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By J. T. STIRRETT

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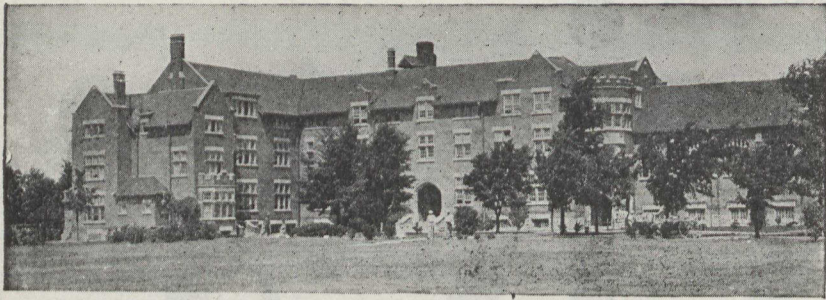
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A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

Land is the backbone of prosperity—industry may be called the nervous system. Agriculture in Canada has never been anything but a subject of profound human interest. Manufacturing has wrongly been looked upon as a mere system in which machinery has been exalted at the expense of the individual unit who works the machine.

But there is as much human interest—if less pure naturalism—in the factories of Canada, as there is in the farms of Canada. True, the factory worker, even though he may have good air and more or less pleasant surroundings, has no birdnotes and rustling leaves to beguile his labours. But in the factories of Canada, which now reach from sea to sea, and are rapidly extending under a protective tariff for revenue purposes, there is a vast deal of human study. A few glimpses of this we expect to include in our Industrial Number, which goes on the press next week. This issue will be, as far as possible, interesting to the average reader. At all events, the pictures which have been chosen with some care will attract the attention of anybody. Some of the photographs may have the effect of stimulating the average normal reader to neglect the serial story and the short story for the sake of finding out something of what is doing in the great industrial system of the country.

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Write for Calendar

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Another View of George.—A man but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the suburban road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea; and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the woman turn a horrified look upon him and then hurry away; and the idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all, and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his wife awaiting him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me, and said: 'All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you were out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain, when an idea came to him.

"What sort of a man was it?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped on every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—*Boston Post.*

* * *

Sharing the "Credit."—A young lawyer in a Western town was taken into partnership with his father, and soon got the idea that he was the whole firm. He fell into a habit of saying, at the conclusion of a successful case: "Well, father, I won that case all right."

Finally the old man, becoming irritated by the son's assumption of importance, handed out this advice: "George, it seems to me that whenever this firm does anything you might give me half of the credit for it. Don't put on so many airs."

The youth took the advice to heart, and a few days later rushed into the office with this report: "Father, I—I mean we—have been sued for breach of promise!"

* * *

Negligent Company.—"Bill's goin' to sue the company fer damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle whin 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron and 'e dropped it on 'is foot, b'dad."—*Life.*

* * *

Bluffing.—Lack of experience had led Mr. Simkins to a fairly fashionable restaurant. He could not understand a word of French, but, determined that he would not necessarily display his ignorance before the waiter, he pointed to an item and said: "I'll have some of that, please"

The waiter looked compassionate.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said gently, "but the band is playing that just at present."

* * *

The Modern Way.—"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

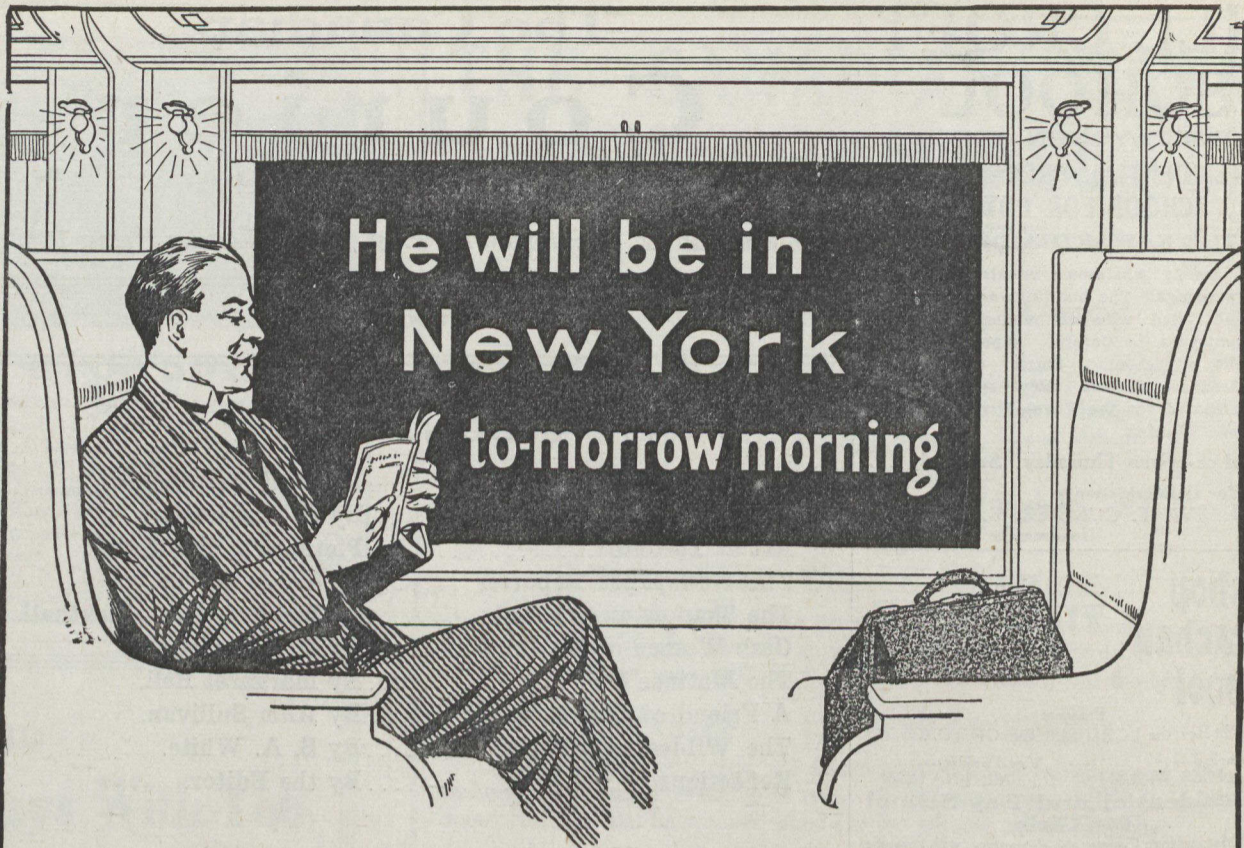
"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer.

"You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts, and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the gas jets quiver: "Advertise for it, you ignoramous!"

The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.—*Tit-Bits.*



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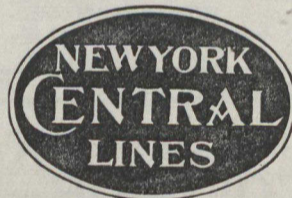
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The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

August 19, 1911

No. 12

MEN TALKED ABOUT

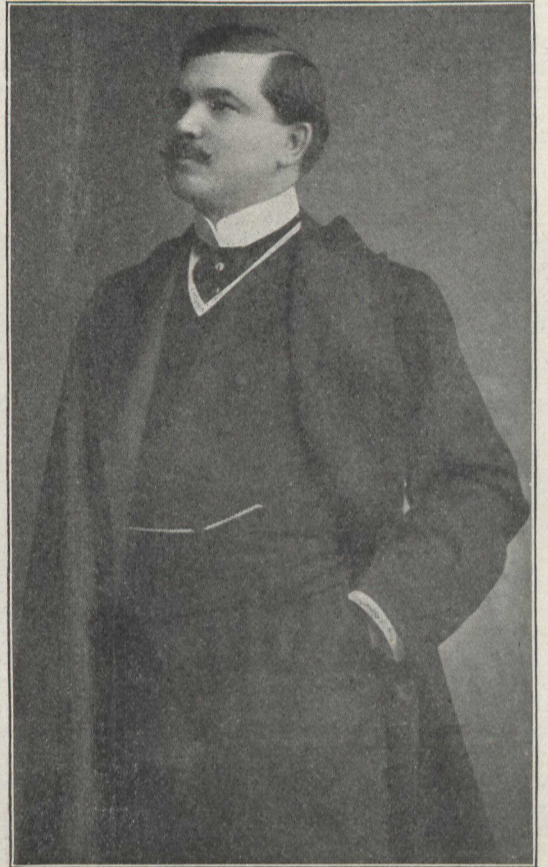
PERSONAGES POLITICAL AND OTHERWISE



MR. HUGH GUTHRIE, K.C.
Who may succeed to the Portfolio of Justice



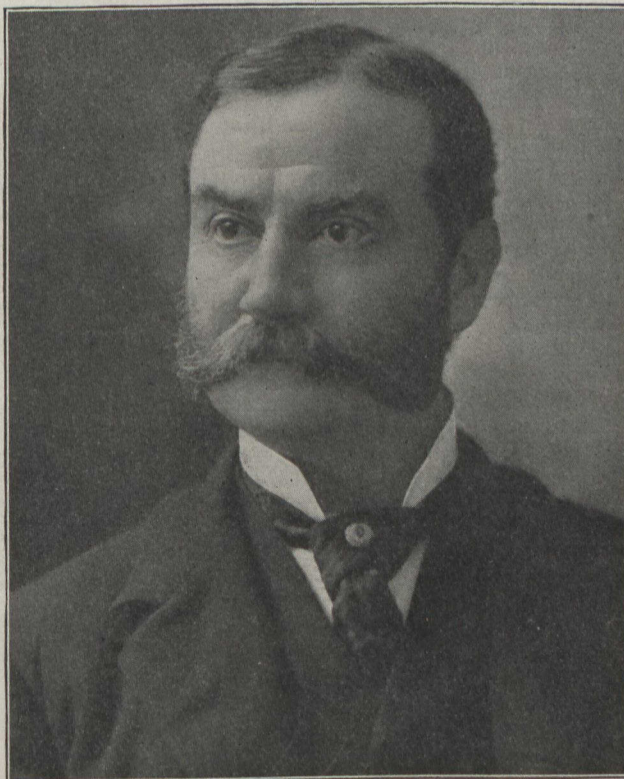
DR. HENRI S. BELAND
New Postmaster-General and Member for Beauce, P.Q.



HON. RODOLPHE LEMIEUX
New Minister of Marine and Fisheries

MORE Ministerial shuffle. With the resignation of Mr. Brodeur, so long desired by the *Toronto News*, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux takes charge of Marine—inclusive of Niobe, Rainbow, and the Arctic. In the post-office portfolio he inherited a large surplus, somewhat derived from penny postage, good management and the absence of hard times. He inaugurated rural delivery and reduced urban rates to a cent for an ordinary letter—which has made it extremely difficult to recollect that a two-cent stamp has any business on a letter to any address except in case of writing on love or baseball. Mr. Lemieux is a very urbane, smooth-going French-Canadian. Before Hon. Mackenzie King became Minister of Labour he had time to invent the Lemieux Act for the amicable settlement of labour disputes without strikes; said Act having kept Mr. King busy settling strikes most of the time since. It does not look as though the Marine Department will furnish Mr. Lemieux with as much chance for distinction as did his old portfolio. His first joust since being sworn in last week was with Mr. Bourassa, on Sunday, down at St. Hyacinthe.

SUCCESSING Mr. Lemieux—Dr. Beland, of Beauce, who, on Parliament Hill, has played baseball with page boys; a man most democratic, un-Nationalist and anti-Bourassa; beloved in rural Québec, which, in a remarkable manner, he impersonates. Dr. Beland is a young man. As P. M. G. he will be energetic, resourceful and urbane. He has been in the House since 1902, when he took the seat of Mr. J. Godbout. Always quiet and unobtrusive he has seldom spoken in the House, though he is one of the ablest speakers in both French and English. He will now be heard more. Barring Hon. Mackenzie King he is the youngest Minister. Three years ago he was first made prominent by being appointed with Honourables Sydney Fisher and Clifford Sifton



MR. ZEBULON AITON LASH, K.C.
Anti-Reciprocitarian and President Canadian National League.

to represent Canada on the North American Conservation Commission at Washington.

IT seems probable that Mr. Hugh Guthrie will be the new Minister of Justice. The member for South Wellington has perhaps had his eye on the Cabinet for years. A singularly able man; of rather cold intellect and a sort of dominance in the House—he has been effectively put on the firing line by the Government before now. He is not easily fussed up. Neither when he speaks in the House is he so much genial as interesting. Guelph is his native city; a stone town with a Scotch cast; firm Guthrie and Watt just below the post-office and the public square on the road leading to the river. He has two or three brothers. One is a Presbyterian minister. In law Mr. Guthrie was scarcely less successful than his father. In politics—somewhat remains to be seen; but there need be no doubt that he will be an able successor to the line of Ministers in that portfolio begun by Hon. David Mills, most learned of them all. For a long time it has been taken for granted that Mr. Guthrie will succeed Sir Alan Aylesworth, though Sir Allan is reported as favouring Mr. A. H. Clarke, of South Essex.

THE signature somewhat bespeaks the man—Z. A. Lash, with the tail of the H flicked like a whip-lash under the name. Mr. Lash once had the same political mind as the three gentlemen pictured on top of this page. He now thinks far differently. Mr. Lash will do as much as he may to help keep these gentlemen out of portfolios; not being anxious, though quite able for one himself. The reason for the change is—Reciprocity and the Canadian National League, of which he is President, and which goes for reciprocity much as a dog goes at a weasel under a woodpile. Mr. Lash is one of the ablest legal minds in Canada. He is also a millionaire. A very brusque man; impatient of opposition—he has never tied himself to a cause of great public interest until he took up with anti-reciprocity.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

FOLLOW PRINCIPLE RATHER THAN FACT.

THE party leaders are showing their appreciation of popular feeling by "going slow" about opening the campaign. The people are too busy these days to listen to political speeches; and where they are not too busy, they are too lazy. The "dog days" do not lend themselves to fighting—strange as that may seem. Even a dog never fights in "dog days" unless he is mad. Politics is a sport for the vigorous days of autumn or the bracing weeks of winter. It is a simple physical fact that this election which, we are told, is to settle the question of reciprocity, will be held amidst a perceptibly lower percentage of public interest than it would have attracted two months later. It is a good deal like asking a lot of school boys to come back Saturday afternoon and study the rivers of Europe. They might be able to take an intelligent interest in the said rivers on Monday morning; but on Saturday afternoon?—why, how absurd!

* * *

WE will probably wake up a little more before polling day. The working season will have opened; and we will suddenly rub our eyes and realize that a vitally important general election is just about to be held, and that we have not had time to argue the matter out with our neighbours. However, we can vote. A cynic said to me the other day, when discussing how the ballots would be likely to be marked this time, "Oh, I guess the Liberals will vote Liberal and the Conservatives will vote Conservative, much as usual." And undoubtedly there will be a lot of voting done along these lines. Still it is only fair to remember that this reciprocity issue is one which fits in very neatly with party divisions in Canada. Our Liberals are inclined toward freer trade, and our Conservatives are inclined toward restricting trade. And to those who regard reciprocity as nothing more than a trade question, this pretty well settles the matter. The cross-voting will be due chiefly to the belief of some Liberals that reciprocity is also a political question—that is, a question affecting the political future of Canada; and to the belief of some Conservatives that this is the farmers' chance.

* * *

IT is a funny thing how entirely everybody has "ditched" the workingman in this election. Usually the *WORKINGMAN* is king. The appeals to "the horny-handed sons of toil" commonly fill all the party press and ooze out of all the party literature. But this time, the workingman is utterly disregarded. The Liberals argue that reciprocity will increase the prices which the farmers will get for their food products; and they do not seem to care two cents that the "down-trodden workingman" will have to pay his share of those increased prices. The Conservatives deny that reciprocity will increase the prices which the farmer will get for his food products, alleging instead that the Canadian farmer already gets higher prices in his home market than the American farmer does in his; but they do not take a minute off to consider that the workingman is paying those higher prices to-day and that reciprocity should—on their own reasoning—get him lower prices. In fact, nobody cares a hoot for the workingman.

* * *

THIS must be a new experience for Mr. Workingman; and I am wondering how he likes it. He has ceased to be "the white-haired boy," and his cousin from the farm has taken his place. I am wondering, too, whether this scorn of his vote will last up to polling day. Surely the city members will at least have to consider somebody in this business except "the tillers of the soil," whose votes never get near them; and when they come to argue reciprocity for the winning of the workingman, how are they going to avoid a collision with their own friends who have been busy rounding up the farmer. As for workingmen whom I happen to know, this unwonted neglect of their interests by their erstwhile friends, the vote-hunting politicians, has brought to them chiefly a sense of relief. They never did like the paternal attempts of their quadrennial patrons to tell them how to vote. They have always felt that they could get along without help in this regard; and now they are going to do it. And some people are going to be surprised.

* * *

SO far, this has been a war of statisticians rather than a battle of spell-binders. The things which statistics have been compelled to prove must

make the theologians ashamed of their lack of skill in establishing diverse creeds out of the same Bible. Hand any given blue book to any two party statisticians of opposite colours, and they will each prove their case to a demonstration without going outside of its dull pages. The speeches at Ottawa have been largely a series of juggling feats with price lists, tariff schedules and Government trade reports. Some of the speakers have even succeeded in showing that in happy Canada the prices which the farmers get—or will get—are higher than they are in the United States, while the prices which the consumers pay—or will pay—are lower. No one ever dreamed that we had so many adroit figurers in public life until this issue suddenly called them out of obscurity—or some other field of deceptive reasoning—to show the country people how absurd it is to imagine that two and two have no more variety of ambition than always to make four.

* * *

BUT it is hardly enough for either side to confuse their following with tangled mazes of tabulated tergiversation. People have not forgotten that statistics is the superlative of "lies." In dealing with statistics, the great secret is skillful selection and omission; and a great many people are in the secret. I had rather have two ounces of common sense, directed by the ordinary rules of logic, with which to settle a question of this sort than all the figures and percentages in Christendom. The men who reason quietly from the principle of the thing, and let the politicians and journalists entangle themselves in their own long lines of quoted numerals, will come the nearest to the truth. By "the principle of the thing," I mean such economic principles as free trade and such political principles as national ambition. Taking human nature for what it is, what do they think of this whole subject? That is the way to get at the right aspect. Let them—if they desire to make sure of escaping this bewildering dance of the figures—try a "change of venue," and ask themselves how they would look at it if the proposed agreement had been offered to Mexico. The principle is the thing. There is nothing so false as a misplaced fact.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

ART AT TORONTO

EVERY artist and art connoisseur admits that the annual exhibition of art in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, is the most important art exhibition in the Dominion. This year it promises to be exceptionally good. Owing to the fact that there are several loan exhibitions in progress in Great Britain just now, it is just possible that the number of pictures from British galleries will be smaller than usual. If this should be the case the deficiency will be more than made up by the supply of pictures from other sources. For the first time in Canada there will be a comprehensive exhibit of representative work of living United States artists. This collection has been made under the supervision of Mr. Arthur Heming, the well-known Canadian artist, who early in the year made a visit to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, for the purpose of seeing the various painters personally. This collection will be still further supplemented by a considerable number of loan pictures from the galleries of prominent Canadian collectors and by the regular exhibition of the latest work of the Canadian artists themselves.

The British section of this year will contain a collection made by Mr. Dibdin, the curator of the Walker Gallery, Liverpool. It will include paintings by Sir Alfred East, Hassel, Hornel, Orpen, and other living English and Scotch artists. It will also include several pictures of historical importance. While the collection may be small, it will be representative and well worthy of close study.

The American collection will be larger and more representative. Indeed, some of the American artists who have seen the list of pictures which are coming have made the statement that this collection of United States paintings will be the finest ever got together under one roof at one time. This seems almost incredible considering the excellent exhibitions which have been held at various times in Pittsburg and New York. Nevertheless, the men who make the statement are in a position to know. In any case Canadian art lovers will have an excel-

lent opportunity of getting acquainted with the work of the leading American painters and of comparing their qualities and characteristics with those of the Canadian painters whose work will be hung in the same gallery. About sixty different artists will be represented, including Childe Hassam, Emil Carlsen, Bicknell, Dangerfield, Hawthorne, Ranger, Waugh, and Wiles.

Among the famous pictures which have been collected from Canadian galleries are a Romney and a Constable, loaned by Sir William Van Horne; a Daubigny, a Gabriel Max and a Troyon, loaned by Lady Drummond; several Dutch landscapes, by W. Maris and J. Maris, loaned by E. F. B. Johnston, Esq., and others almost equally famous from the galleries of E. B. Osler, Esq., M.P., Chester D. Massey, Esq., Cawthra Mulock, Esq., Sir Edmund Walker, and Mrs. H. D. Warren.

In addition to the British, United States and Canadian pictures which will be exhibited in the main art gallery there will be a second gallery devoted to graphic art, applied art, architecture, and art photography. The chief attraction, perhaps, in this second gallery, will be some sixty sketches by leading United States illustrators. This collection has been made and sent by the Society of Illustrators, which has its headquarters in the City of New York. It will include Frederick Remington's famous sketch entitled "The Stampede." Although only an illustration this picture is valued at a thousand dollars. There will also be representative work by Walter Appleton Clark, C. Allan Gilbert, A. B. Wenzell, Maxfield Parrish, Charles Dana Gibson, Rosenmeyer, and fifty other fairly well-known workers in black and white.

The collection of Canadian graphic art will be exceptionally large. While Canada does not possess so many illustrators as the United States or Great Britain, nevertheless, there are a number of men working here whose black and white work will compare favourably with that produced abroad. Among those who might be mentioned are Fergus Kyle, C. W. Jefferys, Tom Greene, W. S. Broadhead, Frank Johnston and T. W. Mitchell.

The art show of the Canadian National Exhibition has one distinctive feature. It is the only art show in Canada which attracts people from outside the locality in which it is held. Every year a number of art lovers and artists from all over Canada make an annual pilgrimage to Toronto to see this collection. During the last couple of years quite a number of American art lovers have joined in the pilgrimage and this number will undoubtedly grow from year to year. The Exhibition authorities realize the value of an art show as a magnet to draw a class of people who do not mind travelling a few hundred miles to see two or three masterpieces. In arranging their annual collections they have judiciously mixed the popular and the more severely artistic, with the result that last year the average number of visitors to the art galleries was approximately forty thousand for each of the ten days during which the pictures were on exhibition. Probably no art show ever held in the world has a record which equals this, and the directors of the Toronto Exhibition may well be proud of their achievement.

Baseball Player as a Comedian

CONCERNING "Little Eddie Fitzpatrick," who recently won a ball game for the Toronto team by knocking out a home run with three men on bases, the *Toronto Star* says:

"Fitz" is a rather unlucky batter. He hits the ball right on the nose, but usually straight at somebody. "Fitz" is the comedian of the team, and pulls many a good one on the other fellows. In the Sunday burlesque at Jersey City, when the Leafs looked like a bunch of corner-lotters, "Fitz" made a big kick to Umpire Kerin on a play at second, when Wheeler, in sliding in grabbed the ball and tucked it in his shirt, after Tony Smith had muffed Kocher's throw. Smith had a chance to get the man going to third, but he couldn't find the ball. Finally the Skeeters rolled up seven runs in the innings, and as Deininger tried to steal second, Fitz took the throw and tagged the runner.

Umpire Kerin stood over the play, and throwing up his right arm, announced, "He's out!"

"Fitz" made an elaborate courtesy to the "ump," lifted his cap, and bowed obsequiously.

"Many thanks for those kind words," he said.

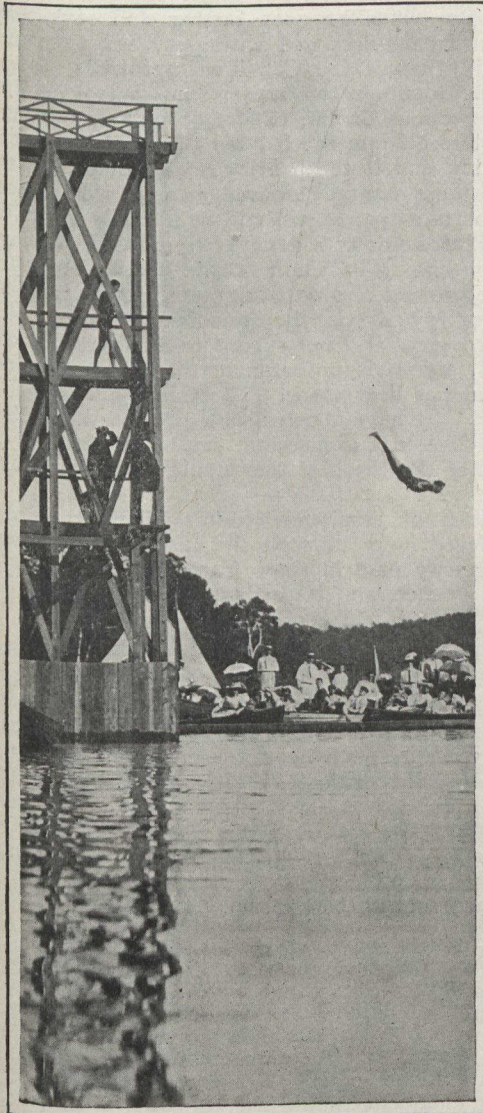
"Out of the game!" shouted "Umps."

"Which way out?" asked Fitz, innocently.

"Out of the grounds!" growled "Umps."

"Fitz" got out, of course, but his antics before he left had the crowd in an uproar. As he disappeared around the corner of the stand he gave "Umps" a parting salute that evoked roars of laughter from the delighted crowd.

INTERNATIONAL SWIMMERS



J. P. Lyons, of the Montreal Swimming Club, won the high diving championship.

Photographs by J. H. Jost.

A FEW days ago the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association held its championship meet at the Waegwoltic Club, North West Arm, Halifax. The feature of the day was the spectacular work of New York swimmers who competed with Canadian athletes. The Americans cleaned up four of the six events. Arthur McAlleenen, the New York Athletic Club's sixteen year old phenomenon, and R. M. Ritter, of the City Athletic Club, New York, were the American champions. Ritter was first in the three swimming events which he entered. McAlleenen was the victor in the Variety Spring Board Diving event. Two Canadians who excelled were J. P. Lyons, Variety High Diving champion, and Sam Silver, chief of them all in the 220 yards—breast stroke. Both these men belong to the Montreal Swimming Club.

It was the diving which particularly appealed to the enthusiastic crowd who watched the aquatic stunts from canoes lined ten deep along the course. In this respect the water gymnastics of the American athletes was a revelation to Halifaxians.

The meet at Halifax, in which men from both sides of the line competed, was another highly successful sporting entente between this country and the Big Neighbour. The decorations of the Waegwoltic Club for the occasion were carried out with an international suggestion in the colour scheme. After the programme, Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, presented prizes to the winners.

The Waegwoltic is to be congratulated for carrying out such a meet. There is much swimming and diving at various resorts during the summer in Canada, but outside of college tanks, competition in the sport is not as common as in others. Such contests produce expert swimmers. They tend to lessen the possibility of fatalities, when people disport themselves on the water.



Swimmers of two nations in tournament at Halifax. Left to right: Ritter and Behrens, of New York; Patterson and Ringwood, of Halifax; Earl, of Montreal; McAlleenen, of New York, and Tyrer, of Halifax.



On the banks of the Waegwoltic Club, watching the water gambols.

OUR RECIPROCITY CONTEST

THE CANADIAN COURIER is offering a prize for the best 100-word letter on reciprocity. For conditions see last week's issue. Each letter must begin, "I shall vote Conservative," or "I shall vote Liberal." The following are some of the letters which arrived on Monday:

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal because I think the first duty of a voter is to help the government to "mutual advantage," which is the definition of reciprocity, and the best way to preserve peace and respect between the American and the Canadian.

The "Pact," as it is called in the Press, embraces foodstuffs particularly, and in this way surely the poor all round will benefit, as the most of eatables are interchangeable duty free. The last, though not the least, reason, is the proximity of the Century of Peace, and the celebration of which will go a long way towards making World Peace.

HISTORICUS.

Toronto.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal because under reciprocity I should not see 150 tons of hay rotting in my barn.

I should not see berries rotting on the vines because of a glutted market.

I should not be compelled to feed barley to my hogs, when each bushel would buy 21-2 bushels of corn, one being equal to the other as pig-feed.

And because I intend to be guided by my own judgment, and not by the advice of a politician who was led to oppose reciprocity because of party exigencies—it is a business question.

A THINKER.

Hamilton.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Conservative because I usually do so and because I see no reason to change. Com-

mercially, the reciprocity pact may be of some benefit, but it will also do some harm. It will give the farmer increased prices for some things and lower prices for others—at different seasons perhaps. But it will upset our present avenues of trade and it will be a bad precedent. The advantages and disadvantages being nearly equal, I shall not change my party allegiance.

Again, I think it would do the Liberal party good to go out of office for a while, and the Conservative party would be benefitted by a change. We do not change our Governments often enough. If the Liberals go out of office, some evil influences will find their level.

PARTISAN.

Toronto.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal because a poor man has no right to vote with capitalist who upholds the prices of food and keeps wages down, and who spends the money made in Canada, in New York, London, Paris, Vienor, and elsewhere, for articles thei can got, right hier, better made and better quality.

Because thos are the real suporters of the Conservatives, who are trying to kill the reciprocity and in their mockery (help the farmer) are usurping the rights of 70 procent. All the other workers whos wages since last 10 years dit not ingreis 25 procent. But living expences has ingreisid 100 procent.

That's why, yours,

LADIES' TAILOR.

Montreal.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Conservative, because I do not regard "Reciprocity" as solely, or even chiefly, a commercial proposition. The commercial benefits are problematical. The risks of entanglement are serious.

Because I do not believe that Canada has reached

such a strong national position that she can with impunity associate herself more closely with a powerful neighbour and take the risks of arousing powerful influences against her attempt in the future to follow her own independent development.

Because I believe we should make every effort to strengthen "the imperial band reaching from England around the world to England again."

EDWARD APRIL.

Toronto.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal. This country will probably be a long while neighbour to the United States. It is essential that trade between countries so contiguous be as free as possible without impairing the interests of either. A measure of reciprocity in natural products is in the interests of Canada as a great producing country with the largest one-flag market in the world at her doors. I shall vote Liberal because the Conservatives for party purposes are trying to make ultimate annexation an issue. But I shall vote Conservative at the very next election if the Liberal party, returned to power, show any symptoms of jeopardizing the interests of Canada either as a nation or as part of the British Empire.

INDEPENDENT.

Toronto.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I shall vote Conservative, first, because it is time for a change. The Grits have become an oligarchy. Second, because the leader of the Liberals has ceased to be a serious statesman and has become a mere political actor. His fine professions in 1895 he has abandoned for the sake of merely staying in office. The British Preference he has made merely a side-show to reciprocity. He has exalted geography at the expense of history. He is playing a personal game. Laurier's real political motto is worse than that of Louis XIV. Louis said "L'etat c'est moi." Laurier says—"After me the deluge." But this country can't afford a deluge. We want good government right away.

NEMO.

London.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Autocracy of Democracy.

THAT democracy will triumph ultimately, no one will deny. That democracy has many faults, its best friends will admit. Great Britain is now giving us weekly exhibitions of the arrogance of a democracy. Just when the aristocracy have yielded to the pressure which the Commons put upon them in connection with the Veto Bill, the trades unions are showing how brutal they can be when they wish to gain a point. First at Liverpool and Manchester, the striking dockmen tied up food supplies until people suffered severely. Then they did the same at London. The London situation became acute and the employers yielded—to force and to necessity. At Liverpool, only soldiers keep the mob in check.

Again there is a strike on the much vaunted municipal street-car lines in Glasgow, and on Saturday last five people were killed during the rioting. To enforce their demands, the unions do not hesitate to cause the poor to go hungry, to destroy the property of the capitalist or of the municipality, or even to take human life.

From other parts of Britain, come stories of unrest and democratic rebellion. The people, below the average, have tasted blood in their recent electoral and parliamentary victories, and they are showing their teeth like wild beasts. All of which shows that our civilization is as yet but a thin veneer. The British are far ahead of the Italians, or Russians, but even in Britain democracy has much to learn before it is as wise as Solomon and as humane as the man of Nazareth. Neither the rich nor the poor have yet learned the real meaning of the words: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

* * *

Our Friendly Critics.

CANADA has several friendly critics, and one of the newest of these is Benj. B. Hampton, editor and publisher of *Hampton's Magazine*.

In an editorial in his August issue he admits that Canada does not desire annexation, but he proceeds to show that the recent Canadian development is to be credited to the United States. "American money at one end and American farmers at the other have done the trick." Large sums of United States money have been invested here. The \$417,000,000 of American capital bind the two countries in closest relations through the ties of Common Business, which are, after all, the only ties of any importance.

This is somewhat patronizing and not wholly pleasing. However, there is some reason behind the statements made. But when Mr. Hampton goes on to consider our political future, he fails to show a real grasp of the situation. He says:

"Once cut loose from the leading strings she has so long outgrown, Canada would become one of the greatest countries in the world; but progress and population do not go where people sing 'God Save the King,' and feel impelled to genuflections before a twentieth century coronation. These things are not in nature."

Mr. Hampton apparently has not heard of Germany, a country where "progress and population" go with "Hoch der Kaiser." Even if he thinks Great Britain and Canada and Australia and South Africa unprogressive, he should know about Germany, the country which supplies the United States with many of its leading citizens and most of its new ideas and inventions.

* * *

When to Keep Silence.

WHEN should a political party shout aloud and when should it keep silence? This is a question always worth discussing, but especially opportune at the present moment. In the latest issue of *Leslie's Weekly*, the editor tells how the Nebraska Republicans have fired the first gun for Taft as a presidential candidate in 1912, and incidentally discloses the fact that these politicians had nothing to say about reciprocity. Here is a paragraph worth reading:

"In keeping silent over reciprocity, Nebraska's Republicans have set an example which those of most of the other States will probably follow, until

the results of the experiment are known. That policy was opposed by many Republicans. It has been enacted, however, so far as the United States can do this all alone, and the course of wisdom for all the Republicans is to cease talking about it for the present."

When a movement has resulted in a Bill and that Bill has become a Law, it behooves the opponents of it to stop talking about it "until the results of the experiment are known." Here is a rule which the Conservatives and Liberals will need after September 21st. Like the Republicans of Nebraska, they must cease talking about reciprocity "for the present."

Unfortunately for what seems an admirable rule, the same issue of *Leslie's Weekly* contains an article by President Taft, on "What Reciprocity will do for U. S." If President Taft had had the editor's advice before he wrote this article, it would have saved him from a great political blunder. If the editor had really believed in his own precept he would have suggested to the President that the publication of such an article, while Canada was still discussing the subject, would be likely to injure the cause which it was desired to aid.

* * *

President Taft's Article.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S article is being used by the opponents of reciprocity in this country.

His statements and arguments are quoted to bolster up their case against the pact. That is their privilege. It is always fair in politics to take any weapon to beat your opponents, providing that you are neither dishonest nor ungentlemanly.

Just why President Taft should have written such an article at such a time, it is difficult to imagine. The fight on the Bill in Congress is over. The Bill is signed, sealed and delivered so far as the United States is concerned. There seems to be no immediate necessity in that country for a further presidential deliverance. He ought to have known that its publication would be used by the opponents of reciprocity in this country. They were certain to seize upon his glowing tribute to its value as a developer of United States trade in order to help prove that it isn't good for Canada.

No matter how fair the arguments used by President Taft, they are liable to be twisted against the cause which he has at heart. And the arguments are fair. From a United States point of view, the article is quite statesmanlike in tone. It is enthusiastic, but not overly so. It is fairly calm and well-reasoned. Nevertheless, good political judgment on the President's part would have led to its suppression.

* * *

The Case of the Manufacturer.

MR. TAFT again admits that he was anxious to have reciprocity extend to manufactured articles. He says:

"In our negotiations over this Canadian reciprocity treaty, I directed our commissioners to secure as great a cut in the duties on manufactures in Canada as they could; but they were unable to secure any more than appears in this treaty, for the reason that Canada would not expose her manufacturers to the competition of American manufacturers."

Probably the opponents of reciprocity will not quote this paragraph when they use the article. It shows that Messrs. Fielding and Paterson did not embrace all the opportunities offered them. They refused to sacrifice the Canadian manufacturer. They might have secured a larger measure of free trade between the two countries, but they properly decided that the people of Canada did not want even a small measure of reciprocity in manufactured goods.

* * *

The Case of Lumber and Pulp.

WHEN Mr. Taft explains why lumber, pulp and paper are put up on the free list, he is not quite so complimentary to Canada. He says, "One of the great objects of the treaty was the conservation of our natural resources." The lumber and pulp wood supplies in the United States were getting low and it was advisable to "conserve" them. He expects that the importation of Canadian

lumber will lower prices to the United States consumer. So in regard to pulp, which can be bought in Canada "at five dollars less a ton than in this country."

So far, so good, and not much objection to be raised. But when he goes farther and says that he hopes that the proposed arrangement in pulp and paper will "induce the Canadian provinces, over which the Dominion can exercise no control, to lift their restrictions on the export of pulp wood," he delivers himself into the hands of his enemies. To say frankly that if the provinces of Canada try to conserve their natural resources in pulp wood, that their exports of paper will still be dutiable at \$5.75 a ton, he throws down a gauntlet which is disturbing to say the least. To admit boldly that he hopes to force the provinces to do what public policy forbids them doing is to arouse the Canadian fighting blood.

The provinces will not submit to any pressure of this kind, and it is unfortunate that any such arrangement has been made. The Canadian negotiators should not have allowed such a temptation to be framed. The only excuse that can be offered for it is that they did the best they could in a difficult situation.

By this frank admission on this point, Mr. Taft has rendered more difficult the task of defending the reciprocity pact in three Canadian provinces—Ontario, Quebec, and New Brunswick.

* * *

MR. TAFT is more fortunate in his dealing with the wheat question. He admits that the price of Canadian wheat will be raised when it is sold to the nearby millers of the United States. The freight rates will be lower from the West to Minneapolis, for example, than from the West to Liverpool, and hence the Western Canadian farmer will benefit. The United States farmer will have a corresponding benefit in getting cheaper bran and shorts, which they need for feeding purposes.

Here is one of his best paragraphs:

"What is true of wheat is true of the other cereals. The trade between Canada and the United States cannot but increase the sale of agricultural products across the border both ways to nearer markets than they now made in many instances. The trade will be beneficial to both the seller and the buyer. It will not, in my judgment, reduce the price of wheat or other farming products for our people in any marked way. It will, however, be enlarging the source of supply, prevent undue fluctuations, and it will and ought to prevent an exorbitant increase in farm prices."

Here Mr. Taft makes no exorbitant claims and states the situation fairly. Both countries should benefit by the free exchange of these cereals. At certain times and at certain places, Canada will gain; at other times and at certain places, the United States will gain. Undoubtedly, however, the United States millers have more to gain than any other class, unless it be the Canadian barley grower.

* * *

MR. TAFT seems to be very proud of the fact that the United States sells us \$225,000,000 worth of goods annually, while Great Britain sells us only \$93,000,000. He says:

"If Canada continues to grow, what may we expect to sell her if we reduce the tariff wall, introduce as near as we can free trade, and she increases her population from 7,000,000 to 30,000,000. Shall we not be flying in the face of Providence to maintain a wall between us and such a profitable market as she will furnish us?"

Here is where Mr. Taft is unwise. He should not talk too much about free trade between the two countries. We are extremely sensitive about becoming dependent upon the United States market. If this proposed reciprocity in natural products goes into force, that is no reason why Canada should approve any further measure of free trade for many years to come.

If Canada moves any closer to free trade than she is doing now, Canadians will want that to extend to other countries besides the United States. Mr. Taft's country is not the only country on earth, and Canada would be foolish to tie herself up to one market. Further, if the proposed reciprocity does not work out to what we consider to be a fair mutual advantage, we want to feel free to withdraw. To talk about absolute free trade between the two countries before this partial measure has proved its worth is rather pushing the matter too fast.

Mr. Taft's article may not do any harm. Some people will take one view of it; some will take another. But in any case, it is interesting and the verdict of the Canadian people on this and all other phases of this "burning question" will be given on September 21st.



"There's only one 't' in cat—unless it's a tom-cat."

THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER

Typical Stories Concerning His Work and Play.

By W. A. CLARKE

MEETING many people and being at many meetings and other gatherings, the newspaper reporter has many interesting and amusing experiences. Otherwise, also, his work is of an unusual nature, and so it is not surprising that he sometimes figures in queer incidents.



Speak to the choir boys?

Police courts are the scene of many good stories concerning reporters. In Toronto's police court one morning a woman who had given evidence in her own defence was told that she could go free. But she lingered in the witness box, and getting the attention of Magistrate Denison, she indicated, with a jerk of her thumb, the desk where the reporters were sitting, and she asked, "Kin I speak to the choir boys, yer Worship?" The court laughed, and the name stuck to the reporters for a long time.

Reporters don't need to work nearly as hard in reporting the afternoon courts as in covering the morning sessions. One afternoon one of them was sitting far forward on one chair and with his feet on another. Suddenly two other reporters pulled the chairs from under the lazy one. The fall of the stretched out man caused much noise. In the hush that followed, the magistrate said quietly, "I've often heard of the 'liberty of the press,' but this is the first time that I've had any experience with it."

At times, when the pressure of work is not very great, reporters on some papers do considerable "kidding."

"Is there a hyphen in street car?" asked a reporter on an evening paper, while writing a story early in the morning before the day's rush had begun.

"Yes—if the car has a trailer," answered the man at the next desk.

"If it has a trailer you'd better use a piece of coupling," said another reporter.

A fourth said, "And it might be well to put in a gong and put on a fender."

The reporter who thus got a lot of "joshing" came back at one of his tormentors a few days later. The latter had asked for the spelling of a very simple word, and the former gave it and then said, "Also, there's only one 't' in cat—unless it's a tom-cat."

Sometimes a reporter is threatened with rough handling by somebody who has a grudge against his paper. A few months ago, at a municipal election meeting in Toronto, a man who had been nominated to run for an aldermanic seat walked over to the reporters' table when the meeting was closing and asked fiercely, "Is there anybody here

from the Evening —?" The reporter from that paper didn't need to answer, for the others, expecting fun, promptly indicated him. "Your paper has been very unfair to me," said the angry man. "You've said a lot of things you shouldn't say." For a time it looked as if the reporter would be compelled to defend himself by using his fists, but some of the spectators explained to the angry one that a reporter was not responsible for the editorial opinions expressed in the paper. And the reporter jokingly tried to persuade the kicker to "go down and lick the editor."

City editors have had some surprising experiences with reporters who didn't fit into the work. The city editor of a certain Toronto evening paper hurried into the reporters' room one day when the rush was about at its worst. The only reporter who was not busy at the time was eating his lunch. "Call up —," said the city editor, who wanted to get an interview in a hurry. Then he nearly fainted, the reporter's answer being, "All right; wait till I finish my sandwich."

On another occasion the reporter who has been just referred to gave himself away, much to the secret amusement of the city editor. The reporter had stated that an afternoon police court case which he had not reported would not appear in the other papers.

"It won't?" asked the city editor, whose suspicions were beginning to be confirmed. "It won't," said the reporter. "You see, we always arrange among ourselves as to which cases we won't report." The city editor had hard work to keep from smiling at such a confession, but he kept his face straight and said, "Well, you're to write all that happens, and I'll arrange as to what isn't to go in."

A reporter in Detroit, who didn't take life too seriously, often amused the other members of the staff by his funny remarks.

He had one pet saying that always made a hit. Each pay-day, as he came out of the business office, he would hold his pay envelope as high over his head as he could reach, and would say, "Ha, ha! Fooled 'em another week!"

REPORTERS—contrary to the general opinion—don't get princely salaries, and in many instances they are not good hands at saving money. So it can easily be imagined that borrowing "a quarter to go to lunch," or "a bill to see me through till pay-day," is not an unheard-of thing among them.

A Toronto reporter, who owed money to his tailor and other people, and who usually had an I. O. U. in his pay envelope, borrowed "a five-spot" from another reporter. A considerable time passed, and the creditor used to jokingly harass the debtor, while the latter would pretend



"Ha, ha! Fooled 'em another week."



"All right; wait till I finish my sandwich."



"Is there anybody here from the Evening —?"

to be mightily insulted and would jokingly threaten to never pay up.

One day the creditor—still jokingly—became scornful.

"You're a nice kind of fellow—keeping me out of money that you know I need," he said. "I should think you would have honour enough to pay your just debts."

"Say, old man," said the debtor, smiling, "I have honour enough, but I haven't money enough."

It was a neat touch, and the creditor said, "That's a good one. For that I'll not bother you for the money for a whole week."

AT another time, the man who had borrowed the five dollars—and who by then had paid it back—loaned the other fellow a quarter.

Soon afterwards the other reporters got together and formed an amusing boycott against the man who had loaned the quarter. They pretended that he had been guilty of some journalistic sin, and they made it pretty lonely for him.

About lunch time on the day of the boycott the lonely one wakened up to the fact that he hadn't enough money to buy a meal. However, he had to do some work before he could go on a borrowing tour, and he found it necessary to speak, concerning the work, to the man who had borrowed the quarter. The latter didn't answer a question, and when it was repeated he put his finger to his closed lips, smiled and shook his head, to indicate that the boycott was still on.

Then a bright idea struck the lonely one. He hadn't intended asking for the borrowed quarter, but he saw a chance to get even with one of the boycotting party.

So he shoved in front of the silent one a piece of copy paper on which he had written, "All right. But if diplomatic relations have really been severed, perhaps you'll drag your jeans and let me have that quarter you owe me."

The silent one handed out the quarter and said, "That's where you got even all right. I guess I'd better start speaking to you again."

Usually when a reporter leaves a paper the staff give him a present and insist that he make a speech. Some months ago, when a young lady left a Toronto paper, the boys didn't want to ask her to make a speech. And, as she was pretty well fixed financially, they weren't sure that it would be well to give her an umbrella, a fountain pen, or any other present that they could afford.

However, they got out of the difficulty nicely. They clipped from the daily papers pictures of automobiles, pianos, stoves, bottles of beer and many other things. These they pasted on a big sheet of paper, and under each was written the name of some member of the staff as donor.

And the lady was as much delighted as if she had been given a real present.

It should not be imagined that reporters have nothing to do but tell stories and "kid" each other. The fun is merely incidental to the day's work. Such a strenuous task as reporting requires fun on the side, and so the men joke about even their work. One reporter used to say that he covered "the cattle market and other sports."

THE BEST OARSMEN IN AMERICA

How Canadians Have Corraled This Year's Trophies

By J. T. STIRRETT

THE outstanding feature of the rowing season of 1911 has been the excellence of Canadian oarsmen. They have swept away the principal prizes at all the important regattas, which have been held on this continent, and have made a creditable showing in England.

These are sweeping statements. Are they borne out by the facts?

On July 4th, at the Peoples' Regatta, held at Philadelphia, the Argonaut Rowing Club, of Toronto, won the senior eight-oared race and the senior single sculls. In the latter, E. B. Butler proved his prowess as an oarsman fitted to meet the best scullers on the continent.

The Northwestern International Regatta, held at Duluth, on July 21 and 22, revealed the strength of the Winnipeg Rowing Club, of Winnipeg. At this regatta the oarsmen from the Red River won the senior single sculls, junior and senior double sculls, junior and senior fours, junior and senior eights, and the pair oars from the best crews of the Northwestern States. Winnipeg truly almost wiped the slate clean of all colours but their own, and maintained the traditions which lifted the Stewards' Cup, at Henley last year. The club is in a flourishing condition and its recent successes have attracted many promising members. When Western energy and enthusiasm are applied to an oar, records may well tremble.

The greatest regatta of North America is that held annually by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. This year the executive decided that the contests would take place on Saratoga Lake, Saratoga, N.Y., July 28 and 29, or a week in advance of the Royal Canadian Henley. The action of the National Association was strongly disapproved of by Canadian oarsmen because it was a departure from the long established custom of holding the American regatta after Henley. In former years, Canadian crews, if successful at their own National regatta, competed at the American. The change was a hardship for junior crews, because if they entered the American intermediate contests, and were successful, they would be disqualified for the Canadian junior races. Consequently, the success of the Canadian Henley was threatened to some extent by the action of the National Association. All Canadian clubs, save the Argonauts, decided not to enter the American National. The Argonauts determined to train a special eight to row intermediate at Saratoga and to reserve their regular junior eight for Henley. Senior crews were not affected. If the Americans hoped to cut the Canadian training season short by advancing their regatta a couple of weeks, their efforts were in vain. Under the care of Mr. Joseph Wright, their captain and amateur coach, the Argonauts went down to Saratoga with the light of battle in their eyes. They entered six races and won all of them from such crack clubs as the New York Athletics, the Arundels, of Baltimore, the Detroit Boat Club and the Vespers, of Philadelphia. The six victories were: Senior eights, senior fours, senior Association single sculls, senior championship single sculls, quarter mile dash senior single sculls, and intermediate eights. To carry off five senior American championships was a remarkable achievement for a single club. Butler's wonderful performance of winning the three senior single races made all the rowing critics in America gasp with astonishment.

GRATIFYING as were the victories of the Argonauts, they had a bad effect upon the Royal Canadian Henley. Duluth withdrew its entries and the only United States clubs which ventured to face the Canadians were the Detroit Boat Club and the Mutual Rowing Club, of Buffalo. Out of ten Canadian championships, only one crossed the border. This was the junior single sculls, won by D. Regan, of the Mutual Club. Hamilton Rowing Club won the four-oared working boat race, and the Don Rowing Club, of Toronto, won the junior fours. The other seven races, viz., senior, light senior and junior eights, senior fours, senior singles, light-weight junior fours, and junior double, were won by the Argonauts. The last mentioned club has just completed the most successful season in its history. At the Peoples' National and Henley Regattas, its members started in eighteen races and won fifteen, eleven of which were senior events.

As for the English Henley, it is a matter of athletic history how the Ottawa eight beat the Bel-

gians and chased Magdalene College, the winners of the Grand Challenge Cup. Also, their four won the first heat of the Stewards' Cup.

At the end of the season, who are the best crews and scullers in America? One answer is easy to give—Canadians. It is almost as easy to place the Canadians according to merit. The scullers are disposed of immediately by putting Butler at their head. In senior eights, the choice will be between the Argonauts and the Ottawa Henley crews. The Ottawa crew was a trifle faster, perhaps a second, over the Canadian Henley and National courses last year. But they rowed in a sectional eight, while the Argonauts used the old style of shell. This year the Argonauts have a sectional boat. Also they have Geoffrey Taylor at stroke, and other changes in the crew. They broke the senior record of the United States this year and are, in the opinion of their supporters, a much faster and stronger crew than the Ottawa eight, as they rowed last year. But it must be remembered that the Ottawas have improved greatly as a result of their winter's training and English experience. To decide which crew would win before the race is a task which would puzzle the experts, but it would be a contest worth going miles to see. In senior fours, with the possible exception of the Ottawa Henley crew, the Argonauts are fastest. They had also the best light senior, and junior eights. Winnipeg probably had the best junior single and double scullers of the season. It is peculiar to watch the effect that the production of a high-class eight sometimes has on a club. Ottawa is the case in point. Last year they stood

high in American and Canadian honours. This year they had no National entries and their eight and two fours were badly beaten at the Canadian Henley. When the big fellows are being brought to the fine edge of physical perfection the smaller fry get little attention.

The Maritime Provinces Rowing Association, which is affiliated with the C. A. A. O., has not produced many scullers or sweep men of note this year. True, Halifax has still John O'Neill, but John changed his mind about rowing against Butler at the National. He may well afford to do this because the National laurels were his years ago, and he does not need to make a reputation by encountering the coming men.

It is gratifying to learn that an effort will be made this winter to organize new rowing clubs in Montreal. Lachine has always suffered from lack of local competition. The greatest obstacle is the absence of a good course within practice distance of the city, but if the M. A. A. get behind the rowing boom something good may come of it.

What does this superiority of Canadian oarsmen mean? Of what significance is the fact that crews from Winnipeg and Toronto swooped down on the American regattas this season and carried away the principal prizes? Do these successful border raids mean anything? If one visits American and Canadian regattas he will notice certain things which help to answer these questions. In the first place, the American oarsmen are rarely the equal of the Canadian in physique. Secondly, they do not show the same external evidence of careful, sane, scientific training. Thirdly, the American crews are nearly always beaten in the last minute. In other words, "they die in the stretch." Rowing is the most exhausting form of exercise in the world. No other sport requires such qualities of muscle and endurance. Is it true that our northern climate is more suitable for such contests than that which is nearer the "Sunny South?" or, does it breed a more rugged race of men?

CAMPAIGN STORIES

A Melodramatic Touch

POLITICAL campaigns sometimes arouse men to do things that they wouldn't do at times when no conflict is raging. A political worker who used to do great service for the Liberals in the campaigns in Ontario, and who hid his baldness by wearing a wig, made several very emphatic statements intended to turn the electors against the Conservative candidate.

A Conservative on the platform was the next to speak.

"Those statements are all false," he said, and, snatching off the Liberal speaker's wig, he added with great emphasis, "They're as false as the gentleman's hair."

* * *

Heckling

WITH high-sounding sentiments a political orator can catch all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but he can't catch all the people all the time.

Lloydminster, Sask., which is a Barr colony, furnished an example of how an orator's best sentiment may be turned against him. Lloydminster's population is chiefly English, and some of the men there have had the well-known English habit of heckling speakers.

A prominent Conservative orator aroused considerable enthusiasm by rounding out his speech with the oft-quoted statement of Sir John A. Macdonald—"A British subject I was born; a British subject I will die."

Applause greeted the statement, but, when the clapping had ceased, a heckler caused a laugh at the orator's expense by saying, "That's all very well, but what are you going to do in the meantime?"

* * *

Tried to Trap Laurier

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, the Canadian Premier, is a diplomatist, says the New York Times. At the very end of the last session of the Ottawa Parliament, when every one wanted to know when the dissolution would take place, one of the smartest of the Washington correspondents of the New York newspapers, who was in Canada on the reciprocity question, undertook to make the Premier betray his hand. He called on Sir Wilfrid and began to talk of the beauties of Canada.

"It's the most beautiful place I've ever seen," he

declared. "It's a long way to bring my wife from Washington merely for a day or two, but I'm sure she would like to come up—if it's worth while, Sir Wilfrid."

"I'm sure nothing could be more delightful," replied the statesman, "than for any lady to sit on our beautiful Parliament Hill and see the river below."

"But it's such a long way to come for only a day or two," went on the newspaper man. "If we only knew we should be here a week or ten days, it might be possible. It's pretty hard to be separated from one's wife indefinitely."

Laurier became almost fatherly. He patted the young man on his shoulder and said:

"Ah, yes, my friend. I have always said that it is a very great pity to separate a man and his wife. Good afternoon."

This interview was not telegraphed to New York.

* * *

Reciprocity Ruses

SEEMINGLY trifling things—such as betting a political worker that he will not vote a certain way—can upset an election. And it is said that innocent-looking things which are being done in the present campaign would have the same effect.

The following two things, for instance, could—in the opinion of the best lawyers—render elections invalid.

In the Lake Erie district a devout churchwoman and enthusiastic Liberal, who is a grain buyer and runs a country elevator, has found a great argument for reciprocity.

"What price do you want for your barley this winter—the American or Canadian?" he asks his customers.

"Are there two prices?" the astonished farmers ask.

"Yes," he answers. "And the American price is twenty cents higher than the Canadian, but the American price goes only to people who vote for reciprocity."

In Quebec, it is reported, some men who buy hay have two contracts—one in case reciprocity carries and the other in case it doesn't. The former is \$3.40 per ton higher than the latter. The duty on hay going into the United States is four dollars per ton, and if reciprocity goes into force these buyers expect that the price for hay will be three dollars and forty cents more than the present Canadian price.

A FRIEND OF CREVIA

Why a Ruinous War Came to a Sudden End

By ALAN SULLIVAN

THE City of Crevia lay in the hollow of a giant bay—and on either side of the port long arms of land, olive crowned and dotted with villas ran out, till, punctuated with light-houses, they dipped into the sapphire sea. To the north, gently rising ridges lifted to the foothills, and on their slopes orange and palm gave way to olive and vine, these in their turn to pine and cedar. From the timber line the mountains flung themselves up scarred, split and precipitous, and then came snow and eternal silence. But to all this Crevia was apathetic. Along the docks her empty granaries swung their idle doors, salt tides crept in and out between deserted piers and landings, a few ships huddled up to their moorings with spars and rigging unkempt and all awry, and in the cobbled streets that led to the water's edge grass thrust up in crannies between the polished stones. For bitter war was waging between Crevia and Apulia, her neighbour on the north.

An old feud, its seeds had been sown long before Crevia had astonished the world with her science and art, and Apulia had flung a prodigal fertility into the mouths of hungry millions. But now the end was in sight, and the sheer weight of men and money was closing every door to freedom.

Far to the south a few faint wreaths of smoke told where the remnants of the Crevian Navy grinned defiance inside the lines of an inflexible blockade. The mountain passes were still safe, but beyond them sat the foe and waited, for that which he knew must come.

Dark though the clouds hung over Crevia there was that within her that was darker still. In front of the Government buildings was mustered the Civic guard. Their ranks bore pitiful evidence to the long drain upon Crevia's manhood; and awkward boys rubbed elbows with white-haired pensioners. They faced the wide stone steps and behind them surged the crowd, humming with conjecture and terrified rumour. Within a strange scene was being enacted. In a lofty chamber, its walls panelled with the record of past glories and hung with the banners of the vanquished, sat the Council of War. In the centre the President of the Republic and around him his cabinet, worn but not dismayed, every face drawn and grave; the burden of a nation's salvation lay heavy upon them.

The President had risen and, leaning forward on his hands, spoke with intense earnestness and palpable sorrow to an aged figure which stood at attention, erect and respectful, but with a world of misery in his gaze. As his auditor saluted the speaker, his eyes wandered for a moment to the motionless trophies around and above him, and his mouth twitched convulsively. Slowly and clearly the President spoke, every word a hammer, which struck his listener square in his undaunted face.

"General," he said, "Crevia has her back to the wall. A year ago you told us that Apulia would be a rag in your hands to wring and throw away. To-day of thirty regiments only five are left, to guard a twentieth of our former territory. Our provinces have been taken, as a man plucks figs. Reverse has followed reverse; our most secret plans have miscarried, and our credit is exhausted. We have strengthened your arms till our own are feeble, and what have we for it all. Apulia camps almost within sight of Crevia, and the fragments of our fleet do but thwart for a moment what seems to be the inevitable end.

The men of Crevia call for another leader, the army has not lost faith in itself, but in you. A few successes mean a new lease of life, improved credit, reviving hope. Permit me to express my intense regret that it is my duty to ask for your resignation as Commander-in-Chief.

The President bowed with deep commiseration, his gaze rivetted on the marble visage of the old soldier, who stood so motionless, that he would have appeared inanimate save for the burning fire in his eyes, which no ashes of age could quench. A tense silence lay over the room—one long ray of sunlight pierced the dome, and fell with slanting fingers on a dusty Apulian flag. The General

glanced at the colours; surely here was his opening. He had won them and placed them there, but his lips uttered no appeal, no vindication. His hand rose to the salute, "With or without me, long live Crevia; the day is coming when you will understand," and this was all he said.

The President waited for a moment and then rose: "Gentlemen, the Council is adjourned." One by one the members rose, gathered their papers, and left the chamber, many of them turning as they reached the door to glance at the motionless figure, his hand still at the salute.

Then, as the last voices died away, utter stillness and sunshine filled the room. The old soldier stretched out his arms to the tattered banners overhead. "A little more time, dear God, a little more time," he breathed.

The city population had been thinned. In the first flush of war, her men had left counting house and factory, office and warehouse, and swung out into the northern fastnesses, light of foot and heart, and to those at home it was as if a stone had been dropped into some black and bottomless pool. An echo of music, a ringing of steel, a rumble of guns



Drawn by George Butler.

He saw a gigantic column of vivid flame.

over the paved streets, the dwindling columns writhing up the mountain slopes, and then silence and heartache, till the agonized return of maimed, broken and grim-faced men, whose youth was buried on the flanks of the voiceless hills.

As before a wintry wind, the dry leaves go whirling down their forest aisles, the waiting crowds dispersed into the streets that led upon the square. Long-drawn tension gave way to new-born hope. With the announcement of the Council's decision came also the name of the new Commander-in-Chief, and the action commended itself to the majority. In the prime of life, active, resourceful and popular, the tent knew more of him than the Council Chamber. His service had savored more of the foray than the deep-laid campaign, but the city called for action; a quick, decisive home thrust would give them breathing time. A few old veterans shook their heads. "We need the brain behind the hand," they said, but the great body of citizens was content, nay, more, re-encouraged.

In distant trenches that zigzagged across the spurs of frowning hills, grizzled men drank to the health of their new leader, and through the summer

airs imperceptible vibrations sped the news to the patrolling warships, as they lurched through the long swells that lifted under a windless sky. New levies were made, the skeletons of the battered regiments were re-clothed with men and ammunition and once again the mountains yawned and swallowed them. The fleet assumed the offensive and succeeded in some minor actions, till from behind the clouds the sun of a long-sought victory looked down on Crevia. But of the old Commander, the Crevians could find nothing. He had disappeared utterly from among them and no man knew the time or manner of his going. His villa was deserted, his servants, who were devoted to him, had vanished too, his official papers were found, docketed, classified and in order, but of the man himself not a vestige. On the sea, all passage was blocked and landward, were precipice and gorge, and behind them, the enemy. The mystery held the people for a period and then in the face of their extremities died away.

Tarsis, the capital of Apulia, lay basking in the centre of a vast alluvial plain, and smiled up at her favouring skies. Around her stretched the broad, fat meadows from which her pristine wealth had sprung, now occupied by opulent estates and trellised with vine and delicate flowering shrub. From the foot hills which bounded the blue horizon aqueducts threaded down brimming with crystal waters. Her streets were wide and gorged with traffic, her squares were cool and green, her buildings marble and monumental. Everywhere her flags swung lazily in the breeze, and beneath them swarmed her people, like bees in some honey-laden hive. Flushed with success, confident and prosperous, their papers satisfied them with news of further advances toward Crevia, and further additions to the already swollen spoils of victory. In the privacy of the war-department chamber, the popular president of Apulia, held converse with his advising Committees. The long table in front of them was littered with maps, showing in varied colours the territory as taken at different stages of the war, and reports from the military authorities spoke with confidence of its early termination. The loss of life had been great, and, with the sure and certain prize in sight, orders had been given to avoid further sacrifice and not unduly hasten the inevitable end. The meeting had been a record of pride and progress, and the President was about to adjourn when the sentry at the door presented arms and admitted the Assistant Secretary of the Department, who respectfully saluted the President and handed him a letter. "Sir," he said, "this was found on the steps of this building at daybreak, but has only just reached me."

The letter was addressed to the President, sealed, but unstamped. He opened it, while his colleagues prepared to leave. Suddenly he stopped them, his face expressing bewilderment, not unmixed with mirth. "Gentlemen, a moment, while I read you this."

The President,

The Republic of Apulia:

Sir,—In the name of humanity cease your onslaughts against Crevia. The earth and its people have been given into my hands and with them an engine of war, so terrible, that perforce all war must cease. I give you one week in which to withdraw your forces by land and sea. If within this time my orders have not been obeyed, your temerity will cost Tarsis her War Office, and whatever lives and moves within it. That you may not scoff at this letter, the writer will deposit its duplicate on the steps of this building to-night. Once more, in the name of humanity, I bid, I implore you to end a useless slaughter.

A Friend of Crevia.

An amused smile spread over the faces of his auditors as the President finished. They were in condition for a joke, and this would be welcomed by club and fireside. The Minister of War laughingly saluted the President. "I think, Sir, we may safely leave the precautions in your hands." When he was alone, the President stood for a moment, plunged in thought, and then touched a bell. "Tell the Prefect of Police I should like to see him," he said to the man who answered, and in a few moments the Prefect stood before him, impassive of face. "Your orders, Sir?"

"My orders are, Prefect, that you establish a cordon of your best men around this building from

sunset to-night till sunrise to-morrow. Your men will be in charge of your most trusted aide. They must be within touching distance of each other, so that there will be no possibility of any person passing between them. You will see that this building is empty during the night and arrest and search anyone who attempts to get through your guard. Keep these orders to yourself and report to me to-morrow morning."

The Prefect, a man of a few words, retired, and the President, folding up his papers, left the Chamber.

THAT evening, a gala performance was given in the Opera House. The President occupied the State box and received an ovation loud and long. The house, crammed with the leaders of wealth, fashion and commerce, was blazing with light and jewels. Every patriotic sentiment was welcomed with enthusiasm—the spirit of victory was in the air. In the morning, the Prefect brought his report. The building had been encircled by men the night through—there had been no unusual circumstance, no trespass, no arrests. The President dismissed him with smiling thanks, and as he did so his Secretary entered the room. "This was found, Sir, this morning, in the same place as the one I brought you yesterday." His Chief's face paled a little as he ripped open the envelope which was handed him. It was a duplicate of the previous one.

The session of the Committee on defence was that day a long and animated one—specially summoned, the extraordinary circumstances of the two letters were laid before them, and, as was to be expected, these unusual missives called forth great differences of opinion. At the present stage of the conflict, the threats of a friend of Crevia could move but little the leaders of Apulia, but here, somewhere, was a man who could defy their guards and serve his prophetic fulminations at will.

Finally a compromise was reached. No change way, of course, to be made in the military programme, but, to satisfy some doubters, the war office, which stood in the centre of a large square used as a parade ground, was to be strictly guarded day and night by troops encamped beneath its very walls. Traffic through the square was to cease—the building itself be carefully searched for underground passages or other source of danger, and the public was to be rigidly excluded from the vicinity, until the fated night should pass. The meaning of all these preparations was studiously kept from the citizens, who regarded them as in some way connected with the approaching end of the war. The commands were given only to the most trusted officers and so the days passed uneventfully enough till the night of prophecy arrived.

Soft fell the purple shades over Tarsis, as the President sat on the villa balcony watching his city twinkle into outline. The last faint streaks of colour faded into blue and gray, and far stretched her streets and avenues pin-pointed with yellow diamonds of light. Clean and massive rose the dome of the War Office, dominating all with the springing beauty of its vaulted roof. Lost in thought, he gazed and gazed, "My country, my city," he breathed, till some mellow-throated bell struck midnight and he turned to go.

And as he did so a sudden tremor ran through the heavy floor where he stood, and, wheeling instantaneously to look at the War Office, he saw a gigantic column of vivid flame spring from its very heart, and turn night into day. A roar as of some unloosed volcano rent the shuddering silence as the walls and dome fell apart into shattered fragments—he saw the mutilated bodies of his soldiers flung headlong across the square and, an instant later, heard descending fragments of the once titanic structure crashing through the roofs of nearby buildings with death and destruction in their train.

Where once had been the War Office lay a mountain of blazing ruin from which the soldiers were desperately endeavoring to drag the bleeding bodies of their comrades. Stupified, the President stared at it all. "My God," he said, "The Friend of Crevia has a heavy hand," and then rushed to the scene of devastation.

Crevia lay gasping for breath in the merciless grip that had daily tightened upon her. The three hundred miles that lay between the two cities was now almost entirely Apulian territory, and only a fringe of barren peaks thrust up between the crouching foe and their prey. The new leadership had been but a flash in the pan, the bow-string was slack and over-stretched, the men could no longer respond to appeal and exhortation. The strongest minds were giving way to the pressure of a year's disaster, and the impoverished fields had ceased to produce even a minimum of nourishment.

It happened on a morning that the sentry in front of the Government buildings found a letter

addressed to the President which was immediately handed to that anxious and sorely strained official. It was sealed but unstamped and had been discovered lying near the threshold of the main doors. It read as follows:

"Let Crevia be strong and fight on. The time of her deliverance has come. You are about to hear strange news of Tarsis. It will be a true word that will come to you. This is the beginning of the end. Fight on; fight on.

"A Friend of Crevia."

The President was perplexed—anxious to grasp at every straw—too many crafty schemes of the Apulians had been unearthed in recent disastrous months to give the letter even the semblance of truth, and he turned wearily to read the reports from the front. As he did so word was brought to him that a detail of the Third Regiment in charge of a prisoner awaited him with important news, and in a few minutes he was volleying quick, searching questions. The hill country between Crevia and Apulia was peopled by a nomadic race whose loyalty was a question of the waxing and waning power of either republic, and so it came that it was one of these hill men taken in a sortie from the Crevian entrenchments who stood before the President, tattered and in bondage, but in no way abashed or dismayed. From his jumbled version of the news of the Apulian camp stood forth one fact, that there had been explosions and great loss of life in Tarsis and that further devastation was threatened by some unknown enemy unless the invading forces were withdrawn from Crevian territory.

The President stared first at the letter and then at his prisoner. Was it possible, had the stars in their courses turned against Apulia? and then, as if written in flame, he read again: "Fight on, fight on." To summon his Council to lay the startling facts before them was a short matter, but to invigorate them with his own wild hopes was more difficult; finally, however, one last impassioned appeal was sent to people, troops and navy. Though every nook and cranny of the beleaguered city ran a thrill as the strange story unfolded itself. It filtered into hospital and prison, it rioted down narrow streets of the lower town. The fleet flashed back a brief dispatch of undaunted courage; men in trenches laid lean cheeks against brown rifle stocks and their aim was clear and true.

THE shadow of a great doubt had fallen over Tarsis and the council was divided. Out of the invisible, some ghostly hand was reaching for her throat, a defenceless throat, for there was nothing against which to guard. The minutest precautions were evidently of no avail, and to cap the tense climax, the same impalpable messenger had placed another letter in the same public spot:

"I have spoken once. I shall speak but once again. By the third night from to-day you will evacuate the forts on the foothills of Tarsis, for they shall presently cease to exist. If Apulia is then content to withdraw her forces by land and sea, a white flag will be hoisted on the Cathedral tower at mid-day. If this is done further destruction will cease and my terms will be found on the Cathedral steps. If no flag is hoisted, Tarsis herself shall pass away in blood and fire.

"A Friend of Crevia."

It was now impossible to conceal further the situation from the Tarsians. The foothill forts lay on the edge of the plain. They guarded the city aqueducts and were distant perhaps 10 miles from the War Office square. Their normal complement of men was two thousand each, but at this time they were largely occupied by new recruits and men invalided home from the front. They lay in sight of the city, like titanic watch-dogs in repose.

From all points came a fierce demand that the Government should avert the possibility of another butchery, such as occurred the day before. The friends and relatives of the Garrisons swarmed out across the plains to bring their own to safety. The Government, imperilled, despite its long record of success, was helpless to stem the tide, and the following day the forts were evacuated. There was no time to remove guns or ammunition, and when the sun set on the day of doom its last rays slanted across deserted ramparts and huge but helpless engines of war.

So, in doubt and fear of the terror unseen, Tarsis climbed to her house tops and watched and waited for what the night should bring.

Far were flung the sweeping searchlights, till their swinging beams lighted with a ghostly radi-

ance the glacis and embrasures of the fated forts. Once again the darkness throbbed with the music of mellow midnight bells, and then, as if their vibrations had marked the birth of calamity, the hill-sides flashed yellow with gigantic mushrooms of lifting flame, and a few seconds later came the hideous roar of rapidly following concussions. The night split into an inferno of destruction and hell broke loose. From the three forts came booming a maelstrom of savage irregular explosions, for the bomb-proof ammunition vaults were rent asunder, and in their granite bowels a thousand shells were bursting.

Across the sleeping meadows came the terror and the fury of it—this orgy, this debauch of immeasurable, of irresistible ruin. Its duration was but short, and presently the glare died out and fitfully through starlit silence came dull, muffled bursts of sound, as of minute guns fired in desolation and sorrow over the grave of a nation's hope.

THE sun thrust his red arm over the horizon of Tarsis and looked on strange things. A multitude of palid-faced people thronged the squares and public places. They swarmed in front of the President's villa, where the National Committee was rising exhausted and drawn from a Session which no stretch of fancy had ever foretold. They peered with protruding eyes over the shoulders of a double line of guards who stood with loaded rifles around the Cathedral steps and gazed with the stupor of a dull despair. For there against one of the bronze doors lay a plain white envelope—pregnant with dire potentiality—just a plain white envelope—and from it the courage and pride of Tarsis recoiled in unnamed fear. Presently down the streets came the sibilant echo of a city's excited whisper and the crowds fell back as the soldiers forced a lane through them. With set features, the President himself, looking to neither right or left, mounted the grey stone steps. The little patch of white rested where the invisible hand had left it. The President stooped, picked it up, gazed earnestly at it, and slowly, very slowly opened it. Some magnetic force communicated itself from one to the other of the crowd—all was as still as death. The windows that looked on the scene were jammed with questioning faces and in the centre of it all that quiet figure, with a letter in his hand.

Presently he raised his eyes from the paper and beckoned to his Secretary. A few words not overheard, and the latter disappeared into a side door of the Cathedral. The President moved not at all, nor raised his eyes from the letter, but after a pause that seemed brooding with fate, he looked up; not at the crowd, not at his soldiers, but at the tower, where, climbing slowly into air as though shame delayed its halting progress, mounted the first white flag that had ever fluttered over the soil of Apulia.

Tarsis had surrendered to her invisible enemy.

As in a thicket, small creatures noiselessly disappear before rain and storm, are upon them, the Tarsians went each man to his own home. They knew their President as a patriotic and fearless man, and at the sight of him stripped of his power in their midst, under that shameful ensign, there entered into their hearts the conviction that in this act alone lay the salvation of their city. The guard was dismissed burning with helpless fury; across wide plains the gossamer wires throbbed with orders which made men in trenches break their rifles across their knees. The blockading fleet, in obedience to its instructions, withdrew and left the Crevian vessels alone upon the restless seas they had so desperately protected. The swiftest cruiser in the line of defence, scarred and streaked with long service, laid her course for home, and, as she drew in to the harbour, the sailors saw that the docks so long deserted were packed with a tumultuous and cheering crowd, and hardly had her launch touched land when they learned that firing at the front had ceased at mid-day and that the President of Apulia had sent a request under a flag of truce for a conference with his brother of Crevia.

The terms dictated by the hand unseen were brief, but charged with the dominating spirit of the conqueror:

1. Apulia should surrender all areas gained in the war and indemnify Crevia for loss by land and sea.

2. An offensive and defensive alliance should forthwith be arranged between the two republics.

These were the words that seared the President's eyes as he stood on the Cathedral steps.

The message concluded with a request that the two Presidents should meet in a little village near the old boundary on the following day and execute their national acceptances.

Through purple shades and dew-spread meadows

(Continued no page 26.)

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

On Listening.

HOW comforting to find the one to whom you are telling your most interesting experience suddenly break in with such a remark as, "Oh, do you see that woman trying to board the car? My dear, I've been watching her for the last five minutes, and she can't get her foot up to the first step!"

Any such evidence of interestedness is sure to be an inspiration and the beauty of it is, most listeners are just that attentive. Notice them, next time you chance to be anywhere there is a hum of conversation going on. You will observe that everyone seems to have the same desire burning within her conversation bosom. That desire is to express something, usually pertaining to her own ego. But we are told that this old world is propelled by the wheel of selfishness, so I suppose it is only natural for people to give a turn to that propeller in some way or other. But how refreshing it would be if everyone would suddenly give the reverse to their wheels of action, and evince some interest in the doings and sayings of others.

To me, a good listener is even more entertaining than a good talker. There is something which goes along with her, some bit of understanding not found in hearts which are always beating for the case which encloses them. The making of a charming woman is greatly based on this ability to listen, rather than on the reflecting of one's own glory in the searchlight of one's egotism. To be eternally prating of one's achievements betokens a small mind, an inherent selfishness unworthy of any who views the world from out broad-brimmed glasses, with a vision unbesmirched by any blurs of scandal which may be lurking around the conversation horizon. There is infinitely more charm in a woman who can evince some interest in the doings of others than in the one whose perpetual voice becomes such a bore that you long to put your hands in your ears and run away from the whole big world. And how we all strive after this elusive sprite! If we could only remember that the simplest bait for the great fairy charm is the art of listening to others!

* * *

Forgetting Practicalities.

THIS morning, just as the dawn was beginning to creep over the housetops, and the city clocks were pealing four, I awoke with the most pleasant of all music coming right in from the treetops near my window.

The bravest of all little robins was competing staunchly with the clattering of hoofs on the pavements, the honk honk of milk motors, the rumbling of early cars, the shouts of workmen on the dump carts, from the new General Hospital. And that little robin defied them all, and sang his song as blithely as if there were no youthful birdies to provide for, no mother awaiting her morning worm. For a long time he sang there, till the morning lights began to chase away the grey night shadows, and more vans and trucks appeared on the streets. And soon, an army of sparrows joined him, and the whole orchestra of them filled the air around till one forgot the morning milk carts and scavenger wagons. They must have flown away before daylight came rushing boldly from across the park, for the next time I awoke, there was only the morning street noises, the itinerant rag and bone connoisseurs, the street cleaners, the delivery carts.

Wise little birdies! Perhaps the very busiest of all of us, they can find time in the sordid hours of the day to sing a little song, and not only make themselves happy, but send a few notes of gladness right into the souls of all mortals who may perchance be lying awake pondering over grim practicalities of every-day life. Somehow or other, one always feels a little stronger, a little more

able to attend the duties of an imposing practical hand, by just listening to the birds' song in the morning. How I love them! The most sensible of all, who know that an intermingling of song and sorrow, of blithesomeness and work, is infinitely more after the pattern set by the great Omnipotent, than a mere striving after sordid gains, a mere slave to practicalities.

* * *

The Impatience of Professionals

ALL the professions seem to have brushed up against the impatience brush, till there is not one member of any of them who is willing to spend the few years necessary for toning down the imperfections of Nature, but wish to rush right into fame, even at the sacrifice of all their finer feelings. Let us speak only of the feminine professionals. Women wish to do things now, besides mending socks and polishing the kitchen sink. But they do not seem willing to spend the time in the tuition course. We hear of actresses springing into fame in a night, of waiters whose

stuff is sought for by the leading periodicals, of singers brought to the front in less than a season, of school teachers who can enter the city schools and usurp the places of tried and proven ones. And the question naturally arises, "How do they do it?"

Usually there is only one answer. Unfortunately, there are men at the heads of the great professions to-day, for whom the term artistic is merely a misconstruction of commercialism. Men who have allowed their physical insight to triumph over their artistic to such a degree that they are willing to further the cause of anyone who chances to please their physical eye. And unfortunately, too, there are girls and women so blinded by the show of material gain which glistens elusively before them, that they are willing to sell their own souls for a little bit of advancement on the part of the man higher up. I could name a dozen such cases, in every profession in the catalogue. And, fortunately, I could name more than that number who have risen at the top of their profession by hard work, by perseverance up the long ladder of hard knocks. These are the ones who did not allow their artistic vision to become blind by the material fame which was flaunted before them.

It is deplorable that the large trusts in the representative cities to-day should be controlled by men of this class. Men, did I say. Beasts, rather. Beasts who hold their filthy gold up to the young girl, and flash her name

out in electrics, just because they are in the position to do so. There is a man at the head of one of the best known theatrical firms in New York to-day, who keeps on the lookout for pretty faces, and is always willing to give a girl a good place, who happens to strike his fancy. And there is a pretty young girl, who has risen with a jump, in the last year, through this firm. Do not criticize the poor, struggling young Thespians who go to the city friendless, and hope to rise into fame. The corporations are the ones to censure. While there remains such a band of commercial brutes at the head of them, what is the girl to do?

* * *

Modern Insincerity.

THE world is full of good promisers. I often sit down and wonder if there is one living, breathing mortal whose word can be taken for what it seems. And then comes the sunshine amongst the clouds, and the gloom vanishes for a while.

I wonder is it a sign of the higher civilization of the times, that people persist in uttering inane insincerities, and forgetting all about their utterances, not five minutes afterwards? I wonder if it smoothes the road for anyone?

M. B.



MISS DOROTHY BIGELOW

Grand-daughter of the Hon. John Bigelow, the famous American author and diplomat.

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.



The Shadow on the Dial

By Marjorie L. C. Pichthall

I READ somewhere that a new era of romance is dawning upon the world. I think it was Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, to whom we owe this news, together with many other things equally charming and ineffectual. Kipling would have us believe that romance is always present in the outward and physical conditions of human life. But is it not rather true to say that at certain times within its history the human mind, touched inexplicably to some great issue, lightened with some sudden glory, does so shine upon its prison house of circumstance that it beautifies its bars, and the thoughts of the living dust becomes as a ladder upon which ascend and descend the angels of the thoughts of God? This is only saying at length that romance is a thing of the soul rather than of the world, the flesh, and the devil, with which alone we are apt to identify it. And that the sordid, stupefied slave, crouching in some cellar of old Rome to hear the half-understood words of some dreamer who had chanced to speak with Paul, a man of Tarsus, was of an age supremely greater in romance than the age of powder and satin and spiritual stagnation, about which Thackeray has woven for us so heavenly a delusion. And so perhaps Kipling and I are thinking upon converging lines, which must be very comforting for Kipling. Anyhow, Mr. Le Gallienne insists upon the romance of the telephone, the phonograph, and even, maybe, of the gasoline-launch and the fireless cooker.

* * *

THERE are few things more beautiful, and none more terribly instructive, than the dried riverbeds of Ontario. They are almost as frequent as concession roads and infinitely more picturesque. Most of them are mere green valleys, with a line of rich water-loving trees along the shelving banks, which are terraced with old grass-grown beaches and forgotten tides. Almost within the memory of man they must have been respectable streams. And now in midsummer the thirsty cattle can scarcely find a pool in which to roll. When I went for my holidays the drought had lasted for more than a month, and the land was parched and withered, and the crops ripening half-grown. No country like Ontario should be dependent upon rainfall; it should be well watered, and to be well watered there must be trees to conserve the rainfall. We are a slovenly and wasteful folk. The cracking fields, the bare, bleached uplands, the cattle crowding into the shadow of one lone elm, the blackened muddle of the clearings, all seem to cry out again for trees. In another generation the country people will be coming to the cities to have a look at the shade trees as well as the fireworks at the Exhibition.

* * *

THE wise people say that trees never were worshipped in themselves, only held in reverence through association with some greater or lesser deity. I am inclined to think, though, that behind the unknown ancient faiths of the Kelts lay a genuine tree-worship, or at least a worship in which trees held a very sacred place. In that wonderful Armoric legend of the whelmed city of Ys, of the fair witch Ahes, and of Gradlon the king, there is a curious little mythus embodied. You must know that when Ahes by her enchantments had let in upon Ys the unpitying seas, and her father, Gradlon, had tried in vain to bear her away with him on the croup of his great war-horse, he fled ever inland with the surges thundering at his horse's heels and the singing of Ahes the sorceress in the salt winds that whipped about his ears, and despair in his heart. He fled for weeks and months from that singing voice of the seas, ever drawn back to the long beaches and the gray tideways where Ahes took her due of the lives of men, and ever fighting against the call; a man without a home, a king without a country. At last he grew very old and thin and grey, like a wisp of dried weed, and he was a beggar at the doors of the monasteries, a wanderer by all the waysides of the world. The

poor knew him as the poorest among them, and the rich forgot that he had been a king. And so at last he roamed into the great forests, and there he found the oldest and the last of all the great Druids, who was so old that his feet had grown into the soil as they had been the roots of a tree, and his arms were forever outspread, stiffened and brown and twisted like the branches of an old oak, and his fingers were like twigs.

The Norse, too, had the great World-Ash, Ygdrasil, which binds together earth and heaven and hell, whose boughs drip honey, and at whose roots the serpent Nithoggr gnaws forever. The Greeks had their fair tree-spirits; and these disrespectful old races mentioned in the Bible had their sacred groves, the destruction of which was equivalent to the destruction of the worship of the god they enshrined. Personally, I don't wonder they prayed to trees. Trees know so very much, especially at night, when they clothe themselves in personality as in a garment, and are very still, very watchful, very much aware. Time and time again I know I have almost caught a dryad, one of those quick birch dryads with the silvery fair hair, or a brown maple dryad in moccasins; but I was just a wee bit too slow or something. The hemlock and cedar dryads one could never catch, nor could one imagine the shapes thereof.

Poets have always loved trees. And it should be rather interesting to compile a sort of tree-anthology. I would begin with Lanier's "Ballad of Trees and the Master"; and then I think I would take that very lovely and little-quoted one of our own Isabella Valancy Crawford—"The City Tree."

" When to and fro my branches wave and sway,

Answering the feeble winds that faintly calls,
They kiss no kindred boughs, but touch alway
The stones of climbing walls.

"Not mine to watch across the free, broad plains,
The whirl of stormy cohorts sweeping fast,
The level silver lances of great rains
Blown onward by the blast.

"Not mine to watch the wild swan drift above,
Balanced on wings that could not choose between
The wooing sky, blue as the eye of love,
And my own tender green. . . ."

And there I would have W. W. Campbell's "Dryad," whose—

" Soul was sown with the seed of the tree
Of old when the world was young. . . ."

And many and many a picture from Lampman—

"Not far to fieldward in the central heat,
Shadowing the clover, a pale poplar stands,
With glimmering leaves, when the wind comes, beat
Together like innumerable small hands,
And with the calm, as in vague dreams astray,
Hang wan and silver-grey. . . ."

Those maples of his, too, who

" Gathered down the sun's last smiles a cold
Deep, deep into their luminous hearts of gold. . . ."

And Miss Wetherald's

"Green apple branches full of green apples."

And not least, Roberts' splendid "Fir Woods,"

"The wash of endless waves is in their tops,
Endlessly swaying, and the long winds stream
Athwart them from the far-off shores of dream.
Through the stirred branches filtering, faintly drops
Mystic dream-dust of isle and palm and cave,
Coral and sapphire, realms of rose, that seem
More radiant than ever earthly gleam
Revealed of fairy mead or haunted wave.

"A cloud of gold, a cleft of blue profound,
These are my gates of wonder, surged about
By tumult of tossed bough and rocking crest.
The vision lures. The spirit spurns her bound,
Spreads her unprisoned wing, and drifts from out
This green and humming gloom that wraps my
rest. . . ."

The trouble would be to choose among so many. But will not someone please undertake the task?

* * *

THERE is a strange story in song, one of those old wandering Persian songs, without beginning or end, that deals with an acacia tree and the girl Gouhera, who was so beautiful that she won the heart of a Khan.

The Khan was out hunting, in the dim desert, with his greyhounds and his hawks. In the proper manner of stories, he became separated from his men and sought shelter in the black tents of the desert dwellers. In one of these tents he saw the beauty of Gouhera, glowing like a star in still water, like an image of pearl under a roof of gold, like the white rose that opens in the night and dies for the dawn. And the prince took the jewels of his turban and the diamond from the hilt of his sword and his finest gerfalcon, and showed them to the father of Gouhera.

The old man looked at them as they glistened in the firelight, and made it known that they were not enough. Gouhera sat silent and still in the shadows and smiled slowly at the prince, and it was to him as if the petals of golden roses fell upon his heart.

So he offered his royal greyhounds of Mazanderan, and an ass-load of gold, and a league or more of rich herd-land that lay along the desert like a green ribbon, and the choice of the peach-orchards that are by Ferumad. "But the old chief said, 'What are these things to the children of the sands and the winds? Will the wild ass bow his neck to the shaking of a bridle, even though the bells thereof be of silver?'"

Then the prince took his sword, and with it he wounded his arm so that the sand under the fold-skirts of the tent was reddened with his blood and a slow fire came in the still eyes of Gouhera. "Behold," he said, "I give all that I can, for I give Life." And the old man bowed his head, and Gouhera the desert girl arose and touched the feet of the prince. Then he took her upon his horse and made to ride away with her. Only the woman who of old had been her nurse came and clung around the hooves of the horse, and the beast was of royal breed and would not move to harm her.

Then Gouhera bent from the saddle and laid her lips, which were like scarlet silk from the bazaars, upon the leaves of a young acacia tree. "See," she said, "I have laid this dream upon the tree, that it lives my life and dies my death, and so you shall know, O heart of faith, how it is with me. Only," she said, "do not let the winds of the desert break the branches, or it is my heart that will break; and do not let it wither in the droughts, or it is my hopes that will wither; and do not let the floods sweep it away, or it is I that shall drown in tears." Then she rode away to the prince's city and her folk saw her no more.

In the unaccountable way of such folk-tales, the song really ends here. There is no more than a strange refrain of question and answer in a very minor key—

"I went through the desert and behold there was no green thing. I sought for the sweet springs and they were dried up. O Zahrustra, where are they that held me in remembrance?"

"There is none to hold thee in remembrance, O Gouhera, save the grey sands of the desert and the fickle wind. As the wind blots out the track of the caravan in the sand, so time blots out that which is no more."

"I had a little sister, and her hair was all of gold flowers. Her hands were of green leaves, she sat upon the sands and moved not. O Zahrustra, I have sought her and she is not found."

"Behold, the little sisters of the sands are many. Call them and they will answer."

"O Zahrustra, I have called, but my little green sister does not hear, she is deaf. My life was rooted with her life, with my lips I laid life upon her like a dream, and out of remembrance comes life, but death comes from forgetfulness. O Zahrustra, I am weary. In the king's palace I am tired. I will lie down and dream of my little sister whose green heart is one with mine."

"Hush, O daughters of laughter, for Gouhera sleeps. She dreams of her little sister who was before the tent of her father. Gouhera sleeps very soundly. Even at the coming of the prince she is still. O Gouhera, O Gouhera."

On this broken note it ends; much of it is lost, more is mistranslated. But I think it must mean that the desert folk forgot Gouhera, and when her old nurse died they let the little acacia tree wither in the drought and break in the wind-storms, until at last it died. And in the palace of the great Kahn Gouhera died also.

WOMEN ABROAD

Famous for youth, beauty and fashion.



HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

In the costume in which she attended the great Shakespeare Ball in London recently. The costume was made of white satin embroidered in a Veronese design in gold.



LADY VICTORIA PERY

Only daughter of the Countess of Limerick, whose presentation at Court was deferred because of her mother's illness. She was presented at the Court held in Dublin in July.



VISCOUNTESS CHELSEA

Wife of the heir to Lord Cadogan, one of London's greatest landlords. She was Miss Marie Coxon, and was married to Viscount Chelsea on June 7th last.

CLUB WOMEN OF ST. JOHN

By S. K. SMITH.

WOMEN in St. John occupy a prominent place in the affairs of the city of the Loyalists, are active in club life and are largely responsible for the carrying forward of many movements for the welfare of the people. Under the leadership of Mrs. E. A. Smith, president of the Women's Canadian Club, the sum of \$2,500 was raised practically in one day and put away as a nucleus of a fund for providing a home for advanced cases of tuberculosis. Thousands of children have spent happy hours in the public playgrounds, conducted in the summer months by a devoted committee of women, led by Miss Mabel Peters. There are several free kindergartens in the city where the tiny tots acquire the rudiments of education and whose presence at the school room saves many a tired mother anxious care. Auxiliaries of the Seamen's mission and Y. M. C. A. have done effective work in assisting to finance the construction of the two fine buildings recently erected by these institutions. The Daughters of the Empire, while the most youthful of the women's organizations in St. John, have already done valuable work in the encouragement of the Boy Scout movement and the Boy's Brigade. The King's Daughters have long been established in St. John and their guild has always been a comfortable and homelike residence for the limited number of girls who avail themselves of the privileges.



MRS. E. A. SMITH

After much agitation, the Local Council of Women has secured the assurance of a juvenile court and a patrol wagon for the use of the police. In a social way the Women's Canadian Club looms large. The officers and members are called upon to assist the men's organization in the entertainment of distinguished visitors, while the ladies are also quite ready to co-operate in the observance

of national holidays and important events in the city's history. The club was organized in 1908, with Lady Tilley as the first president. Illness and bereavement in her family prevented Lady Tilley from taking any active part for a long period, and her duties were discharged by Mrs. E. A. Smith, the first vice-president, in an admirable manner. When Lady Tilley retired, in 1910, Mrs. Smith was her logical successor.

The Woman's Canadian Club is fortunate indeed in having as its president a woman of the fine patriotic spirit, the high attainments, the eloquence and the organizing ability of Mrs. Smith. Few Canadian women have a finer opportunity for social and patriotic service, and certainly none are more devoted. Mrs. Smith has set in motion and successfully directed many philanthropic enterprises, and her time and energy are always taxed on behalf of good works, both public and private. A writer, with an admirable style of expression, she might have pursued a literary career, while as a public speaker she readily commands and holds the attention of the most cultivated audiences.

Indeed, it is the platform ability of the president which has brought the club forward as a great factor in any patriotic movement. Gifted with much natural talent and specially trained in this direction, Mrs. Smith possesses the rare gift of perfect articulation, and with a commanding appearance is perfectly at home on the rostrum. Outside of her club work, her services as a lecturer are greatly in demand, although she has made it a rule to speak only for charity. She has been a great traveller in Europe and America, and, being a keen observer, as well as a charming raconteur, her travel talks are very interesting, and she has realized thousands of dollars for charity in this way.

While Mrs. Smith gives a great deal of time to the activities of the Women's Canadian Club, her interests are by no means confined to this one organization. She is a member of the Public Library Commission, a governor of the Boy's Industrial Home, and a very active

member of the executive of the local anti-tuberculosis association. She holds life membership in the Seamen's Mission, and the Women's Missionary Society of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and is a director of the local branch of the Canadian Needlework Guild. She also is identified with the work of the Associated Charities, and with the Local Council of Women. Mrs. Smith is an enthusiastic golfer and curler, a winner of many trophies, and has also enjoyed the delight of the angler's art on the far-famed pools in her native county of Restigouche.

In this sketch of woman's club life in St. John, there should not be omitted an appreciation of the faithful service rendered by Mrs. D. McLellan, as president of the Local Council of Women for several years. Mrs. McLellan made an excellent presiding officer and whenever she appeared before public bodies as a representative of the Council she was unvaryingly received with the greatest respect. She was succeeded by Mrs. Thomas H. Bullock, wife of the ex-mayor, one of the younger women in club life, and who has been very prominent in the work of temperance and moral reform. Mrs. Bullock is a woman of great ability, who has given much assistance to her husband in his civic career, and whose grasp on public affairs is proving of great value to the council.



MRS. T. H. BULLOCK

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

THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

Nobody's Widow

THE woman at present answering to the above title eyed me furtively, as she dabbed a bit of powder on her nose. She stood in the centre of the dressing-room, surrounded by mirrors above which gleamed and scintillated a score of lights. Truly she is an exacting widow, as far as dressing illuminations are concerned. She carries her own dressing table with her, a huge white one, with rows of lights up and down and all around. And in addition to this, she has the most comfortable looking chair you could ever wish to nestle in, after a strenuous matinee.

This is Blanche Bates, of "The Girl from the Golden West" fame. You have read of her, have seen her act perhaps, but did you ever know that she can cook, and uses garlic and onions to excess?

"What did you say? You don't like garlic? Well, child, just come to see me at my home and I'll wager that you will acquire a taste for it, before you leave. Won't she, Hannah?"

Hannah was the maid, a mulatto girl, who stood busily fingering one of Miss Bates' gowns. And by the way, she is the most intelligent maid I ever saw, in all my rounds of theatre dressing-rooms.

"Oh, of course we don't use a whole lot of the stuff, we just use a lick, as it were, and leave the gar out." Which is one of the Blanche Bates humourisms.

It happened to be the time when all the dogs around Toronto were wearing muzzles. Miss Bates had noticed this, and resented it accordingly.

"Please tell me," she continued, "why they don't muzzle the horses here. The worst bite I ever got in my life



BLANCHE BATES

And Katharine Kaelred, she who played the Vampire lady so effectively in "A Fool There Was," a couple of seasons ago, is not destined to play Vampire ladies all her life, for which she may be truly thankful. This season, New York saw her suddenly break into a new role, that of the heroine in "We Can't Be As Bad As All That," not the most convincing title the world, perhaps, but one of the few successes of the past season. Her effective handling of the part, her finished style, her originality, have all combined to make her a character on the stage worth considering, one for whom the realms of stardom will soon open their portals.

adorable" house built in 1797, with huge hand-hewn oak timbers, and a large Colonial fireplace, an old clock dating back to Revolutionary days, and seventy-eight acres of land to hold it all.

And she has trinkets she has been collecting ever since the farm bee began a-buzzing around her ears. For she was ever ambitious, and knew that some day her wishes could be realized, and her dream farm would become a reality.

* * *

Some Future Stars.

THAT elusive hand of Fate keeps beckoning and beckoning, till one day, all who have watched it painstakingly and patient, see it waving steadily toward a conscientious plodder, who burned midnight gas and slept in a proverbial hall bedroom.

I am not conversant upon Frances Ring's style of living, any more than I am on Katharine Kaelred's or Crystal Herne's, but this I can say, they have steadily made good, until this last season brings them more of that earnestly-hoped-for fame which makes the theatrical life worth while.

Frances Ring, who need no longer be billed as a sister of Blanche, she of "YIP" fame, made a decided impression in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," which is going to stand her in good stead the coming season.



KATHERINE KAELED



FRANCES RING

was from a horse, but I do love them, just the same. But the idea of having all the poor dogs with their mouths covered like that! I tell you, I'm dog crazy. Just guess how many I have on my farm. No, more than that. Sixteen, if you please. They wander around wherever they choose, and will never wear one of those horrid things, believe me."

This farm of Miss Bates is her especial pride. It is thirty-three miles from New York, and is where she hies every night after her performance in the city. She tours just every second season. She calls this home the farm of her dreams, since those dreams demanded a "perfect

And Crystal Herne is a player whose worth has been generally admitted for some time. The lack of suitable plays alone has kept her from scaling the ladder of success even before she did. She has a very charming personality, a quick discernment, a versatility, all of which should place her in the foremost ranks of our players. But there is something seriously the matter with the dramatists of to-day, for they do not seem able to produce the right kind of play, to bring out Miss Herne's acting qualities. She has been fishing around for some time now, and is still almost wasting her abilities on more or less inferior plays. She spent a brief few weeks with

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Dustin Farnum, this last season, in "The Squaw Man," and met with disaster in Richard Harding Davis', "The Seventh Hour."

* * *

Enthusiastic Jane.

A VERY dear friend of mine, a member of the theatrical brigade, once said to me, "Oh I see you have Jane Cowl's photograph up there. Then of course you know her. Isn't she the craziest enthusiast you ever saw in your life?"

"Craziest enthusiast" is good. By which let me hasten to add I do not mean the slightest disrespect to the most beautiful woman on the American stage. Rather, I should call it a compliment, for to be frightfully enthusiastic about anything means to

minutive and slow. Miss Cowl, not being accustomed to taking a ride down any of New York's slides—it's a great place for such winter recreations, is New York—sought my advice on the matter, said she wanted to be a good sport and all that sort of thing, but what would the company do if she chanced to come back with a broken arm or dislocated ankle? The matrimony of the stage would indeed be a failure. But I reassured her, knowing the gentleman who was giving the "toboggan," that he would see that the sleds were guided properly and all that, so she went, and ever since is a staunch upholder of our Canadian winter sports.

* * *

How they Spend Summers.

FOR some the love of travel is so strong that a season of one-night stands could not satisfy it. These spend their few leisure weeks hiking all over the country, some preferring the old soil, some the scenes at home in America. Others could not be persuaded to leave their comfortable summer homes in the mountains or on the seashore. These are the ones who welcome a bit of quiet, and a rest away from the crowds who stare.

Chief among these is Blanche Bates, whose farm is her one joy. She rides and goes around inspecting the chicken roosts and watching the development of her spring calves.

Julia Marlowe is another who cannot get into the country soon enough. She owns a beautiful farm in the Catskills, and it is here she spends her summer months, where she can live out of doors and get all the fresh air she wants. Walking is Miss Marlowe's pet diversion. She always wears brown, on these jaunts, for she says the colour blends well with the dust on the roads.

Ethel Barrymore is another outdoor enthusiast. She is a fine tennis player, an excellent walker and takes to the water like a fish. She has a summer home at Mamaroneck.



JANE COWL.

have a good hold on the things worth while. For when your enthusiasm vanishes, so also disappears all that is worth living for. Therefore, Jane Cowl is anxious to get all out of life that she can. And she does. She is one of the few people you meet who is not afraid to express her preference for a thing, whether it be in direct accordance with the laws of conventional society or not. Sometimes her buoyancy runs pell mell into a whole realm of absurdities, but Jane does not care a whit, providing she can get enjoyment out of them.

It was in the depths of a typical Canadian winter when I first met her. She had come over here to play the leading part in "Is Matrimony A Failure?"—to which, by the way, Miss Cowl answers an emphatic "No," being the wife of Adolph Klauber, the well-known dramatic critic of the New York Times. Miss Cowl was in her hotel room, wondering vaguely what kind of person a Canadian free lance interviewer really was. Everything spelled a spirit of care freedom, everywhere were evidences of good fellowship. I knew instinctively that Miss Cowl was anything in the world but a "dead one." There was a heavy sweater coat, a rakish stocking cap, a pair of snowshoes, even, and several little *et ceteras* which proclaim the owner the best fellow in the world. And there were newspapers, oh just dozens of them, all of which had something to say about the handsome leading woman who was racking her precious brain in the endeavour to find out whether this affair marriage was a mere hallucination. She was dressed in the simplest kind of shirt waist and skirt, and had her hair arranged in a low coil at the nape of her neck. How beautiful that hair is! Of raven blackness, and glistening purple where the sun smote it.

She was in a quandary. Her spirit of dare-deviltry was almost deserting her, but that enthusiasm was fighting hard, withal. There was to be a toboggan party, down the slides at High Park, and it is a well known fact that Toronto's High Park slides are everything in the world but di-



CRYSTAL HERNE

Who scored a big success this last season in "As a Man Thinks."

Maxine Elliott spends her summers at the home of her sister Gertrude, who, with her husband, Forbes Robertson, has a beautiful summer home in England. Here they spend their days tennis playing, and romping in the open like two released school girls.

The Favershams also have a farm in England. Mr. Faversham is an enthusiastic farmer, and is often seen loading hay, or fixing fences. They have a very picturesque garden, with pretty arbours for afternoon tea parties, and tennis and croquet lawns.

Viola Allen is a lover of the water, and at her summer home in Greenwich, Conn., spends her days in her boat, rowing around the many beautiful spots there. Her favourite dog is her companion on these jaunts

Elsie Janis has a pretty home just out of Columbus, Ohio. Here she lives the simple life, while her young friend, Billie Burke, goes flying all over Europe hunting excitement.

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A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
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C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

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MADE IN CANADA
Our Trade Mark on every piece



When you buy Elite Cut Glass you can be assured you have the best, both in blanks and cutting. We do not use pressed blanks. As a large proportion of the Cut Glass being sold to-day is made from pressed blanks, those who are unable to distinguish the difference must depend upon a reliable mark as a sure badge of quality. Ask for Elite, and you can be sure you have the best in the land.

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Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN
and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.
The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.
M. BEETHAM & SON - - - - - CHELTENHAM, ENG.

INTERNATIONAL FEMINIST SHOP

To possess the only international feminist literature shop in the world is the proud boast of Miss Sime Seruya, whose sign hangs out in Adam Street, London, England, just off the Strand, not far from Charing Cross station. In spacious green-painted premises I found this picturesque little lady with the picturesque name, surrounded by her cosmopolitan cargo of books, papers, badges—everything imaginable in fact connected with the feminist movement from every country under the sun.

"Yes, we even have the 'Antis' here," said Miss Seruya, in showing me round her shop, indicating some books and leaflets of the Anti-Suffrage League. "In fact, my chief aim is to make my shop a depot for everything connected with the feminist movement, not to limit it to suffrage, which, after all, though a very important item, is only an item in the movement.

"At present, as you see, it is chiefly a book and paper shop, but I want to enlarge its sphere to other things in time. I mean to have a bureau for specialists in women's employments, both of arts and crafts, and also to have a show-room for craftswomen's work of all sorts."

Papers and magazines in almost every European language lay on the counter, one a German monthly,

movement now. I did at first, and got put in prison twice for it, the first time, for taking part in a deputation and the second time, two years after, for not taking part in a deputation."

"How was that?"

"A deputation to the Prime Minister in Downing Street was organized one day, and a journalist and myself were standing on the other side of the street watching it. Suddenly a policeman, who knew me and had a grudge against me, came up and arrested us both. Eventually we were brought into court, where I learned from the policeman that I was one of the organizers of the deputation, was a prominent member of the league, and had a petition in my hand. This was all news to me, because, as a matter of fact, owing to ill-health and being extremely busy over some private affairs which required all my attention at that time, I had had nothing to do with the league for some months, but it is useless to say anything in the police courts here. In this case I got six weeks' imprisonment for doing nothing at all, whereas those who took part in the deputation got only a fortnight.

"In the first case, I was one of the women of the deputation. We got to Downing Street, and I am quite sure if any policeman had requested



A London shop run in the interests of the Feminist movement.

called "Frauen Zukunft," containing an excellent translation of Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance." Another was a weekly sheet for servants rejoicing in the name of "Tjenestepigerens Blad," issued in Copenhagen; a third with the high-sounding title of "Jus Suffragii," is the monthly organ of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, its last two pages filled with "feminist" news from Seattle, California, Kansas, Oregon and several other places, and signed by Ida Husted Harper, of New York.

The most prominent object in the shop is a magnificent banner which stands over the staircase right opposite the door as you go in. It is the banner of Miss Seruya's society, the International Suffrage Society, and shows a fine portrait of John Stuart Mill, the first man to advocate women's suffrage, worked on a green ground. The stairs lead to a fine room below which can be hired for meetings, concerts or small plays.

"Of course, you are a member of one of the leading suffragist associations?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I belong to the Women's Freedom League, though I do not take any active part in their

me to move on, I should have done so from mere force of habit. But the first thing I knew was a terrific blow across the chest from a policeman's arm, and I hit back, naturally; that's my nature. The scene in court was distinctly a humorous one. The policeman and I were confronted in court; I am quite short, as you see; my 'victim' was a more than usually large policeman. His description of the incident was that I doubled up my fist and hit him a tremendous blow in the face! What I really did was to push my muff, which contained a book, up into his face; to have hit him a blow was absolutely impossible."

Miss Seruya owes her uncommon name to the fact that she is Portuguese, having been born in Lisbon, but she came to England at the age of eight and has lived here ever since.

That she possesses originality was shown by a placard in her window to which she drew my attention as I was leaving. A weekly paper had brought out an article that week entitled "Why Suffragettes are Unpopular." Miss Seruya copied this title on a board and wrote underneath, "Are They?"

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is much more than a delicious dessert. It just naturally lends itself to a thousand and one other uses—for garnishing the meats, stiffening the sauces and gravies, making the ices and preparing the salads—throughout the entire meal from soup to dessert.

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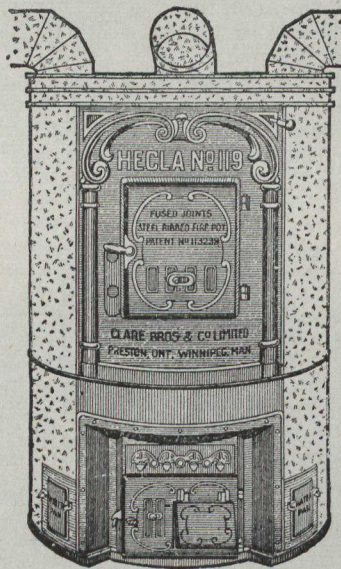
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Here is a furnace that is easy to attend—

One you can clean out without using the poker.

☑ The ashes at the side of the pot can be shaken down without losing good coals in the centre. The four separate grate bars do that.

☑ The water pan, so essential to good heating, is placed where it can be easily filled and not so likely to be overlooked.

"Hecla" Furnace

Six tons of coal instead of seven.

And this furnace which is so easy to run will save you one ton of coal in every seven.

☑ It will give you pure air without gas or dust.

☑ When you shake it down no ash dust can escape either in the basement or in the living rooms.

Sound interesting?

Why not investigate?

Get this Booklet.

It will be sent free, and it will tell you things you ought to know about heating. Write for it to-day.



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NOTE THE FEATURES THAT MAKE FOR CONVENIENCE:

Water Pan Openings conveniently placed on either side of ash door.

Large Firing Door for wood or large shovels of coal.

Four Separate Grates to clean out ashes without using poker.

Common Sense Ash Pan fitting perfectly and catching all the ashes.

Large Door Handle which drops into place and locks the door securely.

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PLANS Send a rough diagram of your house and we will send complete plans and estimates for heating it. **FREE**

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

J. A. D. McCurdy flew from Hamilton to Toronto. "Who wouldn't?" said the citizens of Ontario's Capital.

The Sheffield Choir deficit is over fifty thousand dollars. It must have struck some low notes.

The bean-growers are said to be optimistic over reciprocity, while Boston regards Essex county with covetous eye.

Now, if Mr. R. L. Borden only had a few followers like Lord Hugh Cecil, there would be a sure-enough Opposition at Ottawa.

Sir Alan Aylesworth is to retire to his baronial mansion on the banks of the Newmarket Canal.

Peers may become a drug in the market and be as common as the K. C.

Sir James Whitney is behind Mr. Borden. If Sir George Ross were only running in Middlesex this year, there would be language enough to set the Thames on fire.

Germany is to have a naval review next month, with Mr. Andrew Carnegie in the chair.

A bag of first-class mail matter has been found in the Welland Canal. This is a case of floating capital.

And that gallant champion, Mr. Henri Bourassa, is preparing to say that Canada has water on the brain.

The Duke of Sutherland is to spend a month on his Alberta farm. Perhaps he can be induced to run as a Conservative candidate.

It has been stated that the new cents, issued from the Royal Mint, Ottawa, are upside down. They will surely result in frenzied finance.

The melancholy days have come when hundreds of good men and true and explaining to anxious constituents that if it were not for the urgent friends the candidate would ever so much prefer to stay home and look after the shop.

Once more the west is skimming the cream off the east, as the transcontinental express moves out.

Too Emphatic.—In common with other students, the boys of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, love to print in their college paper some joke concerning the heads of the college. So it was probably with much joy that the Guelph students printed in the O.A.C. Review for July the following supposedly true incident, in which President George Creelman figured:

President Creelman (to excursionists who are banging on the side door)—The other door, if you please.

Farmer (somewhat heated)—Go to H—!

President—No good. That's not the pass word.

About Umpires.—"If I were an umpire," said a man who was watching an Eastern League baseball game at Toronto, and was feeling sympathetic towards the umpire, whom the crowd was abusing, "I would always pray that home team would win."

"My young son isn't big enough to get cross with the umpire," said the man to whom the first remark was made. "I had him at a game between Rochester and Toronto. He

could say 'The Leafs' all right, but he had trouble trying to say, 'The Hustlers.'"

"Don't worry about his not bothering the man in blue," said the first man. "Train up a child as a baseball fan, and when he is old he will throw pop bottles at the umpire."

The Campaign.

Once more the old familiar din
And boastings that "We're sure to win"—

The country once again is in
The throes of wordy strife.

The man who should to business stick
Has heard that he's the party's pick,
Has made his little bluffing kick
And come into the field.

The candidate's committee room
Is fitted up his cause to boom
And seal the other fellow's doom.
Our man's as good as in.

The chairman to the platform calls
Shy stalwarts in the meeting halls,
And speakers point to dingy walls
Where gaudy mottoes hang.

Applause now greets the silver tongue,
And greets also the leather lung
Whene'er defiance hot is flung
To other candidates.

The land is full of prophets now,
Who pipe up sweetly in the row
To show each anxious party how
'Twill sweep this mighty land.

The party papers wildly gloat
As signs of victory they note,
And very soon, "Get out the vote"
Will be their eager cry.

If Laurier Wins.—The election campaign is bringing forth some merry jesting concerning the great question on which the campaign is being waged.

A man, who claims that he votes for the man rather than the party, says that if Sir Wilfrid is returned to power he will feel so eager to praise the bridge that carries him over that he will try to change Ottawa's name to Reciprocity City.

A Costly Conversation.—It is said that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the most reticent of modern magnates. He dislikes extremely, talking about himself or his success, and is given to hold commune with the goddess,

Prince's Gate, which contains a wealth of art treasures, the great financier forsook his usual taciturnity, and talked so entertainingly that her Majesty spoke afterwards of their "charming conversation."

On one occasion when Mr. Morgan was crossing the Atlantic, he was accosted by a clean-shaven young journalist, who said:

"Mr. Morgan, may I have five minutes' conversation with you for twenty-five dollars?"

"I have nothing to give the press," was Mr. Morgan's reply.

"I know you have not. I merely wish to have a five minutes' chat, and am willing to pay for it."

Mr. Morgan's dark eyes scanned the young man's ingenious countenance. Then, taking his watch out, he said: "Very well. Go ahead!"

The young man proceeded to descant upon the opera season in London and the monotony of ocean scenery. Mr. Morgan heard him with some slight show of interest, and contributed some stray monosyllables to the interview. As soon as the five minutes were up, the young man proffered two crisp ten-dollar bills and a five, which were accepted promptly.

"Will you be good enough to tell me why you asked for this interview?"

"Certainly," said the young man, casting a triumphant glance across the deck. "My friend, Billy Blake, bet me fifty dollars that you wouldn't let me talk to you for five minutes."

A smile dawned upon the magnate's grim face. "Young man, you'll go far," he admitted.

A Successful Sailor.—A youthful Canadian, who is possessed of the romantic idea of "going to sea" is meeting with much parental opposition.

"The sailor never amounts to anything, my boy," urged his prosaic father. "He works hard, has few holidays, and never achieves great success."

"That's where you're mistaken," exclaimed young Canada triumphantly. "Look at King George! He started out as a sailor, and now he's got to be the head of the Empire."

Well Watched.—A small girl, who had been informed by her mother that every action of hers was watched by a great unseen power, was decidedly uneasy about this constant guardianship. One day, as she opened the front gate, she noticed that her little brother was close at her heels.

"Go back," she said sternly.

"I'm coming, too," he persisted.

Whereupon, the small maiden gave way to wrath, and stamped her foot vigorously.

"You shall go back," she declared.

"I have enough trouble already, with God watching me all the time."

Everyday Rhymes.

Sing a song of coming home,
The nights are getting cool!
It's time the carpets were put down,
The children off to school.

The woods are full of orators,
Long speeches now we get;
And fools are busy, writing down
Their last election bet.

Throughout our broad Ontario
The Liberals have the hump—
For they have heard that bold Sir James
Is going to take the stump.

A Poor Choice.—Pitfalls line the path of people who take liberties with foreign language with which they are not familiar.

This was well illustrated in connection with a visit to France of a Canadian lady and her family. They did considerable entertaining, and some of the party found their ignorance of French quite a drawback. This was evident to a dignified, white-haired, French lady who had sung several French songs for the party. She didn't understand English at all, but she knew by heart some English songs, and she suggested singing one.

The idea met with favour, and, without realizing what quiet amusement her choice of a song caused, she sang with what was intended to be deep feeling, "Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back."

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ROUND THE WORLD tours leave August to January.
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Children's bank accounts can be opened in either of two ways—in the name of the child, or in the parent's name "in trust." By the latter method the parent controls the withdrawals.

In either case the child can make deposits and learn early the forms of banking and the value of economy.

Every child should have a bank account.

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TORONTO



"Now then, move on and shtop obshtrectin' the thoroughfare!"

Nicotine, being an inveterate consumer of stout and dark-hued cigars. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, on the other hand, is decidedly genial and "chirpy," being willing to talk on almost any subject, from peace to potatoes.

When Queen Alexandra visited Mr. Morgan's beautiful London home at

THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CARL GLOVER, "the Prince" of college football days, is called from a study of art to take charge of a Cobalt mine, owned by an uncle who has been injured in a railway accident.

He is initiated into mining and into Cobalt by Freeman, the foreman of the mine, and forthwith becomes entangled in certain mysteries. A store-keeper named Ridgeley suggests to Carl one day that possibly Freeman is not straight and that the mine may be a "wildcat."

Carl also meets a young lady named Rita Theodore, daughter of Col. Theodore, a promoter. She is an artist and a gambler. On the art side, she and her Oriental quarters appeal to Carl and they have many walks and talks together.

CHAPTER VII.

IF Carl could have looked into Ward Six, where his uncle lay in the hospital at North Bay, at the precise moment he was reading Freeman's letter and heard the conversation carried on, he would have shaped his course for the after months quite differently.

"I tell you," Freeman was saying, "he'll raise the dickens."

"And I tell you for the twentieth time he will not," said the man on the bed. "I have stood by him in everything for years and he will stand by me in this."

"Anything that fellow stands by must be square!" the foreman emphatically answered, pounding an invalid's table with one big fist.

"How do you know this will not pan out all right? We have a chance of striking it yet."

"Deuced poor chance."

"Why in the world did you put your shafts so deep till I came back?"

"What was I to do? That hasty nephew of yours would have had them twice the depth if he'd been alone. I had the dickens of a job to hold him. Number Three shaft is ready to sink now, and what have we done? No company formed, the place not boomed, nothing done! By the stars, we'll put all our little money into it; they'll spy it out for an empty spot, and that's the end—we're done!"

"Freeman," the uncle said, "I always had the hope there was good silver."

"Never a hope! All there ever was lay in the two spider veins upon which we started the shafts. We have that ore safe enough, but how much is it?—a few hundred dollars! The veins pinched out, and the blessed shafts might go through to China and never see a five-cent lump. We must get this company formed and the thing floated. We've development enough to bluff all comers. How soon can you get out?"

"Four weeks yet 'till I get on crutches."

"By George! The Prince will have that third shaft down twenty feet or so. See, Graham, we have to stop. Send him up word not to begin the third till you come."

"I guess you're right, Freeman."

"Certainly! We can't go on like this."

"You can build some ore sheds. That will occupy the time. They'll have to be ready when we form. Did you see Richmond about that ore?"

"Yes, he has it all bagged, handy to ship in just when we want it. By the stars, things are just ripe if you were only out."

"I wonder," Graham observed thoughtfully, "if Giles couldn't go on and form."

"Not on your life!" Freeman burst out. "You're the man to handle that nephew. Nobody else can, and bless me if I haven't my doubts about your being able to. He'll raise a dickens of a mess, even if he doesn't quit."

"He will stay with me," Graham repeated. "Besides, we have always the chance, you know."

"I got so anxious that I couldn't wait any longer," the boss said. "The Prince has been nosing around with Ridgeley, too. That made me worse, so I thought I would light right down. If he gets Ridgeley's views on the wildcat proposition, there'll be the deuce to pay. Ridgeley knows Cobalt and the game. I'm certain he looks on your claim as one of the wildest wildcats in camp."

"Well, well," the old uncle irascibly commented, "do what you can, and don't bother me any more. We will shape it all in a few weeks. Get those houses up. I have no more to say. O, yes," he added, "Carl doesn't try to break The Clan?"

"Giles says he won't play," Freeman answered. "He was in the other night. Theodore was there, too, and your nephew met his daughter. Say, Graham, I've been thinking there is where we might get a hold."

"How?"

"Why, he'll fall in love with her."

"I don't know as Carl will. He never leaned that way. Why?"

"Can't you see? He may fall in love with her so that she can twist him round her little finger. She could persuade him to go into this company or at least keep still. When she tells him her father is in it, he can't give the thing away. By George! that's the hold we'll have. I tell you he can't keep his head when she's around. None of them can, except old fogeys like us. That is our strong point. We can't throw him out now or we would. I don't know what possessed you to bring him up anyway."

"Well," Graham tartly commented, "when a man finds himself smashed up in a railway wreck, he naturally doesn't know how badly he is hurt. I didn't know but what I was all in. That's why I sent for him. He gets those acres in Cobalt after I die, you see, and I wanted to make sure he wouldn't be done. I can't altogether trust you fellows."

"Ah!" Freeman said, with an ugly smile, "yet we are all partners."

"In a sense! I own the mine. We have all invested an equal sum—we are partners in the profit. That doesn't affect the fact of my ownership, though. Any time I like to have the place myself, or run it on a different line, I am free to do so."

"And you were afraid we would pinch the Graham eldorado on him?"

"Exactly! You remember the case of that zinc property you filched in Arizona and the other man's claims you took at the base of the big Selkirks."

Freeman's eyes dilated, half in anger, half in surprise. "What do you know of that?" he snarled.

"I know enough," the uncle snapped, meaningly. "Just remember you can't play any game on me. We're in this thing to share evenly, but my claim won't be snatched by underhand work. I'm not trying to preach to you, Freeman, only I wanted to show you why I sent for the Prince."

"And now the Old Boy himself won't get rid of him," was the foreman's parting remark.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Freeman returned the next day, bringing written word from the uncle not to do any more shaft work, Carl hardly knew whether he felt glad or sorry. Had he carefully analyzed his feeling, it would perhaps have been gladness. It meant more leisure, for he was seldom needed at the building of the sheds. Cobalt for him had suddenly been invested with a new interest—Rita Theodore. Their common artistic temperament naturally drew them together. Carl, at the very first opportunity, took occasion to visit the Theodores' Cobalt home. It reminded him strangely of the Orient. From the outside none would have guessed such luxurious fittings adorned the interior. The Colonel was not in when he called, so Rita and Carl repaired to the studio to enjoy their common hobby—painting, and also to examine her work. Carl found the little room, on the lightest side of the house, arranged to perfection.

"It is exquisite," he said, taking in every detail, "you must have inspiration here."

"Ah! I dream here," she answered, going to the window and standing with her splendid figure and face moulded purely into the light. "Yonder is where the inspiration comes—out by the gorge and bluff and wild north water. Is it not true?"

"True," Carl answered, marvelling at her perfect beauty. "Nature in art is like blood in man. It is the pulse and life."

"Yet some great artistic triumphs have matured within the grey walls of prisons."

"But through men who have stored the world in their hearts before the bars shut in their bodies."

She turned to him from the window. "Shall we go out?" she said. "The sun is so bright. Do you think you can still use a water colour after the pick and shovel?"



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and DESBORO, CHESLEY and DESBORO (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

Ottawa, 5th August, 1911.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

A competitive examination will be held in November next at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission for the entry of Naval Cadets for the Naval Service of Canada; there will be 25 vacancies.

Candidates must be between the ages of 14 and 16 years on the 1st of January next; must be British subjects and must have resided in Canada for two years immediately preceding the examination; short periods of absence abroad for purpose of education to be considered as residence.

Successful candidates will join the Royal Naval College at Halifax in January next; the course at the College is two years and the cost to parents, including board, lodging, uniform and all expenses, is approximately \$400 for the first year and \$250 for the second year.

On passing out of College, Cadets will be rated Midshipmen, and will receive pay at the rate of \$2 per diem.

Parents of intending candidates should make application to the Secretary Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, before 15th October next.

Further information can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Naval Service, Ottawa.

Unauthorized publication of this notice will not be paid for.

G. J. DESBARATS,

Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa, August 1st, 1911.

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"I might make a poor attempt," he laughed, "but it will be a delight to watch you. This work of yours on the walls is really fine. I should almost be afraid to have you look at mine."

"You shall bring yours to show me. They will not be as delicate, but they will be far above mine in one thing."

"And what is that?" Carl inquired.

"Strength!"

"How can you tell that?"

"I cannot tell, but I know."

"You will be disappointed, I am afraid."

"No," she declared, decisively. "I shall not." Then she laughed in bell-like tones at her emphasis.

"Come," she commanded, with a thrill of animation, "we shall paint that bluff. See! just where the sun lines the green with the gorge."

"Agreed!" Carl said. "Let us hurry or the rays will have left the crags. Your shadows would then be too heavy."

"Ah!" the girl exclaimed, with a searching smile, "I see you understand art."

"A little," he admitted.

"As well as mining?" she interrogated.

"Very little better."

"Do you know what I heard a person say yesterday?"

"How could I?"

"He said Glover knew more about mining than half the engineers in Cobalt."

Carl started. He thought she must be joking, but a sharp look assured him the girl was in earnest.

"Who?" he asked.

"That wouldn't be fair."

"Is he a miner?"

"Well—yes."

"Ridgeley," Carl guessed.

She laughed in assent. "You are very, very keen," she said.

"It must be your influence that has sharpened my wits to-day, then, for I have been stupidly dull all week."

"Why do they call you 'The Prince'?" she inquired, rather irrelevantly.

"College nickname."

"Any reason?"

"As much as they have for the most of them. I've forgotten when they first gave it to me. Ha, here is your bluff. Beautiful light! Be quick, now. Set your board here. This stone will do for a seat. The moss is not so hard. One minute, wait till the rays clear that fringe. Now they bathe the gray. Quick!"

She looked up with a laugh of satisfaction at his imperative mood. Then she fell to work with a will, silently mingling her colours. Unlike some, she never talked except in monosyllables when she painted.

Glover lay back in a nook of the big rocks and watched her. "George!" he caught himself saying, "but she is perfect." The lithe figure, sitting like a sculptor's masterpiece on the rocky throne, was formed as finely as some Greek ideal. All the flesh wealth of perfect feature was harmonized with a thoughtful, earnest expression as she bent her head slightly over the board. He was not in love, he told himself, but something drew him, some indefinable, subtle thing. He had felt it that night in The Clan perhaps stronger than now, yet, try as he might, he could not define it.

The last long sunset light left the crags that Rita Theodore was painting. She sat back with a little sigh.

"There, Mr. Critic," she said, mirthfully. "What is your judgment?"

Glover looked at it. "Good," he commented, "shadow just a shade deep. Where'd you get that yellow in the crags here?"

"I forgot. It was among the rest. I hardly could tell where or how long I have had it."

"It lacks life. A lighter yellow would have made a big difference."

"You are very harsh," she softly appealed, but somehow her tone was not of disappointment. It seemed to be pleased.

"No," he objected, "only just! Now, the gorge and river are splendid. You may have been right about your lack of strength. The cliff seems weak. Lend me your brush!"

To the girl's surprise, he calmly painted out her cliff, and with a few deft strokes ran in a bold, strong pile of crag, true to nature as the original, even to the shreds of falling moss.

Miss Theodore's dark eyes were filled with a glow of admiration as she looked full into his. Confused by their brilliancy, Carl tried to glance aside, but some magnetic spell held him. The power of her look was indescribable, unaccountable. He could see in that instant her thought was not on the sketch.

Struck by sudden shame at his childishness, he dashed a hand before his eyes. Then he put the paper in her grasp.

"You have the gift, the great gift," she said, quietly. A strange but tremulous indecision seemed to have come over her. The gleam in her eyes was far, far away, when she rose to go. "Come!" was all she said.

Carl gathered the things and they turned homeward

while the night shadows crept down from the north, settling first in the gorge.

CHAPTER IX.

THE weeks that followed were strangely and fatefully woven for Carl. The mystic something which drew him to this girl of the north grew stronger and stronger. He found himself more and more in her company, more days in the great free wood, rock, and waterway; more evenings in the dreamy studio or the reading-room of hers just beyond. That reading-room, with its mental luxury of furnishing, struck one as strange, even ridiculous, in a wild mining town up in the lone Temiskaming stretch. But whether ridiculous or not, it was a little heaven to Carl. There was the sense of sunny southern surroundings about it. It made the wind dwell upon soft Mediterranean nights, with Venice in the starry glow of sky and water, shadowy gondolas stealing under sombre arches; perhaps a low, sweet, passionate serenade to thrill to flame a heart already glowing with the soul-thrilling beauty of the sun realm. Its perfume awakened a picture of long purple hills pouring arbors of wine grapes down each low set plain. It sent the thoughts to the Grecian isles, a million isles cast in a historic east.

What could be more ludicrous. Nevertheless he could not shake the feeling, and the woman before him might have been some eastern goddess. Her face was southern, rich, and warm; her hair was the tint of night clouds, even as deep as the purple grapes on the uplands of Arretium. She charmed Carl's thoughts.

There was nothing to hold him at work, and he was glad. He was not in love, he told himself; only it pleased him, thrilled him, conquered him, to be with her. Her father Colonel Theodore, was busy looking after mining investments, of which Carl heard he had many, so that the two young people were left alone constantly.

One thing which surprised him was her impulse. Sometimes she would suddenly plan a walk, a painting expedition, a canoe jaunt through the lakes, upon the instant the thought occurred to her. This amused him, too, and he sometimes remonstrated and took command of her, making her fall in with his arrangements. That especially seemed to please her.

"Do you know," she said one day when Carl had come to take her canoeing, and she had wished on a sudden impulse to explore the bluffs on the ridge away to the east, where grew great cushioned mosses and clinging rock ferns, with which she loved to decorate her windows, "that you are the first man I have met who dared to order me about."

"Perhaps it is because of my strength."

"No, it is something else. And the odd part of it is that I submit so gracefully. I must be losing courage."

"Were the others too timid?"

"They seemed to think the proper place was at my feet."

"You were accustomed to being queen, then?"

"Absolutely!"

"And here?"

"You make me feel like a schoolgirl."

"Impossible!" Carl ejaculated in feigned consternation.

"Am I such a tyrant, then—a sort of master spirit?"

"You are the ruling power—The Prince, you know."

"I have had no intention of being arbitrary."

"But you have"—the dark eyes mocked. They were in the canoe now skirting the shore of the lake where the air was laden with the scent of pine and fir.

"Shall I evacuate the throne?" There was a deep meaning in his tone.

She looked up sharply, with eyes just a trifle serious. "Your uncle is well, then?" she said.

"Yes. He is on crutches yet, though. He comes tomorrow."

There was no reply. The girl appeared to be waiting for him to continue.

"The tyrant may then be deposed," Carl went on.

"You mean you are going?"

"Yes, unless my uncle insists on my staying."

"You know you have done well along the mining line. Why do you not follow it up?"

"My failing for art, I suppose."

"Do you intend to cultivate it?"

"I may in the future."

"You should. You have the strength, the great gift of art—then," with a smile, "you are so tyrannical."

"Cruel!" he tossed at her.

"Does it wound very, very much?"

"I shall always remember it."

"In pain?"

"No, with pleasure. Pain is often a pleasure."

"And pleasure a pain."

"We are getting phrases confused," Carl said, letting the canoe drift idly. It was the middle of summer and Temiskaming flaunted forth all its gipsy beauty.

"Then our thoughts must be," the girl asserted.

"They may be."

"One thing, however, is clear."

"And that?"

"Is that you have been the Prince here. I have been—the page."

(To be continued.)

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FROM recent indications a rather younger group is now destined to control the destiny of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, as upon the election of Colonel Frank Meighen to the presidency to succeed his late father, he immediately invited Mr. J. K. L. Ross, of Montreal, son of Mr. James Ross, to join him on the Board of Directors. It is also understood it is Mr. Meighen's intention to make other additions to the Board a little later on, with a view of having a group around him who will take an active interest in the progress the company may make. It would be difficult to find any two young men about the same age as are Colonel Meighen and young Jack Ross who will inherit the very large number of millions that they will.

Young Mr. Meighen's action in inviting his friend to go on the Board is taken as an indication that he intends to devote considerable time to the affairs of the company. This is something that a good many people were doubtful about at the time of his father's death, because up to that time Colonel Frank had been only rather indifferently identified with business pursuits of any kind. It is now believed that with the assistance of his immediate friends, Colonel Meighen would resist any effort that might be made by any other group to get control of the company, and with the millions that he has back of him he is undoubtedly in a position where he could make it very interesting for anybody.

* * *

Public Again Caught in Dominion Steel.

WHEN Dominion Steel common again slumped sharply on the Montreal Exchange the other day, hundreds of small traders were again forced to throw their stock overboard and take big losses. In fact, the way the general public have been forced into Dominion Steel at the top prices on different occasions would make it rather apparent that as far as the Canadian public are concerned they have suffered very severely ever since the group of Montreal and Toronto capitalists decided on the organization of the big steel company down by the sea. A few capitalists may themselves have reaped big fortunes out of it, but the average man around the street has found that almost every time he touched the stock it cost him a lot of money.

What makes the present setback all the more regrettable is that this time the shareholders of Dominion Coal common stock are as much affected by it as the holders of Steel, inasmuch as when their stock was selling up around 90 they were strongly advised by Mr. James Ross to exchange their Coal stock for the securities of the new big steel corporation, which was to be an amalgamation of the Dominion Steel and Dominion Coal. Luckily for Mr. Ross, he got rid of all his own coal stock around 95, but the holders of Coal common who have followed his advice are now having the painful experience of seeing their securities selling at about half the price that they were when they accepted his advice of staying with their stock and allowing it to be converted into the stock of the Steel Corporation.

* * *

Interesting Industrial Departure.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting phases about the wonderful industrial growth that Canada has enjoyed during the last quarter of a century arises from the picturesque manner in which most of the larger industries have grown from almost insignificant beginnings. In the case of the steel industry one of the largest concerns in the country, the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, can look back to the time when all its business was turned out in a small village forge; in the milling industry Mr. Hedley Shaw, with his 7,000 barrel mill at Port Colborne, has not to look back very far to recall the days when all he had was a small portable mill. And now the small home bakery business of yesterday is giving way to the modern bread plant, which is destined to make the industry one of the most important in the country, as the new big Canada Bread Company will have an output in the near future of 1,000,000 loaves of bread per week, or over 50,000,000 loaves per year, while the plans which have already been decided upon will result in increasing its output steadily until it gets a weekly output of 2,000,000 loaves, or an annual output of 100,000,000 loaves. In a sense it is the outcome of the modernizing of machinery which, while making the initial outlay very much larger than it ever was before, in the long run brings about very much lower costs of manufacturing.

* * *

That Navigation Consolidation.

FROM time to time reports emanate from various quarters that different navigation companies are to be included in the new Richelieu and Ontario consolidation, but when the officials of the different companies are approached they always deny knowing anything about the rumours.

In a general way, it is pretty safe to say that the men who were responsible for the carrying through of the consolidation (that resulted in the Furness Withy interests becoming very largely interested in the Canadian company, which took over the Richelieu, Inland, and Northern Navigation Companies) from the outset had in their minds a plan which would gradually embrace all the steamship companies operating on the inland lakes of Canada. But, as can be realized quite easily, such a tremendous undertaking naturally takes a considerable amount of time and still more of money. In the meantime, of course, nothing is officially before the Board of Directors of any of the companies, but in a general way the matter has been pretty generally discussed with the interests identified with the different companies. And provided that the syndicate which is at work is able to finance the undertakings there is little doubt that the proposed general consolidation will be carried out at a very much earlier date than is supposed at the present time. On the other hand, any general tightness of money might make it difficult for the syndicate to carry through their plans as quickly as they would like, and this would result in their having to defer the rounding out of their plans for some little time.

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POSITION OF BONDS

For full particulars, reference may be made to our prospectus, which is accompanied by a letter from Mr. Mark Bredin, the Vice-President and General Manager of the Company. We draw attention to the following points:

1. The present \$1,250,000 of 6 per cent. First Mortgage Sinking Fund Thirty-year Gold Bonds are secured by Trust Deeds to Guardian Trust Company, Limited, Toronto, constituting a first mortgage on all the property, real, personal, or mixed, now owned or hereafter acquired by the Company, as more fully described in said Trust Deeds. In the Trust Deeds it is specially stipulated that of the \$1,000,000 cash being placed in the treasury, the sum of \$500,000 shall be held by the Trustee, to be used only in the redemption of bonds or in investment in additional plants and real estate, thus increasing the fixed assets under the mortgage. A Sinking Fund of 1 per cent. is operative from August 1st, 1911.
2. The assets of the companies already taken over stand in excess of all liabilities and without any allowance for good-will, trade marks, etc., at \$841,428.70. There has also been placed in the treasury \$1,006,221.08 of cash, which, besides furnishing funds for the purchasing or construction of additional plants, will provide ample working capital.
3. The earnings of the present plants, as per certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., after allowing for depreciation, amounted from April 30th, 1910, to April 30th, 1911, to \$107,016.14, to which may be added \$85,000, being interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. on \$1,000,000 cash in the treasury pending its employment on extensions. It is estimated that, with the economies to be effected, the

- earnings on these plants will shortly amount to \$180,000 a year, or nearly two and one-half times the bond interest.
4. With the extensions that it is proposed to effect forthwith, the Company, by the end of the its first fiscal year, should be in a position to show earnings of \$260,000 a year, equal to three and one-half times the interest requirements on the bond issue, and with all the additional plants that will be provided with the cash now in the treasury, the earnings should steadily gain to over \$530,000 a year, or more than seven times the bond interest requirements.
5. The Company, with its plants situated in the larger cities of the different provinces of Canada, will be in an exceptionally favorable position to benefit by the marked economies that will be possible in manufacturing and, more especially, in distribution, and all the time will be turning out a more uniform product under the most sanitary conditions.
6. The practical men who have made the different companies particularly successful will be identified with the management and direction of the new Company. Mr. Mark Bredin, who is probably one of the most successful bread manufacturers in Canada, will occupy the position of Vice-President and General Manager, while the services of the heads of four of the different companies taken over and of an efficient representative of the fifth have been assured to the Company.

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OR

Upon final payment by the subscriber for all the bonds allotted, the Guardian Trust Company, Limited, will deliver the bonds, together with fully paid-up shares of the Common Stock of the Company equivalent at par to 25 per cent. of the par value of bonds allotted. Application will be made to list the bonds and common stock on the Toronto Stock Exchange. Copy of the trust mortgage and legal opinion of A. M. Stewart, and certificates of Price, Waterhouse & Co., and Canadian-American Appraisal Co., are open to inspection at the offices of the Guardian Trust Company, Limited, Toronto. Prospectus and application forms may be obtained from and subscriptions should be forwarded to

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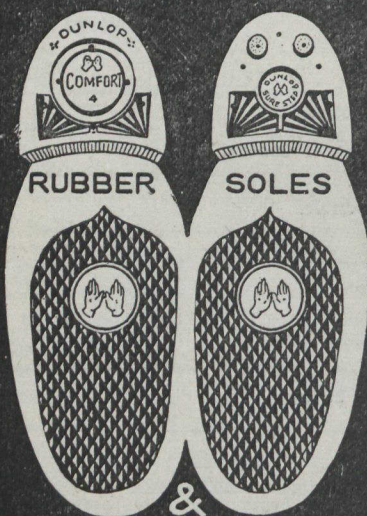
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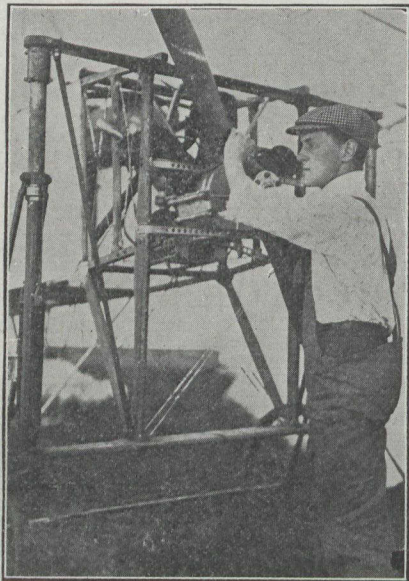
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First Toronto Aviator.

FOR some years there has been a dispute in Toronto between store magnate J. C. Eaton and others as to the first Toronto man to own an automobile, which distinction Mr. Eaton claims. There need be no controversy in future ages about the owner of the first aeroplane in the Queen City. He is J. J. Jackson, the quiet appearing young man who stands beside the machine in the picture on this page. Mr. Jackson's bird is a Bleriot, like that of De Lesseps, seen by Canadians last year.

Since the picture was taken, Mr. Jackson tried out his machine. His short flight was probably the most exciting experience ever endured by a mere Torontonion. It was at the Donlands aviation meet that Jackson got ambitious to soar. One evening



TORONTO'S FIRST BIRD-MAN.
 Mr. J. J. Jackson and his Bleriot machine.

in the twilight, after McCurdy and Willard had electrified spectators for an hour or so, Jackson, who had never been off terra firma before, suddenly, with great energy, trotted out his machine, climbed into the seat, grabbed the steering wheel, turned on the power and—up. Thirty feet he rose, and he went. The Bleriot bucked like an unbroken colt. The propeller insanely thrashed the air, the engine fussed, Jackson hung on like a cowboy. At last he grew tired of being an air-man. He steered for earth. Then he fell. The bird crushed its owner against its framework. Jackson was lucky to escape with his life. But he's plucky. He smashed a good deal of his first machine, but he says he's going to follow up the game until he becomes a real live bird.

A Useful Gift

IT is becoming the admirable custom of wealthy Canadians to present collections of rare books and pictures to the public when they no longer have use for them, instead of selling them indiscriminately. Sometimes the public get such presents in wills. The owners find that they cannot carry away the best of their earthly accumulations into the next world, and so leave them to the State to look after. An instance recently occurred in British Columbia where an eminent book collector found that he had no place to house all the treasure between covers he had got together from the four corners of the world. Quite generously he handed his library over to the British Columbia Government. By the transaction the Province gained one of the most valuable sets of documents on western exploration in existence, and Mr. Justice Martin was saved the labour and expense of erecting a private library building in his backyard. With the learned legal gentleman book collecting was a hobby—a useful hobby. Mr. Justice Martin for twenty-five years had the satis-

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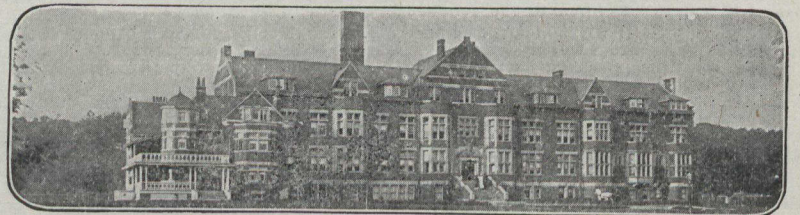
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faction of seeing rarities come to him one by one, until they flowed out of the library into the hall, and the stream became uncontrollable. Only a book collector knows that joy. Now this public-spirited citizen is secure in the thought that his treasures are harboured safely, locked in the public vaults, and he feels a conscious pride that some day, perhaps, future Coast erudites will refer to his books as authorities. What more happy fruition of a mere hobby?

Is the Chaudiere a Myth?

THE glory of Ottawa has departed. The Improvement Commission and Sir Wilfrid's silver tongue can do nothing. No longer is heard the music of Chaudiere Falls, theme of poets and songmakers. Leach wouldn't need a barrel to go over Chaudiere these days. He could walk, and wouldn't even get wet feet. The water has been sinking all summer. The climax was reached the other day, when where the water is wont to hiss in its fury, a youngster sat complacently toying with a fishing pole.

Which reminds one of the story told by Mr. Robert Barr, the Canadian novelist, of a man travelling in a country who asked a native where were the "Falls of Lodore," famed in song, and the native replied:

"Why, man, you are sitting on them!"

If Chaudiere dries up in the summer as it has done this year, where's Ottawa's cheap power to come from? The capital has been banking strongly on the Chaudiere, and if it proves an illusion, what then?

Advertising Canada

NO better way to advertise Canada than to let loose a crowd of live journalists. J. Obed Smith, of the Canadian Immigration Department, has sailed from England for Canada with some of the ablest journalists in the British Isles. These men, twelve in number, representing the leading British journals, travelling in the private car "Twilight," will visit all important points between Halifax and Vancouver. Their visit to Canada at this time is particularly timely, for they will see the Dominion in the turmoil of a dramatic election campaign. They will be able to carry back to Britain an accurate opinion on the feeling of the Canadian people towards the Empire, brought into question just now in some quarters by the reciprocity issue.

Warships in Halifax Harbour

A RATHER doleful but I-am-bearing-up-bravely procession chugged into Halifax harbour last week. The Niobe, of his Majesty's Canadian navy, joined to the British warship Cornwall by two wire cables, 150 fathoms long, and the Lady Laurier hitched to the Niobe by cables—two bellicose leviathans got out of sorts about the same time, and both linked together and made for the cure. The Niobe scraped itself on a rock at Clark's Harbour; the Cornwall also tried conclusions with a big stone, which shook her up a bit. The damage is not serious. Both vessels will leave the hospital shortly.

Patriotic Nova Scotia

AN interesting historical event was celebrated a few days ago in Halifax. The Nova Scotia Historical Society placed a tablet in front of a building on Hollis Street, occupied by a tailor. Here a century and a half ago lived General Wolfe when he planned the capture of Louisburg and Quebec. Lieut.-Colonel Dennison, of the Royal Canadian Regiment, presiding, said:

"The marking of these historic spots is a work that must have a fine effect."

Outpost of the Church

REV. T. HUNTER BOYD, a popular New Brunswick pastor, has established an information bureau for the Canadian Presbyterian Church at 64 Bothwell Street, Glasgow. This bureau aims at keeping old country people in touch with Canadian church conditions.

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

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A FRIEND OF CREVIA

(Continued from page 12.)

sped south the special train which bore the first citizen of Apulia to meet his former foe but present ally, and through devastated and tenantless towns journeyed the latter. Their place of greeting was a white-walled hamlet, which lay like a pinch of salt in a green bowl of the hills. From it in gentle slopes the ground shouldered slowly up with luxuriant undulation to the sky-line, and this latter was broken where one barren crag thrust its rugged shoulders to a vast and lonely altitude. Outside the village a skeleton square was formed in which Crevian and Apulian uniforms alternated in sharp and vivid contrast, and in the middle stood a table draped with flags. From opposite corners advanced the two men who had directed the bitter struggle so miraculously ended. They looked long each into the face of the other, and simultaneously extended hands. Around them reigned a silence broken only by the stamp of a horse's foot or the jingle of a bit. The very air seemed charged and tense with the burial of an ancient feud and the dawn of greater and better years; the rustle of papers, the very moving of a pen was an epoch in national reconstruction.

Unconsciously the Crevian leader raised his eyes and saw ascending from the crag which overhung the hamlet a column of dense smoke. His lifted hand drew all eyes to it, and from its base soared into air some object, gigantic and bird-like. Clear-cut against the sky, gathering form and definition, it wheeled in royal curves down the giddy height which gave it birth; breasting the summer airs it came, embued with the life of its enchanted progress. Two long pinions could be descried supporting an oval body from which was suspended a cage of metal plates ribbed with portholes like monstrous eyes. Swooping in long semi-circles it drew near till it hovered gray, hawk-like and menacing above the wondering square. Along the smooth, dull sides of its body the sun flashed on projecting tubes from which death had descended upon Tarsis. It halted on inclining wings, and then dropped to earth with a sudden and fierce precision till it rested within the square, dire and menacing, portentous with devastating power. A plate of the cage slid open noiselessly, there throbbed out a whirring of invisible mechanism, and the old Crevian commander stood beside his aeroplane. Trim and erect as of yore, in uniform and decoration, he saluted the colours. Then with a gesture of profound respect he addressed the Presidents, in a voice vibrant with the ring of great deeds done, and yet softened by the shadow of a great fatigue. His eyes rested on the treaty, vivid with seals of the allies. "Gentlemen," he said, "on that day when the command of Crevia passed into other hands, the conquest of the air had neared solution, but the end was not yet. The experiments made in secret and lonely places could not justify a publicity which might lead to the ruin of my plans. Finally, however, just as my country was battling with her last breath for national existence, I came into my own. I threaded the air as no living creature had done before. In the isolation of the hills by blood and sweat and infinite labour was born what stands before you. With yonder smoke vanishes the possibility of another creation such as this. The world's peace is imperilled by aerial navigation—nothing is secure. A fool may wreck a city, a madman may end a dynasty. What has been may be again, but not the product of my hands or brain." He stepped forward and touched the lever. The aeroplane rose slightly, its steel prow directed towards the precipitous rock from which it came. Then gathering speed it cleft the air, straight as a bullet, in marvellous flight, through the quiet atmosphere it diminished like a droning bee, swifter and ever swifter it sped, impelled by its racing engines till its velocity hurled it against the stark face of the mountain, and it dropped a crumpled and shapeless mass into the tangled forest below. He turned to the standards and saluted. "With or without me, long live Crevia," he said.

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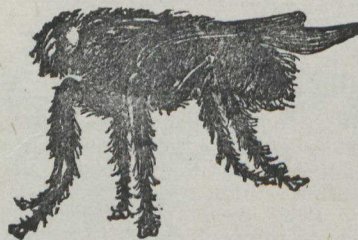
(Canadian Associated Press.)
Bisley, Eng., July 22.—The greatest feat ever performed in the history of rifle shooting at Wimbledon, or Bisley, was that performed by Private Clifford, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, this afternoon. On Wednesday last the Canadian marksman won the second most valuable prize of the meeting, the Prince of Wales £100. To-day he added to it the blue ribbon of the meeting, the King's Prize of £250. Never before have these two rich prizes fallen to the same man.

The bronze medal awarded the leader at the end of the first stage was won this year by Corporal Trainor of Toronto
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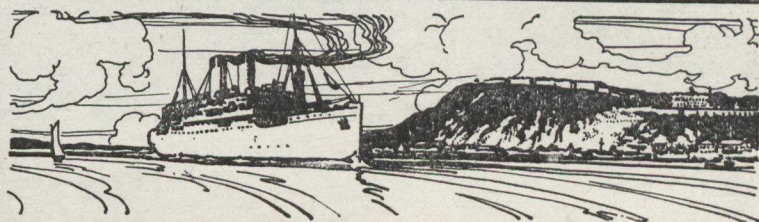
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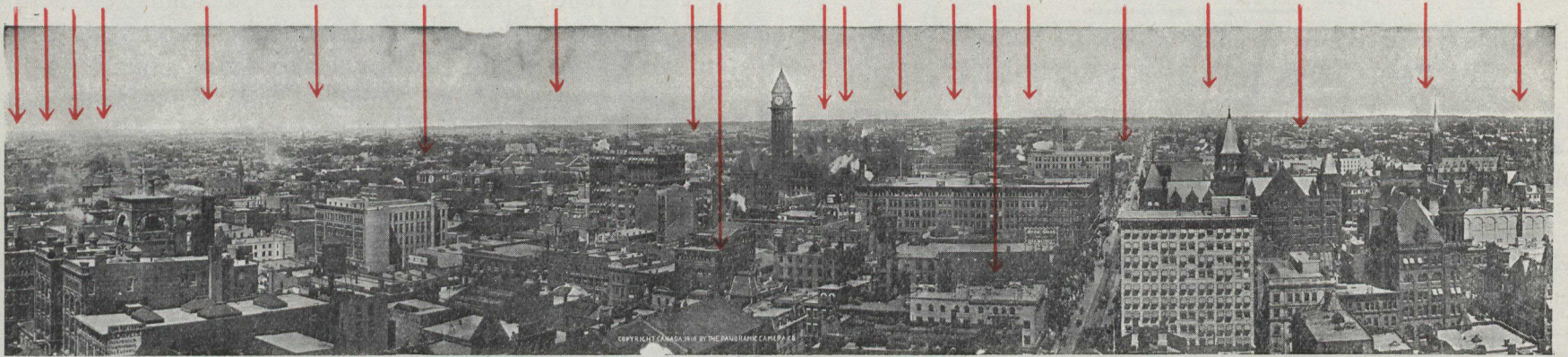
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