

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MAKING PUBLIC OPINION

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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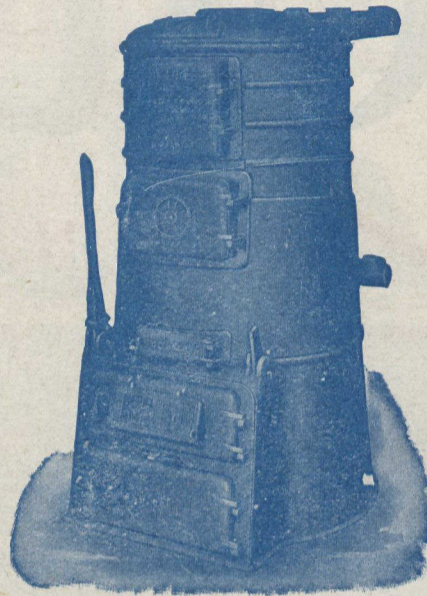
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 17

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Editor's Talk

THE editor desires to thank the readers of this weekly newspaper for their patient faith in the editorial attitude towards public questions. All sorts of open and secret attempts have been made to give the impression that the "Canadian Courier" has a biased attitude and that it is not as independent as it claims to be. Our readers have been kind and considerate amid all this turmoil and have shown by their steady support that they have not been influenced by those attacks delivered by acknowledged partisans. The number of sympathetic and encouraging letters received by the editor indicates an unwavering confidence which is inspiring.

During the past week, the "Canadian Courier's" attitude on the navy question has been fully endorsed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, meeting at Halifax. They declared for a speedy and non-partisan settlement of this greatest of national questions, such as has been advocated by the "Canadian Courier" for more than a year. This is an endorsement which comes from an unexpected quarter and is consequently of great value. It may not prove that we are right, but it encourages us to believe that we represent the best people of Canada in our advocacy of this course.

A new serial story commences in this issue. To those who desire action and adventure in a story, as well as to those who appreciate a well written romance, this story will make a tremendous appeal. It is modern in every respect—so modern that a London suffragette takes a prominent part. The leading character, a lady of the slums, known as "The Red Virgin," is a type unknown in Canada and hence worthy of being seriously studied. In some respects, the author reflects the style of the mediaeval romances of Anthony Hope and Stanley J. Weyman, but the purpose underlying his work raises it above the level of a mere romance.

The editor makes another plea for more short stories dealing with the activities of Canadian life. Love stories pure and simple are not welcomed. Historical stories are also coldly received. There is so much in our everyday commercial, financial and social life which can be portrayed in fiction form, that we prefer to look for this kind of short story. The growth of Canadian daily and weekly papers seems to be greater than the supply of good fiction material. Canada needs a brand new crop of novelists and short-story writers. Authentic information as to the whereabouts of any promising writers of fiction will be welcomed in the editorial rooms of this publication.



Expansion is one of the chief features in a loose leaf binder, and one make is said to be superior to another if its expansion is greater.

The expansion of the KAL-AMAZOO binder is practically unlimited, for it will hold any number of sheets from one to one thousand—just as many as one requires for use. With this binder there is neither minimum nor maximum, and the necessity of the office is the only limit to its capacity.

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Ask for Booklet "CI" describing the binder, and giving a partial list of firms using the Kalamazoo.



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If you want a different and delicious flavor, use

MAPLEINE

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It is delightful and different from all other flavors, especially if you like the elusive tang of Maple. Here's the recipe:

Mix together 2 cups granulated sugar, 2-3 cup milk, butter size of walnut. Boil until it forms ball in cold water. Remove from stove, add 1 tsp. Mapleine and stir until it begins to thicken.

Grocers sell Mapleine, 50c for 2 oz. bottle.

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Cash's Woven Names

In Lighter Vein

First Aid.—"Floorwalker, I have sprained my ankle on your confounded slippery floors."

"Yes, sir. Quite so, sir. Arnica, next counter, sir. Bandages, second aisle to the left."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How the Minister is Treated.—Once upon a time a manager asked George Ade if he had ever been taken for a minister.

"No," replied Ade, "but I have been treated like one."

"How was that?"

"I have been kept waiting for my salary six or seven months."—Ladies' Home Journal.

How Bridget Came Downstairs.—She was willing, and though she could not be described as graceful, Mrs. Binks, knowing the difficulty of obtaining servants, thought that a small drawback. And after a month's training Bridget had improved so much that Mrs. Binks thought she might venture to give a little dinner party.

For the first two courses all went well. Bridget refrained from speech, and looked as pretty as a young Irish girl can. But in taking the fish downstairs her feet slipped, there was a series of bumps and crashes, and all the guests did their best to look as if they thought nothing unusual was happening.

There was dead silence in the room, however, when the descent was completed, and no one lost a word of the rich Irish brogue which floated up to the dining room.

"Did you hear me, mum?" she cried exultantly. "Arrah! I fell all the way downstairs and landed on me feet loike a burrd!"

Preventing the Inquest.—An English policeman entered the house of a publican one morning and informed him that it would be necessary to hold an inquest there in the afternoon. Now the landlord had a great objection to anything of the kind, and said:

"Oh, I can't be troubled with inquests in my house. Here, what'll you have to drink?"

Robert said he'd have a drop of Scotch, which he did.

"Have a cigar, too," said the host. After the consumption of two Scotches and cigars the constable said he thought he could get the inquest held somewhere else, but as he was leaving the landlord remarked:

"By the way, who are they going to hold the inquest on?"

"No one as I know of now," said the man in blue: "but it 'ud 'a' been me if I hadn't had these drinks an' smokes."

An Editor's Savings.—An editor who started about twenty years ago with only fifty-five cents is now worth \$100,000. His accumulation of wealth is owing to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$99,999.—Editor and Publisher.

Mutual Admiration.—"You are getting very bald, sir," said the barber.

"You yourself," retorted the customer, "are not free from a number of defects that I could mention if I cared to become personal."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One Advantage.—"Uncle Henry," asks the sweet creature, appearing before that gentleman in one of the newest "creations" in the way of frocks, "how do you like my new gown?"

"Well," grumbles the grizzled old misanthrope, "you're safe in one respect. Nobody can have you arrested for carrying concealed weapons."—Life.

The New Psalm.

Wills of millionaires remind us,
We can make our deaths exciting;
And, departing, leave behind us
All our wife's relations fighting.
—Cuban Times.

"A Better Day's Profits" Free

Here is one chapter from "A Better Day's Profits," the new Burroughs Book for Retailers.

If you like the "taste" of this chapter, we will send you a copy of the book itself, containing *seventeen* chapters as good as this one.

Sixteen chapters tell how other live retailers make a better day's profits and one chapter tells how our Department of Systems Service can help you adapt those methods to your business.

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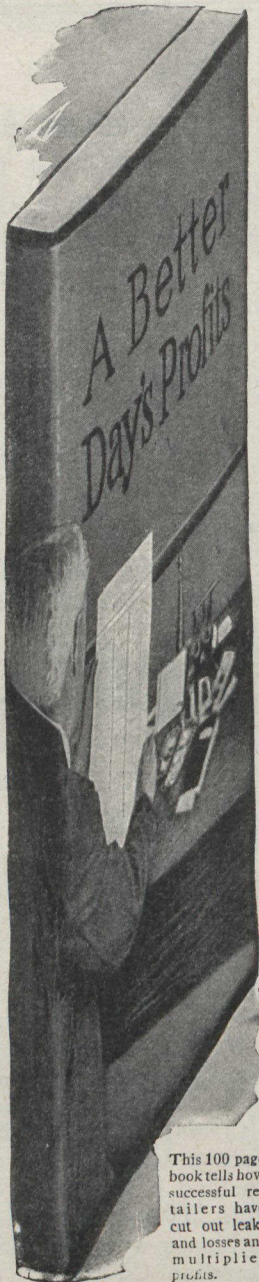
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Business

Also show me, without obligation, how a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine will help me get "capital stretching" information cheap enough to be practical. O. K.....



This 100 page book tells how successful retailers have cut out leaks and losses and multiplied profits.

Stretching the Capital

Study the methods of the banana man and the present reader, who makes a living on \$10 capital

ANORTHERN Indiana Furnishing Goods concern went out of business a few months ago. When the stock was inventoried some cases were found which were made especially for the Grant-Colefax Presidential Campaign in 1872.

Think of that! Stock forty years old.

The caps cost about 25c each and there were three dozen of them, costing \$7 in all wholesale.

Charge up a percentage equal to the cost of doing business against that \$9 worth of dead stock for forty years and see what it cost the merchant to keep it on his shelves.

Ask the banana man who stands at the corner of Seventh Street and Franklin Avenue in St. Louis, his business. Then you will know what it would have profited the clothing concern had it not kept that stock on the shelves—if it had used the capital right.

The banana man buys a cart load of bananas every morning, costing him about \$9, and sells them before night for \$20.

Since he works every day, holidays and Sundays, he turns his capital every day, 30 times a month.

A BETTER DAY'S PROFITS

On a capital of \$9 he does a gross business of more than \$8,000 in the nine months he is able to work. In forty years he could do a gross business of \$292,000 on that little capital.

Without increasing his capital a single penny over that original \$9.

What would he make if he had \$9,000 capital and applied the same principle?

Any wonder the chain store fellows can keep buying more stores and under sell the "good-enough-for-me" one-man store?

The owner of a chain of six stores has never put a single dollar of his own money into the last four stores he opened.

When he opened his second store, he began buying in small quantities, stocking up every day and selling the goods before the bills came due.

In a short time he opened his third store, without putting any of his own money into it. Soon he increased his chain to six stores.

Now he is doing business almost entirely on the other man's capital. He buys in very small quantities and discounts his bills with the proceeds from the sales of the goods.

STRETCHING THE CAPITAL

If the retailer provides himself with accurate and complete detail information about his sales and his stock on hand, he can practically do business entirely on the capital of the houses from which he buys—and make those houses glad to let him do so.

Of course this is possible only by keeping such close tabs on sales and purchases that the merchant can buy in very small quantities.

But isn't it better to stand the expense of adequate records and do a big profitable business on little capital, than to worry along without records and do a small unprofitable business on the most capital you can rake and scrape?

Figuring Stock Turnovers

Cutting the Delivery Cost to One-third

Stopping Store Leaks

What it Costs to Do Business

Buying for Profit

Fixing Prices to Get a Profit

*Hundreds of all retailers are making less than they think they are. They are always surprised when they find it out.

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MALE HELP WANTED.

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European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50
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American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neill, Proprietor.



The Saskatchewan Provincial Golf Tournament was finished on Labour Day. This is a Picture of the Wascana Country Club, on Whose Links the Tournament was Played.

Saskatchewan Goes Golfing

Just to Show that All the Exponents of Good Prairie Golf don't Live in Winnipeg, the Players of the Wheat Province put on a Tournament Right in the Middle of Harvest

By KATE HAWS MILES



James Balfour, President Saskatchewan Golf Association, and Donor of the Tournament Cup.

A BROMIDIC joke on Regina is to the effect that ten years ago half the city's population was in Scotland. Small wonder in the face of such a statement that golf flourishes in the capital city and in the province generally. The Provincial Tournament, which was concluded on Labour Day, on the Wascana Country Club's eighteen-hole course at Regina, brought five players from Saskatoon, two from Moose Jaw, one from Swift Current, two from Prince Albert, nineteen from the Regina Golf Club, and nineteen from the Wascana Country Club. Among these players were men who have been playing golf since they were babies and who are familiar with the famous St. Andrew's links.

Golf in Saskatchewan has everything in its favour. The preponderance of Scotchmen is not the chief cause. The splendid rolling character of the country is a great factor. The climate suits the game. Besides, Saskatchewan has the tournament proclivity down to a science. Years ago, before golf was more than dreamed of on the prairies, Englishmen toured the country from town to town playing return matches of cricket. The competition idea has got hold of the country. People on the plains do not believe in one city or town hogging all the attractions and the activities of sport—neither of art, let us say. Look at the annual music festival of Saskatchewan, attracting singers and players from all over the province; not held exclusively in Regina or Saskatoon, but handed round to each of the big towns in turn. There is the friendliest possible rivalry in these tournaments, just as there was in the golf tournament. In

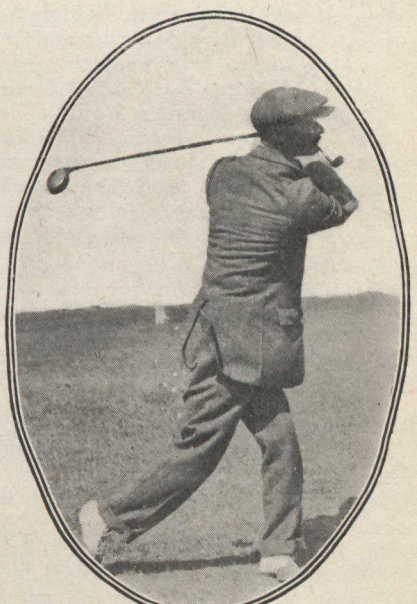
fact, there is a great deal more in a golf tournament than golf. There is camaraderie, health, intercommunication between town and town, and a general *esprit de corps* that is hugely worth while.

The 1912 champion, who defended his honours nobly, was G. S. Donaldson, a Scotchman and a member of the Regina Golf Club—which has been in existence since 1889. Mr. Donaldson, however, went down to defeat at the hands of Dr. Young, of Saskatoon, and the champion for 1913 is W. S. Gray, a Canadian, a member of the Wascana Country Club, the Saskatchewan champion for 1908, a keen golfer and a true sportsman, whose victory afforded his friends the greatest satisfaction. Mr. Gray is a banker.

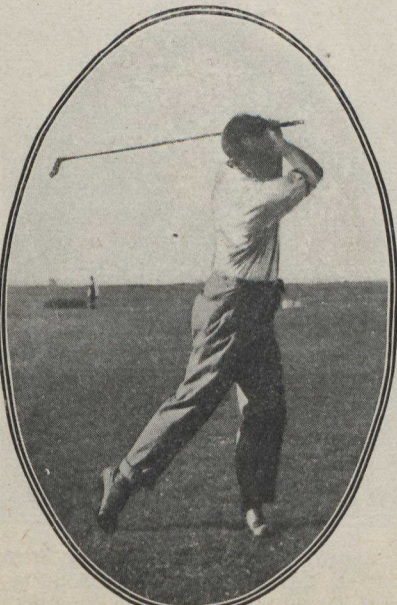
The qualifying round divided the players into three flights, sixteen to each flight. The visiting clubs made good records, Woodward, of Prince Albert, winning the third flight, while Byers, of Saskatoon, and Laidlaw, of Prince Albert, left the final struggle for supremacy in the second flight until they would meet on either one or the other of their home courses.

A handicap competition, played in addition to the open championship matches, gave the first prize to H. S. Anderson, of the Regina Golf Club, his score being 89-10 or 79. Laidlaw, of Saskatoon, and Woodward, of Prince Albert, tied for second prize in this competition, the Prince Albert man having the advantage as to handicap, while Laidlaw drew the third prize for his gross score of 88.

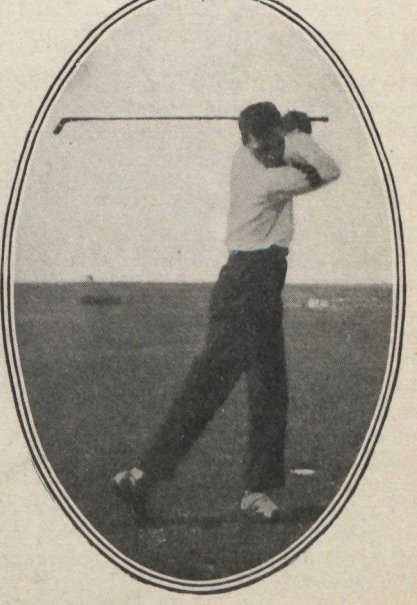
On the last evening of the meet, the first Provincial Golf Association of Saskatchewan was formed, with Chief Justice Haultain as honorary



W. Laidlaw, of Saskatoon, won the Trophy for Lowest Gross Score in the Handicap.



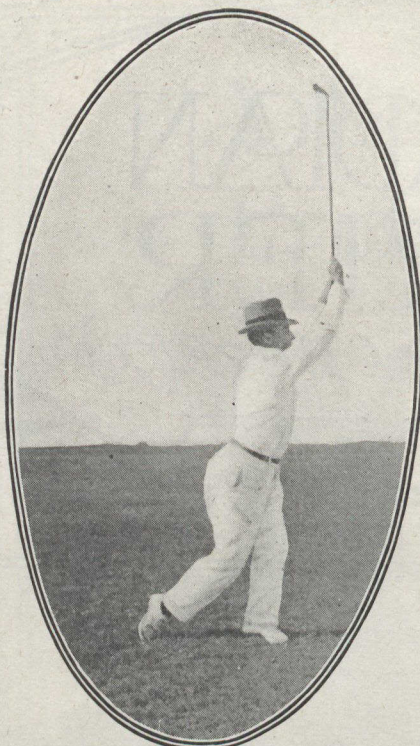
W. S. Gray, Golf Champion for Saskatchewan.



Donaldson, the Defeated Champion, Wascana C. C. and Regina Golf Club.



A. W. Ridout, of the Wascana, Played Balfour to the 18th in the Finals.



Dr. Young, of Saskatoon, Defeated Donaldson, 1912 Champion, on the 19th Green.



Major J. L. R. Parsons, President Wascana Country Club.



Hunter, of Swift Current, Took Balfour to the 20th Green.

president; James Balfour, of Regina, as president; W. Laidlaw, of Saskatoon, vice-president; N. C. Byers, of Saskatoon, secretary-treasurer, and an executive with one member from each club. The formation of this association places the clubs repre-

sented in line for the Dominion Association meets, and in addition to

the seven clubs now represented in the provincial association, it is felt

that others will be formed.

There are excellent courses at Arlington Beach and Fort Qu'Appelle and one planned for Battleford.

Saskatoon is to have the 1914 tournament, to be held on the Friday and Saturday before Labour Day.

A Mormon Temple in Canada

By W. McD. TAIT

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The site of the first Mormon temple on British territory was dedicated recently in Cardston, Alberta. Much has been said in print about the growth of this remarkable order in Western Canada. While opinions may vary as to the actual character of Mormonism in this country and its value in contribution to national life, there can be no doubt as to the superb economic qualities of these people and their consistent aggressiveness in extending the work of their community.

SCARCELY had the Mormon Church been organized when it began the work of temple-building. In a revelation given as early as 1830, and another in 1831, the people allege that God appeared to the prophet and said:

"Gird up your loins, and I will suddenly come to my temple."

The principal seat of the Church had been temporarily established at Kirtland, Ohio, although Smith, the prophet, was said to have a revelation that "Zion" was to be established in the far west. Moving on to Missouri, a temple site was dedicated at Independence, but the sacred structure never was constructed. Although they acquired possession of the land, the opposition of the residents made it necessary for the Latter Day Saints to move again.

Returning to their first base of operations, a site for a temple was dedicated at Kirtland, Ohio, and the building erected. This is the first temple erected by the Mormon people.

In 1837, another move was made to Far West, Missouri, where the presidency and councils of the Church met and dedicated another site. On this also a temple was constructed, but the people were again compelled to move, and like the first temple, it had to be abandoned.

Illinois was the next stop of the pioneers of the Mormon faith. At Nauvoo, they demonstrated their marvellous powers of recuperation. Homes were soon built, and the best and most suitable site within the city as planned was selected, purchased and duly set apart as the temple ground. It was at Nauvoo that Joseph Smith, the alleged prophet of the dispensation, was shot and killed.

Persecution became greater than the "Saints" could bear, and a migration, beyond the remotest bounds of civilization, was planned by the leaders. When all the arrangements were consummated, the Mormon people, numbering at this time about 3,000 souls, set out on a westward trek across the prairies of the western United States and settled in unorganized territory beside Great Salt Lake. Four days after the arrival of the devoted band of colonizers in 1847, a temple site was dedicated, and

the first sod of the excavation turned in February, 1853.

As an indication of the hold the new settlers had taken on the country to which they had come, and the prominent place their religion held in their estimation, and in that of the civic authorities, it may be noted here that a celebration was organized in which civic and military bodies took part. There were processions with bands of music, and solemn services with prayer. The Mayor of the city was marshal of the day; the city police served as a guard of honour, and the territorial militia marched with the congregation of the people.

And now another great occasion has come to the Mormon world. When Southern Alberta began to be populated with the people of this faith, and throughout all the years since, yearly visits were made by many of the Mormon people to their home

state, Utah. These visits were in most cases to perform duties in the Temple there. It was thought wise by the leaders at Salt Lake and the authorities in Canada to build a temple in Canada for the use of the Canadian members of the Church. The project was taken in hand at the fall conference at Salt Lake last year, and preliminary arrangements made to begin the work. Considerable discussion took place as to where the temple should be located. Raymond had a good site, called Temple Hill, just north of the town, and as the town is in a central location of the Mormon settlements, the people there thought their claim should have precedence over Cardston, the only other competitor. While the wishes of the people are considered to a certain extent in the selection of a site, the final settlement of the matter lies with the president of the Church. In the consideration of all the claims, President Smith decided that the sacred edifice should be at Cardston, in the southern portion of the province.

The dedication of the site occurred on July 26 and 27, but the foundation will not be begun till next spring, when work will be pushed with the utmost vigour.



Reading from left to right: Pres. Jos. F. Smith and son; Mrs. Jos. F. Smith; Pres. Theo. Brandley, of the Taylor Stake; Chas. W. Nibley, Presiding Bishop of the Church; Pres. Ed. J. Wood, of the Alberta Stake in Canada; Apostle Geo. Albert Smith; Aunt Zina. Y. Card, Daughter of Brigham Young and wife of the Pioneer of Cardston; Patriarch Henry L. Hinman; Mrs. Heber S. Allen, wife of Pres. of Taylor Stake.

Simpson of Grand Rapids

Or the Disadvantage of Too Much Law Among Fishermen

By A. E. MacFARLANE

Illustration by Arthur Heming

EXCEPTING the Major, who, having a macintosh, fished on with most contemptible greed, the pouring New Ontario rain had driven us all out of the Rapids and under the wide, leafy thatch of the big basswood. Gunn's tip had been broken by his last three-pounder; and old Matt, who, in addition to being the proprietor of The Forks, was our guide, philosopher, and master-fisherman, was fixing in a spare one for him. The venerable Giles, the Methodist Episcopal bishop, had been chivvied home by the first shower, and we were shamelessly maligning him behind his back. For the night before, when from supper till ten there had been one unbroken series of fish stories, the old man had suddenly called upon us to join him in an hour of prayer—and, if it isn't blasphemy to say so, we had all been feeling distinctly sore about it ever since.

Matt was apologetic, for he had taken in the bishop without proper testimonials, and so felt responsible. "You see, boys, I ain't sayin' anything agin' the religious part of it. For I'm by nature a kind of a religious chap myself; if there was a church anywhere near here I'd be goin' to it mornin' and evenin'. And, as it is, if I go fishin' on Sunday, I'm always ready to own that it's a judgment onto me when I don't catch anything. But the bishop ought to 'a' knowed that you fellers wouldn't feel comfortable at havin' the Lord's attention called to them yarns of yours, and he should 'a' held off that prayer till some more nateral time for it. It was just the same thing that got that feller Simpson onto my nerves, two years ago. You was up here, then, wasn't you, Mr. Gunn? No? Then it must have been the Major.

"You see, this here Simpson had no business here at all. He come up from Grand Rapids, and he come chuck full of socialism ideas he'd been pasturin' on when he wasn't book-keepin' down there. Now, a real fishin' sport never wants to think, or talk, or do anything but fish when once he finds out the sort of river I've got at the Forks. But Simpson, whatever brought him up I don't know—(but I reckon he'd heard of the place from one of his employers' friends)—he was about as far from bein' a real fishin' sport as any one I ever want to meet in this world. The evenin' he arrived, when old Judge Fitzpatrick, of New York, happened to remark that he was goin' to get up at four next mornin' and tramp the five miles to Trout Creek for a little flyin' at sunrise, Simpson couldn't give him the horse laugh enough; he let the judge see that he'd put him down for a fool the first minute. But for all that he kept the whole crowd of us till after midnight, blat, blat, blattin' about how ideal the gover'ment of the future was goin' to be!

"NOW, I'm not sayin' anything agin' socialism—not agin' the real thing, as I reckon the big men put it—and I'm not sayin' anything agin' a good argument, which all hard-thinkin' men naturally delight in. But under those heads Simpson and his mouth didn't come. His brand of socialism was his own; and, as for his arguments, I've no doubt that any one of that crowd of New York bankers and lawyers I had up here then could have jumped in and demolished them all in five minutes; though you couldn't 'a' closed Simpson's face in five years. But they just watched him talk; argue with him they wouldn't. For his theories were either the same old thing we've been hearin' all our lives, or else they were the ideas of a twelve-year-old. The second mornin' he was rubbin' it into me for puttin' in sixteen hours a day gettin' off that timothy I have on Thompson's Island; he'd 'a' let it lay and rot, I reckon. He said that six hours was a right day's work, and 'when a man was his own master he ought to inaugurate it for himself'; if he didn't, in the future the 'supreme law' would do it for him. I reckon most men think of law as a thing you can't get too little of, but his whole idea



"Nah-h!" he snarled out, like a kid asked for half his stick of candy.

of what was to come was law, everlastin' law, 'supreme law'! In his golden future, while every man of the 'general commonwealth' was goin' to be strictly out for himself, there was goin' to be a 'paramount authority' over all that no man would ever think of resistin'. 'And all land that would grow anything at all was goin' to be cultivated.'

"You'd have thought that about one day's fishin' up here would have taken that fool notion out of him. There was the river flowin' the same as it had since time begun, the rocks that'll be here for all eternity, and the bush—hundreds of miles of it—lookin' as if no foot had trod it yet. You'd have thought they would have showed him about how capable man is to be makin' world-alterin' laws. You'd have thought that he'd begin to feel that man ain't much more than a figger painted in a picture, with mighty little more to do in changin' that picture than he had to do with puttin' the paint on. But those things that come to all men who go to the woods and water in the right spirit had surely never come to this gabbin' little sawed-off! With him the whole scheme of nature and the social system could be altered as easy as alterin' the fashion of wearin' the hair—and Simpson had left all bald-headed men quite out of consideration, too.

"He finally ended up by all but attackin' fishin'—up at the Forks after bass himself, as he was! He said that 'fishin' was a survival of the childhood of the race'—(Judge Fitzpatrick said that he'd been so long at it that he guessed it was a second childhood for him!) 'and in future, while men would still be eatin' fish, certain men would be set aside who'd do the catchin' for the whole community!'

"Now, I'll venture to say that there wasn't a lawyer or a banker of that crowd who had any partic'lar strong feelin' that he was still in his childish period. In fact, I reckon most of them were pretty much of the mind that good game fishin' is one of the few things really worth while that life keeps for the full-grown man. But Simpson kept on harpin' on the 'childish' business just the same. And if you managed to get the talk away from fishin' and onto another tack, he'd get you there, too. At breakfast, when the crowd would be readin' their mornin' mail—and that's a time when silence is especially golden; at dinner, when they'd want to put in the hour comparin' notes on the forenoon's sport; and in the evenin', when the last men would come in through the dusk, and we'd

all sit 'round the door smokin' and meditatin', at peace with nature and all the world—then Simpson would open up. And stop him? You couldn't! We got past tryin'!

"Have you ever slep' in a tent through an all-night rain, when your canvas had got rubbed in a dozen different places, and drop, drop, drop, it'd come through—no gettin' away from it, however you might twist yourself? Well, that was Simpson, as near as I can express him, short of a yard of rip-roarin' cuss talk!

"A DOZEN times I was on the point of just takin' him by the scruff of the neck and sayin': 'Now you git—you pinhead of misery; you plaguin' human mosquito you, you git! I don't want your money. I on'y want you to take that everlastin' ding-dangin' mouth of yours out of here!'

"But, somehow, I never can seem to get away from the feelin' that when a feller comes up to the Forks he's my guest. To be sure you pay me so much a week—but, my Lord, there's somethin' more in life than you can give or git for silver and bills! And so I kept on holdin' myself in. He had on'y ten days anyway, and most of the crowd was there for three weeks. Well, nothin' happened till that final afternoon.

"You see, I'd done with him as I do with you: I'd promised him one day of my time to himself. I'd been livin' on in hopes that he'd forgotten it; but the night before his very last day he told me he wanted me with him next mornin'. 'He wanted to get the biggest haul he could to take back with him.'

"Hello! Hello!"

For two or three minutes, through the misty curtain of rain, we had been watching the Major playing what seemed to be a small lunge, and in his last excited lurch his boots had lost their grip on his ankle-deep hummock of rock, dropping him into the Rapids up to his arm-pits. Whatever it was he'd hooked took the five seconds of slack line to get off, and the lone fisherman waded heavily in to us, sputtering good-natured profanity. "But it was my last minnow, anyway," he added.

We told him we were mighty glad to hear it, while Matt lent a friendly hand to get the steaming sportsman out of his dripping mackintosh. "I was just tellin' the boys about that Simpson feller," he said.

"Oh, were you so? And are you ready yet to tell what it was you did to him, to shut him up so tight that last night and morning?"

"Yes, I am. I'm goin' to tell about that right now. I felt kind of mean then about the way I played it on him. But the more I've thought of it since, the more I've felt that it was just exactly what he was sufferin' for.

"You see, as I'd no mind to row him up and down the Channel in the sun all that day, I decided to bring him across the river, and down here to the Rapids. Of course, I knowed that he'd 'a' good deal rather get a lot of wrist-thick lunge, or some big yellow bass soft as suckers, than a mess of the firm little three-pounder 'small-mouths' from the rough water. But whether he might be willin' or not, I was goin' to see to it that he got the better fish—and, on the side, that he wasn't goin' to take any more work out of me than I could help to do it, neither!

"BEFORE we'd been out together for ten minutes he got my dander up by lettin' me catch his crawfish for him alone. While he was still snorin', I'd got him a stockin'-foot full of frogs; for, for all I didn't like the man, I wanted to give him all the choice of bait I could. But I took it for granted he'd do as the rest of ye do about the crawfish. Not him! He set on a rock under the shade of the bank, and talked improvin', while I was breakin' my back turnin' over half the stones on the Shoal. And it was late enough when we got down to the Rapids.

"When he did begin to fish, too, he found that

that mornin' frogs and crabs didn't seem to have their proper attraction, somehow. And it was a month too late to try the fly on bass. But even so, do you suppose he'd lend me a hand nettin' minnies for him? Nary Simpson! And minnies were most mortal shy that day, too. I'd crumbled up half our dinner loaf before I'd got as many as I'd 'a' had in ten minutes if he'd 'a' come out into the current and driv' for me. It was after eleven when he got really started fishin'.

"And an hour later I got another piece of him that settled his business with me for all time to come; when I told him it was about dinner time, and I was goin' to take a couple of his bass for the pan (followin' fishin' custom since fishin' begun)—'Nah-h!' he snarls out, like a kid asked for half his stick of candy. 'Nah-h! I want all I got to take home. You can catch some yourself.' And diggin' down into his pocket he threw me in a spare line. 'You can easy fish off the ledge without a pole!' he says.

"Now, gentlemen, if I never bring my own rod when I come out with you, it ain't because I've lost my love o' fishin'; for I can tell you straight that every year in my last forty I've been gettin' more pure joy out of it. If I leave my tackle at home it's only because"—and the old fellow flushed with pride—"it's on'y because I've found that if I'm goin' to look after a party right, and see that they get all the fishin' they want, I've naturally got to be shut off from temptation myself. When I levy on your mornin's catch for the spider, it ain't because I wouldn't a hundred times rather hook that spider-ful than let you get 'em for me! But when I do fish, I think mebbe I've got a little of the sportin' blood in me, myself. I wasn't exactly brought up on the cod banks. And I tell you I don't feel like goin' after the gamest bass in New Ontario with a thumb-line. It put green gall under my tongue to be told to, too! However, I did it. But I tell ye again, it was Simpson's finisher with me.

"WHAT piled it on worse, too, was that, while I was twiddlin' and jerkin' his dad-ratted top-string up and down for half-pounders, he had happened on to that rock the Major's just come off of (you can be sure I hadn't told him of the place), and he was beginnin' to pull out big fellers right and left. He couldn't 'a' helped it, neither, for it was part of his notion of sport to use a bamboo about as thick as a telegraph pole, and a line you could 'a' towed a boat with. He'd got nine good ones when I called him in to dinner.

"All through that meal on the rocks—and Lord,

but he was in the cockiest kind of good humour with himself—he was back at his 'supreme law' idea. As for me, well, I felt like one of those 'sleepin' geysers' you read about, the sort that on'y need about one more pebble dropped into them to bust out just foam'n' and boilin'! But I managed to keep a grip on myself, for I knowed now just where and when I was goin' to get him, though I'd no idea he'd take it as he did. But I didn't give him any sign then. After dinner I let him wade out again with his minnie pail stocked for the rest of the day. And I took that flat hog's-back rock just behind his, so I could take his fish just as fast as he caught them.

"IN half a minute he had his tenth hooked. 'Now this is what scientific fishin' does,' he says, pretty near haulin' the beast's gills out to get him 'round to me in the fewest seconds possible. 'I guess this time to-morrow I'll be showin' the States what you might call bass in round numbers.'

"'You might certainly seem to have good reason for so thinkin',' I says.

"That tenth was a four-pounder, and the eleventh was as big a one! They were bitin' as if they hadn't seen minnies for a month! 'Oh, I don't know!' he gloats. 'It takes a Grand Rapids man to show you back-country Canucks how to hike 'em out! Just keep on watchin' me!'

"'Yes,' I says, 'that's just what I'm doin', Mr. Simpson.' And already his next was leapin' knee-high in the Little Rapids rainbows—and it was bigger than any before it!

"But he pulled him round to me by main stren'th. 'Now, them three are pretty near a creel-full, ain't they?' he asks. 'I guess you'll have to go in with them.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'I guess we'll both of us have to go in, for you've caught the twelve bass the game laws of Ontario allow you for one day's fishin', Mr. Simpson, and if you take out another, by the authority vested in me as a deputy fisheries inspector in this here back country, as sure as my name's Matt McCutcheon I'll swear out a warrant agin' ye and put ye through.'

"'What-t?' he shouts. And it sounded like slappin' two shingles together, while his eyes began to push out like a crab's. 'What?'

"'That's what!' I says. 'P'raps I haven't made a practice of wearin' my license for a shirt front—mebbe I've never bothered any man comin' to the Forks with the law before. But that's what it is, just the same. And what's more, I've got the power to see that it's maintained. But, Mr. Simp-

son' (and, my Lord, I never enjoyed sayin' any-thing more in my life), 'but, Mr. Simpson, feelin' as you do about "law" I know I don't any more'n have to tell you the statutes to have you doin' all in your power to observe them!'

"That skewered him through! But at last he managed to pull a sickly grin, and 'Ah, go on, now,' he says, 'you're tryin' to stand me up because you know I've only got to-day to get my string in. But I ain't the kind of fellah that can be joshed like that.'

"'Oh, you ain't, ain't you?' I says. 'Well, mebbe, too, I ain't the kind of feller that joshes.' (The 'standin' up' part of his speech I didn't let my mind dwell upon, for I wanted to keep cool.) 'Furthermore, I've got somethin' else to impart to ye! 'What you've been preachin' to us for the last ten days has converted me to the six-hour idea, partic'larly "when a man's his own master and can inaugurate it for himself." And so, as I've been with you since half-past seven this mornin', and it's now close on to three, I'm goin' to begin in-inauguratin' by packin' up the stuff and startin' for home!'

"THAT set him chokin'! 'Now you just try it on!' he says. 'You just—'

"I didn't stop to do any listenin' to him. 'If ye want to come with me and cross in the boat, all right. If ye don't, ye can wait for the mail ferry, or swim. I'll take yer dozen bass, as I reckon it's my job to tote yer catch for ye. And ye can stay on this rock pullin' out four-pounders till moon-rise, for all I care; you'll never get better fishin' in Canada. But if, when ye follow me home, ye've got one more with ye, it'll cost ye three months' salary. Now I give ye fair warnin'!'

"He wouldn't come with me, and I reckon he counted on my turnin' back and meachin' to him before I'd got half up to the Skidway. Turn back! I wouldn't 'a' done it for all the money the miserable little talkin' machine had ever counted! So he navigated his way through the bush by himself—and set on the shore till nine that night waitin' for the ferry!

"When finally he did get across, whatever his thoughts were, the 'general commonwealth' never heard them. For he sneaked up to his room without makin' any call for supper, eat breakfast next mornin' in a silence that set the Major here askin' him about his health—and took the stage for the Junction with nary a final comfortin' word about the glitterin' future that may be awaitin' our on-worthy race!"

The Indifference of Mr. Average Citizen

First of a Series of Four Articles on Phases of Municipal Life

By BRITTON B. COOKE

arithmetic. They divide the amount of money required by the assessment and announce the tax-rate. If your bill is unsatisfactory it is not then the fault of the assessor, but of those who made up the city's budget. If the departments in your city hall are extravagantly run, or wastefully; if they are overloaded with clerks they don't need; or are burdened by some time-honoured accounting system which only hampers efficiency and tends to promote inefficient, even dishonest service; if they are paying fancy prices for supplies, or buying in small quantities what they could buy in large quantities; if they are not collecting all the money they should collect—do you know it? Yet these are the things that make the tax-bill sometimes awful to behold, and instead of tapping the root of the matter, Mr. Average Citizen growls at the assessor, who is just as much a victim of Municipal Indifference as Mr. Average Citizen is himself.

A CERTAIN eastern Canadian city has four hundred and fifty thousand population. Upon this population a burden of two million dollars was placed the other day, simply because the city had been so indifferent to the real management of its affairs that it allowed a responsible position to be filled with a man who, to say the least, was not big enough. This is not a muck-raking article. We don't intend to tell the name of the city, although it would be easy enough for any writer to find out. But this two million dollars loss means just \$4.44 per head of population in that city. That is the sum which each citizen pays for just one result of Municipal Indifference. Almost five dollars lost! Thrown away! Wasted! Gone! And for what?

WHEN Mr. Average Citizen, who pays taxes on say twenty, thirty or fifty feet on such-and-such a street in Toronto, Vancouver or Halifax, reckons up his expenses for the year, how much does he allow he spent for the privilege of being indifferent to the management of his city? It must be admitted at the outset that it is sometimes a burden to take more than a superficial interest in one's city. There are so many demands upon your Average Citizen's time and so many opportunities for using that time more agreeably, that he takes little interest in the real running of his city. He leaves that to the ignorant crank or ambitious politician who chooses to take advantage of the unlocked stable door. To vote, once a year for mayor and aldermen and possibly on some by-law, to grouch at the street railway service, the paving contractors, and the assessment rate is about all the interest in municipal affairs the Average Citizen feels able to take.

Municipal Indifference is a luxury. It has to be paid for. Are you, Mr. Average Citizen, paying more on this account than you can afford? Ought you to cut down the amounts spent on this item, just as you occasionally prune your cigar outlay or shorten the allowance you give your travellers for "entertainment," or reduce the margin of waste allowed your factory foreman from a given amount of raw material? Instead of complaining that your assessment is too high and that you are therefore forced to pay more money in taxes on your thirty-foot lot than you like to pay, why do you not cut down the sum you are paying every day for the privilege of being indifferent to the management of the municipality? Assessment departments are not to blame for your taxes. The authorities who fix the rate you pay—seventeen mills or nineteen mills, whatever it is—are merely the victims of simple

For "boodle?" For value received? For anything that could or might do anybody any good? No. For incompetence in the first place and Municipal Indifference in the second place, because without the Indifference there would never have been the Incompetence. Down among the cigars, the drinks, the theatre tickets and the other little luxuries, each citizen of that particular city might just jot down:

"To one day's Municipal Indifference..... \$4.44"

THERE are a great many places where a perfectly honest city administration may leak. This particular leak in this particular city was in the Treasurer's Department. Theft? No! To be a successful thief requires a more or less competent brain. Graft? Save the breath! This particular Canadian city had in its infancy hired an amiable gentleman to work in its Treasury Department. In time he became Treasurer. He had certain friends and certain connections that made his removal a delicate matter for anyone to undertake. When the city needed only a few thousand a year he did the financing. When it needed a million he still did it. When it needed twenty million and had to have it, the Mayor and Aldermen naturally turned to the amiable Treasurer to get it. They took it for granted he knew how. Whether he paid five per cent. for it or six, they cared very little because they were at heart Municipally Indifferent. They left it to him, and he, not to be outdone, raised the money.

Few citizens even knew that the city needed the money. Few cared. Few knew when the amiable Treasurer returned from London with part of it. Did they hear about his having misjudged the market, and by choosing the wrong moment to float the bond issue, getting a poor price where he might have had a better? Did they know that by this in-

competence the city got only \$17,000,000 out of a \$20,000,000 bond issue; whereas had the City Treasurer possessed even a glimmer of real financial ability, or had he even listened to the disinterested advice of the local bankers, he would have realized an average of ten points higher on his issue? They did not. Hence two million dollars to be set down to the Indifference of a city which cared so little about its financing as to leave such important matters in the hands of a servant who was not big enough for his work.

THIS is not to argue that towns and cities can be run with no waste. This is not to argue, either, that every citizen should swear himself in as a special constable, auditor and moral guardian to his city fathers. For if a man can lose money by Municipal Indifference he can lose just as much and more by becoming a crank and taking time off from business to tell people, from the height of a soap box, what he thinks of the Mayor and his mismanagement. This is not to commend office-chasers, or persons who habitually attack everything, and slander good men just in order to make a speech. But it is to point out that between that restful indifference which is so freely indulged in on the one side, and that renegade criticism which stands on the other side there is a *via media*.

In 1908 the municipalities of Canada borrowed \$47,433,911; in 1909, \$36,278,528; in 1910, \$35,748,690; in 1911, \$47,159,288; and in 1912, \$48,414,962. In those five years Canadian municipalities borrowed \$215,035,379. What percentage of this did they lose by bad financing? Who supervised the flotations?—a company of amiable amateur city treasurers. Said a big financier in Eastern Canada not long ago, "Twenty million a year is wasted every year through municipal indifference. But do these towns care? Not a bit. They are making money for themselves—these citizens so called. If the tax-rate gets too high, they will unload, if possible, on somebody else. Citizen after citizen will keep on unloading such property and moving to places where the tax-rate is not so high, with the

result that the price of land in the original community drops and trade languishes. If it be a young western community, such as one or two I have in mind, they drop completely out of sight and become deserted villages."

"Twenty million a year!"

Mr. Average Citizen snorts, "Well, I don't see what I can do about it," and goes out to cut grass.

THIS subject is very pertinent just now. Three years ago to get money for municipal affairs you needed only to send a well-dressed, smooth-tongued gentleman to Threadneedle Street, have him hold up your bonds—properly engraved, of course—and ere three days had passed every bond would be swallowed up and the greedy multitude of investors would be staring like frogs after swallowing a fly, calling for more. It scarcely mattered what you wanted the money for, or for how long, or upon what real security, if any. The rate of interest was of some importance, but Canada was the magic word. Canada was all that mattered. That single group of letters slit the purse-strings and the money ran out. The Canadian municipalities that were thus supplied were some of them foolish and some wise. Some spent the money carefully, taking pains to see that it went only for those things which it was primarily intended for and not on a crop of other schemes suddenly hatched under the influence of so much easy money present. As a matter of fact these municipalities were by far in the majority. But others, possessed suddenly of \$500,000, for which nobody seemed especially responsible and which seemingly was not costing anybody anything, built fancy school houses and paid fancy salaries to fancy teachers, and in the immortal words of the local scribe referring to a corn roast—"A good time was had."

Have any Canadian municipalities defaulted recently on the interest on their bonds? Not yet. But among the small fry they have sometimes come very close to it. To default means far more in

Threadneedle Street than it may seem to the loafers and the business people in these badly-run municipalities. "What's that to do with me?" exclaims the postmaster, the constable and the fire-brigade. Nothing. The bond-holders may lose their money. The town may lose its name. The credit of the whole Dominion of Canada—and credit is almost as essential to Canada as population—is besmirched. The townsmen may pick up stakes and move to Regina or Saskatoon or Toronto or Moncton. They lose nothing but their small investment in real estate—which to tell you the truth some of them were only gambling on anyway. At the worst, posterity will have to pay up. Long suffering posterity.

Municipal Indifference lets flighty aldermen propose public works which a town or a city or the district really does not need. It lets amateur financiers float the bonds. It permits slovenly councils to go ahead spending the money without caring a farthing whether there is a sinking fund or not. Municipal Indifference cries "Boost! Boost! Let's all boost together, boys. Get the hook for the Knockers!" And when the Municipally Indifferent have saddled their community with a needless trunk sewer, or pavements out to some sky-line sub-division, and local improvements ten miles from the post office, thinking all the while what a bully citizen everybody is and how fine it is to be a real converted booster—Mr. Professional Booster cleans up on his sky-line lots, resigns from the council on account of ill-health, or pressure of business affairs, and toddles off to the Riviera with his wife, who used to be a saleslady, but now wears slashed skirts, to spend his earnings.

Even supposing the money is wanted for a necessary work, and supposing the community is well able to afford it, Municipal Indifference blinds the community to the best methods of raising the money. And finally, having raised it, it is poured into the

oust the aldermen or to show that they disapproved of the waste. But they did not make a protest. That town to-day, although otherwise a good place, is "flat," "dead broke," "busted."

In a big city in the west, Municipal Indifference allows a sort of Tammany Hall to control its patronage. As a result the \$700,000 appropriated by the city for the building of a certain trunk sewer was squandered on day-labourers who were "needed" by the local Tammany. Another \$400,000 had to be raised to complete the work. Municipal Indifference doped the intelligent people of that city so that they did not even whimper, though they passed the sewer gang at work every day.

TO-DAY the raising of money for Canadian municipalities is not easy. Big cities like Vancouver, Winnipeg and Toronto have been having their own troubles in raising money. Sound business concerns are compelled to be conservative in their expenditures. Money is not "tight," but it is frightened, and one of the things contributing to this elusive state is Municipal Indifference.

Your town, Mr. Average Citizen, may not be sinning in any one of the ways I have indicated. It may not be borrowing too much, or unwisely. It may not be spending carelessly or foolishly. There may be, probably is not any grafting, any over-employment, any theft. But such ideal conditions are by no means likely and the Municipal Indifference which seems to mark every village, town and city in Canada tends to promote abuses whether they already exist or not.

Two men were talking. They were Torontonians. It was January 2nd.



"Mr. Professional Booster cleans up on his sky-line lots . . . and toddles off to the Riviera with his wife."

top of the city hall and disappears—does anyone really know how? I am not suggesting dishonesty, though goodness knows it is common enough and easy enough for the clever thief. Does the city purchase supplies as it should? Does it engage and supervise labour as it should? Does it keep track of the costs as it should? Is there any incentive to heads to see that their departments are efficient?

NOT long ago a town on Vancouver Island hired an engineer to lay out streets. The town lay on steep hills. The engineer, for a fee of ten thousand dollars, figured out everything and threw in a nice water-colour drawing, showing just how the beautiful town would look when finished. But he had provided for deep cuts to be made at certain points, which cuts left the real estate of a certain councillor high up in air. The engineer was fired, together with his fee. Another was engaged. He, too, with fee, was fired; same reason. A third was hired. He made a plan that hurt nobody's property except humble folk who didn't want to sell out, but intended standing by the town. These humble folk, you say, were the real citizens of the town. They were not. They were so Municipally Indifferent that they allowed the aldermen to squander \$25,000 in getting a plan. There were enough of them to

"Well," said one, "I see Bobby Brown was elected again."

(Bobby Brown being the wrong name.)

"Yes," sighed the other. "Poor fool! But I helped elect him."

"You voted for him?"

"Oh, yes."

"But why?"

"Why?—well, Bobby needs the money."

Bobby needs the money. Could you have a more nearly perfect specimen of Municipal Indifference? Yet the same man will argue till he is black in the face about the need for "tubes" in Toronto. He will abuse the Street Railway Company and carp at the Assessment Department. He will go to protest meetings called to denounce the condition of his street and protest with great indignation if the Assessor raises him \$2 a foot frontage over last year. The "tubes" for the city of Toronto may be a good thing and necessary. The Assessment Department may have sinned. But thanks to this man's Municipal Indifference—going on the principle of "Bobby needs the money"—the "tubes," if they are ever built, will cost perhaps twice what they should.

Editor's Note: Mr. Cooke's second article, in a series of four, will discuss "Municipal Prudence."



THE OPEN FIRE

I THINK that it ought to be made a criminal offence for any man to build a house without at least one generous fire-place in it. I think that the punishment, on conviction, ought to be imprisonment in a damp and chilly cell in his summer under-clothing. We are under the delusion in this country that they do not know in the Old World how to heat a house. It is we who do not know—too often. Only of late years have our more luxurious builders taken to incorporating fire-places in their houses. And often they are regarded chiefly as ornaments—an excuse for having a mantel. They are seldom used. Or, perhaps, they put flowers in them. Yet the open fire-place is the only proper way of heating a room except in the dead of winter, when a fire in the furnace may be added—note the “added.” I would not even then put out the cheery and companionable fire in the fire-place—the best ventilator ever invented—man’s choicest companion among the forces of nature.

THE old system of heating with a stove was about the last word in sanitary insanity. We boxed ourselves up in a room, shut the windows and doors, and then lighted a fire in it to eat all the oxygen out of the air. The burned air could not escape—that would be letting the heat out. So we became warm and somnolent and semi-asphyxiated, and pitied those poor ignorant Europeans who did not know enough to buy stoves. In the meantime, they—those of them who did not have stoves, as the Germans had—sat about their dancing domestic fires, which quite sufficiently heated their rooms for health in their comparatively mild climate, roasted their nuts on the bars, toasted their shins in the ruddy heat, mulled their wines and grilled savory dishes in the coals, and enjoyed all the merry and incomparable companionship of a family gathered about its own hearth. The air in their rooms remained pure and bracing—their wits danced with the flames—they never dreamed how badly off they were for the lack of a stove to doze over.

IT is in the autumn that I most miss the open fire. The days are often bright and warm, but the nights fall chilly. You would not dream of starting a big fire in the furnace—it would be a burden all through the day and would over-heat the house for sleeping. Unless it were very carefully checked, it would even make the rooms unpleasantly “stuffy” for your evenings beside the reading-lamp. Exactly what you want are a few blazing sticks of wood or glowing bits of soft coal on the hearth. That cheers but does not enervate, and is, moreover, a real delight in itself. Then when you go out in the waning afternoon for your constitutional through the autumn woods, you can gather with all the avidity of boyhood pine-cones and promising fragments of wood for your evening fire. You come home happily laden with them, your sense of acquisition pleasantly stirred; and you know that, after dinner, you will have great fun piling them on the blazing coals.

BUT the unspeakable scoundrels who build houses without fire-places—especially do they build apartments and flats that way—deprive more than half our population of this great joy. They must make shift with a gas-grate—an abomination of desolation or rather of desecration—or an electric “heater.” The living, leaping flame is denied them. It is like depriving you of the companionship of your favourite dog, and asking you to be satisfied with a stuffed dog-skin or a “Teddy Bear.” They take up as much room, perhaps, and they feel as woolly; but they are dead. It may be that your dog leaves discarded hairs about and that your hearth scatters ashes on the furniture; but to do without them for this reason would be like going without your dinner so as to keep the dishes clean. Still if you will live in a city, and more especially in an apartment house, I grant that you must sacrifice the dog. The dog is a citizen of the out-of-doors. He goes with a yard—and better with a farm. But one solitary room is enough to hold a fire-place; and most of us manage to get that.

ONE of the pleasant anticipations I have in going to Europe as summer fades, is the prospect of the open fire. You probably will not think of them there until well into October; and then some evening, as you arrive at your chosen Inn, after a day spent among the vineyards with their purple fruitage glistening in the sun, you notice that it is chilly—and you tell the “garçon” to lay a fire in your bed-room. Ah! how cosy it is! He brings up a handful of twigs and a bit of paper. Upon these he lays a few split sticks from a little basket of wood which you have bought for a “franc.” He touches a match to it; and the flame begins to crackle through the loose wood and up the chimney. Your tired body literally soaks in the ardent heat, and your eyes glaze with gazing on the naked blaze. Summer has come back to you from its prison-house in the old inn whither it was confined, awaiting your pleasure, in the swooning sunny days of long ago. It may even drip rain from the eaves outside—there is a chill breath at the window—but here at

your feet glows perpetual sunshine stored up in a log, direct from time and nature.

COMPARE these with having the “bell-hop” turn on the heat in your bed-room radiator, and then hearing the “clank-clank-clicketty-clicketty-clank” as the hot water or the steam comes through. The black iron is as lifeless and repelling as ever. Slowly it forces a sort of smelly heat into the room; and you open the window to breathe free again. The air gets dry—and so do your mouth and nostrils. Your skin tightens in a feverish manner; and you are baked—but not warmed. And when the time comes to go to bed, you try to turn off the monster, but it still sizzles with unwelcome heat. Half through the night, it keeps you awake; and, in the chill morning, you dread to turn it on again. Meanwhile, your fellow-traveller in Europe has watched the ashes glimmer slowly into an incandescent murkiness as he falls asleep in a perfectly pure air, actively ventilated up the open chimney. In the morning, the first sound he hears is a low rap on the door. Then a maid enters, bids him “Bon jour,” briskly brushes up the ashes on the hearth, lays another fire and sets it ablaze. Then she brings to his “night table” a tray carrying his morning coffee and his rolls and butter, and vanishes. She has thrown open the blinds and the sun pours in. Another day has begun with the cheeriest of welcomes.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Among the New Books

By “PAPER KNIFE”

“The Widow in the Bye Street,” by John Masefield. When, some little time ago, the English papers were settling the question of the vacant poet-laureateship, many voices were raised in favour of John Masefield. Mr. Masefield is probably the most realistic and vivid of all the poets. He is, consequently, the most daring. In this book he treats of an everyday tragedy. A widow, whose whole care and sole love is her little boy, works early and late, and endures all sorts of privations in order that she may bring up her boy. He becomes a man almost before she is aware of it. His mother thinks with more and more frequency of the moment which will come, which must inevitably come, when there will be another woman in his life—not his mother. The anguish of his mother as she realizes the possibility that this woman may be unsuited to the boy, is delineated in matchless poetry.

Nothing is more certain than that the woman will come. She does, and the fear which has become omnipresent with the mother is realized. The woman is the wrong sort. Mother and son meet her at the Country Fair. Her own gentleman for the nonce is engaged in taking care of another demi-mondaine. Jimmie, the widow’s son, falls in love, and falls deep. Later, the paramour of the lady turns up. Jimmie discovers them together, and with the strength born of flouted passion, kills the woman’s lover. For this he suffers the penalty of death.

Perhaps the greatest part of this great poem is the description of the terrible agony of the widow when she learns that her son must die. All her years of self-sacrifice, her days of loving labour, her nights pregnant with prayer, are wasted. She has done all she could, but even that all cannot save her boy from the cruel destiny that sweeps him up and throws him down at the place it has prepared.

The strength of the story is its truth. All that it describes has happened a thousand times. The story is so common that a few lines in a newspaper are enough for most people. But because it is so common, because it is so usual and ordinary, Mr. Masefield’s treatment of it stands out the more distinctly. He has chosen a common theme, and by the light of his own brilliance has lit a beacon which flames, that all may see and heed. (London: Sedgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.)

By way of contrast, so far as theme is concerned, Mr. Masefield has given us “The Everlasting Mercy.” This was awarded the Polignac Literary Prize in 1912, and was declared by Sir James Barrie to be “incomparably the finest literature of the year.” That seems a very broad statement to make, but the thoughtful reader of this book will easily concede its possibility, and near probability.

Whereas in the poem, “The Widow in the Bye Street,” the subject is that of a man drifting toward the fulfilment of his dread destiny. “The Everlasting Mercy” shows the awakening and subsequent conversion of the libertine, profligate, drunkard through the everlasting mercy of a saving God. Mr. Masefield, though essentially different

in his methods from M. Maeterlinck, has yet some beliefs and fundamental conceptions in common with the great Belgian writer. Though his mysticism is of a very different sort, he is yet every bit as mystical. This poem of Masefield’s leaves a good deal—it may be, too much—to the imagination of the reader. Exactly how are we to take the description of Saul Kane’s awakening from the evil torpor into which he has fallen?

But that is a minor point. Mr. Masefield’s book is the vivid narration in poetry of the sort of conversion which Mr. Harold Begbie so realistically portrays in his “Broken Earthenware” and other books. “The Everlasting Mercy,” like its companion book, is so monumental because it is so real. All the way down the ages conversions have taken place in the hearts of men and women. Yet no one has more fully or more beautifully described this regeneration and re-creation, than John Masefield, a twentieth century poet.

There is no need to speak of the author’s style. In its own way it is inimitable and therefore incomparable. In some ways it reminds one of Byron—without the morbidness and the hypochondria. I do not wonder that “The Everlasting Mercy” gained the Polignac Prize. (London: Sedgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d. net. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.)

“The Old Adam,” by Arnold Bennett. The Old Adam began life as Denery the Audacious in the previous book from the pen of Arnold Bennett. And readers who have not had too much Denery are delighted when they discover that the Five Towns “card,” in the new volume, perfects his reputation. He does it despite that he holds the title of Alderman Machin of staid “Owd Bosley.”

A genius for linking opportunity with “nerve,” and a consuming desire to perish or astonish his wife and a neutral public—implicate the Alderman in a list of exciting manoeuvres from which he emerges “on fortune’s cap the button”—to cull a phrase.

You see, Nellie, the wife of “the card,” refuses to be surprised at Edward Henry. Not to be spectacular is not to be brooked in his case, so he undertakes at forty-three to “show them.” He does it in London principally, prevailing over the duplicities of sundry would-be “doers,” putting up at “Wilkins’s” at the dare of a brother provincial, and establishing, as a venture, the Regent playhouse. Incidentally, he “does it” in New York, also, saving his London theatre by enlisting there the attraction, Isabel Joy, a real if fictitious Pankhurst.

The book, as is almost guessed, is light; on a plane one would say, with “Buried Alive”—which the author frankly admits is one of his lapses. Yet always the author is Arnold Bennett, and the detail of his caricature as “The Old Adam” presents it is quite as clever, in its different way, as the detail of the portraiture one encounters in “Old Wive’s Tale,” or in “Clayhanger.”

The book has no “purpose,” whatever, as the Arnold Bennett aim is delineation. (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn. \$1.25 net.)



Mary Nash, in "The Lure," a New White Slave Play That Has Created a Sensation in New York.

Plays of the New Season

In Which Reserve Has Been Temporarily Set Aside

By JOHN E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent.

THE theatrical season of 1913-14 has made a more or less whirlwind start. Over a score of new plays—in which farce, musical comedy and drama mingle somewhat incongruously—have been offered for public approval while a few permanent successes from last season, like "Within the Law," "Peg O' My Heart," "The Sunshine Girl," remain as a sort of mellowing influence. And from present indications a good deal of mellowing will be necessary.

Bayard Veiller's new play, "The Fight," has answered the question whether or not the author of "Within the Law" could come back, with a startlingness that has raised a cry of "police," and forced blase critics, while gently chiding the author's taste, ungrudgingly to admit his genius for effective theatrical exposition. White slavery is the theme of the new play, and the realism of the second act, with its scenes laid in a sporting house, is the cause of all the disturbance. The author abandons realism after the second act, however, and draws the picture of a heroine struggling to down the opponents of her candidacy for the mayoralty of the town she is determined to purify. The play argues with a good deal of force that this would be a better world if women generally would cooperate in our moral and social problems. Their

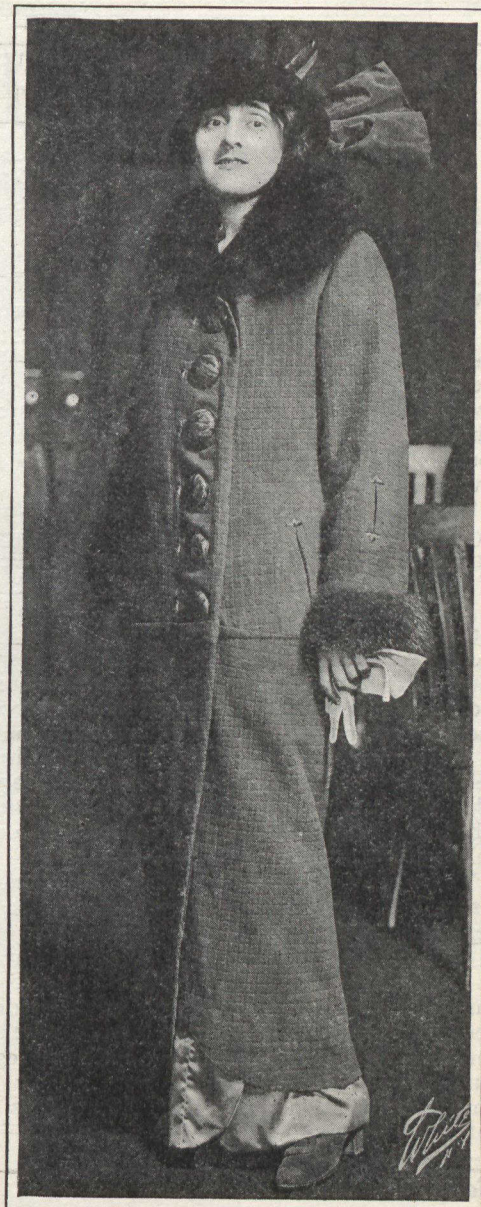
"The Family Cupboard," by Owen Davis, varies the theme of white slavery with an equally gruesome "triangle," in which the husband finally discards the young mistress who has been making up for his wife's neglect. To get even with both she beguiles the spendthrift son, whom both adore, into her alluring arms. Miss Irene Fenwick plays the youthful adventuress with beguiling charm, and Mr. William Morris the father with admirable effectiveness and sincerity.

TURNING to pleasanter things we have "Believe Me Xanthippe," the funniest of detective and jail comedies, which won the John Craig prize at Harvard last year; "The Temperamental Journey," adapted from the French by Leo Ditrichstein; "Who's Who," a typical William Collier farce, by Richard Harding Davis; "Madame President," a highly seasoned French farce of compromising situations; "Where Ignorance is Bliss," a new comedy by Molnar, author of "The Devil"; "Kiss Me Quick," a farce of many amusing and complicating situations, by Philip Bartholomae; and Edgar Selwyn's new farce, "Nearly Married."

The last named is an amusing chapter in marital complications. A wife begins an action for divorce and suddenly changes her mind while proceedings

ability to do it the author never leaves in question. Margaret Wycherly proved a delightfully human and sympathetic incarnation of the heroine. In fact, anti-suffragists who fear that feminine activity in public affairs can only be at the sacrifice of feminine charms, are earnestly commended to a study of her portrayal.

"The Lure," another white slave play for which the public is popularly supposed to have an inordinate appetite at this moment, has also been drawn to the attention of the police. George Scarborough is the author of the piece and, it is reported, has simply dramatized some of the material he collected while acting as an agent of the Federal Government in its investigation of "white slavery." The heroine of "The Lure" is a simple-minded shop girl, poor but honest, whose mother is dying for want of proper medicine and nourishment. As a last resort the girl remembers a card given her by a Madame Somebody, who always has "extra work for girls in the evenings," at her home. The girl arrives as a caller in the sky-blue-and-gilt furnished parlour just at a moment when the inmates of the house are perturbed over the suicide of a young girl who has taken gas rather than submit. The action of the play thereafter has to do with the efforts of the shop girl to escape from the toils of her persecutors and of their final success through the timely intervention of her Secret Service lover. Miss Mary Nash, one of the very best of our younger actresses, played the girl with fine nervous and emotional power. It was considered, however, that the play was too strong even for New York, and it was modified.

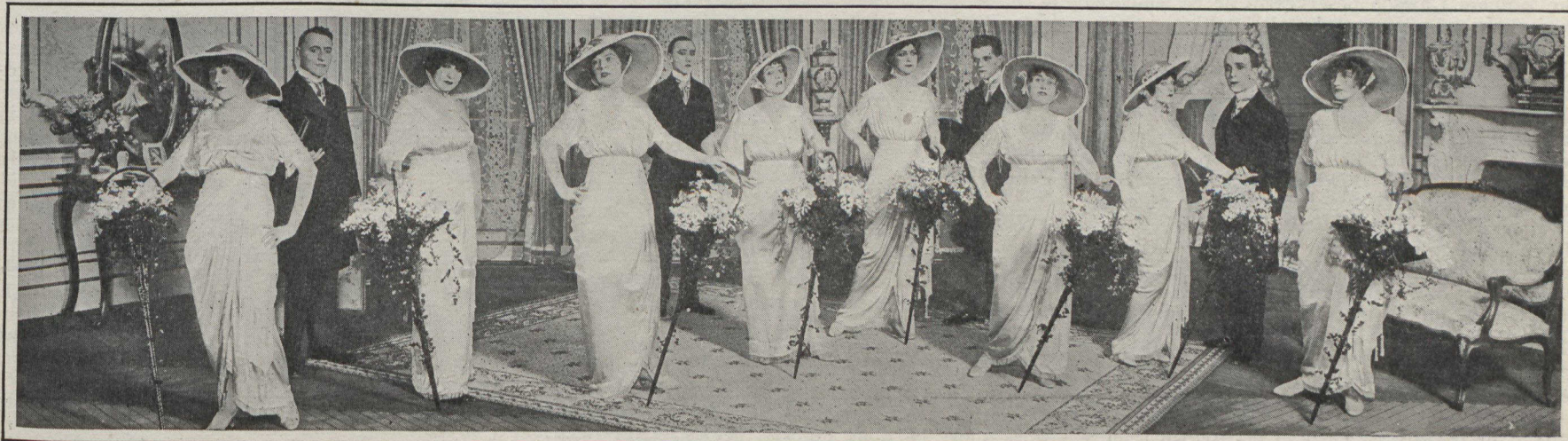


Margaret Wycherly in "The Fight," a New Reform Play," by Bayard Veiller, Author of "Within the Law."

are under way. Unknown to the parties concerned, however, a decree has been granted, and according to its terms, the husband may not re-marry for five years. Mr. Bruce McRae is the bright particular star in the tangled situation.

The theme of "The Temperamental Journey" bears considerable resemblance to Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," which has also been dramatized and is to appear under the title, "The Great Adventurer." In each an artist disappears and on his supposed death, pictures for which no market could be found in their lifetime bring fame and fortune. In "The Temperamental Journey" the artist returns when bogus imitations threaten to ruin his reputation. A love story is woven into the narrative and derives poignancy from the fact that the beloved shares a common belief in the artist's death. A cruelty which would be hardly justified in life. Miss Josephine Victor plays the part of the devoted with exquisite tenderness and sympathy, while Miss Isabel Irving is equally effective as the heartless and hypocritical wife.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss" is the doubtful postulate of a cynical study in the temperamental (Concluded on page 20.)



Scene from Act II. of "Adele," the New Musical Comedy Hit, as Produced in New York.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Money for Farmers

NOW that Saskatchewan has decided to try the experiment of supporting special institutions for supplying farmers with capital, there is much discussion of the points involved. The farmers want money and the banks charge them an average of ten per cent. for advances, it is claimed. Therefore there must be created institutions whose special business it is to make loans to farmers at a low rate of interest.

There are, however, grave dangers involved. Professor Robertson, at the Political Science Association meeting, in Ottawa, recently, voiced one of these. He pointed out that many of the farmers in the West were suffering because they had bought too much land and too many implements. If they were given more money without any restrictions they would simply buy more land and more implements, which would be disastrous. According to the Professor's theory, a farmer should be limited in his borrowings by his neighbours; that he should get money only for enterprises which they approved. This would increase co-operation and mutual help, which, he said, was the greatest need of our agricultural life.

There is a point here worthy of thought and discussion. When a bank advances cash to a business man, it inquires what he intends to do with it. If the manager feels that the new investment is unwise, the loan is refused. So any loan company, founded for the purpose of providing the needy farmer with more capital, must be reasonably certain that the money shall be used for legitimate purposes. Otherwise loans would simply lead to unwise speculation, from which Canada is already suffering unduly.

Banks and Real Estate

NOW that money is working easier and the banks have more money to loan, it is to be hoped that they will continue their policy of not loaning money for speculative building. Even in Toronto and Montreal there are more offices to let than at any time during the past ten years. Wages in the building trades have risen to a point where they are almost unreasonable, and where they compare too favourably with the wages of those who labour on the land. There should be a recession in the price of building materials and in the price of building skill. If the banks will stand by their present policy of discouraging speculation in real estate and absolutely refuse to lend to speculative builders, prices will have a tendency to normal levels. The readjustment will, in the final analysis, be of tremendous benefit to the country as a whole.

Lady Dawson

LAST week there passed away in the city of Montreal a lady who was almost forgotten by the present generation. Her death has been practically unnoticed by the daily papers and the editors of the women's departments. This distinguished lady did not seem, in their eyes, to be as important as Mrs. Smythe's five o'clock tea. Nevertheless, Lady Dawson was a connecting link between the present and the past of Canada's intellectual life.

Sir William Dawson deserves to be remembered with feelings of reverence by all intelligent Canadians. He and Lady Dawson came to Canada about 1855, and from that time forward they were leading figures in the educational and social life of the city of Montreal. Sir William's work as head of McGill University, and his numerous books on geology and allied sciences, are too well known to require more than mention. Lady Dawson started the Bible Women's Work and was interested in many other institutions. Her influence was of the highest type and her memory will remain long in the hearts of many people who benefited by acquaintanceship with two of the most notable figures in Canadian life in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Sir William died in 1899.

Centralist Scheme Fails

SOME time ago the centralists, who are anxious to bind the various parts of the British Empire together with bands of steel, in order to prevent its undue expansion, devised a scheme to ap-

point an "Inspector-General of the Overseas Forces." This post was to be held by a distinguished British officer who would regulate the development of the militia forces in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and elsewhere, in order to ensure that such development should be in harmony with the military ideas of Whitehall. It is said that Lord Kitchener and the Duke of Connaught both regarded the post as ridiculous and refused to fill it. The lot then fell upon General Sir Ian Hamilton, who has done his best to fill what the *London Daily Express* calls "a ridiculous post," and "an ornamental post." This paper now announces that the position will be abolished. It is too bad that this was not done before the Canadian Government spent forty thousand dollars for special trains and entertainment for this distinguished soldier.

It may be mean to suggest it, but can it possibly be that Colonel Sam Hughes discovered that General Hamilton was not the proper man for the post and that he has advised the British Government to abolish this ridiculous and ornamental position? Is Colonel Hughes at heart an anti-centralist?

C. M. A. Speaks Out

PRESIDENT GOURLAY, of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, could not have done better in his remarks on the navy question, even if he had asked the editor of the CANA-

FORESIGHT

WONDERFUL has been the harvest all over Canada; tremendous has been the luck of this country in a trying world year; but a grave danger still awaits us. The sudden slackening of building operations has thrown thousands of men out of employment in all our growing cities. These men have houses to heat and wives and kiddies to feed. There is a danger that some of them will suffer in January and February.

Every city council in Canada should appoint a special committee to consider this situation and to make suggestions. Let us do this now before the suffering commences, while our brains are clear and our hands not hurried. If we wait until January we shall do something unbusinesslike and probably foolish, and do it in the name of "charity." If the plans are made now, it can be done in the name of "good business," because there are civic works which can be carried on in January and February, when wages are low, as well as in June and July, when wages are high.

Let each city have foresight and each city's reputation will be saved, each city's business maintained, and each city's unfortunates kept happy and comfortable. The sum of all these happenings will be a maintenance of national confidence.

Now is the time for each city council to decide what it shall do with its unemployed in January and February, when the coal and meat bills will be at their highest point. A little foresight will save many innocents from hunger and cold.

DIAN COURIER to help him. He says that by the delay in settling the navy question, Canada has been "chagrined and humiliated by the spectacle of a noble ambition converted into a football of party politics." Exactly. This is the opinion of the non-party press and many party men whose patriotism comes before their party zeal.

Again, President Gourlay says: "If I interpret your feelings, gentlemen, correctly, you are less concerned as to how the matter is settled than you are that it be settled, and settled promptly, in a manner and on a scale befitting the dignity of our country." Splendid. If the C. M. A. will follow up this statement with an active campaign to make their opinion felt by both Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it will win the highest encomiums.

There is work for the C. M. A. to do, and that work must be done quickly. It is semi-officially announced that the navy question will be shelved until 1915. A strong protest from the C. M. A.,

backed by the stern resolve of all its members, would undoubtedly help to prevent so disastrous and so pusillanimous a decision.

Non-Partisanship

LORD LOREBURN has suggested that the Irish Home Rule question should be settled by a conference of Liberals, Conservatives and Nationalists. He has made a profound impression by taking such a non-partisan view of a national question. No one arises to say that he has read himself out of the Liberal party by such action. No one declares him a traitor. He is praised even by those who think his suggestion comes too late.

Earl Grey, our ex-governor-general, wrote a letter to the *London Times* a few days after Lord Loreburn's suggestion was made public and urged that if Lord Loreburn's suggestion was not acceptable the Canadian federal scheme be applied to Great Britain. In this way provincial home rule would be granted to Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England. No one accused him of being a deserter or a traitor or an interfering character. Instead, he also is in receipt of general praise. One despatch from London describes him as "the most influential non-party man in England."

If non-partisanship is thus highly respected in England, why should it not be greatly approved here? If the non-partisans of Great Britain, where the party system is as important as it is in Canada, are highly regarded, shall they receive less consideration in this country?

Buying Rain-Coats

BOTH political parties are buying rain-coats. The *Kingston Standard* somewhat insolently remarks:

"The Canadian Courier has, in two or three recent issues, expressed the desire that the Canadian naval policy be taken out of politics. As the Courier aided Sir Wilfrid Laurier in putting the policy into politics by opposing Mr. Borden's project, perhaps Sir Wilfrid may pay some attention to its request."

The *Brantford Expositor* holds an exactly opposite view. It says:

"The Courier, to maintain an appearance of impartiality, chooses to bracket Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier in its appeal for a non-partisan consideration of the naval question, but this is hardly fair. It is not Sir Wilfrid and the Liberal party, but Mr. Borden and the Conservative party, who have broken away from a policy which both parties accepted in 1909. Furthermore, the Liberal party, at the last session of parliament, made overtures through Mr. Guthrie for a compromise programme, which provided for the giving of two instead of three Dreadnoughts and the making of a start on a Canadian navy, but these were not entertained. The next move ought to come from the Premier."

Yes, they are buying rain-coats. They find the feeling growing throughout the country that the naval question has been unwisely handled by both parties, and each is trying to blame the other. The *Kingston Standard* is but typical of the Conservative press; the *Brantford Expositor* is equally typical of the Liberal press. Each side says to the other, "You are the rogue." It is the same old game. It is again rendered necessary in order to stem the rising tide of public indignation.

After all, the question, "who is guilty?" is less important than "what is the way out?" The navy question is in politics, and it must be taken out. Who will do it? The future historian will decide who was to blame in 1910, 1911 and 1912; but there is still a chance to decide who will be guilty in 1913, 1914 and 1915. Will Rt. Hon. Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier agree to take the navy question out of politics, or must they be forced? Will the party organizers and the party press agree, or must they be forced?

There are some questions on which it is allowable to play politics, but the navy question is not one of them. It is a national and an imperial question. It involves our reputation in the Empire and among the nations. It is Canada's first taste of internationalism. Hitherto people of the country have been dealing with parochial questions largely; they have had little to do with the world outside Downing Street. A new morrow has dawned, bringing huge national and international questions instead of parish and provincial questions.

Is the United States navy in politics? Are the French army and navy supported by one half the people and denounced by the other half? Is there any disagreement between the two parties in Australia as to an Australian navy policy? The citizen who will answer those questions fairly and honestly must admit that our naval policy must be bi-partisan and national. When he honestly and fairly arrives at that conclusion, he is able to see why the politicians fear there is a shower in sight.



The City of Dublin is in the Throes of a Great Industrial Strike, the Animosities of Which Seem to be Accentuated by Differences in Regard to Home Rule. This Picture Was Taken on Sunday, September 7, When Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., Was Addressing a Huge Crowd in Sackville Street. Nelson's Column is Seen Behind the Electric Light Post.



Mr. H. L. Drayton, Chairman of the Dominion Railway Board, is in England Studying Railway Equipment and Rates. He is Also Seeking a Way to Control Atlantic Freight Rates.

Events of a Week

A TRAVELER recently returned from England and Ireland speaks of the peculiar unrest that he found everywhere in his travels. The speech of Tom Mann, the English labour leader, at Windsor, Ont., helps to explain it. Canada has no such disturbing personality as Tom Mann. His efforts to stampede a meeting into depreciation of the King led John R. Mason, President of the Trades and Labour Council, to strike up the National Anthem. While the piece was being sung, the English labour leader left the platform. He said openly:

"You people over here attach too much importance to King George. He is of about as much importance as the President of the United States or the Czar of Russia, or the Emperor of Germany. He has nothing to do with ruling the country. Give us a two-weeks strike on the railroads with all employees joining solidly in the strike and the King's army could not be transported."

By some oversight, Tom Mann was not asked to speak at the convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association in Halifax last week.

Meanwhile, the newspapers announce that the strike of the railway men in the British Isles has been ended. The officials of the companies reached



DISTINGUISHED BRITISHERS WHO ARE NOW IN CANADA.

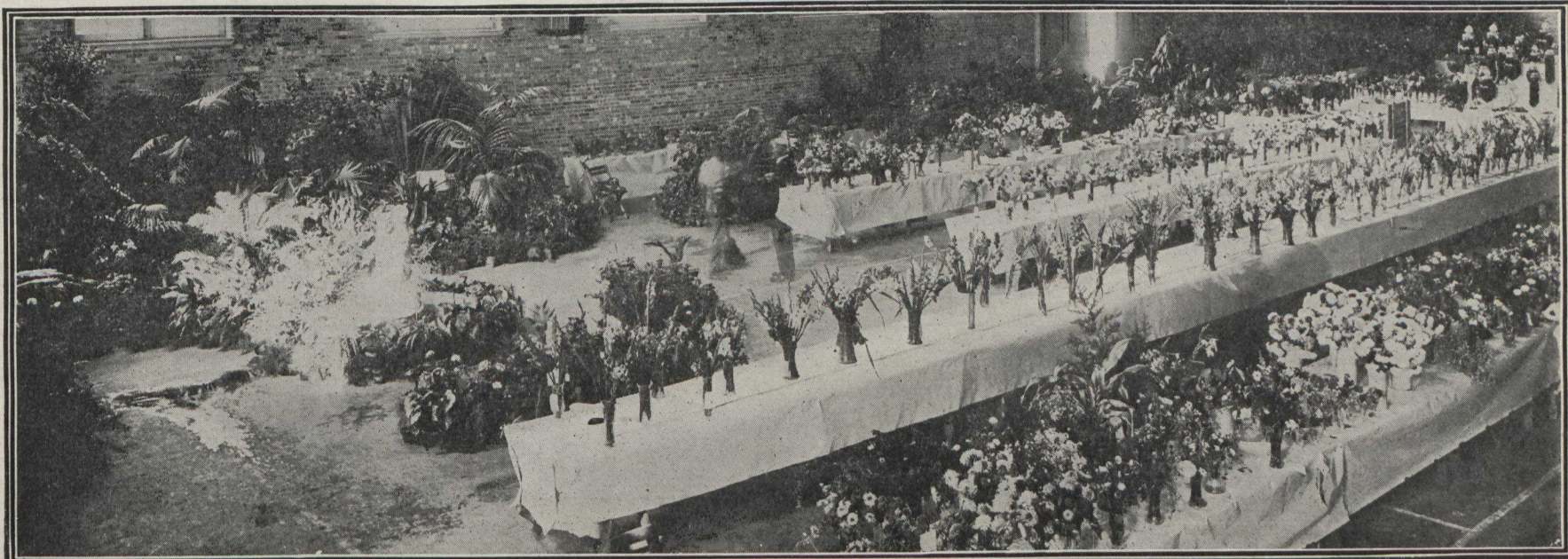
From Left to Right They Are: Standing—Mr. Wm. Davies, Editor of the "Western Mail," Cardiff, Wales; Mr. S. W. Pugh, Canadian Government Agent at Cardiff. Sitting—Sir Marchant Williams, of Cardiff, and Sir John Curtis, Ex-Lord Mayor of Cardiff, Wales. The Party Came Out on the "Royal George."

In Photograph

an agreement with the representatives of the unions to reinstate all strikers willing to handle all traffic which the railways were bound to carry under the law. The executive committee of the National Union of Railwaymen sent a manifesto to all branches of the union asking the members to resume work at once.

The air-somersault feat pictured on this page last week has been eclipsed by Pegoud himself. At Bac, France, last week, he "looped the loop" with his marvelous machine by sheer force of gravity. He rose to a height of 2,500 feet and let the machine fall 1,000 feet; turned the ship on her back and let her go up again till she reached a perpendicular position and righted herself back to normal. Thus he looped the loop of a thousand feet on an invisible track. He also twice performed an "S" flight by turning the machine over sideways instead of head on.

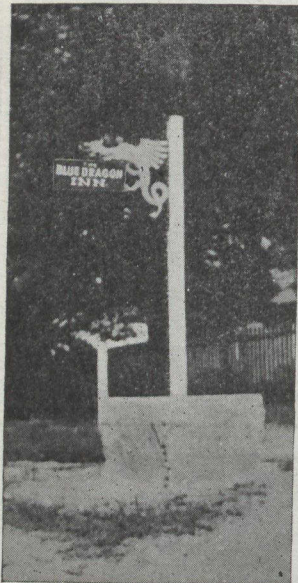
St. Catharines is a city associated with flowers and fruit. Its horticultural society is strong and flourishing and its annual exhibition is more than a mere local event.



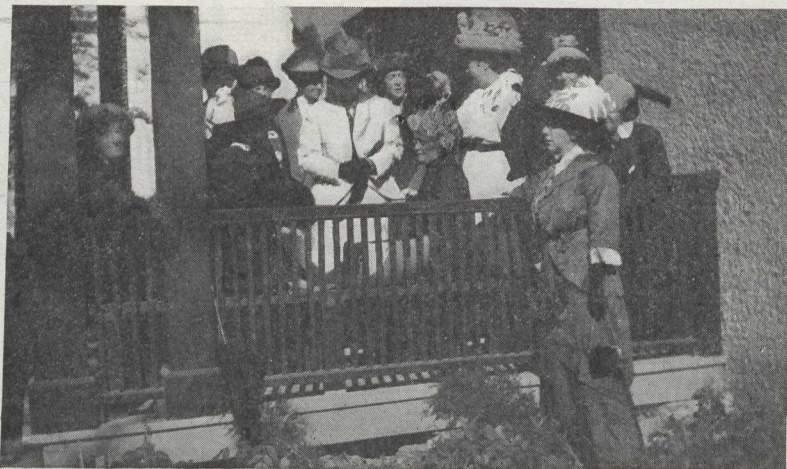
The Flower-laden Tables at the Tenth Annual Fall Show Given by the St. Catharines Horticultural Society, September 10th and 11th. The Exhibition Was Officially Opened by the Minister of Agriculture, Honourable Martin Burrell.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



"A Sign Post Bears the Words, 'The Blue Dragon Inn.'"



"Members of the Toronto Women's Press Club Journeyed to Clarkson and Took Tea With the Hostess of 'The Blue Dragon.'"



Mrs. Fairbairn and Her Daughter, Who Cleverly Converted a Farm House Into a Wayside Inn.

The Wayside Inn

An Oasis in the Desert of the Country Road

If you should happen to be taking that forty-odd miles of road that stretches between Toronto and Hamilton and leads you through one of the finest fruit districts in Ontario, when about half way on your journey you will come upon the little village of Clarkson, and at Clarkson you will come upon a sign post, surmounted by a serpent of azure hue, which bears the words, "The Blue Dragon Inn." Now "The Blue Dragon Inn" has a welcome sound in the ear of the tired, or hot, or thirsty traveller and you smile at the murmur of approbation that arises from the occupants of the tonneau as you turn the nose of your motor sharply off the main road on to the inviting driveway and a moment later pull up before the door of the Blue Dragon itself.

No modern roadhouse this, of the regulation bungalow type and with the odour of fresh paint still clinging to it, but a fine, old-fashioned, vine-clad farmhouse with a broad lawn in front shaded by trees that have grown there many a year, and an orchard stretching far off in the distance behind. The driveway, turning to the left, leads to the great barn, which serves excellently the purpose of a garage. A table and garden chairs set under the trees make you sigh for the warm summer days and tea out of doors, but the month is September, and already there is a hint of frost in the air, so you gladly follow your hostess, who has come out on the porch to meet you, indoors, and agree with her that motoring is chilly business now that the autumn days have come.

Inside there is an atmosphere of comfort and cheerfulness. The rooms are large and square, the hallway wide, and the ceilings high. A couple of logs crackle merrily in the fire-place in the tea-room and a faint and delicious odour of things home-made and good-to-eat, permeates the air. You drink your tea and munch your hot biscuits and little brown cookies with great contentment and murmur a word of gratitude for the nice hospitality the Blue Dragon sees fit to offer you.

To rest awhile and take refreshment in such a pleasant spot must make a delightful break in any motor journey, and it was with this thought in mind that Mrs. Fairbairn, who for many years has been connected with newspaper work in Toronto and is an art critic of considerable note, conceived the idea of converting the farm-house at Clarkson into a wayside inn offering accommodation to the many motorists who travel over the road that running west leads to Hamilton and east to the city of Toronto. A week ago twenty-five or more members of the Toronto Women's Press Club, of which Mrs. Fairbairn is a member, journeyed out to Clarkson to take tea with the hostess of the Blue Dragon in her new premises. Alas! few of them drove in their motors. In fact there was only one party of plutocrats who scorned the services of the Grand Trunk and reached the Blue Dragon in a five-passenger and a cloud of dust. A delightful day was spent gathering apples in the orchard, strolling through the country lanes filling their arms with autumn wild flowers and falling in love with the country round about. It would seem very probable that motorists will find the Blue Dragon an ideal spot to rest and take refreshment, and it is remark-

able that in Ontario, in Canada, in fact, so little accommodation of this kind has been provided for the motoring public. However, it will no doubt come when the good roads associations begin to do effective work, and motoring through the rural districts of the Dominion has been made a joy, instead of the doubtful pleasure it is sometimes found to be.

M. H. C.

Things

By M. M.

OUR immortal Scott wrote, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead . . . whose heart hath ne'er within him burned as home his footsteps he hath turned . . ." I don't know whether or not any one acknowledged to the death of his soul or the asbestos qualities of his heart—perhaps people in those days were not as outspoken, as practical and as analytical as we are now. I know that had Sir Walter asked us to-day whether we looked upon our home-coming with great waves of ecstatic emotion we would have probably answered in the affirmative. Home-coming suggests such a lot of unpleasant things; house-cleaning, replenishing the china cupboard, certain well-worn articles of furniture which must have new covers, and the bug-bear paramount to all

others—autumn and winter clothes! No, I have not forgotten the endless round of three meals a day, and the domestic upheavals, but let us not be too misanthropic!

To many of us who clash out our brains on a typewriter, home-coming means hours of confinement, telephone calls and hurry-up news features. It means invitations which must be refused, or if accepted, it means enjoyment snatched and gulped, one might say, as the commuter bolts a mouthful of coffee while sprinting for the 7.53.

Enjoyment is something which should not be gulped; it should be tasted and sipped appreciatively, so that it leaves a fragrant memory rather than a sudden flash, on the mind. Home-coming naturally puts a stop to long, lazy mornings spent under the shade of a tree when the fingers straighten out and cease to tap, when the eyes listlessly follow the trail of a fleecy cloud and the brain sinks into a delightful torpor. Two weeks' vacation doesn't seem over long.

But—

It is good to get home! That is, if one stops to pick out the good things. The hurry and bustle of the streets is a trifle confusing, but it speaks of such energy and get-aheadness; everyone seems to be doing something. Involuntarily, one hurries a little, losing the lag and indefiniteness of the two weeks past.

One turns slowly round, seeing familiar objects with new and affectionate eyes. There stands the Venetian vase filled with dust instead of flowers, but it looks pretty, notwithstanding; the funny little gargoyle looks back at one with neither a gar nor a goy—two expressions one learned to dread way back yonder in the past, when sentences would not follow properly and words and tenses got in a tangle. There is the faithful old blotter which has served its purpose with both ink and—shall I confess it?—tears, and the sea-shell from Bermuda, the bit of coral from the Mediterranean, the—oh, well, why take an inventory? There is home cluttered with all one's THINGS!

It is THINGS which make it home! just idiotic things which one cannot carry around in a suit-case or a steamer trunk, and which are the very mischief to dust and keep clean, but which sentiment or habit or whatever you choose to call it, prevents one from throwing away—those are Home. Without them, your domicile is a boarding house, or some other temporary refuge.

"Things" bring responsibilities, as all other desirables must; blame the three meal worry and the faithless janitor to them, if you must. Grumble and treat them harshly once in a while; impatience will have an outlet or kill you, but look closely at them—watch the placid smile of a Greuze, or the mincing smirk of a bisque shepherdess, or the coral pinkness of a paper-weight. Pshaw, they don't care a fig for your tantrums! They are Home and they know it, and you know it and they know you know it—so there! You have had a vacation and feel fine and cranky, less like taking up the burden than before you went away, but listen to that still, small voice which says in the atmosphere radiating from your precious Things, "God help the rich; the poor can work!"



LADY SYBIL GREY

Who is Back from the West, and Was Recently Entertained in Toronto as the Guest of Mrs. Plunkett Magann, of Parkdale. Lady Sybil Grey Made the Journey to Canada in Company With Lady Eileen Roberts.



A Superb Specimen of the *Hydrangea Paniculata Grandiflora*, Peculiarly the Flower of Autumn.

The Old English Walnut

The Painter Holman Hunt Recognized the Worth of this Fine Tree as a Subject of Art. Other Lovers of Country Life may also Observe its Value as an Article of Commerce

By E. T. COOK

RECOLLECTIONS of the beautiful Walnut trees facing the home of the late Holman Hunt, painter of the great picture, "The Light of the World," in Sonning village, by the Thames, England, are recalled by our deliciously flavoured Shell Bark Hickory, the Black and the Japan Walnuts, and something may be said in this page of the English Walnut, which plays a great part in beautifying the gardens and landscapes of England, and in giving bountifully of big, crisp nuts which are used in a variety of ways apart from the table groaning with fruit and wine. It is instructive to ventilate a subject, and opinions from those who have experimented with the English Walnut will be welcome. The writer has been studying a little book on this subject, written largely from a commercial standpoint, by Mr. Walter Fox Allen, of Laurenceville, N.Y., and the author is enthusiastic in his appreciation of this famous and nutritious food.

He has, of course, the States in mind, and much of the information vouchsafed is applicable to Canada, though it must be borne in mind that the English Walnut is less hardy than any of its race, and it is on this point information is desired. It is made clear that its popularity is rapid and permanent. Owners of farms and suburban estates everywhere are becoming interested in the raising of this delicious article of food, thousands of trees being set out every year. There are two important reasons, the author writes, for the rapidly-growing enthusiasm that is being manifested toward the English Walnut: First, its exceptional value as a food is becoming widely recognized, one pound of Walnut meal being equal in nutriment to eight pounds of steak. Secondly, its superior worth as an ornamental shade tree is admitted by everyone who knows the first thing about trees. For this purpose there is nothing more beautiful. With their wide-spreading branches and dark-green foliage, they are a delight to the eye. Unlike the leaves of some of our shade trees, those of this variety do not drop during the summer, but adhere until late in the fall, thus making an unusually clean tree for lawn or garden.

IT is being recognized now all the world over that the nut is not only a pleasant accompaniment to other forms of dessert, but a food, and the Walnut is highly esteemed for this purpose. Of all forms of pickles those of Walnuts are the most sought for and used in other ways when cold viands are served. Luther Burbank, the hybridist, in an address given at Santa Rosa, California, said: "When you plant another tree, why not plant the English Walnut? Then, besides sentiment, shade and leaves, you may have a perennial supply of nuts, the improved kind of which furnish the most delicious, nutritious and healthful food that has ever been known. The consumption of nuts is probably increasing among all civilized nations today faster than that of any other food; and we should keep up with this growing demand and make it still more rapid by providing nuts of uniform

good quality, with a consequent increase in the health and a permanent increase in the wealth of ourselves and neighbours."

More than 50,000,000 pounds of English Walnuts are consumed by the United States a year, and imports amount to 27,000,000 pounds. As the information given in the book is gleaned from widely differing sources, the following hints may be observed: It is unnecessary, of course, to write that careful cultivation is essential to success. That applies to the Walnut or to every other tree or plant, but there are certain peculiarities. English Walnut trees should only be planted on any well-drained land where the sub-soil moisture is not more than ten or twelve feet from the surface; wherever Oaks, Black Walnuts or other tap-rooted nut trees will grow, forty to sixty feet apart, in holes eighteen inches in diameter and thirty inches deep, and two inches deeper than the earth mark showing on the trees, and its requirements are plenty of good, rich soil about the roots, planted slightly toward the most prevalent winds, not cut back, made hard around the roots and stem, mulched in the fall, and the soil cultivated around during the spring and summer. English Walnut trees should be transplanted while young, as they will often double in size the year the tap-root reaches the sub-soil moisture, that is, the moist earth. Tap-root trees are the easiest of all to transplant if the work is done while the trees are young and small. Three-year-old trees sometimes bear the third year after

transplanting when the sub-soil moisture is within six or eight feet of the surface, and the age of bearing largely depends on the distance the tap-root has to grow to reach the sub-soil moisture.

Crab and Hybrid Crab Apples for Profit and Beauty

By E. T. COOK

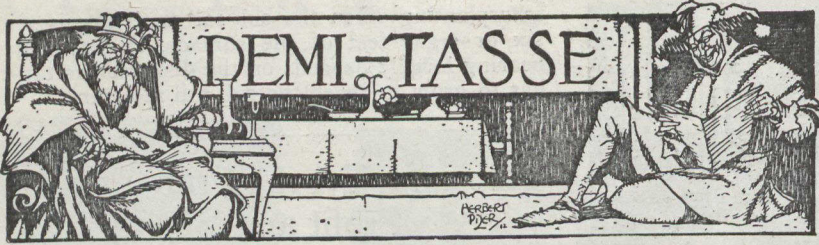
WHEN contemplating planting or rearranging the surroundings of the home or the planting of orchards for profit, the Crabs and Hybrid Crabs must receive proper consideration. It is not wise to cling blindly to the traditions of the past, and any new or comparatively new fruit that comes to the front with many virtues adhering to it should be carefully tested. The group of fruits known as the "Crab or Hybrid Crab apple" has been written of before in the pages concerned with country life, and once again the gay little fruits appear in the fall markets more abundantly than in previous seasons. It may be regarded as a fruit to surround small homesteads with and to plant for beauty's sake, with thought also for profit from the abundant crop which may be changed into delicious preserves, jellies, sauces and for use in pies. During many years past hybridists have turned their attention to improving, so to say, "the breed," with wonderful success, and the baskets of fruit seen in the markets of the Dominion testify to an increasing popularity. Only a few years ago the hybrid Crabs were almost unknown in the European markets, but they are now amongst the fruits that may be anticipated in their appointed seasons, and their economic value is overshadowing the exquisite loveliness of the tree in form and in flower.

ANOTHER point in their favour. The trees are adapted to the coldest provinces of the Dominion and thrive where ordinary varieties utterly fail, the parent of many being *Pyrus baccata*, which comes from Northern Siberia. The Red Siberian Crab is planted in many European gardens, and is becoming more so in Canada, every twig almost receiving in the spring months its veil of snow-white bloom and then the glorious colouring from crimson dyed fruits in the fall.

The professional fruit grower who has not tried them should do so, and certainly those with gardens from which some profit is desired. These notes are the outcome of practical experience and the fruits are esteemed in some kinds for eating raw and always for jellies and preserves. The Transcendent Crab should be tried first. It is the tree for the amateur, as a huge crop recurs annually and production comes even the second year after planting, when every possible course has been taken to ensure success. It is not, however, until four or five years have elapsed that a heavy burden is borne by the lithe, graceful branches. The fruit, which may be used in so many ways, is yellow striped over with red, but its chief virtue is for converting into jelly, and crab apple jelly is a delicious accompaniment to many forms of meat. The Orange Crab Apple enjoys a later season.



GROWING TOMATOES UNDER GLASS IN SOUTHERN ALBERTA. Ten tons of Tomatoes, selling at wholesale at 12 cents a pound, and retailing at 20 to 25 cents a pound, are raised every four months in a hothouse at Lethbridge, Alta. The Tomato plants are set out about July 1st, and they run out about Sept. 30th. This year two houses were devoted to raising Tomatoes, 1,500 plants being set out in each house.



Courierettes.

One of the Friendly Islands suddenly sank into the sea. Mighty unfriendly to the inhabitants.

A kite tied up the Hydro Electric system in Toronto for some time. Out a fly little thing.

East Middlesex Conservatives nominated a candidate name Glass. Tough if there is any mud-slinging in that constituency.

Canadian scientists claim to have found a new nerve substance. Must have been examining some of our politicians.

Controller Foster challenged Ald. McBride to a fistic fight at Toronto City Council's last session. After all, that might be a better way than letting them argue it out.

Rumour has it that Satan has expelled Orpheus and his lute from the lower regions. The musician insisted on playing ragtime, they say.

The more money a man makes nowadays, the less clothing his wife wants to wear.

"The Real Martyr of St. Helena" is the title of a new book. No, not about Napoleon. Concerns the man who reads all the books about Bonaparte.

Love is a funny thing. It causes some awfully homely men to get their pictures taken.

Sometimes, when our mail is long delayed, we fancy that it would save time to try the telephone.

A Montreal girl named Benedictine Wiseman posed as a man undetected in Toronto for three months. What else could she do with a name like that?

Good Substitutes.—Canadian teachers who went on the recent tour of Britain brought back a little yarn about Marie Corelli, the noted novelist, who has always remained single, much to the wonder of the world.

She was asked why she had never married, the fact that she has had many chances of marriage being well known.

"Ah, my friends," she said, "I have three things about the house which represent so clearly the chief characteristics of man that I want no more of him."

"And what are the three?"
"Well, I have a dog that growls all the morning, a parrot that swears all the afternoon, and a cat that stays out all night."

Which is Worst?—A Montreal dramatic writer tells an amusing yarn concerning his little son.

The lad was out on the lawn playing with the boy next door. The writer was calmly smoking his pipe on the verandah.

Said the boy next door: "Do you know that Charley Smith's father is an awful bad man? He drinks awful, and stays out late at nights, and he got arrested once."

"Pooh! That's nothing," was the answer. "My father is a dramatic critic."

The Ready Answer.—Elector—"Do you believe in taxing breweries?"
Candidate—"Yes—the limit of their capacity."

The Rapid Pace.—Nowadays a woman goes shopping, buys a new hat,

and then when she gets it home finds that the fashion has changed again.

The Long Hair Season.

THE melancholy days are come, The saddest of the year, The barbers all are very glum— For football season's here.

The Reason.—Talk is cheap. That explains why some people can afford to keep a parrot.

Do You Get This?

HERE'S a tip to bachelors— Let swains list to this— Better wed a widow and You'll not wed a-miss.

From Jest to Earnest.—Many a man who starts out with money to burn lives to sift the ashes.

Here's Mary Again.

MARY had a little waist— Just twenty-two, or so, And everywhere the fashions went That waist was sure to go.

Correct.—Some men who are clothed with authority find their clothes to be very ill-fitting.

Can Anybody Answer?—Why is it that though the devil is painted black he prefers to paint a town red?

Motoring Maxims.

A car in the road is worth two in the ditch.

A man is like a car—he needs cranking sometimes.

A toot to the wise should be sufficient.

Money makes the motor car go. A good road is rather to be chosen than great riches.

He who kills and runs away Will live to kill another day.

Common Knowledge.—"Some wo-



1st Officer: "I had an awful experience in India once."
2nd Officer: "What was it?"
1st Officer: "A shampoo!"

men don't seem to know where to draw the line."
"Oh, I don't know. Most of them draw it just above the eye."

The Joke was on Her.—Miss Catherine Countiss, the well-known emotional actress, who recently toured Canada in vaudeville, says that she has taken a vow to be eternally amiable after a recent experience she had when her pride was hurt a wee bit.

One clause in her vaudeville contract reads that her name must be blazed forth in letters of light in front of whatever theatre she is playing at. She is what is known as "the headliner," and must be treated as a star. In one city she noted at the Monday matinee that her name was missing from the big sign in front.

She told the management about it in very plain language.

"If my name is not there to-night I will not go on the stage," was her ultimatum.

When she arrived at the theatre that night she turned an eager glance toward the sign. A hasty addition had been made to the sign and this is how it read:
CAT COUNTISS.

Miss Countiss almost bent double with laughter, much to the amazement of a policeman on the corner. She isn't particular about her name any more.

Artists and Anarchists.—Attending political meetings in strange towns is sometimes a risky business. Some years ago, just after the Gamey investigation in the Ontario Legislature, when the Ross Government was accused of all sorts of wrong-doing, R. R. Gamey held a meeting in one of the towns of Northern Ontario, not awfully far from where Mr. Gamey lives on Manitoulin Island.

Happened that three Toronto artists were up in that country sketching material for painting. One was fairly well acquainted with Gamey in Toronto. One of the others was a good Grit. After due inspection at the door the three were marched up to the front seat and placed fair in the middle, under the eye of the chairman. There was a reason. One was a particularly husky-looking citizen. One of the others had a belligerent look. It was deemed wiser to put these strangers where they could be seen.

When Gamey got up, he pointed fair at the middle artist, and in a very bellicose tone said, "Now there's been a lot of trouble in other Conservative meetings from hoodlums that tried to break up the meeting. I want you to understand that if any of that kind of thing goes on here—out you go!"

He was pointing fair at the Grit artist, who in private life does a great deal of etching and is a singularly quiet and amiable citizen. The meeting was not disturbed. Some time afterwards one of the artists met Gamey in Toronto and told him about the incident.

"Oh, I remember," said the legislator. "I really didn't know that artists when they're out on sketching trips could look so much like anarchists."

She, He and It.—Stories of the late Sir Henry Irving are always in order, and are likely to be told for many years to come. The veteran was an eminent wit, and off stage or behind the curtain he was often quite as entertaining as in a play. In one of his performances of "Much Ado About Nothing" a pompous rhetorical actor had certain lines to speak pointing to a woman character on the stage. Being addicted to emphasis and not so much caring about the precise significance of the lines so long as he got a chance for his fine voice, the actor pointed at the woman and shook out the pronoun "He—e!"

"Oh, I beg pardon!" he said. "I mean—she—e!"

There was a tittering on the stage and in the front row of the audience two or three actors were sitting, who after the show talking about the break to some members of the company, learned what actually did happen behind the curtain that the audience didn't hear. It was the smothered criticism of Irving from the wings.

"And what did he say?" asked the actors.

"Oh, he just said, 'My good heavens, Dodds, if you were in any doubt as to whether it was 'he' or 'she,' why in the world didn't you say 'it?'"

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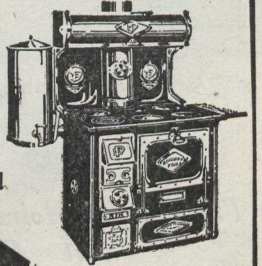
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Consistent Improvement

DURING the month ending September 19th, there has been consistent improvement in the price of the leading Canadian stocks. While the advances are not spectacular, except in one or two cases, the quotations average higher than they were a month ago. As the general trend of stock prices for the year has been downward, it is pleasant to be able to record an advance extending over a whole month.

The leaders of the past month were C.P.R. and Laurentide. C.P.R. shows net gain of about fifteen points, which is all the more interesting because a few weeks ago brokers were betting that C.P.R. would touch 200 before it started to go up. The good crop in the West, and the tremendous increase in early shipments have helped that stock. Up to September 18th, over 7,000 cars of new wheat had been inspected in Winnipeg, as compared with 1,200 cars up to the same date of 1912. The tremendous increase of the Soo Railway, of which the C.P.R. holds 51% of the stock, must also have influenced the investors. Laurentide shows an increase of 20 points, which is even greater than that of C.P.R. Montreal Power has risen 7 points, and is now only seventeen points below what it was a year ago. Brazilian registered an increase of four points in the month. The only notable declines are Macdonald, Spanish River, and Dominion Textile.

The following table of prices at this date last year and of a month ago, is worthy of some study:—

	Sept. 19, 1912.	Aug. 19, 1913.	Sept. 19, 1913.
Winnipeg Railway	226½	210	207
Laurentide Corp'n.	215½	155	175
Ottawa Power	160	167
Brazilian	92	96
Montreal Power	234	210	217
Dominion Textile	92	85½
R. and O.	119	110	112½
C. P. R.	276¾	218	233¼
Can. Loco. Pref'd.	96½	89	90
Maple Leaf Pref'd.	98	90	92
Toronto Rails	142	138	141
Twin City	109	106¼	107½
Mackay Com.	86	82½	83

One of the principal influences is the optimistic feeling which you hear expressed on all hands, as to the world's crop in general, and our own Western crop in particular. Then too, there is an even but continued demand from London for Canadians, and a slight easing in the money situation. One other factor should not be overlooked. Thanks to the disturbance which Thaw has kicked up, the Mexican situation has not claimed the attention of the public very much, which goes to show that everything has some use, even the antics of a madman. The Mexican situation, however, is still somewhat of a bear factor. There seems no reason why, when it is cleared up, a prolonged bull campaign should not be the order of the day for a great many days. Courageous optimism is still the best armour to don when dealing with adverse conditions.

London Approves

THE establishment of a Central Gold Reserve, which was explained in detail in our issue of August 30th, has the hearty approval of the London "Statist," which is accounted in London the "Times" of financial journals. The "Statist" says: "We commend the movement to our own bankers, who, while professing so much readiness to meet the wishes of the public by building up a large reserve, yet hang back unduly from carrying their professions into practice."

Canadian banking, judged by the system in vogue over the line, and the English methods, suffers nothing in comparison. In this matter of a really strong reserve, as in others, London can learn from Canada. At one time the joint stock companies were everlastingly flying at the throats of the Bank of England, and accusing that august institution of competing with them, using in the competition the very funds that the stock companies had deposited with the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street herself. But that enmity, happily, is over, and it is now possible for the joint stock companies and the banks to co-operate in strengthening the Bank of England, while binding all the banks to keeping reserves.

The West and the Crop

ACCORDING to Mr. Andrew Kelly, of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the value of the 1913 crop will be about \$170,000,000. This represents the approximate amount which will be returned to the farmers for their year's product. The quality of the crop is conceded to be the best yet. The wheat crop will run to well over 200,000,000 bushels; oats about the same as last year, and barley about 32,000,000 bushels. Flax should reach about 15,000,000. Based on present prices the yield should net the farmers \$170,000,000.

The West needed this good crop, and this early crop. The banks—and quite rightly, too—shut down, so far as indiscriminate loans to the farmers were concerned. When he realizes on his grain the farmer will appreciate and benefit by the enforced economy.

The speculative element in the West is shrinking rapidly. The "wild-catter" is in his last agony. Well, his speculations meant profit for the few, but a good deal of misery for the many, and no one censures the banks who have been so much to the front in exterminating this species of shark—if a wild-catter may be called a shark.

On and Off the Exchange

Ten Per Cent. Earned

THE annual report of the Canadian Locomotive Company, Limited, was a most satisfactory one, showing a large increase in earnings. The net manufacturing profits for the year ending 30th June were \$377,034.25 and other income from investments was \$19,842.77, which together showed a net income of \$396,886.02. These earnings were sufficient to pay the interest income of \$396,886.02. These earnings were sufficient to pay the interest on the company's bonds about four and a half times over. The capacity of

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized\$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up\$11,560,000
Reserve Funds\$13,000,000
Total Assets\$180,000,000

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the plant at the present time is twelve locomotives per month, which is double the capacity of two years ago. Before the end of the present fiscal year the directors expect to have a capacity of eighteen locomotives per month, and the ultimate capacity is to be twenty-five locomotives per month. This is expected within two years. The president said that the extensions to the plant permitting of the increased capacity had not entailed any increase whatever in the interest or fixed charges of the company, but had been provided for out of the sale of municipal debentures held as investments in the treasury of the company, and out of current earnings. With the completion of the extensions the efficiency of the plant would be greatly increased. The net income for the year was sufficient, after paying bond interest, to pay the dividend upon preferred stock about three times over, or was equal to about 10% on the common stock after paying bond interest and preferred stock dividend. This year the sum of \$50,000 was put aside for depreciation reserve, and \$25,000 was appropriated for reserve for special replacements.

Another point the president emphasized was that in two years of operation the company had accumulated surplus profits of \$310,410.50 (reserve account \$100,000, and balance at credit of profit and loss account \$210,410.50), equal to about three years' dividend on preferred stock.

The Latest Industrial Venture

THE Calgary Flour Mills is the newest entrant into the field of industrials. It was floated under a Dominion charter, and has a capitalization of five million dollars, forty per cent. of which is to be offered immediately. It would appear that this concern starts business at an opportune moment. It has the prospect of benefiting by the Panama Canal.

The bulk of the stock is in the hands of Minneapolis people, though a local board of influential men has good representation. Messrs. O. G. Devenist, T. M. Fyshe, A. W. Pryce Jones, W. M. Connacher and O. S. Chapin are conspicuous on this local board.

A New Utility Company

IT is believed in Montreal that the autobus service will be operative there early in October. This will be under the auspices of the Autobus Company, who in a prospectus just issued, state that the Montreal company will have the benefit of the wide experience of the London General Autobus Company, whose engineers are to assist the Canadian company.

The stock, in its near entirety, has been subscribed, so far as the English issue was concerned, by the Daimler and the General companies. Two of the directors of the London General, one of whom is also president of the Daimler concern, are on the English board of the Canadian company.

Autobuses in Montreal have been a necessity for some time. Toronto could very well do with some other mode of transportation, for the street railway is taxed to its utmost capacity.

Sherwin-Williams' Year

AN authentic report from Montreal says that the earnings of the Sherwin-Williams company, for the year ended August 30th, amount to between seven and eight per cent. on the common stock. Final figures are not available until the annual meeting, which is later in the year, but everything points to an eminently satisfactory year.

It will be remembered that when practically every other stock was on the toboggan, and taking the dip at a somewhat fearsome rate, Sherwin-Williams' stock held up.

A Fair Criticism

THE London Economist, in connection with the present famine of capital, says: "Without being unnecessarily bearish, we may perhaps suggest that the young countries which have been so freely financed by Europe in the last fifteen years are passing through a phase that corresponds to the experience of the young, enterprising firm. The promise of Canada is undisputed, but there is not the same confidence in Canadian promotions, partly because so many fingers have been burnt in land companies, or timber limits, or manufacturing corporations. No doubt also the borrowing of municipalities has in the past been made far too easy, and as we look back in the light of current rates on some of the issues of four or five years ago, we can only wonder how the English investor ever came to put his money into them. There is, we think, a general feeling that Canada has found finance in London too simple, and that her natural enterprise has been over-encouraged."

There is much to be said for this view. It is saying what Mr. Horne Payne said some months ago, only in a nicer way, and at a more opportune time. No sane Canadian will quarrel with it.

The Markets for Municipals

THE situation in regard to Canadian municipal debentures is steadily improving. There is no sudden rebound from the sometime dullness of the market, caused by the general money tightness, but gradual progress is now the predominant characteristic. Issues on the whole have been markedly successful, considering the time when they are being made, a period which is more or less the aftermath from the European mix-up. Toronto, Ottawa, Halifax, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Regina, Saskatoon—all these, as well as many smaller cities, have successfully arranged their financial needs.

The hopeful position so far as the United States market is concerned, and the much improved situation in London would indicate a growing demand for Canadian municipals. This is a good time to buy this class of security, in as much as municipals, being gilt-edged and high class, soon will materially enhance in value now that money is easier.

Going Up!

THE record of the Department of Labour shows that the month of August furnishes another chapter of a serial that is becoming serious—the upward movement of the cost of living. However, August wasn't quite as bad as its predecessors.

The index number of 270 articles was 136.2 compared with 135.9 for July. In August a year ago it was only 133.3. The advance was due to higher prices in grains and fodders, eggs, potatoes, wool, jute, calfskins, lead and anthracite coal. At the same time there were somewhat lower prices for cattle, beef, butter, trout, whitefish, coffee, spelter, benzine, rubber and a few other articles. Comparing the month with a year ago, the chief increases are among animals and meats and the chief decreases among grains and fodders. In retail prices there was a general advance in eggs and butter and in certain meats. Rents were down somewhat sharply in several western cities, but were firm to upward in the east.

Next Week's Meetings

THE C. P. R., the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., and the Lake Superior Corporation are prominent concerns holding their annual meetings next week.

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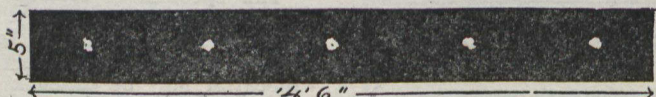
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Musically Considered

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

IT'S a good many years now since critics began to rave about the faultless voice of Madame Melba, and descriptive writers went into rhapsodies about the golden-haired cantatrice from Australia. In fact, it was the year of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee that Madame Melba made her debut as Gilda in Rigoletto



One of Madame Melba's Latest Photographs as she will appear in Massey Hall on October 7th.

at the Theatre de Monnaie in Brussels. In 1905, almost twenty years later, the writer heard her in the same role at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. From a merely impressionistic point of view, I would have imagined that she was then singing the Gilda role for the first time as a young girl. There is that peculiar freshness about the voice.

It was in 1895 that I first heard Melba in Massey Hall. She sang with Scalchi and Campanari, and some tenor whose name I have forgotten. That was a most remarkable programme. Scalchi sang in four distinct registers. She was in tremendous contrast to Melba, whose voice had one delectable quality throughout. Most of the programme was lyric. But there was one operatic quartette the like of which I had never heard. Though Scalchi's immense voice was much heavier than Melba's the prima donna par excellence was always the leading note. All of her lyric work was superiorly done.

In opera Melba has been criticized, not unjustly, for being rather cold. A good deal of this, however, she overcame in later life. Indeed, the public have never quite decided whether she was vocally greater in opera or in song. With less lyric gift than Patti, she had much more operatic talent than any of the pure song-singers. She has taken nearly all the big soprano roles in Italian and French opera. She has a record as a concert singer not equalled by any living artist—unless perhaps Ganski. Melba has the gift of detaching herself from opera when on the concert stage; a feat attempted by Calve with such dismal results, and by many other opera stars with very indifferent success.

There has been no abatement of the popular regard for Melba. She has always known how to please the people without degrading her art or resorting to tricks. In all the essentials of concert singing she is as facile as ever. Her personality is peculiarly engaging. She has appeared in Canada several times, though much less often than she would have received a royal welcome. There is such a thing as individual personality in singing. Many almost great singers are more or less copies of some great original. Madame Melba is great in her own way. There has never been any other Melba. Other singers have done perhaps more dazzling things in special ways since Melba came out as the exponent of pure vocal art wedded to real singing. Melba has

kept the fascination of a rare personality, which once seen and heard is never forgotten. Her reappearance in Canada after recent signal successes at Covent Garden, repeating the favourites of former years, will be regarded as a great opportunity to hear a great woman sing. By royal command she appeared in La Boheme with Caruso. It was doubtful if even Caruso, who has just succeeded in getting the appreciative ear of the London public, created quite the same enthusiasm as Madame Melba.

A Great Canadian Baritone.

WHEN Edmund Burke left his home in Montreal several years ago it was freely predicted that a brilliant career was in store for him. The young baritone, who up to the time of his going to England to study, had practised law, appearing on the concert platform only as an amateur, lost little time proving the prediction justified. It was scarcely a year later when he was singing leading baritone roles in Montpellier, France, but in Nimes, Beziers, and other French cities, singing such roles as Friar Laurent in Romeo and Juliet, Mephisto in Faust, and Philemon in Philemon et Baucis. In these operas and others Mr. Burke met with equal favour, when later he became a member of the Covent Garden Opera and toured Australia both in opera and in concert. It was Mr. Burke's success in opera that attracted the attention of Mme. Melba and led that famous singer to select him as assisting artist on several of her recitals. Edmund Burke's success in England, on the continent, and in Australia means that one more singer claiming Canada as home has won recognition in competition with European aspirants for concert and operatic fame. Mr. Burke's triumph came in a surprisingly short time, but it was not won without hard work and indomitable pluck. The young Canadian baritone now is firmly established among the foremost singers of the day.

It is interesting to note how pro-



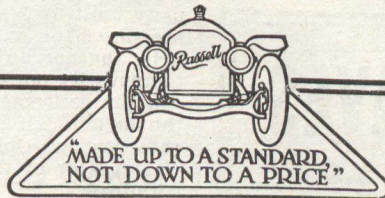
EDMUND BURKE,

The Eminent Canadian Baritone, Who Appears With Madame Melba on the Concert Stage.

nounced young Burke's yearnings for a singer, even at school and at college when he was studying for the bar. He was active in all manner of college musical affairs, a glee club soloist, and a church singer. At the conclusion of his course, when he began the practice of law, he took a prominent part in all musical activities in Montreal. His decision to adopt a professional career was followed by a trip abroad, where his brilliant talents soon won recognition. His association with Mme. Melba has served to bring him more prominently than ever into public favor.

Grand Opera Again.

GRAND OPERA in Canada has evidently taken root. For three seasons past the Montreal Opera Com-



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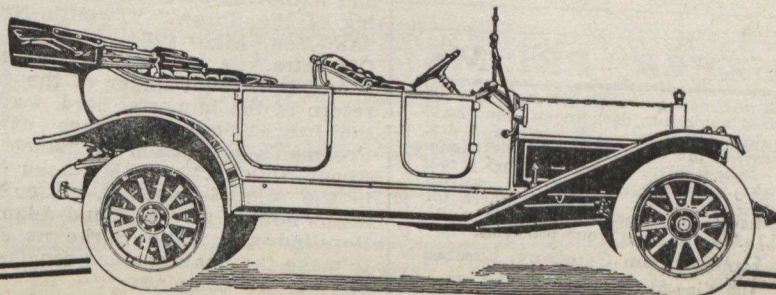
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pany built up a splendid circuit. Last season, after an unusually heavy deficit, that organization went at least temporarily out of the field. The reason for retirement, however, was not the deficit, but the fact that for private reasons Col. Meighen, the financial creator of the company, chose to withdraw.

The work has been taken up by the National Opera Company, under the management of Herr Rabinoff, of New York. Many of the artists from the Montreal Opera Company have been re-engaged, with a long list of others from opera companies both in Europe and America. Among those who are already familiar to Canadian opera-goers are Madame Ferrabini, Haberty, Edvina, Oltzka, Mario Marti, Gaudenzi, Leon Lafitte, Riccardo, Martin, and Cervi. Distinguished among the new talent is the great Hungarian tenor, Slezak, who has been heard in concert here very favorably, but never in opera. He will be sure to sing the leading tenor role in Aida, and it is to be hoped in Othello, the role for which he is so eminently suited.

Signor Agide Jacchia has also been re-engaged, and this speaks well for the orchestral work in the Italian operas. Three other conductors will assist him: Adolf Schmidt, for many years conductor for Sir Herbert Tree, who will conduct all the German productions; Oscar Spirescu, formerly assistant conductor for the Boston Opera Company, and Nicola Chercherai from the Theatre San Carlo in Naples.

The National Opera Company will open an eight weeks' season at His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, on November 17. Two weeks will be given in Toronto, a week in Ottawa, a week in Quebec, and performances in Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria. It is said that the company will also tour the United States, by which it is probably meant that they will do so in conjunction with the Western Canada tour. Fuller illustrated details of the National Opera Company's personnel will appear in the annual music number of The Canadian Courier on October 25.

Plays of the New Season (Concluded from page 11.)

characteristics of people in the world of make-believe. The hero, an actor, proceeds to test the affections of his wife, an actress, by assuming the guise of a dragoon in helmet, cloak and boots. A psychological situation is created, with the actor alternately lifted to the clouds in the role of the successful suitor, and plunged to the depths of despair in his capacity as husband. In the end the husband discloses his deception, and the wife as promptly discloses the fact that she has known all the time.

The best of the musical comedy offerings are "Adele," in which some profess to have found a successor to the "Chocolate Soldier"; "The Doll Girl," with Hattie Williams and Richard Carle in the fun-making roles.

LIKE other famous playwrights, even Shakespeare can "come back." This season the noble, if somewhat solitary, efforts of Sothorn and Marlowe to keep the great dramatist's name at least, before the public in past seasons, are receiving illustrious support from several directions. Mr. Faversham extends his single venture of last year to a repertoire of Shakespearean plays. Tyrone Power continues in "Julius Caesar." Forbes-Robertson is to give his great "Hamlet" and still greater "Othello" on this his farewell visit to America. From the coast comes word that our own Margaret Anglin has returned to Shakespeare and the classic drama, and is moving eastward in "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Antigone," and "Electra."

And lest doubt linger of the social return of the immortal bard, we have the overwhelming evidence of Mr. Frohman's production of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Mr. John Drew in the role of Benedict. It only remains now to give us Maud Adams as Rosalind and Billie Burke as Juliet to make the Shakespearean renaissance and our joy complete.

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G. T. BELL,
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General Passenger Agent,
Montreal.

The London Letter

London, September 10, 1913.

OF the more intimate aspects of His Majesty's attitude in private life one of the most attractive is the King's deference towards the Queen. Well knowing what he intends to do under certain sets of circumstances, the King never appears to argue or remonstrate with Her Majesty in other matters. There is a certain passivity about His Majesty in his domesticity which seems to portray a degree of apathy, as though he were too weary after his big and public efforts to think small inner matters worth discussing.

His Majesty is the most domestic of men, the kindest of fathers, and always happy in the bosom of his family. It is no secret that the Queen has the main voice in directing the trend of all the education of their children. But it must not be thought that the King is a domestic cypher. On the contrary, he not only occupies himself with every detail about all his offspring, but when he thinks it right he insists on having his own way. The King is the best father in England, and he would have been perfectly happy as a private gentleman bringing up his children, who come to him with the utmost frankness and trustfulness on all occasions, whilst he idolizes Princess Mary, who sometimes rather cleverly takes advantage of his goodness, and manages to evade the more stern behests of her mother.

One point about the King deserves to be emphasized—namely, his simple religious faith, which is that of a child. He has no liking for intricate theological dogma. He really enjoys listening to a plain, practical, straightforward sermon, and in the best sense of the word is a true Christian. He has always personally seen that the religious side of the development of his children is carefully conducted, and when over and over again it is necessary to emphasize the King's strict sense of duty, this conscientiousness may be set down to his desire to carry out in life the precepts of the religion he professes—and acts up to. King George is very truly and deeply a Defender of the Faith, and it may be added that his own tendencies are towards what is generally called Low Church.

By the way, His Majesty's sympathy with the head stalker at Balmoral on the death of his son, Mr. Arthur Grant, was shown in a kindly manner by the cessation of shooting on the moors for a couple of days, and the King appointing a representative at the funeral.

FOR the wedding of Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife, preparations are well advanced in connection with the ceremony and reception. Both from at home and abroad numerous presents are arriving constantly for the two young people. The younger relatives of the bride, it appears, are banding together—as it has been the custom of late to do for such a purpose—to give them one really beautiful object instead of a number of smaller presents, though there is some doubt what form it should take. The Duchess of Fife already possesses some beautiful jewellery, including a fine diamond necklace and some very elegant pearls, and the King, with whom she has always been a favourite, possibly on account of their common love of sport, particularly of fishing, is giving with Queen Mary a lovely set of diamond ornaments of very fine design. Prince Arthur has also given his future bride some very charming jewellery, but obviously it is difficult to give even wedding presents to one of the richest young women in England. It may be remembered that, though Prince Arthur is in comparison very modestly supplied with money, he has before now refused a large fortune, for one was offered to him in 1899 with the ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. To Prince Arthur, it might be applied in the words of Gilbert—

"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remained an Englishman."

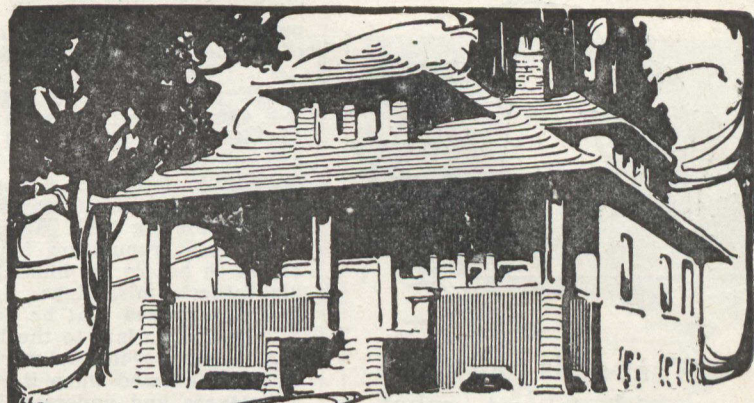
CONCURRENT with Panama Exhibition at San Francisco in 1915, attention is beginning to be focussed on the British Dominions Exhibition which is to be held in London the same year. Much regret is expressed regarding this simultaneous happening, but when the Panama representative approached the committee of the Dominions Exhibition some time ago, the arrangements had gone too far to allow the date being altered. The year was chosen as it was the year of the next Imperial Conference, the year of the Prince of Wales' twenty-first birthday, and the centenary year of the Battle of Waterloo, for the celebration of which several events are being arranged. It is likewise urged by the committee that an all-British Exhibition is as deserving of support as an international exhibition in San Francisco, which has apparently little attraction to British manufacturers. It is confidently believed—and the list of the Council of the Exhibition, headed by Lord Strathcona shows reasons for this confidence—that all the Dominions and the Empire of India will take part in a responsible and notable manner. The exhibition, of course, will have no politics, and whatever profits it makes will be given to some Imperial object. The idea of the promoters is to bring together people of the Empire to show what each unit can produce and manufacture, and how they can be used for the benefit of British Imperial trade. Everything will be done to give it an educative value.

Altogether, in the character of its promoters and supporters, and in the lines which have been laid down for its creation, the Dominions Exhibition gives promise of being a highly interesting and signal event in Empire annals. Meanwhile the Anglo-American Exhibition, to celebrate the completion of a century of peace between the great English-speaking nations, will take place in London next year.

BRITAIN'S ever virile "Bobs," Lord Roberts, added one more honour to his long roll. "The Silver City by the Sea," as Aberdeen, "The Granite City," has been poetically called, has conferred upon the veteran strategist its freedom with unwonted enthusiasm. This is the sixteenth civic freedom to be conferred on Lord Roberts, while as a recipient of public honours his record must surely be unrivalled. Probably the only man who can be compared with him in this respect is Mr. Bryce, lately Ambassador at Washington, who has been made an honorary member of nearly every important University at home and abroad. In the matter of variety, however, Lord Roberts' rewards are unquestionably more numerous and more imposing than any other Briton's. "Bobs'" distinctions began with the Victoria Cross and ended with the Order of Merit. He has had in turn a knighthood, a baronetcy, a viscountcy, and an earldom. What more, one is inclined to ask, can the heart of man and warrior desire?

IN the matter of Britain's railway speed the subject lost some of its interest since the motor-car beat the express, and the aeroplane outdistanced the motor-car. Substantially there is no new achievement in speed to chronicle. Of the old runs, namely, the North-eastern from Darlington to York, 44¼ miles in 43 minutes. The best run in Britain is that of the Great Western, Paddington to Bristol, in two hours exactly at a speed of 59.1 miles per hour. There seems to be a faint hope of a race between the famous Great Western and North-western for Birmingham. In the meantime, we imagine, the French expresses still dispute with the United States the palm for speed. Let it not be supposed, in the interim, that progress has altogether deserted the land of Stephenson, the cradle of engineering triumphs. There is really and truly on the South-Eastern & Chatham system a boat-express timed to run at fifty-one miles an hour.

Naturally the British public is appalled by the railway disaster at Hawes' Junction, near Carlisle, Sep-



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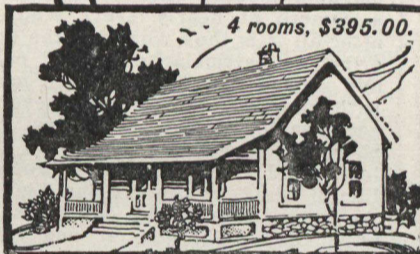
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tember 2nd, with a death roll of 14 persons, which points to the urgency of further signalling improvements.

THE great bookseller, Mr. Bernard Quaritch, who died at Brighton the other day, in his 43rd year, was a worthy son of a noble sire. Though unlike his father, a famous London figure, he was an outstanding personality at the big book sales, and earned a great reputation for the scale on which he did his bidding. Despite his father's misgivings, the younger Quaritch proved that he had the ambitions appropriate to the head of the first bookshop in the world. Young Quaritch showed when the time came a boldness and understanding of the changed aspects of book-collecting that placed the business on a surer foundation than ever. The removal of Quaritch's from Piccadilly to Grafton Street, in the London West End, was an enormous undertaking done under his superintendence. It was said that the stock represented two hundred tons of books, occupying seven storeys in their new quarters.

THE Braemar Gathering in Scotland, or as it is popularly termed, the "Highland Games," has been a phenomenal triumph. Lovely weather favoured the event, while the gathering of the clans and the Highland sports were carried out under the most favourable circumstances. Their Majesties and their children, and royal kinsfolk, were enthusiastically received by a record crowd of visitors. Prince Arthur of Connaught was applauded again and again in a most unrestrained fashion, which he modestly acknowledged with a salute and a smile.

Naturally, the Highlanders representing the Duff, Balmoral, and Farquharson clans were a second only in interest to the royal visitors. These splendid looking fellows had to face a camera at nearly every step, but after all it is they who give the Gathering its particular charm of colour and setting. As the clansmen moved with slow and steady step, severally accompanied by their pipers, who played such well-known airs as "The Invercauld March," the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu," or the "Hielan Laddie," the enthusiasm of the onlookers was unbounded. The muster and march of the Highlanders, with the brilliant sunshine playing on their bonnets, pikes, axes, and drawn swords, made an exceedingly effective scene from a spectacular point of view. The dancing was a specially prominent feature in the programme for royalty, in which some of the most accomplished dancers in Scotland competed for the liberal prizes of the society, and "tossing the caber," both of which aroused repeated cheering. It was noticeable that the dancing of the children, some of them not more than six years old, greatly delighted the young princes, and everybody, indeed, applauded their lithe and graceful movements. The night following, the king and queen gave a dance to the servants, tenants, and ghillies on the estates, about 160 couples participating in the reels. A special dance by Highlanders opened the proceedings, and the king, at a later stage, took part in several dances. Most of the men appeared in Highland costume.

WITH the autumn season the "divine" Sarah has returned to her beloved British metropolis. Mme. Bernhardt is giving us again a series of potent half-hours from her famous plays, beginning with the second act of Rostand's "La Samaritaine," and once more we saw that astonishing triumph of mere vitality, and the actress pouring out her passions with a sort of shadowy fierceness. She has discovered the secret of perpetual youth—that has been the legend long since Sarah Bernhardt ceased to be young, and still indomitably she keeps it alive. And yet surely it is far more interesting if we would frankly admit to ourselves that she is old—the shadow of the great days, but what a shadow!

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CHAPTER I.

Fritz of Friedrichsheim.

ON the first evening of November, 1911, Fritz, twentieth Baron of Friedrichsheim, in the kingdom of Grimland, was engaged in getting drunk. To do him justice he was performing this degrading operation like a gentleman. Youthful, slim, exceptionally handsome, the wine lent an added sparkle to his dark eyes, and a deeper red to his comely cheeks, proving that Bacchus, who is the greatest foe to human features as well as human wits, can on rare occasions make a man look as splendid as he feels. And Fritz was feeling uncommonly well.

In his cosy rooms in the Gerade-Strasse, an old-fashioned street in the capital city of Weidenbruck, he was entertaining a posse of his boon companions—Major Nolda of the Dragoons, Julius Thorl, a lieutenant of the King's Hussars, Count Tortonform, a member of the aristocratic council of the Rathsherren, and a certain advocate, by name, Preiswerk, who affected a cynical manner and ultra-democratic opinions. The wine was circulating freely and the conversation wandered from women and horses to politics and poor laws, from roulette and race meetings to religion and electoral reform, with a delightful inconsequence born of bright brains and the best champagne.

"I'd give every man a vote," said Fritz thickly, "and every vote in equal value."

Nobly born, possessing great wealth, Fritz dissociated himself from his country's aristocracy, which was narrow, bigoted, hide-bound, beyond the wont of hereditary optimates. A strong Liberal in his sober moments, he became an advanced Radical under the influence of good cheer.

"So you said in your speech to the electors of Nunheim," said Preiswerk, "but the difficulty is to take you seriously."

"I was never more serious in my life than I am now," said Fritz, helping himself shakily to another glass of wine.

"That is the trouble," retorted the advocate dryly.

"What do you mean?" asked Fritz thickly.

"Simply what you say," rejoined the lawyer. "You were never more serious in your life than you are now."

"Oh, shut up," said Fritz angrily, for there was laughter at his expense. "I am as serious as what you'll never be—a judge. I believe in government for people by the people. Votes for all, I say."

"Including anarchists?" asked the Count of Tortonform seriously, for anarchists were much to the fore just

then, and the police were eternally discovering plots for the annihilation of all and sundry.

"What is an anarchist?" demanded Fritz oracularly. "An anarchist is a man suffering from a disease—the disease of being an old bottle with new wine in it. He is a throw-back to savagery, and he can't stand civilization. He ferments and bursts. He must be mellowed."

FOR the moment Fritz's excellent brain had almost conquered the thralldom of intoxication. His words, though thickly spoken, were by no means devoid of sense. Preiswerk the cynic countered with a quick question. "How would you mellow him?" he asked. "By giving him the vote?"

"It would not do him any harm," said Fritz, "and it might do him good. Votes for all is my motto."

"Including women?" asked Major Nolda of the Dragoons, a good-looking fellow of the short, thick build that makes the Grimland soldiery the toughest in Europe.

"Including what?" asked Fritz, his voice going up comically in an excess of astonishment.

"Women," repeated Nolda.

"Women!" echoed Fritz. "Why the devil should they have votes?"

"I'm sure I don't know," responded the dragoon; "but they are agitating for them in some countries—England, for example."

Fritz laughed hilariously.

"What a lovely idea!" he cried. "Votes for women! Why not votes for pussy-cats?"

"Do you classify the two together?" asked the Count of Tortonform, who was undoubtedly the most serious person present.

"More or less," Fritz affirmed; "pretty animals without souls. Of course I prefer women. I am a poet, and without women there would be nothing to write poetry about."

"I'm not sure that that would be altogether a bad thing," sneered Preiswerk.

"Oh! you're a musty old lawyer," retorted Fritz. "You've no eye for beauty, even in the witness-box. Personally, I think a really beautiful woman is the most perfect gift of the gods to mortals."

"For instance, Marie Holttenroth of the Eden Theatre," said Nolda maliciously.

"Oh! you're out of date, Nolda," glibed Lieutenant Thorl. "That was last week. Now it's Mitzi Gut of the Alcazar."

FRITZ might have flushed had he felt shame, or had his cheeks been capable of assuming a deeper hue. As it was, he emptied his glass.

"Women!" he cried, "God bless their pretty faces and twinkling feet. Wine is good, and a horse is good, and roulette is very good. But women—why without them the world would be a garden without roses, a firmament without stars, a—"

"For goodness' sake silence him," interrupted Preiswerk irritably. "I'm a married man with three children, and I can't stand poetry."

"Hold your peace, Fritz," said Tortonform. "You're a good chap, but your views of the fair sex are somewhat heathenish. Stick to politics, about which you know a little, or horses, about which you know a good deal."

"You're a barbarous lot of guests," complained the youthful Baron of Friedrichsheim; "you spoil a glorious flow of words. I was just on the point of making a really original metaphor. No, you shan't have it now. We'll go into the other room and play cards, which is all you folk of common clay are fit for."

"There is one more toast to drink before we go," said the Count of Tortonform.

"What's that?" asked Fritz.

"The King!" replied the Count in his deep, serious tones.

"The King!" cried Fritz, rising unsteadily to his feet, and spilling a goodly quantity of wine on his shirt-front.

"The King!" cried all, rising and draining their glasses. "The King! God bless him!"

"The King! His better health!" said Tortonform solemnly.

"His better health!" repeated Fritz. "Why, man, no one has better health than His Majesty."

"I regret to say you are mistaken," said Tortonform, eyeing his host with a look full of meaning, a look in which were mingled a warning and an appeal. "The King's better health should be the subject of our earnest prayers."

A SILENCE followed these gloomy words. If Fritz gathered the meaning of Tortonform's look, he did not show it, save, perhaps, for a fractional moment of dazed bewilderment. A second later his laugh rang out noisily as ever.

"Come into the next room and see what sort of a punch my man has mixed for us. I'll start the first bank at baccara with a thousand kronen."

There is nothing to be gained by following the fluctuations of the game that ensued in the adjoining chamber. Most Grimlanders are born gamblers, and the stakes ruled high. The game is one which makes little demand on the intelligence of the player, and Fritz was so accustomed to its usages that he played it mechanically, no better and no worse than if he had been sober. At times Fortune smiled on him, and at times frowned. On the whole the frowns predominated, but what he finally lost was a trivial affair to one of the richest young men in the kingdom of Grimland. Tortonform and Preiswerk both won, and the two soldiers, who could least afford it, were the chief losers. Neither of them, however, showed the slightest irritation at their ill-fortune. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when the party broke up, and Fritz's punch-bowl, which had been filled by a potent brew of his man's servant's mixing, was as dry as a summer ditch. One by one the guests said farewell, the last being the Count of Tortonform.

"Good night, Fritz," he said, shaking his host's hand. "We've had a splendid evening. I may drop in and see you to-morrow morning."

"Make it the afternoon, and I may be up," said Fritz, struggling with a hiccup.

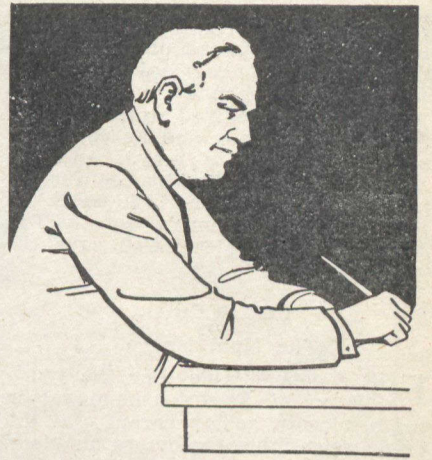
"As you will. I want to repeat something to you which I don't think it was much use my saying to-night." Fritz nodded gloomily.

"I'm not so drunk as you think," he retorted.

"I hope not. Anyhow, I don't think you understood."

"I'm not so drunk as you think," repeated Fritz portentously. "Good night."

As soon as his guests had departed Fritz sank into an easy chair. He nuzzled the punch-bowl towards him, but there was not a drain of fluid in its capacious depths. He put a cigarette in his mouth, but his efforts to strike a match were unavailing, and the tobacco remained unkindled. His expression was crestfallen, but the gloom on his handsome boyish features resulted neither from his losses at cards, nor from a disappointed hankering after punch or tobacco. It was Tortonform's reference to the King's health that was alone respon-



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sible for the black mood that had superseded the phase of ultra-excitement. The Count's words meant so much, and the manner in which they were delivered implied so much more. He could not drink and he could not smoke—he tried to pray. And the words of his supplication, confusedly begotten, thickly breathed, were the words of the Count's toast—"The King's better health. God save the King!"

CHAPTER II.

The Meat Market.

FOR a considerable time the young Baron of Friedrichsheim sat in his arm-chair, gazing vacantly at the card-strewn table, the empty tumblers, and the debris of a convivial gathering which had already lost even the appearance of festivity.

Was the King of Grimland stricken by some secret malady which threatened his life with speedy and inevitable extinction?

It seemed so, to judge from Tortenform's grave manner and his projected visit of the morrow. And the mere thought evoked in Fritz's breast a feeling of grief, deep and true and genuine, despite the fumes of wine that robbed his brain of clear thought and his limbs of disciplined movement.

Lover of wine and cards and pleasure, reveller in the riotous joys of gilded youth, Fritz of Friedrichsheim was no mere empty-headed voluptuary with the barren creed of "after me the deluge." He loved his country and his country's king. Karl XXII. was the hero of one who was by nature something of a hero-worshipper. The big, good-natured, lazy-looking monarch had on more than one occasion displayed the iron hand within the velvet glove. The most genial and urbane of men, he had shown a bulldog tenacity when forces had been arrayed against him which would have swept an ordinary man headlong from his place. Easy-going and apparently careless, he had exhibited a prudence, a coolness, a cunning even, which no one but the shrewdest of character-readers could have suspected him of possessing. And he had triumphed over rebellion, over sedition, over unpopularity, and in the hour of victory had displayed magnanimity and statecraft of no mean order. The result was a stability of government rare in that turbulent land, an era of prosperity and content that opened up visions of a greater Grimland and a new factor for peace and justice in the councils of Europe. And Fritz loved his sovereign for his strength, for his wisdom, and his urbanity. He loved him for his broadmindedness and his democratic tendencies. He believed that with time and Karl's help those reforms would be introduced into the constitution which would put the monarchy on a firmer basis and raise the whole country to a higher plane of social and economic welfare. Fine ideals these for one whose life was "anything but ideal, whose views of sex relationship were, as Tortenform had truly said, somewhat heathenish. Yet history is full of such contradictions, and Fritz, arrogantly dissipating the boundless resources of his splendid youth, must be accorded the mitigated praise due to those who, if they do not act well, at least mean well.

At the present moment his most poignant regret (apart from the anxiety caused by Tortenform's words) was that he was not sober. His thoughts refused to marshal themselves clearly. He knew that Karl's early demise, leaving as it would a minor as heir to the throne, would throw the whole country into a welter of intrigue and confusion. There were ambitious and unscrupulous men in the State waiting eagerly for the chance of fishing in troubled waters. There was one in particular. . . . Confound it! Why had he steeped his senses and dulled his faculties with an unholy blending of strong wines and fiery punch. If the crash came there was so much that he could do—he, who was loyal to the House of Karl, who loved Karl's boy because he fancied he detected in him the fine qualities that made his father a man among kings and a king among men.

He, Fritz, was an aristocrat, of birth equal to the best in the kingdom, of wealth equal to the richest, and yet beloved by the people because he championed their rights and believed in the broad-basing of power. And now when he wished to think, thought refused to proceed clearly and cleanly, because the thought machine was clogged with the villainous poison miscalled "good cheer."

With an effort he rose from his chair. There was a syphon on the sideboard, and he filled half a tumbler with soda-water, and poured the pringling gassy fluid down his hot throat. The action was more heroic than effectual, and he was painfully conscious that offended Nature does not forgive readily or graciously. He opened the double window that looked out on the Gerade-strasse, and the damp, cold wind of a Weidenbruck night struck him freshly on his forehead. It did him good, much more good than the soda-water, and he resolved to go out. Fresh air and exercise would work off the cloying, drug-ging stupor that made a naturally acute brain a mere conglomeration of fuddled cells. He struggled into an overcoat, crammed a hat over his brows, and shambled down the stairs.

The air of the street met him with a friendly gust of ice-cold wind. Any one else would have felt cold, for the temperature was just on freezing point, and the wind was laden with moisture from the yet unfrozen Nieder-kessel; but Fritz was hot with the feverish heat of a vinous excess fermenting in young blood. He advanced with erratic footsteps down the old-fashioned Gerade-strasse, hiccuping a "good night" to the policeman at the corner who was almost the only denizen of the streets at that late hour. Down the broad Bahnhof-strasse he plunged, and here a buffet of nipping wind caused him to button his flapping overcoat over his dress-shirt front, albeit the buttons were fitted into buttonholes never intended by the excellent English tailor who made the garments of the Baron of Friedrichsheim.

ON he walked, without destination or purpose, save to cool his blood, clear his brain, and some Fate bade him bend his unsteady gait down a side street leading to the poverty and crime-ridden district of the Morast.

It was none too safe a quarter for a young man in his condition to penetrate, but among the many things that Fritz knew, fear was not one of them. There were a few figures visible here, ragged wanderers of both sexes, out for no good, muffled forms avoiding the rare street lamps, night-birds of ill-omen and sinister habits, objects clinging to the shadows and shunning scrutiny. Fritz had a genial "good night" for all, for his natural politeness was not dimmed either by his potations or his mental anxiety. Sometimes he got a surprised "good night" in reply, sometimes a curse, sometimes only silence. He did not in the least mind which.

Presently he came to a vast iron and glass building which stood in a considerable open space. It was the Central Meat Market, though Fritz took it for a railway station. He entered a small door between two steel columns and wandered aimlessly down an interminable alley between empty stalls. A few arc lamps burned in white globes from the curving roof, but the gloom and vastness of the building were only revealed thereby. Presently he was accosted by a policeman, suspicious, officious, minatory and inquisitorial in his black cloak and peaked shako. The officer demanded sternly where he was going. Fritz, who had no idea, but who felt that some answer was necessary, replied that he was looking for the booking-office.

The official frown was relaxed, suspicion was banished, officiousness melted. The policeman saw with what kind of individual he had to deal, and, smiling at his own humour, directed the Baron to take the first turning to the right, and the second to the left.

Fritz raised his hat in a gesture of respectful politeness and reeled away in the direction indicated.

When he had reached a point almost

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under the central dome of the building, from which radiated interminable avenues, the clock of the not distant Domkirche struck four sonorous notes. Dimly Fritz realized that it was late, and with the realization came the further consciousness that he was tired. His legs ached and were not doing their duty as legs ought to do. He needed rest and there seemed no earthly reason why he should not have it. Accordingly he approached a stall, clambered over the counter, and assumed a recumbent position on the floor. He felt vaguely the need of a pillow, and groped about as if expecting to find one. What his hand actually lighted on was a ball about as big as a large orange. It was hard and black, and Fritz had no conception as to what it could possibly be. Then, smiling, as if he had done something clever, he put it inside his hat, and pillowing his head on his hat, composed himself for sleep. He was just reaching that point where confused thought merges into the phantasmagoria of drunken slumber, when he was violently aroused by his hat being pulled suddenly away from under his head, with the result that the back of the head made sharp and painful contact with the concrete floor of the Central Meat Market.

Rudely awakened and excusably irritated, he sat up and ejaculated an oath.

To his amazement he found himself gazing up at the form of a young woman who towered over him to what seemed a superhuman altitude. Never had he beheld a female form so extended or so thin. Moreover, to his disordered senses her eyes appeared as points of green flame, more like the eyes of a cat than those of a mortal woman.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" he demanded.

"You fool, you fool, you drunken sot!" hissed the woman. "You were very near death."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," he muttered.

"That! That!" cried his awakener, thrusting the black ball in his face. "That is death. But I preach death to institutions, not men, however contemptible."

Fritz was not certain whether he was awake or asleep. On the whole he inclined to the belief that he was experiencing a peculiarly irresponsible form of nightmare.

"Well, keep your ball," he said at length good-naturedly, "but please give me back my hat."

"Sot and fool!" she cried. "There is no understanding in you. A second later and— But there is not a moment to be lost." And so saying, she hurled the black sphere from her with all the force at her command.

What followed was a terrific explosion.

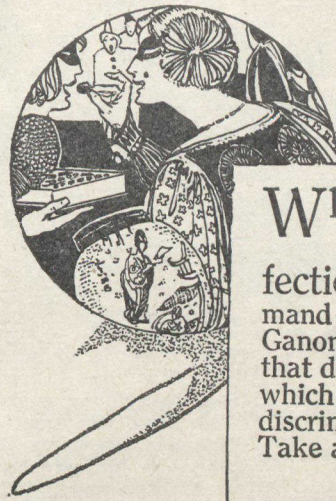
To Fritz it seemed that someone had neatly divided his skull with a hatchet and was pouring molten noise into his cerebral hemispheres.

He struggled to his feet half-stunned, half-sobered, and three parts deaf.

Clouds of blue smoke filled the air, and in their unravelling eddies was visible the twisted chaos of tormented ironwork and shattered glass.

An incredibly acrid aroma filled his nostrils. Some of the arc lamps were extinguished, but a few remained alight, and by their beams he saw the tall figure of the woman who had roused him rushing fleet of foot down one of the long corridors of the building. A second later, emerging from the curtain of smoke and dust, appeared the black-coated form of a policeman. The latter scarcely gained, if at all, on the fugitive, but other black-coated forms appeared from the shadows and intercepted the woman's retreat. In a moment she was seized, there was a brief struggle, and then the unconditional surrender of the criminal to the minions of law.

Then another figure appeared from some side avenue of the great building, a man whose hair was white as snow, but whose movements were so rapid as to contradict any suggestion of age. He was no police official, but rather it appeared a friend of the arrested woman, for he protested vigorously and with much gesticulation. The only result was that he too was



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Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 20th day of August, 1913.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

NOTICE is hereby given that Alicia Hill, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Erastus Hill, formerly of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Dentist, but now of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, United States of America, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

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Solicitors for the Applicant.

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you on Friday, advise the
Circulation Manager.

arrested with considerable roughness, and that further unnecessary violence was exercised on his fellow-prisoner.

Fritz was sober enough now to realize that he had witnessed an anarchist outrage, and sensible enough to appreciate that the woman anarchist had saved him from imminent peril. In fact, her capture was the direct result of her humanity in saving his life. This, coupled with the fact that his latent chivalry was roused by the rough way in which the police had handled her, sent his unsteady steps hurrying to the scene of the arrest.

He made his presence known by a polite "good-evening" to the officer, and taking off his hat.

"Who are you?" demanded a police sergeant gruffly.

"My name is of no moment," replied Fritz, "but I must ask you to release this young woman."

"The devil you must! Why?"

"She has saved my life."

"She has half-wrecked the Central Meat Market, and is evidently a most desperate character."

"Nevertheless I must persist in my request," maintained Fritz with polite determination. "she is only a woman, a girl almost."

"Go home to bed, sir," said the policeman who had originally accosted Fritz, and who was one of the woman's captors. The jeunesse doree has its privileges, but it must not interfere in the arrests of anarchists."

"Confound it!" said Fritz, "do you want me to have recourse to violence?" The idea of leaving this woman who had saved his life to the tender mercies of the police was abhorrent to his sense of honour, and in his present condition he felt physically equal to many policemen.

The sergeant, who could have pushed him over with one hand, and who knew it, was not disposed to take him seriously, and confirmed the advice given by his subordinate.

"Go to bed, sir, or you'll get into trouble."

"I most distinctly refuse to go to bed," said Fritz stubbornly. "I believe that anarchism is a disease, and that the cure—"

This time it was the woman who interrupted him.

"You can only do yourself harm, and me no good."

"But why—why did you save my life?" he stammered.

"I told you I warred against institutions, not men," she retorted.

"There you see," said Fritz, appealing to her captors, "she would not wish to kill a single human being."

"Only one," she said, "and him only because he is what he is."

"Who is he?" asked Fritz.

"The King!"

"The King!" cried Fritz in amazed indignation. "She would kill the King. Constable, you may take this woman to the police station."

The sergeant smiled grimly.

"I was going to," he said.

CHAPTER III.

Litera Scripta Manet.

DOWN the white highway that leads from Wolfsnaden to Weidenbruck, a big black and yellow sleigh was being drawn by three roan horses harnessed abreast, to the accompaniment of jingling bells, a cracking whip, and strange guttural noises of encouragement that issued intermittently from the throat of the black-bearded driver. The conveyance was the post, and a goodly quantity of letters and parcels, securely packed in green canvas sacks, each sealed with a big red seal, were heaped on the lurching vehicle.

Possibly the extreme beauty of the scene and the splendour of the day—for the route lay through some of the loveliest mountain scenery in Europe, and the sun shone out of the sapphire sky on to a snow-scape of shimmering whiteness—produced an exhilarating effect on the mind of the driver, for he varied his guttural ejaculations to the horses with snatches of old-time folk-songs, and his whip waked the echoes without pain or injury to the backs of his vigorous teamsters.

It was January in Grimland, two months since Fritz of Friedrichsheim had escaped annihilation in the Cen-

The Gospel of Efficiency—How it is Preached to and Practised by Canadians.

Fifteen years ago the word "efficiency" held the same place in the Dictionary that it does to-day, but in the popular mind it was a somewhat ordinary word used for describing the attributes of a certain engine, too, or perhaps a remedy of some kind—all inanimate things.

At that time the watchwords of the ambitious Canadian were "Initiative" and "Hustle," and with these he whipped himself into superlative effort, until he found that he was fast losing the ability to keep himself up to "concert pitch"—he no longer responded to the whip—something serious had happened—

Truth was, he had lost his efficiency.

Thus did the word Efficiency assume a new and great import among men and women alike, for without it we can have neither initiative, hustle or ability to keep pace with the business and social requirements of the twentieth century.

How to obtain and maintain the highest degree of Efficiency while we are about, rather than how to get well and efficient after we are ill—as a matter of fact, in this connection, those of us who consider ourselves well and strong are not consistently more than 50 per cent. efficient.

We may be able to get about and do our daily tasks with more or less satisfaction to ourselves, and without undue exhaustion, but that is not by any means one hundred per cent. of efficiency.

If our brains are clear, our intellects bright, and our condition such as to put enthusiasm and "ginger" as well as clear judgment into our work, we have a tremendous advantage over those who are half the time depressed, blue, and all the time nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with perfect efficiency and makes so much for success.

But most of us are in the latter class, if we analyze our feeling, and for a very good reason.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

Nature has constructed us for a certain physical "speed," as it were. If you construct an engine for a certain speed, and then attempt to run it at a quarter of that speed, it clogs up and gets "wheezy at the joints," and needs frequent attention and assistance to operate satisfactorily—just so with the human body.

If our work is mostly mental, or confining, as it is in almost every instance, and our physical body runs at quarter speed or less, our system can not throw off the waste except according to our activity, and the clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than is immediately apparent, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood, circulating through the colon, absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a local weakness.

Accumulated waste, for instance, is the direct, immediate and specific cause of Appendicitis.

Now, there have been many preachers of the Gospel of Efficiency, among them men high up in the literary, commercial and professional world, who have tried to teach us to conserve our energies by relaxation, avoidance of worry, habitual cheerfulness, etc., but this is useless advice when the seat of the trouble is physi-

cal first, and mental afterwards.

There have also been many practical men, such as physicians, physical culturists, dietitians, osteopaths, etc., who have done something towards actually removing this waste from the colon, at least for a time.

It remained for a new, rational and perfectly natural process, however, to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain of unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and efficient—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it, and us, sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as nature intended it should.

That process is internal bathing with warm water—and it, by the way, now has the unqualified and enthusiastic endorsements of the most enlightened physicians, physical culturists, osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, through disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with internal bathing.

Drugs force nature instead of assisting her—internal bathing assists nature, and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—internal bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased—internal bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says:—"All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find at what would seem so comparatively late a day so great an improvement on the old methods of internal bathing, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising however, than the tendency on the part of the medical profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means, causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about Efficiency—about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of internal bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to write about in detail, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work. He has written an extremely interesting book on the subject, called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., at Room 252, 280 College Street, Toronto, Ontario, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Canadian Courier.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person about the subject, which has so great a bearing on the general health and efficiency.

My personal experience and my observation makes me very enthusiastic on internal bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

tral Meat Market, and however dubious might be the sway of earthly sovereigns over that unstable monarchy, there was no disputing the supremacy of King Frost over those central European highlands. The temperature was degrees below zero in the shade; the snow was many feet deep on the hill-sides; and the rush and music of torrents and cascades were crystalized into silence and rigidity by the chemie power of intense cold.

But the sky was cloudless, and the sun's rays penetrated the thin dry air with no uncertain force, making the sway of the Frost King as genial, health-giving and delightful as it was paramount.

At a bend of the road, as the track entered a narrow valley whose sides towered skywards in walls of fleckless white, the driver reined in his horses.

The reason for the halt was not apparent, for the gradient was still an easy one, and there was no sign of human habitation which could afford refreshment for man or beast. The coachman, however, dismounted and removed the bell-collars from the necks of his horses, put them carefully on his pile of mail-bags, and proceeded on his journey at a walking pace. The sun still shone brightly from the unclouded sky, and the scene became, if anything, more beautiful than before, but no guttural noises urged the horses to a more vigorous speed; no cheerful folk-songs issued from the hirsute throat, no whip shook the frosty air with its staccato pistol shots.

Max Stein—for that was the driver's name—had entered that portion of his route which bore the sinister title of the "Schlect Weg," the evil way!

This nomenclature was gained by reason of its great liability to snow subsidences, the dreaded shlaglawinen, to stroke-avalanches, which deal certain death to all who stand in the way of their predestined course.

A snow avalanche is one of the most terrible things in nature, perhaps, excepting a typhoon or a volcanic eruption, the most terrible thing.

When an avalanche is ripe to fall it is started by the least thing: the tones of the human voice, the cracking of a whip, or the thud of a horse's hoof. When it is started no earthly power can check it. A huge mass of snow, gathering speed and bulk and momentum every foot of its descent, hurls itself in a thundering mass of debris from the cornice of the mountain-side to the sunless depth of the valley. Anything that stands in its path, be it pine or rock, man or beast, is engulfed in its demon embrace, and is absorbed, and crushed, and obliterated to the crashing symphony of the re-echoing hills.

This was why Max Stein had taken the bell-collars from his horses' necks; this was why his whip was relegated to inactivity, and why song and light-heartedness had given place to silence and preoccupation. Suddenly he saw the figure of a man on horseback galloping rapidly down the road towards him.

He cursed under his breath, and then crossed himself, for the galloping hoofs were making dangerous music in that sinister region, and he was angry with the horseman for unnecessarily exposing them to the nameless perils of the lawine. When the rider drew near to the post he reined in his steed, and occupied the centre of the way with upraised hand.

Stein had a vision of a very big man on a very large black horse. The man wore a woollen cap pushed back from a high, domed forehead. Beneath well-marked eyebrows, a pair of grey, small eyes burned with a steady, strong, persistent flame. A small moustache, less wide than the rather large mouth, pushed a scrubby growth from the upper lip. The chin was big, cleft, and masterful. The face was neither handsome nor ugly, but it was intensely virile. It bespoke attributes absolutely ideal for one in the prime rather than the youth of life: strength, command, a grim sense of humour, resource, calmness bordering on cynicism. Stein scarcely noted the physiognomical traits or the iron frame of the matured athlete. He merely perceived that the traveller was not wearing uniform,

and authority divorced from uniform is an idea that has difficulty in penetrating the recesses of the Grimland mind.

"Gott in Himmel!" he growled surlily, "you are stopping His Majesty's post."

"What Majesty?" retorted the stranger blandly, in an accent that was not precisely that of a Grimlander.

"His Majesty King Karl XXII.," replied Stein, raising his hat.

"His Majesty King Karl XXII. died at five o'clock this morning," said the stranger, also raising his hat. "Therefore you see it is not his post I am stopping."

Stein crossed himself, and ejaculated another "Gott in Himmel!" Then reflecting that the next argument lay with him, he pursued: "But if Karl XXII. is dead, and if so, God rest his soul, Karl XXIII. is King, and you are stopping his post."

"You are strangely ignorant of the constitution of your own country," rejoined the horseman. "The late Karl's son is a minor, and, according to the law of Grimland, he cannot be crowned till he is seventeen, which is not for another twelve months. In the meantime the country will be governed by a Regent, who will be appointed by the Council of Nobles, the ancient body of the Rathsherren."

Stein scratched his head. He was anything but an authority on Constitutional Law, but he was an obstinate man.

"Then you are stopping the Regent's post," he said at length.

"The Regent will not be chosen before next Wednesday," retorted the stranger, with a polite smile.

"Thunder and lightning! Then you are stopping my post," cried Stein angrily.

"That is more like it, my good man," laughed the horseman; "and since I am stopping the post of a very humble individual I am not doing anything particularly violent or terrible. And I stopped your picturesque conveyance because I want a certain letter you are bearing from Wolfsnaden."

"You—a civilian, a foreigner perhaps—want a letter out of my sealed post-bags!"

"That is so."

"Mein Gott! If I were not afraid of starting a shlag-lawine I should laugh."

"I recognize that merriment might be dangerous, but even at the risk of provoking it I must insist on having the letter."

"Why?"

"First, because I want it. Secondly," continued the horseman, producing a Mauser pistol from under his cloak, "because I mean to have it."

Stein's astonishment nearly caused him to fall off the box. This man was not in outward appearance a brigand, he was not an official, and he demanded a letter with threats of violence.

"And if I refuse?" he managed to get out.

"I shall put a little extra pressure with my first finger on the hair trigger," said the horseman, airily, aiming point-blank at the driver's head. "That is all."

Stein's face was a study. Fear had penetrated his soul, but he would not yield till he had played his last card.

"If you fire your pistol," he said, "you will kill me; but you also bring down an avalanche, and we and our horses will all perish together."

"Then you will not compel me to extremities," rejoined the other, with his impassive calm.

Despite the frost Stein felt the perspiration trickling on his forehead. Stubborn though he was, he realized that he was face to face with someone inexorable as fate.

"Who are you?" he asked, after a pause.

"My name is Saunders."

"Herr Saunders!" ejaculated Stein, mentioning an Englishman whose name had been interwoven with some of the country's most violent history. "Gott in Himmel! Why did you not say so before? I am only a poor man; I cannot browbeat your Excellency. You want a letter; take as many as you please."

(To be continued.)

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