

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Why I Am Against Imperial Federation

BY HENRI BOURASSA



D. McNicoll—Railway Operator

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



University Neglect of Physical Training

BY DONALD B. SINCLAIR



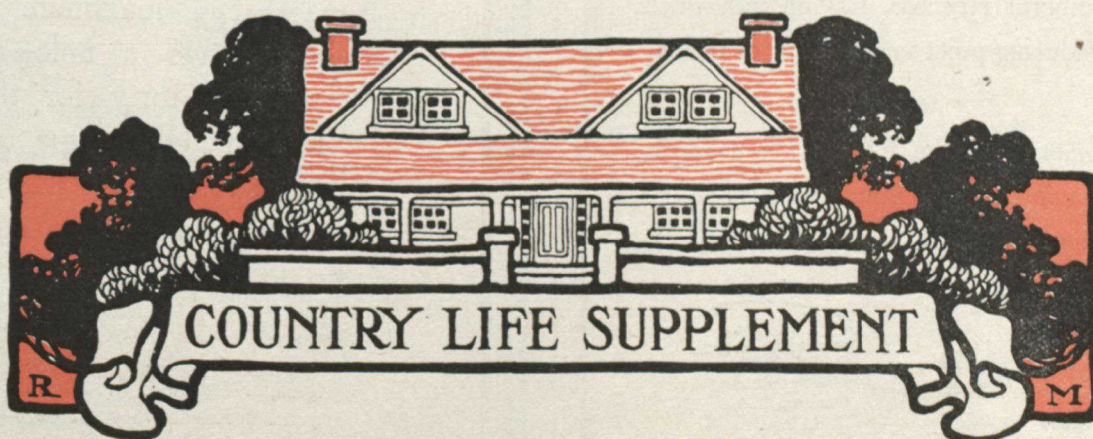
A Quebec Country Home

BY E. T. COOK



Illustrated News Features

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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XII

TORONTO

NO. 10

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Editor's Talk

THERE is no reason why it should be denied—good short stories by Canadian writers are hard to find. Sir Gilbert Parker and W. A. Fraser are working in other fields. Ralph Connor never went in for short stories. Only an odd one among our fiction writers devotes much of his time to short stories. This work is mostly left to the newer writers, and they have not the mental equipment to write a good story, full of up-to-date information and colouring. Their tales are too much like those of fifty years ago. Nevertheless, for our August Fiction Number, which appears next week, we have secured three stories by Canadians which are far above the average. Ed. Cahn writes a humorous Jewish tale. He is a Hebrew himself and knows his people well. Arthur E. McFarlane has won his way on the other side of the line by conscientious, clever work. Arthur Stringer is too well known to need praise of any kind. From his country home in the Ontario peninsula he writes that he hopes shortly to have a new volume of stories on the market. These are the three stars of next week's list of contributors.



ARTHUR STRINGER

Mr. Bridle's series of sketches of public men is attracting much attention. Number 8 appears in this issue. Others to come include Hon. W. J. Hanna, who might have been head of the Railway Commission; Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, one of the newer figures in manufacturing and public life in Montreal. Mr. Aime Geoffrion; Mr. D. B. Hanna; Sir William Van Horne; Sir Rodolphe Forget; Principal Peterson and a number of others equally prominent. Mr. Bridle writes of each only after a study of his career, and an intimate interview.

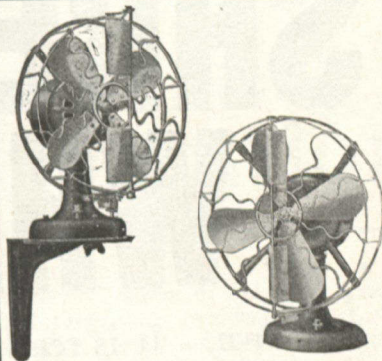
Another feature of next week's issue will be a fourth article on "The Case of the Working Girl," by Marjory MacMurchy. It will summarize and explain the criticisms and suggestions drawn forth by the first three articles which appeared in our May Numbers.

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That leap in the ebon dark,
When the mermaids woo in the pale
moon-light
With a love that is madness' spark.

I send you a dream from the leagues of
blue,
From the stretch of the gleaming
shore,
Where the free winds blow—but 'tis all
of you—
That each heart-beat I want you more!
—Leolyn Louise Everett, in Life.

Discovered.—Wife—"What would you
do, George, if you were left a widower?"
Hub—"Oh, I suppose the same as you
would if you were left a widow."
Wife—"You horrid wretch! And you
told me you could never care for any-
body else."—Boston Transcript.

Good Advice.—An Italian who kept a
fruit-stand was much annoyed by possi-
ble customers who made a practice of
handling the fruit and pinching it,
thereby leaving it softened and often
spoiled. Exasperated beyond endur-
ance, he finally put up a sign which
read:

If you must pincha da fruit—
pincha da cocoanut!
—Lippincott's.

A well-known author tells of an Eng-
lish spinster who said, as she watched
a great actress writhing about the floor
as Cleopatra:

"How different from the home life of
our late dear queen!"—Everybody's.

A Liberal Sentence.—A West Virginia
judge arraigned a shanty boater for
stealing a horse, denounced him as a
persistent lawbreaker and then sentenced
him to ten years at hard labour in the
State prison.

"Have you anything to say?" he
asked when he was through.

"No," said the sentenced one—"except
that it strikes me you are pretty durned
liberal with other people' time!"—Sat-
urday Evening Post.

Difficulty Removed. — Pa—"Embrace
me, Thora. Regniald has asked your
hand in marriage."

Thora—"But I don't want to leave
mother, pa."

Pa—"Oh, never mind that. Take her
along with you."—Stray Stories.

Contented.—"We've got a brand new
mahogany piano," said Mr. Cumrox.

"But nobody in your family can play
it."

"Yes, that's the best thing about it."—
Washington Star.

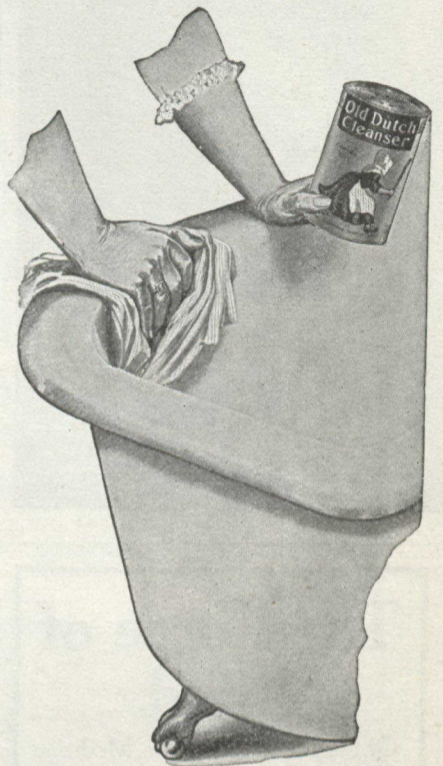
One Way to Tell.—The realness of a
woman's hair is proven by the simplicity
of the doing up thereof.—Albany Journal.

Gratifying.—"Do you think Miss
Chatters is an entertaining talker?"
"Oh, my, yes. She can entertain herself
for hours at a time."—Boston Transcript.

"Mr. Dooley" on Death.

EVERY man who thinks at all is
afraid of death. He may be more
afraid of something else, of loss of
honour, health or money, or going to a
dentist, or, like the man in Pickwick,
of life without buttered muffins, but he
chooses death only as a bad alternative
for a worse. If he is not afraid of one
thing you may be sure he is afraid of
another. A man will go up to the
clouds in a balloon, who wouldn't go
down into 20 feet of water in a sub-
marine. A steeplejack may be afraid
of dogs and a lion tamer of riding in an
elevator. We know a man who has
made a great reputation for coolness
under fire in battle, who gibbers with
fear whenever he has a stomachache.
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another railway trains, another of
measles.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XII.

August 3, 1912

No. 10

Why I Am Against Imperial Federation

By HENRI BOURASSA

Editor of "Le Devoir."

YOU do me the honour of asking my opinion on the important and far-reaching problem of colonial representation in Imperial Councils, as foreshadowed in Mr. Borden's recent utterances in London.

You ask me: *Are you in favour of Imperial Federation?* Allow me to give you an answer as straight and direct as the question itself: *No, I am not in favour of Imperial Federation.*

On the principle of colonial government, particularly as regards Canada, I have expressed myself quite conclusively on many occasions, in the House of Commons, on the public platform and through the press, in England and English-speaking Canada, as well as in this Province of Quebec.

To Imperial Federation I am opposed because I do not think it is workable. Suppose some form of government and parliament could be devised for the whole Empire—and I am free to admit that, like all British institutions, it may grow and shape itself into form by a gradual process of facts long before any rigid formula needs be placed into any statute book—far from bringing closer the various portions of the Empire, it would open, pave and widen the road to dangerous frictions and conflicts, which could not fail to arise between communities of energetic and self-willed British subjects, so far apart in climate, in economics, in social conditions and even in political aspirations.

Moreover, so long as no sensible and thoughtful Federationist has indicated what is to be done with India, in that new partnership of British nations, I fail to see how it could work out.

India represents four-fifths, or at least three-fourths, of the total population of the Empire. Its admission into the partnership on the basis of representation by population would be preposterous. Would it then be left, as at present, under the exclusive authority and jurisdiction of one of the State Departments of the British Government, solely responsible to the British Parliament and the electorate of the United Kingdom? Then, what becomes of the reality of partnership?

The basic principle of the proposed Federation is to apportion, between the Motherland and the self-governing colonies, the burden of naval and military defence and, as an indispensable corollary, the supreme authority over Imperial forces, by land and by sea, and Imperial diplomacy, which controls foreign relations, and shapes, governs and settles the events of peace and war. This Mr. Borden himself has stated, in his late declarations in London, as clearly as a Canadian politician and a weather-beaten lawyer can do.

Now, can any close observer of events and student of British affairs deny that the possession of India, with its enormous responsibilities, has been, since the consolidation of that tremendous Empire under the rule of Britain, the main pivot of British foreign policy? Almost every war waged by Great Britain for a century and a half, nearly every alliance or rupture between Great Britain and the powers of both hemispheres, the acquisition of a vast portion of her Crown Colonies and Protectorates, were or are related, directly or indirectly, to India.

How, therefore, could Canada and the other junior partners admitted into the sanctuary heretofore reserved to the High Pontiffs of the Empire, exercise any effective authority over the diplomacy of the Empire and its military and naval forces—how could they really exercise their joint control



of all things, internal or external, that make for peace or war—if the very soul and bottom of Imperial policy escape their authority and still remain under the exclusive care of the senior partner?

The same question could be asked with regard to the Crown Colonies, the Protectorates and spheres of British influence in all parts of the world.

And the obvious answer to both questions is, that there is no Federation possible, that there can be no real Imperial partnership, unless the India and Colonial Offices are put under the jurisdiction of the Federated Parliament, just as completely and effectively as the Foreign Affairs, the Navy and the Army.

The Danger of the Colour Problem.

NOW, would it be safe? Are we prepared and can we afford, in Canada, Australia and the other self-governing colonies, who still have so much to do to build their own houses and put them in shape and order, are we prepared to supersede the British, with their magnificent traditions, their long experience and their splendid civil service, in the administration of those vast dominions?

But suppose all that could shape itself into working order, what would be done with one single problem, that of coloured immigration in the white colonies—not to speak of many other difficulties?

At the last Imperial Conference, Earl Crewe stated, and rightly so, that until that vexatious question was settled in a way to satisfy the legitimately offended pride of the superior races of India, it was useless to talk of a United Empire.

At the same Conference, such a staunch Imperialist as Sir Joseph Ward stated emphatically that for no consideration of Imperial unity, would New Zealand remove the slightest restriction against Hindu immigration; and the Australian delegates endorsed and emphasized that statement.

For the present, the British Government and the India Department have succeeded, although with increasing difficulty, in opposing, to Hindu protests and pleas, the existing system of colonial autonomy and decentralization. In other words, they have disclaimed all responsibility in the adoption of exclusion laws in the self-governing colonies, and pleaded their political impotency in preventing the operation of those laws.

But if there is a federated Imperial Parliament, in which the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa are represented on a footing of proportionate equality—and without

THE reputation of Mr. Henri Bourassa as orator, writer, leader of the third Canadian political party—the Nationalists—is too well known to need any comment. Whatever difference of opinion exists as to his political views, no one may say that he arrives at them superficially or hastily. Mr. Bourassa is a thinker. His other chief characteristic is that he is not afraid to state his opinions frankly and without regard to the effect upon his career.

The following article, by Mr. Henri Bourassa, is peculiarly timely in view of recent utterances of Mr. Borden in London. The Prime Minister of Canada said the other day:

"Any great Dominion, undertaking to share upon a permanent basis in the sea defence of the Empire, must have some voice in the policy which shapes the issues of peace and war."

It is clear from Mr. Bourassa's article, that if Mr. Borden's naval policy involves some scheme of Imperial federation, it will not meet with the support of Mr. Bourassa and the Nationalists.

it, partnership there cannot be—how could the British authorities avoid bringing the question to a final issue through that Imperial Parliament or Council? Surely, if there is a question of Imperial concern, this is one. How would it be settled? In the sense of India, or in that of the white Colonies? If the view of a white Australia is maintained, drawing-room Empire makers in Toronto had better inform themselves in London, as to what shall happen in India.

If, on the contrary, the policy of conciliation and of the open door, claimed by the people of India, is adopted and imposed on the people of Australia and New Zealand—not to speak of British Columbia—they should enquire in Sydney, Melbourne and Wellington, as to the probable results there.

Not later than last summer, a leading Australian journalist wrote, in one of the English reviews, that Australia was ready to contribute more than her share to Imperial defence and assume her portion of Imperial authority and responsibility; but that, if Imperial partnership meant the breaking down or the lowering of the walls raised against Hindu immigration, the whole of Australia, not only would recede from any sort of Imperial organization, but would raise arms and fight to the last man against Britain herself—because they would rather die as white free men than consent to be drowned by a flood of Asiatic immigration.*

Let it be hoped that Mr. Borden and his colleagues will hold a frank and thorough discussion with the British authorities on this, the gravest internal issue which the British Empire has to face. The days they may employ in that study will be of greater use to them and the Canadian people, than the inquiry they may make and the information they may get as to the resisting power of France, the intentions of Russia, or even the fighting capacity of the German fleet.

The Difficulty of Defence.

AS regards the question of Canada's contribution to Imperial defence, nothing has yet been stated in London, either by Canadian or by British

* "The Australian Fleet," by James Edmond, in the *National Review*, July, 1911

statesmen, to make me recede from my former views, *i.e.*, that Canada's best contribution to the safety of the Empire is to look after the organization of the defence of her own frontiers, shores and seaports, which are still absolutely defenceless—that Canada by herself has no need of a navy—that the Laurier-Fielding policy of a navy, Canadian in time of peace and British in time of war, is unworkable from all points of view, breaks with every principle of government and strategy, and cannot meet the views of either the Imperialists or the Nationalists—that if we went along with the organization of our own territory, both in civil and military matters, from a purely Canadian point of view, narrow as it may look to the Imperialist

swelled heads, we would thereby fully accomplish our duty towards the Empire and remain within the sphere of our self-governing capacity and national dignity—that should every self-governing colony do likewise, and make its part of the Empire safe from attack, by works of defence, naval or territorial, in conformity with its peculiar position, then the problem of Imperial Defence would be solved in a most practical manner, without any infringement of the principle of local autonomy; and the threatening perils, the dangerous frictions and consequential enmities, likely to arise from the adoption of a centralized form of government, would be avoided.

But should the Canadian people, with their eyes

open, decide upon over-stepping the bounds so clearly and wisely defined by the framers of our Constitution and the builders of our body politic, then I would rather have full-fledged Imperial Federation, with all its dangers and snares, than the mean, equivocal, low-spirited expedients, heretofore propounded by timid, narrow-minded opportunists.

It would enormously increase the burden of our responsibilities and, to my mind, hasten rapidly the day of disruption of the Empire; but, at least, it would leave us in the full status of British citizenship and maintain unimpaired the basis of our self-respect and national dignity of which we are so proud.

Personalities and Problems

8---David McNicoll, Railway Expert

The Scotch Link in a System with American Presidents

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

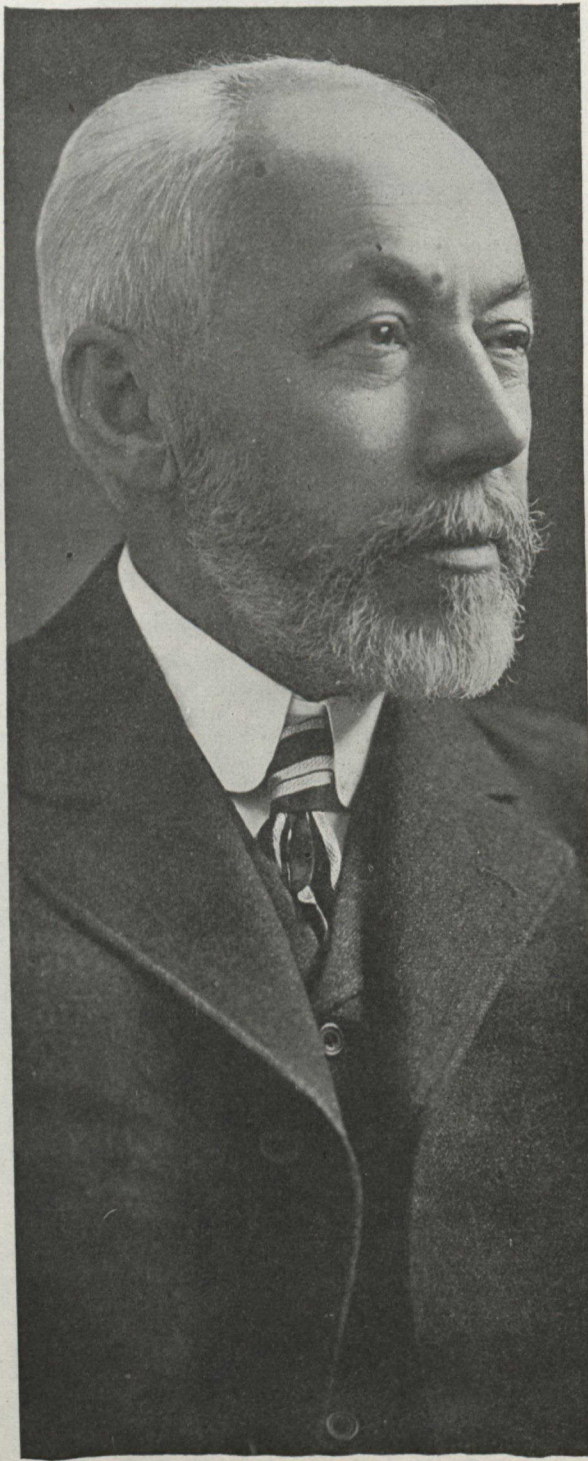
IT seems odd that the most easterly first inhabitants of this country on record should be the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. One always suspects that the Scotchman who first called that part of Canada "New Scotland" had something to do with naming the Micmacs. In all probability the original spelling was McMac. Anyway the Mc's and the Mac's have done as much as they knew how to make this land of uncertain origins a Nova Scotia clear from P. E. I. to Vancouver Island. And the "Mc" whose picture appears on this page is one of the most worthy to follow the trails blazed by other illustrious Mc's and Mac's, to say nothing of those who are his contemporaries.

David McNicoll, First Vice-President of the C. P. R., is one more proof that without the Scotchman, Canada would still be in the woods, and that the C. P. R., with its two American Presidents, might have been a somewhat different link in the chain of Empire without the Scotchman that grew up in the system. He is sixty years old; according to a Van Horne maxim, just the age when a man gets the subconscious faculty to be the head of a great railway system; and just at the time when the C. P. R. wants to increase its capital stock to almost \$400,000,000. Fourteen years of that time he put in around home and at school in Arbroath—some undefined little burg in Scotland, as mysterious as Craigenputtock, where Tommie Carlyle lived till he migrated to London. The remaining forty-six years Mr. McNicoll has been on five railroads.

AT fourteen he was clerk in the goods manager's office, North British Railway. That was in 1866. The Fenians invaded Canada that year; but the lad McNicoll had never heard of Fenians and probably knew next to nothing about Canada. Seven years later he was goods clerk on the North Midland Railway. He was then twenty-one. There's a bare possibility that by this time he had heard vague rumours of a fabulous new trans-Siberian railway that was to reach from Montreal to the Pacific. The men most responsible for starting such an unwarranted waste of good money were Scotchmen—two of them, Donald A. Smith and George Stephen, now Lords Strathcona and Mountstephen. Quite a few hard-headed Scots were getting into Canada; had been ever since the Hudson's Bay Co. began to broom the Orkneys for furpost lords. Anyway it was the year the Scotch youth with the big, slow voice, and the canny twinkle in his een went on the North Midland road, that another Scotchman was beaten by still another Scotchman in the Canadian general elections. That was 1873, when John A. Macdonald became a private member of Parliament because of Alexander Mackenzie and what was known as the Pacific Scandal. Maybe David had heard some rumours of the P. S. without knowing at all what it meant. But in 1873 there was no C. P. R. except the scandal; not a tie nor a rail was laid; and for aught D. McNicoll the goods clerk knew, there might never be such a colossal chimera in the British Empire.

However, it was just a year later when McNicoll, at the age of twenty-two, gathered together what Scotch togs he had—I don't think he fetched any kilts or a set of bagpipes—and struck out to the country that intended to build the C. P. R. across what most of the Orkneymen in the furposts of the Hudson's Bay Co. agreed for policy's sake was an American Siberia, "fit for nothing but Indians and mosquitoes." The youth had no intention to become a C. P. R. man. He probably had no idea

that in his time at least there ever would be any other railroad in Canada except the Grand Trunk and the Intercolonial. Most of the east part of Canada was far enough in the woods. Young David took a humble but useful post on the Northern Railway from Toronto to Collingwood, in which almost undiscovered town he became billing clerk. Collingwood lasted him only a year. It was as



"If he ever lost his temper, it never was in open meeting."

bleak as most any part of Scotland. The general manager of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce wanted a chief clerk in his office at Toronto. McNicoll went. Four years afterwards the N. P. and the C. P. R. together became the two great issues in Canadian politics; and actual construction work on the new transcontinental was just being pushed in the vicinity of Winnipeg when McNicoll, in 1881, became the general passenger agent for the T. G. and B. In 1883, when the C. P. R. was within two years of completion, he decided to link up with the new venture. He became general freight and passenger agent for the eastern division of the new road. Two years after that the new main line proved its transcontinental value by transporting eastern troops to the scene of the Northwest Rebellion. November of the same year the last spike was driven at Craigellachie, B.C. Four years later Mr. McNicoll was made general passenger agent for all the lines, both railroad and steamship.

And all this while the canny Scotsman was climbing the railroad ladder rung by rung; never letting go one till he had the next well within reach; never shifting a hand till he had room one up for the next foot; left and right, rung by rung and year by year, beginning to prove once again the homely truth of the adage—that it's always the bottom of the ladder that's crowded.

DAVID McNICOLL never knew the moment on this ladder of making himself part of a huge system when he got dizzy or specks before his eyes. So far the system, still an experimental thing with its vague hooks across an undeveloped continent, had continued to let McNicoll pull himself up through the more or less clerical ranks, worrying up through the system with the persistent, patient progress of the proverbial toad in a well; but everlastingly hooking his personality on to the system and feeling the system that made more and more use of his personality. Mainly it amounted to devilish, unremitting hard work, all through the days when C. P. R. facilities gave a man little but elbow-room and C. P. R. stock was bumping away below par; when sceptics still quoted the adage about the "axle-grease and the two streaks of rust across the prairies."

But in 1896, the year that the government that had built the C. P. R., were swept out by the Liberals whose late leader had damned it in Parliament, David McNicoll squirmed himself loose from the clerical and the timetable end of the business. He became passenger traffic manager for the entire system. Three years of that and when the Saskatchewan valley was just being rediscovered by another railway, he became assistant general manager.

Now, as he got near to the top where the walls didn't bother him, the Scotchman in Canada put on more speed. Instead of crawling up the ladder he just walked. In 1900 he became Second Vice-President and General Manager.

And it would have been a fine illumination on any biography of this diligent and constructive Scotchman to have read any of the epistles from Arbroath that came to him when he became the executive head of a system which in fifteen years from the time of driving the last spike in the main line had become one of the greatest transportation systems in the world.

In 1903 he was made First Vice-President. In 1906 he became a director. To-day David McNicoll knows intimately more about how the C. P. R.

grew almost out of a fable into what it is, with 10,000 miles of road, capital stock of 237 millions, liable to be increased by \$150,000,000, a dividend of over ten per cent. stock selling in every country upon earth, seventy-seven steamships on ocean and lake, and—

Well, it's no use recounting the merely dramatic side of the thing. The system never grew by any magic; nor by Act of Parliament, nor any mere fluke of circumstances in evolution. At the present time between 1,200 and 1,400 people are employed in the big stone castle on Windsor St., just making it possible for the grand army of men who operate trains and manage hotels and build new lines of road, and steer a fleet of seventy-seven steamships half round the world and back.

I don't know how many thousands of people contribute to the system that concentrates in that huge pile of greystone recently doubled in size. The office of the Vice-President is one of the pleasantest rooms in Montreal; as quiet as any church. A big, square room, with huge arch windows and a colossal picture of the Rockies facing the desk at which sits Mr. McNicoll, with his back to Windsor St. and the glint of his canny, twinkling eyes now and then upon a round of the world swung in a rack.

A PLAIN man; dark clothes, a grey tie, an entirely unostentatious manner and a most genial smile. He sat in a swivel chair which is very useful for putting himself at the precise angle required for any argument. I don't think he ever swung that chair at an angle of more than ninety degrees, however. He is too good an argumentative Scotchman to reverse his front; at the same time too much accustomed to dealing with the public—and the newspapers—not to tack and veer and cut in whenever necessary.

From the cool, almost easy-going poise of this profoundly canny Scot in Canada I should fancy that if he ever lost his temper it never was in open meeting. He was ready to be quizzed just as soon as I got in. At that time two very important railway positions were vacant; the Presidency of the Grand Trunk and the chairmanship of the Railway Commission.

"The Grand Trunk seems to be having some trouble, Mr. McNicoll, deciding just who should—"

I intended finishing the sentence; but he cut in with a smile.

"You mean the newspapers are having trouble appointing a man," he said, in a voice musical enough for a Scotch pulpit. "Yes, the newspapers always have trouble appointing railway officials. Much more than we have."

"Yes, but of course, the press is supposed to represent the public, and the public take more interest in railways than in any other kind of corporations."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And as to the chairman of the railway commission—"

"Well, Mabee was a good man," he broke in. "He was the only man we ever had that told us to go to the mischief when he felt like it—and we usually went."

"What of his successor?"

"Of course we didn't always agree with his point of view," he continued, serenely. "But we respected him. Mabee was a fair-minded, able man."

"His successor?" I ventured to add.

"Must be as fair-minded as Mabee and as able. No merely technical expert will do. He must be able to give broad-minded, common-sense decisions and fair play to both sides—or he will have trouble with the railways."

Few men are better able to pack a world of genial wisdom into a brief space of talk on thoroughly practical matters than David McNicoll. Probably there is no man living able to give so much evidence off-hand concerning the multitudinous details of a vast system from Liverpool to Hongkong. He does it with infinite ease. When he talks he smiles; and what he says seems to be born of a smile—oh, as canny and circumspect, yet as genial a smile as ever a Scotchman had. If he had stayed in Scotland he never would have had that smile. And there is no other man on the C. P. R. that has it. You conclude that this "smile that won't come off" is somehow the result of the kind of thing that a man naturally had to do in the old days of the C. P. R., when no matter which way a Scotchman turned he got his kilts tangled in the briars.

But the troubles are not all over yet. In fact, as Mr. McNicoll admitted, the C. P. R. is always in trouble and expects to be.

"It would be a queer world without trouble," he said—kindly imagine the Scotch burr on all the R's. "But I don't believe in worry. We never worry in this office. But we're always straightening

out tangles. Other men are always kicking. In fact we do a little kicking ourselves sometimes. I suppose it's the lie of trade. But a kick's no use without work. If there's something wrong—well the best way is to work till it's got right again; or at least as near as we can get to suit everybody."

Still with that smile the Vice-President proceeded to unfold a few of the entanglements that have grown up about the system in its multifarious dealings with the public. I felt quite relieved to think that so great a system could possibly get its bumps from the common man. Most of us are obsessed with an idea that an organization like the C. P. R. imagines it has the right of way anywhere and makes the public do just what it feels inclined—when as a matter of fact it takes a very small personage to cause a heap of trouble to Mr. McNicoll and his staff of allies. From what he said it was evident that the ills to which the C. P. R. is heir arise from—

Development; Weather; Other People.

He said nothing about governments.

"No," he said. "I never bother reading any reminiscences of the C. P. R. We don't care about the past. We have troubles enough in the present. And if we keep working away and dealing with problems as they come up I guess the future will look after itself."

"Then you have no—visions?"

"I don't think we ever had any. Nobody pretends that the C. P. R. discovered Canada and then told the newspapers. It's only a few years ago that we were all in the woods. What mortal man ever could have foreseen the tremendous development of this country—a development that's only just beginning?"

"But of course the C. P. R. has—"

"Oh, yes," he put in cannily. "We've done our share to move things along and the country has helped us. It's all a matter of growing together—provided you have the right idea to begin with and realize that the first business is to study the interests of the public along with your own."

ONE might have thought the C. P. R. was a co-operative system.

"Yes, the public expect us to do our duty. Furthermore—here the Vice-President made the simple confession that always gets the other man's interest—"because of our size I suppose we're expected to have a little more faith in the country than anybody else."

"That is—" But the question was needless.

"For instance," he went on, "at the present time we have orders ahead for every car and locomotive and steel rail that can be turned out for us in Canada. We can't fill all our orders in this country. The carshops and locomotive people know it as well as we do. We increase our business because we have to. The country demands it. We can't help it. People must be served. The railways must handle the traffic. The traffic increases enormously. Do the carshops and the locomotive people increase their plants? Not very much. They won't branch out. I suppose they expect the demand for cars and locomotives will go slack. I tell them—'Confound you! you've no faith in the country. You know things have to develop just as much as we do.' What are we to do? Get our rolling stock just where we are able."

And he smiled again.

"Then of course your new lines—?"

And he was off again without changing his gear.

"Yes, people are going in. We can't stop them. We don't want to. The country needs them. They need the railways. We build branch lines. The people produce. We must take care of the grain. We do our best. What's the result? Well, now and again some farmer whom we don't know from Adam gets his grain blockaded on the way out. He gets wrathful. He kicks to the Railway Commission. Our trouble begins. We must show cause why—as though it wasn't almost as much to our interest as to his to get that man's grain out."

"Uh—they say that the average haul of a freight-car in Canada is only about thirty miles a day. What do you think of that?"

The answer was plainly easy. In fact all McNicoll answers are. He holds a perpetual book of ready-made answers up his sleeve.

"Well, I've never figured it that close," he said, circumspectly. "But here's the reason. We send goods in to a man. He's a merchant—there are at least a percentage like this. He knows our cars are as good as warehouses—so long as he knows where his car is. If it's anywhere else but within five minutes of his premises he's as mad as a hatter. Once it's in sight—well, there's no hurry. He has no room for the goods in his warehouse. Let the car stand. He knows his business is increasing the

same as ours. But he won't build more storage room. Why? Well, the C. P. R. car is good enough for that—so long as he can locate it. And the car stands idle till he has a notion to empty it. What can we do? Even if we send in our teams—he has no room. Then we begin to have a blockade of traffic because cars are standing idle. The newspapers raise a howl. We are blamed. The Commission steps in. There you are."

I was beginning to feel sorry for the C. P. R., which seems to be a very human organization, sadly at the mercy of the common man.

"And how does the weather affect you?"

"Oh; we're never done with uncertainty on that score. Of course we can't make weather to suit even ourselves, let alone everybody else on our system. But it gives us a lot of trouble. Suppose this year the crop is poor over a large area. Naturally, do we order as many cars for next year as though the crop were good? No. The crop next year may be poor again; or it may be middling; or it may be very good. With such faith and knowledge as we have we go ahead. Comes a bumper crop. We are short of cars—that is, it takes longer to haul the crop out than usual. Give us time and we'll get it out somehow. But we can't move mountains. People say it's a blockade. The newspapers, always more interested in the public than we are, of course, lay the blame on the railways. We can't stop them. We grin and bear it."

HOWEVER, Mr. McNicoll seemed to me to be looking exceedingly well. And of course he never worries. Also he paid casual respects to the other railways. The C. P. R. have a good-natured way of shouldering the white man's burden. Pioneers in the heavy and long haulage business, on prairies and over mountains, they look with some tolerance on the efforts of the other roads to grapple with problems that get tangled up in the big system.

"Yes," he said, "the other roads build inside to the hopper. They're strong on getting to where the people are. But they neglect the spout. I suppose they expect us, as the people do, to do what surplus haulage they can't attend to from the inside to the spout. We've been doing it a good bit. We don't mind doing it if we haven't all we can attend to ourselves. Why didn't the G. T. P. build its eastern lines first and look after the terminals instead of glutting the internal elevators?"

"Don't you think we need railroads running north and south?"

"But we have them now."

"I mean—more roads. Enough to suit the West." He just twinkled. There was no argument in this. It was dead against all C. P. R. traditions.

"Oh, we're not worrying," he insisted.

"And with so vast a system you have facilities—"

"Ay, but no miracles. Railroading is just hard work, day in and day out, more to-morrow than today, letting yesterday take care of itself."

"But you don't minimize the value of a man in the system. You yourself, growing up with the C. P. R. as you've done—should be more the embodiment of the C. P. R. than —"

"No, no," he said, abruptly. "The President is the C. P. R."

He repeated that. I did not argue the point.

"But is it more the man—or the system?"

"Oh, well, I hope the man has something to do with any system. It would be a poor system that could be run without good men. And it would be a poor man that couldn't work better in a good system."

"What preparation would you recommend for railroading?"

"Industry—hard work!"

"But given a man of mediocre ability and high character as opposed to a man of high ability and —"

"Oh, well, he must have both."

"Any advantages in a college education?"

"I'm sure it'll never hurt him."

"Any particular benefit in studying economics?" Another smile.

"Oh, any man that goes into this business will find economics enough. I know it's a case of economy. Oh, yes, we have the money and we're not afraid to spend it when we need to. But we're not shoveling it out into the street."

The Vice-President turned to his desk. He had said all about the human interests of a great railway system that he thought would be of use for one scribe to hear at one interview. Neither had he imparted any secrets. But he had at least established the suspicion—that a big railway man never finds his private point of view publicly expressed, very far from that of the average man that buys a ticket on a railway.

Touch and Go

An Incident in a British Election Campaign

By JOHN W. KERSHAW

PAUL CROMPTON was in a very bitter, savage mood as he followed the path through the grounds of the Grange, and truly he had some cause for exasperation, for he had just had a rather bad rebuff which, besides ruffling his spirits, had sent his heart down below zero. So when just as he reached the wicket he met Sylvia Sledmer, even the sight of her failed to bring the accustomed brightness to his face.

"Well?" she said, with a bright smile and just a faint touch of crimson on her cheeks.

"It isn't well," he replied. "It is all ill. Hang politics and elections—and candidates," he added to himself.

"Is it so bad?" she asked, mockingly.

"It is. I've just seen your father, and he practically told me never to visit the Grange again. It seems that the Colonel and my governor have had a terrific row this morning about the election, and have ended with a declaration on both sides that there is to be no more intercourse between the two families. What d'ye think about that? And he has almost ordered me off the premises."

"But he wouldn't do that without some cause. You must have annoyed him."

"Perhaps I did," he replied, with a twinkle. "I asked him if he would have any objection to me as a son-in-law."

Her face flushed crimson. "You didn't?"

"I did. I've told you over and over again that was my greatest desire—to win you; so I blurted it all out."

"And what did he say?" she asked.

"What I have told you. He'd see me in a warm climate first, though before I came away he cooled down a little, and said if Captain Barclay won the election and you accepted me, he would think it over, adding certain uncomplimentary remarks about my father. So your fate and mine apparently are to hang on the chances of the ballot-box."

She broke into a ringing laugh. "It is the funniest thing I ever heard of," she said. "Poor Paul! It is hard on you. What are you going to do?"

"What can I do? I wish you would be serious, Sylvia. It isn't a laughing matter."

"I think it is. May I give you a tip?"

"What is it?"

"Come over to our side, and help Captain Barclay."

"How can I do that? It would be opposing my father," he said.

"And pleasing both me and my father. Besides, I can't oppose my father. Now can I?"

"And I suppose I can?"

"That's different," she replied, with a woman's inconsequence. "You have told me you love me. Now here is the opportunity to show you are in earnest. It isn't much to ask you to support the Captain. He is a delightful man."

"Is he?" retorted Paul, savagely, to himself.

"I can't," he replied. "My father is the chief supporter of Mr. Mason."

"All the more reason you should do your best for us," she said, with a merry twinkle which rather belied the demure face.

She was really a charming girl, as bewitching as a healthy English maiden of twenty-two can be, and Paul Crompton loved her to distraction. He had told her so, and had never been able to obtain a serious answer, either affirmative or negative. In truth, he never knew quite how to take her, and to-day she was in one of her most tantalizing moods. They had known each other pretty well all their lives, for their sires were the leading people in the little town, one the chief landed proprietor at the Grange at one end, the other the wealthy manufacturer at the Laurels at the other. It was true there had never been warm friendship between the two parents, for the Colonel was aristocratic and proud, and the manufacturer was reserved, and also proud, and differences in politics separated them. But what cared the young people for that? Elections only came at fairly long intervals, and party feeling slumbered between. Now all was rancour, for the division was plunged into the turmoil of a fiercely-contested election, and while Paul Crompton found himself dragged into the whirlpool on one side, Sylvia Sledmer was equally involved on the other. To make matters worse for Paul, there were rumours that the Colonel's candidate, Captain Barclay, had a bigger stake in view than the representation of the Cleveleys Division—to wit, the

Colonel's fair daughter. That made Paul Crompton desperate.

"It isn't fair, Sylvia," he said. "I'd do anything for you in reason."

"Except the one thing that I want," she retorted, with a pout. "For my sake, if you do love me as you pretend, you might do this."

"I can't. What has the election to do with you and me?"

"Oh, it isn't any use arguing," she said, with an air of offended dignity. "Captain Barclay is much readier to please me."

"Have you asked him to change his politics?"

"No doubt he would if I asked him," she returned. "Well, good-bye. I suppose I shall not see you any more."

He caught her, and she turned on him with an air of cold defiance.

"You aren't in earnest. You can't be," he said. "We can't part like this."

"I think we can."

"Do you mean you take the same line as the Colonel?"

"Exactly. Let me see, what was it? You are not to come near till the election is over, and not then unless Captain Barclay is victorious. If he wins, then I will consider it—in the light of your refusal to make this sacrifice for me," and she slipped out of his grasp and ran away.

IT is to be feared Paul Crompton swore, and if there ever was an occasion where profanity was justifiable this was one. What is a man to do when he is madly in love and full of hope of winning the girl, and an election and a charming candidate favoured by the father come in the way? Certainly such a situation does not conduce to high spirits. So during the next ten days, while the contest was in progress, Paul Crompton was cross and irritable.

At first he was so disgusted that he felt half-inclined to throw up all connection with the election and go away. But he could not do that, and presently he caught the feverish infection, and flung himself with all his heart into the fight. His father was keen and unusually bitter. He was angry at the Colonel, and eager that his own candidate should win. Paul said nothing about his own worries, but, as the days passed, he grew more wretched, and hard work came as a sort of palliative. There never was such a contest in the Cleveleys Division. It was certain from the first that the result was doubtful, and the majority would be a small one. Party feeling ran higher than it had ever done before. Both sides were making desperate efforts. Mr. Crompton, as chairman of his party, was in the very thick of it; and Paul, as his son, was spending almost the whole of his days in his motor-car riding about the division.

Only once in that ten days did he see Sylvia, though he knew that she was devoting herself to the canvass of Captain Barclay as zealously as he was to that of Mr. Mason. Moreover, the tongue of rumour was very busy, and it was certain that Captain Barclay was finding great attraction at the Grange, and that he and Sylvia were spending a good deal of time together.

As the days passed Mr. Crompton grew more and more confident. "I feel certain we shall win," he said, one evening. "Mason's power is growing. By the way, it is rumoured that Barclay is engaged to Miss Sledmer, or likely to be. Do you know?"

Paul did not reply. He had already heard the news, and feared it was true.

It was the following morning that he met Sylvia in the main street, gaily flaunting her party colours. She waved her hand merrily. He stopped to speak, but she turned away, and he saw that Captain Barclay was approaching, and when he reached the next turning and looked back it was to see them walking side by side engaged in obviously merry chat, and on the most cordial of terms. And Paul Crompton's heart sank. Clearly the rumour was true.

The next day was the one fixed for the nomination, and when he reached home after a complete tour of the division, Paul brought with him full reports of prospects.

"What d'ye really think of it?" he asked his father, as they smoked a cigar just before going to bed.

"It is a toss-up who wins," was the answer. "I'm afraid Barclay has gained here, and this is our chief stronghold. If we don't poll heavily here we

lose, and Miss Sledmer has done us a good deal of harm. She has worked hard, and is popular, and the rumour of her engagement to Barclay has helped him. Now about to-morrow. I must be at Cleveleys when the nomination papers are handed in at twelve. You must stay here. Maldon will pass through on the 11.30, and you had better see him and tell him to meet me at two."

Next morning, soon after nine, Paul walked down to the committee-room of his party for a few words with the sub-agent.

The man received him with a grin, and it was evident he was in high spirits.

"D'ye want to make a bit of money, Mr. Paul?" he asked. "Put all you can on Mason. The other side are cocksure and ready to bet. Between me and you I've got a lot on, for it is a dead certainty."

"How do you know?" Paul asked.

"Don't ask, but take my word for it," was the reply; and the man could not be induced to say another word.

Somewhat puzzled by the air of complete certainty on a result which he knew to be at least problematic, Paul returned to the mills. A few minutes before half-past eleven he rode up to the station in his motor-car, which was adorned with party colours and carried the name "Mason" in big letters.

As he stepped out he became aware of the sub-agent and another man coming out of the station full of half-suppressed merriment, and the former as he hurried by gave him a wink.

Inside the station he found Colonel Sledmer and Captain Barclay in close conversation with the station-master. There were no signs of any train, and the porters were standing idly at the other end of the platform.

The conversation between the station-master and the gentlemen was very serious, and Paul saw that the Colonel's face was red and flushed, and his manner angry. Once the station-master pointed to Paul and said something which produced a violent explosion and a shake of the head from the Colonel.

In the end the two gentlemen came towards him, and passing by, went out, the Colonel giving him an angry scowl, but no other sign of recognition.

"What is the matter?" Paul asked the station-master, who came up with a half-suppressed smile.

"The line is blocked," was the answer, "and no trains can get through for some hours. The Colonel and his friend want to get to Cleveleys. It seems that they have the nomination papers with them, and they were going by this train to hand them in. However, I don't suppose it matters much. There is plenty of time to drive over."

"Plenty of time!" Paul exclaimed, looking at his watch. "Why, it only wants a little over twenty minutes."

"The papers have to be handed in at one o'clock," the man replied.

"At twelve o'clock!" Paul burst out.

"The Colonel himself said one," the station-master answered. "They are going to get a carriage to drive over. Well, if it is twelve the election is over, and Mr. Mason has been elected. I suggested they should ask you to run over with them, but the Colonel was quite huffy about it."

Paul turned away. For a moment he was inclined to laugh. That there had been some knavery at work he was certain. The cocksureness of the local agent and his jubilation were all indicative of a knowledge that the nomination papers would be handed in too late.

THEN his gorge rose. It was a mean and dirty trick, and it would not be winning with clean hands. It was not sportsmanlike. There was just one chance for the Colonel and his friend, and that was only a meagre one. Paul's motor was outside, and by a desperate race against time he could just carry them to the Shire Hall some ten miles away in the time. It was for his rival in love and his opponent in the fight. It would be looked on as treason by his side. Should he do it?

His mind was made up in a moment, and he made a dash for his car. Colonel Sledmer and Captain Barclay were still in sight, walking down the road. They looked up in surprise as his car dashed up.

"Jump in!" he shouted. "I'll take you to Cleveleys!"

The Colonel scowled at him and continued his walk. "Many thanks," he said. "There is plenty of time."

"There is about twenty minutes!" Paul yelled. "Don't hesitate. If you do you are lost. The nomination papers must be in at twelve."

"I told you so, Colonel," the Captain exclaimed, catching the elder man's arm. "Come along. We haven't a second to spare."

"We can't trust that," Colonel Sledmer replied, (Continued on page 28.)



The Present System of University Athletics Fosters Only a "Spectator Interest" Among the Majority of Students; Which May be Good for their Lungs, but Contributes Little to Body Building.

University Neglect of Physical Training

Being a Criticism of the System of Athletics in Our Colleges

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE other day an important announcement emanated from the Registrar's office at Queen's University, Kingston. It stated that the Scotch college down at the east end of Lake Ontario was considering the advisability of introducing physical education into the curriculum of studies. In all probability, the incoming freshmen of 1912 shall find that they shall require to take physical training as a regular part of their course in the same way as Latin, French or economics.

Educationists, in Canada, who have outgrown narrow prejudices against new ideas in education, are watching with interest the proposal to establish physical culture as an academic study at Queen's. The Kingston institution threatens to break new ground in Canada; for if Queen's resolves upon establishing compulsory physical training it will be the first university in Canada to have done so.

In the matter of providing for the physical welfare of their students, Canadian universities are fifteen years behind the times. This may seem a surprising statement to readers of the sporting pages in this country who follow in the autumn with intense interest the gridiron struggles of football-gladiators from Varsity, Queen's and Old McGill. It is true that Canadian college men and women go in for athletics. In the year just closed at the University of Toronto, 1,190 students were engaged in some kind of organized sport. The 15 rugby teams, 16 soccer teams, 17 hockey teams, and 16 basket-ball teams, at that one university would appear proof enough of attachment on the part of students to athletics. But on closer examination, do these figures attest that the University of Toronto is very much concerned whether a student who passes four years within its walls, receives attention to his body? There are 4,000 students registered at Toronto. One-fourth of these participated in athletics under university auspices.

What of the three thousand students last session who did not enter the gymnasium, nor play any game? They did not experience the benefits of physical training because the Canadian university has not as yet reached that stage when it points out to the freshman the grave importance of caring for his body and compels him to do so.

There is no faculty of physical education at Toronto, Queen's or McGill. Higher education in Canada is lop-sided. The equipment and discipline of the Canadian colleges are utilized almost entirely for the development of mental qualities among the students to the neglect of their bodies. The exalted place which gymnastics held in the Platonic ideal of education has far been departed from by our universities. The student, who receives any physical advantage from his university course, does so in spite of, rather than because of, the college authorities. The university helps him as little as possible. It provides a gymnasium and campus and considers its duty done. The student is sometimes told that it is advisable that he should use these facilities; but is under no obligation to do so. The result is, that seventy-five per cent. of the students of our universities never go near the college gymnasium.

Dr. Barton, appointed by the University of Toronto to oversee athletics, remarked to the writer that it was his observation that the very students who need physical training most—the narrow-

chested, sallow-faced, round-shouldered "pluggers," and the cigarette-smoking idlers, pass the gymnasium by as they leave the university at the close of the day. It was the more physically fit students who were attending gymnasium classes and turning out for the teams.

This indicates, that under the present system, the average student is not convinced of the necessity of attaining physical efficiency. Athletics hold a wrong place in his eyes, and in Canadian university government. Gymnastics, football, or hockey are regarded too much for their recreative and amusement value. The student dons Rugby togs, or a gym. suit, because he enjoys football and clubs. If he does not enthuse over them, he considers that he owes no duty to himself to chase the pigskin or perform revolutions with the sticks. The professors do not teach that athletics may have educative value; that the body may be perfected by constant and scientific attention to exercises in the same way as the mind is trained by assiduous, systematic application to Greek verbs or the calculus.

Our college authorities evidently do not view the body as being upon the same high plane as the mind. In this attitude, they are retrogressive. Across the line in such institutions as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Dartmouth, for years they have had compulsory physical training. No student in these great colleges may graduate until, during at least the first two years of his course, he has done prescribed exercises under the guidance of an instructor, and satisfied that official of his physical capabilities. Compulsory physical education means that training for the body is an essential part of the college course just as history or physics. The student must attend gymnasium classes and prove to his teachers that he possesses equal dexterity with rings, bars and clubs as with test tubes and Cicero's orations. He must obtain "term credits" as in other subjects. The physical department is organized like any other faculty. The man at the head has the same standing as the Professor of Greek. He is styled "Professor of Physical Education." He sits on the college councils. This professor is an expert in his line. The American universities are logical enough to realize that his work is fully as vital to the culture of the youth under their care as that of those professors whose business it is to develop the mental processes of students.

Every student entering the above colleges must submit to a medical examination by the physician of the physical department. His ancestral history is gone into. What may be weakening constitutional traits are noted. His defects of arm, chest and weight are set down on a chart. His physical habits are discovered. Then, after the student has been thoroughly examined by the medical man, there is outlined for him a course of exercises suitable to his needs and strength. He is handed over to the physical instructor, and compelled regularly to go through exercises. If he wants to play Rugby, or devote himself for a time to some special branch of sport for the glory of his university, and is considered in shape to undertake this, he may be excused for a period from gymnasium work. But, just as soon as the season for his special sport closes, he must resume his work with the bars, clubs and rings in the gymnasium.

Compulsory physical education, as an academic

subject, means that the university which adopts it recognizes the educative worth of athletics. Education is largely discipline. Without discipline it is worthless. It is open to much doubt how much permanent value can result from the system of athletics in vogue at our Canadian colleges, where undergraduates enter into a strenuous period of training for the arduous football season in the autumn, and then are permitted to lapse into a state of physical torpor and sloth for the balance of the year. Compulsory physical education insists that all students shall have bodily exercise. Few college men will learn Latin if they can dodge it. But the regulations keep their noses down to it. How can a university expect a man to regularly attend gymnasium classes unless it marks on his timetable that he must do so? Only the authoritative voice of the Faculty will bring into the gymnasium the thousands of students who crowd the grandstand and prefer to watch for their amusement others take physical training.

The history of Canada for the next thirty years will be the battle of civilization adapting the wilderness. That is a struggle requiring men of big bodies as well as big brains for its leadership. The purpose of the university is to produce leaders. The university should be the first agent in the community for the spread of enlightenment. It cannot close its eyes to the needs of the community and maintain its position. Universities and schools on this continent have abandoned their prejudices and maintained that the development of muscle is as proper and essential a function of the university as the cultivation of gray matter. Canada must not lag behind.

High Cost of Living.

(Charlottetown Guardian.)

Commenting on the interview with Professor Shortt, which appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER of July 6th, the *Charlottetown Guardian* says:

Mr. Patterson, still under the inspiration of his mentor, Adam Shortt, elucidates this idea thus: "For a hundred years the producers of the world have been aiming at shorter hours of labour and longer hours of ease, as well as a higher standard of food, dress and housing."

This also is true. The producers of the world are insisting upon a legitimate share of what they produce. What neither Mr. Patterson nor Mr. Shortt has commented upon is that the capitalists behind the producers also insist upon their full profits, regardless of the fact that the shorter hours and the higher standard of food, dress and housing of the labourers has taken a slice off. The capitalist figures many things into his profits which are not reckoned upon in the profits of the actual producer. The winter in Egypt, the tour through Europe, added to the "hours of ease, the higher standard of food, dress and housing" in his case are counted among the legitimate profits. These must also be taken into account when we reckon upon the increased cost of living and it will require even a greater authority than Adam Shortt to convince the world that the actual producer, the labourer, is not as justly entitled to his slice of the profits as is the man for whom he labours.

The higher cost of living is unquestionably due to the larger and the multiplied profits sliced off the product on its way from the producer to the consumer.

Rural Education.

(Quebec Chronicle.)

The Canadian Courier utters no unmistakable note, however true or otherwise it may be in its statements, about our schools and provincial school systems. "The rural schools of Canada are the worst schools on the continent." Nothing could be more strongly put than that. Unless it be when The Courier claims that these same rural schools "are manned by men and women who have no knowledge of rural life or the needs of those who engage in agriculture."

What About the Sikh?

(Victoria Colonist.)

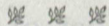
The Canadian Courier raised a very interesting question. Commenting upon Mr. Borden's visit to England and his intention to discuss the naturalization question, The Mail and Empire expressed itself favourable to a plan whereby each Dominion "might be competent to give a certificate of empire citizenship to all its naturalized people." This idea will be very generally accepted throughout Canada; but The Courier asks how this will apply to the Sikhs now in this country. Of course it may be answered that these are not naturalized British subjects, but derive their "empire citizenship," if they have it, by birth. But we do not see that this answers our contemporary's question, which is a decidedly awkward one. As we understand the matter, a Sikh can vote in the United Kingdom if he has the necessary qualifications.



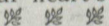
Through A Monocle

CANADIANS IN LONDON

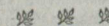
SUMMER is the season when Canada walks the streets of London. All sorts and conditions of Canadians seem to have business in the Capital of the Empire—and of the world—during that first part of the bright summer-time which is included within the "London Season." The London Season, of course you know, is fixed by the Parliamentary session; and the Parliamentary session is fixed by the time when the law permits Englishmen to shoot certain little birds. This is one of the English anomalies which is so puzzling to the Continental who takes little account of the effect of tradition on English manners. For instance, the English House of Commons begins work about three in the afternoon—an amazing time in the eyes of a sensible man—and slackens up during the dinner hour, only to settle down in real earnest when most decent people are going to bed. This is because the English House of Commons was originally manned by "gentlemen"—i.e., men without occupation—who commonly sat up all night and slept most of the day. Our House of Commons naturally picked up this bad habit as one of the few features of the Mother of Parliaments which it has really copied.



THE first part of the summer, then, sees all England—that is, all of England that counts in its own estimation—in London. And Canadians on business or pleasure bent, who desire to see any part of "all England" find it convenient to go to London at that time. Just now four of our Federal Ministers are there—or in Paris—a whole army of lawyers arguing everything from "Ne Temere" to the amount of damage done an employee who shook hands with his employer's buzz-saw; a lot of financial kings borrowing money; and a host of other people testing the London "taxi" and observing for themselves how the London policeman directs the traffic. It is a bully good time to be in London, too. Everything is at its best. The dramas which have survived the criticisms of the winter and have earned the approval of the multitude, are still running; while the failures are no longer in danger of entrapping the uninformed. The astonishing "Hyde Park review" is at its best. You know what that is? It is the spectacle of the "bluest blood" in the United Kingdom dressed up in its Sunday clothes, and walking about or sitting down in a part of Hyde Park which is no more private than Queen's Park, Toronto, or Dominion Square, Montreal. Think of English Lords and Ladies doing this sort of thing—a people so exclusive that they are never perfectly happy unless walled in from the general public. Yet here the "general public"—such as you and I—can go and walk with them, and sit in the chairs next them, and stare at them, and overhear their chat, to our heart's content.

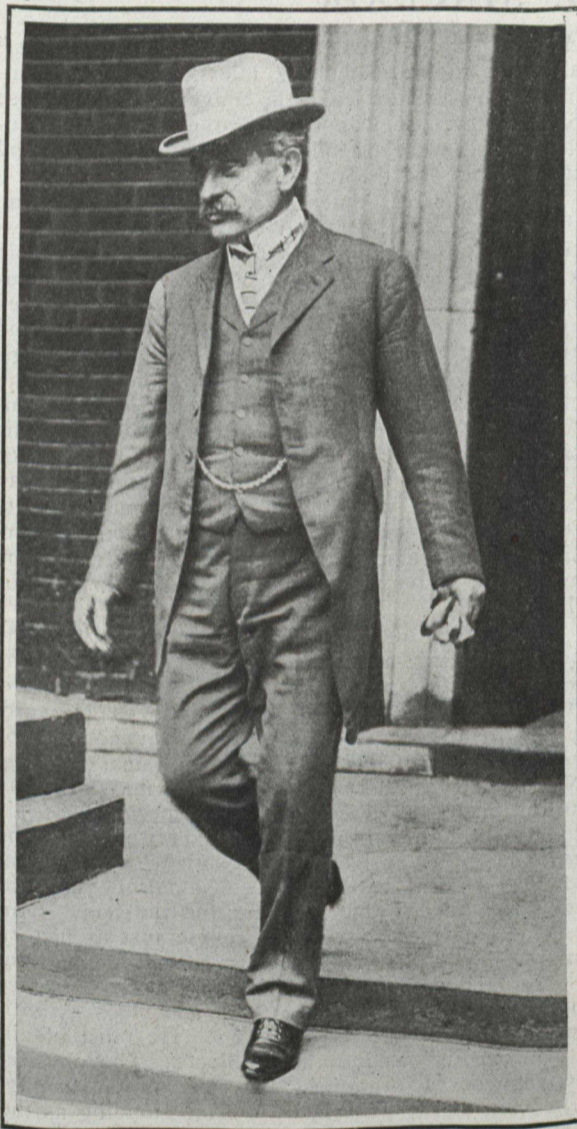


THE great Parliamentary "show" is now going on. The British politicians do not mind working through the "heated term." They have a lofty, cool chamber in which to sit, and they keep it cooler by spraying the glass of the upper windows with water. This is an invention which aroused the risibilities of Edison when he was there last summer. I do not know myself whether it really cools the Chamber; but it certainly looks cool as you sit in the galleries and watch what seems to be a driving rain against the glass. Nothing, I fancy, however, could possibly keep the Speaker cool. He is the hardest worked man in the House. He does not lean back in a somnolent manner as our Speakers do, only "ruling" when some member insists that he wake up and take notice; but he constantly governs the course of the debate, "ruling" a straying talker out of order before his bitterest opponent has even discovered that he is wandering. And for this athletic performance he dresses in a heavy gown and a smothering wig. The wonder to me is that the British Speakers do not die of over-work and heat prostration during the summer months.



THE great advantage of being in London just now, however, is that you can get so much pleasure by going away from it. It is impossible to leave London in any direction without bettering yourself. If you go to the country—the soft, rich,

verdant, well-trimmed English country—your eye will be constantly delighted with its cool beauty and its restful calm. Rural England is as lovely as London is ugly. If you choose to work up the Thames Valley, you will journey by the banks of one of the most peacefully and quietly beautiful little rivers that flows through a land of picturesque villages and hoary history. If you go north through the Cathedral towns to Edinburgh, you pass from stately pile to stately pile, and finally arrive at one of the most boldly attractive cities in Europe. If you go west, and finally to Ireland, you will come among a gracious people living in a garden—"a land where it is always afternoon." Or if you go east, and finally to France, you may pause at Canterbury or you may visit Brighton, and you will contrast the former with Amiens or the latter with Dieppe; and you will in the end come to that city



Prime Minister R. L. Borden Leaving a Meeting of the Imperial Defence Committee.

which is the most perfect modern example of what art and wealth can create—the city of the Louvre, of the Opera House, of the Madelaine, of old Cluny and of the soaring Pantheon.

IF one is tied to London, however, there are always "week-end" alleviations. The English people have a charming habit of knocking off work Friday and going leisurely out to their country house or their sea-side villa for the end of the week, which they generously stretch over on occasion to the following Tuesday. And, when you come to think of it, four days' work is about enough for the average summer week. I fancy that we would get along just as well in Canada if we made this the rule. And we would have a lot more fun. If you have friends in England, they will ask you down with them for the "week-end," when you will get a better appreciation of English home-life than you can in any other way; but even if you are without friends—which means usually without "letters of introduction"—you can still manage a pretty good time by spending the "week-end" in a sea-side hotel.

The English sea-side is not at all like ours. The difference is—curiously enough—that the bath is not the great thing with the Englishman. At a sea-side resort on this continent, "bathing hour" sees everybody in the surf, all at once and all together, having a huge democratic jollification. In England, people usually bath from "bathing machines" in very formal fashion, the men quite apart from the women; and no jollity save that caused by the exhilaration of the tumbling sea. "Beach minstrels" and "gathering shells by the sea-shore" are quite as popular at the British resorts as bathing.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Net Price of Cement

THERE is a considerable amount of ignorance in the public mind as to the prices which the cement manufacturers are getting. All Canadian cement is sold at a price which includes freight to the delivery point. Hence when it is said that cement is selling at \$1.40 a barrel, the manufacturer may be getting anywhere from \$1.03 to \$1.15.

Let us take an example. There is a cement mill at Orangeville which sells all over Ontario at \$1.35 or \$1.40 per barrel. But the mill doesn't get this full amount. Here are the actual figures:

London, \$1.35 less 28c. freight	\$1.07
Chatham, \$1.35 less 31½c. freight	1.03½
St. Mary's, \$1.40 less 28c. freight	1.12
Peterboro', \$1.40 less 33¼c. freight	1.06¾
Toronto, \$1.40 less 21c. freight	1.19
Hamilton, \$1.35 less 28c. freight	1.07

Average net price \$1.09¼

Again, take the case of Winnipeg. The price of Ontario cement in that city is \$1.95. Owen Sound is the nearest shipping point and the mills there get the largest return. But this return is \$1.95 less 91c. freight or \$1.04 net.

In the United States cement is always sold F.O.B. the mill. This should be the rule here, but the other clumsy method prevails. Consequently, when the ordinary man compares published prices in the two countries he is comparing two sets of figures based on entirely different conditions. When cement is selling in the United States at \$1.05 a barrel, it is selling on a par with Canadian cement quoted at \$1.35 to \$1.40. The United States price is net, and the Canadian price is gross.

Few Canadian manufacturers make the same mistake as the cement makers. Nearly all Canadian-made goods are quoted "at the mill," or "at the warehouse." The buyer pays his own freight. So it should be with cement. The makers of this product are suffering by the misunderstanding of the public because of this method of making quotations.

The present duty on cement is 53 cents, less one-half rebate until November, or a net duty of 26½ cents. To compete in Canada the American cement manufacturer must deliver his cement at \$1.35 freight and duty paid. The freight will be 25 cents (say) and the duty 26½ cents. Subtracting these two items, the American manufacturer nets only 83½ cents. It is an open question if the American manufacturer can produce cement at 83½ cents, or the Canadian cement maker at \$1.09. The American has undoubtedly the advantage. His coal costs him \$2 a ton less; his labour is cheaper; he does not pay thirty per cent. duty on his machinery; and he is not forced to shut down for four months every year during the period of ice and snow. Indeed it is tolerably certain that under present conditions the manufacturers on both sides of the line are getting a mighty small return on their capital, and in some cases are actually losing money.

A Pioneer's Opinion

(The Edmonton Journal.)

WHEN the final history of the great Canadian Northwest is written, there will figure largely in its pages Dr. John McDougall, of Calgary, son of the late Dr. George McDougall, an early pioneer missionary, after whom the McDougall Methodist Church of Edmonton received its name.

When asked if he thought the present rush of immigration were "The Last Trek"—as Emerson Hough called it—he laughed and said:

"Why there is absolutely no limitation to the population-bearing qualities of this north country! But a man has to have conception—he must see visions. He must not be like the Cambridge graduate of old who came out to this country in 1879, and as he stood in a learned pose on the banks of the Saskatchewan River, outside the old Fort, said, 'Doubtless this country will remain as it is for the next century, the scene of the wandering savage—the pasture of the great herds!' His speech was recorded in the *Toronto Globe* about that time and you may read it in the files to-day."

HUMAN TRIBULATIONS—AND THOSE WHO STUDY THEM

This group of noted police and detectives was taken in Toronto during the recent convention of "Chiefs." Dougherty and Waldo have since come into the public eye through the extraordinary Rosenthal murder in New York, which reveals a strange state of affairs in that city.



Top Row—Manager Carrington, Thiel Detective Agency; Col. Sherwood, Dominion Police; Chief Goodrich, Binghamton; O'Reilly, Editor of "The Chief," Phil Sheridan, of New York; and Chief Carney, Louisville.
 Bottom Row—Col. Grasett, Chief Toronto Police; Major Sylvester, Chief Washington Police; Mrs. Sylvester; Geo. S. Dougherty, Deputy Commissioner, New York; Acting Mayor Church; Rhinelander Waldo, Commissioner, New York; Wm. A. Pinkerton.

Lloyd George in Hot Water

RIGHT HON. LLOYD GEORGE, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland, seems to be a searcher after trouble. The Germans say that his famous Mansion House speech was the cause of the increased activity in the building of German war vessels. The land owners of Great Britain hate him thoroughly because of his land tax reforms. The medical profession have refused to accept his fee of six shillings per patient under his new Insurance Act. The servant girls and mistresses object to the weekly licking of stamps which the same law has imposed upon them. He was almost mobbed some days since as he went to make a speech on behalf of the Insurance Act which came into force a fortnight ago.



Police Keeping Crowd From Rushing Lloyd George's Motor Car When He Spoke at Kennington Theatre.



A Servant Licking a Tax Stamp.



A Meeting at Finsbury Circus, London, to Protest Against the Insurance Stamp Act.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Again the War Scare.

PERIODICALLY during the past five years there has been a German war scare in Great Britain. When the Tories were in power in that country they were accused of getting up these war scares in order to bolster up their naval and military programme. They were called "jingoists," "militarists," and other similar evil-sounding names. When the Liberals came into power it was thought that disarmament would be the key-note of their policy and that universal peace would be less a figment of the imagination. But even the Liberals have been stampeded by fear of the German army and German navy. All the leading papers in the United Kingdom seem to have been similarly inoculated. Only the Manchester *Guardian* utters a word of protest and urges a constructive policy of friendship with Germany.

Personally, I have never been able to see the arguments which are advanced in support of these different war scares, and I must frankly confess that I am still unconvinced. The leading Germans have always protested that there is no such thing as "the German menace," and that war between these two countries is inconceivable. Germany has a long line of seaboard and much sea-borne commerce and it is only natural that a German fleet should be in existence for the purpose of defending that sea coast and commerce if they are ever menaced. There is no reason why sixty-five million Germans should not pursue the same defensive policy as forty-five million Britishers and one hundred million United-Statesers.

The Germans blame the war scare more on the French allies of Great Britain than upon the British themselves. France is afraid of Germany and knows that her safety lies in British efficiency on land and sea, and on British friendship. Whether this German view is correct or whether the British view that Germany intends at some early date to dispute the supremacy of the sea with Britannia, is a question which every man must decide for himself. To my mind this tremendous ship-building on the part of Great Britain and of Germany will eventually lead to a conflict of some kind unless a halt is called at an early date.

The Psycho'gy of It.

PERHAPS it would be wise for the members of the British Royal Society, the Smithsonian Institute, and the various peace associations to appoint a committee of experts to diagnose this epidemic. Every nation in Europe has this war-scare disease, and so have the larger nations in America. Even Theodore Roosevelt has been overtaken by it; he came out last week with a most militant outburst in favour of a great United States navy. It may be that the home of the disease was originally in Germany, but that country has certainly no monopoly of it at present.

It is even spreading to Canada. The newspapers have nearly all succumbed. Even the *Toronto Globe* has got the bug. Its leading editorial the other day closes thus:

"How long under these conditions can Britain, unaided, hold the supremacy of the seas, which for her is a matter of national life or death? Has the time not come for the fifteen millions of white men in the outlying portions of the Empire to stand behind the motherland?"

There is this to be said for the *Globe*, however, it still stands for colonial fleets rather than for one huge fleet stationed in the North Sea. The Conservative papers, on the other hand, are out for Dreadnoughts and nothing but Dreadnoughts. They have the fever in earnest. The Conservative orators have begun again to shout for Dreadnoughts, and they are going much farther than Mr. Borden or Mr. Churchill have gone. Three Dreadnoughts, four, five, six, one every year, anything that you like. It is certainly a terrible disease when it gets into a community.

Reason Will Assert Itself.

WHEN this disease has run its course, reason will assert itself. The foolishness of the present talk must eventually be recognized. The *Ottawa Journal* is one of the few papers to see the folly of "borrowing money from Britain to present Dreadnoughts to Britain." Some people

are talking of Canada giving thirty millions, but where would we get it? The city of Toronto is short of money and cannot sell its bonds in London. The Ontario Government is short of money and is in the London market asking for it. All the leading Canadian corporations are seeking money in London. The Dominion Government itself is spending more than its current revenues. Where could we get the thirty millions?

Before Canada talks of giving thirty millions, or even ten millions, it had better get its revenues into a position where it has a real surplus. This could be done within five years by a strict limitation of expenditures. At present, however, there is no talk of retrenchment. Mr. Monk came up to Toronto the other day and talked about spending ten or fifteen millions on public works. There is the same talk everywhere. This country needs about two hundred millions new capital every year to keep the pot boiling. What folly it is to think of giving Britain ten or fifteen millions a year for naval defence, under present circumstances!

It might be possible by a popular loan here to raise money to build a Canadian navy, but I doubt if it could be done to make a cash contribution to Great Britain. Even if it were possible, it would mean taking just that amount of capital from other enterprises. Let us be reasonable and face these facts fairly.

Canada Must Do Something.

DO not mistake my attitude. I believe Canada must do something to show that she recognizes her obligations as a growing portion of the Empire. Personally, I favour a fleet unit on

THE STAMPEDE

Writing of the Naval Situation in Britain and Germany, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Journalist and Member of Parliament, says:

"Thus we have the spectacle of two great nations being apparently dragged unwillingly, but inevitably, into an abyss of ruinous armaments, and such exasperating national feeling as ultimately makes war possible on the smallest provocation."

Is Canada also to be dragged into this "abyss of ruinous armaments?"

the Pacific and another on the Atlantic. In this way we would help guard the food-routes in time of war, and help to maintain Britannia's good name in time of peace. Moreover, we would be training a certain number of Canadians in the art of naval warfare and thus fitting ourselves for any possible maritime troubles which the future may produce. And after all trained men are more important than ships and guns. Dreadnoughts are only useful when properly manned and skilfully handled.

The most common objection to this policy is that it will take too long to work it out and that in the meantime Germany may have wiped out the British fleet. There may be something in this objection, although I cannot see it. If there is it could be overcome by building the smaller naval vessels in Canada and the Dreadnoughts in Great Britain. The latter could be left in British hands until such time as the present war scare has passed, and a Canadian naval force capable of handling those vessels has been created.

The advocates of a Canadian navy are not unreasonable. They are willing to compromise on a reasonable basis. They are also willing to see the naval question made non-political, as it is in Germany, France, the United States, and Great Britain itself. But they stand firmly on the ground that

ultimately every portion of the Empire must have a navy and a naval force of its own.

Cheap Power in London.

THAT excellent paper, the *London Free Press*, is not overly pleased with our remark that some people in London think that power and lighting is costing the city twice as much now as it did before the introduction of the Hydro. The editor says, "we do not believe there are any such people in this city."

May I be permitted to say that the *Free Press* could easily find a dozen men who hold this opinion, or one perilously near it. Furthermore, Mr. Pocock and Mr. Marr have never told the people of London what power is costing in that city. They have, so I am credibly informed, refused to give out figures, preferring to deal in general statements.

Further, let the *Free Press* ask Alderman Richter what he thinks it is costing. Mr. Richter is chairman of the finance committee of the city council, a well-known financier, and head of the London Life Insurance Company. I do not know him personally and have never had any communication from him directly or indirectly, but I think his opinion would be worth having. He is of the same shade of politics as the *Free Press*, and hence unobjectionable to that paper as an authority.

Municipal Bonuses.

WESTERN CANADA is making so much progress industrially that it has already reached the question of municipal bonuses to manufacturers. At a meeting of representatives from eleven cities, held in Winnipeg a few days ago, this question was discussed. Six cities voted for a resolution against the granting of cash, land, exemption from taxation or guarantee of bonds to any business firm desiring to establish in a Western city. Three cities, Medicine Hat, Moose Jaw, and Saskatoon, voted against it. Fort William and Port Arthur refused to vote. The meeting was unable to agree.

Ontario's experience is wholly against bonuses or exemptions. A bonused concern seldom succeeds. The best bonus of this kind, if any is permissible, is cheap land, good shipping facilities, and a plentiful supply of labour. Any city that has these to offer will get all the industries it deserves.

If the cities of the West are patient as well as diligent they will get what is coming to them without any great cost, without doubtful investments and without any misleading boom conditions.

Why Mutton Is Costly.

HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture, seems likely to achieve a record as an administrator. He is not mixing in provincial politics, nor even worrying about the political future of the cabinet of which he is a member. He is attending strictly to business as the administrator of his department—the surest way in which to bring credit to himself and his colleagues. Unfortunately his deputy minister is a lawyer and cannot be of much assistance to him. Indeed there are those who say that Mr. O'Halloran is inclined to retard the wheels of progress rather than facilitate them. Mr. Burrell will probably overcome this handicap in time.

While Mr. C. C. James, special commissioner, is preparing his report on the way in which the Dominion authorities may help the Provincial authorities, Mr. Burrell has been dealing with two great problems. The first is the revival of the live stock industry in the West. He is likely to do something of importance in connection with this subject. The second is the revival of the sheep industry throughout Canada, a subject which his predecessor fully recognized as important. By introducing thoroughbred stock he hopes to raise the grade of animals. But he must do more. He must provide for wool-grading in the same way as wheat-grading is supervised by public officials. At present, we have no system for marketing wool and the farmer is not getting, and never did get, a square deal in wool-selling. Hence the farmer has never looked upon sheep-raising as a profitable business.

The public are interested. Lamb and mutton are coming to be prohibitive in price, simply because the farmer cannot market his wool to advantage. Throughout Canada there are millions of acres, now waste, quite suited to sheep-raising. Yet, as against our 2,000,000 head, Great Britain has 31,000,000; New Zealand, 23,000,000, and Australia, 92,000,000. To revive the industry here there must be "wool stations," where the fleeces are divided, cleaned, graded, baled and made ready for the manufacturer. Our wool, when put upon the market, must be as reliable and as finished a product as our wheat, our apples, our cheese and our butter.

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

Homes and Gardens of Canada

8—"The Cottage," Montmorency, the Home of Herbert Molesworth Price

By E. T. COOK

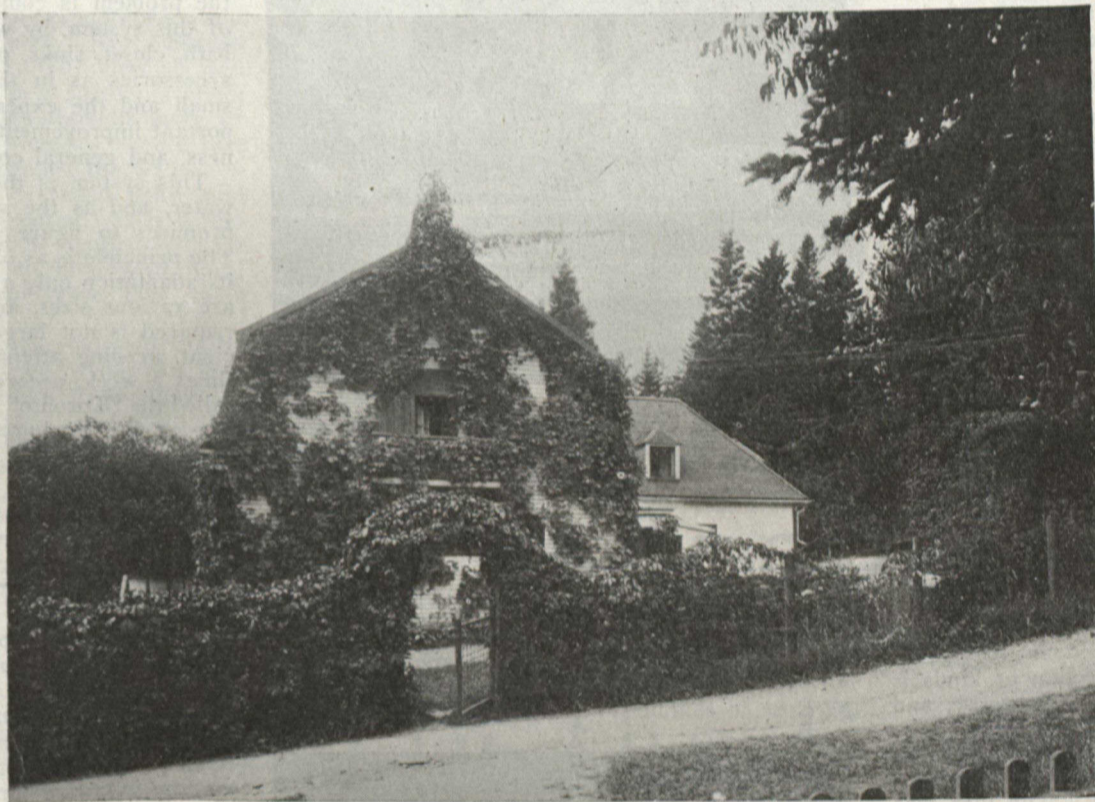
THE series of articles on homes and gardens which form the feature of the Country Life Supplement, as will have been seen, have a very interesting diversity of character, some woven round with domestic simplicity, others steeped in romance, belonging to the mansion itself or the land in which it is placed. But none of the subjects treated has appealed with stronger force to the imagination, to the lover of grandeur in nature, of glorious views and depth of colour from pine and silvery birch than the famous "Cottage" of Montmorency Falls.

The charming home of Mr. Price, whose work for the welfare of the Province of Quebec is writ large in her history, is known to many, and the illustrations convey some impression of its beauty and surroundings. It is a home set amidst the wild grandeur of Canadian scenery, a peaceful retreat saturated with the environment of sublime scenery, romantic history and personal magnetism. It was built in the early years of the last century, on the brink of the Falls on the Quebec side of the river, but in the course of generations the original house has undergone a great change, additions and alterations bringing it to a perfection marked with strong individuality and surrounded with gardens of flowers. Whether at the close of a summer day or in the depths of winter "The Cottage" has a strange fascination, and the Falls, the wonder of Quebec, scintillate with exquisite colouring, the sparkling river descending in one vast flood to a depth of 220 feet, and gliding onwards to meet the mighty St. Lawrence, a waterfall of silvery charm, a transparent foil to the soft, grey rocks and flinging its misty beauty over darkling pine and leafy shrub. If Montmorency were not steeped in history the Falls would impart to it an undying majesty. Rambling through the famous gardens with the sound of mighty waters carried on the summer wind, thoughts of Wolfe, of Montcalm, of

picturesque Quebec, the city on a hill, are lost awhile in the features that surround "The Cottage." The pavilion, or "look-out," over the Falls was built by General Haldimand, in 1782, at the suggestion of Madame Riedesel, wife of General Riedesel, who commanded the Hessian troops in the American Revolutionary War, the regiments marching by way

of the name, and in June days the big scent-laden flowers recall the words of Bacon, "I doe hold it, in the Royall Ordering of Gardens, there ought to be gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the moneths of the yeare, in which severally Things of Beautie may then be in season." And June should be smothered over with the flower that has established itself throughout the Dominion. A happy and instructive day was once spent in the

great peony farm of Kelway, in Somerset, the hybridist who has given to the world some of its most exquisite forms, and a note in one of his treatises may be of interest. In it is mentioned that peonies are the most beautiful of all the showier hardy perennial plants; they should be in every garden, large or small; in beds, borders, shrubberies, drives, grass walk, and woodland. Plant them near at hand for close enjoyment of their beauty as well as in masses for distant colour effect, in lines straight or curving on the margin of shrubberies and in groups between shrubs, in large and small beds in the midst of turf; in borders at the foot of walls, and in mixed borders at constant intervals, and the less expensive kinds used freely in copses, woods, and the rougher parts of the garden. All these positions they adorn. There is no other plant that will make a more splendid display or give greater satisfaction in return for the small trouble involved in its cultivation. It



"The Cottage," a Charming Country Home at Montmorency, Near Quebec.

of Quebec. Again, the pillars of the old suspension bridge, sixty feet distant from the residence, are of more than fleeting interest. This bridge fell in the month of April, 1856, and swept three unfortunate individuals, who were crossing it, to their death, and the French entrenchments surrounded the estate on the Montmorency River side. But the whole of the vicinity of "The Cottage" is on historic ground. The opposite side of the river was occupied by the army of General Wolfe, and this reminds the writer of a poem written on Montmorency by the late Mr. Kirby and dedicated to Mr. Price:

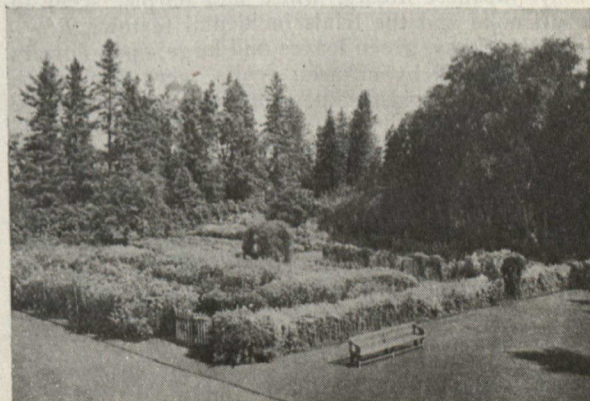
"For history, poetry, and wild romance,
The old, the new, nature's exuberance
Peace, war and love—love still the best of all
Their story here on every side I learn,
And Wolfe and Montcalm's rival camps discern
In the long thunder of the roaring fall."

The breeze is heavy with the scent of flowers in the gardens of this beautiful Canadian home, and honeysuckle runs riot with many another vine, clouds of peony, Phlox Drummondii, pansies, and fragrant Mignonette giving radiant colour to the small and field gardens with a wealth of perennials to accompany them; but the four named are highest in favour. It is interesting to watch the development of certain flowers in almost national esteem. The peony sheds its splendour in all gardens worthy

is worthy of note that while Peonies vie with the Rhododendron in the brilliancy of their flowers, they have this advantage over the shrub—no loam or peat is actually necessary for their welfare. Whether the old kinds or the new are considered, peonies will thrive in practically any position, and there is hardly one in which they will not flourish to perfection; they are amenable to the simplest treatment in any soil and are as hardy as a rock by the wayside; they need little protection, and the flowers, borne in profusion in an almost endless



Mr. Price's Collection of Famous Cannon.

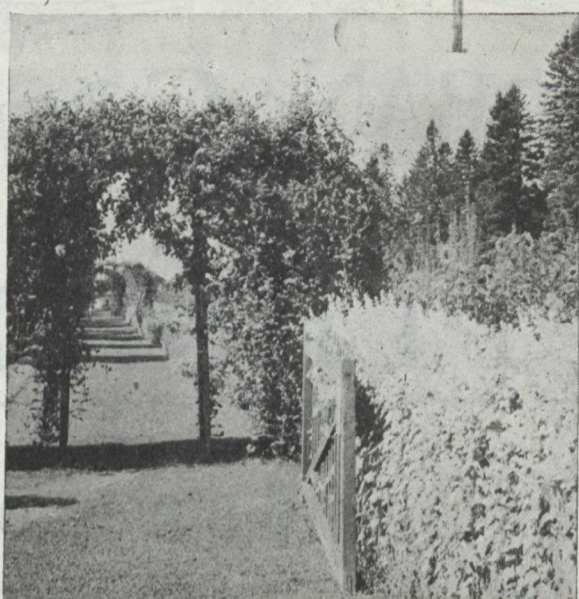


The Field Gardens at "The Cottage."

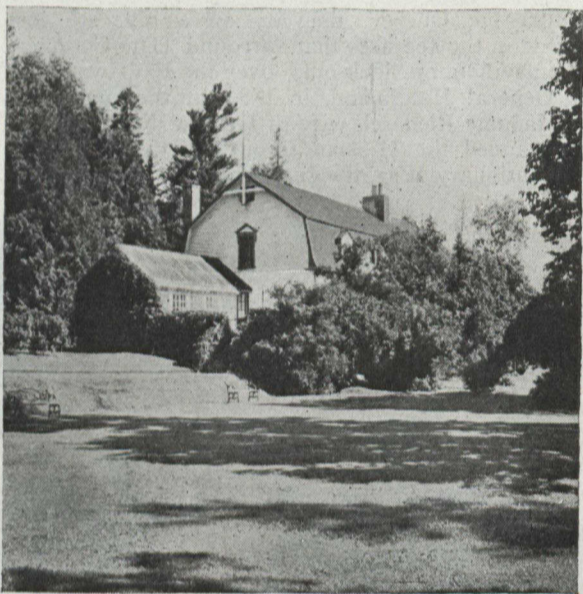
variety of tints and in many kinds with the fragrance of the Tea Rose, are of extreme beauty for decoration. Where flowers not only surround, but fill, the home, as much space as may be allowed should be devoted to peonies or cut flowers—in vases and bowls no flower is more appropriate and decorative.

Every month of the year has its garland at "The Cottage." The spirit of true gardening breathes in every nook, and the man who controls many undertakings here finds refreshment from strenuous and far-reaching labours. Horticulture or gardening, whichever one is pleased to call it, does not overshadow everything. The house itself is filled with a multitude of priceless treasures collected and given during a life of much interest and activity. The book-lover can spend hours in the library and other apartments. Those whose tastes lie in the direction of prints will revel in a rare collection, and signed photographs of celebrated men recall their works—Tennyson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Browning, and treasures formerly belonging to H. R. H. the late Duke of Kent, treasures that are among the most interesting in the Dominion—his dinner service, bedstead, table and other things from the Royal house. Collectors of autographs will handle with pride, not unmixed with envy, an autograph book containing the signatures of celebrated personages who have visited "The Cottage," including descendants and representatives of English and French families interwoven with the history of Canada. On more than one occasion his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, has enjoyed a ramble through garden and woodland, and whose signed photograph is a highly prized possession.

Mr. Price plays a great part in the life of Quebec, and the control of an immense business does not lessen an interest in forestry, trees, and nature that amounts to positive enthusiasm, and his assiduous work in the promotion of the "entente cordiale" between the French and English races, attending the grand mass of the St. Jean Baptiste societies (by invitation) in three neighbouring parishes and addressing the people in French in front of each church, is unceasing. His public spirit for the good of the community is also shown in tremendous and successful endeavours towards securing the preservation of the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's great victory, relics of this and other conflicts remaining in the collection of famous cannon, about fifteen in number, old shot and shell, and swords. The genial and patriotic owner of



In Mr. Price's Garden.



Woodland and Lawn, Rear View of "The Cottage."

this home by the Montmorency Falls was born in England, near Ross, Herefordshire, in 1847, and has occupied prominent positions in the Dominion—manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada, director of La Banque Nationale, Quebec; director of many companies, Mayor of the municipality, Justice of the Peace, and past-president of St. George's Society, of Quebec, and shows his love of animals by a deep interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Here, then, is a man who welds together many concerns, the master mind of a great business and a sportsman to the core; past-president of the turf and cricket clubs, and lavish in good deeds. Of such men Canada, and Quebec in particular, is justly proud.

Water Supply for Country Houses

HERE is no more vital question affecting the health and domestic comfort of the owner of a country home than the supply of water for sanitary and drinking purposes. In the last Country Life Supplement a simple device was described and illustrated, and we have before us a catalogue issued by the Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company, of Toronto, and descriptive of what is called the "Toronto Pneumatic Tank Systems." Those who have had experience of life in the country with it, in these days of progressive conceptions of what is right in the economy of the household, unpardonable inconveniences will heartily welcome this little brochure. The country resident and the farmer want reasonable comfort, and it appears to us that the problem is completely solved by the installing of this system, by which water may be supplied to bath, closet, sinks, pipe, and tap; in fact, the same accessories as in the town house. The outlay is small and the expenditure is repaid by an all-important improvement in sanitary conditions, cleanliness, and general comfort.

This system is the pneumatic method of raising water, and as the writer of the brochure says, promises to figure largely in future installations. The principle is as old as the law of gravitation, but its adaptation only a matter of recent years. There are various sizes, and where the amount of water required is not large, a hand pump is quite sufficient, needing attention perhaps only two or three times a week, according to circumstances. This is called the "Toronto" pump. There are other devices, but get the brochure from the address given.

A Rose Garden in Toronto

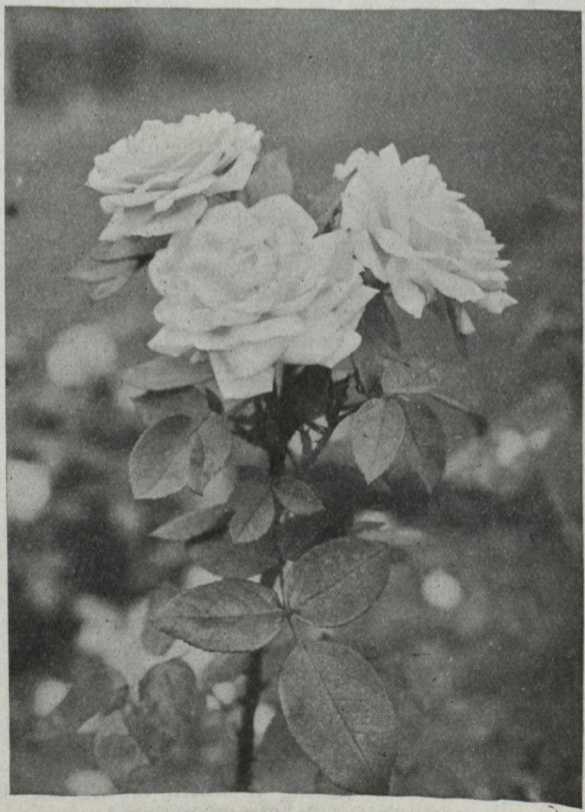
AN oasis of flowers, a rose garden in the truest sense, may be seen in Alexandra Park, where quite a collection of kinds is in a place set apart for the purpose, and now in summer beauty. All are clearly and correctly named. This is an object lesson of no small worth and should stimulate, being in so public a place, a real interest in the Rose. The idea was a happy one. The flower is first favourite of the Dowager Queen Alexandra, after whom the park is named, and the writer noticed many of the Roses that fill the Royal gardens at Windsor. There the flower is to be seen in bountiful masses, and also at Sandringham, where a large garden of Roses, including almost every known kind, has been formed within recent years, and the plants are grouped, as it is a pleasure to see has been the case here. The most satisfactory were Fisher Holmes, Margaret Dickson, Charles Margottin, Dorothy Perkins, the pink-coloured Baroness Rothschild, John Hopper, Francois Michelon, and the pure white but unfortunately scentless Frau Karl Druschki. The bushy Japanese Roses, white and purple, seem to defy smoke and the trials incidental to town life—the rich, glossy, green leaves and large, open flowers to be followed by crimson fruits, were a pleasure to look upon amidst somewhat dingy surroundings.

Rose Una.

A ROSE we have not seen in gardens is Una, which is as pretty as its name. It belongs to that fast-increasing class called hybrid Briar, and rambles prodigiously, its strong, leafy growths adapting themselves to pillars, railings, or wherever just a wild luxuriant flower is in place, or bring it into the garden proper, making a large mass of it by pegging down the shoots. Then the flowers will blossom out in profusion, the buds, soft buff in shade, giving place to white as the petals expand. It is a single rose and beautiful in all ways.

A Plague of Insects.

THE writer has been asked to give recipes for the destruction of the various pests that afflict the Rose in summertime. Messrs. Stone and Wel-



White Rose, Frau Karl Druschki, Growing in Alexandra Park Gardens, Toronto.

lington, the well-known Ontario rose-growers, give the following useful hints: For *Aphis*, a small, green louse, which, when fully grown, is about an eighth of an inch in length, and its presence may be the more readily detected if ants are present. A simple remedy is to soak the plants with tobacco, and the following formula is recommended: Quassia or tobacco stems, 4 oz.; pour on a gallon of water, and boil for ten minutes, then strain and add 4 oz. of soft soap; apply the mixture when cold with a whisk broom. *Mildew* is often found on roses when they are shaded too much. A continuance of damp weather also produces mildew. The remedy for this is simple if applied in time, and consists in a sprinkling of soot or sulphur. This should be applied either early in the morning while the dew is on the plants or a sprinkling of water given and the preparation applied, as it will then adhere to the foliage.

Red spider is more commonly found on roses grown in the house, where the atmosphere is hot and dry. It is very small, but should the leaves change to a yellowish tinge, watch for a reddish-brown colour, an indication of its presence. An application of whale-oil soap, dissolved in warm water, is usually efficacious. As red spider is found on the under side of the leaf, it is necessary to use a bulb or syringe for this solution, to throw the water on the affected spot. Wash the plants occasionally with clear water when using this solution. *Slug* consists of the larva of the saw-fly. The female flies perforate the rose leaf in different places, and deposit their eggs in these incisions. These hatch rapidly and the pests feed on the foliage. Powdered white hellebore is the best remedy; a solution of whale-oil soap is also excellent. Unless the pests that afflict the Rose are carefully searched for and destroyed by the remedies advised, the plant dies. It is futile to attempt its cultivation in any form unless this is done.

Hints on Flower Gardening

A LECTURE of great interest and importance was given recently before the Toronto Horticultural Society, by Professor Hutt, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and illustrated with a series of beautiful and instructive views. The chief points are given here.

(1) One of the first allusions was to the rock garden, which should be the home of many mountain and other flowers, but it does not signify a mere heap of stones, rather stones arranged with a view to imitate nature. I shall have much to write on this as yet almost unknown feature of Canadian gardens in future supplements.

(2) Mowers should not be so set that they cut back into the stems of the grass, which thereby becomes exposed to the sun, burnt, and loses that freshness we are accustomed to associate with a green sward.

(3) Ugly fences are a mistake.

(4) Use for the planting of pleasure grounds, parks, or streets, trees that are known to do well in the locality.

(5) "Topiary" work, or the clipping into grotesque shapes certain shrubs is a distortion. Views were shown of such work in the old country, where it has been practised for generations. A cottage was shown with big yews in front which the owner had taken forty years to bring to their present development, or, as the writer truthfully said, to "make ridiculous."

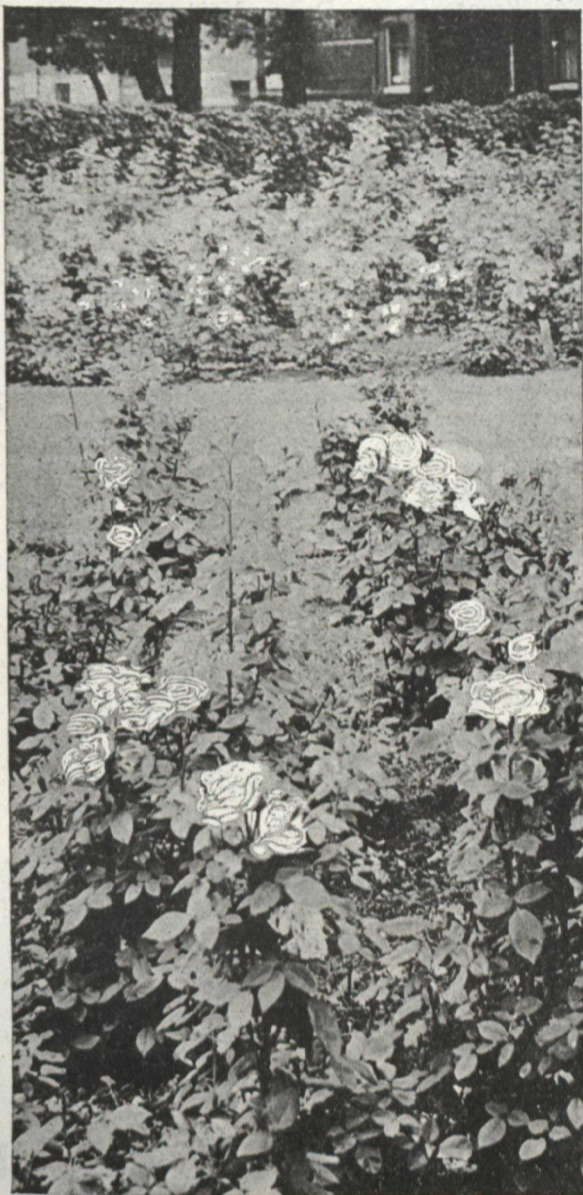
(6) A strong word was said for flowering shrubs, and allusion was specially made to *Spiræa Van Houttei*, the Snowball tree, Smoke tree or *Rhus Cotinus*, *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, and amongst the Lilacs, the Japanese Lilac. Shrubs should be in groups or masses. One view showed a beautiful massing of shrubs in a factory ground, and it would be well if owners thought more of the beautification of business premises, where that is possible, having also vines against the walls.

(7) Prof. Hutt denounced overhead poles, and said underground wires are essential. It is a disgrace that our country should be spoiled by ugly poles, which it is impossible to hide with floral beauty. Municipal bodies should give this their earnest attention.

(8) The flower border. Much was said of the old-fashioned mixed, perennial, or herbaceous border, with its succession of flowers from spring to the fall.

(9) Roses, and rightly so, came in for a large share of the lecturer's remarks. On many of these points we have already written, and as time goes on every phase of gardening will receive its just appreciation.

Professor Hutt's lecture was one of the most instructive that has been given in Toronto for many years. He emphasized many of the points in the



ROSES IN THE HEART OF A CITY.

These Beautiful Plants, to the Number of Three or Four Hundred, are Growing in Alexandra Park Gardens, Toronto.

development of gardening that it is essential should be carried out if the full measure of artistic beauty is to be attained. The crusade against ugly poles is a good one, and it will be a grave error if these

are allowed to be erected in the future without good reason. This is of course a municipal matter, but the aim is to make the places in which we live as beautiful as possible, consistent with common-sense. No right minded man expects impossibilities.

The lecturer spoke of the importance of looking at matters from every point of view to avoid mistakes and therefore expense in initial undertakings. The canvas on which the picture is to be painted must be of the right kind, and landscape gardening means making the earth beautiful with living things.

Conservation Hymn

When God had made the forests grow,
And spread the prairie free;
Had bade o'er earth great rivers flow,
And hollowed out the sea;
To man He said: "To thee I give
This garden broad and fair;
But if within it thou would'st live,
To guard it be thy care.

"All beasts, all birds for thee I've made,
With herbs for food supplied thee;
My trees shall yield thee warmth and shade,
How little I've denied thee!
I ask but this: withhold thy hand
From snatching all My treasure!
With temperance rule this fertile land
And taste My gifts in measure!"

How man hath spurned this mandate fair,
Let Syria tell the story,
Let China's ravished hills declare,
And Spain's departed glory,
By greed betrayed, by want depressed,
In terror of his neighbours,
In penance now for wanton waste,
In sweat and tears he labours.

Then let us keep the covenant,
And our dominion cherish
'Ere yet, beneath the spoiler's hand,
Her virgin beauties perish.
This land our fathers bled to keep
Shall we, her sons, despoil her?
Or shall we plant where'er we reap
To bless the future toiler?

O, Foresters of Canada,
How great a charge ye carry!
Ye priests and scribes of Nature's law
To preach it do not tarry!
Be keen and true in duties new
Nor Zeal from Wisdom sever;
And generations that ensue
Shall bless your name forever!

—E. G. McDougall.

A Year in the Garden

Work to be Done in the Month of August

By E. T. COOK

THE year is hastening on and one thought should be uppermost in the gardener's mind, and that is fall planting, preparations for which should be made at once. It is imperative to give orders to the nurseryman early, otherwise the trees, shrubs, or whatever may have been asked for will not reach the purchaser at the correct planting season. One of the leading nurserymen in the Dominion sends me the following interesting note concerning cherry trees: "Sour cherries may be planted in the fall, but they should be set on well-drained, dry soil, not in clay. Hill the ground around each tree in a cone one foot at the stem, levelling it off in the spring. Cherry trees force their buds early in the spring, so fall planting is desirable. People should plant more cherry trees in their gardens, along roadsides, or in solid blocks. Early Richmond ripens before Large Montmorency, so by planting some of each, a long picking season may be had. Plum and Pear trees may be successfully planted in the same way." The information respecting Roses is important, and it is my intention to plant this beautiful flower largely in the fall and save as much as possible the rush and worry experienced in such a spring as the last, when the wretched weather seriously delayed the work of planting. "Roses are a success when put in during the fall, if given a slight protection of straw or burlap wrapped about them for the first winter. They should be cut back in the spring

to two or three buds. During the growing season a spray of wash-water will keep off insects and fertilize the bushes. After Roses have flowered cut off the wood a bud or two below the old flower and there will be a display again the same season."

The Daffodil and the Late Peter Barr.

GIVE orders now for the Daffodil or Lent Lily, which runs into innumerable forms, and may be grown in many ways. The "Daffodil King," as the great authority upon the flower—the late Peter Barr—known to many in the Dominion, was worthily called, was responsible almost entirely for the army of hybrids and varieties which now grace our gardens and exhibitions. Here are a few points in a great career which I thought would interest the readers of these monthly calendars. The name of Peter Barr will for ever be primarily connected with the development of the Daffodil. If an account of his work in collecting Narcissi and tracing the identity of particular species and varieties for purposes of classification were written it would afford remarkable testimony to his irrepressible energy and zeal. In regard to the Narcissus his imagination was stirred by reading John Parkinson's statement, written in 1629 in his famous work, *Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestis*, that there had been nearly one hundred sorts, but most

of them had vanished from our gardens. Peter Barr refused to believe that all these varieties were lost, and he at once began a search for them, which was carried into every part of Great Britain, as well as of France and Spain. After exploring for some years most of the Daffodil habitats in Europe, Barr, when about the age of seventy years, commenced, with all the energy and enthusiasm of a youth, a tour around the world which lasted about seven years. He toured through Canada, and afterwards visited the chief cities and parks in the United States, gradually working towards San Francisco, taking Colorado, Utah, and Nevada on the way. He then proceeded through Oregon and Washington to British Columbia, and finally started from Vancouver for Yokohama. Leaving Japan, he proceeded to China, to Australia and New Zealand, eventually breaking his voyage home at Cape Colony for the purpose of spending twenty-one months in South Africa.

The Daffodils to Order.

A FEW of the most beautiful, inexpensive, and satisfactory in all ways are of the big "Trumpet" daffodils, those with a trumpet-like centre proclaiming their bold, dashing beauty, all of yellow or sulphur shades: Emperor, Golden Spur, Glory of Leiden, Henry Irving, P. R. Barr, and of white Madame de Graaff, Empress, Horsfieldi, William Goldring. The Star Narcissi are among the most beautiful of all flowers, and begin to open their

starry petals early and continuing until the Daffodil has flown away until another year. Autocrat, C. J. Backhouse, Cynosure, Gloria Mundi, Queen Bess, Sir Watkin, Conspicuous, Sensation, Leeds, Duchess of Westminster, Salmonetta.

Daffodils in Grass and on Rock Garden.

THE Daffodil is a flower of the woodland and grassy ways, and the Star Narcissi are the most becoming in such surroundings—the tall, graceful stem, narrow leaf, and sweet colouring, melting into the surroundings. A little forest of Daffodils is something to remember on one of those sunny days that come to us after a season of snow and ice. When the soil is not too poor and hot the bulbs will increase rapidly and an initial expense is turned into profit. Then there is the joy of gathering the fragrant flowers for the home or to give to some sick friend.

When the garden offers no such opportunities, make a little rock garden, and plant in it the dainty miniature daffodils, and of these choose from the Hoop Petticoat or Bulbocodium types; the rich yellow Cyclamineus, which was reintroduced into cultivation in 1887, after having vanished for 300 years; Minimus, a little jewel of its race; Minor; the Angel's Tears, drooping flowers pale as the moonlight, and the sweet-smelling rush-leaved Daffodil, juncifolius by name. Once the bulbs of this pretty series are planted leave them alone and they will in time become established. The shadier parts of the rock garden should be allotted to the Angel's Tears (*Triandrus albus*), and juncifolius. Around about them plant the alpine Phlox, and Saxifragas, as these protect the flowers from soil splashes during storms. Such gardens given infinite pleasure for some weeks, the flowers are a study in themselves.

The Tulip.

ORDERS must be given now for one of the flowers Canada loves, the Tulip, which may be planted in beds and in park and garden with the full assurance of a gorgeous display in spring. Greater variety would be welcome and a larger use

made of the later kinds, popularly called "Darwin" and "Cottage." They have a great virtue, hardiness, and follow in time of flowering the ordinary single and double tulips. Amber Crown, Bouton d'or, Bronze Queen, Dainty Maid, Faerie Queen, Golden Crown, Golden Glow, Inglescombe Pink, and scarlet and yellow colourings of the same name, La Merveille, Leghorn Bonnet, the sweet-scented Macrospeila, Picotee, Retroflexa, The Fawn, The Moor, and of the Darwins, Carminea, Clara Butt, Glow, Mr. Farncombe Saunders, The Sultan, Dorothy, Mrs. Krelage and Margaret.

The King of Tulips.

THERE is no question that a tulip called Gesneriana, the parent of the Darwin and Cottage types, is king of its splendid race. It is the one tulip that I would not be without; its flowers poised on tall, straight, firm stems, open out fully to the sun and seem to have drunk in its very rays. The scarlet colour is gorgeous, and inside, when the petals widely open, a blue blotch is revealed, a blending of two strong shades that intensify each other. Visitors to the Royal Gardens, Kew, England, in the merry month of May, will remember those flaming beds of Gesners tulips, a colour picture rivalled only by a bed of crimson Geraniums in the summer months.

Planting Plans.

AUGUST is the month to plan out for the fall planting and to order exactly what is desired, whether of fruit trees or kinds for general effect only. Lists have been given in previous calendars, but remember that a group is more picturesque than a specimen, and avoid a mere collection unless the object is to show a multitude of things. Think out beautiful associations, thus the bushy crimson-flowered Spiræa called Anthony Waterer may go with the white Deutzia Lemoinei.

Seedling Perennial Flowers.

MUCH time is occupied in August in growing on the seedling perennials for planting out in September and October, such seedlings as Fox-

gloves, perennial Larkspurs, and Sweet William. This is a trio of flowers that no garden, if it is to be worthy of the name, should be without, but there is little pleasure in growing them unless the finest seed from the finest flowers is procured. I saw in a Canadian garden a few weeks ago an imposing mass of Foxgloves at the end of a spacious lawn with just the shelter from the sun the Foxglove requires. This is a woodland flower, but should be brought more into the garden itself in such a place as indicated, where soft colouring breaks up the monotony of leaf shades from tree and shrub. The tall stems were lined with huge flowers, sometimes of purest white, sometimes enriched with dark-coloured spots reminiscent of some rare Orchid. Remember then the Foxglove is a flower of the shade, and will beautify the most unlikely corners. The Larkspurs have been referred to more than once, but little has been written of the quaint Sweet William, the little flower that seems to blink in the sunlight. This must be raised from the best source and then the diversity of colours will satisfy the most fastidious. Some of the clusters are a self colour, crimson, white, or pink, others are delicately spotted and they have a welcome lasting power. Sweet Williams are flowers for the border.

Mulching and Watering.

IT is painful to see failure written over many gardens through insufficient appreciation of the value of mulching and watering. Mulching means a covering of some kind, and the most fruitful in good results is manure, and break up the surface soil lightly so that water can penetrate to the roots. This advice cannot be too often repeated, and after a hot day spray the plants. This has a most refreshing effect. A dirty plant is an unhealthy plant. In the last supplement it was mentioned that discrimination is necessary in watering, and that a plant is a living organism. Water should not be used direct from the tap. Hide away sufficient big tanks for the needs of the garden. Fill them every evening, and the object of this caution is to prevent chilled roots. Very cold water applied to a plant which is at a certain temperature, so to say, is fatal—the plant dies.

Town Planning—Meeting at Winnipeg

AN important meeting of experts and others interested in the question of town planning, which is looming large in the minds of all who have the welfare of the population of great cities in their keeping, was held recently at Winnipeg, and it is to be hoped will be followed by similar demonstrations in other great centres of industry. This question has to be faced; it is a momentous one, and nothing except a constant pegging away on sound business and reasonable lines will effect the end on which all thinking men and women place their fervent hopes. It is a national question, and the papers given at the Winnipeg meeting reached a high level. The congress, as explained by the president, W. Sanford Evans, was called on a joint invitation of the Winnipeg Town Planning Commission and the Winnipeg Industrial Bureau, and experts came not only from the Dominion, but the United States and Great Britain. The lecturers travelled over much the same ground. Upon such a national, engrossing and urgent question there can be no two opinions, and the revelations set forth of the terrible evils of overcrowding were convincing evidence of the important nature of the proceedings.

Mayor Waugh, in welcoming the delegates, reiterated much of what has already been written in our pages. He mentioned that every thinking person appreciated the value of a town-planning movement; both theoretically and practically the plans for the beautification and betterment of a city were of outstanding value. As the population increases new districts must be opened to accommodate the addition, and plans must be evolved so that the conditions in the new districts, as regards housing and hygiene, be adequate and thorough; that the citizens take a broad view of the efforts of a town planning commission so that from an aesthetic point of view the improvement may be a pride and credit to them. The effort, it was said, required a broad-minded, unselfish indulgence on the part of the people, but the question was asked, Are the people prepared to build for the betterment of the city? Have they the courage, moral or financial, to grapple with the problem?

The problem must be forced in the interests of health. Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, who is an untiring advocate of town planning on well conceived principles, stated in his remarks that the general health

of the people was of the utmost importance, and dealt with the tenement residence, which was generally condemned. He discussed it as prevailing in Canada. The evils of this system in Great Britain and the United States were pointed out and it was shown that the contagion had spread to the Dominion. The tidal influx of humanity did not reach the rural districts, but converging on the urban, landed in clan segregation, and ultimately in overcrowding. It was the duty of the town planner to work assiduously against the evils of overcrowding; laws were necessary, public opinion was necessary to enforce the laws if a national calamity were to be avoided. The horrors of overcrowding were set forth. It was stated that in New York, in 122 blocks, 750 persons were crammed into one acre and no less than 2,400 in the Italian section. The building of houses failed to keep pace with the building of chimneys, and how true it is that the rural districts in Great Britain and Germany are rapidly becoming depopulated; and why? The steady stream of the population to the towns is not due alone, it must be borne in mind, to the want of fit accommodation, but to the individual, who, in Canada as elsewhere, finds no alluring prospects in the country—it is lifeless—woefully uncertain with regard to winter work, and offering no outlet for the children. The cry of the farmer, "We want labour"—signifying the fat months of the year, will continue and more bitterly unless the workers are assured of constant employment.

Dr. Hastings, of Toronto, made some important observations. His report was not rosy concerning this city. Rear houses there were in plenty, dark rooms, tenements unfit for habitation, inadequate water supply, unpaved, filthy yards, all dangerous to public morals, offend against public decency. Need of air-space was insisted upon, but though the rural population, it was mentioned, migrated to the city and gradually became slum dwellers through cost of housing or inadequate supply of houses, this was not alone the reason in agricultural sections.

One speaker spoke of the work that had been and was being accomplished in Great Britain, and we have to go to the root of the matter to find a remedy. The appalling evils are known, eradication of them is the problem. He alluded to the housing act in the old country and the intended

campaign to effect wholesale clearance of slums and erection of municipal buildings; the compulsory improvement of habitations at the owner's expense. Local authorities are given power to buy land, erect houses, lay out open spaces for gardens, playgrounds and parks. The county council has power to appoint a medical officer of health, and the housing committee is invested with authority to destroy cellar dwellings and back-to-back houses, and under the act town planning schemes of great magnitude are possible. Germany was becoming engrossed in town planning by building model tenements, encouraging private builders and co-operative building societies to erect better houses and demolish slums.

No great scheme for the welfare of the community can be brought to perfection without the hand of the law, and Dr. Hodgetts made some pertinent remarks. In answer to one question as to how the town planning upon sound health lines were to be carried out the answer was a true one. The municipality must have power to buy land and sell it at a reasonable price, within the means of the industrial class, and in this way put an end to the exorbitant prices that drive away the working man and create slums.

Several fresh points for consideration emanated from the papers, but all the speakers were as one upon the need for legislation and the necessity of environment and housing. It was shown that the children of Bournville, England, had five times the chance of life those had in Birmingham, four miles away.

Calgary, through Mayor Mitchell and Industrial Commissioner Miller, has invited the conference to meet there in 1914. This is most gratifying, and shows the national spirit that is manifested in the greatest problem facing municipalities, the proper housing and environment of the population. Calgary is entering into the question with praiseworthy thoroughness. The planning commission is only about a year old, but by the time the proposed conference meets it is anticipated that there will be erected the pivotal buildings for a civic centre embracing government, provincial, and city public buildings and a system of parks and parkways along the banks of the Bow and Elbow rivers.

This town planning conference should have far-reaching influence.

The First Garden City

ONE of the wisest moves towards the bettering of the social and moral welfare of the community has been suburban planning or the formation of garden cities outside the more central hives of industry. The town is wending its way to the country and this tremendous and all-important break away from the traditions of the past is undergoing quick development. The first garden city, and many lessons may be gathered from it, was planned by Sir Norman Shaw, R.A., one of the most distinguished of domestic architects, who changed acres of orchard and meadow land into a suburb of living beauty.

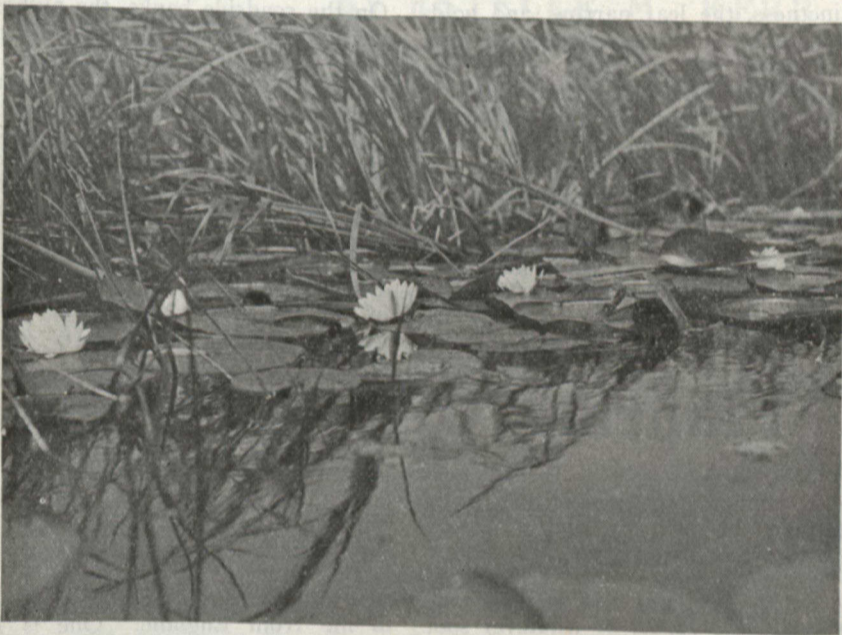
This suburb is a few miles from London, England, and now forms practically part of the metropolis which is quickly reached by rail, tube and motor bus. At first, as in many organizations undertaken without fully counting the cost, failures were not unknown, and this new and at that time strange departure made a slow appeal to the city workers. The gospel of fresh air was preached by the few, but soon the delightfully quaint houses, designed for comfort and economy and set amongst trees and shrubs and by the side of cunningly conceived streets, attracted

beneficent movement, and that is the absence of monotony. There is a danger in other countries of over-elaboration and unbroken roads, adorned with beautiful trees perhaps, but too formal and cold for the surroundings of the home. There is no repose and one suburb is much like another, with little or no variation in architecture, one of the strong points to avoid. Bedford Park has few houses exactly alike, though, of course, the master mind can be traced in every street, and within there is the same regard for unconventionality without any sense of discomfort.

Every tree is jealously guarded from municipal interference, unless such interference is for the welfare of the many thousands who have their homes in this famous retreat. A railway embankment in the vicinity, a blemish on any beautiful suburb, was planted with fir trees and flowering shrubs, and converted into the semblance of a rough woodland.

Straight roads were avoided unless in the direction of main centres and though traffic is considerable, that of automobiles in particular, accidents are almost unknown.

It is a suburb planned for beauty without letting beauty run away with discretion, and though so near to a



The White Water Lily is Abundant in Canadian Marshes.

men who were famous in the world of art—novelists, artists, and those to whom peaceful surroundings and reasonable rents were a necessity of life. The culture of flowers was taken up with enthusiasm—a gardening society formed for the protection of trees and birds and a centre established in the form of a club for social and intellectual enjoyment.

This ideal suburb has spread with the tremendous growth of outer London beyond the first prescribed limits, but the real garden city remains the same, a source of delight to those who visit it from over the seas. This oasis of beautiful but modest homes and gardens breathes the true spirit of country life and in the spring-time of the year, when the pink of the almond is seen on the still leafless branches and laburnum and lilac are bending in the wind, until autumn touches the leaves with her resplendent colouring, to live in Bedford Park is to renew day by day the energies for the work of life. The famous church which few interested in ecclesiastical art fail to visit, the old-world hostelry and the small park flanked with trees and facing South Parade—one of the most picturesque of its streets, belong to this garden suburb.

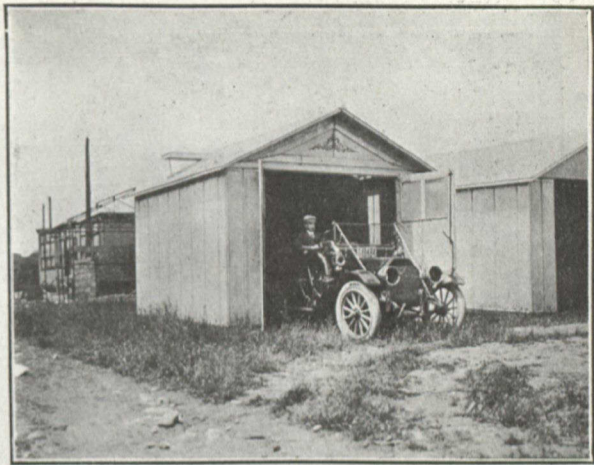
One point will at once impress those interested in this great and

smoky city with its teeming millions, flowers are everywhere. As an example of the real earnestness which dominates the inhabitants, and only this maintains the high standard of excellence achieved, even the dusty church enclosure is tended by members of the congregation.

Bedford Park, therefore, was the pioneer of garden cities, and its influence has spread to the city of Toronto and other great centres. Romford, in Essex, England; Hampstead, and Letchworth, have their garden cities and industrial centres, of which Bournville and Port Sunlight are familiar instances, and set amidst as far as possible natural surroundings.

This development in factory life should make in the near future a strong appeal to the great employers of labour in this land. The plan is also to house the workers, offering them inducements for well being in all ways, and work pursued by women and girls especially under such conditions becomes a pleasurable exercise, because health is the primary consideration. As the centres of large cities become congested and therefore unhealthy, there is wisdom in moving into less populated areas, which should prove no stumbling block in Canada.

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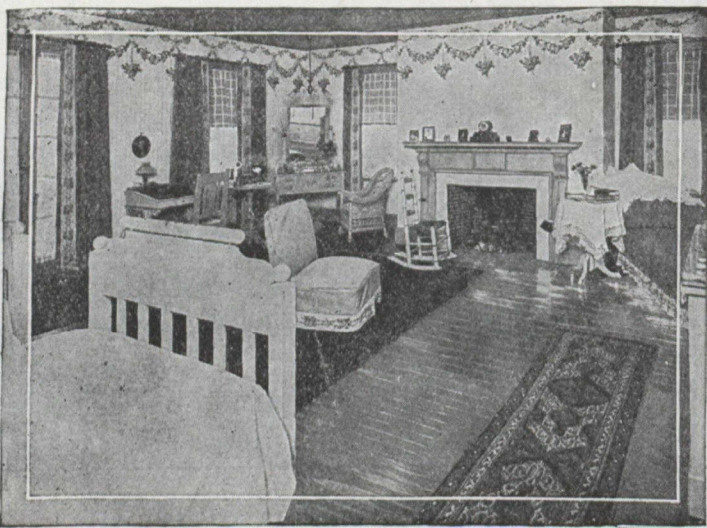
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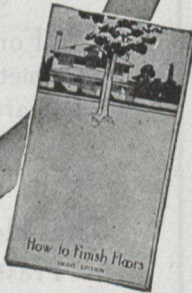
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farther away, is becoming, it is a matter of congratulation to say, a live problem. A young man told the writer recently, and he laboured in the city, that though perhaps more time was spent in coming and going than many would care for, he rejoiced in a garden of about one acre—this not many miles from the centre of Toronto. The question of the better housing of the working classes will have to be faced by the municipal council, and less would be heard of disease and those disagreeable accompaniments to an unhealthy environment.

It may interest those in this great question of suburban cities that in Bedford Park the rents range from \$150 to \$700 a year, with proportionate taxes; the roads are maintained by the district councils, and though attached to these residences

the gardens are small, there is sufficient space for the growth of flowers and sometimes a few vegetables. Remember this is near London—a place of millions.

Getting away from the heart of industries is one of the only problems that will bring about a higher moral tone. A man, woman or child can never be a useful citizen when the surroundings are utterly opposed to the leading of clean, wholesome lives. An impure environment is the devil's sharpest weapon. Prison authorities have discovered the wisdom of a farm life for certain offences, and the farms of Guelph and Toronto have proved distinct successes. Can one have more convincing evidence of the untold benefits of pure air and healthy surroundings?

E. T. COOK.

A Flower of Japan

THE land of the rising sun is a land of flowers, of the chrysanthemum, peony, cherry, wistaria and many a denizen of the gardens of the world, and of the Iris Kaempferi or japonica, which is to be seen in flowery plots of the enthusiast. It is in beauty at the present season, and none of its race shows more distinctness, the leaf narrow, and holding large, flattened-shaped flowers, sometimes self in colour, sometimes speckled and daubed with shades laid on a groundwork of purple, white, or reddish tint, and a forest of these spikes by the waterside gives to it an unusual beauty. The Japanese Iris requires moisture, and in my small garden I have set apart a cool, moist, half-shady spot for a white kind, and few of the tufts are without blossom. They were planted last spring.

Travellers in Japan will recall the drifts of this wilding, and the Royal Academician, Alfred Parsons, in his delightful "Notes on Japan," mentions this among other glories of that land of flowers. "Everything grows luxuriantly. There are great clumps of Bamboo, enormous Azalea bushes, and thick undergrowths of palmetto. On the roadside banks, the author is writing of the last week of April, there were ferns just unrolling, the fronds of Maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*), all bright red young shoots of lily and orchid and Solomon's Seal, and a lovely Iris (*I. japonica*), with many lavender-coloured flowers on a branching stalk, each outer petal marked with purple lines, and decorated with a little horn of brilliant orange."

V. STAPLES.

Planting German Irises

THE German or Flag Iris (*I. germanica*) has been seen in many gardens this summer, and its happy cosmopolitan disposition has ensured a warm welcome. It may be called a "safe" plant, and it is this type one wants in the border or whatever spot this Iris is to beautify. A point of importance in its culture is the time to plant, and a supposition exists that all trees and shrubs and flowers generally should be put in during the spring or the fall, but in the case of the Iris, this is a mistake. The best season to plant the roots, or to divide them for increase of stock, is after the flowers have faded; and the sooner this is done the better. The German Iris may be grown by the stream or lakeside, and on warm borders, but the flowers last longer in beauty when partly screened from a hot mid-day sun. Those that

proved most satisfactory with me are Aurea, Darius, Gracchus, Innocenza, Madame Chereau, Mrs. Darwin, the stately Pallida dalmatica, Princess of Wales, Queen of May, and two of recent introduction which were sent to me from England. One is Ed. Michel, the most imposing of its section, with stately spikes holding noble flowers of a pure self wine-purple in colour, intensely effective when the sun lights up the broad, firm segments. The other is Her Majesty. Those who know the Flag Irises well will have Queen of May, already mentioned, in their collections. This may be justly described as an improvement, though at present far more expensive. There is a warmer depth of colour and richer veining; its price is about \$1.25 each plant.

VIATOR.

A Flower of the Water

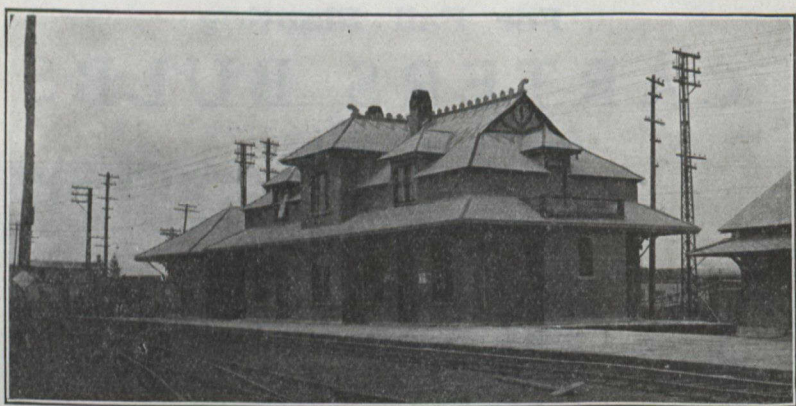
A CLOUD is resting on the water, and it comes from the lily of lake and pond, the native *Nymphaea odorata*. The buds open to the warm sun, until they expand to show within them a heart of white and gold, and then comes a sweet scent of lilac and jasmine and rose, a pot pourri of flower fragrance. It has variations, this jewel of the water, and one is called maxima, because its flowers are larger, snow white, made whiter still by yellow stamens, and exquisita, which is of a delightful shade of pink, and the most richly perfumed of all nymphaeas. The beauty of the water flowers is little known yet, but there it is, a floral mine to be worked for the future enrichment of our gardens. A verse in Tennyson's

"The Brook" occurs to me when writing of the water lily:

"I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling."

The time, it is to be hoped, is not far distant when water-lilies will be planted on both artificial and natural lakes. In the gardens of Europe water-lilies, sometimes as blue as sapphires, crimson as a geranium, and with a shower of softest tints float on the surface. These are hybrids, but one of the most prized is the Canadian water-lily, which one loves to cull from marshy stretches—it is a real flower of the summer.

VIATOR.



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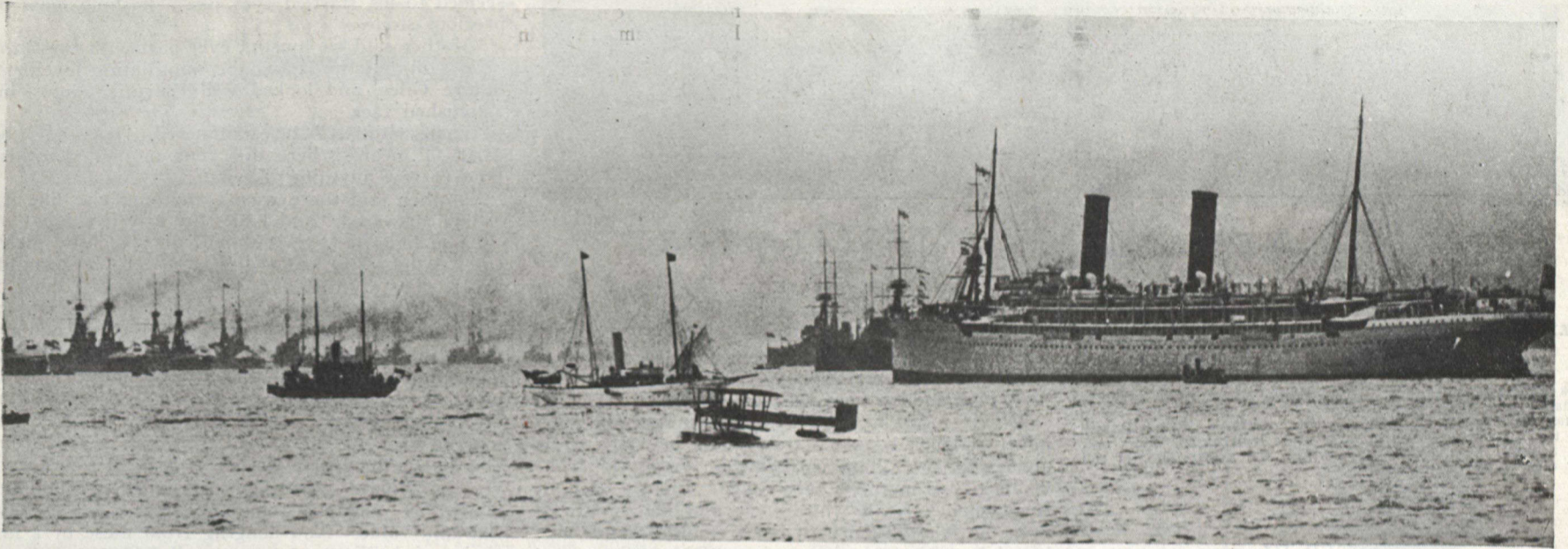
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NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

Commander Samson's Hydroplane is Seen About to Rise From Among the Fleet. On the Right is the "Armada Castle," with Members of Parliament on Board.

What We Saw at Spithead

A Canadian Woman's Experiences at the Naval Review, on July 9th, which Mr. Borden and His Colleagues Attended

By ESTELLE M. KERR

London, July 10th.

IT was ten o'clock when we made up our minds to attend the naval review at Spithead. By eleven we had started on our way from London, with 72 miles to cover; but on English roads that is not so formidable as 20 miles in Canada. And what a drive it was! Through London suburbs beside the river, past acres of private park lands and on through the beautiful country of Surrey. Now we overtook a regiment of infantry, in khaki, and admired their splendid physique and bronzed faces. The road was well picketed by motor-scouts, who saluted as we passed or warned us of police traps, so that in spite of the 20-mile speed limit, we kept up a good fifty at times.

Every now and then we passed through a village with quaint, small-paned shop fronts, tidy little gardens, and inviting gable-roofed inns bearing on their swinging sign-boards such titles as, "The Blue Boar," "The Choir of Angels," and "The Jolly Driver." As the freshening breeze warned us that we were nearing the sea, the sign-boards took on a more nautical air. We passed by "The Happy Sailor," and stopped at the "Royal Anchor" for lunch, viewing with pleasure its charming rooms, each low, white doorway bearing a name such as, "Queen," "George," or "Mary," painted in black letters.

FROM the heights above Portsmouth we had a fine panoramic view, and hundreds of people were watching there, though the ships seemed but gray specks on the water and a hydroplane another gray speck in the sky. On we went into the valley, across bridges and through the busy streets of the town. At last we arrived at the water's edge and saw an enormous crowd of people, crowded piers with large observation pavilions, and a long stretch of pebbly beach, gay with the populace in holiday attire; with children wading, and boys swimming; with bathing machines drawn up on the beach, and stalls where a cup of tea could be had for a penny; with sweetmeat sellers calling their wares and an aged cornet player who did his best to enliven the crowd. They needed it, too, for the sinister gray line of gunboats lying against the distant shore of the Isle of Wight afforded little amusement, and the scouts and torpedo boats which now and then darted past failed to arouse enthusiasm.

THERE was small chance of obtaining a better view without going on board one of the overcrowded ferry boats, and the lowering sky made us still more loth to go. At first we felt like saying, "What came we out to see?" Nobody seemed to be taking the least particle of interest in the distant manoeuvres—yes, there was one—a ruddy Jack Tar of seventeen, who sat on the beach and gazed out to sea with keen, bright eyes. He at least seemed interested, so we decided if possible to view the scene with his eyes.

It was plainly evident that he would rather be

at the other side of the Island, for, as he told us afterwards, "It is a sailor's joy to be reviewed by his King or his Admiral." Unfortunately he was just recovering from an operation for appendicitis, and consequently had to remain in barracks.

I wish I could give you the rich cockney accent of his speech—we did not need his assurance that he was a Londoner.

But it was a grand hospital without a doubt, the building yonder with the tower, and many fine doctors were there. Why one of them cut off a sailor's leg and took 27 stitches in it in 28 minutes. And before long he was hobbling round on crutches and looking at 'is old leg that they had pickled.



"And This Should be His Customary Attitude."

HE pointed out the flag ship, "Neptune," and we had a good view of Winston Churchill's yacht, the "Enchantress." As First Lord of the Admiralty, he had a number of distinguished guests on board, including the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith, and the visiting Canadian Ministers. On the ocean liner "Armada Castle," over 400 peers and members of the House of Commons were guests of the Admiralty.

We noticed a cloud of smoke rising from one of the Dreadnoughts and someone suggested that they might be firing.

"Oh, no," said Jack. "You'd know it if they were firing. Why when two of them fired together the other day the noise broke windows 30 miles away." We wondered how they could keep from breaking everything on board, and our friend explained that the firing was done by electricity, the decks were cleared, and the sailors all had wool in their ears.

"I don't know how it is in the Canadian Navy," he said, "but we have 13 men to a gun."

We neatly turned the point, not being prepared to discuss the Canadian Navy just then. Jack was very frank in expressing his opinions and said he considered the American Navy the finest in the world, though their discipline was not so good as on the British ships; the French Navy was pretty fair, but most unlucky, and the German ships he thought too small.

"Oh, but we have a terrible King," he said. "He's a terrible King for fighting, not like his father, who was all for peace. He's the first King that's been down in a submarine. You know it's not very healthy down there, the sailors get a shilling a day extra, and they have to take a cage of mice, for when the mice get stupid, they know they must come up for more air. The Prince of Wales is just like his father, only more stern; he's a sailor, too—or rather half a sailor, for he never really passed his examinations at Osborne College in the Isle of Wight, but for his last birthday, the King gave him a lieutenantancy in the Navy and one in the Army."

HE told us another interesting piece of gossip, and that is that the sailors on board the Dreadnoughts "Thunderer" and "Lion" had mutinied, and a few days before they had thrown their commanding officer overboard. Through the intervention of the Lord of the Admiralty this fact was kept from the papers. The trouble was on account of the accommodation provided for the sailors. He claims there were no port-holes in the place where they slept, and that they would go to bed sober and get up drunk, for lack of air.

As we were talking a flag was run up on the "Neptune," and with one accord the fleet weighed anchor and fell into line—223 vessels all told. First came the three super-Dreadnoughts, then the 15 Dreadnoughts, followed by armed cruisers, scouts, torpedo boats and submarines; all departed for the North Sea for manoeuvres, after which they will proceed to Scotland, where the King will review them.

Now came a general rush to get away. The sweet-meat vendor covered his wares, the cornet soloist made a hasty retreat and hundreds of spectators who had come from far away to witness the procession departed before it had begun.

Sheltered in our motor we viewed it awhile and then set off to cover another 72 miles on the newly-sprinkled road back to London.

His Little Girl



OUR NEW

SERIAL STORY

RESUME.

DRIVING in Italy, a young Englishwoman is fatally injured when a Russian's automobile strikes the pony carriage in which she was riding with her little daughter. The Russian hurries away in his car. The doctor and Giles Tredman, an Indian army officer, on his way home to England, take the woman and child to an hotel. The dying woman commits her child to the care of Giles. She tells him that the Russian had killed her soul as well as her body, and that a jewel in an ivory box, which she shows him, is the only clue to the mystery.

CHAPTER III.

THE funeral was over. The woman with the strangely beautiful face, the woman whose death had been such a tragedy, whose life seemed to have been surrounded by mystery, was laid to rest in the little foreign cemetery that lies under the shadow of great brooding mountains in the sunshine of Savoy. Many of the English, both from her own hotel, and from other hotels in the place, and a large concourse of kindly French folk, followed the strange little cortege to the grave, for the accident had stirred the little town to its depths, whilst the callous brutality of the man who had caused such a tragedy and then left his victim to her fate, had roused a storm of indignation in the whole countryside.

There was nothing but kindly sympathy for the lonely little child who, with a tall young man followed close behind the flower laden coffin, and when the service was ended, many people pressed forward to speak to Giles and his charge. But Sylvia's shaking hands, her eyes bright with unshed tears, and wide with anguish, told the young man that she could bear no more, and with a brief word of explanation to those who meant so kindly, he hurried the child into their waiting carriage, and drove quickly back to the hotel. The necessary haste with which everything had taken place, the comparatively short time that the French law allows to elapse between a death and a burial, the countless arrangements he had been forced to make, had all combined to put in the back-ground the question as to what to do with the child. The old lady whose motherly face had attracted Tredman's attention on the day of his arrival, stiffened into a far from motherly being, when he haltingly laid before her some of his perplexities.

"My dear Mr. Tredman," she said, smoothing her silk gown with plump fingers that seemed to her companion the embodiment of all that was self-satisfied and sleek, "we all came to that unfortunate creature's funeral because we felt outraged that a fellow countrywoman should have been killed in that abominable way. And we were sorry for the poor child, too. But take my advice, and what I am sure will be the advice of every rational being, and have nothing more to do with the little girl than you can possibly help."

"But why—" Tredman began, only to be cut short instantly by Mrs. Denham's decisive tones.

"That child's mother lived entirely apart, entirely cut off from everybody, French and English," she said, "we know she called herself Mrs. Burnett, but what her real name was, nobody has the slightest idea. She posed as a widow—"

"But mightn't she really have been a widow called Burnett?" Giles managed to put in, hotly indignant at the aspersion against the dead woman.

"She might—but she was not," Mrs. Denham answered shortly, "there does not happen to be the least doubt that she was living here under an assumed name, in deadly poverty, and—apparently in hiding."

"In hiding? From what?" Tredman's anger showed itself in his voice.

"Ah! That is precisely what we can't make out; but there was something extremely queer and fishy about her, and, do let me beg you to take my advice. I am old enough to be your mother, and I am sure your mother would say, as I do, 'have nothing to do with this child.' Send her to an orphan asylum; let the authorities hunt up her belongings and arrange for her future. But don't have anything to do with it yourself."

A swift vision of his own mother flitted before

Giles' mind. She had died when he was a little boy, but he could remember her sweet eyes, her tender voice, even some of the words she had spoken to him. And some of those words came back to him now, in a sudden flash of recollection.

"Never judge harshly, my little son, and especially never judge a woman harshly, and be very gentle always to everything weaker than yourself." The vision of his mother's face faded. Instead of it he saw Sylvia's small white face, and big sorrowful eyes; he felt the touch of her trembling hands, and heard her wistful voice saying, "Did mother want me to be your little girl then?" And again there swept over him a hot wave of resentment against the complacent woman who still smoothed out her silk gown with her plump beringed hands.

"Even supposing that anything could be proved against the poor lady who is no longer here to defend herself," Tredman said, stiffly, "I quite fail to see why her innocent child should be harmed. A little girl of ten is not a very dangerous person." The sarcasm of his tones passed unheeded by the obtuse Mrs. Denham, who only shook her head in response, saying solemnly—

"Like mother, like daughter, you know, and in any case, Mr. Tredman, forgive me if I say that it cannot ever be wise to mix one's self with such doubtful people as these Burnetts. You know nothing of the child's antecedents, excepting what everybody declares, that her mother was a mere adventuress, and in hiding. Why—ten to one—she was not even married at all," the virtuous lady ended, casting her eyes upwards. Tredman's mouth set itself in a mutinous curve, which those who knew him well would have said signified an unflinching determination to go his own way at all costs. And even the very obtuse lady who sat beside him in the hotel salon realized at last that her words were falling on barren soil.

"In all that you have said, I still fail to see any reason for showing lack of humanity to her little girl," Giles said, coldly, "I have not yet had time to go into the question of future arrangements for her; but—I have no intention of handing her over either to the authorities, or an orphan asylum."

HIS conversation with the well-meaning Mrs. Denham recurred to him with full force an hour later, when Sylvia beside him, he sat at the table in the room where her mother had died, and looked at the strange assortment of things she had spread out upon it for him. He had asked her to show him any of her mother's papers, or especial treasures, explaining to her that it was his duty to try and discover whether she had any near relations with whom he ought to communicate, and hoping that amongst the dead lady's effects he might be able to find something that would help him in his plans for the child.

"That's all mother had," she said, looking from the pile upon the table into his puzzled face, "mother and me didn't have many things, we were so very poor. Mother sold all her pretties, only she said we weren't never to sell the one in the ivory box." Her fingers pushed towards Giles that same carved box of yellow and discoloured ivory which the young man had last seen upon the bed of the dying woman, and the sight of it brought vividly to his mind the white, beautiful face on the pillow, and the anguished eyes that had looked so appealingly into his. Triumphant gladness had only replaced the anguish when he had promised—solemnly promised to take care of the child she was leaving—and glancing down now at the little girl's dark head, a sudden realization came to him of the weighty charge he had undertaken. It behoved him to find out, and to find out with no further delay, into whose safe keeping he could deliver Sylvia, for that somewhere in the world she must possess relations who would be responsible for her he had never really doubted.

"We will look first into the ivory box," he said, cheerily, "there is—some special treasure there, you say. I think I remember—your mother mentioned a jewel—which—my God!" His sentence broke off abruptly with the amazed exclamation as Sylvia's fingers unlocked the box, and drew from it what

seemed to his startled eyes like a flashing mass of precious stones.

"Mother said we mustn't ever part with this," the child said, quietly, laying the scintillating loveliness before Giles, and looked with surprise into his astonished face.

"Part with it?" he stammered, "but—how on earth—I mean—where did your mother get this? I never saw anything like it."

"Mother said there wasn't anything else like it," Sylvia answered, "and I like the way it shines."

"You like the way it shines, do you, little girl?" Giles laughed, a trifle grimly, "well, it certainly shines very prettily, and—good heavens, it must be worth a king's ransom," he added, picking up the jewel and looking at it more closely. It had appeared to him at first to be a pendant, but on nearer inspection he observed that it was designed to be worn as either pendant or brooch, and he drew in his breath sharply, as he examined the size and magnificence of the stones of which it was composed. In the centre was an enormous emerald, of vividly brilliant colouring, surrounded by diamonds which his judgment told him were of exceptional size and value. And hanging from these by a fine chain of brilliants was a small locket, encrusted with brilliants and emeralds.

THE veriest ignoramus could not have failed to recognize that the whole exquisite piece of jewellery was most unique and beautiful, and Giles—layman though he was—had sufficient knowledge of precious stones to be aware that what lay in his hand now, must be worth an incalculably large sum of money.

"You don't know—how—I mean, you can't tell me where your mother got this lovely thing?" he asked again, trying to speak quietly.

"Mother's had it always, I think," Sylvia answered; "when I was a tiny baby she sometimes showed it to me. I can't ever remember her not having it, and she said it was very precious, and I must always take great care of it, and not show it to anybody, until I was quite big. Only it's different showing it to you, isn't it?" she added, wistfully. "She told me to fetch it and show it to you, that night when—" her lips quivered and she broke off abruptly, "and besides—I belong to you now, don't I?" she finished, with a little tremulous smile.

"Yes—you belong to me now," he answered, kindly, his hand resting for a moment on her dark, soft hair, "until we find some really nice belongings of your own, that is to say. We must look through the papers your mother has left, and see whether we can find anything about her people and yours."

"We haven't got any people," came the gentle answer; "mother and I didn't have anybody belonging to us, only each other."

"And—your father?" Giles hesitated over the question, and his eyes did not meet the innocent child eyes uplifted to his.

"I can't remember my father," she said, "mother couldn't ever bear me to ask about him; it made her very unhappy if I did, so I don't even know what he was like."

"You have no picture of him?" Sylvia shook her head.

"I believe it would have hurt mother if she had had his picture," was the grave answer, "she used to say she couldn't bear to remember his face because it hurt her to think he had gone away from her for ever."

"And—Giles hesitated again—"have you always lived away from England?"

"I can only just remember England. We lived once in a beautiful house, very big and very grand, and I was quite, quite tiny, but I remember something about that great house, and about mother all in white clothes, with lots and lots of shiny stones in her hair and round her neck. But after that we came away—and we have lived in different places since then—and always in rooms like this in a hotel, or in a lodging. And mother hasn't ever worn white frocks or shiny stones again."

"And all the papers your mother had are in this?" Giles laid his hand upon a shabby leather desk, which lay on the table beside the ivory box. "There are no others anywhere? No letters, no writing of any sort?"

"No—nothing more. We only had that one big box with all our things in it," Sylvia nodded towards a trunk in the corner, "and mother kept all her papers in this desk." The child handed Tredman a key, and with reluctant fingers Giles unlocked the desk, and drew from it a small bundle of papers, which he unfolded one by one, feeling a shrinking repugnance from touching the property of the dead woman, yet knowing it was imperative that he should master the desk's contents. But his task completed, he found himself no nearer than before

(Continued on page 26.)



Courierettes.

A TORONTO girl was injured while playing "auto" with a chair. She was simply trying to do it realistically.

Ontario nurses have decided not to raise their fees this year. That puts a little crimp in the high cost of dying.

The reader may draw his own moral from the tale of that Montreal man who dropped dead while driving a water waggon.

Some cities are producing so many cases of reckless driving of autos that the courts dealing with them are in danger of breaking the speed limit.

"Englishman put Kennedy to sleep," says a newspaper heading. It sounds like a bit of lullaby work, but it really states how a prize-fight ended.

It is said that women will wear gold stockings. Another increase for the high cost of—being foolish.

Scientists think that future generations may live to a greater age than people nowadays. A Mexican who died recently at the age of one hundred and eighty-five seems to have lived before—and after—his time.

Premier Borden is going to find it hard to get back to the simple life after his London and Paris trips.

Concerning the campaign against flies, it is well to remember that an ounce of sanitation is worth a ton of swatting.

The Prince of Wales has just attained his majority, and that deposed potentate, Teddy, the Bull Moose, is jealous, having recently lost his at Chicago.

The Royal Society has asked Premier Borden to add a month to the year to round it out. They overlooked the obviously effective argument that such an action would necessarily lengthen his lease of office.

Toronto refuses to provide its police with an auto, though the ease with which some noted crooks have been getting away would indicate that the Queen City sleuths need an airship.

Flies and Flies.—Swatting the fly is becoming the great summer occupation. Flies are blamed for many of the ills that human flesh is heir to. They are said to be responsible for typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis, and a host of other things.

There's another class of flies that the doctors never denounce, however, and yet they are responsible for wry faces, chills down the spine, cuss words, and other unpleasant things. These are the flies the outfielders fail to get.

A Good Reason.—A sergeant-major of the militia went wild in the woods at Petawawa, and could not be found in the forest.

He had probably been trying to understand the commands of some of the officers.

Well Named.—The harassed business man had just come out of the inner office with a stern-looking, aggressive man. As the latter went out to the street, a friend of the business man asked, "Who's that you had with you?" "That," answered the worried one, with a sad smile, "is a settlement worker."

A Lucky One.

An accident o'ertook McNeill, But—so ill fate he thwarts— He recovered in the hospital And also in the courts.

A Frenchman's English.—There are a number of Frenchmen on the printing staffs of some of the Montreal papers that are printed in English. One result of this is an occasional queer bit of English. For instance, a line for an Easter picture in one of the papers was intended

to be, "He Has Risen," but a French printer, who was told to set that made it: "He Has Went."

Modern Lullaby.

Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Or a suffragette's going to get ye.

For the "Man on the Street."—A Toronto man, following the latest craze, puts the following questions concerning his city's streets:

- If you Hammersmith would Esplanade?
- If Grange Road would Edwin?
- If Gildersleeve should Hugo?
- If Talbot would Ontario?
- If Badgerow would Kintyre?
- If Roxton Road would South Drive?
- If Lippincott would Brookfield?
- If Dovercourt would Broadview?

The Peace Talk.—At considerable trouble and great expense the following views on the question of universal peace have been obtained:

Senator Sorghum: Peace hath her grafting opportunities no less worth while than war.

Miss Cayenne: If the nations buried the hatchet, they would carefully mark the spot so that they could dig it up quickly.

Mrs. Nuritch: People are just crying, "Peace" where there ain't no peace.

Uncle Eben: 'Pears to me that the statesmen who cause the war should do the fighting.

Mrs. Lapsling: The day will come when the dove and the lion will lie down together.

Can't Kill Him.

A MAN there is who seems to bear
A really charmed life;
He's proof against calamities
In times of peace or strife.

Though he may fall from tow'ring cliffs
Or from a building tall,
He's sure to keep his grip on life
And seems not hurt at all.

He's been through scores of bloody wars,
In earthquakes, fires and fights,
He thrives on awful dangers—nought
His stalwart soul affrights.

He has more lives than lucky cats,
He's safe where'er he goes—
He is the leading actor in
The moving picture shows.

Wanted to be Bothered.—The Dreamer is convinced that the mother of a young baby is not to be pitied.

"I tried that but the neighbours came in and protested," said Sister-in-law when he suggested letting baby alone when the precious one cried, the object being to have the little darling acquire the Indian infant's idea that crying doesn't bring mother, and is, therefore, a waste of time. The Dreamer suggested having a sound-proof cabinet to avoid letting the neighbours hear, but Sister-in-law simply looked her pity for him and continued her efforts to quiet the crying angel.

"Pulling over coal-scuttles and parlour stands and falling off the back steps are good amusements for the little treasures," said the Dreamer, "but for this sweet pet of yours, which isn't old enough for such frivolities, I'd put in a light temporary flooring in the little room upstairs. The floor would slope from all sides to a small level place in the centre. The furnishings would be jalls of various sizes, colours and materials, also blocks and circular rulers and other things that would roll and would be small enough for the tootsey-wootsey to lift, but too big and blunt to get into the cute infant's mouth or puncture its skin. Fancy the joy of slipping the cherub down to the centre and having the sloping floor save you the bother of running after everything it threw away."

Sister-in-law was silent for a moment and then she said: "And fancy bringing

up dear ducky in the false belief that anything it threw away would at once return. And besides, do you suppose I want the little man away upstairs where mother couldn't see him?"

"There now," said the Dreamer, "I had thought of that and I have an alternative scheme to get over the difficulty. I'd have a miniature Ferris wheel for the rooms downstairs. It could be run by a spring which you would need to wind occasionally, or the son and heir could work it all by his little self. By this means you could have several things ready for him to play with one after another as he got tired of one thing."

"I want my little dearie to grow up with a proper idea of life," said Sister-in-law with a glance of scorn at the Dreamer, "and your wheel scheme would teach him that everything he wanted would be handed to him without any bother throughout life. It's just as foolish as the other."

"Have it hand him 'a lemon' once in a while, then," said the Dreamer. "You could have a brick fall on him from the wheel, or have an artificial spanker attachment on it."

"It's no use; you're not practical," said Sister-in-law. "And, anyway, you old bachelor, you don't know anything about how to treat babies."

"Jove, I believe you like being bothered by the tiresome kid," said the Dreamer.

The baby was beginning to cry again and as the Dreamer beat a hasty retreat out towards the street he saw Sister-in-law pick up the precious infant and heard her saying "Bress its dear 'ittle heart, did naughty man want hurt its feelin's and make nasty tings to keep it 'way from mummy?"

"Memorial" Poetry.—There is an admirable chance for some rising Canadian statesman to make himself solid with the sane section of the populace by putting on the statute books a law prohibiting the perpetration of anything in the way of memorial notices like the following, clipped from a Toronto daily paper, and signed, "Husband":

"In her cold and silent grave,
She bade no one her last farewell,
She waved her hand to none;
Her spirit fled before we knew
That she from us had gone.
No further argument is needed.

Catching Him off Guard.—Among the great number of people who will miss the late James Nolan, patrolman in Toronto's City Hall, is a certain newspaper reporter on the City Hall beat who had many a little chat with that courteous official.

One day the reporter put up on Mr. Nolan a joke over which the latter laughed heartily.

One of the many duties of the patrolman was to stand at the foot of the main stairway in the City Hall and tell people how to get to the various departments. So well did he know the whole City Hall that the information was always forthcoming instantly and concisely.

Hurrying up to Mr. Nolan one day, the reporter said quickly, "How do I get to the Assessment Department?" Thus quickly taken off his guard, it was a moment before the patrolman realized that he was being "joshed." So his answer was: "Turn to the left, take the elevator up one floor and go up the little stairs—say, quit 'kidding' me."

"Commercial Candour."—In common with many other Canadian cities, Montreal is experiencing decided activity in real estate transactions, and its suburbs are "decorated" with a great many real estate signs.

Several of these signs have been put up in a hurry, and some of them have been lettered by Frenchmen. Probably both of these circumstances had something to do with the burlesquing of one of the signs. At any rate, one of the agents in charge of a certain suburban subdivision got a shock a few days ago while showing a prospective purchaser over the property.

"That's a great sign," said the p. p. "Why?" asked the agent.

"Read it," was the answer. The agent read it, and was horrified to find that it contained a line in big type stating that his firm were the "SOLD AGENTS."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Captain on Canadian Investments.

CAPTAIN J. ROY SAUNDERS, a well known English financial critic and correspondent of the *London Daily Chronicle*, has created somewhat of a sensation by remarks he made in Montreal regarding the relation of Great Britain to Canadian investments. Said the Captain:

"Needless to say I have encountered a tremendous number of propositions which are absolutely rotten. Yes, there is no other word to describe them. In no less than thirty-five separate and distinct cases in cities west of Winnipeg I have been forced to write down this adjective after the high-sounding names of apparently bona fide real estate and mining companies, many of which are already deluding the British investor."

The Captain goes on to remark that he is going to write a series of articles on his return to England calculated to "create one of the biggest sensations in the history of British finance." If the Captain carries out his threat, and hounds the land pirates and bunco mining men, there may be very little left for certain editors in Canada to do.

But joking aside, there is for us a serious significance in such articles as Captain Saunders proposes to write for the edification of the British investor. We in Canada are largely dependent on Great Britain for capital to develop this country. Much British money at this moment is invested in sound, dividend-yielding Canadian securities. That fact Captain Saunders seems to have entirely overlooked. After months of travelling in Canada, he has obtained merely a one-sided and jaundiced impression of the business life of the Dominion, which he sees haunted by wild-catters, whose one aim is to fleece the British investor out of his shilling.

No one denies that there exists in Canada to an extent conditions which he describes. He cannot be refuted when he states that English investors have lost money in fake Canadian enterprises. Captain Saunders in his allegations is not as original as he supposes.

But Captain Saunders is unjust to Canada when he talks of going back to his desk at the *London Daily Chronicle* and writing up all the loose finance he has come in touch with the last few weeks. He might take back with him the words of Sir Edmund Walker in reply to his criticisms:

"As for the references to Canadian securities sold in Britain, except for speculation in real estate and kindred operations, which everyone recognizes and deplores, the Canadian offerings on the British money market have been as sound and good securities as those offered by any other country in the world."

And he should consider whether he is taking a big view of this great throbbing country when he speaks of throwing a kingdom of investors into alarm at all Canadian offerings, because a number of oily-tongued individuals from the prairie have boomed cold storage Canadian real estate in London and got away with it.

Mr. Guggenheim on Canada.

HOW different a view of Canadian development and the opportunities of capital for investment in this country, as compared with that of Captain Saunders, is exhibited by Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, the well-known American. Contrasting conditions in the United States with those prevalent in Canada, he says:

"The wealth and population of Canada are now inconsiderable when compared with those of the United States, but there will soon be a different story to tell if our capitalists and farmers continue to seek that country for investment, enterprise and occupation. Canada offers every opportunity to the capitalist, and instead of antagonizing him, welcomes him with open arms. We know that railroad construction is going on at a tremendous rate in Canada. We do not hear of much new railroad construction here, and the reasons are obvious. The unwise strife, which has been going on for some years, is a deterrent factor of tremendous moment. We have had four years of bitter and unreasoning hostility to capital, and the result is painfully apparent, while the great countries of England, Germany and France have had enormous prosperity. We have greater natural resources than those three countries combined, but we have been driving our capital away and it has been utilized in building up other countries instead of being employed in the development of our own."

The Course of Prices.

STOCK market prices are nearly at a high-water mark on this continent. We are overly prosperous in both countries. Indeed the world is over-prosperous. For fifteen years there has been a steady movement upward, with only slight recessions. More wealth has been created in that period than in any similar period in the world's history, and an adjustment is past due.

The lending world is out of capital and the rate of interest is going up. When that happens there is less money available both for development and speculation. As it is easier to decrease speculation or call loans than development loans, the former are the first to suffer. Those whose fortunes are tied up in speculative stock certificates should take warning and decrease their load.

The increased cost of living is an indication of prosperity. In Canada, the prices of the necessities of life are 37 per cent. higher than the average of 1890-1899. The Labour Department's index figures of wholesale prices prove that. What we were able to buy for 100 cents in that decade, now costs us 137 cents. Such a state of affairs cannot long continue. The people must limit their purchases soon, and prices and profits come down. How soon this will happen no one can tell, but it will occur. It has always done so in the past.

Of course, if the Western harvest turns out as good as present prospects

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the recession in Canada will not be great. There will be no panic; no period of depression. Even so, stock markets prices are likely to be affected sooner than business conditions. The rate of interest on bonds and mortgages has been going up steadily, and hence purchasers of investment stocks are not willing to pay as high prices as they were a year ago. The failure to pull off the Hamilton Power deal is one of the first straws to show how the wind is blowing. The market will not absorb the same class of offerings as it would a year ago.

Canadian municipalities will soon be forced to offer their bonds at home, and thus will absorb more of our surplus capital. When people start to invest in municipal or government debenture stocks at 4½, 5 and 5½ per cent., they will put less into the savings banks at three per cent. Hence the banks will have less money, comparatively, for the manufacturer and broker. The bigger the Western crop, the more of the bankers' money will be required to finance it.

The man who is in the stock market to-day should play safe. The man who is counting upon putting new flotations on the market should work his case up thoroughly. Only the cream of investments will attract people this autumn.

On and Off the Exchange.

The Toronto Bond Issue.

THE London market has refused to take the \$6,000,000 four per cent. debenture issue of the city of Toronto, at a price anywhere near par. This proves beyond doubt that during the present period of prosperity there is no demand in the British market for low yielding securities. In fact the market is pretty well satiated with securities of all kinds and only those offering a high yield can now gain attention. Not only Canadian issues, but all municipals, headed by the once considered undoubted consols, have suffered a decline. Consols, formerly considered the standard of conservative investment, sold over par at one time, but now are worth only about 74. The refusal to take Toronto's issue is not a reflection on the city's credit, but rather a result of the glutted market. The market at present demands securities of a higher yield than municipals, and apparently municipalities will be wise to withhold their offerings for some time unless they are willing to increase the interest rate.

The question has arisen, could Toronto not have sold their issue at home instead of resorting to a temporary loan of 4½ per cent. treasury notes? Possibly this could have been done, but such a move would hardly be advisable. Canada is expanding too rapidly to supply its own capital and the small amount of money available for low-yielding investments would soon be exhausted.

This country piles up a large adverse balance of trade each year which must be settled either by shipment of gold or securities. As we have no gold to spare, this balance is naturally settled by the sale of securities and thus capital is provided for the further development of the country. Anyone disposing of good securities abroad which win the attention and confidence of the British investor is not only following the natural course of finance, but is benefiting the country as a whole.

The remarkable feature is that savings bank deposits steadily increase from month to month instead of these funds being placed in municipal debentures, which are equally safe. No Canadian municipality has yet repudiated its bonds, and for a number of years none have even disputed a payment, yet during the past year deposits in the savings departments of our chartered banks, which pay only 3 per cent. (government banks not included), have increased more than \$66,000,000, while municipals go begging at 4 to 4½ per cent.

One thing is certain, either municipalities must curtail their expenditures or increase their rate—or perhaps both—till the pendulum of investment demand swings back from speculative to more conservative investments.

Again That Merger.

ACCORDING to reports from the Boston News Bureau a merger between Montreal Light, Heat and Power, and Shawinigan Water and Power Companies is practically settled, and plans will be announced shortly.

This is quite a logical step, as Montreal Light, Heat and Power are already taking 40,000 of the 85,000 horse power generated by the Shawinigan Company. Besides this, the largest stock-holders in the Montreal company have for some time been big shareholders in the Shawinigan Company, so the merger will be somewhat of a family affair. Both stocks have recently been selling around record figures, the Montreal L., H. & P. at 239 and Shawinigan at 150.

In view of the foregoing it is interesting to note the increase in earnings of Shawinigan for the six months ending June 30th. Total earnings amount to \$613,806, a gain of \$112,296 over the corresponding six months in 1911. Figures for the month of June alone show a gain of \$18,177.

Several Industrial Issues Promised.

WHILE the municipal bond market is stagnant and Toronto has failed to market its bonds in London, and while other municipalities have not even received tenders for debentures offered, the dealers appear to have confidence in the future for industrial offerings. The market is, of course, holidaying now, but there are at least five large industrial offerings being prepared for early issue.

During the present thriving condition of the country, a small bonus of common stock, which may at some future date prove of value, along with a security of good prospect and yield, seems to open the purse of the investor more than the more stable security of lower yield, namely, the municipal debenture.

Is this speculation or investment? It is ordinarily termed investment, but according to one authority such an investment is a loan. It is not a real investment unless there is security and a definite promise to repay the principal at a certain date. Bonds, then, are a true investment, while common stock in a new enterprise has undoubtedly a speculative cast. Naturally it promises greater returns, and while the country prospers the people look for high returns.

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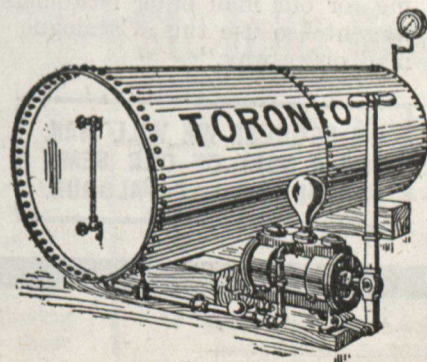
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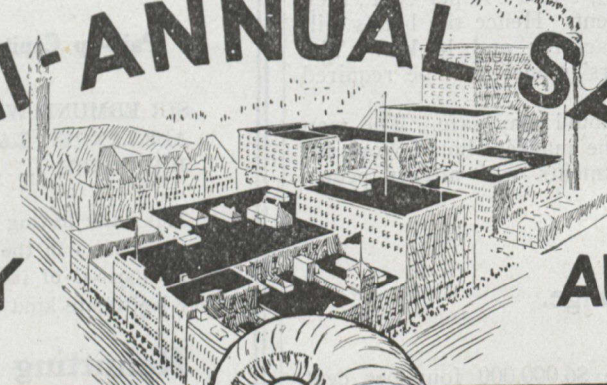
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TWINE
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650 FEET
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T. EATON CO. TORONTO, CANADA, SEMI-ANNUAL SALE CATALOGUE (No. 103), JULY 2nd TO AUGUST 31st, 1912

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A STRONG SERVICEABLE LEATHER HANG BAG 93c

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SPECIAL AGENTS WANTED.

FOR THE JUNIORS

PRIZE LIST.

The two boxes of Holland Linen note paper offered as prizes for the two best stories on Wild Animals have been awarded as follows:

Ruth Lawson, aged 13.

Agnes M. Rogers, aged 16.

Honourable mention—F. Edwin Coster, Constance Temple, Myra Moses, Elwood H. Butler.



Who Will Buy the Basketful of Baby?

The Story of Red Tail.

By Ruth Lawson (Aged 13).

DEAR Aunt Helen: Some mortal left a COURIER with the notice of your latest competition in it, in the grove where I live, and, being very inquisitive, I read it. I soon determined to try for the prize. I had but one difficulty—I cannot write, although I am very clever, walked at two weeks and earned my own living at six—so I engaged my friend, Mr. Jack Rabbit, to write this for me. I am going to tell you a little bit about my early days.

The first thing I can remember is a nest full of warm, brown leaves, and my mother's soft, sympathetic eyes. When I was about a week old my mother told me the noise I heard, as if someone sobbing, was the tree grieving for the birds' eggs taken that day, although mortals call it wind.

At the age of three weeks I made my first trip into the outer world. How well I remember that! My mother said I should go, but I was very much afraid. I wanted to see how it was done and my patient mother must have jumped down twenty times to show me how. Then she tried to bribe me with five acorns, but alas! it was of no avail. Just then my father came up. He coaxed me for a while, but at last, thoroughly disgusted, gave me a push. Down, down, down I went through the air. At last I reached the ground and lay quite still in the bright sunshine, watching the sunbeams steal through the leaves and listening to the birds calling to their mates. I was sure some bones were broken. I could hear my mother scolding father for

what she termed "his cruelty." "Red Tail was never very strong," she said. "Tut, tut," said my father, "he is as strong as any of his brothers or sisters. I know what I am talking about."

My mother came down to comfort me then, and give me more nuts. My father came down with her. He was really very anxious to know whether or not I was hurt, but did not want it known, so looked on scornfully.

After my nuts I was persuaded to try and go home. I tried once, but was unsuccessful and went back to my old position. In about fifteen minutes I heard two voices. "What a lovely young squirrel," one said, "and how queer! He has a red tail. Let's catch him and tame him."

At this I was thoroughly alarmed, and, although I do not know how I managed it, I gave one bound and was soon back in my old home again.

Jack Rabbit says I have written enough, so I must close.

Your friend,

RED TAIL.

—Certified by Mrs. A. E. Lawson.

Holland's Little Princess.

RECENTLY the Princess Juliana, heiress to the Dutch throne, attained the age of three, and her birthday was the occasion of many festivities throughout Holland.

The Queen of Holland lives the greater part of the year at her country seat of the Loo, near Apeldorn, in Gelderland. There the Princess spends the whole day in the royal park, where she has her little baby house, her poultry yard with the fowls she feeds with her own hands, her dog, two ponies, and a deer.

Every day at the Loo, as well as at The Hague, some children are invited to play with her. The Queen likes to invite various children by turns, so that the Princess may learn at an early age to be friendly to all sorts of people and not show too great a preference for a chosen few. These little three-year-olds are quite free in their games, and often treat their royal hostess with scant respect.

One of them, proud of her dainty patent leather shoes, said to the Princess: "I think my shoes much prettier than yours." Whereupon little Juliana looked ruefully at her strong laced-up boots, saying: "And yet these are my very best."

A few days before the court left The Hague the Princess was taken for a walk in the Scheveningen woods. It had rained during the night, and for the first time it dawned upon her young mind how delightful it is to walk in puddles, and especially to stamp one's foot in them till the drops fly about.

This performance was witnessed by some admiring juvenile subjects, whose parents will no longer be able to admonish them with the saying so common in Dutch nurseries: "Juliana never does this," or "Juliana never does that."

During an audience with the Prime Minister, Mr. Hoeniskerk, had with the Queen a few days ago, the Princess was sent for. When the nurse came to take her out for a drive the Queen said: "Now, say 'good-bye, your Excellency.'"

She could not be made to repeat those words, but as soon as the footman had opened the door so that her retreat was safe, she cried out, "Good-bye, curly head," which allusion to Mr. Hoeniskerk's flowing name was much appreciated by those present.

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The KALAMAZOO is a book, not a box or a glorified Shannon file, or a series of spindles and clamps. It is a joy to the user, and wins a permanent place when once known.

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The Wizard Who Ends All Corns

Some years ago a chemist invented the now famous B & B wax.

To apply it we invented the Blue-jay plaster.

Since then, fifty million corns have been ended forever by this little application.

It is applied in a jiffy. The pain instantly ends. Then the B & B wax gently

loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns—treat them over and over—when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it today.



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

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (151)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

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WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(à la Quina du Pérou)

as the family hot-weather thirst-quencher. It will be thoroughly enjoyed by everyone from grandmother down to the little tots for its delightfully pleasant flavour and delicate fragrance, and will prove entirely beneficial on account of the excellent tonic properties it possesses.

Just blend with cold soda or sparkling mineral water and serve. Your doctor prescribes it.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS 142 BIG BOTTLE.



Schools and Colleges

Upper Canada College

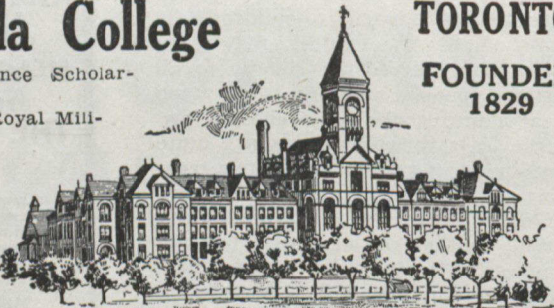
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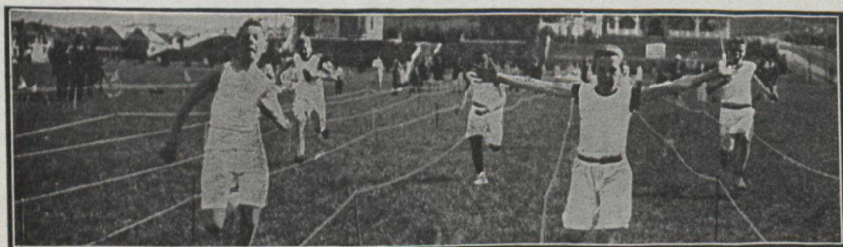


Autumn Term Begins on Thursday, Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m.

Boarders Return on the 11th.

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Oldest and Largest Boys' Residential and Day School between Vancouver and Winnipeg. Preparation for Universities, Royal Military College and Business Life.

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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. 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 Sept. 11, 1912. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

His Little Girl

(Continued from page 20.)

to any information respecting Mrs. Burnett's antecedents or belongings. The papers were, for the most part, trivial and valueless. A few paid bills, a few letters in a spidery, old-fashioned hand, beginning "My darling child," and ending "Your loving mother," and bearing dates of many years before; and a letter in a strong and very characteristic man's hand. But none of the letters gave to the reluctant reader what he had hoped to find. Not one bore any address; the mother's letters were mere chit-chat about current events interesting to writer and reader; the man's letter was a passionate love letter, and its signature gave no clue to the writer's identity, consisting, as it did, of the one word, "Yours."

"Her lover—or—her husband, no doubt," the thought went through Giles' mind, as, with a sigh, he refolded the letters and put them back into the elastic band that held them. Only one small document remained in the desk, and the young man's eyes brightened, as upon the half-sheet of paper he read the words—"My last will and testament. Joan Burnett." But disappointment again awaited him. The will was absolutely informal—he wondered whether legally it would carry any weight at all. It was worded thus—"I, Joan Burnett, give and bequeath to Sylvia Mary, my only child, everything of which I die possessed, including the ivory box and its contents. She must never part with this until the day comes."

At the end of the strange and apparently meaningless sentence came the signature, Joan Burnett, followed by those of two witnesses—Jean Martean, Marie Cochot. The two names were scrawled across the page, and both were evidently hotel servants, after their names came the words, "domestique" and the address of an hotel in a remote French town. The date was that of two years previously. And these were all the contents of the desk, this was the sum total of the papers upon which Giles had based so many hopes. He looked down at Sylvia with an oddly bewildered expression in his eyes, as he gathered all the letters and the will together, and put them back in their place.

"I can find no clue to anything or anybody," he said, thinking aloud rather than speaking to the child, "I—don't know what to be at next."

"Then, I suppose," she answered in her quaint fashion, slipping her small hand into his, "I suppose I'll really and truly have to be your little girl, if there isn't anybody else I belong to. And, if you don't mind very much, I'd rather belong to you; we like each other, don't we, you and I, and I'd rather belong to you than to anybody else in the world, now that mother isn't here to take care of me any more."

(To be continued.)

J. J. Hill in Halifax

MR. JAMES J. HILL, who recently retired from the presidency of the Great Northern Railroad—his road—after a life of strenuous activity, is travelling just now and enjoying himself.

The other day he put foot on Canadian soil in Halifax. The great rail-roader had something to say about the eastern part of Canada.

"All the material value in the world," he said, "comes from four sources—the sea, the field, the mines and the forest. What have you of these? All. You have a tremendous wealth in the sea at your very doors. You have the forests. The United States dissipated theirs. Yours are now the resort for pulp and paper. You have mineral resources, wholly undeveloped, and your valleys are fertile. Cultivate them, develop them, and every means of the world will come to you to carry them away. You need not worry about that.

"Besides this natural wealth you have your people, your manhood and womanhood. In the past there have been many thousands of Canadians compelled to find employment in the United States, the Northwest of this country not then being known. Everywhere you go in the Union you find

Try the Flavoring MAPLEINE in Cooking

A RICH, SWEET FLAVOR which transforms the everyday desserts, icings, cake-fillings, candies, etc., into enticing and original dainties.

Mapleine also makes a syrup better than maple at a cost of about 60c per gallon.

Your grocer sells Mapleine.

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Schools and Colleges



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Head Master, J. Tyson Williams, B.A.

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All B.C.S. candidates for matriculation into the Royal Military College, Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

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Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and Business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

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The rich Summer Collection of fabrics here assembled for your inspection would suffice in itself to give us a reputation if we had not already achieved it. The workmanship, finish and style of Broderick's Summer Suits establish more firmly than ever the priority of our claims on every man's consideration.

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Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
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Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

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One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
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THE NEW RUSSELL

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

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300 rooms.

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American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
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LA CORONA

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them, and they have made successes in every walk of life. The young man of Canada keeps his eye on the gun barrel and looks at where he shoots.

He is not looking over his head. That is the quality that brings them success. Again let me remind you that the Canadian was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but he had the advantage of the spur of necessity."

A contemporary remarks: "Last month the snip canals at Sault Ste.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Best Way.—A correspondent wants to know how to pronounce Chihuahua. The best way is to say Chy-hew-hewa and then laugh as though you knew better. If it is done artistically you can get away with it nearly every time. The same treatment has been frequently applied to decollete with great success.—York Dispatch.

Need the Men.—There used to be a popular English song:
We don't want to nght, but, by jingo,
if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men
and we've got the money, too.

Britain has, or will have the ships. She's got the money, but has she got the men to man the ships? That's the point.—Ottawa Free Press.

Police Autos.—The Detroit police department employs seventeen automobiles in connection with its police work. The cars are used for every emergency, fires, accidents, and arrests. Every auto is equipped with first aid remedies, and the apparatus necessary to rescue people from under cars or beneath fallen buildings. Within the past two years 64 criminals were captured with the autos.—Vancouver Province.

Drink as You walk.—Parisian civilization is wonderful. It has now discovered a means of imbibing while promenading along the boulevards. A hollow walking stick contains an ample supply of iced water and whiskey. Zola, who wrote a horrid book, dramatized by Charles Reade, under the plain name of "Drink," never dreamed of such things. The French are a sober people, but this craze may grow so fashionable that drunkenness by means of the stick may soon become quite "a la mode."—Rochester Post Express.

My Lady's Garter.—The Christian County Republican says that a young woman entered a store a short time ago, and asked the clerk whether he had any of those "elastic bands, capable of being elongated and adjusted at pleasure, and used by the feminine portion of mankind for putting around the lower extremities of the locomotive members to keep in their proper position and altitue habiliment of their tibias."—Kansas City Star.

Children.

Sometimes our welcome has no tongue;
Children are often in the way.
We tolerate them while they're young,
And do not always share their play.

We play our games and they play theirs,

And when a dozen years have flown
They have, we find, their own affairs
And all their interests are their own.

They are, we reason, in our debt,
And wistfully we look for pay,
They give us what we ask—and yet
We feel we're rather in the way.

Our love, now fond would manifest
Itself in every act and word;
But we are wont to veil it, lest
We seem a little bit absurd.

More fond we grow, and duteous;
We only live for them, we say.
They too would live—but not for us—
So runs this pleasant world away.
—Chicago Tribune.

Marie were used for the transportation of 10,747,159 tons of freight. That was a new record. The gain over the corresponding month of 1911 was about 3,271,000 tons. The total movement of freight was equal to more than 358,000 tons every day in the month. That means nearly 15,000 tons an hour, day and night. It is an average of about 250 tons every minute of the hour, every day in the month. This is equivalent to six large modern freight carloads every time the second hand of the watch goes around the dial."

What Experience Teaches.—The turning point with a lot of men is when a pretty girl passes.

The widow with money to burn can easily get a match.

Lots of our "coming men" fail to arrive.

Some of our family trees require a lot of pruning.—Judge.

The Reason.—"Why do so many of the fellows go to the big dances stag?" "On account of the scarcity of doe, perhaps."—Cornell Widow.

No Returns Wanted.—"E says to me, 'W'y don't yer 'it 'im?' 'It 'im?' I says. 'Wot's the use o' my 'ittin' 'im?' 'Ed 'it me back again.'"—Tatler.

Two Kinds of Shouting.—We hardly look for humour in a medical dictionary, yet one recently published defines "shout" as "an unpleasant noise produced by overstraining the throat, for which great singers are paid well and small children are punished."—Boston Transcript.

Transformation.—Summer Boarder—"What kind of fish are those, sonny?" "Mud suckers. But on the bill-of-fare at the Eagle House they are mountain trout."—Life.

The Mule.

I am the mule; along the precipice's
utter edges
I walk demurely, stepping surely
Across the slippery ledges
Of smooth rock; derisory I grin
The while I note the mental state
wherein
I cast my rider—who is but a fool.

I am the mule; at peep o' day, yawning,
they shivering rise
And seek me, bearing ropes, and swearing;
Entrapped, my gentle eyes
They cover with a cloth; and on my
back

Is rudely roped the dolorific pack—
Which I again buck off—such is my rule.

The mountain's cool gives way; live oaks
the pines replace;
The buckboard, swerving, down the
curving
Cart road flies, the pace
More furious grows; slack hangs the
loosened trace,
Grimly the trembling travellers back-
ward brace;
The time has come—I balk—I am the
mule.

—London Spectator.

His Alarm Clock.—An American and a Scotsman were walking one day near the foot of a mountain in the Highlands. The Scot, wishing to impress the visitor, produced a famous echo to be heard in that place.

When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes, the proud native, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed, "There, man, ye canna show anything like that in your country!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the American. "I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies, when I go to bed, I just lean out of my window and call out, 'Time to get up! Wake up!' and eight hours afterward the echo comes back and wakes me."

Photographs Wanted

The editor of the Canadian Courier is always searching for photographs. He desires to have the help of every professional and amateur photographer in Canada. Only so will he be able to publish the best illustrated paper in the Dominion. Over two thousand photographs are required every year.

News Photographs

Pictures of news events are most highly valued. To command the highest rate of payment, these must be mailed within twenty-four hours after the event. All news pictures intended for use in the current issue must reach the Courier office not later than the previous Saturday morning.

Photos of Men and Women

Photographs of men and women who are prominent in their particular circles are always welcomed. When these are sent at a time when the subject is being publicly mentioned on account of some promotion, appointment or election, they rank in value with general news pictures.

Factory Pictures

Just now the editor is collecting factory pictures. In the "Home Products Number," to be issued August 24th, he hopes to have a hundred photographs, showing the interiors of a hundred Canadian factories, with men and women at work. The underlying idea is to show the great advance in the production of "Made in Canada" goods.

Unmounted and Flat

All photographs should be unmounted and mailed in flat packages. These are less bulky, and are handled more conveniently and more quickly by the Post Office. Avoid sending photographs rolled.

Every picture should have a full description on the back, and should be stamped with the name and address of the person mailing it. These items are important.

When photographs are especially important and intended for immediate use, it is a good plan to put a special delivery stamp on the envelope. The editor always takes this into account when making selections.

Payments for photographs are always made promptly. The rate of payment depends upon their news value to the Canadian Courier. If of national importance, the highest rate is allowed.

Canadian Courier,
Toronto.

Touch and Go

(Continued from page 8.)

pointing to the name and colours on the car. "It's a trick to ruin us."

"Don't argue," said Paul, angrily and authoritatively. "Seconds are important."

Captain Barclay was already getting in, and the Colonel was compelled to follow, though he did it reluctantly and suspiciously.

"If I find this is a trick—" he said, addressing Paul, but the speech was never finished, for the sudden leap forward of the car flung him heavily back in the tonneau and drove all the breath out of him, and before he could recover himself they were running smoothly and rapidly through the streets, the horn hooting almost constantly, people staring at the unusual spectacle of Colonel Sledmer and his candidate being driven in an opposition car by Paul Crompton.

A few minutes later they were outside the town, and a long, hard stretch of road was before them. Paul put on power, and the great car literally bounded forward, and trees and houses seemed to dash past them.

"He's mad!" the Colonel exclaimed, as the breeze smote him and seemed to drive the words back in his throat, and his hat went careering away behind.

A mile outside the town a policeman suddenly appeared in the middle of the road, waving his arms wildly. There was just one hoot of the horn, and the officer slipped on one side, just in time to let the car thunder by.

"Got you!" the policeman said, as he brushed his clothes with his hand, and proceeded to book the number of the flying car.

Then there came a village, and by all rules of the road Paul should have slackened speed. It was dangerous to fly through at that mad pace, but it must be done, for there might be other obstacles further on.

The Colonel only seemed to catch a glimpse of the village before they were through, the only thing he noticed being another constable shouting and gesticulating, and apparently bidding them draw up and be arrested.

Then there was a long, zigzag descent, and the driver began to draw in a little, for at the bottom there was a sharp turn, and the most dangerous part of the drive.

"You'll smash us here!" the Colonel managed to yell, as they approached.

The next instant he was flung heavily against his companion, for the car had swerved suddenly into the bend. It was touch and go, for the wheels grazed the bank as they swung round. But Paul had well calculated his skill, and he had reduced the speed just enough to enable him to turn. For an instant the off-wheels left the road; then the car was running on again with gathering speed.

"How much yet?" Paul yelled, half-turning his head.

Captain Barclay looked at his watch, and at the same instant released his hold on his hat, which went whirling backwards.

"Thirteen minutes to twelve!" he belated back, and Paul nodded.

It was not possible to talk, for the car was rocking and jumping, and the wind was singing past their ears as if a tornado was blowing.

Then a load of straw in front blocked the way, and the motor-horn sent forth a blast insistent and piercing. The driver of the heavy waggon looked back with startled eyes, and began, in his clumsy, lumbering way, to draw on one side. The passengers in the tonneau grasped each other and shivered, for their wild chauffeur seemed bent on whirling them to destruction. Again it was touch and go, but they managed to get safely by.

So with narrow escapes and reckless driving they came to the outskirts of Cleveleys, and the throb of the engine grew a little more gentle, for it was quite impossible to negotiate the streets in that wild fashion.

"What time is it?" Paul yelled.

"Five minutes to twelve," came back Captain Barclay's voice, for the Colonel was speechless. The breakneck pace, the extraordinary escapes, the roaring of the wind, the clouds of dust, had reduced

him to a state akin to prostration. He quite believed they were in the power of a madman, who was bent on their destruction as the simplest means of winning the election.

An instant later a vigorous exclamation of disgust came from Paul's lips. A hundred yards away a barricade stretched across the road and beyond that the level street had been torn up for repairs. The car sensibly slackened speed as they approached. Then there was a screech from the horn, and the next instant the car was whirling to the right into a narrow side street.

Three minutes later they drove into the square in front of the Shire Hall.

"One minute," Paul said as he nodded towards the clock tower.

A considerable crowd had assembled, for the news had got abroad that it was not improbable Captain Barclay's papers might be too late.

For nearly half an hour the excitement had been growing every moment. It was known that the line was blocked, and Colonel Sledmer and his friend could not arrive by that means. Speculation had run riot as to how they would arrive, but as the seconds fled and the minute hand of the Shire Hall clock travelled relentlessly on, blank despair fell on one party and an unveiled jubilation on the other, with tense excitement on both.

Slowly the minutes of grace diminished—five, four, three, two, one, and then there was a sudden commotion at one end of the square and a burst of mingled hooting and cheering as a car bearing Mr. Mason's colours, driven by Paul Crompton, and carrying Colonel Sledmer and Captain Barclay—hatless, excited, covered with dust—came dashing for the steps. A wild yell of mingled execration and delight sprang from the waiting crowd, and it seemed for an instant as if everybody had gone mad.

As the car stopped at the steps a man bearing Captain Barclay's colours dashed out, and hurried up the steps. For a moment it looked as if there would be a free fight, for the infuriated supporters of Mr. Mason seemed as if they were inclined to block the way, and seconds only were left. But a determined rush of the other side carried the Colonel and Captain Barclay to the doors.

The returning-officer was just inside, and held out his hand. The papers were put into it, and as he received them the first stroke of the hour boomed out above them.

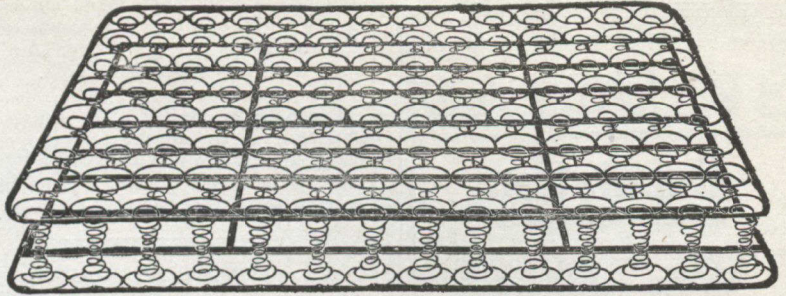
"Just in time, gentlemen," the Sheriff said, pleasantly.

"Thanks to Paul Crompton," said the Colonel. "Crompton, your son is a glorious fellow. I'm proud of him. Shake hands, sir!"

Outside Mr. Mason's disappointed supporters had turned on Paul. He expected it. He knew that he had snatched victory from his own side, and he suspected that in some way or other the affair had been planned, though he did not know how. Party feeling had run high. A few minutes before his side had believed their man would be returned unopposed. Was it surprising, therefore, that they should be angry at the loss of the easy victory at the last moment, and that one of their own side should have done it? A storm of hooting burst out, and there was an ugly sway in his direction.

"Traitor!" "Turncoat!" together with other expressions even less complimentary burst out as Paul, with hard-set, white face, started his engines again and began to move through the crowd. As he did so an unsavoury missile struck him, and a shower of others followed. Most of them missed, for he was gathering speed, and the crowd were driven to make way. A few seconds later, with a hoot that sounded like defiance, he had vanished into the lane from which he had emerged, and was on his way home.

It is all very well to speak of a noble action bringing a glow of pleasure to the heart of the man who is unselfish enough to make sacrifices for his enemy. Doubtless there is a sense of duty done in it; but Paul Crompton felt none of the glow of pride and delight as he went



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back home. His soul was full of bitterness, and he was ready to call himself a fool for what he had done. What was it? He had been a traitor to his own side. At any rate, that was how others looked at it, and there was no doubt, viewed from a strictly party standpoint, he had betrayed his own friends. He had helped his rival to win. He had lost Sylvia. Why, he could not ask her again, even if she were free, because people would say that he had betrayed his cause for a girl. He would be an outcast from his own side. He would have to face police-court proceedings for furious driving, and the whole story would come out. There was only one thing for him to do—get quietly away from the district until the story had been almost forgotten.

Filled with thoughts such as these, he drove homewards almost as recklessly as he had gone. He had nearly reached home, and was passing the Grange grounds, when the accident happened. At an angle in the road a child ran across in front of the car. There was no time to stop. A woman's scream sounded in his ears, and for a moment he saw Sylvia Sledmer's white face. He made a sharp swerve. There was a loud explosion; something gave way; the heavy car dashed into the park wall; and Paul Crompton's interest in the election was over.

After that there was a period of dim memories—half-seen figures, partially-grasped scenes—and when next he remembered anything clearly he found himself lying in a strange room, with an aching pain in his limbs, with bandages round his head, and a heaviness on his arms, so that he could not move. A fair face, with tears standing in the eyes, was bending over him, with a great pity and tenderness on it.

"Sylvia!" he said.

"Paul!" was the soft answer.

"Where am I?"

"At the Grange. Don't you remember the accident? We brought you here, and—and—we feared you wouldn't recover," and her voice trembled a little.

"I think I remember. How long is it since?"

"Four days," she replied.

"Then the election is over?"

"Yes, and Mr. Mason has been returned by thirty-six. It was all owing to you. That is what everyone says."

"I don't understand."

"No? You remember that wild motor-ride, when you took my father and Captain Barclay to Cleveleys just in time? Well, Mr. Mason was very gentlemanly about it. He said openly that you had done right, and he would rather lose the election than win by any fluke, and if he had been elected unopposed he would have resigned. After that everyone fell to praising you, and the feeling swung round to your side, and—well, Mason won."

"Then the Colonel will be disappointed?"

"Yes, of course. So am I. But it has its compensations. Your father and mine are close friends, and they have sat with you a good part of every night. I heard my father tell Mr. Crompton last night that it was worth losing the election to see a man act as generously as you did."

Paul's heart glowed. "And you, Sylvia?" he whispered.

"I?" she said. "I haven't any choice. My autocratic father has ordered me to marry you as soon as possible, on pain of disinheritance. He has made up his mind that you are to be his son-in-law."

"You are teasing again, Sylvia."

"Am I? It is a failing of mine," she said, merrily.

Wages No Object.—"Can't you get any work?" asked a woman of the tramp who had applied at the back door for food.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "I was offered a steady job by the man who lives down the road in that big white house."

"That's Mr. Oatseed. What was the work?"

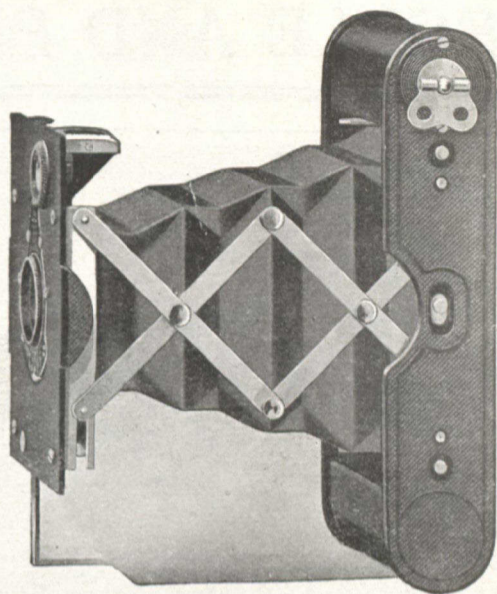
"He wanted me to get up at four in the morning, milk seventeen cows, feed, water and rub down four horses, clean the stables, and then chop wood until it was time to begin the day's work."

"What did he want to pay?"

"I dunno, ma'am. I didn't stop to ask."—Youth's Companion.

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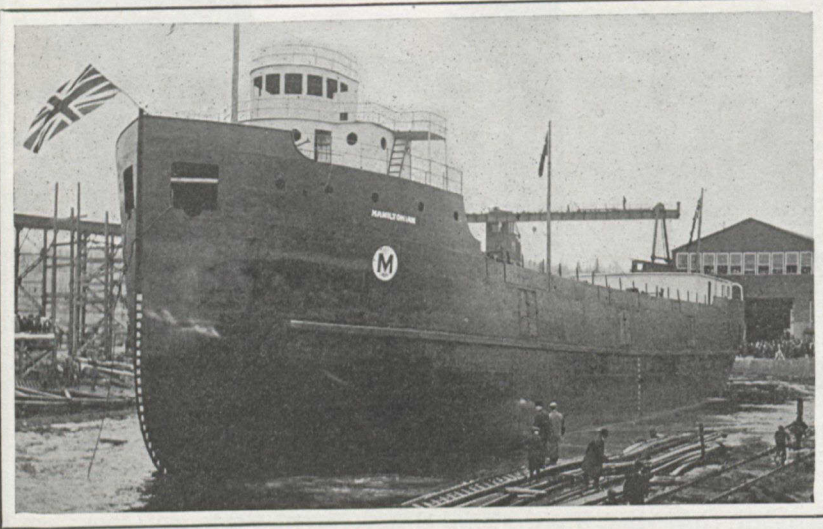
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An Aged Patroness.

ONE of the closest adherents of the Conservative Party is an aged lady in Kingston, Ont. Kingstonians scattered all over the Dominion, who remember the old lady in the days of Sir John A. Macdonald, will also recall Mrs. Grimason.

She used to be proprietress of an hotel in Kingston. Whenever Sir John dropped into town on a visit she would be the first to beam on him at the station. No one appreciated the great Conservative's qualities of mind and heart as she did. Between the old lady and the Prime Minister of Canada sprang up a fervent attachment. One of the most popular acts Sir John ever performed in Kingston was to bestow a kiss upon his admirer at a public function.

Mrs. Grimason at ninety years of age still takes a vigorous interest in the activities of the party of Sir John A. Macdonald. Recently she became prominent, being chosen by Mr. Nickle, Sir John's successor at Ottawa for Kingston, to christen a new Government steamer.

Port Arthur Builds Ships.

SHIPBUILDING used to be an industry largely confined to the eastern parts of Canada. This is no longer so. It worked its way up the St. Lawrence and along the great lakes, until most big towns with large water lots build something in the way of boats. If a town sits near a river, it is likely nowadays that some citizen fashions gasoline launches, row boats or canoes in a frame building, down near the water's edge, and sells and rents them to people in the vicinity. The ramifications of the industry of late years have been extensive. There are some who think we can build a navy in Canada.

The nearer to being an important port a town is, the more ambitious are the boats turned out. Port Arthur is a city which has recently taken up shipbuilding on a large scale. On this page are presented pictures of the

launching of the Hamiltonian, the first boat to be launched from the dry dock of a prominent shipbuilding firm there.

Results Not Buildings.

STUPENDOUS plans are under consideration at McGill University, Montreal, to improve the college athletic facilities.

Recently Sir William Macdonald presented the University with property worth one million dollars between Fletcher's Field and Victoria Hospital. This acreage is to be devoted to forming a new campus on which will be erected one of the largest stadiums in America, a closed-in hockey rink, a gymnasium, and probably a residence or two.

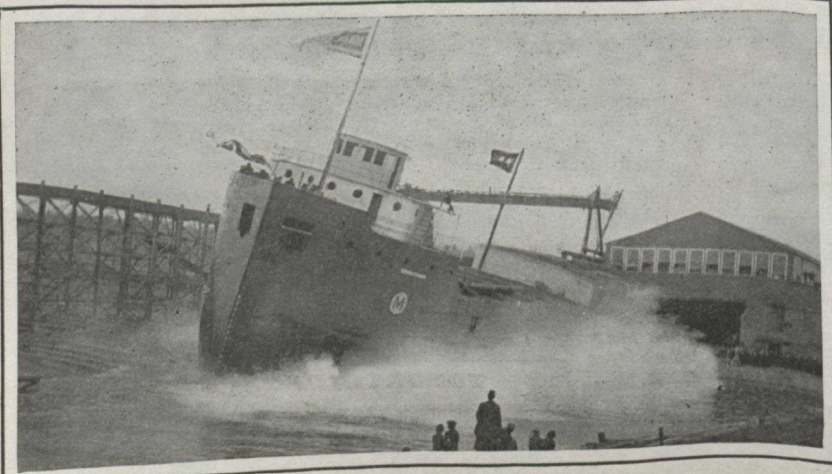
At the University of Toronto there is the same activity on a large scale in the building of an immense new gymnasium.

Such gigantic enterprises are spectacular. But are they in the interests of student athletics, the purpose for which they have been originated?

Up-to-date equipment may serve well those who use it, but it can be of little advantage to student development unless all students of the University are required by the faculty to become participants in athletics.

McGill University and the University of Toronto would do more for the cause of athletics and the building of strong, physical Canadian manhood, if they would introduce compulsory physical training for every student, than they will do in spending thousands of dollars for buildings, which, if past custom prevails, will only be used by a minority of the student body.

COAL mining in New Brunswick will receive considerable impetus when the Queen's County fields are tapped by the new railway line from Fredericton. This road is now under construction. Before November it is expected that coal will be carried on the rails.



When Port Arthur Embarked on a New Era of Ship-building—the Launching of the Hamiltonian.

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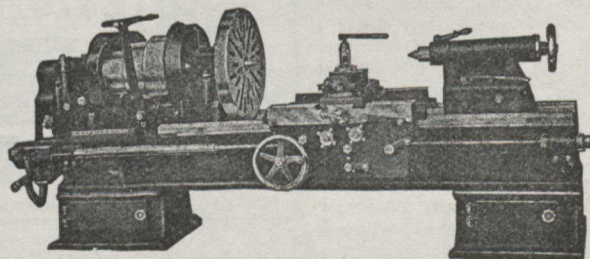
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