

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Country Life Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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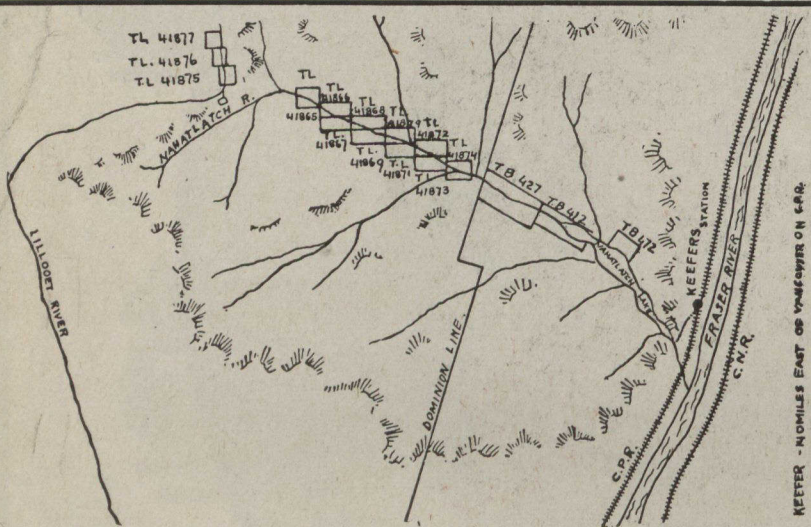
Owing to the exceptionally large increase in our Western realty business, we are compelled to move into more commodious offices. Therefore, we have taken, on a long lease, FOUR LARGE OFFICES in the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW BUILDING, corner of King and Yonge Streets, where we will be at home to our many friends and patrons on and after the first of March, 1913. In the meantime we will be found at our old offices on the second floor, Union Bank Building, corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto, Ontario, where our clients will be received with every courtesy.

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Map Showing Location of Our Timber and Water Power Proposition Described Below. 140 Miles East of Vancouver on the C.P.R.

Timber

Provincial Timber Licenses on 8320 Acres, Contents	146,421,500 Feet
Dominion Berths " 9341 "	162,878,200 "
Total	17661
	Total 309,299,700

Variety

Fir.....	87,135,000 Feet
Cedar.....	85,385,000 "
Spruce.....	35,890,000 "
Pine.....	7,660,000 "
Larch.....	37,635,000 "
Hemlock.....	23,485,000 "
Balsam.....	2,850,000 "
Cypress.....	2,110,000 "
Birch.....	1,695,000 "
Ties and Poles..	25,454,700 "
Total	309,299,700 "

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(With Ample Storage Facilities)

30,000 H. P. at Low Water

NOTE:—

By virtue of owning the timber on both sides of the lake and river, the control of 30,000 H. P. is assured to the holder.

Sacrifice Price, \$150,000.00.
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No. 1—4500 acres timber land, 30,000 to 35,000 feet to acre, principally Cedar, San Juan Districts, Vancouver Island. The timber is easily logged and most of the land is of agricultural value and will bring purchase price when timber is off. A1 value at \$15.00 an acre.

No. 2—7000 acres on Green River, just south of Quatoins Sound. A very fine colonization proposition as all the land is first-class quality. \$12.50 per acre, \$3.50 cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years at 6 per cent.

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

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VCL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 13

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Editor's Talk

OUR circulation department has inaugurated a plan to send fourteen girls to college and a party of girls to Europe. The plan is one deserving of the confidence and support of our large body of friends in the nine provinces. The competition will be conducted on lines worthy of this paper and the promises made will be fully carried out.

Any reader who knows a young woman, anxious to have the advantages of a college education, would be conferring a favour on us by nominating her for this competition. No one will be allowed to enter, unless she is highly recommended. There will be some girls who could win success in this competition but who may be afraid to enter unless backed by some person whose good opinion they value. Hence this appeal to our readers to make nominations if they know suitable candidates.

We feel that we are doing something worth while in enabling young women to enter a reliable competition and thus win a year at college or a trip abroad under a suitable chaperone. All she is asked to do is to organize her friends into a little band to help extend the circulation of this publication. Her reward will be of such a nature as to confer on her a permanent educational benefit.



We have been devoting considerable space to the navy question in each issue, because we believe that this question is not as well understood by Canadians as it should be. The articles in this issue are not partisan, and contain much valuable information.

Next week we shall begin the publication of a new serial story. This week we present two short stories by well-known Canadian writers, Mr. W. A. Fraser, author of "Thoroughbreds" and other novels, and Cameron Nelles Wilson, who has contributed several splendid stories to our pages. For coming issues, we have arranged for many good stories, including some by the late Robert Barr and by Charles G. D. Roberts. Mr. Ed. Cahn will contribute a splendid Jewish story.

One of the features of next week's issue will be an article on "The Destiny of Canada," by Dr. James L. Hughes, being a reply to Dr. J. A. Macdonald's article, "Canada Among the Nations," which appeared in a recent issue. Dr. Hughes is a trenchant writer as well as a formidable debater.



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ALMOST a million Canadian women use Infants-Delight Toilet Soap. They enjoy its rich, creamy lather—its rare cleansing power—its soothing, softening effect on the skin—and its delicate fragrance.

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John Taylor & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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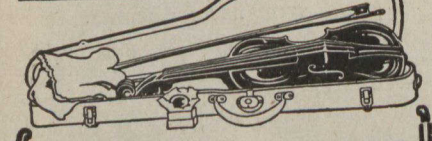
Ten million dollars being spent on Harbour improvements; WHAT DOES THIS SIGNIFY? Watch this space for further information; Victoria acknowledged the safest place for investment to-day; why not you invest now?

Large lots close in and on street railway from \$500 to \$800, for \$10 per month; write to-day for further particulars.

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Has Great Age and Bouquet; is Heart Tonic, Digestive and Non-Gouty.

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Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers & Hotels.



Before the Fire or After?

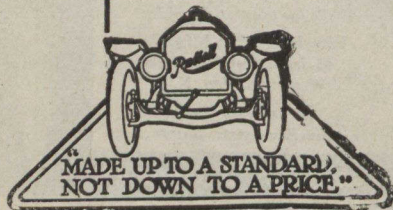
WHEN are you going to find out whether the fire insurance you have paid for is really good or not—before or after the fire which makes it due and payable? You cannot change it after the fire. It will be too late, then, but before the fire you can readily, at no extra cost, select an insurance company whose record and strength guarantee the liberal fulfillment of its obligations.

Upon foundations of commercial honor the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has built up the largest fire insurance business in the United States. It has paid more than \$158,000,000 to its policyholders. Its popularity is the reward of merit, and the result of over a century of honorable dealings with its patrons.

When next you insure tell the agent the Company you want.

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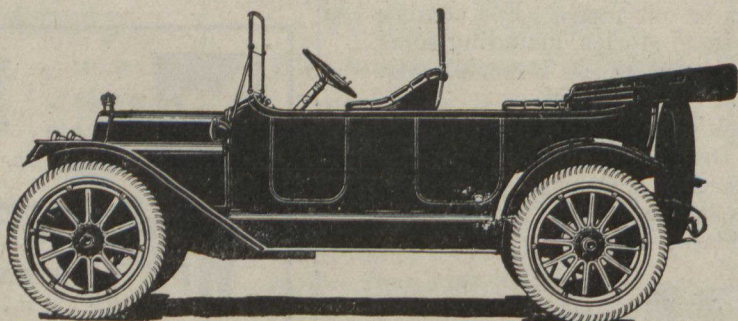


THE Russell-Knight "28" attains so great a degree of efficiency, and comfort, and so much that is beautiful in appearance, that we can hardly conceive of any one purchasing a car without having first investigated it.

A Descriptive catalogue will be mailed, or a demonstration arranged by any of our branches or agents, upon request.

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Head Office and Factory: West Toronto

Branches at Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia



Russell-Knight "28" Touring Model	- -	\$3250
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Russell-Knight Seven Passenger	- -	\$3500

F.O.B. West Toronto

In Lighter Vein

How Militant Suffragettes Are Made.
—Caddie (to visitor)—"That's the old green to this 'ole, sir. It gets flooded, so they've give it to the lydies!"—Punch.

"What's that you're making, dear?"
"It's a cushion. Frank's uncle has bought him a seat on the stock exchange, and I want him to be as comfortable as possible."—Life.

Half and Half.—"Earlie, why don't you let your little brother have your sled part of the time?"

"I do, ma. I take it going down the hill, and he has it going back."—New York Morning Telegraph.

Excruciating.—"Good gracious! What makes you look like that? Has anything happened?"

"Well, I had my portrait painted recently by an impressionist, and I'm trying to look like it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mistaken.—First Coster (outside picture dealer's window)—"Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill? Wasn't he a chap that was always cold?"

Second Coster—"No; that was Zero; anuver bloke altogether."—Tit-Bits.

God Save the King.

OLD King Coal
Was a nervy old soul
And a nervy old soul was he,
For he weighed in his drivers with every load of coal,
And also his shovelers three.
—Life.

Happy Thought.—Mother (after relating pathetic story)—"Now, Reggie, wouldn't you like to give your bunny to that poor little boy you saw to-day who hasn't any father?"

Reggie (clutching rabbit)—"Couldn't we give him father instead?"—Punch.

The Worst to Come.—Ambulance Surgeon—"Cheer up; you are not going to die!"

Motorist (looking at wrecked machine)—"I don't know about that—that was my wife's auto."—Chicago News.

The Art of Dining.

Now when you dine with Mrs. B.,
Or when she asks you there to tea,
Although your conversation's bright,
Remember, you're a satellite.

And though you're full of quips and fun,
You must not overcloud the sun.
For he who lets his hostess shine
Is asked another day to dine.

—London Opinion.

Translated.—"That tramp talks funny, ma'am. He says he castigated his itinerary from Boston."

"He only means he beat his way."—Baltimore American.

Little Enough.—Judge—"It seems to me I have seen you before."

Prisoner—"You have, your honour; I taught your daughter singing lessons."

Judge—"Thirty years."—New York Evening World.

She Wanted to Know.—A party of four just returning from a theatre called in at a fashionable restaurant. The prim old maid who was the guest of the evening was charmed with everything, especially the music. While the waiter was standing by the table she asked him to find out the title of the piece the orchestra was playing. The willing waiter promised, but other duties claimed him for a while, and when he returned the lady had completely forgotten her request. When he bent toward her and softly whispered something in her ear she recoiled with horror. Then, recovering from the shock, she turned with cold, relentless fury upon the hapless man who waited. "How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you!" It took the terrified waiter quite a time to explain why he had merely breathed the title of the piece so softly: "What Can I Do to Make You Love Me?"—Buffalo Commercial.

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Nothing sticky or heavy about this—instead a mellow soft syrup as smooth as cream and of delicious flavor.

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Sold by grocers 50c, 2 oz. bottle. Send 2c stamp for Cook Book to

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Seattle, Wash.

Sole Manufacturers.





The
**CANADIAN
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The National Weekly

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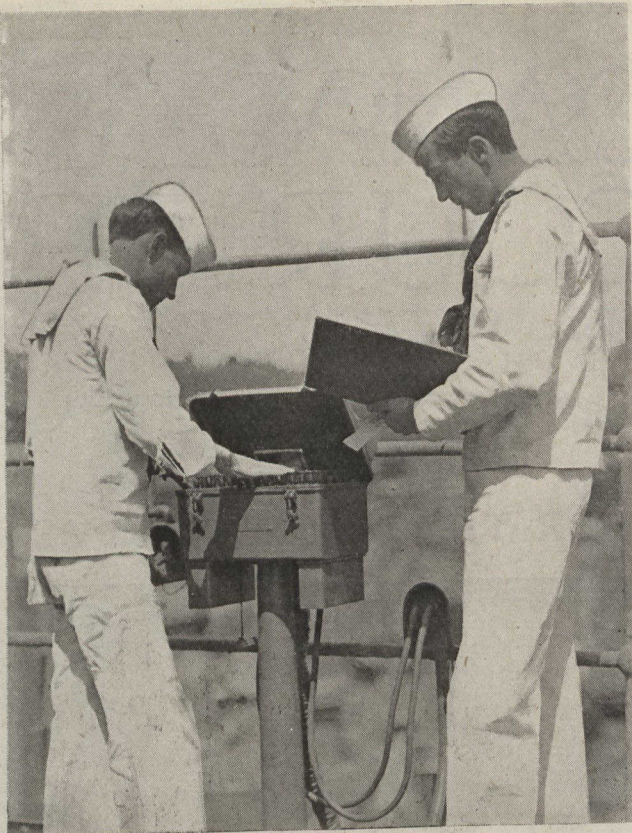
THE BATTLE CRUISER THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A FLAGSHIP



On Feb. 5 His Majesty King George Inspected H.M.S. New Zealand at Portsmouth. When This Vessel Was Ordered in Britain Under the Agreement of 1909 it Was Intended as Flagship in the China Fleet; Afterwards the Admiralty Persuaded the New Zealand Government to Leave it in "Home Waters," and it Will go Back to the North Sea Fleet Just Behind After its Trip to New Zealand. It is 18,800 Tons and 25 Knots; it Carries Eight 12-inch Guns. His Majesty is Seen in the Centre with Captain Halsey. Him Are Hon. J. Allen, Minister of Defence for New Zealand; Mr. Winston Churchill, and Prince Louis of Battenburg. The Mascot Bull Dog Pup, "Pelorus Jack," is One of the Central Figures. The Nucleus of a New Zealand Naval Force Will be Trained on This Vessel, Because as Mr. Allen, Minister for Defence, Announced at This Event, New Zealand Intends to Have a Home Fleet Ultimately.



An Enlisted Man of the U. S. Navy, With Standard Portable Repair Kit. Wages from \$33 to \$77 a Month, With Extra Pay on Re-enlistment.



Enlisted Seamen Sending Signals by Means of the Ardois System. Average Wage \$50 a Month, in Addition to Food and Clothing.



A Naval Telegraph Operator and His Office at the Base of the Woven Wire Mast of a U. S. Battleship. Their Pay is Higher Than in the Merchant Marine.

The New Man-o'-Warsman a Skilled Specialist

By WALDON FAWCETT

Our Washington Correspondent

IN the modern steel navies of the world, with armourclads that are literally floating fortresses, vast in their magnitude and intricate in their activities, the old-time sailor man is virtually obsolete. In place of the old-fashioned jack tar who was also more or less of a jack-of-all-trades, thanks to his varied duties before the mast, we have to-day a man-o'-warsman who in nine cases out of ten is a skilled specialist who devotes himself aboard ship to some one line of endeavour just as does his brother who is occupied with one trade or profession on shore.

It has been aptly said that a twentieth century battleship, with a ship's company of one thousand or more men, is a community in itself—complete and, to a great extent, self-sufficient. So it is, but it is something more than merely a floating community. It is at once a portable fortress and a nomadic industrial plant with all the departments from a business office to a boiler-room that go to make up such an institution on land. And it is this phase of the transformation from the old-time sailing ship which, more than any other, has been responsible for supplanting the bluejackets of a generation ago with young men who exemplify the modern trend toward specialization and each of whom is something of an expert in his own field, or is in a fair way to become one.

We are yet accustomed, many of us, to speak of all the enlisted personnel of a warship as naval seamen and yet, as a matter of fact, only a modest portion of the ship's company are in reality rated as seamen. To be sure the navigation of a sea-fighter is a considerable responsibility to-day just as it was a century ago, and so we have in the modern complement a force of enlisted men who steer the vessel, man the small boats, handle the anchors, clean the ship, etc. But though the seaman branch on a battleship may enroll, say, half the entire complement of the crew, not more than two hundred to three hundred of this number are rated as "ordinary seamen." The others are gunners' mates, coxswains, boatswains' mates, quartermasters, etc.—occupants of positions which require special skill of one kind or another, as will be readily appreciated by any person familiar with the duties of such posts.

And quite aside and apart from the force that has to do directly or indirectly with the navigation of the ship there is another large body of men on board, who, while enjoying all the health and diversion that comes from life afloat, have almost no responsibilities that they would not have were they toiling in an office or workshop ashore. In this category are the clerks, stenographers and book-keepers, who attend to the clerical work of the ship; the nurses, who care for the sick; commissary stewards and cooks, who serve the meals; electricians, including the wireless telegraph operators,

who keep the vessel in touch with the outside world; musicians, who play in the ship's band; and carpenters, machinists, plumbers, painters, ship-fitters, coppersmiths, blacksmiths and boiler-makers, whose duty it is to keep the ship in repair and in the pink of condition. On some ships there is even included a printer, who does job printing for the ship and gets out a small newspaper for the benefit of the crew. And now that a moving-picture machine is an adjunct of every large warship, one or more of the electricians must qualify as operator.

A young man who is ambitious, nowadays, to enter upon a naval career, must know in advance what he wants to do, for no longer is it customary to enroll a recruit under what might be termed a blanket form of enlistment, and then assign him to any duty that calls, regardless of whether he likes it or not. Under the present plan a recruit enlists for the specific duty to which he thereafter devotes himself. But this does not mean that a newcomer in the navy must have, at the time of entry, any training or experience as an artisan in

the branch to which he aspires. On the contrary, the government is quite willing to accept him as a "green-horn" and to not only bear the expense of training him, but also to pay him a wage during the period of instruction and probation.

The United States Government, which is especially keen on the idea of developing its naval personnel as skilled specialists in the various requisite lines, maintains, say, ten or a dozen special schools and training stations, located at various points on the seaboard and on the Great Lakes, where recruits are educated for specific duties ere they are put on board warships. In the case of some of these schools there are exceptions to the general rule of free entry to all young men who are mentally, morally and physically fit. For example, the young men who are admitted to the electrical schools must either be electricians by trade or be telegraph or radio operators. However, it is not difficult to qualify for entry into even these more exclusive schools.

In some quarters there were dire predictions, when this era of naval specialization was inaugurated, that it would be difficult to induce boys to enlist in the artificer branch, and particularly for service of the engine-room forces. Some skeptics argued that the type of lad that in the old days was allured by the adventure of a life before the mast would not take kindly to the prospect of existence in a floating arsenal. But exactly the contrary has been true. With a warship community made up of skilled men and plenty of them at hand for every task, the men enjoy shorter hours and easier work, individually, and this, combined with the splendid food that is now served and the facilities for amusement that are provided—athletics, band concerts, and the like—aboard ship, has drawn increasing numbers of young men to the naval service.

When the United States Government began, a few years ago, to train, free of charge, for specialized service in the navy, there were further misgivings that young men would simply take advantage of the opportunity to gain instruction and experience at public expense and would invariably refuse to re-enlist, but would return to civil life and accept jobs in the line of their new-found trades. Now, Uncle Sam has no quarrel with any young man who does that very thing, but, as a matter of fact, there are many re-enlistments on the part of the skilled men. On the face of it the pay of the artisans and other skilled men in the U. S. navy may appear small compared with what they would earn ashore, but when it is taken into consideration that the navy man is furnished free board and lodging, clothing and medical attendance, and that his pay is absolutely clear or "net," the situation assumes a different aspect. And an ever-increasing

(Concluded on page 24.)



Naval Blacksmiths at Work Aboard Ship. Blacksmiths Earn \$55; Boilermakers, \$71.50; Plumbers, \$49.50; Painters, \$33 to \$44; Machinists, \$44 to \$77; and Carpenters, \$27.50 to \$77.

Men of the Day

France's New President

PRESIDENT RAYMOND POINCARÉ, in his first message to the French Parliament, states that if France is to preserve peace she must have a strong military force. To be effectively pacific, France must always be ready for war. Premier Briand agrees. In Canada, the other rule is laid down; to preserve peace, many Canadians would have neither army nor navy.

President Poincaré touched another new point when he informed the Batonier of the Paris bar that he wished his name retained on the roster of barristers during his term of office. President Jules Grevy withdrew his name when he took office because he could not, according to the rules, live "dans ses meubles," that is, in his own apartments within the city. He thought residence at the Elysee was not within the limits. President Poincaré thinks otherwise. He is the principal legal adviser of Princess Stephanie, of Belgium, widow of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, in her claim for a portion of the estate of her father, the late King Leopold.

Like President Wilson, of the United States, President Poincaré is a man of letters. He is one of the forty Immortals, members of the French Academy. He has published several volumes of essays and speeches under the title, "Idees Contemporaines, Questions et Figures Politiques, Causes Littéraires et Artistiques." They are not wonderfully original, but they do reflect the opinions of the French people. They show him as a man of principle; not a mere opportunist or time-server. His ideas of politics as a science differ from those of several prominent Canadians. He says:

"The foundation of all politics is ethical. Politics are founded on a belief in goodness, in justice, in the love of truth, in the respect of human conscience, in the destinies of our country. Politics which are worthy of the name cannot live from day to day on empirical measures and contradictory expedients."

A writer in an English paper prophesies what the Poincaré policy will be as follows:

"I do not think that his Home Policy will be one mainly of social reform. It will mainly be a policy of Republican concentration and of resistance to lawlessness.

"Even as his Home Policy will be mainly a policy of resistance to the party of disorder, M. Poincaré's Foreign Policy will be mainly a policy of resistance to the encroachments of Germany. We may expect a firm though conciliatory attitude in international affairs, and a strict adherence of France to the Triple Entente. And this vigorous Foreign Policy will entail increased Naval and Military expenditure. That is another reason why his Home Policy cannot be one of Social Reform. Social Reforms cost a great deal of money, and for the next seven years all the available resources of France will be claimed by the exigencies of national defence."

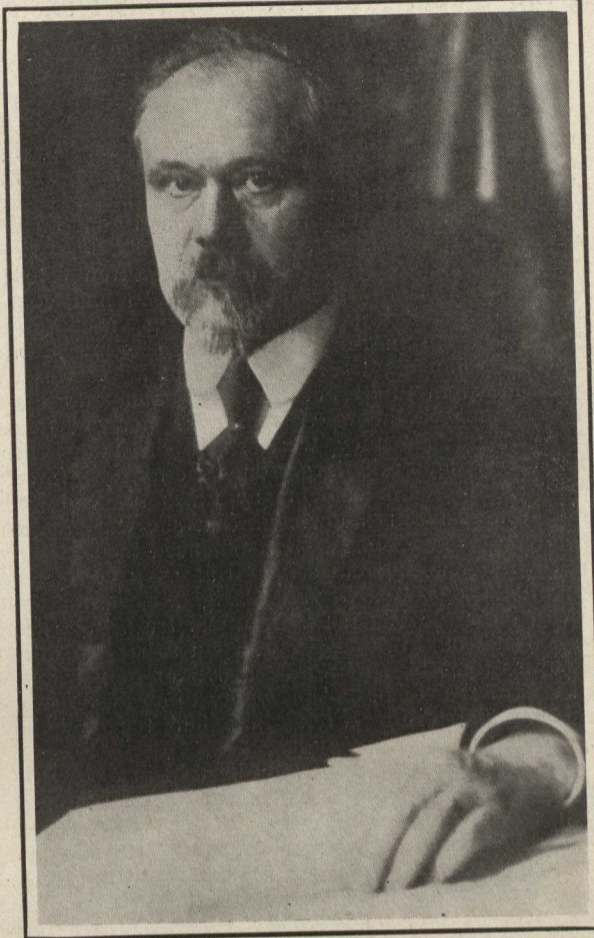
All of which has since been confirmed by his first message to Parliament.

President Mellen and the G.T.R.

MR. CHAMBERLIN, of the Grand Trunk, and President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, have been indicted in the United States for having contravened the Sherman law in restraint of trade. The case is now pending, and while no serious results are anticipated, these two gentlemen are having a rather trying time in explaining their actions to the court.

In January, 1910, an act was passed by the Assembly of Rhode Island to incorporate the Southern New England Railway, leading Grand Trunk officials being among the incorporators. The object was to extend the Central Vermont Railway, owned by the Grand Trunk, into Rhode Island, so that there would be another outlet for Western grain coming over the Grand Trunk Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways during the winter season. The New Haven Railway, which is the largest transportation corporation in New England, was not favourable to this move on the part of the Grand Trunk. The Boston people, nevertheless, invited the Grand Trunk to go to that city, as well as to Providence, and New England feeling was quite worked up on the subject.

Suddenly there was a change. An announcement was made that the Grand



M. RAYMOND POINCARÉ
New President French Republic.

Trunk had abandoned its building operations in New England and everybody was disappointed. Those who were most interested began to investigate and they came to the conclusion that Mr. Chamberlin, of the G. T. R., and Mr. Mellen, of the New Haven, had made an arrangement to eliminate competition. Acting on this assumption, they laid the matter before the authorities at Washington and both gentlemen were indicted for an infraction of the Sherman law. The case has aroused considerable interest, because Boston and Providence would



LT.-COL. MORRISON, D.S.O.
Director of Artillery on the Headquarters Staff.



MR. CHARLES MELLEN
President N.Y., N.H. & H. Railway.

like to share in the export grain trade, which now goes exclusively to St. John and Portland. The Maritime Province portion of Canada is interested because it looked to the Grand Trunk Pacific to greatly increase the amount of export grain which would pass out through Canada's winter ports. Mr. Chamberlin's reply is to attack the validity of the signature of Mr. Hays to the articles of incorporation of the Southern New England Railway.

Mr. Charles S. Mellen began life in the railway business in 1869, as a clerk in the cashier's office of the Northern New Haven Railway. His advance was rapid and continuous. In 1903 he became president of the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R., and seven years later added the presidency of the Boston and Maine. He is also president of the N. E. Navigation Co., and a director of the First National Bank, of Boston, and of the Old Colony Trust Co. The only other railway of importance with which he has been connected is the Union Pacific, of which he was general traffic manager for three years.

From Civic to Military Life

COLONEL the Honourable Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, takes as his leading officers the best men wherever he finds them. He is not a slave to seniority, nor is he averse to taking a good military officer from the inactive militia and putting him in the active militia. One of the most notable instances of this is his appointment of Lieut.-Colonel E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O., as director of artillery on the Headquarters Staff. Colonel Morrison has commanded the 8th Artillery Brigade of Ottawa while performing his duties as editor of the Ottawa Citizen. He was known as one of the best artillery officers in Canada, but his sudden transfer to an important position on the Headquarters Staff is almost without precedent. However, the results will probably justify the Minister's choice, as Colonel Morrison is an aggressive and efficient administrator.

Colonel Morrison was born in London, Ont., in 1867, and educated mainly at Dr. Tassie's famous boys' school at Galt. He commenced his newspaper work on the Hamilton Spectator, and became editor of the Ottawa Citizen when the Southams added that daily to their string. He was an officer in the Hamilton Field Battery and then transferred to Ottawa. He was made a Captain in 1901 and a Major in 1905. Colonel Morrison served in South Africa in 1899 and 1900. He was mentioned in dispatches and given a D.S.O.

In addition to these activities, Colonel Morrison has taken a deep interest in the Boy Scout movement, and three years ago was chosen as one of two commissioners by Earl Grey to organize the Boy Scout movement in Canada. To this work he devoted a great deal of attention and his duty was successfully performed. Two years ago he was given special authority by the Kaiser to visit the famous Wassel Garrison, in Germany. Last year he took a special course in England and accompanied the Minister of Militia on his visit to the military depots and manoeuvres.

Colonel Morrison has given special attention to the use of artillery in winter. He has conducted experiments of an original character and has thus contributed to the progress of this, the most efficient of the arms of the Canadian service.

A Notable Career

A FEW days ago Sir Alexandre Lacoste celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the Montreal bar. Sir Alexandre is one of the most notable links between the public life of yesterday and that of to-day. He became a legislative councillor of the Province of Quebec as far back as 1882, and was called to the Dominion Senate two years later. In 1891 he became Speaker of that body, but held the office for a few months only when he was made Chief Justice of Quebec. He was created a Privy Councillor of Great Britain in 1892 and knighted by Queen Victoria. In 1907 he retired on pension, but still retains his connection with his law office. In the early days of Sir John Macdonald's rule at Ottawa, it is said that Sir Alexandre refused a portfolio in the government for the simple reason that he did not feel he could afford it. In those days a Minister's salary was small, and Sir Alexandre had a family to provide for.

*The Apostasy of MOUNG PYU

A Story Concerning the Queer Admixture of Religions and Peoples in India

By W. A. FRASER

Illustrated by A. Lismer

THE four trails that lead out like a Maltese Cross aboard the world never got beyond the land of the simple life. And this is a simple account of MOUNG PYU'S crusade for spiritual betterment for himself and the three hundred villagers of Mindak, in Burma.

MOUNG PYU was born a Buddhist; he sat at the feet of the Talopins and imbibed theological wisdom from the sacred book, the Vini. The Deputy Commissioner of the District took a fancy to the dark-eyed, yellow-skinned little Burman, and had him placed in a government school. Then MOUNG PYU got a clerkship and after a time he was made Deputy Assistant Magistrate of the third grade, and Woon of his own village, Mindak.

What MOUNG PYU thought, Mindak thought; and when MOUNG PYU advised, Mindak concurred. Even the Chief Commissioner at Rangoon knew this; and whatever there was to be settled or adjusted in Mindak District was encased in large, official blue envelopes, tied with red tape, closed with the awful seal of the British Raj, and sent to MOUNG PYU. There was never any worry after that. The Chief Commissioner sighed with satisfaction; the Commissioner of Aracan nodded his old head in wise appreciation; the Deputy Commissioner got the *kudos* (glory) of it all; and MOUNG PYU, Deputy Assistant Magistrate of the third grade, adjusted the unpleasantness.

He was a dapper little man with his jacket of white cloth, his gay silk putsoe that had been made in the hand looms of Mandalay, and the white handkerchief wound jauntily about his heavy black hair, the two ends sticking up like the wings of a bird—this was the insignia of a village elder, and MOUNG PYU was that in excelsis.

Under MOUNG PYU'S rule Mindak was Utopia. The Buddhist priests, the Talopins, waxed sleek in content; and the little pagoda on Tiger Hill had been regilt with pure gold leaf, till its slender tapering form rose from a dark emerald setting of mangoe tree, and padouk, and tamarind, and penciled the blue sky a gleaming plinth of reflected sunlight. This had come from the purse of MOUNG PYU. He could not forever be sending away the little bags of rupees that so mysteriously appeared upon his writing table, so he exercised the little devil of corruptive influence that was in the silver discs by putting them to work for the spiritual progress of his people.

Poh San, who had been Woon before MOUNG PYU, had kept all these little gifts that are the *dustoor* (perquisites) of native officials, and had married six wives. At the last, when the shadow of Nirvana threw a chill over the soul of Poh San, he prepared a little cave temple in the soft rock of Tiger Hill, placed in it a square-toed, alabaster Buddha, and died full of honour and sanctity. That was Poh San's way, which was the way of all rich, good Burmans. But MOUNG PYU beautified the pagoda and repaired the priests' *zyat* (dwelling), and married but one wife; and after a time she died, and left two little girls with MOUNG PYU.

The religion that the Talopins taught was mystical, altogether simple and beautiful. It was a sin to take life, because all life was one under different forms; so MOUNG PYU ate not even an egg, lest the spirit of some ancestor might have come back to assume the feathered garb of a fowl. And the Vini read that liquor—so much as might cling to the point of a knife—was harmful; so MOUNG PYU drank milk, and water, and the milk of coconuts, and pondered over the wise sayings of Gaudama Buddha.

THE religion of the sahibs that were down in Phrang he judged of entirely by the canons of his own faith. The sahibs ate the flesh that had carried life, they drank the forbidden liquor; they also did other things that the priests said were wrong and evil in the eyes of Buddha Gaudama.

But it happened that even in the eyes of the Talopins there was one godly

person of the white man's faith, a woman, "Craig Memsahib." She was a Baptist missionary from America. Her husband had died in harness in Burma, some years before, and she had gone on in a simple, Christian spirit, after the manner of Christ himself. All through Aracan were children whose fathers had been white men, and who had gone back to their own country. Craig Memsahib gathered these half-orphaned ones into her train of poor followers whenever she could. It was a glad some sight to see her wandering about the districts, from village to village, with her devoted children. When they were small she had them placed in schools; the larger ones she took with her.

Craig Memsahib came many times to Mindak; and because of his knowledge that she was indeed a holy woman, MOUNG PYU commenced to listen, at first with doubting curiosity. But as gently as a soft hand opens a flower, Craig Memsahib discovered for the Woon the beautiful truth of a life as Christ would have it. He began to see that the Talopins taught all of the flesh life, or of nothing; all was of the earth, and returning to earth, a chain of existence leading to nothing but the end of everything.

All this came not as it may be told in a day, or a moon, but in many moons; and in the end MOUNG PYU gravely announced that all his people—the people of Mindak, now were Baptists. He had read and pondered, and come by a more beautiful truth than was in the Vini, or in the shaven-headed craniums of the yellow-robed Talopins, and his people would now profit by his discovered blessing and become Baptists.

THIS wholesale conversion of three hundred Buddhists brought prayers of thankfulness from the simple Christian woman, Craig Memsahib.

But, unfortunately, the fame of it came to the ears of the Reverend Beldon Hobbs, of Phrang. He was clergyman of the Church of England, the Established Church, which means first claim on all things spiritual. In addition, the Reverend Beldon

Hobbs was many other things akin to arrogance. He was large, and pompous, and doled out religion as alms, holding that he had full vicarage from the Lord for the salvation of all peoples. So he blustered, and went in righteous indignation to the Deputy Commissioner—the Church and the State were inseparable. That three hundred souls, bound in allegiance to the British Raj, should come under the dominion of a church that was no church at all, was, according to Hobbs, altogether an outrage. They might as well turn dacoits at once.

Just at that psychological moment a serious calamity occurred. The brave little Craig Memsahib died, ministering to the people of a village stricken with cholera. The metamorphosis of Buddhist Mindak had not been quite completed, for the villagers were to have been baptized, *en masse*, when Craig Memsahib arrived, bringing an ordained Baptist minister, the Reverend John Blackmar, from Phrang. Now she was dead, and MOUNG PYU, dreading the spiritual dominion of Reverend Hobbs as something worse even than the power of the Talopins, took the matter in his own hands, and dipped the obedient villagers, declaring that now they were indeed of the faith of the holy woman they had all revered.

Then came the Reverend Blackmar too late for this baptismal function. He was a zealous, narrow-minded little man—a stickler for tenets and observances, and religion according to prescribed method. He meant well, but he didn't know. To him the Buddhists were pagans, benighted worshippers of graven images. He used to say these things, honestly enough, but without understanding. So he reprimanded MOUNG PYU for his assumption of ministerial power, and explained that becoming a Baptist was not a haphazard affair.

MOUNG PYU was wise enough to know that neither the Reverend Blackmar, nor the Reverend Hobbs, nor even the holy teacher, Craig Memsahib, was Christianity itself. But the manner of faith that had won MOUNG PYU was the sweet, Christly, love-religion of Craig Memsahib; and this other repellent, formal dogmatism that was of the little sharp-nosed minister drove MOUNG PYU into revolt, and he declared, with Burmese vivacity, that if they were not now Baptists they were indeed not Baptists at all.

So the Reverend Blackmar preached to the big, pink-clustered padouk tree, whilst the villagers went down to the many-caved temples in Tiger Hill with offerings of rice and sweetmeats to the alabaster Buddhas; and in the end the conscientious minister went disconsolately back to Phrang, sorrowing over the instability of the Oriental.

The little pilgrimage to the cave temples had been solely a polite intimation to the minister, and not a real re-apostasy, for the Woon was still disturbed in his mind over the incompleteness of Buddhism.

BY this time the Reverend Beldon Hobbs had harassed the Deputy Commissioner over the Woon of Mindak's apostasy, and through him the Commissioner; and the Commissioner, with repugnance in his soul, had memorialized the Chief Commissioner. The correspondence, with notes and comments, had all come back as weapons of offense to Padre Hobbs. So he went up into the land of Mindak with a flaming sword, bearing an order from the Deputy Commissioner that he was to have carriers, and transport, and boats, and whatever else his sweet will desired. That was essentially Padre Hobbs's way—the repellent, enforcing method, so unlike the love manner of Christ and Craig Memsahib.

He had gone by boat from Phrang to Oung; and from Oung it was two days' travel by jungle path to Mindak. But when the men of Oung refused to convey him to Mindak, because a pair of man-eating tigers had made a preserve of the jungle bordering the trail, Padre Hobbs showed his order to the village Headman, and explained that the latter would lose his place, and the village would be fined, and



"MOUNG PYU stepped from the steamer as Mr. White, the most extraordinary Metamorphosed Oriental."

Drawn by A. Lismer.

*MOUNG PYU (pronounced Pu) translated is Mr. White.



WHO ARE HONEST?

I SAID, in my haste, the other day when talking with a friend—

"The people of this country do not want honest government."

My friend demurred, insisting that they did, if they could get it; to which I replied, still somewhat hastily—"They wouldn't have it—if it were offered to them, they would reject it ignominiously." I furthermore asserted that if "a government of angels" established themselves at Ottawa and then appealed to the people, I doubted if they could carry a single constituency. My friend was inclined to grant that much. He said that he himself would not want "a government of angels"; but he was confident that, if a government of honest men were to appear, and the people were to believe that they were honest, they would be sustained. I scoffed at the idea. I instanced the case of Alexander Mackenzie, who tried his best to give this country honest government, and who lasted until exactly the first chance the people had to kick him into oblivion.

WELL, what do you think of it? Was I right; or was my friend nearer to the truth? Do you know, when I sit down to consider the matter in cold blood, I am very much inclined to think that, if I sinned at all, I sinned on the side of moderation of statement. What I should have said was that the people of this country not only did not want honest government, but neither did they want honest trade, honest industry, honest financing, honest anything. Honesty is no longer regarded as the best policy. Of course, we want other people to be honest with us—we want to get from them what we pay for—in fact, we would not object to getting a good deal more. We are not concerned, to be frank about it, that our neighbour with whom we are dealing shall be "honest"—we will be satisfied if he is gullible and slack in guarding his own interests. What we do not want him to do, is to cheat us. That we look upon as an intolerable outrage, and wonder how our poor humanity can have fallen so low. No one can beat us in deploring the decay in public morals when we have just been "done." Then we are the best little deplorers who ever got into the pulpit. But how about it when we get into a nice, large, loose, hazy "deal," and come out a few thousands better off than we were able to figure as at all possible? There must be somebody to the bad; but we don't most generally always advertise for them.

LET us suppose that an over-ruling Providence were to cause it to be known that He was about to take a universal plebiscite on a proposition to subject the human race to a new code of natural laws by which rigid honesty would be automatically established and divinely enforced in all human dealings. That is, after this new code of natural laws came into effect, no man could get a penny's worth of anything for which he had not given adequate value. All business would be so regulated, down to the last detail, that the gambler and the "fixer" and the "cornerer" and every person who now makes a little by getting ahead of the game a bit, would be entirely shut out; and so much labour or so much service would get exactly so much return every time. Absolute honesty would reign. Now let us suppose that Providence put it to a vote whether this new code of natural laws should come into effect—laws making it as impossible to be dishonest as it is now impossible to escape the force of gravitation—are you quite sure it would carry—IF WE ALL VOTED BY SECRET BALLOT? Do the majority of us want to be compelled to take our honest deserts at all times—and nothing more?

I SHOULD tremendously like to see it tried. It is my irresponsible and unworthy opinion that about the only classes of people who could be confidently depended upon to vote for the adoption of such an embargo on "business shrewdness" would be the hopelessly "down-and-outs" who can never dream of getting ahead of a human snail, and the diminishing few who are thoroughly afraid of going

to hell. Most other human beings live on the expectation of some day running into a stroke of luck, and getting a good big "wad" for which they have not worked. They may never do it. The chances are that they will lose far more than they will ever gain by this game of "beggar my neighbour." But they cherish the hope—they would feel that life held little for them if it did not suggest that sometime, somewhere, they would be able to steal a nice juicy surreptitious competency. Thus any proposal to make honesty a natural law would kill the dearest hope in many a breast. I am not bothering now with the able and adroit few who have achieved a great success at dishonesty. Their opinion goes without saying. You might as well expect a "merger" millionaire to vote for a bill making "mergering" a capital offence—and containing a retroactive clause. I am talking of the "merged" millions—those who are losing constantly in this game of "grab"—the fools who are plundered in ten transactions and then pick up a dishonest penny on the eleventh. They would "plump" against making honesty inevitable. They still hope to steal successfully.

IN the midst of such a community, what is the use of talking about "honest government"? Will you find me one man who does business with any "government," and never thinks that he might get more for his goods or his work from that impersonal and generous "government" than he would be likely to get if he were dealing with a shrewd fellow-citizen? We all expect a "government job" to pay better than another. That is just about how much we want honest government. Some of us could stand honest grocering or honest drugging or honest doctoring; but we would quickly revolt at the quixotic notion that the government should be honest. Take an example. Let any government propose to run the Intercolonial Railway exactly as the C. P. R. runs its lines; and how many constituencies along that national highway will that government carry? But, lest the non-Intercolonial provinces assume righteous and superior airs, let us ask another question—How many constituencies would be held by a government which should build its public works, run them, and distribute its offices in those constituencies strictly on business principles? What chance would such a government have against an opposition which should promise to restore the present system? There isn't a politician, living or dead—at least, since poor old broken Mackenzie went—who would venture to the country on such a platform. Good Sir Oliver Mowat—that immaculate statesman—told a company of his "workers" one day—"Gentlemen, we have given you honest government—we have given you government as honest as was PRACTICABLE."

THE MONOCLE MAN.



APPEARANCES, after all, are very deceptive. Most of us, reading the story of mediaeval ferocities, conjure up in our minds pictures of the stern and cruel auto-crats who thrust their victims into dungeons, or sent them to the torture chamber or the stake. These pictures are painted in lurid lines—the cold, glittering eye, the thin-lipped cruel mouth, the prominent despotic nose, the low-sloping forehead, and the hard, aggressive chin.

Don't be too sure about it all. It is more than probable that, a few hundred years hence, when Canadians study history and read the primitive tale of "early times" when Parliament cast men into prison for refusing to answer questions, just as they did in the Old World centuries before, they will picture William Sora Middlebro, of North Grey, the avenger and prosecutor, much as we picture the persecutors of civilization's yesterday. Imaginative nurse-maids may terrify their timid charges by threats that this Bad Man of the Past will get them if they don't watch out, and possibly those learned in nomenclature may establish beyond peradventure that he was a ferocious Russian despot and properly spelled his name Middleborovitch.

But, really and truly, the member for North Grey is no terrifying Bogey Man. He is a tender, sensitive soul—and looks the part. The gaunt, sombre and apparently ill-nourished Meighan, who seconded his efforts at parliamentary jail-delivery, resembles the typical inquisitor. But not Middlebro, really and truly, no. Middlebro is dilettante and sentimental. He thinks more of the Ladies' Gallery than the parliamentary forum below. He revels in dainty social functions. His eyes have a soulful look and his lips whisper the most alluring pretty things. He "dances divinely" and is "such a charming man." At eventide he wanders oft-times to some alcove-secluded piano and releases the soft, sweet strains of "The Rosary." Graceful, gallant and musical mystic, this—no brutal propagandist of czarism. Let history be warned in time.

Middlebro didn't mean it—really he didn't. He simply wanted to discipline this disrespectful Montreal man who didn't answer questions. But, like the youth who essayed to capture the wild cat, he found it easier to get hold of the animal than to let go. When Parliament sensed the situation it went out into the corridors and laughed, laughed long and loud, and the cynical newspaper men sent out stories which set the country smiling. Middlebro's hair

would have turned grey, had he had any. As it was, the furrows of a great care began to destroy the shining symmetry of a glowing baldness.

Middlebro does not mind being sighed over, but he cannot stand being smiled over. He consulted with Meighan, his diligent, zealous and original Man Friday. "Thrust the incorrigible offender into the dungeon," said the latter in his sternest tones. Middlebro agreed. "I don't want to hurt him," he murmured compassionately, "but we can't stand this," alluding to the smile—the nasty satirical smile—with which two passing Conservatives had just greeted them.

So Miller the Delinquent was again called before the Bar of the House and informed of his fate. The question was put to him: "To whom did you pay this money you paid out to secure Government business?" or words to that effect. Which goes to show that, whatever their weaknesses, Middlebro and Meighan are skilled lawyers. It reminds one of the story of the query put to a timid benedict: "Have you stopped beating your wife—yes or no, sir?"

Poor fellow, no matter how he answered, he was gone!

WHILE English-speaking members of Parliament have much to learn from their French-speaking colleagues in the mastery of both languages, occasionally the latter make amusing slips, particularly in the quoting of English slang and "sayings." The other day, when Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, himself a master of both languages, was engaged in one of his periodic bouts with Hon. Louis Philippe Pelletier, his successor as Postmaster-General, Ferdinand Joseph Robidoux came gallantly to the rescue of the Minister.

"Whenever the honourable member for Rouville opens his mouth," Mr. Robidoux gravely informed the Speaker, "he puts his foot in the mud."

LET cynics who think that no good thing can come from a politician lend their ears and listen. While debating the live question of over-capitalization of public service corporations last week, a page approached the desk of Mr. J. G. Turriff, the western Liberal from Assiniboia, and laid a "rush" telegram on his desk. As soon as he concluded his remarks the member examined its contents. He read: "May I draw upon you at sight for

one hundred dollars?" The message was signed by the member's son-in-law.

Mr. Turriff was somewhat nonplussed. He was not aware that the young man needed money, but the telegraph office assured him that they had had the message repeated and verified. Whereupon the Assiniboia man despatched his answer: "Draw upon me for whatever you need."

It was some days later before another western member brought with him the explanation. Two young men had got into an argument in Regina concerning the liberality and excellence of their respective fathers-in-law, one a Liberal member of

the Federal House, the other a Conservative member of British Columbia Legislature. They decided to test the case by each sending telegrams asking for the immediate advance of \$100. When Mr. Turriff's response was received it was promptly displayed. But the rival son-in-law was not long behind. He produced a yellow paper with the message: "Certainly. That's easy," in acknowledgment of his similarly worded request for the acceptance of a sight draft.

A bet for the amount of the prospective draft remains undecided.

H. W. A.



At the Motor Show—"Passenger cars are no longer juggernauts . . . but elegant and luxurious vehicles."

At the Motor Show

By A NON-MOTORIST

MOTORDOM with its winter shows is once more into the social season. It's a pity the motor people couldn't hold their shows in the spring, like they used to, when the folks who don't have cars and those who feel more or less that way inclined might get the real feeling of the open road. Because motoring is more or less of a fever. It's a thing you have to catch, and the more it gets to be an epidemic the better the motor-makers like it.

But of course if motor shows were held when motors are being used on the roads it would be altogether too late to sell cars. A car that's worth while must be negotiated for a long while in advance. There's no place to see the cars worth while like a motor show. Here you see everything in motorocracy from a magneto to a ten-ton truck. You may look at it commercially or aesthetically or merely as a spectacle, or treat it as a social function. It's all there in universal dimensions for the average man and woman to contemplate; and while as a pure show it falls a long way behind the horse, it comes a long way ahead of a piano exposition, where people are supposed to buy pianos. Of course a horse show is not primarily intended for people who want to buy horses. And it may be assumed that a motor show has some interest for people who do not expect to buy cars.

At any rate the cars are out in full force. At the show now being held in the government and trans-

portation buildings at the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition, there are examples of the best in car construction from nearly a hundred firms engaged in making either cars or accessories. There are flags and bunting and bands; promenades and tea-rooms and singing birds; waterfalls and Japan trees blossoming and grass mounds—and if they had only a stretch of mock country road overhung by maple trees with real dust and a real snake fence with real poison-ivy up the rails and a real farmer waving a cowbite hat at a passing motor, it would be quite a realistic sort of show.

Otherwise a motor show in itself, quite apart from its merits as a spectacle, a social function, or a commercial display—is quite the dullest thing in the whole category of shows. Hundreds of elegant and super-elegant cars in all powers and models and styles; not one of them moving. Not a thing being done. No demonstrations. Nothing that the non-motorist can see to talk about except how lovely this car and that may be, the colour of the bodies, the length of the wheel bases, the cruelly ornate limousines, the dinky little cabs, the three-wheel delivery cars, the hearse-like waggons for store delivery, the huge and ponderous trucks that make horses playthings in comparison, the motorcycles with baskets alongside, the runabouts and the long, scuttling tourists, the juggernauts—

But it's in this particular that the show of 1913 is agreeably lacking. Passenger cars are no longer

juggernauts. They are not built for heft; but for comfort and speed and elegance and keeping the law. They are built not to crush the stones on the road, but to be elegant and luxurious vehicles over good roads built by governments and county councils and municipal corporations—wake up! We have not come to this golden age in Canada as yet. All the while the car-builders have been perfecting cars to make them all that the most luxurious or long-distance-hungry could wish, the roads in this country have been getting worse and worse and as much worse as motors can make them. For there's nothing like a motor-car to make bad roads worse; just as there's nothing like a motor-car to make a good road worth while.

If only the good roads people could hold a parallel exhibition and a convention while the motor show is going on; if the farmers could convene in an adjacent building; then we should get the idea that motors and motorists and motor-manufacturers are not merely the other side of civilization, but a very essential and constructive part of it.

There is no doubt that the makers of motor-cars are the last word in modernizing civilization. But at present they are too far ahead of the game to suit many of us. They are an aristocracy of progress. The proud and smiling salesman or the manufacturer himself speaks to you genially and invitingly; but he talks like the high priest of progress when he makes you feel that the common biped man is a mere circumstance and a relic of the dark ages before anything more modern than a railway was invented for the purpose of getting over the ground.

A Change in British Opinion

WHEN the "centralist" doctrine of "one navy" for the Empire first came to the front, there was little said in England in opposition to it. The newspapers waited quietly to see just how the over-seas dominions viewed this reversal of the decisions of various imperial conferences. This was wise. It was possible that the Dominions had changed their mind. Had this been the case, the British journalists and other publicists would have been forced to readjust their own views. Now that the evidence is clear that the over-seas

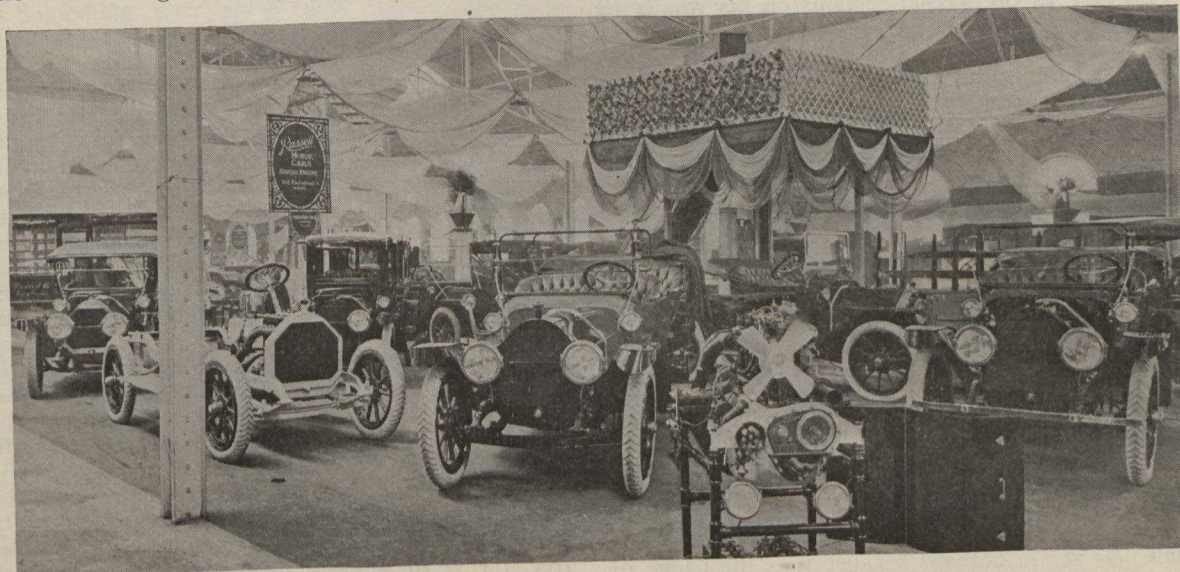


The Day of the Electric, Long Prophesied, is Almost Here. It is Most Insinuating in its Noiseless Comfort.

Dominions have not changed their attitude and that these "centralist" ideas have their origin in a clique of ultra-imperialist agitators in London, the British papers have resumed freedom of expression on the subject. The *Nation* is out with a strong argument against "centralism," and so is the *Manchester Guardian*. The latter points out that Australia's policy of having its own naval service "puts the whole strength of the nation into the fleet," whereas a "centralist" policy would have set party against party.

There is undoubtedly a strong body of public opinion in Great Britain which favours local autonomy in naval defence. It is stronger than the public opinion in favour of one North Sea fleet. The moment Germany and Britain come to understand each other, there will be a rush in favour of the Dominions undertaking to defend the outlying portions of the Empire with their own fleets, manned and controlled by themselves, but working in harmony with the general naval defence policy of the Britannic peoples as a whole.

This is the only logical outcome. The over-seas Dominions cannot be turned into tributary states without losing that strength which comes from the development of local nationality.



At the Motor Show—The Russell is Undoubtedly the "Bon-ton" of Canadian Cars.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The "Times" on the Navy

ELSEWHERE in this issue is an editorial from the London *Times* which is worthy of being preserved by every student of the naval question. The arguments in favour of immediate contribution and ultimate development of local navies are clearly and moderately stated. The *Times* recognizes that a policy of permanent contribution such as some Canadian "centralists" advocate is neither possible nor advisable.

The article also answers the false cable despatches concerning New Zealand which have appeared in Canadian newspapers. New Zealand, like Canada, looks forward to having a fleet of its own, manned by its own officers and men. So does Australia, which has already a naval college for the training of officers and men. Every over-seas Dominion is opposed to permanent contributions and is in favour of local fleets as fast as they can be built and manned.

One excellent suggestion must be emphasized. The training of officers and men must be undertaken at once if ships are to be manned seven years hence. This is a point which the Borden programme has overlooked. Instead of talking about our inability to man ships, the Borden administration should have announced its determination to push the organization of educational facilities for providing crews for the ships which are to be built during the next ten years. This is the real "emergency."

Skilled Men Required

ANOTHER article in this issue, by our Washington correspondent, shows that more than half the men on a warship are specialists. The modern complicated bundle of machinery, called a war-vessel, cannot be manned by idlers, loafers or hooligans. It must be supplied with expert mechanics, men who know much about machinery of all kinds. The men required for a Canadian fleet must be largely trained men—not fishermen. A knowledge of how to peel potatoes, coil ropes and swab decks may suffice for ten per cent. of the crew, but the ninety per cent. must know more than that. They must understand the telephone, the gasoline engine, the wireless telegraph, the delicate mechanism of gun breeches, the working of torpedo tubes, and the hundred and one delicate pieces of mechanism which give vitality and efficiency to a perfect war-vessel. A perusal of Mr. Fawcett's article will make this clear.

This article emphasizes also the need for an immediate policy of naval education, if Canada is in the near future to be of anything like the assistance it can be in the matter of Imperial defence.

A Typical Ship's Crew

THROUGH our Washington correspondent we have obtained a list of the men on the U. S. S. Connecticut for a recent week. The total complement is 845. The actual number on board was 799. During the summer there is an extra supply of commissioned officers, marine officers, and midshipmen. Of the total complement, 467 are in the seaman branch, 52 in the artificer branch, and 241 in the engine-room force. Seven special officers make the total of 845. In addition there are 64 marines. The seaman branch consists of 145 seamen of the higher grade, 233 seamen of the lower grade, and 89 petty officers—a total of 467. In the artificer branch there are 32 electricians, 6 carpenters, 6 shipwrights, 1 blacksmith, 2 plumbers, and 5 others—a total of 52. In the engine-room force there are 24 machinist's mates, 20 water-tenders, 2 boiler-makers, 3 blacksmiths, 2 copper-smiths, 20 oilers, 80 firemen, and 90 coal-passers—a total of 241.

A study of these figures shows that there are 468 men, ordinary seamen and coal-passers, who may be classed as unskilled labour or men in training. The remainder of the 845 men are trained experts. This would indicate that about fifty per cent. of the men in the navy are mechanics and officers. The other fifty per cent. are ordinary seamen.

This supports our contention that the men required in the British navy to-day are not wastrels and loafers, but the very best class of trained citizens. Canada cannot expect to man a navy by drawing

on her fishermen only. A modern navy requires skilled men of several classes, and the training of these men for the future Canadian navy should begin now and be carried on assiduously so that we may be prepared to man a fleet when it is deemed advisable that we should have one. This trained force would also be available for British ships if a naval war should occur before they are required for a navy of our own.

The End of the Debate

AS the naval debate grows to a close, the results may be summarized. When Mr. Borden, as opposition leader, moved an amendment to the Laurier naval programme, he advocated giving Britain cash to purchase or build two Dreadnoughts. When, as Premier, he brought in his navy resolution, he modified that policy and made it "ships, not cash." This was a considerable improvement over his earlier idea.

Again, when Mr. Borden and his followers first began to talk on the navy question, in November, it was quite evident that they were prepared for permanent contributions. Therefore they were at first disinclined to put any stress upon the clause in the proposed agreement with the Admiralty which gives Canada the right to withdraw the three Dreadnoughts for a Canadian navy if this should be found desirable at some future date. Later they emphasized the value of this clause, showing that they have since found out that Canada is likely to have a navy of its own some time.

Again, there have been signs on both sides of the House that the members realize this is a question which might better have been settled on a non-partisan basis. If this realization is deep enough in the minds of even a few, the future of the navy situation will be improved. No question of national and imperial importance may be settled on a partisan basis. If Canada is to have a navy of her own, the plan must receive the general support of both parties. There may be differences of opinion on details, but not on the general principle.

After all, the contribution of the three Dreadnoughts is only an incident, as is the giving of a Dreadnought by New Zealand. The discussion of the project and its effect upon the public mind are more important. Many a man has been forced by this discussion to make up his mind on a subject to which he had given little attention before, and the result must be satisfactory to those who are, like the CANADIAN COURIER, for "a Canadian navy first, last and all the time."

The Stefansson Flag

MONDAY morning's *Mail and Empire* announced in large type that Stefansson "Will Fly Canadian Flag in Exploring Expedition." This will be news for Sir Joseph Pope, who says Canadians have no flag, and for the Rt. Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Secretary of State for the Colonies, whose official letter of May last to the Governor-General lays down the rule that Canadians are not to be allowed to fly the Red Ensign on land.

So long as Stefansson remains on his whaler he can fly the Canadian flag, but he cannot legally take his Canadian flag from the boat to the land. If the whaler returns to Victoria, B.C., while Mr. Stefansson pursues his investigations ashore in the Arctic, Mr. Stefansson will be without his Canadian flag until the boat returns. I forget what Captain Bernier did in like circumstances when he was asserting Canada's sovereignty in and around Hudson Bay and Hudson Straits. My impression is that I have seen a picture of a Canadian Red Ensign floating on top of a cairn raised by the doughty sailor who commanded the *Arctic*.

Of course, it may be that Premier Borden has had special permission from Sir Joseph Pope and Rt. Hon. Mr. Harcourt to fly the Canadian flag in the Arctic Circle. He probably is sufficiently *au fait* with these gentlemen to get this special privilege. I should advise him also to get special permission from the head office of the I. O. D. E. These Daughters of the Empire are very particular about the flag that is flown. They do not favour the Canadian flag at all, perhaps because it is the badge of "colonialism."

Or it may be that the second "centralist" news-

paper organ missed a step and intended to say that Stefansson would plant the flag of England, Scotland and Ireland in the Arctic Circle. This reference to a Canadian flag which does not exist may be merely a mistake of the news editor.

Straws in the Wind

THAT 1913 is to be another record year is evident. The price of money may be high, but the work of building railways, cities and towns will proceed apace. Last year the three large railway corporations carried out the work of constructing 2,000 miles of track and making other improvements with a total outlay of thirty millions. This year the miles of track to be built will be about seven hundred greater and the total expenditure about ten millions larger.

It is true this railway expenditure is not more than was expended in buildings in Winnipeg and Toronto last year, but it will be spread over the whole country and affect prosperity everywhere. It is also a barometer of other expenditures on construction work.

The latest immigration figures show that last year's influx of new settlers was larger by 50,000 or 60,000 than in 1911. The general feeling is that in 1913, the total immigration will total 500,000. If this be realized, then all kinds of business must show a further expansion this year. A country is never so prosperous as when it is providing for rapid increases in population.

The total foreign trade of Canada in January was \$75,871,000, an increase of more than twelve million dollars as compared with January, 1912. The increase, unfortunately, was entirely in imports, but it shows how the buying power of the country is keeping up. However, for the ten months ending January 31st, exports show an increase of over fifty millions, which is eminently satisfactory.

The Future of Mexico

FRANCISCO MADERO won the presidency of Mexico by the sword and lost it by the same influence, which recalls the words of an ancient soothsayer. His downfall was accomplished by two of his own officers, General Huerta and General Blanquet, who arrested him when he refused to resign after nine days unsuccessful fighting against the Diaz forces. Huerta was proclaimed provisional president, but General Felix Diaz is the real power. Francisco de la Barra is premier.

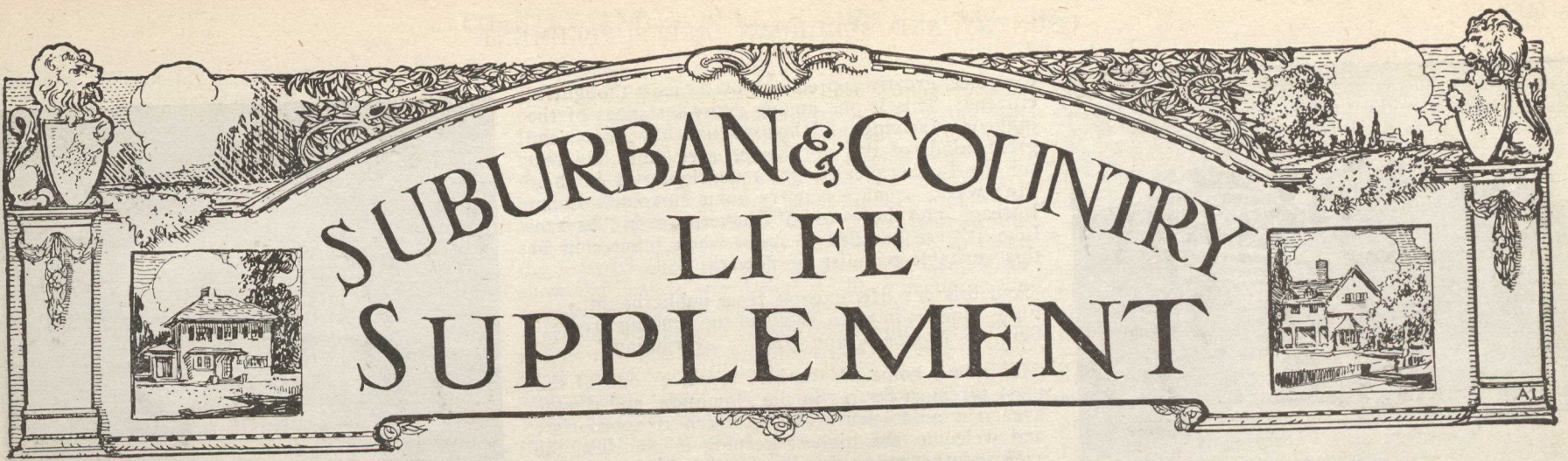
While the revolution is not unusual for a Latin country, the shooting of Gustavo Madero, brother and political lieutenant of the late president, and later the killing of President Madero himself, indicates that the ethics and humane standards of Mexico are not improving. It would be unfortunate if the United States were forced to establish a protectorate over Mexico, but at present there seems no other solution of the difficulty. The situation is somewhat analogous to those of India and Egypt, and of Cuba and the Philippines. The English-speaking peoples may be bitterly partisan in their political contests, but they settle their disputes without the employment of knives and pistols. In this respect the Anglo-Saxon peoples are a century or two in advance of the Latin races.

Mexico is a great and rich country. If the people were placed under the guardianship of the United States for twenty-five years, a generation might arise which would understand the value of constitutional government and the value of that justice which regards all men as free and equal.

The Defence of Miller

MOST of us will regret that Mr. Pugsley thought it advisable to defend Mr. R. C. Miller, of Montreal, for his refusal to give information to the public accounts committee. He admitted having paid \$41,000 to secure government contracts and he should have told to whom the money was paid. His excuse, that it might affect litigation pending in Montreal, was not valid under the circumstances. Either parliament is supreme or it is not. If it is, then its rights over-ride Mr. Miller's.

In any case Mr. Pugsley went rather too far in his defence. He made it appear to the country that the Liberal party was concerned in "hushing" the information. Sir Wilfrid Laurier maintains the right of parliament to hold Mr. Miller until he gives the necessary information, and his attitude relieves the situation somewhat. Nevertheless, no political party can afford to seem to be, even in the slightest degree, trying to shield a man who is charged with having made payments to public servants or even to agents of campaign funds.



SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

Beinn Bhreagh

The Country Home of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, at Baddeck

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL is one of the most interesting figures in Canada and in the world of science. He was twenty-three years of age when his father crossed the Atlantic and joined the staff of Queen's University, Kingston. The father was the inventor of visible speech for the use of deaf mutes and had done considerable experimenting with the human voice. The son went farther and experimented in the transmission of the human voice by electricity. This led to the younger man's appointment as Professor of Vocal Physiology in Boston University. Part of his time was spent in Boston and part in Brantford, Ont. His early experiments with the telephone were made in Brantford, because it was easier there to maintain secrecy. In 1876 he took out his first United States patent. There are many people in Brantford who remember the first exhibition of the telephone made by Dr. Bell. The Hon. George Brown used to tell how he could have bought a big interest in the patent for a small sum.

Dr. Bell has done more than invent the telephone. He has been intensely interested in aerial craft and invented the "Tetrahedron," a machine constructed on the tetrahedral kite principle—a kite structure working as a flying-machine under motor power. Most of his experiments in this direction have been made at Baddeck, in Nova Scotia, and the flying was done over the waters of the Bras d'Or Lake. However, the Tetrahedron has not been as great a success as some of the other aerial craft. The following article describes Dr. Bell's Baddeck home:

WHEN Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell selected Baddeck, on the Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton, as their summer home, they paid a tribute to the beauty of this inland sea, which has reflected on their taste and love of nature.

Something over twenty-five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Bell purchased a splendid estate, on the Bras d'Or Lake, comprising over a thousand acres of land known now as "Beinn Bhreagh," Gaelic for beautiful mountain. This estate occupies a unique position, being a magnificent headland, jutting out into the lake, guarding as it were the entrance to the town.

Visitors to Baddeck, by water, will immediately be attracted to the dignified and stately home erected on the point of this headland and easily observed as one enters Baddeck Harbour. A great outlay of skill and money has converted this estate into a veritable beauty spot. Over ten miles of smooth, hard surface roads have been constructed on the headland, leading to the most picturesque spots on it, enabling visitors to secure a view of the Bras d'Or Lake from many points. The finest driveway on the estate

By MAUD MacKENZIE

curves up the mountain side, giving a varied panorama, until finally the Tetrahedral Tower surmounting the headland is reached, and, spread out before the eye of the beholder, is a view of forest, lake and glen, never to be forgotten by those for-

fortunate enough to have beheld it.

The Tetrahedral Tower referred to was constructed some years ago, under the direction of F. W. Baldwin, B.Sc., of Toronto, who is in charge of the laboratories at "Beinn Bhreagh," and was built in order to demonstrate the strength of tetrahedral cells, used in connection with experiments.

The laboratories and workshops on the estate comprise a community in themselves, and are veritable beehives of industry, where local workmen are employed under the direction of Mr. Baldwin. These buildings are situated nearly half a mile from the point of the headland, and near the waters of the Bras d'Or, where experiments in flying have been successfully conducted.

It was from this vantage point that J. A. D. McCurdy, a Baddeck boy, made his record of the first aerial flight in Canada, thereby distinguishing himself as an aviator. This flight was made in the "Silver Dart," Drome No. 4, over the ice on Baddeck Harbour, March 8th, 1909.

During the summer months, when "Beinn Bhreagh" is occupied by Dr. and Mrs. Bell, the most delightful hospitality is dispensed there, and fortunate indeed are the visitors to Baddeck who have the *entree* to this suburban retreat of these distinguished people. On meeting Dr. Bell, one is immediately impressed with the dignity and simplicity of his manner.

MRS. BELL—formerly Miss Mabel G. Hubbard, daughter of the distinguished diplomat, the late Hon. Gardiner Greene Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass.—has enjoyed the distinction of wide education under the best masters and through years of foreign travel. A highly cultured and sympathetic woman, who has entered into the life of the Baddeck people and endeavoured to enlarge the outlook of its residents. Some years ago, Mrs. Bell established a sewing school in Baddeck, where the young girls of the town were taught the different branches of needle-work, free of charge, by teachers brought from abroad, and supplied by Mrs. Bell.

To-day the handiwork of this school can be traced throughout Canada and the United States.

"Gertrude Hall," containing the public library of Baddeck, is also a tribute to Mrs. Bell's generosity, where she maintains a free reading-room and has given an endowment fund in memory of her father, from the interest of which fund, books on travel, science, etc., are purchased for the public library. A "Young Ladies' Club" has also been founded by Mrs. Bell, and is now entering on the twenty-second year of its existence. This club is devoted to literature, art, etc., and is a great promoter of sociability in the town. The coming of Dr. and Mrs. Bell to Baddeck has been an uplift to



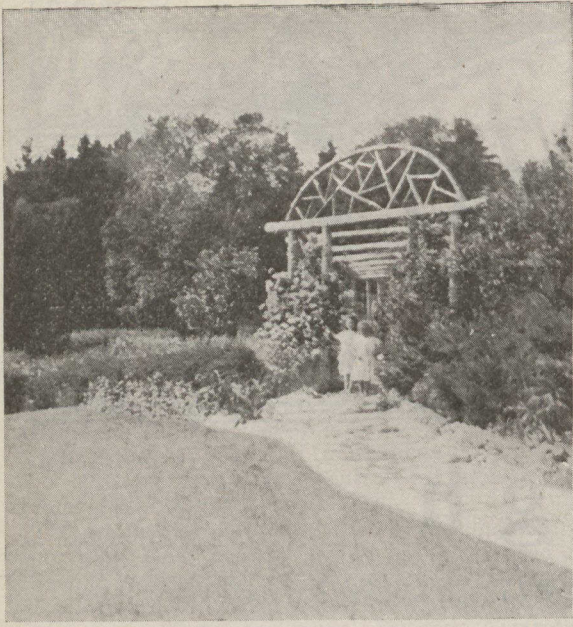
The First Aerial Flight in Canada Was Made by J. A. D. McCurdy in His Aeroplane, the "Silver Dart," on March 8, 1909, at Dr. Bell's Country Home on Bras d'Or Lake.



Beinn Bhreagh Hall, Residence of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell at Baddeck, C.B.



Gardens at "Beinn Bhreagh," Showing Sun Dial and Rose Pergola.

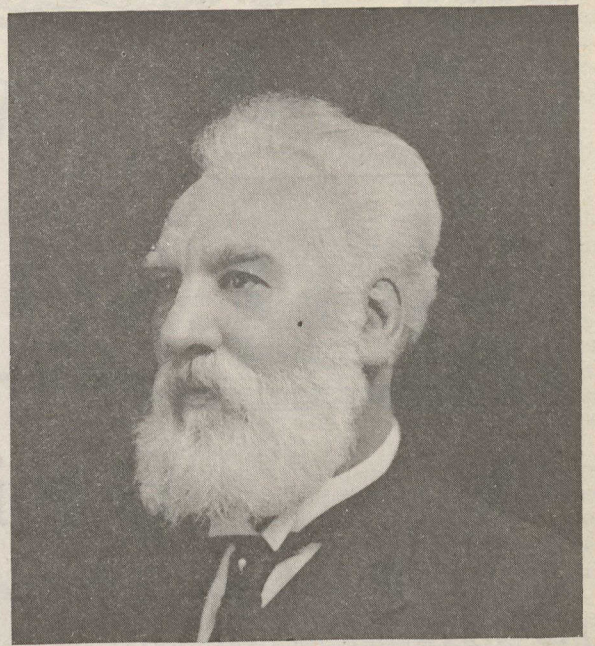


Entrance to Rose Pergola at Beinn Bhreagh.

the place, greatly appreciated by its most thoughtful citizens. This is one among many instances of the influence farming and horticulture have upon the great minds of the world, who seek quiet and rest for the furtherance of great developments in their life's work. Such a country home surrounds Beinn Bhreagh, and the words of Shakespeare in "As You Like It" are recalled to mind when sauntering in this veritable paradise of flowers:

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

This is a home, in the best sense, of one of the most foremost figures in the Dominion, and though a certain wild beauty exists, which is appropriate and welcome, the highest keeping is manifest, the wild and the cultured going hand in hand towards the realization of a perfect art. This sumptuous beauty has not been brought about without the exercise of a thoughtful mind, and therefore in the making of an estate there is a wholesome recreation from the great problems that beset the leaders in the world of science or any other engrossing pursuit. A few hours' ramble in such lovely gardens as this are hours never to be forgotten. They remain one of life's pleasantest memories, these hours amongst the flowers, rare and beautiful.



Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, Physiologist, and Inventor of the Telephone.

The Foundation of All Gardening

By A. H. SCOTT, M.A.

President Ontario Horticultural Association

TO write on gardening at this season of the year might seem to some Canadians to be getting to business rather early. But readers of the CANADIAN COURIER will call to mind that we had begun with the first issue of the new year. "Horticulture and the New Year," in the fourth of January issue, was not a day before the right time.

This article is written so that one bird may set others chirping. We know how it will be in the morning, shortly. About the time that the morning star in the firmament will be making the announcement that the sun is to appear you will hear a tuneful note from one bird in the branches. The mate of number one will respond. Then it will appear as if competitive song were begun between the two. This rivalry will mark the prelude for a bestirring of every wing, and listening man will hear the winged minstrels as they make the grove vocal.

As the days begin to lengthen, and the sun already gives indications of coming heat, these lines would court the blessings belonging to the bird that leads the choir.

It is quite true that one can cross the water from Montreal to Liverpool without an understanding of the mechanism, in the steamship's hold, that drives the screw. At the same time it will add to the intelligence and profit of travel if one knows a little about ice-bergs, and the gulf stream, and the ocean chart, and the mariner's compass. We can get a wireless message to our friends in Ireland without either an introduction to Marconi or detailed knowledge concerning the towering structure at Glace Bay. But it will make us more comfortable in the presence of intelligent people, and more satisfied with ourselves, if, in using the new agency of the times, we understand something of the air, and the currents of the air, and the provision made by Providence for aerial communication between man and man.

If a man has been growing forty bushels of wheat upon an acre of his land, and, after he has kept cropping constantly, he finds that that acre will now produce no more than five, or six, or seven, the intelligence of the day has little sympathy with that man if he says that he cannot explain why such a change has come about in the productivity of his ground.

If a person has a piece of land that, ten years ago, would grow little but weeds and nettles, but now furnishes everything requisite for the table of a cultured household, the explanation of that change, apart from the intelligence of the gardener, comes largely from altered conditions in the soil.

The foundation of all gardening is the soil. They told me in Holland that some of the pile-based structures went as deep underground as their tops rose above the surface. And it is a common saying that there is as much of certain trees under, as above, ground. At any rate there must be deep foundations if there are to be high walls, substantial rooting if there are to be great growths, and proper soil as the foundation for successful horticulture.

It may be that a considerable percentage of those who have a practical interest in the soil are as unable to tell what are its chemical constituents as

they are to discourse upon the internal mechanism of a Waltham watch. But there is no one who would be a successful tiller of the ground but would be improved in every way by having a good understanding of that thing which we call "Soil," into which he commits his precious seed, in expectation of a return.

It is coming far short to define soil by saying that it is dust, when it is dry; and when wet, mud. It is often shooting far beyond the mark to define it in the highly technical terms coined by science.



Window Boxes and Flower Border Artistically Combined to Decorate the Window of a Railway Station. This Photograph Was Taken Last Autumn at the C.P.R. North Toronto Station.

Science has its language that is not understandable to many a one who knows more about producing from the soil than the average scientist does. But true science, like good sense, is fond of simplicity.

If we were saying that "soil is rotten subsoil," and that "subsoil is rotting rock," we would be giving a scientific definition that the most of men who have an interest in soil could and should understand. To get to the past of some things is to beget interest in the present and future of more things. Generally speaking, our bit of soil is that top layer of material in our field or garden, say seven inches thick, into which we cast our seeds or tubers, and expect that they will take root, and ramify, and derive properties that will cause them to develop into fruitage and harvest.

I have a friend who is a geologist. I said to him one day—"If I were asking you to tell me, in about five minutes' speaking, how the soil in your part of America was furnished for the market gardeners and farmers, who operate there, what would your answer be?"

The answer indicated that my friend knows theology as well as geology, and confirms a view that I have long entertained, that unless a man gives God first place in his thought he is not a safe man to conduct us through any branch of science or industry.

These are not his sentences verbatim, but this is his trend and the substance of his reply:

"You remember," he said, "that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." That is a great, isolated, majestic statement. It is the first sentence in literature. And the next sentence in literature expresses a thing that may be millions or billions of years separated from this great, first, independent declaration. There came a period when creation assumed chaotic form. Heat produced molten matter, molten matter was accompanied by gases. This planet of ours, in the course of convulsion, was driven from the heat, and the cooling process produced rock-crust. Time and conditions made that crust thicker, as frost and winter conditions make ice thicker. When the crust became so thick that the internal heat was prevented from working through it, and when water would be retained on the outside of it, conditions became favourable for plants to grow upon it. The growths of those primeval times may not have been the growths of our times, although the conditions that then obtained paved the way for conditions that obtained later. Every thing in soil has come from rock, or air, or both combined. Rocks change into soils. Soils, as in the case of sandstone and conglomerates, change back into rocks. The crushing of rocks, primarily or secondarily, is the beginning of usable soil. Usable soil is not always crushed rock alone. Threshed wheat is food, but food is not threshed wheat alone. For food we must have the miller and the cook; and for soil that will bring forth fruit we must have what is commonly termed the agencies of nature.

My friend went on to tell me that his home was in a rolling district, say, between three hundred and four hundred miles south of Port Arthur and Fort William. Where there are hills there are sure to

be valleys, and not far from rolling lands you will find flat areas. The explanation of this lies in the action of the glacier, and the erosion of the stream. In by-gone days the ice from the far north came down along the line of Hudson Bay. Exerting a pressure of 40 pounds per square inch, ice a hundred feet in thickness would have tremendous crushing power. If the thickness were ten times a hundred what a pulverizing process there would be. Sometimes there would be sufficient resistance on the earth's surface to impede the progress of the ice in the glacial period. Then, through melting, hills would be formed, and rivers would be produced. Streams would make their way along lines of least resistance. Erosion would take place. Land would be eaten into. Deposits would be formed. A hundred varying conditions of earth surface might be found within an area of less than half that many square miles.

The history of soils starts questionings about the handling of soils. The gardener in Essex and Kent is no unfailing guide for the gardener in Stormont, Dundas or Glengarry. Across the line fence may be a field on the neighbour's farm that requires treatment different from the field on my farm. And the garden at the other end of the town may call for handling different from that which you are

accustomed to at your end.

Canadian people require to think things out in order to cope with Canadian conditions in the soil. It is inspiring to hear about what they do in England, and in Denmark, and in Pennsylvania; but we are not living in any of these places. We live in a better country, some of us think. And while we read and learn about what they get from the soil in these places we have to learn how to make the most of our little section of soil in Canada, to show the outside world that we have begun at the foundations in our gardening.

Moving ice in years gone by, moving water then and now, winds, and gravity, and variations in temperature, effects of organic matter, the action of animals and plants, the chemical action of air and water are factors with intelligent gardeners in determining the nature of their possession.

In some parts of the British Isles the vegetable mould on a single acre of land represents ten tons of earth that has passed through the bodies of worms. The worm is in many places the gardener's best friend.

If during February and March all people who expect to do something with soil during the coming season would note three things well, we would have real incentive in Canadian gardening:

1. If they would realize that soil has history, and then read, mark and inwardly digest soil record, there would be a quickening of intelligence that would get vent in improved gardening. Then the finding out of the how and why of doing this and that next May would lead on to increasingly satisfying results in September.

2. If every one who is possessed of one area of soil were conscious that he is possessed of that area multiplied by three he would then realize a sense of substantial riches. This consciousness is obtainable as the man or woman understands that under the soil is a subsoil that ministers its richness to garden growth, when the surface soil is intelligently handled. And, further, above the surface is God's atmosphere that imparts not only ozone to the breath of life, but also nourishment and vitality to every well-tended plant.

3. And if it were kept in mind that in the preparation of soil, and more especially in the cultivation of it, after the seed has been committed to it, the triple ambition should be to secure aeration, to conserve moisture, and to perfect drainage, there would be increasing pleasure in the most historic employment of man, and multiplied reward from the labour of the tiller's hand.

Wholesome Vegetables and Their Culture

Good Vegetables are Much Sought For in Canada, and Advice Upon the Best Ways of Growing Them

By GEO. BALDWIN

NONE of the products of the garden have a greater value than vegetables, if these are cooked and eaten while fresh; if, however, their transit from the garden to the table is delayed, as inevitably it must be when the vegetables have to pass through the hands of several dealers before they finally reach the consumer, they lose some at least of their good qualities. There is no comparison, either as regards their palatableness or health-giving qualities, between vegetables freshly gathered and those that have passed through the hands of the grower and the wholesale salesman and are finally bought from the green-grocer. Every one, then, who has a garden, should devote at least a part of it to the cultivation of vegetables; he will be the gainer thereby in more ways than one. While the value of fresh, home-grown vegetables cannot be too strongly impressed upon the public mind, it must not be forgotten that they are easily spoiled by bad cooking.

As a rule seed catalogues, and, in fact, writers on the above subject, will tell you that you must have a certain soil for this vegetable and another for that, but as the average city back gardener is not in a position to get a hundred loads of loam (at from \$1.25 to \$2 per load) put into his back yard, he must make the best use of what he has got.

If you have a heavy clay soil it will pay to get two or three loads of sand, and a couple of loads of manure, or if it should be of a sandy nature, try and get a few loads of loam and all the manure possible. The next thing is to cultivate deeply, which, if possible, should be done in the fall, for the reason that root vegetables, such as Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, Onions and Potatoes, prefer soil that has settled itself, whereas such vegetables as Peas, Beans, Lettuce, Cabbage and Corn prefer soil that has recently been turned over.

During the winter months plan your garden on paper, and in the early spring get the seed catalogue, pick out and order early what varieties you require, and if you are fortunate enough to have a small hot-bed, so much the better, for then you will be able to have earlier as well as better vegetables and will be able to have a succession of crops.

If you have a hot-bed, get it in shape and ready for planting seeds on April 1st, putting in such as Lettuce, Onions, Beets, Tomatoes, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery and Melons, all of which take kindly to transplanting, providing the plants are strong and sturdy. Be sure to give the frame abundance of fresh air on fine days, and do not let the seedlings dry out. If you have not time to bother with a frame, sow the seeds in the garden, or buy the plants from one of our seedsmen. Where possible, run the rows north and south, and from fifteen to eighteen inches apart, according to requirements, and a good plan to follow is to place low-growing vegetables, such as Lettuce, Radish, Cucumbers, Beets, Carrots, etc., nearest the house, followed by those that grow a little taller, such as Celery, Potatoes, Peas, Beans, Cabbage, etc.; then come the Tomatoes and Peas growing up sticks, and finally the Corn at the bottom of the garden.



Density in Vegetable Growing in a Small Suburban Garden. A Prize Was Taken on Every Vegetable Produced in This Garden.



Showing How to Cover an Unsightly Fence With Tomato, Squash and Grape Vines.

Be sure to have something growing up the fences, such as Scarlet Runners, Grape Vines, Ornamental Tomatoes, or even Squash, all of which will give good results if given a little attention and training; they also have a tendency to keep the garden cool, during the very hot season. Besides covering up the unsightly fence.

While the average back garden could not begin to accommodate all the vegetables enumerated in this article, tastes differ, some wanting one kind and some another. The vegetables of which cultural directions are given are in alphabetical order, leaving the prospective gardener to the choice of kinds, and to his own judgment of grading the foliage according to height, from the toothsome Radish to the indispensable tall and delicious Sweet Corn.

Just after rain is a bad time to sow seeds; it is better to wait until the ground can be raked easily. When transplanting is to be done, first wet the ground thoroughly, then it will be possible to take up a good ball of soil with the plant, and the roots will not suffer. Corn and Melons should not be cultivated deeply; the roots grow near the surface. Merely stir the soil sufficiently to make a dust mulch is all the plants require. It is most important to have sharp garden tools. Some people never think of sharpening the blade of a hoe, but it is worth while. Squashes keep best if allowed to remain on the vines as long as possible. Poultry manure is a good dressing for the vegetable garden, if scattered over the ground in spring and cultivated in, and it is particularly good for Onions. Seeds of Beets, Parsnips and Carrots germinate slowly; have patience. Generally speaking, the depth to plant should be four times the diameter of the seeds, and always make the soil firm after planting.

The only way to get vegetables of first-rate quality is to grow them oneself.

Raise your own Tomatoes, as it is largely a gamble to buy them from the grocery. Join the Toronto Horticultural Society and become a practical gardener, and assist in "Beautifying Toronto," or the town you call home.

Asparagus. If you have room and must have it, get cultural directions from a catalogue; it takes three years to get a bed in good shape. Conovers Colossal is the best.

Beans. Cultivate deeply, in a warm spot. You can continue planting for succession up to July 25. Wardwell's Kidney Wax is the best.

Beets. Sow on a hot-bed and transplant in the middle of May, or sow in rows in the garden at the beginning of May, fifteen inches apart, thinning them out to four inches apart in the rows. For succession sow at intervals until July 10. Flat Egyptian for early, Long Smooth Blood for late variety and storing.

Cabbage. Cultivate deeply and often, plant eighteen inches each way, scatter some slaked lime or sulphur around them and on the young plants. Early Jersey Wakefield and Henderson's Early Summer are the two best varieties. Drum-head for Savoys.

Carrots. Sow seed one-half inch deep in rows fifteen inches wide, thinning the plants to four inches; make the soil firm over the seeds by tramping on it. Early Nantes, Chanteny, Short Horn and Oxheart are all good.

Celery. Sow seeds on a hot-bed or buy the plants. Put the plants eight inches apart in rows eighteen inches between each. Manure the soil well and deeply, and water freely. White Plume for white, Paris Golden for yellow, Evans' Triumph for green,



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Preparing Vegetables for Exhibition.

and Rose-ribbed Paris for red, the latter being the best for winter storing.

Cucumbers. In hills three feet apart. Sow ten seeds to a hill, thinning out to the four strongest plants to a hill. Cultivate lightly but often, and do not water when the sun is shining. Long Green and White Spine are good.

Corn. Plant in rows or hills two feet apart, and let ground be dry when sowing the seed, as damp, cold ground rots the seed. Try and provide room for four rows, planting two rows of Golden Bantam, which is the earliest and best, and two rows of

Stowell's Evergreen for a late variety. Put the Bantam in front on account of its dwarf growth.

Leek. Put in one row and treat the same as Celery. Sutton's Pricetaker is the leader.

Lettuce. Sow seed in hot-bed or warm corner, and transplant into rows ten inches apart and eight inches between. Shade with cheese-cloth when transplanting. Big Boston, Boston Market and Grand Rapids are the best varieties.

Melons. Sow seeds in hot-bed, and after you have taken out all other seedlings, transplant into the same hot-bed, putting four strong plants to four feet square. Rocky Ford and Montreal Nutmeg are the best.

Onions. Start seeds on a hot-bed and transplant about May 10th into a well-manured bed in rows nine inches wide and four inches apart in the row. Weathersfield, Red, White and Yellow Southport Globes, and Yellow Globe Danvers are five of the finest varieties. Silverskin or Barletta for pickles.

Parsnips. Sow in open ground May 1st in rows fifteen inches apart. Hollow Crown is the choice, and scatter powdered sulphur around to destroy maggots.

Peas. Cultivate the ground deeply, sowing plenty of seed in rows two inches deep and fifteen inches apart. Protect young plants from the sparrows, with wire netting or cheese-cloth. Dwarf Champion is the best of low growth and Telephone of the tall section, training them up brush or wire netting.

Potatoes. If you have room put in a row each of Early Ohio, for early, and Irish Cobler, for late, planting the tubers the first week in May in rows two feet apart and eighteen inches apart in the row.

Radish. Manure well a piece of the sandiest soil in the garden and sow a row each of Scarlet White Tip, White Icicle, and Red and White Turnip. Put the rows wide enough apart to allow other rows to be sown in between for succession planting every three weeks.

Rhubarb. Find a warm corner for at least two roots each of Strawberry and Victoria. These can be obtained from seedsmen.

Squash. Train on the fences if you have no room in the garden; all varieties will do fairly well trained up. Crook-neck, Green Hubbard and Boston Marrow are the most successful.

Tomatoes. Sow seed on a hot-bed, and have good, strong plants, ready to set out May 15, two feet six inches apart each way. Remove all shoots and suckers but four, which should be trained up sticks set at an angle four feet above ground. Water copiously at the roots only, with continuous shallow cultivation. Earliana, Chalk's Early Jewel, Livingston's Coreless, and Beauty are the pick. The ornamental varieties are well worth growing on the fences, as the fruit is most palatable.

Turnips. Treat the same as Beets. Snowball and Golden Ball are the two best varieties. Get one or two roots from seedsmen of the following: Mint, Parsley, Summer Savory, Thyme, and Sage. Try and lay out the grounds with a small lawn, having a four or five-foot border all around for flowers, leaving the balance for vegetables. Encourage the habit of going to bed early and getting up at 4.30 or 5 a.m. during the growing season. It is not only healthy, but the proper time for cultivating and watering. Do the planting in the evenings or on dull days, or after a rain.

The foregoing is the result of seven years' practical experience with much success, both in securing prizes and in keeping the house constantly supplied with vegetables, such as one cannot buy from pedlars or stores.

A Garden From the Woods

By E. T. COOK

THE writer was looking through one of the excellent publications of the Toronto Horticultural Society, recently, and read with interest a short article on "A Garden from the Woods," written by Mr. A. G. H. White. In it he mentions that if it fall to you to have wide spaces in which to garden, then you can dream dreams, and make pictures to your heart's content. But if only a narrow city lot be your portion, imagination must work out something that will show your individuality. Copy as little as possible. Let your garden be a phase of you. Of course, soil is the great factor. If a heavy clay that will not drain, get the coal ashes well worked under the surface and a heavy coating of manure on top. If put on in the fall this will render the top soil easier to work with in the spring, but it takes a long time to make a clay soil friable. It has its advantages, though, because there is always moisture at the roots of things that helps them through the hot days of summer. But drainage is indispensable; otherwise

the clay packs about the roots, and no air reaching them, they rot away, and the plants die.

With soil and fences arranged to satisfy, next comes growth. If the lot is long and narrow, shorten it by putting shrubs in the corners. Group them so as to make a kind of semi-circle at the back. In these groups some of the native shrubs are very beautiful, and only need energetic hands and care to get them. The red-osier dogwood, with its rich crimson wood, dainty green, oval, deeply-veined leaves, is beautiful at all times—in the winter against the white snow, in spring just budding, in summer with its masses of white flowers, and through autumn with its heavy clusters of white berries. The Elders, both red-berried and black-berried, are also useful. The red-berried Elder blooms early, and its pyramids of creamy-white flowers are followed by groups of red berries. If planted with a black-berried Elder, which flowers

late, the large, flat flower masses of the latter, mingled with the red of the former, make an effective group, if the birds leave go the pretty fruit. The Viburnum, maple-leaved and high-brush cranberry, are beautiful shrubs. No shrubs require any care after planting, as they are used to looking out for themselves in their woodland home, and scorn wrappings and coddling. A useful note and the shrubs may be planted now.

One great point is the selection of the shrubs. An indication is given in the note of what this selection should be, but when the choice is made remember that six plants of one kind are infinitely more satisfactory than a solitary example which can never give the same rich and satisfying effect as a group, however small. A shrub of quiet beauty, it should be more liberally planted and its strong, hardy growth is a great comfort to those who live in cold climates. This is the spirea called S. Anthony Waterer, a small shrub with spreading shoots covered over late in summer with warm, crimson-coloured flowers.

A Variety of Notes

By E. T. COOK

The Tailless Dog

FASHION rules in most things that concern our domestic life and its surroundings, and this is true, too, of the animals we cherish as friends and companions. This is more noticeable perhaps in European countries than in the Dominion, but with the progress of time we presume things will be much the same here as elsewhere. A delightful dog that is winning many friends is the Schipperke, which, as the name suggests, is of Dutch origin. It is not only interesting in itself, a saucy, fat, tumbling, alert little fellow, but has an interesting history. Those who have visited Holland will recall the noisy black "Schipperkes," doing their duty on the barges, and barking furiously at almost every sound. My experience tells me it is not "snappy," though all dog fanciers are not agreed upon this point. It certainly makes a disturbance, and in this no uncertain disturbance lies the safeguard of one's property. A well-known authority writes of it as follows: "The tail originally curled over the back, and this caudal appendage has only become suppressed through the mating of successive generations of tailless specimens. The absence of a tail is not constant; therefore, when Schipperkes are born with such, the tail should be removed as closely as possible to the root, soon after birth."

Two clubs have been formed to promote the breeding and improvement of this race. The English one was formed in 1890, and has been the means of greatly increasing an interest in the companionable little pets, and the Belgian is naturally well supported. The rules of both require the colour to be black, but white and chocolate coloured dogs are not unknown, and will probably be recognized in the future. Their weight should be 12 lbs., and one of the most important points is upright ears. —A Schipperke Fancier.

Destruction of Wild Flowers

AT a recent meeting of the Toronto Horticultural Society the chairman, at the request of several members, passed a vote authorizing the formation of a deputation to the Parks Commissioner relating to the serious destruction of wild flowers within a few miles of such large cities as Toronto. We have been convinced from constant observation that such a course should have been taken long ago, and not only with respect to wild flowers, but wild life generally. It is positively sickening to see the wanton destruction that is daily taking place, and in a short time even the beautiful raccoon will be extinct. People with as much sense as a turtle dig and scrape up flowers without a thought of their beauty or the pleasure they give to others. Such destruction should be made a penal offence.

Hedges For Defence

THE planting season is approaching and to obtain the fulfilment of orders at the right time they must be sent in at once. A vexed question frequently is, "What is the most useful hedge for the field and garden?" and to this we may answer as follows in the words of the well-known nurserymen, Messrs. Stone & Wellington: Hedges are valuable to fence animals, as well as wind-breaks, or shelter belts, to protect orchards, gardens or farms, unduly exposed, and as ornamental fences or screens to mark the boundaries of a lawn or cemetery lot.

For Ornament.—The flowering shrubs are ornamental hedge plants par excellence. Among them Spiraea Van Houttei is particularly desirable on account of its vigorous and hardy growth and its flowering habit, and with it we are growing largely Russian Olive (*Elaeagnus Angustifolia*) and Caragana, particularly for planting in the cold north-western parts of the Dominion, these three kinds being exceptionally well adapted for planting in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The common Privet and Californian Privet are the most popular hedge plants. The

Japan Privet is particularly desirable on account of its handsome foliage. The common Barberry, *Berberis Thunbergi*, *Spiraea Anthony Waterer* and *Spiraea Callosa Alba* are particularly desirable for hedges.

For Wind-Breaks and Shelter Belts.—For planting in belts to afford protection from violent winds, concealing unsightly objects or views, would recommend Norway Spruce, Austrian and Scotch Pine. Their robust, healthy, and dense growth are characteristics not easily obtained in evergreens. American Arbor Vitae is particularly valuable for shelter or screens for the Canadian Northwest, and prairie country. Cottonwoods, Russian Poplars, Manitoba Maples, when planted young, will in a very few years' time, make valuable wind-breaks and shelter belts, besides providing valuable timber for fuel.

For Defensive Hedges.—For turning cattle, and as a farm hedge for general purposes, the Honey Locust is the most valuable. It is of vigorous growth, perfectly hardy, thrives with ordinary care, and is sufficiently thorny to be impenetrable. It bears the shears with impunity, and can be grown in any desired form.

Directions for Setting.—Evergreens must be handled with care so as not to allow the roots to become dried by the wind. Plants for hedges should be placed about twelve inches apart; larger sized plants will require more space. Privet, Honey Locust, and Osage Orange are generally planted in double rows about nine inches apart. Other deciduous shrubs for hedges should be planted about twelve inches apart.

The Planning of Streets

IN the planning of streets the most important consideration is naturally their width. This is pointed out by Mr. Inigo Triggs in his excellent work on "Town Planning," wherein he writes: The width of streets must depend first of all on the claims of the traffic to be accommodated, and until the amount of this traffic is known and allowance made for the probable future increase, it is useless for authorities to lay down hard and fast rules to apply to all new streets. In the case of a gradient, for example, where all horse-drawn traffic will proceed at walking pace, whilst mechanical traffic will go much faster, it would not be right to apply the same rules as in the case of a road on the level. In main thoroughfares the width desirable may be 150 feet or more, whilst in by streets the width may sometimes be reduced to 25 feet. One of the worst features of English cities is the narrowness of the majority of the streets, and as traffic increases it becomes more and more apparent that the minimum width hitherto considered sufficient by the authorities will have to be considerably increased.

A Shrub for All Gardens

A SHRUB that flowers from summer until frost puts a stop to growth and bloom is a spiraea called spiraea Anthony Waterer. It is gratifying to find that it is becoming much grown in the Dominion, and unquestionably it is one of the most useful of dwarf shrubs, especially for the small garden, because it makes a bushy growth, crowned for many weeks with flat-shaped clusters of crimson flower, more full of colour from their association with dull green foliage. Plant it in groups, and then a soft shimmering haze of colour is seen in its fullness.

This spiraea is just one of those uncommon plants that rarely fail, and when planted near dark coloured maples the contrast is richly effective. It is not a species, that is, not a native of any country, but a sport, i.e., one of those mysterious breakaways from the parent (*S. Bumalda*) which has lighter coloured flowers. It occurred in the beautiful nursery garden of Mr. Anthony Waterer, Knaphill, Woking, England, and is named after him. I was one of the first to see it, and little thought that the shrub would become in the course of a few years almost world-famous. It is im-



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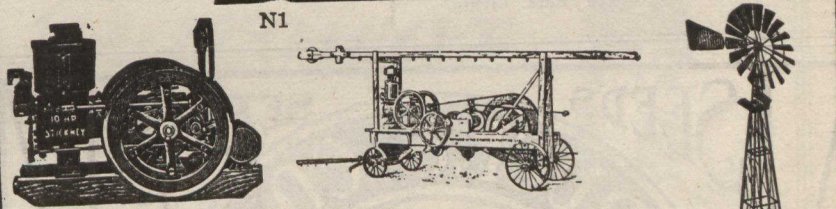
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Reaping Rewards from Resolutions

By FRANKLIN O. KING

Do You Remember That Old Story about Robert Bruce and the Spider? Robert was hiding in a cave. His enemies had him "in the hole," temporarily, so to speak, as it were. While reflecting on the rocky road to royalty, Robert, the Bruce, espied a spider spinning his web over the entrance to the cavern. Nine times did the spider swing across the opening in a vain attempt to effect a landing, but the tenth time he touched the home plate, and Robert, admiring the persistence of the insect, cried out loud—"Bravo," two or three times, one right after the other. Shortly after that Bruce got busy and captured a kingdom.

All of this preamble is intended to point a moral, which is—"If at first you don't succeed, slap on more steam, and sand the track." In this connection I want to inquire about your new year's resolutions, and to ask if you have kept the faith, and if not—why not? I believe the pathway to prosperity is paved with good resolutions. Therefore, let us resolve, and keep resolving until victory is perched on our banners. Remember, you have fought many a victorious Waterloo that the world knows nothing about. The man who gets up every time he falls down will some day cease to be a "fall guy." Good resolutions will be rewarded with rich realizations, and it shall follow as the night the day.

How much better off are you than last year, or the year before that? Perhaps your wages are a little higher, but have not your expenses more than kept pace with that increase? Aren't you paying a little more for your clothes and your meals, and don't you smoke more expensive cigars and more of them than formerly? If it isn't cigars, it may be something else—some more expensive habit.

A man begins to go down hill at forty, and the time may come when a younger man—perhaps a cheaper man—will fill your job. The man who looks ahead will prepare himself for that time by getting a home. My advice to you, therefore, is to get a home while you are able to do so—and begin now. I would further advise you to get a home in the Gulf Coast country of Texas.

Since investigating conditions in the rain belt of Gulf Coast Texas, I have no fear of old age or poverty, because I know I can take up a few acres down there and be absolutely independent. I am firmly convinced that with average intelligence and average industry, any man who is now working his head off in the north to make a bare living,

where they snatch one crop between snowstorms and blizzards, can soon lay up a nice bank account in the WINTER GARDEN OF AMERICA. Come to the land of least resistance, where you can grow three big money-making crops a year on the same soil and without a dollar's worth of expense for irrigation or fertilization.

I believe you could save twenty-five cents a day if you tried. I know you would try if you realized that our growers of figs, strawberries and early vegetables clear a net profit of \$300 to \$500 an acre. Men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre growing oranges in our country. Remember that our early vegetables get to northern markets in mid-



Two Texas Gulf Coast Products.

winter and early spring, when they command top prices. One German truck grower on adjoining lands last spring realized nearly \$500 from three-fourths of an acre of strawberries. You could do as well if you only tried, and on a ten-acre tract find FINANCIAL FREEDOM.

The biggest price paid for a car of watermelons on the Houston Market last year was \$140. The car was shipped by the Danbury Fruit and Truck Growers' Association. We are situated within convenient shipping distance of three good railroads and in addition to this have the inestimable advantages of water transportation through the splendid harbours of Galveston and Velasco, so that our freight rates are cut practically in

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"Please send me your book, 'Independence With Ten Acres.'"

mensely popular in England, and decorates many gardens in the Dominion.

Autumn vs. Spring Planting

IT seems to be a much debated question whether fall or spring planting is the most suitable, but, as in most other things in life, everything depends upon circumstances. When planting has to be hurried in the fall it is wiser to wait until the spring. The writer has seen great losses occur, almost sufficient to build a mansion, through absolute indifference to the correct season for planting. Makers of gardens and parks have much to learn yet.

A shrub, tree, or perennial flower is a living thing, and a little forest of firs on a large estate not far from Toronto would not have failed so utterly if they had been planted in spring. Evergreens should not be set out in the fall. Large trees may be transferred from one place to another in winter when the soil is sufficiently frozen to allow the planting to be done with ample soil about the roots.

Middle-aged trees and shrubs require the most skillful management to transplant them aright, especially when they have to be taken some distance by road or rail. In most cases the cheaper plan is to buy young trees which may be purchased at a reasonable price.

E. T. C.

Treatment of Hollow Trees

THE following note by one of the most accomplished arboriculturists, W. J. Bean, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, England, should interest tree lovers in this country. It appeared recently in the "Kew Bulletin," the official journal of that world-famous institution:

"In most instances decayed hollows in trees have their origin in snags left by branches broken off that have broken back into the trunk because the new bark has not been able to grow over and seal up the wound. Branches removed by danger of being broken off by wind or accident should always be sawn off close to the trunk, and the sawn surface should then be coated over with ordinary coal-tar. If a snag or a stump is left, the bark cannot grow over it; damp, fungoid parasites and decay sooner or later follow, and gradually find their way towards and eventually into the trunk. Such is the most frequent beginning of cavities in the limbs and trunks of trees. The coating of tar renewed every two or three years makes the wound water-tight, and fungus proof, its object being to serve as a temporary bark until a new natural covering is formed."

A Lilac Walk

HAS it occurred to many in this country to plant a walk lined with nothing save the fragrant lilac in its best varieties? Nothing difficult to accomplish, and the first thought should be not the soil, for the lilac will grow almost anywhere, nor the position, but whence the walk should come and whither should it go.

There may be an opportunity of creating this walk from the lawn or garden to the surrounding woodland. Here and there place a seat, forming over each an arbour of the same shrub.

Warm June days bring out those odorous flower clusters that bend the supple shoots, and the sequestered nooks are places to get away to for rest and enjoyment of one's own company.

A few bushes of the Mock Orange, called Syringa—but which should be more correctly named Philadelphia—a fragrant white flowered shrub in bloom later than the lilac should be also planted.

The "Common" Lilac is sometimes regarded as of little account because it is the most familiar, but to me the pale-hued, deliciously perfumed flowers are more beautiful than anything in full beauty during the summer months and, mingled with the white counterpart, there is a matchless association. Many will wish for more than these, and then a selection may be made from: Single—Charles the Tenth, purple red; Jacques Calot, rose pink; Ludwig Spaeth, deep purple; Marie Legroye, the most beautiful of the white lilacs, and the large flowered white alba

grandiflora, which must not be left out; double—Alphonse Levalie, soft purple; Charles Joly, intense purple red; Condorcet, lavender; Leon Simon, also a beautiful lavender shade; Madame Lemoine, the finest of the white lilacs, and President Carnot, tinged with pink, and distinguished by its profusion of flowers.

H. LOGAN, Hamilton.

The Garden Clock

Sundials.

THE garden clock of sunny climates is necessarily the companion of hours so beautiful that the mere name "sundial" is dear to those who care for gardens, for phrases, for the sun, and for the south. The best gardens are those which other ages made and "kept up," and which our own age—an unthrifty heir—has allowed to grow somewhat wild with random grass, and somewhat dry with sun. We "enter into the labours" of our fathers; not into the perfection which they prepared, but into its gentle and more beautiful ruin and undoing. And we inherit something peculiarly theirs in the ancient garden—their usually austere sundial mottoes. A modern man enjoys the bee-visited, grass-grown and fragrant paths that no gardener trims, though the man who made the paths would hardly approve them so; a modern man reads the warnings of a seventeenth century sculptor, letting its lesson go by.

The sundial of my own childhood faced a blue sea, across olive and oleander, and it bore an inscription which, translated, threatened the generations, "Thou seest the hour, but knowest not the hour"—"of thy death," we supposed. In the twentieth century no man would engrave that fault above the terraces of such a heavenly garden. Other Italian palaces had, likewise, severe things written on their sunward faces, on their garden dials. But, sombre or genial, the sundial motto, devised according to the appropriate air, has the beauty of brevity and fulness. No wonder if to the precision of Latin grammar has been generally assigned the safeguarding of the message of three or four words, long, slow, and complete with their burden of meaning.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Plant Young Trees

NO matter where the garden may be—in Europe, in the Dominion or elsewhere—old trees when lifted rarely recover, unless the most expensive methods of transplantation are adopted.

The well-known Canadian nurserymen—Stone and Wellington—point this out in their annual catalogue. "We cannot too strongly recommend," they write, "young trees, especially for orchard planting. They can be taken up with more perfect roots, are more likely to live, and will become more quickly established in a new location. They can also be more readily trained to any desired shape. The largest and most successful planters invariably select young, thrifty trees."

The best distances for planting are, it is mentioned: for standard apples, 30 feet apart each way; standard pears and strong-growing cherries, 20 feet; Duke and Morello cherries, 18 feet; standard plums, apricots, peaches, nectarines, 16 to 18 feet; dwarf pears, 10 feet to 12 feet; dwarf apples, and quinces, the same; grapes, rows to be 10 feet to 16 feet apart, 7 feet to 16 feet in rows; currants and gooseberries, 4 feet apart; raspberries and blackberries, 4 feet by 5 feet; strawberries for field culture, 1 foot by 3 1-2 feet; strawberries for hill culture, 2 feet apart each way.

A Unique Honour

SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, the widely-known Ottawa, who has been Chancellor of Queen's University for some thirty-three years, when he conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, at Kingston, had this honour as regards royalty for a second time.

Sir Sandford conferred the same degree on His Majesty King George, when he visited Kingston some years ago. He was then known as the Duke of York. He has also conferred a similar degree on several Governors-General.

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Courierettes.

TORONTO City Hall is now too small. Some of its occupants are said to have the same sad fault.

Latest fad of Parisian women is the wearing of a tiny watch on the ankle. This gives the girl with the pretty ankle a mean advantage over her less fortunate sister.

Toronto Telegram scoffs at "O Canada" as a funeral dirge, "but doesn't seem able to dig a grave for this national song."

A war over the playing of crokinole almost disrupted a Methodist church at Etonia, Ont. Curious how some good people insist on leaving all the fun in life to Satan's followers.

Ottawa Free Press protests against the Bytown City Council banquetting Toronto's City Fathers while they were in Ottawa. The Free Press editor always was a groucher.

A Los Angeles burglar entered a house to burgle, but remained to cure a baby of croup because he had five babes at home. The newspapers are driving the novelists out of business nowadays.

Archdeacon Cody says that the modern way is to judge a man by his money-making ability. That's why many of us are still unmarried.

A new biblical play has made a hit in New York; which goes to show that the day of miracles is not past.

A Toronto policeman, and ex-play censor, has been offered \$50 per night to do a vaudeville turn. How insistent is the call of art?

Sara Bernhardt is to play Mephisto. And why not? Mr. Asquith will agree that some women have played the devil with him.

Improving Gilbert and Sullivan.—One of the chief comedians in the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company, which has been touring Canada recently, tells a story which illustrates to a nicety the point of view of the modern commercial-minded theatre manager.

It was at the time that the company was rehearsing in New York. They were going through "The Pirates of Penzance" one afternoon, and in the auditorium of the theatre sat "Jake" Shubert, one of the producing managers and a financial backer of the enterprise. Mr. Schubert, it is not unfair to state, is stronger on the financial than on the artistic side of producing plays and operas. But he listened with evident approval to the solos and duets and chorus numbers of "The Pirates" until there came one of those rather involved ensemble numbers in which Gilbert and Sullivan excelled.

A frown gathered on the Shubert brow, and disappointment was in his eye. He sent for the manager.

"That stuff is too heavy," he said. "We'll have to brighten it up."

Then an inspiration struck him.

"Send over for Melville Ellis and Harry Von Tilzer, and get them to write some bright lines and some good, catchy music for this thing. It'll go all right if we brighten it up a bit."

A Health Hint.—Always stop at a crossing to let a train pass. It's not only polite, but very healthful.

A Short Sermon.—Cheer up. It might be worse.

The shad is full of bones. Think what it would suffer if it had your rheumatism!

Imagine how the potato must feel after sitting up reading a novel, and straining its eyes!

And think of what the cabbage endures when it has a headache!

The Modern Daughter.—"May is a very handy girl about the house."

"Yes? What does she do?"

"Whenever there is a hard job to be

tackled, she shows mother how to do it."

Saving Gas Bills.—She—"I have a new way of saving gas bills."

He—"What is it?"

She—"I paste them in a scrap book."

Isn't It Strange?—It took 62 ballots to elect a warden of Oxford county, and the voting took a day and a half and cost \$120. Yet some mere man would refuse the vote to women.

The Eternal Quest.—A Connecticut girl travelled to Regina, and thence 200 miles north by dog train to marry a farmer. What won't a girl do these days to get a husband?

Enough!—"Woodrow Wilson may make his menagerie one of the features of the inauguration show."

"Why—has he a menagerie?"

"Sure. Didn't he tame a bull moose, and hasn't he got Taft's goat?"

Circumstantial Evidence.—The family sat in silence around the dining room fire. In the drawing room, past the folding doors, the daughter of the family entertained her young man.

Presently floated out in soft, feminine accents:

"My, how cold your nose is!"

"Cora," called out her father, "is that dog in the drawing room?"

"No, father."

After that there was deeper silence.

Sir 'Enry and 'Arry Woods.—The late Sir Henry Irving, the greatest stage Shylock ever known, was noted for being personally the opposite of Shylock. Sir Henry's benevolences became more abundant as he became older. He was the theatrical easy mark for all manner of mendicants; so that in self-protection at last Sir Henry was obliged to have a secret door to the Lyceum, away from the regular stage entrance where the derelicts of all professions, and especially of the stage, stood in line.

The ruse worked very well. But one day it failed. When Sir Henry entered by his private door he was accosted by a needy-looking wreck who touched his cap, begged the great actor's pardon and was about to state his case, when Sir Henry interrupted him.

"Oh, yes, Woods is your name."

"Blimy! that's wot it is, sir."

"Harry Woods. Limelight—property man—yes, I remember."

The actor recollected that years before he had employed Harry Woods; and here was the old sinner down on his luck, begging.

"Well, Harry, what's it—money I suppose?"

"Beggin' your leave, sir, yes—"

"Very well, then we'll make it two pounds a week."

"Oh, Sir 'Enry, it ain't salary I'm askin'. It's—"

"Very well, Harry. But we'll make it two pounds a week. Come in to-morrow at eleven. There'll be a job for you."

Sir Henry's stage manager became violent when he heard the news.

"W'y, Sir 'Enry, we've a-got sich a gang now we can't find jobs for all on'm. Wot we'll do with 'Arry Woods, blarst if I know, sir."

"Ah! I see. You are as usual over-crowded with men. No jobs, eh? Well! Ah—then Harry Woods must look after the cats."

"Cats, Sir 'Enry? Blow me, sir! we ain't got any cats."

"Oh? No cats. Big company like this hasn't even a cat—when a black cat is such a lucky thing, to. Huh! Well, then—get a couple of cats. When Harry Woods comes, make him curator of the cats. Yes. Harry must be attended to somehow. And the salary for looking after the cats is two pounds a week."

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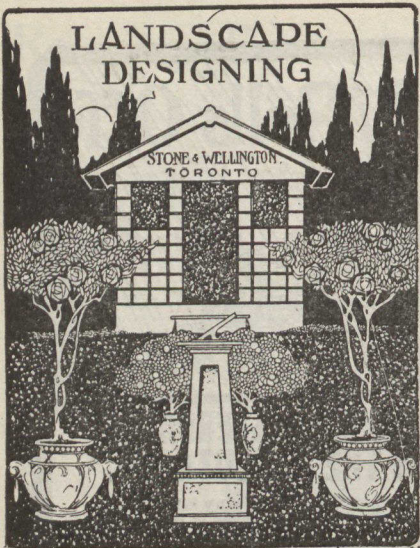
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The Opera Season Closes

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

TO have the chance to hear grand opera for three weeks—and from the Montreal Opera Company—is particularly worth the while of a city like Toronto. There should be about ten thousand people at least in a town so allegedly musical who feel that way about it. But there aren't. At any rate the box office receipts don't quite look that way. The opera has been attended—fairly well; by a middling appreciative but never exuberantly enthusiastic audience. Anglo-Saxons require to be shown. I daresay that among the French down below enthusiasm for at least French opera runs very high. In Toronto it is measured up and paid out discreetly. We are not capable of abandon. The tenor hero may, if he feels so disposed, throw the attitude that is supposed to fetch a heavy hand; but he won't always get it.

Now, of course, not all the artists of the company are the kind to rave about. But many of them are. Not all the operas in the repertoire are events in a lifetime. Some of them are.

Among the operas that no true lover of good music and dramatic art should miss we may mention first above all,



Zeni, the Giant Tenor, in "Aida."

Louise; and also Thais by Massenet; Aida, of course—plethoric of grand arias and stunning ensembles and great scenes; La Boheme, with its fine music pictures of studio life; Faust, always humanly interesting—because the devil is in it. Rigoletto? Yes—to such as like lyric opera of the romantic sort. Il Trovatore—in a similar way but more so. Lakme? N—no; Delibes may be a tuneful writer for the bel canto voice, but whoever got up the libretto knew little of what makes real gripping interest of a dramatic sort; the piece contains little action worth while, and not much colour, except in the stage setting. However, the coloratura work is fine, and there is plenty of it; also now and then the Brahmin does some great singing that brings the goose flesh. Otherwise the piece is negligible.

How about Tales of Hoffmann? I know this is a favourite among those who like dreamy, indolent things of a frou-frou delicatessen character. But it is poor drama, indifferent music—even in the famous Barcarolle; and if it were not for a few character studies and a really effective tenor role it would drop into the list of banalities.

In a general way it is safe to allege that modern opera of the best character, such as the works of Puccini, Massenet and Charpentier are worth more to the hour than the older things are to the day. This is not to say that many of Verdi's works ought not to live. They are exceedingly tuneful, well



Alice Nielsen, Who Starred in "La Boheme."

scored, and the work of a genius who knew how to write for the chorus and the orchestra and the solo voice as few men ever did before his time, and very few after. But Verdi made a bigger work in his Requiem than in any of his operas. And there is more dramatic value in a work like Louise than in any work of Verdi's. That is not to say that Charpentier as a maker of operas is the equal of Verdi who, outside the realm of music drama, has perhaps no equal. But it does mean that the simple story Louise staged and set to music as Charpentier has done it is a far more dramatic work, means more to the minute, has more native colour, and is a far better presentation of the alliance between the music and the words than most if not all of Verdi's. Louise is probably the greatest opera ever written. Some allege that it is too impressionistic; that it lacks tune. Well, that depends on whether it is



Agide Jacchia, Italian Conductor, and the Husband of Madame Ferrabini.

judged as music or as drama. Not much of it would be worth a great deal as programme music—in the sense that Wagner's music dramas are. But why divorce the music from the text and



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the acting, when the three are so intimately interwoven? Why doubt that the three chief characters Louise, the father and the city of Paris are three of the most stunningly compelling characters in all opera?

And, of course, this depends a great deal on the kind of people that do the chief roles; though it must not be forgotten that even in the minor roles big artists were employed by the Montreal



Beatrice La Palme as Micaela in "Carmen."

company at an immense cost in order that for three dollars most Canadians might hear the same cast as sang it in Covent Garden for six dollars a seat.

This brings up recollections of Huberty and Edvina; two of the greatest music-actors that ever went on any stage. With those two in the final scene the curtain went down on a four hours' enjoyment of a great thing that left nothing to be desired. Huberty is a great Mephisto in Faust. He is almost greater as the father in Louise, whether as to acting or singing. Edvina we have mentioned in these columns before. This Canadian prima donna is perhaps an ideal Louise. At any rate, she is wonderful.

James Goddard is another Canadian—by parentage being from Quebec—who, though but twenty-three years of age, and three years ago a clerk in the store of Marshall Field in Chicago, is now on the way to becoming the greatest stage basso in America. He has an effective range of nearly three octaves. He is a star pupil of Jean de Reszke, and he is one of the finest and most



Jean Riddez, a New Star in the French Company.

admirable voices in grand opera or any other sort of singing that one could wish to hear. Goddard is quite—a wonder.

Beatrice La Palme another Canadian—we shall never forget her splendid talent as Marguerite in Faust. In the Barcarolle of Tales of Hoffmann she was less successful—but, of course, it's a poor role anyway. La Palme is a great little artist, of whom this country is justly proud.

With much regret we heard less of Ferrabini this season than usual. Let us hope that next year she will be more in evidence.

It is seriously open to question, if it will not soon be time to revise all the grand operas. Of course, grand opera is a good deal like a circus; a mass of traditions, forms and ceremonies with a deal of ancient splendour. Many operas are nothing more than stage spectacles set to music. This is particularly true of the older operas, many of which were written to show what a singer of bel canto could do. Arias and a few choruses, then more

arias; duets and quartettes and a little acting thrown in along with the orchestra, pretty well sums up some of these old stagers, which, of course, with such a maker of arias as Verdi became very agreeably melodious. And this may be called legitimate opera, which is not necessarily a drama set to music. Modern invention, however, has considerably modified operatic form and character. Wagner revolutionized it when he robbed the bel cantoist of her glory and threw the accent on the orchestra. Later writers have improved on Wagner, by embodying his best in orchestral treatment, along with infinitely more stage action, more dramatic values, more intimate relations between the singing, the acting and the orchestra.

Thus the modern opera—since Wagner—has become as unlike old opera as an automobile is unlike an old-fashioned gig. It is more expressive, more exacting, more sincere—if less melodious and florid. It gives more sensations to the minute. It is more a picture of modern conditions. It is sometimes too strenuous. But it is a tremendous development on the operatic art of less than a hundred years ago.

Not all modern opera is worth preserving. Neither should all the old favourites go on the shelf. But the public who always have as hazy a notion of opera as they have of Greek



Leon Lafitte as the Duke of Nantua in "Rigoletto."

myths, would much appreciate a degree of popular instruction in the art of appreciating opera at its real value. Too much of it goes clean over the public's heads. Quite a considerable part of it panders to the neurotic. Considerable is always lost through being sung in either French, Italian or German. The experiment of English-version opera has been tried; not altogether unsuccessfully. There is no reason why La Tosca should not as conveniently be sung in English as in Italian; because the drama is relatively so important to the music. But independent of putting foreign operas into English, which is a problem beset with snags, a great deal remains to be done to make opera popular by making it more intelligible.

And it must be admitted that the Montreal Opera Company, with its splendid ensembles, its many first-rate singers, and its actors, and its most excellent orchestra, has begun to do a great educative work in this country. More than that, it has made Montreal



Carmen Melis as "Salome."

more definitely a cosmopolitan city by making it a production centre of cosmopolitan art. It has done something to throw the glamour of world-art over the prosaic outline of Tory Toronto. And that is something; but it costs like the very mischief.

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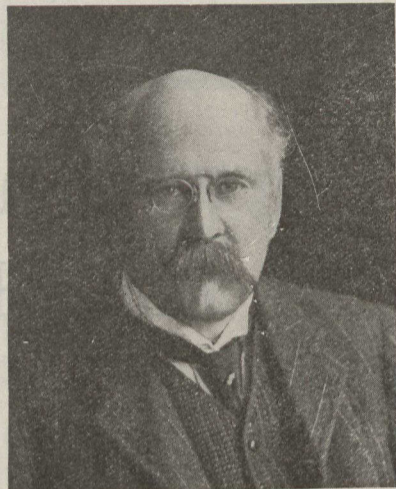
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

On the Mackay Board

SIR EDMUND OSLER was appointed a trustee of the Mackay Companies at the annual meeting of that concern recently held. He succeeds his late partner, Mr. R. A. Smith, whose death in 1912 caused a vacancy on this board. The new position of the senior partner of Osler and Hammond lays upon him the responsibility of looking after the interests of Canadian holders of Mackay securities and adds a further tax upon that busy man's time.



SIR EDMUND OSLER
New Canadian Trustee on the Board of Mackay Companies.

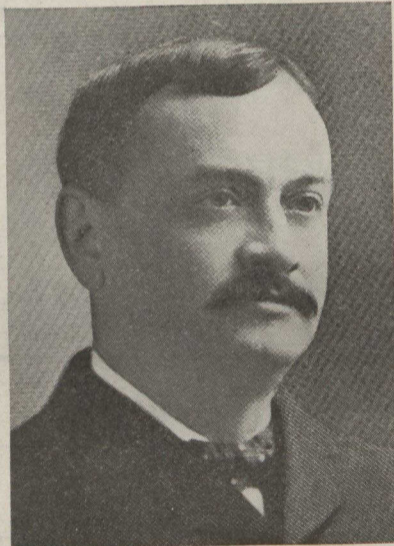
The Mackay Companies' income for 1912 of \$4,136,009, less operating expenses of \$31,323, preferred and common dividends amounting to \$4,069,020, leaves a net profit of \$35,666, some \$8,300 over 1911. Assets are \$92,366,902, and liabilities consisting of preferred and common stock come to \$91,380,400. A sum of \$12,000,000 in easily convertible securities and cash, the proceeds from the sale of Mackay holdings of American Telegraph and Telephone stock, is held to be easily available for extensions and improvements.

Shredded Wheat

THE annual statement of the Shredded Wheat Company seems to show the public's partiality for this company's products. The net earnings were \$922,000 for 1912. The sum of \$75,000 being allowed for dividends on the preferred stock a surplus of \$847,000, equal to ten per cent. on the common stock, was left. An increase of \$269,000 during the year brought the assets to \$1,494,531 at the end of the year. Big extensions are planned for the current year, and it is understood the work on a large addition to the plant at Niagara Falls will be commenced before many weeks elapse.

Richelieu's New Board

DESPITE the wishes of the old board of Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, the long predicted change in control was accomplished last week. Ever since R. & O. acquired the Northern Navigation Co., the Inland Navigation Co., and the Niagara Navigation Co., there has been a quiet fight for predominance. The new interests were under the leadership of Sir Trevor Dawson, representing the Furness shipping interests, of England, and Mr. James Playfair, of Midland, Ont. Sir Trevor Dawson is now honorary president, Mr. James Carruthers, of Montreal, is president, Mr. Wm. Wainwright, of the Grand Trunk, and Mr. Playfair are vice-presidents. The Grand Trunk is interested through their holdings in the Northern Navigation Co.



MR. JAMES CARRUTHERS

In 1894 the capital of R. & O. was \$1,300,000, it is now \$10,000,000. The earnings then were \$600,000; now they are a million and a half. Then the stock sold at 39; now it is 116. Then they had 21 steamers; now they have 69. The net profits for 1912 were \$976,512, or approximately ten per cent. on the paid-up capital. As all the capital was not paid up till recently, the directors claim 13 per cent. It is currently reported that the St. Lawrence passenger traffic during the year was so small that practically no profit was made on this portion of the business. However, the freight traffic on the Great Lakes was sufficiently large to make up the deficit. If this is true the old R. & O. shareholders have benefited greatly by the recent amalgamations.

A bill has been before the Dominion House to enable the R. & O. to increase its capital from ten to fifteen millions. There were rumours of stock watering and stout opposition arose in the House. On the statement of the Minister of Finance that at present the Government could not control the stock issues of industrial corporations the bill was allowed to pass. Therefore, if the R. & O. wish to cut a melon they are now at liberty to do so. The surplus of the company, after paying dividends, is about three-quarters of a million.

On and Off the Exchange

Halifax Tram

THE Halifax Electric Tramway Company did a profitable business during the past year. The earnings consisted of the following items: Passengers, \$250,263; electricity, \$228,654; gas, \$61,035, and totaled \$539,952. Deducting operating expenses of \$286,560, net earnings of \$253,392 were found to exceed those of the previous year by \$7,867. The number of passengers carried on the cars amounted to 5,688,414 during 1912, i.e., 476,157 more than in 1911. Since 1911 the belt line has been double-tracked, a new

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line constructed on Gottingen St., a new car house built and new cars put in commission, a new steam turbine also has been installed and other improvements made. Electric light rate was further reduced in 1912.

Mr. A. E. Robert, of Montreal, with his associates, Sir Frederick Borden and Mr. H. A. Lovett, now hold the controlling interest in the company, 11,000 out of the 14,000 shares are said to be in their hands. The influence of the new shareholders was felt at the annual meeting of the company, held in Halifax recently, when the board was raised from nine to eleven and entirely new directors elected, with the exception of Mr. O. E. Smith, of the old board. The board for the ensuing year consists of Messrs. A. E. Robert, president; J. W. McConnell, first vice-president, both of Montreal; O. E. Smith, second vice-president; J. A. Neville, H. H. Smith, J. E. Wood, W. M. P. Webster, all of Halifax; Sir Frederick Borden, Ottawa; P. J. MacIntosh, of New York; W. G. Ross and F. H. Wilson, of Montreal.

Northern Life

THE shareholders of the Northern Life Assurance Company assembled in London on Feb. 3rd to hear the directors' report of the successful year the concern completed on Dec. 31st. This included \$2,219,528 insurance written during the year, exceeding the 1911 total by \$285,583, and total assets of \$1,816,714, an increase of \$190,827. The total income amounted to \$404,963, of which the sum of \$315,330 was derived from premiums, and \$87,886 from interest on investments.

The Federal Life

THE Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada reports 1912 as the best year in its history. New policies issued during the year amount to \$4,819,129, compared with \$4,655,104 in 1911. This brings the total insurance in force at the end of the year to \$25,555,267; that of 1911 was \$23,887,141. The premium income of \$900,961 exceeded that of 1911 by \$80,909. Assets of \$4,887,616 are \$44,648 over those of the previous year. During 1912 a surplus of \$107,050 was earned.

Standard Loan

THE results of the Standard Loan Company's business for 1912 was presented to the shareholders at the thirteenth annual meeting held last week. After settling expenses for the year, including interest on deposits, dividends, etc., and placing \$90,000 to reserve fund, the company was able to write \$2,535 off the office furniture and carry a balance of \$3,272 to profit and loss account.

The earnings for the year amounted to \$255,425, and the total debentures, deposits, etc., held, aggregate \$1,306,169.

Profits Big for Eastern Trust

THE report of the president, Mr. R. E. Harris, K.C., at the 20th annual meeting of the Eastern Trust Company, at Halifax, on February 11th, shows another year of good profits and large business, was completed on Dec. 31st last. Net profits of \$63,331, as compared with \$58,013 for 1911, speak for themselves, and the increase in the paid-up capital from \$600,000 to \$750,000, the addition of \$64,340 to reserve, bringing that fund up to \$139,340, and the securities held amounting to \$11,294,263 against \$10,047,197 in 1911 are all worthy of notice.

Shawinigan Had a Good Year

THE Shawinigan Water and Power Company has completed a banner year, according to the fifteenth annual report presented at the annual meeting, held on Feb. 18th. Net surplus of \$872,360 exceeds that of 1911 by \$119,848, and the increase in the net earnings amounts to \$249,706. Gross earnings of \$1,569,671 are some \$349,814 greater than those taken in during 1911. Additions totaling \$400,000 to reserve and sinking funds brings the total of these up to \$1,000,000. The \$200,000 realized on the \$1,000,000 issue of new stock in October was added to reserve fund, and at the end of the year \$189,375 from the net revenue was also applied to this fund. The paid-up capital now stands at \$11,000,000 against \$10,000,000 in 1911.

Railway Financing

THE great expansion of the West is in no small degree attributable to the great railway development in the Dominion during the past ten or twelve years. This development takes money and evidently there is much more room in the West for more lines and equipment. During 1912 about \$70,000,000 in railway issues were floated. This is considerably lower than the total of 1911, amounting to \$100,478,000. Great Britain provided a market for 87.73 per cent. of these issues, .21 per cent. was taken up within the Dominion and 12.06 was floated in United States. At the end of June, 1912, the total capital liability of railroads consisted of stocks, \$770,459,351, and bonds, \$818,478,175, totaling altogether \$1,588,937,526.

A Busy Outlook

THE great demand for rolling stock still holds, and the various car companies of the Dominion look forward to a good business and large profits throughout the current year. The Canada Car and Foundry Co. have orders on their books for \$45,000,000 and over. The Canadian Northern Railway recently placed a large order with this company. It is estimated that the standing orders are sufficient to keep the company's plants working at capacity till late in the year. The National Steel Car Co., of Hamilton, have their hands full attending to large orders. During the past three months this concern has received \$3,500,000 worth of orders. Deliveries have been made on an order from the C. P. R. calling for \$1,500,000 worth of cars. The Nova Scotia Car Co., at Halifax, also have a busy year ahead of them, and just at present they are running day and night to fill the numerous large orders outstanding.

Next Week's Annual Meetings

DURING the coming week annual meetings are to take place as follows: Monday, Penmans; Tuesday, Bank of B. N. A., Sun Life Ass. Co., Stanfields; Wednesday, Dominion Cannery, Intercolonial Coal Mining Co., Montreal Loan and Mortgage Co., and Vic. R. S. and Realty Co.

**THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE
Standard Loan Company**

The Standard Loan Company of Toronto held its thirteenth annual meeting of shareholders on Wednesday, February 19th, in the offices of the Company, at corner of Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto. The following report was submitted and approved:—

Your Directors have much pleasure in submitting herewith their Thirteenth Annual Report and Statement showing the result of the Company's operations for the past year, accompanied by the Balance Sheet to December 31st, 1912.

Interest on deposits and debentures, and cost of management, together with two half-yearly dividends of three per cent. each, being six per cent. for the year, have been paid; \$90,000.00 has been carried to Reserve Fund, which now amounts to \$250,000.00; \$2,535.00 has been written off office furniture, and \$3,272.81 placed at credit of Profit and Loss Account.

Both interest and instalments of principal on mortgages and securities of the Company have been promptly met, proving the soundness of the Company's investments.

The books and accounts, and all securities held by the Company, have been regularly audited, and the Auditors' Report is presented herewith.

The officers and staff of the Company have performed their duties to the entire satisfaction of your Directors.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. A. KAMMERER,
President.

Toronto, February 1st, 1913.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1912.

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Mortgages and Securities ...\$2,691,997 89	Debentures\$1,114,246 73
Real Estate 5,976 01	Deposit Receipts 40,537 84
Office Furniture 7,500 00	Deposits 74,499 17
Due from Agencies 4,417 90	Mortgages 3,500 50
Cash on Hand 1,874 87	Accounts Payable 1,196 42
Capital Stock Subscribed and Unpaid 97,536 69	Bank 72,188 48
	Total Due to Public\$1,306,169 14
	Capital Stock
	Paid Up\$1,112,963 31
	Ditto Unpaid .. 97,536 69
	Capital Stock
	Subscribed ...\$1,210,500 00
	Dividend due Jan. 1, 1913 33,361 41
	Balance at Credit Profit and Loss 3,272 81
	Reserve 250,000 00
	\$1,497,134 22
\$2,803,303 36	\$2,803,303 36

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Interest on Debentures and Deposits\$ 61,677 64	Balance at Credit Profit and Loss, Dec. 31st, 1911\$ 3,839 86
Interest on Mortgages and Bank Charges 6,693 07	Earnings for the Year 255,425 31
Expense of Management 30,355 37	
Government Taxes 937 95	
Written off Office Furniture... 2,535 00	
Dividends 63,793 33	
Carried to Reserve 90,000 00	
Balance to Credit Profit and Loss 3,272 81	
\$259,265 17	\$259,265 17

Audited and approved,
A. C. NEFF & CO., } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants.

W. S. DINNICK,
Vice-President and
Managing Director

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We have carefully audited the Cash and Bank Account, with the Books and Vouchers, and have verified the Securities of the Standard Loan Company, Toronto, for the year ending December 31st, 1912, and we hereby certify that the above Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account are a true and correct Statement of the Company's affairs at the date named.

The books are well kept. The loans are in good condition, and all required information has been freely and fully given.

A. C. NEFF & CO.,
Toronto, February 1st, 1913. (Chartered Accountants) Auditors.

After adopting the Report, the Shareholders elected the following Directors for the ensuing year:—Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., E. F. B. Johnston, J. A. Kammerer, W. S. Dinnick, Hugh S. Brennan, R. H. Greene, David Ratz, W. L. Horton.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-
E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

Functions of a Trust Company

A TRUST Company is well equipped to purchase and sell real estate. Bringing to bear upon these matters an experience and judgment such as no individual could attain, this company is especially fitted to take charge of such transactions.

**National Trust
Company Limited**

TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

The Northern Life Assurance Co.

The Sixteenth Annual Report

The Best year in the history of the Company.

The annual meeting was held on Monday, February 3rd, when a detailed Statement of the business for the past year was read.

The President, Mr. T. H. Purdom, in moving its adoption, showed that the business of the Company had steadily advanced in every department.

After many complimentary remarks had been made by Directors, Shareholders and Policyholders, the report was adopted.

The retiring Directors were again re-elected.

The following is a summary of the business for the year:

Insurance written	\$2,219,528 00
An increase of	285,583 00
Insurance in force	9,008,780 00
An increase of	1,152,814 00
Income	404,963 96
An increase of	41,382 95
Paid to Policyholders	66,721 89
An increase of	26,860 99
General Business expenses	139,066 03

A decrease of 15% on the amount of insurance gained.

Total amount of Assets	1,816,713 78
An increase of	190,829 17
Total Government Reserve	1,273,655 29
An increase of	185,366 82
Surplus for Benefit of Policyholders	524,969 04
An increase of	12,052 41

JOHN MILNE - Managing Director.

When Sleeping Dogs Lie

(Continued from page 9.)

better go back to the hotel as I was due to go walking with my fiancé at half-past four."

For a moment none of the little group spoke, then Hilliard broke the tenseness in his boyish, impetuous fashion. "Tiny, you're a brick! Did you really say all that or are you joking?" The anxious look faded from Tiny Ridgeway's eyes and she glanced gratefully at Hilliard.

"No, I'm not a brick, but it was the only solution to the difficulty. I hope neither of you is angry." Hilliard placed his cup on the tray and stood before her. Mrs. Angstrom scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry.

"Of course, Ross, the engagement need be as brief as you like—just until we get away from this gossipy centre. Engagements are broken every day, and as there is no sentiment concerned in this transaction, it will not cause any heart-ache. We are a sort of Protective Society, inaugurated expressly for the purpose of saving our mutual friend from the results of 'evil-speaking, lying and slandering,' as the catechism puts it. What do you say about it?"

"Say? I think you are simply great, Tiny, and, of course, I'll carry out your programme. It will be good sport. The old cat! I suppose she has got the news circulated already. Oh, what a joke." Hilliard laughed boisterously, and at that moment Mrs. Whitney and her boon crony, Mrs. Anthony Ward, appeared at the door.

"Dear Miss Ridgeway—and Mr. Hilliard. I've just heard the good news, and I want to offer my congratulations. Such a surprise, you know." Mrs. Ward spoke very precisely as she kissed Tiny and offered her beaming hand to Hilliard.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ward. I think I'm a very lucky fellow, don't you? Of course, it's rather an old story for us as we've been engaged for nearly a year. Our good friend, Mrs. Angstrom, has been the custodian of our secret—our kind go-between." He beamed upon Millicent.

"Yes, I'm their unofficial guardian. And now, my children, be off. It's time for your walk. Won't you have some tea, Mrs. Ward? It is still quite hot." Millicent Angstrom was glad of the slight confusion attendant upon their departure, and there was a strange catch in her throat as they sauntered away on one of the favourite paths.

The middle of September found Mrs. Angstrom and the Protective Society back in town. The engagement had proved a mild sensation in their own exclusive set, but soon became an accepted fact. Attention was diverted for the time being from Mrs. Angstrom, and in this the conspirators found a certain amount of satisfaction. Once or twice Tiny had suggested the breaking of their contract, but Hilliard thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie a little longer. Protected by the girl's ingenuous gift of herself, he saw much of Mrs. Angstrom, and altogether the situation seemed eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

But sleeping dogs have a habit of waking suddenly and barking loudly when least expected.

One late December afternoon Tiny sent for Hilliard. She was alone in the cosy drawing-room, and motioned him to a big chinz-covered chair before the grate. Her face was paler than usual and, with a pang, he noticed that she had been crying.

"It's all up, Ross," she said, coming directly to the point. "Millicent and I have had a fearful row, and I can't act as go-between any longer. I won't bore you with the details—they're silly enough, too—but our engagement must be broken."

"You and Millicent! Why, Tiny, it's impossible. She couldn't get along without you—I—why, I don't see how I can get along without you, either." Hilliard stood in front of the disconsolate little figure who looked very helpless and alone in her misery.

"She'll have to, Ross, and—so will you. It is rather hard on me—to lose two good friends at one fell swoop, but there's no alternative."

The room was very still, and the quiet cheerfulness of the place struck Hilliard as rather incongruous. In some strange way the gladness had slipped

Deal With Corns

In This Efficient, Scientific Way

Don't treat them in the old ways—as our mothers treated theirs.

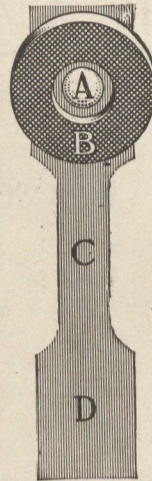
Don't pare them. Don't use liquids. Don't use ancient forms of plasters.

A famous chemist has evolved a way to terminate a corn. And that way now is used to end a million corns a month.

Simply do this: Apply a Blue-jay plaster. Right from that instant you cease to feel the corn.

In 48 hours take off the plaster and lift out the corn. No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. And the corn is gone for good.

It seems almost impossible. Yet 35,000 corns a day are taken out in this way. And you can prove it in two days, at a cost of 15 cents.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn. B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading. 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.

(279) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



"One of the greatest mechanical geniuses of all times"—a world-famed maker of a high priced car so refers to Henry Ford—whose great accomplishment is the Ford car. You'll want the mechanically perfect Ford this season—and to avoid disappointment you should get it now.

"Everybody is driving a Ford"—more than 200,000 in service. New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—town car \$1000—with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

THE WINES OF ROYALTY

G. H. MUMM & CO.

BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

CHAMPAGNES

EXTRA DRY SEC

CORDON ROUGE BRUT

The very finest of all CHAMPAGNES. The choice of every Royal and Imperial Court in Europe, as well as of the connoisseurs of London, Paris and other European cities.

S. B. Townsend & Co., Montreal
GENERAL AGENTS FOR CANADA.

The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



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

O'Keefe's

Special Extra Mild ALE

from him as it rarely did, and the sensation was a new one. Noiselessly the maid entered with tea and in silence he watched Tiny's slight hands moving over the silver tray. She looked very childish and miserable, and her eyes failed to meet his in the very satisfying understanding that had existed between them. She handed him a cup and pushed the dish of toast towards him. Then, settling back in her chair, she watched a lump of sugar dissolve in her spoon.

"Oh, Tiny—it's—it's a damned shame. Can't you fix things up? A patched friendship is better than a broken one any day." He spoke with the soft, persuasive way that few could resist—either men or women.

"No, Ross—the cracks always show, and it has to be handled very carefully for all time. It won't stand the hard knocks again. Of course, I'll always care for Millicent—I'm not the changeable kind, unfortunately. They seldom suffer pain—of this sort."

"I'm desperately sorry, Tiny. What can I do?" His tea was untasted, and he was thinking far more of the girl's misery than of what it all meant to Millicent and himself. This break had to come sooner or later, but it had always seemed an indefinite climax to their game.

"I don't think that there is anything that any one can do," she answered somewhat wearily. "Millicent spoke rather—decidedly—she left no loop-hole, so I fear it has come to a choice between us. Her way and mine will be somewhat divergent now." She uttered the ultimatum in the straightforward way that he had always admired in her.

"Choose between you—and Millicent? Lord, Tiny, what are you saying? Do you realize the sort of proposition you are putting up?" Hilliard's brain seemed to work sluggishly—he could not make himself realize the full meaning of what she had said. There must be some way out of the tangle. He couldn't give Millicent up and—. The alternative set his pulses throbbing wildly and the colour swept into his cheeks. Some strange, subtle revelation was struggling for recognition, and he fought against it with all the force of his physical and mental natures. All he was able to grasp was the sight of the girl before him—her winsomeness, her bravery, her loyalty to himself and Mrs. Angstrom.

"Do without you," he gasped. "Do without YOU! God—I couldn't, Tiny." His tones struck her with compelling power and she looked into his eyes for a moment. What she saw there made her own drop as quickly and he saw that she was trembling. Instantly his arms were about her and her heart was beating tumultuously against his. That sudden, blinding revelation had illumined their little cosmos with a divine light, and there was no need of explanations. After a few minutes she raised her face to his and said very softly, "And what of Millicent?"

"Millicent? She'll be glad. She never cared as I did." "Do you really think she will be glad, dear? I wish I could think that." Her woman's sympathy was aroused and a superb generosity of soul awakened strange doubts in her own happy heart. "I'll go to-day—right now, and tell her. And then I'll come back. May I?" He spoke quickly, eagerly.

"Well, are we really engaged, Ross? It is your turn to make the arrangements this time." She laughed happily as he kissed her lightly on lips and brow and hair.

Within the half-hour he was with Mrs. Angstrom, telling her of his blindness, of his joy, of her own wisdom and foresight.

"And so Tiny is the cure? Dear boy, I'm so glad. You'll be very happy together." She took his hands in her own and looked frankly into his radiant face.

"Yes, Millicent, and I do want you two to be friends. Can't this miserable misunderstanding be cleared up? I can't realize that you have had a quarrel." His face had grown very serious.

"You dear, foolish pair. You can't see, because Love is blind, but—I forced the quarrel on Tiny so that you would have to make a choice between us. Can't you see? It was all part of the cure!"

"Then you—you—Millicent, you are the best woman in the world—next to

THE FIRST BALLOT

IN THE CANADIAN COURIER CONTEST

Get Nominated and Make Use of These Ballots Towards Your Success.

This ballot is good for 50 votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST

For Miss

Address

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before March 20, 1913.

Judging from the interest displayed in the CANADIAN COURIER Educational and European Trip contest the event will be the most interesting and successful of the kind ever attempted in Canada. Throughout the Dominion the utmost interest has been shown, and over 500 letters have been received by the Courier Contest Department in regard to the offer.

Once the Contest is well under way it is evident that a great many of the brightest and most ambitious young ladies in Canada will have entered and will work enthusiastically to win the splendid rewards offered by the COURIER. This is but the third announcement of the offer in the COURIER, and already widespread attention has been attracted, and the offer has been heartily praised on all sides.

The first ballot will be found on this page. It is good for 50 votes for any properly nominated candidate in the race, if sent to the CANADIAN COURIER, Contest Department, on or before March 20, 1913. There will be a new expiry date on each ballot weekly and about 20 days will be allowed to get the ballots returned to the Contest Department, properly filled out for some candidate.

The Contest starts with this issue of the COURIER, March 1, and will end Saturday, May 31, 1913. Suitable provision will be made so that ballots near the end of the race can be properly taken care of, and count for the candidate for whom they are intended. This arrangement will be announced later.

Nominations will be received up to the end of March, or early in April, but the importance of getting an early start cannot be too strongly im-

pressed upon the intending candidates. Get going early in the race and it will make the work easier throughout the contest.

Complete rules of the contest will be mailed to each candidate before March 10th, and to new candidates nominated after that date as soon as the nominations are accepted.

A list of the candidates with the official standing will be published early in March. Bright, ambitious girls who wish to win any of the rewards offered should be sure and see that their names are included in the list.

A nomination blank will be found printed at the bottom of this page, which should be properly filled out and sent to the Contest Department, CANADIAN COURIER, for acceptance. The candidates will be promptly notified of receipt of nomination, and if no notification is received the candidate should send in a second nomination to replace the one lost in transit.

The rewards in this contest are too important to be disregarded. By the terms of the Contest 14 young ladies will be sent to a ladies' college for a year, and 10 will have a five weeks' trip to Europe under a very careful and efficient chaperon. It is the most splendid offer ever made in Canada, with all expenses paid in each case.

Each candidate will endeavour to win in her own district, but can secure support from any place she may have friends. Last week's COURIER gave the arrangement of districts and prizes for each district.

The important thing is to get nominated and give the race a trial. It costs nothing to make the start and there is no obligation to continue in the event that some unforeseen reason makes it seem wise to drop out. The candidate herself is the judge of that matter. But be sure and get nominated and make sure of a chance in this magnificent opportunity.

The ballot above is good for 50 votes for you. Ten ballots will give you 500 votes. Each new yearly subscription to the CANADIAN COURIER will get you an additional 2,500 votes.

Send replies to Contest Department, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.

Nomination Blank

I Hereby Nominate Miss.....

Address.....

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed

Countersigned by

Address

Pastor of

Church or Parish

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.

Tiny, of course." Hilliard again grasped her hands and held them fast. "Now, go back and tell Tiny it is all right. To-morrow I shall go to see her myself. She'll be waiting for you so—go. Ross—if you don't mind, I'll kiss you this once."

So serene was the light in her eyes, so sweet the smile that met his own, that Hilliard could not know. The door closed and she was alone.

The Apostasy of Moug Pyu

(Continued from page 9.)

Then the Woon went to Phrang and passed to the British India steamer that would carry him to Calcutta, to catch the big steamer that crossed the black water to England.

What came the way of the Burman in England would make a story of itself, and this one bears only on the intricate matter of his many conversions in Burma.

Five and one-half months from the date of Moug Pyu's departure it was known in Phrang that he would arrive back by the "Karagola." But the telegraphed list of passengers published in the "Phrang News" the day before the "Karagola's" arrival contained not the name of Moug Pyu.

No one in Phrang suspected that the "Mr. White" in the list was the Woon of Mindak, Anglicized—but it was. And Moug Pyu stepped from the steamer at Phrang as Mr. White, the most extraordinarily metamorphosed Oriental that ever caused a man to rub his eyes in bewildered astonishment.

Mr. White wore a tall silk hat and the heavy black hair had been cut away to exceeding closeness. A stiff white collar was graced by a most intense four-in-hand tie, reflecting the blood-red glitter of a ruby-studded pin. A frock coat and gray striped trousers, cut in the latest fashion, draped the slim figure of Mr. White down to gray spats and buttoned patent-leather boots. His slim, gray-gloved fingers jauntily carried a gold-headed cane.

The Sahibs who knew Moug Pyu, and loved him for his fealty to the British Raj, screamed with joy. It was so like the stirring little Burman to do the business thoroughly if he did it at all. And he had—there could be no manner of doubt about that; the ocular evidence was complete.

But there was still something more—something very much more; for beside the dapper Mr. White walked a sweet-faced English girl whom he introduced as Miss Estella Roydon. Miss Roydon had come out as governess for Mr. White's two motherless girls.

When this was told at the Gymkhana Club the Sahibs laughed merrily; when they carried the story home the Mem-sahibs laughed sarcastically. Everybody in Phrang laughed, except two men—Padre Hobbs, and One Sahib.

Padre Hobbs rolled his eyes in horror; then he spoke words of angry denunciation; and the One Sahib, who was like a blood brother to Moug Pyu, drew his face into a frown of commiseration and then went and talked to the little man.

First he asked him questions, and learned this: that Moug Pyu had found a woman in England who was as simple a Christian as Craig Mem sahib had been. And there, where there were so many workers, she was very poor—though her people had not always been poor. And Moug Pyu had reasoned that if this good woman came to Mindak and taught his children the same Christian love wisdom that Craig Mem sahib had known, the girls would grow up like the teacher, and the villagers would also become like that, and there would be no doubting because of Hobbism, or Blackmarism, or the soulless faith of the Talopins.

When Moug Pyu told this child story, that was really so very wise, the One Sahib knew and believed that it was all and all; but he also knew what Padre Hobbs had said about this new impossible, intolerable thing. So, very sadly, he told Moug Pyu that his Utopian dream wouldn't do, and explained why. The why was, that nobody in India believed anything but evil where there was a woman in the case, and evil would be believed of it. Even if the Sahibs wished to be charitable Padre Hobbs wouldn't let them.

Then the One Sahib went back to his bungalow and said to his wife: "For God's sake go and bring that English

P. A. puts joy in jimmy pipes!

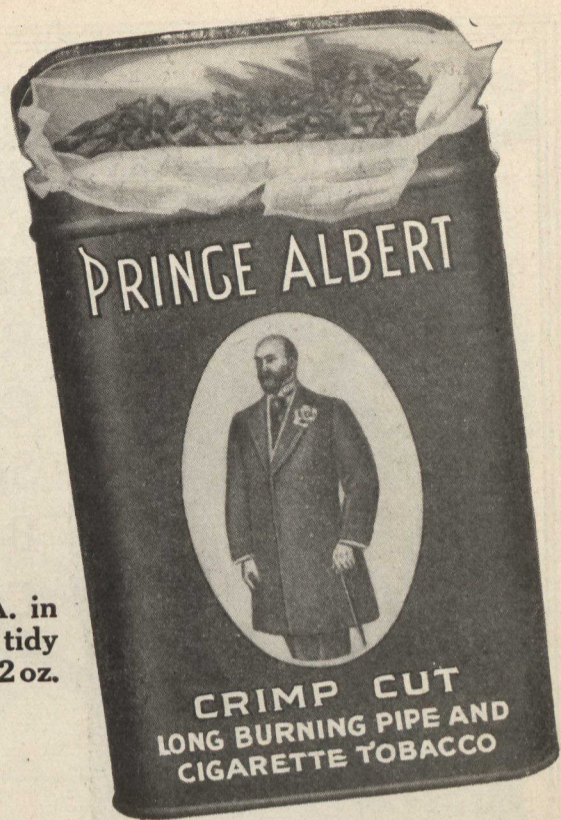
That's because it *can't bite*—Prince Albert gives you the rare privilege of smoking *all* you want without a tongue sting!

Let that put a dent in *you*—the man who loves his pipe and suffers from *fire-brand* tobaccos; and *you*, who gave up a pipe because it would not fit your taste.

Get this, men, as it's handed out, fair and square: P. A. is the one tobacco that's got everything any man who knows the delight of a pipe ever dreamed of. It can't bite, because the bite's removed by a patented process. That's why millions of men fondly call P. A. the "joy smoke." *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert!*



P. A. in the tidy red 2 oz. tin.



PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

Tastes more-ish every time you finish a jimmy pipe load—just kind of lingers with you, and first thing you do next is to fire up, again!

Prince Albert tastes so good, and smells so good, and it's so fresh and friendly-like, you just wonder how you ever did put in hours of misery with the old *fire-brands*!

Millions of men know the joys of Prince Albert in a cigarette and in a pipe. You never smoked a more delicious cigarette in your life. Rolls easy because it's fresh and it's crimp cut. Puts the Indian sign on the old-fashioned *dust-brands* and *fire-brands*.

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2 oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A

WILSON'S

INVALIDS' PORT WINE

Dr. SEVERIN LACHAPELLE
Professor of the Medical Faculty of Laval University, Montreal, says: "You have rendered a great service to humanity by preparing your **Wilson's Invalids' Port**—and which is doubly advantageous as it contains the pure extract of the Peruvian plant (Cinchona) and Port Wine of first quality."

Severin Lachapelle

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

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

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President.
ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

Remitting Money To Foreign Countries

All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.)

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

Murray-Kay, Limited



Have You Received a Copy of our Spring Style Book and Catalog No. 10 H ?

We have had hundreds of fine illustrations especially drawn and engraved for this catalog No. 10 H to show the new styles for Spring and Summer in Women's, Misses' and Children's apparel, including Dresses, Coats, Suits, Waists, Lingerie, Corsets, Hosiery, Neckwear, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Boots and Shoes, etc.; and of Clothing and

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A large illustration of these pretty summer frocks is printed on page 4 of catalog No. 10 H

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girl here to stay with you, before the gentle Padre makes it impossible.

The One Sahib knew also that the outrageous clothes, and hat, and spats that turned the splendid little Burman into a paroquet were due solely to Moug Pyu's desire for betterment and his inherent Burman love of finery.

The Padre was not a meditative man, not one to sit and let fruit ripen before he judged of its flavor; so, bubbling with indignation, he sallied forth and swooped down upon the man, large in his Bond Street apparel.

Moug Pyu's black Burman's eyes opened very wide in astonishment as Padre Hobbs talked with vociferous eloquence. And after a little the Burman eyes grew cloudy with red anger.

"Woman?" he queried. "There are many women of my own kind at Mindak, Padre Sahib."

But the Padre buried his rubicant nose in a big handkerchief and trumpeted in condemnatory unbelief. To him Moug Pyu's words were but the duplicity of a Burman. However, thank God, no subtle Oriental could pull the wool over his eyes. It would be an outrage against the Church—the Commissioner would certainly interfere—somehow it would reflect upon the state of society in Phrang, for Phrang represented the District, if this matter were not put an end to.

This ready acceptance of evil intent where there was none, was a disquieting revelation to the boy-minded Burman. Somehow, as Padre Hobbs talked, the English clothes became distasteful to Moug Pyu; they seemed to drag him into this atmosphere of contaminating suspicion. In his own putsoe and little jacket he could have spoken out indignantly as a simple-living villager; all the people of his village were moral. Poh San had married six wives, but he had married them—it was according to law. Moug Pyu looked down at the glittering buttoned boots and the silly spats—indeed, they were more of that life he had seen in London, with its many stories of complicated lives, than of the village where one would even have hinted at what the Padre spoke so plainly about.

So, presently, Moug Pyu, answering, said: "You are altogether wrong, Minister Sahib, but I think you are right. I am a Burman, and to be a good Burman is very good—for a Burman. Miss Roydon is too good a woman to be here where people speak ill of her, so she must go back to England. I will pay all the passage and for her trouble."

When the Padre had gone, Moug Pyu took off his silly make-up and gave the clothes to a half-caste clerk in the Telegraph Service. He sighed in loose-hearted relief as he shoved his feet into the canvas shoes that had been made by a Chinaman at Phrang, and adjusted his silk putsoe with happy carefulness. Then he went to the One Sahib's bungalow and gave the Sahib a large cheque on the Bank of Bengal for the English girl's expenses, said good-bye to her, and went back to Mindak.

There he summoned the Talopins beneath the padouk tree, and said: "We must keep to all that is good in the faith of our fathers. Buddha taught us no evil, the evil comes of ourselves. The Christian religion is also very beautiful because of Christ, and if at any time one like the Craig Memsahib comes again, who can keep us close to their Christ and teach us so that we can understand, perhaps we will listen."

What the girl said to the One Sahib when he put her on the steamer for home was: "Moug Pyu is the gentlest Christian I ever knew."

Discovered.—"Wot was that last card oi dealt ye, Moike?"
"A shpade!"
"Oi knew it! Oi saw ye spit on yer hand before ye picked it up."

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Visitor—"Gee whiz! My wife ought to have married it!"—Puck.

His Bride to Blame.

I cast my bread on the waters,
But it didn't return to me—
I'm a newly-wed, and it sank like lead
To the floor of the sounding sea.

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Dominions and the Navy

(London Times, Feb. 7.)

THE King inspected on Wednesday the great battle-cruiser provided for the Empire by the New Zealand Government. She is the first to be commissioned among Dominion ships of the Dreadnought type, and the voyage on which she has set out round the Cape of Good Hope to the people who gave her is in many ways the symbol of a new era in Imperial defence. When her visit to New Zealand is completed, she will return to take up her station in home waters; but the Australia, her sister-ship, which is to be commissioned in the spring, will remain in the Pacific as flagship of the new Australian fleet. The Australian people are making rapid headway with the naval organization to which they set their hands three years ago. They already have one small cruiser of the most modern type and three destroyers in commission; another cruiser is completing in this country and one is building in Australian yards. They are, moreover, recruiting both officers and seamen at a very satisfactory rate, and they have established a naval college on the Osborne model in order to train their officers as well as their men at home. The course adopted by Australia is undoubtedly recommending itself to an increasing body of opinion elsewhere. Colonel Allen, the New Zealand Minister of Defence, who visited the New Zealand on Monday, expressed the hope that "the various parts of the Empire upon the Pacific Seas would put their heads together and make the necessary provision" for Pacific defence. He would never be satisfied, he said, nor would New Zealand, until they had more ships and New Zealanders to man them.

Few who look at the naval problem of the Empire with a broad understanding of the political as well as strategical factors which it involves will doubt the value of this widespread desire. The Empire should not rest forever upon naval establishments confined to the British Isles. It is obvious that much might be gained, from a purely strategic standpoint, if ships could be built, equipped, and manned in several different centres of Imperial naval strength. It is equally obvious that such a line of development would call into play both the full resources and the full instinctive patriotism of the five self-governing peoples beneath the flag. An individual development of naval strength in each Dominion would plant the naval spirit everywhere. But other factors cannot be overlooked. We have to realize that separate fleets will ultimately mean separate policies, unless we take steps to keep our policy one; and that even if policy is collectively inspired, separate fleets will commit us to an enormous sacrifice of efficiency and funds, unless they can be co-ordinated and trained together in peace as well as war. These considerations, though not of immediate moment, cannot be long ignored; and there are others of an urgent and pressing kind. Chief of these is the fact that local development can only be extremely slow, while the progress of our naval competitors is extremely fast. For the moment our manning problem is an extremely serious one, not from any difficulty in recruiting men, but from the time they take to train. Battleships can be built in two years. Seamen can only be trained in four, skilled ratings in six or seven, officers in from seven to ten. It is already straining the Admiralty severely to keep its engagement with the Australian Government; and it cannot afford any more officers or men at the present moment for any ships which would not be immediately effective in the critical theatre at the outbreak of war.

These facts have naturally a close and important bearing upon the naval policy of the Dominions. Two things are clear. In the first place, there can be no practical development of local fleets, unless provision is made for the training of officers and men in considerable advance of the construction of ships. In the second place, naval development on those lines can add nothing to the effective strength of the Empire for some years to come. It is no doubt with a clear regard to these considerations that Mr. Borden's naval proposals have taken their present form.



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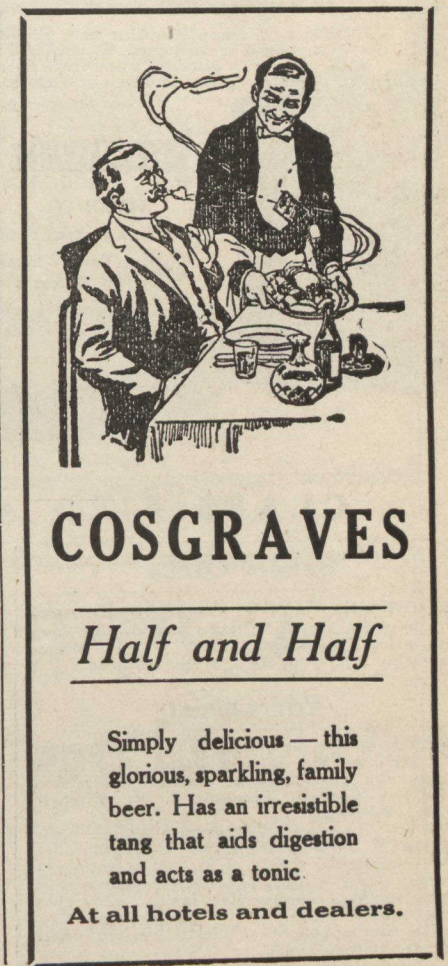
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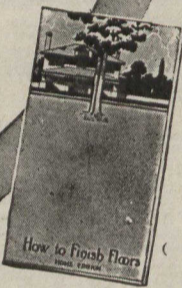
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If Canada desires to add immediately to the fighting strength of the naval forces of the Empire, she can do so only in Mr. Borden's way. She cannot as yet build or man ships herself, and we can only help her to do so by gradual degrees. In view of these conditions Mr. Borden's is a practical as well as a patriotic plan. It offers three splendid ships to the Empire to meet a pressing need, and offers them on terms which the Admiralty, with a clear eye to all its responsibilities, can whole-heartedly accept. The Admiralty policy is dictated by necessity; there is no room for choice. If the proposed Canadian ships were not to be made available in the manner which Mr. Borden suggests, the Admiralty, with the best will in the world to further the alternative plan, might still be compelled at the present juncture to keep its skilled and trained personnel for other available ships. It seems indeed that such a course may be dictated by the imperative requirements of Imperial security, which cannot be set aside in favour of any scheme, however well conceived, that neglects the present in pursuit of more distant aims. While, therefore, Sir Wilfrid Laurier's suggestions may well embody the principle of future developments, it is difficult at the present time to regard it as a practical alternative to Mr. Borden's if prompt action is what the Canadian people desire. Mr. Borden's proposals will add at once to the effective naval strength of the Empire; Sir Wilfrid Laurier's will not. On the other hand, Mr. Borden's proposals—which are definitely put forward as an emergency policy—are in no way incompatible with future expansion or modification on the lines which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has sketched. Similar considerations apply to the policy which Colonel Allen is here to discuss. The Pacific is not at present a threatened sphere, and time may well be taken, while New Zealand is working out her responsibilities as Colonel Allen suggests, to frame a Pacific policy on well-considered lines. That, as we have often urged, is a subject for conference between all the Governments concerned, and we trust that such a conference may be held in due course. The New Zealand sets out to-day alone, but she carries with her the promise of a fleet, not yet in being, which some day will sail the outer seas as the Empire's naval patrol.

A Commonsense Message of Cheer

To People With Bad Complexions

All too many people try to cure pimples, skin blotches, and bad complexions without stopping to think what really is the cause of their affliction. In the majority of cases the reason lies in the fact that their systems do not get properly rid of the waste that accumulates in the human body. This waste accumulates and clogs in the lower intestines and generates poisonous matter, which is absorbed into the system, permeates the blood, and displays itself not only on the surface of the skin, but in various ways that cause illness more or less serious.

There is one common sense way to cure this, and it is not by the aid of drugs. Drugs give only temporary relief, and have to be constantly taken in increasing doses, and in the end make us slaves to the drug habit.

The scientific way, approved by physicians everywhere, and used by hundreds of people, is the internal bath, the simple treatment calling only for pure water. Does this not appeal to your common sense? If you are a sufferer from any of these tortures, profit by the experience of Wm. DeVoy, 703 Seventh Avenue, Lethbridge, Alberta, who tells his experience as follows:

"After using your J. B. L. Cascade I feel it my duty as a thankful patient to express my enthusiasm for the great blessing it has been to me. You cannot feel my emotions as I write this letter in praise of your great work; words fail to express my thankfulness for first learning of your Cascade. Previous to using it I could not go a day without a drug of some sort. Since using it I have not, on my word of honor, swallowed five cents' worth of drugs. I spent over \$300 in the two years previous to hearing of the J. B. L. Would that all young men and women I see in this town with their faces covered with horrid, unsightly pimples use it. They would soon get rid of them as I did."

You owe it to yourself to learn more about this simple and remarkable treatment. Write to-day, a personal letter if you wish, to Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Room 521-4, 280 College Street, Toronto, and he will send you full particulars, together with his free book, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient."

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The Novelist and the Lawyer

(London Opinion, Jan. 25, 1913.)

SIR GILBERT PARKER is a brilliant novelist. He is also—next to Sir George Doughty—the best platform asset of the Unionist Party. Last, but not least, he is a "jolly good fellow," and has won troops of friends among his opponents. He does not, however, know much about Ireland, and a few days ago a speech of his provoked from Mr. Lardner, the young and brilliant M.P. for Monaghan, a very effective reply which left nothing of Sir Gilbert's structure standing. Mr. Lardner persisted, however, in referring to Sir Gilbert Parker as "the right honourable gentleman"—a title reserved for Privy Councillors—until the gallant knight interjected: "I am not right honourable." One of the Irishmen promptly rejoined: "Well, you ought to be: many a worse man is." Hearty laughter betokened general approval of the compliment, to which the recipient bowed his acknowledgments. Mr. Lardner proceeded to correct himself by explaining that he meant to speak of Sir Gilbert as "the honourable baronet." Again the Member for Gravesend had to dissent: "I am not a baronet, either"; whereupon that same small, smooth voice from the back Irish Bench spoke encouragingly to the Member for Monaghan: "Try 'noble lord' on him, and see how he takes it." The Speaker, Sir Gilbert, and everybody else had to join in the merriment that ensued, for the respected novelist "took it" well.

New Motor-Cycle Club

THE Montreal Motor-cycle Club was formed last week at an enthusiastic meeting, held at 70 Beaver Hall Hill, with Mr. R. A. Redmore in the chair, when 24 names were handed in for membership to Mr. A. J. Wilson, sec. pro-tem.

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FOR THE JUNIORS

A DOGGY STORY.

IT is very pleasant to see children fond of animals. A child who kicks a dog or any animal should be well punished. Below we see a baby—a little Ella Herbert—showing to her friends the dog which is a true friend to her. The dog has won great honours at the shows and is called a Bedlington, an uncommon kind, not perhaps beautiful, but peculiar in colour, a blue-grey and with large black eyes that seem full of affection. Prince, as he is called, though seeming to have the sweetest of tempers, is not to be trifled with when strangers approach his little mistress. Prince can be very unpleasant when occasion demands his interference.



Snow Babies From Ayr, Ont.

across country regardless of roads or streams.

Nancy followed it, running when it ran and stopping when it sat down to rest. In this way she went a long way and finally the little animal ran into a thick hedge. The girl lost sight of her rabbit now, but could hear it rustling among the fallen leaves under the hedge. She wasn't going to give up her rabbit after following it such a long distance. She began scrambling into the hedge, forcing back the small twigs and brambles as she went. She found herself now in a beautiful garden where grew the loveliest flowers she

had ever seen. She saw nor heard nothing more of the rabbit, but was so delighted with the flower garden that she forgot all about it. She walked among the flowers timidly at first, then growing bolder, she gathered a large bouquet of roses.

In the middle of the garden she came to a fountain splashing its waters in the sunlight. At the fountain hung a silver, gold-lined cup. Nancy was quite thirsty and took a drink of the sparkling water. She had no more than drained the cup when her little friend, the rabbit, came bounding toward her from the hedge through which she had scrambled.

He sat up on his haunches and looked at her reproachfully.

"Naughty girl," he said, "What have you done now? Why did you follow me here? How did you get through the hedge? And you have picked the Prince's roses, walked on his flower beds and drank from the Fountain of Fate, which if a mortal drinks of its waters he is turned into a fairy and can never leave fairy land. Oh! you have got me into a peck of trouble, sure enough!"

The poor rabbit was weeping, now. "I am so sorry!" faltered Nancy. "So very sorry!"

Just then the Prince appeared upon the scene. The rabbit scampered away. After the girl had drunk from the fountain she had become a fairy. The Prince found her seated beside the fountain weeping bitterly.

It was a happy day for him, for he loved the sorrowful maiden at once and in time she became his Princess and was very happy.

The rabbit—who was really the Prince's gardener disguised as an animal—was not killed and eaten as he had feared, but forgiven; and made the bridal bouquet and decorated the palace for the wedding. So this was what befell Nancy when she drank from the Fountain of Fate.

SHAG'S VISION.

(By Cuthbert Goodridge MacDonald.)

SHAG, the buffalo, raised his head
From the withered grass he had
made his bed.

He gazed o'er the prairie rolling low
To the distant mountains capped with
snow.

Was it the beating of hooves he heard,
Or the lonely wind that softly stirred?

Was it his herd sweeping over the plain,
Or only his eyes grown misty with
pain?

Slowly he raised his grand old head,
Then sank on his side—old Shag was
dead.

THE FOUNTAIN OF FATE.

ONCE-Upon-a-Time centuries ago and in a faraway land over the ocean, a young girl met with a strange adventure which changed her forever from a mortal into a fairy princess. She was walking one day on a lonely road leading far into the country, when she came to a place where two brooks met. One ran quietly through a meadow and the other flowed noisily over a pebbly bed through the hills. The girl sat down here to rest. She wished to follow each stream and discover where it went, but was undecided which one to explore first. As she sat there hesitating she saw a dear little rabbit nibbling grass near by. Her attention was so taken up with the little creature that she forgot all about the brooks. The rabbit nibbled a while and then took a drink from the brook. Then it started



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Thomas (from Yorkshire)—“Yes, I believe that fine blend of Virginia and North Carolina tobaccos has helped these Westerners to accomplish so much.”

