

The Canadian
COURIER
The National Weekly



Wild-Fowling With the Kwakiutls

By BONNYCASTLE DALE



Isaac Ibbotson Interviewed

By JOHN MELVILLE



United Farmers of Ontario

By W. W. SWANSON



Why Sell Revolvers?

By THE MONOCLE MAN



Woman's Supplement

Courier Press
 Limited
 TORONTO

For Handling Rush Orders

DOES the "busy season" find you unable to cope with the increased volume of business? Do the orders pile up, to the general confusion of your men and the disorganization of your plant? You may hope to catch up with your orders by putting on an extra gang, or working an additional shift, but how about the RUSH ORDERS? Are they filled, or do you simply let them wait until the inevitable wire comes with instructions to cancel?



Rush orders are, if anything, more important than the regular willing-to-wait routine business. To refuse them indicates poor service, slovenly methods, inefficiency. To handle them promptly means grateful customers who will not readily forget your helping them out when they needed the goods in a hurry.

Rush orders pay well. You simply cannot afford to ignore them.

An Otis-Fensom Freight Elevator will enable you to economize both time and labor. It will increase the efficiency of your working force, eliminating the necessity of hiring extra help or working expensive night shifts during the busy season.

Rush orders may be filled promptly and satisfactorily, and profits increased through the greater volume of business handled.

OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

Our free Booklet "Freight Elevators and Their Uses" will tell you some mighty interesting things about the possible savings you may effect in YOUR business.

Send for it to-day. Don't put it off until another time. Simply fill in this coupon and mail NOW, while the thought is fresh in your mind.

OTIS-FENSOM ELEVATOR CO., LIMITED

50 BAY STREET, TORONTO

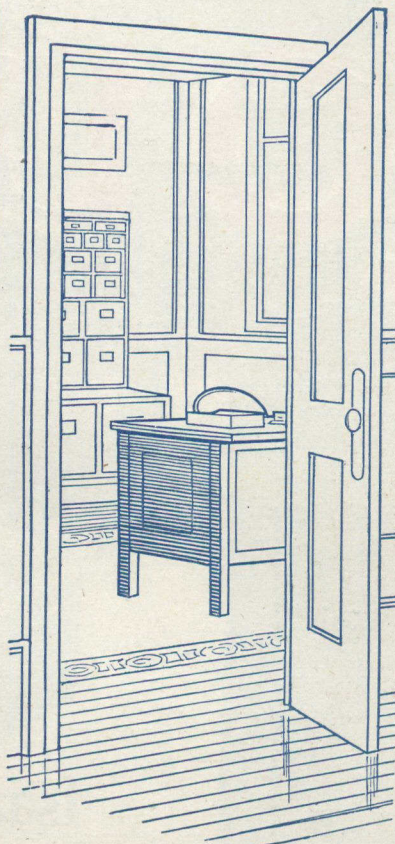
COUPON

Send me your Booklet "A..." on Freight Elevators.

Name

Address [4]

Make the Most of Small Office Space



These are days of large rents and small space—conditions which make it necessary to study economies in the use of office space.

The records naturally receive prominent attention, and the problem to determine is—"How can they be kept in the most convenient and compact form?"

The answer is—"By using Office Specialty Filing Systems."

A Filing Cabinet for every purpose.

A Filing System for every service.

Filing Equipment Catalogue or System representatives at your service.



97 Wellington St. W., Toronto

Branches and representatives in principal cities

HEAD OFFICE: Toronto

FACTORIES: Newmarket, Ont.

689

Electric Service

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

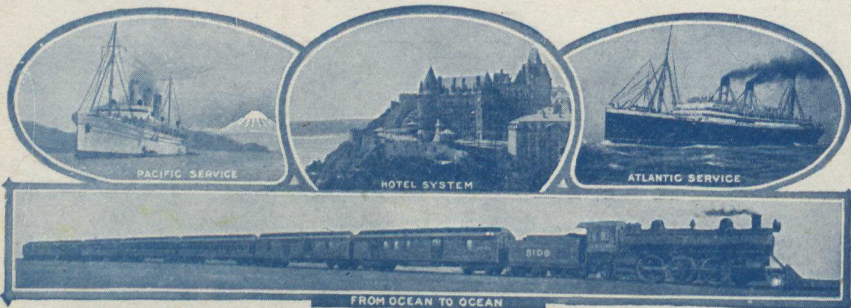
At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide St. E.

Telephone Adelaide 404



CANADIAN PACIFIC

ATLANTIC FLEET PACIFIC FLEET
HOTEL SYSTEM
FAST TRAINS FROM COAST TO COAST
ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

Those contemplating a trip of any nature may receive full particulars and literature from any C.P.R. Ticket Agent, or write

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, TORONTO

WINES OF QUALITY NEED NO PRAISE

THE HOUSE OF
GONZALEZ & BYASS,
Jerez de la Frontera, Spain.
The Premiere Sherry House of the World.

SHERRIES

enjoy a world-wide reputation for absolute purity, delicate bouquet and flavor. The following brands are recommended to those who desire a good, sound wine at reasonable prices.

ROYAL VINO DE PASTO Medium Dry
AMONTILLADO Fruity, Ladies' Favorite
IDOLO Very Dry Club Wine
OLOROSO Pale, Soft, Ideal Dinner Wine
Old Golden, Rich East India

Sold by high class dealers at 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per bottle.

ASK FOR

GONZALEZ & BYASS SHERRIES



The pull that takes 15 to 33% out of your wooden pencil cost

Whittling wastes a large part of the wooden pencil. Blaisdell paper pencils require no whittling, saving pencils and clerks' time as well. It won't cost you a cent to let us show you how much Blaisdells would save in your organization. Drop us a card.

Blaisdell 7200 (hard or soft) indelible copying pencil yields seven copies and is a wonder for durability. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose. Sold by all progressive Canadian stationers.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
PHILADELPHIA



Every mop guaranteed by the manufacturer to do all that is claimed, or money back.

Everywhere, from ceiling to floor, the

O-Cedar Mop
Polish Mop

gathers up the dust and holds it—most sanitary mop made. Great for hardwood floors—dusts, cleans and polishes at same time—preserves the floors.

—From your dealer, or sent, express paid, anywhere in Canada, for \$1.50, if you name "Canadian Courier."

Channell Chemical Co., LIMITED
369 Sorauren Avenue, TORONTO, CAN.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XV TORONTO NO. 20

CONTENTS

Four Phases of Building Illustrated.
Isaac Ibbotson, M.P., Interviewed . . . By John Melville.
United Farmers of Ontario By Prof. W. W. Swanson.
Wild-Fowling with the Kwakiutls . . . By Bonycastle Dale.
The Greenhorn, Story By W. Liam Hugo Pabke.
Public Opinion Contributed.
Why Sell Revolvers? By The Monocle Man.
News of a Week From Camera and Pen.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

Erin discourses on "Hymen and Hygeia" and womanhood's obligation to the feeble-minded; Mrs. L. A. Hamilton presents the prospect in farm employment for women by quotations from women experienced on the land; a personal sketch of Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, is contained in Mrs. Macbeth's contribution, "More a Woman"; Margaret Bell tells interestingly how players spend their off-time; and the news of the week is condensed in note and picture.

Matters Musical By the Music Editor.
Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
His Place in the World, Serial By Mrs. Bilsborough.
Reflections By the Editor.

Can you Wash your Walls?

You can if you have decorated them with Lowe Bros. Mellotone.

Where paper or cal-somine is used the children leave marks of their hands on walls that cannot be washed. Every accidental touch leaves an unsightly scratch or mar.

And these annoyances must be endured until soon it is time to "decorate" again.

But the modern way is to use

Mellotone

the most beautiful of all flat wall finishes. Its colors, "soft as the rainbow tints," are adapted to the most artistic decoration.

Mellotone is washable, sanitary and fadeless, and does not easily scratch or mar. Your decorator sells it.

Get These Valuable Free Books

Ask your local "High Standard" dealer about Mellotone; if you don't know who he is we will tell you. Let us also send you our new books "Homes Attractive From Gate to Garret" and "Harmony in Color" both Free. Write today.

LOWE BROS. LIMITED
267 to 273 Sorauren Avenue TORONTO, CANADA



Let me talk to you about Nerve Troubles.

Our nerves are like an intricate network of telegraph wires. They are controlled and nourished by a portion of the brain known as the nerve centres. The condition of the nerve centres depends upon the condition of the bodily health. When the bodily health is lowered the nerves suffer in sympathy. Then it is that we are tormented with "nerves," headaches, neuralgia, nervous debility. In such cases there is nothing to equal 'Wincarnis,' the 'Wine of Life.' 'Wincarnis' is a powerful nerve food which acts directly upon the nerve centres and gives them new life and new vitality. The result is wonderful. Will you try it?

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS

The Wine of Life

Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors



Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

The Ford—the Lightest, Surest, Most Economical—the very essence of automobiling—and all Canadian.

Model T \$ **600**
Runabout f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada Limited, Ford, Ontario (formerly Walkerville, Ont.).





Write for
Book of Plans
Free!

Your Home Is Within Your Reach

It is placed there by the economy of the Sovereign Read-Cut system of building, which shows you how to build when mechanics are scarce or not to be had, where lumber is dear, work dearer and competent advice dearest. We can save you days of annoyance, weeks of worry and months of waiting. And make you a cash saving of one-third.

**Strong and Warm
Prices Low
Quality High**

**A Comfortable Dwelling
\$196.75**

SOVEREIGN SYSTEM

READI-CUT HOMES

\$2,313.00
Buys A
Palatial Residence

Your saving on
the house will
pay for furnishing it

Sovereign Construction Co.
Limited
1317 C. P. R. Building, Toronto

67

In Lighter Vein

"God Save the King."—An English professor, who had been a fellow-student and friend of Edward VII. when he was the Prince of Wales, was appointed honorary physician to His Majesty shortly after he became King.

The professor was very proud of this, and wished his students to know of the honour conferred upon him. So he wrote upon the blackboard in his class-room: "Professor Baker is pleased to inform his students that he has been appointed honorary physician to His Majesty King Edward."

The professor shortly left the room, and when he returned to meet another class he could not understand why they should be so much amused at what he had written. Later, however, he discovered that someone had carefully added to his announcement the following:

"God save the King."

In After Years.—Crawford (in fashionable restaurant)—"Don't order anything for me. I'm not hungry."

Crabshaw—"But you will be by the time the waiter brings it."—Life.

Passing It On.—A Sunday school teacher, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand. "A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked: "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Bound to be Seen.—Little Mr. Einstein, a travelling salesman, on Thanksgiving Day found himself far away from home, and naturally very lonesome. He knew not a soul in the hotel at which he was staying, and he decided that he must attract some attention at any cost.

Preser.ly a bell-hop came through the lobby paging a Mr. Murphy. "Mr. Murphy! Mr. Murphy!" he shouted. At this point Mr. Einstein jumped up and hollered: "Say, boy, vat initials?"—Everybody's.

Too Big.—Montague Glass was lunching with two of his cloak and suit merchant friends recently. The subject had turned to real estate, and one of the cloak and suit merchants was telling of a house he had recently bought.

"And the dining-room," he explained, helping himself to more salad, "is so big it shall seat twenty peoples—God forbid!"—Everybody's Magazine.

A Longer and Less Ugly Word.—Lew Dockstader, the well-known minstrel, was introduced recently to a man who owned a place in New Hampshire.

"Lots of good fishing up your way?" asked Dockstader. "I hear you own a farm up the White Mountain way."

"Good fishing!" cried the other, enthusiastically. "Well, Mr. Dockstader, I went out one morning recently, and brought back seventeen trout for breakfast. Got 'em in a half-hour's time, too. We had guests at the cottage and they thought that quite remarkable."

"Glad I met you, sir," said Dockstader, holding out his hand with a look of admiration, "I'm a professional myself."

"A professional!" exclaimed the other. "What, fisherman?"

"No," was the answer, "no—er—narrator."—The Green Book.



She can end that Corn

End it in two days.

Blue-jay would stop the pain the moment she applied it. Then it would gently loosen the corn. In 48 hours, the whole corn would lift out, without any pain or soreness.

Blue-jay, each month, ends a million corns in that way. No hard corn can resist it. Since this invention it is utterly needless to suffer from a corn.

Yet thousands of people still pare corns, or use some old-time treatment. They simply coddle corns, and every little while they become unendurable.

Try this scientific way


See how **Blue-jay** stops the pain. See how it undermines the corn. And see, in two days, how that corn forever disappears.

After that, so long as you live, you will never let corns bother you.

Blue-jay For Corns


15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies



Chocolates vary in flavor and nutritive value as widely as the poles. Ganong's Chocolates are always made from nutritious, mildly-flavored beans. These are the costliest—but quality comes first.

Ganong's Chocolates



G.H. MUMM & CO.

BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

When the system gets "all run down" build it up with

O'Keefe's

Special
Extra
Mild

ALE

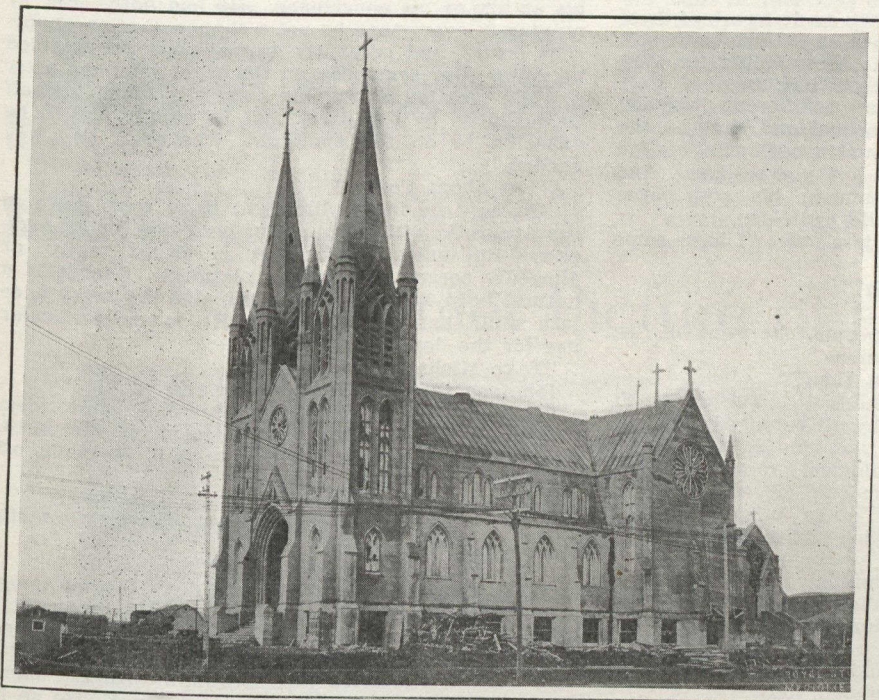
The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XV.

April 18, 1914

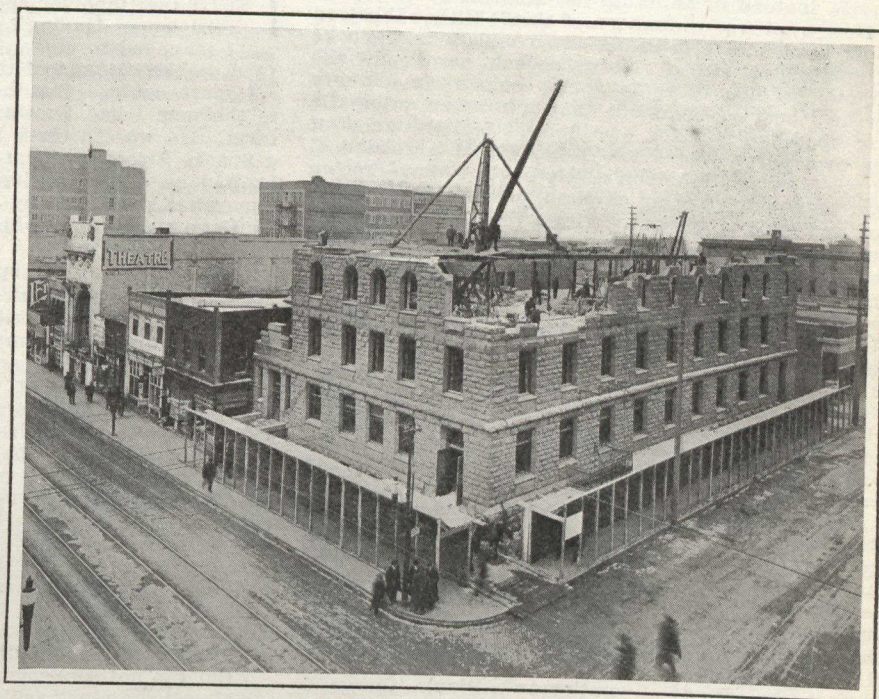
No. 20

Four Phases of Building in Canada



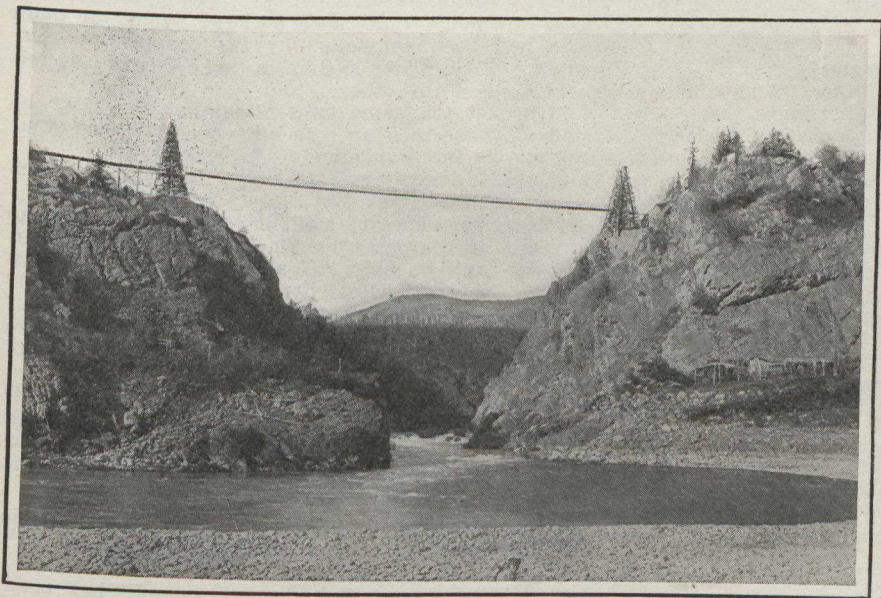
A \$100,000 CHURCH AT MEDICINE HAT.

The new Roman Catholic Church in Medicine Hat is as good an example of near Gothic architecture as can be found in most parts of the West, and much better than many of that species of building in the East. The two steeples, each 142 feet high, are a replica of similar church towers in Quebec Province, where the church spire is to the landscape much what the Pyramids are to the sands of Egypt. This new church of reinforced concrete, costing \$100,000, will be a better landmark on the prairies about Medicine Hat than any grain elevators. The only serious defect in design seems to be that a basement takes away much of the dignity in the side wall and the nave and the really imposing transept.



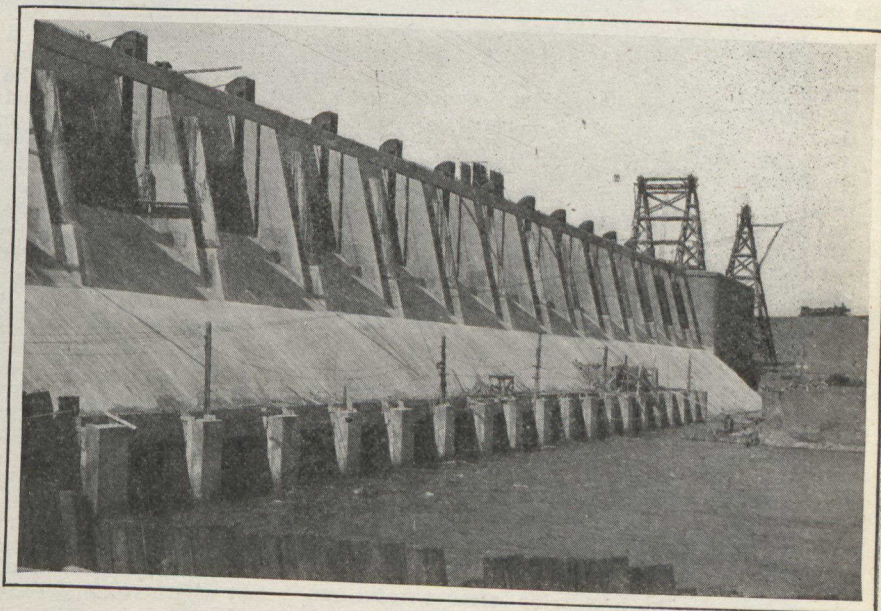
A MILLION DOLLAR POST OFFICE AT CALGARY.

This is one of the most eloquent pictures ever published of building in a new country. A few years ago, when Calgary was beginning to emerge from the cow camp into a city of sandstone, a post office was built, costing a large sum of money, and creating a pretentious post office block which came to include a number of new buildings, such as the Rex Theatre, which cost \$50,000. In the unusually large amount of public money set aside last fiscal year by the present Government for public works, one million dollars was included for a new post office at Calgary. This building will occupy all the old post office block. The old post office is here seen in process of demolition. Land is evidently much more valuable in Calgary than labour or material.



THE HIGHEST HIGHWAY BRIDGE IN CANADA.

Some time ago a picture of a remarkable Indian bridge over the Hagwilget Canyon, near Hazelton, B.C., was published in the Courier. This aboriginal bridge was an ingenious combination of the cantilever and suspension, at a height of about 40 feet above the Bulkeley River. The new highway bridge over the same spot is flung across the same canyon two hundred feet higher than the old bridge. It has a centre to centre span of 451 feet. It is built entirely of steel, except the towers and the floor. The old bridge was wide enough for one pack horse only. The new bridge is for general highway traffic, and may be said to be the highest and most picturesque highway bridge in Canada.



ONE OF THE LARGEST DAMS IN THE WORLD.

This is one of the best examples of great building done in the irrigation of the dry belt in Western Canada. The dam, only part of which is shown in the picture, lies across the Bow River at Bassano. It will raise the Bow River to a height of 46 feet in a lake of $4\frac{1}{4}$ square miles in area. An earth embankment $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long runs from the ends of the dam. The spillway of reinforced concrete contains 40,000 cubic yards of cement, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons of steel. The dam cost more than \$3,000,000. It is the property of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is the greatest purveyor of water ever built by that company. As an example of Canadian engineering it is worthy of comparison with any of the great dams of Egypt.

Isaac Ibbotson, M.P., Interviewed

The Member for Moptown, Ont., Clears Up Some Misconceptions and Does a Little Talking Out in Meeting About Public Service in the House of Commons

By JOHN MELVILLE

WHEN you are trying to do something, no matter how small, to reform the State, it's an awful thing to be misunderstood. Isaac Ibbotson, M.P., has been misunderstood by his fellow members at Ottawa. I have talked with members who confess that they don't quite know what Ibbotson was driving at in the speech that came so near making him famous not long ago. Ibbotson, you will remember, got up to make a reform speech, which reformed nothing, got the cold shoulder from his own party and warm criticism from the other side, and vowed he never would get up in the House to make another such a speech.

Letters have reached the "Courier" office which show plainly that the writers did not understand Ibbotson. They point out how Isaac might have really done something if he had only done what they advise instead of thinking for himself.

Now what was the reason of this? Either Ibbotson must have lost faith in his own convictions when he attempted to put a reform speech across on the House, or else there is some cocksure machinery in the House of Commons that acts as an automatic gag upon the member who doesn't feel the pulse of his own party. Somehow I fancy that a good deal of the fault was Ibbotson's. He ought to have known that he couldn't get up as plain, obscure Isaac Ibbotson and hope to get away with a reform speech without using a megaphone. Any man who undertakes to speak without the backing of his party in the House has one awful contract. He needs to be a more or less illegitimate crank who doesn't give a rip what ridicule he gets, or what tommyrot he may seem to be handing out. He must be more than a critic or a constructive reformer with a conscience. He must be an all-on-fire enthusiast who naturally plays to the gallery and has in his mind's eye just how that fool reform speech he intends to make will look when it's translated into black scareheads five columns wide.

Now I think it all over I candidly don't believe Ibbotson is that kind of man. What would Martin Luther have done if he had been quietly reasonable? How would Frank Carvell, M.P., ever manage to get the ear of the Commons if he didn't slangwhang somebody on the other side of the House just as though he had him in the prize ring? What would R. B. Bennett do if he should get up and talk like a perfect Chesterfieldian gentleman? Would George E. Foster ever have got the halo of the chief debater in Commons if he hadn't laid down the law every time he got up with the ferocity of a blacksmith lambasting a red-hot horse-shoe?

NO, I realized that Ibbotson had been altogether too humble. He had not learned how to play the role of sublime egotist. He had got up to make a big speech without ever having opened his mouth in the House before, and refused to talk through the party megaphone.

This conclusion seemed inevitable from the tone of one of the letters which came from a very reasonable member, as may be seen from the contents:

"The point is well made that a lot of time is wasted by members of Parliament during Session. Many are here with some reluctance and at considerable sacrifice, and are more interested in their business life than in political questions. For the student, the House of Commons, with its library and its close intercourse with men of wide experience, versed in political affairs, gives splendid opportunities. The best speakers in the House are those who are deep readers, and who read not only on the subjects under actual discussion, but whose studies cover the general range of literature.

"The speeches of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Foster, and Dr. Clarke, among others, have this literary touch which makes them different from other speeches, and gives them a personality wholly distinct. The member who is a student is at once recognized, and the judgment of Parliament is impartial. There are no wise men in one party who are not so regarded in the other, and the light-weight is known to everybody.

"The new member is not expected to make slashing attacks or to lecture the House. It has been said that every member should speak at least twice in each Session after careful preparation. He is wise not to speak too often. If he does not speak in his first Session he is likely to be a silent member for the rest of his political career. He is listened to with interest about things of which he has knowledge. His views on reform are not important until he has earned the respect of the House, which can only come through study, seriousness in debate, and tempered language. Perhaps the mistake which Mr. Ibbotson made was in keeping quiet for a number of Sessions, being recognized as a silent member,

and then attempting a reform speech. He doubtless has some useful knowledge derived from reading and from personal experience, which would have been listened to with interest and would have entitled him to a position among members.

"If there is another Mr. Ibbotson who has ideas of reform, and who has not yet spoken in the House, he had better have a talk with his party leader, and he is sure to receive sympathetic consideration and advice. The road to a high position in the public service is clear to the man who is diligent.

"Mr. Ibbotson's failure was not due to his allegiance to his party, but to the fact that he did not use his opportunities."

I FELT that Ibbotson should be made aware of these criticisms. Having business in Ottawa last week, I managed to come across the member for Moptown in the rotunda of the Russell House.

I must confess that he was a different Ibbotson to the man I had known at school and back on the farm. He wore a cloth hat and a neck muffler and a Sparks Street overcoat and heavy overshoes. And he had an oddly pensive gleam in his grey eyes somewhat sharpened by a mild cynicism.

"Have a cigar?" I offered him one. "I have some letters to show you."

"Oh, concerning my speech?"

He seemed supercilious.

"Trouble with you writer people," he went on, "is, you are governed by impressions."

"You didn't like my article, then?"

"Oh, yes, you told part of the truth. But you didn't get the high lights where they all belonged. In fact I don't know that articles of that kind do much good. You don't get the real psychological proportion. You made far too much of my speech. It was a rotten speech. I'll probably never make another—not on that subject, anyway. Besides—why did you drag the farm in so often?"

He seemed to be on the defensive.

"Well, it does us all good to get back to the land once in a while. Most of those fellows in the House don't know a cant-hook from a handspike. Do they?"

He gave me a limpidly cold stare.

"But I'm not a farmer," he said, icily.

"More's the pity," said I. "You were a good farmer once. You'd be a bigger man than you are if you could chuck the lawyer and speak right out once in a while as a farmer should. Look at Thomas MacNutt. He's got as good a head as most of the lawyers in the House, and he has a pretty good opinion of most lawyers. But he'd rather talk the philosophy of the farm than anything else. Look at Andy Broder from Dundas. Isn't he as striking a character as any man in the House?—and a real, old-fashioned farmer he is. Michael Clark—who ever thinks of him as a doctor or merely a free trader? He knows how to top off a stack of oats as well as any farmer in Alberta. But perhaps you'd like to see these letters?"

"I should."

He read the first very impassively.

"I see your point," he admitted. "I should have spoken about horses and cattle. I know them. But I don't consider Parliament a debating society. I don't regard the party system as of great value in developing members. I decline to talk to the party leader, because he has too many men to talk to already and he can't afford to talk about things that don't help the party by making campaign or parliamentary material directly for party advantage. I don't want a high position in the public service. What I want is to see Parliament itself take a high position as an organization of national government. If my being a silent back-bencher and working like a log-bee on committee for the rest of my parliamentary career would help that along, I'm quite willing to pay that price for it. I don't want the spot-light."

NOW he was up and doing, I determined to prod Ibbotson along. I said: "But some men must do centre front on stage. We can't have government by mediocrity."

"Oh!" he said. Then, again. "Oh! Oh! That's just where you and I are going to differ."

Ibbotson's ancestors must have been some sort of martyrs; most likely Covenanters.

"It's these spot-light specialists, sir, that keep the House from developing. These are the men that play hob with democracy in the Commons."

"Oh, what do you mean by democracy?"

"Anything that isn't the hierarchy of a political creed or a party."

"You mean, democracy in each party?"

"Yes, but more. What's to hinder the real democracy of government being recruited from both

parties? Why shouldn't such a democracy agree to differ with either government or opposition when they saw fit, and play the very devil with the whips and the party leaders? That's what I want."

"You think they could do it. But how many, for instance?"

"Twenty. They can be got."

HE came as near suggesting a drink as ever he had without actually doing it. Ibbotson was excited.

"Look!" he went on. "How did the biggest men on either side get the prestige they have? Didn't the party demos literally shove them to the front, just as soon as they showed they had the ability?"

"For instance whom?"

"Well, take one of the most recent elevations, the Solicitor-General. Meighen never could have got where he is if he had depended entirely on either his ability or his conscience. He had both. But by nipping in every time he got a chance, first on poppy-cock issues, and presently as his blood got warmed up going after somebody on the other side, and after a while tackling a real big issue, he found himself so egged on by the party that he simply had to be expected to do the spot-light whenever he was needed."

"How about Foster?"

"Oh, he'd be in the limelight if he were down in the Antarctic with nothing but penguins for an audience. But unless Parliament is either really or allegedly corrupt he has no platform. George is a natural born knocker. He dominates the party once in a while, but never leads it. He has no particular use for the democracy."

"Take Michael Clark?"

Ibbotson thrust out his overshoes.

"He's the untamed exponent of a single idea. Michael is the free trade brain-storm for the party. I guess whenever Liberalism takes free trade off the shelf—"

"Well, they've been dusting it off a bit lately."

"They have. But if they should ever find it tactically an advantage—"

"Whom do you mean by 'they'?"

"Why, the leaders, of course. I don't assume there is any democracy; neither is there real individualism or freedom of thought. No. If the Liberal leaders ever chuck free trade into the cellar, Michael Clark will be like a broncho in a treadmill. All the same I like Michael. And the trouble is, the House as it stands now could hardly do without him."

I BBOTSON went on off his own bat now to spot out the individualists who had arrogated to themselves the right to do the heavy thinking for the rank and file. These were the men, he said, who had been picked by each party to relieve the rank and file of democratic thinking and had been encouraged to play up their own individualities, very often brilliantly to be sure, but often at the expense of much time, public money and grey matter in the back benches. He did not pretend to say how far each of them had been either a creator of force, or the expression of a machine. But he made very clear his belief that these perhaps twenty or more men had been compelled by the constitutional indolence of the party system to make themselves felt on behalf of the others.

"It's just the same as professional baseball," he said. "These men are the players. The rest of us are merely the grandstanders."

"But," I asked him, "is there no room for such men as yourself?"

"You mean can such mediocre men as myself make any dint on the party machine? None whatever, sir. A man can't be independent and remain in Parliament. He may break out and talk independently once in a while, but he soon gets a crimp put in him."

"But suppose twenty such men as yourself were picked by both parties to do some special lines of democratic thinking, as you call it?"

"That could be done. There are lots of subjects that such a body of men might master for the benefit of the House and the country at large and quite independent of mere party. But I'm not anticipating the millennium."

I HANDED Ibbotson letter number two, the one from an ex-minister. He read aloud one very pregnant passage:

"The theory and practice as well has been, that the provinces of the Dominion should have a certain quota of representation; and the result naturally is that men who are selected to represent certain constituencies feel it incumbent on them to advocate and conserve as far as may be the rights of their respective sections and constituencies. It is therefore necessary for them to deal with matters that are of interest to those whom they represent in particular but which are seemingly of no interest in other sections of the Dominion. A little thought given

to this phase of the question would perhaps explain how groundless are any criticisms that are directed against so-called sectionalism."

"Well," he said, "somebody got under his belt."

"Ponderous tommyrot, anyway. But that's a very absurd argument. The B.N.A. gave to the provinces certain representative rights. Of course it did. But it never intended that the member for Great Bear Lake, if we ever get one, should spend the time of the Commons in telling the member for Cod Co., N.S., how the Yellow-Knives keep huskie dogs from chewing shaganappi for breakfast. Parliament has no time to be a session of the Royal Geographical Society. I hope we have departmental experts who can look after all these local colour questions."

Ibbotson read again from the same letter:

"Under our system, that of party government, a private member has little influence to initiate legislation. As a matter of fact, in these days particularly, it is impossible for a member—I care not what his measure of ability may be—to succeed with any measure of legislation for the advancement of social or other conditions without enlisting the initiative of the government. In the first place, a member introduces a bill in the nature of a reform measure. He cannot even have it considered unless the dominant party permits it. True, he can introduce it, but there are methods to sidetrack it should it prove to be an embarrassing subject to the Government, and these methods are not infrequently resorted to."

"What's your opinion about that, Mr. Ibbotson?"

"The worst of it is—it's true. That's why some of us begin to think that party government is a menace to the country."

"What would you substitute?"

"Business administration; the referendum; the dominance of ideas; election of men who don't represent a party that changes its front every time

there's a new set of conditions, but men who stand for certain measures of national administration that are well known to the people independent of party. I admit there must be division of opinion. But that's only useful to the country when it concerns public matters. For instance, the Naval Aid Bill never should have been a party measure; neither should Home Rule in Ireland. These are problems that develop clear outside of a party altogether. It's asinine to claim, for instance, that the Tory party in Canada has ever had or ever can have anything like a monopoly of Imperial sentiment. Both parties know how to wave the old flag in an election if they consider the old flag a good vote-producer. They've both done it. Both parties believe in getting the goodwill of the farmers, and if the Conservatives to-day could square free implements with the anti-reciprocity wave that put them in power in 1911—do you think they wouldn't consider it?"

"But there is no need. The Liberals have already declared for free implements."

"WELL enough. But when in power they didn't move very fast in that direction. I'll admit they reduced the tariff on implements. But even the Conservatives would have come to that as a matter of party policy."

"Besides," Ibbotson added as his eye caught another soul-searching passage in the letter, "there are loads of questions upon which there never can be any really sensible difference of opinion except in the details of working them out. I mentioned some of them in my unfortunate speech. There are others. Now, here's a real illuminative passage that sums up the whole situation in this country so far as it concerns people and parliament."

He read with considerable emphasis:

"There is a necessity in Canada to-day for progressive and advanced legislation, and I assume that the Government, if they felt that the people were demanding action, would take it

The truth is, there is a singular lack of public spirit and conscience throughout the whole breadth of our land, and it seems to me this lack is growing more noticeable year by year."

"Now," he concluded, pointing impressively at the tip of my nose, "how in the name of patriotism, whatever that is, can this country ever get a national conscience without a parliamentary conscience? If the men who, because of their public and personal fitness, are chosen to represent the people can't as a community on Parliament Hill develop such a conscience, how can they expect a heterogeneous community scattered over thousands of miles under all sorts of conditions to do it?"

"Parliament is an index, you say? So it is. But for half a century almost Canada has been sending men to Parliament as party representatives. Hundreds of these men have been the best men in Canada. Is it likely that all they have said and done in the best of fifty years, no matter what degradation may have been going on in the country and the party, has left no mark on Parliament to make it not only represent the country, but also to conserve the best elements of our national life for the good of the people?"

"No, the House of Commons is not merely a barometer of public opinion. If Parliament as a whole believed the dangerous doctrine that it has no power to initiate reform in the interests of the people, it should step down and out. And it's only because some members—and too often it's some of the wisest and most experienced—believe that under a party system no private member should initiate a reform measure off his own bat; that they also believe, very logically, that a party has no right to inaugurate a reform unless people ask for it."

Having said which and some more, but not for publication, Isaac Ibbotson gathered in his overshoes and buttoned up his Sparks St. overcoat to go back to Parliament Hill.

A Fine Winter Picture of a Clever Out-of-Doors Artist



C. W. Jefferys, President for the second year of the Ontario Society of Artists, has had his crack at the snow-painting problem in this picture, "A Winter Afternoon." He has done it with the shrewd sense of a man who has spent a long while getting the value of colour and form and distance out-of-doors. This picture was got from the top of a high hill north of Toronto. It has all the qualities of contrast, fine composition, clever handling of great distance, effects of snow shadows and play of lights that characterize the best work of this essentially out-of-doors painter. The effect is a cold feeling of immensity resembling a solitude, yet inhabited by man.

Wild-Fowling with the Kwakiutls

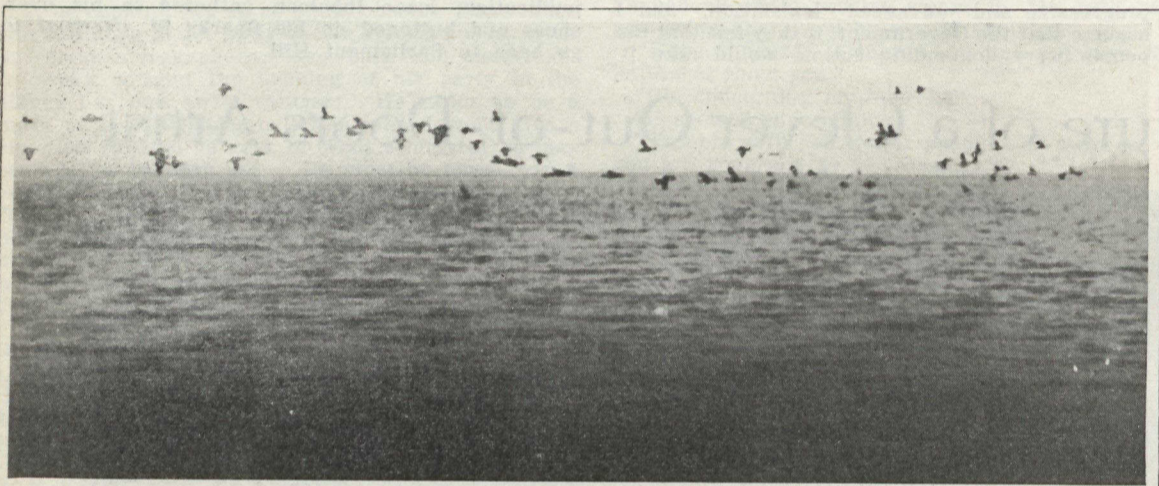
The Most Graphic Off-Hand Delineation of Wild Ducks Ever Made

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

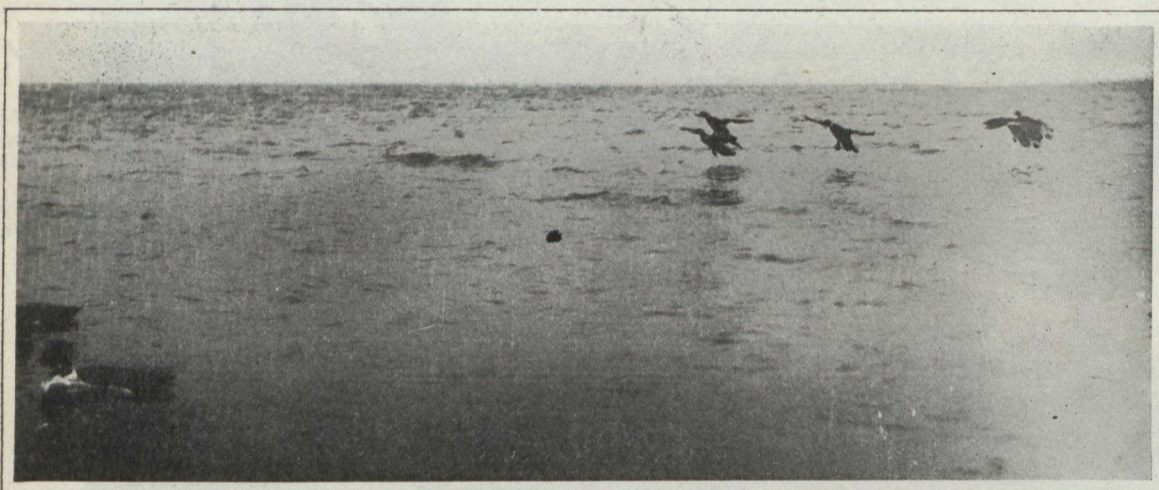
Photographs by the Author



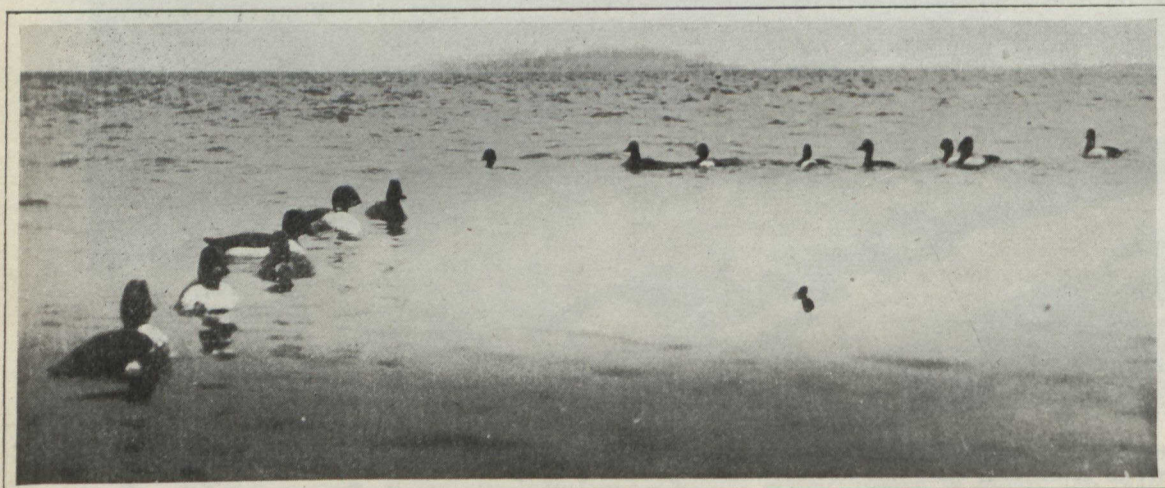
"As darkly pictured on the crimson sky thy figure floats along."



"Just as my small camera clicked they rose with a deafening roar."



Four red-breasted mergansers just changing from water to air.



Seven male bluebills and two plain brown females close to the decoys on the left.

*"Vainly the fowler's eye might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly pictured on the crimson sky, thy figure floats along."*

—Bryant.

WE had just disembarked from a regular "wallower," one of those amiable craft that have the knack of pitching and rolling at one and the same time. In this calm bay off the Kwak'utl village beach the turbulent Straits of Juan de Fuca were forgotten. Three high-prowed coast canoes carried our much divided camp outfit ashore. Ahead the sun was pitching to the western sea, and over the tall firs along this Vancouver Island bay sped a flock of bluebills (greater scaup), so far off, so safe, so alluring did this swiftly-flying flock appear that I involuntarily quoted aloud the lines from Bryant's exquisite poem—"Vainly the fowler's eye might mark thy distant flight."

"Iktah mika mamook?" ejaculated Kumtuks, my self-appointed guide and councillor. "What do you want me to do?" he asked. I could not tell him I was quoting poetry at the ducks, lest he might think I was preparing for the winter ceremonial of his people and was likely to be a rival chief (these coast men wander in the woods for several days making up a song they will sing when they are going through the trial by heat around the great fires in the big Potlatch House).

Soon our canoes slid ashore in the low surf and Fritz and I found ourselves the possessors of the well-built Potlatch House, where the great gift feast of these rude people take place. In this huge structure, with its wide platforms about the walls and its great earth floor for the fires, we pitched and tossed through our first night's sleep ashore. We could not forget that quaintly modelled steamer we came up the Pacific in—she carefully inserted her ancient frame in every wrinkle and hollow of its disturbed surface.

"Klahowya" — "good-morning" — called Kumtuks into that vast, dim hall. We smilingly refused his proffered breakfast of boiled tentacles of the so-called "Devil Fish," pilot bread and very loud whale oil, and soaked, dried salmon. I found out later that he had been extra extravagant in pouring the rich but rancid whale-oil on the fish, but we stuck to bacon and a bit of dry bread, and feasted magnificently.

"Canim to-ke-tie hy-ak," he called later—"canoe pretty quick"—is what he really said, and we came forth by the great door of cedar-split slabs, laden with guns and ammunition, boxes and cameras, to find that early as it was, the sun was just rising. All the inhabitants of this far western cove had bathed in the cold October waters—all intermingled, without knowledge of evil or of shame—before we two representatives of the much vaunted civilization had emerged from our Hudson Bay blankets.

LAST night's calm had been but the precursor of a wind and the surf was starting to roll heavily on the beach by the time the two big, high-prowed canoes were ready for launching. Stripped to the hips we ran them into the water, leaped aboard—white and brown in a fine frenzy of rivalry—over the yielding gunwales twinkled legs of every shade. Fritz was burned a real good lasting colour. He might have joined this tribe without fear of discovery; and to tell the truth I was tanned in more places than usually falls to the lot of the hard-working duck shooter. As soon as we had passed over the three sets of surf swells the lad and I unpacked our guns and the cameras and opened our eyes to the very widest to enjoy this novel scene.

What do you think, fellow duck shooters, to having a few whales rise up and cavort about your canoes—big though the craft were they seemed insignificant beside these huge mammals—and to have the wind rising when you knew full well that distant Japan was the shore it blew from. Riding the long, green swells, fairly spinning in the white smother of the crests, the two twenty-foot cedar canoes leaped gloriously on over the score of unstable miles that separated us from the little sheltered bay where the wild fowl lived undisturbed. Soon—ahead of a great, menacing roller—we swept about the end of a shell-white spit and beheld the ideal of all my dreams, calm water and myriad ducks.

We took possession of an ancient shack, built by some wandering beach-comber, while the Indians made covers of cedar boughs and branches for the two canoes. Into these arks of fragrant green Fritz and I entered, one Indian and one white man to each canoe; and off along the duck-crowded tideway we crept. Behind, the native rowed with extremely short oars—even the splash concealed by the over-arching cedars. We approached a great mass of ducks that were feeding with the tide, several thousand in the flock. Just as my small camera clicked they rose with a deafening roar and I pictured them a-wing with the focal plane. For miles along the narrow fiord red-head and canvas-back, big and little blue-



"Now the birds began to fly so excellently well."

ills, whistlewings, buffleheads, and squads of four varieties of surf ducks (counting the Ruddy as one), mergansers, coweens—or "Klahowyas," as the natives call them, as they do sound this word as a call—cormorants, gulls, guillimots, sea doves, sea parrots, sprang calling before us. In the deeper arms sea lions and harbour seal dozed and fished and fought. In the tide flats great flocks of widgeon, teal, the glorious Cinnamon Teal well represented, mallards, pintails, coot, and thousands of shore-birds made the scene an earthly paradise for the duck-hunter that loves the bird as well as the game. To-morrow we will get a few, eh? Had we wanted to kill many birds from our slow-moving arks all we had to do was shoot—but the novelty of it all, the unfair advantage over the enemy, the delight of being really among the wild fowl, kept our guns silent and cold—O'poots asked Fritz in most satirical manner if he had forgotten his "suk-wa-lal" (gun). Fritz, none too pleased at my order, only sulked in reply. Never mind, lad, you can make a noise to-morrow.

BEFORE dawn next morning the decoys, that have strained at anchor in so many waters from the Atlantic to the Pacific, floated on the flood tide. Before it was yet early enough to picture, the mighty masses of windfowl were streaming overhead in long, hissing lines, leaving the sheltered tide-flats for the open sea. What an innumerable host must gather there nightly if the myriads we saw in this sneltered harbour were but the remains of the feeding flocks!

Right over my decoys speeds a male whistler—there, he strikes a current of air that helps to stop him, he hooks his wings, hovers, slows—and my camera and gun sing together and the first bird of the day is ours.

With a sweep like a sharp whistle a bunch of blue-bills pass low right overhead, gun-muzzle high, back they circle and with a mighty splash take the water right in front, just as the camera clicks. Now comes a single bird, a crested merganser. Like a wraith she speeds along, darts over the decoys and is pictured as she sweeps along close to the hide—note the confusion of the feathers and change your mind—the flying wild duck is not a thing of beauty when it is, as I might say, dissected by the huge lens and swift shutter of the modern camera.

Now for a trial of skill. I have often pictured my Brant ere I shot it. Is it possible to kill a wild duck in full flight and picture it before it strikes mother earth? There are several ways of accomplishing this difficult feat. The simplest is to attach the bulb of the camera to the butt of the gun—and there you are. Yet this bluebill had time to turn over in midair between the time the shot struck it and the recoil liberated the bulb action of the machine.

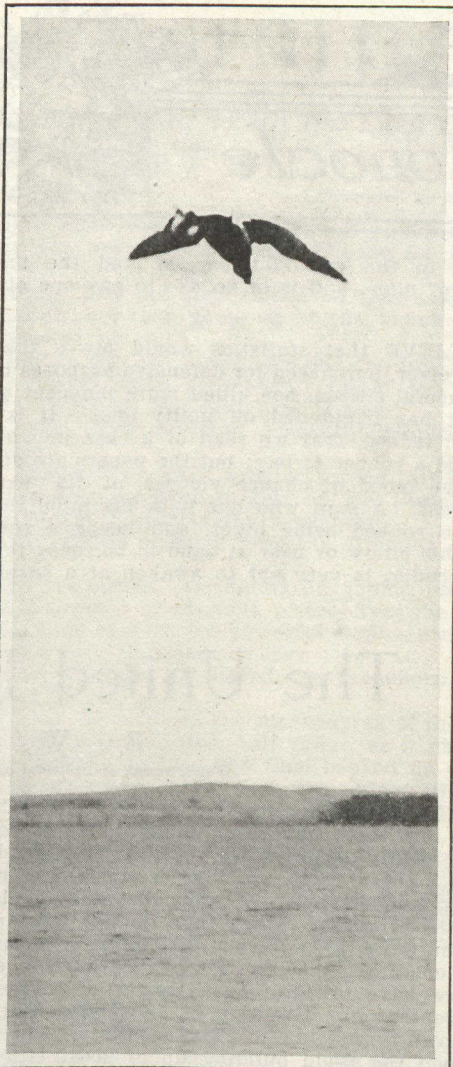
Now for a double on the cameras—a sort of a right and left as it were. Along came four Redbreasted Mergansers. As they slowed down to the decoys out rang the focal plane, and as they raised the long, hairlike feathers on their crests in alarm, the bullet took up the strain and we have a very nice little pair of pictures—a sort of coming and going set, as it were.

Oh! the unutterable beauty of it all. Outside on the Straits a heavy western "trade" was blowing. Inside, behind the spit, never a ripple disturbed the surface. A half a mile to the westward, along the spit, Fritz was tearing great holes in the firmament and occasionally dropping a duck neatly and cleanly. High over him masses of widgeon swept, calling "peet, peet!" Lower down rare bands of Brant—for it is a bit early for them yet—cried "carup-carup," as clear and sweet as bugle calls. Unnoticed, dark masses of surf-ducks whistled by, swift little white masses of buffleheads circled to his decoys and fell "splash! splash!" into the water.

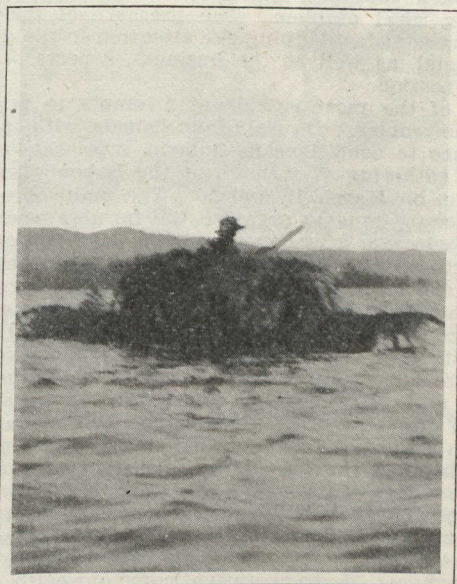
W-i-s-h, w-i-s-h! recalled me to my work. Four red-breasted ones came along with mighty rushing of wings and swept by past the decoys. Look! I have them here for you to see. No wonder the Indians marvel when I take from my pocket the pictures of some of their men that have entered the Great Unknown while seeking for sea otter or whale or high-priced seal skins.

"Skoo-kum-spo-oh" (ghost), they tell me, while their stout legs tremble and their dark, sunken eyes seem to retreat still farther into their wind-tanned caverns.

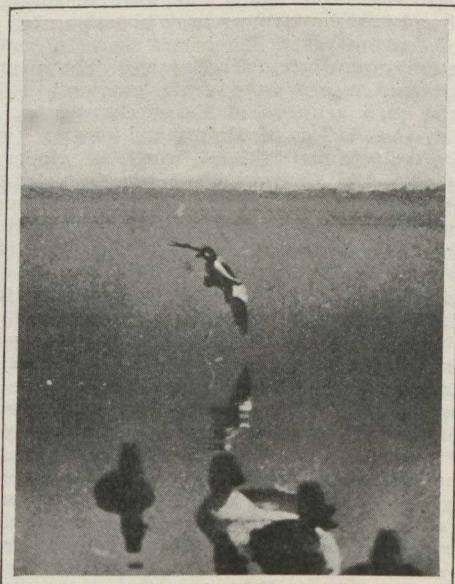
"Chief," I tell them, pointing at the picture of the dead. "Skoo-kum-spo-oh," angrily splutters O'poots—so I let him have his way, for indeed I cannot alter it. The youngsters and young men know, but the "old folks" cleave closely to the tribal lore.



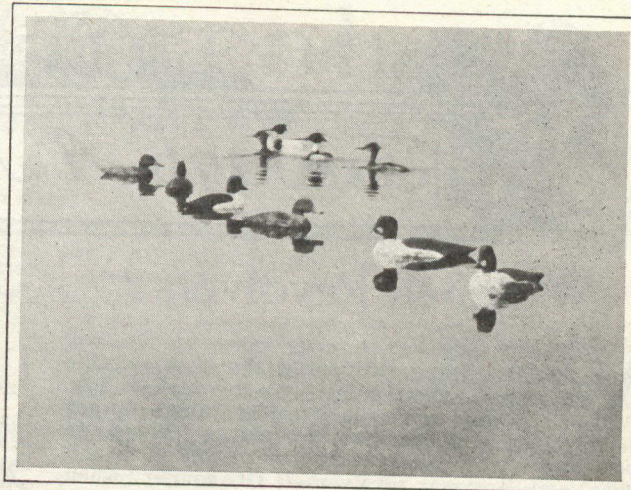
Flying Bluebill shot and photographed in almost the same moment.



A stealthy cedar bough-hide over the canoe.



"Right over my decoys sped a male whistler."



On close view these mergansers look much like decoys.

All this time four Scaup have been dozing and preening right in front of me and I ages back among the Coast tribes. Come out, "ghost-box," and by a simple action of your modern frame make these four big, handsome birds to live long after every fragmentary cell that goes to form their structure shall have passed away.

Now the birds began to fly so excellently well that I dropped the cameras and took up the old faithful gun—many a meal in times of need its well-tapered muzzle has provided. I called Kumtuks and bade him strip off the cedar hide and paddle me to the tide flats. Ten minutes later behold a long, sharp-pointed log—with just a peak of a Stetson disclosed—creeping up on a flock of Cinnamon teal that glittered on a sandbar. A hundred yards—now fifty—now twenty-five away—sat that dainty mass. I could fairly feel the Coast man tremble as he prayed "Mam-ook-Poo" (shoot); he wanted me to murder the whole bunch as it sat wondering what sort of a log we were anyhow. Fifteen yards—ten yards away now. Up with hardly a sound the little fellows rose to an oft-repeated "Mam-ook-Poo"—and shoot I did when they were a good, fair shot off, and I am ashamed to say that fourteen dropped, and after we retrieved these—if you could see a squat Coast man in knee-deep mud reaching out for a fluttering bird that is just always one inch beyond his ardent fingers, and hear him say, "Haht-haht" (duck, duck), in that dull monotone of the tribe, would make you join me in the hearty laugh I had at his floundering.

AFTER the pretty little birds were all nicely smoothed and laid away in the bow we again threaded the flats, but not all his muttering could get me to pull trigger again. I tell you it was wonderful to see noble greenheads rise quacking from a ditch about a canoe-length ahead, to see widgeon springing up all about us in hundreds. But I had a bow full and Fritz was still peppering away. He had orders to stop at twenty-five dead birds—so soon the "tack, tack" ceased. We paddled up a little fresh-water stream that entered the harbour above the flats. All the estuary was crowded with coho and dog salmon, waiting for the fall rains to flood the streams to the spawning grounds above. We saw several Blacktail deer—I did use the gun later, when the pheasants, glorious ringnecks, sped, like living jewels, across the blue sky that snowed in a long strip between the high banks above us. We ignored the beavies of Californian Quail that exploded from fern and gorge on either side. Later, towards evening, on our homeward trip, we saw a black bear trying to paw out one of the myriad salmon that crowded the waters.

What must these scenes have been before the pump and the automatic came, aye, before the sound of gunpowder was known? I have questioned the old folks for hours, and their answers teach us that until the white man came all the animals remained plentiful, as they were only killed when the need arose.

Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet

THE Hamlet now being portrayed by Forbes-Robertson is a remarkable creation that will probably die with the career of the famous actor; not because it is necessarily the most original or even the greatest Hamlet ever put on the stage, because about that opinions differ—some say Henry Irving, others Sothorn; but because it is the biggest vehicle of expression Forbes-Robertson has ever been able to achieve, and one of the biggest in the whole gamut of the modern stage. His portrayal of the melancholy Dane is peculiarly his own, just because it never ceases to be unmistakably Forbes-Robertson. There is no subterfuge. Listening to him you think much less of Hamlet than of the actor. You are reminded that this is a tremendous great piece of acting done in the full-blooded, hot-headed manner of a man or thirty, when the actor is already twice that age. If he had never done anything else, the world must remember this man's Hamlet, with all its stage machinery defects, as one of the finest bits of histrionic work ever achieved. It's not absolutely subtle. It is not remarkably philosophical. In places it is almost the limit of rhetorical declamation. But it is always powerful and magnificent and brimful of a glorious temperament that never grows old. Irving may have contrived a more malignant Hamlet. Sothorn may have done it with more poise. Forbes-Robertson does it with a superb action and colour and eloquence that probably go far beyond the original role.



Why Sell Revolvers?

WHEN civilization really takes up its task of making this world the best possible place—short of heaven—in which to live, it will, among many other things, outlaw the Revolver. I should like any man to tell me one good reason why people should be permitted to purchase and possess revolvers. Of course, when thieves and "hold up" men and house-breakers can get revolvers, then citizens have some sort of an excuse for possessing them as instruments of self-defence. But if the revolver were resolutely outlawed, so that it would be better for a burglar to be found with your silverware than with his own revolver, then thieves would not touch them. No criminal would carry a badge of his profession if it were known as such—especially if it meant a ten-year term to be caught with that badge on his person.

THE State could—if it would—kill out the traffic in revolvers. It could make it a crime punishable by imprisonment to manufacture or import a revolver for anything but army or police purposes. It could make it a crime to have one for sale. It could then make it a penitentiary offence to have one in your possession without a license; and licenses should never be given to any but constables or other peace officers. The presumption would then be that, when any person was found with a revolver in his possession, he contemplated murder. Having disarmed the citizen and the householder, civilization must certainly make very certain that the foot-pad and the house-breaker were not armed. Theoretically, we are all disarmed now; but are we? Hardware stores sell revolvers like so many pounds of nails. Second-hand shops expose them for sale, cheap, in their windows. The magazines advertise them with lurid pictures, showing a woman defending herself and her babe from an unshaved burglar by pointing a cunning little "bull dog" at him with the utmost calmness.

YET how many women, under such nerve-shaking circumstances, would really hold the timid burglar at bay while they telephoned for the police? Most of them would be much more likely to shoot their husbands or sons who happened to hear a noise and were up to see what it might be. It would take a steady nerve to keep a burglar covered, especially when the burglar himself "totes" a revolver and is quite inured to facing death with this little weapon as his sole reliance. In a duel under such conditions, I should bet ten-to-one on the burglar. And the possession of a revolver by the woman—or the husband, for that matter—would precipitate a duel when otherwise the burglar might be content to escape with what plunder he could hastily collect.

THE revolver figures far oftener in such cases as I have just been reading. A woman purchased a revolver—some imagine to commit suicide with, and others conjecture to kill her husband with. A sister tried to take it away from her. In the struggle, it exploded and sent a bullet into the abdomen of the interfering sister. She is now in the hospital; and they think she will die. If that half-demented woman had not been able to buy a revolver, this tragedy would never have happened. But the papers are full of such "accidents." They are about as properly accidents as would be the death of children from poison if it were the custom to keep poisoned candies on the mantel-piece. To put a revolver within reach of certain mentalities, is to commit murder. To put it within reach of even the average man or woman, is to multiply the chances that death will follow a hasty movement, a sudden fright or an otherwise harmless mistake.

THEN, why, in the name of common sense, should we go out of our way to arm the desperate criminal? We deliberately go to work and produce the only sort of fire-arm that he could possibly conceal about his person, and then sell it to him over the counters of countless stores. He couldn't carry a rifle or a shot-gun or a howitzer or a "Dreadnought." He must have something he can hide in his hip-pocket. And we give it to him. Can stupidity go any farther? We laugh at the ladies who carry their purses in bags, attached to their arms, which can be readily opened by a deft-fingered expert; but they are sensible compared with a civilization which invents and manufactures a weapon that adds ten

terrors to the midnight burglar and the masked "hold-up" man—and is of no use to any one else.

I BELIEVE that statistics would prove that the revolver, purchased for defensive purposes by the peaceful citizen, has killed more innocent people than it has frightened off guilty ones. It is very seldom, indeed, that we read of a case in which it has held a robber at bay; but the papers are spotted with the blood of chance victims of its extreme handiness. A man who has it in his mind that he may be robbed some night, and keeps a revolver under his pillow or near at hand to be ready to meet the intruder, is very apt to awaken at a suspicious

The United Farmers of Ontario

By W. W. SWANSON

Department of Political and Economic Science, Queen's University

THOUGH agriculture is our oldest and by far our most important industry, it has only recently occurred to us that in Canada we have a rural problem of surpassing magnitude and importance. Nations, like individuals, are prone to prize the things they do not have rather than the things they have. Agriculture is so natural to our conditions, and has established itself so easily, that we have taken it as a matter of course, and have centred our attention on industries that have not shown a tendency to grow naturally. The result has been the rapid building up of great cities and the creation of a group of urban social problems with which we are entirely unprepared to deal. The urban problem has faced us with dramatic suddenness, and such has been our surprise that we have overlooked the fact that there is also an equally pressing rural problem. The pressure of the cost of living is at last turning our attention to the public and social, as well as the business, aspects of this rural question.

One of the most significant attempts to grapple with the problems of rural life in Canada, with special reference to conditions in Ontario, was seen at the recent gathering of farmers at the Labour Temple, Toronto, on March 19 and 20. The main object of this meeting was to organize the farmers' societies of Ontario into a strong provincial organization for the furthering of their common interests. Much has been done by separate societies in recent years, but there has been no indication that the farmers of the province sufficiently realize how closely related their interests are. Much less—it may be remarked in passing—have they understood how vitally the farmer's prosperity depends upon the progress and growth of the other great industries of Canada; and how, in a word, the whole economic life of the nation depends upon the growth and progress of each industry. Even now demagogues are busy in this country with their malevolent schemes to turn class against class. The manufacturers, the wholesalers and the railroads deserve a square deal equally with the farmers. A co-operative commonwealth, wide enough to embrace every phase of industry and commerce in Canada, is the true ideal to set before the people of this nation.

AS has been said, much has been accomplished already by the farmers in co-operating for their mutual interests. There are scores of successful farmers' organizations in Ontario. These include some fifty-two co-operative fruit growers' associations, the corn growers of Essex county, the Erie Farmers' Association of Haldimand county (which last year sold some \$100,000 worth of clover and grass seed); the Chatsworth Marketing Company, which handles large quantities of farm produce for its members; numerous Breeders' Clubs, which have held a number of successful sales of pure bred stock; the Farmers' Dairy Company, of Toronto; Co-operative Telephone Companies, and almost 300 Farmers' Clubs and Subordinate Granges that have met with distinct success in the selling of produce and the purchasing of supplies on a co-operative basis.

Up to the present these organizations have been carrying out their own plans entirely by themselves, each absorbed in its own work. Few of them have known much of what the others were doing. But there are many indications at present to show that farmers are alive to the value of closer union and co-operation. For example, some of the seed and corn growers' associations wish to arrange for the direct sale of their products to other farmers' organizations. Many societies have found it difficult to purchase seeds, fertilizers, feeding stuffs, salt, fencing, and similar articles in wholesale quantities

sound in the next room, grab his revolver, go to investigate, and fire at a moving shadow—killing his wife, who is up to get some medicine for the baby, but who moved stealthily so as not to disturb her husband. Or the children may get it—result, one or two funerals. Or "wife" practises with it under the guidance of her timid husband, so as to be ready for emergencies; and a midnight alarm finds her firing it with shut eyes and a shaking hand—into the said husband who is coming from "lodge."

OH! the awfully handy revolver has a pretty record of its own. We should all be better off if not another of these deadly reptiles were hatched. Make the revolver a criminal outlaw which no man would think of exposing for sale, any more than he would advertise cholera germs by the ounce; and a number of people will be alive ten years hence who would otherwise form the subjects of neat epitaphs. As for the criminal, then the finding of concealed weapons on a man would not be a venial offence—it would be tantamount to a confession of an intent to commit a crime which might call for "murder" as an incident.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

at a satisfactory price. Where orders have been placed it has been found that the goods have often not come up to specifications. It is hoped and believed that a strong provincial organization can remedy these defects.

It should not be overlooked that Ontario farmers expect the proposed provincial organization to co-operate with the farmers of the other Canadian provinces. For example, the farmers' organizations of Western Canada purchased, during 1913, twenty-seven car-loads of Ontario apples. The West wants more of this trade, and also desires to buy from Ontario more of our dairy products, honey, and pure-bred stock. In return they wish to sell to the farmers of Ontario large quantities of their feeding stuffs. Here is a magnificent opportunity for successful co-operation.

FOR some months previous to the convention in Toronto, an organizer had been busy addressing farmers' organizations, in both eastern and western Ontario, with the object of interesting them in the project, and of securing their views. Everywhere the proposal to organize on a provincial basis met with enthusiastic support. As a result a convention of farmers was arranged for, and the same was called to order at the Labour Temple in Toronto on March 19. I had the privilege of attending the various sessions and of following the general discussions. The proceedings opened with a series of addresses by farmers who have been the leading spirits in various co-operative societies that have proved distinctly successful. The speakers described the character of the work their organizations were carrying on, and the methods they have found to be most successful. Addresses were also given by Mr. Roderick McKenzie of Winnipeg, a director of the Grain Growers' Company of Winnipeg.

The farmers assembled decided to establish two organizations in Ontario similar to those that have proved successful in Western Canada. The first of these is intended to be social and educational in character. It will be similar to the Grain Growers' Association of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and the United Farmers of Alberta. This Association will include in its membership, as branch associations, as many of the farmers' clubs, subordinate Granges and other local bodies in Ontario, as may identify themselves with it and adopt its rules. The second organization is commercial in character. It will be built along the lines of the Grain Growers' Grain Company of Winnipeg. This is the great commercial enterprise of the farmers of Western Canada. Last year it did a business of between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000, had assets of \$1,371,152 and earned profits of \$164,000. A charter has already been secured for the proposed Ontario company, under the title of The United Farmers' Co-operative Company; and it will endeavour to protect and extend the business interests of the various local societies. A committee has been appointed, and is now at work, to push these proposals through.

The general impression that I received while attending this convention was that the farmers meant business, but that many of them did not understand the true principles of co-operation. In my judgment the best speech was made by Mr. Anson Groh of Hespeler. He gave a clear, concise and interesting talk on The Farmers' Telephone Companies of Ontario, and showed what had been actually accomplished by the co-operating of the farmers of his district for mutual service. It was a matter of regret to see an attempt made to drag party politics into the gathering, by those whose self-interest dictated such a course. The convention passed a resolution—

(Concluded on page 18.)

The Camp Greenhorn

How the Lad With the Lisp Became a Friend of Big Mac

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

Illustrated by Arthur Lismer



Big Mac and "The Beast."

THE Company always kept a handful of perfectly good young boys on hand to learn the business. They were the bane of the bosses' existence. If they were sent to the camps in winter, they were sure to mutilate themselves sooner or later with an axe. Failing that, one or another of them would get a hand or big toe frost-bitten, and, for the next week or two, live the life of a gentleman of leisure at Lac-au-Poisson, the Company's headquarters, much to the disgust of his hard-working seniors.

Three of them came so near being drowned one day during the spring drive that the office bunch bought up the store's available supply of black neckties, assuring the victims that it was only a matter of days before they would come in handy, that an accident was bound to happen to the kindergarten department which would necessitate the quick donning of mourning apparel.

The pay of the youngsters ranged all the way from four dollars and fifty cents a month and board to five dollars a month and board. As they had terrific appetites, it was generally considered that they were outrageously overpaid.

One day a bolt from the blue came in the form of an advice from the Old Man in Montreal. "I am shipping you another member for your infant class to-morrow," he wrote. "I fully realize that you don't need him, don't want him, and can't use him; but you've got to take him. He's the son of Henley, of Thurston, Henley and Company, and I promised to take him on. You needn't pay him anything, just give him his pork and let him make himself as useful as he can by keeping out of the way of the men who are doing the work."

There was no appeal from the Old Man's edicts; but this one caused some very regrettable language on the part of the bosses. They decided to leave the matter to chance and threw cold hands for the greenhorn, as he was forthwith named. Big Mac, holding eight-spot high, drew the prize, which was perfectly proper in view of the fact that the others all had one or two of the juveniles under their jurisdiction, while he had so far escaped.

Mac's department was the big traction engine that hauled the trains of forty-foot sleds loaded with logs from the winter camps to the mills at Lac-au-Poisson. The popular name for it was The Beast. Mac loved The Beast and was proud of its power to achieve. He jealously guarded the secret of its inner workings. It was his one peculiarity that he allowed no man to work for him who evinced the slightest interest in the handling of the great machine. He had chosen for his crew a couple of rough-neck rivermen, who, during the previous winters, had worked as choppers in the woods. These two were counting the days to the time when the snow roads would succumb to the influence of the April sun and they could again take to their beloved river for the spring drive.

SHORTLY after the arrival of the morning Express on the day following Mac's unlucky draw, the office door opened to admit a youth so magnificent, in spite of his diminutive size, that the bunch gasped in sheer admiration. He bashfully advanced a few steps and addressed himself to the force in general.

"Good-morning, fellowth," he lisped, in a high, thin voice, removing his costly fur cap and disclosing his neatly-parted hair. "I'm Montgomery Henley."

He unbuttoned his overcoat, and, at sight of its lining, the bunch gasped again; they were good judges of fur in that office. The chief clerk recovered first from the shock of the striped suit, the lavender tie, and the brilliance of the stone in the scarf-pin. He approached the greenhorn with outstretched hand and made the necessary introductions.

"Now, Mr. Henley," he said, genially, "you must

be hungry after your night's trip. If you're ready, I'll take you over to the boarding-house for breakfast."

No sooner had the door closed on this unwonted sartorial display than the rest of the bunch did a wild dance of joy.

"O isn't he just too cute?" gurgled the junior.

"The thweet little greenhorn," lisped the book-keeper. "Wait till Mac sees him, O wow!"

The chief clerk returned presently, piloting the newcomer.

"Mr. Henley," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "you have been assigned to duty on The Beast."

"The Beatht?" queried the greenhorn.

A shrill whistle sounded from the direction of the bush.

"There she comes," exclaimed the junior, pointing beyond the corner of the mill, where, from the office window, could be seen the powerful engine, swinging along with four sled-loads of logs.

"I gueth I'll like it," lisped the greenhorn, with eyes alight.

In silence, he watched the manoeuvres of the ponderous machine, half sled, half roller, as it shunted its four loads into place and then backed up to the coal-shed, a stone's throw from the office. He per-



"Mac and I will never be friendth," lisped the greenhorn.

ceived the gigantic figure of a man, covered from head to foot with grime and soot, emerge from the cab and walk heavily in his direction. The door opened and the small room seemed completely filled with the bulk of the engineer.

"Mac, this is Mr. Henley, of whom the Montreal office recently wrote us," said the chief clerk.

"I am glad to meet you, thir," chirped Montgomery, advancing to greet his new boss.

Mac put his hands on his knees and bent double to bring his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the object of his scrutiny. He took a long breath and then, "Hell!" he exclaimed.

The greenhorn flushed painfully; but, with a moral courage that the bunch was quick to note, he refused to avert his eyes.

"I am ready to go to work at once," he said, firmly.

"In those clothes?" asked Mac. "I'm afraid you'll get them dirtied some."

"They are my wortht," exclaimed Henley, gravely.

A burst of good-natured laughter relieved the tension, and Mac felt, somehow, as though he had come off second best.

The Beast was to put in the afternoon picking up empty sleds around the mill-yard. The greenhorn, after purchasing suitable working clothes in the store, was taken in tow by Mac and introduced to the crew, Thibault and Shorty, who completely ignored him. He spent five miserable hours trying to learn the intricacies of coupling sleds while inwardly writhing beneath the haughty indifference of the crew and the occasional witticisms from Mac. He was heartily glad when the shriek of the planing-mill's whistle announced quitting-time. Mac having a house of his own, the greenhorn was relieved of his unwelcome company as he took his supper at the boarding house with the office staff.

During the meal, one of the boys asked him how his day had gone.

"I'll like the work, all right," he said; "but Mac and I will never be friendth."

A roar of laughter greeted this assertion made in soprano tones.

The next morning, Henley began his work in earnest. As he left the boarding house at dawn, he glanced at the thermometer hanging by the outer door. It registered thirty-eight below. The air had that dry, bracing quality peculiar to the northern winter, and the boy's spirits soared.

LOOKING across the yard, he saw in the half-light

The Beast's huge tender backing from the shed. Then came the body of the engine enveloped in a dense cloud of steam. A feeling of exhilaration possessed him. Here was work worth doing, he thought. It was good to be alive on a morning like this, with the blood singing a happy song of youth in his veins and the prospect of big, new experiences ahead in the mystery of the cold.

Thibault and Shorty also felt the intoxication of the perfect day, and unconsciously greeted the greenhorn as a human being. Even Mac was more gracious and forebore to make a scathing remark when the boy, standing with coupling bar in his hand, winced as The Beast backed down on him, leaving barely room enough to exist between the first sled and the tender.

As they steamed across the clearing on their way to the bush, the sun rose in splendour, transforming the frost-laden air from a workaday atmosphere into a scintillating, iridescent medium of living beauty. Henley sat on the cross-beam of the first sled, looking off at the wonder of forest and mountain with a rapt look in his eyes. Then, his gaze sought the road ahead, blood red, for the moment, in the sun's level rays. Aside from the slight dizziness, which low temperature always produces, he felt no effects of the extreme cold.

Presently, they plunged into the forest. As though a door had shut behind them, the light went out. Here amongst the spruce, it was still twilight. After the almost uncanny beauty of the intense light in the open, the sombre shadow was a grateful change. The boy's thoughts came back to earth when the engine stopped at the first water-hole.

"Here, you greenhorn," shouted Mac, from the cab. "Take an axe and chop through the ice for the hose."

When they had filled the boiler and were ready to start up the long, hard hill leading to Half-Way Camp, the boy swung himself into the cab.

"May I watch you work?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I'd love to be able to run her."

"You get out of here!" bawled Mac. "I don't allow anyone in this cab. Get back where you belong."

Abashed, the boy dropped to the road, and, waiting until the long line of empties had passed him, humbly climbed the rear sled. Slower and slower grew the pace as the engine felt the pull of the long hill. Coughing and muttering, it fought its way up the slope, seemingly trying to break away from its helpless charges, stringing along behind, a dead weight.

Suddenly, came a new note in the sound of the labouring machine, a warning of the abnormal.

"That means a busted pin in the lag chain," said Shorty, who had been walking behind for the sake of warmth. "Look out for the boss now."

At the first warning sound of trouble, Mac closed the throttle hastily and, with a deep-throated oath of disgust, leaped to the ground. He approached the lag, sledge in hand. Lying down on the hard-packed snow, he squirmed under the machine, just back of the runners and ahead of the chain-covered rollers. Turning over on his back, he began to pound out the broken pin.

What happened then, came so quickly, with such absolute lack of warning, that the crew, used as they were to the dangers of river and forest, were struck helpless. Mac, in his haste, had carelessly left the throttle open a hair's breadth. While he was working beneath the massive machine, the steam was slowly leaking into the cylinders. The Beast, as though it knew that it had its master at a disadvantage, suddenly sprang into action. The unwieldy mechanism made a half revolution, jamming the rollers on the engineer's leg, and then stopped.

(Concluded on page 24.)

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Running to a Fire

SOME years ago, Woodrow Wilson coined a phrase which is applicable to the present state of Canada's affairs. Commenting on Carlyle's style, he said: "All life is not running to a fire."

Our business and financial men do not seem to be satisfied unless they are going ahead at top speed. If the volume of business does not show an increase of twenty-five per cent. they imagine they are losing their grip and that the country has entered upon a retrograde era. They are not happy unless they are running to a fire.

So with our political life—we must have some scandal to talk about or we think that politics are dull. The important measures which make for public happiness, moral welfare, and national progress interest only a few thinking people. The rest are talking of the fight between the Major Leagues and the new Federals, the supposed scandal in connection with the National Transcontinental, or bemoaning the fact they are not running to a fire.

This is the age of neurasthenia, owing to our inability to live quietly and sanely. This disease is fomented by sensational magazines, newspaper front pages with red type, the eccentricities of the fashion papers and the excessive attention paid to cheap theatrical productions. Canadians should give their nerves a thorough rest for at least a year.

A Woman Worth Only \$75

JUSTICE in New York State has decided that a woman-worker is worth \$75—just. Three years ago there was a fire in a big factory and one hundred and forty-six girls were burned or killed in the panic. The lack of fire-doors, fire-escapes and exits brought no punishment upon the owners of the factory. The relatives of some of the girls who were killed brought actions against the liability company which had insured the place, and a few weeks ago twenty-three of them settled at \$75 each.

What a travesty on justice, as they have it in the United States! What an advertisement for the accident insurance companies who collect big premiums from employers! What a stimulus for those who believe in state compensation for injured workmen! What an incentive for women to use their votes and their influence for better laws and an improved administration of justice!

For Successful Farming

SUCCESS in farming in Ontario depends, so far as the State is concerned, on three great factors: agricultural education, freedom from communicable disease, and good roads. Given these three, farming should be a pleasant and profitable industry for an industrious people. Yet Ontario is lamentably weak in all these factors.

Ontario has no consolidated rural schools as Manitoba has. It has no rural high schools as have New Brunswick and Alberta. It has no text-book on agriculture as have British Columbia, Manitoba and Nova Scotia. It is doing nothing to educate the farmers' children for farming life except by a little desultory, narrow-based nature study.

Something has been done to eliminate bovine tuberculosis and to prevent its transfer from animals to human beings—but mainly through private effort. The poorer farmers would object to stringent laws on this subject and the department only follows public sentiment, never leads. Such improved methods as are in vogue are due to the teaching in the O. A. C., and the preaching in the farm journals.

As for good roads, the Ontario attempts to produce them are one large joke. No one in Canada ever built a road four feet deep, as they do in the New England States and in Great Britain. Our good roads are only surfaced with iron and go to pieces every spring. We have not overcome the evil influences of Jack Frost. Nor have we learned the art of continuous repair. The Commission which reported last week advises an expenditure in Ontario of thirty million dollars in fifteen years, under a Central Highways department. The advice is excellent, but the method of building is the thing. If new methods are not adopted, the money would be wasted.

Tariffs and Prosperity

A LOT of nonsense is talked about tariffs and prosperity. Canada had a few changes made in her tariff last week, and general business is not affected one way or the other. Last year, the United States made some radical changes in its tariff, and business was not visibly affected favourably or otherwise. During the first four months of the new U. S. tariff there was an increase of six per cent. in manufactures imported and twenty per cent. in foodstuffs. There have been no real changes in

the prices of either class of goods. Indeed, the cost of living has gone up instead of down.

One would think, perhaps, that the free importation of beef into the United States would have lowered prices. The supply increased, but the price kept up. It was easier to get beef—that was all. No person was in a position to bring in beef from Canada and Argentina in large quantities except the Beef Trust, and they distributed the supply with great wisdom. Most of the Argentina beef, indeed, came from the Beef Trust's own plant in that country.

Putting a tariff up or cutting a tariff down does not affect general business very much. The quantities of anything that can be imported are usually such a small portion of the whole trade that an increase makes little difference. A cut of five per cent. in every item in the Canadian tariff would benefit the consumer little, and an increase of five per cent. would not affect him greatly.

This talk about disaster overtaking us if the tariff were lowered is nonsense; and so is the talk about the great benefit which would come to us by the same action. The trade of the country depends on many causes and conditions, and the tariff is only a minor one of a large number.

What Canada needs every year, and what Canada

TO MAINTAIN OUR HONOUR.

Not because we desire paternalism in our government, but because we desire to maintain our national honour at home and abroad, we need new laws to

(1) Prevent any board of directors from issuing common stock as a bonus or without adding to the resources of the company.

(2) Prevent any land speculator from selling town lots in a subdivision which has not been approved by a provincial government and countersigned by a municipality.

(3) Prevent any city or town issuing debentures which have not been approved as advisable and necessary by a provincial municipal board.

(4) Ensure that every man who acts dishonestly in the public sale of lands, stocks, bonds or securities of any description shall be speedily brought to justice by a public prosecutor.

These laws we need to protect the savings of our weaker citizens and to preserve our credit in the money markets of the world. Finally, such laws are necessary to maintain our own good opinion of ourselves and our own sense of national honour.

got this year, is a scientific rearrangement of a certain number of tariff items, such rearrangements to be made as the result of scientific investigation by tariff officials. The question of up or down should be decided by experts who are looking only to the prosperity of the country as a whole.

Admiral Freemantle

SOME of England's naval experts are bold enough to speak out against Winston Churchill's policy of neglecting every ocean and concentrating the navy in the North Sea. In spite of all that has been said and done, Admiral Freemantle still maintains that the vast interests of the Empire in the Pacific demand the presence of a strong fleet in that ocean. He commends Australia for being far-sighted and laying the foundation for a naval force which will eventually be the Empire's greatest safeguard in that part of the world.

This silly talk about "one great battle" and "the German menace" is dying out slowly, but surely. The hope of cash contributions from the Dominions is doomed to disappointment. Australia and New Zealand are building fleets of their own, and are now working out a plan for permanent co-operation. This may be cabled over any day. Ultimately Canada must join them in a three-power fleet which shall guard the rapidly-growing interests of the Britannic peoples in the Pacific. With the opening of the Panama Canal, the Atlantic will cease to hold its superiority among the oceans of the earth.

Our New York Friends

CANADA has many friends in New York, but the particular friends with which this "reflection" will deal are on the staff of the New York "Annalist." Now, be it known, to all and sundry, that "The Annalist" is the weekly financial edition of the New York "Times," which explains much if you happen to know the owners of the "Times." And

the particular member of the staff who is about to receive attention on this page is the London correspondent.

In the issue of March 30th appears a despatch from this anonymous gentleman, presuming to tell how the Englishman figures out what foreign securities to buy and what to avoid. He asks himself a number of questions, among them the following: Is the country liable to revolution? Is it likely to go to war? Has it a tendency towards socialism? Is there official corruption? Is there bad public administration? Is it guilty of spending money wastefully on armaments? Is it subject to chronic labour troubles?

This is a fine set of questions, the careful Englishman has prepared, according to this correspondent. Then he follows with what he terms a "chart of the investors' nightmare." This is such a magnificent production that it is reproduced in full:

	Revolution	War	Socialism	Official Corruption	Bad Administration	Extravagant Armaments	Labour Troubles
Great Britain ...	O	C	B	O	C	A	B
Germany	O	B	C	O	O	A	C
Russia	B	B	O	C	A	A	C
France	O	C	A	O	C	A	B
Austria	O	A	O	O	C	B	O
Turkey	B	A	O	A	A	B	O
Scandinavia	O	C	O	O	O	C	C
China	A	O	O	A	A	O	O
Japan	C	C	O	A	C	A	O
Br. So. Africa ...	C	O	B	O	O	O	A
Australia	O	O	B	O	O	O	B
Mexico	A	B	O	A	A	O	O
Brazil	C	O	O	A	A	C	C
Argentina	O	O	O	C	C	O	B
Canada	O	O	B	C	C	C	B
United States ...	O	C	A	O	O	O	A

Letters A B C denote the degrees of danger from the causes indicated and O means "no danger." Argentina stands first—no danger of revolution; no danger of war; no danger of socialism; very little official corruption; slight official corruption; slight extravagance on armaments and moderate labour troubles. Scandinavia also stands well. It has not an A or a B to its discredit.

Now look at Canada. There is not one fatal A against us. There are two B's—some danger from socialism and some danger from labour troubles. Otherwise our record is excellent. There is absolutely no danger from revolution, and none from war. There is also no expectation of extravagant armaments—showing that the Englishman expects that our "do nothing" naval policy will continue for many years to come. As for official corruption and bad administration, we are not quite free of them, but these are of the mildest type. We are, however, just a little worse than the United States—our governments are more corrupt than theirs and our public administration is not quite so sound.

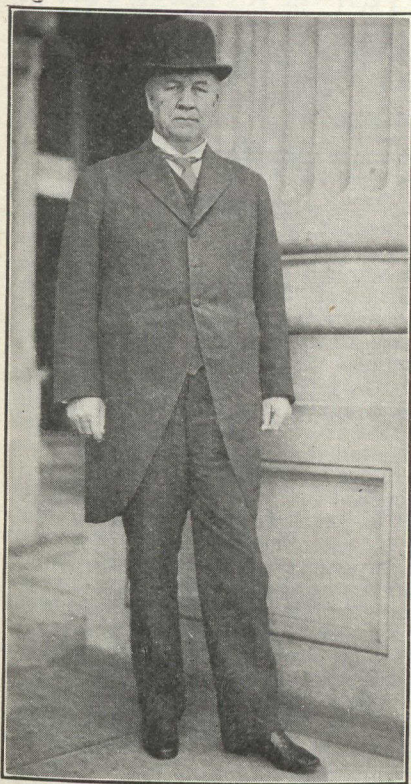
So there we are, all ticketed and labelled. Any Canadian who wants the real view of the Englishman regarding Canadian investments has it here in one line. And be it noted, "sentiment" is not mentioned. This correspondent does not believe that sentiment about "our colony" or "our Empire" affects the decision one iota.

Canada's thanks are due to this correspondent for the frank picture of ourselves which he has held up before the "Annalist's" readers in the United States and Canada. If it were not for our tendency toward Socialism and our slight touches of official corruption and loose administration, we should be on a par with Argentina and Scandinavia, the finest "investment" countries in the world.

CY. WARMAN'S LAST SWITCH.

Cy. Warman has gone the route that has more travellers than all the railways in this world or any other; the line that needs no publicity literature, no government guaranteed bonds and no passenger agent. Cy. was the only man in Canada that ever got into railway work by means of starting a railway magazine, which he did a good many years ago. Long before he became publicity agent of the Grand Trunk he was well known as the writer of railway stories, casual poems and occasional humour. On one side Cy. was always a humourist. Sometimes he broke out into poetry. Probably his worst production was the song, "Sweet Marie," which made him popular twenty years ago. But it was the music of the rails and the cough of the locomotive that interested Cy. more than mere sentiment. He was born in Greenup, Ill., June 22, 1855. He died in Chicago, April 7th, 1914, not many stations from the place where he was born. He was buried in London, Ont. During his 59 years of knocking about on this earth he was not always particular about travelling on strict schedule time—or he never would have been Cy. Warman.

Four of Wilson's Friends in the Senate Who Will Support Him on Canal Tolls



Senator Hoke Smith, Georgia.



Senator Willard Saulsbury, Delaware.



Senator Ollie James, Kentucky.



Senator Wm. Hughes, New Jersey.

The Light Blues' Turn

ON Saturday, March 28th, Cambridge won the inter-university boat race for the first time in five years. They reached the winning post with four and a half lengths to spare, and accomplished it in 20 minutes 23 seconds. Oxford's time last year, the last of their five consecutive wins, was 20 minutes 53 seconds. Cambridge's time, though not a record, is the best for some years.

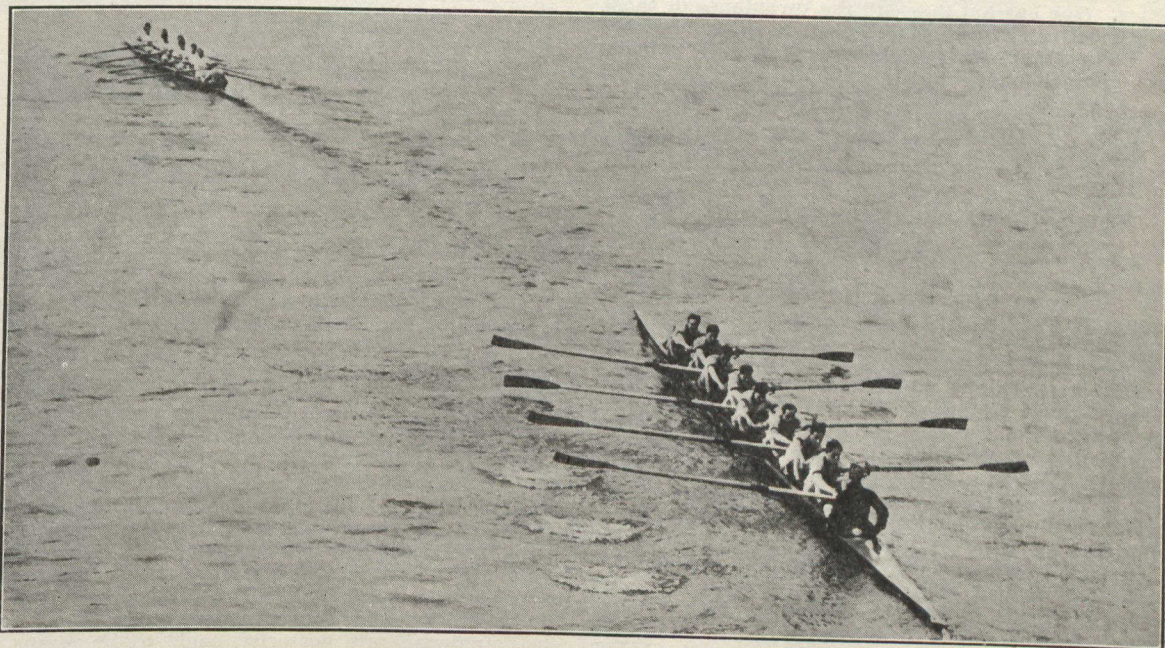
Wilson's Fight Against Free Tolls

PRESIDENT WILSON'S bill to repeal the free tolls provision of the Panama Canal Tolls Act is now having the time of its life in the Senate, where it will be on the dissecting table for some weeks to come. The recent triumph of the bill in the House of Representatives will have no necessary effect on the passage of the bill through the Senate. The most powerful opponent of repeal in the Senate is O'Gorman, chairman of the Committee on Inter-Oceanic Canals. Four of the most prominent pro-Wilsonites in the Senate are pictured on this page. It is the last chance the pro-repealers will have. If the passage of the bill through the House broke up old party lines by the intrusion of new lines of cleavage, the course of the bill through the Senate may be expected still further to test party solidarity. Powerful lobbying interests are at work, all actuated by sincere and in some cases passionate motives. Most determined opposition may be expected from the senators of lower coastwise states, whose shipping is seriously menaced by the repeal bill. For instance, Louisiana, centre of the sugar and rice shipping industries, went dead against repeal in the House on the principle that it is a violation of Baltimore Democratic convention promises before the election, and at the same time a deadly blow at Gulf shipping. The New Orleans Item prints a passionate appeal to Senator Thornton, conjuring him in the name of national honour and his own record to oppose the free tolls exemption repeal.

Canadian Whist League

MOST successful was the annual congress of the Canadian Whist League, held at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, last week. A number of players from the United States took part, and the Canadian attendance was larger than usual. The "International Pairs" was won by Frost, of Hamilton, probably the best whist player in the Dominion today, with Lenz, of New York, as his partner. W. E. Byrnes, of Cleveland, won the gross prize with a plus of 42; Lenz, of New York, was second, with 33; and Crippen, of Toronto (formerly Chicago), third with 30. The Goodall Trophy, for fours, went to a London team: Connor, Ashplant, Hall and Beaton. The Amsden Cup, for B Fours, was won by another four from the same club. Mrs. Dr. Irwin, Collingwood, and Crippen took the Hay Challenge Trophy. Mrs. Irwin also won the ladies' aggregate, thus giving her the right to be known as the best woman player at the Congress. Miss Gregory and Miss Williams, of Collingwood, won the ladies' pairs. Mr. John F. Connolly, of Toronto, was elected president for the coming year.

Cambridge Crew Winning the Annual Boat Race



Cambridge Crew winning from Oxford; seen from Hammersmith Bridge.



The Cambridge Crew as they passed the winning post at Mortlake.

1—Fatty Degeneration in Public Assemblies

By REV. J. W. McMILLAN

2—The Grosse Isle Elevator and Mr. Corbett

By W. MOFFAT

PUBLIC OPINION

3—"Oh, Damn it All! This Won't Do"
By JOHN DAVIES4—"We'll Larn You to be Loyal"
The British Army's New Colours

CARTOON By E. T. REED

Fatty Degeneration in Public Assemblies

Halifax, N.S., March 18, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—It has occurred to me that the discussion in the "Canadian Courier" on "Is the House of Commons too Big?" might be illuminated by the appended extract from "Foundations of Sociology," by Edward Alsworth Ross. No parliament should be allowed to grow to a size that would prevent it from remaining a manageable debating assemblage.

"The Roman Assembly," says Freeman, "died of the disease of which every primary assembly in a large country must die. It became too large for its functions; it became a mob incapable of debate, and in which the worst elements got the upper hand." Now, the representative body through its power to fix the basis of representation is able to control its size, and thus remove one source of danger. Recognizing that numbers breed confusion, that the oratory addressed to a large assemblage is apt to be exaggerated in matter and manner, and that the demonstrations arising from a great body are likely to upset the judgment, most legislatures wisely restrict their numbers to four or five hundred. It is a pity the lesson was learned so late. The earlier parliaments were too big, and so brought discredit on the beginnings of popular government. In France and elsewhere the representatives of the people showed imbecility, no doubt, but their aristocratic and clerical critics would have acquitted themselves no better had they undertaken to deliberate in equally large bodies. One has but to recall the turbulence of those great meetings of the whole Polish nobility to choose the Polish king.—Edward Alsworth Ross, "Foundations of Sociology." pp. 131, 132.

Yours truly,

REV. J. W. McMILLAN.

The Grosse Isle Elevator and Mr. Corbett

Winnipeg, March 21, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—In looking through your issue of March 14th, we notice an article among your editorials entitled "Grain Growers' Morals," which apparently is a text for an attack on our Company, supported by a letter from H. S. Corbett, of Grosse Isle, Manitoba.

In Mr. Corbett's letter he charges our Company with giving him a raw deal. The facts of the transaction in the purchase of wheat from him are as follows:

He came to our elevator and stated to our operator there that he had a car-load of wheat to sell. He started to draw his wheat in on the 27th of September, and on the 30th of September he stated to the operator that he did not have a car-load and that he wished to sell by the waggon load, and on that date he sold us his wheat. On that day No. 2 northern wheat in store at Fort William was 81½c. The freight from Grosse Isle to Fort William is 7.2c. The elevator charges are 1¼c. per bushel, which would have to be paid before the wheat could be placed in a car on the tracks, thus leaving the track price on car lots for No. 2 northern wheat at Grosse Isle that date 71½c. per bushel. Our operator paid Mr. Corbett 67c. per bushel, which was a spread of 4½c. between street and track price on that day, and not 8c., as Mr. Corbett falsely states. In paying this price we had to take the chance of it grading No. 2 northern; should it grade lower we would have to sell at the price of the next lowest grade.

In regard to the flax deal which Mr. Corbett refers to, he states that he was offered by our agent that day 26c. below the market price. This is entirely false. He did not even ask for a price. He brought his sample of flax to our operator, who stated that he would send it to us and have it tested in the Government Inspection Office here. This sample came forward in due course and was graded by the Government officials in the Inspection Department as "rejected flax on account of the large portion of false flax seeds in the sample," and our advice to our operator was to offer Mr. Corbett 92c. for this flax, which our operator declares he did. No. 3 C. W. flax that day, November 4th, was \$1 per bushel. The freight to Fort William from Grosse Isle on flax is 8.2c., and the elevator charges 1¾c. per bushel, thus making the cash price of flax at Grosse Isle on that day 91¼c. In offering this price we were taking the risk of re-cleaning the flax and having it go as No. 3 C. W. Mr. Corbett did not accept the price, and he filled up one load from the elevator, brought it to Winnipeg and sold it to some

linseed company, where he states he received No. 1 N. W. price, and afterwards came back, took the balance and disposed of it in the same way.

We believe that your object in publishing Mr. Corbett's letter was to try to show that our Company was making an undue profit out of the farmers. We might state for your information that we have run the Grosse Isle elevator at a considerable loss each year since we have operated it. This fact can be verified, if necessary, thus disproving the point which you are trying to make in your attack on our Company.

We can, however, assure you that Mr. Corbett's views in regard to our Company are not generally held by the farmers of the West, as we have had a very large number of requests from districts to build elevators and operate them on behalf of the farmers.

Mr. Corbett wrote a letter to the Winnipeg Telegram stating that he was not a member of the Grain Growers' Association, and quoting the same grievance as appears in your paper, with the exception that he stated in that letter that wheat was worth 81c., whereas in his letter to you he states that it was worth 82c.

We are quite ready to admit that every farmer in the West is not a supporter of our Company. A number prefer to stay outside the organization and reap the benefits in an indirect way. Notwithstanding the opposition of unreasonable men like Mr. Corbett, and those of his class, we can assure you that our business is steadily growing, and shows a marked improvement each year over the previous one.

We thank you for the space occupied.

Yours truly,

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GRAIN CO., LTD.

W. Moffat, Secretary.

"Oh, Damn It All! This Won't Do"

Toronto, April 4th, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—It has been said, and I think truly, that England is now engaged in the consoling occupation of assimilating her history; that, burying her august nose in the glorious pages she has written in the book of human endeavour, she does not observe the changes that are taking place in her internal economy. The detached habit of mind which is a peculiarity of the English character, is a fact sufficiently notorious. What is not a subject of such general remark, however, is that this national trait did not begin to manifest itself until towards the middle of the Victorian era. Our gross feeding, port-drinking, pock-marked ancestors were most eminently not of detached habit of mind. The people who entered with such hilarity upon the War of Jenkin's Ear, and bequeathed a tendency to gout to their degenerate posterity, could by no means be accused of such a vice.

The type of man who, in those days, ran his man through the vitals, and then complained languidly that such violent exertions gave him the megrims, is with us to-day, but with a difference. He looks round upon the universe with the air of one at a circus, who demands to be amused, and who, after gazing solemnly at the antics of the clown in the ring, says, bitterly, "Why the devil don't you make me laugh?" He observes Parliament with the same sorrowful reproach, though there have been times when that staid assembly have risen nobly to the occasion; wild nights when excited Hibernian legislators in torn raiment have been carried out by stolid Saxon policemen, other Hibernians standing on the benches to cheer the glorious spectacle.

These, however, were merely flashes in the wilderness of Stygian dullness. Our modern Englishman has but one demand to make from life, "Make me laugh."

This accounts for the otherwise inexplicable fact that while England is on the extreme edge of the most appalling precipice she has faced since the days of Cromwell—civil war staring her in the face, Sans Culottes demanding imperiously to be breeched, sedition on one hand, general strikes on the other, army officers refusing duty, India seething with revolt—while all this is going on, what is our Englishman doing? What is the question that is agitating his mind?—for he still has a mind, this Englishman. It is this, "What's going to win the Derby?" The "Flanneled Fools" are not all dead yet, Mr. Kipling. The only sentiment he allows himself to entertain apart from such, is to reprobate, in as icolent a manner as his energy will permit, Mr. Lloyd George, and all his sanguinary doings. If we could ensure a succession of Lloyd Georges we might hope to arouse

our friend to something approaching interest in the things which are happening round him, but the day of miracles is past.

The Boer War aroused some of them to go out and get themselves shot; but not, observe, until he had had some particularly nasty slaps in the face, whereupon he gazed around in a perfectly astonished manner, and exclaimed, "Eh! What! Buller beaten? Methuen beaten? Gatacre beaten? Oh, damn it all, this won't do!" and having proved, with much pain and tribulation, that it would not do, he resumed, with great satisfaction, his former engrossing occupations—those of him who survived.

It might be supposed that such an individual must possess, to put it as charitably as possible, a somewhat vacant mind. Such, however, is not the case; better if it were; for when one has performed the preliminary task of sweeping and dusting an empty room, one may put some furniture into it, a desk to work at, as well as easy-chairs in which to repose; but when the chamber is already filled with rubbish, amongst which the moths and worms are busily engaged, and to which the owner clings with passionate affection, one can only hope for a fire or an earthquake, praying that the owner himself may not be buried in the ruins.

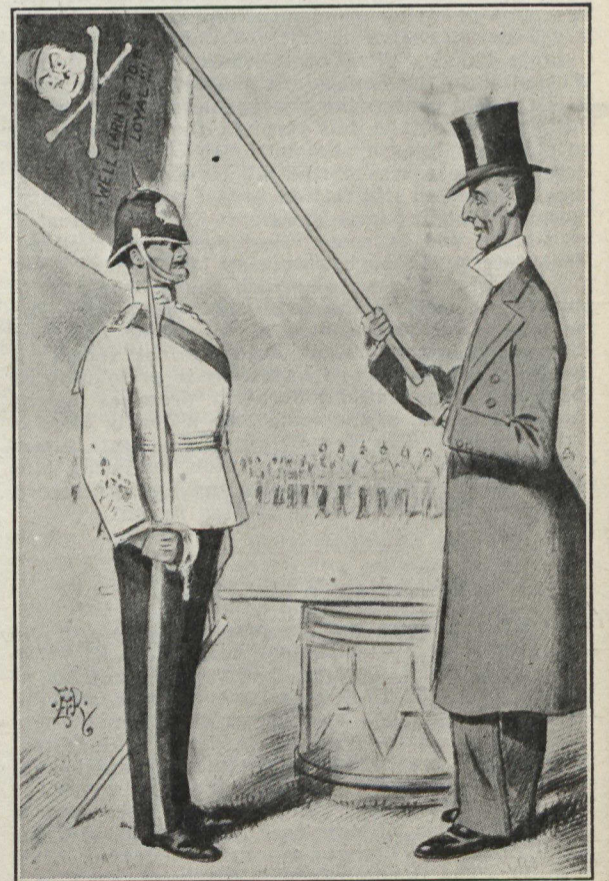
If nothing short of a catastrophe will do the business, and as this friend of ours still possesses, beneath a somewhat fish-like exterior, many of the qualities which made those "two small islands off the coast of France" of such importance on this planet, let us hope the primal stroke may not be long delayed.

At this most critical moment of English history, the deadly apathy with which the typical Englishman regards himself, may suggest to some minds that he knows himself to be played out. This, however, would be a fatal mistake for, say, Germany, to make. For some misguided power to attempt to take advantage of her internal throes would be the saving of the situation, for when our friend lifts his eyes from the racing calendar and says, "Oh, I say, this won't do!" depend upon it, it most emphatically won't do.

Yours truly,

JOHN DAVIES.

"We'll Larn You to be Loyal"



PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE BRITISH ARMY.

Col. Seely: "In handing to you these new colours, I am confident that I may rely on your loyalty, discipline and valour, and that you will, to a man, be prepared to lay down your lives for the (ahem!) National Liberal Club and the Ancient Order of Hibernians."

—E. T. Reed, in The Bystander.



Courierettes.

REGULARLY with every spring comes the report that the corporations are to be required to bury their wires. But other wires are pulled and there's no burial.

There seems to be more chance of a good, healthy war every minute in Toronto City Council than there is in Ulster in a century.

A Montreal bigamist blew out his brains, thereby proving that a man who married more than one woman has brains.

New York is said to have 95,000 unemployed. The others are all very busy tangoing and turkey-trotting, eating and theatre-going.

In the next Ontario Legislature Toronto is to have ten members. Another increase in the Tory majority.

By winning a game of poker a Chicago heiress won a husband. Gambling is a vicious practice.

Down in Montreal they arrested a murderer while he was kneeling in a church. Nowadays you never can tell what a man is by where you see him.

We read that a missionary declares he is in favour of President Wilson's Japan policy. Others do not favour it because they do not know what it is.

Toronto aldermen want salaries of \$1,200 instead of the \$300 they get now. This is a case of the High Cost of Talk.

A pier in a bridge over the Moira river was shifted by the ice jam. The news value of this item is that something has at last moved in Belleville.

Bernard Shaw's wife has just been left \$150,000. Some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some are just lucky in marriage.

Scientists say that women need less food than men. But, bless their dear, scientific hearts, women are never satisfied with what they need.

Toronto has two professional ball teams this year. Extra chance for the knockers.

If the worst should come to the worst in Ulster, Asquith could send the suffragettes over and lick both parties.

Marriage is a lottery. Perhaps that is why some people want more than one chance.

What's the Idea?—Toronto "Daily Star" has sent three staff writers to Britain to write about the Ulster fuss. There are those in the Carson army, however, who fear that the trio is sent as reinforcements for Redmond.

What Was the Treat?—Controller Church, of Toronto, complains that the big deputation that went to Ottawa to ask aid for Hydro Radial railways was not well treated.

According to the statements of some who were there, however, Mr. Church cannot deny that they were treated often, if not well.

Dividing the Honours.—Apropos of his production of "The Unwritten Law," Mr. Laurence Irving, who is now touring Canada under the auspices of the British Canadian Theatre Organization Society, tells a story which has the double merit of being both amusing and true.

One Sunday evening he was a guest at the New Vagabonds' Club in Lon-

don, where, among other friends, he met Lady Tree.

"So you're starting management?" she said.

Mr. Irving admitted the fact. "With a play of your own?"

"Only partially," he replied. "The story is Dostoevsky's and in its published form was originally called "Crime and Punishment."

"I see," said Lady Tree, with smiling insinuation. "Dostoevsky gets the fees for the crime and you get the punishment."

The Younger Generation.

HE had learned to play at tennis. He had won full many a match. On the ball ground he was famous.

He could pitch and bat and catch. He could box and throw the hammer, And at wrestling he was good;

He was thoroughly athletic— BUT HIS FATHER CHOPPED THE WOOD.

She was well informed on ethics. She could formulate a plan Which would show us all our duty To our struggling fellow-man.

She could write on household topics In a manner hard to beat; She embroidered fancy pillows— BUT HER MOTHER COOKED THE MEAT.

Sign of the Times.—Glance at the sporting pages these days and you'll



"Isn't it awful about poor Mr. Jones' trouble?"
"I didn't hear about it."
"Didn't you? Mr. Gaddy told me that his son has turned out a criminal lawyer."

read of any number of promising young pitchers who are able to make Ty Cobb strike out every time he comes to bat—before the real games begin.

His Last Resort.—A judge in Denver decides that a wife has the right to sign her husband's name to a cheque.

The only thing the poor fellow can do now is to lose his fountain pen and hide the ink bottle. To be doubly sure he should also burn his cheque book.

A Sure Indication.—Teddy Roosevelt is quoted as saying that the United States needs a strong man at its head to mould public opinion. We gather from that that T. R. fancies himself as a candidate once more.

The High Aim.

I'D like to be an airman (Forgive my little joke), Because I'd then be able to Look down on other folk.

All In Vain.—She thought that the young man had been calling on her often enough to show some sign of getting down to a business basis. So she resolved to help him.

In the course of conversation she dropped the remark that "it is not good for man to live alone."
"Yes," he agreed. "I guess that is why we have our clubs."

Probably Due Provocation.—An angry man shot two waiters in a Philadelphia restaurant. Don't be too hasty in condemning him. Remember, it happened in a restaurant. The coffee may have been cold.

Value of Experience.—John Bassett Moore, of the U. S. diplomatic service, stationed in Washington, recently lectured on "Unnecessary Noises." His long residence in the U. S. capital has, no doubt, fitted him with ample experience to speak on that topic.

Love in Springtime.

(Our Weekly Short Story.)

SHE was sitting on the fence. It was four in the afternoon, but she was unconventional. He stopped below and called to her.

She remembered how gruff he had been to her on the preceding afternoon and she silently turned away her head.

He called again. Still she did not answer.

He was a persistent youth. He leaped up beside her. He put his face roughly close to hers. With a low sniff she turned her back to him.

Suddenly she whirled with a little gasp of anger and slapped him on the ear.

Naturally he was a gallant youth, but now the blood of savage ancestors surged through his veins. He could not take the blow passively. He dealt her a swift blow on the face that knocked her off the fence.

No sooner had he done so than he was sorry. But before he could jump down and try to make amends she had given him an injured glance and was running across the garden.

Ashamed of his angry action, he followed quickly and tried to catch her, but she slipped through a hole in the fence and eluded him.

They did not see each other again until the next afternoon—those two cats.

One Use For It.—The girl had come to the professor to have her voice tested.

He heard her attempt to sing.

She said: "Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice, professor?"

Cautiously, he replied: "Well, I fancy it might be handy in case of fire."

Retort Photographic.—Mac—"Let's call it a day's work and quit."

Jack—"You always had a high gift of imagination."

Mac—"Nothing to yours. A moving picture of your day's operation might be called a study in still life. Yah!"

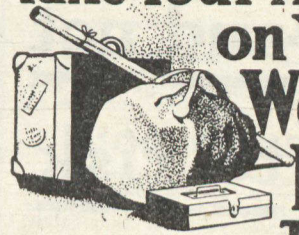
Amplly Qualified.—The principal of a Canadian school, high up, had just invited the pupils to hear a special lecture on "The effect of alcohol on the human body."

"Yes," chipped in his assistant, unthinkingly, "and you will be sure to find it interesting, girls and boys, because our principal is sure to be full of his subject—he always is."

Positive and Comparative.—At the age of eight a girl has a firm affection for dolls. At the age of 18 (or any age thereafter) she has a firmer affection for dollars.

Try It.—It is sometimes a more difficult feat to listen than to talk.

Take Your Motor on Your Week End Trips



WHEREVER boats can be rented or borrowed, there's a motor boat waiting for you—if you have a Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat Motor. You carry your 55-pound power plant right with you—no harder than toting a well-filled grip. You attach it to any rowboat in a moment—and there you are! No more weary miles of rowing.

WISCONSIN DETACHABLE Row Boat Motor

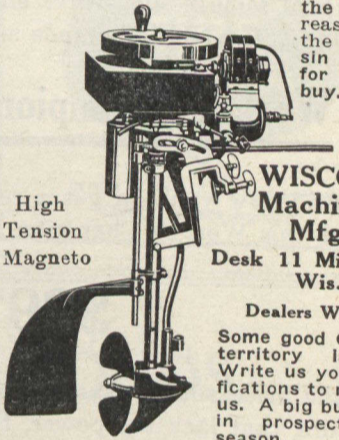
You can depend upon a Wisconsin. You could safely head up steam without an oar or paddle in the boat—your sturdy little Wisconsin Motor would speed you "there and back" without balk or trouble of any kind. That's because it's built right by men who have grown up in the marine engine business. There's nothing freakish or experimental about it. It has made good in three years of general use.

Reversible High-Tension Magneto. This means no ignition troubles—no missing even at the slowest speeds. Steady, throbbing power.

Rudder Steering. The only safe way. You have control at all times—you're not helplessly drifting when the motor is still.

Get Our Catalogue

Write to-day for this free booklet. Get the other reasons why the Wisconsin is best for you to buy.



WISCONSIN Machinery & Mfg. Co.

Desk 11 Milwaukee Wis.

Dealers Wanted

Some good Canadian territory is open. Write us your qualifications to represent us. A big business is in prospect this season.

Cosgrave's Half-and-Half



Take good care of your digestion—Drink Cosgrave's Half-and-Half



—and not one dared to risk the test!

More than 500 different manufacturers make motor cars with poppet-valve engines. Yet not one has dared to come forward and take up the

RUSSELL-KNIGHT **\$20,000 Challenge**

You know how many makers each claim their car to be "the best"! Remember, then, that though this \$20,000 Challenge has been open to all the world for 45 days—

Not one maker or user of a poppet-valve motor has had sufficient confidence in his engine to attempt to surpass—or even equal—the RUSSELL-KNIGHT record-breaking test.

Until some poppet-valve engine can set new figures, the RUSSELL-KNIGHT stands as the

World's Champion Automobile Motor

And now you can get a real Russell-Knight car—equipped with this World's Champion Motor—for

\$2975.00

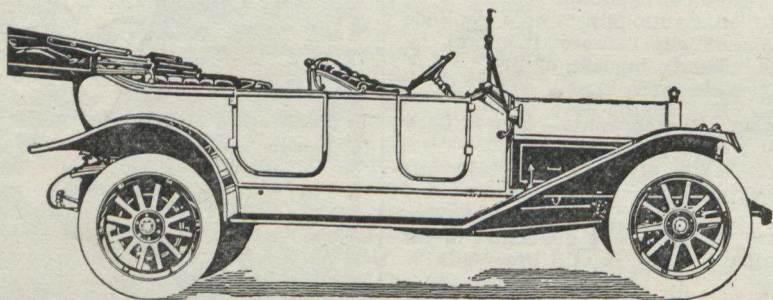
—the price you're asked to pay for "cheap" Sixes and other Fours, that lack the power, the flexibility, the luxurious comfort and unquestionable quality of the Russell-Knight.

Full details of Test and Challenge are contained in Professor Price's report. Write or 'phone for a copy.

Russell Motor Car Company, Limited

WEST TORONTO

Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne.



Talk Correctly and You Will Think Correctly

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly you will find

A DESK-ROOM OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH

A very serviceable little book. "Right to the Point." 12mo, cloth, 240 pages, \$1. P.P.

NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

MUSIC NEWS

A Successful Orchestra

NO doubt the Calgary Symphony Orchestra has come to stay. Below is the programme of the sixth evening concert given by this organization in the Sherman Grand Theatre on Monday, March 23rd; the sixth concert since last November. No other city in Canada outside of Toronto has such an orchestra season. The programme book contains the names of fifty-five players under the baton of Max Weil, conductor; also of a hundred guarantors whose practical subscriptions to cover the annual deficit makes the continuance of the orchestra possible.

This is the first year of the new venture, and is, of course, too full of novelty and optimism to leave much room for doubt or discouragement in an enterprise that means a sure financial loss covered by cheerful generosity. The guarantors who are behind the venture now may expect to be expected to stand behind it five or ten or twenty years from now. In all probability they will in the language of the sporting poets continue to "come to the scratch." Western optimism is a perennial. The business men of Calgary know that the success of the Symphony Orchestra is one of the best advertisements Calgary could ever get. The Board of Trade understand that. The people who like good music understand it. The City Council understand it. There is no doubt about it anywhere. The orchestra is regarded as a civic asset; just as much as the Bow river or the railways or blocks of warehouses. People who hesitate about living in a western city because they fear they will be unable to hear good music or have the natural advantages of the city they left in the East or in the Old Country, will be drawn to Calgary because of the symphony orchestra and its season of first-class music done in modern style.

The writer of this has not had the pleasure of hearing the Calgary orchestra any more than of hearing the Edmonton choral societies or the numerous choral organizations that are just now helping to make living in the West so very much worth while outside of the money that people are able to make. But he has no doubt that with all its experimental faults the people who are in and behind this public enterprise are just as much on the right track as though they had discovered illimitable natural gas right under the city, or a gold mine ten miles out.

Programmes such as those printed below, and such as several others that have reached this office, are a testimonial to the fact that Calgary is getting a big place in the front rank of western cities, not merely for business and boosting and population, but quite as much for the propagation of a form of popular art. And it is almost to the point to remind some of our jaded eastern communities—not exempting Toronto on the orchestra question—that popular enthusiasm for permanent music is never wrong and is always a good thing no matter what it reasonably costs. We want more of this enthusiasm.

Here is the sixth evening programme:

Mendelssohn—Incidental music to "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

- (a) Overture.
- (b) Nocturne.
- (c) Scherzo.
- (d) Wedding March.

Tschaikowsky—Allegro con gracia, from the Symphony No. 6, ("Pathe-tic"), Op. 74.

Dvorak—Largo from the "New World" Symphony.

Goldmark—
(a) Intermezzo (Bridal Song).
(b) Scherzo (Serenade).

From the "Rustic Wedding" Symphony.

Humperdinck—Song of the Sandman and Evening Blessing, from the Opera "Hansel and Gretel."

Liszt—Les Preludes.

The following evening a request programme was given as follows:

Rossini—Overture to "William Tell."
Schubert—Symphony No. 8 in B Minor (Unfinished).

1. Allegro Moderato.
2. Andante con moto.
Grieg—Peer Gynt Suite, No. 1.

1. "Morning Mood."
2. "Ase's Death."
3. "Anitra's Dance."
4. "In the Hall of the Mountain King."

Saint-Saens—Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre."

Offenbach—Minuet and Barcarolle, from "The Tales of Hoffman."

Strauss—"Blue Danube" Waltzes.

Schumann—(a) Traumerel.

Tschaikowsky—(b) Andante Cantabile. String Orchestra.

Tschaikowsky—"Marche Slave."

Lyric Reminiscences

BRISTOL, that famous old city and seaport close to the haunt of the sea-kings of Devon, is once again reviving an interest in poets. Which Bristol has a perfect right to do, because in the tower of a famous old church, the oldest in Bristol, is the room where Chatterton, the marvelous boy poet, was supposed to have dug up the celebrated manuscripts published under his own name. In the churchyard there is a monument to Chatterton; and across the street is the old house in which the poet's father kept school, and where the poet was born and somewhat brought up.

The revival of lyric interest in Bristol just now is over the relics of Lady Nairne and the young lady poet who was by some regarded as the girl Chatterton; Caroline Oliphant, niece of Lady Nairne, the author of the saddest of all Scotch songs, "Land o' the Leal." Both Lady Nairne and her niece lived for a time in Clifton, which is the aristocratic residence section of Bristol. They knew Nightingale Valley in old Leigh Wood. They walked about the streets, even then with walls more than a thousand years old. And it is of more than passing interest to Bristol to recall in a newspaper symposium the traces of these two famous poet people. "Land o' the Leal" is a universal Scotch song which happens to be set to the same tune as the most bloodthirsty of all Scotch songs, "Scots Wha Hae," by Robert Burns. It was thought for a good while by a great many that Burns himself had written the famous sad lyric composed by Lady Nairne. But in all good honest Scotch song books in Canadian homes nowadays the name Lady Nairne appears as the author. As Mr. G. Falconer King, the historian, writing in the Bristol "Western Daily Press" eloquently says:

"Lady Nairne's lays, especially 'The Land o' the Leal,' have been sung, as have the songs of Burns, 'on the plains of India, the deserts of Africa, on the heights of Labrador, and amidst the pampas of South America. In Canada and in the United States they are as familiar as in the land of their origin.' Lady Nairne's 'The Land o' the Leal' is universally acknowledged to be an exquisite lyric, which no song, even of Burns, nor of Moore nor of the French Beranger, nor the German Heine can eclipse in tenderness. And the sentiment which pervades it could not be so beautifully expressed in anything but the Scottish language, over the 'nuances' of which Lady Nairne held a subtle mastery.

"It may be added that, in the course of these interesting investigations into the local records of the Oliphants and the Nairnes, the name of Mercer has frequently been found. This is, to some extent, accounted for by the fact that the surname, Mercer, occurs in the family of the Marquis of Lansdowne."

Lord Lansdowne, formerly Governor-General of Canada, has acknowledged the receipt of a marked copy of the "Western Daily Press" containing Mr. King's relics; and the "Canadian Courier" is indebted to the "Daily Press" for the same reminiscences.

Our Security Reports

Are sent out from time to time, as issued, to our clients and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities dealt in on all markets. Being based on statistical records, they can be of great service to intending investors. May we not put your name on this list? It will obligate you to nothing and will be of undoubted value to you.

F. H. Deacon & Co.

Members Toronto Stock Exchange

INVESTMENTS

97 Bay Street

Toronto Canada

23

MAKE A GOOD INVESTMENT

Let your good judgment lead you to invest your money in a reliable, safe security like the

5 Per Cent. Debentures

of the Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation. Interest payable by coupon every 6 months.

Capital paid up, \$1,985,104.28
Assets 5,110,332.81

Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation

84-88 King Street East
Toronto

PELLATT & PELLATT

Members
Toronto
Stock
Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

British Sentiment

A PROMINENT Conservative member of Parliament told a Toronto audience recently that Canada should support the British navy because British investors have loaned Canadians a billion dollars, meaning thereby a thousand million. According to his argument, the British people lent us money because we were poor relatives and needed assistance, not because they thought the investments were sound.

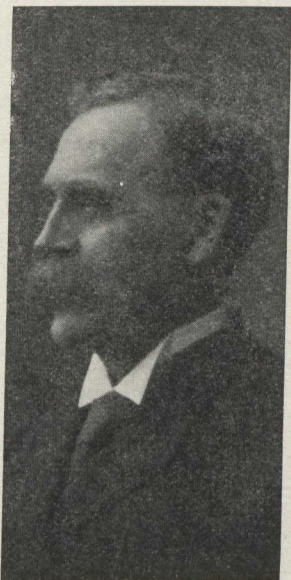
If this is true, then the sooner the practice is changed, the better for all concerned. To lend Canada money on such a basis is simply to encourage "bad business." It will benefit neither Canada nor Great Britain. Whenever the British people lend to Canadians on a "family" basis, they are committing a crime against their needy relatives. On the other hand, if the British investor will lend us money, only when our proposed ventures are reasonably sound, they will keep us from going into games that are rotten. The greatest kindness that can be done to Canada by the British investor is to send money over here on the same basis as they would send it to the United States or Argentina.

The Empire cannot be built up by putting money into doubtful ventures. Canada must be kept financially sound, or its success will be impeded. The British capitalist who sends us money on "sentiment" only is doing us incalculable harm.

If this reasoning is sound, then Canada owes Great Britain thanks only for such investments as have been made here on the same basis as investments elsewhere. Canada owes Great Britain nothing for the unwise, sentimental squandering of her capital on boomsters who have talked "imperial unity" and sold "wild-cats" to gullible imperialists in Great Britain.

A Popular Figure in Hamilton

MR. D. B. WOOD, President of the Hamilton Board of Trade, began his career as a miller, grain and produce dealer in St. George, Brant County. At the present time he is director of the Dominion Flour Mills Co., with representative concerns at Hamilton, Montreal, Brantford, St. George and Norwich, and whose capacity averages 3,000 barrels of flour daily. He is also manager of the Wood Milling Co., a subsidiary plant to the parent concern.



MR. D. B. WOOD,
President of the Hamilton
Board of Trade.

The company originated in St. George and made its first move in trade expansion when it located in Brantford. Mr. Wood was placed in charge and at once took an active interest in civic affairs. For five years he held office as a City Alderman, and in 1901 his wide-awake methods of promoting the welfare of the city was rewarded by his election to the Mayoralty chair. The success of the administration under his guidance was endorsed by his re-election the following year. At the expiration of his term of office in 1902 business demanded his whole attention and he retired from municipal activities. In 1907 his company found it necessary to again increase its capacity and Mr. Wood was removed to Hamilton to supervise the local branch. This time his energy and influence was directed towards the modern co-operative method of developing a community. He became an active worker in the Board of Trade. His broad-minded views and willingness to voluntarily give his time for the benefit of the general prosperity of the city received due recognition at the last annual meeting of the Board, when he was elected President of the organization by acclamation. That Hamilton's rapidly growing commercial institution will be given added impetus, and that it will increase its efficiency to a marked degree under the new President's regime is confidently expected by all.

Mr. Easy Mark

OTTAWA is the scene of an action, before Judge McTavish, in which Mr. Easy Mark is the plaintiff. Six years ago, Mr. E. M. bought 1,000 shares of Dufferin Cobalt Mining Company shares at 25 cents each. Mr. T. C. Campbell, the broker, gave him a receipt for \$250, and told him he would get his stock when the pool was broken. Easy Mark No. 2, and Easy Mark No. 3, did the same, and gave evidence on behalf of Easy Mark No. 1. They never got the stock because the pool never broke. Mr. Campbell says so, and so does Dr. Shillington, one of the officers of the company. The latter stated that the stock was now in Paris, having been disposed of to some French investors.

No matter what the judgment is, such investors ought to be put in knee pants and sent back to school. One of the judge's questions was as follows:

"Do you think Mr. Easy Mark would have bought the stock six years ago if Mr. Campbell had told him that in 1914 he would be suing for the return of his money?"

The lawyer for the defence answered, but his answer doesn't matter. Most of us would say "Yes." But that doesn't excuse Mr. Campbell and the officers of the mining company. Because the country is full of Easy Marks is no reason why brokers and promoters should not know the ten commandments.

The Basis of Prosperity

NO financier nor manufacturer may live unto himself. His success is bound up with the prosperity of the whole country. Hence it follows that financiers and manufacturers must be held responsible for agricultural conditions. If the farmers of Canada are not making progress the blame rests on the financier and the manufacturer just as much as it does on the educationist and the statesman.

Denmark is an example which Canada might emulate. In the seventies and eighties Denmark was in a bad way commercially, financially and productively. Every class began to seek a remedy, and found it largely in better agricultural methods. Since 1893 cows have increased in Denmark by 16 per cent., and the value of butter exported by 169 per cent. The increased output from the cows of Denmark means about \$30,000,000 a year. The average yield of milk in 1893 was about 3,000 pounds per cow; now it is 6,170

For the Small Investor

The unquestionable safety of this investment is much more important to the person with limited resources than to the capitalist. To enable those who have only small sums to invest to do so safely, we issue

\$100 BONDS

These moneys are all invested by us in first mortgages on carefully selected improved real estate securities, and behind them are more than

Ten Million Dollars

of Shareholders' Capital and Reserve, also invested in equally safe securities. These Bonds are a

LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS.

Apply for copy of Annual Report and full information.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Established 1855.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents.

BONDS

A list of GOVERNMENT,
MUNICIPAL, RAIL-
ROAD, PUBLIC SERV-
ICE and PROVEN IN-
DUSTRIAL Bond Invest-
ments sent on request.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901
TORONTO MONTREAL LONDON ENG

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers
And
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office : TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$13,500,000

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

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

Travellers' Cheques

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

\$10 \$20 \$50 or \$100

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

Unnecessary Risks.

WHY run the risk of loss or destruction of Bonds, Stock Certificates, Insurance Policies or other valuable documents? Boxes in our Safety Deposit Vaults may be rented for \$3.00 per year and upwards according to size. Inspection invited.

National Trust Company Limited

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS FURNISHES A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF INSURANCE

Policies issued by the Society are for the protection of your Family and cannot be bought, sold or pledged.

Benefits are payable to the Beneficiary in case of death, or to the member in case of his total disability, or to the member on attaining seventy years of age.

Policies issued from \$500 to \$5000

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS

For further information and literature apply to

FRED J. DARCH, S.S. E. G. STEVENSON, S.C.R.
Temple Building TORONTO

WHY NOT 7 PER CENT. INTEREST?

If your money earns less than 7%, write to us to-day. We are offering the Bonds of a successful, well-organized company which yield 7% interest and have a profit-sharing feature as well. Your investment may be withdrawn any time after one year on 60 days' notice. Send for special folder and full particulars.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON - PARIS

Via LIVERPOOL on the palatial steamships:

"TEUTONIC" May 2, May 30

"MEGANTIC" May 9, June 6

"CANADA" May 16, June 13

"LAURENTIC" May 23, June 20

TOURS: 4 & 6 weeks from \$190

H. G. THORLEY, Gen. Agent
41 King St. E., Toronto

WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE
★ CANADA AND EUROPE ★

The Imperial Trusts Company

of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1887

4% Allowed on Deposits
Withdrawable by Cheque

5% Paid on Guaranteed
Investments

MORTGAGES PURCHASED

HEAD OFFICE:

15 Richmond St. West, Toronto
Tel. M. 214

pounds. In 1910, in the Isle of Fyen, 20,000 cows gave an average of 8,100 pounds of milk.

How can this be done in Canada, because the farmers of this country are where the farmers of Denmark were twenty years ago? Let the bankers and business men in every town organize an agricultural study club and interest the farmers in it. Through this organization the farmers can be taught that scrub cattle and poor cows do not pay; that hens that do not lay 200 eggs a year are a poor investment; that a hog which brings five cents a pound costs as much to raise as one which brings ten cents a pound. To accomplish these improvements the business men must lead. The government never led the farmers successfully and never will.

Out in Battleford a number of merchants formed a small joint-stock company to obtain loans for farmers who were feeding cattle. The company got advances from the bank and loaned the money to farmers on the security of chattel mortgages on the cattle. This had had a great effect upon the productivity of the farms in that district.

The Cattle Loan Association is only one of a hundred ways. The co-operative credit associations of the Province of Quebec is another of these. Apple-growers' associations are a necessity in some counties.

There must be co-operation. The farmers must be taught to co-operate in buying, breeding and selling. It was co-operation among the orange-growers of California which raised a dead industry to one of the greatest on the continent. But there must also be co-operation between the business community and the farming community. Wherever the rural districts are declining the towns are declining. The banker and the business man are the people to take the lead and work an agricultural revolution.

In 1881, Denmark exported \$11,500,000 worth of butter, bacon and eggs. In 1910, because of this broad spirit of education and co-operation, it exported \$91,500,000 worth of the same goods, with a slight increase in population and a slight increase in capital investment. The Canadian farmer is not getting an adequate return for his capital and labour, and the business men must teach him how to do so.

Reduction in Western Freight Rates

HOLDERS of railway stocks were rather chagrined that a reduction in Western freight rates should be announced at a time when the stock market was in a poor condition. The announcement of the reduction by the Canadian Railways Commissioners caused an immediate drop of six or seven points in C.P.R., and had a similar effect on G.T.R. quotations in London. However, it is probably just as well that the railways should know the worst and make provision for meeting it. There will not be any further changes for several years. Probably the railways will find it necessary to reduce Western wages slightly, as hitherto these have been considerably higher than wages in the East. What effect the reduction in rates will have on railway extension in the West remains to be seen. Naturally, the railway managers will find it necessary to do considerable figuring before they decide upon their extension policy for the future.

Tariff Changes in Iron and Steel

PERSONS interested in the tariff changes, which went into effect on April 7, should write to the Commissioner of Customs, Ottawa, for Memorandum No. 1777B. The chief items are those relating to the iron and steel industry, and are as follows:

Rolled iron or steel angles, beams, channels and other rolled shapes and sections of iron or steel not punched or drilled or otherwise further manufactured, weighing over 120 pounds per lineal yard N.O.P., not square, flat, oval or round shapes, and not being railway bars or rails, changed from \$2, \$2.75 and \$3 to \$2, 3, and \$3 per ton under British preferential, intermediate and general tariffs, respectively.

Galvanized hoop steel changed from 30 per cent. to \$7 per ton, general tariff. Wrought or seamless iron or steel tubing, from four to ten inches in diameter, changed from 10, 12½ and 15 per cent. to 20, 30 and 30 per cent.

Wrought or seamless iron or steel tubing over ten inches in diameter, changed from 10, 12½ and 15 per cent. to 10, 15 and 15 per cent.

Rolled, round wire rods in the coil of iron or steel, not over ¾ of an inch diameter changed from free to \$2.25, \$3.50 and \$3.50 per ton, when imported to manufacture wire in the coil; for use in the manufacture of chain, changed from free to \$2.25, \$3.50 and \$3.50.

Provisions for drawbacks on iron and steel items are as follows:

Wire rods used for the manufacture of fencing wire, 9, 12, and 13 gauge, 99 per cent. of duty.

Charcoal used for the smelting of ores, 99 per cent.

Rolled hexagon iron or steel bars, used in the manufacture of cold-drawn or cold-rolled iron or steel bars, or turned and polished shafting, 99 per cent.

Lap-welded tubing of iron or steel, not less than four inches in diameter and used in casing wells or for natural gas transmission, 50 per cent.

The United Farmers of Ontario

(Continued from page 10.)

hailed with delight by the "Globe"—condemning the re-imposition of steel bounties, as these might raise the price of fencing to the farmer. That is a question that should be discussed on its merits, and has absolutely nothing to do with the problem of co-operation. Many Canadian farmers—and some at this convention—are not at all convinced that it is good policy to attack the manufacturing industries of this country at the behest of every demagogue who raises the cry "stop thief!" To build up a true Canadian nation each interest must be considered, and considered on its merits alone, and not on grounds of prejudice. The great modern states have abandoned the ancient shibboleths; and it is high time that intelligent Canadians refused longer to be thrown into a panic by outworn phrases and party catch-words.

We have much yet to learn in Canada in regard to the agricultural problem, but if we approach it with an open mind that problem is not unsolvable. Denmark provides us with a remarkable example of agricultural regeneration. In 1864 she was facing national ruin. As a result of a disastrous war, itself a

heavy drain upon the country, she had lost some of her best provinces. In addition to this, she was obliged to pay a heavy war indemnity. Finally, and worst of all, her German market was cut off by the German tariff wall. But as one result of these calamities there was developed an intense feeling of national patriotism and solidarity. Out of this feeling grew a number of co-operative measures for the rebuilding of the country, especially in the field of agriculture. Within fifty years Denmark became the most prosperous country on the continent of Europe, and stands to-day as a monument to the efficiency of the spirit of co-operation. It is a co-operation not forced upon the people by a government, but a spontaneous co-operation growing out of a general spirit of patriotism and mutual helpfulness. It is that kind of co-operation that we need in Canada to-day. Not a narrow-minded class co-operation but a co-operation of all the people and all the industries of Canada on a basis of mutual helpfulness and sympathy, so that we may stand as a people united to place the nation's welfare first, and party, prejudice and class last.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Our Own Business

AMONG the choice bits of admonition which were bestowed on us in the days of childhood was the counsel: "Mind your own business and you won't get into trouble." It was excellent advice, as we have since proved, and yet, like all good counsel, it has its limitations and exceptions. As we grow older, we are sometimes puzzled to know just what is our own business. There are occasions when, with the best of intentions, we have offered advice or even indulged in interference, with the most disastrous results to ourselves and others. A "well-meaning person" usually indicates one to be shunned, a character who compares unfavourably in tact and discretion with the proverbial bull in a china shop.

Small places are criticized for the personal nature of the conversation of the inhabitants and, really, it is surprising what keen interest the people of Pumpkinville take in each other's "turned" garments and renovated hats. Yet, even in a city, where we do not know who lives next door, or anything about the family in the apartment across the hall, conversation among intimates is quite likely to relate to "what Mrs. B— said to Mrs. A—" and "how strange it is that Mary cannot get on with her brother's wife."

However, there is a larger aspect of one's own business which modern civilization frequently touches. We talk about "doing as I please" and sometimes say petulantly, "well, I can do as I like with my own," forgetting that there is a big truth in Pope's line—"God never made an independent man."

Hymen and Hygeia

THERE is usually "some one else" to be considered, some social tie, however slight, which makes for dependence. Even Robinson Crusoe had his man, Friday, to whom he became friend and master. There has been much talk of late years on the subject of eugenics and a great deal of ridicule has been poured on the extravagances of some of its exponents. At first, it looks like the frankest impertinence that we should have anything to say about the qualifications of bride and bridegroom, or that the State should interfere with the wishes of man and woman to enter into the estate of matrimony. Yet marriage is very much an affair of State, since, if John Smith marries Elizabeth Brown, and dies, leaving a destitute widow and two or three children, the State is likely to be called upon to assist in the support of the little Smiths. Should Elizabeth also depart this life, the State or the community becomes parent or guardian and the little Smiths join the pathetic young membership of an orphan asylum.

Hence, when John Smith seeks to espouse Elizabeth, the State quite properly demands of him certain information as to age and nationality, asks whether he is bachelor or widower, and where he goes to church. John and Elizabeth cheerfully reply to the various inquiries and, on payment of a marriage license, John becomes the possessor of a marriage license. In the great majority of weddings, such inquisitorial formalities, followed by the ceremony of whatever church the bride prefers, are all about which the public need be concerned.

Yet the increasing population of mental defectives and those for whom some institutional care must be provided make it evident that there is a sad flaw in our safeguards of civilization. There are extravagances among modern eugenic agitators, and some of them are ridiculous enough. Wisconsin, for instance, is a well-meaning State which has gone so far in legislation affecting the marriage license that

it appears absurd in the eyes of many sane and sober citizens. However, it has only over-emphasized a great obligation.

Ridicule of the foolish folk who would ignore both romance and reticence may check the faddists who are forgetting such qualities. It will not injure what is sane and helpful in the eugenic movement.

Those in Darkness

IT is not pleasant to dwell upon the subject of feeble-mindedness, but for a community to shirk the responsibility of dealing with the problems arising therefrom is quite impossible. Some years ago, in the course of a visit to a home for aged men and women, I was asked to visit also the third department of the institution, where the feeble-minded women were in residence. Until that afternoon, the problem which these afflicted ones involve had not presented



A DEVOTEE OF DIANA.

Mrs. W. Ridout Wadsworth, who attended every hunt last fall in Toronto, and will probably display her horsemanship at the forthcoming Canadian National Horse Show. Our picture shows her mounted on "Flyaway."

itself as one of the pressing questions in modern life; but the sight of those scores of women, varying from the mere girl in years to white-haired women, impressed the urgency of the whole matter as no mere paragraph or disquisition ever could have done. They were not insane, they could not be called imbecile; but they were worse than children in their utter inability to protect themselves. They seemed quite content, and even playful, in their surroundings of comfort and brightness, and some of their work was of exceedingly good quality. Yet their unfitness to cope with conditions in the industrial world was so evident that the visitor could but be thankful for the kind-hearted women who had made the home for these unfortunates. What would have been the fate of these poor grown-up babies, had they been allowed to wander from the shelter? There were several whose stories were tragic enough for any drama of disaster, and one reflected in some wonderment at the public indifference so long displayed towards this most pitiable class.

Croaking is not a congenial occupation, especially in these days of April sunshine, but if Canada is not going to have the terrific burden of supporting many such citizens, which older countries have to bear, then she had better give heed to the wiser eugenists.

A Work for Women

THIS task of protecting the feeble-minded of the community, and also guarding, so far as health authorities may, against the increase of this class in our country, should naturally appeal to women. The blank faces of little ones, to whom all

the inherited riches of intellect in this age means nothing whatever, are surely a rebuke to the civic carelessness which has let such beings exist. The unfortunates to whom I have referred would certainly transmit the terrible blight to others. Heredity is a fact, not a fable, and modern science has not yet discovered any method of gathering grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. It is cruelty not to guard and protect those who have been left defenceless through misfortune, and it is a wrong to the State that such unfortunates should be at liberty.

In connection with the investigation of conditions in Ontario, so far as the needs of the feeble-minded are concerned, we owe a great debt to Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, whose earnestness and philanthropy are united with a shrewd common-sense which renders her judgment most valuable. The tribute which the Government of Ontario paid her last summer in appointing her inspector for the feeble-minded in provincial institutions was amply deserved, for Dr. MacMurchy has been most thorough in her research and insistence in connection with the proper care of this class of the community. It is not to be expected that one generation will see this

matter adequately provided for; but, at least, we have aroused to the urgent necessity of guarding those whose minds are darkened and whose infirmity is not only a personal affliction, but a general menace.

ERIN.

The Riding Habit

THE woman who wears it is a perennial object of interest and admiration whether, as in the West, she is a bifurcated object, or as she must be in England, a monopod. Queen Mary rightly looked the other way, and one must presume King George did—when equestriennes thought to ride astride at Olympia before the Royal presence. That sort of thing is all right on the prairie. But the Royal lorgnon was brought to bear and the skirt divided against itself properly could not stand it; in short, gave over. The side-saddle is now the rule in England.

And the Royal pronouncement will likely be deferred to at the forthcoming Canadian National Horse Show. The secretary has issued an interesting prize list, and the entries, which finally close to-day, of a group of well-known equestriennes whose riding will prove in the highest degree attractive.

One recalls the debilitated cousin in "Bleak House" and his consummate tribute to Lady Deadlock that she was "the best-groomed woman in the whole stud." The whole school of debilitated cousins, like the greater community of sound onlookers, will have some difficulty in deciding just who is that peerless one in this case. For all the women of the group are rare Dianas.

Mrs. W. Ridout Wadsworth will ride; likewise, Miss Temple, Miss Nora Blake, Miss Mollie McLean, Miss Delia Davies, and Miss Elizabeth Coulthard, all of Toronto. Miss Coulthard, in all probability, will ride for Major Kilgour, whose private Horse Show at Sunnybrook Farm was one of the recent events in hunting circles. Miss Bessie McSloy, who follows her mother, Mrs. James A. McSloy, of St. Catharines, in fondness for the saddle, is likely to appear on "Confidant." Mrs. Jack Sifton, of Ottawa, will probably be present, and Mrs. Bowie, the well-known horsewoman, who hails from St. Johns, Quebec. And these are only some of the feminine interests.

For weeks all the boxes have been reserved in anticipation of the horse and dress spectacle—the event of a twelve-month—the just audible rhythm of hoofs on tan, the flicker of clean, bright heels in the air, a horse like a bow with a lady atop, and her hands on its neck with the touch that gets them over—all that makes up the colour, the picture, the music, the movement, the thrill of National Horse Show. And milady in habit and picturesquely mounted is not the least figure in the pageant.

Can Woman Farm?

Petticoat Farmers who are Healthy, Happy and Prosperous in this Country

By MRS. L. A. HAMILTON

Convener Committee on Agriculture for Women, N. C. of W.

Applied to Correction

THE action of the City Council of Toronto in acquiring an industrial farm for women has drawn public attention to the question of agricultural and horticultural pursuits for women, and the question, "Can Woman Farm?" is becoming a common one. That they can and do farm profitably to themselves and the community I hope to be able to show, and I will illustrate by quoting from the testimony of actual women farmers in this country.

But first let me say that in the United States



MISS KATHERINE DAVIS,

New York City's Commissioner of Corrections, who urges industrial farms for women as a much-needed reform in the prisons system. She recently visited Montreal and was quoted as stating that "herding offenders together in gloomy buildings never yet worked their reformation."

several reformatory and industrial farms for women delinquents are being operated to the physical and moral betterment of the women concerned. Notably, the farm at Bedford, N.Y., of which Dr. Katherine Davis (now Commissioner of Corrections) has made such a success, and the Sleighton Farm, Pennsylvania, for girls from the juvenile courts, where all the farming is done by the girls under the leadership of a lady graduate of Cornell Agricultural Department.

We rejoice that Canada should be the first to have a municipal farm for women, and we wish success to all who will be in control. There are at present two ladies at Macdonald Institute, St. Anne de Bellevue, taking the entire agricultural course with a view to the degree of B. Sc. of Agriculture. Perhaps just such ladies might be in command at just such an institution. But, as Kipling would say, "That is another story."

Of Farm Settlements

"THE Old Country" sends us many fine young women trained at Swanley and other agricultural colleges in agriculture and horticulture, coming to our country filled with the love of outdoor life and rich in experience of a country full of gardening tradition. Incidentally, some of these are ready and anxious to help in the development of our city gardens. Perhaps some day some of these young women may be acting as instructresses to our householding women, giving them just the little start at garden work which will eventually end in enthusiasm and which may, where the vegetable garden is concerned, help to solve the well-known problem of "the high cost of living."

And again many of the young women quoted need our encouragement and help, for so many write and

say such things as, "I wish to take up market gardening, but cannot afford to buy land"—and so on. "Do you know of any co-operative settlement?"

Settlements—they are what we want for these girls—and the girls are needed by us. For instance, in the vicinity of our smaller towns or summer resorts, where it is so very hard to get fresh vegetables and fruit even at the height of the season.

Who does not know the experience of eating canned peas in July or having oranges and bananas on the breakfast table during the raspberry season? The farm settlement would remove that trial—largely ours through the lack of enterprise—and the economy of establishing such would arise in the inestimable benefit to the women who could and would undertake to work them.

Orcharding in Nova Scotia

NOW for my concrete instances, and a recital of what actual practical farming women themselves have to say about the life.

Here is the testimony of a fine Nova Scotian woman farmer.

Mrs. H. writes: "The account of my own work as an orchardist of twenty-five years' standing seems barren of exploits to boast of, and I cannot furnish them. I did not choose the occupation, but the occupation chose me. After all these years I would say that any capable, industrious woman with an average amount of intelligence could succeed in orchard work, if she did not have any great home cares and had near her the facilities for information and study in her separate departments. My particular line is orcharding, with a side line of poultry, small fruits and gardening; in these a woman who means business, keeps the future in view, deals intelligently with her work and is up-to-date without being visionary, conservative and yet willing to be progressive, has good health and owns her own land, can, with the proviso that skilled labour may be hers for employment, make a comfortable livelihood, with the assurance of a sufficient competence for old age."

One refrains from quoting from a second Nova Scotian as her experience reads like a repetition.

Animals a Paying Proposition

HERE is the testimony of a girl who farmed in England and who intends to do so in Canada:

"I certainly hope to take up land eventually. I think many women fail in agriculture and gardening because they don't realize that their own store of energy is as much 'working capital' as the cash



WORK, OR HEALTHFUL PLAY?

Wood-piling is a novel job for girls, but the pupils at the Alexandra School enjoy it, as they do most wholesome outdoor occupations.

in the bank. I believe women can do almost anything on farm or garden, but there is much that so taxes their strength it is better not attempted unless a man can be hired to do it for them.

"There is little in connection with animals that a woman cannot do. I have kept horses, goats, pigs and poultry, with only one girl friend's help, and know they are well within one's power to handle and keep profitably. So are cows."

A Pupil's Experiences

A GIRL in British Columbia writes: "Last year I spent eight months on a fruit ranch, where I worked out-of-doors as a pupil. I had had absolutely no training in such work and was totally ignorant of horticulture. I arrived about the middle of March, and found that most of the pruning had been done. The next job was spraying—the most trying one of the whole eight months. For the fine spray was blown into your eyes and made them smart—the only thing was to cry and wash it out!!

"After that came grafting.

"There were three greenhouses on the ranch and a great quantity of flowers and tomatoes was grown and on wet days I was able to work in them, repotting, weeding and tying-up. I spent days, also, pricking out tiny cabbage and celery plants.

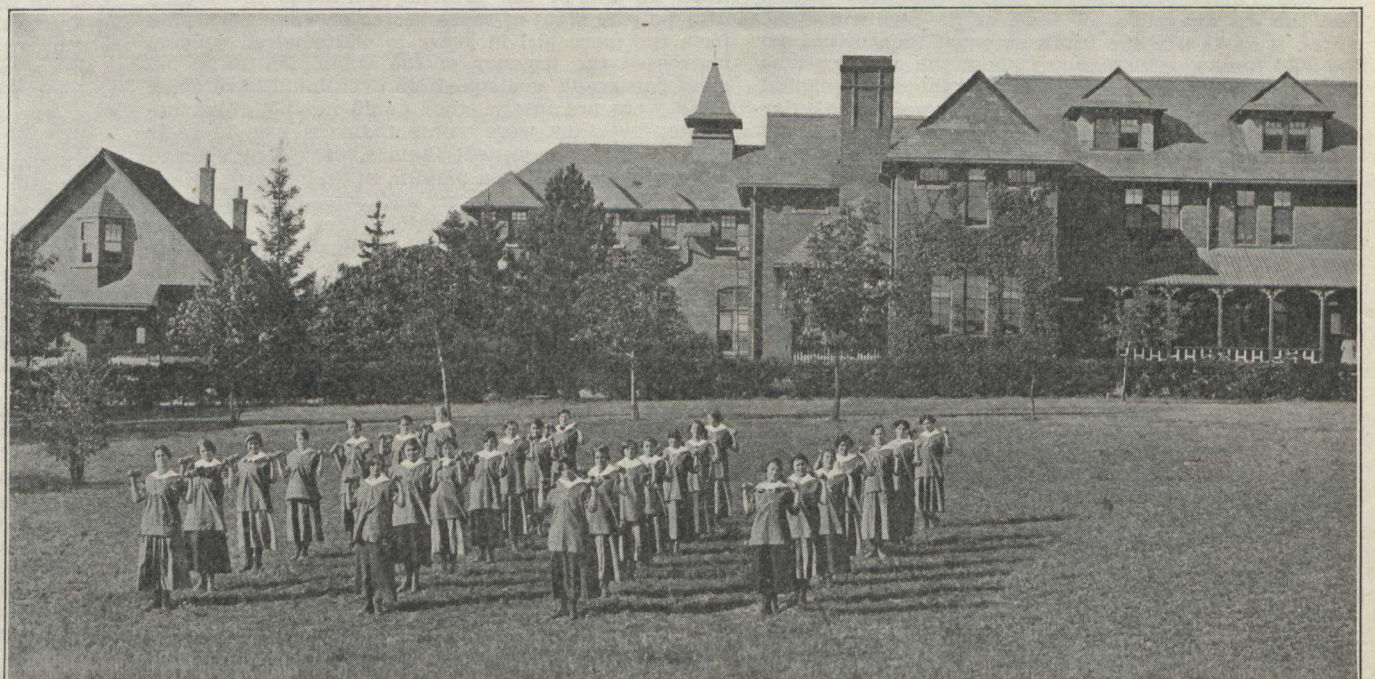
"Once the fruit season began, I gave up all my time to picking and packing. As far as I could judge, I see no reason why a strong, capable girl could not manage a small fruit ranch."

A Girl Bee-Keeper

A NOTHER quotation from a girl bee-keeper in Ontario:

"I think bee-keeping a very suitable occupation for a woman. She can do all the work herself just as well as a man, except lifting the supers when full of honey, and those she can handle by removing a few of the combs of honey first.

I do not think any bee-keeper makes a fortune, but I think many men make a comfortable living, and there is no doubt that bees are very interesting,



DRILL OUT DOORS AT THE ALEXANDRA SCHOOL,

And the pupils are as smart with the hoe as with the dumb-bells at this girls' industrial school near Toronto, which testifies to the helpfulness of open-air work.

and the more one studies them and their ways the more fascinating they are. The only objection is their sting and that has to be endured, though the more times one gets stung the less one feels it."

The right sort of philosophy for the bee-keeper, surely!

A Health Consideration

I THINK I have quoted sufficient to show not only that women are farming but that they enjoy farming and regard it as a good and profitable career.

But I have said nothing about one great asset of the farm—the health

asset. I will let one woman speak on this subject for herself and she shall close this article.

"One of the many advantages of farming for women is that it gives them an independent living. It develops their business interests and they do not feel, as in many other occupations taken up by women, that a time will come when they will be pushed aside for younger faces. There need be no pension fund for the poultry woman and no sanitarium for worn-out nerves.

"The land is crying out for settlers. The cities are getting more and more overcrowded. If the men do not turn to the land, the women must!"

"More a Woman"

A Personal Sketch of Mrs. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa

By MADGE MACBETH

A MOST unpleasant person named Karr wrote of George Sand: "A woman who writes commits two sins: she increases the number of books and she decreases the number of women."

Decreasing the number of women is

will, can accomplish many things which the ordinary person shirks; Mrs. Shortt has been on the executive of the National Council of Women for years, at present holding the office of Vice-President for Ontario, convener of the Anti-tuberculosis branch of the Public Health Committee, President of the Ottawa Local Council, President of the Mothers' Union, President of the Women's Canadian Club, organizer and first President of the Women's Hostel in Ottawa, on the board of the Y. W. C. A. . . .

Owing to a serious accident which befell her last winter, but from which she is gradually recovering, Mrs. Shortt will not be able to attend the convention of the National Council of Women, to be held this summer in Rome. Her absence will be deplored by many—not only those who know her personally, but by those who know her by her splendid reputation and far-reaching benevolence.

Recent Events

MRS. Shaeffer, of Banff, was in Edmonton last week, where she gave her interesting illustrated lecture on "The Marvels of Jasper and Rocky Mountain Parks," under the



POPULAR IN THE CAPITAL

Is Mrs. Yada, wife of the Consul-General from Japan, whose numerous receptions and other entertainments are picturesquely tinted with the eastern tone. Recently she appeared at a tea in four rich kimonos. They were worn one on top of the other, and the gayest of the four was cherry-coloured.

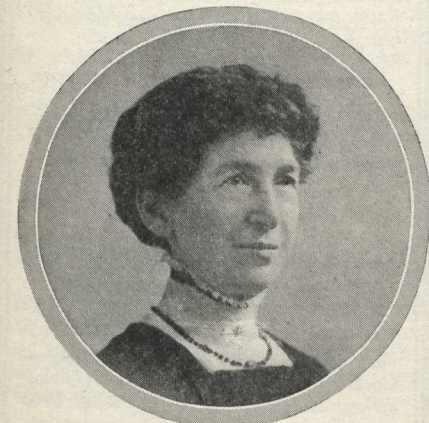
auspices of the Women's Canadian Club. Mrs. Shaeffer is returning from her tour in the east, on which she was very successful with her lecture.

At a large meeting of women voters, held recently in Montreal, Major G. W. Stephens, the citizens' candidate for mayor (the women being strong for his election), expressed the wish that women would take an increasing interest in municipal matters, and insisted on the need of co-operation of citizens of both sexes in building up in future a worthy city.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Ottawa Women's Canadian Historical Society was held recently and resulted in the election of the following officers for 1914-15:—Patroness, the Duchess of Connaught; Hon. Presidents, Mrs. R. L. Borden and Lady Laurier; Hon. Vice-President, Mrs. George E. Foster; President, Mrs. Thomas Ahearn; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. J. L. McDougall, Mrs. L. N. Rheaume, Mrs. D. H. McLean, Mrs. Otto Klotz, Mme. Lelievre, Mrs. N. W. Ells, Mrs. Walter Armstrong, Mrs. I. J. Christie, Mrs. G. H. Newcomb, Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mrs. S. M. Bayly, Miss Eva Read and Mrs. A. G. Dougherty; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. B. Simpson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Braddist Billings, and Treasurer, Miss Lina Rothwell.

On April 16th, Miss Pethick, of England, was the chief speaker at protest meeting in Toronto following upon the defeat of the bill for the enfranchisement of married women in that city. Dr. Margaret Gordon, President of the Toronto Suffrage Association, was the instigator in having such a meeting take place.

Mrs. M. C. Smillie, of Ottawa, spent a few days with friends in Montreal prior to her setting sail for Europe. Mrs. Smillie will attend the International Congress of Women, to be held in Rome next



MRS. ADAM SHORTT,

President of the Local Council of Women of Ottawa.

supposed by the ignorant to be the consequence of many excursions outside the home. To be interested in national problems, to work for civic reform, equal suffrage and the like, are supposed by many to make one less a woman. "Is she one of those public-spirited persons?" asked a society woman lately. And upon being answered in the affirmative she went on to remark, "Then she must be a poor mother; that type of woman never has time to look after her home or her children."

One of the best proofs of the contrary is Mrs. Adam Shortt, who replied like this to the above: "Yet, if any one had hinted to that woman that playing bridge all afternoon, racing to dinners and receptions at night, and lying in bed until noon the next day was also neglecting home and children, she would have gasped with indignation."

MRS. SHORTT needs no introduction here. She is one of Ottawa's "representative women," a pattern whom all of us might well follow. Most of us know something of her earlier life—how as Elizabeth Smith she departed from the conventional paths of women and insisted upon studying medicine. We know how she took a degree from the Royal Medical College in 1884, and started in Hamilton to practise medicine when women physicians were not received with the welcome and intelligence we give them now. We know that largely through her efforts a separate course was created for the women who wished to study medicine and finally the Women's Medical College was established and affiliated with Queen's University.

As the wife of Professor Shortt, although still intensely active publicly, Dr. Elizabeth Smith became even more a woman, as her opportunity widened. She did not neglect her home or her children, neither did she neglect her outside work. A partial list of the movements she has supported and worked for will suffice to prove that energy and a dominant



THE MAYORESS OF SASKATOON.

Mrs. Harrison not only is a philanthropic worker who holds office locally in the Humane Society, the Children's Aid and the Anti-tuberculosis Society, but is also a pleasure-loving woman who has identified herself with skating and tennis, and entertains largely in her city.

True Style is Only Cut and Color

Mrs. H. T. De Wolf writes:



Bedford Cloth Suit Dyed Plum Color.

"Dark colors are most becoming to me, and are far more serviceable. I herewith send you a photograph of a Bedford Cloth Suit which I dyed a most becoming shade with DIAMOND DYES. The suit was given to me by a friend who went in mourning. It was too light for me, so I changed it to a beautiful plum color with DIAMOND DYES. I think it looks very well—don't you? The cut was always good, and now the color is fine, too."

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye in water and boil the material in the solution.

Miss Josephine Campbell writes:

"The enclosed photograph will serve to show you a gown of pink silk poplin which I dyed a dark grey with DIAMOND DYES. I used the DIAMOND DYES for Wool or Silk, and the result was beautiful.

"DIAMOND DYES certainly are little wonder workers and surely have been 'Fashion's Helpers' for me. When I recolored the gown I took some waterproof mauline and dyed it the same color. I used it to trim a hat to match the gown. All my friends think the combination is stunning. I am so happy about it that I thought I would write you and send you a photograph. You may use it for advertising if you wish."



Pink Silk Poplin Dyed Dark Grey.

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics. Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics. It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics equally well in one bath. We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

The WELLS & RICHARDSON COMPANY, Limited, 200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, Canada



That velvety skin of the Orient, with the delicate, refined, pearly white of the North, is the most alluring facial beauty in the world. This ideal blending of the complexion is within the reach of every woman by the regular use of

GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream

the ideal, non-greasy toilet preparation. The Society and Professional women of two Continents are enthusiastic over the wonderful results attainable. At Druggists and Department Stores.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.,
37 Great Jones St., New York

The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE



REFUSE SUBSTITUTES!

Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

For Fatigued Brain and Muscle have VIN MARIANI

reconstructive bracer

ALL DRUGGISTS—EVERYWHERE

month, as one of the several Canadian delegates.

The Women's Civic League of Winnipeg recently held a special meeting to discuss the advisability of running a woman candidate for school trustee in Ward Three, a post which the death of its occupant left vacant.

A new book, "Wheat and Woman," the author of which, Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, is well-known both in Canada and England, gives a graphic picture of life in the West when the settler is alone and is a woman. It is the story of the writer's experiences in the wheat belt, her farm of 320 acres being situated not far from Fort Qu'Appelle. The Toronto publishers are Bell and Cockburn.

PLAYERS' OFF-TIME.

PLAYER folk, during leisure hours, usually sleep or eat. Yes, and sometimes they answer their mail or go out for a walk. Never



MISS MABEL HACKNEY,

Otherwise Mrs. Laurence Irving, who, at the present time, is in Canada with her famous actor husband, and is depicted here in the character of "Ophelia."

anything systematic. That is, usually Now comes the exception.

The little group who are included under the Laurence Irving Company headlines are different. It may be because they are English. For they find the distances very great here in Canada, and naturally, try to occupy themselves when they are skimming over these distances in a Pullman coach. They have organized a magazine club. Which is to say that each of the dozen principal members of the player family buys a magazine every month, and so arranges that that magazine will go the rounds of all the group. The whole thing is very systematic. Oh, extremely systematic, for players. For one usually thinks of player folk being so overburdened with temperament, that elusive something which is made the excuse for all kinds of eccentricities, that any kind of system must needs be erased from their daily catalogue.

On the back of each magazine is printed a list of dates, with a player's name opposite each. So the books go the rounds, filling up the days of the month with—more or less frivolous—reading. Each person is allowed the privilege of keeping them two days, thus having plenty of time to determine what to read and what not to. The only difficulty which arises is the difference in tastes. For example, Miss Compton once had the desire to learn what were the prevailing fashions in America. They have been out here only a month. So she bought a Ladies' Home Journal. The illustrations proved interesting enough, for a while. Then she passed the book on to the next person on the list. So on, down the line, till it came to Mrs. Frost, the wife of the manager. She read the nursery news and how one may beautify the backyard, glanced over the page of menus and the hints to housewives, then looked down the list to see who came next. It was Mr. Neville, the poet in "Typhoon." Now, Mr. Neville does not suggest

the above-mentioned magazine in any way. As a matter of fact, most of his reading consists of books which have a peculiarly masculine tang. He looked at the magazine. For a moment his silence was even more ominous than any outburst. Then he said, very quietly, "Why didn't you hand me 'Weldon's Fashion Journal'? I much prefer the styles in that."

Mrs. Frost hoped for better things, the next time. But alas, someone else had had a yearning for feminine frippery, too. The next book to fall to her was The Lady's Realm. She was in despair. But she handed it on to Mr. Neville in true heroism, and made a hasty exit before she could catch any crumb of comment.

At the end of the month, all the read and re-read magazines are sent to some charitable institution, for there are usually enough different kinds to suit all tastes.

A few of the company have interests other than the magazine club. Interests which make their days go quickly. Mrs. Irving is one of these. Otherwise, Mabel Hackney. She looks after all her distinguished husband's correspondence, sees that his trunks are packed, and all such vexatious trivialities of travelling.

And there are two women who spend their days making clothes for wee people to wear. Tiny tots away across the Atlantic. One of these is Viola Compton, who in real life is Mrs. Henry Crocker. The name of the other little mother does not appear on the programmes. She is the wife of one of the players, and appears herself in thinking parts.

Altogether, the Laurence Irving Company is a happy family, very much interested in the new country which is seeing many of them for the first time. M. B.

WAGE STATISTICS WANTED.

THE examination of cases reported in Toronto of working women who suffer from underpayment and the prevalence of the authenticated cases startle one into a complete conviction that a minimum wage bill is overdue. That the need is common throughout the province is a likelihood beyond the peradventure. And that other provinces need it, also, follows.

Previous, however, to provincial legislation in behalf of the woman who at present suffers for lack of standardized payment for her labour, there must be a wealth of evidence collected to be used in support of the bills to be presented.

For which reason, the editor of the Woman's Supplement of the Canadian Courier is anxious to gather a fund of facts from the different provinces which could be dispensed again through our columns, and proclaim whether or not the law is needed. Any reliable information, therefore, will be welcomed. No names need be given; but each report must be verified by some responsible person.

For the purpose of easy comparison of cases this regular form of report should be adopted, particulars varying, of course, with the conditions observed:

- Wages (\$5 weekly)
- Hours .. (Nine and a half hours)
- Age (17)
- Number of years at work (One year)
- Industry .. (Finisher—garment worker)
- Place of Industry (Toronto)
- Health (Threatened with tuberculosis)
- Self-supporting (Yes)
- Partly supported from home. (No)
- Contributing to support of others (No)
- Other circumstances (Paid \$3 for room and board. Shared room with another girl.)

If there is evidence that the subject of the report has supplemented the earnings of her regular employment, in any way, the facts should be recorded.

The editor asks the earnest co-operation of the women of Canada in an effort to collect first-hand statistics about the women workers of this country.

B & B Absorbent Cotton

In a Patent Package

A Warning

Absorbent which is not aseptic is unsafe. It may infect what you use it to protect.

Cotton is twice sterilized before it leaves the laboratory. But handling will undo this.

We seal up B & B Cotton in a patent package. And the Cotton stays there, wrapped and untouched, until you use it up. You never take out the roll.

This is a wonderful Cotton. Our experts have worked 25 years to perfect it. Each fibre goes through 21 processes.

But the main fact is, the package keeps it safe. And no other Cotton is protected like this. When you buy Absorbent, think how much this means.

10c up—at Druggists

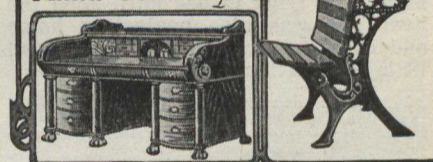
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Home Uses for Absorbent

For dressing wounds. Absorbing discharges. Covering salves and poultices. Applying antiseptics. Bathing eyes. Absorbing perspiration. Applying face powder. Filtering baby's milk. Corking milk bottles. Straining liquids, etc.

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

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



Jack Sondon

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

Your full name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. \$2.00 for 12 doz., \$1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. Required by schools and colleges. They make a dainty, individual gift. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples and order blanks, direct to

J. & J. CASH, Ltd., 301 St. James St., Montreal, Can.

Cash's Woven Names

STAMMERING

overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Can.

The Canadian Women's Press Club

"THE OWL" is the name of a new weekly paper published at Montreal by The Feminist Publications, Ltd. Mrs. Francis Fenwick Williams, a member of the C.W.P.C., is one of the associate editors, the other being Mr. Linton Eccles.

shall Saunders, formerly of Halifax, and Miss Van Norman were guests of honour. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Edith MacDonald; vice-president, Miss Mary Houston; secretary, Miss Louise Mason; treasurer, Miss



MISS EDITH MACDONALD,

Recently elected by acclamation President of the Toronto Branch.

Mona Cleaver; executive, Miss Weaver, Miss Marshall Saunders, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Miss Estelle Kerr, Miss Marjorie Dyas and Miss Hyslop.

THROUGH their Honorary Treasurer, Mrs. D. Macpherson, the Woman's Canadian Club of Ottawa have contributed the sum of \$20 to the Sick Benefit Fund of the Canadian Women's Club. The sum is hereby acknowledged with the heartiest appreciation.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY, the English actor, was the guest of the Fort William and Port Arthur Press Clubs recently, at the home of Mrs. J. M. Sherk.

THE Fort William and Port Arthur Club have been granted the free use of a room in the City Hall, a telephone and, in the event of visitors, the use of a motor car. This Club is one of the most enthusiastic and active in the Dominion.

MR. AND MRS. LAURENCE IRVING were the guests of honour at the Women's Press Club recently. Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner, who presided, asked the distinguished actor to give an informal talk to the members, and Mr. Irving complied. During the course of his remarks Mr. Irving made a plea for more small, cosy theatres in Canada. He found the western audiences alert and appreciative, more so than those of Eastern Canada. He resented the unfair practice a certain Toronto paper makes of publishing advance criticism of plays its correspondent has never seen. Among the women writers who took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Irving were: Mrs. C. P. Walker, Mrs. R. C. Osborne, Mrs. E. W. Hamilton, Mrs. Bale, Mrs. Cohen, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. J. W. Ryckman, Mrs. Livesay, Mrs. Dennis, Miss Bemister, Miss Haig, Miss Beynon, Miss Moulton, Miss Hind, Miss A. C. Cornell, Miss Steiner, Miss Ruth Walker, Miss Clendennan and Miss Wheeler.

CASSELL & CO. are publishing this spring a new novel, entitled "The Golden Road," by Mrs. Ewan Macdonald, of Leaskdale, Ont. (L. M. Montgomery). Mrs. Macdonald's large public is anticipating the book with the keenest pleasure.

AT their March meeting at the Cronn's Rathskeller, the Calgary Club discussed the Canadian Northern Railway, each member of the Club being assigned a certain feature for a five-minute talk.

THE newest members of the Press Club are Miss Daisy McGregor, editor of the Woman's Page of the "Morning Albertan," Calgary, and Miss E. Montizambert, the Paris correspondent of the Montreal "Star," the Montreal "Gazette," and the "Canadian Gazette."

MRS. HELEN GREGORY MACGILL, M.A., who is a member of the Vancouver Club, has issued a handbook of the laws of British Columbia relative to women and children. It has been dedicated to the Countess of Aberdeen, "whose deep and abiding interest in the welfare of her sex has endeared her to the women of all nationalities." That there is a vital need for such a book is certain.

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY, of Vancouver, is working on a new novel, the publication of which will be eagerly looked for.

MR. DAVID BISPHAM addressed the Women's Press Club at Edmonton on the Suffrage at one of their recent meetings.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, at the conclusion of her address to the Women's Canadian Club and the Alexandra Club at Victoria, met with the Press Women of the city to discuss the advisability of their forming a branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

OPINION in Vancouver is sharply divided these days as to Pauline Johnson's toast entitled "Here's a Ho! Vancouver." In her recent address to the Canadian Club at the C. P. R. Hotel, Vancouver, Mrs. Arthur



MISS BELLE DOBIE,

Whose paper, entitled "Pioneer Mothers of Port Arthur," read recently before the Thunder Bay Historical Society, was declared to be of great historic value. It will be included in the publication in book form shortly to be compiled by the above society.

Murphy rendered this toast, receiving a magnificent ovation from the large audience of men and women who were assembled. The following Sunday, two of the city clergy criticized the poem as unfit and immoral. A few days later Mr. David Bispham sang it at the Orpheum and was encored three times. Now the question is, should Vancouver cheer or hiss?

THE Toronto Women's Press Club held their annual at the King Edward Hotel on March 17th, Mrs. J. W. Garvin presiding. Miss Mar-

"Salada" Tea is "Hill-Grown"

"Hill-grown" tea has the small, tender leaves—with full, rich, delicious fragrance, redolent of the spicy tropics.

"SALADA"

Tea is grown high up on the mountains of Ceylon—with its native delicacy and fragrance held captive in the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

052

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

NINE OFFICES IN TORONTO

There are many hundreds of substantial savings accounts with the Home Bank that were started years ago with a deposit of one dollar. Your dollar is always welcome.

Full compound interest paid.



"Comfort becomes second nature to wearers of C/C à la Grace Corsets"

When
Lovely
Woman
Dons
Her
Corsets

She either makes or mars her figure

When lovely woman dons



à la Grâce
Corsets

She makes her figure.

Write us and we will send you a daintily illustrated booklet of new designs.

CROMPTON CORSET CO. Limited

78 York Street, TORONTO



Away with the oil-soaked mops!

They smear and stain everything they touch; take all the finish off waxed floors, and are forever needing re-treatment.

Far, far better than oil-soaked mops are

TARBOX

DRY NO OIL DUSTLESS
Mops and Dusters

—the mops that cannot smear and stain, because they contain no oil. They give a fine, dry polish, and never injure the most sensitive surface.

A special chemical treatment gives Tarbox Mops a mere suggestion of dampness—just sufficient to collect and absorb the dust. They never need re-treatment.

Washing renews their efficiency

Tarbox Mops can be washed with hot water and soap.

Their chemical efficiency is thus renewed, and the mops are as good as new.

There are Tarbox Mops and Dusters for every cleaning need at 25c up to \$2.00. At Department, Hardware, Grocery and General Stores.

Every Mop guaranteed by the Makers.

TARBOX BROTHERS
Rear 274 Dundas Street
TORONTO Phone Coll, 3489

The horrible after-effects of shaving

Every man has felt them; many experience them every time they shave.

Don't have them— Hot, smarting skins, ingrowing hairs, unsightly face eruptions, belong back in the Dark Ages of shaving.



We have recently received hundreds of letters from men who now know the **real cause of their former shaving troubles**. For years they blamed their razors—now they have no cause for complaint—the creamy, instant beard-softening lather of

Mennen's Shaving Cream

Solved their troubles



One man wrote us that he is using all his old safety blades over again; another that he gets four or five extra shaves out of every blade; a third, "It almost makes a dull razor sharp." Mennen's lathers up with the brush almost instantly, requiring none of the mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers, which causes fric-

tion and makes the skin tender.

Most important of all, it contains no free caustic or other irritant, which are the chief causes of the disagreeable after-effects of shaving.

Put up in air-tight tubes with handy, large, hexagon screw tops. At all dealers—25c.

Send 10c for a Demonstrator tube containing fifty shaves. Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders, and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

Just what experience can do is shown by

WHITE LABEL ALE



THE production of White Label Ale, through every stage—from the raw barley to the careful bottling of our own bottlers—has been developed into an exact science.

And it is only necessary to compare it with ordinary ale to realize the real deliciousness of White Label Ale—the tastiest and cleanest of them all.

Prove our claim by comparison!

Order at the dealers and hotels

Brewed and bottled only by

DOMINION BREWERY CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

The Camp Greenhorn

(Concluded from page 11.)

pinning him under their weight. "Boys, I'm done for!" cried Mac. "I'm done for," he sobbed in his pain and terror. "Shorty," he shrieked. "Shorty—reverse—" His voice failed.

"My Gawd!" wailed Shorty, his arms rigid at his side. "I dunno how."

"Thibault," gasped Mac, "you try—get into the cab."

"Don' ask me, M'sieu Mac," pleaded Thibault, piteously. "Don' ask me. I'd keel you sure, I know I would. I don' know no more about la Bete 'n Shorty."

He turned his back and started for the camp, running with short, uncertain steps, stopping every few feet to glance fearfully over his shoulder. "You d—d cowards," began Mac, in a roar that ended in a whimper of terrible suffering.

Henley had run up from the rear at Mac's first outcry. He had stood behind the crew, helpless, aching with ready sympathy for the prostrate man lying there in pain and the imminent danger of a frightful death. At Thibault's defection, he came forward.

"Mac," he said, his piping, boyish voice in ridiculous contrast to the rough tones of his companions, "Mac, tell me what to do—I'll do it."

Mac gazed forth from his prison of steel.

"You," he said faintly. His strength was fast ebbing. "Slam the throttle shut," he said, each word a gasp. "Quick—or I'm—a dead one. And then—and then—" His voice trailed off from a whisper to nothingness. "Yeth, and then?"

"Reverse 'er."

Henley could hardly distinguish the words, so faint was the utterance.

"Brathe up, Mac," he cried. "Which lever? Oh, which, which? Man, thpeak. Is it the long one?"

"Long—short—short—yes, Shorty. No—Thibault—" and that was all. Big Mac could bear no more.

The boy sprang into the cab. "O God," he prayed, as he faced the boiler with its complement of cocks, gauges and levers, "O God, show me the way."

Blindly he reached for the throttle and pushed it to. Then, trusting to chance, he grasped the lever and pulled it back with all his strength. Somehow he knew he had reversed. There remained only to feed in the power to give the ponderous machine a backward half turn. Too much—and the runners would back down on Mac and crush out his life; too little—and the boy felt he would not dare to try again. It was a matter of moving tons and tons just so many inches and no more, truly a heavy task for a greenhorn.

He grasped the throttle again and pulled gingerly with no result. He increased his pressure, and before his eyes sprang up the vision of a helpless man being crushed into an unrecognizable mass of bleeding flesh.

Again, he increased the pull, a cold sweat breaking out on his face, from the fear that he might waken the sleeping beast too suddenly. He envied Thibault. He was tempted to give up and run away himself. The weakness passed, and he flexed his arm again. With an angry cough, the huge mass jerked backward the half of a turn, releasing its inert prey from its cruel clutch.

The boy sank on the grime-covered floor of the cab and buried his face in his hands.

"O God, I thank Thee," he murmured, while Shorty was dragging the unconscious giant from under the defeated Beast.

A month afterward, Mac hobbled into the boarding house one evening while the bunch was at supper. He stood in the doorway and pointed an accusing finger at Henley.

"You good-for-nothing, sawed-off little runt," he began in his bass roar, "if any man in this bunch ever calls you greenhorn in my hearing, I'll pull his head off his shoulders and throw it away."

Sums of \$250.00 and upwards can be placed by us in Agreements for Sale and Mortgages on inside Edmonton Property, yielding from 8 to 12%.

Security absolute.

Correspondence solicited.

B. M. McMILLAN & Co.

109 Howard Ave.

Edmonton, Alta.

The Merchants Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.
Vice-President, K. W. Blackwell.
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.

Paid-up Capital\$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undi-

vided Profits 6,911,050

218 BRANCHES IN CANADA

General Banking Business Transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:
13 Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West (Parkdale); 406-408 Parliament St.; Dundas St. and Roncesvalles Ave.

CANADA and the CONTINENT OF EUROPE

IMPROVED SERVICE

DAILY via HARWICH-HOOK of HOLLAND
TURBINE STEAMERS

EVERY WEEK-DAY via HARWICH-ANTWERP
TWIN SCREW STEAMERS

Apply personally to office of this paper for Book of Tariffs. Details and illustrated pamphlets from the GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY Agent, 261 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Luxfer Prisms

throw natural light into dark rooms, thus adding to the beauty of interiors and materially reducing the cost of artificial illumination. For stores, public buildings, dwellings, etc. Let us figure with you on the installation you require.

The Luxfer Prism Company Limited

100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

The World-Famous

Loisette Memory System

Highly indorsed by educational leaders, professional and business men, and others throughout the world who have benefited from this marvelous system.

Prof. A. Loisette's Great Work "ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, Or, How to Attend and Never Forget"

Defective memories made perfect. Heretofore sold under stringent restrictions and at a high price. Now placed within easy reach of all.

Cloth. 12mo. Price, \$3.00 post paid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON
12 E. Wellington St. - - Toronto

There are more than 200 different styles of

The BEST LIGHT

Any one of them is as great an improvement over the gas jet, as the ancient kerosene lamp was over the tallow-dip. Brighter and lower in cost than electricity, acetylene, gas or oil. Agents make money easily selling "Best Lights."

Write for Catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
448 East 5th St.
Canton, O.

Na. Dru. Co
Headache Wafers
certainly do
make short work
of headaches.
25¢ per box.

132

"HIS PLACE in the WORLD"

By Mrs. Bilsborough

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS.

Dr. Arnold Bassingbroke performs a clever operation, and by it makes sane a man who has been mad for three years. Afterwards the doctor goes home, and wishing to prove the efficacy of a drug, takes it himself. He goes out and is knocked on the head, losing his memory. After examination at the police office—which proves ineffectual—he is released and searches for a position. He is engaged as a chauffeur. He goes to a fifth rate boarding house to live.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

She shook her head. "Not without climbing over other people's yards."

"What about the front windows?"

"You would drop into the area, and break your neck."

Here was a position! They could hear from upstairs the stentorian snores of the drunken woman, who had constituted herself gaoler over them. She would not wake for hours.

He thought of his appointment with Miss Pragg, and his anger rose.

"It's outrageous. I can't stop here till she pleases to let me out! I've paid her all I owe her! I shall go! Can't you find the key?"

"She will have it in her pocket," faltered Violet. "I don't expect she's undressed."

Judging from her condition when she stumbled upstairs a few hours before, John Grey thought this highly probable.

"She won't wake till after twelve o'clock," said Violet, who had evidently gone through similar experiences before.

"I shall not wait here six hours for her to wake up," declared John Grey firmly. "I shall get the key myself."

The girl looked terrified.

"I dare not," she gasped.

"I dare—and will," he persisted, angry and desperate.

They crept upstairs, and Violet pointed to a door slightly ajar whence the snores proceeded. Pushing it open, John Grey saw the woman sprawled across the bed, fully dressed.

He looked about, hoping the key might be on a chair or fallen on the floor; but Violet was right. He saw it bulging out of her pocket, and, what was more, she was lying on it.

Approaching the bed with infinite caution, he succeeded bit by bit in dragging her skirt from under her sufficiently to insert his hand into her pocket and grasp the key.

She moved, muttered an oath, and rolled over. He drew out the key hastily.

Violet, with both hands clasped till the knuckles showed white, looked ready to faint. They stood motionless. The snores were renewed.

John Grey tip-toed out of the room.

Seeing a key in the lock of her door, he drew it out quietly, closed the door, inserted it on the outside, and locked up their gaoler! He felt pleased to have turned the tables on her.

"Now is your time to get away," he whispered to the trembling girl. "You will never have a better one. Have you much luggage?"

Violet shook her head, and pointed to the small attic she slept in. "That little box is all I have."

"Put your hat on. We will carry it down."

The girl flushed and paled, then said uneasily: "I owe her a fortnight's money."

"Never mind, she has cheated you out of far more than that." John

Grey had no qualms in the matter. The argument relieved her mind of dishonesty.

They carried the box quietly downstairs. For its size it was very heavy, or they had little strength. The man felt ashamed he could not hoist it on his shoulder and carry it alone. In the passage he wiped his face.

"It's the books," apologized Violet. "I have little else."

Unlocking the front door, they lifted the box into the street, closing the door quietly behind them.

No one was about, the residents who were astir being occupied at the back of the houses.

BOX between them, they made their way to the main street. Violet constantly casting fearful glances behind.

It was soon evident they could not carry the box far; they set it down to rest. Violet was panting, her hand on her side. John Grey was wiping the sweat from his brow. Neither had eaten food since the day before. They had no money, no home, no strength.

What was to be done?

The sight of a railway station suggested an idea to John Grey.

"We'd better take it to the left luggage office."

"I have no money," said the girl timidly.

He smiled a wry smile; they had not even a copper between them! They could not leave the box in the road, or carry it about all day, and this seemed the only way to get rid of it.

They took it to the luggage office, had it booked, and left it.

They turned away together, two destitute atoms in a great city, their fates linked together by misfortune. Yet twenty-four hours before they had not known of each other's existence!

John Grey walked with his eyes fixed on the ground in deep thought, his hand in an empty pocket. He had forgotten the girl at his side till he heard a strangled sob. He started and looked at her.

"Don't," he cried in distress.

"I had better leave you now, sir," she faltered.

"What will you do?"

"I—I—don't know."

"Can you walk to Knightsbridge?" A sudden inspiration had come to him. "I met a decent old chap last night. I think I can find where he lives with his wife. Perhaps they could help you!"

It was all conjecture. Old Jacob was evidently in low water himself. But there were degrees of misfortune—they had touched bottom!

"Thank you, sir; you are very kind. I don't know why you should trouble!" She spoke lifelessly.

"I am very sorry I can do so little," he apologized.

They trudged along in silence for some time. Occasionally they rested on a free bench; their strength was spent, and for the latter part of the way the dragged along slowly.

John Grey knew the girl would do something desperate if he left her. It worried him—he forgot that his own position was equally desperate. He was glad to reach the spot where Jacob Smilie had parted from him the night before. They turned down the side street he had taken. It led into another at right angles; behind this lay the mews.

John Grey saw the motor garage old

Jacob had mentioned. Some men were polishing the fittings of a large car. One of them lifted himself up and straightened his back.

"Can you tell me where Jacob Smilie lives?" asked John Grey.

"He means 'Salvation Jacob,'" volunteered another man, strolling up. "Oldish chap?"

John Grey nodded.

"You'll find him at that house over there, with the geranium plant in the winder." He jerked a thumb across the road.

Operations on the car were suspended while the man and the girl crossed to the other side.

Jacob Smilie, in shirt sleeves, answered the modest knock. He peered at John Grey for a moment, then broke into a smile.

"Come in, mate. You're the young feller wot was at Miss Pragg's last night, ain't yer?" He looked at Violet uncertainly. "Be this yer sister?"

"No. A friend who has walked up with me. She is anxious to know how I get on this morning."

"Come in, both on ye, an' sit ye down. Martha, here's visitors for ye!"

In a spotlessly clean kitchen, a table was spread for breakfast, consisting of a loaf and a small pot of dripping. An elderly woman was pouring water out of a kettle into a brown teapot.

"You're very welcome—sit ye down," she said kindly, placing the teapot on the table. "We're a bit late with breakfast this mornin'," she apologized.

"Aye," said Jacob. "Yer see, mate, if yer breakfast's late, why yer don't seem to want dinner," he laughed.

"Git two more cups, Jacob. You'll take a cup o' tea with us? 'Tain't much we has to offer, but such as 'tis, you're kindly welcome to."

They thanked her gratefully. Fresh-made tea, however weak, and a slice of bread and dripping, were a god-send just then!

Jacob asked a blessing on the food, as they drew up to the table.

AFTER they had stayed the pangs of hunger, the elder woman drew her chair nearer to Violet.

"You look in trouble, my dear," she said kindly.

At these words of sympathy, the poor girl broke down, and began to cry bitterly. She was drawn into the motherly arms of the older woman, and there sobbed out her pitiful story.

Jacob Smilie brushed his hand across his eyes.

"I should have been in the river now," she sobbed, "if it had not been for him." She motioned to John Grey.

"Well, well, mate," said Jacob, grasping John Grey's hand, "we can all do a bit for one another, and there's One wot don't forgit none on us, no matter how desp'rit our case may be."

He looked on his wife to support this statement.

"That's so, Jacob—that's so—praise the Lord," she murmured, patting the girl's shoulder comfortingly.

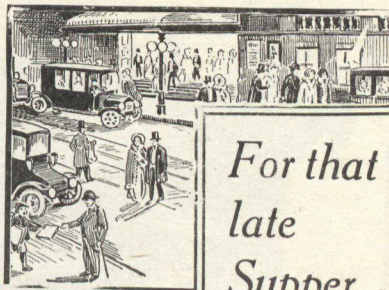
"About yerself, mate? I take it yer needs this job o' Miss Pragg's pretty bad?"

John Grey nodded.

"I've not got a penny in the world," he admitted dejectedly. "If I don't get it—well—"

There was a dead silence, while they reflected upon this sinister suggestion.

"Martha, suppose we just says a few



For that late Supper

Just a light, nourishing snack before retiring—try

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Easily digested—pure and wholesome. The delicious flavor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese is most enjoyable. Send for little Ingersoll Recipe folder telling how to make dainty dishes for everyday.

"Spreads like Butter"

Sold by all Grocers in 15c and 25c packages.

THE INGERSOLL Packing Co., Ltd. Ingersoll - Ont.



PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE

Summer Temperature in Zero Weather

This is what happens when you have a Pease furnace in your home. This is an actual fact that was proved over and over again by the users of Pease furnaces in the winter just gone by, when we had the coldest February on record.

The Pease furnace not only gives more warmth throughout the whole house, but burns less Coal and is far less trouble to handle.

"Pays for itself by the Coal it saves"

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO 1234



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

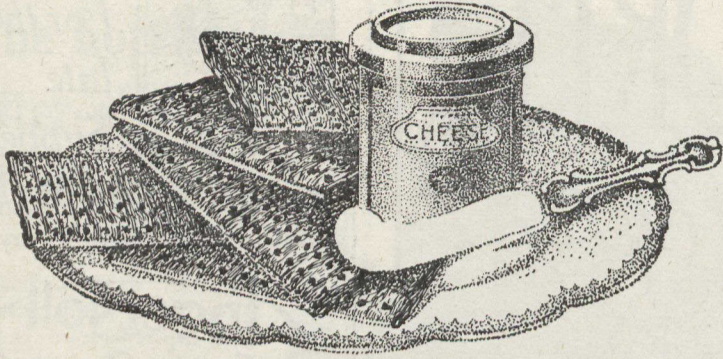
Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for WHITE HORSE specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

THE RAVAGES OF A CLOTHES MOTH are ubiquitous. Nothing is safe—Furs, Carpets, Blankets or Clothes—from this pest unless sprinkled with "Keating's." See your things are quite dry and dust with Keating's Powder. Tins, 10c., 25c., 35c. "Keating's" Kills Moths. But—be sure it is "Keating's." M 11

Try Triscuit To-day



Food science has taught us that there is much body-building nutriment in the whole wheat grain which we do not get in white flour. The only question is how to make the whole wheat grain digestible. That problem has been solved in the making of

TRISCUIT

The Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer

It is the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded, compressed into a wafer and baked—the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk. Many people prefer it to ordinary bread toast. Heated in the oven to restore its crispness, it is delicious for luncheon, or for any meal, with butter, potted cheese or marmalades.

“THE TOAST OF THE TOWN”

Made of the Choicest Selected Canadian Wheat
A Canadian Food for Canadians

Made by

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

W94

Progressive Jones Says:

“Intensive Market-Gardening Means Intensive Fertilizing”

It is intensive market gardening that pays largest profits. If you want to make each plot of ground yield its utmost, I advise you to use Harab Fertilizers.

Harab FERTILIZERS

By fertilizing the Harab way you build up the soil as well as greatly increase and improve your yield. There are many different combinations of Harab Fertilizers, each of which is particularly suited to

the crop for which it is recommended.

The Harris Abattoir Company will be pleased to send you their useful fertilizer booklet free. Send your name to-day direct to the Company or to nearest agency.



*Yours for bumper crops,
Progressive Jones*

The Harris Abattoir Co., Ltd.
Fertilizer Dept. Strachan Ave.
Toronto, Canada 21

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION “THE CANADIAN COURIER.”

words in prayer about it? Here's two feller critters in sore straits. There's One above can help them, better for us. We've His promise 'where two or three are gathered together, He'll be there too'—let us pray!”

John Grey felt strangely impressed by such simple, direct faith. They all dropped to their knees, while Smilie offered up an earnest and impassioned prayer on their behalf.

Martha punctuated his entreaties with fervent “Amen’s.”

When he had finished speaking, they remained kneeling for a few minutes longer—the two old people still silently praying.

The little kitchen had been transformed into a sanctuary. A feeling of relief and peace fell upon the two outcasts as their fate was commended to a higher power—a power far beyond the feeble endeavours of men.

A bustling clock on the mantelshelf struck ten o'clock. Jacob rose, faced John Grey, and grasped his hand.

“It'll be all right, mate. There ain't a sparrer falls to the ground but what our Father knows on it, an' we are worth more than many sparrers! You can trust Him!”

Old Mrs. Smilie wiped her eyes. “That's so,” she echoed; “You can trust Him.”

“Now mate, would yer jest like to go acrost to the garage an' 'ave a look at Miss Pragg's car?” asked Jacob cheerfully.

The suggestion was welcome, and the two men went out together; John Grey refreshed by the food and rest, cheered and encouraged by the sympathy and prayers of “Salvation Jacob,” from whom he was striving to take a job.

Jacob was well known at the garage, for he had worked about the mews long before the stables had been converted to their present use.

John Grey experienced a thrill of exultation when Miss Pragg's fine car was pointed out. He examined it critically. Smilie watched him with an approving eye.

“Yer seems to know all about 'er, mate.”

John Grey smiled. When a man has ridden a horse for years, and sees one, he knows he can ride. When a man has had a car for years, he knows—of course he knows—“all about her.”

John Grey longed to jump in and set it going. The great thing was to feel sure of himself.

A few minutes before eleven o'clock, in better spirits than he had expected, he stood at Miss Pragg's door. In a little house, back in the mews, three people's good wishes went with him, mingled with earnest prayers for his success.

It was a heartening thought!

CHAPTER IX.

The Value of a Nose.

MISS Pragg's supercilious secretary stood on the top step of the maisonette, smoking a cigarette. He blew a ring of smoke from his mouth with leisurely precision as John Grey approached.

“Hello! You're here, are you?” was his rather unnecessary greeting. “Come on to the garage,” he ordered curtly.

“I say, I hope you're up to your job? Every fellow nowadays thinks he can drive a car, but they're more tricky than they look.” He laughed disagreeably. “I've as great an objection to having my neck broken as Miss Pragg.”

“I don't think you need be afraid.” John Grey spoke curtly, the fellow irritated him.

They turned into the mews. The secretary stood aside, smoking a second cigarette, while the big car slid out of the garage.

“You seem to manage her all right,” he admitted as he jumped in. “Get out of the traffic, into the Park.”

John Grey did as he was told. The car responded to his touch like a living creature.

An hour later they drew up before the White Maisonette. The boy in buttons, evidently on the look out, had the door open before the car stopped. The secretary sprang out.

“Wait a moment,” he commanded, and disappeared into the house.

Five minutes elapsed, then ten. He re-appeared and got into the car.

“Drive back to the garage.”

The car stabled, the two returned together to the Maisonette in dead silence, John Grey wondering what his fate would be.

“Miss Pragg will see you in there,” the secretary pointed to the room of the previous evening, then turned on his heel and left him.

The big room looked very cheerful with the sunlight streaming into it. A canary sang in a cage by the open window; blue china bowls, disposed about the room, were filled with growing daffodils and tulips; magazines were scattered about, and a piece of needlework lay on a chair where it had been thrown down.

John Grey took a step towards the books which lined the walls on one side of the room, but Miss Pragg's step made him pause. He heard a melodious laugh, and the two ladies of the previous evening entered the room from the conservatory.

Miss Pragg had discarded the lorgnettes and wore gold pince-nez perched on the bridge of her nose.

JOHN GREY bowed, and was immediately conscious that he ought to have touched his forehead with his hand. He determined to practise this form of salute in private. “You haven't broken Manson's neck for me,” was Miss Pragg's first remark. “He really deserved it, Peggy,” turning to the younger lady. “The wretch made three mistakes yesterday in taking down copy. So disturbing to the flow of inspiration, when I have to repeat what I have said,” and she sighed profoundly.

John Grey stood during this interlude in embarrassed silence.

Miss Pragg assumed an uncompromising position in a straight-backed chair, and fixed him with her hawk-like eyes.

“Young man—are those all the clothes you've got?”

He started at the unexpected question and coloured a dull red.

“But perhaps your clothes got blown away with your papers in going through the Customs?” She laughed at his discomfiture.

“It really doesn't matter aunt,” interposed the younger lady. “You know you provide uniform.”

“Margaret Assitas, I was not addressing you!” retorted Miss Pragg severely.

“Of course we couldn't possibly be seen with you in those clothes—you must get suitable apparel.”

“Yes, madam,” in a faint voice.

“Peggy—where have I seen that man's face?” broke off Miss Pragg abruptly.

John Grey started violently, turning hot and cold. What could she mean?

“How on earth can I tell, aunt?” laughed the girl.

“Never are of any use when I ask you anything,” complained Miss Pragg irritably. “Let me see—was it in the illustrated papers—or—the police news? She tapped her forehead with her fingers as if knocking at the seat of knowledge. “Oh, you must have seen it, Margaret, surely?”

“You forget aunt, I was at the winter sports and only came back from Switzerland on Saturday.”

“Oh, of course. Now what was it? Some sensational affair, I know. A man was shot—I didn't read it—or he went mad and disappeared, committed a crime or something. You know the sort of thing the papers get hold of, all sorts of horrors!”

John Grey stared aghast. He began to feel a slow dismay creeping over him. Miss Pragg turned upon him like a hawk swooping on its prey.

“Have you committed a crime, John Grey? Shot any one or run away?” This, with magisterial severity.

“Certainly not madam,” he stammered, feeling completely nonplussed. “Perhaps you are mistaken, aunt,” interposed the girl, gently. “Everyone has a double in the world, they say.”

He thanked her fervently with his eyes. She cast hers down, and inspected her firm white hands minutely.

“Margaret, I never am mistaken, you know that.” Then turning to

the man, she continued stridently, "John Grey, you've no credentials, and you've no clothes" (the latter was hypothesis on her part). "But you can drive a car. I am a judge of character. I don't care a pin for references, they are generally faked."

He stared at her.

"I like your nose—it's a good nose—I always judge character by the nose," she paused as if expecting some acknowledgment.

"Yes, madam, certainly." (He had no idea what sort of nose he had.)

"Have you ever made a study of noses, Grey?"

"No madam,—that is—not yet."

"Do so in future."

"Yes madam."

"There is more in a nose than most people think. Physiognomists may pin their faith to the eyes, the mouth, the chin—rubbish—give me a nose!"

John Grey thought she had all that was needed as he glanced involuntarily at that feature with its uncompromising bridge. Her large nostrils dilated, she was evidently riding her pet hobby.

He waited patiently and solemnly for her to continue.

Peggy Assitas leaned her head on her hand, concealed her mouth, but her grey eyes twinkled. Miss Pragg continued:

"These two points are in your favor. You have a good nose, and you can drive a car. I take Manson's word. He would not say a good word for anyone if he could help it. He admits you handle the car well. That being so, I shall engage you for a month on trial."

"Thank you, madam."

MISS PRAGG went to her davenport and took from it a sealed envelope.

"Take this to Harrod's; it contains a list of things you must get. They will measure you. My colour is olive green. Get a motor coat of that colour with leather facings."

"Thank you, madam."

"No doubt there are other things you may want. Here is five pounds in advance. Take your meals in the servants' hall, and get a bed near the garage. That is all. You can go. I shall not want you again to-day. Bring the car round to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock."

"Thank you very much, madam."

Miss Pragg touched a bell. The smart parlourmaid appeared to show him out. John turned to follow her from the room. As she closed the door, he heard Miss Pragg's strident voice saying: "That man is a gentleman masquerading as a chauffeur—that's why—"

The door closed and his curiosity remained unsatisfied, but it set him thinking along the old channels.

Scarcely able to realise his success, and jingling five golden sovereigns in the pocket which an hour before had been emptied of its last copper, John Grey hurried back to his friends in the news.

Old Jacob was outside on the look out, and two anxious faces were straining at the window behind the geranium plant.

John smiled to herald his success, and old Jacob put his head inside the door to give this assurance to the anxious one at the window.

"It's all right, mate?" he asked anxiously.

John Grey nodded with a happy laugh.

"I told yer it would be," asserted the old man exultantly.

The two women came forward with eager faces to congratulate him.

"Allus when things is blackest—a way opens," said Martha fervently. "The good Lord's a-taking care on us all the while, if we only trust Him."

John Grey could hardly doubt this statement in the face of such a surprising turn of fortune. It seemed a direct answer to the prayers offered up two hours earlier.

He took a sovereign from his pocket and laid it on the table. They looked at it with an indrawn gasp of relief and thankfulness.

"Mrs. Smillie, you gave us breakfast, can you give us all a bit of dinner? There is something to buy it with. I have to go to Harrod's, but

we can talk while you are eating."

"Praise the Lord," said the good soul, as she took up the gold piece. "Jacob, go and get a pound o' sausages, an' a loaf, an' get a bit of tea an' some sugar, we used the last pinch fer breakfast."

She gave the old man the basket, and he trotted off with cheerful alacrity, while Violet spread the cloth on the table and put out knives and forks.

Evidently all the food in the house had been eaten at the frugal breakfast so freely shared without a grudging thought.

The kettle was singing, the table set, when Jacob returned with his basket full. He handed the change to John Grey.

"Give it to Mrs. Smillie. She has to buy the meals."

Without protest, it was put into a cracked teapot on the high mantel-shelf for future need.

As the appetizing smell of frying sausages filled the trim kitchen, they realized how hungry they were. A spitting amber sausage was soon hissing on each of the four hot plates, and they drew up to their second meal that day, a much more hopeful party than had sat down a few hours before.

Violet had dried her eyes and was smiling, a little colour had come to her cheeks, and every now and then she looked shyly and gratefully at John Grey.

Full justice was done to the simple meal, which ever after stood out in John Grey's remembrance as the one which he enjoyed above the others of his life.

The rebound to hope from the very depths of despair, the feeling of peace and good-will combined to make it truly a feast of thanksgiving.

When they had finished, nothing remained but empty plates which Violet removed, going about with the air of one who was at home.

Jacob offered to go with Violet to fetch her box from the Left Luggage Office while John Grey went to Harrod's to present Miss Pragg's letter. Mrs. Smillie had a little room which had been sorrowfully shut up ever since her only son, a jockey, had been thrown during a great race and killed on the course. It remained as she had left it.

"It won't do no good to keep it shut up," she admitted. "It won't bring Alf' back agin. Violet may as well have it as not."

She stifled a heavy sigh and John Grey could imagine the pang it gave her to enter the tiny apartment to prepare it for a stranger, but Martha was not one to let her own anguish stand in the way of a good deed.

John Grey knew then, that Violet had found a safe haven.

For himself it mattered little so long as he got a room near the garage, and Jacob said he knew of one that would do, and would see about it for him at once.

Thus were they, for the time being, lifted from the trough of the wave, and riding in smooth waters.

That storms were gathering they recked not.

CHAPTER X.

Servants All.

"OF course, Peggy the man's a liar," asserted Miss Pragg serenely, as the door closed upon John Grey.

"Then why on earth did you take him, aunt?" gasped the girl, laying down the dainty piece of work she was embroidering, and fixing her eyes on Miss Pragg's face in startled surprise.

Miss Pragg laughed. "All men are liars," she quoted piously, "but this one interests me—there is a mystery about him, which I mean to unravel. Anyone can see at a glance that he is a gentleman—did you notice his hands? They are as slender and white as a woman's—well kept too—he has never cleaned a car in his life, even if he can drive one." Miss Pragg spoke musingly. "I wonder—but no—he is too tall for a woman," as if her own words had suggested an idea.

The girl leaned forward in a low



Carom Pocket Combination Billiard Table

BRUNSWICK

The De Luxe Billiard Tables With the Most Accurate Cushions

Brunswick Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables are made by master craftsmen. The cabinet work is superb. Every table embodies the utmost degree of scientific accuracy.

The crowning feature is the Monarch Cushions—the fastest and finest in the world.

Made in Canada —Supreme Everywhere

Adapted for All Games of Billiards and Pocket Billiards, Including "Snooker" and "Life"

Brunswick Billiard Tables are used exclusively by the world's cue experts.

The most exclusive clubs and the finest private billiard rooms are provided with Brunswick Tables.

Regulation, "Baby Grand" and "Convertible" Styles

Regulation sizes, 3 x 6 to 6 x 12, inclusive, in all styles and the choicest woods. The famous "Baby Grand" Home Billiard Tables are made of Mahogany, fitted with Monarch Cushions, Slate Beds, and concealed drawer for Playing Outfit. Our "Convertibles" serve also as Dining Tables, Library Tables or Davenport.

Easy Terms—Outfit Free—Write To-day

All styles offered on easy payments. Price includes complete, high-grade Playing Outfit. Send for richly illustrated catalog showing all styles in actual colors, or call and see tables on exhibition at any of the branches named below.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Dept. Y.X., 80 York Street, Toronto, Ontario

BRANCHES: Edmonton, Alberta, 647 Fourth Street; Vancouver, B.C., 552 Beatty Street; Montreal, P.Q., 11 Notre Dame Street West; Winnipeg, Man., 143 Portage Ave. East



"Baby Grand" Home Pocket-Billiard Table



YOU may spend a lot of time and money on your wardrobe—but you are *not* well-dressed unless your feet are clad in *perfect-fitting* hosiery.

Penmans Hosiery—*knit-to-form—without-a-seam*—imparts an air of smartness and elegance, besides giving that delightful feeling of satisfaction which perfect-fitting hosiery always gives the wearer.

You can get this *better kind* of hosiery at *almost any good store*—and you will *not* be asked to pay *more* for it than you have been paying for *ordinary* hose.

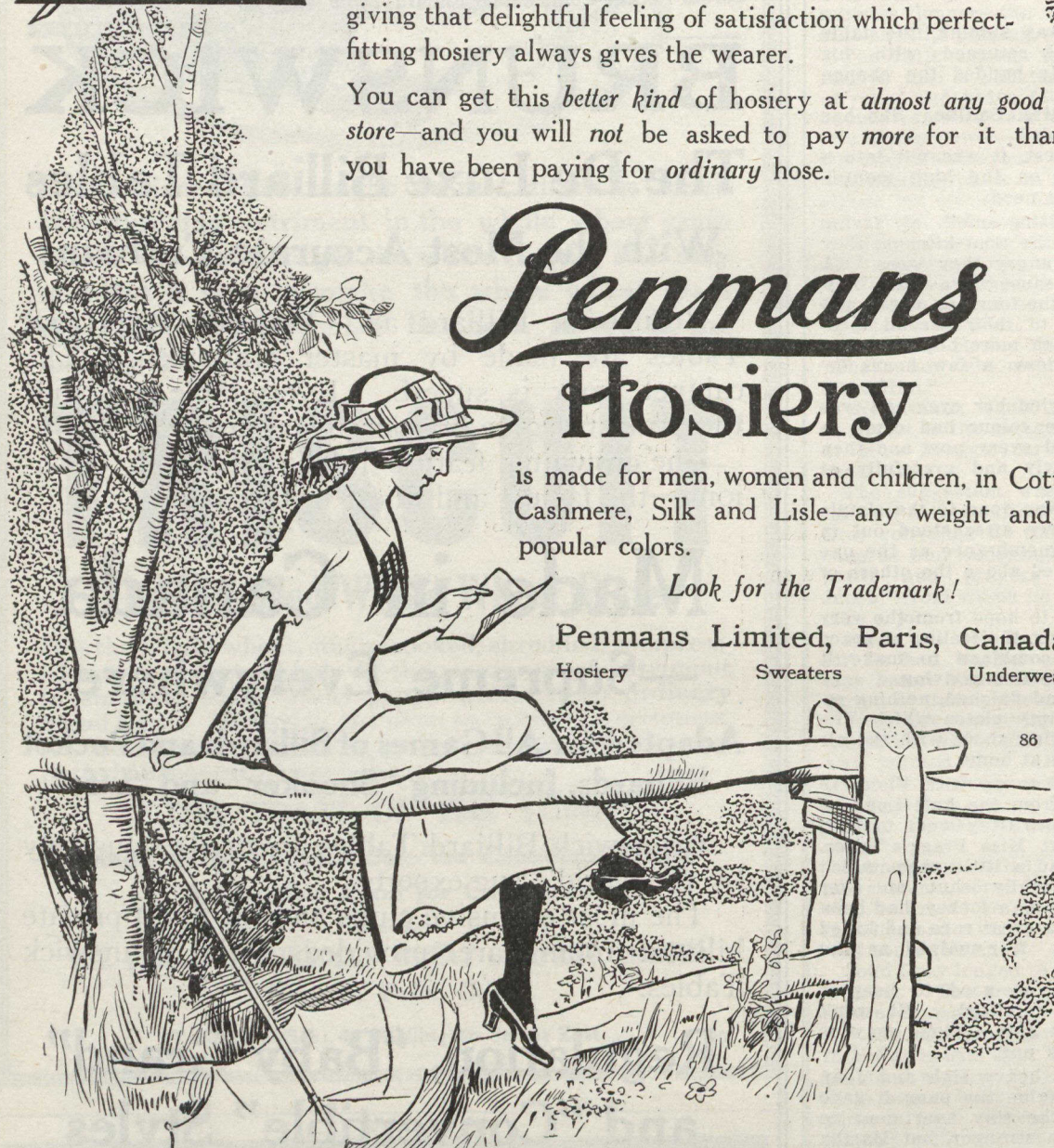
Penmans Hosiery

is made for men, women and children, in Cotton, Cashmere, Silk and Lisle—any weight and all popular colors.

Look for the *Trademark!*

Penmans Limited, Paris, Canada
Hosiery Sweaters Underwear

86



wicker chair, rested her elbow on her knee and cupped her chin in her hand, her eyes dilated with increased astonishment. "What made you ask if he had committed a crime, auntie?—it—was such a singular question to put to him."

"I wanted to take him off his guard, to startle him, and study his face. He has such a curious far-away look in his eyes—a detached air—I can hardly convey my meaning. But there is something peculiar about him, didn't you notice it?"

"He looked serious, and—well—*anxious*," admitted the girl, puckering her brows, "but so many people have that strained, worried look on their faces in London, don't you think, auntie? I notice it always when I come back to town." She gave a little sigh.

"That is not at all what I meant," snorted Miss Pragg impatiently. "Grey's air is curiously indefinable. Either he is a genius—or a lunatic—perhaps he has only run away from his wife—or his creditors—or quarrelled with his relations—or—"

The younger lady laughed merrily. "Auntie, dear, you really have the most vivid imagination," she declared, her eyes twinkling roguishly.

"**O**f course I have," admitted Miss Pragg with satisfaction, "but I've got more than imagination, Peggy, I've got common sense, insight into character and experience of human nature—and I don't make mistakes." She drew herself up with dignity.

"You are the cleverest auntie in the world," admitted Peggy with a whimsical look of affection and amusement.

"Besides—I did see his face in print somewhere, quite recently, too, but for the life of me, I cannot place it."

"He doesn't look as if he could have done anything very dreadful," argued Peggy. "I thought he had rather a nice face."

"Of course he has. He is an uncommonly handsome man. He has the cleverest, most refined face, I have seen for a long time—and in spite of his old tweed suit, he is a gentleman," persisted Miss Pragg with conviction.

"Then—why—" began Peggy.

"That's just it—why should he answer my advertisement?" interrupted Miss Pragg trenchantly. "That, my dear, is just what I mean to find out—I only hope it isn't because he can't pay his tailor! It would be so unromantic."

Margaret Assitas laughed at her aunt's tragic tone, and as the gong at that moment announced luncheon, the two ladies rose and left the room.

The conversation, although not renewed, had left its impression upon the minds of each, and caused Margaret Assitas to cast a guarded glance of interested curiosity upon the new chauffeur, as she stepped into the car the following morning.

John Grey never forgot his first impression of her as she emerged from the White Maisonette, clad in a perfectly fitting coat and skirt, a velvet toque upon her fair hair, and a big bunch of violets tucked into her handsome furs. Tall and slender, she possessed both dignity and grace, seeming to him the very personification of spring.

"Bond Street, Madame Eclairé."

The car slid away, his quick eyes noting Miss Pragg, lorgnette in hand, posted behind the lace curtains.

Piccadilly was at its worst. They were held up repeatedly, but he made the best of every advantage and felt a thrill of excitement, a curious elation of spirit in shaving past motor-buses or creeping through difficult places. There was no question of losing his nerve. It was second nature to him.

In Bond Street he looked for Madame Eclairé's and found it was a high-class millinery establishment. Again he had a gracious vision of a beautiful woman, as Margaret Assitas left the car and entered the shop.

From Bond Street they made their way into Oxford Street and on towards the Park.

Every street looked bewilderingly familiar to John Grey, though he dare not relax his attention to his driving



SPRING FISHING IN ALGONQUIN PROVINCIAL (ONTARIO) PARK

A Thoroughly Universal Vacation Territory

Open Season for Fish

Speckled Trout—May 1st to Sept. 14th.

Salmon Trout—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year.

Black Bass—June 16th to April 14th following year.

Highland Inn, Algonquin Park

Affords excellent hotel accommodation.

Beautifully situated 2,000 feet above sea level.

Rates \$2.50 to \$3.00 per day, \$16.00 to \$18.00 per week.

For advertising matter and all particulars apply to any Agent of the system, including J. Quinlan, D.P.A., Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

G. T. BELL,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Montreal

H. G. ELLIOTT,
General Passenger Agent,
Montreal.

A BEAUTIFUL BABY

Gained Wonderfully After Being Put On A Well Known Food.

Mrs. E. Warner of 32 Winnifred Ave., Toronto, in writing about Neave's Food, says, "I have used Neave's Food for my baby and it has agreed when **everything else failed**. He has gained wonderfully since I started giving it to him."

Mr. A. J. Fogue, Labelle Street, Montreal, writes, under date 13 Oct.: "My little daughter, born Aug. 15th., likes Neave's Food very much. She is a **bunch of fat**."

Mrs. J. Fallon of Whitby, Ont., says "Neave's Food is the **only food** that has agreed with our little boy. He is brighter, and his flesh is firmer, since taking it."

Neave's Food has been the standard Infant's Food in Great Britain for nearly 90 years.

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book, "Hints About Baby", by writing Edwin Utley, 14 C Front St. East, Toronto, who is the Agent for Canada.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all Druggists.

Mfrs. J. R. Neave & Co., England.

duties, the traffic was too thick. But he left like a man moving in some weird dream in which the world has suddenly assumed a wrong perspective. It was only by a firm effort of will he kept his mind fixed upon the steering wheel, and brought the car safely back to the Maisonette in time for luncheon.

The boy in buttons ran down the steps and carried in the parcels.

"Dinner's ready," he grinned. "An' if you want any grub you'd better be spry."

With a nod, John Grey turned the car towards the mews. He would rather have had his meals with the Smillies, and felt a strong dislike to the present arrangement, as he sauntered back to the servants' quarters.

BELLA, the smart parlour-maid, was a decided flirt. Phebe, the house-maid, supposed to be engaged—was open to further offers; while Mrs. Law, the cook, a stout lady bordering on fifty, stated plainly that she was not averse to another trial of the matrimonial yoke, she being a "lone widder."

The boy in buttons was not a formidable rival. The females regarded John Grey as their legitimate prey. There was a warm outlook before him which it would require the diplomacy of a Secretary of State to win through, and at the same time keep the peace and his liberty intact.

Loaded with flattering attentions, and open compliments, the new chauffeur was forthwith placed in a delicate position that required great tact and caution.

There was no false modesty on the part of the ladies in the matter of seeking information respecting his past life and previous places. He drew largely on a vivid imagination to satisfy these feminine cravings, but the position, full of danger, irritated him.

John Grey was soon made familiar with the family history of the Prags. Bella, Phebe and Mrs. Law each gave her own version. Thus he learned that Lady Assitas was Miss Prag's married sister, and lived at Stone Hall in Kept, when she was not at her town house in Curzon Street.

"Sixteen servants, I 'ears they keeps at Stone 'All," said Bella, impressively.

"You can't believe all you 'ears, Bella," said Mrs. Law bridling.

"Mr. Smith told me hisself, he ought to know," retorted Bella. "Quite the gentleman is Mr. Smith, he's 'er ladyship's shooffer. You might like to know 'im," observed Bella, turning to John Grey.

"Delighted," he murmured politely. "I don't know as I'd trust that man too far, Bella," warned Mrs. Law darkly.

"For why, pray?" asked Bella. "I may 'ave my reasons, or I may not," replied the cook mysteriously.

Bella tossed her head and sniffed. "Lady Assitas has three daughters, an' Miss Peggy is the youngest," observed Mrs. Law by way of changing the subject.

"An' she ain't too young," remarked Bella pertly.

"She won't see twenty-five no more," giggled Phebe.

"Lady Assitas can't abide 'er neither," proclaimed Mrs. Law authoritatively: "she's all for the other two wot's married titles, they done well for thersel's," she added impressively, as she helped herself to pickles.

"Enery pass that there beer! Mr. Grey, sir, you ain't a-takin' any," she exclaimed in distressed tones.

"I prefer water, thank you."

"Lor! you won't get fat on water. Ave a drop, do," urged the lady.

"I really prefer water, or lemonade." Bella sprang to serve him.

"Miss Prag's writin' a new novel," she giggled, as she poured the lemonade for him. "You couldn't guess the title now?" She cast a side glance coquettishly at him.

"Miss Prag says everything is in a title, I heard her say it—an' she do get some queer ones an' no mistake. This one is called 'The Dust-bin.'"

With great gravity he declared it to be a remarkable title.

"I looked under the typewriter and saw it myself," Bella assured him with

Mr. Tire User, What Does Extra Price Buy?

What More Than Men Get in No-Rim-Cut Tires —the Most Popular Tires in the World?

Many tires—particularly anti-skids—are sold at advances up to 30 per cent over Good-year prices.

How do makers justify those vastly higher prices?

What Do They Say?

Do they claim that they have an anti-skid better than our double-thick All-Weather tread? If so, won't you make a comparison?

Do they claim greater mileage? If so, how have Goodyears, in the test of time, become the most popular tires in the world?

Do they claim better features? Note that the four greatest features used in tires today are found in Goodyears only.

Costliest to Make

The fact is that Goodyears are the costliest tires to make. But we save by added output and efficiency.

They are the only tires which have All-Weather treads, or any anti-skid device which compares with them.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Head Office, Toronto

Factory, Bowmanville

The Limit in Low Cost Per Mile

No man knows of any way to lower our cost per mile. And, in all probability, nobody ever will.

At Akron we spend \$100,000 yearly on research and experiment. At our Bowmanville factory, where Canadian Goodyears are made, we employ the same scientific methods. But we haven't in years found a single way to better formula or fabric materially.

On a value basis, No-Rim-Cut tires should be the highest-priced tires in Canada. But now you can get Goodyear All-Weather anti-skid treads for less than most others.

They can't be rim-cut. And no other maker does what we do to save blow-outs and loose treads.

A higher price means simply higher profit. Else it means small output or inefficiency. You cannot wish to pay for things like that.

COUNT THE PLEASURES

that come with the ownership of a canoe. Glorious days or evenings on the water, gaining health and strength with every dip of the paddle—the days with your canoe will be ones you will always remember.

PETERBOROUGH CANOES

are the aristocrats of the canoe world. They are light, yet strong, and designed for speed as well as safety. If you look for the Peterborough Trade Mark on the deck you will be sure of the quality of the canoe you're buying.

Write for Catalogue.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE Co., Limited
284 Water Street
Peterborough, Ont.



"In the Heart of Things"

Canadians visiting New York will find that this hotel not only offers unusual accommodations but that practically everything worth while is right at hand—Theatres, Department Stores, the most exclusive shops of every kind, and various means of transportation. The

HOTEL MARTINIQUE

"The House of Taylor"

BROADWAY AT 32nd TO 33rd STREETS

CHARLES LEIGH TAYLOR, President WALTER S. GILSON, Vice-President
WALTER CHANDLER, Jr., Manager

provides three sumptuous restaurants for its guests—the Louis XV salon, the Cameo Room and the Dutch Room. The most select music, vocal and instrumental, and a refined vaudeville entertainment provide cheerful settings for dinners and suppers. Table d'hote dinner \$1.50. Club breakfast 60c. Pleasant room and bath \$2.50 per day. For literature and reservations address our Canadian advertising agents,

SELLS LIMITED, - Shaughnessy Bldg., Montreal

NEW DUNLOP "PEERLESS"

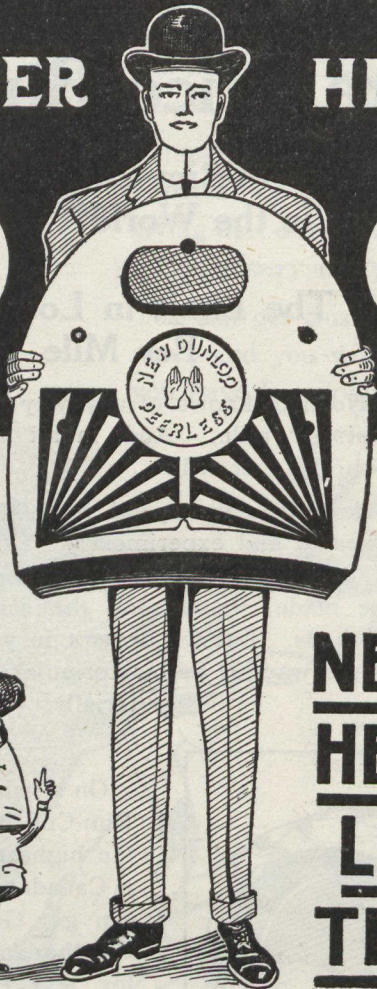
RUBBER HEELS



SEAL OF QUALITY



SEAL OF QUALITY



CANVAS PLUG

CANVAS PLUG

NEVER HEELS LIKE THESE

HERE'S WHAT YOU WANT:—

- No jarring of the spinal column.
- No nerve-racking clatter in the daily stride.
- No slipping on wet or icy pavements.
- In other words, Certainty and Comfort in every step.
- Let your wants be satisfied. Buy New Dunlop "Peerless" Rubber Heels.

**50 CENTS THE PAIR PUT ON
AT ALL SHOE STORES**

H. 43

SANDY MACDONALD

SPECIAL LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

10 YEARS OLD

IT'S ALL WHISKY

ALEXANDER & MACDONALD, LEITH, SCOTLAND

In New "Easy-Opening-Box" BLACK WHITE TAN

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISHES

10¢

Brightens up millions of shoes daily

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

pride. "You should read some of her books—real scorchers they are."

"Stuck-up prig, that Manson feller," said Phebe a-propos of nothing. "I can't abide him."

"Sour grapes," taunted Bella.

"Sour grapes yourself," snapped Phebe.

Henry grinned appreciatively, and having made some pellets of bread, flicked one surreptitiously and with surprising accuracy into Mrs. Law's face, hitting her on the nose. This created a timely diversion, and as the outraged dignitary rose in hot haste to chastise him, Henry fled precipitously upstairs to his proper sphere of action in the hall; there to resume the expressionless appearance which characterized him when on duty.

John Grey also made his escape. He foresaw many further opportunities of hearing about Miss Pragg and her relations.

Wednesday, being an "At home" day, left him at liberty for the afternoon. He availed himself of it to carry out a scheme suggested by Miss Pragg's remark during their second interview.

HE wanted to search the papers for the sensational article she had spoken about, dreading, as much as hoping to find it, for her words had filled him with alarm.

Suppose he had shot a man? Would it not be better to remain in his present blank state of ignorance? Hope and fear alternated till he felt at last he would rather know the worst.

He had no idea that London possessed so many newspapers. He collected bales of the printed sheets and spent hours wading through them. Their number confused and bewildered him while none awakened any responsive echo in his mind. It was a herculean task, so he abandoned the search and determined to put an advertisement in some of them himself. Surely somebody would be on the look-out and might see it.

But he had to be careful of Miss Pragg; and it was only after deep cogitation that he inserted the following in several daily papers:

"Through loss of memory, man missing from his home—age between thirty and forty, dark hair and eyes, slender build, medium height. Can be seen near Albert Memorial Wednesday afternoon from two to six o'clock."

He was far from satisfied; the description might apply to hundreds of men, but it was the best he could do. He put on his old tweed suit, and spent this third Wednesday afternoon in loitering backwards and forwards for four hours near the Memorial.

Many people passed him. He counted one hundred and fifty-seven people! Could they possibly be all in search of a missing man? It was a startling thought.

Several women approached him, looked at him earnestly and passed on. Some seemed to hesitate and be uncertain what to do. A girl ran up to him eagerly—stopped—then turned hurriedly away. A white-haired clergyman spoke to him, his son had run away from Oxford, presumably to London, and the father was anxiously seeking him.

John Grey courted observation, he looked into every face, returned every earnest scrutiny; but when six o'clock had passed, he realized the afternoon had been a failure.

With a heavy heart he returned to the mews, put away his tweeds, donned Miss Pragg's uniform, and resumed his duties. There seemed nothing more he could do, except to make the best of his position.

His trial month came to a close, and his services were retained, which enabled him to continue to help his friends in the mews. Old Jacob cleaned the car, and in return John Grey could pay him without hurting the old man's pride.

Violet made herself useful to Martha, who grew much attached to the lonely girl, and did all she could to brighten her life. Often the old couple took her with them to the Salvation Barracks, with the result that Violet was soon enrolled in the army, and like Martha and Jacob, became an earnest worker.

(To be continued.)

Keep Your Hands Soft and White



Cuticura Soap And Ointment

Treatment: On retiring, soak the hands in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of the skin and scalp, sent post-free. Address Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 13K, Boston, U. S. A.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attys
Est. 16 Years 959 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Hotel Directory

KING EDWARD HOTEL
Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

MOSSOP HOTEL (LIMITED)
TORONTO, ONTARIO.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50 and up per day.

PALMER HOUSE
TORONTO - CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

LA CORONA
A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy Street.
Room with use of bath.. \$1.50 and \$2
Room with private bath.. \$2, \$2.50 and \$3
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.

THE NEW RUSSELL
Ottawa, Canada.
250 Rooms.
American Plan\$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan\$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL
(European Plan.)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL
\$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.
300 Rooms.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL
London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neill, Proprietor.

Third Annual Report of Toronto Electric Commission

Revenue Account of the City of Toronto Hydro-Electric System for Year Ended 31st December, 1913

Section 1: Showing Nett Earnings From Total Operations For Year

CHARGES.		INCOME.	
	Amount.		Total.
To cost of electric current	\$255,986.26	By Income From—	
To expenses of operation and management including repairs and maintenance; provision for special depreciation of lease-hold buildings and improvements (\$9,080.01); provision for actual and contingent losses on accounts receivable other than those against the city of Toronto, and for all accrued charges as at 31st December, 1913	425,230.75	Commercial lighting	\$411,905.17
		Commercial power	229,615.08
		Municipal buildings lighting	12,270.76
		Municipal power	117,093.80
		Municipal street lighting	344,933.79
		Exhibition light and power	22,525.87
		Other municipalities	419.00
		Sundry other sources	20,576.24
To balance—Nett earnings carried forward to Section II.	478,122.70		1,159,339.71
			<u>\$1,159,339.71</u>

Section 2: Showing Disposition of Nett Earnings

To interest for year	\$188,758.08	By nett earnings brought down from Section I.	\$478,122.70
To depreciation for year	165,958.56		
To sinking funds for year—			
Under city by-law No. 5036	36,471.00		
Under city by-law No. 5918	34,254.00		
Under city by-law No. 6674	4,641.50		
Interest on past due sinking fund instalments	13,463.69		
	88,830.19		
	443,546.83		
To balance representing surplus earnings for year carried to surplus account	34,575.87		
	<u>\$478,122.70</u>		<u>\$478,122.70</u>

Analysis of Revenue Account

Total income	\$1,159,339.71=100%
Absorbed thus—	
Cost of current	\$255,986.26=22.08%
Expenses of operation, maintenance, and management	425,230.72=30.68%
Interest, depreciation, and sinking funds	443,546.83=38.26%
Surplus earnings	34,575.87=2.98%
	\$1,159,339.71=100%

SINKING FUND SUSPENSE ACCOUNT

SECTION 1. SHOWING SINKING FUND CHARGES TO 31st DECEMBER, 1913, FOR WHICH PROVISION MUST BE MADE UNDER TERMS OF GOVERNING BY-LAWS; THE PROVISION MADE THEREFOR FROM INCOME; AND THE BALANCE CHARGEABLE AGAINST EXISTING AND FUTURE SURPLUSES

Dr.	Sinking Fund Charges.	Sinking Fund Instalments.	Interest at 3% Per Annum Thereon.	Total.	Cr.	Sinking Fund Appropriations.	Sinking Fund Instalments.	Interest Thereon.	Total.
	Under By-law No. 5036.					By appropriation from income for year 1912 of full year's sinking fund on actual debt at 31st December, 1912, and interest on past due instalments thereof	\$ 55,625.02	\$ 2,007.47	\$ 57,632.49
To Sinking Fund Instalment, No. 1, due 30-6-09.	\$36,471.00		1,094.13			By appropriation from income for year 1913 of full year's sinking fund under by-laws Nos. 5036 and 5918 and half-year's sinking fund under by-law 6674 and interest on all past due instalments under terms of by-laws	75,366.50	13,463.69	88,830.19
To interest to 30-6-10		36,471.00	2,221.08			By balance chargeable against existing and future surpluses carried down to Section II.	142,748.48		142,748.48
To Sinking Fund Instalment, No. 2, due 30-6-10.	36,471.00		3,381.85						
To interest to 30-6-11		36,471.00	4,577.43						
To Sinking Fund Instalment, No. 3, due 30-6-11.	36,471.00		2,904.44						
To interest to 30-6-12		36,471.00	14,178.93						
To Sinking Fund Instalment, No. 4, due 30-6-12.	36,471.00								
To interest to 30-6-13		36,471.00							
To Sinking Fund Instalment, No. 5, due 30-6-13.	36,471.00								
To interest to 31-12-13									
		18,235.50	200,590.50						
To Sinking Fund Instalment for half-year accrued at 31-12-13		18,235.50							
	Under By-law No. 5918.								
To Sinking Fund Instalment No. 1, for half-year, due 30-6-12	17,127.00		513.81						
To interest to 30-6-13			778.42						
To Sinking Fund Instalment, No. 2, due 30-6-13.	34,254.00								
To interest to 31-12-13			1,292.23						
		17,127.00	68,508.00						
To Sinking Fund Instalment for half-year accrued at 31-12-13		17,127.00							
	Under By-law No. 6674.								
To Sinking Fund Instalment for half-year accrued at 31-12-13	4,641.50								
		\$273,740.00	\$15,471.16	\$289,211.16			\$273,740.00	\$15,471.16	\$289,211.16

SECTION II. SHOWING AMOUNT TO BE CARRIED FORWARD AS A CHARGE UPON THE SURPLUS EARNINGS OF YEAR 1914 AFTER APPLYING THERETO THE ACCUMULATED SURPLUS AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1913.

To Balance Brought Down, viz.,		By surplus earnings for year 1912 applied hereon	\$13,555.41
Amount of accumulated sinking fund instalments to 31-12-13, after deducting all provision made out of income to meet the same (including \$50,985.49 carried forward from 1912 accounts)	\$142,748.48	By surplus earnings for year 1913 applied hereon	34,575.87
		By balance carried forward as a charge upon surplus earnings for year 1914	94,617.20
To balance carried forward as a charge upon surplus earnings of year 1914	\$ 94,617.20		<u>\$142,748.48</u>

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

Balance Sheet as at 31st December, 1913, of the City of Toronto Hydro-Electric System

ASSETS			LIABILITIES		
FIXED.			ON CURRENT ACCOUNT.		
	Amount	Total.		Amount.	Total.
To Capital Expenditure on— Lands, buildings, transmission system, sub-station equipment and feeder system, distribution system, municipal street lighting system, line transformers, meters equipment and devices, general office stores department, utility department and miscellaneous equipment, and Exhibition construction and equipment	\$4,549,270.93		By Sundry accounts payable— Including provision for accrued charges and contingencies	\$260,648.19	\$260,648.19
Leasehold premises and improvements	70,268.27		By Corporation of the City of Toronto— For interest due and accrued to date	274,126.05	274,126.05
	4,619,539.20		For Sinking Funds due and accrued to date, as follows—		
To Debenture discount and expenses	933,068.06	5,552,607.26	Under By-law No. 5036— Instalments	\$200,590.50	
			Interest thereon	14,178.93	214,769.43
			Under By-law No. 5918— Instalments	68,508.00	
			Interest thereon	1,292.23	69,809.23
			Under By-law No. 6674— Instalment	4,641.50	4,641.50
					289,211.16
					\$823,985.40
LIQUID.			ON CAPITAL ACCOUNT.		
To Stores on hand	231,511.51		By Corporation of City of Toronto— Cash advanced under By-law No. 5036	\$2,240,124.55	
Accounts receivable	351,748.12		Debtenture discount and expenses under By-law No. 5036	509,875.45	2,750,000.00
Cash on deposit with Bank of Montreal	255,353.02		Cash advanced under By-law No. 5918	1,816,774.89	
Cash on hand	2,645.76		Debtenture discount and expenses under By-law No. 5918	383,225.11	2,200,000.00
Prepaid charges	3,582.31	844,840.72	Cash advanced under By-law No. 6674	431,464.51	
			Debtenture discount and expenses under By-law No. 6674	39,967.50	471,432.01
					5,421,432.01
To Sinking Fund Suspense Account—Amount carried forward as a charge on future surpluses, as per account annexed		94,617.20	ON SURPLUS ACCOUNT.		
			By depreciation Reserve Fund— In respect of general system after providing out of income for repairs and maintenance— Brought forward from 1912	68,568.20	
			Appropriated in 1913	165,958.56	234,526.76
			In respect of leasehold property— Brought forward from 1912	3,041.00	
			Appropriated in 1913	9,080.01	12,121.01
					246,647.77
					\$6,492,065.18
					\$6,492,065.18

AUDITORS' REPORT.

Toronto General Trusts Building,
Toronto 21st March, 1914.

The Toronto Electric Commissioners, Toronto.
Gentlemen,—

We beg to annex hereto the Revenue Account for the year ended, and the Balance Sheet as at, 31st December, 1913, together with auxiliary accounts of the Toronto Hydro-Electric System. We have audited the books and accounts of the System for the year 1913, and we report thereon as follows:

- (1) That the Income Account has been properly charged with all Operating and Revenue expenditure for the year, viz.:
 - (a) With the whole of the expenses of management maintenance, and operation, including the total cost of getting new business, and with provision for losses on Consumers' Accounts against the general public;
 - (b) With interest on the whole of the funded and floating debt owing to the Corporation of the City of Toronto;
 - (c) With provision for depreciation of the physical plant and equipment based upon an appraisal made by the General Manager of the wearing lifetime and the residual values of the various parts thereof, and with special provision for depreciation of leasehold buildings and improvements based on the duration and terms of the respective leases; and
 - (d) With Sinking Funds as required by Debtenture By-laws Nos. 5036, 5918, and 6674 of the Corporation of the City of Toronto.
- (2) That the Sinking Fund liability of \$94,617.20 car-

ried forward in Suspense Account as a charge upon future profits is correct in principle and amount; and that the said sum represents the difference between the total amount of the contract liability of the Corporation of the City of Toronto at 31st December, 1913, in respect of the Hydro-Electric debtenture issues and the provision made therefor by the Commission in appropriating from each of the Income Accounts for 1912 and 1913 one full year's sinking fund instalment upon the capital debt of the System as it stood at the end of each said year, and in appropriating thereto the surpluses of the said years.

- (3) That the whole of the expenditure charged to Capital Account for additions to physical plant and equipment during the year is properly attributable thereto; that the charge against Capital Account in respect of debtenture discount and expenses is correct in principle and amount, and that the final extinction thereof at the maturity of the respective debtenture issues is secured by the operation of the Sinking Fund.
- (4) That the inventory of stores taken at the end of the year disclosed a large surplus stock on hand—now under investigation for adjustment—for which no credit is taken in the annexed Balance Sheet; that there are errors in the Consumers' Ledgers of approximately \$3,500.00—also under adjustment—for which allowance has been made in the annexed Balance Sheet; and that certain of the general liabilities have yet to be verified by the production of original documents called for by us, but not yet received by the officers of the Commission.
- (5) That the accuracy and reasonableness of certain

charges against the Corporation of the City of Toronto for the removal of poles, for the supply of motive power to the Civic Street Car System, and for other work, are disputed by the City; that no allowance has been made in the annexed accounts in respect thereof, and that while the income of and the expenditure upon the Municipal Light and Power System of North Toronto has been duly incorporated in the annexed Accounts, no liability has been assumed therein for its capital value as at the date of its acquisition, for the reason that so far as we can ascertain no agreement has yet been reached by the City and the Commissioners on the matter. If allowances should require to be made by the Commission in the final settlement with the City of these disputes, the amount thereof, together with provision for depreciation, interest, and sinking funds for the past year on the portions of the North Toronto System acquired at the time of the annexation will constitute a charge upon next year's income of, perhaps, from \$6,000 to \$12,000. We are unable, however, by reason of insufficient information, to make a satisfactory appraisal of this contingency, although we do not think, from the partial information before us, that it will absorb more than the amount stated.

Subject to the above reservations of paragraphs four and five, we certify that our requirements as Auditors have been complied with, and that the annexed Revenue Account and Balance Sheet are, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the affairs of the Toronto Hydro-Electric System.

JOHN MACKAY & CO.,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors.

COMMISSIONERS' REPORT

To His Worship the Mayor and the Members of the Council of the Corporation of the City of Toronto, Toronto.

Gentlemen:—

Your Commissioners beg to submit their Third Annual Report, accompanied by the Revenue Account, the Balance Sheet, and certain subsidiary statements, of the Toronto Hydro-Electric System, for the year ended 31st December, 1913. The accounts have been audited by John MacKay & Co., Chartered Accountants, whose certificate is appended thereto.

APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL MANAGER:

Before referring to the accounts which set forth the financial progress and position of the enterprise, it is proper to say that in the early part of 1913 Mr. H. H. Couzens, Electric Engineer of Hampstead, England, was appointed General Manager of the System under a three years' engagement. Mr. Couzens en-

tered upon his duties at the beginning of July last, and the high opinion originally formed by your Commissioners of his qualifications and attainments has been fully vindicated by the zeal and capacity he has shown in the interval in carrying on the responsible and difficult administrative duties of his post.

The former Acting General Manager, along with a number of subordinate employees, had been peremptorily dismissed in the month of April for grossly improper conduct. Shortly after their dismissal there was a strike among the union employees of the System, the matter at issue, including that of wages, being, however, settled by arbitration within a short time thereafter. The rupture of the organization occasioned by the misconduct of the Acting General Manager, and other consequences of his incompetency for the position, together with the added charges laid upon the System in consequence of the strike, have added materially to the financial as well as to the administrative burdens of the past year. It is a matter, however, for congratulations that, as the

accounts will show, the financial burden has been entirely overcome, and no small part of the credit thereof is to be attributed to the General Manager whose administration under these unusually difficult conditions has given your Commissioners a very high degree of satisfaction.

FINANCIAL POSITION AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1913:

The operations for the year 1913 have yielded very satisfactory results. From the revenue account annexed hereto it will be observed that—

The gross income amounted to the sum of	\$1,159,339.71
The cost of electric current and the expenses of operation and management, including repairs and maintenance, absorbed the sum of	681,217.01
Leaving a balance of net income of	\$478,122.70

The interest, depreciation, and sinking funds for the year absorbed the sum of 443,546.83

Leaving a balance of net surplus earnings for the year after meeting all charges applicable thereto, of \$34,575.87

The whole of the cost of getting and promoting new business amounting to upwards of \$60,000.00 has again been met out of the year's income.

During the last quarter of the year a careful appraisal was made by the General Manager of the wearing lifetime and the residual values of the physical plant and equipment and the depreciation appropriation for the year, which is substantially larger than that of last year, has been based upon that appraisal. The amount set aside for depreciation in 1912, though quite sufficient to cover the actual wear and tear of the plant and equipment for that year—the first complete working year it had been in use—was, however, based, pending an appraisal of the wearing lifetime of the different parts of the plant, upon a tentative rate only. It is unnecessary to emphasize the capital importance of establishing and maintaining out of income a fund from which to maintain the physical plant in the highest state of efficiency, and to replace the various parts thereof as they wear out. This is a first principle in sound finance. No departure therefrom is capable of justification.

The Sinking Fund appropriation covers the amount required for the year under the three governing city by-laws, together with interest on past due instalments. The Sinking Fund Suspense Account likewise annexed hereto gives full details of the amount of \$94,617.20, which is carried forward as a charge upon the surplus earnings of 1914 and future years. The Corporation of the City of Toronto is under a contract obligation to the debenture holders to maintain sinking funds in accordance with the terms of the governing by-laws. These obligations have been quite properly charged by the Corporation against and assumed by the Hydro-Electric System. The total amount thereof at the 31st December, 1913, was \$289,211.16. From this total there has been deducted:—

(a) The provision made out of income for the year 1912, representing a full year's instalment and interest thereon on the actual net debt of the System as at the end of that year.

(b) The provision made out of income for the year 1913, representing a full year's instalment as required by the first two by-laws, and a half year's instalment as required by the terms of the third by-law and interest thereon.

(c) The surplus earnings for the year 1912; and,

(d) The surplus earnings for the year 1913, thereby leaving a net balance as aforesaid of \$94,617.20 to carry forward against future profits.

Had the enterprise been conducted as a commercial corporation, with share capital instead of being charged with debenture capital subject to repayment, the net earnings for the year would have been shown at the amount of \$312,164.14, that being the sum of the interest and sinking fund appropriations and the net surplus, or the equivalent of a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. upon the average amount of cash capital invested therein.

Additions have been made to the physical system beyond the limits covered by by-laws 5036 and 5918, in respect of:—

(a) Certain requirements of the street and park lighting system.

(b) A 13,200 volt commercial power distribution system.

(c) Some special equipment in connection with the civic car lines; and

(d) Certain other increases in general capacity, at a cost of approximately \$620,000. To cover this expenditure by-law No. 6674, authorizing the issue of \$700,000 of 4½ per cent. sinking fund debentures, dated 1st July, 1913, and maturing on the 1st July, 1953, was passed by the Corporation of the City of Toronto on the 13th October, 1913, and duly sanctioned by the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board.

The total expenditure authorized by and the net proceeds of the debentures issued under the three by-laws are as follows:—

By-Law No.	Estimated Cost of System.	Actual Cash Proceeds of Debentures.	P.C. of Face Value.	Discount and Expenses on Debentures.	P.C. of Face Value.	Amount of Debenture Issues Authorized.	
5036 (4%)	\$2,500,000	\$2,240,124 55	81.46%	\$509,875 45	18.54%	\$2,750,000	100%
5918 (4%)	2,000,000	1,816,774 89	82.58%	383,225 11	17.42%	2,200,000	100%
Total	\$4,500,000	\$4,056,899 44	81.96%	\$893,100 56	18.04%	\$4,950,000	100%
6674 (4½%). Est'd. cost.	620,000						
Cash proceeds, till 31-12-13		431,464 51					
Cash proceeds, Jan., 1914		209,870 49	91.62%				
Discount till 31-12-13				39,967 50			
Discount till Jan., 1914				18,697 50	8.38%		
Debs. issued						700,000	100%
Grand total	\$5,120,000	\$4,698,234 44	83.15%	\$951,765 56	16.85%	\$5,650,000	100%

Of the total estimated expenditure of \$5,120,000, authorized by the aforesaid by-laws, the sum of \$4,619,539.20 had been expended up to the 31st December last, leaving a balance of \$500,460.80 available for construction work not then finished. It is anticipated that this will suffice to complete the work included in the above estimates. It is to be noted, however, that the net proceeds of the total issues of debentures amount only to the sum of \$4,698,234.44, or \$421,765.56 short of the estimated cost of complete

construction. This deficiency will require to be made available for the use of your Commission as it is required.

It is important that the necessities of the System in respect of working capital be clearly explained. No provision has yet been made for furnishing the enterprise with any capital except that required for purely construction purposes. In addition to the capital funds invested in plant and equipment there will always be a large amount invested in stores on hand, in accounts receivable outstanding, and in sundry other directions. The funds so invested must either be obtained from the general creditors, from the free part of the accumulating depreciation reserves, from the accumulating surplus earnings, or by way of additional capital. Creditors, however, require to be paid and paid promptly if satisfactory business is to be maintained. The depreciation reserves may be employed to some extent as working capital, but it is neither sound nor possible that they be wholly monopolized for that purpose. The policy of carrying on the system at cost for the benefit of consumers will prevent the accumulation of surplus earnings on a large scale. If they should be so accumulated it means the maintenance of profit yielding rates instead of rates based on cost. Therefore, if the funds required for these additional necessary investments are neither contributed by creditors nor by surpluses, they must be provided by way of additional working capital.

The amount required as at 31st December last by way of working capital is as follows:—

Stores investment	\$231,511.51
Accounts receivable	351,748.12
Prepaid charges	3,582.31
Sinking fund obligations carried forward	94,617.20
	\$681,459.14
Less depreciation reserves accumulated	246,647.77
	\$434,811.37

It is not likely that the funds invested in stores on hand and represented by accounts receivable will ever be placed permanently at a lower level than that at which they stood at the 31st December last. On the contrary, it is most probable that, with a continuation of the growth of the System, the amounts invested in stores and outstanding in respect of accounts receivable will reach, from time to time, still higher levels. The amount temporarily required to make good sinking fund obligations will, of course, be recovered from future income, upon which it is a charge. The foregoing figures make it quite clear that, at the present stage of development, working capital over and above the amount provided for construction should be furnished to the minimum extent of half a million dollars, but having in view the expansion of the System, and the necessity for keeping a portion of the depreciation reserves always available for the true purposes of the fund, arrangements ought to be made for placing at the disposal of the Commission working capital, to be availed of as required, to the extent of an even million dollars. The amount required could either be raised by the Corporation direct or by the Commissioners on the credit of the Corporation. Special powers would probably be required to cover either method. The better method would be that of authorizing the Commissioners to borrow on the credit of the city, as in that event they would only employ the funds as to the amount and for the periods required, thereby saving unnecessary interest charges. Pending the grant of the necessary working capital, or in the alternative the accumulation of surpluses to the required amount, it is of course obvious that the current debt to the Corporation of the City of Toronto in respect of interest and sinking funds amounting to the sum of \$563,337.21 cannot be fully discharged. The importance, therefore, of making early arrangements in this matter is self-evident.

PROGRESS DURING 1913:

Very satisfactory progress has been made during the year 1913, both in respect of the services rendered the public and in respect of the internal ad-

Particulars.	At 31st Dec., 1912.	At 31st Dec., 1913.	Increase.
Meters in use	13,858	24,999	11,141—80%
Street lanterns in use	33,824	38,944	5,120—15%
Peak load H.P.	17,198	22,520	5,322—31%

ministrative and operating efficiency. The following table shows the growth in the services rendered the public:—

The growth of income and the improvement in administrative and operating efficiency are clearly set forth in the comparative statements annexed to the accounts herewith. The principal features thereof may be summarized as follows:—

The total income has increased from \$726,763.55 in 1912 to \$1,159,339.71 in 1913, a gain of \$432,576.16, or nearly 60 per cent. The commercial income has grown from \$338,262.64 in 1912 to \$684,622.36 in 1913, a gain of \$346,360.28, or 102½ per cent. The net surplus, after providing for all fixed charges, has grown from \$13,555.41 in 1912 to \$34,575.87 in 1913, a gain of \$21,020.46, or 155 per cent. That is to say, that the total income has increased by 60 per cent.; the commercial income has more than doubled itself; and the net surplus earnings, after providing for all fixed charges applicable to the year's operations, are over two and one-half times what they were in 1912. The cost of current has been reduced by 4 2-3 per cent., and the expenses of operation, maintenance and management have been reduced by nearly 5½ per cent. The decrease in the cost of current is due in part to the reduction of price by the Provincial Commission, and in part to the improved engineering management of the present general manager, the load factor of 1912 being 59.5 per cent., while that of 1913 was 70.4 per cent. That is to say, that the better distribution of load, and the better keeping down of the peak load during 1913, led to an actual consumption of 70.4 k.w.h. units out of each 100 units bought and paid for, as against a consumption of only 59.2 k.w.h. units in 1912 out of each 100 units then bought and paid for. The reduction of nearly 5½ per cent. in the ratio of operating expenses is due to the growth of business and to the efficient management of Mr. Couzens. These gains are the more pleasing by reason of the costly circumstances mentioned in the first paragraph hereof.

There has been an increase in the ratio of interest to income of 4.39%, and in the ratio of depreciation to income of 4.87%. The interest increase is due to the heavy additional burden laid upon the enterprise by being charged with the loss of \$933,068.06 arising out of the sale of the debentures, for which, of course, no value has been received. The increase in the depreciation ratio is due to the heavier necessary provision made therefor, under the appraisal of the wearing lifetime of the plant referred to above.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM:

The growth of the city, to which attention was drawn last year, continues in undiminished degree. There are now 520 miles of streets lighted by the Hydro-Electric System, as against 280 miles at the time of the inception of the enterprise. Enlargements of the system to overtake the obligations arising out of the city's growth will be necessary from time to time. The interruptions of service during the past year on the lines of the Provincial Hydro-Electric Commission through insulator troubles have established the necessity of providing an auxiliary steam reserve plant that will take care of the load during temporary breakdowns. At a joint conference held by the Provincial Commission and your Commissioners during the year, a formal decision was taken to instal, as soon as possible, the necessary Steam Reserve Plant. The estimated capital cost thereof is approximately \$1,000,000. The carrying and the operating charges thereof will add substantially to the annual charges of the system, but this extra cost must be regarded as a relatively cheap insurance against the heavy penalties that otherwise would have to be borne by the power and light consumers on account of service interruptions from time to time, proceeding from uncontrollable causes.

REDUCTION OF RATES:

In the last Annual Report your Commissioners expressed the opinion that with a continuation of satisfactory surpluses a reduction of rates might possibly be effected during the year 1914. During the interval, however, three conditions have arisen not then contemplated, which combine to defer for the time being any possible reduction of rates. In the first place, the interruptions of service on the Provincial Hydro lines, which have since occurred, have, as already stated, established the necessity of providing a Steam Reserve Plant, the heavy annual charges of which will constitute an additional burden on the System, not then contemplated or allowed for. In the second place, it was not anticipated at that time that the enterprise would be loaded with the heavy additional burden since laid upon it by reason of the low prices at which the Corporation of the City of Toronto found it necessary to sell the debentures authorized by the first two by-laws. The discount and expenses of these two debenture issues amount, as set forth in the second paragraph hereof, to the sum of \$893,100.56, or 18.04% of the face value of the issues, while the total flotation cost of the three issues amounts to \$951,765.56, or 16.85% of the face value thereof—that is a little over 20% of the amount of the net proceeds. That is to say, that each hundred dollars of cash invested in plant has cost by reason of these heavy expenses a little over \$120.00. The additional annual burden laid thereby upon the enterprise until the maturity of the debent-

tures, by way of interest and sinking fund on this loss of \$951,765.56, amounts to \$53,913.22. It was, of course, anticipated that there would be some loss by way of debenture discounts, and therefore certain additional annual charges arising therefrom, but the actual amount incurred is far beyond anything then contemplated.

In the third place, it was not anticipated when the report was issued a year ago that the Commission would be called upon to assume the retroactive sinking fund obligations attached to the debenture issues otherwise than by equal annual loadings for the remaining debenture term. It has, however, become necessary to assume them in full, with the result that future surpluses have been thereby mortgaged in favor of the sinking fund obligations to the amount of \$94,617.20. The burden, therefore, imposed upon the System by the necessity of establishing a Steam Reserve Plant; by the additional sinking fund obligations in question, and the necessity of utilizing the whole of the resources of the System for the payment of current liabilities pending arrangements for a sufficient amount of working capital, combine to make a reduction of rates at the present time impossible. It is due to the public that these conditions be clearly stated, because very unfortunately an impression has recently been sown in the public mind that a reduction of rates is imminent. The rates enjoyed by the customers of the Hydro-Electric System are understood to be lower than rates of like service in any city on the Continent of this size. No complaint has, as far as your Commissioners are aware, been voiced against these rates by the consumers of the System. Whenever the conditions warrant it, the rates will be lowered, but it would be a breach of trust on the part of your Commissioners to sanction any reduction thereof before the financial condition of the Enterprise justifies it. It is the policy of your Commissioners to give, in the first place, a first-class service, and in the second place, to give that service at the lowest cost possible. That policy will be firmly adhered to.

SALE OF DEBENTURES:

In view of the statements that have been publicly made to the effect that your Commissioners are responsible for the heavy debenture loss, it is necessary to point out that the Commission had nothing whatever to do with the sale of these debentures. They were sold directly by the Corporation of the City of Toronto. It is, in the judgment of your Commissioners, very unfortunate that the debentures authorized under By-laws Nos. 5036 and 5918, aggregating \$4,950,000, were not sold earlier, when the market for municipal debentures was much more favorable. The first-mentioned by-law was passed in January, 1908, and the second in January, 1912, but the debentures were not sold until the middle of 1913, when the conditions of civic finance and the state of the money market combined to render a sale

compulsory. The prices realized were probably satisfactory in view of the then state of the market and the history of the previous financing attempted. But the quoted prices ex-dividend on the London Stock Exchange between July, 1910, and July, 1912, of four per cent. City of Toronto debentures, due 1944-1948, ranged from 101 to 103 at the first-mentioned date to 96 to 98 at the last-mentioned date. Had these two items been sold within the period named, they would have probably realized minimum prices of from 92 to 96, giving a safe average of, say, 94. The resultant saving would have been about 12 per cent., or \$594,000. In the judgment of your Commissioners, all Hydro-Electric debentures should be marketed by themselves.

CIVIC ELECTRIC SERVICES:

In connection with the proposed extensions to the Civic Waterworks System, attention is drawn to the importance to the Hydro-Electric System of the Waterworks Department utilizing electric power in the fullest possible degree. The Corporation has invested a large amount of capital in this System, which was established on the faith and covenant of a complete monopoly of the civic electric services. The supply of electric power to the Waterworks Department for all purposes thereof during off-peak hours will have an important influence in reducing the all-round cost, and, therefore, in bringing the time nearer at which rates may be reduced. It is also

worth while noting, in connection with street lighting cost, that the street lighting system now represents a connected load of 5,600 h.p., against an estimated load of 666 h.p. at the inception of the enterprise, and, as already stated, 520 miles of streets are now lighted, against 280 miles at the time aforesaid. The extra cost the municipality is now under for street lighting is due, therefore, to the extra service given, the rates being the lowest in the history of the city.

AUDITORS' REPORT:

The matters referred to by the Auditors in paragraph four of their report are in process of adjustment. This is a relic of the unsatisfactory conditions originating in the regime of the former management. The matters referred to in paragraph five of the same report will be settled with the Corporation of the City of Toronto during the present year.

CONCLUSION:

The progress of the past, and the promise of the future, amply vindicate the public confidence placed in the enterprise, and for the many continuing proofs of that confidence your Commissioners are deeply grateful.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Commission.

P. W. ELLIS, H. C. HOCKEN, R. G. BLACK.
Chairman. Mayor.
Toronto, 27th March, 1914.

STATEMENT SHOWING IMPROVEMENT IN COMMERCIAL BUSINESS IN 1913.

INCOME. Commercial Income.	—1912—		—1913—	
	Amount.	Per cent. of total.	Amount.	Per cent. of total.
Lighting	\$197,739.21	27.21	\$411,905.17	35.53
Power	94,400.05	12.99	229,615.08	19.81
Exhibition and Sundry	46,123.38	6.34	43,102.11	3.71
Total Commercial Income	\$338,262.64	46.54	\$684,622.36	59.05
Total Municipal Income	388,500.91	53.46	474,717.35	40.95
Grand total	\$726,763.55	100%	\$1,159,339.71	100%

Increase in total commercial business, \$346,360.00, or 102½ per cent.

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS SHOWING DECREASE IN OPERATING COSTS AND INCREASE IN NETT SURPLUS IN 1913.

CHARGES.	1912.		1913.		Increase or decrease 1913.
	Per cent. of income.	Per cent. of income.	Per cent. of income.	Per cent. of income.	
Cost of current	26.74	22.08	Dec.	4.66	
Expenses of operation, maintenance and management	42.14	36.68	Dec.	5.46	
Interest	11.89	16.28	Inc.	4.39	
Depreciation	9.44	14.31	Inc.	4.87	
Sinking Funds	7.93	7.66	Dec.	.27	
Surplus	1.86	2.99	Inc.	1.13	
	100.00%	100.00%			



Just "Alabastine"
—a Brush and Pail

And — you may have an artistic home.

The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable.

With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme.

Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush it on the wall. **FREE STENCILS:** Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

The Alabastine Co., Limited
67 Willow St. Paris, Canada.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine



Canadian Northern Steamships
LIMITED

R.M.S. Royal Edward **R.M.S. Royal George**

Next Sailing from St. John, N.B., April 22nd.

*Cabins de Luxe — Suites and Rooms
With Private Baths, at Rates That Appeal.*

For all information apply to Steamship Agents or 52 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario; 226 St. James Street, Montreal, Quebec; 583 Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



"Love and the Universe"

When Dr. Albert D. Watson published his "Wing of the Wild Bird," critics discovered a new note in Canadian poetry. There was a lilting lyricism that was purest melody. The issuance of his "Love and the Universe" (Macmillan) scarcely bears out the promise of that earlier volume, yet there is much in these later poems to constitute the offering of one of the finest contributions of the year. An unerring sense of poetic rhythm, a chastely classical diction, combined with a studied and careful expression, that is yet devoid of any hint of artificiality, make of the passages where he sings for the pure love of singing his supreme achievement—an absolute lyricism.

The title poem, highly dignified, is marred to some extent by an unevenness, not in form, for Dr. Watson could not err in the technicalities of construction, but in thought. Several stanzas of high imaginative beauty, and structural perfection are spoiled by a banal line that detracts from its effectiveness. My space is too limited to quote as I would wish to quote, but there is such sheer beauty of conception in the following stanza, it emphasizes so well the colourful qualities of the verse, that I cannot but quote it:

"The voiceless symphony of moor and highland,
The rainbow on the mist,
The white moon-shield above the slumber-island,
The mirror-lake, star-kissed,
The life of budding leaf and spray and branches,
The dew upon the sod,
The roar of downward-rushing avalanches,
Are eloquent of God."

But it is in the lyrics that abound in the book that Dr. Watson's power is most evident, although his sonnets are characterized with a nobility of thought and high sustained dignity that make them most praiseworthy. The making of music is to the writer a pleasurable pastime, and there are few, if any, Canadian writers who can achieve a more purely lyrical effect. The series of monologues called "The Immortals" show remarkable insight into the lives and individualities of the great men he has sought to interpret.

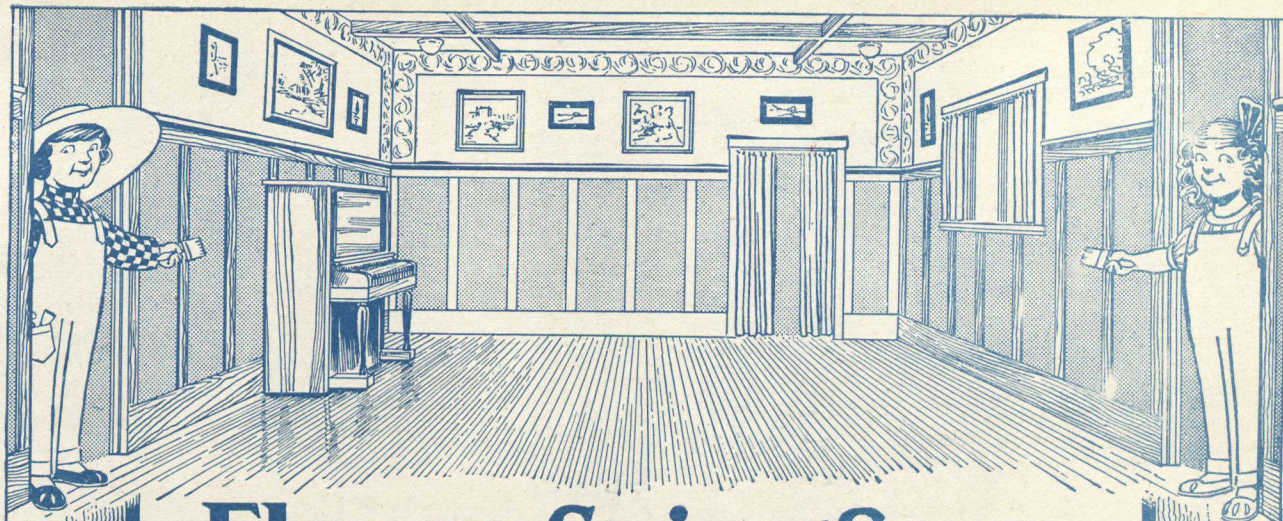
If a mere reviewer may say so, however, the most noteworthy portion of the volume is the foreword by Katharine Hale, exquisite in conception and noble in achievement, although I cannot quite agree with her estimate of Dr. Watson.

English Opinion on a Canadian Choir

THIS is what the London "Musical Herald" has to say about the 1915 visit of the Mendelssohn Choir to England a year from next June:

"The Toronto Municipal Board of Control decided to vote £2,000 as a grant to the Mendelssohn Choir to help finance the proposed European trip of 1915. Already about £5,000 is assured for the guarantee fund by friends of the Choir, so that there is a little more than half the amount still to be raised. It is probable that the Ontario and Federal Governments will do their share, as the appearance of the Choir in England, France and Germany would have an incalculably fine effect both as an artistic and commercial advertisement. The visit will require six weeks."

At the present time considerably more than the amount indicated by the "Herald" has been raised. There are still several thousand dollars to find to complete the \$75,000 necessary. The Choir are already holding weekly rehearsals on the programmes for the European concerts. All but less than ten of the 235 members are able to go on the trip. The itinerary is expected to cover most of the music centres of England and some on the continent. Before sailing the Choir will probably give one concert in Montreal, and one in New York with the Philharmonic Orchestra. Boston tried to get them, but without result. That is just as well. It might have been as well if the Choir had cut out the New York concert at this time.



Floors Spic and Span

A WELL painted or well varnished floor is a sanitary floor—easy to keep clean and bright.

Floor Paint, or Floor Varnish has to stand the scuff and wear—and stay fresh and bright under all kinds of kicks and rough usage. The best Floor Paint for all-round satisfaction is

The Old Reliable SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT

It's the "daddy" of them all. "Way back in your grandfather's time", SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT was standing the wear and tear of pioneer days—today, it is giving lasting beauty and protection to thousands and thousands of floors.

If a Varnished floor is desired, there is nothing that stands the scuff like

"MARBLE-ITE" FLOOR FINISH

Bump it—push furniture over it—stamp on it—spill water on it—wash it, and "MARBLE-ITE" will stand the wear and tear and retain its original newness and lustre.

Write for "Floors—Spic and Span", a book that tells the best ways of finishing various kinds of floors—free for the asking. 31

The Martin-Senour Co.
Limited
MONTREAL.



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

PRINTING.

VISITING CARDS—Ladies' or Gentlemen's printed to order—latest styles; fifty cents per hundred, post-paid. Frank H. Barnard, Printer, 35 Dundas Street, Toronto.

PATENTS.

A WORKING MODEL should be built before your patents are applied for. Our modern machine shop and tools are at your service. We are the only manufacturing attorneys in the world. Get our advice regarding your invention. All advice free. The Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 22 College Street, Toronto.

WRITE for our Inventors' book, "Protective Patents." Tells how to invent and dispose of patents. Trade-marks registered all countries. Robb & Robb, 287-290 Southern Bldg., Washington, D.C.

BOOKS.

THE FORCE OF THE MIND, by A. T. Schofield, M.D., explains the scientific relation between the mind and many of mankind's ailments. Cloth, 240 pages. \$2.00, post-paid. Norman Richardson, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

HELP WANTED.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS for railway mail clerks everywhere soon; citizens over 15 eligible; big pay; yearly vacation with full pay; sample questions, free; write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. F175, Rochester, N.Y.

EDUCATIONAL.

LEARN BOOKKEEPING and Commercial Work. Complete practical course by mail. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. K, Toronto, Canada.

BOOKS.

A DESKBOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH, by F. H. Vizetelly, is an invaluable text book for those who are particular about the language they use. Cloth, \$1.00, post-paid. N. Richardson, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

BAKERS' OVENS.

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens—plans supplied; latest machinery; lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 732 King West, Toronto.

BOOKS.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET. Prof. A. Loissette tells how you may strengthen the power of your memory. A perfect memory means increased capabilities, and a larger income. 12mo, cloth, \$3.00, post-paid. Norman Richardson, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

INVESTMENTS.

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTING FOR PROFIT." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. "INVESTING FOR PROFIT" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 465 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

DIRT



Hasn't a
GHOST OF A SHOW
with —

