped silently from the room, feeling the pain of having to hurt those we loved best.

Half an hour later we returned. Their chairs were drawn up side by side. Grandpa's hand rested on the arm of hers, but it was hidden by Grandpa's which held it in a tight clasp. Grandma smiled at us and said, "We have been talking over what you said, and we feel that you are right. We are not able to care for each other, and we know you are uneasy about us. If you think you have room enough for us, we will spend the winter with you. No doubt we will be able to come back in the spring."

"Yes," I agreed heartily, "that is the best way. We will arrange to have Joe Smith and his wife look after the place until you come back."

THEIR faces brightened. They would come back in spring. We began to make arrangements, and we laughed and joked as we planned. Grandma was the brightest and merriest. She told us of the early days. She twitted Grandpa about his bashfulness when he first came a-courting her. You would have thought we were building a home instead of deserting one. But every few minutes they talked of the spring. As we packed the furniture that was going to make the rooms in our city home a bit like the old place, we planned to ship it back in the spring. Some of it we might leave, for doubtless they would wish to spend part of the following winter with us, and we would send out some new to replace it. But the winter would soon pass, and they would get back in time for seeding.

At last, everything was arranged. The furniture and luggage had been sent to the station. Joe Smith and his wife had received full instruction. The cab was at the door waiting to take us. We had arranged it well. There was just time to get to the station. Grandpa had left her shawl upstairs. I ran back to get it. Grandpa went to the kitchen to see that the catch on the back window was securely fastened. When I came down with the shawl, Grandma was standing in the great family living room, the room where we had all been christened, and most of us had been married. She was standing under the old hanging lamp, but she was not looking around. Her eyes were closed, her hands were folded as a child folds them when saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and her lips were moving slowly. On her face there was such a light as I had never seen before. I felt that I had, with rash feet, rushed into the holy of holies. I tip-toed out, but met Grandpa at the door.

"The cab is ready," I said.

He looked around the old kitchen, and back at me. In his eyes was the mute appeal of those beaten by time or circumstances. All fight and struggle were gone. It was the appeal from which doctors and nurses shrink—the appeal of the defeated. I shrank back within myself and looked away. Then I pointed toward the front room. In fifty years Grandpa had more than once had that look, but

Grandma never. Grandpa went in, and I went out the back way and around to the cab where I waited.

It may have been five minutes or it may have been ten, when the door opened, and Grandpa helped Grandma gently down the steps. She was laughing softly as they came out, and she called to me, "It will look much better when we come back in the spring. I always think the fall is a dreary time."

"Yes," I agreed, "and, as usual, you will have so much to do you will not have time to see things."

"I am going to get a new fence," Grandpa said.

Just then they stepped off the walk into some dead leaves, that the wind had piled along the path. "Listen to the leaves, Jim," Grandma said, and she laughed like a child, as she rustled them with her feet. "I loved to walk through them when I was going to school, and they sound just the same. They are sleepy and tired and want a rest."

She showed her feet gently through them all the way to the gate. We helped her into the cab and Grandpa got in beside her. I sprang to the seat with the driver, and we started off. As we turned down the road the old place stood out in full view. It was a bit shabby and battered, and the lawns and trees looked desolate and neglected. One or two shutters hung from a single hinge—but what did it matter? The western sun lighted it up with a rosy glow. Every window was a blaze of light; a lazy curl of smoke wound up from the kitchen chimney; on the back porch Rover sat, watching us longingly—trying to understand why he could not come—and on the back fence a big cat dozed in the sun.

"Home" was writ big all over the old place, and as they looked back I saw Grandpa's hand reach for Grandma's under the rug, and his was waiting for hers. Thus, with closely clasped hands, they watched the old place recede from view. They did not speak until we went down a long hill. "Until spring," Grandpa said.

"Yes," Grandma answered, but their voices did not carry conviction.

The two rooms in our city home which were given exclusively to Grandpa and Grandma, soon took on a look of the old place. To go in there was like stepping from the heart of a city, into a country home of forty years ago. Grandpa in his rough spun suit, sat in the old rocker with the high back, and it kept Grandma busy, keeping the antimacasser in place. Grandma was generally to be found in the small rocker, knitting or doing the family darning. She always wore a black cashmere skirt, gathered full at the waist, and over it a plain bodice that came well down over her hips. In the mornings she wore a coloured apron, and in the afternoon a white one. But the aprons, like the skirt, belonged to another age. The one for morning wear was made of blue winsey—and it belonged to an age frugal both in time and material. It was merely a square piece, gathered into a narrow band, that fastened around the waist with a button. The one for afternoon wear was made of white book muslin—and a concession was made to the natural love for decoration, in the hem. It was wide, and the band, instead of fastening with a button, extended in two long strings, that made a snowy bow behind.

EVERY night, when the worry of the day was over, we all gathered in the room with Grandpa and Grandma to hear them talk—no it was Grandma who talked. Grandpa had but one passion, and that was to test the soil beyond where man had ever been—and men with such a passion are usually silent. Twice Grandma had gone with him beyond where others had been—and twice they had built up a home; once in the bush in the east, and again on the western plains. In a long life she had gained much knowledge, which she expressed so quaintly,

that we never grew tired listening to her. Often she asked Grandpa to verify a statement that no one had questioned, but we noticed that if he did not quite agree with her, she persuaded him that she was right before proceeding with the story, so that his contribution to the conversation could not be said to be very enlightening. And always in every story there was a joke. Sometimes it was on herself, sometimes on Grandpa, and sometimes on one of us. There was a joke when the log house in the bush took fire, and it seemed that nothing could be saved; there was a joke when the horses died and the crop could not be put in and starvation haunted their dreams; there was a joke when the eldest boy ran away because he had to pick potato bugs. Clear eyed youth—he saw they were beating him out, and he gave it up, and started out to look for something he could beat.

It was because of the jokes that she was with us. People who blaze trails must joke; if they do not they fall by the wayside. Grandpa could not always see the joke, and it happened that all along the way he had leaned on the little woman who talked so gaily to us—and as the years passed he leaned more heavily—but she was growing very fragile in body, and every night when we left them we said to each other, "What would Grandpa do if anything happened Grandma?" and never was there any answer.

And then, one night, Grandpa was taken suddenly very ill. He had never been really very sick before, and at first he did not know just what to make of it. He groaned a lot and he told Grandma over and over that he was sure no one had ever suffered as he was suffering. Then, as the hours wore on he became quiet, but the doctor looked very serious, and there was a great silence over the house.

GRANDMA never left his side, but she did not weep or show grief. We were accustomed to her great strength and self-possession, but we could not understand the look of peace that shone from her face. At last I said, "Grandma, you are very tired. Go to bed and I will watch."

"I must be here when he wakens," she said.

"I will tell you," I said.

"No," he would be disappointed if he did not see me. He has always depended on me so much."

"But you cannot stand it," I said.

"Oh, yes, I can," she answered cheerfully, "for I am getting my last and greatest wish."

"What is that?" I questioned in astonishment.

"Jim is going first," she said, "you know I could not leave him, and often lately I have been afraid."

"Are you not so well?" I asked in alarm.

But she held up her hand in warning. Grandpa had stirred. He looked up at her and smiled. Then he turned over and went to sleep. He rallied quickly after that, and as soon as he could sit up they began to plan for the spring. They sent for a lot of seed catalogues, and every night we discussed the advisability of trying some new kind of seed or shrub. For one whole week Grandpa felt so well that he was determined to go to the far west and pioneer again. That was when the March winds began to whistle around the house, and the snow was gradually stealing away in twisted rivulets. Grandma smiled at all his plans, but would not make any. She settled everything by saying, "We will talk it all over when we go home in the spring." She seemed to believe that the springs of thought would flow more freely when they were back in the old place, or perhaps she had had a vision of which she could not tell us. We planned with them about the spring, but no date was set for their departure, and we could not hide from ourselves, that Grandma was failing rapidly.

At last the crisis came. She was joking as usual,

(Concluded on page 22.)

The World's Most Powerful Wireless

The New Station at Newcastle, N.B., is Expected to Transmit 150 Words a Minute

By L. R. HETHERINGTON

ON the banks of the Miramichi in the Province of New Brunswick is the little town of Newcastle, that historic spot where, in days of old, Boishebert assembled his clans preparatory to making onslaughts on the English at St. John, Chignecto and Quebec.

In that town to-day, the Universal Radio Syndicate, with Mr. E. W. Sawyer, of San Francisco as construction engineer, has about completed the most powerful wireless station in the world.

Above the busy traffic of the Intercolonial Railway trains as they go rushing by, it thrusts its steel head 500 feet in the air surrounded by its six 300 feet auxiliaries.

Strung between these towers, like a hugh umbrella, is the antenna, a net work of about 120,000 feet of silicon bronze wire. A vast number of trenches have been dug on the grounds and another 140,000 feet of wire has been laid in these to secure proper ground connections.

In the operating house at the base of the steel tower are installed the sending and receiving instruments, manufactured in Copenhagen, Denmark.

OUTSIDE the line of towers the power house is located. This is equipped with two 225 B. H. P. Diesel motors, each weighing 50,000 pounds, of the largest design, directly coupled to two 1,000 volts D. C. generator supplying power to the operating instruments. The fly wheels of these engines are eleven feet in diameter and weigh seven tons.

It has been most interesting to watch the workmen as they travelled up and down to their work on the tall steel tower. They worked inside the structure on a movable platform, which looked fairly substantial, but they were taken up in a frail looking box elevator, hoisted by a steam winch outside the trestle work, with a steel cable, which seems like a mere thread.

The distance across the Atlantic to the corresponding station at Ballybunion, south-west coast of Ireland, is about 2,700 miles.

The total cost of the station was about \$175,000.

ALL wireless is founded on the discovery made many years ago by Henrich Hertz, a German scientist, that electro-magnetic impulses could be made to travel great distances through the air, and these impulses were called "Hertzian Waves" after their discoverer. Later, with the experiments and research of Marconi, Poulsen, Tesla and other pioneers, the art of wireless communication is being improved and perfected.

Among the wireless systems now in use are the Marconi, Poulsen, Goldschmidt, Lodge-Muirhead, Slaby-arco, Braun-Siemens-Halske, Braney-Popp, Rochefort, Dueretet-Popoff and the Guarini.

The system used in Newcastle is the Poulsen, invented in 1905 by Dr. Poulsen, a Danish scientist, and while fundamentally like the other systems, differs materially in many essential features. The Marconi system makes signals by closing and breaking on electric circuit. Every dot and dash signal represents an independent electric current impulse transmitted through the air; the Poulsen system makes signals by varying—at the will of the sending operator—the electrical wave length in a continuous current. The Marconi system opens the line of transmission for each separate signal; the Poulsen system opens the line once and keeps it open by continuous electric impulses, while the signals are being transmitted.

In the Marconi system, the question whether these intermittent waves sent out reach a certain point, depends upon the energy of each initial impulse. It is like throwing a stone into a pond, if the stone is big enough and the pond is not too large, the waves which are very large at the spot where the stone falls into the water, will finally reach the shore, although very much diminished in size. In the Poulsen system the waves not only preserve their original form, but as the energy is being sent out constantly, one wave reinforces the other. This system operates night and day with the same efficiency, sunlight having very slight effect on transmission. A drawback to which other systems are subject is their efficiency—as far as distance is concerned—is three or four times greater at night than in the day time. Stations that can reach a ship 1,000 or 2,000 miles at night cannot reach over 200 or 300 in the day time. This is supposed to be caused by the electrification of the ether by the sun's rays, which presumably makes it more difficult for the artificially created waves to travel through the ether, and also causes a greater absorption of energy by the earth.

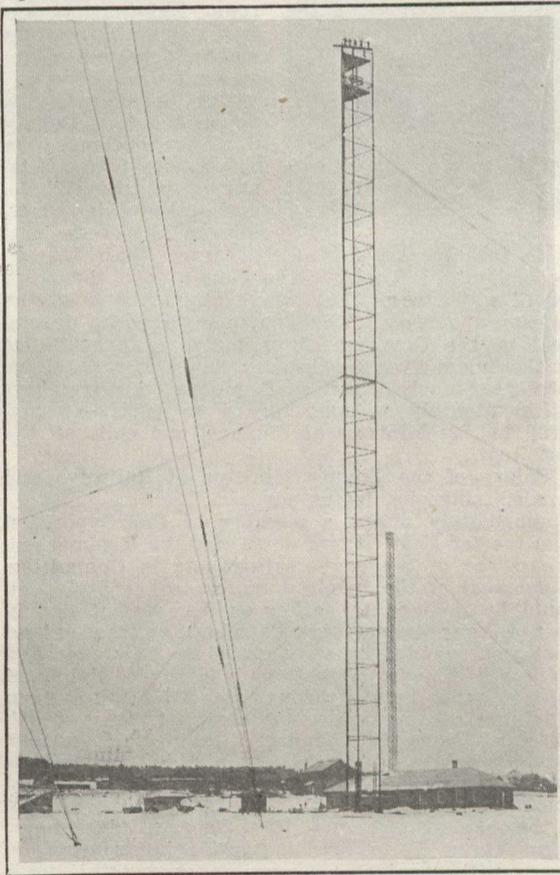
Poulsen signals can only be read by Poulsen receiving apparatus. This prevents other wireless stations from reading messages not intended for them.

Duplex sending and receiving has been accomplished by this system, which means that two messages can be sent or received by the same antenna simultaneously.

The United States Government has adopted this system for their great new station at Panama, and



Beginning to Build the Big Steel Tower at Newcastle, Beside the Receiving Station. In the distance a 300-foot Wooden Tower Completed.



What the 500-foot Tower Looked Like When the Men Had Got Up 420 Feet. The Men Worked on a Movable Platform Inside the Tower Itself.

it is also being used to good advantage by the Federal Telegraph Company of San Francisco, which has direct communication day and night with Honolulu, 2,600 miles away.

THERE is much discussion now over the question, "Will wireless oust cables?" and it is the general opinion if cable companies adopt the wireless they will more than hold their own against the wireless company not having cables. The commercial speed expected from the wireless station at Newcastle is 150 words a minute, while the greatest speed

worked by cables across the Atlantic is 50 words a minute.

Immediate connection from one continent to another seventy years ago sounded about as real as building a tower to the moon. When, in 1857, the great cable was laid from Ireland to Newfoundland, which linked the hemispheres, there was great international rejoicing. It was a wonderful accomplishment. But, when, in 1897, Marconigrams were sent without any visible path to travel, and received hundreds of miles away, it was much more wonderful and seemed nothing short of a modern miracle.

In the few years it has been in use great good has been accomplished. The lives saved from the West India Line steamer, "Cobequid," wrecked January 13th, 1914, on Trinity Ledge, Bay of Fundy, raises the number saved through wireless telegraphy to five thousand five hundred.

Inside Stories

By NORMAN PATTERSON

AN inside story about Sir Hugh Graham and his relation to the rest of the publishers in Canada is told by one who was associated with the press association some fifteen years ago. It occurred at the time that the united press of Canada put up a fight against the Canadian papermakers under the anti-combine clause of the Fielding tariff of 1897, the only successful fight ever waged under that Act.

The papermakers had combined to raise the price of newspaper. The publishers raised a row and sent a committee to Ottawa to interview the Government. They secured the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate. This Commission started in to get evidence. The publishers were up against it to prove the manufacturing cost of a hundred pounds of paper, for which the manufacturers were charging about \$2.25. Some one discovered that the Montreal Star had a contract with the Canada Paper Company at \$1.67. If this could be proved, it would show that newspaper could be made at that price.

Here is where Sir Hugh, then Mr. Graham, came in. Would Mr. Graham help them out. A politic member of the committee was sent to interview him. He refused to come to the assistance of his brethren of the press. They could swelter and be hanged for all he cared. Nevertheless, P. D. Ross, J. E. Atkinson and T. H. Preston, the brains of the fight, were not to be denied. They put Mr. Graham in the box, proved the price, and won the fight. The net result was a saving of several hundred thousand dollars to the newspapers of Canada every year since.

But what did the publishers of Canada think of Mr. Graham? The answer would not look well in print, but suffice it to say that if his appointment as High Commissioner were to be decided by them, the box would be well charged with black balls.

RIGHT interesting to Ontario politicians is the struggle for the succession to Sir James Whitney as Premier. Hon. J. J. Foy, Attorney-General, is acting premier, but has no ambition to succeed to the leadership. He was never a great political warrior, and he has come to years when men seek leisure rather than battle. He may be premier temporarily, but the real struggle is between the Hanna section and the Beck section. The Hanna section is strong in the House, the Beck section strong in the country. The Hanna section would win easily were it not for the unfortunate Proudfoot charges of last session. But much water will flow under the bridge before the Ontario Conservatives again enjoy such a decade of peace and joy as they had between 1903 and 1913.

WHEN a smart Yankee comes along and asks you whether you think that it would be possible to start a telephone company in your province in opposition to the Bell, be careful. If he shows you a new instrument and sets it down on the desk in front of you, don't talk until you have examined the instrument and found out whether it has wires attached to it which run somewhere. If there are wires, then don't talk at all.

It was the lack of this good advice which led to the downfall of J. Octave Mousseau, member of the Quebec Legislature. A wicked Burns detective had such a conversation with him and used this method to get Mr. Mousseau to talk into a detectaphone. There was a wire from that new-fangled instrument into the next room where sat another wicked detective and an equally wicked newspaper man.

Indeed all contractors for public works, all politicians who deal with patronage, and all men who have grave business secrets concealed about their person, should familiarize themselves with this new instrument in all its forms.



Through A Monocle

ABOLISH GERRYMANDER

WHENEVER the time draws round again for Parliament to enact its decennial redistribution of the constituencies, whichever party happens to be in Opposition invariably shivers—and any “fellows of the baser sort,” who may belong to the party which happens to be in power, prepare to gloat. These experiences come to both parties in turn. The better men in them dislike one almost as much as the other. They do not want to be the victims of an electoral outrage; nor do they want to be suspected of giving way to the “baser” element in their own ranks and assisting at an outrage on their opponents. Yet both parties calmly sit still and await the approach of this double annoyance without taking any effective and permanent measures to rid themselves of its recurrence.

IT seems to me that it would be the easiest thing in the world for the best men in both parties to get together and finally delete the ugly term “gerrymander” from our political vocabulary. It could be done in a single act; and done forever. That act would merely declare that county boundaries would hereafter be the boundaries of all Parliamentary constituencies. Some counties would, of course, get one member; some would get two, and some three. In other cases, two counties could be put together to make a single constituency. But the decisive rule would be that constituency boundaries must always be county boundaries. As to the number of members which each county should have, that could be fixed, too, by an automatic standard. A unit of population could entitle a county to one member—two units to two members—and, say, a unit-and-a-half to two, while less than a clear unit-and-a-half must be content with one. Each city would be a single constituency electing its tale of members from the whole city. The urban unit could be established by definite act of Parliament at a fixed ratio to the rural unit.

OF course, every school boy can think of objections to this plan. It wouldn't work out evenly. One county with a few hundreds below the unit-and-a-half would only get one member, while its neighbour with a few over that arbitrary unit-and-a-half would get two members. A vote in county “A” would not count for as much as a vote in county “B.” Granted. But before you regard this objection as fatal to my plan, take a look at the present constituencies. Or wait and take a look at the brand new constituencies which Parliament is about to create. They present—and I venture to predict will continue to present—quite as striking contrasts as the counties do. It has been found impossible to cut the country up into uniform constituencies. And I doubt very seriously whether there would be any more cases of rank discrimination under my plan than already exist under the present plan. Moreover, if my plan did show more unevenness, it would have the compensating merit of entirely abolishing practically all partizan manipulation of constituencies. That would be a gain which would offset a vast amount of accidental discrimination.

THE great and valuable difference between any inequalities which may occur under my system of county representation, and those that exist under the present system, is that the county inequalities will be accidental and just as likely to favour one party as the other; while the artificial inequalities, carefully considered and created by a Redistribution Bill, are very likely to be anything but accidental, and to distinctly favour one party over the other. Inequalities we must have. The only question is—shall they be accidental and non-partizan, or shall they be pre-arranged and partizan? The contrast will not be between a county system full of inequalities, and a perfectly uniform system in which every constituency will contain an equal number of electors; but between two systems full of inequalities, the one representing an honest “deal” and the other a shuffle of “stacked cards.”

THE beauty of the county system is that the adjustment of the representation of a Province to its changed allotment of members after a new census, would become practically automatic. We would not have to wait for Parliament to collect the voluminous and partizan reports of its henchmen from all the odd corners of the country, out of which to draft a new political map as full of quirks as a pig's tail, to know what the effect of the census was. Any man could sit down with a map of his Province and a table showing the distribution of its population under the new census, and just about allot the new members to their proper places.

There might be a question, sometimes, as to whether two counties were to be telescoped together or treated separately; but that is just about all that would be left for a partizan Parliament to quarrel over. Generally speaking, each county would automatically get its member or its two members, as it had kept up or fallen behind in the race for population.

THE party factor would be pretty nearly eliminated. That is one very big reason why I do not expect to see my plan adopted. Fair play is precisely what the average party manipulator of the second-class does not want. He had rather suffer from the effects of foul play when he is the under dog than give over the vicious joy of measuring out

Parliamentary Peregrinations

How the House of Commons Spends the People's Time

By AN INDEPENDENT COONSKIN

PROCESS of passing supply forms an interesting demonstration of the machinery of our parliamentary system hard at work. By formal vote the House of Commons declares itself to be not a “house” at all, but a Committee of the Whole House upon question of Supply. The



Speaker then retires gracefully to his private apartments at the end of the corridor and lights his pipe—that is, he is at liberty so to do. But they say he never does. Even in the privacy of his official retreat behind “sporting” massive oak of pure Gothic design, they say that Dr. Sproule doth neither smoke, drink, chew nor swear.

The Speaker having departed, the Deputy Speaker becomes the Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, and takes his place, not on Speaker's dais

or in the Speaker's ornately carved chair, but at the end of the Table of the House upon the other end of which rests that other emblem of sovereign majesty, the Mace. The Chairman takes up department of the Government estimates of expenditure for the current year—printed volumes of which have been generously distributed among the members indiscriminately without regard to party—as prepared by the Minister of Finance, and calls off the first item. “Salary of the Deputy Minister of Railways and Canals,” sings he, let us say. Immediately arises a member of the Opposition from the far East. From down east, be it remarked, come more of the conversationalists in Committee, as do most of the inspired orators of debate. You would be inclined to gather as a casual visitor in the Speaker's Gallery, that Canada has a tract of land mostly surrounded by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy. Occasionally a ray of light and common sense breaks through the Atlantic fog from Edmonton or some place in the West, but you seldom hear from the “banner” Province of Ontario, whose members maintain a fine reserve. And as for the city of Toronto, for all its five intellectual members, you would scarcely suspect it had a place on the map. To be sure, Hon. George Eulas Foster represents a Toronto riding, and this session he figures with considerable prominence, but this is in a general sense as a Cabinet Minister.

The little man from the East wants to take advantage of his historic right as a Commoner, before the King gets his Supply, to demand information from the Minister. He may ask, therefore, some such question as this:

“Will the Minister of Railways and Canals inform the Committee the reason for the increase of the rate for cordwood upon the Prince Edward Island Railway from \$3.50 per car to \$7 per car from New Harmony Station to Souris—a distance of between five and ten miles?”

The Minister disclaims personal knowledge of the schedule of P. E. I. railway rates upon cordwood; that railway, he reminds the honourable gentleman, lost \$100,000 last year. The rate was likely made

similar treatment to his enemies when the circle swings round and he comes on top. But there are a lot of decent fellows in both parties; and they can get their way if they will make a stern stand for it. Neither party can get along without its “face”—i.e., without its honest frontispieces. And if these honest leaders will go resolutely on strike until their “wicked partners” are ready to concede to them the right to eliminate the “gerrymander” from the list of legitimate weapons of party warfare, they can win out. A political Hague conference can put the “gerrymander” in the category of explosive bullets and floating mines.

IF you do not think that an automatic redistribution is worth making some sacrifices to obtain, you probably will before the present session has finished. Our Parliamentarians are never more unseemly than when squabbling over a purely partizan question. I believe that, by the time the pending bill is passed, a majority of the House of Commons itself would vote for any reasonable plan which would forever prevent another such debate. And—remember—I am prophesying this at a time when a most reasonable bill is expected; for no other sort can possibly hope to pass the Senate.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

the same as on the main line of the I. C. R. to reduce the deficit.

The Prince Edward Islander is dissatisfied. He grumbles that the size of the Island cars are only half the size of those on the main line.

“No!” ejaculates Hon. Frank Cochrane, with characteristic staccato.

“Will the Hon. Minister tell us what is the difference, then, between the capacity of freight cars upon the P. E. I. and the I. C. R.?” persists the loquacious Garden-of-the-Gulfer.

Hon. Frank shrugs one of his square shoulders. “The honourable gentleman made the statement, not I.”

The persistent Prince Edward Islander puts his question upon the order paper for next question day.

TALKING about fish whenever possible every Nova Scotia member considers part of his duty to the electors. Mr. Sinclair, of Guysboro', seized a recent opportunity at some length. He said there were 65,000 Canadians engaged in the active actual trade of catching fish off the Eastern Canadian shore, and 20,000 more on shore handling them. The total value of their catch last year was \$33,389,464. Vividly he pictured one of his constituents 20 miles out to sea afloat in an open dory in the month of January with the spray of the North Atlantic freezing to his whiskers, and his mitts sopping wet with the ice-cold sea. This man wanted a market, likewise a subsidized steamship service to carry his fish to Boston. Incidentally Mr. Sinclair expressed surprise at the high cost of fish in the retail shops of Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

“They have always been a puzzle to me,” asserted he. “In Canso haddock sells for 1½ cents a pound. In Ottawa it costs 10 cents.”

Hon. J. D. Hazen told him the Government's idea was to build up the trade with inland Canada rather than with the New England States. Reciprocity was defeated in 1911, he blandly reminded the Guysboro' member. In furtherance of the patriotic idea of the Conservative administration, iced express cars were provided to carry fish to Montreal for distribution every Sunday to Toronto and points west, the Government guaranteeing at least a shipment of 10,000 pounds, or making good the difference to the carrying company.

AS an example of literature based upon the life and times of maritime Canada, the Cruise of the Alert will perhaps some day form the basis for a work of fiction worthy of a place beside the Cruise of the Shannon. The latter concerned the Government ice-breakers in the Straits of Northumberland. The former concerns the activities of the Customs department tug in the wild water of the north shore of Cape Breton and the county of Victoria. She hails from North Sydney, and her lookout in the wheel house keeps his glass focussed for smugglers. Victoria is a “dry” district, and whiskey and French brandy have a wicked way of finding their road over from the French Islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland. At least, that is the presumption, and acting on that presumption, the tug Alert faithfully cruises the stormy water just inside the front door of the Gulf.

But she has taken her last trip for the year. The Minister of Customs has been told that there are no smugglers doing business on that coast in the winter. It requires too much nerve. He has ordered her out of commission, therefore, until the ice bergs melt again in Belle Isle, and the ice boats come in

off Sydney harbour. This step was not taken, however, until the Minister had it pressed upon his attention that the faithful Alert was likely doing a little bit of January smuggling herself, and incidentally helping the Conservative candidate in the local bye-election for Victoria county. The contents of two suspicious barrels of flour and a case will be inquired into further, and also a report will be submitted as to the authority by which the candidate and his organizer took passage upon a Government tug in the month of January.

MR. ROBERT BICKERDIKE of St. Lawrence, Montreal, tried to abolish capital punishment in Canada, but did not succeed. Hon. Frank Oliver best voiced the objections to the measure.

"My sympathy is for the family and friends of the victim," said he. "I am for the protection of the settler upon the lonely prairies and the safety, security, and honour of his wife and family."

He instanced the gold rush in California in '49 and the similar rush in British Columbia in '64. In British Columbia the British system of cold, even-handed and inevitable justice under Judge Begbie, hanged the first murder, and after that there were no more. Whereas, California's palmy days of the "forty-niners" were the wildest days in the wild west. Similarly the Northwest Mounted Police had maintained the contrast on the Canadian plains.

HON. TOM CROTHERS spent an unhappy Friday with the coal strike of Vancouver Island in the House, and more is yet to come. He has "done his darndest" to settle the strike he told the House, but the men persist in calling it a "lock-out," and not a strike at all. Meanwhile strike-breakers are getting out the coal.

REDISTRIBUTION, based upon the census of 1911, seems to be the chief item on the Government programme this session. The shift of the balance of population in Canada westward will make itself noticeable, to the eye at least, in the readjustments of seats in the House. Whether it will be recorded in the Hansard report of the debates or not, is another question. The wise men of the East have always most to say. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will each lose two seats, but it is likely that the committee which will have charge of the adjustment will follow Premier Borden's suggestion and leave Prince Edward Island's four seats alone. Little "P. E. I." only has the population of a ward in a big city such as Toronto or Montreal, but it is pointed out that the principle of allowing a bigger representation to rural communities than to urban centres favours Prince Edward Island, inasmuch as the people of the Garden of the Gulf are nearly all rural. The next House will have 234 or 235 members, with no less than 56 from west of the Great Lakes, an addition for the West of 22. The greatest loss is suffered by Ontario which, with two new ridings to be provided for the North, and three more for the city of Toronto, nevertheless must endure a net loss of four seats.

THE big report of the Transcontinental Commission of investigation has been tabled. Boiled down, it contains two assertions—one that the line west of Quebec cost \$40,000,000 too much; another, that the Quebec section through the New Brunswick wilderness costing \$35,000,000 should never have been built at all. There was no need of a line to compete with the Government owned line; the Intercolonial was already serving the country and needed all the traffic to make it pay expenses. The C. P. R. moreover has a line from Montreal to St. John. But that question having been already settled by Parliament and the people at the polling booths in 1904 and 1908, the Commission of construction could not have had much choice.

Of the \$40,000,000 item, however, other stories are told. The line seems to have been designed at an extravagantly high standard, and no expense was spared at any point or for any consideration—grades, curves, stations, engine houses, sidings, all of the best and most costly, even though the road for the greater part of its length was projected through the unopened wilderness. Bang-up, permanent construction was adopted from the first, instead of planning to have betterments installed as the traffic grew, as is the practice of straight-business railway companies. Certain big contractors made their pile—notably the Davis Company on the Nipigon section in northwest Ontario—simply by turning over the contract at a percentage without doing a tap of work themselves. The whole line was built on the frequently termed "visions" system of contract and sub-contract. Original government contracts were let and sub-let and sub-let again and again, divided up and parcelled out, so that the "station man" who actually took out the rock got perhaps 90 cents a yard for the work, while the original tender might have been \$2.00 a yard.

The fact that none of the four commissioners in charge of construction in behalf of the late government, was a practical railroad man, did not admit much likelihood of an economical job, and that result seems to be the worst that the investigators disclose. The line has been admittedly well built—too well built in fact, at least for present necessities, and no thought of expense or what the immediate traffic would bear deterred the men in charge.

S. H.



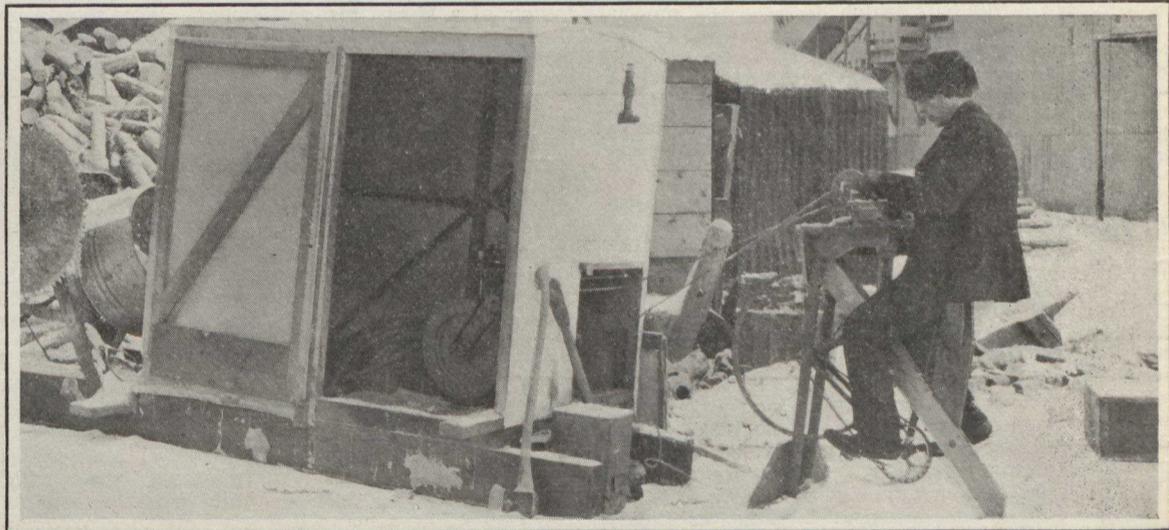
For three days lately Sherbrooke, P.Q., entertained an army of snowshoers, who held high carnival in motley abandon by day and by night with snowshoe parades, torchlight processions and peculiar pranks. This is the greatest annual snowshoe carnival in the world.



Here, at 35 East 32nd Street, New York, daily religious services are held for six different religious creeds. Each has its own minister, priest or leader. There is no Kikuyu controversy there.



The snowshoer, on the way down, has just received what is known as the "bounce," an agreeable diversion at the annual Snowshoe Carnival in Sherbrooke, P.Q.



A young man of White Horse, Yukon, who has considerable mechanical ability, has succeeded in making his gasoline engine pay large profits. In winter he uses his engine to drive the woodsaw shown. He charges \$2.00 for cutting a cord of sixteen foot wood into stove length. Whenever he has a spare moment he switches his power from the woodsaw to a portable grinding machine, and with this he does well, sharpening skates, knives, etc. In summer, when the woodsawing business is slack, he uses his engine in a launch, carrying passengers.

Photograph by Wilson, White Horse.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

The National Choir

BREATHE low when you speak, for the National Choir is sad and silent. Whisper it so that the news will not be heard in Washington or Berlin—the songsters of Parliament Hill have lost their voices. Nay, worse—they are afflicted with a great mental depression.

Just as this time of year, in the good old days gone by, it was their habit to tune their lyres and to vociferously, if not melodiously, sing those splendid national anthems, "O Canada!" and "God Save the King." How the chamber rang with the splendid chorus! How the Press Gallery rushed to speed the news from Sydney to Victoria! And the national pulse, how fast it beat on these memorable occasions!

Was that splendid English poet, J. B. Selkirk, who sang his last song just ten years ago, was he thinking of them when he wrote:

"Let not the record be forgot,
Nor drowned in party jar,
'Twas the old sea-dogs of England,
The sailor lads of England,
The dauntless tars of England,
That made us what we are."

The lights on the "Niobe" and the "Rainbow" have almost gone out. The "Egeria" has sunk into a dark oblivion. The Sun of a sport-lived Canadian Ambition peeped over the horizon and beat a hasty retreat. Sir Joseph Pope buried the Maple Leaf flag with suitable obsequies. The Minister of Militia has ordered three volleys from the Ross rifle to be fired over Bisley common. The Union Jack flaps languidly above the chamber, and the music of the National Choir is but an echo from the past.

Ring down the asbestos curtain. The mimicry is over. A great national ambition has been temporarily lost in a fog of partisan unreason.

The Anglican Church

WHETHER the Anglican Church is a Protestant body or a branch of the Catholic Church is a question which is now being debated in England and Canada. Rev. Mr. Waterman, an English Church rector at Carp, Ont., has a letter in a Toronto paper which clearly indicates that he hopes to see the Anglican Catholic and the Roman Catholic Churches united, in preference to a union between the Anglican Catholic, as he terms his church, and the various Protestant bodies. Here is one clergyman at least who does not desire the Anglican Church in Canada classed as Protestant. This must be very flattering to the Roman Catholic people.

Mr. Waterman accuses Archdeacon Cody of talking twaddle when he speaks of "the sister churches of the Reformation," and includes in that the Anglican Church. He insists that the Archdeacon should leave "the church whose bread you eat," if he has ceased to believe that the Church is Catholic, not Protestant.

Over in England they are having a similar controversy, because some Anglican missionaries in Africa dared to hold communion with some "Protestant" missionaries.

If Mr. Waterman and others who think like him are right, why not have the British and Canadian Governments change their census returns and the constitutional documents which describe the Church of England as "Protestant"? If it is a purely Catholic Church, then it should be classed with such in the official documents, and not with the Protestant bodies. If it is Catholic, then the Sovereign of the Britannic Peoples should describe himself as a "Catholic," not as a "Protestant," which is the present practice.

Our Incompetence

CANADIANS are about as green a lot of nation-builders as any in the world, and the chief national vice is incompetence. For every ten Canadians who succeed, about ninety fail. Occasionally a man blunders into the millionaire class, but are there six millionaires in Canada who won their wealth fairly and honestly as a result of their own genius and without luck?

We are building up a great country, but the incidental waste is tremendous. When we want to build a new railway, we appoint a lot of politicians to do the job. Then, when it is done, or nearly done, we appoint some more politicians to investigate the work and estimate how much was wasted. Every session of the Federal Parliament sees half a dozen investigations, and many serious charges of incompetence. The Conservation Commission says that much of our Crown domain, forests and water-powers particularly, are being wasted. Perhaps some day there will be an investigating committee

to look into the expenditures of the Conservation Commission itself. A new Welland Canal is to be built at a cost of fifty millions. Any one who desires to be on the committee to investigate these expenditures five years hence, should get in his application early.

Nor is this inefficiency confined to Federal affairs. Nearly every Provincial Government has one or more investigation in progress or promised. Even the city governments are being investigated—notably Toronto and Montreal. The Citizens' Committee that has been conducting a survey of Toronto's administration finds a waste of about a million a year, and not more than half the field has been covered. This committee is now trying to raise a guarantee fund of \$20,000 a year for five years to continue its fight against incompetence. Montreal is perhaps worse than Toronto, but the fight there is not systematized as yet.

What Canada needs most of all is a renewed belief in "Economy and Efficiency." The idea that the people's inheritance and the people's money should be squandered in a reckless manner needs uprooting. The public conscience needs educating. The people must be taught that waste and extravagance are national as well as private sins. The fight for this reform is much more important than the work of collecting millions of dollars annually for the heathen in Japan and China.

National Decisions

WHEN the whole people of a nation have a chance to express their opinion on a great public question, their decision must necessarily be final and binding on both political parties. If the people of Great Britain were to have an election on the question of the advisability of the present Irish Home Rule Bill, the answer given at the polls would be binding. Canada had such a case when Reciprocity was decided at the polls in September, 1911. But the people of Britain have had no such chance, and the inclination of Premier Asquith is not to give them the opportunity. He has, however, felt it incumbent upon him to meet the criticism levelled against the Bill and to seek some compromise which will ensure peace in Ireland. In short, there may be a bi-partisan or tri-partisan settlement of the Home Rule question.

Here is a lesson for Canada. The people have had no opportunity to render a clear verdict on the navy question. Hence there is nothing to guide either party in its attitude toward the Navy Question except its own opinions. It does not seem feasible or advisable to have a referendum on the subject. Therefore, the one possible solution is a bi-partisan naval policy. Something should be done immediately. The Liberals have pledged themselves to a permanent Canadian navy policy; the Conservatives to a temporary contribution policy. Neither will accept the policy of the other. Therefore the only possible solution is a new policy to which both parties can agree. If this is not done, then our Britannic obligations must remain unfulfilled for some years.

This is a case in which His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, might reasonably take an active interest. His Majesty, King George, has taken such an interest in the Irish question and used his influence in favour of a bi-partisan settlement. Why should not the Governor-General follow this precedent and urge a similar settlement of the Canadian navy question?

Minimum Wage

WOMEN in Canada are boasting of the larger part they are now playing in various lines of public activity. They are justified in believing that their influence is rising rapidly. One reform to which they should give greater attention is the question of a minimum wage for women and minors. Already there are laws of this kind in Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain, Massachusetts and Oregon. There should be such a law in every Province of Canada.

The minimum wage question is not well understood in Canada. Many people think it applies to men, whereas the best economic opinion limits it to women and minors. Again, many think that it is necessary to establish a minimum wage which will be the same over a whole Province, whereas the modern laws make it apply only to a particular locality and a particular trade. For example, the minimum wage for women in a white-wear factory in Toronto might be higher or lower than the minimum wage for a similar factory in Hamilton or London. Further, the minimum rate in a white-wear factory in Toronto might be lower or higher than the rate in a box factory or a candy factory. Usually there are wage-boards appointed, and each

trade in each locality is considered on its merits.

In this way, a minimum wage law does not set one city against another, or one trade against another. It only ensures that all the manufacturers of a particular line in a particular community shall pay the same minimum wage. It is aimed against the mean employer and the "sweat-shop" traffic.

Social reformers throughout Canada should take this subject up and discuss it thoroughly. Minimum wage boards are sorely needed in all industrial centres. As they are created to protect women and children, the women of Canada should be especially interested.

United States Capital

WHY is the United States able to supply capital for its own enterprises, which are numerous and great, and yet have sufficient surplus to invest millions in Canada, Mexico and elsewhere? The answer is to be found partly in the figures of their foreign trade. In 1913, they exported \$700,000,000 more products than they imported. The world had to pay them \$700,000,000 in cash, less what went out of the country to pay interest on borrowings abroad. Add to this sum the annual savings of ninety million people, and the total amount represents the new capital available each year.

Why is Canada dependent on foreign capital largely? Because as yet we buy more than we sell. We must send millions abroad to pay this adverse balance, and also millions to pay interest on our borrowings. Canada is a newer country than the Republic, and it will be some time before our exports equal our imports, but the day must come. When it does, we shall be less dependent upon the conditions of the money markets of London and New York.

The Honour of Quebec

SIR LOMER GOUIN, Premier of Quebec, has had a trying time in recent weeks. When the three members of the Legislature were accused of taking money to assist a bill through the two Houses, he ordered their resignations. Further, he condemned their faults. This, however, was not enough to please some of his political opponents. They demanded further probes. This led Sir Lomer to declare that the whole matter was a conspiracy against the Liberal party. In impassioned terms he declared: "A new page of history has been written in our Provinces. An infamy has been committed which the historian will brand as it deserves."

The whole matter is most unfortunate. Temptation was set in front of three or more men and they yielded. They have quite properly been banished to private life. But apparently seeds of discord remain, and it may take years to fully vindicate the honour of Quebec and to write the last word in the rising partisan controversy.

A Motor-Boat Flotilla

COLONEL SAM HUGHES, Minister of Militia, is reported to have a plan almost ready for the organization of a flotilla of motor-boats as an auxiliary military force. These would bear much the same relation to the Army and Navy, as the aerial fleets of Great Britain and Germany or the Marine Corps and Naval Militia of the United States bear to the naval and military organizations in those countries.

The U. S. Marine Corps is a body of soldiers whose particular duty is to garrison navy yards, naval stations, and naval prisons. There are nine navy yards at present, and each has a Marine Corps garrison. There are other detachments at two naval stations in the Philippine Islands, and the stations in the Mariana Islands, Cuba, Hawaii and Key West. There are a dozen other detachments at naval magazines, hospitals and prisons.

The United States naval militia is a volunteer organization now found in twenty-two different States which border the oceans or the Great Lakes. They have over thirty small vessels assigned to them for their use. These vary from 50 to 500 tons register and are mostly armed with small guns. Illinois, an inland State on Lake Michigan, has a naval militia numbering about 600, with 44 commissioned officers and 100 petty officers.

The aviation corps of the United States has 20 machines for the use of the army and about 8 machines for the navy. In 1913, the United States spent about \$140,000 on this arm of the service, while Germany and Great Britain each appropriated about a million and a half.

If Canada is to have a strong national defence there must be similar auxiliary forces, in addition to the active and volunteer militia and the regular naval forces. A motor-boat auxiliary would be as good a beginning as could be made along this line. The motor-boat would be a useful auxiliary to all garrisons, naval or military, situated on lake, river or ocean. It would be an absolute necessity, if Canada were ever called upon to undertake a defence campaign on land, because our inland lakes and rivers are so numerous. There would also be various other advantages, chief of which would be the cultivation of the naval and military spirit in the inland portions of our vast Dominion.

The motor-boat idea is new, but it has numerous possibilities which make it worthy of serious consideration.

Reforming the Modern Stage

William Butler Yeats, Irish Poet, Creates a Sensation Among Lovers of Art in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IN the gallery of a crowded hall on Friday evening last week a man went to sleep. His snores were unheeded by the odd-looking but distinguished lecturer on the platform; but an usher woke him up. When he came to, thinking he was somewhere else, he mumbled: "Gimme another beer, old chap."

That might have given the lecturer a theme for



The Apostle of Beauty as he appeared in Canada.

another poem. For W. B. Yeats, as he himself confessed to that audience of university people and members of the Gaelic League and lovers of art, often gets his subjects from such homely things.

The author of "Shadowy Waters" lectured last week to the Irish people in Montreal and the Gaelic League in Toronto. If his reception in Montreal was as much greater than his welcome in Toronto, as the Montreal Irish outnumber the Irish of Toronto, the Arena would have been almost too small to contain the crowd. The hall where Mr. Yeats spoke in Toronto was sold out for the lecture. Several good Irishmen were unable to get seats. And he said nothing about Home Rule, except when he was heckled. He did mention Jim Larkin, but not the strike; something Larkin and his strikers believed about art. For in Dublin there is a deal more art than we have in any Canadian city. Because it's but a wish of a train and the romp of a donkey to get from the heart of Dublin to the enchanted lake where the witch drowned, or the Island of Innisfree that Mr. Yeats confesses he wrote a poem about because in a London window when he was sick of the Strand he saw a little ball dancing atop of a jet of water, and the music of it made him yearn for what he didn't have; which he says is the reason why men write poetry.

Mr. Yeats lectured about Beauty and the Theatre. He is one man of a very few living, since John Keats is dead, who knows how to define beauty. His definition is hard to print. But beauty to his way of thinking can never be produced in art without some ecstasy born of a struggle, either from some "morbidity" in a man's soul, or some stress of circumstances outside of himself. Mr. Yeats is a more practical authority on the theatre because he is one of the founders of the National Theatre in Dublin.

He and the late lamented Sing and the present Lady Gregory and a few others are responsible for much that has been done to revive the true spirit of Irish poetry and to give Ireland a national theatre controlled by her poets as producers and with actors taken not so much from the professional ranks as from the plain people who act mainly the way they feel. He is supposed to be a mystic. He denies this. He says the Irish deal with facts while the English deal with illusions. He accuses the modern stage of being too realistic, because democracy has got hold of the stage through the modern producer of plays, and the jingle of the box office has superseded the music of poetry. He believes that art and the stage should be controlled by an aristocracy of good taste.

The friend of G. B. Shaw and of Maeterlinck, friendly critic of Chesterton; acquainted with all notable men of letters and of art in Great Britain

and many in Europe; himself a passionate and altogether peculiar poet, a man of sudden imaginistic sorrows and tumultuous joys, of ecstasies and outbursts of praise when he sings like a lark at sight or thought of something—he goes on the lecture platform where the common people should hear him gladly, but somehow don't.

Tall, angular and long of face, his thick and fluent black hair scarce tinged as yet with iron grey, a kindly twinkle in his blue eyes, he appears in a swallowtail somewhat prinked up and ill at ease. He looks as though he yearned to chuck them and clap on a loose peasant smock and muffler, ram his feet into a pair of thick leg boots and go out in the rain to hear some bird sing in some dead tree somewhere, and before he got back to the house sopping wet create a poem out of it. Yet he has the Irishman's genial adaptability.

You wonder—what this mystic, or seer, or whatever he may choose to call himself, should be doing on a lecture platform with a schedule of dates to fill and so many theories to put forward about art and beauty, and so many poems to read. But on the platform he is a huge and unmistakable joy. He should be known, however, to thousands in a place instead of to hundreds. Though he was entertained in Toronto by the Gaelic League, and was looked after chiefly by the University professors who regard him as a new sort of irritant, he would have been gladly heard by a large audience; if only Yeats could be persuaded that he has things to say that people of no particular culture would be glad to hear. If he would talk to collegians about beauty and the laws of art, and come out as rough-handed as Parnell with some plain message for the people.

There is always, of course, a paradox about Yeats and all his kind. He states paradoxes himself. He is not always consistent with himself and admits it. In his lecture on Beauty and the Theatre he tripped himself up more than once. He got out of the dilemma as glibly as an Irishman usually does. Meandering loosely over the whole of a good-sized stage, now and again from his heights of interpretation making a leisurely swoop down like a hawk upon a pack of manuscripts he had on a small desk; he succeeded in puzzling out a brilliant and fascinating discourse. But somehow he found by his watch that he had got through much too soon.

"I find," he said, with the sublime naivete of a child over a piece of cake, "that I have not delivered all my lecture. A chunk must have dropped out somewhere."

THEN he went reading his own poems and explaining how he wrote them. This was more convincing than some of his arguments, all of which were interesting. Evidently he has attempted to get his message across to a people almost as plain as the subjects of some of his poems or the poor Irish who pay a shilling a seat to hear his

Irish plays in the Abbey Theatre. Once his colleagues asked him for some plain poem that could be printed on a hand-bill and circulated on Dublin streets to be some stimulus to the folk that don't get many poems to read anyhow. They picked out one that seemed to Yeats perhaps about as simple as Tom Hood's "The Song of a Shirt," that went the rounds of London. Next day, after its appearance, a Dublin paper printed the poem and offered a reward to any who could tell what it meant.

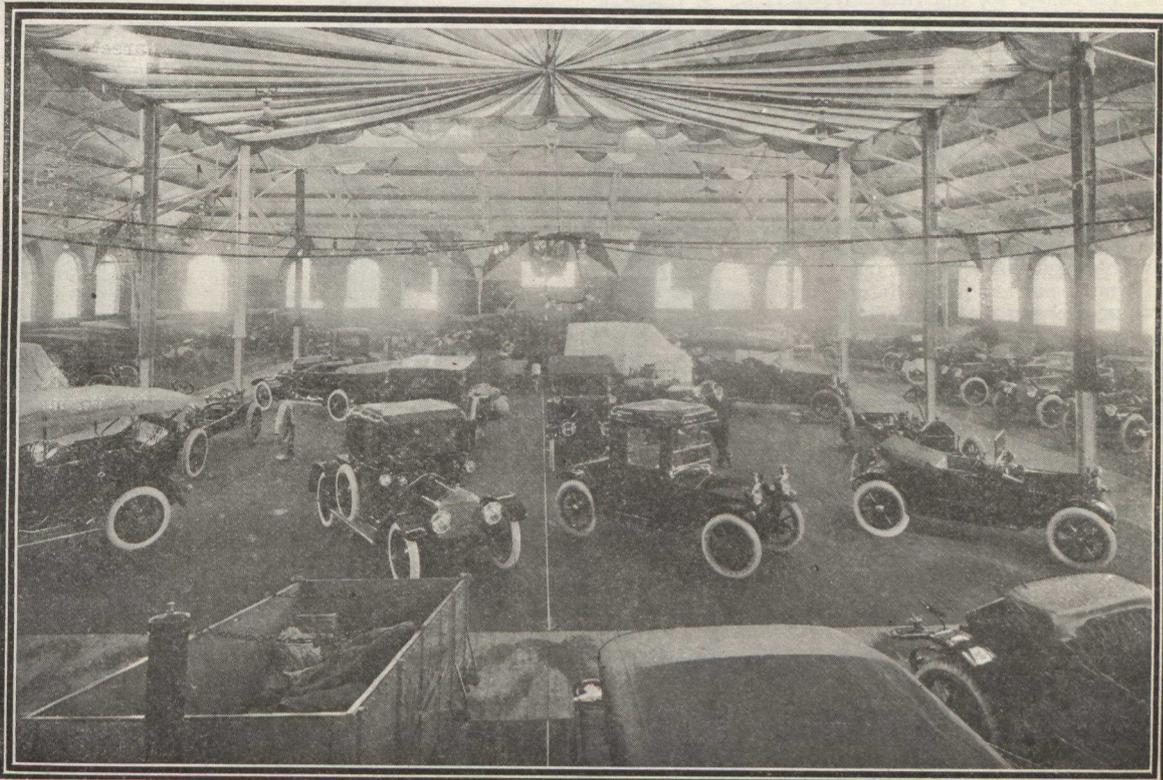
"Well, of course it meant nothing," confessed Yeats. "Why should it?"

He read the poem; and it seemed to bear out his description; though when Yeats ding-dongs his own poems in that eerie, high-key voice of his that never lights on the downward inflection, there is something in the music that seems quite sufficient.

After the lecture he invited a heckling. He got questions from professors and litterateurs enough to have staggered any but an Irishman. He met them all with magnificent wit and matchless repartee. He was happier in the heckling than ever he had been in the argument. Here he showed that an Irishman, whether he deals with the shillelah or a poem that may have a meaning in the hereafter by the swish of an infinite sounding sea under the glint of a magic moon, is always a fighter.

AND Yeats has spent much of his life fighting. He and the other poets that set out to give Ireland as national a drama as she had a national literature in the tongue of the ancient Gael, have had their troubles on behalf of the people. For in Ireland Yeats struggles on behalf of the people. He believes that the plain people should have good plays and fine music and great paintings to look at free of charge. He is much more bent on that than upon Home Rule. He believes that Ireland has a voice that should be heard and a message in the drama of beauty that should not be ignored if the world is to get out of life all that the Creator put into it for the enjoyment of man. He is himself a plain man. He could live on a pot of broth per diem, so long as he had his pen and his leisure to go out in the rain. He could worry along in a hut on the crag of a rock and fetch poems of magic out of the clouds and the deeps of the lakes. He could become a martyr for the good of Ireland, and at the same time do the rest of the world as much good as possible. Generous as an Irishman always is he would share his last crust or his old coat with some one in greater need than himself. When he is wound up on a conversation he becomes so fascinated by the brilliance of his own paradoxes that he forgets what he is eating, or what the clock may be doing, or whether he had any sleep last night. Leaving Toronto to catch a train for St. Catharines, he just about missed the train. A professor asked him if he remembered a certain night ten years ago when they two sat up till half-past two because Yeats was so wrapped up in an argument that he refused to go to bed. Yeats had forgotten the episode.

A Million Dollar Display of Motor Cars



On Saturday night last the Toronto Automobile Show was opened in two of the largest buildings in Exhibition Park. Limousines, Runabouts and Touring Cars rub shoulders with Electrics, Cyclecars and Motor-cycles. The display is unusually large.



Courierettes.

HAMILTON school trustees refuse to let school girls enter rifle-shooting competitions. They evidently agree with Kipling that the female of the species is dangerous enough.

Those South Pole expeditions are becoming almost a habit nowadays.

Canadian politicians are objecting to the too common use of detecto-phones. They should ponder over Tennyson's line, "Whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed."

Mexican rebels are ordering military aeroplanes. Another feature for the movie operators.

They are to hold another Peace Conference at The Hague next year. It seems that peace hath her conferences no less frequently than war.

Now they are trying to get George Ade into the United States senate. A sort of first-Ade treatment, no doubt.

A wealthy old farmer, who is blind, has married a young domestic in his Ohio home. This is clearly not a case of love at first sight.

Chicago women told their ages with a nonchalant air when registering to get votes. Somehow this vote thing seems to be changing the feminine nature.

A Toronto man named Murphy swallowed a dessert spoon. Some chaps, you know, are not even satisfied with their deserts.

Judge Denton allowed a woman bigamist to go on suspended sentence, evidently assuming that two husbands was sufficient punishment for her.

Heaven is the name of an Ontario assignee. Must give firms in trouble a comfy feeling to think they may go to Heaven.

Isn't it peculiar that women never brag, as men do, about being self-made? Can you guess the reason?

A New Jersey woman announces that she will explore Tibet. She may have had experience in exploring her hubby's trousers pockets.

A British peer is said to have paid \$2,000,000 for his title. It costs money to have the King call you names.

These are the days when the unfortunate word "coolish" is terribly overworked by newspaper poets in attempts to describe the weather humorously.

Yrotsih—Do You Get This? Dr. John Noble, of the Toronto Board of Education, wants to have history taught backwards. He would put Asquith before Arthur, Borden before Columbus.

It shouldn't be difficult for half the pupils—the female half—for they even get off street cars backwards.

Different Languages. — He: "So these two are married?" She: "Yes, but they don't get along any too well."

He: "How's that?" She: "They find it hard to understand one another. She talks golf and he talks baseball."

Christmas Aftermath. With all the happy-hearted men I surely have a right to rank— Holiday season's gone again And I have money in the bank.

The Humour of Taft.—Apropos of the recent visit of Wm. H. Taft, ex-

president of the United States, to Canadian cities, they are telling a little story which Mr. Taft genially admits is true.

Everybody knows how stout he is, and how difficult it is for him to move quickly. His great girth is the topic of this story. He was trying to catch a train one day, and though he ran as fast as he could, he missed it. With a sorrowful sigh he turned to somebody he knew on the station platform.

"You see," he said, "it's the old proverb, slightly altered—the more waist, the less speed."

While he was in Toronto, Mr. Taft was asked by a reporter for his opinion on the question of free food, and other matters of Canada's tariff.

"My dear boy," said the big statesman, with smiling candor, "haven't I just been thrown out of United States politics, and wouldn't I be foolish to poke my nose into the affairs of Canada?"

Described.—They were looking at an Egyptian mummy.

"Hasn't he a tough look?" said the girl.

"Rather," assented her escort. "I fancy he must have been a hardened criminal."

The Tragedy.—He was a married man.

His wife was in the room with him. A letter was handed to him.

The address was in a lady's handwriting.

His face grew pale and his fingers trembled as he took it.

It was from his wife's milliner.

Something Wrong.—The Sydney Bulletin brings us a choice bit of news from Australia. It says:

"George Reid has received a Victorian deputation attired in his pyjamas."

As "Punch" would say, it must have been a deputation of one.

The Difference.—When Jones was getting \$40 per week his wife kept a "hired girl."

When Jones got his salary doubled



Sergeant—"Where are you going?" Pat—"To get some water." Sergeant—"What in those pants?" Pat—"No, Sergeant, in the pail."

a little later on his wife had "a maid."

A Slight Mistake.—Why talk about "the way the land lies" after you have listened to a real estate agent?

Hammock Hours. — James K. Hackett, the hero of many romantic plays, and one of Canada's most noted actors, delights to tell stories that have a humorous point. Here is one of his latest:

"When on a motor trip through

New Hampshire," said Mr. Hackett, "I was detained for a few days in a small country town which boasted of but one fly-haunted hotel. Among the other attractions was a hammock in the grove just behind the hotel, and one afternoon I took a magazine and climbed into the hammock prepared to enjoy a little solid comfort. But the flies tormented me so unmercifully that I climbed out again in disgust.

"Look here, landlord," I complained, as I entered the office, "what's the good of a hammock in such a fly-ridden spot as that grove?"

"Oh," replied he, "the trouble is, you didn't use the hammock during hammock hours."

"What are hammock hours?" I inquired.

"Twelve to two, sir," said the landlord. "You'll find no flies in the grove then, I'm sure, sir."

"And why not?" I asked, in puzzled wonder.

"Why, because," he replied, "twelve to two is dinner, and they're all in the dining-room then."

Love.—Love's a funny thing. Sometimes it is said that love is blind.

Sometimes we hear of love at first sight.

Love is said to laugh at locksmiths. Yet often we find love crying over spilt milk.

Love's funny.

Sounds Like Slavery.—This from the Brantford Expositor:

"For Sale: Team, waggon and driver."

The police should look into this evident attempt to revive the old slavery days.

Let It Go At That.—A British professor informs a waiting world that the sun will have cooled off 5,000,000 years from now.

Seeing that there is no speedy way of disproving his theory we won't argue the point.

A Truism.—Many a man who eloquently repeats that "there is no place like home" falls down badly when it comes to demonstrating his belief in the assertion.

A Trial of Courage.—Children in London who have performed deeds of bravery are being rewarded by gifts of seats to see certain plays at the metropolitan theatres. The kiddies may need all their courage to sit through some performances.

The Original.—A noted critic declares that the inscrutable smile of Monna Lisa has not been well reproduced in any of the copies of the famous painting.

In other words, it is the original smile that won't come off.

Are You Afflicted?—They say that money talks. Some of us are worried by an impediment in our speech.

Defined.—Marriage should be a refrigerator to cool love just enough to make it keep sweet and wholesome.

The Easiest Way.—Inspector Douglas Stewart told the Prison Reform Commission at Kingston the other day that it is no more degrading to wear a striped suit than a football uniform. The best way of changing the inspector's view of the matter would be to clothe him in one of those same suits.

Knew From Experience.—"I told him that two heads were better than one, but he did not agree with that." "What reason did he give?" "He said he knew better, because he was the father of twins."

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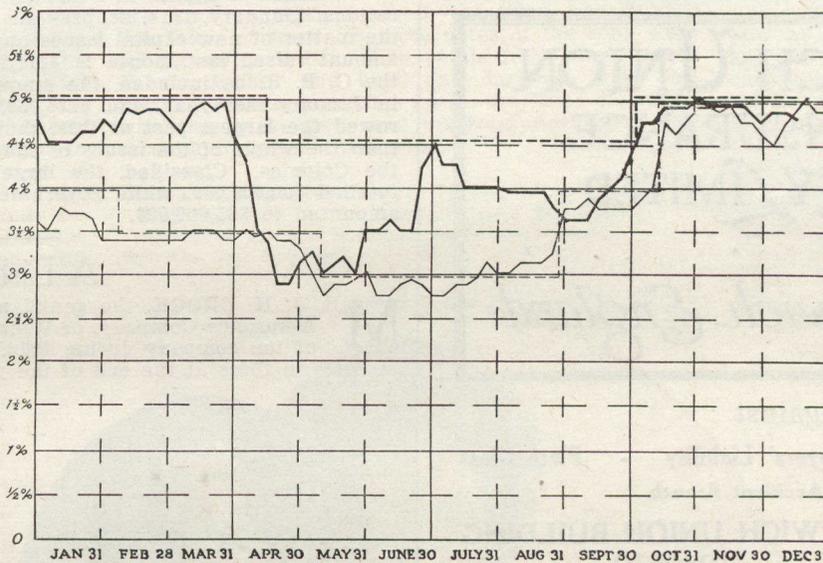
MONEY AND MAGNATES

Will the Bank Rate Drop to 2 1-2 Per Cent. ?

THE diagram below shows the fluctuations of the Bank of England rate during the year which has closed, and 1912. The bank rate is the rate at which banks will discount other banks' bills. The bank rate in January, 1912, was 4%. It dropped to 3½, then to 3, then up to 4; and again up to 5. There were four changes, and as money towards the end of the year got to be tighter and investment drooped somewhat, the bank rate appreciated.

In 1913, there were but two changes. The rate dropped in April from 5 to 4½, and in October moved up again to 5.

Nineteen-fourteen, however, is going to be more eventful, if the first month is any criterion. In January the rate was reduced three times: on the 8th from 5 to 4½ per cent; on the 22nd from 4½ to 4%, and on January 29th from 4 to 3%. This last, it is to be noted, was a drop of one per cent., which is unusual. Now, these reductions, so many and so radical, have had no parallel since 1908. Then the money markets were just recovering from the lean year



This diagram shows the course of the Bank of England rate in 1912 and 1913, and also the fluctuations of the open market rate for the same period.

of 1907, and there were three reductions in the month of January, viz., from 7 to 6%; from 6 to 5%; and from 5 to 4%. The cause of the fall in rate in January, 1908, and the one in January, 1914, are very different. Then, the Bank of England had intentionally retained a stringency that was artificial. Now, it is the result of a natural change in the money currents of the world. Bankers and brokers were loaded up with funds, because prices fell and productive activity decreased. All at once they fell over each other to buy the bills which are brought to market.

Will the rate go down still farther and touch 2½ per cent? Many authorities seem to think this a probability, and it looks as though it might crystallize.

The diagram also shows the course of the open market rate in 1912 and 1913. The market rate of discount varies from day to day. In 1912 it was much lower than in 1913, though towards the end, when the bank rate was increased, the market rate leapt up too. It will be noticed from the graph that the market rate is seldom, if ever, as high as the bank rate. In November, 1913, the market rate for a little while stood as high as the bank rate, but this is unusual. When the bank rate was reduced from 5 to 4% the market rate of discount declined from 4½ to 2¼ per cent., and when the bank rate was reduced from 4 to 3 per cent., the market rate of discount fell below three per cent.

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MR. J. G. RICHTER, F.A.S., whose picture is given herewith, has been Manager of the London Life Insurance Company since May, 1883. He immediately sifted the affairs of the company, re-adjusted the rates of premium, drafted new by-laws and in 1885 obtained a Dominion license; and the business of the company really dated from that year. In 1887 Mr. Richter introduced the Industrial Branch and adopted the only feasible course for a small company, in view of the conditions to be met with in Canada, viz., the gradual development from centre to centre as the resources of the company permitted. The foundation principles laid down by Mr. Richter at the outset have been steadily maintained in the intervening 30 years. The result is seen in the splendid report for 1913, which is included in this issue.



MR. J. G. RICHTER
Manager, London Life Insurance Co.

the polls. His keen insight into the financial side of the affairs of the local hydro-electric commission led him into controversy with the powers that be, and this was intensified when the proposition to electrify the Port Stanley railroad was mooted. As a result his candidature for the mayoralty was un-

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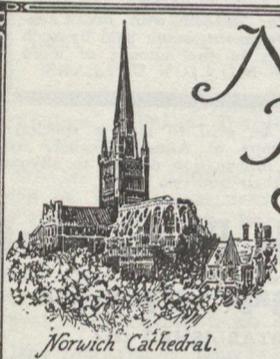
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successful. Very often the plain-speaking man is unpopular for a time. In all departments the year has been satisfactory. New business, insurance in force, income, assets, and profits show increases.

The Stock Market

THE sensation of the stock market during the past week was the rise in Peterson Lake. Some time ago, Sir Henry Pellatt took charge of Cobalt Lake and bought the stock all the way down to about 23. He then sold it to an English syndicate on a basis which netted himself and the other stockholders about 73. Now, Sir Henry as president of the Peterson Lake Mining Company, has put over another one, and the stock has had a very considerable rise. During the week the stock gained eighteen points. Canada Bread showed an increase during the week of four points. Maple Leaf Common jumped four points. Brazilian held steady; Mackay increased two points, and the rest of the list held its own.

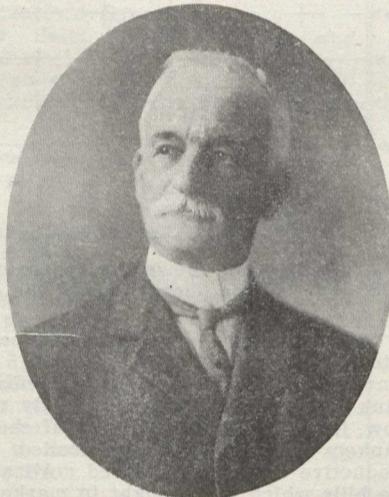
In the Montreal specialties Ottawa Power increased three points; Laurentide rose nine points; Montreal L. H. & P. two points, and Shawinigan about the same. The rest of the list was steady with one or two exceptions. Bonds on both markets showed a steady appreciation.

A Record in Capital Issues

AS a corollary to the upward trend in the London market which was evidenced some three weeks ago, the figures in connection with the new issues of capital in Lombard Street show that there is no lack of applications. January, 1914, eclipses all previous months and all previous years in the matter of new capital issues applied for and freely subscribed. The total amount raised last month is \$211,250,000. If the new certificates issued by the C. P. R. be included, the amount is \$221,141,460, as against \$207,000,000 in January last year, and \$116,250,000 in January, 1912. The Colonies borrowed the largest part of this, their applications totalling \$120,000,000, more than the whole of the issues of the January of two years ago. Canada heads the Colonies. Classified, the largest applications were for railways. They totalled \$90,000,000, while government loans, including those of the Colonies, amounted to \$85,000,000.

A List of Increases

MR. J. H. BROCK, the genial managing director of the Great West Life Assurance Company, of Winnipeg, is to be congratulated on the success of the company during 1913. The report is a record of progress. Insurance in force at the end of the year was \$13,069,975 ahead of 1912, and totalled \$97,048,714. Evidently, tight money or easy money, people believe in insurance. Assets have appreciated from \$12,251,981 to \$14,382,656. The income for the year was \$4,121,890, an increase of over two million dollars. Surplus earnings show a gain over 1912 of \$65,282, amounting to \$639,742. The gross rate of interest earned on investments was 7.9 per cent.



MR. J. H. BROCK
 Managing Director, Great West Life Assurance Company, of Winnipeg.

An Increased Dividend

ALL the successful trust companies are not in Ontario. From Halifax comes the good report of the Eastern Trusts Company, of which Mr. Robert E. Harris is President. The net profits were \$87,248, an increase over the year preceding of \$23,917. The paid-up capital is \$904,000, an installment of 25% on the new stock being payable during the year. Reserve fund gained \$70,660, and stands at \$210,000. After all deductions had been made, \$13,555 was carried forward, against \$8,260 in 1912. Total assets now amount to \$14,106,336, which is \$2,076,672 better than a year ago. So satisfied are the directors with the progress made that it is proposed to increase the dividend from seven to eight per cent.

A Model Civic Balance Sheet

EVERY treasurer of a town or city in Canada might well take the statement recently issued by the City of St. John, N.B., as a model. Their appropriations for the year 1913 are shown in seven different columns, which are headed as follows: 1. Amount expended. 2. Income. 3. Expenditure with income deducted. 4. Limit of expenditure over income. 5. Unexpected balances of appropriations. 6. Taxes collected against limit of expenditure. 7. Unexpected balances in cash. This table shows at a glance what is spent on each department, and how closely each department came to its appropriations. Every department showed a balance on hand at the end of the year. The total surplus for the year was over one hundred thousand dollars, showing that the city is well managed. Perhaps the fact that St. John was the first city in Canada to adopt the commission form of government may account for this splendid and exceptional showing. The New York experts who examined Toronto's accounts for 1912 found that nearly every department overran its appropriations during that year, and there was an overdraft or deficit of six or seven hundred thousand dollars.

Winnipeg Electric's Big Earnings

NOT to be outdone by like concerns in other cities, the Winnipeg Electric Railway Company, through their President, Sir William Mackenzie, publish a very satisfactory statement. Gross earnings appreciated during 1913 and were \$4,078,694, as against \$3,765,384 in the previous year. After other payments were accounted for, \$1,070,043, being at the rate of 12%, was paid out in dividends. The surplus remaining was \$185,460, which, when added to the profit and loss account, brings the latter up to the sum of \$2,276,679. This being unusually large, a million dollars was placed to the credit of reserve account, and \$375,000 was placed in a suspense account.

The year has been a successful one, and shareholders will be glad to see the rise in the stock of Winnipeg Electric. It opened the year at 195. It is quoted at the time of writing at 212.

A Correction

IN an item in these columns last week, the gross earnings of the London Street Railway for the year were stated to be \$831,966. This should have been \$331,966.56. Operating expenses showed an increase over 1912 of \$24,638, and not a decrease of \$15,566, as was stated.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

The Mendelssohn Choir Concerts

THE month of February is always anticipated by musical Torontonians, as the time and season for the most notable cycle of concerts given in Canada. In fact, the interest in these events extends far beyond Toronto or Ontario, and may be said to be a national pride. The Canadian voice has been frequently abused, and indeed it is not a thing of music and a joy forever. It is too often nasal and high-pitched, although in this respect it compares favourably with that of Vermont, to say nothing of Illinois. Yet the northern voice has been so harmonized and developed by Dr. A. S. Vogt, the matchless conductor from Waterloo, that it has become a wonderful choral instrument, equal to the interpretation of such a masterpiece as Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony."

Years ago, I went one bright afternoon with the Mendelssohn Choir to Buffalo. We had a "Mendelssohn Limited" which clicked off the miles between the capital of Ontario and the state of New York, as if the locomotive were Mr. Kipling's famous ".007." It was, altogether, a delightful experience, to behold Canada's champion choir invading foreign territory and to see Convention Hall packed with appreciative thousands. If one may use comparatives and superlatives about what is always an absolutely satisfying artistic performance, it seemed as if the Choir displayed even more vigour and dramatic fervour when singing abroad than when at home, as if it were on its musical mettle. Therefore, all of us who would like Europe to know that Canada is something more than wheat and cheese—valuable as cheese sandwiches are—feel a strong desire that the plan for an European tour should be carried out. Finance could not do a better national work than to send the Mendelssohn Choir to London, Paris and Berlin. Perhaps we should be spared so many reflections on our "crudity" on the part of the youthful English bank clerk who has consented to tarry for a while in the Dominion.

This year's cycle of concerts gave us fresh work, of which Sir Edward Elgar's "The Music-Makers" was most popular in appeal. From first to last, however, the triumphs of the past were confirmed and heightened and one listened to "God Save the King" at the conclusion of the fourth concert on Thursday evening with renewed gratitude to the "man behind the baton," who could not be more esteemed if he were "Sir Augustus." Toronto cannot succeed at a carnival or a home-comers' festival. She admits that Ottawa is more picturesque, Montreal more cosmopolitan, and Winnipeg more stirring. But she can take the strangers within her gates to the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, in the glad confidence that there is sounded the highest note in choral achievement.

The Magic of a Voice

YOU remember the old nursery stories about the wonderful fairy who could make your wishes come true. Most women, perhaps, would ask for beauty, and yet, if we stop to consider the more abiding charm, the gift of a melodious voice might be more worth the asking. We all know the time-worn lines from "King Lear," about the low, sweet voice which is an excellent thing in woman, and yet we forget about its virtue when we go to five o'clock teas. When the voice becomes actual music, it seems the most gracious gift in the world. Do we ever grudge the millions to Jenny Lind, Melba or Nordica? Willingly we pay what is demanded, for the singer, next to the poet, has the power to transform this workaday world into a lordly pleasure house, where, for the moment, we are all kings and queens. I have often wondered how we came to use the expression, "not worth a song," for song seems one of the most precious productions on this ever-changing earth.

All these and many other fancies came and went as a girl, in a gown which shimmered between rose and mauve, seated herself at the piano and sang

that lovely old lyric of Luise Reichardt's, "When The Roses Bloom." There was a fire of huge logs blazing in the wide fire-place at the end of the big room, and the early February dusk was darkening the windows, against which the wind was driving the flakes of snow. But the notes of the song were falling softly, softly, "like petals from blown roses on the grass," and wind and darkness were forgotten. It was springtime again, the "time of roses," with the leaves a-stir and the fragrance a-drift—all through the magic of a song.

"For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice,
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass and adore . . .
Not her, not her, but a voice."



THE "MAYORESS" OF TORONTO.

A Term Entirely Applicable to Mrs. H. C. Hocken, Who Has No Public Interests Apart from Those Which Engage Her Husband, and Who Yet Finds Herself "a Busy Woman." The Term Now in Progress is the Second in Which Mayor Hocken Has Borne That Civic Title.

So says the moody hero of "Maud" in his wisdom, as he hears her spring-time ballad.

The Confessional Article

IT is really difficult to find a name for it, but, perhaps the above heading will describe faintly the kind of article which has been devastating our magazines for the last few years. It has been preceded by books of a "confessional" nature, mostly sentimental and soulful. We had Mrs. Clifford's "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," an amorous but discerning tale of a maiden who finally came to her senses and made a prudent, business-like marriage. Then there was "The Love-Letters of an Englishwoman," published about twelve years ago, full of a mysterious, sad parting and the anguish of the alleged daughter of Albion, although it is said that a mere man was the writer of the impassioned epistles. There was, of course, the "Story of Mary Maclean," a vulgar but rather clever book of personal revelation, by a young person living somewhere near Butte, Montana. There were ever so many lesser volumes, breathing of broken hearts, which refused to be mended, or of rebellious natures which found the earth, and everything upon it, supremely unsatisfactory. They were books in high favour at Christmas-time and were usually bound in purple and silver, or old rose and gold, with the best of paper and type. Just as they were becoming rather threadbare, the magazines took up the happy game of telling the story of your life, and now, for the sum of ten or fifteen cents, you are almost certain to come across a thrilling article on "Why I

Left My Wife," or "How I Managed to Remain with My Husband," to say nothing of "How I Received My First Proposal." Of course, the feminine publications especially revel in this kind of "confession."

The Regretful Spinster

WE have suffered many things with the misunderstood wife and the all-too-well-understood husband. We have heard all about how he forgot to send her violets on her birthday and she disenchanted him by wearing whitey-brown curl-papers in the morning. The drama of domestic infelicity has also added its terrors to the world of entertainment, and we have seen just how difficult it is to be happy and married, when the high cost of living has sounded the excelsior note. But all these are as nothing to the sobs of the spinster which are now being heard through the popular periodicals.

The spinster of thirty-five or forty is arising to state that she is simply in despair because, long ago, she refused some worthy John, Thomas or Henry, in the false belief that she would find happiness in independence, and comfort in a career. These careers are nebulous affairs and we are not informed whether the lady had a desire to write, to compose light opera, or to become a feminine Phidias. At any rate, she repents, when too late, that she sent the worthy suitor away and she sobs forth her loneliness and regret to the extent of a whole page of the "Woman's Only Companion" or "The Ladies' Homely Friend." However, the sympathetic reader may be consoled. These articles on the misunderstood wife, the unloved husband and the solitary spinster are probably written by one and the same contributor—perhaps a burly bachelor, whose tongue is in his cheek as he writes. Most spinsters are too busy, in these motoring days, what with Musical Morning Clubs and Associations to Aid Everybody, to waste any time over faded violets and deceased roses. The Confessional Article is a sobful bit of fake journalism—and that is all.

ERIN.

Brevities of News

By CAP-AND-BELLS

A TIP to hostesses in these days of the complicated high cost of living was the party given in New York recently by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton. The function was called an Egyptian dinner, and the table, according to the society note, was decked to resemble the vast Sahara—with sand and the other desert requisites. One wonders if the realism went so far as to make the plates do duty as oases and the dishes thereon to simulate mirages.

THE housewife's machinery, which is to "curry the middleman's gamecock," namely, the Pelletier system of parcels post, was set in motion in Canada lately without formality when the Postmaster-General mailed a parcel—a souvenir mail-bag—to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, in Ottawa. "The event went off without a hitch," according to an enthusiastic reporter. But a system will hardly remain without "hitches," which admits of the possible circumstance of a pot-pie and a pup in the self-same mail-bag.

ONE of the interests at a recent meeting of the Women's Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C., was a paper read by Mrs. Henry Hannington on the U. E. L.'s of Nova Scotia. "Her remarks," writes the Colonist's reporter, "were interspersed with several humorous incidents, the speaker's ancestors having lived amongst the scenes described." Mrs. Hannington's ancestors may have been funny—but their pranks were nothing to the episodes which might be told by the followers of Darwin.

ALTHOUGH not so largely attended as on previous occasions, the skating party at Government House the other afternoon was a very enjoyable event. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and the Princess Patricia were present, accompanied by several members of the household. His Royal Highness enjoyed skating during the greater part of the afternoon." So runs

A Twentieth-Century Portia

Being a Sketch of Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, Whose Recent Appointment in Calgary Made Her the First Woman Judge in Canada

By NANCY RANKIN



MRS. CHARLES H. ASHDOWN

The Authority on British Historic Costume, Whose Pageant Exposition Has Attracted Much Notice Among the Women's Clubs in Canada of Late. Mrs. Ashdown is Shortly Returning to England to Direct an Important Pageant, and is Obligated to Forego Her Engagements West of Toronto. The Lecturer is Portrayed Here Wearing One of Her Richard II. Costumes.

the note in the Ottawa Journal. The Duke, one believes, is an expert skater, so that the reason remains obscure just why he did not enjoy the less part.

"SEE Quebec and you will want to live always!" So said the ardent Sir Charles Fitzpatrick in his recent address on French-Canada before the Women's Canadian Club of Ottawa. But, then, you may die on seeing Quebec as they say the tourists do on smelling Naples.

At the recent Baby Show held in Winnipeg in aid of the Babies' Milk Depot, of the hundreds of single and "double" entries a large proportion were Milk Depot infants and bouncing proof of the efficacy of the service. Superb accommodation was provided, including the presence of an adult orchestra to strike up when the Baby Band got sleepy, or throat-weary, or had to retire awhile for mild refreshment. Dr. Rorke was one of the local physicians who addressed the attendant mothers on appropriate topics. Some of them mispronounced him "Dr. Stork."

The cousin of Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown, the writer and lecturer on Costume, was married the other day in England to Sir Walter Raleigh, a direct descendant of the great Sir Walter Raleigh, of the cloak and smoke. The present Sir Walter is immensely tall—six foot four—and his tiny bride reaches somewhat higher than his elbow. So despite the alleged "stunting" properties of tobacco, the immediate line of Raleigh at least has little cause to blame its importer-forbear.

The anthropologist, Charles Dawson, has discovered that a certain Eskimo tribe has a spinal advantage over ordinary humans in the possession of an extra vertebra. The Poles appear to induce backbone. One fears to think of the spines of women when ossification once sets in, neglecting the funny and wish bones, and only the vertebral column responds to "the polls" and women having their way with each other!

According to the London "Daily Mirror," "the first woman to take up the diplomatic service as a profession was Miss Henrietta Hoegh, recently appointed in Christiania, Norway. She passed the examinations in International Law and in Political Economy two years ago." One wonders that such a position is unique, numbers of women in Norway and elsewhere having passed the tests in the School of Matrimony.

IN the sixteenth century, when Shakespeare wished to make Portia a judge, it was necessary for him to disguise her as a man with gown, dagger and swaggering gait. To-day the Portia of his imagination is a flesh and blood reality, and woman's wit and wisdom has at last come to judge. To Mrs. R. R. Jamieson, of Calgary, has fallen the honour of being the first woman police magistrate of Canada.

Mr. Chadwick, Superintendent of Homes for Delinquent and Dependent Children of Alberta, has for four years been dreaming that Calgary should have a woman in that position, and only now has he succeeded in getting the necessary law through parliament. That his choice should have fallen on Mrs. Jamieson was most natural. No woman could be better fitted for the position, and her interest in public affairs has been along many lines.

Twelve years ago, when she came to Calgary with her husband, who was connected with the C. P. R., there was much to be done that required a woman's aid. Mrs. Jamieson became interested in the various movements afoot, and, encouraged by her husband, decided to take an active part in the work that was being done. A General Hospital was being built, and Mrs. Jamieson was first Secretary and then President of the Women's Auxiliary.

Six years ago there was a crying need for a Young Women's Christian Association. Five women, among whom was Mrs. Jamieson, undertook the work of organization, and to-day the beautiful building on Twelfth Avenue, in which one hundred and twenty-five girls live comfortably and happily, is the result of their labours.

THE next year, when emigration was making Calgary a Mecca of people from all parts of the world, it became necessary to take care of many neglected little ones. A Children's Aid and Shelter was formed, Mrs. Jamieson serving on the Board. The interest she has shown in this latter movement, together with her broad, intelligent, sympathetic nature, probably led most directly to her appointment as police magistrate.

One year ago the Local Council of Women was formed, and when the candidates for mayor and aldermen were invited to state their platform before that feminine body, it was the gentle-voiced Mrs. Jamieson, here Madame President, who cross-examined them. On this occasion she distinguished her-



GOLD FISH BOWL.

A Portrait Study by Marion Long, Displayed in the Recent Exhibition in Toronto of Canadian Art in Little Pictures.

it became known that Mrs. Jamieson had received the appointment. Seated around the grate fire in her cosy sitting-room, shortly after the appointment, we were all anxious to know how she felt about it. "I consider," she said, "that we women of the West have wonderful opportunities for being useful, mostly because it is the West and new. In older places where customs are more established only revolutions change the order of things that here are accepted and expected."

"Yes," some one said, "revolutions and militancy." "Of course," she laughed, "the word 'militancy' when used by a woman means only one thing. I knew the question would come sooner or later. However, I can say quite frankly that I am not in favour of the militant methods as shown by our English sisters, and I cannot imagine that such a state of affairs will ever arise in Canada that it will be necessary for us to resort to their methods. I believe the vote is coming to us, and I think also that most men will agree with me." "Do you believe, then, that all women should have the right to vote?"

"CERTAINLY not. Nor, for that matter, do I believe that all men should have the right to vote. I think there should be an educational test of some kind. As things are now, it strikes me as being very unfair that I, who pay taxes and take part in public affairs should have no right to vote, while my furnace man who neither reads, writes nor pays taxes, should have all the privileges that are denied me merely because I am a woman. At the same time I believe that any Canadian man will agree with me that it is unfair."

"What do you suppose we women of Alberta would do if we had the franchise?"

"Oh, I can think of several things. For instance, I do not believe any of you realize how lightly you, as a woman, are held in the eyes of the law of this Province. Do you know that your word would not be taken without corroboration, whereas that of my furnace man would? Do you know that in most cases a man's word is taken in preference to a woman's? Would you believe that a judge sentenced a man who had committed a brutal assault on a young girl of fourteen years to three months in jail and a fine of fifty dollars, and in the same court sentenced a man who had

stolen a horse to three years in the penitentiary? The child's life is practically ruined; yet a horse is of more value. In my own work, I think something should be done to keep the names of little girls brought before me a secret. I know of little boys who go up to court occasionally for minor offences, and it is considered more or less of a joke by the family, but should a little girl have to appear in court, it is never forgotten. I think it has a bad



"LITTLE MOTHERS" IN AN ENGLISH SCHOOL.

But the Mother Country is Not in Advance of Her Daughter, Canada, in This Matter of Teaching the Proper Care of Babies to Little Girl Pupils in Public Schools. Toronto Schools Have Their "Little Mothers" Classes Established Through the Persistent Efforts of an Extra-Weighty Member of the School Board. Live Babies Give Zest to the Demonstrations.

self by the dignity and decision of her bearing, and won the respect of the men who at first openly showed that they had come to scoff.

Among other things, the new Portia is on the Advisory Board of the Technical School, and on the board of the new-formed Symphony Orchestra, besides being a charter member of the Women's Canadian Club and the Daughters of the Empire.

No one in Calgary was surprised therefore, when

moral effect on her life, and I would like to prevent it."

None of us had known before just how we were regarded in the eyes of the law.

"Where were you born, Mrs. Jamieson?" someone asked.

"In New York," she replied.

"Oh, then you are an American?"

"Oh, no, I am a Canadian, and do you know I believe I am a better Canadian than many of you who were born here. You had nothing to do with the fact that you are a Canadian. You simply happened to be born here. While I, after I had reached my womanhood, and had come into the possession of all my mental faculties, married a Canadian, came to his Cana-

dian home, and brought up four children—good Canadians all."

"Yes," we replied, "accident of birth is not everything, though something in the instance of your children."

On the 2nd of March, when girls under eighteen come up to be judged, they will find not a man, but a gentle, sweet-faced woman. No one can doubt that it is a wonderful step forwards. Truly it is a far cry from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, and Portia has changed. No longer is it the swashbuckling stage Portia, but a kind, motherly woman, with hair somewhat sprinkled with grey, and the light of understanding and sympathy in her eyes. "Mark you, a Daniel come to judgment."

Woman and Winter in the Capital

By MADGE MACBETH

WHATEVER neglect of winter may prevail in other cities of Canada on the part of sport-loving women, Ottawa wisely sets the example a Canadian capital should set and makes the outdoors most of the frosty months.

Too much has been written about our skaters and their efficiency to require mention here. Visitors to the Capital, particularly those who have only seen "skating" literally gasp with wonder when they attend exhibitions of the Minto Club. This organization was the result of Lady Minto's interest in skating. She introduced, or,

rather, encouraged Continental skating—the performing of large figures as compared with the small circles and curves which were in vogue some years ago. She organized a contest which developed into the Club, membership to which was refused until a test had been passed. Latterly, there was a request that the Rideau Skating Club—which requires no entrance test—and the Minto Club, amalgamate. Lord Minto was consulted and immediately wrote strongly against such a move. It is his opinion that by the continuance of the test the Club will live and achieve greater renown; by making it purely a social organization, it will die, as did the Earl Grey Club. The most interesting feature at present in regard to the Minto Club is the Junior branch. Children up to sixteen years are admitted and properly instructed from the beginning. Some of the figure skating done by these juveniles is remarkable, and the glory of the Club does not give any evidence of waning as long as this arrangement holds.

It has only been a few months, as skating seasons are reckoned, since a brother and sister celebrated not only in Canada, but internationally, were invited to go to Australia—all expenses paid and large promises of welcome added—to give exhibitions in fancy skating. For many reasons they did not go; but Ottawa has always been proud of them and their well-deserved reputation.

It would hardly be possible to find more enthusiastic women curlers than those living in the Capital. The regular programme throughout the busy winter is "a morning at the rink." Even the skaters do not stick more faithfully at their posts than these sports-women, most of whom are more than ordinarily good with their stones.

Snow-shoeing is done in an unspectacular way. A number of women, and hosts of young girls, look forward to the winter as a time for long cross-country runs. The Golf and Country Clubs form the base of many snow-shoe parties, and any Saturday finds the street cars almost as heavily laden with skis and



MRS. R. R. JAMIESON

Judge of the Juvenile Court of Calgary, and the First Canadian Woman to Hold Such Office.

snow-shoes as with passengers. Instead of skating or tobogganing, there are quite a number of young people who tramp through the grounds of Government House at the weekly parties given by their Royal Highnesses. Rockliffe Park, too, is a rendezvous for those interested in any kind of winter sport. It is to us what "the mountain" is to Montreal.

The national sport of Norway grows in popularity, here. The Ottawa Ski Club has upwards of one hundred active members, and twice as many associate ones. Each gentleman has the privilege of including a friend of opposite persuasion, and she is heartily invited to join in the runs. There are many women who ski expertly, but there are two—sisters—of whom we are particularly proud. They are jumpers of no mean ability, making half a hundred feet with ease. The drawback to more adventurous spirits is, undoubtedly, the mode of dress decreed by that autocrat, Dame Fashion. In Norway women discard skirts, and a big handcap is thus removed. Alpine climbing necessitates male disguise; skiing not a whit less.

TOBOGGANING is largely a matter of impulse. There are excellent slides at Rockliffe, and one which is frequently used at Government House. There is also one maintained by a set of prominent young people who have banded themselves into a club. The slide is kept in excellent condition and extends from the end of Rideau Street right out over the river. It is known as the Cliffside Slide. The wane of this hilarious sport is largely due to the fashion for light clothing. If shadow lace, and silk hose prevail, there will be less tobogganing. When picturesque blanket costumes return to the world of favour we will see its immediate revival.

Perhaps there is hardly a greater proof of our innate love of winter than the fact that in Ottawa there are a number of walking clubs—small but of an enthusiasm which quite compensates for lack of numbers. In all sorts of weather, except driving rain, these women walk anywhere from five to twelve miles in an evening. Rockliffe, again, is usually the objective, although the Experimental Farm, or the southern part of the city, often provide variation. These walking clubs are not spasmodic affairs; they meet regularly, set a limit and a pace, and accomplish something. The exhilaration consequent upon one of these tramps is indescribable; only those who have the advantage of living in our climate could understand and appreciate it. As murderers, they are unflinching—no conscience has been known to live against them. As beautifiers, they are unequalled—their one drawback being such a whetting of the appetite that extra house allowance has been made in every case. And the cost of living so disastrously high! One has heard owners of automobiles boast some fabulous number of miles run in a given time; the particular Walking

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Yours truly, C. H. LEWIS."

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TORONTO



MRS. MORTIMER DAVIS

In the Grecian Costume Which She Recently Wore at a Fancy Dress Pageant at the Ritz-Carlton, Montreal. At Her Beautiful Home at St. Agathe She Frequently Entertains House-parties, When Private Theatricals, in Which She Delights, Are One of Her Popular Forms of Entertainment.

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Send for our Booklet "Structural Safeguards for Dwellings." It will be sent free.
My name and address is written below.

Club I have in mind does the same. "We walked 120 miles—all in weather 'below,' last month," they say.

Which does not seem any sort of an argument against Canadian winters, does it?

A Brilliant Journalist

ON the first day of this month, there passed away a woman who, for nearly a quarter of a century, had been a prominent figure among Canadian journalists. Grace Elizabeth Denison, or, to give her the name by which she was known to her readers, "Lady Gay," was the first woman in Canada to turn her literary ability to what is known as "society editing," and the difficulties of her early work can hardly be understood to-day by those to whom the woman's page or the society column is a familiar feature every morning.

Lady Gay was a daughter of the late Archdeacon Sandys, of Chatham, Ontario, and attended Bishop Hellmuth College in London. As a young girl, she showed an aptitude for literary work and wrote short stories



MRS. GRACE ELIZABETH DENISON.

The Late "Lady Gay," of "Saturday Night," Toronto, for Whom the World of Canadian Women Writers "Turns Down an Empty Glass" as for One of the Most High-hearted of Their Number.

and sketches which won more than local notice. At one time a publisher was in possession of the manuscript of a book she had written, but a fire destroyed the publishing house and the young writer's ambitious chapters, and Lady Gay, who had kept no copy, could not be persuaded to rewrite the book.

About twenty-three years ago her journalistic opportunity came, when she was appointed society editor on the weekly, "Toronto Saturday Night." Her columns and the paragraphs of comment known as "Lady Gay's Page" speedily became known and popular, and the writer had a piquant wit and lightness of touch all her own and an Irish buoyancy which carried her over many a difficult spot in life and literature.

She was absolutely to be depended upon as an editorial worker, and it is hard for her colleagues to believe that Lady Gay's last paragraph has been penned. Curiously enough it referred to the passing of Lord Strathcona and expressed the writer's unfaltering belief in the soul's immortality. Brave and indomitable, Lady Gay heard the call suddenly, in the midst of the day's work and play, and left us with the memory of a woman who met trouble courageously and did the day's task with a high heart.

J. G.

SAYS our Halifax correspondent, writing in a hurry: "Lady Townsend, wife of his Lordship the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Townsend, has just given the largest tea of the season and one of the prettiest, all the judges of the Supreme Bench of Nova Scotia, many of the leading professional men, officers of the Army and Navy, and many of the leading clergymen being among the guests." Beauty is still immortal in our eyes!

Jack Sondon

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LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF ONTARIO
J. A. C. CAMERON, ESQ., K.C.,
MASTER IN CHAMBERS,

Wednesday, the 4th day of February, 1914.

BETWEEN
CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION,
Plaintiffs:

AND

FLORA ANN MCKINNON,

Defendant:

Upon the application of the Plaintiff; upon reading the affidavit of Samuel Edgar Cork filed, and upon hearing what was alleged by Counsel for the Applicants.

1. It is ordered that service upon the Defendant of the Writ of Summons and Statement of Claim in this action, by publishing this Order, together with the Notice hereon endorsed, once a week for three weeks, preceding the seventh day of March, 1914, in the Canadian Courier newspaper, published at the city of Toronto, in the County of York, be deemed good and sufficient service of said Writ of Summons and Statement of Claim.

2. And it is further ordered that the said Defendant do enter an appearance to the said Writ of Summons and file her statement of defence in the Central Office of the Supreme Court of Ontario at Osgoode Hall, on or before the thirty-first day of March, 1914.

3. And it is further ordered that the costs of this application be costs in the cause.

"J. A. C. CAMERON, M.C."

Notice to be endorsed on foregoing Order.

This action is brought to enforce by foreclosure, a certain Charge, dated the 29th day of April, 1892, and made by one Colin Arthur McKinnon to one Ernest Albert Macdonald, and which Charge has been assigned to the Plaintiffs—Confederation Life Association—and is now held by said Plaintiffs, and by which there is now charged upon lot sixty-two, according to Plan filed in the Office of Land Titles at Toronto, as Plan M-39, the sum of \$2,729.69 and interest thereon from the 30th day of January, 1914, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid.

The Canadian Women's Press Club

AT the annual meeting of the Calgary Branch of the C. W. P. C. the following officers were elected for 1914: Honorary President, Mrs. Cumming; President, Miss Eleanor MacLennan; first Vice-President, Mrs. J. F. Price; second Vice-President, Mrs. W. M. Davidson; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Evelyn Sinclair.

THE following new members have been added to the roll of the C. W. P. C.: Mrs. William Grat-tan, 76 Ontario St., Port Arthur; Mrs. J. D. H. Shaw, 8 St. Joseph St., Toronto; Miss Alice M. Elliott, the News-Telegram, Calgary; Mrs. A. E. Cohen, 143 Polson Ave., Winnipeg; Mrs. James H. Jamieson, Kerrobert, Sask.; Miss Margaret Forbes, 2 Col-grove Apartments, 129 15th Ave. E., Calgary.

DURING her visit to Edmonton, in January, Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Winnipeg, was the guest of the local club, when she gave a short address to the assembled members.



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG
Who Took a Leading Part in the "Women's Parliament" Recently Held in the Walker Theatre, Winnipeg.

The other out-of-town guests were Miss Ethel Gooderham, Toronto; Miss Carroll, Washington; and Mrs. Niven, of the Jasper Park Railway Hospital.

IN response to an invitation extended to them by Mrs. C. P. Walker, of Winnipeg, all the editors of the women's department of the Fort William and Port Arthur papers spent three days in Winnipeg last month. Mr. Nelson, superintendent of the Canadian Northern Railway, favoured the party with free transportation. The entertainment offered them in Winnipeg included a theatre party to "Robin Hood," at the Walker Theatre; matinee at the Winnipeg Theatre; meeting at the club-room of Winnipeg C. W. P. C.; evening party at the home of Mrs. C. P. Walker, to which the members of the Winnipeg Club were invited; sight-seeing under the wing of the Industrial Bureau, and a visit to the Agricultural College.

MISS CORA HIND, financial editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, and Mrs. Nellie McClung, were recently entertained by the Calgary women at Croun's Rathskeller.

THE Toronto World of Jan. 18th contained an excellent photograph of Mrs. J. W. Garvin, with the following biographical note:

Mrs. J. W. Garvin, president of the Toronto Women's Press Club, is widely known as a reviewer of books through her connection with the Mail and Empire when she wrote under the pen name of Katherine Hale. She is also the writer of a book of verse and contributor to magazines and other periodicals. Her talents are versatile and as a lecturer on Canadian literature, she has delivered addresses to the students in the Normal schools of the province. She has also given many charming recitals inter-

pretive of Canadian music. As a hostess, Mrs. Garvin is delightful, and her term of office as president of the Press Club is most successful and pleasant.

THE Calgary Club have petitioned the editors and managers of all newspapers and periodicals in the city, that they be excused after 9 o'clock in the evening from covering all assignments for public or semi-public functions to which less than two complimentary tickets of admission have been provided. The women contend it is not expedient for them to be alone after that hour.

DURING the month of January, the Toronto Club entertained at their room on Yonge Street, Miss Marshall Saunders, Mr. F. R. Benson, Miss Ethel McDowell, Mr. Earl Barnes, and Mr. Murray Carrington.

THE Edmonton Branch held their annual meeting when the following officers were elected for 1914: President, Mrs. Ernest Beaufort; Vice-President, Mrs. R. W. Cautley; Secretary, Miss McLaughlin; Treasurer, Miss Edna Kells.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY and Miss Evelyn Murphy left last week for the coast. Mrs. Murphy is taking a suite in Vancouver for a few weeks.

IT has been suggested by some of the girl friends of the late Mrs. Alfred Denison (Lady Gay) that a cot in the children's preventorium of the I.O. D.E., Toronto, should be endowed as a lasting memorial of her love of young people.

Happenings in Halifax

THE Halifax Local Council of Women are interesting themselves in the matter of a Child Welfare Exhibit, in co-operation with Rev. Dr. J. W. Macmillan, of St. Matthew's Presbyterian church, that city. It is a large undertaking, as yet only in the initial stage.

The Victorian Order of Nurses has just held the most gratifying meeting in its history in Halifax, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor McGregor presiding. Four nurses of the order are now at work, and during the year a Milk Depot was opened, which has done much to reduce infant mortality in Halifax.

In honour of the Burns' Anniversary there was given at the Academy of Music a brilliantly successful concert, the leader of the orchestra and chorus being Mrs. G. Fred. Pearson, who as Agnes Crawford, enjoyed distinction throughout the Maritime Provinces for her musical gifts. Her leadership on this night was genuinely masterly.

Dr. Eliza Ritchie, to whom the movement of the Dalhousie University Alumnae to establish a residence for girl students owes so large a debt, has sailed for Italy, contemplating an European tour of some months.

Already the South End of Halifax—the leading residential quarter—is showing change as the result of the far-reaching new terminals scheme—the shifting of the population has begun.

Nursing at Home

DR. E. B. LOWRY, an authority on nursing and a popular writer on health topics, has brought out another book this season, entitled "The Home Nurse" (Forbes & Co., Chicago), which should prove as useful as the staple remedies kept in every family medical chest.

It gives helpful directions for the care of the sick in the home and tells how to co-operate with the physician in providing for the comfort and cure of invalids. Full directions for first aid to the injured are also given, technical terms being carefully avoided.

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THE ANNUAL REPORT EMBRACES THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS:

NEW BUSINESS	Applications for insurance amounting to \$8,828,189.50 were accepted and policies issued therefor, an increase over 1912 of \$622,119.50.
INSURANCE IN FORCE	The insurance in force on the Company's books at the close of the year aggregated, after deducting all re-insurances, \$27,118,375.02, an increase of \$3,853,554.19 for the year. The lapse rate for the year showed a considerable decrease, and the surrender values applied for were actually less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the stringent financial conditions existing during 1913.
INCOME	The total Premium and Interest Receipts of the year were \$1,295,840.65, an increase over the previous year of \$161,367.92.
MORTALITY	The actual mortality loss was less than in the previous year, notwithstanding the large increase in business. The ratio under Ordinary policies of actual to expected loss during the year was only 32.8%—a remarkably favorable experience.
PROFITS	The exceedingly liberal scale adopted a year ago for apportionment of profits to participating Ordinary Policyholders has been continued, and exceeds by one-third original estimates under present rates.
ASSETS AND INTEREST	The Company's assets, consisting mainly of first mortgages on Real Estate, amount to \$4,645,695.19, an increase of \$586,319.06. All debentures have been written down to the low market value prevailing at 31st December last. The rate of interest earned, without allowance for Head Office rental, was 6.81% on the Insurance Department's basis of computation.
LIABILITIES	Seventy-two per cent. of all the Company's business is now being valued on a 3% basis, the remaining twenty-eight per cent. being valued on a 3½% basis. The total reserve on all business in force amounts to \$4,226,152.00.
SURPLUS	Calculating the Liabilities on the basis called for by the Insurance Act, the Surplus on Policyholders' Account is \$608,556.31. Deducting from this the amount required to raise the reserves to the Company's own standard, to provide for profits earned under all participating policies to date of statement, and sums provided in various funds for special purposes, the net Surplus is \$226,116.69.

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CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

Making New Trails

(Concluded from page 8.)

and we were all laughing when suddenly she put her hand to her side—and into her face there crept the look I had seen in Grandpa's, the day I took them from the old place. It was an appeal, an appeal to me, who had gone to her with all the hard places, both in childhood and age. I shrank and shivered in my helplessness—then I called for a doctor.

He came at once. He did not tell her, but she guessed. We could not hide anything from her.

"How long will it be?" she asked. "Not more than a month," he said. She laughed softly. "So I am going home in the spring," she said, "if only Jim"—her voice caught there—for Grandpa was sobbing in a corner. "Jim, come here," she called tenderly.

He went to her side and knelt down. She put her arms around him, and their grizzled hair mingled. We stole from the room. What they said to each other we do not know. No one will ever know, but from that hour her mantle was on him. He was the strong one. He thought of the things she would like. He encouraged her when the pain was too great. He smoothed her pillow and held her weary frame when she could not find rest. Deep lines of pain showed on his face, but he never complained, and he joked as we never heard him joke.

One evening Grandpa said good-bye to all but Grandpa. Then looking out of the window at the setting sun she whispered, "I am going home in the spring."

Grandpa was supporting her, and a light, not of earth, was on her face. "Please leave us," he whispered, "I will call you."

It was only a few minutes until we heard him say "Come." We went silently in and our boy of ten, who had just come in from play, went with us. After a few seconds he said, in the penetrating voice of childhood. "Is she dead?"

JUST then a last ray from the setting sun fell across the pillows, lighting up the peaceful old face, with a look of triumph. It was the doctor's voice that answered. We had not noticed him come in. "No, not dead, my boy. This is life. She is beginning again in the spring."

Our hearts ached for Grandpa, but there was little we could say or do. The night after the funeral, when we were all gathered around the grate down stairs trying to be cheerful, Grandpa grasped the arms of his chair and said, "I think you had best sell the old place. I'll not go back again."

"I think that would be better," I said, "and we are very glad to have you with us."

His hands fumbled with his handkerchief, and he did not look at us as he said, "You are very kind, but I am going away."

"Where are you going?" I asked. "I am going west to take up land. I am feeling strong again."

At that there was a storm of protests. We all showed him how impossible that was. We pointed out how much we needed him to look after our gardens, and we ended by saying that we would not allow him to do such a thing, and it was out of the question for a man his age.

He merely shook his head in mute appeal, but when we had finished, he surreptitiously wiped away a tear with the corner of his red handkerchief, and in a trembling voice he said, "Well, I'll not go against you, but if you understood, you'd let me go."

At that a silence came over us, and someone said, "Let Grandpa explain." He straightened up and looked around at us. When he saw that we were waiting, he said, "I read a story once about a fellow that was tied to a great rock on the beach, so that he would drown when the tide came in. It was a horrible place to be in, but it wouldn't have been half so bad if he could have put up a fight, although the end would have been just the same. I don't want to be ungrateful, for you are all as kind to me as you can be, and you wish to give me more comforts than I ever had before, but it ain't my home, it ain't my life. You

are tying me up, and you ain't givin' me the chance to fight."

He looked around anxiously to see if he had hurt us, but seeing only sympathy in our faces, he continued, "You do not feel any older than you did at twenty, do you?"

I acknowledged that I did not. "Neither do I," he said, "folks do not get old with their grizzled hair and shaky limbs. It's only a sign we are getting ready to begin again." The tears sprang to his eyes, and sobs shook his old frame as he said, "I wanted to go with Grandpa, but I must wait a bit."

"Go back to the old place," I said.

Books and Their Makers

SIGHING for fresh worlds to conquer, the firm of J. M. Dent and Son, one of the greatest publishing houses in England, with a branch in Toronto that is making great headway, have decided upon a new venture, to be called "The Wayfarers' Library." It is now eight years since these handy little volumes in the "Everyman" library first made their appearance, and no less than seven hundred books have been included in the series. "The new library"—to quote Mr. Dent—"is a sort of modern side to the Everyman series. We shall make a sincere and purposeful attempt to formulate a collection of books which shall adequately represent the romanticism and imaginativeness of our own time."

Fiction, adventure, humour, essays—all these will find a place, and all of them will be represented entirely by modern writers. Names like A. E. W. Mason, H. de Vere Stacpoole, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, H. A. Vachell, Joseph Conrad, Guy Boothby, Marriott Watson, Mark Twain, F. Anstey, Charles Lee, Frank Stockton, Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Barry Pain, John Oliver Hobbes, Thomas Hardy, Pett Ridge, George Gissing, Ruskin, Austin Dobson, G. K. Chesterton, A. E. Gardner, Clement Shorter, and G. W. E. Russell figure in the list. The first issue will consist of a hundred volumes, and the press work will be Dent's—which is all that needs to be said.

The Reverend Sir William Robertson Nicholl has given us of his best in "A Bookman's Letters." (Toronto: Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.50 net.) To begin with, Sir William may claim to be a bookman—perhaps the bookman in Britain to-day. What he doesn't know about books isn't worth knowing. As "Claudius Clear," in the "British Weekly," his correspondence has been eagerly sought by all classes in England for many years, and so great a power has he become, so far as his political writings are concerned, that in 1909 a grateful government gave him his Knighthood. I think it must have hurt my lords the bishops to think that a free church minister had been knighted.

The letters deal with all sorts of people and things. There are memories of Meredith, and papers on the literary method of Lord Rosebery, Watts-Dunton and Besant. Towards the end of the book the author deals with his great love, the genius who was known to a not-sufficiently-admiring public as "Mark Rutherford." And there is a wonderful chapter on "Gravy," the use of superfluous fat in descriptive writing. Two of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the book deal with reviewing, under the headings, "Seven Ways of Reviewing," and "The Eighth Way," which is the "Right Way." People who dare to review books will be in the paradoxical position after reading Claudius Clear's words on the art of reviewing, of being more sure, and less certain of themselves whenever they tackle the task of sizing up an author.

A month ago, when the writer was in London, the book was attracting a great deal of attention, and it is gratifying to learn that both the Lon-

"He shuddered and shook his head. "No, I could not do that. I'll give up unless I can get away from the old things. It would be haunted with ghosts of the past."

A gaunt old man with grizzled hair, waved his hand from the back of the westbound express, to a small group of people standing on the platform.

"You will write?" we called. "Yes, I will write often," he said, "and do not worry. Whatever happens, remember I am living my life, and death is much the same wherever it finds us."

There were tears in our eyes as we watched the lonely old figure. We wished to share our all with him, but the new trails were calling him.

don house and the Toronto house have had a great success in "A Bookman's Letters."

Miss Leona Dalrymple, the author of "In the Heart of the Christmas Pines," "Uncle Noah's Christmas Inspiration," and "Traumerei," has been awarded the \$10,000 prize in the Reilly & Britton novel contest, for her book, "Diane of the Green Van." Miss Dalrymple is the daughter of Judge Dalrymple, of Passaic, N.J., and in addition to her literary activities in the longer form is a contributor to magazines.

The Copp, Clark Co. will publish the Canadian edition on March 7th.

It is not very long ago since these columns contained some remarks on Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's then latest work, a fantastic novel—"The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton." In that novel, the author departed from his usual treatment, and left intrigue alone. In his new book, "A People's Man," he goes back to his old love, and tells the story of a Socialist—a real Socialist, not a saloon politician—who tries to bring the millennium about, but is hampered by his gentlemanly instinct, and by falling in love with a very bewitching lady who is the Unionist Prime Minister's daughter. Maraton is a people's man, but he falls foul of the labour leaders, with red ties and raucous tones, because he is able and willing to wear a dress suit of the latest cut. Eventually, Maraton "starts something" for the workers of England, and labour is disorganized, and the whole country paralyzed. Germany makes ready to invade, and Maraton quells the disturbance he has brought about, and, according to patriotism first place, calls the strike off.

The novel is the best of Mr. Oppenheim's I have read since "Mr. Wingrave, Billionaire." It is not unduly sensational, but is always intensely interesting, and there is a good deal of moral teaching which doesn't irritate since the pill is sugar-coated. (McClelland and Goodchild. Toronto: \$1.35 net.)

Mary Roberts Rhinehart has written a very clever book. It ran serially, in McClure's Magazine, I believe, and is called "The After House." The sub-title describes it as a mystery story, and so excellently well does the author make her puppets dance, that the mystery remains till the last chapter or so. It is a tale about a pleasure yacht, which previously had a sinister reputation. That reputation is not belied in the story, for there are three murders, and two or three other attempts. Suspicion falls on two of the men on board, but ultimately the guilt of a third is proved. He is a religious maniac, and his mania takes the form of avenging himself upon people he doesn't like. It is to be hoped that there are not many such. There is a pretty love story for those who like that sort of thing, and adventure enough to make one's hair stand on end. Altogether, the book is an important contribution to the literature of detection. It is published by William Briggs, Toronto.

A. PAPERKNIFE.



WRITE TO
THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.,
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FOR OUR BOOKLET
"Hints to Housewives."



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Description of the Darley home in Connemara, which contained the famous Velasquez; of Sybil Darley and her mother, who owned the picture suggesting the personality of her husband whom she supposed to be dead; of young Hugh and the storm; arrival of the storm-beaten hunter, the Earl of Sternholt, connoisseur in pictures; interested in the Velasquez, he offers to send for a famous Italian expert, Pallacio, who at first pronounced the picture a copy.

The picture suddenly disappears. Pallacio, on his way back, is arrested, but innocent. Mrs. Darley, overcome with grief, tells Sybil the story of her husband's life, how the picture came, and how he disappeared. Hugh Limner leaves Connemara. He goes to London to study medicine. In an old art shop he buys cheap a Max Weenix canvas. He views an operation on a man's heart and is repelled by the dissecting room. His mother decides that he cannot study medicine.

Hugh enters as assistant in the shop of Pallacio and is sent up country to buy bargain pictures at an auction. In a pawnshop of a little town he stumbles across what he recognizes as an early Gainsborough, which he buys for ten pounds. Pallacio refuses to take it. Hugh pays him a hundred and leaves his employ. The picture is sent to Christie's in Bond Street and sold by auction for 6,650 guineas. Hugh's fortune and reputation as a dealer are made. He becomes an expert. In a book of Turner's poems he finds a letter from Turner to Ruskin concerning a Turner masterpiece since lost to the world. He determines to find the Turner.

He rents the cottage in which Turner painted the masterpiece and discovers the painting secreted under the floor. Sybil arrives. Also Pallacio.

CHAPTER XIII.

Plot and Counterplot.

HUGH'S reverie was disturbed by a sharp knock at the door. Before he could cry "come in," the door was flung open in a hurry, and he heard a quick step—a step he thought he knew—cross the room. His face was to the picture, and the high back of his chair to the door. It was plain that he was not seen by his visitor, who stopped short just behind his chair, and growled a kind of reluctant admiration for the Turner. Hugh knew who spoke, but he kept quite still.

"Yes," the deep voice said, apostrophising the dead painter, "you beat us all into fits, old and new. Nobody but God Himself could paint a better landscape. Yet there are fools who say any of the second-class old Italian fogies could do better work than you. They'll buy any old rubbish that's a couple of hundred years old, and let the painters of their day, who will be the old masters later on, die of starvation."

Hugh shifted his chair half-way round and faced the newcomer. A stout, well-built young fellow, with a shock of touzled fair hair and blue eyes, wonderfully bright and keen.

"Halloa, Browne," he cried, "grumbling again."

In no way surprised or abashed Browne stretched out a strong capable hand, with that quick, warm clasp which is about the best test of an honest man.

"Why shouldn't I grumble if I want to?" he asked, with a grin. "The man who can paint and cannot sell is entitled at least to growl."

"Well, grumble away, old man, I'll listen."

"No, I don't want to grumble any more. I came to see you about something particular." The big bluff man suddenly abashed as a schoolboy caught in some scrape, blushing and stammering. "I say, Limner," he went on, abruptly, "you've been very good to me, you're the only one who has given me a helping hand or word. If it weren't for you I would have gone right under. Now you won't be angry if I ask you as man to man a

blunt question. I don't mean to be rude."

"Fire away," said Limner.

"Are you in love with Ella Pallacio?"

"Great heavens! man, certainly not."

"Is she in love with you?"

"Most certainly not. Look here, old chap, I won't pretend I don't know what you are driving at. Ella and I have been old friends and good friends. We are still. I'll be quite frank with you. There may have been now and again between us a spice of mock love-making, which, I suppose, every fellow is tempted to do with a handsome woman when he gets the chance. But she knew it was play-acting as well as I did. I admire her beauty, of course. What man with eyes in his head could fail to do that? But there was never any thought of love between us."

Browne drew a deep breath of relief, like a man who hears good news he hardly expected to hear, and again shook Limner's hand warmly.

"That's a load off my mind," he said, with a quick shrug of his broad shoulders, as if he were casting off a burden. "Ella is the one and only girl in the world for me. Where's the tobacco? I must smoke or I'll have to break something."

For five minutes they puffed in silence. But there was companionship in the puffs—Browne's fast and eager; Hugh's slow and meditative.

It was Limner who spoke first. "I don't think the old man will like it, Browne. He fancies he is not long for this world, and wants money for his daughter. I don't half blame him."

"Nor I," agreed Browne. "Ella should marry an emperor and a Croesus combined, but all the same I want her to marry a poor devil of an unappreciated painter. I wish I could come by a little money, Limner. I'd go on the high roads in the old days."

"I have more than I know what to do with," Limner answered, tentatively. "It seems a bit hard that the man who only knows a good picture should make money, and the man who can paint a good picture should want it. Your turn will come, old chap, I've often told you that. Meanwhile, if you will let me be your banker."

BROWNE laid a sudden grip on his arm. "Don't, old chap, you know I cannot stand it. A loan which there is no chance of paying is an alms. You have bought my pictures, which no one else would look at."

"A good speculation, old boy," said Hugh. "All in the way of my trade."

"I don't know about that."

"You do know about that, you know that the pictures are worth more than I paid for them. Mock modesty doesn't suit you. You know as well as I that you can paint."

"What's the good of painting when I cannot sell?"

"Why not?"

"I don't know 'why,' but the fact is there. I'm not in the fashion, I suppose, neither very old nor very new. I don't paint a landscape with a brown tree in the middle foreground. I don't paint a sweetly pretty picture with a small child and a big dog and a bundle of flowers. I want to take my own line, and dealers won't have it. The successful painter has to walk on the paths and keep off the grass."

"Cheer up, your turn will come.

Every man gets jostled that tries to shove through the crowd. Painters, like poets, must wait their time."

"Chatterton, for example," growled Browne. "His fate was not particularly encouraging."

LIMNER looked at him for a moment with a vacant stare, like a man whose mind a sudden thought had captured. Then, much to Browne's surprise, he relaxed into a hearty laugh.

"You're wrong," he said, at last, "quite wrong. Chatterton's career is particularly encouraging to you. If you look at it from a little distance like an impressionist picture and don't go into details. I think I've hit on a plan. You have Chatterton's queer gift for mimicking the masters."

"I don't call it mimicry."

"Call it what you like; you need not be so touchy. I trust your manner will improve with prosperity. Now listen to my plan, if you please."

They talked eagerly for a while. Hugh suggesting, Browne protesting and considering.

"Can I do it?" Browne asked, at length. "You know my work and my capabilities better than I do myself. Can I do it?"

"I believe you can."

"Then I'll try."

"And succeed. Good-bye. Be off with you to Paris and get to work at once. The sooner the thing is done the better. It will be a lesson to the dealers and painters. A lesson they want badly."

Browne left the room as he entered it—in a rush.

Hugh's despondency melted away as he lay back in his chair, "well pleased with his own ingenuity," to puzzle out his plan. "If it works," he thought, "and I believe it will work, there is one difficulty smoothed out of the way. Old Pallacio will be satisfied and Sybil will understand."

But he was not so well pleased with himself when he called next day to see Sybil at her new house and was told she had a visitor and did not wish to be disturbed. The visitor's name, he learned, was Ambrose Pallacio.

He would have been less pleased still if he could have broken suddenly in on their talk.

"I don't believe it," Sybil cried, passionately, "and I don't know why you come to tell those things to me."

"I am the girl's father," said Pallacio. The deep underlying affection in his voice gave dignity to his words. "I am old and dying. She is very beautiful, and beauty provokes robbers sooner than thieves. I had hoped to have seen her happily married before I died, but you have come between her and her chance of happiness."

"Did she send you to tell me this?" The petulant words were hardly spoken before she was sorry. "No, no. Forgive me. I did not mean that," she began eagerly, when the anger in the old man's eyes silenced her.

He struggled fiercely with his rage before he could speak.

"She send me!" he growled out, at last. "Send me to ask pity from you who are not fit to tie her shoelace. If the man came crawling back to her on his knees she wouldn't take him now. I come in kindness to warn you, and you won't be warned. So be it. Marry

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him. He is worthy of you, and you of him—the liar and the thief.”

“It is false,” she cried, her fear of the man forgotten at the insult to Hugh. “You know it is false, if you know him at all!”

The old man grinned malignantly. “What if I can prove it to be true?” he asked, slowly.

“You cannot prove it; nothing could prove a malicious falsehood to be true.”

“What if I can prove it so clearly that you yourself must confess?”

“It is impossible.”

“Then put it to the test if you have such faith in your lover's truth and honesty. Put it to the test.”

“He is not my lover.”

“So my task is the easier. He is your friend, your dear old friend. Are you afraid to know him for what he really is? Well, within the week, I will prove my words if you will give me the chance. Are you afraid?”

“No,” she answered, proudly; “you can prove nothing against Hugh Limer.”

Old Pallacio turned away his head to hide a smile of evil triumph. “We shall see,” he muttered. “In a week's time we shall see.”

He rose from his seat and shambled to the door. On the threshold he paused and looked back. “Remember your promise,” he said, and in spite of her faith and courage, Sybil's heart was chilled by the calm assurance of his voice.

CHAPTER XIV.
The Stolen Picture.

THE gaunt and shaggy figure of old Pallacio was a blot on a scene whose beauty was unrivalled even in the fair and fertile region of Kent. His head bowed between his shoulders, uncouth as a grizzly bear, he walked with snuffling strides along the famous Sternholt avenue of lime trees, that stood well back from the roadway—two huge ramparts of vivid verdure stretching for more than a mile without a curve. Here and there through openings artfully cut in the high green wall, a glance was had of the wide demesne with a flash of water in the distance and the fitting shadows of deer through the dim vista of the woods. Rabbits, white and brown, tumbled over each other in the grass and scampered off at the approach of Pallacio. Without a look or a thought for God's beautiful work, under the blue sky, over the green sward, Pallacio walked unheedingly, his eyes dimmed, his mind wearied and fouled by evil plotting.

A bold sweep of the avenue brought him in sight of the Sternholt Towers. A great house, standing brave and big against a background of verdure, its lines so bold and clear that it seemed rather carved than built. The many sharp pointed turrets shot up above the tallest trees into the vacant air. In front stretched a wide expanse of smooth, green sod, raised terrace over terrace, backed by stately trees with flowering shrubs between. On the farther side was a glimpse of the red brick walls of the garden, which was the chief glory of the place—a wide wilderness of a garden with winding walks and quaint shady nooks and open spaces, huge cedars and oaks lifting their tall branches above the fruit and flowers, with a clear stream sweeping smoothly through it all.

But Pallacio cared for none of these things. It was a curious limitation in the man's nature. The beauty of a picture appealed to him powerfully, the beauty of nature not at all.

As he climbed the high stone steps and stood under the lofty portico of Sternholt, his whole soul was absorbed in the fancied wrong of his daughter—the one being in the whole world whom he truly loved—and in his scheme of bitter revenge.

It chanced that the big footman at the door was a newcomer who knew not Pallacio, and he blocked his entrance in the wide doorway when the old man would have pushed past.

“Lord Sternholt is in the picture gallery,” the footman said, “and is not to be disturbed. I will take your message or you can write.”

“Bring him my name,” growled Pal-

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lacio, "Lord Sternholt will see me."
 "I think not, my fine fellow," retorted the flunkey. "If you don't like to leave your message, or have none to leave, you had better get out."
 Furious at the man's insolence, Pallacio again strove to push past the opposing bulk of padding and powder, and the enraged footman stretched a huge paw to put him back violently. But before the broad palm touched Pallacio's breast, footsteps crossed the chequered marble of the hall, swift and silent as a panther's, and a dusky hand closed quietly, almost gently, on the lackey's wrist. But the big man writhed and whined with the pain of that gentle clasp, and shrank back nursing his wrist tenderly.
 "Salaam, sahib," said the newcomer, in a soft purring voice, "my lord will see you most assuredly. I know my lord's wishes and will lead you to him."

HE bowed profoundly as he spoke, and recovered himself with graceful ease. The man was pliable and elastic as Indian rubber, every movement suggested, not grace only, but marvellous strength and activity.

Pallacio looked into the handsome face, which he knew so well, of Lord Sternholt's factotum, and read there, as he had often read before—nothing. The clear-cut, perfect features, the gleam of the teeth between the scarlet lips, the moustache and beard of glossy black, the wide forehead and firm chin all went to make a superb statue of a man. There was light in those dark eyes, but it was light that gave no glimpse of the mysterious soul within.

The man was an Indian—that much at least was certain, from the thick rolled turban of spotless white to the gold embroidered sandals on his feet, all proclaimed him an Indian of one of the high caste warlike tribes.

"My lord is in the picture gallery," he repeated, with the same soft purr in his voice. "Will you come?"

"Thanks, Abdallah," Pallacio said, and followed him up the wide marble stairs, which the Indian mounted with the ease of a cat.

Down a long corridor Abdallah led and Pallacio followed, to a door of dark mahogany polished like a mirror, which Abdallah pushed open without ceremony.

"My lord told me he would see you when you came, and he is there."

He pointed to the farther end of the long picture gallery, where Pallacio had a glimpse of a figure lying back in an easy chair in front of a rich riotous Rubens, of Actaeon flying from the nude nymphs and goddesses whom he has surprised, by the mossy margin of a forest pool overcanopied with trees. Pool and forest, nymphs and flying youth all painted with a splendid prodigality of glorious colour.

There was no furniture in the room, except a number of easy chairs with large rubber-tyred castors that moved with a touch over the floor of polished tessalated oak. The walls were panelled oak of a darker hue, and the roof was of glass. High windows on either side looked out on the garden and demesne, and the room was flooded with light. On the panelled wall, with many spaces between, were hung about ninety pictures, old and modern, large and small, but each a masterpiece. No second-class artist, and no second-class picture, even of a master, found admittance. The family portraits of the famous Sternholts were, with a few exceptions, banished elsewhere, for to art, not to ancestry, this gallery was devoted. Only when the ancestor or ancestress, whether gallant warrior or simpering beauty or pliant courtier had the good luck to be painted by a Reynolds, a Romney, a Hopper, a Gainsborough, or a Laurence, was a place found for the picture.

Pallacio had shambled half-way up the hall before Lord Sternholt, absorbed on contemplation of the luxurious beauty of the Rubens, noticed his coming. Then he sprang from his chair and came with a quick stride to meet him.

In all those years Lord Sternholt had hardly changed at all. He looked

almost as young as on that day long ago, when dripping from the thunderstorm, he came into the cottage of Margaret Darley in far away Conema, his eager, overflowing vitality still craved indulgence and enjoyment—with a craving not to be denied.

Here and there was a strand of white in his black hair, wrinkles had come under his eyes and at the corners of his mouth, but his figure was as alert, his voice as vibrant, his eyes as full of fire as of old.

"Hallo, Pallacio," he cried, "I got your wire, 'want to see you immediate and important.' Well, here I am!"

"I had some trouble getting to you," grumbled Pallacio.

"How was that, man? I told Abdallah that you were to be brought to me here, at once."

"Oh, Abdallah was not to blame, but a booby footman of yours. He would have flung me down the steps if Abdallah had not turned up in the nick of time."

"Ah! Abdallah has a way of turning up in the nick of time, useful fellow—at a pinch."

Some pleasant reminiscences connected with Abdallah seemed to amuse Frederick, Lord Sternholt. He smiled as a man smiles in appreciation of a neat joke.

"Who is he? Where did you pick him up?" blurted out Pallacio. "I'm half afraid of the man at times; he seems to have a strain of the wild beast in him."

Lord Sternholt smiled quite pleasantly. "Quite right. He is my tame panther. Panthers are hard to tame; some people say they are untameable, but I know better. Would you like to know how I tamed Abdallah? Some day, perhaps. It's a very interesting little story. But I may tell you here and now that Abdallah belonged to one of the most ancient and exclusive castes in India. He was rather a fanatic in his own special line, and when I first met him he was engaged in one of the most exciting ceremonials of his creed. But by sheer force of argument I converted him to Christianity."

Sternholt spoke throughout with laughter in his eyes, as if at some jest underlying the obvious meaning of his words.

"I would not give much for his Christianity," objected Pallacio.

"That is at it may be, but you did not come here, I take it, to discuss Abdallah's moral and religious qualities. What did you come for?"

"To warn you of a great danger."
 "That all?" retorted his lordship, lightly.

"And to show you the way out of it."

"You are very kind, I'm sure; but couldn't you contrive to be a little less mysterious? What's the danger, and what's the way out of it?"

"The danger first," said Pallacio. "It concerns that picture."

Lord Sternholt grew serious instantly. "Well," he snapped out, "what of that? Go on, man!"

"You remember the boy, Hugh Limer, was on the spot when the picture disappeared. He is in London now in the picture business. He is perhaps the best judge of pictures in the world."

"Oh! I know that. I know the man himself. Have you nothing new to tell me?"

"The girl Sybil Darley has just come to London. The two are friends. I have reason to think they are sweethearts."

"Well, that's their own affair. I don't see how it concerns me."

"My lord, you may as well put your cards on the table, for I know what is in your lordship's hand. Besides, it is a rule of the game never to deceive your partner."

"You're a cunning rascal, Pallacio, what do you guess?"

"Know is a better word, my lord. You are very fond of a good picture, and would go a long way to get hold of it. That Velasquez was a glorious canvas. But that was not the only reason you wanted it."

"Why did I want it, then? What do



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you guess? What do you know? Speak out."

Lord Sternholt's pretence of indifference had quite passed. The words came out through tight-clenched teeth. His face paled. A scar unnoticeable before showed in a thin red line over his left temple. He looked dangerous.

But Pallacio went on, calmly. "I heard the widow say, my lord, that the picture was very like her husband, who had mysteriously disappeared. I could see it was very like the daughter. I thought perhaps you knew who the father was; perhaps you know who the daughter is."

Lord Sternholt flamed into a sudden rage. "You are an intermeddling fool," he began.

Pallacio interrupted. "Why angry with me, my lord? If I have found a secret I can keep it. I came to help you if you will let me."

THREE times his lordship paced backwards and forwards through the long hall before he could trust himself to answer. Then he stopped short in front of the old man, who had waited impassively, his anger quite mastered.

"I think I can trust you, Pallacio."

"You know you can!"

"I accept the amendment," said his lordship, cynically. "I know I can trust you for many reasons we are both aware of, it would not suit you to betray me. You are a very good, kind friend, but I think you are a little too nervous on my account. Mr. Hugh Limner has never seen the picture since it left Connemara; he is never likely to see it again. So far as I remember you yourself have never seen it since that day. Come this way."

He led him to the centre of the great hall. There was a wide, vacant space on the dark oak panelling where the fullest light fell.

"Stand just there," Lord Sternholt said. He stooped and pushed some spring concealed in the rich carving of the wainscoting. A great square of dark oak about a man's height from the floor began to revolve slowly. It swung completely round, and before the astonished eyes of Pallacio there appeared the glorious Velasquez, framed in the same rich frame he had last seen in Mrs. Darley's cottage in Connemara.

He could not restrain a cry of surprise and admiration, which Lord Sternholt answered with a self-satisfied chuckle.

"I fancy that's pretty safe," he said, complacently. "See, I just press the centre of the rose in this panel and the picture vanishes. I press it again and it reappears. No one knows the contrivance except myself. The man that constructed it is dead."

"Have you never shown the picture to anyone?" asked Pallacio.

"Of course I have. What would be the good of having it if I didn't now and then make some rival collector green with envy? But they don't know where or how it is hidden."

"All the same, they are sure to talk, and Limner is almost sure sometime or another to hear them talk. He is bound to recognize it and have a try to recover it for his wife's sake."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"To keep these two apart; to give Limner something else to think about."

"Have you some game of your own in this, Pallacio?"

"What if I have—how does that concern you? If I can help you and please myself at the same time you have no right to complain."

"That's true enough. What is your plan?"

Pallacio leant forward and whispered, as if the empty hall was full of eavesdroppers.

"Clever," said Lord Sternholt, with a short laugh, not pleasant to hear. "Yes, I think I can trust you with the picture."

"You know you can," retorted Pallacio. "You don't let me forget I am in your power."

Again Lord Sternholt laughed the same short, unpleasant laugh that had

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Some of them used to pare corns, merely to relieve. Some of them tried the old-time treatments until they gave up in disgust.

Now never again will they suffer from corns. When one appears, **Blue-jay** goes on it.

There is no more pain. The corn is forgotten. In two days they lift it out. No soreness, no pain, no trouble.

That sounds too good to be true. But remember, please, that a million corns a month are ended in this **Blue-jay** way.

Why don't you let it put an end to yours?

Blue-jay

For Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

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Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Unusually Changeable Weather

So far the winter has been remarkably changeable. We have had the lowest temperature for a great many years— We have sudden changes and remarkable variations.

Exceptionally Safe Clothing

To meet these changes without risk, to avoid chills and colds with all their attendant dangers, there is no underwear except pure wool that will protect the body properly.

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has become so fully accepted as the purest, the best and the safest that the physicians' motto: "The wise wear wool" is best applied by saying: "The wise wear Jaeger."

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something of menace in it. "All right," he said, "I'll pack up the Velasquez myself and you can call for it."

CHAPTER XV.

The Old Master and the New.

CHRISTIE'S great saleroom was thronged and throbbing with excitement, though it was nearly an hour from the time fixed for the sale; nor was there any secret about the cause of the excitement. A Manet "Cafe Scene," glaring, vivid, relentless, alive, vibrating with crude juxtaposed colour had come in for sale. It was a picture of two men of the working classes in blue blouses—one wearing a vivid scarlet tie—and a woman in a bright pink market dress, seated at a little marble-topped table in the early morning. Behind them the sleepy-eyed garcon laboriously arranged matches in a series of little earthenware holders upon another table. The red and yellow stripes of the holland awning formed the top of the picture.

It seemed to be one of Manet's very latest works. The leader of impressionism had only become an enthusiastic "plein-artiste" in the closing years of his life. Varnish and age had scarcely time to commence to soften the vigorous calculated crudities of the canvas. Painted without regard to finical detail, with a clear appreciation of the value of broad masses of primary colour, the picture was one of the most daring pieces of artistic assurance ever created—a frank, realistic interpretation of modern life.

The name of the owner was not mentioned, and in the picture records there was no hint of the existence of this great painting. Some sceptics questioned if it were really a Manet. But some eminent judges had pronounced it to be unmistakably genuine, and Christie's had, in their sale catalogue, given it the customary hall mark of their high approval by affixing the initials to the name of the painter.

No wonder so many connoisseurs, collectors and dealers assembled in the saleroom.

Every now and then a crowd would gather before the big picture which was hung fairly high in full light, a blaze of gorgeous colour in the dull and crowded room. As the crowds dissolved and re-assembled amid a constant buzz of admiration, Hugh Limner found himself the centre of an animated group.

"Hallo, Limner," cried one, a stout, elderly man, who looked a good-natured cattle dealer, and was a specialist in French painting, "what do you think, I suppose it is a genuine Manet all right, but still there's something about it that puzzles. There are tints and touches that I never saw in a Manet. What do you say about it?"

"It is a fine picture," returned Limner, "and it is undoubtedly in Manet's best style."

"But is it an original, do you think?"

"Why, certainly, no painter ever painted like that who had tied up his imagination to copy another man's work."

Limner's words ran rapidly round the great room with additions, alterations and improvements.

The gossips swore that he pronounced "the picture genuine Manet." Details even added "he knew its owner, he had seen it before, he could trace its history," "he was commissioned to buy it."

More than one dealer whom Limner had bested in many a bargain determined that if he bought the picture he would at least pay the full price for it.

Sharp at the appointed hour the auctioneer stepped into his rostrum with the famous hammer in his hand which had broken up rare collections and scattered masterpieces over the world. The crowd gathered closer and all eyes were turned on him as the eyes of a congregation on a great preacher. Some of the most constant frequenters had places of their own, where no one intruded and where the auctioneer's glance could always find them when he wanted a bid.

He began very quietly. "Gentle-

men," he said, "as I know many of you come here for a special purpose, I will not detain you. I guess the picture you want to buy, and I will give you the opportunity at once. You see in your catalogue 'Cafe Scene', by Manet. But it is fair to you to add that as far as I know it has no history. We don't know where it comes from or the name of the owner. You must use your own eyes and judgment, gentlemen, and if you have a doubt don't bid."

He smiled at the mere notion of a doubt, and added, sharply, "How much shall I say, gentlemen, for this fine Manet? Shall I begin with a thousand? Thank you."

Hugh Limner had nodded and started the bidding. There was an almost imperceptible pause and the auctioneer went on again. "A thousand and twenty-five—fifty—seventy-five, thank you. A thousand one hundred." Smoothly and easily the figure mounted to two thousand.

Here there was a pause for a moment. The auctioneer remonstrated. "Going for two thousand—a Manet for two thousand." Then a nod from Hugh Limner set the ball rolling again.

At two thousand four hundred, Lord Sternholt interposed for the first time, raising the figure by a hundred at a single jump, and again there was a pause.

A dealer known as the agent for the Hermitage gallery took the bidding to two thousand five fifty, and Lord Sternholt promptly retorted with six hundred, and the dealer dropped out.

"Going," said the auctioneer, once more, very slowly. "There is no reserve, the highest bid takes the picture. 'Two thousand six fifty,'" he added, briskly. Hugh Limner had nodded again.

Lord Sternholt promptly retorted, and from that out the bidding was a duel between the two; Limner placid and smiling, Sternholt eager and aggressive.

At three thousand five hundred, a bid by his lordship, the end came. The auctioneer's appealing glance to Limner was answered by a decisive shake of the head. He ran rapidly through the prescribed formula, and knocked the picture down to Lord Sternholt amid a murmur of applause.

HALF a dozen dealers crowded round to congratulate him on his bargain. Hugh Limner sauntered toward the excited group.

"An easy victory, Mr. Limner," cried his lordship, triumphantly, as he saw him coming. "Faint heart never won fine picture. Did you doubt your own judgment?"

"Not in the least, my lord," replied Limner, still smiling.

"You let such a Manet go for three thousand five hundred," jeered his lordship.

"The picture is not a Manet, my lord. I would have told you that if you had condescended to ask me. It is a fine picture by one of the best of our young painters, and some day will be worth more than your lordship paid for it, but it is not a Manet."

(To be continued.)

Once Upon a Time.—Once upon a time there was a peer who knew the frailty of unennobled man.

Having occasion to entertain at dinner a number of useful fellows, he instructed his butler to transfer the labels from a number of empty bottles of champagne to an equal number of magnums of dry ginger-ale, at ten shillings the dozen, and these were placed on the table.

At the beginning of the repast his lordship casually drew attention to the wine which he was giving his guests, and asked for their candid opinion of it, as he was aware that they were all good judges, who knew a good thing when they saw it, and he would value their opinion.

And they one and all said it was an excellent champagne, and two or three made a note of it in their pocket-books. And such was their loyal enthusiasm that the banquet ended in a fine glow of something exactly like hilarity.—Punch.



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"Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table



READ THIS TRANSLATION

- (1) *As for her who desires beauty.*
- (2) *She is wont to anoint her limbs with oil of palm and oil of olives.*
- (3) *There cause to flourish these ointments the skin.*
- (4) *As for the oil of palm and oil of olives, there is not their like for revivifying, making sound and purifying the skin.*

EXPLANATORY NOTE

This is a translation of the story of palm and olive oils written in the hieroglyphics of 3,000 years ago.

The characters and the translation are correctly shown according to the present-day knowledge of the subject.

Read hieroglyphics down, and to the right.

A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old

The Egyptian maid of 3,000 years ago was famous for a perfect complexion—probably due to the use of olive oil in combination with oil of palm.

In the Homeric World, as depicted in the Iliad, olive oil was known as a luxury of the wealthy—an exotic product, prized chiefly for its value at the toilet.

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PALMOLIVE CREAM cleanses the pores of the

skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price 50 cents.

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