

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



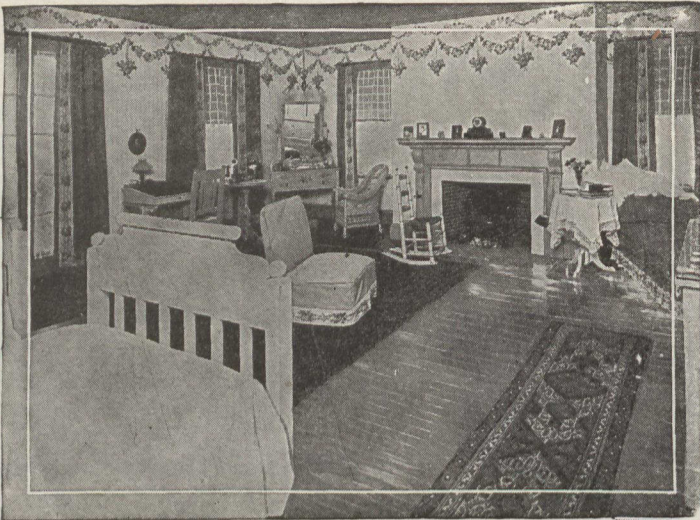
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Woman's Supplement  
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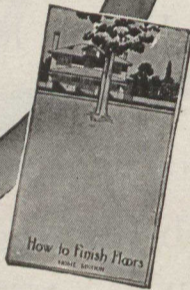
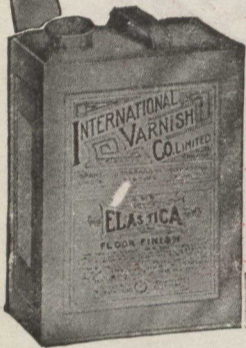
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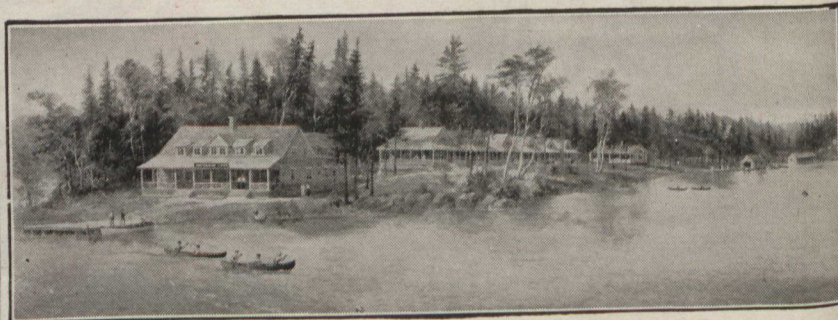
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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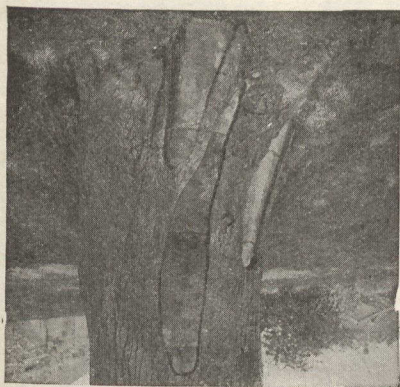
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TORONTO

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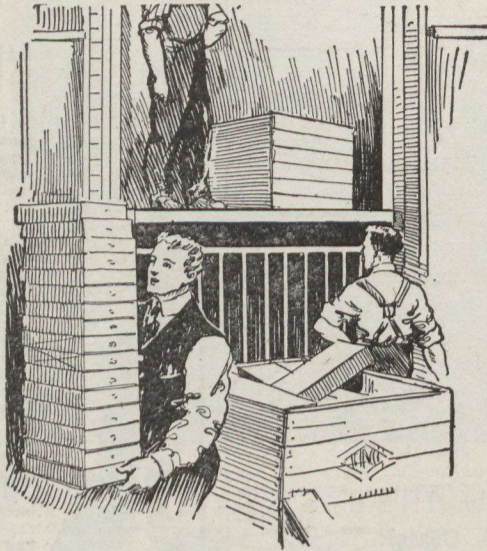
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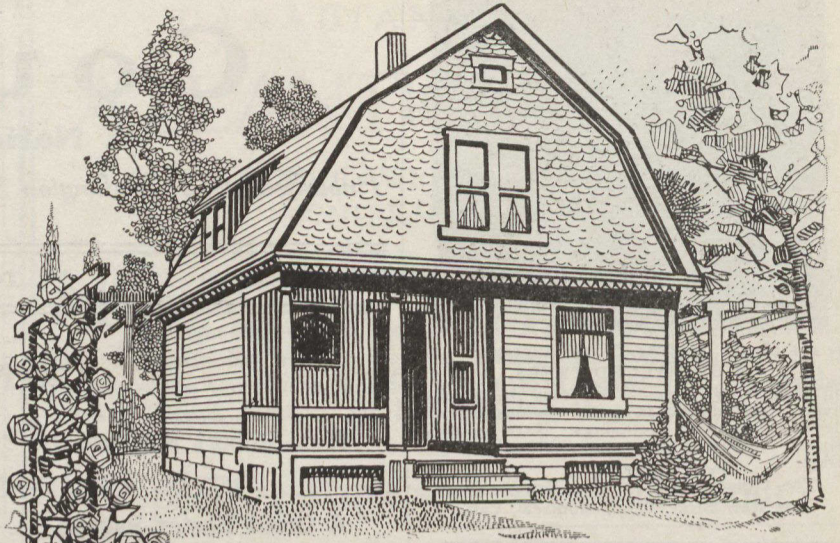
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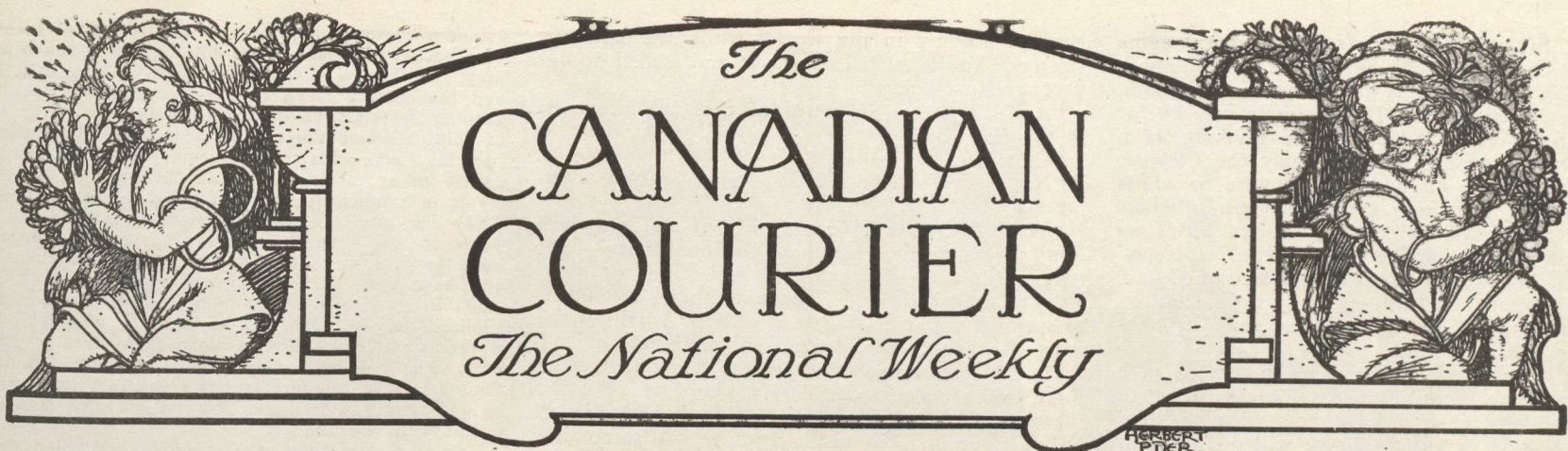
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Vol. XIII.

April 5, 1913

No. 18

# Personalities and Problems

No. 24—Hon. Robert Rogers

*The Man Who Has no Illusions and to Whom a Majority is a Machine to Control Parliament*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**A**n ingenious member of Parliament unfolded to a group of incredulous listeners his invention of a fabulous instrument by means of which he could penetrate psychically into the bowels of the earth to discover what therein is. He called it the "styroscope."

This set the company thinking. "Splendid thing!" said one. "Why not try it on the skulls of Cabinet ministers and members of Parliament? It might clear up this deadlock."

Names were mentioned, of several leaders on both sides of the House, who to the public are enigma and even in caucus may be a mystery. I don't recall that the name of Hon. Robert Rogers was omitted from the list. If so it was an oversight. The Minister of Public Works is a fit subject for psychic investigation.

It's a good many years now since "Bob" Rogers became a puzzle to political scientists. Up till 1911 the particular interest in his mentality was confined to Manitoba. For a year and a half now he has been under a microscope at Ottawa. For the past two months members of Parliament and a large army of both Conservatives and Liberals in the country at large would have been glad of a really concentrated squint through any kind of 'scope that would reveal what is going on at any given time in the mind of Mr. Rogers.

It was the Minister of Public Works who, on March 3, raised the point that the discussion on the cost of warships was out of order, somewhat precipitating the deadlock. It was Mr. Rogers to whom the leader of the Opposition plainly referred in his manifesto on Brute Force. It is the former Minister of the Interior who is credited with the machinery of managing the majority in the House of Commons to pass the Naval Bill. It is he who is clearly pitted against William H. Pugsley, the adroit tactician under Sir Wilfrid. If the closure is applied to the debate—thanks to Mr. Rogers. He has an unmistakable intention. He makes no concealment of it. He has no spider-web methods that obscure his purpose. There are times when the effective unit force of the Cabinet is behind Mr. Rogers—including Mr. Borden. And there are times when the Government benches are a unit behind the stand taken by the "man from Manitoba," who has the dogged courage of his convictions, and was never known to rant or froth at the mouth in his declaration of them either in Parliament or Legislature, in caucus or in counsel, in sickness or health, in the limelight or round the corner.

Mr. Rogers is the coolest man in Parliament. He sits next to Hon. Frank Cochrane in the front benches. Frequently during the deadlock he was seen closely confabbing with the Minister of Finance. At such times he was a fine study in effective contrast. Where in any other Canadian Cabinet was there ever known such a pair of foils? In the technic of Parliament and the business of experience and in type of mentality, Mr. White is just about all that Mr. Rogers is not. They are the this and that, the one and the opposite, the shield and the reverse. Between these two ministerial extremes lies the whole genius of Conservative government by majority. Compared to this antipodes the difference between Mr. Rogers and Mr. Pugsley pales into a very plain resemblance. A Cabinet that in two of its most important port-

folios contains two such irreconcilable intellects must be considered one of the most remarkable cabinets since Confederation.

**T**O every man his separate gifts. In a Cabinet confronted by such a task and such a tremendously organized Opposition in the Liberal front benches, the genius of one man may be needed for work that no other man in the Cabinet could possibly do.

Mr. Rogers is emphatically that kind of man. The Cabinet contains none other like him. Neither does the party. He is what the English essayists

pasons or thrills in his voice; no flashings of frenzy in his face; no oratorical periods and eloquent gestures such as characterize Mr. Pelletier or Mr. Doherty or the Premier.

Somewhat stoopedly he stands, calm and collected and deliberate. In his left hand he twiddles his eyeglasses. You might think he was nervous, but that you know he cannot be; at least not obviously from his manner of speaking or the way he has of fronting the facts. Clear and concise as a pair of scissors he snips off just so much reply as may be needed to cover the point raised by the member opposite. No more; and no less. He evades nothing; manufactures no quibbles; fabricates no play upon words. Mr. Rogers is not a man of parliamentary artifices in speech. He has no teasing beguilements of delivery that bewilder and fascinate his opponents. Direct and decisive and for the most part mirthless, he says his say, and he takes his seat when he has done it. To him there is no joy in a mere passage-at-arms; no delight in mere jockeyings for place. Parliament to him is not a yacht race nor a fencing bout to be decided by points. It is a serious, immediate business to be handled without gloves and to be got through with in what he considers the interest of public business.

In these qualities of temper and personality Mr. Rogers is nothing short of admirable. Alas! that he is not entertaining; he is at least business-like and compels your interest.

Getting into Mr. Rogers' office at Ottawa involves about the usual degree of patience. The Public Works Department occupies most of the front part of a whole floor in the West Block. The head office is at the far west end; ante-room fronting the long corridor—and an average of three or four always in the ante-room. Here is a picture of some beavers felling a tree, called—"The First Engineers," and a very obliging attendant who has no objection to visitors smoking while they wait.

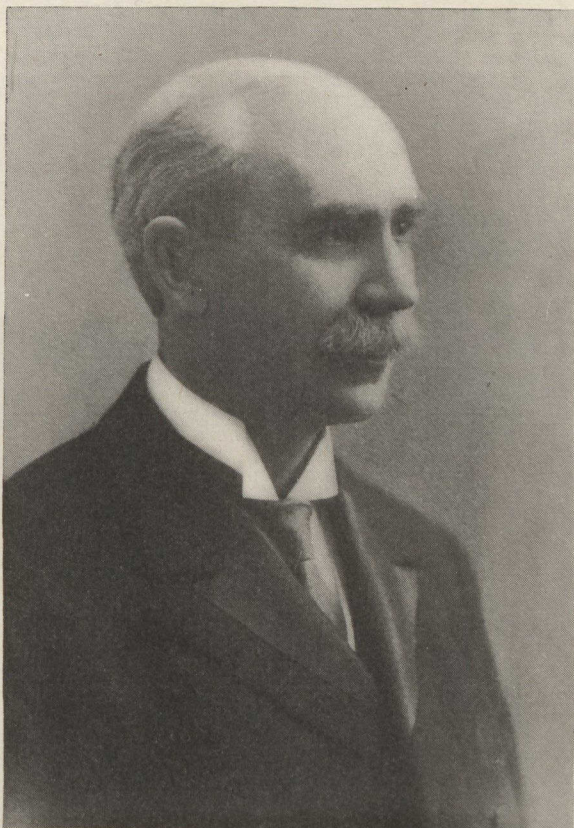
Sir Rodolphe Forget bustled in while three or four others waited, sent in his card and was soon admitted.

One remembers that the Public Works Department is the most complicated of all in the matter of spending money, from a rural post-office to a place the size of Montreal Harbour. Looking at the beavers you begin to trace the marvelous development of the works built and owned by the government of Canada in the name of the people; the tremendous ramifications of a vast system of utilities representing government ownership, built as one supposes as well and with such profound regard for economy as any beaver dam. This is at least poetic.

A keen-looking, quick-moving man comes into the office next to the Minister's. You understand that he is Mr. Eugene Lafleur, the chief engineer of a large corps of engineers responsible for this vast scheme of public investments. There is enough in the life and work of such a man to make a book as fascinating as the story of any railroad romance in—

But the man is the important thing. Mr. Rogers in his office is not very different a man from Mr. Rogers in Parliament. He has a huge office and his desk faces the south. He looks fair at the door; so that any man entering may be seen square as he comes in.

But for a moment the Minister does not glance up.



"Cold and passionless, low voiced and deliberate, with the frozen gleam of little grey eyes, he does not at all resemble the bulldog personage that some have thought him to be."

call "sui generis," peculiar to himself. And he is at times powerful to other men. Not in peace so much as in war; not in a conventionality but in what may be considered a crisis, which a man like Mr. Rogers may do much either to cause or to cure.

Notice him when he rises in the House to reply to questions of the Opposition. It may be on the estimates, when Mr. Pugsley, acquainted with all the details of the Public Works, gently catechises the Hon. Minister. When Mr. Rogers rises you note that he is physically the smallest man in the Cabinet. A thin, wiry trailsman, cold and passionless, low-voiced and deliberate, with the frozen gleam of little grey eyes and a benevolent wimple of fine, fallow-grey-hair—he does not at all resemble the thunderous bulldog personage that so many have tried to think him. He has no shoulder-back, broad-out aspect of defiance. There are no dia-



Oh for the styroscope! You do not imagine what may be in his mind, out of the large number of callers of various kinds he has had that morning before the House meets. His thoughts may be far enough from Works. He may be thinking of a dogged Opposition and how to apply the Closure. And his eyes have an oddly cold lustre in which there seems to be neither enthusiasm nor officious pride. He is marvelously cool and alert. You recollect that Louis Riel, the once "Little Napoleon" of the Saskatchewan, was about this size of a man, but far different. Mr. Rogers is by no means excitable. Yet he smiles with a sort of geniality tempered with cynicism.

It may be unfashionable for Ministers to give interviews to the press. But Mr. Rogers has small regard for mere custom. He acts with personal initiative. If he cares to talk he will do so. But he opens up no channels of conversation.

"Mr. Rogers—you believe in practical politics?" He coaxed out a flickering smile.

"Well—?"

"That is, you don't believe in sentimental politics?"

The smile spread a little.

"Well, sentiment never goes far in winning an election," he says, in a voice that seems to be half bitten to a frazzle, for fear it should betray more than a precise degree of human interest.

He has the westerner's sententious style, and there is enough in his statement if expanded by himself to contain the philosophy of his career. Mr. Rogers is an expert at winning elections—in an age of experts. He understands that while the object of an election campaign may be to educate the people, the purpose of an election is to get the candidate in. If it were not so, Mr. Rogers would not bother with elections. He seems to believe that it is his right to get elected himself, to get as many others of his own stripe elected as possible, and to stay in as long as possible. Which is a practical creed by no means peculiar to Manitoba or to Mr. Rogers. And it involves a deal of hard work, much more strenuous than being merely Minister of this, that or the other, or sitting in Parliament—especially during a deadlock, when a lot of garrulous Liberals are engaged in talking out a Bill.

But you understand that at the present time Mr. Rogers has no particular appetite for a general election.

"Your critics allege, Mr. Rogers, that there is a Borden wing in the Cabinet and a Rogers wing."

He takes off his little glasses and twiddles them a bit.

"There are no wings," he says, tersely. "The Cabinet is one Cabinet. It is loyal to Mr. Borden—absolutely to a man. All this talk of a divided Cabinet is pure invention."

Here he became audibly enthusiastic, and his voice got a sort of ring. One could fancy this cool-headed, low-voiced man getting righteously angry with the necessary degree of provocation.

"However, people will talk; and the newspapers opposed to you, Mr. Rogers—at least some of them—say that the so-called Borden wing is in favour of going to the people with the Naval Bill, while the Rogers wing is not."

"Now, what in the name of all that's parliamentary do we want an election over the Naval Bill for?" he asked, sharply. "We had that in 1911. The Canadian people then made it clear enough what they wanted. They understood what the Conservative party platform was. They understand it now. We have the majority and we intend at the present juncture to boss this Parliament."

He minced no meanings. Lucidity is one of Mr. Rogers' prime characteristics.

"But the Liberals say that the attempt to force this Naval Bill through the House is unconstitutional tyranny."

"We have the people's mandate. What more do we want?"

"They allege that the Conservatives were elected on an issue of no-reciprocity, the old flag and a bogey of annexation."

Had Mr. Rogers been a Londoner he would have replied.

"Stuff and nonsense."

But he is a Westerner, and it had a different but rather more emphatic sound. Anyway he made it clear that the Conservatives plainly proposed in the election campaign to consult the Admiralty on the navy question; which the Government had done—and this was the result.

There seemed not the ghost of a compromise in Mr. Rogers' mind. He was on absolute bed-rock. He struck the dominant note, to him as constitutional as the tune of "God Save the King."

"Isn't it time Canada did something and talked less about the Navy?" he wanted to know. "Haven't we been getting the benefit of naval protection that

cost us nothing in the world, while we built our railroads and extended our trade and settled up our vast areas of land?"

"And the West—do you think they are interested in the Navy?"

"Certainly."

"Not more interested in railroads and—reciprocity?"

"The West doesn't want reciprocity. It's a dead issue. Those people out there—I know them—don't care a red copper about the thirty-five millions. They're not picayune. They want this Government to spend the money—in the way that it will do the most good under the circumstances. That's all."

He said something about national sentiment. But there was a caucus of callers at the door. And as I took leave of the "man from Manitoba," Bishop Fallon came in. His visit may have had something to do with the Irish question. Possibly—Home Rule.

## PUBLIC OPINION

### Remodel School Curriculums

Streetsville, March 20, 1913.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—Thank you for the article "History in the High Schools" in your issue of March 22. It is time that the system of education in Ontario was changed, for it is positively vicious. When boys and girls are subject to their greatest physical development, the "system" steps in and tries to hinder it as much as possible.

Then, too, the subjects which we are compelled to study are, in many cases, comparatively useless. Why we are forced to study Oriental History more than puzzles me, when I consider how much more useful it would be for us to learn a little modern history—events that are happening to-day. Many of our High School graduates could write for hours on the history of Greece and Rome, but could not tell why they favoured or opposed the Reciprocity Treaty, or the Home Rule Bill. If they favoured Reciprocity, the usual reason was that The Globe said so, or if they opposed it The Mail and Empire had said to do so. They could advance no argument, or support their statements in any way. Is this system not foolish?

Nor is this lack of knowledge of modern history traceable to the teachers' neglect. In Streetsville High School we have a literary society during the winter months, and, though we have debates, the debaters are generally taken from the few who are interested in world affairs.

If more attention were paid to oral composition, English composition, English grammar and English authors, and less importance were placed on Latin grammar and authors it seems to me the course would be tremendously improved. While one short period is devoted to oral composition, three or four periods are taken up in Latin. Many of us will forget Latin as soon as we can, but all of us will doubtless have to speak in public sooner or later. What is more, the ability to speak well to an audience is far more useful than the ability to translate Virgil or Cicero. Surely, to the average person, Latin is of very little use, so why should it be put on the courses, except for those who wished to study along such lines?

Besides Mr. Jones' suggestion, I think that the school system of Ontario would be wonderfully improved if the following changes were made:

- (1) The replacing of ancient history by studies in modern events, using the best periodicals as text-books.
- (2) The cutting down of the course in Latin.
- (3) The extension of the course in oral composition, and the various English subjects.
- (4) The removal of Art, parts of the Science "course"

## Music of the Pine.

I KNOW of no sound in nature quite so wonderful as that faint spiritual singing of pine trees, that gentle whirring of a forest when soft airs are moving. Midway in the wood, of course, a pine forest shouting in a free wind is simply the sea shouting on a sandy soil; close the eyes, and it is impossible to tell the difference; it is tumbling surf, mellowed by distance, tossing instead of spray, the flying odours of their needles' frankincense. But when only stray puffs come a-wandering, and other trees are silent, listen at the skirts of a pine grove, and hear those ghosts of sound that fall from nowhere, that thin away to a mere sighing, and then come running back to you over the motionless crests. For pines can answer the wind apparently without moving. No other sound can faint as this does—or sing alone; and among the stragglers at the edge of the wood you may hear distinct solos. Isolated trees respond to a wind you cannot feel, and a tree at your side will sigh and murmur, while another six feet away keeps silent. Almost as though the wind may consciously pick and choose when and where it shake the "clinging music from their boughs, and then low, sweet sounds, like the farewell of ghosts" be heard.

(if course would apply to a smattering of all sorts of branches of Science), the cutting out of much geometry, for those who had little ability along such lines, and the cutting down of most of the obsolete book-keeping system. (Most firms would now never think of going through the tedious process of "journalizing," "posting," etc., as is taught in our text-books, for there are so many mechanical means of reaching the same result in a much quicker and less tiresome manner.)

(5) The granting of permission to parents and students to select what subjects they will take, or at least to give more liberty along this line than they now have.

(6) Increase in teaching of manual training, or some similar study to boys, and of domestic science to girls where any ability is shown along these lines.

(7) The cutting down of most subjects so that, though less be taught, the parts that are learned may be understood thoroughly. This would give more time for physical training.

This last clause somewhat resembles Mr. Jones' fifth point, but I think it should apply to subjects other than history.

If these changes, as well as those suggested by Mr. Jones, were brought about I feel sure that it would greatly benefit both scholars and teachers, for the teachers have great difficulty in trying to crowd all the subjects into the allotted time. All honour to the Ontario teachers, if all work as hard against such odds as the staff of Streetsville High School.

Again thanking you and Mr. Jones for the article, I am,

Your interested reader,

GILBERT TEMPLETON.

## Age Proof in Fire Insurance

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—In your issue of March 15th you have made some comments in the editorial columns on the bill which has been introduced into the Ontario Legislature proposing the following amendment to the Ontario Insurance Act: "When the age of a person is material to a contract of insurance such age shall be inserted in the policy issued at the time of application and in the absence of fraud shall be binding upon all parties to the contract of insurance unless within one year from the date of the said issue, an error in the age so inserted is discovered, when the said policy may be rectified accordingly." Your opinion is that the bill is reasonable, yet the reasons advanced for this opinion do not seem convincing.

If the bill became law, the burden of proof of age would be placed upon insurance companies at the time the insurance was applied for. It would probably make it necessary for them not to issue any policies without proof of age. If the business were held up until this information came to hand, long delays would be incurred, vexatious alike to the agents and the companies, and in many cases would result in the applicant changing his mind, thereby losing to himself the benefits of insurance protection. The final effect would be to greatly hamper and delay the issue of policies, which would indirectly increase the already heavy expense of securing business.

Again, it is manifestly not the place of the insurance companies to secure information necessary to prove the age. The applicant or the policyholder is in possession of the facts or can most easily secure them. If the onus of the proof of age were saddled upon the companies, it would be difficult for them, and in nearly all cases impossible to prove the age given to be correct. Dishonest persons would certainly take advantage of such a law to secure lower premium rates by understating their age. For example, on a certain popular plan of insurance, if a man gave his age as 30 when it should be 35, he would probably be able to carry his insurance during its term for \$75 less than he should honestly have to pay for it. The effect would thus be to place a premium upon dishonesty. As life insurance is mutual in principle, such a loss to the companies would finally fall upon the whole body of policyholders.

The Dominion Insurance Act and the Ontario Act provide that where the age has been given erroneously, but in good faith, the policy shall not be voided on that account, but the sum payable shall bear the same proportion to the sum assured, as the premium for the assumed age bears to the premium for the proven age. When an error in age is discovered in the lifetime of the assured, the adjustment takes the form of receiving or refunding the difference in premiums according to whether the age was over or understated. The present law, therefore, amply protects the policyholder. It is the practice of nearly all the companies to furnish with the policies, when being delivered, proof of age blanks and literature pointing out to the assured the necessity of having his age proven. From time to time attention is again called to this matter.

The proposed legislation has not been called forth by any grievance on the part of the insuring public. The present law as it stands is manifestly fair to all concerned. If the proposed bill were put upon the statute books as law, in subsequent years it would almost certainly become necessary to repeal or radically amend it when the harm therefrom became apparent.

Thanking you for giving these few opinions space in your valuable publication, I am,

Yours truly,

F. B. BLACKLEY.

Winnipeg, March 18, 1913. Box 2156.





Mr. George Orme, of the Martin-Orme Piano, and His Wife and Daughter.



Showing Miss Ethel Perley, Daughter of the Hon. George E. Perley, in the Easter Procession. The Line of Chairs Was Blocked Just at This Spot, in Front of the Marlborough-Blenheim (or as the wags say—The More Borrow Bleed'em), for About 18 Minutes.



Major E. J. Chambers, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and Mrs. Chambers, Meeting Some Ottawa Friends. They Have Just Seen Mr. St. Dennis Le Moine, of Ottawa, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, and Agreed That an Easter Recess at the Sea Should Come in the Parliamentary Statutes.

## The Largest Easter Parade in the World

By A STAFF WRITER

Photographs by Madge Macbeth

her husband, laughing. And this is what the *Times* said:

"Twelve special trains were running throughout the night, bearing pleasure-seeking Canadians to New York. This year twelve trains, with seventy-five sleeping-cars, were necessary to bring the 3,100 persons travelling. . . Station-master Hutchinson (Grand Central Station) grinned as he announced, 'Here are the scouts, now! You could tell 'em a mile away. Genuine Canucks, those!' From the train floor about 300 persons poured into the general waiting-room. They had straw hand-bags and canvas hand-bags and telescopes and grips of every kind. Fathers and mothers held children by the hands; young couples grinned admiringly over the station pillars and posts and expanse of blue sky for a ceiling. They also held hands. . ."

An Ottawan who takes life more seriously than



Showing the Unbroken Procession of Rolling Chairs on Easter. In the Distance an Enormous Cigarette Electrical Sign. One of the Two Gentlemen is Capt. MacKay, Corps of Guides, Toronto.

life demands, waxed indignant over the article. He had no straw hand-bag nor telescope, nor did he "rubber" at the sights, and as for the Boardwalk—well, he was correct in saying:

"The Canadians I have seen have been the best-looking people here!"

I heard a Canadian remark the other day upon the hundreds of women who were so obviously "made up." After a few hours on the Boardwalk one grows accustomed to the very extremest styles, calcimined complexions and goldined heads. There are a conspicuous number of women swathed in crepe, too.

"I think some of the nicest-looking women are those in deep mourning," commented an Ottawa woman.

"The old man has died, and they are down here bawling in his money," suggested her husband.

"Why, hello! Is that you?" asked a cheery voice, on Easter morning.

I looked the stranger blankly in the eye and murmured vaguely:

"I don't know! Is it?"

Perhaps they can pick out the Canadians!

There is not a great deal of difference between Sunday and any other day in Atlantic City—the main one being that the auction booths are closed. These shops where everything from jewelry to rugs is put up for bids, afford a cheap and ever-varying amusement for the crowds. The auctioneers could, any day, secure a fifty-two weeks' engagement in

a vaudeville circuit, for they are monologists of the first water. One was selling gun-metal hand-bags, on Easter Monday, knocking them down at astonishingly low prices, and a Montrealer remarked upon that.

"You don't see how I can sell 'em so cheap? Well, madam, it's partly because no one will bid any higher, and mainly because they don't cost us anything. *We have eight men out stealing 'em for us!*" explained the auctioneer.

One of the accompanying photos shows moving picture men on the roof of a shop. As there were at least a half a dozen of them up and down the Boardwalk, Canadians may have the opportunity of recognizing one another in spite of the fact that on Easter Sunday no one carried a straw hand-bag if they frequent the movies assiduously. And bear in mind when travelling, in future, that you may as well wear a sandwich with your home address printed on it, as carry a grass hand-bag. Even the newsboys pick you out!

As it happens, none of the Canadians here have anything but plain, inoffensive leather luggage; however, *some one* must have departed from the conventional path!

Also avoid napping if you happen to hire a chair. A Toronto elderly bride and groom are avoiding their friends at present who discovered them lapped in dreams at the end of half an hour in a vehicle undertaken for *two hours!*



Major and Mrs. Chambers, Again, Furtively Gazing at an Electrical Sign, 40 Feet High. Mr. Morley Donaldson, of the G. T. R., at the Extreme Left.



The Moving Picture Men Operating Their Machine. There Must Have Been Half-a-dozen of Them Working. These Are in Front of the Chalfonte Hotel, Possibly Where the Crowds Were Thickest.



# Needing a Change

*A Homily on the Summer Holiday and Its Worries*

By MADGE MACBETH

MR. ROBERT HAYES walked heavily into the Club and threw himself into an easy chair.

"No, it isn't the Easter bills that are worrying me; my wife does not help the shopkeepers unload their old stock just at this season—it's the summer," he said, despondently, in answer to a sympathetic question.

"Yes, I know it's only March," he echoed, presently, "it's always only March when we begin to 'discuss plans' for our July trip! Why, look here," he went on, gathering indignation in great clumps and hurling a ton of it into every word—"from this minute on, I'll never dare go home without having my pockets bulging with summer literature, I'll never have a peaceful evening at solitaire, for the library will be strewn with maps, guide-books and notes. My wife makes notes during the day, of special points she wants to discuss with me in the evening."

Mr. Hayes made a wry face, and accepted a proffered cigar.

"Discuss things! As if I had not begged her to pick out a spot—I don't care where, and go—never mind the discussing—" His momentary silence was followed by a chuckle. "I have a few stock phrases which fill in the gaps and make matters as easy for me as circumstances permit—at least there is an absence of scenes which would assuredly occur if I waved my hand in an irritable manner and said, 'Oh, have it your own way, my dear, go where you d— please!' Instead, I 'discuss,' I say:

"Sounds good!"

"Very attractive!"

"I quite agree with you!"

"Just what I was going to say!"

"Seems as though it might be!"

"Suppose we try that one, then!"

"or the like, and so far, the result has been moderately satisfactory. Only, just when I think it is all settled, and our summer refuge chosen, my wife says, 'But . . . comparing it with this one . . . and then we begin all over again!'"

Mr. Hayes noted the sympathetic attention of his audience and proceeded.

"It sometimes happens that the attractiveness of the summer resort is not our sole consideration; we have chosen one which has no other merit than that of lying directly upon the route over which my wife would need to travel in order to visit an old friend. Once in a while we pick out a place because absolutely none of our friends are going."

"In the country?" he repeated, answering a question. "Well, no, we don't live exactly in the country—our home is in the suburbs and while I don't contend that it has any luxurious pretensions, we have at least a few of the necessities. There are some phlegmatic and living-in-a-rut people who would stay there all summer without a 'change.' Plenty of space, you know, bed rooms with bath and dressing room, lots of verandah, screens, awnings, neat little garden, tons of ice . . . but pshaw! we all agree that a business man needs a change!"

"I've changed from that unpretentious home of mine, to a magnificent, crowded summer hotel full of lingerie and cowed men. I've lived in a small room in which the most striking pieces of furniture were a three-quarter bed—my wife, being generously built, got two quarters and the other one was mine—and our trunks. And every night as we prepared to put in the time between the last rubber of auction and dressing, we would hang our fevered heads out of the aperture which might easily have been mistaken for a small laundry shoot, breathe in a few wholesome draughts of mosquitoes, and murmur, 'What a perfect night! How close the stars seem—much closer than they do at home!'"

"Which was a matter simply explained—we were about five stories nearer them!"

"Then I've changed to an Inn, so romantic in its simplicity; all leaks and smoking fires, school children and under-done food. I've been a child of the woods—the summer my wife decided to let her bangs grow and prepared to accede to the diminished requirements of the new sylph lines; I've changed to a farm where all the milk was sent to our poor city-bound neighbours and the occasional egg laid by the modern hen was water-

glassed and held for advanced prices during the cold weather; and last year, when I thought that all the changes due a human being had been rung on me—last summer in the midst of puttering about the garden, raiding the ice-box, snoozing on the screened verandah secure from the assiduous attentions of the mosquito, my wife decided that I showed every symptom of needing a change!

"We set out on the third hottest day in the summer, travelled part of the way on the main line, then were expelled from the Pullman and deserted on a junction platform. We waited there two hours, one hundred minutes of which we spent in trying to digest the ham-sandwiches and pie offered at the station counter and elegantly called Lunch.



—Expelled from the Pullman and deserted on a Junction Platform.

Toward dusk, a limited freight picked us up, and after much indecision and halting, deposited us upon another platform. Here we were welcomed by a heavy mountain storm. The rain felt like a hot spray."

THE steward approached one of the group and whispered.

"Tell her I am not here," he said, shortly, and turned back to Mr. Hayes.

"We drove four miles—four country miles," the narrator corrected himself, "to the hotel in stygian darkness and a gentle, warmish drizzle. Our horses did remarkably well for amphibians, only touching land at intervals. The driver callously slept.

"A few lights gleamed feebly from the hotel and what appeared at first to be fireflies was a huddle of unhappy guests waving joss sticks as a terror to the ubiquitous mosquito. Weary to the point of insensibility, I stepped out of mud-laden clothes without troubling about my surroundings and slept. The dawn brought a series of wails from proximate infants and an alarming host of flying insects; the windows were not screened. Later, a card informed me that the windmill was out of order and

the bath could not be used. Of course I had a bathing suit, the proprietor suggested with infinite tact, about the middle of the morning. The indisposition of the windmill, by the way, lasted all summer with the exception of a few days when intermittent attacks of energy impelled it to cavort raucously.

"Instead of being lighted with electricity, as I had been led to believe, the hotel was saved from utter darkness by gas which had an irritating habit of escaping in the day-time, leaving us to be victimized by redolent lamps in the evening. It was too cold and rainy, or the mosquitoes were too bad to allow us to remain out of doors!"

"Our table was excellent—that is for a table. I tried in vain to find a single fault in it—as a table. But metaphorically speaking, it could not be said to travel in the same class with that word 'excellent.' My wife did not mind; she was dieting.

"Fishing was to be had—in moderation. The Fishes Union arranged that one fish should be caught each week during July and August—not two in the same season, by the same person. Boating, however, was better—we boated frantically between showers and then got drenched to the skin in the vain endeavour to fix our boats so they would not be full of water when the downpour ceased. Golfing and tennis would have gone all right had we brought stilts, but this necessity had not occurred to any of the wives who had brought husbands away from their homes that season. Hunting? Oh, yes, there was any amount of hunting—we were always hunting, a stamp, the ink, THE pen or clean towels; and the running water was no circular bluff. You ran for every drop you wanted, for internal or external purposes.

"WE were strong on scenery, though—miles of it stretching in every direction. I never knew there was so much scenery this side of Baffin's Bay! When the lights went out, after an awful attempt at a dinner, and the rain poured in torrents suggesting running water in the hotel only too realistically, when every one was tired of hunting for a way in which to amuse themselves—they turned to scenery. That never failed! It was there the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night; you could wave your hand to it, eat great hunks of it or kick it just as you felt inclined. We all fed up on scenery.

"After five weeks of 'change,' we returned to our unpretentious, little twelve-roomed, gardened, screened, verandahed, ice-boxed home. We left our wraps in one room, our grips in another and slept in still another, just to scatter ourselves about! The next day we took an alarming number of baths, drank wild ice drinks and I messed around in the garden while my wife cooked things she had avoided on that excellent table. At night we turned on every electric button in the house and laughed at the mosquitoes. The maid thought we were crazy.

"Isn't it good to be HOME?" my wife said. "Isn't it, Bob?"

"When we are away, I am always called Robert. "We haven't much scenery," I said between puffs. "You old beast," she said, sitting on the arm of my chair. "You know you are almost as glad as I am!"

"And yet, would you believe it—" Mr. Robert Hayes thundered out his question in order to distract attention from the limpid tear which hung upon his eye—"would you believe it—I've been rustling around railroad offices all afternoon gathering pamphlets and guides, for my wife insists that about the first of July I'll be needing a change!"

DR. BAILLIE was a famous Scotch physician of the old school, patient and gentle as a rule, but with a great practice that sometimes made him a little testy with persons who consumed too much of his time with trifling complaints. At one time, after listening to a long story of her ailments from a lady who was so little ill that she intended to go to the opera that night, the doctor left the room with a sigh of relief. He had just got down the stairs when he was called back. "Doctor," feebly asked the lady, "may I, on my return to-night, eat a few oysters?" "Yes, madam, roared the doctor, "shells and all."





## Through A Monocle

### FEELING THE PUBLIC PULSE

WHENEVER holidays come round, in the midst of a Parliamentary sitting—Christmas or Easter—we are always told that now "the members will go home and feel the pulse of their constituencies." And I have often wondered how they do it. I myself am a constituent. But no "member" ever feels my pulse during a Parliamentary "recess." He doesn't drop in of an evening, and sit down sociably as if we were equals, and borrow my tobacco, and tell me how young I am looking, and enquire how I do it in spite of my toilsome life—and late hours; and then lead gently up to a stock-taking of my political opinions. And, come to think of it, he would never get round the constituency in this fashion, even if he started. There are thousands of us to have our pulses felt; and he is compelled, indeed, to hire an army of men to simply ask us how we are going to vote when the elections themselves are approaching. So this feeling of pulses during a few days' "recess" must be done in some wholesale or representative manner; but just how?—that is what I would dearly like to know.

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POSSIBLY each man has his own plan. One will canvass the bar-rooms and another the prayer-meetings. We may be pretty sure, in any case, that they all "see their friends," and depend pretty well upon what their friends tell them. It was their friends who nominated them—who elected them—and who presumably must elect them again. Their friends have the hand-to-hand work to do with the voters when the polling comes round. Naturally, their friends are the people, then, who ought to be consulted as to what course in Parliament they can most effectively defend. But sometimes the aforesaid "friend" is a lazy beggar—he is even something of a "bluff"—he may be better at telling what he has done "in the campaign" than at doing it. Or he may be a hard worker when the fight is actually on; but too busy or too indolent or little sociable to mix much with the boys between drinks. So, for a variety of reasons, his opinion may not be any too valuable.

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THERE is a sense, of course, in which a Member of Parliament—and especially an old Member of Parliament—owes his position to the fact that he is an expert in "feeling the public pulse." That is the way he keeps the nomination and gets elected. He finds out what the people want—what will be popular—and he does it. But it is equally true that there are many men in Parliament who have no such skill, and who are elected simply because they get the nomination of the particular party which owns the vast majority of the votes in their constituency. Having once received the party stamp, they could not accomplish their own defeat by anything short of a miracle. To quote a common saying—"a yellow dog," with that tag on his collar, would be triumphantly elected. All such men need do, is to get the nomination; and there are ways of capturing this prize without bothering with the public pulse.

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ALL of which leads me to the conclusion that there ought to be some regular and recognized manner in which Members of Parliament can get at the opinion in their constituencies, quickly and precisely, when there is reason for that operation. I know that this runs counter to that lofty theory of politics which denies vehemently that a "member" is a delegate, and insists that he is a supervising man chosen to go to Ottawa and do our thinking for us. Such a "member" should not feel the public pulse—he should tell it how to beat. He need not come to our constituencies to consult us, poor worms that we are; all he need do is to issue a brief statement from Ottawa as to what he has decided will be good for us. But so long as we retain the ballot and are prone to elect men whom we like, the delegate-theory of politics will probably prevail, as a rule; and men who desire to stay in politics will strive to ascertain what the people want. And what I suggest is that means should be provided which will help along this good—or bad—process. The "member" should not be left to the mercy or the perspicacity of his "friends"—he should, in-

deed, be "delivered from his friends."

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I THINK that this could be done if we took our politics more seriously. All that is necessary is for a party to loosely organize its constituency into "districts" with "captains" in charge of each. Then when a new question of first-rate importance comes up at Ottawa, these "captains" could move about and get to know what their particular section of the country is thinking on the subject. If there were enough of them, and if the districts were sufficiently small, this would not impose a very heavy tax upon any one man. Then when the "member" came home and sought to feel the pulse of his people, all he need do is to summon his "captains" in council, and hear what they have to say. This would be a short and easy method of taking a mild form of plebiscite on each new question—each party taking its own plebiscite—and, in this way, public opinion would have an effect upon the proceedings at Ottawa which it now sadly lacks.

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IT is as true in politics as in anything else that "outsiders see most of the game." The men in the thick of it at Ottawa, with their fingers in each

other's hair and their feet kicking up so much dust that they cannot read the signs of the times, would be greatly helped very often if they could get the calm, detached, common-sense view of the matter which the old farmer with his feet on the kitchen stove, or the shrewd business man in his "den" of an evening, so naturally take. They have not got "all het up" talking about the subject from one point of view only. They can look at it with fresh eyes, thinking what is best to be done. And their opinion would be of the utmost value—not only to the politicians who want above all things to "get in right"—but to the country, who want the things done right. Under present conditions, this sane, quiet, aloof opinion is about the last view of the matter which the politician hears. He gets super-heated smoking-room opinion at Ottawa. He gets the opinions of his fiercest partizans at home—the men who will bother to flock around him when he arrives to "feel the pulse of the people."

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HE lives all the time in a feverish, partizan atmosphere. The chimney-corner and the "den" never get near him. That is his loss and our loss. Sometimes it is his ruin. Yet a little organization and a little system would save him—and us. Usually he wants very much to legislate exactly to please us. He has the desire to be a good Member of Parliament. The man whom we elect over him will be no better. Why not, then, take a little pains to get the most possible out of our system of representation? Let us put the public pulse where the honest "member" can really feel it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Aptommas, the Harpist

By MADGE MACBETH

FOR some years one of the most picturesque figures in the musical world was Aptommas, the harpist, who died in Ottawa last week. This quaintly interesting man, whose work and character resembled that of the mediaeval bards rather than a present-day musician, was eighty-four years old. But he always seemed to have the spirit of perennial youth; vivacious, keenly appreciative of humour; a good walker, a sound sleeper—he always retired at ten o'clock—and had a healthy



There Died Last Week in Ottawa an old Harpist Named Aptommas. He Gloried in the Distinction of Being the Favourite Harpist of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. For Some Time Past He Made Canada His Home.

appetite. Frequently he was seen on the coldest days without gloves and wearing his overcoat open, two habits that might have been either the vagaries of genius or due to the fact that he was impervious even to the cold blasts of Ottawa.

He was born in Bridgend, Glamorganshire (South Wales, by the look of the name!), in 1829, and never could remember when he did not play upon the harp. His father was a harpist in an amateur way and all of his brothers—of whom he had several—played after a fashion. Of all the sons, however, there were but two who went in for music seriously; one of them is called John Thomas and is a harpist of some renown in London, and the other was the Aptommas. (a fantastic corruption of Thomas Thomas, originated by himself to distinguish him from his brother) of this article. The love of travel and adventure was always strong in him, and he toured the British Isles and the con-

continent of Europe playing to large and aristocratic audiences in the days when travelling was not done by the Special Car route, and the Press Agent was not the ubiquitous personage he is now. Aptommas made his reputation solely upon merit. He said that he first became a harpist at the age of seven, when, in order to reach the strings of his father's instrument, he was placed upon the edge of a small table. Then, before a gathering of friends, he composed a tinkling little melody upon the treble notes, which argued marvelous talent, to his fond parents, and they did not allow him to forget it. To-day, that melody forms the theme of one of his most exquisite compositions—the "Danse de Concert."

At a still early age, he commenced to make recital tours, and while at Perth, one year, he conceived the idea of playing for the beloved little Queen, who was, at the time, at Balmoral. The musician was driven in state from the station to the castle and dined in state with an artist who was at the time painting a portrait of Her Majesty. He was summoned at ten o'clock of a Tuesday evening to play.

The room seemed to be a large drawing room, in one end of which sat the audience composed mostly of royalty and in the other, himself. He played but a few moments, when to every one's surprise, the Queen left her place and walked the length of the room, to the harpist. In his words—"Then the Princess Beatrice, who never left her mother's side, followed, and although a chair was brought for the Queen as soon as it was discovered that she preferred to stay near the harp, the Princess stood." Aptommas sat between them. He says it was at the same time the most glorious and the most trying evening of his life; naturally he wished to excel in his performance, and as well, he wished to give to his Queen all the respect and homage, due a beloved sovereign. She and the Princess remained near him all through the performance and talked rather more than is usual upon such an occasion. Without much imagination, it is easy to understand that Aptommas had not an easy hour—his playing punctuated with frequent risings and bowings and properly phrased answers to questions. In recognition of her pleasure the Queen invited the harpist, then, to play at Windsor, and she not only rewarded his future performances with handsome honorary fees, but presented him with several beautiful pieces of jewelry. Upon the last occasion of his playing, Her Majesty honoured her favourite musician-harpist with a tete-a-tete and commanded him to inscribe his name in her private birthday book.

As the accompanying illustration shows, Mr. Aptommas was unique in the fact that he sat upon the opposite side of his instrument, from that usually

(Concluded on page 21.)



# Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City

By W. A. CRAICK

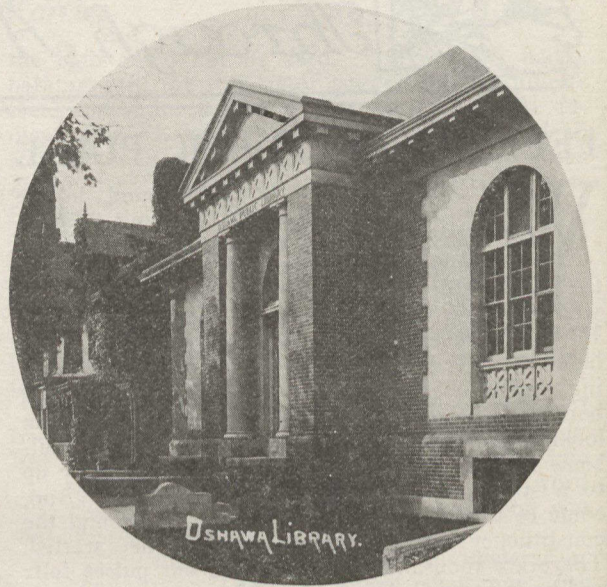
SOME time ago the CANADIAN COURIER offered a prize for the best essay on "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City," and this article, by W. A. Craick, was awarded first prize. The arguments here presented are worthy of consideration even by those who may not agree with the conclusions reached by Mr. Craick. Criticism by our readers is invited.

- (4) That the wage scale in force is substantial.
- (5) That the investment of capital in industry per capita is high and that the relative value of production to the amount of capital invested is satisfactory.
- (6) That the city exhibits a healthy growth in population.

Other conditions might be postulated, but the foregoing tests should be sufficient to decide the rival claims of the industrial cities. Judged by the first standard, the relative position of the first ten cities, based on a calculation made from the latest census returns of urban population and industrial production, is as follows:

Value of Production per Annum per Unit of Population.

(1) Walkerville .....	\$2,526
(2) Steelton .....	1,738
(3) Maisonneuve .....	1,114
(4) Magog .....	950
(5) Oshawa .....	843
(6) Granby .....	823
(7) Goderich .....	704
(8) Brantford .....	686



Oshawa Has a Public Library for the Benefit of Its Little Army of Workers.

(9) Hamilton .....	672
(10) Ingersoll .....	654

Applying the second standard, however, the three leading cities in this list must be passed over in favour of those which follow. Owing to the fact that Walkerville lies close beside Windsor and that many of the artisans who work in its factories reside in the latter city, the two should be regarded as one for industrial purposes. Similarly Steelton should be combined with Sault Ste. Marie and Maisonneuve with Montreal. If this be done it will be found that the three combination cities rank in production per inhabitant considerably below the first ten.

Magog satisfies the first and second tests, but the application of the third and fourth standards eliminates it from the contest. The Eastern Townships city can boast but one important industry, that of textile manufacturing, and cannot be compared in this regard with other cities below it in the list. Besides, its wage scale of \$99 per inhabitant per annum falls far beneath the scales in the ten highest wage-paying centres, as shown by the following table:

Wages Paid Per Annum Per Unit of Population.

(1) Steelton .....	\$434
(2) Walkerville .....	348
(3) Maisonneuve .....	259
(4) Preston .....	172
(5) Oshawa .....	168
(6) Brantford .....	151
(7) Galt .....	142
(8) Hamilton .....	141
(9) Paris .....	141
(10) Newmarket .....	137

Oshawa holds the next position on the list. Applying to it the second test, it is found to comply fully with this requirement. Situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario at a distance of thirty-three miles from Toronto, it is sufficiently distant from that city and from neighbouring towns, to be considered quite independent of them and a centre in itself. It has harbour facilities, an electric railway with factory spur, and will soon be served by all three transcontinental railways.

The third test can also be satisfactorily met. No place can show a much greater variety of industrial production than Oshawa, outside the larger cities. It supports malleable iron works, several foundries, and factories producing carriages, motors, pianos, separators, woollen goods, whitewear, steel ranges, plumbers' supplies and piping, canned goods, sheet metal products, leather, interior fittings, hay forks and carriers, with a variety of smaller articles.

The fourth test concerns wages. A reference to the preceding table shows that Oshawa ranks fifth among industrial cities in the amount of wages paid per unit of population. Walkerville, Steelton and Maisonneuve, having already been eliminated, it is surpassed in this respect only by Preston, and that by a small margin. As Preston's per capita production falls considerably below that of Oshawa, this one item of superiority may be safely ignored.

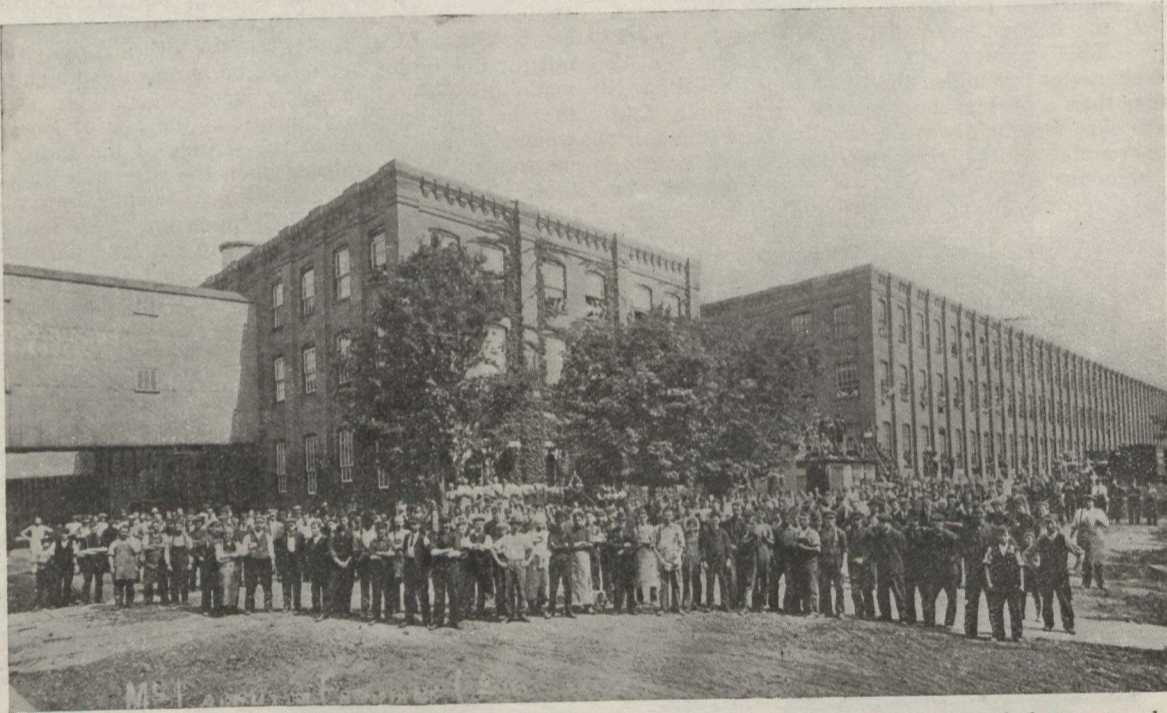
Applying the fifth test, it is found that Oshawa stands eighth in the per capita investment of capital in industry, being exceeded in this respect by Walkerville, Steelton, Niagara Falls, Amherst,



The Mechanics of Oshawa Have Artistic and Comfortable Homes.

SEVERAL conditions have to be taken into account in deciding which city or town in Canada is entitled to the distinction of being called the country's greatest industrial centre. It must be shown:

- (1) That the city's production of manufactured goods per unit of population is high.
- (2) That the city is reasonably self-contained and not so located with reference to another city as to form virtually a part of it.
- (3) That the city's industries produce a considerable variety of commodities.



Oshawa—The McLaughlin Carriage and Motor Car Factories Are Among the Original Institutions of the town—and This Industry is the Most Important.



Oshawa—The Williams Piano Company's Factory is a Well-built Structure, Indicating Prosperity and Enterprise.



Sydney, Granby and Brantford. Coupled with its excellent showing in other respects, this relatively high position in the list provides further proof of its industrial importance.

Oshawa's production per \$100 capital invested is slightly over \$101 per annum. Several other cities show a larger comparative production, the figures climbing as high as \$381 in the case of Goderich. But a careful investigation of the industries operated in these places demonstrates that they exceed Oshawa in the relative value of production, not because their factories are more efficiently, but because they are more cheaply, operated. In a word, they are largely industries which require small capital, pay small wages and have a comparatively large output.

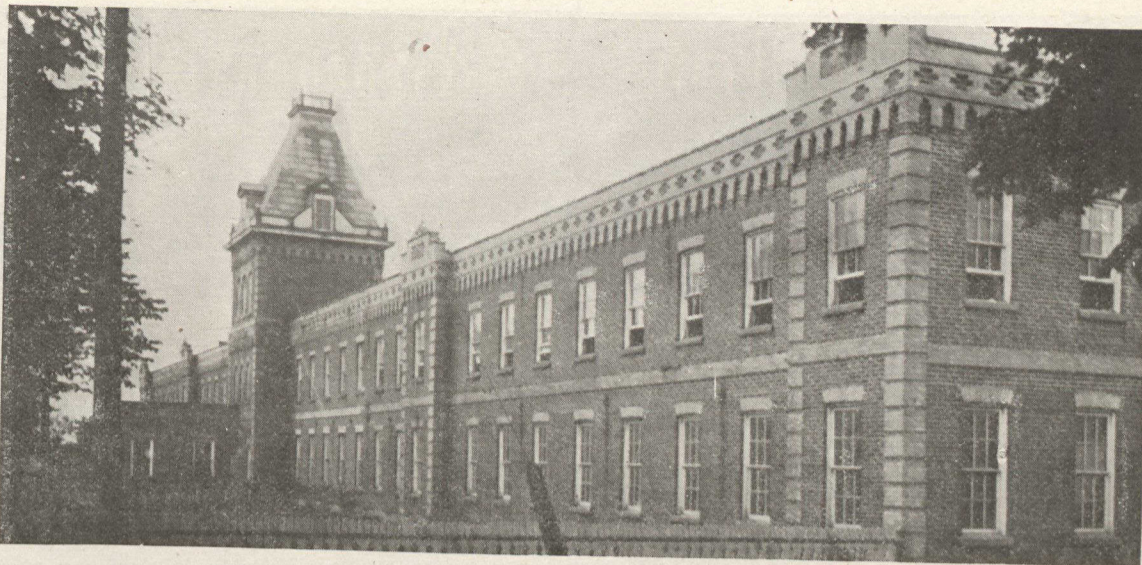
Industrial centres maintaining groups of industries, with which those of Oshawa may be more fairly compared, practically all show a lower degree of production than it does. Hamilton, Brantford, Galt, Chatham, Welland, Amherst, Steelton and Sydney are all under the hundred dollar mark, while Walkerville, Guelph and Berlin are only slightly above it. Oshawa's efficiency is accordingly well established.

The final test applies to the growth of population. With an increase between 1901 and 1911 of 69 per cent., Oshawa's progress has been greater than that of any of the ten places mentioned in the first list, with the exception of Walkerville and Steelton only.

Thus, in value of production per inhabitant, in independence of location, in variety of manufactures, in expansion of population, in the relative size of its wage scale and in industrial efficiency, Oshawa stands in the van of the manufacturing cities of the country and is thereby fully entitled to be hailed as Canada's greatest industrial city.

### Why Cities Grow

GLANCE at the table which appears on this page will explain why some cities and towns grow faster than others. There is no doubt that manufacturing industries are absolutely necessary to civic expansion. A city dependent upon wholesaling and retailing only makes slow growth. Moreover, wholesaling is constantly being divided and subdivided among new towns. For example, all the wholesaling of the West was once done in Winnipeg; now it is divided among Winnipeg, Saska-



Oshawa—The Schofield Woolen Mills is Another Substantial Institution.



Oshawa—The Pedlar People are Known to All Users of Metal Siding and Roofing. These Are the Head Offices.

toon, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton and other growing western centres.

It is different with manufacturing. Once a manufacturing establishment gets going in a certain spot, it continues to expand indefinitely. The growth of the country makes the industry larger instead of

making it smaller. In addition, factories go where factories are. Manufacturers congregate together for several reasons. The more workmen there are in a town, the easier it is to increase or decrease staffs. The more factories in one place, the greater attention the railways pay to that place.

Again, factories brew factories. A big industry usually requires a great deal of material or parts which they themselves do not make. Hence other manufactures come in to supply that demand. For example, an automobile factory may bring in its train various subsidiary factories for the manufacture of bodies, tops, painting and varnishing, brass goods and automobile tires.

Canada is becoming a great manufacturing country. When the policy of protection was first introduced here, it was thought that manufacturing establishments would be started and built up by Canadians. To a certain extent this has occurred. But what the originators of the policy did not anticipate was that the United States manufacturer would come over here and establish hundreds of branch factories. This is the feature of our industrial expansion which is most notable. The United States had no large manufacturing country on its borders when it started to build up industries of its own, and its manufacturers had to be created, not borrowed. Canada got many of its industries ready-made. In short, many of our factories are duplicates of factories in the United States.

An examination of the table of figures here given shows that Toronto has as much capital employed in manufacturing as by the leading cities of Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia combined. When the next census is taken, in 1920, this will not be the case.

### Character in Towns

MOST of the really interesting character of Canadian towns is found in places of less than 25,000 population. Ontario and Quebec, in fact all older Canada, as well as more recently the West, contain scores of small communities that depend each upon two or three industries. Paris, Ont., with its knitting; Berlin, with its furniture and leather factories; Galt, with its hardware, tools and engines; Chatham and its carriages; Leamington and canneries; Three Rivers and cottons; the matches of Hull; St. Hyacinthe of the pipe organs; Walkerville with its distilleries; Ford City—the baby municipality with its automobiles; the great saw-mills of Biscotasing and Kenora; the collieries of Sydney; the sugar factories of Wallaceburg; all just a few random illustrations of the many diversified industries that flourish in smaller communities.

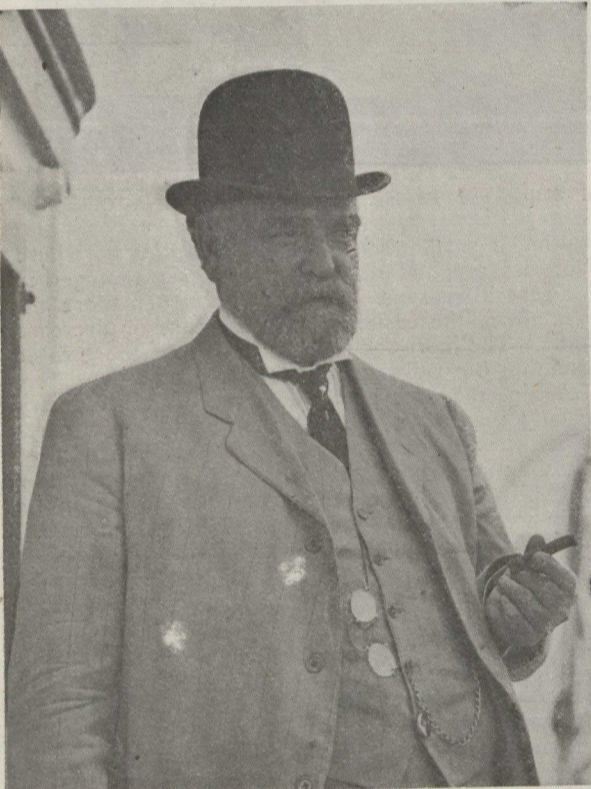
## LEADING MANUFACTURING TOWNS

	Population 1911.	Capital Employed by Manufacturers.	Salaries and Wages.	Annual Value of Products.
<b>Alberta—</b>				
Calgary .....	43,704	\$13,083,000	\$1,569,000	\$7,751,000
Edmonton .....	24,900	3,816,000	1,007,000	4,493,000
<b>British Columbia—</b>				
Vancouver .....	100,401	22,815,000	4,019,000	15,070,000
Victoria .....	31,660	10,246,000	889,000	4,244,000
New Westminster .....	13,199	3,756,113	839,000	2,853,000
<b>Manitoba—</b>				
Winnipeg .....	136,035	26,024,000	7,614,000	32,699,000
St. Boniface .....	7,483	5,886,000	984,000	6,701,000
Brandon .....	13,839	3,012,000	572,000	2,330,000
<b>New Brunswick—</b>				
St. John .....	42,511	9,242,000	2,270,000	10,081,000
<b>Nova Scotia—</b>				
Halifax .....	46,619	14,068,000	1,735,000	12,140,000
Sydney .....	17,723	24,623,000	2,231,000	9,395,000
Amherst .....	8,973	15,763,768	1,147,000	4,625,000
<b>Ontario—</b>				
Toronto .....	376,538	145,800,000	36,065,000	154,307,000
Hamilton .....	81,970	58,013,000	11,600,000	55,126,000
Ottawa .....	87,062	21,099,000	4,614,000	19,877,000
Niagara Falls .....	9,248	21,977,000	634,000	3,267,000
Brantford .....	23,132	19,973,000	3,500,000	15,866,000
London .....	46,300	15,470,000	4,375,000	16,274,000
Berlin .....	15,196	8,502,000	1,807,000	9,266,000
Guelph .....	15,175	7,152,000	1,480,000	7,392,000
Galt .....	10,299	5,697,000	1,458,000	5,253,000
Kingston .....	18,874	5,090,000	1,099,000	3,860,000
Chatham .....	10,770	5,176,000	864,000	5,024,000
Oshawa .....	7,436	6,179,000	1,251,000	6,266,000
Steelton .....	3,936	9,575,000	1,710,000	6,840,000
Walkerville .....	3,302	8,220,000	1,150,000	8,342,000
<b>Quebec—</b>				
Montreal .....	470,480	132,000,000	34,000,000	166,000,000
Shawinigan .....	4,265	18,655,000	625,000	13,784,000
Quebec .....	78,710	16,488,000	3,632,000	17,149,000
Hull .....	18,222	8,780,000	1,414,000	7,259,000
Lachine .....	10,700	7,496,000	1,301,000	6,296,000
Maisonneuve .....	18,684	7,919,000	4,856,000	20,814,000
Grand Mere .....	4,783	6,034,000	765,000	3,432,000
Valleyfield .....	9,449	5,843,000	851,000	4,099,000





CANADA'S Parliament, like all other governing bodies in modern democratic civilizations, is subject to the excellent constitutional tenet of majority rule. Thus, when, after some 250 consecutive hours of conflict, a Parliamentary minority gains its point over a Parliamentary majority and secures its way for the time being, there must be some unusual circumstance, something out of the ordinary. There was. The Something Out of the Ordinary was William Pugsley, Doctor of Laws, and erstwhile Premier of the Maritime Province of New Brunswick. Dr. Pugsley is a man of parts, so many parts, in fact, that they turned a nominal minority of fifty into a majority. For thirty-six hours in one long, steady stretch, Dr. Pugsley sat in his seat and fought the beasts of Ephesus who sought to put the cause his party represented out of business. Not once did he falter in the strenuous battle of legal lore and parliamentary tactics. Not one false step did he take. The Meighens, the Bennetts, the Middlebros and the Aikins were but forensic pigmies beating helplessly against the buttress of his judicial serenity. With a rule book in his hand and a desk



HON. WILLIAM PUGSLEY,  
An Exemplar of Suavity and Pugnacity.

strewn with constitutional authorities and imposing law books, he smiled, and talked, and confounded his adversaries. No sooner did the enemy find a ruling or a statute to head him off than he unearthed another to flank the enemy. For cool courage, calm thinking and wonderful resource, Pugsley has no equal. Emergency doesn't confuse him; commotion only makes him think the harder and the faster. It was the Pugsley brains and the Pugsley pluck that saved the day for the little band he led through the recent Parliamentary conflict during the absence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Said a recent writer, opposed to him politically: Let the most learned judge look as grave as he possibly can and then tell him that he has lost all his money and his home has burned down, and he would still be miles behind Pugsley in the intensity of his gravity. Gaze at a marble statue in the mellow glow of twilight and you would get but a faint idea of the serenity of Pugsley. Put the king upon his throne and surround him with all the officers of state and he would yet be far short of attaining to the dignity of Pugsley.

A Dreadnought in the Parliamentary fleet, he can move with the grace of a racing yacht and manoeuvre as skilfully as a gunboat. Now he is a magnificent "Titanic," fearless of icebergs; look again, and he has become a submarine, and is lost to view in the ocean of political strategy.

Dr. Pugsley sits in Parliament for St. John, New Brunswick. Follow his remarks in the House of Commons for ever so short a time and you will get to know

it. No member can insinuate a compliment for the people of St. John, or the harbour of St. John, in a voice too low for Dr. Pugsley to hear it and to add, "Hear, hear!" The people of St. John, the harbour of St. John, the streets of St. John, the houses of St. John—all these things are the very best. Take it from Dr. Pugsley. His political creed includes the gospel of St. John, a new one of his own, as well as the one that is so often read in the pulpit.

The former Minister of Public Works has a number of excuses for his presence in public life beside that of superior ability. Of course he is a lawyer of great learning and has a mind eminently judicial. But there is another reason why Dr. Pugsley's presence in the public eye is desirable. He has all the soft, soothing influence of a sweet summer breeze. If there was once harshness and discordant elements in his make-up they have been discarded long ago. They have been overwhelmed by a flood of harmonious sentiment. So Dr. Pugsley goes about exuding the pure spirit of harmony, as innocent of rancour as the babe in arms, as free from troublesome and quarrelsome qualities as the convert on the penitent bench. So many men are given to worry, so many are ill-mannered and pugnaciously inclined, that the presence in public life of a man whose very attitude is an antidote to the disturbing influence of such characters must be a desirable thing.

Turning from Pugsley the man to Pugsley the political leader, one finds a sharp contrast. In the fight Dr. Pugsley stiffens up. He does not lose his suavity and urbanity, but he loses as much of it as he can. His is a bold spirit, for the bravest are the gentlest. The velvet glove covers a mailed fist, and the fist is clenched in a fierce grip.

But that is not his natural attitude. One ventures the opinion that he does not like the fighting, and prefers to arbitrate. He is too good a man of peace to be an enthusiastic man of war. His greatest victories are won off the battlefield, where peace hath her triumphs no less renowned than those of war. He takes the field only because the field is part of his environment. But he is one of the first to discover that war is bad for business and a great waste of time and energy.

SENATOR RUFUS POPE and Mr. F. R. Cromwell, member for Compton, entered a Parliamentary elevator the other day, and engaged in close, whispered conversation in the corner of the lift as it aeroplaned

upward from floor to floor, taking on and discharging its passengers. Finally it reached the top and the man in charge threw open the gate to permit the two conversationalists to make their exit. Neither noticed and the elevator man coughed significantly.

"Top floor!" he exclaimed, finally, after several efforts to attract the attention of the two men.

"Oh!" exclaimed Senator Pope, coming to. "We wanted the second floor." And the two resumed their intimate talk as the elevator shot downward again.

This time no mistake was made and the two passed out still conversing earnestly.

For a moment the elevator man gazed amusedly at them. "Time was," he observed to the remaining passengers, "when Cromwell and the Pope were not on such intimate terms!"

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PARLIAMENT'S period of day and night sittings was productive of many amusing incidents, perhaps none more so than that which victimized the members of the Press Gallery in the "dog watch" one wintry morning. In this case a member of the House more than evened several practical jokes with which the newspaper men had caught the diligent parliamentarians. It was between four and five o'clock in the morning when one of the French-Canadian members mounted into the Press Gallery and found "Andy" Clarke, of the *Toronto Globe*, on relay duty. In response to guileless questioning by the member, "Andy" demonstrated the relay system upon which the newspapermen were working.

"If anything should break unexpectedly," he explained, "I would press the bell five times. This would ring up the Press Room where the fellows are sleeping on the lounges and waiting to relieve on their relays; they would all be called and would be up here in a few moments. We've got a splendid system," he added, with some pride.

The member, who had suffered occasionally at the hands of the correspondents, said nothing, but did some guileful thinking. A few moments later an early morning charwoman entered one of the galleries with a bundle in her hands. Chatting apparently innocently to Mr. Clarke, the member leaned forward over the bell-button and pressed it vigorously five times.

He did not have long to wait. In a moment or two sleepy and disgruntled newspapermen began to tumble into the Press Gallery, rubbing their eyes and digging their pencils out of their pockets. They found Mr. W. M. German calmly pursuing the even, uninterrupted tenor of his speech. Vitriolic looks were cast at their innocent and astounded colleague on duty.

"What did you wake us up for?" demanded one, indignantly.

With a seraphic smile the visiting member pointed to the charwoman. "I rang," he volunteered. "Thought she might be a suffragette and was carrying a bomb."

There are at least half a dozen correspondents who are eagerly awaiting an opportunity to "get even."

H. W. A.

## Among the Music Makers

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY is still somewhat another kind of pianist, now making a brief tour of Canadian cities, and appearing in Toronto last week with the Canadian Academy Orchestra. He is a little, thick man, with a solemn, almost habitually, sad look; and he played a deal of music of much interest to students of the piano. His particular efforts were the Campanella of Liszt and a group of nine pieces of Chopin, including three etudes, three preludes and two waltzes. These he did with profound delicacy of technique. In Europe he is regarded as a technician, which undoubtedly he is; but when a man is judged mainly for technique his work is not always uniformly enjoyable. Mr. Godowsky has abundance of ways and means to get effects, and he gets a great many of the effects. The reason he misses some of them is because he prefers to remain within the limits of a graceful and polished technician and does not break through in a big way by interpretation. He is thoroughly modest and unaffected; a sincere, conscientious player of splendid ability. His Chopin numbers were done with splendid virtuosity and with poetic ease. In Liszt he was less effective.

The Academy Orchestra, under Mr. Alfred Bruce, gave a programme of familiar things with splendid dash and unanimity of purpose. It was an orchestra largely of amateurs, some professionals, many students, and a few players from the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The results were surprisingly good. Mr. Bruce has the knack of getting from inexperienced players a great many experienced effects. A few years ago such work would have been ranked as the best to be heard from any local organization. Mr. Bruce got fine rhythmic

effects and a good body of tone in the climaxes. That some of the instruments were at times a bit scratchy is no criticism of the thing he set out to do, which was to give new players a chance to show a more or less critical audience what could be done under an instructor willing to be patient and reasonable, and with experience himself in big orchestras. The interpretation of the Der Freischutz overture and the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert may be taken as very similar to that accorded to such works by bigger orchestras in which Mr. Bruce has had the advantage of playing. The introduction to Act III. of *Lobengrin* was taken at a furious gait, and had some of the characteristics of a general scramble. The two pieces for strings only, the Bach air and the Boccherini Menuett, were exceedingly well done, especially the latter.

## One's Own Country

SO often when a man or woman goes out from this country and begins to make a name in the United States, the seductive press agent who thinks he knows what the people don't want diligently advertises the artist as an "American" singer or player. This has happened to a great many Canadians who have come to the front in foreign lands. In most cases it is only years later when the artist has made his money and his reputation that he condescends to revisit Canada and to be acclaimed as the Canadian this or that has been, proud to have been born here, and to love our magnificent land and all that sort of thing.

Of course it's often the press agent's fault and no-



# Oxford and Cambridge Boat Crews at it Again on the Thames



Boatloads of Spectators on the Hammersmith Bridge Watching the Annual Boat-race Between Oxford and Cambridge on March 13. Oxford Won by a Quarter of a Length; Distance  $4\frac{1}{4}$  Miles; Time 20 Min. 5 Sec.



A View of the Course. The Crews, With Cambridge in the Lead, Going Under the Hammersmith Bridge.

body else's. He believes that it's poor business to advertise an artist as originating in Canada; because, except in a general raw way Canada is not supposed to produce either art or artists. But this is in the main a bogus kind of publicity, and fortunately there are beginning to be some artists, and perhaps here and there a press agent, willing to put the word "Canadian" into press notices without being afraid it will hurt the box office receipts.

Such an artist is Mr. Percy Redfern Hollinshead, who a few weeks ago sang in St. John, N.B., and on the 14th and 15th of April will be heard again in that city of music-loving people. Mr. Hollinshead makes no attempts to conceal the fact that he is a Canadian tenor. In fact, he would rather be known as a Canadian than any other sort of tenor. He has spent most of his life in Canada and intends to advertise the fact, and he is good enough to rank among the big tenors from any country for ballad and oratorio and general concert work. When he appeared in St. John a few weeks ago he was a stranger. But he created a sensation, and the people of St. John are shrewd enough in

their perception of a really good thing that comes from this country to want him back again.

## Canadian Rivers

SINCE the Ohio floods people have been led to wonder —what might happen to some of our Canadian rivers under similar conditions of weather. In Ontario there are several smaller streams which more or less regularly develop floods. The Grand is the most troublesome, and its chief danger point is Galt, situated on low levels. The Thames is another, with London and Chatham as the two points most affected—particularly liable to floods since the denudation of heavy tracts of bush that used to stand on the level, almost prairie-like region of Western Ontario.

Our great rivers are more complex in their fluctuation of levels, and each has its own peculiar conditions. The St. Lawrence owes its greatest trouble to the ice-jams which begin to crowd down it before the river breaks below Montreal. Normally, its level would be governed entirely by the great lakes, of which it is the outlet,

and as these are vast reservoirs acting under a great variety of conditions, there could normally be little trouble from serious floods except for the ice jams.

Lower province rivers are more liable to floods, especially those of New Brunswick, where, however, large tracts of uncleared bush have kept such rivers as the St. John from any such rampages as the Miami and the Ohio and the Mississippi. Most of the larger Quebec rivers run in deep gorges and their fluctuations are less destructive. The Ottawa also runs in a great valley, and considering its size has comparatively few centres of population along its banks.

The Canadian river that most resembles the Mississippi is perhaps the Mackenzie, which is fed by a vast chain of rivers and lakes of which the greatest is the Great Bear. The Saskatchewan is in some respects a closer resemblance, especially since the growth of settlements along its banks and numerous tributaries. But this great river runs for the most of its course through a huge gorge of high banks; besides, it is less subject to sudden rises from local rainfall than from the variation of weather in the Rockies.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Statesmanship

**T**HE leaders of the two parties have a grand opportunity of proving to the people that they are statesmen, not politicians. They have a chance to prove that Canada produces as high a type of statesman as any other country in the world. The whole country is crying out for a high-minded, lofty, Britannic settlement of the navy question.

Right Hon. Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are on trial. If each insists on his pound of flesh, if each decides to yield nothing to the other, and if each leads his followers into a prolonged partisan fight, then the people will know that Canada's greatest men are not in parliament.

As to the House of Commons, let them remember that of all the fighting animals, man is the only one who has learned to arbitrate and to compromise. A contest between two British bulldogs may be a noble spectacle in the eyes of some people, but the majority of us prefer to see Canadian legislators proceed along other lines.

There are times when compromise would be unmanly and undignified, but this is not one of them. The people desire that this naval question be settled on a non-partisan basis. The parties were at one in March, 1909; there is no reason why they should hold irreconcilable views on the same question in 1913.

## Suffragettes Check-Mated

**A** SPLENDID way to reduce a practical joker is to play a practical joke on him.

Apparently the London police intend to try this with the suffragettes. These amateur amazons have been profiting by their own lawlessness and they are now to have a taste of counter-lawlessness. The police are to shut one eye and the men who have the time and disposition are to inflict delicate outrages upon the ladies so that they will be forced to fly to the arms of the police for protection.

It is a pretty little comedy and essentially British. They are such strong upholders of "individual liberty" that they desire the police and the law to be as unobtrusive as possible. They like the kind of settlement which is within the law, yet not of it. That is why they use their knuckles to settle disputes rather than knives and pistols. They are a manly race. These characterists and their sense of humour enables them to appreciate this joke on the suffragettes. Admittedly it is not nice; but it is an expedient worthy in some respects. If it accomplishes the purpose aimed at, it will be worth while.

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## Manning a Navy

**S**INCE Washington spoke up, the Canadians who said this country could not man a navy, quoting the United States experience, have been strangely silent. Where is this famous mariner of Montreal whose letters were appearing in the press, and who misled our good friend Major Sam Sharpe? Where are all the other air-tearers who fell down before the proof that the United States navy had 73,000 applications last year, of which only 17,000 were accepted? Where are all the "centralists" who shouted so loud before the figures were obtained showing that the desertions in the United States navy were only three per cent.? Where are all the blusterers and phrase-makers who were pouring ill-founded ridicule on Uncle Sam's navy?

Behind the door. Which reminds one of a story of a famous business man in Toronto, once a great money-maker, now a philanthropist. Some one accused him of having said something "behind the door." He was equal to the occasion and calmly asked, "Well, what is a door for?"

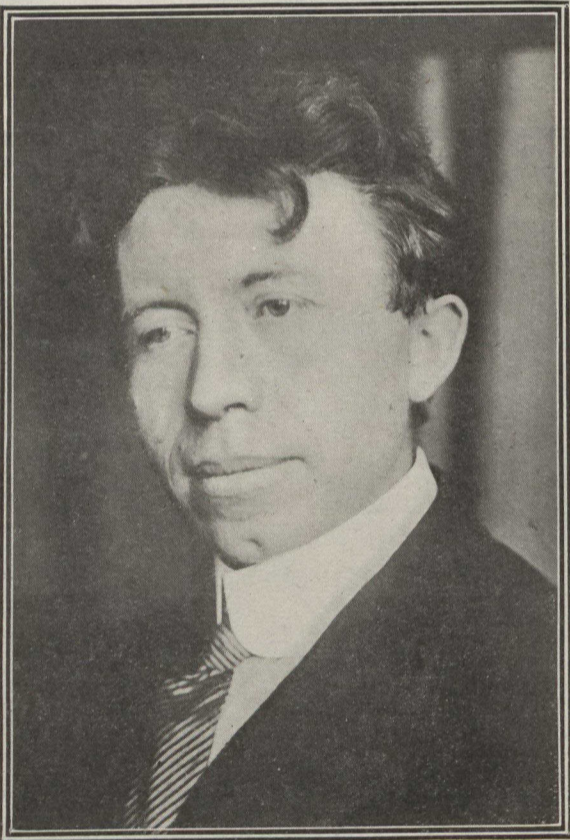
There is another class of critic that also ought to be silenced. This is the man who says, "Use the wastrels of England to man the navy, not useful Canadian citizens." This is silly. No wastrel or inexperienced man can get a job on a warship, unless it is as a stoker. The men on warships are mechanics and they get good pay. And it takes seven hard years' training to make a "seaman" on a warship. A wastrel may run a Canadian farm, drive livery stable horses or swab the floors of a second-rate Canadian hotel, but he cannot get a job

on a warship. If the Empire is to keep a navy worth the keeping, it must be manned by our best men. A five hundred million dollar navy manned with wastrels would be worth about the proverbial thirty cents if it ever met an enemy. Was Japan's navy manned with wastrels and hooligans when it met the Russian fleet?

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## Good and Bad Combines

**N**OTHING much has been heard of "combines" in recent years in this country. The people do not worry much about such things when they are prosperous and well fed. Last month there were two public references. Attorney-General Foy of Ontario mentioned that there were two kinds of combines, good ones and bad ones, and left the inference that most of the Canadian combines were good. An equally lenient view was taken by Dr. Adam Shortt of the Civil Service Commission, in giving evidence on the scheme of old-age pensions before a committee of the House. He argued that combines prevented industrial depressions and long periods of unemployment. The concerted action of producers in regulating their output so that there would be no excess of production was beneficial. In the nineteenth century, periods of depression occurred regularly because free competition led to



### WHAT WILL HE ACCOMPLISH?

Dr. Vilhjalmur Steffansson, the Canadian Explorer Who Discovered the "Blond Eskimos" on Victoria Island, Has Been Given \$75,000 by the Dominion Government for a Three Years' Expedition in the Arctic Regions to Bring Back Information Regarding Mineral Deposits, and to Engage in Ethnological Research. The Expedition Started on March 11th from San Francisco in the Steam Whaling Bark Karkluk. Dr. Steffansson Joins the Party at Esquimalt, B. C., With a Complete Wireless and Moving Picture Equipment.

over-production; the twentieth century was likely to be free of these troubles because of the reason stated.

Combines, like individuals, are good or bad. If they are managed by men who have some sense of public responsibility and are not too greedy, they are beneficial. When this is not the case, the combine may be an enemy of the public and may require curbing. The real difficulty on this continent has been to devise some administrative method which will curb the few inimical trusts and combines, without interfering with those which are beneficial.

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## The Imperial Flying Squadron

**B**RITAIN'S naval dictator, author, traveller and lecturer, rather startled the world last week with his naval programme. His proposal that the world should take a naval holiday is excellent. This advice is merely a paraphrase of the actions of Germany as announced two months ago. Ger-

many decided to stop building warships at the same rate as she had been doing, as the German fleet is now as large as necessary for German purposes. Hence Britain's author-naval-director sees a chance to make a phrase which will look well in his biography. And he succeeds.

Coupled with this Mr. Churchill makes a modification in his North Sea contentions. The German scare having been exploded by events, and the danger of invasion by Germany having been transformed into the danger of a war between France and Germany or Russia and Germany, the "Dreadnoughts" are hard put to it to find a way out. All the arguments used last year have disappeared with the passing weeks and new reasons and actions must be devised. Hence the Imperial Flying Squadron.

This is a Winstonian suggestion. It sounds as if he thought of it suddenly when smoking a good-night cigarette in his study, had grabbed a writing pad, and jotted down the idea lest it should be forgotten. It looks like an inspiration, but really it is little more than a joke. It looks well as a compromise. It can be painted to make it appear gaudy. Many people were enthusiastic about it when they first heard it; but closer contact with it reveals its crudeness and gaudiness.

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## No Sudden Suggestions

**B**RITAIN'S Empire will not be ruled by sudden suggestions or the brilliant flashes from the mind of a genius. The Britannic peoples are a stubborn lot and they proceed slowly and laboriously toward their goal. The Britannic navy will not be created according to plans produced over night by some enthusiastic suggestion-maker. The naval policy of the Imperial Alliance must be hewed out of the solid rock by long years of patient thought and skilful experiment.

So far, the only policy which bears these marks of permanency is that of local fleets. The "centralists" and the phrase-makers may try their hand at invention, but in the end they must work back to first principles. Self-government and autonomy are over-worked words, perhaps, but they are emblematic of these basic principles.

The question of naval defence, so far as the Dominions are concerned, must be settled as the Post Office, the Tariff, the Civil List, the Imperial Veto, and other questions have been settled. For twenty-five years Canada fought to have a Canadian at the head of our army, and Canada won out. The statesman who would put a British general at the head of the Canadian army would be surprised at his unpopularity. A British general would know more about military matters, perhaps, than a Canadian general, but he would not know the Canadian mind and temper. And he could not get the results.

So a British admiral will never rouse Canada to her duty in naval defence. That duty will be unperformed until a Canadian admiral, assisted by a hundred other Canadian naval officers, perform the task. A hundred years of history stand behind this prophecy.

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## Let Us Stand Steady

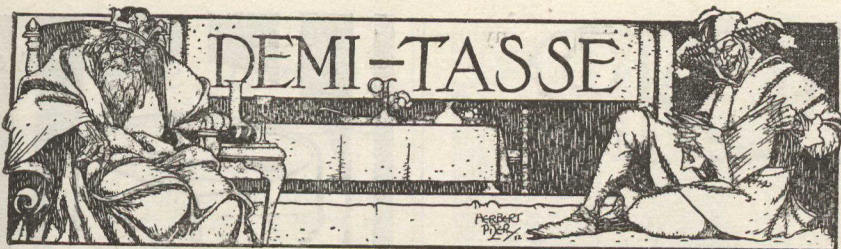
**N**O Canadian should allow himself to be stampeded on this naval question. Stand firm for your opinions whatever they may be. This talk of an "emergency" was deliberately created to mislead the public. It was the work of misguided, if patriotic, men, most of whom were interested directly or remotely in shipbuilding and armament-making.

The "Flying Squadron" is another herring drawn across the path. Let no Canadian be deceived by these sudden and contradictory suggestions and moods. Let us stand steady, with an abiding faith in tried and proven principles and practices. Downing Street rule is not advisable, however sugar-coated the pill may be. The Empire must be founded in de-centralization.

For half a century Australia and Canada have been leading the way to a new form of constitutional freedom and liberty, combined with allegiance to an Imperial crown. They have been working out a new scheme of alliance or confederation for the Britannic peoples. Let them not falter in the task to which they have set their hands.

**A** 1,500-word article on "The Ambition of the Canadian Mechanic" is eligible to win a \$25 cash prize, given by the CANADIAN COURIER. The article must be written by a mechanic and must deal with the ambition of the mechanic, socially, politically and economically. Any mechanic may enter the competition and the articles will be judged, not by style, but by arguments and ideas. The competition closes on June 1st.





**Courierettes.**

NO sooner had the House of Commons adjourned for its Easter vacation than a sixty mile gale blew across Canada. Cause and effect?

Old man in Toronto fell into a cellar while on his way to church. Pitfalls for the penitent in "Toronto the Good."

Alaska gives votes to its women, but excuses them from jury duty. Something of a back-handed compliment.

Don't blame a man for falling in love. He may have been tripped.

Boston spinsters say they don't object to a \$5 tax if they are allowed to propose. That privilege is worth more than \$5. Remit the tax or raise it.

Just before the Toronto teachers went excurting to Washington, a judge's ruling there made Sunday shaving legal. A carnival of crime was the consequence when the Canucks arrived in the Capital.

Ice cream soda is to be three times its old price this coming summer. That will drive some people to drink—other things.

A New York paper has an article on the millionaires of the metropolis, but strangely omits all mention of the police force.

**The Retort Courteous.**—Will M. Cressy, the well-known vaudeville actor and writer of vaudeville skits, was recently booked through the Canadian West.

Cressy writes a column of funny stuff in a dramatic paper across the line every week, and when his manager, Martin Beck, informed him that he was to play in Calgary and Edmonton, the author-actor made a note of the fact in his joke column, ending up with the query—"Where is Edmonton?"

Not long afterwards there came to his notice a copy of an Edmonton paper in which the Cressy paragraph was quoted, and the indignant Edmonton editor had brought the article to an end by the one line of acid comment—"Who is Cressy?"

Now Cressy admits that the rebuke was almost deserved.

"When we got there and saw what a wonderful country and city he had up there," says the actor, "I didn't blame him a bit."

**You've Seen Them.**—Lots of men will lend their ears much more willingly than their hands.

**Elman and Paganini.**—It has often been the wonder of critical musicians why Mischa Elman is able to play Paganini variations with such an astonishing quality of tone and real poetry of execution, when most other executants are content to hit the notes. The reason may be that given by an English gentleman who knows Elman well.

"He is a spiritualist," said this gentleman. "He told me himself that he holds communion with at least two very celebrated and divergent characters. One is Grimaldi once famous clown of Drury Lane Theatre. The other is — Paganini. When he plays Paganini, he is really talking to Paganini on the violin. Of course, I don't know how his communion with Grimaldi affects his playing. But it may have some effect."

**Wilson and the Job-Seekers.**—A man who asked President Wilson for a job offered as proof of his qualifications a photograph of his 13 children. Now, if Roosevelt were President, that man could get anything, but to Wilson it was merely a strong bit of evidence that the chap needed the job.

While we are on this topic, it might be remarked that so many men are seeking the office nowadays that the office has no chance to seek the man.

And the Congressmen don't need to leave Washington to meet their constituents these days.

Also, President Wilson seems to have the strange notion that he has a few things to do quite as important as to hand out jobs.

**The Best Seller.**—The spring season's best selling work of fiction—The seed catalogue.

**Cruel Monster.**—They were looking at the new spring styles in the millinery shop.

"What kind will I wear this spring, dear?" she asked.

He glanced carelessly at a price tag and answered, "Last year's."

**And Sometimes Vice Versa.**—Many a man tells a girl that he would go through fire and water for her. She marries him and then he proceeds to go through her little bank account.

**Probably.**—"Seems to me," said the cynic in the art gallery, "that these cubists are merely trying to boost the practice of the poor oculists."

**Just Sometimes.**—Sometimes the public gets a rude jar when it elects some fellow and finds that he gets busy in an attempt to do some of the things he promised in his pre-election speeches.

**They all Agree.**—That Sing Sing prison is not a proper place to confine a man is alleged by some New York legislators. Quite a number of York Sing residents and ex-residents concur.

**Regarding Spring.**—Spring has a lot to answer for in the matter of the verse it inspires some chaps to write, and seeds it moves some women to sow.

**Quits.**—Many women spend most of their money in getting their hands read.

And many men spend much of their money in getting their noses red.

**Willie Was Wise.**—Little Willie was wending his way to Sunday school, none too willingly. In his hand he held two



Hawker: "Gentlemen, I have sold these pills for the past ten years, and never heard a complaint. What does this prove?"  
Voice: "Dead men tell no tales."

shining coppers—one for the Sunday school collection plate and one which his mother had told him he might keep. But suddenly one copper fell from his fingers and dropped into a crack in the sidewalk.

Tearfully Willie told his tragic tale when he returned and showed his lone coin.

"Why didn't you put that on the plate, then?" queried his mother.

"It was the collection one I lost," said wise Willie.

**The Usual Way.**—"Do you have your shirts done at a laundry?"

"Yes—they are quite done after the third washing."

**Supply Exceeds Demand.**—Boiled tongue is quoted in some places at 75 cents per pound. We know where we can get large supplies of tongue—unboiled—entirely free of charge. In fact it is sometimes forced on us.

**Those N. Y. Police.**—Another police inspector reported to be under suspicion in New York. That's not the point. Is there one who is not suspected?

**It Was Shiny, Anyway.**—"You are the sunshine of my life, dear," said the poetic lover.

"That's all moonshine," replied the practical maiden.

**Pity the Kiddies.**—And now they have dental clinics in Toronto schools. Which reminds us that school days are no longer happy. Glad we went to school before the days of dental clinics.

**Satisfied.**—A gentleman living in the suburbs, hired a negro to remove some sand for him, paying him one dollar a day. On returning home the first afternoon, he was surprised to see his hireling sitting on the sand pile smoking a pipe, while another and smaller darkey was hard at work with the shovel and barrow.

"Why Sam," said the owner. "What's this other chap doing on your job?"

"Who? Him?"

"Yes, I thought I hired you to wheel the sand, not this other man."

"No, sah, I don't hired him, sah."

"You hired him? How much are you paying him?"

"A dollah a day, sah."

"Why," said the owner, "that's the same as I'm paying you. Don't you see you're not making anything on that contract?"

The negro scratched his head. "Well," he said, "maybe I don't make nuthin'. But I bosses de job, don't I?"

**He Knew His Limit.**—There was a well-known member of Parliament who never cared to make a speech. He was a back-bencher, and preferred to do his work voting and sitting on committees. On a certain occasion he was one of a convivial party at which each was supposed to do something to edify the rest of the company. The said member was very nervous as he listened to his versatile companions make speeches, sing songs and tell stories. He could do none of these things and he knew it. He was a long, limbery man, conscious of limitations and equally aware of his real talents. The more he heard the other fellows the more he concluded that a gift of one million dollars in cold cash would not give him nerve enough to do any of these things. He hoped to heaven they would leave him out. But they didn't. His turn came at last.

"Come on, Mac," said his friends. "Platform!"

"Oh, excuse me. I can't."

"But you must."

"I'd rather take a licking."

"But it's dead easy. Tell a story if you can't do anything else."

After a few minutes of this badgering, Mac got up.

"Mr. Chairman," he said slowly as he looked for inspiration to the chandelier of electric lights, "I can't make a speech, or tell a story, or sing a song. But by the great hocus-pocus—I can kick some!"

And he let fly at the chandelier two feet higher than his head. It came down in a thousand pieces.

And Mac got the biggest "hand" of the entire performance.

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# THE IMPERATOR



BY  
**HAROLD  
BINDLOSS**

**SYNOPSIS:** Rancher Witham was in hard luck in the early days of the Canadian West. Two harvests had been frosted and his banker would take no further risks. Then comes Lance Courthorne, a cattle "rustler" and whiskey smuggler, with an offer of a hundred dollars if Witham will ride Courthorne's black charger down to Montana so as to throw the Police off Courthorne's trail. Witham, facing starvation, accepts.

Witham dons Courthorne's cap and coat and starts on his long ride. A trooper accosts him, but he refuses to stop. In the meantime Trooper Shannon is trapped by Courthorne, who has a grudge against him, and is shot. Trooper Payne takes up the chase and Courthorne, cornered, disappears through the thin ice of the river. Payne thinks it was Witham who went through the ice, and this mistake is the basis of subsequent events.

Maud Barrington, intended as the sole inheritor of Geoffrey Courthorne's property at Silverdale, arrives at the home of her uncle, Col. Barrington, from whom she learns somewhat concerning the career of Lance Courthorne.

Witham, traveling as Courthorne across the border, is trailed by United States troopers, who suspect him of being Courthorne, and are ready to arrest him as soon as they get necessary instigation from the Canadian police. At the outpost he hears from the officers the story of the supposed Witham's disappearance in the river and his shooting of Trooper Shannon.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Witham Comes to Silverdale.

HERE were warmth and brightness in the cedar-boarded general room of Silverdale Grange, and most of the company gathered there basked in it contentedly after their drive through the bitter night. Those who came from the homesteads lying farthest out had risked frost-nipped hands and feet, for when Colonel Barrington held a levee at the Grange nobody felt equal to refusing his invitation. Neither scorching heat nor utter cold might excuse compliance with the wishes of the founder of Silverdale, and it was not until Dane, the big middle-aged bachelor, had spoken very plainly, that he consented to receive his guests in time of biting frost dressed otherwise than as they would have appeared in England.

Dane was the one man in the settlement who dare remonstrate with its ruler, but it was a painful astonishment to the latter when he said, in answer to one invitation, "I have never been frost-bitten, sir, and I stand the cold well, but one or two of the lads are weak in the chest, and this climate was never intended for bare-shouldered women. Hence, if I come, I shall dress myself to suit it."

Colonel Barrington stared at him for almost a minute, and then shook his head. "Have it your own way," he said. "Understand that in itself I care very little for dress, but it is only by holding fast to every traditional nicety we can prevent ourselves sinking into Western barbarism, and I am horribly afraid of the thin end of the wedge."

Dane having gained his point, said nothing further, for he was one of the wise and silent men who know when to stop, and that evening he sat in a corner watching his leader thoughtfully, for there was anxiety in the Colonel's face. Barrington sat silent near the ample hearth whose heart would scarcely have kept water from freezing but for the big stove, and disdaining the dispensation made his guests, he was clad conventionally, though the smooth black fabric clung about him more tightly than it had once been intended to do. His sister stood, with the stamp of a not wholly vanished beauty still clinging to her gentle face, talking to one or two matrons from outlying farms, and his niece by a little table turning over Eastern photographs with a few young girls. She, too, wore black in deference to the Colonel's taste, which

was sombre, and the garment she had laughed at as a compromise, left uncovered a narrow strip of ivory shoulder and enhanced the polished whiteness of her neck. A slender string of pearls gleamed softly on the satiny skin, but Maud Barrington wore no other adornment and did not need it. She had inherited the Courthorne comeliness, and the Barringtons she sprang from on her father's side had always borne the stamp of distinction.

A young girl sat at the piano singing in a thin, reedy voice, while an English lad waited with ill-concealed jealousy of a too officious companion to turn over the music by her side. Other men, mostly young, with weather-bronzed faces, picturesque in embroidered deer-skin or velvet lounge jackets, were scattered about the room, and all were waiting for the eight-o'clock dinner, which replaced the usual prairie supper at Silverdale. They were growers of wheat who combined a good deal of amusement with a little not very profitable farming, and most of them possessed a large share of insular English pride and a somewhat depleted exchequer.

Presently Dane crossed over, and sat down by Colonel Barrington. "You are silent, sir, and not looking very well to-night," he said.

Barrington nodded gravely, for he had a respect for the one man who occasionally spoke plain truth to him. "The fact is, I am growing old," he said, and then added, with what was only an apparent lack of connexion, "Wheat is down three cents, and money tighter than ever."

Dane looked thoughtful, and noticed the older man's glance in his niece's direction, as he said, "I am afraid there are difficult times before us."

"I have no doubt we shall weather them as we have done before," said the Colonel. "Still, I can't help admitting that just now I feel—a little tired—and am commencing to think we should have been better prepared for the struggle had we worked a trifle harder during the recent era of prosperity. I could wish there were older heads on the shoulders of those who will come after me."

Just then Maud Barrington glanced at them, and Dane, who could not remember having heard his leader talk in that fashion before, and could guess his anxieties, was a little touched as he noticed his attempt at sprightliness. As it happened, one of the lads at the piano commenced a song of dogs and horses that had little to recommend it but the brave young voice.

"They have the right spirit, sir," he said.

"Of course!" said Barrington. "They are English lads, but I think a little more is required. Thank God we have not rated the dollar too high, but it is possible we have undervalued its utility, and I fear I have only taught them to be gentlemen."

"That is a good deal, sir," Dane said quietly.

"It is. Still a gentleman, in the restricted sense, is somewhat of an anachronism on the prairie, and it is too late to begin again. In the usual course of nature I must lay down my charge presently, and that is why I feel the want of a more capable successor, whom they would follow because of his connection with mine and me."

Dane looked thoughtful. "If I am not taking a liberty—you still consider the one apparently born to fill the place quite unsuitable?"

"Yes," said Barrington quietly. "I fear there is not a redeeming feature

in Courthorne's character."

Neither said anything further, until there was a tapping at the door, and, though this was a most unusual spectacle on the prairie, a trim English maid in white-banded dress stood in the opening.

"Mr. Courthorne, Miss Barrington," she said.

Now Silverdale had adopted on Western custom in that no chance guest was ever kept waiting, while the stillness was very suggestive, when a man appeared in the doorway. He wore one of the Scandinavian leather jackets which are not uncommon in that country, and when his eyes had become accustomed to the light, moved forward with a quiet deliberation that was characterized neither by graceful ease nor the restraint of embarrassment. His face was almost the colour of a Blackfoot's, his eyes steady and grey, but those of the men who watched him were next moment turned upon the Colonel's sister, who rose to receive him, slight, silver-haired, and faded, but still stamped with a simple dignity that her ancient silks and lace curiously enhanced. Then there was a silence that could be felt.

Witham, as it happened, felt this too, and something more. It was eight years since he had stood before an English lady, and he surmised that there could not be many to compare with this one, while after his grim, lonely life an intangible something that seemed to emanate from her gracious serenity compelled his homage. Then as she smiled at him and held out her hand, he was for a moment sensible of an almost overwhelming confusion. It passed as suddenly, for this was a man of quick perceptions, and remembering that Courthorne had now and then displayed some of the grace of bygone days he yielded to a curious impulse, and, stooping, kissed the little withered fingers.

"I have," he said, "to thank you for a welcome that does not match my poor deserts, madam."

Then Dane, standing beside his leader, saw the grimness grow a trifle less marked in his eyes. "It is in the blood," he said half aloud, but Dane heard him and afterwards remembered it.

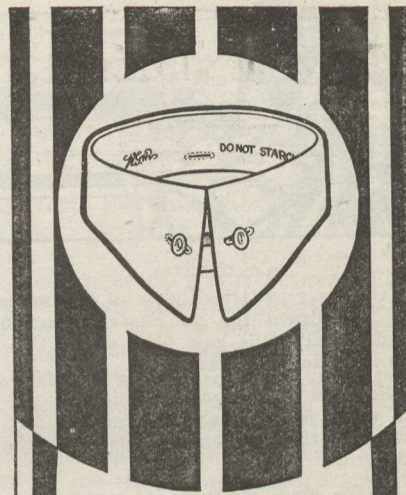
In the meanwhile Miss Barrington had turned from the stranger to her niece. "It is a very long time since you have seen Lance, Maud, and, though I knew his mother well, I am less fortunate, because this is our first meeting," she said. "I wonder if you still remember my niece."

Now, Witham had been gratified by his first success, and was about to venture on the answer that it was impossible to forget; but when he turned towards the very stately young woman in the long black dress, whose eyes had a sardonic gleam, and wondered whether he had ever seen anybody so comely or less inclined to be companionable, it was borne in upon him that any speech of the kind would be distinctly out of place. Accordingly, and because there was no hand held out in this case, he contented himself with a little bend of his head. Then he was presented to the Colonel, who was distantly cordial, and Witham was thankful when the maid appeared in the doorway again, to announce that dinner was ready. Miss Barrington laid her hand upon his arm.

"You will put up with an old woman's company to-night?" she said.

Witham glanced down deprecatingly at his attire. "I must explain that I had no intention of trespassing on your hospitality," he said. "I purposed going on to my own homestead, and only

(Continued on page 27.)



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## For The Juniors

### Our Spring Competition.

SKATES and sleds are once more packed away; the 21st of March has been here, bringing with it the early days of spring. And now our attention naturally turns to the fresh interests which flock in the wake of this joyous season. The birds are one of these. If you listen carefully on a warm spring day it seems as if you could hear a sound like the flutter of a thousand wings. The Frost King's reign is over, and back from the south land to home and country come the loyal little citizens of the air.

We believe that every boy and girl in Canada is interested in these homecoming birds. We want you to be interested in them, and it is for this reason that we offer a reward for your careful study of them. Therefore, we open to boys and girls up to the age of eighteen a competition dealing with the story of any species of bird. In an essay of not more than three hundred words entitled "The Story of the Nest" we ask you to tell of:

1. The finding of a nest, with a record of the date.
2. What kind of bird occupied it.
3. Was it a new or an old nest and of what was it made.
4. When were the eggs laid.
5. Describe them—how many.
6. When were the birdlings hatched.
7. On what date did they first fly.

For the best essay, neatly written on one side of the paper only, and with name, age, and address clearly stated,



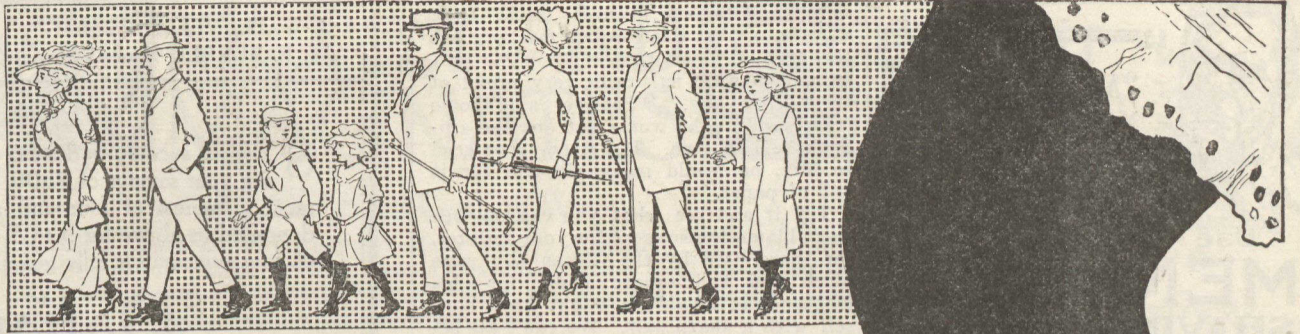
A Winnipeg Boy Who Will be a Champion Curler Some Day.

The Junior Department offers for a First Prize a No. 2 Folding Brownie Camera. Second Prize, No. 2 Brownie Camera. An additional prize of fifty cents each is offered for snapshots illustrating any part of "The Story of the Nest." Essays must be addressed Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto, and must be in this office by July 15.

### PAPER-CUTTING.

I WONDER how many of you are fond of paper-cutting. When I was a very small girl I took great delight in folding up squares or circles of white paper, cutting them here and there with nicks and scallops, then opening them and pasting them on brown paper; they sometimes formed very pretty patterns. After that came the paper-doll-age, when I cut out childish figures singly with separate dresses and hats to fit them, or from a piece of paper folded over and over to make children walking hand in hand, or dancing in a ring.

The cleverest paper cuttings I have ever seen were made by Charles Dana Gibson, the famous American illustrator, when he was a boy from 8 to 12 years of age. Strangely enough, the boy never wanted to draw, but at the age of eight he became interested in paper-cutting and was soon remarkably clever in this



## Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy, troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been knit into them—not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat their fit—how shape-retaining their method of manufacture—how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be—once you cease casual buying and demand only

71



# Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned Seamless Hosiery

Made by Penmans Limited, Paris, Canada  
UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, HOSIERY

# Tooke Collars

Men who value their appearance as a business and social asset, choose and wear Tooke Collars.

There is a Tooke style exactly suited to every physique and every taste. Your dealer will gladly help you select yours.

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**1/4 Sizes - They Fit - 2 for 25¢**







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The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

**Use MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM**

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a cool, comfortable shave.



Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires no "rubbing in" with the fingers to soften the beard. You lather and then shave. Saves time, and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere, 25c Same Tube Free

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art. Of course he didn't succeed all at once, and many failures found their way into the waste-paper basket, but the best of them were kept by his parents, who were naturally very proud of their little boy. When he came home from a circus, he would cut out the animals he had seen. If a story was read to him, he would make pictures for it out of paper.

Try it and see what you can do, but don't blame the scissors for your failures, for those used by the Gibson boy were blunt and had square ends, for his mother was afraid he might hurt himself with a sharp pair. We can't all become famous artists, but paper-cutting is a splendid thing to make us notice the forms of objects, and besides, it is great fun.



**What the Two Owls Were Saying.**

**A**N Eastern king, who lived in great extravagance, almost ruined his country by the heavy taxation of his people. Thousands of his subjects became destitute and their villages fell to ruin. Yet none dared tell the king what was happening, for he was a tyrant, and would have sent so daring a man to prison or the scaffold.

In the king's forest lived an old woodcutter, who was very grieved at the state of the country. His heart was sad for the poor people so terribly oppressed, and for a long time he turned the matter over in his mind, trying to think of some plan by which he could approach the king and make him see the error of his ways.

One day the monarch was out riding in the forest, when the party passed close by one of the ruined villages. In a tree beneath which the king rode two owls sat hooting to one another, and, seeing the woodcutter, the king called him to his side and asked what the birds were saying. This was the old man's opportunity.

"Sire," said he, "if I tell you, will you promise not to punish me?"

"Certainly!" replied the king.

"Well," said the old man, "one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, and they are trying to arrange a marriage. The question they are discussing so vigorously is that of the wedding dowry. The owl who has a daughter is willing to give her one hundred ruined villages, but the owl with the son says that is not enough. And at this moment the owl with a daughter is promising to increase the dowry to a thousand ruined villages if your Majesty goes on reigning for another six months."

The king was silent for the rest of the journey, and when he reached his palace once more he called all the wisest counsellors around him and told them he had that day learned a lesson he would never forget, so that henceforth he intended to rule wisely and well, to remit most of the taxation, and to make his people's prosperity his very first concern.



**The Elf-Man.**

**I** MET a little elf-man once,  
Down where the lilies blow;  
I asked him why he was so small,  
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye  
He looked me through and through.  
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,  
"As you are big for you."



**The Foolish Bear.**

**A** BEAR who was walking near a beehive was stung on the nose by a bee, and this made him so angry that he decided to have a great revenge upon all the family of bees.

He therefore went up to the hive and with a blow of his paw knocked it over on the ground, feeling very pleased that he had thus paid out the bees for the slight injury that one of their number had done to him.

But his pleasure was very short-lived, for the whole of the bees in the hive flew out, and surrounding the bear, stung him again and again, until his face and body had swollen in an alarming manner, and he wished he had never been so foolish as to disturb the hive. It is always silly to lose your temper.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President  
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager  
Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-  
E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

**Investing Savings**

**S**OUND security and a fair interest return may be had by depositing your savings of \$500, or more, with this company for investment. Interest of four and a half per cent. is allowed on sums deposited as above for 3 to 5 years; and this, together with the safety of your principal, is fully guaranteed.

**National Trust Company, Limited**

**TORONTO**

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**"An Attractive Profit Sharing Bond Yielding 7%"**

*Copy mailed on request*

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED**  
CONFEDERATION LIFE BLDG., TORONTO, ONT.

**VICTORIA, B.C.**

Where millions are now being spent on Breakwaters, Harbor Improvements, Railroad Terminals, Traffic Bridges and mammoth buildings in order to cope with the huge trade the opening of the Panama Canal will bring.

These facts will explain just why Victoria's real estate is steadily advancing; our 30 years' experience and standing will safeguard your interests. Let us invest some of your ready cash.

Large lots on car line from \$500 to \$800, 25 per cent. cash and \$10 per month.

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**V**ITALLY important in buying a car is service—a feature sought by many but obtained by few. Consider then that which goes with every McLaughlin car. Through its depots located all over the country over \$100,000 worth of parts are carried for the purpose of giving quick, adequate and economical service of the McLaughlin motorist. You may never need this service, it is true. All the same it's mighty comforting to know that it is ready when and where you want it. No other company in Canada has anything like the same amount invested for this purpose. This is what we mean by McLaughlin service. It is all embracing, speedy, convenient. It covers the country.

*Write for Literature.*

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Toronto Garage and Salesroom—Cor. Church and Richmond Streets.  
Other Branch Houses—St. John, Hamilton, London, Belleville, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Vancouver.



*We shall be pleased to forward, upon request, a copy of our*

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containing selected offerings of high-grade Canadian Municipal Debentures yielding

**5% to 6%**

*Under ordinary market conditions the same bonds could only be obtained at a much lower rate of interest.*

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Toronto      Saskatoon  
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The prompt payment beyond question of interest and principal at maturity must be the paramount consideration when investing Trust Funds.

The Bonds issued by the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation meet all the requirements, and are a legal investment for Trust Funds.

We should like to send you a specimen Bond, copy of our Annual Report and all particulars.

Your name and address on a post-card are all that are necessary.

**Canada Permanent MORTGAGE CORPORATION**  
TORONTO STREET      ESTABLISHED  
TORONTO.      1855.

**DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED**

GOVERNMENT      MUNICIPAL  
CORPORATION BONDS

Capital Paid-up - \$1,000,000  
Reserve - - - 750,000

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### Investors in Mortgages

Portions of a mortgage on property worth over three times the amount of the mortgage can be obtained in any multiple of \$100, to yield over 6%.

Ask us to send you Circular N, giving particulars.

**Murray, Mather & Co.**  
85 Bay St., Toronto

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## An Old Sore Getting Worse

HERE appeared in a Toronto daily paper, recently, the following: "Very few farmers made their appearance on the local street market yesterday, owing to country roads being in a very bad condition. Only one load of hay was recorded at the weigh scales."

That paragraph might appear every day, and its application would still be reasonable. The condition of our country roads leading into the larger cities is at once disgraceful, and inexcusable. And it has an intimate connection with the exceedingly high cost of living. The farmer who wants to bring his produce to the city has to travel slowly, because the roads are more or less simply fields of mud. His horses and waggons are subjected to unusual and undue wear and tear. He cannot carry over such roads as heavy a load as he might, were the road more navigable. All these things have their logical consequence in the face of increased cost to the farmer, which, in its turn, results in higher prices for the consumer.

It is useless to blame the farmer. He cannot afford to build better roads, unless he is aided by the public exchequer. The agitation for an improvement in this regard is nothing new. Rich and poor, producer and consumer alike recognize the evil. When are our legislators going to grapple with it? Ontario is doing something. It is estimated that a million dollars will be spent in older Ontario this year. But this is not enough, considering the value of the traffic entering the larger Ontario cities. Other provinces are even more backward than Ontario.

## Regarding the Market

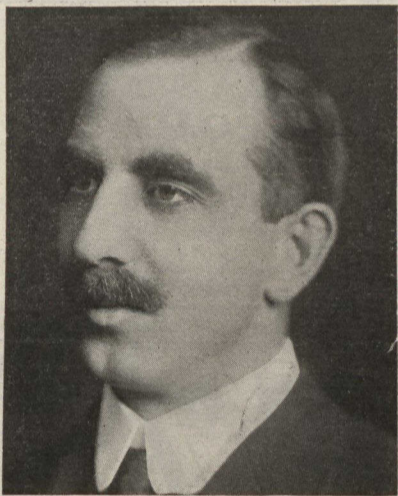
THE money market is still discouraging, for Canada shares in the general depression. There are several reasons for it. The European situation does not tend to alleviate the irritation, and the monied interests of Canada are indissolubly linked with those of Europe, particularly Great Britain and Germany. This latter is intimately involved in the Balkan situation. Then, again, business everywhere is increasing and extending, and funds are being absorbed by new enterprises. Indeed, as a Toronto broker put it, "There is never enough money in this country to run the country." The Easter vacation, naturally, emphasized the stagnation, but it cannot continue much longer, for the speculator recognizes that the market is so dead easy that any incidental transaction may occasion undue activity.

There are signs, latterly, however, of the slackening of the tension. The latest war news has created an optimistic feeling both in London and Wall Street, and though the process is slow and gradual, in a very short time the outlook should be much brighter. Already the stock market shows signs of discounting this more favourable condition.

## On and Off the Exchange

### Marked Increase in Felt Sales

MR. D. LORNE MCGIBBON, presiding at the annual meeting of the Canadian Consolidated Felt Co., in Montreal, stated that he was able to announce that the sales in the past year showed a total increase of 89 per cent. over last year. The profits of this company, which is one of the more recent consolidations for which Mr. McGibbon is responsible, amounted to \$113,229, out of which was deducted bond interest amounting to \$29,070, and preferred stock dividends amounting to \$35,000, leaving a balance of \$49,159.



D. LORNE MCGIBBON,  
President of the Canadian Consolidated Felt Co.

an increase of \$83,285, the assets at the end of 1912 being valued at \$290,097. The policies of this company are guaranteed by the Commercial Union, one of the largest of British assurance concerns.

Mr. McGibbon said a good portion of the increase was due to the wider range of goods manufactured, and also to a plan adopted by the concern whereby the company's brands were apportioned.

### Big Year for Canada Accident

THE Canada Accident Assurance Company is to be congratulated upon the very noteworthy advance which is shown in its annual report. The premiums received during the year were \$325,609, as against \$254,344 in 1911, an increase of 28 per cent. After the claims were provided for, a sum of \$80,228 was carried forward to profit and loss. The margin of assets over liabilities showed

### Bright Outlook for Nova Scotia Steel

THE annual report of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company for the year ending December 31st, 1912, showed profits about the same as last year. The actual figures were \$1,000,609, as compared with \$1,019,392 for 1911.

In his report to the shareholders, at the meeting held in Montreal on March 26th, the President, Mr. R. E. Harris, K.C., said that the reason for the decrease was that the United States had, for the greater part of the year, been dumping iron and steel products upon the Canadian market, thus gravely affecting the price of iron and steel in Canada. After allowing for dividends, interest on bonds and debenture stock, transfer to reserve, and other charges, a balance of \$452,600 was carried forward. Assets were increased during the

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No game in the world will afford as much enjoyment in your home as English Billiards.

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are built in various sizes, each size correctly proportioned. There's a table suitable for YOUR home. For instance, there's the Billiardner, a convertible dining and billiard table. Then there are tables for small, medium and large size billiard rooms. Burroughes and Watts' English Billiard Tables are acknowledged to be the world's finest—the choice of Royalty. Write for full particulars and prices.

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By Royal Warrant to H. M. The King.



year to the value of \$1,805,630, and now total \$18,620,876.

Mr. Harris speaks optimistically of the future. The capacity and efficiency of the plant are at the highest point and the fact that the total steel output for the first half of the year has been contracted for at improved prices indicates that 1913 may be the best year in the history of the company.

**Good First Year for B.C. Cannery**

AT the first annual meeting of the British Canadian Cannery, Limited, the President, Mr. H. A. Lovett, K.C., said that the company showed a very good cash position, having \$15,902 on hand, in addition to which accounts receivable amounted to \$61,345, making total current assets of \$284,922. After paying bond interest, the company had a surplus of \$39,705 to carry forward, which is slightly over five per cent. on the \$750,000 issue of common stock.



H. A. LOVETT, K.C.,  
President of the British Canadian Cannery,  
Limited.

The company has been organized about a year. Construction work was commenced in April last, and each of the five plants located in Ontario has a capacity of 100,000 cases, though the amount of goods packed during the year was but half this amount.

**Dominion Trust Company**

AT the eighth annual meeting of the Dominion Trust Co., of Vancouver, a year of prosperity was reported. During the year the subscribed capital was increased from two and a quarter million to two and a half million dollars, and the paid-up capital showed a relatively higher increase, from a little over one and a half million to two million dollars.

The average paid-up capital was \$1,770,686, while the net revenue was \$316,135.

The assets of the company, which do not include trust funds, have increased from \$3,004,341 to \$4,833,926, an increase of slightly over 60 per cent.

**Canadian Westinghouse**

THE annual statement presented at the meeting of the Canadian Westinghouse Company, of Hamilton, shows net earnings for the year to be \$1,050,123. After allowance for dividends, payment to reserve funds, and other charges, a balance is carried forward of \$251,754. The total surplus is now \$1,302,559.

**Further Issue of Big Trust Company**

THERE is to be a further issue of \$250,000 capital stock of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, offered at 185. This will bring the total paid-up capital of the company to a million and a half. The last allotment of \$250,000 was made on June 5th last. The new stock will be offered to shareholders of April 15th in the ratio of one new share to every five now held. New stock is to be paid for in four instalments: \$50 on May 15th; \$50 on July 15th; \$50 on September 15th; and \$35 on November 15th.

**The Passing of Morgan**

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, who died in Rome on Sunday last, was probably the richest man in the United States. His wealth is variously estimated from 500 to 2,000 million of dollars. This was not wholly personal, but was undoubtedly shared with his partners and family. Mr. Morgan's business was banking and underwriting. As a banker he made money, but as an underwriter he made much more. Probably his greatest coup was the underwriting of the United States Steel—the largest flotation ever made in America. His chief stock holdings were in New York Central, the Pullman Co., Atchison, Interboro, Metropolitan, and other railway companies. He seems to have sold all his Steel holdings. His father was a banker before him, and his son, J. Pierpont Morgan, will continue the business.



THE LATE J. P. MORGAN.

**Advance in Prices**

CANADIAN stocks have advanced in price a good deal during the last few days. The fall of Adrianople appears to have cleared the air, and the better feeling in Europe seems to be very generally duplicated here. C. P. R. has risen 11 points; F. N. Burt, 8; Locomotive, 6 1/4; Toronto Railway, 6; General Electric, 4 3/4; Cannery, 4 1/2; Brazilian, 4 3/8; Dominion Steel, 3 1/4; Mackay, 2 5/8, and Twin City, 2 1/4.

**An Appointment**

MR. WILLIAM I. GEAR, a well-known figure in Montreal financial circles, has been elected to the directorate of the Bank of Toronto, to succeed the late Robert Reford.

Mr. Gear was born in Toronto, but started his business career in Montreal, in the house of Reford and Dillon. For many years he has been vice-president of the Robert Reford Company; he is vice-president of the Fessenden Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, and is connected with various other enterprises. His confreres have honoured him, for he has been president of the Montreal Corn Exchange, and also of the Board of Trade.

**THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED**

ESTABLISHED 1901

HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO  
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG.

**THE WILLIAM DAVIES COMPANY, LIMITED**

\$25,000. 6% First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds. Due 1st July, 1926. Interest payable 1st January and July. Principal and Interest payable at The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, Montreal and London, England. Redeemable as a whole at 105 and accrued interest on any interest date after July 1st, 1914, on sixty days' prior notice, or annually for Sinking Fund drawings, beginning July 1st, 1912.

Denominations: \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, with sterling equivalents.

The Bonds are issued in coupon form with privilege of registration of principal and in fully registered form.

Trustee: National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto.

Legal opinion of Messrs. Blake, Lash, Anglin & Cassels, Toronto.

**ASSETS**

(Appraisal made 1911)

Packing Houses at Toronto, Montreal and Harrison (including Sites and Equipment) . . . . .	\$1,077,919
Real Estate and Buildings owned by Company . . . . .	535,375
Retail Store Equipment . . . . .	64,000
Investments . . . . .	360,154
Current Assets . . . . .	1,320,471
	<b>\$3,357,919</b>

Average annual net earnings for past three years, over . . . . . 350,000  
Or about four times the amount required for interest on bonds outstanding.

The William Davies Company, Limited, established in 1853, is at present the largest packing house in the British Dominions. It owns large and modernly equipped packing houses in Toronto and Montreal, and 75 retail stores strategically located in the cities of Toronto and Montreal and the following points throughout Ontario: Oshawa, London East, Kingston, St. Catharines, Brantford, Collingwood, Belleville, Galt, Brockville, Woodstock, London, St. Thomas, through which distribution of its products is made. The Company is actively represented in every Province in Canada, and its products are found in wholesale and retail houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It also maintains agencies in Great Britain.

Special circular on request.

Price: 102 and Interest, to yield 5.78%

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS**

**THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY**

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.  
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.  
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00  
Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

Write for information  
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Spoken or Written

Easily corrected or avoided if you have  
**DESK-BOOK OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH**

By Frank H. Vizetelly.  
12mo, cloth, 240 pages, \$1.00 post-paid.  
"It should be on the table of every one who wishes to speak or write pure English."—The Philadelphia Item.

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

**5% DEBENTURES**

Five per cent. allowed on Debentures.  
Interest payable (by coupons) half-yearly.  
Debentures issued in sums of \$100.00 and multiples thereof for terms of three to ten years, or shorter periods if desired.

**Security to Debenture Holders**  
Paid-up Capital and Reserve, nearly \$3,000,000. Total Assets, over \$6,000,000

**To Trustees and Executors**  
The deposits and debentures of this Company are especially authorized by an Order-in-Council, Province of Ontario, as an investment for trust funds.

**The Great West Permanent Loan Company**  
(Incorporated by Dominion Charter)  
Head Office, - Winnipeg  
Also offices at Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria and Edinburgh, Scotland.  
Ontario Office, 20 King Street West, Toronto.



### Aptommas, the Harpist

(Concluded from page 9.)

taken by performers. That is, he played "left-handed." Fancy, if possible, playing the treble of the piano or organ with the left hand and the bass with the right! That is what he did! He was a master of the harp before pedals were introduced, when the raising of a note was accomplished by twisting a key, somewhat similar to those now used for tuning the instrument. It was necessary to continue playing with one hand while making a sharp or flat with the other. Now, as most persons know, the pedals do that work, and both hands can be constantly employed.

It would savour of repetition to praise Aptommas' playing. His repertoire comprised a long and varied list of selections from the great masters and a large number of original compositions. Of all the instruments that have touched the ear of man, the harp stands foremost. Under the sound of no other can we so completely isolate ourselves from the scenes of the present, and, as it were, wrap around us the very atmosphere of the far past, and the distant future. The secret of this advantage, however, is not alone in its historical interest, but is found quite as much in the peculiar fascination with which its tones reach the heart of the listener. In the hands of this musician, the harp swells to the volume of an orchestra, or fades to the lisp of a tiny breeze, and it is impossible to hear the music without a regret that the instrument has so few able exponents. Aptommas, himself, was always sanguine as to its future; he contended that we shall soon tire of machine-made music, good as it is, and that we shall revert to the harp, from which no mechanical contrivance can draw melody. After hearing him play, one can only fervently hope that he may be right!

**His Difficulty.**—Celebrated English Actor (great success as Irishman in Irish play)—"O! always think an actor should spake the same accent off the stage as on ut, while the play is running. Begorra, it makes him natural in his parrt."

**Touring Actor.**—"All very fine for you; but I play a Scotchman at matinees and an Irishman and a Frenchman in the evening, and me a Welshman, look you!"—Punch.

**Pert.**—On the train out Medford way, Subbubs got into conversation with a stranger who remarked: "I see you are putting up a good many new buildings."

"Yes," answered Subbubs; "new buildings are the only kind we put up."—Boston Transcript.

**Merciful.**—"What makes you carry that horrible shriek machine for an automobile signal?"

"For humane reasons," replied Mr. Chuggins. "If I can paralyze a person with fear he will keep still and I can run to one side of him."—Washington Star.

**Unnecessary Stops.**—"I see you have disposed of that fine horse you bought from the city."


"Yes," replied the regretful milkman; "he hurt my business. He had been used for pulling a sprinkling cart, and stopped at every hydrant."—Judge.

**Too Precious.**—"Did you punish our son for throwing a lump of coal at Willie Smiggs?" asked the careful mother. "I did," replied the busy father. "I don't care so much for the Smiggs boy, but I can't have anybody in this family throwing coal around like that."—Washington Star.

**Sassy.**—Lady—"Why, you naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born."

**Small Boy.**—"Yes, mum; I s'pose dere wuz a good deal of cussin' de day you wuz born."—Tit-Bits.

**Very Plausible.**—"I would have you to know, sir, we came over with William the Conqueror." "It must have been some kind of a conqueror who could make you come over with anything."—Baltimore American.



# PEASE

## HOT WATER "ECONOMY" BOILERS AND RADIATORS

### THE NEW GOWN

To Smith, the winter had been a miserable one—cold, cheerless rooms—uncomfortable both day and night—Wife and children ill with colds and La Grippe—coal bills bigger than ever, and he was very discouraged.

One evening his wife remarked on the new gown that Mrs. George Jones was wearing. He said, "I don't see how that Jones chap can afford it." His wife replied, "Well, Mrs. Jones was telling me that they had put in a new boiler a couple of years ago.—At the end of the first winter, Mr. Jones in going over his coal bills found that notwithstanding the higher price of coal, they had spent much less in cash than in previous years and laughingly gave Mrs. Jones the difference, saying 'You can buy a dress with that'—So every year since, she buys a dress with 'Coal Money.'"

He called on Jones the next day to see this wonderful heater. It was called the PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER. Jones explained the many exclusive money-saving, heat-extracting features that the PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER possesses.

Smith installed one and now his wife has gowns equally as good as Mrs. Jones—The children are healthy—the house is always warm and comfortable and happiness reigns supreme. Smith is convinced that a PEASE "ECONOMY" BOILER "Pays for itself by the coal it saves."

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Samples of these materials will be promptly mailed on receipt of particulars as to the colors, etc., preferred.

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**17 to 31 King Street East, - Toronto**  
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# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### A Protest From an Ex-Regent

IN the March issue of our Women's Supplement there was a protest on this page against the Daughters of the Empire using bridge tournaments as a means of raising funds, while special reference was made to the action of the Ottawa chapters and the Chamberlain Chapter of Toronto, as they provided the most recent instances of the practice.

From a former Regent of the Chamberlain Chapter has been received an elaborate defence of that particular organization, from which may be quoted the following:

"I have read with much interest the statements in your paper directed against the I. O. D. E., and in particular against the Chamberlain Chapter, and I beg in the first place to make an unqualified denial of the assertions in that article. There is no evidence whatever of insubordination in the Daughters of the Empire, the chapters everywhere working with the National Executive entirely harmoniously. Bridge entertainments are not contrary to the policy of the National Executive. Before suggesting the idea of a bridge at all, I, in my office as Regent, was particularly careful to obtain the permission of the Executive of the National Chapter, which was promptly given. . . The Order, being non-sectarian in character, is entirely within its rights in making use of any recognized social attractions to raise funds for the many splendid and varied schemes it undertakes for the benefit of the community. The Chamberlain Chapter, which has been specifically and most unnecessarily attacked, has, perhaps, more than any other Chapter of the Order, adhered faithfully to the educational propaganda of the society, and will continue to exercise its right to choose the means by which it will raise funds, subject alone to the approval of the Head Office and answerable to no other self-constituted judge. When the papers and the people who presume ignorantly to criticize the I. O. D. E. can show the same volume of gratuitous and self-denying service, for the sake of upbuilding our national life, and will loosen their purse-strings and put their dollars in our coffers without the inducement of bridge, dance, ball or what not, then, and not till then, will they have earned the right to sit in judgment upon what the Order and its branches may or may not do."

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### The Question at Issue

EVIDENTLY the writer of this letter considers that the paragraphs on the subject of "The Game and the Order," which appeared on March 15th, were inscribed by an arch-enemy of the Order, who was "attacking" the organization. On the contrary, I am an enthusiastic admirer of the Daughters of the Empire and have a firm belief that what they have accomplished in the past will be eclipsed by future achievements. If the writer of this letter of protest will re-read the article in question, she may find the Order given credit for its record of honour and usefulness. It is because the Order has such a high place, as a patriotic organization, that it seems a pity for it to resort to an "afternoon of bridge," as a means for raising funds. Such a resort will appear to many as unworthy of its dignity and original aims. So far as the Chamberlain Chapter of Toronto is concerned, no "attack" was intended. The former Regent is quite correct in her reference to the educative work of that chapter, which has been excelled by no other branch of the Order, in the earnestness and intelligence of its patriotic efforts. Reference was made to that chapter, merely because it was holding a "bridge" on March 27th, and was therefore an instance of direct timeliness.

In publishing the fact that the Chamberlain Chapter had obtained the permission of the Head Executive, justice is done to that organization's invariable desire to be in accordance with those in authority. It was asserted, some time ago, by those who were in a position to know, that the Head Office was not in favour of the "bridge" road to an enlarged treasury. If the Head Office has changed its policy, such action as holding bridge tournaments on the part of individual chapters is, of course, in keeping with the wishes of the chief officers.

However, to insinuate that the press has no right to express an opinion on such a matter is decidedly mistaken. The newspapers and weekly publications of the Dominion are cheerfully ready, as a rule, to lend their columns to report the proceedings of patriotic societies. Such organizations are not private enterprises, but public affairs, and consequently are quite legitimate objects for journalistic comment, favourable or otherwise. If the Canadian Club of Toronto (the men's organization) were to hold a bridge tournament, in order to raise funds, I should consider it quite as incongruous with the standing and aims of the club, as I do the action of certain chapters of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. This is a matter where there is room for difference of opinion. It is hardly to be considered, however, as an excuse for an exchange of futile personalities. It is not even a question as to whether bridge, as a private diversion, is commendable or not. The question simply resolves itself: Is the Game worthy of the Order?

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### League of the Empire

THE work of the League of the Empire, which is largely educational, is progressing satisfactorily throughout the Dominion. That indefatigable Englishwoman, Mrs. Ord Marshall, who visited Canada three years ago, is most actively connected with the society's operations, and especially with the agricultural prospects for young Englishmen in Canada. In Toronto, the League recently gave a reception in the Convocation Hall of the University, during the convention of the Ontario Educational Association, when the "profession" was given an opportunity to learn more of the social and educational aims of the society.

The chairman for Canada is Principal Maurice Hutton, of University College, the vice-presidents are Colonel G. T. Denison and Dr. James L. Hughes. The League, in its initial aims of helping the children of the Empire to become acquainted with each

other, is doing a good work of broadening and practical imperialism.

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### Our Multi-Coloured Modes

MORE and more brilliant grow the hues of fashion, and "all the colours of the rainbow" is a poor phrase to describe the display of new fabrics. As one vivacious shopper remarked:

"You may wear purple charmeuse, veiled in orange chiffon, trimmed with bows of royal blue ribbon, and be all the fashion."

"I like bright colours," admitted another, "but I don't like startling colour combinations. For instance, the union of purple and cerise, which is fashionable this year, is simply inartistic and abominable. Then, purple and coronation blue is another harrowing combination. Carrot yellow with pink is another, which fairly screams at you in these spring days. Why can't women be sensible about these fashions and use colours in moderation? The worst of it is, that a season of dullest drab and sad browns will succeed all this outburst of bright hues."

Those of us who enjoy bright tints can revel in the display to our heart's content, while we may pray to be protected from indulging in a simultaneous indulgence in violet, scarlet and sky blue. The old ultra-Puritan idea, that there is something wicked in the enjoyment of gay colours, dies hard. The early Puritans did not entertain it, for we know that Colonel Hutchinson and John Milton appreciated rich array, while the latter's writings, as Macaulay says, "are a perfect field of the cloth-of-gold." Surely, the Creator of all the varied loveliness of grass and flower and sea never intended that his human creatures should wrap themselves in sombre-coloured fabrics and refuse to be glad. As for "mourning," as it is observed conventionally, it is an utterly mistaken and depressing fashion, which Hope and Faith should alike forbid.

ERIN.

### Girl Guides Progressive

AS fortunate in her executive as Sir Henry is in his gardeners is Lady Pellatt, chief commissioner of the Girl Guides' Movement in Canada, and the movement displays an astonishing hot-house growth.

Among the two hundred and fifty girl guests of Lady Pellatt lately at "Casa Loma," were four companies of girl guides new since we wrote of the movement in December. The girls behaved beautifully—a girl guide's characteristic—the while they over-ran joyously the fairy conservatories, paid a visit to the stables, and sat at tea.

The growth of the movement in other cities is correspondingly rapid. Nor is the development one of numbers only. For instance, on March 26th, in Toronto, girls of companies two, three and four were publicly awarded proficiency badges for laundry work, cooking and household management. Emphatic stress is laid on domestic work by the officers, and girl guides are conspicuously "home girls."

The movement, by means of its Councillors, is inter-related with all the national women's organizations. Office-holders are Lady Pellatt, Mrs. F. H. Torrington, Mrs. Plumtre, Mrs. Helen C. Parker, Mrs. P. L. Mason, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. R. Falconer, Mrs. H. D. Warren and Miss Edith M. Mairs.



The Hostess, Lady Pellatt (centre), and Group of Official Supporters, at "Casa Loma."



And Some of the Guests—Two Hundred and Fifty in All Were Entertained.



# The Earth to Save the Woman and Lesser Themes

"P" IED April," let in again by that Gentleman Usher of the Bauble, April Fool, is just exactly the same drab month as all the other eleven to women whose life is to grind in the prison houses.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, convener of the Agriculture Committee of the National Council of Women, recently waited on the Ontario Provincial Secretary and semi-officially pleaded for women offenders. She would give them to Mother Earth as children for utter re-creation; would have their womanhood re-established by work on government farms, exchanging walls for the open air and sunlight. In brief, she would claim for women the hope of the farm at Guelph for men, a replica of which is for Edmonton.

That the idea is practicable the advocate is assured by her investigations made in the country south. At a girls' farm in Darling, Delaware County, Pa., not only do women perform the actual outdoor and indoor labour, but also the entire management is female. Ambition is given abundant scope by this means. Mrs. Hamilton, moreover, has herself conducted a fruit farm—a country hostel for women at Lorne Park, Ontario, and the experiment has been excellent in its results.

Stopford Brooke has written a poem entitled "The Earth and Man," which is just as truly the poem of earth and woman in this application. The burden runs:

"A little sun, a little rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the west—  
And woods and fields are sweet again,  
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

"So simple is the earth we tread,  
So quick with love and life her frame,  
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,  
And still her magic is the same.

"A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—  
And life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

"So simple is the heart of man,  
So ready for new hope and joy;  
Ten thousand years since it began  
Have left it younger than a boy."

"Oh, good gigantic smile of the brown old Earth!" cries another poet. How it lures again even her eldest children to roam for the pussy-willows, to adventure the sludgiest tuft by the swollen rillet! And while one yields in abandonment must it still be denied to any to hearken the robin bending its reed of the ruddy, newly-rain-washed osier dog-wood?

\*\*\*

## The Dinner or the Arch?

THE agreeable alternatives were recently being discussed by the Edmonton branch of the Canadian Women's Press-Club. The

branch was arranging the entertainment of all the other branches, including the roots and trunk, of that body in June.

Now the writer, being a mere twig, has diffidence in suggesting. But truth is truth. She would vastly prefer the dinner. No, gluttony is not one of her vices. The goad is, on the contrary, altruism. For have not the housewives of Edmonton but lately achieved a cook-book? Has not the Lieutenant-Governor's wife contributed to its pages and have not many prominent women of Edmonton?

Far be it from guests to intrude upon hostesses' private arrangements. But the question appeared in the Edmonton press; so the inquiry is permitted: Why the arch? Might it not be a regrettable discourtesy to those ladies if an arch were preferred to their favourite recipes? The usages almost necessitate the dinner.

Whatever the issue, a feast of goodfellowship certainly there will be, when Olympians in the guise of humans with "brilliantine" in their



Impersonally in the Arrival of Doctor Friedmann When He Came to Toronto to Demonstrate His Serum. As a Matter of Fact, the Young Ladies Should Look More Spirituelle, for the Group to a Maid Are Enlisted Students of Music.

satchels, hooks to do up in the mornings and places at table, will consort and be comfortable in a holiday.

## King and Bottle to Part

REGARDING King George as a man there's a doubt (my personal opinion) as to which way the indignity falls when his picture appears as a sticker on whiskey bottles. That is to say, the test being strength, the bottle is always the better man in the long run. But regarding King George as a king the thing is monstrous. Peel him off. Imperialism and patriotism demand it!

The question was incidentally raised at the organization meeting of the new Provincial Chapter of the I. O. D. E., in Victoria, British Columbia.

The assembly elected Mrs. Henry Croft, of the provincial capital, as regent, and Lady Tupper, of Vancouver, as vice-president. The other newly-made officers are as follows: Mrs. H. E. Carry, Vancouver, second vice-president; Mrs. Hasell, provincial recording secretary; Mrs. Day, recording secretary; Mrs. W. J. Bowser, treasurer; and Mrs. D'Allain Davidson, of Vancouver, standard-bearer.

Addressing the delegates previously in cordial words of welcome, Mrs. Croft joined British Columbia roses and England's national emblem to make a garden of glory for Crown and Country.

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## Proof by Exception

ARE Englishmen in the main domestic tyrants? Charlotte Bronte declared that they were in her day. On the positive ground, to-day, many people are excusing the militant tactics of English suffragettes—"tictacs" an arguer called them and ruined a point.

The taste that lurks in the dregs of a cup will undoubtedly tincture the bubbles, and any characteristic dyeing a proletariat will also impinge a nation's upper classes. Significant, therefore, the words of Mrs. 'Opkins.

Mrs. 'Opkins denounce the English 'usband? Denounce him? Dear me, no! She only made boast that her personal "mastah" was so nice-tempered a man that none could explain the ugliness of their offspring. She further conjured me to ask any neighbour they had lived beside four years now and be told they would scarce know a man was about the place.

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## Crowing Hens' Accomplishment

SMALL wonder if Vancouver women are showing an unwonted "cockiness" at the moment, at least that special community of them that brought out the Vancouver Sun on March 19th. The usual chanciers were compelled to admire.

But the admiration was an outcome merely; the object was, by the sale of a special all-women's number, to raise funds to erect a building for use by the Vancouver women's clubs. In charge of the undertaking were Mrs. J. H. MacGill, Miss Lily Laverock, Mrs. W. G. Drummond, Mrs. W. H. Griffin, Mrs. W. C. McKechnie, and Mrs. E. P. Bremner.

M. J. T.



A Recent Triumph Achieved by the Heliconian Club of Toronto Was an Evening of Living Pictures Arranged by Mrs. J. E. Elliott and Mrs. Agar Adamson. One of the Most Charming of These Was the Above Illustration of a Well-known Verse From Omar. The Margaret Eaton School Gave an Ideal Stage.



Figures in the Tableau Salon, Which Was Recently Presented by the Toronto Heliconian Club. The Participants, from left to right, are Identified as follows: Miss Ethel Sheppard, Miss Mary Houston, Mr. Agar Adamson, Miss A. E. Dyas, Miss Isabel Sneath, Miss Mary Morley and Miss Evelyn Pamphylon.



# "Babies We Have Saved"

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

"IN the civilized world a baby dies every ten seconds. In Canada alone one hundred and eighty infants die every hour. A baby under one year has less chance of living than a man of ninety."

When these appalling facts were stated in my hearing the other day by the superintendent of the Hamilton Babies' Dispensary Guild, my interest was aroused to the point where I requested the superintendent to enlarge for my benefit on her favourite theme of "Babies We Have Saved." How people can prate of increasing the population of our cities and continue to neglect the infants which would grow into the healthiest and most useful citizens, is a question hard to understand.

The old system of supplying pure milk for babies, which Hamilton adopted in common with other Canadian cities, has been superseded recently by a more modern method. This system is the result of investigations made by Hamilton doctors in England and the United States, but is modelled chiefly after that of Cleveland, which is of long enough standing to have proved itself a wonderful success. Canadian cities from coast to coast are seeking information. The points in which the Hamilton system is different from others will be seen presently. In the main it is more educative among the mothers, for while under the old order the babies' feedings were prepared in formulae by the nurses and sent to various stations in the city to be called for, the mother now comes to the dispensary and learns how to prepare the food herself.

The guild secures its milk from S. Price & Sons, of the Erindale farm, near Oakville, well known as the producers of the first certified milk in Canada, and winners of prizes at many exhibitions. It uses about three thousand quarts a month, supplying over a hundred and seventy babies regularly. As the milk costs sixteen cents a quart, and is sold to the mothers at the popular price of eight cents a quart, it will be seen that the guild is not a money-making scheme. It is a philanthropy, entirely supported by public subscription and membership fees, and so rapidly is the work increasing that the public conscience will need to be educated up to its duty without delay or many babies will have to be turned away.

This then is the system. Mothers are encouraged to bring in their babies, sick or well, breast-fed or bottle-fed. The aim of the dispensary is to keep well babies well as much as to improve the health of the sick ones. Of course most of the sick babies are bottle-fed, for

and French, but they declare that Polish and Austrian are like nothing else under the sun. When the foreign mother has come to the end of her very curtailed vocabulary she can only lift her hands and ejaculate:

"Ach, mein Gott! I no can say!"

The grateful letters of these foreign women make interesting reading to say the least. One Italian mother, addressing the "Respectable Ladies" of the guild, "feels on duty to answer to your kindness, but is on the impossibility to bring the baby to the dispensary," owing to her own sickness. Another person, writing in for a friend who has not yet mastered the intricacies of English says: "Please, if any instructions for her, be kindly enough to give in a little piece of paper, so that she cannot understand English."



A Specimen Who, After Weeks of Visits, Now Tips the Scales at a Quite Satisfactory Figure.

better for their stomachs than rat-poison.

The admission consists in having the child weighed, taking its temperature, respiration, etc. Former illnesses are recorded, and the family history traced. The doctor in charge orders the feeding. The first day a nurse makes it up at the dispensary in the presence of the mother. Next day a visiting nurse goes to the home and watches the mother make it up. This is the educative part of the system, for should the mother remove to the antipodes she would still know how to feed her baby properly. After the first few days the nurse pays a couple of visits a month to the home—visits which on the side are complete social investigations. Other members of the family receive the nurse's attention, and if weak eyes, adenoids, incipient tuberculosis, etc., be discovered, the patients are referred to the proper city authorities for relief.

Crowds of foreigners avail themselves of the privileges offered by the Babies' Dispensary Guild. Perhaps one day will see babies of eight or ten nationalities treated. The nurses have become very proficient in dialectic Italian, German

THE staff of the Hamilton Babies' Dispensary Guild consists of a doctor in attendance at the daily clinic, a superintending nurse, assisted by a visiting nurse, and a stenographer. It is under the management of a Board of Directors under whom work three departments, viz., the Medical Board, controlling the feeding and system; the Board of Trustees, who look after the finances, and the Women's Board supplying clothing and assisting in the social service work.

Results talk. And here they are:

In 1908, when the work was begun, the infant mortality rate due to gastro-intestinal troubles was 53.8 per cent.

In 1909, though still working under an imperfect system, the rate was lowered to 42.9.

The next summer, being particularly hot, the percentage mounted to 43.4.

In 1911 (extremely hot summer), under the present perfected system, the rate dropped to 27 per cent.

In 1912 it took another drop to 23.5 per cent.

And the enthusiastic workers are predicting still better things for the coming summer.

THE Women's Canadian Club of Victoria, B.C., recently gave a reception for the celebrated Canadian artist, Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, who has been visiting in that city for some weeks. A group of the artist's paintings were displayed.

Mrs. Hamilton is, perhaps, best known to the general art-loving public for her beautiful and sympathetic study, "Maternity," a picture which took three years to complete in Paris.



A skin like the softness of velvet, clear and pearly white, is the perfection of beauty. The regular use of

GOURAUD'S

## Oriental Cream

will render a complexion that will be the envy of every one.

The surest guarantee of its perfection is the fact of it having been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century.

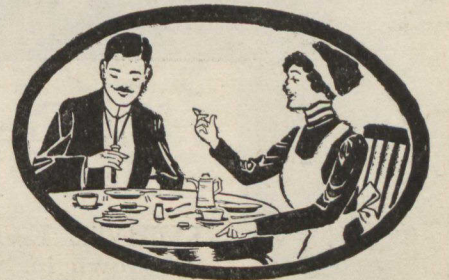
It cannot be surpassed for the relief of tan, pimples, freckles and other blemishes of the complexion. 50c. and \$1.50 per bottle.

At Druggists and Department Stores, or direct on receipt of price.

Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

They are a dainty little booklet of perfumed powder leaves, always ready for an emergency. 10c. by mail will bring them.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.  
New York



Mr. NEWLYWED said—"Hello! is this a new kind of salt we are using? It shakes all right, doesn't it?"

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"Yes, it's WINDSOR SALT. The grocer told me about it—said it was the only kind his customers would have."

Mr. NEWLYWED said—"Well, if he keeps such good salt, I guess everything else in his store must be good, so I would do all my trading there, if I were you."

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"I intend to." 59

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LET US SEND YOU

the Knox Recipe Book—and enough Gelatine to make one pint

—enough to try most any one of our desserts, puddings, salads or jellies also ice cream, ices, candies, soups, sauces or gravies

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A Representative Group at the Babies' Dispensary at Hamilton, Where Scores of Mothers Are Educated Daily in Proper Methods of Food Preparation.



# Corns Ended Forever For 15 Cents

Please stop and consider.

The corns you are paring, and daubing, and doctoring can be ended forever in 48 hours. And without any discomfort.

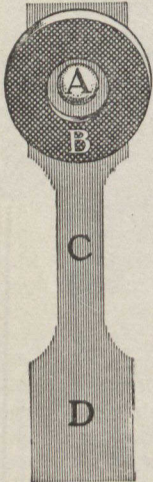
Apply a little Blue-jay plaster, and the corn pain stops at once.

Then forget the corn. In two days take off the plaster and lift out the corn.

This is the only scientific way to terminate a corn.

It is so efficient that folks now use it on a million corns a month.

It is gentle and easy and comfortable. And Blue-jay does what nothing else will do. Try it on one corn.



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package  
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

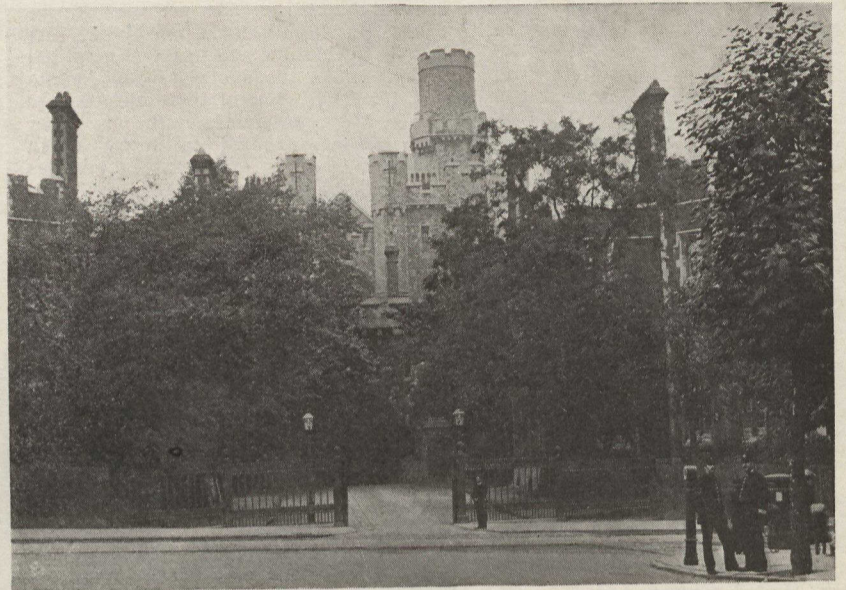
(285) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

### Educated Women Transferred.

At the recent annual meeting in London of the British Women's Emigration Association, Mrs. Archibald Colquhoun, president, was clear in her explanation that the society is not a

band Dance," and the other old folk dances.

Mr. Hugh Savage, a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and a local newspaper man, is the prime mover, and Miss Lena Cotsworth, an old pupil of Cecil



A BUILDING THAT SAFEGUARDS OTHER BUILDINGS.

Being Holloway Castle in London, Where Too Destructive "Outragettes" Are Jailed.

registry office to provide Canadian mistresses with servants, and that it does not conduct an emigration propaganda.

The object of the body is, nevertheless, to stimulate emigration on the part of those whom such a move will assuredly benefit, and who will, in return, be helpful overseas. "Educated" women are being especially looked after. The society, during the past year, provided escorts across sea for four hundred and thirty-three women who could not have travelled alone, and assisted one hundred and seventy-six wives to sail to join their husbands. The idea is to equalize refinement in the empire, and at the same time equalize women's chances for work. The society's aim is an economic "transference."

### Honouring Montreal Foundress.

THE sisters of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal are sending to Pope Pius X. a beautiful portrait of Jeanne Mance, foundress of the hospital, along with a richly bound copy of her life history. The same is being prepared by Sister Morrisey.

"This heroic French lady," says an authoritative journal, "was counsellor of Chomeday de Maisonneuve at its birth. She was the first woman who placed foot on the Island of Montreal, Canada." Indeed, that inscription is engraved upon the frame of the picture which will rest in the Vatican.

### Brandon Women's Canadian Club.

SOME fifty to sixty women of Brandon recently met and organized a local branch of the Women's Canadian Club. Mrs. A. R. Irwin, in her capacity as chairman, explained the ambitions of such a club in a speech that created the greatest enthusiasm.

The following were the officers elected: President, Mrs. A. R. Irwin; vice-presidents, Mrs. P. C. Mitchell, Mrs. J. S. Maxwell, Mrs. Joseph Cornell and Mrs. R. A. Clement; secretary, Mrs. R. B. Cumming; treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Philp; and literary correspondent, Mrs. J. S. Willmott.

A communication received from the Women's Canadian Club in Winnipeg stated that that branch would render any assistance in its power to make the Brandon venture a success.

### Old England in New Westminster.

AN interesting innovation in New Westminster, B. C., is the introduction of the old-time May Day dances into Canada.

May Day has been observed with due celebrations in New Westminster for the last thirty-five years, and there has been a regular succession of May Queens during that period. Now efforts are being made to introduce the picturesque old May Day dances into the ceremonies, and the school children are being taught the simple and spontaneous movements of "Black Nag," "The Rib-

band Dance," and the other old folk dances.

### My Lady of the Sinuous Curves.

NAZIMOVA, that serpentine, sinuous exponent of things Slavic and Oriental, is still more serpentine and sinuous than ever in her latest play entitled "Bella Donna." She performs in the title role and the observer will not weep to see her turned from her own doorstep to wander the desert sands. And that in the middle of the night, too.

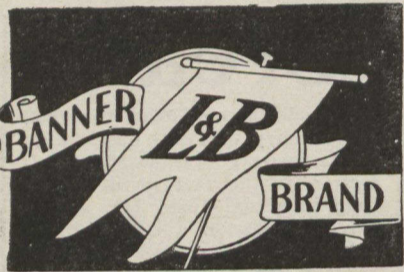
For, in her new play, Nazimova is a very bad woman, very bad, indeed. She amuses herself, while on her honeymoon, by administering sugar of lead to the sharer of the honeymoon. And he almost dies—almost. But for the timely entrance of the good and loyal friend, a physician whose specialty is poisons, he would have died. Friend enters, centre back of stage. Not that anyone could really blame her for wishing to be rid of such a husband—as portrayed on the stage at least—but she was so terribly wicked, don't you know, it really was too much for a Newlywed.



THE WOMAN, OR THE SERPENT?  
Madame Nazimova, Who is Playing the Title Role in "Bella Donna."

By the way, she has acquired a really husband, since we last saw her. He plays the part of the Samaritan friend, the physician who specializes in poisons. Rather a good looking fellow, with a very monotonous voice, and an aptitude for posing.

But it is of Nazimova we must speak. Why, oh, why? But, what's the use? After all, it is her own affair. And if she choose to convert herself into a serpent, why should anyone say anything about it? Anyhow, the dear, fickle public is always willing to pay their money to see Nazimova. But it would be so refreshing, if she would cease her wriggling, for a while and let us see her act something human. Her gowns were snakelike affairs, one of them being embroidered in the exact colour scheme of a South African cobra. I suppose there are cobras in South Africa.



## MARMALADE

Our Banner Brand Marmalade is made from Spanish and Italian bitter oranges and the highest grade of granulated sugar. There is absolutely nothing else in it. It is the best Marmalade made

anywhere in the world. Try it, and your verdict will accord with our statement. If your dealer cannot supply you, kindly send us his name and address.

Put up in 8-oz and 12-oz glass jars, and 2-lb and 5-lb gold-lacquered (non-corrosive) tins.

Interior orange marmalades are made from American oranges, glucose, apple jelly and benzoate of soda. They are unwholesome.

LINDNER & BENNER, Toronto  
Manufacturers of Pure Fruit Jams.



## French Cherry Liqueurs

WHITE French Cherries—grown in Southern France. Each enveloped in a soft coating of velvety-smooth cream (which in a few days turns to a delicious non-alcoholic liqueur) and then dipped in the purest and richest of chocolate.

## Neilson's Chocolates

Sold by leading Druggists and Confectioners everywhere

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William Neilson Limited  
Toronto





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# "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

017

Is the best flavored and most economical Tea in the World.

Beware of high profit bearing substitutes.  
Sealed Lead Packets only.

## Comfort

Your Living Room or your Sewing Room may not be as warm as it might be on our cold days; especially if the wind is from the north or the west.

Drop in and see our assortment of electric heaters, which for a very little expense can turn a cheerless room into a cheerful one. These heaters can also be used on the gloomy days in Spring or Fall when the house furnace is not being used.

Call or Phone,

ADELAIDE 404

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

## BEETHAM'S La-rola



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 Frost, Cold Winds, 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 Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, ENG.

**CURE that BUNION**

Why bear the pain of enlarged toe joints when it is so easy to cure them permanently with Dr. Scholl's BUNION RIGHT.

Simply place one between your toes and get INSTANT RELIEF. It is comfortable, light, and sanitary. Does not interfere with walking. Guaranteed of money back. 50c each or \$1.00 pair at all good shoe or drug stores. Write for Dr. Scholl's free book on "Bunions."

The J. Scholl Mfg. Co.,  
214 King St. E., Toronto

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We can teach you how to make money, if you can sketch at all. Send us a sample of your work and let us advise you. Write

The Art Department,  
Shaw's Schools, Toronto  
W. H. Shaw, President

Biscuits and  
**Ingersoll**  
Cream  
Cheese

make a nourishing Lunch.

You will find INGERSOLL always fresh—and it "Spreads like Butter"

**Furniture at Factory Prices**

Sent Freight FREE to any Station in Ontario

Write for our large Photo-illustrated Catalogue No. 17

**Adams**  
Furniture Co., Limited  
TORONTO, ONT.

## The Impostor

(Continued from page 18.)

called to acquaint Colonel Barrington with my arrival."

Miss Barrington laughed pleasantly. "That," she said, "was neither dutiful nor friendly. I should have fancied you would also have desired to pay your respects to my niece and me."

Witham was not quite sure what he answered, but he drew in a deep breath, for he had made the plunge and felt that the worst was over. His companion evidently noticed the gasp of relief. "It was somewhat of an ordeal?" she said.

Witham looked down upon her gravely, and Miss Barrington noticed a steadiness in his eyes she had not expected to see. "It was, and I feel guilty because I was horribly afraid," he said. "Now I only wonder if you will always be equally kind to me."

Miss Barrington smiled a little, but the man fancied there was just a perceptible tightening of the hand upon his arm. "I would like to be, for your mother's sake," she said.

Witham understood that while Courthorne's iniquities were not to be brought up against him, the little gentle-voiced lady had but taken him on trial; but, perhaps because it was so long since any woman had spoken kindly words to him, his heart went out towards her, and he felt a curious desire to compel her good opinion. Then he found himself seated near the head of the long table, with Maud Barrington on his other hand, and had an uncomfortable feeling that most of the faces were turned somewhat frequently in his direction. It is also possible that he would have betrayed himself, had he been burdened with self-consciousness, but the long, bitter struggle he had fought alone had purged him of petty weaknesses and left him the closer grasp of essential things, with the strength of character which is one and the same in all men who possess it, whatever may be their upbringing.

During a lull in the voices, Maud Barrington, who may have felt it incumbent on her to show him some scant civility, turned towards him as she said, "I am afraid our conversation will not appeal to you. Partly because there is so little else to interest us, we talk wheat throughout the year at Silverdale."

"Well," said Witham with a curious little smile, "wheat as a topic is not quite new to me. In fact, I know almost more about cereals than some folks would care to do."

"In the shape of elevator warrants or Winnipeg market margins, presumably?"

Witham's eyes twinkled, though he understood the implication. "No," he said. "The wheat I handled was in 250-pound bags, and I occasionally grew somewhat tired of pitching them into a wagon, while my speculations usually consisted in committing it to the prairie soil, in the hope of reaping forty bushels to the acre, and then endeavouring to be content with ten. It is conceivable that operations on the Winnipeg market are less laborious as well as more profitable, but I have no opportunity of trying them."

Miss Barrington looked at him steadily, and Witham felt the blood surge to his forehead as he remembered having heard of a certain venture made by Courthorne, which brought discredit on one or two men, connected with the affairs of a grain elevator. It was evident that Miss Barrington had also heard of it, and no man cares to stand convicted of falsification in the eyes of a very pretty girl. Still, he roused himself with an effort.

"It is neither wise nor charitable to believe all one hears," he said.

The girl smiled a little, but the man still winced inwardly under her clear brown eyes that would, he fancied, have been very scornful had they been less indifferent.

"I do not remember mentioning having heard anything," she said. "Were you not a trifle premature in face of the proverb?"

Witham's face was a trifle grim, though he laughed. "I'm afraid I was; but I am warned," he said. "Excuses are, after all, not worth much, and when I make my defence it will be before a more merciful judge."

## Extra Gowns and Hats With Diamond Dyes

Why not have some extra gowns and hats this spring?

The styles this year are so simple that you can easily make any of them at home.



This Gown on the Left

Could anything be simpler to make? The charmeuse dress you wore last spring can be made up into a gown just as pretty as this. Dye the material one of the new spring shades.

Cut down the brim of one of your summer hats—use some of the silk in the dress and a bunch of flowers for the trimming. Your new gown and hat should not cost more than 10 cents—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes.

This Gown on the Right

Take your last summer voile dress—dye it a delicate lavender shade and trim it with buttons covered with material like the gown. For a hat to wear with this gown, use any straw that you have, face it with black velvet, and get a yard of lavender satin ribbon for the trimming.

Cream charmeuse dyed light green.

## Diamond Dyes

Diamond Dyes are making this possible for every woman in the country. Learn their use and have the joy of knowing that your wardrobe is really complete.

Mrs. R. L. Lee, of Boston, writes: "I often wonder why my friends don't have a greater number of gowns. Few dresses are really worn out after one season's wear, and they can always be made over and given new life and beauty with Diamond Dyes."

"With the aid of Diamond Dyes I have many extra gowns, waists, hats, collars, etc., and I know every woman would be happier if she would profit by my experience."

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk come in Blue envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in White envelopes.



White voile dyed lavender.

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Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics:

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as a vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.

### Do Not Be Deceived!

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and another class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.

AND REMEMBER: To get the best possible results in coloring Wool or Silk, use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

### 1913 Diamond Dye Annual Sent Free

This Book is Full of Dress Secrets, How to do Almost Magical Things About the Home, etc., etc.

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

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., LIMITED,  
200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.



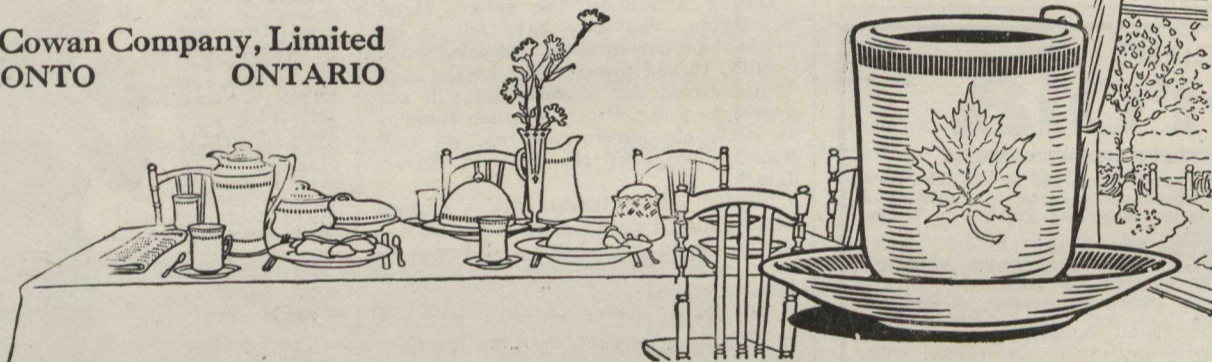


Everybody wants more—the flavor is so good. And mother knows that COWAN'S is good for them—old and young—because it is Cocoa in its purest form.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa has no added flavoring. Its delicious flavor is obtained by using only the highest grade of cocoa beans, and being careful to remove every particle of husk or shell. That is the reason that there is no bitter taste to Cowan's—and no sediment

There is nothing the children can eat or drink that will give them more real nourishment.

The Cowan Company, Limited  
TORONTO ONTARIO



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**GANONG'S**  
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND  
**CHOCOLATES**

**FOR ALL PARTIES**

Lunch, Five O'clock, Dinner,  
Bridge, Theatre, Week-end, Holiday.

**THE DELICIOUS G.B. CHOCOLATES**



The CANADIAN COURIER commends for the perusal of its readers the advertisements in the classified directory. Most of our readers will find some of these little business announcements that are of interest to them.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

Maud Barrington's curiosity was piqued. Lance Courthorne, outcast and gambler, was at least a different stamp of man from the type she had been used to, and, being a woman, the romance that was interwoven with his somewhat iniquitous career was not without its attractions for her.

"I did not know that you included farming among your talents, and should have fancied you would have found it—monotonous," she said.

"I did," and the provoking smile still flickered in Witham's eyes. "Are not all strictly virtuous occupations usually so?"

"It is probably a question of temperament. I have, of course, heard sardonic speeches of the kind before, and felt inclined to wonder whether those who made them were qualified to form an opinion."

Witham nodded, but there was a little ring in his voice. "Perhaps I laid myself open to the thrust; but have you any right to assume I have never followed a commendable profession?"

No answer was immediately forthcoming, but Witham did wisely when, in place of waiting, he turned to Miss Barrington. He had left her niece irritated, but the trace of anger she felt was likely to enhance her interest. The meal, however, was a trial to him, for he had during eight long years lived for the most part apart from all his kind, a lonely toiler, and now was constrained to personate a man known to be almost dangerously skilful with his tongue. At first sight the task appeared almost insuperably difficult, but Witham was a clever man, and felt all the thrill of one playing a risky game just then. Perhaps it was due to excitement that a readiness he had never fancied himself capable of came to him in his need, and, when at last the ladies rose, he felt that he had not slipped perilously. Still, he found how dry his lips had grown when somebody poured him a glass of wine. Then he became sensible that Colonel Barrington, who had apparently been delivering a lengthy monologue, was addressing him.

"The outlook is sufficient to cause us some anxiety," he said. "We are holding large stocks, and I can see no prospect of anything but a steady fall in wheat. It is, however, presumably a little too soon to ask your opinion."

"Well," said Witham, "while I am prepared to act upon it, I would recommend it to others with some diffidence. No money can be made at present by farming, but I see no reason why we should not endeavour to cut our losses by selling forward down. If caught by a sudden rally, we could fall back on the grain we hold."

There was a sudden silence, until Dane said softly, "That is exactly what one of the cleverest brokers in Winnipeg recommended."

"I think," said Colonel Barrington, "you heard my answer. I am inclined to fancy that such a measure would not be advisable or fitting, Mr. Courthorne. You, however, presumably know very little about the practical aspect of the wheat question?"

Witham smiled. "On the contrary, I know a great deal."

"You do!" said Barrington sharply, and while a blunderer would have endeavoured to qualify his statement, Witham stood by it.

"You are evidently not aware, sir, that I have tried my hand at farming, though not very successfully."

"That, at least," said Barrington dryly, as he rose, "is quite credible."

When they went into the smaller room, Witham crossed over to where Maud Barrington sat alone, and looked down upon her gravely. "One discovers that frankness is usually best," he said. "Now, I would not like to feel that you had determined to be unfriendly with me."

Maud Barrington fixed a pair of clear brown eyes upon his face, and the faintest trace of astonishment crept into them. She was a woman with high principles, but neither a fool nor a prude, and she saw no sign of dissolute living there. The man's gaze was curiously steady, his skin clear and brown, and his s'newy form suggested a capacity for, and she almost fancied an acquaintance with, physical toil. Yet he had already denied the truth to her. Witham, on his part, saw a very fair face with wholesome pride in it, and



# Two Cents a Week Pays Wash Bill!

This Washer eliminates labor and practically saves all cost. Does a big family washing for two cents a week—yes, and the wringing, too. It's one of the greatest marvels the world has ever known. Runs by electricity or waterpower.

Washes a tubful spotlessly clean in two to six minutes! Wrings out the clothes as fast as you feed them—prove it at our expense.

Any Woman Can Have a

**1900 Motor Washer**  
On 30 Days' Free Trial



Don't send money. You can try it first at our expense. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user is delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to

L. V. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

## Goddard's Plate Polishes Silver Powder

Cleans quickly and gives beautiful lustre to all kinds of silverware. Never scratches. 25c. a box at your dealer's or postpaid from F. L. BENEDICT & CO., Montreal.

### Jack Sondon

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH CASH'S WOVEN NAME-TAPES

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

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

## Cash's Woven Names

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

A Queen so world-famed for her beautiful complexion as Queen Alexandra must necessarily be a critical judge of a talcum powder. You should be guided by her selection of

**Gosnell's Cherry Blossom Talc Powder**

It is exquisitely soft and smooth, faintly but deliciously perfumed. Cherry Blossom Soap is also used by the Royal Household. At your druggist's, or write

**Nerlich & Company**  
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Toronto

For Sale in Toronto by the Seven Owl Drug Stores.

felt that the eyes which were coldly contemptuous now could, if there was a warrant for it, grow very gentle.

"Would it be of any moment if I were?" she said.

"Yes," said Witham quietly. "There are two people here it is desirable for me to stand well with, and the first of them, your aunt, has, I fancy, already decided to give me a fair trial. She told me it was for my mother's sake. Now, I can deal with your uncle."

The girl smiled a little. "Are you quite sure? Everybody does not find it easy to get on with Colonel Barrington. His code is somewhat draconic."

Witham nodded. "He is a man, and I hope to convince him I have at least a right to toleration. That leaves only you. The rest don't count. They will come round by and by, you see."

The little forceful gesture with which he concluded pleased Maud Barrington. It was free from vanity, but conveyed an assurance that he knew his own value.

"No friendship that is lightly given is worth very much," she said. "I could decide better in another six months. Now it is perhaps fortunate that Colonel Barrington is waiting for us to make up his four at whist."

Witham allowed a faint gesture of dismay to escape him. "Must I play?" "Yes," said the girl, smiling. "Whist is my uncle's hobby, and he is enthusiastic over a clever game."

Witham groaned inwardly. "And I am a fool at whist."

"Then it was poker you played?" and again a faint trace of anger crept into the girl's eyes.

Witham shook his head. "No," he said. "I had few opportunities of indulging in expensive luxuries."

"I think we had better take our places," said Maud Barrington, with unveiled contempt.

Witham's forehead grew a trifle hot, and when he sat down Barrington glanced at him. "I should explain that we never allow stakes of any kind at Silverdale," he said. "Some of the lads sent out to me have been a trifle extravagant in the old country."

He dealt out the cards, but a trace of bewildered irritation crept into his eyes as the game proceeded, and once or twice he appeared to check an exclamation of astonishment, while at last the glanced reproachfully at Witham.

"My dear sir! Still, you have ridden a long way," he said, laying his finger on a king.

Witham laughed to hide his dismay. "I am sorry, sir. It was scarcely fair to my partner. You would, however, have beaten us, anyway."

Barrington gravely gathered up the cards. "We will," he said, "have some music. I do not play poker."

Then, for the first time, Witham lost his head in his anger. "Nor do I, sir."

Barrington only looked at him, but the farmer felt as though somebody had struck him in the face, and as soon as he conveniently could, bade Miss Barrington good night.

"But we expected you would stay here a day or two. Your place is not ready," she said.

Witham smiled at her. "I think I am wise. I must feel my way."

Miss Barrington was won, and, making no further protest, signed to Dane. "You will take Mr. Courthorne home with you," she said. "I would have kept him here, but he is evidently anxious to talk over affairs with some one more of his age than my brother is."

Dane appeared quite willing, and an hour later, Witham sat, cigar in hand, in a room of his outlying farm. It was furnished simply, but there were signs of taste, and the farmer who occupied it had already formed a good opinion of the man whose knowledge of his own profession astonished him.

"So you are actually going to sell wheat in face of the Colonel's views?" he said.

"Of course," said Witham simply. "I don't like unpleasantness, but I can allow no man to dictate my affairs to me."

Dane grinned. "Well," he said, "the Colonel can be nasty, and he has no great reason for being fond of you already."

"No?" said Witham. "Now, of course, my accession will make a difference at Silverdale, but I would consider it a

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in the States and Canada now buy their hosiery this way—a million regular customers. For every pair they wear out within six months of the day they buy them, we pay them back with a new pair free. But we don't have to replace many pairs. In all of our thirteen years of "Holeproof," 95 per cent of the output has outlasted the guarantee. That means

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just to inspect "Holeproof." Our inspectors' salaries cost that every year. But every pair is twice closely examined before it is sent out. That means perfect hosiery—no disappointment when the six pairs are received. It means, in all probability, that the hose will last longer than six months. We cannot afford to let poor hose go out, for we have a great reputa-



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or write us a letter. There are two grades of Cashmere "Holeproof" for men: Medium, \$2 for six pairs; Fine, \$3 for six pairs. Six pairs for women cost \$3. Every six pairs are guaranteed six months. Colors for men are black, tan, and navy blue—for women, black and tan. Three pairs of children's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed three months, \$1.

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**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. of CANADA, Ltd.**  
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**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for ..... (state whether for men, women or children). Size.....Color.....

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The best polish made for furniture and other finished surfaces. Restores and preserves the original lustre.



Use it in dusting. It cleans and disinfects as well as polishes.

Hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Get a trial can to-day.

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# CANADIAN COURIER CONTEST

## Every Candidate in the Race to be Rewarded in Accordance to Work Done. There Will be None Who Will Go Unrewarded.

Changes have now begun to appear in the standing of the Canadian Courier Contest candidates, and these will be more pronounced as the contest progresses. The candidates will receive many ballots from readers of the Canadian Courier, and these will help to swell the total of their vote quite rapidly. Publishing the list of candidates has made it possible for subscribers to the Canadian Courier to ascertain who are the candidates in their vicinity, and all can give these candidates assistance which will be greatly appreciated. If subscribers who have a number of ballots for any candidate, and who may not know the exact address of that candidate, will write the name of the candidate on the ballots and drop them in an envelope addressed to Contest Department, Canadian Courier, Box 267, Toronto, the ballots will be credited in the official standing to the candidate for whom they are intended.

Many readers of the Canadian Courier in sections where there are no candidates at present can suggest some ambitious girl who would appreciate winning the year in college or the trip to Europe. If they will send the name to the Canadian Courier full information regarding the contest will be sent the young lady, or if the nomination blank at the bottom of this page is turned over to the girl in question she can forward her nomination to the Canadian Courier, and all necessary information will be immediately sent to her.

There are a number of important sections, cities and towns, which, up to the present, have no candidate. Some one can win in these places just as well as not. There will be many who would be tremendously benefited by either the college course or the trip, and it will be a pity if they are not made aware of the opportunity which has presented itself.

Under the amended rules of the contest every candidate will get some reward, and there will be none who will do the work and get nothing in return. Every candidate who sends in the required number of subscriptions will get the year in college or the trip, and all others will get a cash return for their efforts in proportion to their success. This is an extremely liberal offer.

### The standing by districts follows:

#### DISTRICT NO. 1—All cities over 75,000.

Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto	10,350
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	10,300
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	10,250
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B. C.	10,150
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	10,000
Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,000
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto	10,000
Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal	10,000

#### DISTRICT NO. 2.—All cities over 25,000 and below 75,000.

Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N. S.	19,600
Miss Edna Evans, Edmonton, Alta.	10,750
Miss Mabelle Carter, London, Ont.	10,600
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N. B.	10,150
Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,100
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	10,050
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N. B.	10,050
Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta.	10,000

#### DISTRICT NO. 3.—All cities over 10,000 and below 25,000.

Miss Agnes Pilon, Brandon, Man.	15,100
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B. C.	10,400
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,300
Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,200
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,200
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,100
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	10,000
Miss Eva Gardner, Brantford, Ont.	10,000

#### DISTRICT NO. 4.—All cities and towns under 10,000.

Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N. S.	43,550
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P. E. I.	20,050
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	18,250
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	17,500
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N. B.	12,750

Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	12,600
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	10,300
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	10,250
Miss Annie Butler, Enniskillen Station, N. B.	10,150
Miss Etheline Schleihauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	10,100
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	10,100
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,100
Miss Gwen Coles, Woodstock, Ont.	10,100
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N. S.	10,100
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	10,100
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	10,100
Miss Esther Dewney, Camex, P.O., B. C.	10,050
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	10,050
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,000
Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Loomer, Kingsport, N. S.	10,000
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N. B.	10,000
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N. S.	10,000
Miss Jennie E. Logan, Diamond City, Alta.	10,100
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	10,000
Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	10,000

### Ballot No. 6

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

For Miss .....

Address .....

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before April 26, 1913.

## Nomination Blank

I hereby nominate Miss .....

Address .....

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

Signed ..... Countersigned by .....

Address ..... Pastor of .....

Church or Parish

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

friendly act if you will let me know the views of the colony.

Dane looked thoughtful. "The trouble is that your taking up the land leaves less for Maud Barrington than there would have been. Barrington, who is fond of the girl, was trustee for the property, and after your—estrangement—from your father everybody expected she would get it all."

"So I have deprived Miss Barrington of part of her income?"

"Of course," said Dane. "Didn't you know?"

Witham found it difficult to answer. "I never quite realized it before. Are there more accounts against me?"

"That," said Dane slowly, "is rather a facer. We are all more or less friends of the dominant family, you see."

Witham laid down his cigar and stood up. "Now," he said, "I generally talk straight, and you have held out a hand to me. Can you believe in the apparent improbability of such a man as I am in the opinion of the folks at Silverdale getting tired of a wasted life and trying to walk straight again? I want your answer, yes or no, before I head across the prairie for my own place."

"Sit down," said Dane with a little smile. "Do you think I would have brought you here if I hadn't believed it? And, if I have my way, the first man who flings a stone will be sorry for it. Still, I don't think any of them will—or could afford it. If we had all been saints, some of us would never have come out from the old country."

He stopped and poured out two glasses of wine. "It's a long while since I've talked so much," he said. "Here's to our better acquaintance, Courthorne."

After that they talked wheat-growing and horses, and when his guest returned Dane still sat smoking thoughtfully beside the stove. "We want a man with nerve and brains," he said. "I fancy the one who has been sent us will make a difference at Silverdale."

It was about the same time when Colonel Barrington stood talking with his niece and sister in Silverdale Grange. "And the man threw that trick away when it was absolutely clear who had the ace—and wished me to believe that he forgot!" he said.

His face was flushed with indignation, but Miss Barrington smiled at her niece. "What is your opinion, Maud?"

The girl moved one white shoulder with a little gesture of disdain. "Can you ask—after that! Besides, he twice wilfully perverted facts while he talked to me, though it was not in the least necessary."

Miss Barrington looked thoughtful. "And yet, because I was watching him, I do not think he plays cards well."

"But he was a professional gambler," said the girl.

The elder lady shook her head. "So we—heard," she said. "My dear, give him a little time. I have seen many men and women—and can't help a fancy that there is good in him."

"Can the leopard change his spots?" asked Colonel Barrington, with a grim smile.

The little white-haired lady glanced at him as she said quietly, "When the wicked man—"

(To be continued.)

**The Cautious Scot.**—A Scotsman went to a solicitor, laid before him a question, and asked him if he could undertake the case, reports the Birmingham Weekly Post.

"Certainly," replied the solicitor. "I will readily undertake the case. We're sure to win."

"So ye really think it's a good case?" "Most decidedly, my dear sir. I am prepared to guarantee that you will secure a favourable verdict."

"Ah, weel, I'm much obliged tae ye, but I dinna think I'll go tae law this time, for, you see, the case I've laid before ye is my opponent's."—Youth's Companion.

**The Natural Question.**—First Doctor

—"I operated on him for appendicitis."

Second Doctor—"What was the matter with him?"—Life.

**Telling it to Him.**—Road Hog (after mishap in which puppy has been run over)—"Madam, I will replace the animal." Indignant Owner—"Sir, you flatter yourself."—London Opinion.



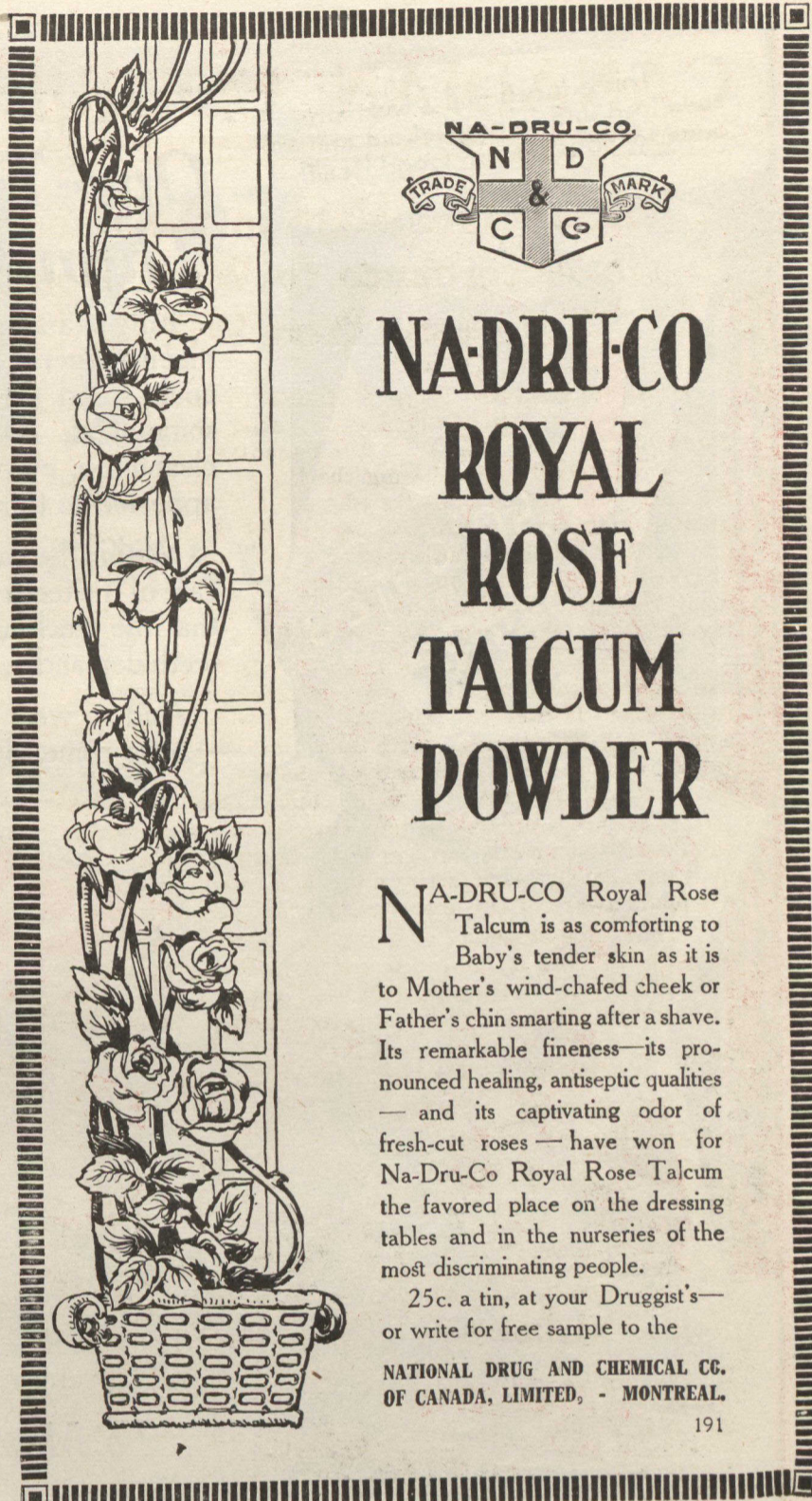
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If a woman could tell exactly how many needless steps she takes in "the kitchen without a cabinet," she wouldn't wonder why she was generally over tired. The

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is a labor saver because everything a woman uses for cooking is at hand; it cuts out the hundred and one needless journeys across the kitchen and enables you to sit down and do your work quickly and tidily.

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John A. Bruce & Co. Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario  
Seed Merchants  
Established 1850



This educational advertising has helped, and is helping, old and young to Good Teeth—Good Health

# Our Teeth are Better Than Our Parents' Teeth

Fifty years ago there was little known about the care of the teeth. The manufacturers of the few dentifrices then on the market did as best they could—and their preparations, in spite of grit and "druggy" taste, did some good. The grit served to clean teeth which never had known cleanliness, even though it scratched them too. The medicine taste appealed to those who thought nothing that *tasted good* could *do good*.

Within the past few years people have come to a realization that proper care of the teeth demands a dentifrice *without grit*—and that the teaching of children to care for their teeth demands a pleasant tasting dentifrice.

And so we have come to



Here then is a real dentifrice:

It cleans thoroughly, safely. There is no druggy taste—it is not over-medicated.

Over-medication is frowned upon by dentists and their patients. A pleasant taste is recognized as an advantage in starting young people on the road to Good Teeth—Good Health. Ribbon Dental Cream is an easy riding vehicle on that road.

## To Mothers, Dentists and Other Teachers

Regular care of the teeth by young people now will avoid years of regret later on. We do not go so far as the New York Times, which said in a recent editorial:

"A boy whose teeth are bad, whose mouth and throat are swollen and germ-laden, whose nasal, oral and ocular passages are stopped up, blinks when he looks at the blackboard, fails to hear his name when called upon, is bowed by defective breathing, and is pained in digestion. He becomes a truant, rebellious and a liar. Give him an oral cleansing and complete masticatory repairs, and you begin to make of him a gentleman and a scholar." [The underlining is ours]

We quote this, although we do not agree that neglected teeth necessarily make a child untruthful. But we do say that good teeth are necessary for good digestion, and good digestion is necessary for good health.

So that more may know Ribbon Dental Cream, a trial tube will be sent for 4c in stamps. If you wish our instructive "Oral Hygiene" merely say "Send the Book." It is free.

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