

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**IN THIS NUMBER**  
Special Woman's Supplement

Contributed to by Marjorie Pickthall,  
Ethelwyn Wetherald and Margaret Bell

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

**COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO**

# EATON'S MIDSUMMER SALE

CATALOGUE NO. 99

1911

## 397 SELECTED

# BARGAINS

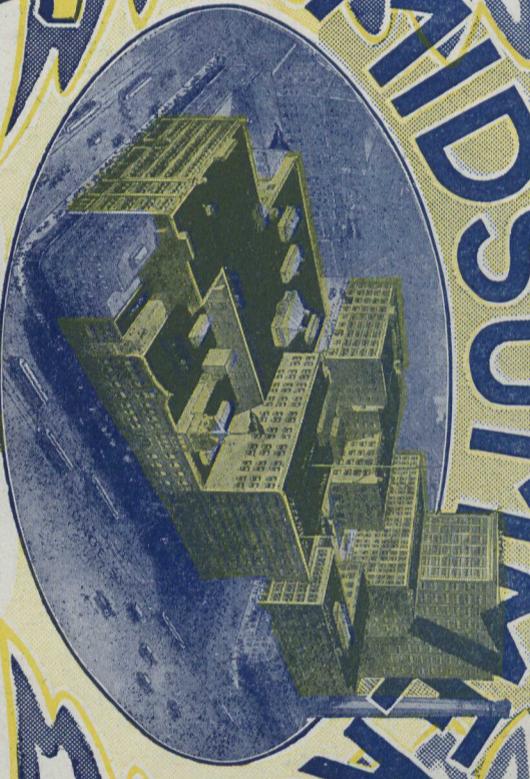
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## AUGUST

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## The Scrap Book

**In the Swim.**—A reviewer in the New York Nation illustrates his own comments on a certain new volume of essays by a story that is worth putting into circulation. Three hearers, he says, of the admired Dr. X., were talking in the vestibule after the sermon. "We must admit," remarked the first, "that the doctor dives deeper into his subject than any other preacher." "Yes," said the second, "and stays under longer." "And comes up drier," added the third.—Western Christian Advocate.

**Modern Strategist.**—"Talk about Napoleon! That fellow Wombat is something of a strategist himself." "As to how?" "Got his salary raised six months ago, and his wife hasn't found it out yet."—Washington Herald.

**At the Hash-Foundry.**  
"I will now help the soup"—so the landlady cried.  
For her troublesome guests she knew how to provide.  
And the boarder reflected with tongue in his cheek:  
"Kind lady—so ready at helping the weak!" —M. A. P.

**Art and Reality.**—"I never yet saw a man who talked like the hero of a story," said Mrs. Groucher.  
"Well," replied her husband, "I never saw a woman who looked like the pictures in a fashion magazine."—Washington Star.

**Giving Himself Away.**—She was very literary, and he was not.  
He had spent a harrowing evening discussing authors of whom he knew nothing, and their books, of which he knew less.  
Presently the maiden asked archly: "Of course, you've read 'Romeo and Juliet?'"  
He floundered helplessly for a moment and then, having a brilliant thought, blurted out, happily: "I've—I've read Romeo!"—Philadelphia Times.

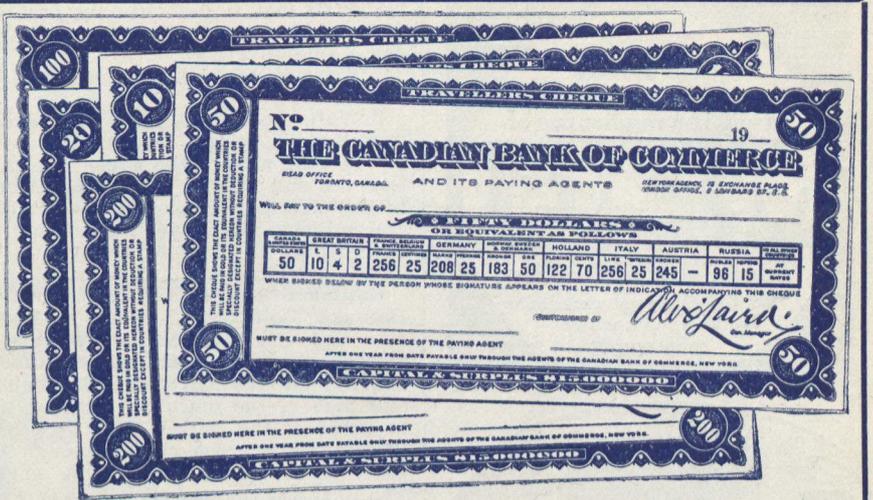
**A Hard Knock.**—According to a noted Brooklyn clergyman, if the Apostle Paul were living he would be a great baseball fan. If he ever saw the St. Paul team play he would probably ask the Probate Court to change his name back to Saul.—Kansas City Times.

**Mixing the Pipes.**—"You're wanted," said the small boy.  
"Who wants me?" demanded the plumber.  
"No. 137—the house you've just come from."  
"Do they think I can work all hours of the day?" retorted the plumber.  
"You'd better come," persisted the small boy stoutly, "or it'll be too late. Ma's got hysterics, and pa's gone nearly mad, and—"  
"Look here, sonny!" asked the plumber. "What's up?"  
"Well, I think you've connected the wrong pipes, or something," replied the boy. "Anyhow, the chandelier in the parlour is spraying like a fountain and the bathroom tap's on fire!"—Answers.

**Sensible Question.**—The Medium: "We are now in communication with your departed wife. Do you want to ask her any question?"  
"Yes; I'd like to know where she put my summer underwear."—Life.

**Boss Couldn't Save.**—Employer: "I hope you save something out of your salary, James?" Office-Boy: "Yes, sir; 'most all of it sir." Employer (eagerly): "Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?"—Puck.

**The Principal Occupation.**—"A good turkey dinner and mince pie," said a well-known after-dinner orator, "always puts us in a lethargic mood—"



## FACSIMILE OF . . . Travellers' Cheques

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These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are negotiable everywhere, self-identifying and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

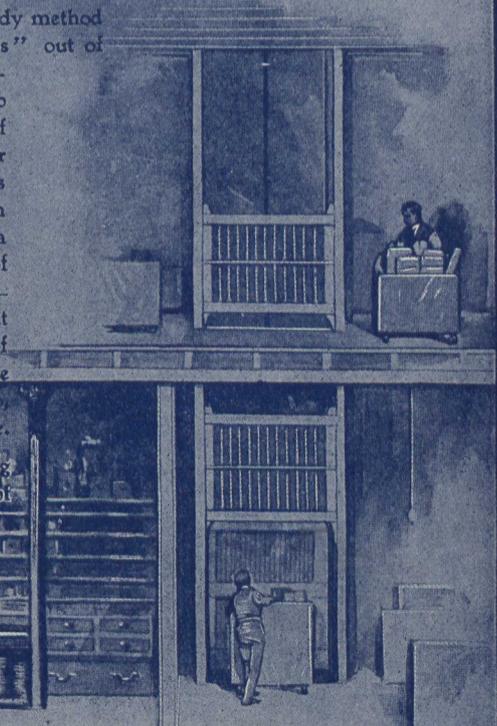


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Forming a direct and speedy method of keeping the "superfluous" out of your customers' way, an elevator thus makes your shop more inviting. It allows of storing needful things in your upper storey, and yet places you in a position to reach them in a minute's notice. In a word, no matter what class of business you are engaged in—modern methods demand that you call to your aid the use of a freight elevator, to facilitate the storing of, and the access to, reserve stock and merchandise.

Mail us the above clipping and afford us the opportunity of sending you our handsome illustrated booklet. It tells the great possibilities the freight elevator has in store for you.



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stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists', or by mail from

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When the time comes to send the children away to school be prepared to meet the extra expense. Put away a little money for that purpose every year. Every dollar saved now means less privation for you and a better education for the children.

We pay 3 per cent. on savings accounts.

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INCORPORATED 1885.  
Capital and Surplus \$6,650,000  
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

The French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

# Perrier

The Champagne of Table Waters

makes us feel, in fact, like the natives of Nola Chucky. In Nola Chucky one day I said to a man:

"What is the principal occupation of this town?"

"Wall, boss," the man answered, yawning, "in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follows the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follows the shade around to the east."

**Getting Even.**—This is a story of the Harvard "Gold Coast." Some students who had either a real or imaginary grievance against a taxicab chauffeur boarded his cab and rode all evening and part of the morning, winding up in front of the halls. They excused themselves to raise money enough to pay the bill, and never came back. The next day the taxicab company was called up, and the manager asked: "Did you have some Harvard students use a cab all night?"

"Yes."  
"Did they evade the bill?"  
"Yes."  
"Did the chauffeur wait for four hours for them to come and pay him?"  
"Yes."  
"And you were never paid?"  
"No."  
"Well," concluded the voice, "isn't that too — bad," and the receiver was hung up.

**Not a Compliment.**—French Professor—"Ah, yes, mademoiselle, you spick ze French wizout ze least accent."

Miss Breezy—"It is very kind of you to say so, but do I really?"

French Professor—Oh, yes. Zat ees, wizout ze least French accent.—Tit-Bits.

**Tactful.**—Judge—"You are a freeholder?"

Talesman—"Yes, sir; I am."  
Judge—"Married or single?"  
Talesman—"Married three years last June."

Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"  
Talesman—"Not for three years, your honor."—Success Magazine.

**Troubles of Kings.**—"These hanging gardens of Babylon are said to have been 300 feet in the air."

"Why did the king put them so high?"  
"Perhaps the neighbouring kings kept chickens."—Pittsburg Post.

**A Bad Case.**—"You looked worried, dear. What's the matter?"

"My husband is ill."  
"Too bad! Is his condition critical?"  
"Worse — it's abusive." — Toledo Blade.

**A Crime.**—"What do you think of the plot?" asked the theatre manager.

"That isn't a plot," replied the man who had paid \$2 to see the show. "That's a conspiracy."—Washington Star.

**Revenged.**—"Johnny, I have great news for you; I am going to marry your sister. What do you think about that?"

"I think it serves her right."—Houston Post.

**There Are Others.**—Miss Young—"In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him."

Mrs. Wedd—"Why mention Turkey especially?"—Boston Transcript.

**The Worm Turned.**—Onlooker: "Awfully stupid pastime, fishing."  
Angler—"There's one far more stupid."

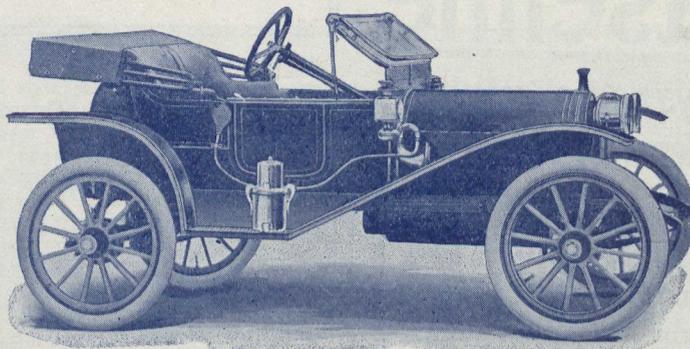
Onlooker—"What's that?"  
Angler—"Looking on."

**Good Prescription.**—Doctor—"What your husband needs, Mrs. Nagget, is a complete rest. I have prescribed a sleeping draught."

Mrs. Nagget—"Very well, doctor; when shall I give it to him?"

Doctor—"Don't give it to him at all. Take it yourself!"—The Throne.

## More than You Ever Got Before



**RUNABOUT, \$850**

F. O. B. Windsor, including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, horn and tools. Touring Car, with foredoors and same equipment, \$1000 F. O. B. Windsor

# Hupmobile

**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE**

The Hupmobile has always been recognized all over the world as the best and biggest value—for the money—among motor cars.

Now it is a bigger and better value than it ever was before.

In other words, you get more for your money than \$850 ever before could buy—even when it bought a Hupmobile.

The price, as it is illustrated—with complete equipment of top and windshield, gas lamps and tank, and doors, in addition to the oil lamps, horn and tools—is \$850.

Moreover, this new Hupmobile is \$100 better in material than its predecessors.

Beyond this, value-giving cannot go—the Hupmobile, as it comes to you to-day, represents the utmost of durability and staunchness.

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## Solving The High-Cost Problem

Eat simple, nourishing, inexpensive foods and you will be the gainer in health and pocket. The high protein foods, meats, etc., cost the most, are the hardest to digest and hence the least nutritious in the long run. Cut out heavy meats and soggy pastries for a while and eat

# SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuits, the ready-cooked, ready-to-serve whole wheat food—steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world.

Try Shredded Wheat for breakfast for ten days—served with milk or cream. Easily digested. Keeps the stomach sweet and the bowels healthy and active.

Also deliciously wholesome when eaten in combination with stewed or fresh fruits.

*Triscuit is the crisp, tasty Shredded Wheat Wafer—delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalade. Toast in the oven before serving.*

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European Plan

THOS. O. PAIGE : Manager

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 7

## CONTENTS

- In Petawawa Camp ..... By E. J. Phillips.  
 Canadian Athletes Abroad .... Winners on Track and Stream.  
 The Stranger, Story ..... By Lloyd Roberts.  
 The Newspaper Reporter ..... By W. A. Clarke.  
 Reflections ..... By the Editor.  
 The Shadow on the Dial ..... By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.  
 Two Pet Squirrels ..... By Ethelwyn Wetherald.  
 Western Summer Homes ..... By Grace Cornell.  
 The Matinee Girl ..... By Margaret Bell.



## Editor's Talk

**I**N this issue we devote eight pages to the interests of women-kind and some to the exploits of the other sex; some to travel and some to opinions; something about summer homes in the West and the military camp at Petawawa. Our photographic frontispiece has a cool weather feeling for a hot spell; perhaps predictive of interesting things coming along concerning the out-of-doors and the back to the land movement that seems to be growing in favour everywhere.

You will notice that a large number of city folk are beginning to talk loudly about what they would or will do with a thousand dollars or so by way of starting a fruit farm or a chicken ranch within easy distance of town; thereby escaping the tyranny of city life where the cost of living is only exceeded by its discomforts. The shoe seems to be getting on the other foot. In the summer time the average city man is sure that farming is a paradise; just as a few years ago, and even to-day, many farmers reckon that the town man with his comfortable salary, his easy amusements and his street cars to ride down to the office instead of straddling the off horse to ride back the lane to a hard day's work, is a fit subject of envy and a proper person to pay fat prices to the middleman and the farmer for every blessed thing he gets to eat.

Phases of this we expect to exploit in coming numbers of the "Canadian Courier."

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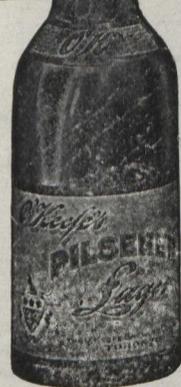
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**SCOTCH**

**O'Keefe's  
 PILSENER**



Insist that your dealer always sends  
 O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

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The "British Medical Journal" says—  
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H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor

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### PALE ALE

### Hearst Hysteria at the Sault

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

UP at Sault Ste. Marie, there is being written a commentary on Canadian morals, manners and justice as seen from the United States point of view. Opinions may differ as to the value of American criticism on Canada as expressed by William Randolph Hearst, the New York yellow journalist man. But the phenomenon of this blatant proprietor of noisy newspapers, invading our peaceful land with all the equipment of a Hearst war—plaintive note, woman writers, sketchy artists and sign board headings is at least quite interesting, and, of course dramatic. Hearst is not on the trail of Reciprocity this time, though we've heard him on that. That subject is rather heavy when the mercury is soaring loftily in the bulb. Besides the excitement of it has been played out—just a trifle. While the Hearst editors were doing Canada on the trade assignment, it is not unlikely they hit on the trail of their latest sensation.

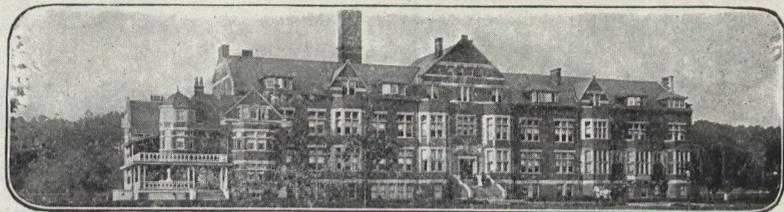
This time it is murder—murder at the Canadian Sault! What does a yellow journalist like to get his hands on better than bloodshed? Not infrequently in death feuds there are sensational features; sometimes such can be added and made very palatable to a morbid hungry clientele of readers.

The Neapolitano case at Sault Ste. Marie is not an edifying spectacle at any point. The bald facts are these: Neapolitano was an Italian labourer at the Sault. He had a wife Angelina, also from sunny Italy. Neapolitano did not prosper very rapidly in Canada. The family exchequer grew small and the numbers of little Neapolitanos increased. One day Angelina Neapolitano killed her husband with an axe. She was arrested; she had a fair trial; twelve men convicted her of murder; a judge sentenced her to be hanged in August. Some sympathy began to be expressed for Angelina Neapolitano immediately after the passing of sentence—on one ground. Clearly she had committed a capital crime against society. But why should she not pay the penalty? Angelina Neapolitano is doomed to the gallows in the middle of August. But in July she will become the mother of a child. It was due to this circumstance that people began to urge clemency in her case.

The Hearst papers have made the most of it. Out of a sordid, disgusting murder among the submerged tenth, they have done their best to evolve a highly dramatic and idealistic narrative. Special writers have gone to the Sault and written their editors pathetic interviews with Angelina in her lonely cell. Artists have idealized her portrait. Angelina Neapolitano has been exploited as a heroine unjustly persecuted by the Canadian people. A story that her husband tried to force her into a life of shame has been told with telling effect. Much speculation has been entertained of the probable verdict which would have been rendered, had Angelina been tried before a jury of women rather than men.

And what have been the results of the comment of American yellows on a Canadian case? The effects have largely been confined to the United States. Down on the Pacific Coast arises the heroic Dr. Tanner, far-famed twenty years ago as the "forty days' faster," who has offered to die in place of Angelina. The doctor has not lost his sense of the dramatic since the time when he kept a whole continent in suspense wondering whether he would survive a month without nourishment. He still seems determined to kill himself. Stacks of petitions have reached Ottawa for Mrs. Neapolitano's release from the United States. Aside from these spectacular incidents, how perverting must be the silent influence of the Hearst maudlinity upon the attitude of the indiscriminating foreign population in America toward British institutions.

Meanwhile, Canadians are taking the matter calmly. The women's organizations of the Dominion, considering Angelina's case, recognize it as a problem in Sociology rather than Hysteria.



**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO.** A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences September 13th, 1911. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster. P146

### VISITORS TO TORONTO

Should not fail to spend a few hours at

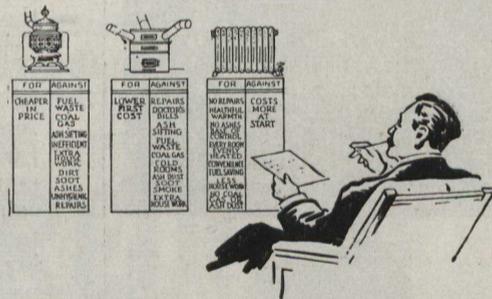
# Scarboro Beach PARK

One of the finest amusement parks on the Continent.

It is an ideal place for picnic parties, possessing a beautiful hardwood grove, a long sandy beach, and an athletic field and quarter mile track. Hot water is supplied free to picnickers, and dishes and other requisites can be rented at a nominal cost.

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far surpasses any other heating method for the modern homes. True, it costs more at first, but the difference in price only faintly indicates the wide difference in results. Consider even fuel consumption. In ten to fifteen years the waste entailed by old fashioned heating methods would easily pay the first cost and upkeep of a King Boiler and King Radiators, not to mention the added comfort you have enjoyed.

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# Canadian Courier

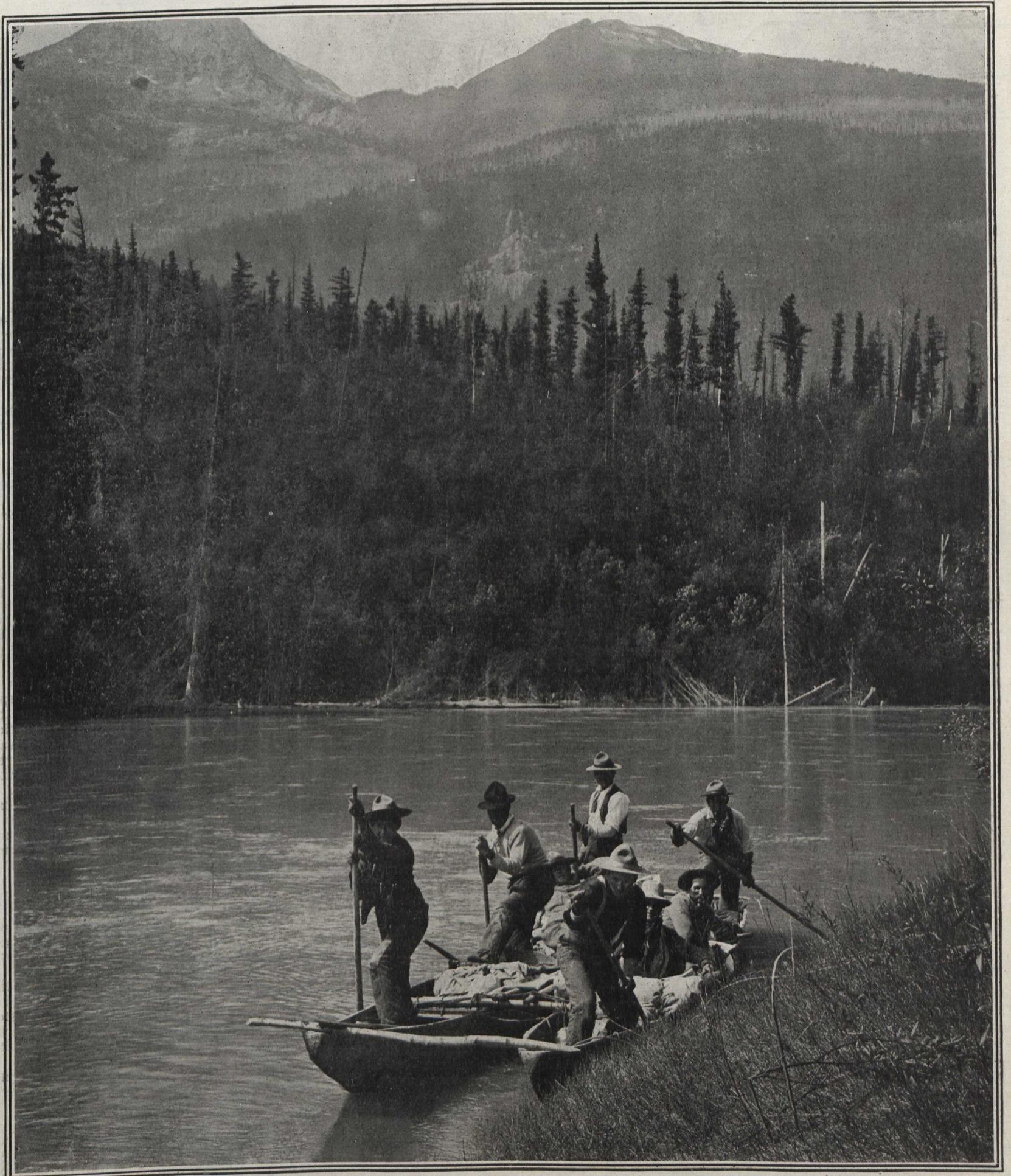


THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. X.

July 15, 1911

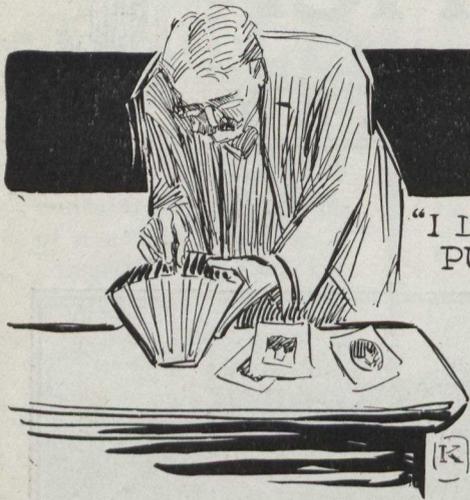
No. 7



## UP THE SLOPE OF THE GREAT DIVIDE

Half-breed Voyageurs poling up the Fraser through forests of Spruce toward the Snow-capped Heights that overhang the steel of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

# THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER



"I DON'T LIKE PUBLICITY"

## 3. Some Special Features of His Work

By W. A. CLARKE

IN the middle of a matinee performance at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, a reporter of a Toronto evening paper was told that he was wanted in the lobby. As he had been occupying one of the seats regularly reserved for his paper he was not surprised to find that it was his city editor who had called him out, but he was surprised when the city editor said, "The train for London leaves in fifteen minutes, and you're to catch it and cover the London election case."

"Fifteen minutes—why I haven't my grip," protested the reporter.

"Buy whatever you need when you get there,"

editor know that he has a telephone—on his beat or when sitting about in the office deciding to leave for the day, a reporter may get sudden notice to catch a train that leaves in a few minutes. The telegraph wire has hurried into the office "a flash" about a railway wreck, a murder or some other sensation in another city or in an out of the way place, and the sooner the reporter can get there the better are his chances to get a good story and "a good bunch of photographs."

Whether the out of town assignment concerns a sudden happening or a meeting or trial of which announcement was given days or even weeks before, the first duty of a reporter on getting to the end of his train trip is to make arrangements for getting his "stuff" to the newspaper office. Sometimes the story is of such a nature that it can be mailed, thus saving telegraph tolls, but usually the news must be sent by wire. So the reporter hunts up the telegraph operator, learns what are the latter's hours and arranges to have the operator work outside his usual hours if necessary. Then it's a case of getting to the scene of the story, getting the story written and "hanging it on the wire," so that it will reach the paper in good time for handling and being put into type. Sometimes the end of the train trip means reaching the scene of the story, but in many cases the reporter has to drive or even walk a considerable distance.

If several papers are represented on the out of town story and if there is only one telegraph wire, there's a great race to get the story to the operator. Reporters have been known to try not only to get their own story on the wire first, but also to try to hold the wire till it's too late for the other fellows to send a good story. A reporter, who worked on that idea, once had his story wired and then, in order to prevent the other reporters using the wire, handed the operator a copy of the Bible and had him wire part of the book of Genesis before the other reporters managed to convince him and the operator that they should be allowed to get the wire.

\* \* \*

WRITING specials is a line of work that on some papers takes up quite a little of a reporter's time. Specials are stories that won't spoil by holding for days, weeks, or even months. Most new stories must be used just as soon as possible, but, within certain limits and with a few exceptions, specials can be used at any time.

Specials may be written on a great number and variety of subjects, and their value depends upon the "human interest" in them. Many specials deal with how various articles are manufactured, the different departments of municipal or government service, successful men and outstanding features of a city or the country surrounding it. Freak occupations furnish material for good specials and so do changes in people's way of living, in doing their work and seeking their pleasures.

Sometimes a city editor gets unusual ideas for

specials. For instance, in following the instructions given by a Toronto paper one reporter slept in a police station and wrote up his experiences, and another interviewed the statue of the late Sir John A. Macdonald.

\* \* \*

GETTING photographs of people who figure in the news sounds like easy work, and often it is. Often it isn't. There's a terrifying amount of modesty in this old world if the reticence of people concerning having their "picture in the paper" is a correct indication. And unless he has had considerable experience a reporter is going to be somewhat surprised when a man doesn't look by any means the personification of modesty remarks, with almost a suggestion of Uriah Heep's manner, "I don't care to have my picture in the paper. I don't like publicity. I just want to go along quietly and do my work without attracting attention."

Unless they can get legislation to accomplish it, people who are much in the public eye can't prevent their pictures being used. Prominent people have been snapped so often and have had their pictures in so many booklets, programmes and so forth that getting a picture of them is a simple matter. But with people who have suddenly come into the limelight through their connection with some happening it is different. Sometimes the only picture of such a person is the one in the family photograph album or the one in the picnic or lodge group in the parlour, and if they refuse to loan either of those to the newspaper—well, a reporter isn't a sheriff, and sometimes he has to go back to his city editor and acknowledge that there's "nothing doing."

But a good reporter doesn't come away without a photograph unless all his powers of persuasion have been exhausted. A good example of overcoming what looks like a hopeless situation is that which a reporter on a Montreal evening paper had a few years ago. Early in the newspaper day he was sent to get the photograph of a minister who had died the day before. The minister's daughter came to the door and said, "I'm sure that father wouldn't have liked to have his picture in the paper." That looked final, and it looked even "more final" when the minister's widow said almost exactly the same thing. The reporter apologized for bothering them and said, "I would like very much to get a photograph. Our paper circulates among the places where you say Mr. — was stationed, and when the people in those places see our account of his death they would like to see his picture with it." Elaborating on that idea the reporter convinced mother and daughter that allowing the picture to be used would be no disrespect to the dead man. He obtained a good photograph, and when he saw a picture of the minister in each of the other evening papers of that day, he felt glad that he had brought his best ability to bear in order to not come away without the photograph.

\* \* \*

MOST reporters firmly believe that the people who are not engaged in newspaper work "don't know news." Why they come to that conclusion is well illustrated by an experience a Toronto reporter had. A friend who was quick as lightning in business promised to give whatever news tips he ran across to the reporter. One day the business man telephoned the reporter about a sleigh load of bricks having been stuck on a railway crossing the day before. The reporter questioned his friend thoroughly in order to find out whether there was any "human interest" feature to the story, but he was assured that the man and horses had gotten away safely.

"I didn't know whether it would be any good to you," said the friend, as he was about to end the conversation, "but the thing that struck me as funny was the speed of the man in getting his horses unhitched when he heard the train coming around the curve."

"So there was a train figuring in this story?" said the reporter. "I thought you said that there was no special incident. Tell me the story again."

From the reporter's point of view, the part of the story that his friend had almost forgotten to tell was the important feature, and instead of "giving it a paragraph" he wrote a quarter of a column about it and gave it a good-sized heading.



Pulled out of a Theatre and Hustled Out of Town.

said the city editor. "Here's money for the trip."

"But I don't know anything about the case except that it has been in the police court here."

"Grab the evening papers and read up about it on the train."

"But—"

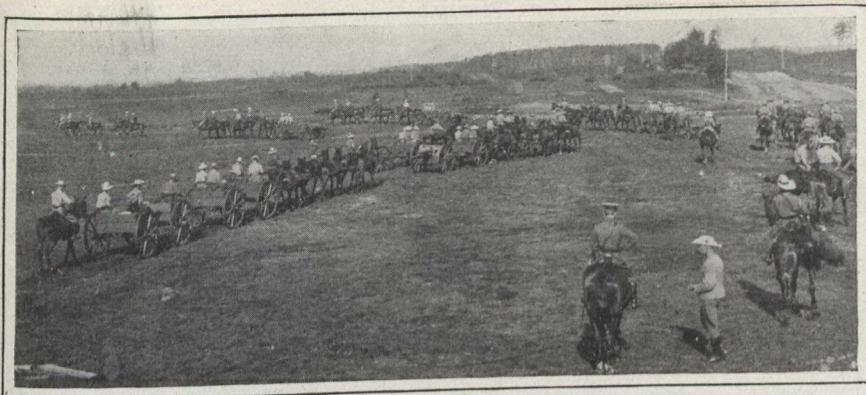
"You've only ten minutes now to get your train."

The reporter caught the train. He was one of the best men on the staff, otherwise the city editor wouldn't have pulled him out of the theatre. He dug up much interesting matter, and when he returned to Toronto the city editor promptly put his "O. K." on items in an expense account covering "one night shirt" and other things that ordinarily wouldn't be charged up to the office.

Probably few reporters have been taken out of theatres like that, but many have been hustled out of town with no longer notice. At his home—especially if he is unfortunate enough to have the city



SOMETIMES DRIVE OR WALK.



Field Artillery proceeding to Rendezvous



Firing a 4.7 Gun; Range of Shot being Five Miles.

# IN PETAWAWA CAMP

Observations at Canada's Greatest Military Training Ground

By E. J. PHILLIPS

**T**WELVE miles north of Pembroke, on the banks of the Ottawa River, and with the rushing Petawawa River flowing through it, lies Petawawa camp.

The permanent conditions of Petawawa camp are on a larger scale than has ever before been attempted in Canada. The actual camp ground covers two square miles, every portion of which is in plain view from headquarters, and the buildings cover over one hundred acres. There is permanent accommodation for 1,600 men and 650 horses. There are sixty main buildings which serve for administrative purposes, stores, and the various messes. There is a modern water service, complete sewerage system, with septic tanks,



Camp Mascot.

fire protection that has quite recently proved its worth, more than three miles of stone roads, and an acetylene gas plant that reaches every part of the warbian city. The main line of the C. P. R. runs through the grounds, and there are seven sidings for military use at the station. Given in the first place, a stretch of country that offered no restrictions beyond those imposed by nature, the military authorities have been able to plan every detail as an essential to the vast whole; and that no detail has lacked consideration in the great general plan becomes more apparent as one's acquaintance with the camp increases. This is a theatre of mimic war that might stir the imagination of the most unskilled, and yet it lacks none of the essentials to serve the purpose of the most ardent student of national defence.

Petawawa camp is under the control of the permanent forces of Militia and Defence, and is officered from the departmental units ordinarily stationed at Quebec and Kingston. Detachments of the various artillery, cavalry, engineer, and other permanent corps are quartered in camp from April to September, entire batteries and troops being in service during June, July, and August. These three months constitute the training period for the active militia artillery and cavalry units from twelve to sixteen days being spent in camp by each regiment. The only infantry to camp at Petawawa this year will be the permanent force.

The average citizen has more or less personal knowledge of infantry camp life, and even this is considered a period of somewhat arduous training for the citizen soldier devoid of "seasoning." Artillery and cavalry camp routine goes farther into the realm of the strenuous life, and it is usually a tired bunch of soldier boys who sleep on the banks of the Petawawa. Target practice, with any of the big guns, is not a question of actual firing alone. It means in every case an intricacy of manoeuvring that gives both men and horses a fair share of hard work. For instance, a battery leaves camp with orders to take up a certain position, without revealing itself to a supposed enemy. Reaching the designated position, the officer in command opens his sealed orders, and learns that it is his duty to dislodge a regiment of infantry, partially concealed in a thicket three miles away in a given direction. The "regi-

ment" is represented by so many twelve-inch planks driven into the ground, and this is the target. The casualties among the planks after the firing ceases, tell the tale of efficiency or otherwise to the umpires in charge. The next target may be a supposed battery of the enemy in a concealed position, and this must be put out of action, or again, a disappearing target is the aim, usually represented by a certain number of cavalry or infantry, or both, who show themselves for a period of a few seconds to the gunners and disappear again. The bursting point of the shell is what counts for accuracy in this case. It will thus be understood that movement is a big part of the programme.

The permanent artillery forces, A. and B. Batteries, R. C. H. A., from Kingston, and the Garrison Artillery, from Quebec, with Col. Burstall as Camp Commandant, are already in camp. From June 5th to June 19th there will be fifteen batteries of active militia, and three regiments of cavalry, beside several departmental units, and the instructional staffs from the permanent corps. Artillerymen from as far east as Halifax, N.S., and as far west as Victoria, B.C., will take part in firing competitions.

The fifteen complete batteries to go to camp this year will be as follows: 9th R. C. F. A., Toronto; 4th, Hamilton; 2nd and 23rd, Ottawa; 6th, London; 5th, Kingston; 8th, Gananoque; 11th and 16th, Guelph; 14th, Cobourg; 24th, Peterboro'; 15th, Granby; 22nd, Sherbrooke; 3rd, Montreal; and 21st, Westmount.

Detachments from the 7th Regiment of Heavy Artillery of Nova Scotia, and the 17th 10th, 12th, 19th, 13th, and 25th Batteries will shoot during July and August.

The guns in use at Petawawa vary from the old style 12-pounder to the big 4.7 garrison defence gun, and the ranges are from one to five miles. Service shells are used, generally loaded with shrapnel. The heavy guns use the ranges along the shore of the Ottawa River, north of the C. P. R., and the field artillery do their firing to the south of the railway tracks. The most modern gun in camp is the 18-pounder quick firer, although another season may find the new 13-pounder superseding the 12-pounder for the horse artillery.

Where the Petawawa Militia and Defence were not in search of a beauty spot when they located here, but standing on the eminence of Headquarters Hill, and looking west and north over the artillery ranges, one comes to the conclusion that a much more glorious panorama of nature could scarce be found. The picture of the ranges, accompanying this article, but serves to show the inadequacy of any man-made camera to do this expanse of scenery justice. The upper stretches of the Ottawa River are emerging from the wilderness, and commencing to be bordered by a share of peaceful pastoral that signifies civilization and the pursuit of agriculture. Some day, when the Georgian Bay Canal is built, tourists by the thousands may exclaim over the wonderful scenic beauties of this great waterway, where now but few have sought or found it. There is enough of the wilderness left to give the soldier elbow-room, and with it, a wealth of natural beauty, a plentitude of bracing air, rich-scented with piney odours, and a completeness of health-giving surroundings that is bound to send the citizen soldier home after his training period, not only a better soldier, but a healthier man.



General French and his Staff.



A 12-pounder Ready for Action and Awaiting Orders



Firing an 18-pounder; Gunner H. Constantine commanding.



Colonel Benson and his Staff.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Sunday Ice Cream.

ONTARIO is having a rather serious time deciding whether or not ice cream and soft drinks may be sold legally on Sunday. The law is not clear and the judicial decisions are contradictory. In the small town and village where the population is not dense, where nature's breezes have a chance to cool the fevered brow, and where cool drinking water fairly free of bacteria may be obtained, there is no need to buy ice cream and soft drinks. In the larger cities, however, it is different. The wealthy resident with his capacious pocket-book and his equally capacious refrigerator stocks up on Saturday with ice cream, bottled water, and other cooling refreshments. The poorer citizen without either cellar or large refrigerator and without much credit with the ice company must buy his cooling drinks on Sunday or go without. And why should the children of the wealthy be surfeited with those things which make 95 in the shade bearable, while the children of the working-man go about with parched lips and an unslaked thirst?

On the evening of Sunday, the 2nd inst., the writer visited the lake-shore restaurants in the west end of the Toronto, and found them crowded to the doors with the sons and daughters of the city to whom ice cream and cool drinks are a necessity. Mothers were feeding the cooling food to babes that were suffering keenly from the excessive heat, and fathers were almost fighting with each other to get ice cream for heat-fagged youngsters in short trousers and skirts. No advocate of a quiet, uncommercial holy-day, no bigoted member of the Lord's Day Alliance, could have viewed that scene on that sultry Sunday evening without feeling that after all the interests of humanity are not lower than the interests of religion.

The question of Sunday street-cars in large cities has been decided after a strenuous battle. The same spirit of necessary liberty will eventually permit the selling of those forms of food and drink which have become a necessity to those who live in crowded districts in cities where Sunday street-cars are one of the safe-guards of the public health.

\* \* \*

## The Noisy Motor-Boat.

ONE hesitates to suggest that any legislature shall enact another law. There are so many laws now and so few that are enforced. But there must be a law to prevent the noisy motor-boat from driving tourist traffic from the lakes and rivers. A "muffler" is not expensive, and every motor-boat should have its proper equipment of this character. Most of them have, but there are a few ear-splitters which may be eliminated only by legislation. Their owners are not gentlemen.

Speaking of motor-boats, the town of Smith's Falls gets the banner for having the greatest number of motor-boats, as compared with its population. The figures are approximately 125 boats to 7,000 people. The writer would be pleased to hear from any town which boasts a higher percentage. Smith's Falls is situated on the Rideau, 55 miles by water from Ottawa, and 126 miles from Kingston. The wealthier citizens, of the town which Frost & Wood have made famous, have summer cottages up and down the canal, and to reach these quickly, regularly and conveniently, they use the motor-boat. And some of these boats are more offensive than the steam calliope in a circus procession.

\* \* \*

## Canadian Oarsmen.

ALL honour to the oarsmen who are maintaining Canada's reputation on British and foreign waters. Butler, of the Toronto Argonauts, and the eight-oared crew of the same club successfully led all competitors on the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia, on July 4th, while the Ottawa eight won a great victory by defeating the Belgians on the Henley course in England during the same week. These are better indications of the measure of Canada's brawn and muscle than prowess in the kid-gloved ring or even on the base-ball field. The country which bred Hanlon, Gaudaur, Durnan, Scholes and O'Neill, is a country of lakes and rivers and a people who are fond of out-door life. These victories on foreign waters stimulate the young men at home in the practice of a sport which

is clean, wholesome and physique-making in the best sense of these terms.

\* \* \*

## Milking the Militia Department.

SIR FREDERICK BORDEN is spoken of as a possible High Commissioner, and it is likely Sir Frederick would accept the position with great alacrity. Directing the Canadian army is no sinecure. There is probably more influence, pull, patronage and wastage in the Militia Department than in any other department of government. In the permanent force, almost every officer spends his time making political friends and getting a raise in rank and pay. Many of them are "dubs," whose chief recommendations are a good figure and an ability to behave beautifully at a five o'clock tea party. In the voluntary militia, every officer who succeeds in getting more than cold, hard justice, must use political or social pull.

Personally, I don't blame Sir Frederick for this state of affairs. The situation was worse under his predecessors, and it is not likely to improve much under his successor. It is the system which is wrong. It costs five to ten times as much to train a soldier in Canada as it does in Germany, France or Switzerland. It costs twice as much in Canada as it should. Simple the explanation—all Canadian military patriotism is measured in dollars and cents. In Switzerland a man does his annual ten or twelve days because he is a citizen and owes a citizen's duty. In Canada, most of us serve in the militia for the money there is in it and for the social standing it gives us. I have met a few real patriots in the service, but more calculating snobs.

The whole cry now is for more pay for men and horses. This is wrong. What is wanted is less pay, less graft, and more patriotism.

\* \* \*

## A Question of Military Horses.

THE question of men for service has been dealt with in this page on several occasions. The question of horses is raised by the *Canadian Farm*, which states that there were not enough horses to equip the cavalry in the June camps. It states further: "At all the camps all the units were up to strength in men, but short in horses." This is quite the opposite of what has appeared in the daily newspapers. They have been full of complaints that it was impossible to get men, because the pay was so low.

It is all part of the game to bleed the Militia Department, which has always been so easy that everybody considers it legitimate sport to take its money. A short time ago men got fifty cents a day, and their officers claimed that these patriots who spend twelve days of their annual outing in camp should get a dollar a day. The militia authorities complied, but made the extra 50 cents dependent upon efficiency in shooting. But these poor fellows couldn't shoot and they could get the extra 50 cents only by "cooking" the records. This was done in both country and city regiments. Now there is a cry to make the minimum pay \$1.00, with 50 cents extra for long service and efficiency. Then there will be a cry for \$1.50 minimum and 50 cents efficiency, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The *Canadian Farm* wants remount depots established and suggests higher pay for horses. Of course! "Spend more money" is the general suggestion. The true solution is to spend less and make the service purely voluntary. Then and then only will this country know where it stands in a military sense. Pay for uniforms, pay for ammunition, pay for horses if they are worth it, but do not pay one cent for the service of men and officers. The man who is not prepared to spend twelve days a year for three years in the service of his country isn't worth training.

Another suggestion—why not adopt Lloyd George's principle, and train every man at his employer's expense?

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## Appealing to Racial Prejudice.

MR. ARTHUR HAWKES, an English journalist with international experience, has settled down in Canada and become a leading citizen. He is at present secretary, or something of that kind, of an Anti-Reciprocity or Canadian National League. That is a matter of business. He is also publishing a readable weekly newspaper en-

titled "British News of Canada." That also is a matter of business. Now, in that paper he is pursuing a campaign of advising Britishers to buy from Britishers, which really means Englishmen to buy of Englishmen. That is a matter of public policy and open to criticism.

No doubt Mr. Hawkes' intentions are excellent. He is a man of keen enthusiasm and multiple activities. But apparently he is not so far-sighted in this matter, as he has been in others. He is trying to arouse the "British-born" and to unite them into societies for self-protection and self-glorification. Occasionally he relaxes sufficiently to admit that there may be "Canadian-British." But it is to the "British-born" to whom Mr. Hawkes looks to save Canada.

Also, the advertisements in his paper carry out this idea. Mr. Sheridan makes clothes at 59 Queen East, Toronto, and is a "Member of L. O. L. 140." Ben. H. Brown and his brother, Frank, are printers and past-presidents, Lodge Surrey, S. O. E." The proprietor of the Oriental Cafe is a member of a Cheltenham "S. O. E. B. S." The S. O. E. is apparently an association which helps its own, which encourages its members to do business with one another. And yet Mr. Hawkes would condemn Mr. Bourassa's special appeal to the racial pride of his fellow French-Canadians! The Canadian-born, the British-Canadian-born, the Canadian British-born and the British-born may combine if they will, but if they do they must not venture to criticize the French-Canadian-born nor the American-born if they combine. Then when we have all so combined, the nation will fall to pieces.

Some day we will all be Canadians and will buy of one another. There will be neither Jew nor Gentile, British-born nor French-Canadian, American-born nor Doukhobor. There will be Canadians only and we shall all be free and equal, and shall treat all other citizens as freemen and equals. The day may be far distant, but we should all work towards this national deal.

\* \* \*

## Another Forward Movement.

WHILE most of us are enjoying summer holidays, light novels, and a general waste of golden moments, another small body of men are planning hard a "Forward Movement," which is intended to bring the men and the religions of the North American Continent into closer contact. In the hottest part of the Continent, the business part of New York City, the officers of "the Committee of Ninety-Seven," are working out the details of a programme which will cover the period from September 24th, 1911, to April 28th, 1912. The greatest religious drag-net ever woven by men will be thrown out on that "Rally Day," in September, and for seven months its folds will search every well populated district in the United States and Canada. Not a man or boy in these countries but must feel the disturbance which this committee is to create. The campaign will wind up with a series of Eight Day Campaigns in every city, so arranged that many of them will be simultaneous and all will be of the same character.

For ingenious planning and possibility of excitement, this "Men and Religious Forward Movement" has the Laymen's Missionary Movement and the whirlwind Y. M. C. A. campaigns easily beaten. It has the advantage over these in that its first object is not to collect money, while having all the value of a special appeal to the highest qualities in the modern man or boy of Protestant or non-religious leaning. It creates no new organization but works through all existing religious and semi-religious organizations. The Baptist Brotherhood, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Y. M. C. A., the Methodist Brotherhood, the Presbyterian Brotherhood, and all similar organizations are joining in the task of handling the big drag-net. Every Protestant minister, wherever he may be found, and to whatever faith he may belong, will be one of the huge army which will campaign for nearly eight months under the direction of ninety-seven trained generals. Every man who feels that he has any talent for religious or social service will be in the ranks. And whatever victory there is, will result only in strengthening all permanent organizations which are grouped around and within the Protestant Churches of the continent.

There will be no doctrinal teaching—only asking for belief in the Scriptures and in the possibility of the uplift of mankind. Not who you are, or what you are, or what you believe, providing you are anxious to aid yourself and your fellow-men. If success perches on the banners of "The Committee of Ninety-Seven," there can be only one logical result—an ultimate union of all Protestant churches and the formation of the greatest religious body that the world has ever seen.



### CANADIAN ATHLETES WIN AT CORONATION EVENTS

At Henley on the Thames this great crew from Ottawa won easily from the crack Belgian crew, who for four years, ending with 1909, held the Grand Challenge Cup for eights, though they were beaten by Magdalen College in 1910. Very next day Magdalen beat the Ottawas by two lengths. The victory over the Belgians, lowering last year's time record by six seconds, gave the Ottawas a bad preliminary for the next day's event.

### Oarsmen and Trackmen of the Empire

**A** GAIN, Canada has been figuring in international sporting events—this time rowing and running. The Canadian oarsmen and Canadian runners have been part of the Coronation festival in old England.

At Henley-on-the-Thames this year we were chiefly represented by crews from the Ottawa Rowing Club. The Ottawa eight, coached by the redoubtable Ten Eyck, made a bold bid for the Grand Challenge Cup. And, though they did not come out on top, they did extremely well. All the time the eight was considered in the running. They were beaten fairly and decisively by a better crew. The Belgians and the Magdalen crews were their chief opponents. In the race with the first of these Ottawas covered themselves with glory. Belgians, four times winners of the Grand Challenge Cup, went down to defeat before the Canadians in the fast time of 7.3; thousands of Coronation tourists cheering. But Magdalen proved too much for Ten Eyck's bunch, winning by two lengths.

At running we fully maintained our proud record. Canada won the championship of the Empire at a meet called the Festival of Empire, in which there were entries from the United Kingdom, Australia and Canada. The best athletes the British race produces competed against Canadians. We got the laurels by a good margin of eight points. The men who did the trick for the Dominion were Frank Halbhaus, the University of Toronto man; Jack Tait, West End Y. M. C. A.; Mel Brock, University of Toronto; and Frank Lukeman, Ottawa. Halbhaus looked like a "phenom" to the wondering Britishers when he was through with them. He did the hundred in 10.2-5; and the 220 in 23.



J. L. Tait, of West End Y.M.C.A., Toronto, won the mile race by one yard: time 4.46 1-5.



F. J. Halbhaus, of Toronto University, won the 220 yard Inter-Empire by two and a half yards; time 23 seconds.

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## THE TALK THAT KILLS

WHEN Parliament meets, the elements of the situation will be very simple. Either the Opposition will be determined to force an election on the Reciprocity issue, or they will not. In either case, there is no need to waste time. If the Opposition propose to obstruct until the Government feel themselves driven to dissolution, the Opposition are perfectly able to make a success of this policy. With freedom of debate, the Government cannot force "Supply" through the House with sufficient speed to carry on "the King's business" if the Opposition are minded to prevent it. The Government have, indeed, already met this possibility very frankly. They have said, not once or twice, but many times, that if the Opposition want an election this autumn on Reciprocity, they can have it. This being the case, why should the country be put to the expense of a visible demonstration that the Opposition can do, what everybody admits they can do, before the natural result follows.

WHAT is wanted is just a little frankness. If Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will get together, they might settle the whole business in a few sentences—something after this sort. Mr. Borden might say: "Well, Sir Wilfrid, are you still determined to put Reciprocity through?" When Sir Wilfrid replied: "Certainly," then Mr. Borden could answer: "Sorry to have to say it; but we feel it our duty to employ every constitutional means to prevent you." "Oh, very well," Sir Wilfrid could counter; "Have you any preference for an election date?" Then Parliament could vote as much Supply as is needed to carry the country over the elections, proceed to some other measures for which the people are waiting, adopt a Redistribution bill when the census is ready, and then "open the ball."

WE do not particularly need much more Reciprocity debating. A few speeches by the leaders would bring the subject up to date; and then the rest of the members could reserve their fire for their constituents when they get on the "stump." An election should not come—if it can be prevented at all, until Parliament has a chance to see the full returns of the census and to redistribute the constituencies in accordance with its figures. This forbids immediate appeal to the people. But there is plenty of work for Parliament to do in the meantime; and, if any one has a contribution of genuine value to make to the Reciprocity discussion, it will be quite possible for him to get it in during the short debate which is inevitable—or to make it at a public meeting outside the halls of Parliament. What the country ought to be saved from is the very considerable expense of a purely obstructive debate. The Opposition should be given, and, indeed, cannot well be denied, the fullest chance to say what it wants to say; and the Government should put up the best and most convincing defence it can muster. But when all that is done, then the rest should be "taken as read." The Opposition ought not to be required to show that they really can obstruct before the Government accepts the situation and promises dissolution just as soon as a redistribution measure can pass.

THE men on either side who believe that the policy of their party touching Reciprocity is popular, will naturally be opposed to compelling an obstructive debate on the subject. Only those who fear that their party stands to lose by its policy on Reciprocity, and who would like to see the country so sickened of the subject that it would insist upon being talked to regarding other issues during the campaign, can be in favour of a wearying round of "damnable iteration" on this theme in order to prove the admitted. But those who fight for their party's policy touching this matter "con amore," must see that they stand to lose by tiring the people of the subject. And nothing will tire the people so quickly as a long string of speeches openly and boastfully intended to do no more than "kill time." It will, however, do much more than kill time—it will kill the issue.

IT may be said that no one wants to make up his mind at Ottawa until the American Senators have made up their's. In that case, the situation is equally simple. The debate on the Fielding resolutions can be delayed until the American Senate has voted. Such a step could not be fairly charged against our

Government as an act of bad faith. It has shown abundantly its good faith in the matter already. It has committed itself to stand or fall by Reciprocity if it be carried in its present form at Washington. It has a majority in the House. So if the Ministers come back from the Coronation and find that the Americans have not yet made up their minds whether they want Reciprocity as it stands, they would only be acting as business men if they quietly proceeded to some of the other important public business which is waiting, and let it be known that they proposed to go on with Reciprocity from day to day the moment the American Senate gave its assent to the measure. Only the most superficial study of the situation would lead to the conclusion that, as the American Lower House has carried it, our Lower House should carry it too; and send it up to the Senate to await the decision of the American Senate. At Washington, the Senate is the

## A MONUMENT TO A GREAT CANADIAN

YOU have been in Quebec, walked on the Terrace with the band playing, and gazed up proudly at the heroic figure of Champlain by Paul Chevre. Thousands of tourists annually admire Chevre's statue of the early French explorer. If you have



Chevres drawing of the monument to the Canadian historian Garneau, to be erected on the grounds of the Quebec Legislature,

any feeling for Canadian history, the significance of the gallant figure strikes you at once, his cloak parading almost flamboyantly over his sword hilt, as imperious he stands at the gates of a Dominion. Chevre has done in clay some of the immortals of the French regime in Canada. He is now at work on a statue of the greatest of French-Canadian historians, Francois Xavier Garneau, which has been presented to the Quebec Government by Colonel George E. Amyot, the well-known merchant of the historic city on the St. Lawrence.

Garneau is a name probably better known and cherished by the citizens of Lower Canada than those of the rest of the Dominion. But he is one of the great names in Canadian literature. His work was largely in the field of history, though he did write some patriotic verse, as French-Canadian literateurs not uncommonly do at some period or

governing House; at Ottawa, it is the House of Commons.

\* \* \*

HOWEVER, the point I want to make is that the country should be spared a purely obstructive debate. Nothing could be more unprofitable, and nothing could more effectively dilute the value of the verdict which the country is about to be asked to pronounce upon the first important issue which has been presented to it for many a day. The election cannot come until late in the autumn—the Opposition would be very wrong to try to force an election before a redistribution—and we all, surely, desire that the voters shall then approach the serious and final consideration of this great subject with as much zest and appetite as can be managed. All the facts should be then before us. What is wanted is an alert, wide-awake, keen public interest in the question; and that we can rob ourselves of in no other way quite so effectively as by keeping the Commons marking time for weeks and weeks in a deadly dull, time-killing, member-killing, interest-killing obstructive debate on Reciprocity—Reciprocity—Reciprocity.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

other of their careers. Whatever now may be the merits of Francois Xavier Garneau's "Histoire du Canada, depuis sa decouverte jusju'a nos jours"—which days came to a close in 1866—in the light of more modern research into the annals of Canada, the author's name will always be remembered because he stood for something. He infused a new spirit into the historical writings of his part of the country. He tried to cast aside the trammels of partisanship, and note impartially the record of Canada.

How he came to form this new conception of Canadian history is the story of Garneau's own life. Francois Xavier Garneau was born in the year 1809, of parents poor, but of distinguished lineage. He grew up in Quebec amid the strife of racial conflict between French and English. When he became a young man, thinking on politics and society, and feverish to express his thoughts, he shrugged his shoulders and refused to be dominated by his environment. He wanted to be above it.

At some time or other in a struggling youth, he became articled to a notary. In this office were both English and French clerks—two heated factions. The story is well known of how, taunted by the insinuations of the English chaps, and disgusted with hide-bound partisanship of his fellow French, during a dispute over some historical event in the Conquest of Canada, he cried in youthful ardour that he would write the truth. And what he wrote was not truth as coloured by himself, but revealed to him in the deeds of the past.

The statue of Garneau will be unveiled in September of next year. It will stand in the vicinity of the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, seventeen feet high, a monument of bronze. The donor, Lieut.-Colonel Amyot, is one of the leading manufacturers in Quebec, one time president of the C. M. A.—a man with an eye to the past as well as to the future of his city.

Paul Chevre, the artist, is a man with an international reputation. In France he is a scholar of Cavalier and Barrias, and a frequent prize-winner at the Salon. His best known dramatic work is the familiar group of two roosters and a boy inciting them to fight. Of the "Cock Fight," two hundred reproductions have been sold. His treatment of classical subjects, such as his statues of of "La Bacchante," "Echo," and "Youth," have been recognized by leading connoisseurs in Europe and America. He has taken considerable interest in Canada. His bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a good piece of work. Besides the monument to Francois Garneau, Mr. Chevre is completing one to the late Hon. Mr. Mercier.

A monument such as that to F. X. Garneau is a much more sensible and educative benefaction than a Drinking Fountain, and is likely to be more of an inspiration to a populace than a chair in a college or building a pipe organ in a church.



M. PAUL CHEVRE  
Sculptor of the Garneau  
monument.

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

### On Entertaining.

WHAT a workaday old place this world is anyway! Whether it be struggling along in the endeavour to turn the wolf's fangs away from the kitchen door or striving to head the list of names in the social column, the motive of the thing is the same. In everything comes the same old spirit of competition, until the social leaders of the world to-day think nothing of expending thousands on one single entertainment. There is such prestige in it, don't you know, such a feeling of awe comes over the poor, lone young thing struggling along in the city, as she glances over the social pages, and all the time the soul of that same social matron is struggling along in its own weary rut, endeavoring to obtain some sustenance from a vain series of balls and dinners and musicales. It looks almost as if there is nothing in this old world which can be obtained by some kind of a struggle, be it the fight with Dives and all his adherents, or a grim wrestle with the practicalities of poverty in a hall bedroom. The society matron feeling the starvation in her soul, plunges more deeply into her bridge or dinner parties, not realizing that all the bridges in the world are not sufficient nourishment for that eternal Ego, which keeps crying out for some bit of satisfying sincerity, and so she wanders down the short paths of existence, till her way becomes lost in an impenetrable maze of indecision, and all her balls and musicales appear as phantoms which dance mockingly before her and point to the murky earth to whose bosom she is soon consigned.

\* \* \*

### Mothers' Jealousy.

THE eternal mission of woman, the most beautiful mission in all the world, that of mother, how many have the correct understanding of it? How many do not mistake it for a blind selfishness, and all for seeming good, lose the confidence of the sweet young things they are called upon to guide? There are mothers who will not allow their daughters to have any girl friends for fear their affection would be perverted from its natural course. There are mothers who willingly keep from their daughters, some of the truths it is their sacred duty as mothers, to unfold to them. Some perverted idea of false modesty prevents them from telling these things, and the result often is utter annihilation of all daughterly trust, when she finds out for herself.

I have in mind one mother who will not tolerate a sweet girl friend of her daughter's simply because the daughter has professed admiration for her, and another whom she does not admire so much, the mother keeps in constant companionship with her. She has even gone so far as to imagine impossible influence by the first girl, and that green-eyed monster of the depths has painted the girl's every action in such ebony tones that she is altogether undesirable. I wonder is it worth it? Is it not possible for unreasonable jealousy to blind even a mother that instead of being a guide to her daughter, she is her greatest

hindrance, and becomes a mere bit of convention in the girl's existence?

\* \* \*

### Humane Societies.

A GROUP of fashionably dressed women sit around a table, sipping tea. The nodding egrets and waving willow plumes proclaim them all members of the *haut monde*. Now and then, one of them refers to a paper and a half-hearted discussion occurs. An onlooker decides that they are the members of a well-appointed club, at their monthly meeting.

Outside, on the street, a poor delivery horse pauses before a store, champs a little on the bit and looks around for water. A



MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON

The new President of the National Council of Women.

weary-looking dog comes panting along, and looks, too, for some sign of it. But there is not a trough in sight. It is a day when the thermometers in the summer arbors are running up to the ninety mark.

The group of women sip their tea and order an ice. Electric fans whirl a breeze toward them, as they lean back leisurely in the wicker chairs. They discuss plans for the erection of a club house, and someone proposes an amendment to the constitution.

Yes, it is all very plain. Are the Humane Societies in Canada to-day doing anything to benefit the poor, dumb brutes it is their mission to help, or are they going the routine of club life, enjoying themselves, as club members, and paying no heed to the practicalities of their well-worded constitution?

### Little Things That Help.

A YOUNG girl sits pensive in a hall bedroom. Beside her is a vial which brings the only bit of pleasantness to her during the long week. There is a sign of melancholy, as she prepares to take her evening draught. The yellow of the single gaslight flickers peevishly, and casts wierd figures on the walls. Flies buzz around the windows, and from the streets comes the hum of life in the big, busy city just completing the daily round of toil. Everything sounds so friendless, everywhere comes the call of everyday life interested only in itself. Even the shadows of the tall, old elms seem to stretch long ghoul-like fingers toward her little window, to wrench her from herself and cast her into the streets. She has been weeping and little tears still glisten, dew-like, on her eyelashes.

And suddenly there comes the lilt of an old air, right up through her murky window. A street concertina has halted in the street. Merry airs come singing up to her and she smiles a wan smile. She throws a coin down into the street, and the music seems to burn itself into her very soul. She finds herself humming, and places the vial up on its shelf.

It's a little, little thing, the poor, unconscious street concertina, but what a mission it has! Pity 'tis, there are not more of them in the streets of life, calling out a few words of hope and cheer to the homesick girl in the big city. There would be fewer cases of asphyxiation, fewer items in the calendar of the Rescue Missions.

\* \* \*

### Modern Marriage.

FOR the last month the papers have been full of the news of weddings, till one could scarcely open the evening "Gossip," without hearing the clanging of a dozen bells, the shouts of congratulations of the guests who accompanied the "happy couple" to the depot or wharf. The lists of presents are given, the names of prominent guests, the description of the bride's gown is dealt with at great length, and, in fact, everything pertaining to the snobbish side of the affair.

The cynical observer takes his cigar from his lips, blows a long puff of smoke up toward the flickering electrolier, and smiles a satirical smile. Then the headlines of another column catch his eye, and he sees the article is sent from Reno. He falls amusing, and finally ends his wonderings by an audible, "I'll give that couple fourteen months before they are in the same court," pours out a brandy and soda, and goes to bed.

The fact is the commercialism of this twentieth century is intruding even into the most sacred circles, and the modern marriage is reckoned successful or not, inasmuch as the bridegroom has a long bank account and a list of dishonest ancestors who started weaving the tapestry for his bride's social drawing-room.

Poor little Cupid is often found in tears, weeping his little heart away, on some vacant turnstile, where so often he watched Mary and Jerry approach cautiously. He has been dethroned by the imps of Dives.



# The Shadow on the Dial

By Marjorie L.C. Pickethall

THEY are filling up my pet willow-tree hollow with ashes and tomato cans and things, and I am very angry. Fortunately, the birds sip just as happily from a pool of rain drops caught in the curve of a broken tea-pot as from a moss-grown stone fringed with maidenhair fern and the tassels of the meadow-rue. And the reflection forces itself upon the thoughtful mind—perhaps those light-hearted gentlemen of Irish extraction who so largely handle that which our wasteful civilization calls rubbish, perhaps they are preserving the only record by which the said civilization shall be known in future ages. A humiliating reflection truly. But there are whole races of humanity who are known to us only by their kitchen middens, their rubbish heaps. They left no literature; shall we? They had no architecture; we have, according to the immortal definition of the Beloved Vagabond, lots and lots of little buildings writ large in granite and sandstone and most variously ornamented with little scratches sometimes as much as half an inch deep; but it is very doubtful, if knowledge increases, whether they will not all be pulled down in another hundred years or so; and if knowledge goes the other way, then they will fall to pieces through economic construction. Our painting will not last, because all our colours are adulterated. And goodness only knows where our music will be—put into graphophones, maybe, to show Japanese babies what those ignorant old barbarians tickled their ears with. Only our dumps shall endure, and sing to unknown ages the apotheosis of the tomato can.

This is frivolous, I know, but the subject is too serious to be treated in any other way. If a materialist worships nothing else, he must abase himself before the march of Time. If he would shut off the last horizon of Hope, and go on most unprofitably for the "good of the race," let him look at the moon through a telescope, or go on a Cook's tour to Egypt, and feel the procession of ages crush his soul—if he has one—into the dust. Well, well. I had in my mind a few days ago one of the mallets used by one of the hundred thousand workmen that Khufu, Pharaoh of Egypt, had to build him his Great Pyramid. The stones are there under the blue Egyptian skies, on the rim of the desert of mystery. The rough tool—they use the like to this day—is here, in a land that was not dreamed of; the grip is polished dark brown from the grease of the man's warm hand. And he?—

"I feel chilly and grown old" . . . . .

\* \* \*

CAPS are "in" again, the milliners and the *De-lineator* tell us, caps for motoring and caps for breakfast. Though woman doubtless gained a great deal when she foreswore caps, she also lost a good deal. When my grandmother married at twenty, she put on a cap, and figuratively she kept it on for the rest of her life, and it was probably most becoming to her. Caps and bonnets are becoming to most women, and there remains a sentimental glamour attached to a bonnet which has failed, so far, to become attached to a hat. Listen to this description of fashionable bonnets from *Harper's* for 1850, when "Bleak House" was running as a serial and there was not a single factory at Niagara Falls:

There is "a light drawn bonnet of white tulle, made in bouillonnes, having three rows of white figured ribbon placed on each side, following the undulations of the bouillonnes. The inside of the capote trimmed with bunches of daisies." Another is "of white hair embroidered with straw, with a row of straw blonde running along the brim; the ornaments are bows of white ribbon, and inside of the brim are rows of violets surrounded with foliage. Flowers are decidedly in vogue as ornaments for bonnets. Among those much admired are long elastic branches of white and coloured lilac and cordons of violets. A decided novelty in the way of floral ornamentation is formed by rice-ears composed entirely of feathers, even to the cells them-

selves. These are accompanied by straw and flag, forming a charming decoration for summer."

I wouldn't mind a bonnet like that white one with the violets. It was probably worn with a dress of green taffeta trimmed with velours and guipure, the skirt being very full and ornamented with three deep flounces, and the sleeves of pagoda form. I only hope the girl who put it on had fair hair and golden brown eyes, and that she did proper execution with that wreath of violets.

\* \* \*

I AM supposed to say quite a lot about books at odd times in this page, but this time I can't think of anything to say. I have read quite a lot lately, too. One was Mr. Jack London's "Adventure." Mr. London, in spite of the superior critics, certainly has gifts. He has written lately one or two famous short stories about the South Seas, the best of which contains a description of a hurricane in a grove of cocoanut trees, which is about the last word on the subject, and is, in a few illuminative phrases, as fine as Kipling's description in the "Bridge-Builders" of the coming of the flood from the Ramgunga. But his love stories are—I have no words at present to say what they are, and it is too hot, and I am too lazy, to go for a Thesaurus. But one reflects that the last best gift of all the literary gods must surely be that faculty of good taste and self-criticism which seems to desert the modern magazine market and the hirelings who therein ply their trade. I have read the last greatest book of the decade, "The Open Road"—isn't that the name?—and should have liked it very much if not quite so many trumpets had been blown over it. It is a strange, involved book, but parts of it have the real breath of life. And I have read "Marie Claire," of course, but she takes a deal of thinking over. So I am not going to say anything about books, but about wind bells.

My wind-bell swings in the little kitchen window, high up, on a level with the branches of the elm outside. All the small wandering airs which stray among the green leaves, all the little gray winds of evening, all the golden winds of dawn, breathe on the wind-bell and wake the strange fairy music that it holds. It is one of the proper kind, not made of glass, but of gold and silver leaves of thin metal swinging from a metal ring, and when it sings, it sounds like the rush of tiny feet, the beat of tiny drops, the clash of innumerable small cymbals. At night when it moves softly in the pale square of the window, it is if Titania and her hosts had hovered for a moment without, and were pausing in a drift of silver wings to peep at a silly sleeping mortal. But when the mortal wakes hopefully in the next room—in sleep we all turn to children; am I going to catch them *this* time?—there is nothing but the moonlight on the next-door chimneys and the pale, warm sky and the nighthawks crying in it.

Sometimes it seems as if the musical chimes of the gold and silver leaves would fall into a rhythm recognizable to western ears, but the promise fades and falls away in a ripple of semitones as lovely and apparently as lawless as the falling of water. The tune remains unfinished, of the stuff of dreams.

There was once a pleasant girl called Koizumi, the Little Waterfall, and her lover was Sato, a poet and a soldier. Sato had to support his parents in their old age, for they were very poor, and there was no money to keep a wife. So he never said a word to Koizumi, only when he passed her in the streets or the fields his eyes would follow the movement of her little feet, which was like the movement of white ripples advancing and retreating upon a pebbled beach. And he made a song, rather famous in its day, which said—

"Very pleasant it is, in the weariness of the evening,  
To lie at the green edge of the little waterfall  
And fill the hands with violets  
Sweeter to Amaterasu than the breath of Kyoto  
incense."

No one would think this song was very outspoken of love for Koizumi, but she understood it, and when she heard Sato singing it, she knew he loved her

and was content, with the unfathomable content of Japanese women.

Then the war came and Koizumi was content, too, that Sato should go as a soldier with a score of other young men from the village. She went to see them off, with all her neighbours, and she bowed to Sato, who said, "Honourably keep yourself in good health until I return," and she said, "Honourably deign to come back to your friends, who will be much distressed at your unfortunate absence from the Cherry-Blossom festival," and then everyone said "Banzai," and they were gone.

Only three ever came back, and Sato was not one of them.

Koizumi's father fretted himself to death just about then because he was too old to go and fight, and she went to work to make match-boxes, for it is necessary to live. Against the window of the room where she worked there leaned the pale gray-green leaves of a willow, and sometimes a pigeon rested on the sill; but there was always a little draught there, and so the thin silver leaves of the wind-bell which hung in the opening stirred and whispered continually.

The griefs and contents of the East are beyond the fathoming of the West. Koizumi was plump and cheerful, and her little broad face had upon it the delicate bloom of a nectarine. That was because the wind-bell sang to her; and what it sang was always the first three lines of Sato's song about the Little Waterfall. So she knew that Sato was near her, waking and sleeping with the waking and sleeping of the thin winds, and she was very happy. You see, when he was what they call alive, he had scarcely ever even spoken to her, and now he spoke to her every time the wind blew, and to no other soul but her. But he never finished the song. Koizumi knew that if he finished it, her life would not be able to contain that fulfillment. So she just waited.

No one knew that Koizumi, as she bent over her match-boxes, heard all day long,

"Very pleasant it is, in the weariness of the evening,  
To lie at the green edge of the little waterfall,  
And fill the hands with violets,"

only often the very old and the very wise, an old peasant woman or the Shinto priest of some forgotten shrine, would look at her face and see that she had already gained another existence.

English is so clumsy. It is hard to tell the little tale of the Little Waterfall in such a concrete sort of language; the wind-bell would tell it best. According to Western ideas there is really no story to tell. Only one day of high wind and cold gray cloud Koizumi heard the whole song,

"Very pleasant it is, in the weariness of the evening,  
To lie at the green edge of the little Waterfall,  
And fill the hands with violets,  
Sweeter to Amaterasu than the breath of Kyoto  
incense."

And Koizumi smiled at everyone, all those poor deaf folk who heard only a hurry of little musical notes, and never knew that it was Sato calling her from the immortal air, in that the time was come. And she went to a man who had a sword, and asked him if he would honourably deign to lend it to her. The man had seen better times before the new regime, and it was a beautiful little sword in a sheath of ivory-like enamel pictured with honourable deaths. It was no sort of a tool to lend a little peasant girl who made matches, but this man, looking into Koizumi's face, gave it without question. And Koizumi carried it home with her. She only wished that she had the wind-bell, too.

When the moon touched the stone-pines and the edges of the millet fields to pale gold, and the world was asleep, Koizumi rose from her quilt and took the sword from the sheath engraven with honourable deaths. Then she whispered to herself the words of Sato's song, and, girding her cheap cotton gown about her as if she had been the daughter of a samurai, she, the Little Waterfall, attained peace.

One of the most important items in the catalogue of any Humane Society is the prevention of the sale of aigrettes, to procure which means such cruelty to the beautiful birds. Recently eight colonies of white herons and American egrets have been located, by the Association of Audobon Societies, New York, who have placed guards over them, to prevent any further extermination. Mrs. Russell Sage, always interested in humane work, gave \$5,000 recently, to be used in teaching bird lore in the schools of the South.

# "OF THE EARTH EARTHY"

## To Eat.

ONE must eat. Not even the glories of summer watering places can rob the most impractical of their appetites. For an appetite is something which *le bon Dieu* placed in every human mortal, to remind us that we are still akin to the beasts of the field. For those who feel that a smattering of French adds to the seasoning of their delectables, we offer the following:

### Souffles en Fromage

Boil half a pint of milk with 1 oz. of butter; stir in two ounces of sifted flour, salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, and stir till cooked. Let it cool a little, then add two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese and beat in a yolk of egg, and lastly, fold in lightly two whites very stiffly whipped. Bake in little china souffle cases. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve at once. This recipe caters to the tastes of four people.

\* \* \*

The hot summer months suggest salads and dainty deserts, rather than heavy meats and vegetables. We offer a recipe for sweetbread salad which is guaranteed to tickle the palate of the most obstinate upholder of the regulation soups and meats.

Mix and boil until tender, one pair of sweetbreads, chop fine three stalks of celery, and one-half cup of English walnuts. A few bits of shredded pepper sprinkled throughout help much, though not everyone takes kindly to its pungent flavour. Serve on crisp lettuce, and pour over mayonnaise dressing.

A dainty frozen surprise usually sounds good, when the mercury scoots up toward the ninety odds. How is this for cherries?

Take large, white cherries, red ones will do if they are large enough, stone them, and insert in each a blanched hazel nut. Add powdered sugar, in the proportion of one-half cupful to two cups of cherries, and let stand for an hour. Put two cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, add eight table-spoons of granulated sugar, and stir until dissolved. Let cool and add two cupfuls of whipped cream, and a few drops of red colouring. Put whole mixture into the freezer, and freeze until quite stiff. Serve in sherbet cups.

\* \* \*

## To Drink.

WE must also drink. Our drink palates seem to be particularly urgent in their summer demands. I wonder how many ever tried a home-made fruit lemonade?

Just make your lemonade in the usual way, add the juice of as many oranges as you happen to have, and go a-hunting in the stores for all the fruits in season. Strawberries, cherries, pineapple, all of them, cut small and added to the lemon and orange juices, make the most delicious kind of drink, with cracked ice, for a hot afternoon in the hammock or on the porch.

\* \* \*

How many are fond of their afternoon tea, but being denied it on account of the oppressiveness of a sweltering day in July, are not able to find its successor! Iced tea with lemon may be all right, but did you ever try iced tea with cloves? If you have not, for goodness sake, do so at once. Just put the cloves, a few of them, in the dish in which you are going to set the tea to cool. Pour the hot tea over them, and ice. If you do not think it the most delicious drink you ever sipped, on a hot afternoon, well—the fault is with you, not the tea or cloves.

\* \* \*

## To Put On.

ALAS that Eve made the irreparable mistake of listening to the serpent! Ever since, she has been listening to so many, that her poor head is perverted from any other lecturer. The Fashion snake has probably the greatest influence of all, so here goes.

The Eton is back. I saw the cunningest costume, a New York one, the other night, at the theatre. It was worn by Miss Percy Haswell, in "Because She Loved Him So," and was very smart. The one-piece dress was of pearl grey, relieved with a touch of scarlet, at the neck. With this was worn an Eton of the same shade of scarlet. And a large picture hat with plumes, with just the slightest suggestion of the scarlet in front. A pearl grey parasol com-

pleted quite the stunningest outfit I have seen, for some time.

\* \* \*

Coats and skirts in white and grey, with narrow black and coloured stripes are very popular, and relieved with facings of absinthe green, China blue, and Rose du Barri facings in silk will be very prominent. So also, will grey, mole-coloured, and blue striped surah and satin suits, the latter with a little self-coloured braiding on the collar and cuffs.

Each designer in feminine frippery seems to wish to outdo his competitor, in originality. The most recent bit of exclusiveness in design comes in the newest parasols. What creations they are!

To accompany the modest toilettes, those of black and white, for example, the most vivid parasols are prepared. Just imagine a cerise taffeta one, trimmed with vari-coloured velvets! Or a fuschia-mauve velvet, finished with a deep hem of pink. These contrasting borders are said to be very effective, and I should think they would be. Another one is of black chiffon mounted over white silk, with a five-inch border of black velvet, and a straight handle encrusted with brilliants. Still another model is made of bias folds of tulle alternating with mouseline taffeta, in almost crudely contrasting colours. They are supposed to receive the necessary contrasting note, when used with modest toilettes, of black and white. But sometime, we shall see someone wearing a brilliant green costume with a variegated parasol, and all the designers will tear their hair.

\* \* \*

So great has become the craze for artificial jewellery, that many leaders of the *haut monde* are placing their valuable jewels aside in their little cases, and adorning themselves with some of the beautiful bits of artificiality to be found in all the shops. By which statement is not meant any old bit of shoddy brazenness, but the unique designs which are fashioned so cleverly as to be unrecognizable by any except experts. The stones are mounted in platinum and gold, and are in no way inferior in appearance to the real gems of priceless worth. And now comes the query, "What is the use of having the real thing if it can not be distinguished from the sham, and particularly since

Fashion, that most potent of all powers, says that the sham is having its term in office, just now?"

\* \* \*

And now for shoes. This part of the feminine attire seems to be growing more important as the days go by. There are some very beautiful styles shown, now, in all the shops, and prices vary accordingly. And, by the way, someone told me, once, that the Toronto women paid more attention to the neatness of their feet than the women from any other city in the Dominion. So here's to you, Montreal and Winnipeg and all the rest.

Velvet pumps are perched high on the ladder of Fashion, and satin and suede occupy the next round lower down. And there are low-cut walking shoes with Cuban heels, which may be procured in patent leather of all colour buckskins. And for dress wear, there are some very smart designs in black antelope or bronze, with high Louis heels and beautiful embroidered strap fronts.

\* \* \*

Do you know the newest thing in trimmings for cotton summer dresses? A trimming, moreover, that many girls and housewives will be able to make very elaborate or simple, as their taste dictates. It is drawn work, which the dressmaker usually applies according to her own discretion. And there are many drawn work effects which may be purchased in the shops which are introduced as a border or broad continuous stripe. These are particularly pretty in suppur shade, or pale greys, many being used in jumper forms.



A Model in Black and White Foulard

## A POETICAL PORTRAIT STUDY



Miss Hagarty's Little German Girl.

"FLOWER-like delicacy of face, blue of eyes, the flaxen of the hair, proclaiming the Saxon."

So has the original of the portrait here reproduced been described. It is a study by Miss Beatrice Hagarty, a well-known Toronto artist, which was discussed with much interest at the exhibit of the Ontario Society of Artists, and the Royal Canadian Exhibition, this year. In the opinion of Miss Hagarty herself, and of her critics, it is representative of her best work so far accomplished.

This study is called a poetical portrait study, "Just a little German girl I met one day in Berlin," Miss Hagarty says. How the whole effect is arranged to accentuate the haunting paleness, the delicate tracery of the face! Perhaps Miss Hagarty developed her fondness for painting children, years ago, during her tutorship with Miss Muntz, now of Montreal, so well known for her child studies. She is the daughter of the late Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty, and has studied abroad, particularly under Castelucchio, the celebrated Spaniard. She is an artist from whose perspective the human and the real never fade.

In the opinion of Miss Hagarty, this painting is representative of her best work so far accomplished. People who know, have said that her forte was portrait work. This little German girl scores through its simplicity. The background and dress are dark, which tends to accentuate the pallid features.

As yet, Miss Hagarty has exhibited only in America, where her work has been received with enthusiasm. Her subjects cover a wide range. She has painted children in London, Paris and Berlin; landscapes in the Black Forest and the wild woods of Canada. Personally, Miss Hagarty is a fluent linguist, a quiet humourist, and somewhat of a connoisseur in interesting literature. She is an artist whom the critics are watching, and daily expecting to see spring into international fame.



# TWO PET SQUIRRELS

by Ethelwyn Wetherald

ONE day last April a squirrel made its way through a hole in the woodhouse roof and skittered down the rough sides and rafters till it reached the table on which stood a pail of apple parings and a pan of chicken feed. The family in the adjacent kitchen held differing views regarding this occurrence. One declared the intruder should be shot, because "squirrels are destructive little brutes." The second maintained that it should be encouraged, because "squirrels are adorable little loves." The third, who was indifferent, sided with the second, because the shortest footpath to peace is to side with the one who is most in earnest. The family numbering only three, the matter was settled.

So far so good. The would-be destroyer simmered down, the determined preserver bubbled over with joy and pride, little dreaming that the hot water into which she has a rare gift for getting was also bubbling over in the near future. Or to change the figure to the words of the poet:

"I made the cross myself whose weight  
Was later laid on me."

Or, as Lyman Abbott reminds us, "Men gather with their own hands the fuel to feed the flame that is not quenched." The appropriateness of this reference to fuel to the woodhouse which is the scene of my story, will at once be appreciated by the discerning reader.

Not that anything very dreadful happened; merely the cares and responsibilities connected with the raising of a young and wholly unexpected family. On the floor, not far from the woodhouse table, is a small collection of old iron—the grate and other paraphernalia belonging to a disused coal range. On the rafters above reposes a box originally built to convey a typewriter from Toronto, but for years used as a receptacle for those unlucky manuscripts which are neither lost nor gone before. Evidently the prospective mother found them well suited to her present requirements. What a pity squirrels cannot be editors!

A month or two later, while loafing and inviting my soul in the old rocking chair that is waiting with the pathetic patience of age to be split up into kindlings, my attention was attracted to a tiny, tawny object, rudely thrust from its nest by the maternal paw, and coming kerplunk on the iron below. It was followed almost instantly by a second and a third. Thus early did my baby squirrels matriculate from the far-famed University of Hard Knocks. Each righted himself with an appearance of polite unconcern, moved a few steps into the sunshine at the open door, and stood there apparently enjoying the view. It must have been a great surprise to them to find that the world is not entirely made up of such unenlivening objects as returned manuscripts and cold hard spiky iron.

But now their progenitress, wearing the slightly worried responsible air pardonable in the mother of triplets, came among them. Turning one of them over till it assumed a nearly circular shape, she picked it up as a cat does a kitten, and with long leaps fled to some region behind the belt of evergreens. The remaining little fellows nestled into my palm with an air of confidence and contentment that was irresistible. Their eyes were large, full and beautifully shaped, their ears small and worn close to the head, the tail bushy and long, the tiny paws of patrician narrowness, and the entire little figure captivating. Their very diminutive teeth, which they rubbed softly against a convenient finger nail, were "in the velvet," if such a phrase is allowable about teeth. They felt like grains of wheat when the harvest field is said to be "in the milk."

Reflecting that their mother might have plans of her own regarding their care and training, I left them in the doorway and returned to the house. A few hours later, chancing to pass that way, two little forms emerged from the catnip and pennyroyal that adorns the entrance, and ran to me with the unfeigned pleasure with which one greets an old friend. That perfidious parent had not returned!

What is more, she has not returned to this day! This supreme mark of her confidence was not appreciated by me as keenly as by the cat, which I could see quickening her pace as she approached me. Putting a helpless orphan on each shoulder, where they dug in their little claws and hung on squirrelfully, I sought the cyclopaedia to learn what infant red squirrels should be fed. Of course the cyclopaedia was silent on that point and overflowing with needless information on allied topics. One might as well consult a dream book as a cyclopaedia when knowledge of a specific kind is badly wanted. Not knowing what better to do, I warmed two teaspoonfuls of milk and emptied one into each little interior. After that they curled up on a cushion and slept for fifteen consecutive hours. Evidently milk is a powerful narcotic.

The next day they nibbled oatmeal flakes and curd, and the day following they fought in a picturesque manner over half a ripe strawberry. Running up a dress skirt to the waist, jumping thence to the table, where strawberries were in process of being stemmed, helping himself to a juicy specimen and sitting up with the berry between his paws, the tail curled up behind and the saucy little face all animation and pleasure, is a pretty sight. But they are not always frisking. About the middle of the afternoon their energies perceptibly wane. Heaviness overcomes them; they want to snuggle down to sleep. Nothing would induce them to show off before callers after 4 p.m. To crawl up to a familiar shoulder and hide their drowsy heads against a warm neck is all that can be expected of them then. Probably one reason for their excessive

weariness is that they are obliged to hear, day after day, the same old query, "Do they bite?"

No, they never bite except under extreme provocation. One of them having run down cellar I snatched him by the hind leg from the edge of a custard that was cooling on the floor, and he turned quickly with a protesting squeak and "nipped" the restraining finger. But it was too gentle to be called a bite.

They are the most captivating of pets, making pictures in every posture, but I seriously question whether it was wise to be the indirect cause of their existence. Had their mother been shot last April I would not now be overloading the stomach of the family cat with fried ham and eggs, roast chicken and Irish stew, so as to prevent any possible desire for fresh squirrel. That pampered feline now lies lazily in the shade, as indifferent to the baby squirrels as to the syringa blooms that fall from above. But even yet my fears are not ended. The pitter-patter of little feet racing across the kitchen floor would be pleasant enough were it not for the danger of stepping on several of them. Their teeth are evidently growing stronger, for there is a long rent in the heavy curtains between dining-room and parlor, on which they love to swing. Yesterday I had to separate one of them from a sheet of sticky fly-paper, to which he was strongly attached, and to-day the other one jumped out of a cut glass ancestral cream ewer when the sideboard door was opened. Put them outside and keep the screen door closed? By all means. But you see they have gnawed a hole near the lower edge of the screen, just large enough to admit a small squirrel. The minister and his wife are coming to mid-day dinner to-morrow. I am afraid the squirrels are coming, too. They will chatter and scold, and probably jump on the table and snatch at the nuts and raisins. It is clear I shall have to go to the trouble of serving the meal in the summer-house, where these animated sylvan accompaniments will not jar too plainly on cultured nerves. Verily Lyman Abbot spake truly when he intimated that we gather with our own hands the fuel to feed the flame that consumes us.

## HERE AND THERE

OUR Miss MacMurchy, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, who went over to write up the Coronation for the Publishers' Press, is being much entertained. The last report brings the news that the Society of Women Journalists gave a Coronation dinner in her honour, at the Criterion Restaurant. Miss MacMurchy sat to the left of the President, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who occupied the chair, and directly to the left of Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston.

She later responded to the toast of the society, proposed by Mr. Israel Zangwill, the well-known playwright.

Many of the guests came in costume, going from the dinner to the Shakespeare Ball, at Albert Hall, later the same evening. A brilliant spectacle was here presented, there being four thousand dancers who took part, among whom were such notables as Ellen Terry, who came as Beatrice, the Duchess of Westminster, as Queen of France, Viscountess Curzon as Margaret of England, Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., as the melancholy Dane. There were different parties arranged by different women, one of these, the Twelfth Night party, arranged by Mrs. Cornwallis West, was quite dazzling in its distinction. Mrs. West was Olivia, and Earl Craven the Malvolio, while the Duchess of Beaufort, the Duchess of Manchester, the Countess of Craven, the Marchioness of Ripon and Lady Sarah Wilson were ladies of the court.

At a recent meeting of the Montreal Women's Club, the members discussed the falling birth-rate, and the needlessly high death-rate, due, greatly, to slum life and unsanitary conditions. Mrs. Muldrew, who gave the address of the meeting, explained that it was the place of the women in the home to see that the conditions are favourable to health. Whereas the man is the main producer, woman does the managing of the household, and if she demanded purer milk and proper handling of it, much more good would be done. Particular attention was drawn to the work done by Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, who inspects cows, milk and milkers,

and visits many dairies unexpectedly, in order to become acquainted with conditions as they are.

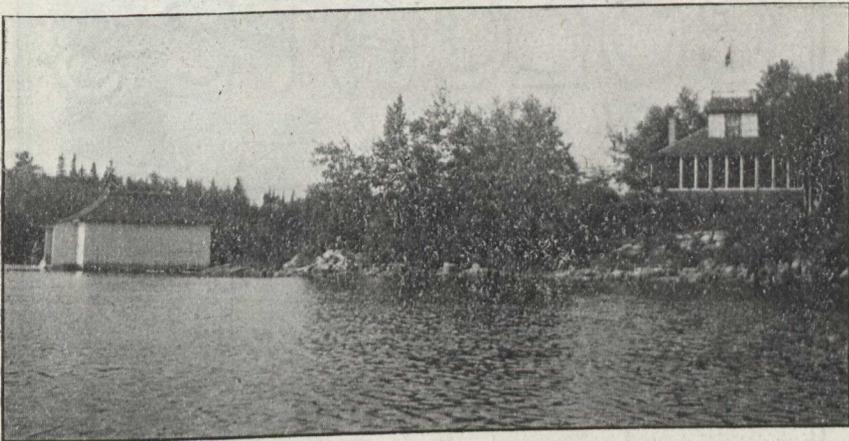
\* \* \*

At the big Empire dinner, given at the Lyceum Club, in London, early in June, Dr. J. A. Macdonald replied to the toast, "The Empire," and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron proposed "Links of the Empire." Miss Marjory MacMurchy, President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, is over there, and Mrs. Clare Fitzgibbon, also Mrs. Simpson Hayes, a well-known writer of the West.

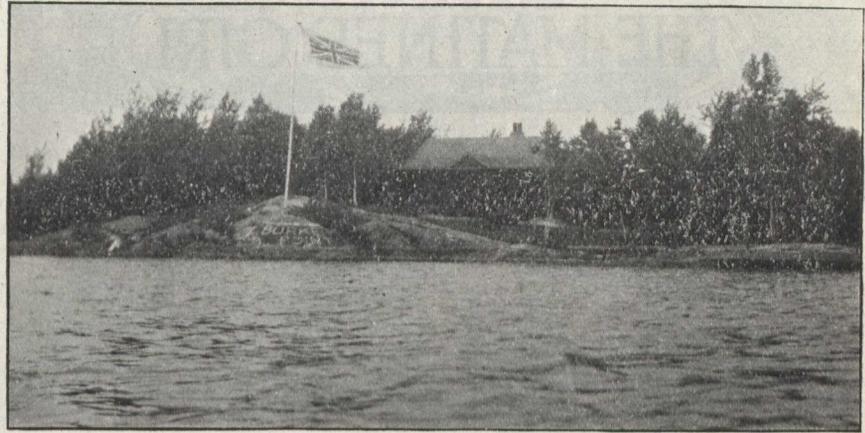
Quite a striking procession of suffragettes traversed the streets of London, on the evening of June 17th, prior to their meeting in Albert Hall. Everything was done to attract the attention of the crowds, some of the leaders being dressed to represent famous characters in history, such as Boadicea, Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine of Arragon, and Queen Victoria. There were over fifty thousand of them altogether, all classes being represented, from prominent actresses and women writers down to humble factory women. Some prominent members included Miss Bryce, a daughter of John A. Bryce, of the House of Commons; Sarah Grand, the novelist; Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society; Lady Frances Balfour, Princess D'Hulett Singh, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. One of the brigades was made up of women pipers in Highland costume.

\* \* \*

I wonder what next? Really women are funny creatures, almost as funny as men, which is saying a good deal. The latest from the wire comes the news of two handsome members of the delicate sex, who have adopted masculine costume, as much as the law will allow. They are in Toronto, and wear men's hats, collars and cuffs and shirts. Their hair is cut short, and the dashing hat bands match their ties. Everywhere they are creating a furore, even detracting from the performance, when they go to the theatre. For they invariably occupy seats in the front row. I wonder what will happen next month, in the way of feminine thrillers?



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## WESTERN SUMMER HOMES

By GRACE CORNELL



SWASTIKA.



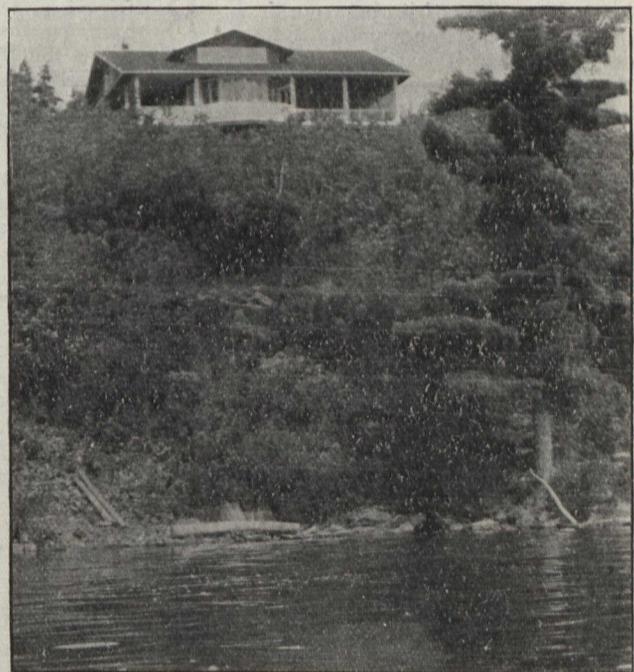
NEAQUANG.



AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE people of Winnipeg and the vicinity around have a favourite spot for spending the hot summer months. Rather, I should say, they have several favourite spots, but one in particular. This is Lake of the Woods, where the majority of the summer homes are situated. Lake Manitoba, however, bids fair to be a close second, as it is reached by a beautiful automobile drive of about fifty miles from Winnipeg.

Burke's Point is the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wood. Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Bryan have a pretty home, Tower View Cottage, on Coney Island. Swastika, the home of Mrs. Horace Crawford, Idylcrag, of Mr. and Mrs. Montague Aldous, are both on Lake of the Woods, as also are "As You Like It," the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Champion, and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Nanton's home. Neaquang, where Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Alloway, spend their summers, is at Oak Point, Lake Manitoba.



IDYLCRAG.



A. M. Nanton's Home.



Lake of the Woods Yacht Club.

# THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

## A Surprise.

ON June 17th, the Lapland steamed out of New York harbour, 'midst shouts and cheers from the gay cortege who assembled to bid the voyagers God speed. Among the number was a little actress, a Canadian, by the way, from Pictou, Nova Scotia. A score of friends came down to see her off, and



MISS CHRISTIE MACDONALD.

just as the steamer pulled out, someone on board handed a note to Mr. Louis F. Werba, her manager. The note read like this: "Forgive me, but I take this means of letting you know that I am on my honeymoon. I have not announced it earlier because I did not want the newspapers to know about it. Christie Macdonald."

Rather unique, wasn't it? It seems quite the thing for our Canadian actresses to spring surprises like that on us. Remember Margaret Anglin, on the eighth of May? All the papers had been spreading broadcast the information that Miss Anglin was going on an extensive motor trip through Normandy, but they did not say that there was going to be a husband, to see that the chauffeur performed his duties all right.

Miss Macdonald's private name now is Mrs. Henry Lloyd Gillespie, her husband being the inevitable son of a wealthy manufacturer of Pittsburg. How many of the actresses' husbands have wealthy fathers in Pittsburg! The marriage is the outcome of a visit of Miss Macdonald and her mother to Mr. Gillispie, last summer, at his home in the Thousand Islands. This is her second embarkation on the ocean of matrimony,

her first husband being William Winter Jefferson, fourth son of the late Joseph Jefferson, from whom she obtained a divorce, two years ago.

Miss Macdonald's closing night at the Liberty Theatre, New York, was marked by a great display of enthusiasm on the part of the audience. She received a profusion of floral gifts. After the performance, she entertained the company at a dinner on the stage.

\* \* \*

## Pick Ups.

THAT grand old lady, Madame Bernhardt, finished her two hundred and eighty-fifth performance on June 22nd, and two days later, left for her beloved France. She was entertained on June 20th, by the Players' Club, in New York, which is considered quite a distinction for any woman. The only women who had ever been entertained by them were Mojeska, Duse and Ellen Terry. However, one might well say that in this case, the honour was for the Club, in being able to have for a guest the great and only Sarah.

\* \* \*

WHILE Ethel Barrymore was still in the West, finishing her season in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," and "The Twelve Pound Look," her handsome limousine was completely destroyed by fire, while the chauffeur was driving it toward Miss Barrymore's home in Mamaroneck. The fire was caused by the ignition of escaping gasoline.

\* \* \*

ROSE STAHL recently closed a four months' run in "Maggie Pepper," at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago. Which goes to show that a good, wholesome play is appreciated, despite the verdict of the pessimists that there is no use in putting on anything worth while, to-day.

Miss Stahl, who is a Canadian, from Montreal, gave a benefit for the sick babies of the Gad's Hill Camps, Chicago, and added \$2,000 to the funds of that charity.

\* \* \*

RUMOUR, that most contagious of all forces, says that Margaret Anglin is to appear in Henri Bernstein's "The Thief," next season, making a tour of the Pacific Coast. Probably the strongest argument this Madame Rumour has for her statement is the fact that the play has been withdrawn from stock production in the West. At any rate, Miss Anglin's friends, whose number is legion, will be pleased to see her, once more, in a serious role, now that she has shown them that she can appear to equally good advantage in a



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**DIVING GIRLS**

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lighter one. The fact is, there is no comedy to-day quite good enough for Miss Anglin.

\* \* \*

### Interviewing Grace George.

GRACE GEORGE is just the sweetest thing imaginable, until you chance to mention that you are from a newspaper. Then she places a huge screen around her Grace Georginess and becomes a veritable clam. I always thank my lucky stars that she did not happen to be in her room, the day I went up, and saw all her little pink things strewn around, and the dearest silk kimono hanging indolently over a chair, with the note attached requesting her maid to mend it, "If you please." For it was the very first time I ever attempted to gain admittance to the sanctum sanctorum of the most high, theatrically speaking.

I knew a little girl who gained that coveted admittance, one time, and the greeting was something like this:

"Well, sit down. We might as well get this thing over as soon as possible, I suppose. What do you want me to talk about? I won't talk about my husband or my children. Well, why don't you say something? Hurry up, ask questions."

In sheer desperation, the little newspaper enthusiast stammered out, "What are you particularly interested in, beside the theatre?" A very original question, to be sure.

Miss George dabbed frantically at her powder puff. She, undoubtedly, was impressed with the originality of the question.

"I'm not interested in anything, because I'm never doing anything else. I don't mind telling you that. And here is something else. I like Chicago audiences. That's something good for your paper. And also this. I hate Cleveland audiences. I loathe

them, I despise them. I'll never play there again, as long as I live, if I can help myself. And Toledo! Ugh! I'll never play there either. Stupid. Ugh! Well, is there anything else I can tell you?"

Fortunately, there was not. The little girl got up from her chair, moved toward the door, and said sweetly, "Thank you for telling me so much, Miss George. I'm going now, because you want me to."

"Yes I do," Miss George answered affably. But she took the sweet little thing's hand, and added, "As a newspaper woman, I'm sorry I ever saw you, but personally, I like you, very much. Do come and see me again, soon, as a person, and we may get along better."

Now, wasn't that sweet of her, after all?

\* \* \*

JULIA MARLOWE'S season closed on July 14th, and she is now enjoying a much needed rest at her home in the Catskills. Here she wanders around, all summer, listening to the birds which she loves, and getting close to Nature. She likes nothing better than a good, brisk walk along a dusty road, and always wears stout walking boots, a brown skirt, brown veil and hat. She says this colour mingles nicely with the dust on the roads. The only reason she will ever have for retiring, if she does, will be to get away from the miserable little half hours she is obliged to snatch, when working, to breathe in good, fresh air. She hates the people who stare at her from the cars and elevators in cities, and very often rides to the edge of town, and then has her walk out in the country. But in this, her free summer time, she does not have to run away from strangers who stare, for she has a whole big farm, where she can wander to her heart's content.

## CHEERY CHIT-CHAT

YOU know, one must never stay in town, in summer. If you can boast nothing more than a gipsy tent by the side of some dusty road, for mercy's sake take it away with you for a week or two at least, and prove to the neighbours across the street that you are just as strong on fashion as they.

\* \* \*

Cobourg is already well represented, from all over the Dominion, and that elusive place called very definitely, "The Georgian Bay," is livening considerably, as the days swing by.

\* \* \*

Captain Walker and family, Toronto, arrived at Glebe Lawn, their summer home at Cobourg, some time toward the end of May; and Dr. and Mrs. Horning, of the same city, are enjoying the cool lake breezes from the verandahs of their residence, Cold Blow Cottage.

\* \* \*

Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, Earncliffe, Ottawa, and her sister, Mrs. McDougall, also of Ottawa, are occupying the family homestead, at Cobourg. Mrs. L. Rogers and two sons have come down from Killarney, Man., and are staying at the home of Mrs. Rogers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Minaker.

\* \* \*

Eve's lips seemed to infuse a spiciness into the apple, which has been increasing ever since, in every bit of fruit nibbled from the feminine basket.

\* \* \*

Many friends from across the re-

ciprociprocity boundary come to spend their summers at Cobourg. Among them this year are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hess, of Philadelphia, who are occupying the Lapp Cottage; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rowe, of Pittsburg, who are at Cottesmore Hall for the season; Mr. Frank Schwartz and family, Pittsburg, who have a home at the north part of the town; Dr. Field and family, Buffalo, are staying at Hadfield Hurst. Miss Sherrill, of Washington, has taken a house again this year.

\* \* \*

Mrs. C. R. S. Dinnick and the Misses Dinnick, Toronto, are spending the summer at Murray Bay, Quebec. Mrs. W. C. Stratton is enjoying the summer at her cottage at Beaumorris, Muskoka.

\* \* \*

Some Winnipeggers who are spending the summer out of town are Mr. and Mrs. Pentland and their little son, who are at Little Metis, Quebec; Miss Maud Crampton, who will visit in Windsor, Detroit and New York, returning to Winnipeg in September. Mr. and Mrs. F. Grant Millar and Miss Enid Millar are summering at the Tourist Hotel, Kenora. Mrs. Fred. Burnham and her sister, Miss Bartle, have gone on an extended water trip, going by boat from Fort William to Halifax.

\* \* \*

The summer porch is surely the oasis for all female wanderers over the hotel desert, where the most luxuriant gossip grows.

\* \* \*

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National Council of Women, held in Port Arthur, Ontario, delegates were present from all over the Dominion, and reports discussed on all subjects of national interest to the women. Mrs. O. Edward, Macleod, Alberta, brought a report on the Better Protection of Women and Children; Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, on Public Health; Dr. Augusta Stowe Gullen, on Citizenship. One of the liveliest discussions of the whole conference was the report of the Standing Committee on equal moral standing, and prevention of traffic in women. The report, which was prepared by Mrs. Asa Gordon, of Ottawa, was read by



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## Don't Let Corns Torment You

Corns are utterly needless. You can end the pain instantly. You can loosen the corn without even feeling it. In two days the corn comes out.

This is all done with a little plaster, which contains a dot of B & B wax. It is applied in a jiffy. No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn. In two days take the plaster off, and the corn comes out. That is all there is to it.

This Blue-jay plaster thus removes five million corns per year. Let it remove yours too. Go get a package. Don't wait and suffer. End them as others do.

- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

(5) Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them. If not convinced, ask for sample—free.

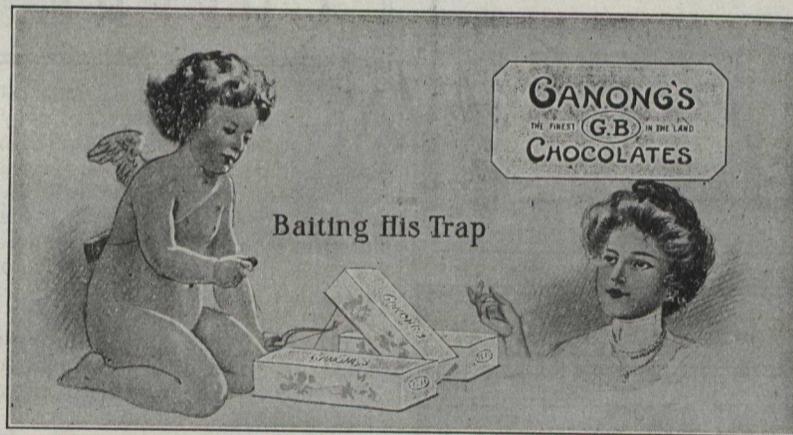
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Mrs. Boomer. Mrs. A. E. Huestis, of Toronto, sounded a warning in reference to the employment agencies. The people have not as yet realized the fact that these places, many of them at least, are a danger to the country. Mrs. McNaughton told of the work of the detention homes, and suggested that the girls who are allowed to roam the streets should be placed there and taught useful work. Dr. Johnston, of Toronto, pointed out that when a woman is taken to police court, she seldom has women friends to stand by her.

All admiration is due these women, who are trying to better conditions, not only among their own sex, in the Dominion, but are endeavoring to make better citizens out of everyone, and thus make our country stand for all that is true and worthy. Mrs. F. H. Torrington, of Toronto, is the new President.

It often sets me a-wondering. What did old Robinson Crusoe and the faithful Friday do for after-dinner conversation? Such a thing as a harem creation had never been thought of, nor was there ever a puff or a rat on the feminine head-horizon.

To celebrate the Coronation of King George V., Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan, of Winnipeg, entertained at a large garden party, at Government House, on Coronation evening. The 90th band, under the directorship of Mr. Barrowclough, gave a splendid programme, and promenading was a popular way of spending the evening. But the sounds of dance music from the ball-room lured many inside, and despite the hot weather, the waltz and two-step proved irresistible. Sir Daniel and Lady McMillan received their guests in a small marquee, gay with bunting.



## THE FUTURE OF THE MILLING INDUSTRY IN CANADA

Canadian wheat makes the best flour produced in the world. The millers of other countries in order to meet the situation endeavor to obtain Canadian wheat, but the users of flour, the bakers and housewives are finding out that the best flour is not only made from Canadian wheat, but is milled in Canada. The demand for Canadian wheat is so great that the mills are taxed to the utmost to satisfy the demand. There is nothing in the commercial world of a greater certainty than the future of the Canadian milling industry. This being the case the opportunity to buy stock in a well managed and favorably situated flour milling Company is one that the careful investor will be quick to appreciate. The Campbell Milling Company of West Toronto and Peterborough have found it necessary to enlarge its output, and for this purpose have organized the Campbell Flour Mills Co., Limited, which will take over the entire existing business and erect new mills at Midland.

Campbell Thompson, No. 43 King Street West, Toronto, are offering \$300,000 7 per cent. Com., Pref. stock in the new Company, at par, which carries with it a bonus of 25 per cent. com. stock.

This stock is unusually attractive, and intending investors are advised to communicate with Messrs. Campbell & Thompson. A prospectus will be mailed on request. Prompt action is desirable as the stock is being subscribed rapidly. The books will be closed not later than July 17th. The management of the new Company will remain the same as in the Campbell Milling Company.

# THE STRANGER

*The Effect of an Old Song on a Man's Spirit of Revenge*

By LLOYD ROBERTS

THREE men dropped from an empty box-car as the morning freight turned its back on Cross Creek settlement. Two of them immediately slunk into the encroaching underbrush, while the third, a tall, angular man with shifty eyes, ambled lazily toward the saw-mill on the lip of the bank. A freckle-faced lad, who was stacking the freshly-cut boards before the door, paused to wipe his brow as the stranger approached.

"Ain't the drive in yet?" inquired the latter, sharply.

"Most of it. The last o' the cut will be in the booms erlong erbout dark, I guess. Lookin' for someone?"

"You bet I am!"

The fierce tone in which this was uttered stirred the youngster's curiosity. What interest could this tough-looking character have in the return of the loggers? If he were a friend or relative of one of them it was strange he hadn't heard of his coming.

"Maybe you're a stranger hereabouts?" he suggested.

"Maybe I am," was the unsatisfactory retort as the other walked off.

All day the mill-hands saw the tramp—as they quite agreed he was—pottering about the saw-dust piles, the spurting dam and the crowding logs above it. Once he ventured out on the floating timbers and the foreman yelled for him to "git back out of that," but the way he kept his footing and cleared the gaps implied a knowledge of spiked boots and pike-poles that caused the natives to wonder. When the whistle blew for the mid-day meal he presented his sinister face at the cook-house door and accepted the cook's invitation to dinner in a surly, matter-of-course manner that did not include thanks, nor afterwards encourage questioning. During the afternoon his eagerness or impatience seemed to increase, and when the men finally knocked off work for the day and scattered to their distant homes he was still haunting the dump and the board-piles with aimless persistence.

The shrieks of the tortured saws had long been stilled; the new moon was glimmering palely through the budding poplars and birches, when McKnight's loggers finally came slouching up from the dam for their last meal of the drive. By the smoky glare of the lamps they might have been a crew of pirates ashore for a spree. Few chins had felt the razor for a month; their shapeless black hats were tilted at rakish angles; their trousers were sawn off at the knee or stuffed into their great calked boots, and more than one wore a gaudy bandana about his tanned neck. Shouting uproarious greetings to the fat-faced cook, they crashed their peavies and pike-poles upon the floor and tumbled onto the benches that lined the long deal tables. Hunger is never kept in suspense in the lumber-camps, and the steam was already rising from hills of potatoes and pork, flats of Johnny-cake and lakes of black coffee. There commenced a clattering din of steel on tinware and conversation was confined to such gruff commands as chuck the bread, Sam—rush the saw this way, Bobby—and don't hog all the beans, yer dern alligator.

After ten minutes of strenuous exertion, however, forks and jaws began to ease their pace and brains to stray from mugs and platters to more trivial objects, including the stranger hunched on a biscuit-box against the farther wall.

"Who's yer sporty acquaintance, Bobby?" grinned Reddy Jones.

"He don't belong to me. Blew in on the mornin' freight an' has been snookin' 'round here ever since. The mill fellers said he was waitin' for someone on the drive."

"Here we be then. Ask him what he wants."

"No, thank yer. Ask him yerself if yer so mighty curious. He ain't been exactly sociable like an' he can go ter blazes fer all I care."

"Come now, Bobby, is that the way for a fine, self-respectin' hash-slinger ter talk? I'll tell yer ma if yer ain't careful," and Sam Sloat raised a chiding fork capped with a hunk of potato.

"We'll say nothin' erbout it, though, if yer'll un-

hitch your old fog-horn and give us a little music 'fore we bust up," promised Reddy.

"I don't care, seein' yer goin' away for good. What'll it be?"

"Something lively."

"Bobby's phonograph was the pride of his heart. It was supposed to be his one line of dissipation—for he neither smoked, chewed, drank nor fell in love—and indulged in it at every opportunity and on all occasions. Presently the feet of the loggers began to mark time to a rollicking backwoods chantey as a fiddle and a metallic voice struck up with:

"Jack has got a scarlet rag strung around his hat. Bill has lost his dollar watch in the Devil's Vat. Squint-eye Murphy bust the jam—jimpin' like a cat.

Sunday 'll see us eatin' off a table."

The audience joined in the chorus with a roar and a thumping of toes that shook the tins and sent the dust into the air to mingle with the smoke.

"Birl a log, birl a log, birl a log, boys.

Ram a log, cram a log, slam a log, boys.



Drawn by George Butler.

*He was upon them before they could fire again.*

There's lots of time for loafin' when the saws begin their noise,

And the g'als come troopin' down beside the mill."

The stranger leaned back with folded arms and half-closed eyes. All day the sights, sounds and smells of a past existence had been struggling to awaken some response in his inflexible soul—blotting out the unclean memories of his exile and telescoping time until it seemed as though he had never been absent from the settlements. And now he was back with his old comrades of woods and rivers—Reddy Jones, Polite Williams, Big John Nevers and many more—including his boyhood chum, Hugh McKnight.

But things had changed considerably in five years. From the most popular man on the river he had become an outcast of civilization, hounded by the law, unrecognizable to his old associates and the sworn enemy of the burly woodsman opposite him who so complacently sucked on his black cigar.

Well, he was glad that McKnight appeared so

prosperous and content. Evidently life meant something worth while to him—something worth clinging to to the last—just as his would have been if Madge had forgiven. Robbing him of it would be even more satisfactory than he had imagined; and now that vengeance was so sure and imminent he could afford to gloat a few minutes longer before he gave it rein.

"Sandy's hoppin' lively for he's left a kid at home.

Davey's heart is achin' for a pesky grammyphone, For it ain't in human nature for a man to live alone—

When the drive is lyin' idle Sunday mornin'."

And once more the camp vibrated with the roar of the chorus.

There was no music in the bitter heart of Angus North, and yet one foot was involuntarily beating out the measure. His mind was concerned only with the deed that had brought him back. It had been well arranged. He had only to throw open the door and let events take their course. Lefty and Bud would spring in with cocked pistols and endeavor to hold up the camp. They had been promised an easy rake-off from a crew of rustic farmers with a month of high wages in their jeans, and though anxious to lie low until certain escapades across the border had been forgotten, they had been easily lured to lend a hand. North smiled grimly at his deception. At the best lumber-jacks were dangerous things to take liberties with, and Hugh McKnight had a reputation for nerve and

recklessness won in tighter holes than this would be. At the first word he would be up and at them and then—Lefty was never slow on the trigger.

What was that blasted tune they were playing? It had been knocking upon his ear-drums with a persistence that had forced him to give heed. Mulvorney. Another association of his dead life. He hadn't heard it since that terrible occasion when she had turned him adrift to founder upon the rocks. As vividly as a scene of yesterday it flared before his closed lids. It was such a night as this; he had just returned from the drive, as they were doing now. But then it had been the Upper Nashwaak—not Cross Creek—and they had stopped to celebrate their freedom at Stanley. Of course he had sworn to let the bottle alone, and in those days his word was as good as his bond. But what if he had been a d—n fool and his intractable enemy had got the better of him? Hadn't a man a right to kick over the traces once in a while without being called to account? Still, he shouldn't have gone to Madge in that condition—he knew that. But he had only meant to catch a glimpse of her through the window, until he saw that she had company. Even then he might have restrained his jealous rage if McKnight hadn't looked at her the way he did and she hadn't played and sung those very songs she always sang for him. Everyone knew that McKnight was after her, too, though he had never let that fact worry him before. It had ended with his entering and creating a scene that no self-respecting girl could overlook. He could see the expression of pain and pity in her eyes now, hear Hugh's quiet words of reason, see himself fumble for his clasp-knife and have it jerked from his shaking fingers. Then as he was leaving he had sworn to "get even."

That at least was an oath he had never forgotten. As he sank lower and lower it had become more and more of an obsession—become the one ambition of his bestial existence. What was he waiting for? D—n the music! It was vengeance, not regret he wished to dwell on.

The song came to an end and he slowly rose to his feet. Bud and Lefty would be cowering in the shadows, cursing his delay. Before he had taken three steps, however, a singer's sweet voice held him again. Of all the dear songs that Madge had sung to him *The Banks of Lock Lomond* was the dearest, the one most pregnant with his passion; and with a stifled curse he leaned against the wall and surrendered himself to its spell.

"You take the high road and I'll take the low road. . . ."

She seemed to be there in person pleading with his warped soul as she had pleaded in the past, reminding him of all those shattered promises and the love he had forfeited. And slowly, one by one,

(Continued on page 27.)

# The Greed of Conquest

By  
J. B. Harris-Burland.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"WHAT is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Endermine, looking up from her needlework. Then, as she saw the expression on his face, she rose from her seat, and hastening to his side looked at the letter which he still held unopened in his hand.

"I don't recognize the writing," she said. "Why do you look like that, Dick? What is the matter? Are you ill?"

He put his hand to his throat and tugged at his collar, as if he were choking. "Lowick!" he gasped. "Ralph Lowick!"

The woman swayed a little; then she put a hand on his shoulder and steadied herself. "Open it, dear," she said, in a low voice. "Or give it to me. I will open it and read it to you."

"Yes, yes," he stammered. "You read it, Edith. I—I can't see. I haven't got my glasses."

She smiled, for she knew that he never required glasses for reading. Then she took the letter from his hand, bent over him and kissed his forehead, and, seating herself in a chair, opened the envelope.

"Dear Colonel," Mrs. Endermine read, in a trembling voice. "Joan is all right." She read no further, but covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Heavens!" shouted the Colonel, springing to his feet. "This—Look here, Edith, for Heaven's sake don't cry. There's nothing to cry about. I feel as if I could shout, dance, sing, fight a man twenty years younger than myself. Edith—look here, old girl, for pity's sake don't cry. That's not the thing to do at all."

He caught her by the arms, lifted her to her feet, and held her close to him, as he had done when they were lovers—more than twenty years ago.

"Edith, my dear child," he whispered, "this is great. There's nothing to cry about—nothing." And all the time the foolish old fellow was crying himself like a child.

"Thank Heaven!" whispered Mrs. Endermine. "Oh! Dick, I—I can't realize it yet—I can't understand."

"You sit down and read the letter," he said, roughly. "Then you'll understand all about it. Here, give it to me. I'll read it."

He took the letter from her, and she, poor woman, caring little for anything else now that Joan was alive and well, leant back in her chair, folded her arms, and silently thanked God for His mercies.

"Joan, stammered the Colonel—'Joan is all right. We are in London at the above address. We were married yesterday at a registry office.'"

"Married?" interrupted Mrs. Endermine. "My little Joan married?"

"Yes; why not?" said the Colonel, fiercely. "I hope you're not going to cry about that? Well, let me go on. We can talk afterwards. 'We were married yesterday at a registry office. I've a lot to tell you; but it will have to wait. You must come and see us in town, as we dare not come down to Easternhoe. I am still in hiding, and if it had not been for Joan I should not have come back to England. All news must be kept till we meet. What I wish to impress upon you is that I am risking my life in writing to you, and you must not tell anyone that either Joan or I are alive. Please burn this letter directly you get it. We have not yet decided what to do, but Joan wishes to see you both before we decide. With kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Endermine, I am, yours sincerely, Robert Carter.'"

"Robert Carter?" repeated Mrs. Endermine. "Why—oh, Dick, are you sure that—there was a Robert Carter, don't you remember—that young man Joan met at the Wilsons' ball, and who liked her so much?"

The Colonel laughed heartily. "This is written by Lowick," he replied. "There's no doubt about that. He's stolen Carter's name in case this letter might fall into other hands—21a Egham-square, Bayswater. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carter—ha, ha! We'll find them, Edith; we'll go up to-night. If we're quick we can catch the last train."

"Oh, Dick, we must be very, very careful. Supposing we were watched and followed?"

"Oh, that's all nonsense on Lowick's part. Why, he's the man England is looking for at this time.

He's the man that can save her and bring Europe to its senses. Lowick! Great Scott! woman, why, if he'd killed a thousand Corodales the country would welcome him with open arms."

"Yet he must know best, Dick. He says that he is risking his life in writing to us. Oh, Dick dear, we must be very, very careful. We must not forget, in our joy, that no one else must know of it. We must control ourselves—keep guard on our words and looks."

"Oh, you can trust me, Edith. You can trust me for that. Will you get ready? We must catch this train. Say you've got to go and see your doctor. We'll stay at Morley's—no, the Great Western Hotel at Paddington. That will be nearer to them. Hurry up, there's a good woman. We'll dine in the train."

Mrs. Endermine kissed him and left the room. "By Heaven!" he said to himself, rubbing his hands together. "This is splendid—glorious news—not only for us, but for England. We'll show them now, by gad—we'll show them!"

"YES, we had a pretty rough time on the whole," said Lowick to Colonel Endermine. "And so had the others. I hear that the Vallombrosa went down in a cyclone; no one was saved."

He had come to an end of that part of his narrative which related to their adventures on Smith Island, and had paused to fill and light his pipe. Mrs. Endermine and Joan were upstairs in the bedroom, and the two men were alone. Lowick had told everything, having first bound his father-in-law to a vow of secrecy, and the Colonel, who had been through the horrors of two years, had shuddered as he listened to the tale of cruelty and carnage.

"You will, of course, make this news public?" said the old man, after a long silence.

Lowick rested his elbows on his knees and stared at the fire, which burnt feebly, after the manner of lodging-house fires, in a big old-fashioned grate.

"I mean at the proper time," the Colonel continued. "I think you ought to do that. There was a great stir about the loss of the Ajax and the Agamemnon, and it was thought that they went down in a cyclone. People even wrote to the papers and said that the vessels were badly constructed. The South Pacific Squadron spent a month searching for them. Then, at the beginning of November, there were rumours of war, and the squadron was brought closer to Europe; and when the war broke out the whole thing was forgotten. But there are wives and mothers still hoping, Ralph—hoping that their sons and husbands will return to them."

"I may tell the truth," said Lowick. "Later on it may be possible. Well, I will go on with my story, Colonel. Our troubles were by no means over when we left the island, though we had nothing more to fear from our fellow-men. We had a fresh breeze and fair weather for two days, and then we caught it. I never wish for that experience again."

"A cyclone, eh?"

"No, just an ordinary storm—the sort of thing one wouldn't worry about on a liner, even on a good sound sailing ship; but in an open boat—well, if we hadn't struck land we'd have gone to the bottom."

He paused, and moistened his lips with his tongue. He saw the whole scene plainly before his eyes—the waves like grey hills crested with whirling snow, the dead calm in the hollows where the sail flapped, the swoop forward on the summits where the gale threatened to tear out mast and canvas, the continual bailing, day and night, for forty-eight hours on end. There was no need to describe all that in detail to Colonel Endermine. No words could adequately describe the agony and suspense of it—the continual strain of being face to face with death for forty-eight hours.

"You were driven ashore?" queried the Colonel.

"Yes, it was a miracle we escaped with our lives. Fortunately, the boat drew very little water, and we were flung up on a shady beach. We saved some of the provisions, but lost the boat. I got a knock on the head that laid me out senseless. If it hadn't been for Joan, I'd have been sucked back into the sea again. She saved my life."

"And then?" queried Colonel Endermine, gnawing his moustache.

"Well, I'm not going to tell you about our life on the island. All that will keep. We had some food, and there was fortunately a spring of water. Then there were cocoanuts, and turtle, and a few fish."

"Cocoanuts and turtle!" echoed Colonel Endermine. "Great Scott! you must have suffered from indigestion."

Ralph Lowick laughed. "We couldn't think of that," he said. "Joan made the best of them. We kept our matches dry, fortunately, and she turned out an excellent cook. It was like a picnic—not at all bad fare, I can tell you. I made Joan an excellent hut, and fixed up a sort of a tent for myself with the said and a few bits of wreckage."

"There was, of course, another side to the picture," said Colonel Endermine.

"Yes, there was," Lowick answered, gravely. "Joan was very much troubled about you and her mother. I think if it had not been for that, we might have been happy. And then there was always the fear that one of us might die, and the other be left alone. That kept me awake at nights."

"H'm, yes, Ralph. I can understand that. I've felt it myself—different, of course, when you're in civilization and among friends. Well, my boy, and what are you going to do now?"

"Wait a moment. I have not told you all yet. We were picked up by a Swedish trader, and brought into Stockholm. Fortunately, no one on board could speak English, so we weren't worried with questions. We told a sort of story—in dumb show."

"But when you reached Stockholm?"

"The war had broken out there, and no one could talk or think of anything else. Our arrival attracted no attention. We said we had been wrecked on the Brenda, a small sailing vessel, that our names were Mr. and Mrs. Carter, of London. I had my gold watch and chain still on me, and Joan had her rings and some other jewellery. We sold them, gave part of the money to the captain of the vessel that picked us up, promising to send more when we reached England. Then we came over here."

"It was very risky, Ralph, if you really think you are in danger of being tried for the murder of Corodale."

"It might have been risky at any ordinary time, though I look a bit changed, don't I?"

Colonel Endermine stared at the incipient beard and moustache which had transformed Lowick from a rather good-looking young man to a somewhat untidy ruffian.

"Yes, I wouldn't have known you; but Joan, her portrait was printed on a poster and sent all over England."

"I suppose so. Well, as I say, at any other time there might have been a risk. But who thinks or talks of anything else but this horrible war? There was bad news this morning."

"Yes, indeed, Ralph. I don't know what is going to happen."

"America and Japan could turn the scale in our favour," said Lowick, thoughtfully, "but I see they have both decided to keep out of the business."

"Yet they talk of the ties of blood," said the Colonel, bitterly, "and of gratitude. There is only one quarter where England can look for help."

"To whom?"

"To you, Ralph. Make a couple—make a single one of your machines, and the world will be at our mercy."

RALPH LOWICK made no reply. He leant forward, staring at the fire, his elbows resting on his knees, his hands clasped together.

"You said you had destroyed the machine and plans," the Colonel continued, "but I can't believe you would have done so without fixing the whole thing in your mind."

"You are right. I committed every detail to memory. But—" Again he paused, and pressed his lips tightly together.

"But what, Ralph?"

"That blow on the head, Colonel—when we were driven ashore on the island. It was more serious than I thought at first."

The Colonel looked at him blankly. "You don't mean," he stammered, "that you—that your memory—no, of course not—or you'd have forgotten all you were telling me just now."

"I could not make another machine," Ralph Lowick said, quietly. "It is one thing to remember a few incidents, and quite another to remember all the details of a very intricate machine."

"Oh, Ralph—my dear boy—you must try and remember. Think what it means to you and Joan. Why, if you were to come forward at this crisis, you could ask what you like, a free pardon, a pot

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TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

**DEMI-TASSE**

**Couriettes.**

The Liberal papers say that Mr. R. L. Borden is getting a frost. Not a bad thing to receive in these sunny July days.

Of course, this is the season for Sunday-school picnics and pleasant moonlight excursions. That may be the reason why Germany has sent a gunboat to the most southern port of Morocco.

The reciprocity debate at Washington is likely to keep a quorum busy all summer, with language and lemonade.

A Brockville paper publishes a plaintive paragraph on the venom of Henri Bourassa. Now, watch the grandson of Papineau on the warpath after the Department of Railways and Canals.

The Toronto Globe has asked the question, "Who owns the ocean?" This has not a Pacific effect.

Grasshoppers from the United States have been devastating Manitoba's oats and barley. That is what comes of talking reciprocity.

Woman may desire a vote—but to see her eyes brighten, just show her the marked-down linen suits which bloom in July.

The way in which the Black Rock, N.Y., authorities treat women travelers from Canada leads one to reflect upon the high tariff wall against common politeness which Uncle Sam insists on preserving.

W. T. Stead thinks it would be a noble act to have a statue to George Washington in Westminster Abbey, since the worthy George taught Great Britain how to govern her colonies. What's the matter with having a memorial to General Brock in the Congressional Library at Washington, since Sir Isaac taught the United States how to treat British colonies?

Britannia rules the waves—but Ontario would like the address of the man who rules the heat waves.

**His Opinion.**—The telephone service in the city of Toronto has caused more compound fractures of the Third Commandment than any other affliction of the dog days.

A Toronto citizen who was complaining recently of its ways and means was asked: "Don't you have the Bell Telephone Company in Toronto?"

"I wouldn't spell it with a 'B,'" was the gloomy reply.

**Song of Sultry Days.**

When the mercury is mounting  
Up to ninety and some more,  
When your brow you're madly mopping  
While you open wide the door.

Then your brain-wheels stop revolving  
And your thoughts refuse to think,  
And all you seem to care about  
Is just a long, cold drink.

When you wonder if you'll sleep to-night  
And if you have the price  
To buy a neat electric fan  
And also extra ice,

Then the coal man sends a circular  
To say he's selling cheap—  
"Get in next winter's full supply—"  
Oh, then you say a heap.

**His Little Change.**—Sir Charles Tupper, having reached the age of ninety, and being the only living member of the "Confederation Fathers" of 1867, has come to be regarded as a prominent Canadian citizen rather than a politician. In its magazine section for Dominion Day, for instance, the Toronto Globe published a full-page picture of Sir Charles,

the erstwhile leader of the Conservative forces. Sir Charles was never a bitter partisan, and in 1896 he took his defeat and the downfall of his party with a good grace. On his return to Ottawa in August of that year for the first session of a Liberal Parliament, Sir Charles was accosted by a political opponent who asked how he had spent the summer.

"Oh, I have had an excellent outing," was the response, as the veteran politician smiled cheerfully.

**In 1920.**

The cost of the airship looks high we admit,  
And the flying expenses give father a fit;  
Repair bills mount up in a way hard to beat,  
But we sail out of reach of the dust of the street—

And look what we save on car-fare!

The tool-kit we dropped on our neighbour's new wife,  
And some more things that fell were the cause of deep strife;  
The damage suits mean that there's plenty to pay,  
And burglars invade the house while we're away—

But look what we save on car-fare!

Among us we've suffered some pretty bad falls,  
And our nerves are a wreck from some pretty close calls;  
We've picked up bad colds, also several more ills;  
So you'll guess we've been in for some big doctor bills—

But look what we save on car-fare!

**Well Answered.**—"I suppose," said the city man, "there are some queer characters around an old village like this?"

"You'll find a good many," admitted the native, "when the hotels fill up."

**Not What He Meant.**—An Ottawa man tells of what he considers an amusing misuse of a word by a man who was helping to keep things moving during the judging of horses at Ottawa's Exhibition last year.

The latter man, by consulting a little book which he carried, was able to tell at which stable a certain horse-man could be found.

"I tell you," said the one with the book, triumphantly, "there's nothing like keeping a little dairy in your vest pocket."

**The Best of Luck.**—"Have any luck on your fishing trip?"

"Great. I didn't have to row the boat once."

**Beyond His Depth.**—Aldermen are not always men of much education, and some of them make breaks by trying to help their speeches along with words that they are not familiar with.

Of that class was a man who used to represent an east end ward in Toronto. He had interested himself in a man who wanted the city to provide the latter with a job, and he told of the applicant's former services to the city.

"Gentlemen," said the alderman, "I think we ought to do something for this man. He was incapacitated while working for the city."

Several other aldermen smiled, but the speaker wasn't to be frightened away from his big words.

"I think," he said, "that we should look after any man who becomes incapacitated in the service of the city."

The other aldermen smiled again, and the speaker sat down without realizing what had caused the smiles.

While the meeting progressed he tried to puzzle out what break he had made, but without success. However, he felt that something was wrong. So

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WOOD, GUNDY & CO.

London, Eng.

Toronto, Can.

he slipped quietly over to the table where the newspaper reporters were separating the wheat of the meeting from the chaff, and he said, "Boys, perhaps you had better not say anything in the papers about that man being incapacitated. His family mightn't like it."

### The Warm Spells.

Hot! Hot! Hot!

In buildings or on the street,  
And I would that it weren't sinful  
To say what I think of the heat.

Oh, well for the Eskimo  
Away from the heated mob!  
And well for the Cooks and Pearys  
When they had their Polar Job!

But the pitiless sun rides on  
To a setting promising heat,  
And it seems that no more we'll be  
able  
To sleep or work or eat.

Hot! Hot! Hot!

Though "keep cool" we are told,  
And it's terribly hard to imagine  
That we ever complained of the  
cold.

**Better Than Eating.**—"Let's drop in  
to this restaurant."  
"Oh, I don't believe I care to eat  
anything."

"Well, come in and get a new hat  
for your old one, anyway."

### "In Wrong" Again.

I found her in, but she seemed put  
out;  
I left when she was beginning to  
frown.  
I'd try the 'phone, but I'm half afraid  
If I called her up she would call  
me down.

**Wouldn't Waste Space.**—"A lot of  
people," says the cynic, "don't need  
to hide their light under a bushel.  
They could put it under a cup—or a  
thimble."

**Proof Positive.**—Brownly: "Is Jones  
contented?" Townly—"I should say  
so; I never heard him complain of  
the way his child is taught in school."

**Keeping Cool.**—"It's all very well  
to be told that the way to keep cool  
is to 'keep cool mentally,'" says a  
mand who finds the extreme heat of  
this summer annoying, "but what  
chance has a man to keep from get-  
ting hot when the bores are as bad  
in the hot weather as at any other  
time?"

"The Government should forget re-  
ciprocity and other big questions for  
a while and should take up the bigger  
question of legislating with a view to  
keeping people cool?"

"What would you suggest—abolish  
the weatherman?" he was asked.

"No," he answered, "but, for in-  
stance, I would make it a criminal  
offence for anybody to say to anybody  
else on a hot day, and with an aggra-  
vating tone, 'Is it hot enough for  
you?'"

"I would have the Government try  
to find out whether railway cars are  
cooler on hot days with the windows  
closed or open, and then have legisla-  
tion passed to suit the decision.

"And I don't know but that I'd  
have the Government allow me to  
shoot anybody who makes a habit of  
looking cool on hot days and saying,  
'This isn't hot. It's just comfortable.  
I wouldn't mind if it were several  
degrees warmer.'"

**On His Way.**—Patient—"Say, that  
isn't the tooth I want pulled."

Dentist—"Never mind. I'm coming  
to it."

**Enthusiam.**—"How did you act  
take amateur night?"

"Great. When I sang the first verse  
they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang  
the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"

**Taking Him Down.**—He: "Smith  
told me the other day he thought I  
was suffering from brain fog."

She: "Oh, the flatterer!"

WE OWN AND OFFER AT 98 1-2 AND ACCRUED INTEREST, TO YIELD ABOUT  
6 1-8 P. C., THE UNSOLD BALANCE OF

**\$525,000.00**

# International Milling Company of Canada, Limited

(Incorporated under the Companies Act, Canada)

## 6% COLLATERAL TRUST AND REFUNDING MORTGAGE BONDS

Dated 1st June, 1911.

Due 1st June, 1931.

Principal and semi-annual interest (1st June and December),  
payable at the Merchant's Bank of Canada, Toronto and  
Montreal.

**DENOMINATIONS—\$100, \$500 and \$1000**

Redeemable as a whole at 105 and accrued interest on any  
interest date.

TRUSTEE

INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED,  
MONTREAL

### STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION.

	Authorized.	Outstanding.
Common Stock .....	\$2,250,000	\$ ,279,000
Preferred Stock .....	3,500,000	1,995,400
Bonds .....	2,000,000	
In Treasury .....	250,000	1,732,000
Redeemed July 1st .....	18,000	

Of the issued bonds \$ ,207,000 are to be held in escrow to  
retire underlying bonds.

### PURPOSES OF COMPANY:

The International Milling Company of Canada, Limited, will operate  
as a holding company, and has acquired all the outstanding shares of the  
International Milling Company of Minnesota, and over 80 p.c. of the shares  
of the Canadian Cereal & Milling Company, Limited. The above companies  
own and operate thirteen flour and rolled oat mills, located as follows:  
Three in Minnesota, U.S.A.; one in Iowa, U.S.A.; one in Moose Jaw, Sas-  
katchewan, Canada, and eight in the Province of Ontario, Canada. The  
Combined daily capacity of these plants is 9,000 barrels of flour and 3,000  
barrels of rolled oats. The companies' plants are situated at points that  
will permit them to take the greatest advantage of the markets both of  
Canada and the United States, as well as of the foreign markets of Great  
Britain and European countries.

### SECURITY BEHIND BONDS:

The Collateral Trust and Refunding bonds now offered are secured by  
the deposit with the Trustee of all the Shares of the International Mill-  
ing Company of Minnesota, and over eighty per cent. of the Shares of the  
Canadian Cereal & Milling Company, Limited. The remaining Shares of  
the Cereal Company as they are acquired will be deposited with the Trust-  
tee, and become subject to the Mortgage. When the balance of the Cereal  
Company's Shares are acquired these bonds will constitute a first lien on  
all the assets of the Company now owned or hereafter acquired, subject  
only to \$ ,207,000 underlying bonds, which are being annually redeemed  
by Sinking Fund.

The total value of the fixed and liquid assets of the above companies  
which constitute the International Milling Company of Canada, Limited,  
is \$3,500,000., or twice the amount of bonds outstanding.

### EARNINGS:

The net profits of the constituent companies for their last fiscal year  
according to the audit of Messrs. Marwick, Mitchell & Company for the  
International Milling Company, Limited, of Minnesota, and of Messrs. Rid-  
dell, Stead, Graham & Hutchison for the Canadian Cereal & Milling Com-  
pany, Limited, before allowing interest on borrowed money, but after al-  
lowing for extraordinary expenditures, repairs, renewals, etc., amounted to  
\$4'4,194., or about four times the interest requirements on the outstand-  
ing bonds.

The earnings for the past year show the position of the company as  
follows:—

Net Profits of constituent companies for their last fiscal year, before paying interest on borrowed money .....	\$4'4, '94
Bond Interest and Sinking Fund .....	103,920
Surplus Earnings .....	\$3 0,274

It is expected that the consolidated companies will effect economies and increase  
business in a way which was not possible for the individual companies acting inde-  
pendently, and the present management estimate the net profits should run from  
\$350,000 to \$500,000 per annum.

### MANAGEMENT:

The men who have made the management of both companies particu-  
larly successful in the past will continue at the head of their respective  
companies, and the Board of Directors will include five practical milling  
men. The latter are J. D. Flavelle, of Lindsay, Ont., President of the  
Canadian Cereal & Milling Company; F. A. Bean, of Minneapolis, President  
of the International Milling Company; George E. Goldie, Vice-President  
and Managing Director of the Canadian Cereal & Milling Company, Lim-  
ited, and W. L. Harvie, Secretary, and F. A. Bean, Jr., Vice-President re-  
spectively of the International Milling Company.

We would be pleased to forward special circular giving full particulars regarding  
the Company.

Owing to the unsold portion of the bonds being limited, applications should be  
made as early as possible, in order to ensure allotment. Orders may be telegraphed  
at our expense.

## INVESTMENT TRUST COMPANY LIMITED

Montreal

Toronto

London, Eng.

# A Good Deed!

**With Plenty of Profit**

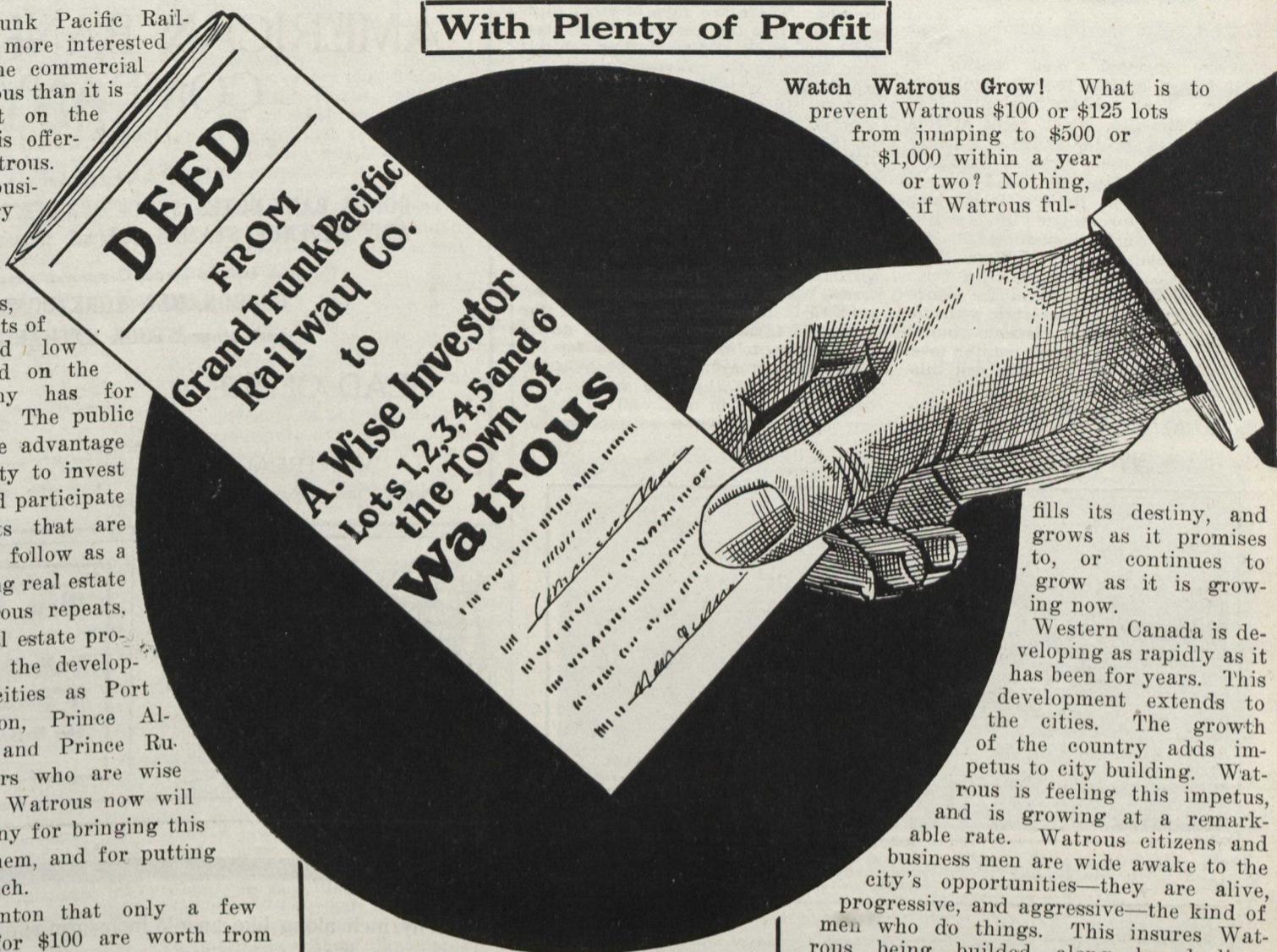
The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is more interested in building up the commercial interests of Watrous than it is in making profit on the splendid lots it is offering for sale in Watrous. Population and business are necessary to make a railroad profitable.

To increase both in Watrous, special inducements of easy terms and low prices are offered on the lots the Company has for sale in that city. The public is invited to take advantage of this opportunity to invest a little money and participate in the big profits that are almost certain to follow as a result of increasing real estate values. If Watrous repeats the history of real estate profits that marked the development of such cities as Port Arthur, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Edmonton, and Prince Rupert, the investors who are wise enough to get in Watrous now will thank the Company for bringing this opportunity to them, and for putting it within their reach.

Lots in Edmonton that only a few years ago sold for \$100 are worth from \$1,000 to \$10,000 to-day—almost the same ratio of increase is noted in all the Grand Trunk Pacific towns in Western Canada. Progress and prosperity has been the history of every one of them. Watrous has natural advantages none of these other towns had, while the Company has done, and will do, as much for it as was done for any of the others.

Watrous is located near the banks of Little Manitou Lake, the most wonderful body of mineral water on the American Continent. Surrounded by a rich, well-settled farming country, capable of supporting easily a city four times the size of Watrous. The Grand Trunk Pacific has selected Watrous as its Central Divisional Point of the Great Western Provinces, and from it different Branch Lines to other important cities will most likely radiate.

**Watch Watrous Grow!** What is to prevent Watrous \$100 or \$125 lots from jumping to \$500 or \$1,000 within a year or two? Nothing, if Watrous ful-



fills its destiny, and grows as it promises to, or continues to grow as it is growing now.

Western Canada is developing as rapidly as it has been for years. This development extends to the cities. The growth of the country adds impetus to city building. Watrous is feeling this impetus, and is growing at a remarkable rate. Watrous citizens and business men are wide awake to the city's opportunities—they are alive, progressive, and aggressive—the kind of men who do things. This insures Watrous being built along broad lines.

**Buy lots in Watrous now!** You can't make a mistake. The more lots you buy, the more money you will make. Profit by the lesson taught by the history of Moose Jaw, whose \$100 lots in a few years jumped to from \$1,000 to \$3,000—and Edmonton, and the other cities mentioned above.

The assessed valuation of Canada's new cities is increasing by millions, and they will continue to increase at the same rate, or a greater rate for years to come.

These millions of increased valuation represent the profits paid to the early holders of land. You cannot secure these profits in the older towns—the cities which have sprung up along the older railways. It takes capital to handle real estate in these older cities. But along the line of the new Grand Trunk, Passenger Service has only recently started; values have not had time to boom. A comparatively few dollars will do the work here. Some of the lots in Watrous are already selling at ten to twenty times their cost only two years ago.

Buy as many lots in Watrous as you can. Lots 50 feet frontage—\$100 to \$125 now—no interest charged on deferred payments if you buy on the time plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912. This is "Opportunity" wanting to start a Savings Bank for you.



On account of the rapidity with which lots are selling we advise that you let us make the selection for you, and we promise that we will give you the best available remaining lots of the time your order is received.

Make remittances payable to the order of and send direct to the Land Commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg. Receipts for payments made will be issued direct by the Land Commissioner of the Railway Company, and when you have completed your payments, title will be issued to you direct from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

No interest charged on deferred payments in case you purchase on the installment plan, and no taxes to pay until 1912. Lots 50 feet frontage, price \$100 and \$125.

The more lots you buy in Watrous, the more money you will make. Reserve the number of lots you wish to purchase at once, and send all remittances to

**Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**

In case you wish any further particulars before buying, address--

**International Securities Company, Limited**

C.C. Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## INFORMATION COUPON

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Man.

I hereby make application to purchase ..... lots at the price of \$..... each, and enclose herewith remittance for \$..... being one-tenth the total purchase price. I agree to remit the same amount each month for nine consecutive months.

I desire your representative to select for me at Watrous what he regards as the best lots remaining unsold at this price. Title to lots to be clear and indefeasible. No interest to be charged on deferred payments, and no taxes until the year 1912.

Name .....

C.C. Address .....

## Application Blank for Purchase of Lots

International Securities Co., Ltd., 649 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

Please forward to me by return mail full particulars regarding the sale of town lots in the subdivision to the original townsite of Watrous, which is just being placed on the market.

Name .....

C.C. Address .....

# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## The Miracle of Melville

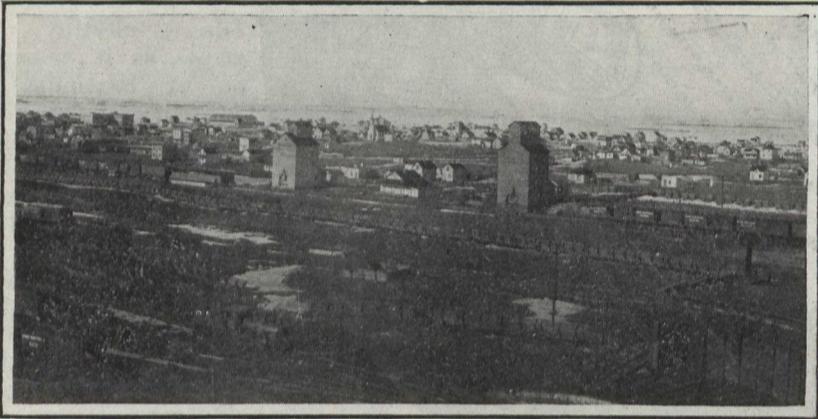
FOUR years ago this October a man called Redgwick nailed a few boards together, and began to sell things out on the Saskatchewan prairie. That was the beginning, the first of Melville, which right at this moment is whacking ahead at a faster clip than any other town in Canada—as far as development speed records go, at any rate. Robert Garvin was the second storekeeper in Melville. He, and several big sons of his, trekked it over the grass from Salt-coats. All the Garvins pitched their camp one day near where the aforesaid Redgwick was bartering with the farmers in galloping distance round-about. Soon they had a counter over which they dispensed nails and binder twine.

Redgwick is still in Melville. Garvin is big in hardware and on the

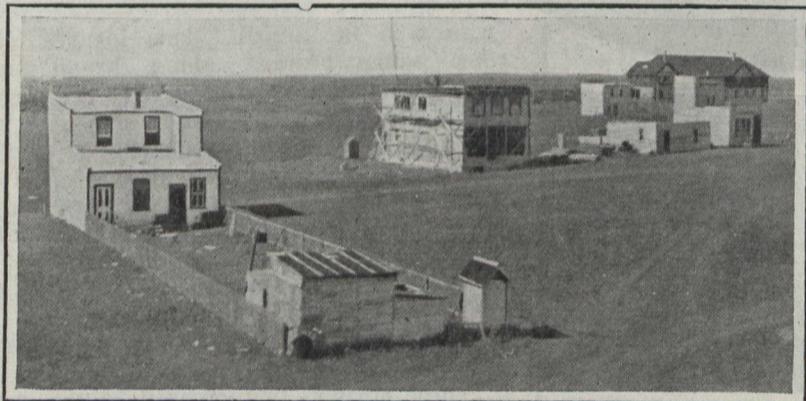
east of Edmonton, and 92 north of Regina. There are rays of steel rails splitting from the town which augures well for it as a distributing centre; also some in the survey stage, of which are: a jaunt to North Portal and the International boundary by way of Regina, making things lively in the coal regions, and part of the Hudson's Bay line via Yorkton and Canora. Melville, junction point of such roads as the G. T. P. and the Hudson route, has indeed potentialities.

Agriculturally the Melville country has been exploited with much success. All the homesteads have been gobbled. Melville is a place for the capitalist farmer who can put down from fifteen to twenty dollars for an acre. Last year 240,000 bushels of wheat came off the land and 150,000 was the record in oats. Mixed farming is in vogue on a rolling prairie

WHAT CAN HAPPEN IN CANADA IN FOUR YEARS.



Melville, Sask., to-day--railroad centre and distribution point.



Melville, Sask., four years ago--"A child's city of blocks."

Board of Trade. Both these started store in shacks. Now they have offices and clerks. They sell to a hustling, live, modern miracle town of 2,000 people, all of whom came led by fate in the past four years. Jocosely these two men are known as the "old settlers." They are merely two of the venerable young men of the West.

There is something altogether mystical and mysterious about an apparition like Melville. Take a look at the pictures on this page; the one the baby Melville—a few shacks dumped out on the prairie—which looks for all the world like a panoramic view of a child's city of blocks; the other Melville four years later—Melville, with an assessment of a million and a half dollars, schools, churches, bar-rooms—and all modern conveniences down to a company of boy scouts.

The two things which may explain Melville are its fraternity with the big railroads past and future, and the growing power of the soil outside the town limits. As for its railroad connection—Melville is named after a transportation king, genial Charles Melville Hays of the G. T. P. From which circumstance one may expect that the Grand Trunk Pacific slipped into Melville early—which it did. Melville is the second divisional point on the G. T. P. 279 miles west from Winnipeg; 187 east of Saskatoon; 514

land somewhat bluffry, with a sandy loam and heavy black loam soil undermined by a stratum of clay.

\* \* \*

### The Thief in the Night

AT the recent coronation ceremonies in London, someone played a rather dirty trick on the Province of Saskatchewan which has also its humorous side. The Saskatchewan Grain Growers desired to express their intense loyalty to King George, and they chose a very fitting way to do it. These farming gentlemen solicited subscriptions from 3,000 other loyal citizens, and had made a large silver bread basket of chaste and realistic design. Inside and outside, the basket was adorned with maple leaves, beautifully wrought. The handle and base of the basket were decorated with an arrangement of gold wheat, a triumph of the smith's art. There was room on the basket for the Dominion coat of arms, the Saskatchewan coat, the proud motto of the Grain Growers, "Let justice be done though the heavens do fall," and the dignified inscription to His Majesty. Who would dare to purloin such an object? But the basket, filled with loaves of bread from Saskatchewan, went to London minus its nourishment. Somebody hungered for the staff of life and took it en route.

INCORPORATED 1866

# BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

LIMITED

ENGRAVERS OF

BONDS, BANK NOTES, STOCK CERTIFICATES, POSTAGE AND REVENUE STAMPS and all Monetary Documents

The work executed by this Company is accepted by the

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No. 2 Place d'Armes Square

701-3 Traders Bank Bldg.



NIAGARA RIVER LINE

BUFFALO  
NIAGARA FALLS  
TORONTO

ROUTE

DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY).

From Toronto—7.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 5.15 p.m. Arrive Toronto—10.30 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 4.45 p.m., 8.30 p.m.

Use

'New Brunswick Kraft'  
Wrapping Paper

The New Brunswick Pulp & Paper Co., Limited.

145 Wellington St. W., Toronto Millerton, N.B.

This Magazine is Wrapped  
In New Brunswick Kraft

Why inch along like an old inchworm with that antiquated hand spacing of the typewriter carriage when you can go right to the spot with a single touch on a Column Selector key of the model 10

# Remington

The Remington Column Selector is the greatest of all recent typewriter improvements. It enables the operator instantly to place the carriage where she wills, *skipping as many columns as she wills*. By eliminating the hand spacing of the carriage it saves from ten to twenty per cent. of labor according to the work to be done.

And this is only one of a score of notable improvements on the model 10

VISIBLE  
Remington

Remington  
Typewriter  
Company  
(Incorporated)

New York and  
Everywhere



"HERE ARE THE FIVE COLUMN SELECTOR KEYS"

# RECIPROCAL ADVERTISING

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

RECIPROCITY in advertising has assumed international proportions. The latest and most significant phase of this kind of reciprocity is the fact that Ottawa, which is known by some as the Washington of the North, has been advertising very heavily in Munsey's Magazine. A recent issue of that paper contained a four-page advertisement of the Capital of all Canada. The Mayor of Ottawa and the Board of Trade and the citizens generally are highly delighted. They did not advertise the Parliament of Canada; said nothing about either Grits or Tories; nothing about the Red Chamber; nothing about Rideau Hall or the smart set; in fact, what the advertisement mainly did point out was the Ottawa of the Chaudiere with its hundreds of thousands of horse-power, the sublime scenery, the Laurentian Hills, the wonderful climate, the picturesque life, the civic interest and the great future for factories.

This is good business. Of course nobody would ever expect the Washington Board of Trade to put a four-page advertisement in a Canadian periodical setting forth how Canadians might invest their money in factories and town sites and business propositions in the Capital of the United States. But Washington is less modern than Ottawa. The Capital of Canada has convinced itself that a great industrial future awaits the city of Parliament Hill. It is time the American people who do not happen to visit Ottawa or read the Ottawa papers knew what Ottawa really is. This of course is usually set forth most convincingly in an advertisement.

It is to be hoped that the paper containing the ad. circulates largely in Washington. We should like the inhabitants of the most finished city in America to be well aware that the Washington of the North, not content with being more beautiful than the Capital of the United States, not satisfied with a more splendidly interesting history, or far more picturesque peoples, or as much diversity and human interest in politics—has something modern worth talking about. Ottawa has long enough been remembered as the city of parliaments and the once haunt of the river driver. She is to be known henceforth as the city of the high voltage and the kilowatt; the place to invest money. We do not believe that Washington has any such features to advertise. But complete reciprocity in advertising would suggest that the Capital of the United States insert at least a two-page ad. in some reputable Canadian periodical setting forth what use Washington is to Canada besides being a place to send newspaper correspondents and Reciprocity delegates unto.

In fact, Washington need not look even so far as Ottawa to get an example of reciprocal advertising that works the other way. A few days ago a large and flaring advertisement ap-

peared in the Toronto Globe headed—"FIVE BIG BUFFALO FACTS; for Canadian manufacturers who wish to take advantage of the American market."

This publicity article in display type went on to say that Buffalo, with five great cities of the world; that there are so many manufacturers in Buffalo sending out so many hundred thousand dollars worth of good every day; that Buffalo is the best location in America for assembling raw materials from both Canada and the United States and sending out manufactured goods to markets of easy access and enormous population.

This and more: from the Chamber of Commerce and the Manufacturers' Club. Now when will the Toronto Board of Trade and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association run a half page ad. in one of the Buffalo papers setting forth that Toronto has a potential population of half a million; that she is therefore among the thirty-five great cities of the world; that she has more manufacturing capital than Leipzig, more tonnage than Bristol, and more paved streets than Manchester; that she has the best location in America for assembling raw materials from both the United States and Canada; that she has the best possible facility for reaching the greatest possible market in the shortest possible time both at home and abroad; and wind up as did the Buffalo publicity article by saying:

"If you are not getting your share of the Canadian market why not put a branch in Toronto and profit by its big business?"

The fact of the matter is that reciprocal advertising works both ways; that until the present talk about restricted reciprocity neither Ottawa would have dreamed of advertising in Munsey's nor Buffalo in the Toronto Globe. In fact, until lately under a high tariff American manufacturers were exceedingly glad to put up factories in Canada without Canadian newspapers getting a cent out of publicity articles from Canadian boards of trade. Now we shall be asked to watch the branch factories of Canadian business shooting up in the United States to compete with American capital and enterprise. It is a compliment to Canada that we are expected to do this. We have always been suspected of being afraid to go outside of the tariff fortifications to do business that cost money for investment. Times are changing. Soon we may expect Chicago to run page ads. in the Winnipeg papers; Seattle and Frisco to circulate publicity articles in Vancouver as freely as Canadian land corporations and Western Canadian cities have advertised in the newspapers of the Middle West; and perhaps New York will patronize the columns of Montreal papers while Boston pays advertising accounts to the publishers of Halifax and St. John.

## THE STRANGER

(Continued from page 21.)

long dead emotions began to crawl from the darkness and the mists of self-deception to fade and expose him in the hard light of truth.

God! had he ever taken the high road? Even when the world was with him hadn't he instinctively chosen the other way? Would he have conquered his weakness if this had been different? They had been different at one time and he had failed utterly to keep them so—with patience, encouragement, love even fighting desperately on his side. He had tossed them aside for this—for the sunless depths that were leading him down to murder. For the first time he began to doubt if Hugh was altogether to blame for his ruin. Hugh had always been a loyal comrade—clean and generous and strong. He at least had held to the high road. But he had stolen the love that was his, and right or wrong he

must pay the price. Why was he listening to this music that weakened his nerve and tortured him beyond endurance!

"But I and my true love will never meet again  
On the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond."

No, they would never meet again—and for a little space she had been his true love. Thank God for that! He could see her white face, drawn with misery. So she had suffered, too. Why hadn't he thought of that before? He had hurt her brutally, like the coward he was, and now would hurt her again. Hadn't he brought enough sorrow into her dear life? Wasn't there any limit to his evil? He saw her dark eyes flooded with tears; he heard her love crying out to him as it had in the past, and with

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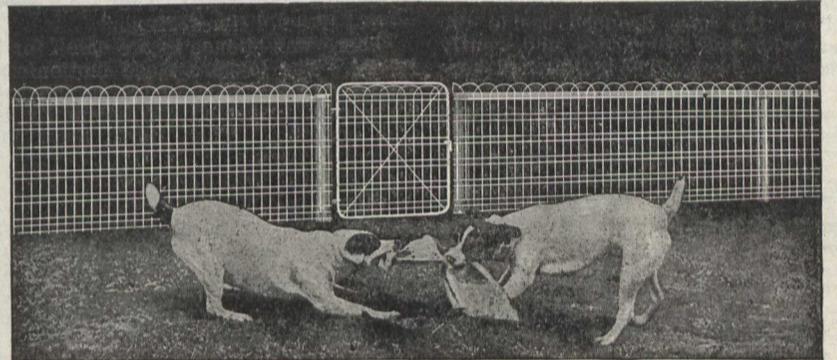
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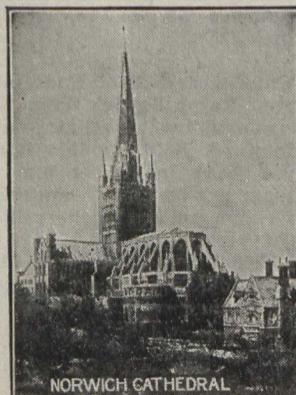
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NORWICH CATHEDRAL

a groan of utter misery buried his face in his two hands.

The phonograph whirred and stopped. A draught caused the lamps to flare and smoke and—

"Up with yer paws, yer louts!" came a harsh, nasal voice.

North awoke with an inarticulate shout and sprang toward the door, where two muffled figures were standing with levelled pistols. The loggers had jumped to their feet and a few were obeying the order. But the boss was not of this number. For all his big frame he had a brain and body trained for sudden action, and scarcely had the words left Bud's mouth before he was charging recklessly down the camp. Luckily for him the stranger was nearer the door, and as Lefty's finger contracted on the trigger he threw himself between them. At the report he pitched on his face, and McKnight, clearing his body without a pause, was upon the robbers before they could fire again. Lefty went down before the knotted fist as if he had been struck by a peavie, and though Bud made an effort to dodge, was caught by an arm and crumpled violently to the floor. A dozen rough hands made further resistance impossible.

Then the boss dropped beside the man who had interposed and gently raised his head. The bullet had bored through his left side, close to the heart, and it was plain the wound was a mortal one.

"I'm done for, Hugh," announced the tramp without emotion.

The boss started. "By jove, it's Angus North!" and he stared in amazement at the wreck of his one-time friend.

"Sure thing. Come back ter stay." "An' jest in the nick o' time, too. He'd have winged me, I guess, if yer hadn't got in the way."

The woodsman is not demonstrative, and the tone rather than the words evidenced the gratitude he felt for the act. North's weak features suddenly hardened.

"Don't fool yourself. It was for her sake I done it. I had meant them ter kill yer, but—but that pesky phonograph got me all balled up an' I butted in fore I knew what I was erbout. Give me a drink someone."

The cook ran for a mug of water, and McKnight held him higher as he drank.

"I had no idea yer held a grudge against me, Angus. I only did my duty

that night, and I've been tryin' ter do it ever since. Madge made me write to all the folks I knew in the States to try and find out where you were. She'll be mighty glad to hear you're back."

North's features relaxed as pleasure faded the pain from his eyes.

"Is that straight, Hugh?" he cried weakly.

"God's my witness. She was certain you'd return some day, when you'd got a grip on yourself, an' she's been waitin' an' lookin' for you ever since."

"An' she ain't your—your—"

"Shucks, no! She said she'd never talk to another 'til she'd seen if you still wanted her. She's believed in you all erlong."

"Thank God!" groaned the penitent wretch, sinking back with closed eyes. After a moment he began to speak again.

"An' here I've been plannin' for five years to get even with yer, Hugh, thinkin' you had taken her from me. I reckon there is a God after all."

"You better keep quiet now, old man," said McKnight gently. "They've telephoned for the doctor. He'll patch you up as fit as ever."

"No, I'm done for. Do yer mind givin' me your hand? That feels good—just like old times, Hugh."

There was silence in the camp for a while. The loggers stood motionless, staring at the floor, and even the two criminals respected the solemnity of the occasion. Then North drew his friend nearer.

"You still love her, eh?" "Don't ask me that."

Well, if anyone deserves her it's you. Tell her I said that, will you? An' I'm right glad I came back to clear things up."

"But it's you she wants. You've got ter live, old man."

"Thank God I'm dying, then. If I weren't I'd be too weak to resist, an' I'd make her life a hell. I've always took the low road an' would again if I got the chance, an' it's time I was out of the way. So-long, you fellers. Give Madge—"

The hand of Death was laid gently on his lips.

The boss remained on his knees, his lost comrade in his arms, while the tears slowly trickled down his rough, kindly face.

"Boys," he said huskily, "he's took the highest road there is, an' I guess it'll lead him straight to heaven."

## THE GREED OF CONQUEST

(Continued from page 22).

of gold, a peerage—indeed, anything." "I cannot remember," said Lowick in a dull, even voice, but he did not "Is your mind a blank on the subject?"

"No, but there are many details that I cannot remember."

"They will come back to you if you work out fresh plans, if you put everything you remember down on paper. You must—"

The door opened, and Joan and her mother entered the room. Their faces were pale and tear-stained, but they both seemed radiantly happy. Only a very close observer would have noticed that there was a shadow of pain in the girl's eyes.

"Ralph says he has forgotten the secret," said Colonel Endermine, when the door was closed. "I tell him that he must remember—for your sake, Joan, and for the sake of England."

Joan shook her head sadly. "We won't talk of that just now, father dear," she said. "Ralph has been very ill. He isn't to be worried."

"Worried, Joan!" the Colonel exclaimed. "Oh, well, we must wait, I suppose. Memory is a thing that can't be forced. Still, I don't see what you are both to do unless Ralph can make terms with the Government, even looking at it from that selfish point of view. He is supposed to be dead, you know. He cannot claim the property. What are you both going to do? Do you intend to remain in hiding for the rest of your lives?"

"No, of course not," Lowick interrupted, sharply, "but it will be impossible for us to remain in England,

and we must have money."

"Oh, of course you can have that, my boy—anything you want up to five hundred a year."

"I—I shall be very grateful to you, Colonel. But I'm not going to take it, unless I indemnify you against loss. I will give you bills."

"Bills! Rubbish! I'm not a money-lender."

"No, but if anything were to happen—well, there's the estate, you know. They can't take that from me, and—"

"I wouldn't hear of it. If you gave me bills, they'd have to be in your name. That would be risky. I'll see that you get a hundred pounds tomorrow, and here's ten to go on with."

A few minutes later Colonel Endermine and his wife took their departure, and drove off to the hotel at Paddington.

When Colonel and Mrs. Endermine had departed, Ralph Lowick flung himself into a shabby armchair, and, leaning forward, held out his hands to the fire. Joan looked at him for a few moments without speaking. Then she came and seated herself on the arm of his chair.

"Ralph dear," she said, in a low voice. "This must not go on. It cannot. It all seemed so different on the island, and then—we didn't know of this war."

He did not answer, or even look up at her, but he shivered slightly as though he were cold, and moved his hands a little closer to the fire.

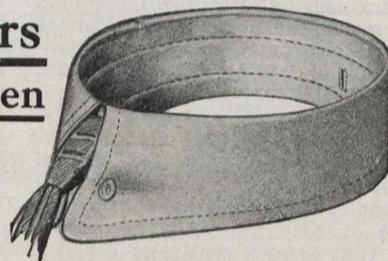
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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Malton and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 26th June, 1911. G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



**MAIL CONTRACT**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12 times per week each way, between PALERMO and GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION (Rural Mail Delivery) from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Palermo, Merton and Bronte, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 20th June, 1911. G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



**MAIL CONTRACT**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ALLOA POST OFFICE and SNELGROVE C. P. R. STATION, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Alloa and Snelgrove, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 20th June, 1911. G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

"Ralph, dear," she went on, putting one arm round his neck. "When we agreed that it would be best for you to pretend that you had forgotten the secret, we did not know—we did not dream—that we should return and find England plunged in this horrible war."

"She will hold her own," he said, doggedly. "I feel confident that she will win through this."

"But even then, Ralph, our own safety—I did not fully understand until mother and father spoke just now."

"We agreed that our only chance of happiness—of peace—was to let the world think that the secret was lost."

"But you know, dear, how I was convinced against my will. You know that it has always been the dearest wish of my heart, next to the desire for your love, that you should use this invention for the honour and glory of England."

"Is it not better to use it to the honour and glory of Heaven, my dear wife? My ambition was to force peace on the world, but now—I only ask for rest, for your love, for a quiet life passed under some other name."

For more than a minute Joan was silent. Then the light of hope came into her eyes. "Don't you think, Ralph dear," she whispered, "that it would be possible for you still to realize your ambition. If you were to make a machine, you might put an end to war."

"I have thought of all that, Joan. I have decided that one man, even though he is armed with the most terrible weapon of destruction the world has ever seen, is powerless to achieve that ambition. He is but a human being after all, and a knife or a bullet can put an end to him. And now, Joan dear—he took her hand and pressed it to his lips—"I have you to think of as well. There could never be a moment's peace for either of us—so long as we live; and that wouldn't be very long, so far as I am concerned. No, Joan, I have thought the matter over, and can see that I have chosen rightly."

"But Ralph, my dear lover," she pleaded, "if—supposing that England does not hold her own? There is talk of an invasion. If foreign soldiers were on our shores—if London were besieged, as Paris is at present—if we saw that everything were lost, that England was going to be blotted out from the list of the great Powers—and her enemies will see to that—if everything were lost, and it rested with you to save your country?"

"I think then I might interfere," he said, after a pause.

"But it would be too late, Ralph, if you waited till the last moment. The machine could not be turned out to order like a bicycle."

"That is true, Joan—yes, of course, that is true."

"Then, don't you think, Ralph dear, that it is your duty to make another machine—now—in case it were wanted? If there is no need to use it, it can be destroyed; but, Ralph—they say that England will have to fight for her very existence, and that the day is not far off."

She covered her face with her hands and began to cry. Ralph Lowick took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My dear wife," he whispered. "I cannot refuse you that—at any rate. I will make another and a larger machine—at once. But I shall not use it until England is in danger of destruction, until I can see the very last moment of her life as a great nation. But money will be wanted—a great deal of money."

"My father will give it you," she said, eagerly.

"Your father must not know what the money is for."

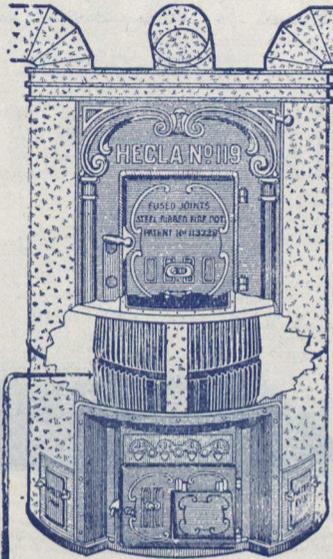
"Oh, I can manage that, dear. How much do you want?"

"A thousand pounds at least. It would be better to have fifteen hundred."

"I have two thousand of my own, Ralph. It was left me by my aunt—my mother's sister. I will get my father to let me have the money."

He was silent, and stared gloomily

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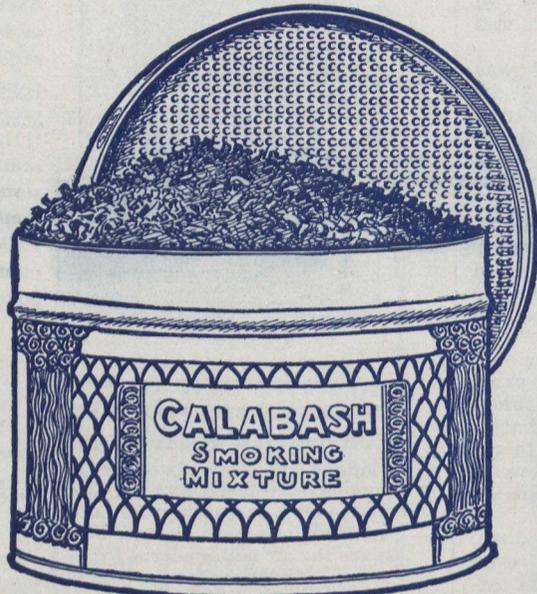
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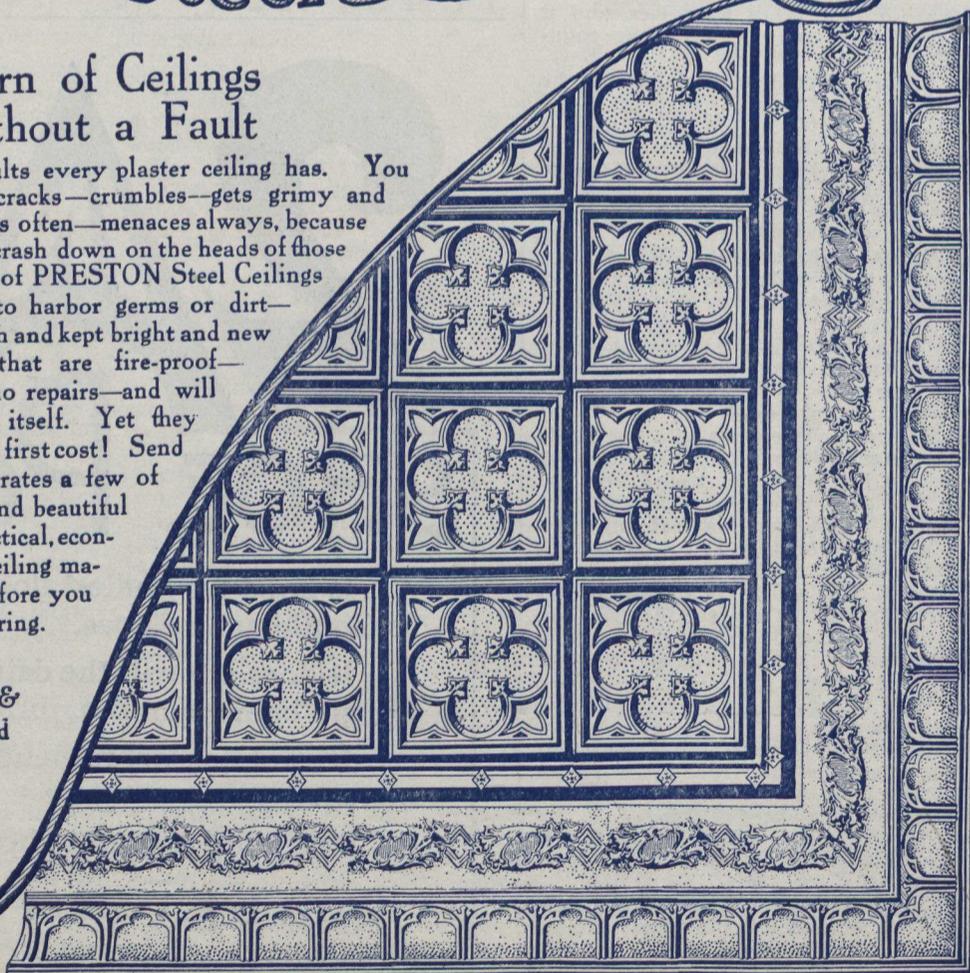
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at the fire. His face presented a marked contrast to that of his wife, who was radiant with joy.

But that she was the victor, and he was the vanquished.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

BY the side of a lonely fiord in Norway a small white house gleamed in the moonlight. Behind it a great wall of rock rose almost sheer to the height of six hundred feet. In front there was a wooden landing-stage, and a few yards away to the left a large black shed, so close to the water that a man could have walked in five steps from the doorway into the fiord. The creek here was very narrow, and the base of the mountain on the other side, covered to the water's edge with pine trees, was not more than two hundred yards distant.

On a rough wooden bench outside the house sat Ralph Lowick and his wife. They were both looking down the fiord towards the sea. A small steamer stood out black against the path of moonlight. It was moving seawards, because its work was done. The machine was finished, and rested on a wheeled platform within the shed. It was ten feet square, and weighed three tons, but the ground sloped gently to the edge of the water, and a certain type of vessel could lie alongside the wall of rock, so that its deck was level with the ground. Such a vessel had been chartered and reconstructed for the purpose, and it was expected within twenty-four hours. There was nothing now to be done but to wait.

Yet it was no time for waiting; the blow might be struck at any moment, and if it proved fatal it would be hard to drive out the enemy without causing widespread destruction throughout the length and breadth of England—destruction that might take half a century to make good again. But Lowick and his wife were forced to wait. All the workmen had been dismissed; there was no servant in the house; they were alone by the edge of the desolate fiord with the destiny of a nation in their hands.

"We must make the experiment to-night," said Lowick, after a long silence.

"Yes, Ralph, to-night. Then you think—you have made up your mind that you will do this for England?"

"Yes—if you wish it, Joan."

"I do wish it. The news—this morning—the man brought it from Hemnas, didn't he?"

"Yes; another disaster—two battleships and two cruisers this time. Well, Joan, shall we try the machine now?"

"Yes, dear—if you think it's safe. You said you'd try it on the trees the other side of the fiord; but that will attract attention, won't it? The people think it is a new printing machine, don't they?"

He laughed. "Yes, dear," he replied. "That is why I have had to put all the parts together myself, and have had them made in twenty different workshops. But it doesn't matter if we do scorch a few trees."

She kissed him, and arm in arm they walked to the shed. Lowick unlocked the doors and flung them open. The moonlight fell on a large white box of plain unvarnished wood.

"A printing machine!" laughed Lowick. "I fancy it will print in letters of flame. Come here to my side, Joan."

She came to his side, and stood motionless as he lit the lantern and held it close to the switchboard.

"The writing on the wall," he said, when he had adjusted the levers. "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin—in letters of flame."

He pulled the discharging-lever, and gazed at the opposite shore. Joan gripped his arm tightly, and stared with parted lips and wide-open eyes, watching for fire to leap from the wall of darkness.

Ten seconds passed, twenty seconds, half a minute, a minute, two minutes, and still nothing happened.

"Ralph!" Joan screamed in terror. "Ralph!"

"Heavens," he muttered, "I have failed!"

(To be concluded.)

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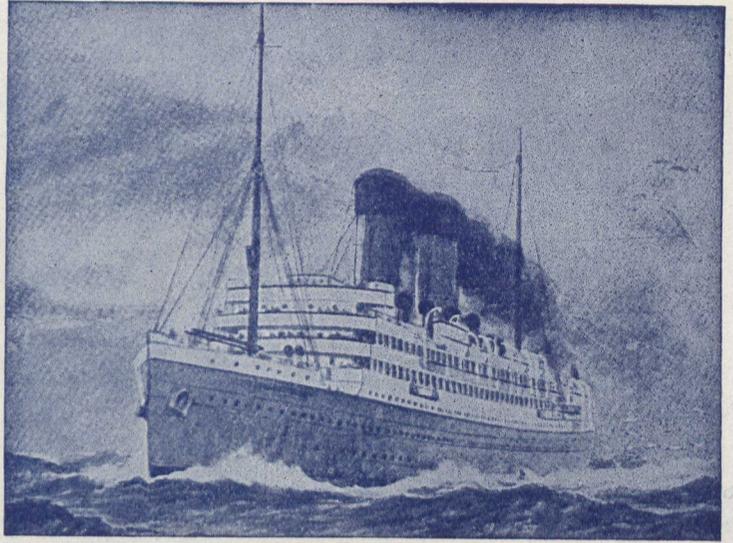


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