

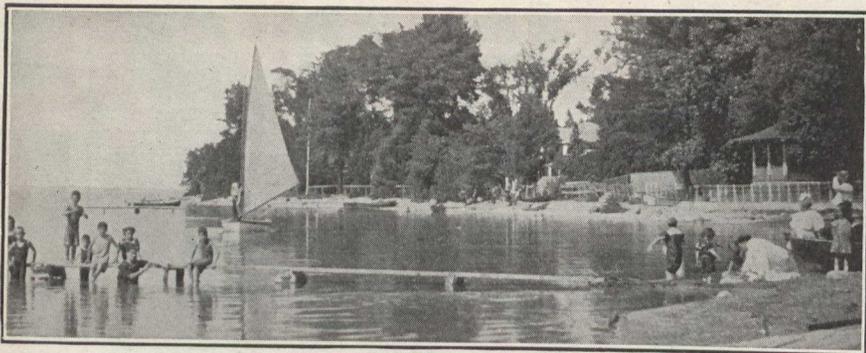
The Canadian COURIER

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

TRAVEL NUMBER

A LARGE number of clever people perform the next to impossible by globe-trotting over half the world without traveling. This is not done by reading travel magazines or going to the movies. It is done by the simple method of touring. There's some difference between a traveler and a tourist. There are tourists who have spent large fortunes in globe-trotting and have never traveled. There are people who have never been five hundred miles from their own front gates and may be regarded as perfect travelers. A tourist is a person who packs as many trunks as he can, buys tickets as far as he can, loads himself with souvenirs and comes home with his luggage bill-posted with labels. A traveler is a man who may start from home by the same old street-car route in the morning and before he gets down town has seen enough incidents to make him interesting without being garrulous when he gets home again. This Travel Number of the Canadian Courier is intended to be interesting both to travelers and tourists. It mainly concerns a country of tremendous travel routes; a land which was born in travel and has been kept up ever since by people who traveled and saw and drove stakes and pulled them again and moved on most of the time towards the sunset. From the giant cherry tree rows now blooming between Digby and Bear River in Nova Scotia, to the grand cloud-dancing glide that swings the traveler under the heights of Mt. Robson and beyond to the Pacific, there is more scenic interest for the tourist than in any other country we know. There may be more human and sub-human interest in Fleet St. than in the whole of Canada. But Fleet St. is a world of people. Canada is a world of landscapes with enough people as yet to make it possible for Canadians to see their own country without traveling the west in a buckboard and on horseback, as the late Duke of Argyll did in 1881. All Canada is interesting to the tourist. A great deal of Canada is equally interesting to the traveler. Some day we shall be a nation of travelers who see not only their own country, but as much of the world as possible without being mere students of Baedeker and the tipping system.

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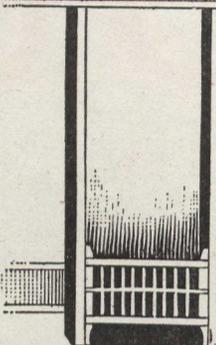
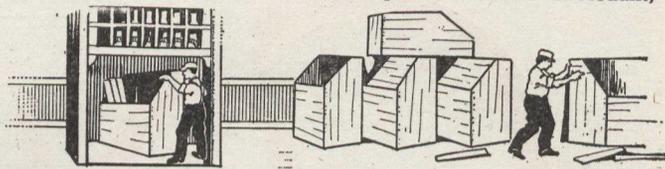
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Harmony vs. Discord

HARMONY in the arrangement of a piano salesroom plays an equally important role in the making of a sale as harmony in the instrument to be sold.

When the prospective customer is protected from discordant, jarring



notes, and the general appearance of a show room is suggestive of luxury and refinement, the salesman's work is simplified.

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An Otis-Fensom Freight Elevator makes possible the use of the



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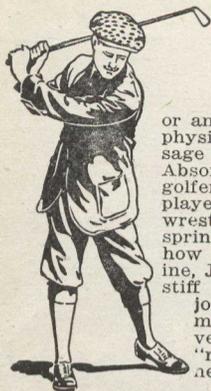
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or any sport or severe physical exertion massage the muscles with Absorbine, Jr. Leading golfers and baseball players do. So do wrestlers, walkers and sprinters. They know how quickly Absorbine, Jr., limbers up the stiff muscles and joints, stops inflammation and prevents the usual "next-day" soreness.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 26

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There will be plenty of presents of the frivolous kind—china dogs, silver candlesticks and such like pretty, but useless gifts. You show some consideration. Let yours be the gift that she will quickly learn to appreciate most. After honeymoon days comes the serious business of life and here is where you can do the bride the greatest kindness. A KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET will help her through many an otherwise weary day. It will start her right as a tidy, careful little housewife, and she will quickly find out that YOURS was the present with the greatest REAL value.



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The Eureka \$335.00

In Lighter Vein

Unsanctified Vocabulary.—A bird-dealer had in his shop a taciturn parrot. Day after day it sat silent on its perch, indifferent to every question. At last a Cuban lady came into the shop and spoke to it in her native tongue. The parrot brightened up at once, opened its beak, and emitted a jubilant volley of vehement Spanish words. When the parrot finally ceased speaking the lady turned to the owner and, blushing violently, asked:

"Do you understand Spanish?"

"No," he replied.

"Thank heaven!" she said, and left the shop.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Alternative.—They were building a new church and the funds had not come in as fast as had been expected and the priest thought he would simplify matters by appointing a sum of money which he thought proportionate to each man's wealth, and so he taxed Con Hagerty \$1,000. Con had begun to feel the religious indifference that sometimes goes with success, and when he heard that he had been mulcted a thousand dollars he was frantic. "I'll never pay it," he exclaimed; "I'll become a Presbyterian and go to hell first."

This Censor Stuff.—Dr. Frank Crane in the New York Globe says: "Before leaving for Corfu on his vacation the Kaiser issued two commands, directing society people how to behave themselves at their own dinner-tables.

"The first order was that they should not sit at dinner more than forty-five minutes; the second, that the gentlemen, instead of lingering for a while alone to smoke and tell man stories, should rise when the ladies retire from the board, and go with them into the drawing-room. It is added that fashionable society is going meekly to obey.

"It is getting to be a nice, fine world, thanks to the zeal of the regulators. Pretty soon the only place where a man can go to commit a crime in any sort of comfort will be out in the barn or down in the furnace-room.

"Indianapolis has a dance censor, a lady who hangs around whenever a dance is given and sees to it that a visiting card can be inserted between the tangoers.

"It is as much as a man's reputation is worth to ride in a crowded street-car. Some pure-minded vestibule virgin is liable to have him arrested for standing too near, or for not standing near enough.

"When you hear a woman scream you'd better make off as fast as you can run. The fact that you have been a church member for forty years and are old, bald, and reputable can not save you from being arrested as a poison-needler. Beat it!"—The Argonaut.

Experienced.—At a negro wedding, when the clergyman read the words "love, honour, and obey," the bridegroom interrupted and said: "Read that again, sah! Read it once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married befo'."

Your Part in a Dialogue.—"Why, Mrs. Codlins, 'ow are you, 'ow are you? I 'aven't seen you to speak to for ages." "No, Mrs. Whidden; no more 'aven't I you, neither."—Punch.

"The Whole Truth."—"You say the prisoner had been drinking," said his Worship. "Drinking what?"

"Whisky, I think," replied the intelligent officer.

"You think? Don't you know the smell of whisky? Aren't you a judge?"

"No, yer Worship; only a policeman."

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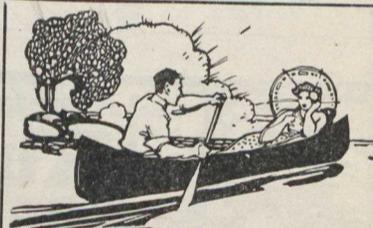
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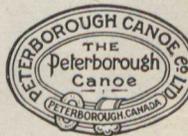
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
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Vol. XV.

May 30, 1914

No. 26

A Trip Down the St. Lawrence

The Last Great Lake, Then an Eddy of Enchanted Islands, a String of Rapids, and a Broad, Big River to the Sea

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

GEOGRAPHERS say the St. Lawrence begins just where the Great Lakes leave off, at the Thousand Islands. Not so; it begins at Toronto on board one of the big boats that carry every season thousands of tourists who don't live in Canada, as well as thousands who do, down as far as Prescott, where the real excitement of the trip begins to commence. Of course that part of the journey is Lake Ontario, which is not adventurous.

Last summer a traveller to Quebec from Toronto, being bunked up with some unknown party, left his luggage in the state-room and strolled down to the barber shop. Half through a hair-cut, a voice called from the rear:

"Is Number 47 here?"

"Present!" mumbled that personage, unable to see the voice.

"Then a friend of mine and myself would like to ask if you'd mind swapping 47 for a state-room all by yourself."

"Nothing easier. Lug in your luggage."

In the evening he had met the two who had swapped rooms. The elder man, who had effected the deal, said:

"That was very decent of you."

"Not at all. Didn't I get a room all to myself?"

"Yes, but we want to thank you. My young friend and myself prefer to be together. He found he was bunked with a stranger, and he didn't like it. So we're glad to be together."

"Oh? Old friends, I suppose?"

"No. No, we only met since the boat left Toronto."

Which may be taken as one of the cordialities that cause strangers to become friends on the St. Lawrence route, which is as much American as Canadian. In fact, more people from down south seem to travel by that route than people from Toronto or any part of Ontario—until you get to Montreal.

ABRIEF call at a nondescript little city that seems to be the port of Rochester as Avonmouth is of Bristol, and you are off again, to snoozeland and Kingston, which in the grey fogs of the dawn peers stone-walled and frowning from sleep at the busy boat soon to be on the edge of the Thousand Islands. Here the last of the Great Lakes crowds and packs itself into a hurlyburly of land and water that has no equal in America for picturesque variety. People wonder why there should be a thousand islands at the head of the St. Lawrence. The same people might wonder why, on the road from Port Arthur to Winnipeg, the solid rocks gradually peter out to ledges, and the ledges to boulders, and the boulders dwindle into mere dots on the land that in Manitoba becomes the uninterrupted prairie. One formation doesn't give way to another without a struggle. Five great lakes swirling down on the head of the St. Lawrence couldn't be expected to do anything but sluice themselves into every nook and cranny they could find in the effort to get out over the land without being forced by gravitation into a regular channel less than a mile wide. Every day, between April and December, the St. Lawrence is born again in this cribbing and confining of a vast chain of lakes into the bed of a mighty river whose last cosmic protest is felt in the churning delirium of the string of rapids that between Prescott and Montreal keeps hundreds of passengers from going to sleep. The Thousand Islands and the rapids beyond them are the tumultuous and headlong conversion of lakes to the majesty of one of the greatest rivers in the world.

Moment you arrive within the enchanting laby-

rinths of this long maze of islands, you realize that this must be the very place where Archie Pelago was born. If there is any kind of island not mentioned in the Thousand Islands catalogue, it must be one not yet emerged from the sea. They are all here, to larboard and starboard, astern and forward, whizzing past with the easy grace of a kaleidoscope; for when from the hurricane deck of a big lake liner doing best of twenty knots you watch these islands dance, big and little, high and low, inhabited and uninhabited, bushy and bare, rocky and verdure-clad, gardened and unkempt, castled and cottaged and tented—you are liable to imagine that the last little snifter you may have got below stairs went to your head. It isn't necessary to buy the pictorial catalogue that the boy comes bawling up with at fifty cents

goes; but there should be always the probability of wild people, of gnomes and cobolds and elves and giants—and the navigation company should employ a man whose special business it is to stand on the bridge with a musical megaphone and spiel off, not the names of the plutocrats who have bought up the islands in the name of various flags, but the legends of the improbable that make the passenger forget that money has anything to do with the Thousand Islands.

Middle of a delirious afternoon you swing into Alexandra Bay, which for twenty minutes at the dock is a dialogue duel between the garrulous porters of two enormous hotels each clamouring:

"This way to the Heavenly House—"

"This way to the Miracle House—"

Most of the people who go to either one or the other are Americans; and most of those who get aboard for the trip down to the rapids are the same. By noon the boat wheedles her magnificent way through the last of the islands into the unencumbered St. Lawrence. The first stage of the river drama is over. The second is about to begin; and the scene changes at Prescott, where the passengers step off the big liner and go aboard one of the chute-the-chute crafts that daily go up and down the lower part of the upper St. Lawrence between Prescott and Montreal.

SOME difference in the amount of per capita elbow room; but plenty of facility for refreshment and sitting out to gaze at hour after hour of broad, big, scenescapes that never weary. The ingenious young man at your elbow desires to compute the knottage of the boat by assuming that certain farms are so many rods wide and counting the number of line fences we pass in a minute. His results are quite ridiculous. So are yours. At any rate, the boat is going fast enough; and on both sides of the river you get all the scenery of farmscape, spired-up little French towns, thrifty little Ontario villages and big, clattering factories—till along about three o'clock you are into the grip of the first real rapids and the power goes off below; the boat rushes and reels in the white-capped swirl of the cataract at impossible miles an hour, down and down and around the headlands and this way and that way, rocking and reeling and romping like a river god—till much to the regret of all the passengers she is at last into the open, level of the river again.

Next rapids you come to, bigger and better than the first, some nobby young man on the lower deck, eager to miss nothing, gets half a ton of water flung on to his new summer suit. Hence—language and much laughter. Now comes a rain and you are held up by the mist. On again. The sun struggles out. It is welcome. Nobody wants to hang up this side of Lachine until morning. And Lachine to be worth while must be seen in its full blaze of diabolical adventure.

We are late; but there is still a good hour of clear light. All the passengers are now on top deck. All the field-glasses are up. Everybody cranes to forward. A few pretend to be nervous! and they may be permitted. There is something about Lachine, the last of the trio of great rapids, that can't be got in either the Cedar or the Long Sault. You begin to feel it the moment the power goes off below. You feel it more as you get past the edge of a foaming, fuming unrest of wicked water that looks to be inhabited by devil-fishes and sharks and deep-sea monsters of destruction. The pilot is aboard. Oh

(Concluded on page 23.)



A river, which combines the majesty of the Mississippi, the picturesque glamour of the Hudson and the idyllic charm of a woodland brook.

apiece. These islands can't be catalogued. It takes hours to get through them; and if you take a notion to count a dizzy thousand, you may very well do it, and then be sure you haven't kept tab on half the lot.

THE book informs you that most of the castles are owned by wealthy Americans—who evidently have as much good taste as money, for they have always improved on the original. But it's ridiculous that no imaginative scribe has ever undertaken either to collect or to invent legends about these islands. It's not enough that rich Canadians and Americans have built castles and cottages on them and combed and cultivated the rocky, bald-headed and tree-clad slopes into paradises of pastoral beauty; or that summer-resorters should stick up tents and tepees, and idyllic canoeists should thread in and out by the light of the moon to the swish of the soft, soothing paddle and the murmur of love-haunted voices. That's all very well as far as it



The rock-hedged road near St. Placide that leads to the famous Trappist Monastery at Oka, between Ottawa and Montreal.

Tramping To Oka

The Story of a Week's Walk in Quebec
By J. HARRY SMITH

TRAMPING is hardly the word to use in connection with this trip, despite its alliterative charm. We were walking, or more properly, sauntering. Two of us, like-minded in folly, started from Ottawa. The electric car took us over the bridge to Hull. Parliament Hill, the river and the two cities lay under a blaze of hot morning sunshine. At Hull no one knew the way to the next village on the map, which we found to be always the case in Quebec. But having journeyed two or three hours along a somewhat uninteresting road we arrived at Gatineau Point, and here began the constant succession of delightful scenes that were all about us until, a week or so later, we passed through Lachine and into the grimier suburbs of Montreal.

Quebec's scenery is about as like that of Ontario as the French-Canadian farmer or villager is like either one of Ontario, and that's not much. The very look of the trees, the hills and the cosy little wayside farms would convince you that you were in a different country, even if the unfailing courtesy and evident cheerfulness of every man, woman and child you met did not. Walking through a country you notice these things as you never can from the window of a train.

Farther along the route came Ange, a village of a few cottages and a pretty church, where hospitality even beyond the legal limit was forced upon us by a couple of burly and kindly village dignitaries. Perhaps this was the most typically French-Canadian village we saw. It lay scattered along both sides of a winding street and boasted an inn that in construction and management could be found nowhere outside of Quebec. An hour or so later, as the day drew to a close, we crossed a turbulent river by means of an old-fashioned covered-in bridge, and found ourselves at Masson. A big church, a long row of ugly square-fronted, mispainted or unpainted two-storey shacks fronting a wide, treeless field, and behind that dozens of little houses huddled together as though hiding behind their more pretentious and uglier neighbours.

Masson is unlovely to look upon. But its cooking is fair, and on the next day, Sunday, we saw every able-bodied human being going to the big church. Such costumes—such colours; we do not see them in Ontario. Perhaps you think we do not want to, and perhaps you are wrong. Those flashing colours make up just what Masson needs to be picturesque. But one must not forget the vivacity, flashing eyes and comely features of the French-Canadian girls, who seemed to pour by the dozen out of every little house. Still, Masson needs all this to make it interesting. A mile away the river tumbles and dashes its way through rocky banks, and after walking to it you are sorry for Masson, so ugly near such beauty. But Masson appears to be very happy, especially on Sunday afternoons.

THE road to Papineauville was hot and dusty, and we were glad to arrive at the town, finding there much of the old-world charm that had impressed us at Ange. You hear but little English in this part of the country, but you meet with many Scotch names. We came across a Macdonald and a Mackay, both of them in appearance and language purely French, and one of them a descendant of

Papineau.

Another hot, dusty road, led on to Lachute. We knew it was hotter and dustier than any of the others had been, because we saw it—from the windows of a stuffy local train. There may be those who would sneer and call this a train-assisted walking tour. Not so—there were good reasons. I believe it looked like rain—in fact, I'm sure it did rain.

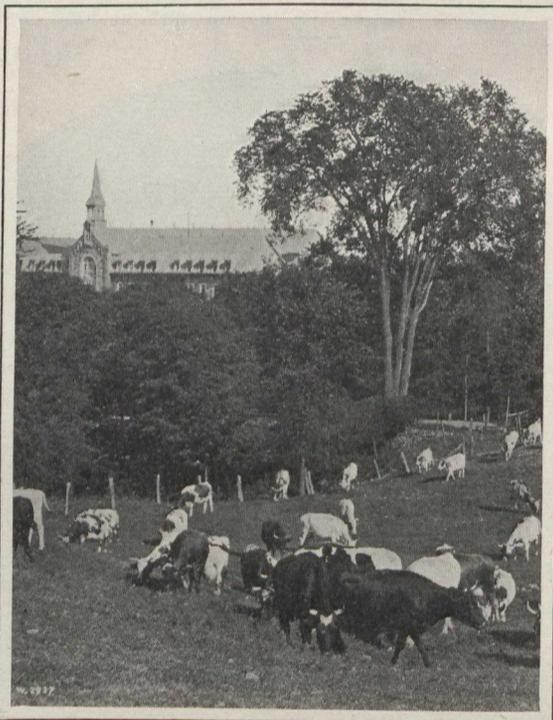
Lachute appeared inviting—to the eye, very pretty indeed; but, of course, its hotel had nothing to do with that and we decided to go on to East St. Andrews. Now, freely and without shame, I confess I did not walk this eight or so miles.

I was driven to St. Andrews by one who looked like a robber, talked English like a Toronto carter and was as French in name and habit as a man might be. He told me of a settlement "way back" somewhere where neither French nor English is spoken, only pure Gaelic. A couple of miles of soft sand winding through a bush, then a good road through such pastoral scenery as I never expected to see in Canada. On either hand a wide stretch of undulating country that looked as if it had been tilled for centuries. Beautiful houses, big and little, of rough-cast and stone that had been lived in and loved for generations; fine, fat cattle, and behind it all forest-clad hills running on into the blue. But great, purple clouds began to pile up behind us and we dashed into a little inn yard at St. Andrews as the big drops fell.

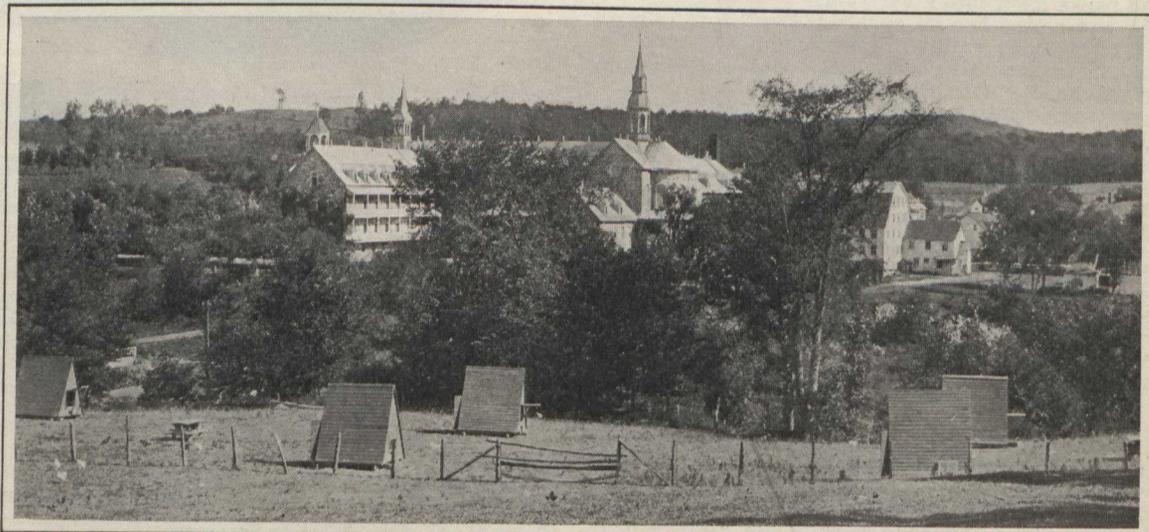
MY bold friend had started out in a determined frame of mind, and, amongst other things, a shirt of virgin whiteness, his coat and knapsack having also been driven over. I feared for his safety in that tremendous storm, but he found refuge in a farm-house of seignorial appearance and conversed on certain scholarly matters with a courteous Frenchman of Scotch name and courtly dignity until the storm was over.

We had again come to the river, now a noble, broad stream. From a bridge here there is a view for all the world like a bit of the English Thames.

Next morning it was on to Oka. A fine road, now at the water's edge and now between fields littered with countless boulders and fences. At St. Placide we met the only discourteous Frenchman on the trip—the hotel keeper, whom we reduced to servility



Some of the Ayrshire and French-Canadian cattle, from which the Monks at Oka make the celebrated Oka cheese.



General view of the most remarkable Monastery in Canada, built by the Trappists, at Oka, near the Lake of Two Mountains, in the Province of Quebec.

D. du Lac. La Trappe, Qué.
Inhumation d'un Religieux.



Nowhere else in Canada could be found such an impressive country funeral as this inhumation of one of the Monks at Oka.

by flashing before him a carefully "stuffed" role of bills. We spent an hour waiting on St. Placide's stone pier, which was to take us farther down the river. We had the company of a habitant bridal party. The sprightliness of the lady's remarks cost my friend many blushes and me some regrets for an incomplete education. The boat bore us down the river past village after village, each with its church spire, and on into the Lake of Two Mountains, where we drew up at the Oka wharf.

Every street in Oka is interesting, but the monastery is five miles beyond and the day was getting on, so we were driven over in a shaky vehicle as novel to our eyes as the youthful driver was taciturn. The road ran straight back into the hills through several fine dairy farms, the excellent management of which is said to be due to the splendid example of the Trappist monks. Later the road entered a gate and dropped precipitously into a ravine, giving us a fine view of the monastery at its base. It was a large building of grey stone, looking like so many hundred other religious buildings to be found throughout Quebec. We passed through a pretty garden and drew up at the gate, beyond which few men and no women may pass.

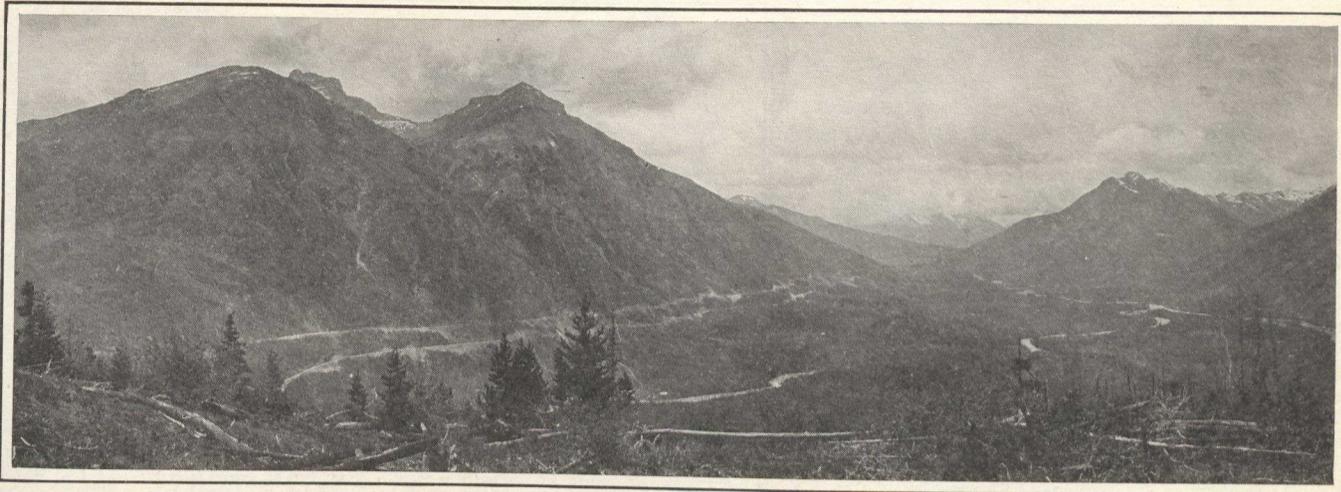
THE monks at Oka are of the Cistercian or Trappist order. The fathers wear white and the brothers brown. Nearly all of them are French, although a few are said to be English. We were met at the wicket by a father who received in silence our query as to whether we might stay the night and then disappeared. One after the other, several monks of varying dignity came to ask us questions, and then we learned that if we might stay it would be a great favour, as the practice of receiving guests had been discontinued as the result of an order from the chief monastery in France. Our having walked had some weight, a pilgrimage, one of the monks called it, and we became, probably, the last guests to be so entertained. The guest-master, one of the fathers, then conducted us to our rooms. The interior of the building was like that of most public buildings—bare walls, high ceilings, hard-wood floors and all spotlessly clean. In ten minutes the bell rang for our supper, and we went down to find the guest-master waiting to help us to a meal the aroma of which would sharpen the dullest appetite. That done with, we had fifteen minutes' wait until evening-song in the chapel. When the bell rang we found our way up several flights of stairs and through a low doorway into a little gallery, and before us lay our first real view of the monastic life.

Imagine a long, narrow chapel finished in grey,

(Continued on page 22.)

Mount Robson and the Tete Jaune

Recent Photographs of the Most Spectacular Mountain Journey in America; on the Heights where the Nob of a Glacier determines the contour of River Valleys a thousand miles distant. Haunts of Travel that would have made Homer's Ulysses dizzy.



The Tete Jaune or Yellowhead Pass is the great avenue of nature through which two transcontinental railways thread their ribbons of steel to the Pacific. One side may be seen the Grand Trunk Pacific main line; the other a little zigzag stream. This is the site chosen for the new Mt. Robson Hotel.

SEVEN years ago a party of Canadian mountaineers trailed away from a ranch in the foothills of Alberta to make the first real attempt by any Canadians to scale Mt. Robson, which at that time was a sort of legendary peak shrouded in the mists of mere expectation. In 1914 a transcontinental railway has stretched a ribbon of steel along the base of this king of the Canadian Rockies nearly 14,000 feet above the sea, and another is heading rapidly in the same direction towards the same Yellowhead or Tete Jaune Pass that lets the traveler of the future from the land north of the Saskatchewan out to the chinooks of the Pacific. A few weeks ago the last spike in the Grand Trunk Pacific western section was driven connecting Winnipeg and the East with Prince Rupert. The first train rolled into the terminus which for six years has been taking ships and waiting for a train. And in a very short while the tourist and the traveler who goes to the Pacific by the northern and most picturesque route, may engage a suite of rooms in the farthest north grand hotel in America.

The eastern end of this romantic western section of the new route is at Edmonton, which is just a few miles out of sight of the Rockies. At Edson, the first divisional point west of Edmonton, the Rockies first come into view. And from Edson west the prairie is off the map, the foot-hills twist and snarl themselves into staircases for the mountains, and the traveler feels that he is traversing something new in long-distance sight-seeing.

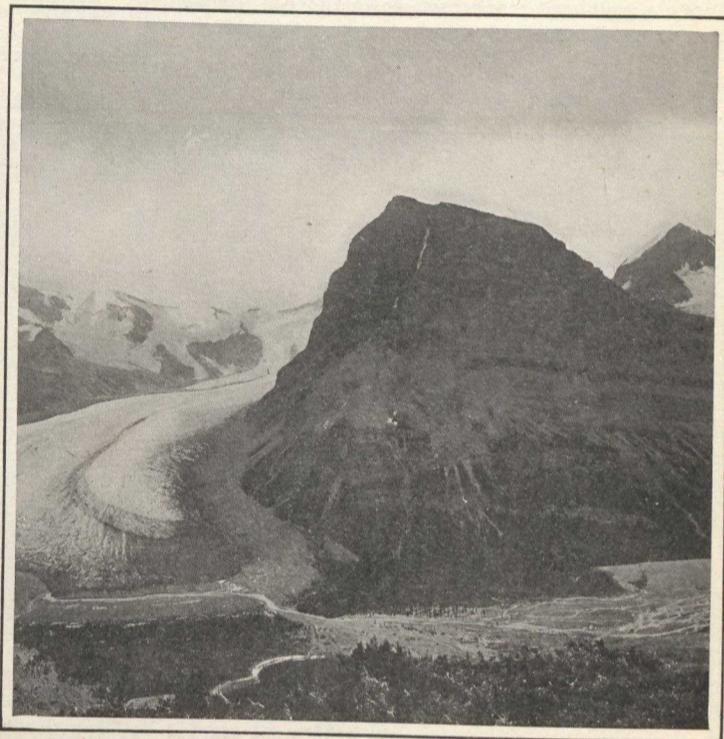
There's a novelty about this new route that perhaps will never wear out. A hundred years

from now it will be a very cynical globe-trotter who will yawn much at the scenery that swims past him on this Mt. Robson-Tete Jaune route to the land of chinooks. It is a route of canyons and wonderland valleys. It is the most northerly grand mountain route in the world. It is the fabulous land of Mt. Robson, which should have had some other name to suggest so romantic a journey. It is the land of the tumbling Fraser River, along which for a good part of the journey the railway travels low, but soon crawls up by easy grades to where the Fraser swings south and the train begins to leave the river and negotiate with the mountains.

The first great valley that swings into view here is the Bulkeley, where cattle graze out the year round; for the chinooks wriggle in here from the sea. But the traveler is less interested in cattle than in the scenery that rises above him. As a writer says descriptively in some effort to sum up the variety of travel-impressions on this mountaineering route:

"Great peaks, snow-capped and glacier-scored, tower above a continental water-shed wherein are the headwaters of five mighty rivers, the Saskatchewan, the Athabaska, the Thompson, the Columbia, and the Fraser. There are rugged forest-clad slopes; flower-strewn passes; impressive solitudes; secluded fastnesses; charmingly beautiful lakes and tarns reposing in their mountain privacy; vast snow fields; turbulent torrents brawling down from their glacial sources, and sweeping, spectacular panoramas where sunny

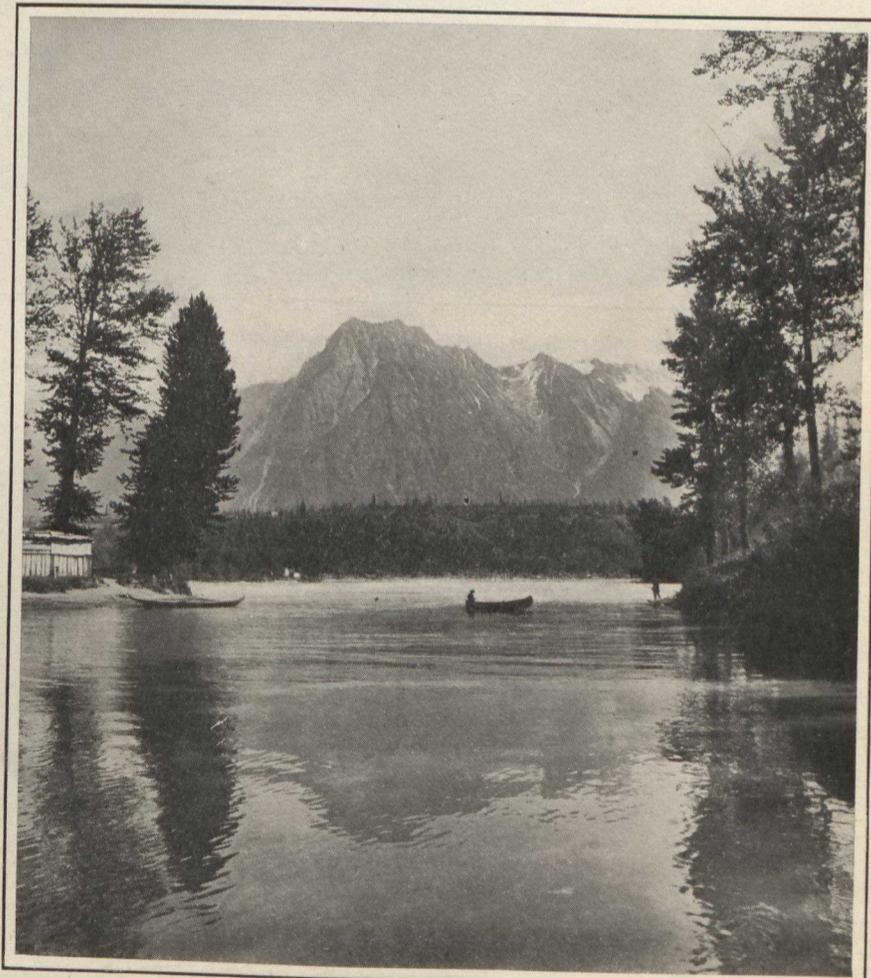
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Out of this far-up glacier, from the left, one little stream begins its long descent to the Peace River Valley that leads to the Arctic via the Mackenzie; to the right another runs down to the Fraser and reaches the Pacific.



13,700 feet above the Pacific, Mt. Robson, the highest known peak in the Canadian Rockies, lifts a sublime head above the tiny but oddly picturesque Emperor Falls.



Where the Skeena River joins the Bulkeley in British Columbia, there is one of those idyllic solitudes that for centuries has delighted no eye but the roving red man's.



"There's a well-bred black bass down there, I know," says Sam Harriss, of Harriss' Lake, Muskoka.

Extending Our Playgrounds

Scenes in the Unsophisticated Sections of Northern Ontario that Invite the City-Weary, Telephone - Haunted Citizen. They are within less than a day's journey of any place between Windsor and Montreal.



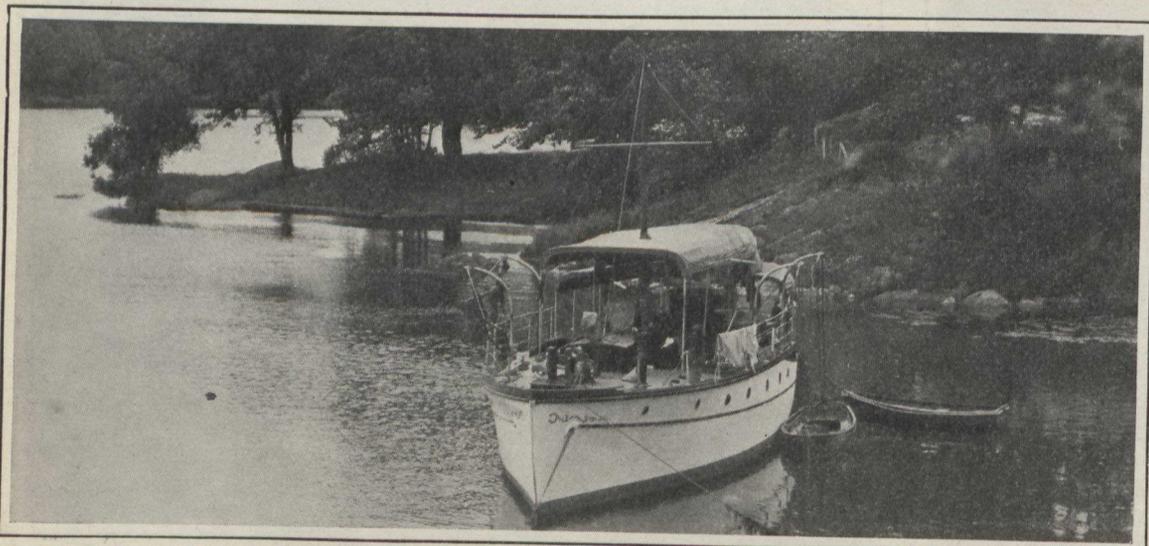
Shacked on an island like this in Lake Opinicon, in the Rideau chain of lakes, one might escape even original sin.



The refugee from civilization who owns this outfit was hungry enough to eat one of his own moccasins when he sighted that rock. You might surmise as much by the careful way he arranged everything before he started to hang the kettle.



It's in troubled waters and rude solitudes like this, around Lake Edward, near Chicoutimi, that a man and a boy have the best chance in the world to snag the animal known as T-R-O-U-T.



And if you prefer to bring some of the luxuries of civilization along, there's no better place than this charm-haunted spot at Jones's Falls.

ALMOST the first idea Canadians ever got that they needed national playgrounds bigger than the corner lot or the town park, came from the travel-loving Yankees, who did a great deal towards the popular discovery of Muskoka. Of course there was one railway through Muskoka before any American campers and fishermen got in there—or they wouldn't have got there. But not so many years ago Canadian railways took little interest in exploiting wild places for playgrounds, because they were so dead anxious to prove to people and investors that Canadian railways had for their main business the building up of busy towns and cities.

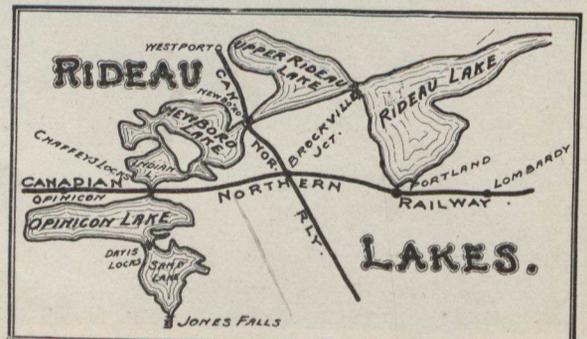
Now it is becoming recognized as a national asset, that Canada has the greatest national playgrounds in the world. We have come to the stage where towns and cities and offices and telephones give us all more or less of the traditional tired feeling that originated with the farmer's hired man in the hayfield. We want to know how to escape work. Some have tried suburban homes and summer gardens as a phase of back-to-the-land movement now beginning to take the place of into-the-city. And that does very well for the part of the year when a man and his family stay at home, which most Canadian families have to do most of the time. But it doesn't do for the few weeks in the year when the average man and his family would like to have some place to go where everything is turned tother side to; where pot-luck and a camp-fire and a string of fish and an appetite born of the wilds make a man or a woman forget the dreary round of grocer's bills and delivery wagons and lawn mowers.

In the easily accessible parts of northerly Ontario there are two great playgrounds that should interest people who live anywhere between Montreal and Windsor. One, of course, is Muskoka, which for twenty years and more now has been so famous that it has become almost hackneyed. Of course the real charm of Muskoka never can become a commonplace; though it happens that a large number of people from both Canada and the United States have gone up there, till some folks begin to think the place is getting almost crowded anywhere near the railway. For a playground is just the reverse of a city. The more people a city has, the more valuable the land becomes. In a playground the more easily you can escape most people the better you like it.

Some of the pictures on this page suggest places in Muskoka where, in spite of the popularity of the place, a man may escape almost everybody but himself. There are so many Muskokas that immediately whenever anyone says, "Oh, we're going to Muskoka," the question arises, "Yes, but to what part?" And there are as many divisions to Muskoka as there are cities in Ontario—or almost as many.

Along the Rideau it's somewhat, or perhaps a great deal, different. Rideau, with its chain of lakes and rivers and canals, and its reaches of wild woodland and fishing haunts and hunting preserves, is not so well known to the average Ontario traveler. The

(Concluded on page 26.)



This is how the railway reaches some of the playgrounds of Ontario.



Through A Monocle

The Vaudevillains' Latest Outrage

I SEE that some high-power human dynamo proposes to run a vaudeville theatre on Atlantic "liners." I hope that the "brain-storm" experts will get him, and incarcerate him in a padded cell, before he has another paroxysm. It would be just like some of these nimble dollar-chasers who cannot bear to see an idle man with an idle dollar burning a hole in his pocket, without wanting to "get next" with a method of coaxing out that dollar, to spoil one of the last refuges from the maddening rush of modern life which is yet left to distracted mankind. To-day physicians recommend an ocean voyage as a form of compulsory rest. It meets the case of the man who will not and cannot rest when it is possible for him to be working or worrying, and who does not like the canned dinners and cramped beds which go with "roughing it" in the woods. This individual can be put aboard a steamship which proposes to go out to sea and stay there for a week.

BUT I have long suspected that they would find some means of bringing New York or London to him. They would never let him escape for a whole week—even if it was a matter of life and death for him to get a peaceful holiday. For some time, the rush has been encroaching on this solitary oasis. The shortening of the passage has meant an encroachment—though one we could hardly expect hurried mankind to forego. We must remember that the majority of people who use Atlantic "liners" are not weary souls seeking "a rest cure," but genuinely

active commercial couriers bent on doing business. They would cross the Atlantic in a night if it could be managed. And it is still possible for the weary soul to find a slow ship which will give him ten days' holiday between the two coasts.

"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY" has not done as much to disturb the peace of the empty Atlantic as I feared it would. When they told me that they issued daily newspapers on board, I dreaded the worst. But experience soon reassured me. The daily paper on ship-board is not an alarming thing. It seldom has any news in it. I do not know who edits the despatches to the "wireless" contingent spread over the wandering ocean; but, whoever he is, I hope that he may live long to perform his duties. He has exactly seized the desire of the average traveller. He does not pester him with the happenings which would excite his interest if he were on land; and yet the passenger feels that if anything astounding did occur—such as an earthquake in Toronto—it would infallibly get a sentence in the "wireless."

BUT a vaudeville performance! Ye gods! One of the benefits held out for it, is that it will supersede the regular "ship's concert." You might as well tell the old traveller that they proposed to do away with the crude system of counting time by "bells" on ship-board; and that no longer would the weird sound of the bell-strokes come out of the fog which surrounds the foremast, and then the hoarse cry of the sailor—"Eight bells! And all's well!" The "ship's concert" is seldom a work of art. You do not feel that you have lost anything if you

decide to stay out on deck that night. There is nothing compelling about it, save its purpose. But it fits in perfectly with the slowed-down mental condition of the "rest-curer." It is just about the sort of mental pabulum he can take without disturbing his somnolence. There is a chairman's speech by a chairman who has had the speech in use for thirty years; and its two jokes and its closing bit of sentiment and its opening bit of politeness, are still in perfectly good condition. Two lady passengers, who cannot sing, oblige with a couple of "solos," nothing modern, but delightfully reminiscent.

POSSIBLY a little girl gives a recitation. But if the wind is high, you may not hear it. Probably, another lady passenger and a gentleman passenger assassinate a duet. Their conception of a duet is to give each duetist a chance. They do not sing together and so drown each other's voices. But the gentleman courteously sings a note just after the lady; and you get them both. Possibly not the same note, but an approximation. It is usually a long duet; and you get a nice rest. And no one cares whether it ever comes to an end or not; for who is in a hurry to do anything? We are only waiting until it is time to go to bed. But, after the duet, arrives a member of the crew who can sing two comic songs—London music hall songs—songs which are comic if you possess the Londoners' sense of humour. He does them rather well, being in practice; for he does them twice each voyage, once in the second-class and once in the saloon concert.

WHY will not the mad people who are driving on this world with whip and spur leave us some moments in which to know that we are alive? The old days of leisure, when we could sit and learn what the sky looks like as the breeze carries the clouds across it, and what the slow creak of a cart in the lane sounds like, and how long a half-hour can be, are wholly dead—"trampled beneath the mob's million feet." We must have a new excitement every minute. Vaudeville is a sample of it. Vaudeville is an atrocity anywhere. But on ship-board! The gods forefend.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



"ARMOURIES--ADVANCE!"

A NEW SCENE IN THE ANCIENT PLAY PRESENTED AT OTTAWA YEARLY AND ENTITLED "PASSING THE ESTIMATES"

Mrs. Harkins' Awakening

A Domestic Tale of Life in the Yukon

By N. deBERTRAND LUGRIN

MRS. HARKINS stood in the back door of the cabin, looking up under her hands to the sunny hill behind the house, where, in a small, brown spot from which the snow had melted, a little cross stood out, its arms white against the dark background. Jim had painted it, and had carved the name, Helen Louise, and the age, two weeks and two days, himself. Jim could do anything, from bringing a loaded scow down the Yukon, to writing a letter to the Dawson News. Besides, he was stronger and broader and taller than any of the woodmen along the river. Once, in Dawson, he had matched himself against Slavin, the one-time world champion, and Slavin had gone down before him. But the baby had not taken after her father. She had been the tiniest, frailest little thing. "Just like you," Jim had said to the mother, and he had laughed softly, and kissed them both. That was six months ago.

These thoughts were all racing through Mrs. Harkins' head. These and a thousand other thoughts along the same line. Her head ached, too, hotly and fiercely. Perhaps because she had been looking at the sunny hill-side too long. That must be it, for she remembered, suddenly, that she had done little else all day, except go to the door, and look up, up at the white cross. Jim had been away since the night before, and she had promised, yes, she knew she had promised, and she was going to keep her word. She would not take out the little box again. But she had not promised not to look up there where the baby was.

Hark! a sudden dull boom! boom! Again the same noise louder now, and once again repeated louder than ever. The third reverberation aroused the woman. She turned away from the door, going across the cabin to the window that faced the river. The dark green water raced along close to the shore, and beyond that the ice lay solid to the other bank. No change yet, but up above somewhere she knew the ice was breaking. Then the flutter of something red on the opposite side of the river caught her eye. It was Jess Leary's skirt hanging on the line in front of her brother's cabin. Presently Jess herself came out with some other clothes on her arm. Mrs. Harkins saw her pinning them up on the line, a shirt of Charlie's, and a couple of grey blankets. The sunlight wrapped the other woman around, making a glory of the blond hair that was hanging about her shoulders, thick and soft like a wonderful golden mantle.

"She's been washin' it," Mrs. Harkins said aloud. "She's always washin' her hair."

SHE turned away from the window, her straight, dark brows drawn close together. In the cabin the table was set for two. A fire was burning in the heater, and a kettle on the top was singing away cheerily. The room was immaculately clean. A dark curtain on one side partially screened a neat bed, whose woodwork was slim, rustic logs, and small birch saplings, the latter bent and twisted, to form wonderfully quaint head and foot pieces. The chairs and tables were all hand-made by Jim, and all of a pattern with the bed. There was a rag carpet on the floor and four great bear-skin rugs, the latter, trophies of Jim's skill with the rifle. Everything was in its place. Mrs. Harkins had set and unset the table six times, starting the night before. She had also swept the cabin twice, though it had not needed it in the first place. There was nothing to do that had not been done. She had read and re-read everything there was to read, two Dawson papers, dated a month before, a catalogue from the N. A. T. Co. She could tell the price of almost everything, from a donkey-engine to a spool of thread. Of course there was the Bible, but she never opened that now. Before, in those wonderful days before the baby's coming, when her fingers were always busy, stitching, stitching on the tiny garments, so that she laughingly begrudged the time even to eat, she had always started the day with a chapter from the New Testament. So the Book belonged to the Past, just as the little box did, just as the grave on the sunny hillside did, just as the heart of her did.

She walked up and down the length of the little room over and over again, always with her brows together, her eyes bright and dry and her lips moving quickly, silently forming the disconnected thoughts that hurried through her aching head. All that was good in her and pretty and hopeful and young was buried up there under the little cross with the white arms. That was why Jim had ceased to love her. It didn't really matter. In those other days it would have broken her heart to know it. Now, she had no heart to break. Jess Leary had a heart. That was why her cheeks and lips were so red, her figure so full of curves and her hair so thick and long and shining. That was why she laughed so much, and sang when she wasn't laughing. No wonder Jim went over to Leary's cabin whenever he could spare the time from his work. A long time ago, before the heart in her was dead, she could remember things that had happened, warm kisses that had rained upon her lips, strong arms that had held her, delectably sweet words that had been whispered

against her cheek. He had called her "Essie" then. She was not "Essie" now. She was Esther, nothing soft and lovable about her any more. Back and forth the woman walked, and now she whispered of other things, of baby hands, fluttering, helpless, soft as snow, of a hungry little mouth whose touch was sweeter than anything in all God's earth, of a little form so frail, so tender, so helpless. Suddenly she stopped short, her teeth tight together, her hands clinched, her eyes moving rapidly about the room, a fierce fire in their depths. She could not bear it any longer. This stillness, this loneliness, this emptiness were maddening. She had promised, but it did not matter. Jim had Jess. She had nothing, nothing but the little box and what was in it. Jim had no right to make her promise a thing like that. She ran across the room and pulled it from under the bed, the pink cretonne covered box studded with brass tacks. She threw the cover back with feverish eagerness. Inside the box was lined with quilted cheesecloth, on top lay a little garment half finished with a needle in its hem. The needle was rusty. Underneath was a tiny flannel nightdress, the little sleeves still holding the shape of the baby arms. This she lifted out carefully, reverently, and put it up against her shoulder, patting it softly. She closed her hot, dry eyes and began to hum under her breath. And then, quite suddenly, the cabin door opened and Jim stood there looking in upon her.

SHE did not hear him. The man did not move or speak for a half minute. His lip trembled for a second, and he bit it hard. Then he frowned blackly. There was no tenderness in his face now, nothing but a sullen anger.

"Esther," he said.

She looked up at him, not quite seeing him at first, but gazing beyond him, to the white sunlight behind. Then she laid the little clothes back in the box, drawing the cover down and stood up.

"So you lied to me, when you gave me your promise?" Jim came inside the cabin, closing the door, and leaning his back against it. "That's a nice fact to confront a man when he comes home, isn't it?"

The woman did not reply. Her cheeks had been red and hot before she saw him, now the colour began to leave them rapidly.

"This just about finishes things," the man went on. "For six months it's been gettin' steadily worse every day. There's a limit to what I can stand. I tell you there's a limit." He raised his voice and spoke fiercely. "It ain't pleasant for a man, after he's worked hard all day, back there on those damned hills, cuttin' timber, for twelve hours at a stretch, to come home to a woman like you, always crying if you ain't still as death. Never a word of welcome on your lips, walkin' about the place like a ghost, grievin' over what's past an' done with. Huggin' up a sorrow, an' shuttin' away your husband. You ain't no more my wife than that chair is. No, it ain't pleasant to come home. It's hell, that what it is. It's hell!"

Still the woman did not speak. Her hands opened and closed at her sides. Her eyes met his unflinchingly. She was as white now as the snow outside.

Her silence seemed to anger the man still more.

"You ain't got no word to say for yourself, no excuse to offer. You promised me there'd be no more foolishness about that thing over there, an' I believed you, else I wouldn't have left you all night alone. You ain't no more to be trusted than loony Mike, not as much. I never did have much faith in you. Now I've got none. What do you want that you ain't got? Haven't I given you all you need? You've got a better place here than many in Dawson. I work all day and half the night, you know that. Why? Because of you. Because I want to save enough this year to take you outside, away from, from—things. Didn't I offer to let you go to town for the rest of the winter, and stay here by myself? Didn't I?"

The woman's lip curled slightly.

"Oh, yes, you can sneer an' sneer again," his voice was so loud that it rattled the dishes on the table. "You think it's so I can get rid of you, an' be with Jess. Well, maybe it is. Good Lord, a man can put up with things just so long, and then it's kill or quit. You think more of what's dead and gone than you do of your livin' husband. Well," he brought one huge closed fist into his other open hand. "I don't care a damn. You arn't the only woman in the world." He walked over to the bed, his face working with anger. "One thing I'll put a stop to, though," he said, savagely, "and that right now. There'll be no more mad goin' on over this." He jerked the little box out, and lifted it in his arms, striding towards the door.

Then the woman roused herself. In one bound she reached his side before he could open the door.

"Jim," she cried. "What are you going to do?"

"Put this out of your sight forever." He held the box under one arm, and pushed her back with his free hand.

"For pity's sake, Jim!"

He opened the door and stepped outside. When she would have detained him again, he shook her off, and she fell in a little heap on the door-sill. She saw him go towards the hills, walking fast, and never looking back.

FOR a while she sat there, realizing in a dull, hopeless way what had happened. Everything was gone now. First it had been the baby, then her husband's love, and now it was this. What the little box contained was more to her than her very life, for it was all that was left. Then the sooner she went down there to the green, open water, the better. She sprang up quickly, and, bareheaded, ran out into the chilly sunlight, and around to the front of the house, then taking the little slushy path, she hurried down to the river.

Ah! it was running fast, and it was so dark and glittering cold! She stood on the bank above looking down upon it. She had always been afraid of the water. Last year when the ice jammed, and the river had backed up all around the cabin, she would not let Jim leave her till the jam had broken, but sat, shivering and crying on his lap, her face hidden, while he, fearless in the certainty that the ice would break loose in an hour or two, laughed at her nervousness and called her "baby." She remembered that now. That was before Jess Leary had come to her brother's cabin to live. Since then, when she had cried, it had not been with Jim's arms around her. So gradually the tears had all dried up, the merciful tears that if, she felt, could come now, would drive all that hot, aching misery out of her head. Again she looked at the water. A green wave tossed its head up at her and she shrank back. No! She could not do it. She was afraid. She was a coward. No one wanted her. Jim and Jess could be happy if she would do it, but she couldn't. She wasn't brave enough. A moan, at her own weakness, broke from her lips. Not knowing what she did, she ran along the bank, keeping close to the water, up towards the Narrows.

The Creek running in had kept the river open all winter close to the shore; but above, a quarter of a mile from the house, at the Narrows, there were only about eight feet of water between the shore and the ice that stretched from there unbroken to the other side. Here Jim had thrown a log across as a makeshift bridge, and had fastened a length of rope, having a noose at its far end, to a "dead man" on the bank, so that the women might use it in crossing, to steady themselves, or, to save themselves in case of a fall.

Mrs. Harkins reached the bridge, and was running past, when a shouting across the river attracted her attention.

"Hulloa, hulloa!" called Jess Leary, from the other side, and the woman looked up to see the girl almost directly opposite her, her red shawl pinned about her, her golden hair still loose, and floating around her, as the wind lifted it, like a shining cloud.

Mrs. Harkins stopped and gazed at the girl, a curiously piteous look in her eyes, something that was despair and fear and utter weariness combined.

"Is Jim back?" called Jess.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Yes."

"Can't hear ye; guess he's back an' you don't want me to know it." The girl's ringing laugh sounded high and clear. "I'm comin' acrost."

FOR a second a wave of fierce anger shook Mrs. Harkins' frame. Then it passed suddenly, and she steadied herself, to call across the river, this time firmly and clearly:

"The ice ain't safe. It was crackin' a while ago."

"I ain't afraid."

"That's because you've never seen it running out. Nothin' can stop it, Jess."

"Ah! Go on! You don't want me over there," she laughed again. "But Jim ast me on Monday."

Again hot resentment seized Mrs. Harkins. Her face burned.

"It'll serve ye right, if the ice does go, and you on it," she cried.

"An' it'd please you, Mrs. Jimmy, eh?" Jess was down the bank and out on the river, running along swiftly, laughing defiantly, her hair straight out behind her, her shawl half off and dragging on the ground. The beautiful red of perfect health was on her cheeks and mouth, her white teeth gleamed between her parted lips, her blue eyes were wide open and fearless. Mrs. Harkins watched her, standing at the head of the log-bridge. The older woman's cheeks were red, too, but it was from the hot fever within her. Her eyes were as bright as the girl's, but it was from the dry grief that was burning her head from the inside. Her white teeth gleamed between her thin, scarlet lips, but her jaws were fixed in a vise. The wind whipping against her wrapped her black skirt around her, showing how pitifully thin she was. Her hands gripped each other before her.

Suddenly the running figure on the ice slipped and

(Continued on page 23.)

An Aeroscopic Panorama of the Canadian Rockies



For some years, the Canadian Pacific Railway have had men working on a relief map of the Rockies from Calgary to Vancouver. This has now been completed and is issued in a new folder on "The Canadian Rockies." A portion, showing the details of the Kicking Horse Pass, is reproduced here. In the centre is the famous "loop," on which the C. P. R. has spent much money in order to reduce grades. Away to the north is the Yellowhead Pass, through which the G. T. P. and the C. N. R. run.

It all depends on the height of the airship how high a range of mountains looks. Most of the peaks located in the aeroscope panorama at the top of this page look as though they were ant-hills in a big meadow. There's that stubborn quality about mountains; you have a hard job finding a place that seems to give you all you want to see in a mountain. If you are twenty or thirty miles' distant in the foot-hills of Southern Alberta looking at fifty peaks or more in one long range at once, you feel like going for a walk; to see them at close range; which, of course, would take you a whole day, and when you got among the mountains you thought you were looking at from the back of the horse on the ranch, you would find those same peaks were still on ahead and as far away as ever, while the peaks over your head are new ones you didn't notice. And if you get right into the middle of a whole colony of cathedral peaks and other kinds of peaks, those who are experts on mountain-gazing say they don't seem quite so impressive as when you look at them from a distance. If you hunch yourself at the base of some cloud-ripping monster—providing you know where the base is—and determine to scale yourself down to a dot in order to feel the size of the mountain by contrast, you find first of all that you can't see the mountain that way at all, and that your brain has probably shrunk along with the comparative size of yourself, so that you can't realize anything but a confusion of mass. Going up in an airship is one way of seeing mountains. But the trouble is that from the deck of an airship you don't know where the mountains really begin from the bottom.

Very likely the best way to know mountains is to join the Alpine Club and go up a few, such as any half dozen or so of the many peaks noted in the aerograph picture above. But while you are climbing a mountain you have no particular capacity for perceiving its poetry; and when you get to the top you are aware that there's some other peak not far away that looks a couple of thousand feet higher, and in a fit of pique wish you had tackled that one instead.

However, every now and then somebody, not satisfied with the records of the camera or the painters, breaks forth into word pictures of the Canadian Rockies. Frederick Niven, a Scotch romantic writer, has so described his sensations on approaching the Gap at the gateway to the Rockies in the southern part of the system. He says:

"On we went, and I looked out to behold again

the great gateway of the mountains. There were the rolling hills, the dingles, the twisting and leaping streams. Long scarfs of mist swept athwart the mountains, hiding the summits. I looked at the mists, and wished they would dissolve before the day that had followed the train from Calgary, leapt upon it suddenly, rushed ahead, and would even now be stepping into the Pacific away beyond this balsam-scented province of ridges and valleys into which we were entering. Then a brightness overhead, as of a flashing mirror, very high, made me look up, look deliberately up, as one looks for a soaring lark rather than for a crest of mountains. 'Look!' I cried. 'Oh!' said my fellow-traveller. 'Look!' and then was silent. The mists did not

hide the peaks. They were coiled merely along the beginning of the mountains; and high overhead, in dizzy space, as if hanging in that glittering blue cavity in which all the worlds tumble, was the ridge of the Rockies. The train dwindled to nothing—was like an ant in long grass. There, high, ever so high, quiet, stern, august, were the Rockies, hanging in space, and glittering as a chunk of galena, held in the hand, glitters in the sun."

Probably ten other writers would have as many different kinds of impressions of the same view on the same day. But even the same mountains don't always look the same way to the same men. Much depends on the weather. And there is no sameness about the Canadian Rockies—none whatever.

The Land of Valleys and History

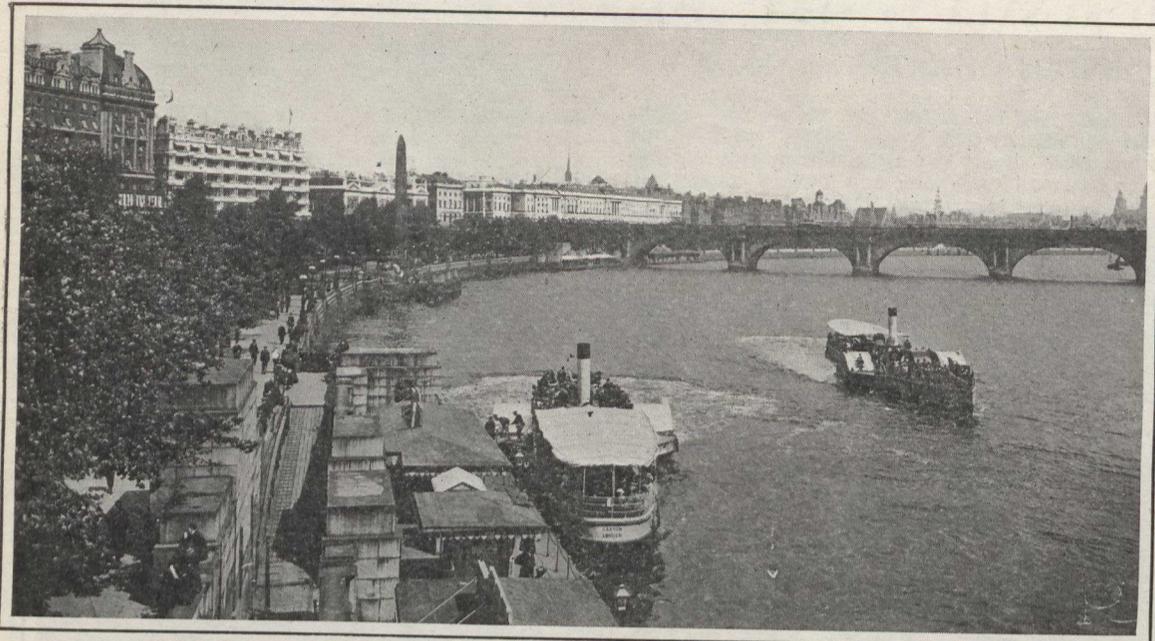
To get a real traveling start on a tour of Canada, one naturally begins at Halifax. Which is history and scenery. The scenery is obvious. The history is gradually being back-grounded by progress. Graphic chapters have been written about life in Halifax in the days when history was in the making. Halifax had a picturesque and somewhat bombastic life a good while before the capture of Quebec. It was the headquarters for the English military life of this country in the days when French and English were beginning to get ready for the great struggle that has made Canada so peculiarly different from any other overseas dominion. And if you stay long enough in Halifax even now you will find the history all there. Somebody has time and memory enough to recall the days when old St. Paul's Church was built on the edge of the Grand Parade just overlooking the great harbour big enough to hold the combined fleets of the world's navies without a cubic yard of dredging. St. Paul's is the best convenient museum of history for Halifax, and the traveler can employ his time to no more agreeable purpose than by spending an hour or so in that historic wooden building made of lumber that was shipped up from Boston in the days before the American Revolution made Canada build saw-mills of its own. And Halifax is to Canada what Boston is to the United States. That is in history. In charm of scenery and repose of manners in its people; in the quiet cordiality of its life and the atmosphere

of classic content that pervades the place, it is quite the equal of Boston. Halifax hangs on hard to the spirit and manners of earlier days. It is quite willing to let foot frontage dawdle in value so long as the charm of historic unity is not altogether broken. It is the one place in Canada—unless we except St. John—where history and politics are parts of the same book. But St. John is not so concerned about history and much prefers to boost the concerns of actual business. St. John is willing to concede to Halifax more historic lore and probably a better harbour; but in business and politics, let no Haligonian imagine that St. John is willing to be left behind.

Nevertheless, the traveler is very little concerned over mere politics, which need not bother him if he keeps out of its way and keeps looking for the travel features which confront him at almost every turn in this somehow quaint and beautiful city by the sea. Halifax has a character which it ought never to abandon as long as the old citadel stays on the hill. It has a rare combination of religion, history, politics, and scenery, and real human interest that it has taken generations to develop. And if Haligonians substitute for that mere business, the country at large, thousands of miles from the Atlantic, will be so much the poorer. Halifax should lead the way—along with Quebec City in French Canada—in the preservation of the best of elements that make a country interesting to both inhabitants and travelers.

(Continued on page 17.)

Celebrated Scenes in Europe



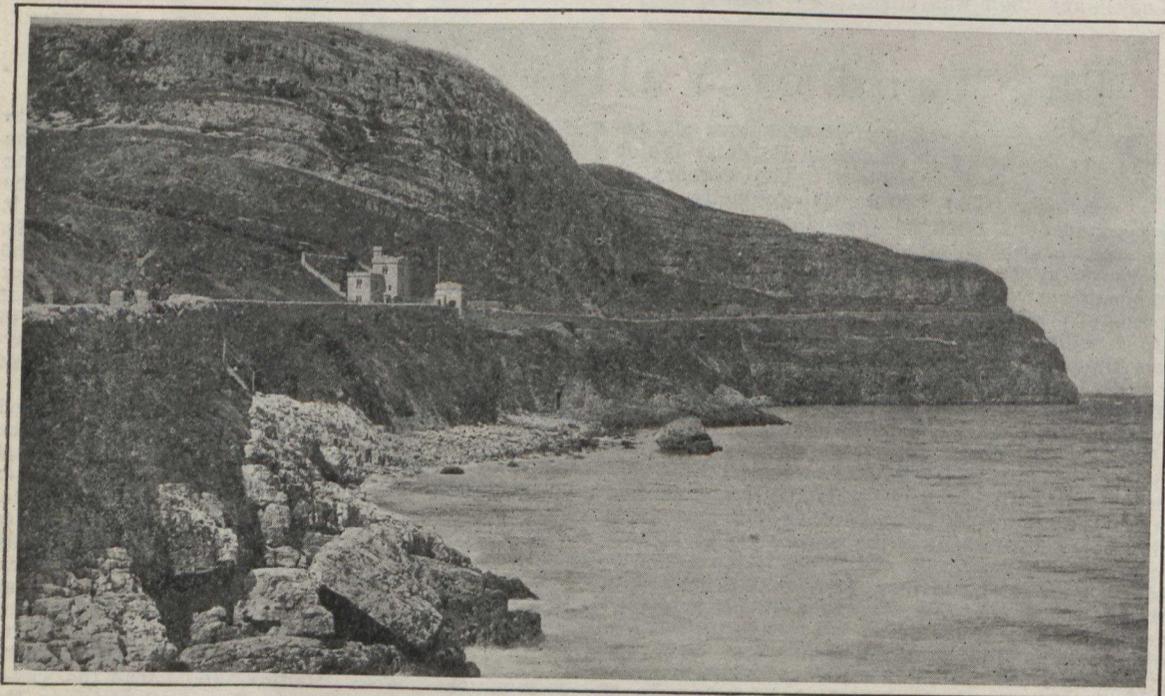
THE GREATEST TRAVEL CENTRE IN THE WORLD.

From Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames, may be seen the two greatest hotels in London, the Cecil and the Savoy; Cleopatra's Needle, the great obelisk brought by Gen. Gordon from Egypt; Somerset House, where births, marriages and deaths are recorded for all London; and far down the river the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.



WHERE SOME TRAVELLERS SPEND MORE THAN THEY HAVE LEFT.

Monte Carlo has been visited by a great many Canadians who, whether they took part in the great gamble or not, got many an enchanted glimpse of glittering Monaco, whose Prince of the kingdom by that name is a man of fabulous wealth.



THE ROCK-BOUND COAST OF THE EMOTIONAL KELT.

The Marine Drive, at Llandudno, in North Wales, is one part of the United Kingdom where a touch of real green would be considered a great luxury.



TOMB OF A MAKER OF GRAVEYARDS.

Most people imagine that Napoleon Bonaparte was buried in the Island of St. Helena, where he died. But the tomb of Napoleon is in the building called the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, where all the other Napoleons are buried.



MAGNIFICENTLY MELANCHOLY RUINS.

What remains of the celebrated Forum in Rome, where Mark Antony delivered his famous address to the mob after the stabbing of Caesar in the Capitol.



HEADQUARTERS FOR SILENCE.

Loch Katrine, in Inverness-shire, Scotland.

Recent "Snaps" of Prominent People



Hon. John H. Turner.

PUBLIC men and women who live in this very modern twentieth century may escape the newspaper reporter, but they cannot avoid the newspaper photographer. He is at once the enemy of all public persons and the greatest publicity agent in the world. In ye olden days the painter and delineator recorded people's features only when they were looking their best and properly idealized for the occasion. The professional snapshotter has changed all that; he reproduces the clothes and the features of his victim with vicious frankness. He chronicles their growth from youth to manhood and from manhood to old age with unblanching firmness. Their wishes and desires have no effect upon him.

Besides, he has made the whole world kin. This particular function is

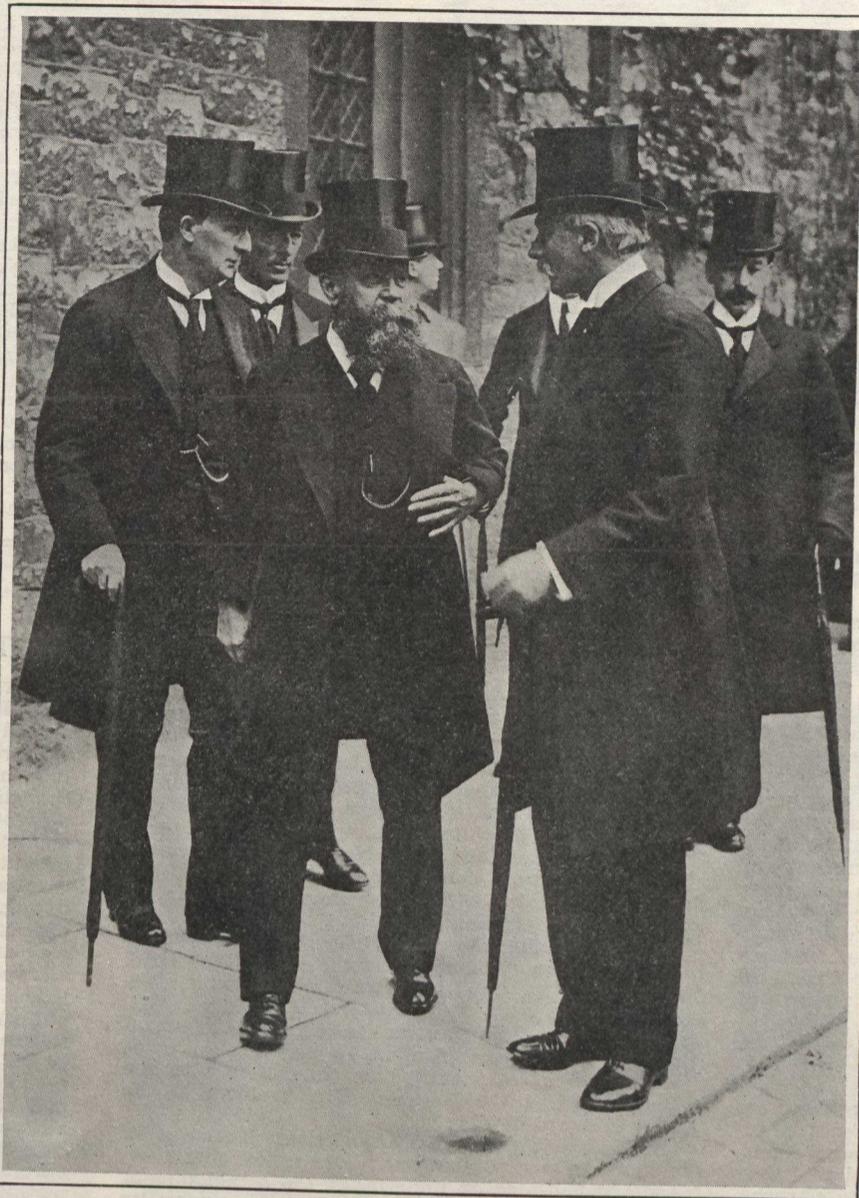


Dr. Douglas Mawson—Explorer.

sometimes credited to the electric telegraph and cable, but the news photographer deserves even more credit because he records the most intimate details about all the interesting people of the earth.

The Prince of Wales is beginning to take his place as one of the most photographed persons of the age. This latest picture of him shows that he is growing up with tremendous speed and that he is now engaged in mastering the elements of all those sports which go to make up "the English gentleman." Since the Prince went to Oxford he has devoted himself to all sorts of games. He is here seen practising polo on the grounds of the university town prior to a match in which he played on May 6th.

When the snapshotter "got" the group which occupies the centre of the page he made a distinct hit. On the left is Sir Edward Grey, one of the greatest foreign ministers that Britain has yet produced. Almost obscured is Colonel Seely, who found the



Left to right are Sir Edward Grey, Colonel Seely, the Duke of Norfolk, Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, and the Rt. Hon. Herbert Louis Samuel.



H. R. H. the Prince of Wales at Polo Play.

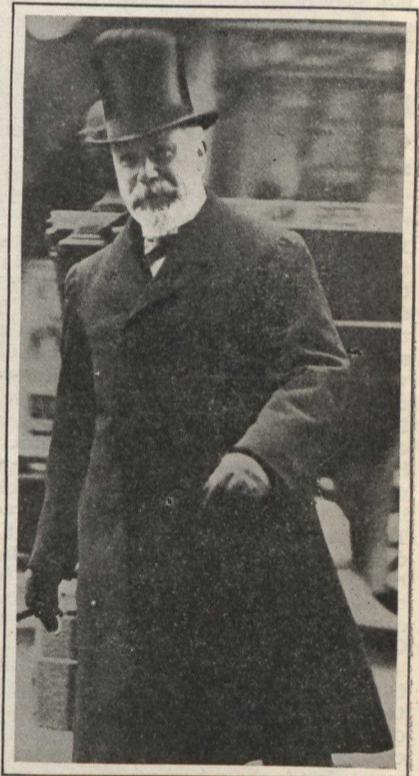
Irish too strong for his hold upon a cabinet position, and is now a mere member of parliament. In the centre is the Duke of Norfolk, the leading Roman Catholic peer of the realm, who visited Canada with the Duke of Cornwall at the time of the Quebec Tercentenary. Speaking to him is the Rt. Hon. J. A. Pease, M.P. for one of the divisions of York and President of the Board of Education in the Asquith



Prince Alexander of Teck.

Cabinet. On his right is the Rt. Hon. Herbert Louis Samuel, until recently Postmaster-General and now President of the Local Government Board. These gentlemen were also "snapped" at the funeral of the Duke of Argyll.

Though he has royal blood in his veins, Prince Alexander of Teck, our prospective Governor-General, is not a royal prince. His mother was a royal Princess, being a daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, the fifth son of George the Third. As a British subject Prince Alexander is entitled only to the designation "His Highness." This was conferred on his father by the late Queen Victoria. In Germany his title would be "His Serene Highness." This snapshot of the Prince was taken a few days ago when he was



Rt. Hon. James Wm. Lowther.

attending the funeral of a former Governor-General, the Duke of Argyll.

Shortly we shall have another book on the explorations in the Antarctic Circle. This will be by Dr. Mawson, who is usually described as the Australian explorer. Dr. Mawson is now in London and was photographed just outside his publisher's office.

A speaker of the British House of Commons is a real personage. He is not appointed merely because he is the member of the ruling party who cannot be placed elsewhere. The Rt. Hon. James William Lowther, P.C., J.P., D.C.L., LL.B., M.P., represents the Penrith division of Cumberland and has been Speaker since 1905. He is the eldest son of a man who for twenty-five years represented Westmoreland.

Hon. J. Turner, who represents British Columbia in London, recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday. He has held his present position for more than thirteen years. This is his most recent "snap."

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Level Crossings

EVERYONE is interested in the elimination of the level railway crossing. Therefore, everyone will be interested in noting the wonderful progress which the Dominion Government is making in removing this ancient danger to human life and limb. Five years ago last month the Dominion Government passed a bill providing for the expenditure of two hundred thousand dollars per annum in assisting municipalities to get rid of these danger spots. So generous was the bill and so anxious were the authorities to safeguard the lives of valuable citizens that of the million dollars so appropriated fully sixty thousand dollars has been spent. In other words, the Dominion Government in five years has saved \$940,000 that it might have spent in protecting human life.

This incident is strongly commended to those who believe that the Dominion Government is the most extravagant institution on earth. It is not. Here is one specific case in which it would sooner see people die than spend the money that Parliament had actually appropriated. Of course it may be that the municipalities were to blame in not asking for the money; but it may be taken for granted that there must be some fault in the Dominion Government. Parliament decided that these danger spots should be eliminated and yet Parliament has done nothing to encourage the movement.

The matter was discussed in the House last week and everyone seemed to express surprise that so little had been done. The grant has been renewed, and it is to be hoped that both the Government and the municipalities will take active steps to encourage municipalities to draw on the fund. When we are spending so much money getting new citizens, surely we are entitled to spend a little on the primary methods of retaining those that we have. The level crossing is one of the most successful means of eliminating human life.

Diamonds and Dry-Docks

SHOULD the Dominion Government proceed to lay in a stock of diamonds people would naturally ask what they intend to do with them. They would be rather severely criticized if they bought the diamonds without any definite purpose. Indeed, the country would be greatly shocked that the tax-payers' money should be used in this way. Yet that is exactly what the Dominion Government is doing with regard to dry-docks. They are using the tax-payers' money to build them at various points and yet are not providing a ship-building policy which would make the dry-docks a commercial asset. It is understood that arrangements have been made to build a dry-dock at St. John, N.B., and the experts claim that it is being put at a point where it will be impossible to place a ship-building and ship-repairing plant. They claim that if the dry-dock is built according to present plans it will be practically useless. The Vickers-Maxim people brought a floating dry-dock over from Great Britain and planted it at Montreal. It is a magnificent dry-dock, but the company cannot get any work to keep it busy. There are other dry-docks which are also going to waste because Canada has no ship-building policy.

There would be less room for criticism were it not that the Government proposed in the House last week to increase the bonus on dry-docks from three and one-half per cent. to four per cent. per annum of the cost of the work. Why encourage people to build more dry-docks when we cannot supply employment for those we already have?

Wise Privy Councillors

FOR some time the people of Canada, or at least some of the boldest of them, have been suggesting that appeal to the Privy Council from Canada should be abolished. They would like to see all legal matters and all law suits end up in the Supreme Court of Canada. They profess to believe that the best interests of the country would be served by cutting another tie which connects us with the mediaevalism of London, England. They made other charges to the effect that it is a place of refuge for guilty corporations who seek to evade their just obligations.

While this discussion has been going on the Privy Councillors have been quietly listening, and they have made a very wise decision. Instead of waiting until Canada made a definite move in the matter, they have made the announcement that hereafter they will not allow appeals to be sent over from Canada except where a constitutional point or some very important legal principle is involved. In other words, they will refuse to hear small and trivial appeals as well as those matters which might reasonably be thought to be within the competence of our Supreme Court. This announcement has been welcomed in this country. Besides protecting the poor

litigant it will do a great deal to stop the agitation for the entire abolition of Privy Council appeals.

Building Bridges

BUILDING bridges is a favourite occupation with certain governments. There was a government in this country once which tried to build a bridge across the St. Lawrence River at the city of Quebec, but unfortunately the structure tumbled into the water before it had done more than supply material for a few news photographers. The Government then decided that the spot was hoo-dooed and chose another spot about a mile away. The second attempt has not yet come to the point of development where it could fall down with any degree of decency.

Down in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick bridge

A Canadian Naval Reserve

By NORMAN PATTERSON

JUST twelve years ago, Hon. Raymond Prefontaine brought down his abortive scheme to establish a Canadian Naval Reserve. Mr. Prefontaine entered the Dominion Cabinet on the retirement of Mr. Tarte in November, 1902. Shortly afterwards he went to England and while there prepared a general scheme for the establishment of a naval reserve in Canada, along the lines of the Newfoundland reserve. The scheme was semi-officially announced, but finally pigeon-holed. Now the scheme is revived by the Borden Government.

In the "Canadian Magazine," for April, 1903, there is an article on "Colonial Naval Reserve," by P. F. McGrath, of St. John's, Newfoundland, which begins thus:

"Canada's determination to establish a naval reserve as the complement to her militia, gives vitality to an issue of prime import both to the Dominion and the Empire. The problem of the hour is naval defence."

Mr. McGrath, who is the best known journalist in the sister colony, pointed out in his article that Newfoundland had already undertaken the establishment of a branch of the Royal Naval Reserve among its fishermen, and stipulated that its force should be not less than 600 men. Other colonies had decided, in 1902, on cash contributions, in addition to a naval reserve. He then says:

"Canada alone of the autonomous colonies, declined to co-operate in this general scheme, though intimating her intention of establishing a colonial naval reserve of her own, as now proposed."

"Canada's naval reserve will be independent of Imperial control, but available in aid of the Empire when such is necessary. Legislation to this end is to be introduced into the Dominion Parliament at the present session. Commander Spain, R.N., who is in charge of the Dominion cruiser service, has visited Newfoundland, where the Admiralty has already established a naval reserve among the fishermen. This is to be taken as a model for the contemplated Canadian body, except that the Newfoundland reserve is an Imperial force controlled by the Imperial authorities, whereas that of Canada is to be subject to no outside direction. The experiment has been so successful in Newfoundland that a cognate scheme should give especially good results in the Maritime Provinces, where the fisherfolk are of the same stock and their pursuits are almost identical."

It will be observed that there is thus nothing new in the proposition announced last week by the Dominion Government. It is practically the same as that made by Hon. Mr. Prefontaine early in 1903. It therefore has the endorsement of both Liberals and Conservatives. The Liberal endorsement may be rather weak, and they may be accused of having let the matter be dormant for eight years, but nevertheless they seriously considered it. At the time, it was thought that, had Mr. Prefontaine not been so suddenly stricken down, a naval reserve would undoubtedly have been created.

MR. McGRATH'S summary of the features of the Newfoundland reserve, which was established in November, 1900, are worth reprinting:

"The reservists are drawn from among the young fishermen of 18 to 21 years of age, and the period of enlistment is for five years. The men are required to put in a month's drill each year, and during the whole term to spend six months at sea in a warship learning the actual work among the regular crew. At the close of this sea service an examination is held, and the reservists who pass it are promoted to the 'qualified seamen' class, which means an increase of pay and allowances. After

building is the main business of the Government, and they build some very splendid bridges. These structures are splendid because they furnish most of the material for political conversation throughout the district. Many a bye-election has been fought entirely on the question whether a bridge should be built at a certain point or not.

New Brunswick, however, is up against a very severe proposition just now in the matter of bridge-building. For some twenty years they have been building a railway from St. John to Fredericton to be known as the Valley Road. Most of the time this railway has been built in the air, but recently some miles of it have actually been built on the ground. Three bridges are required, two across the St. John River and one across the Kennebecasis. The Dominion Government proposes to add to the gaiety of life in New Brunswick by contributing three million dollars for these three bridges. This will help the Valley Road very considerably, especially if the bridges do not follow the example of the one in the St. Lawrence and fall into the river.

Out in Vancouver there is also a bridge to be built, but there is only a simple question there. The discussion is confined to one topic: shall the steel be fabricated in Eastern Canada, in the United States, or in Vancouver? By all means let it be done in Vancouver. These are dull days and Canada should manufacture its own bridges.

the first five years' term a second may be taken, and then a third, if desired, and any man who has served for this period is eligible for a pension of \$58 a year if incapacitated on attaining the age of 60. It is not obligatory to begin with the sea service, though this has been the practice so far followed in Newfoundland, because it offers a greater inducement to the recruit in giving him the longer period in which to learn his work, and it yields the best results for the same reason. The recruit, on enlisting, must pass a medical examination and display his familiarity with compass, lead, log-line and oar, and if he passes he is formally enrolled, and is allowed 66 cents a day while drilling, besides being paid a retaining fee of \$16 a year and a full kit or uniform on the first and third years of each enrollment. On promotion to 'qualified seamen' his pay is raised to 75 cents per diem and his retaining fee to \$30 per annum. To provide him with bedding and coverlets for the six months at sea he is allowed an extra \$20, and his pay is increased from 7 to 10 cents daily. Except when putting in his enrollment time, he is free to attend to his ordinary pursuits, save that he is liable to be called out at any time by Royal proclamation if war is imminent or actually in progress. This is, of course, the real value of a naval or military reserve, and in regard to the naval auxiliary each man will be rated and paid as a regular during the time he serves, receiving a war fee of \$17.50 for equipment on joining, and a full supply of clothing. If the period of service is over two years, a man is paid 5 cents a day extra."

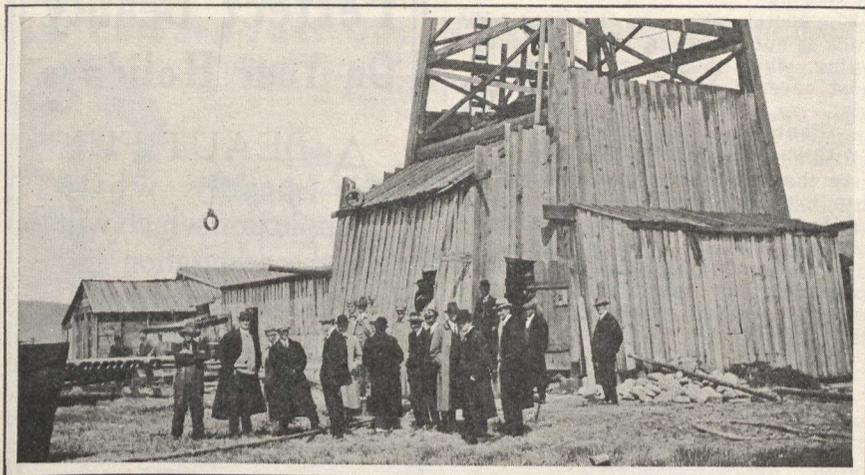
THIS is the basis upon which the Canadian Government is laying out its plans for a Canadian naval reserve. The Conservatives always maintained that the Liberal Government was not in earnest in recruiting Canadians for a naval service and that its provision for the training of Canadians was inadequate. The Conservatives, therefore, have worked out a scheme which they think will better provide for the ultimate manning of a Canadian fleet unit. The Toronto Mail and Empire, in an editorial on the 21st, probably expresses the official view. It says:

"There are about 45,000 men and boys employed on the 8,500 Canadian-registered vessels. The formation of a naval reserve, to consist of volunteers from this mercantile marine, would give Canada at least the nucleus of a marine defence force worth considering. In this enunciation of the Government's temporary naval policy, Premier Borden pointed out that seven years was required to train a navy seaman to full utility. It is clear that the organization of a Canadian naval reserve would be most desirable, indeed, a necessity, if this country were ever to contemplate a naval defence force on an adequate scale. The course of organization might be over many years, but its establishment would be a valuable gain to our means for defence."

The cost of the new scheme is estimated at about two hundred thousand dollars, and is being worked out under the direction of Mr. J. G. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of Naval Affairs, and Admiral Kingsmill. It is expected that there will be at least twelve reserve companies of one hundred men each. These will be in three divisions, Atlantic, Great Lakes, and Pacific Coast. Of course the "Rainbow" will be used as a training vessel on the Pacific, and the "Niobe" on the Atlantic. It will therefore only be necessary to add one new training vessel, which will be for the Great Lakes.

Everybody interested in our naval development will be glad to know of this reasonable and advisable development of our somnolent naval policy.

The Discovery of Oil that on May 14th Gave Calgary a High Fever



At five o'clock on the evening of May 14th the baler in the Dingman Well, forty miles southwest of Calgary, came up full of white oil. When the cap was removed next morning oil gushed twenty feet high.

Two weeks ago oil was struck in a well forty miles south-west of Calgary. This well, which might seem to be an offshoot of the natural gas fields under Medicine Hat, has already raised the temperature and the hopes of Calgary, as well as of other parts of the world where oil experts operate.



The Oil Exchange Company, occupying these premises, sold \$50,000 worth of oil stocks in shares of one dollar each, the first day after oil was struck in the Dingman Well.

From the bowels of the foothills almost pure crude gasoline, worth nine dollars a barrel, and at an optimistically estimated flow of 200 barrels a day, is making more stir in Calgary now than the discovery of gold in the Yukon made in Edmonton in 1897.

Peace Delegates at Niagara Falls

IN a room in a hotel in Niagara Falls, Ont., there is being held a series of conferences on the Mexican situation. The United States and Mexico have sent mediators. Brazil and Chile and the Argentine have sent arbitrators. As the conferences are being held in Canada, the Government, through Hon. Martin Burrell, dined and welcomed the delegates.

No press men are allowed to glean anything of what is said round the table. The delegates refuse to talk, and the only satisfaction the public of any country can gain is that of discussing rumours. The belief is general that President Huerta will be willing to retire if the negotiations now being conducted show that to be the only way out. It is understood that the Constitutionalists will also send an envoy, and that General Carranza's purposes will be defined,



The four mediators representing the United States. Left to right they are: H. P. Dodge, Secretary; Justice Lamar; Mr. Lehman, former Solicitor-General; Robert Rose, State Department.



Sir Joseph Pope, representing Canada at the Peace Conference.

though he will not be committed to any line of conduct which the mediators may suggest.

This conference on Canadian soil brings home to Canadians their responsibilities in international affairs, and the peculiar position of this country as a neutral but friendly observer of Pan-American affairs. It is eminently fitting that a peace conference, which means so much to both the United States and Canada, should be held at Niagara Falls, the natural centre of the border district where a hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States is soon to be celebrated. Niagara Falls is the one great natural spectacle besides the Rockies and the Great Lakes, held in common by the two North American peoples, both of whom are directly interested in Mexico. Last week, at the Empire Club in Toronto, the Duke of Connaught and Col. George Denison made some heroic allusions to the drama enacted along the border in the war of 1812. The Peace Conference, if it includes anything of moment in the settlement of Mexican affairs, will be a happy prelude to the celebration of a century of peace since 1815.



The Three Mediators representing Mexico at the Peace Conference. Left to right: Senor Elguera, Senor Rabasa, Senor Rodriguez.



Courierettes.

TORONTO schools may be equipped with air washers. It might be as well to fit up the Board of Education chamber, too, while they are at it.

Oxford University students are to establish and conduct provision stores on the co-operative basis. It seems as if Socialism is creeping into the cradle of Conservatism.

"Canadian weddings plentiful in London," says a heading. Canadian ministers will no doubt want to know why home industries are not given some protection.

It is worth remembering that what some people call their judgment is merely prejudice.

Montreal women are to organize a club which is to be without a nominal head. Thus the wise women will ensure peace in the organization.

Aviator McCaulay flew from Toronto to Hamilton in 32 minutes and back in 29 minutes. Hamilton people, on examining these figures, may think he has cast a slight on their city.

If the United States soldiers could only transmit the contagion of the tango to the Mexicans, the latter would perhaps be too busy to fight.

Some American suffragettes have been sending suffrage literature to Norway. Somewhat like sending coals to Newcastle.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman declares her opposition to the man dressmaker. All the husbands agree that Mrs. Gilman has good sense.

Coffin makers across the line have decided not to strike. Business is practically dead, you see.

It is announced that Uncle Sam imports \$5,000,000 worth of tung oil every year. The secret of United States eloquence is revealed at last.

After the South American mediators finish their job at Niagara Falls they might find further employment by applying to Premier Asquith and Sir Edward Carson.

One of the newest plays produced in New York bears the title of "What's Wrong?" It seems almost like an invitation to the saucy critics.

Another on Sir Richard.—Recently on this page we related an incident about Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia. Another has come to light.

It seems that the British Columbia premier is generally well aware when he is being seen or heard in public and he behaves accordingly. In fact, some of his political opponents go so far as to accuse him of posing.

On a recent trip by steamer from Victoria to Vancouver the premier had as a fellow-passenger the late Rev. Dr. Elliott Rowe, a Methodist preacher, well known in Eastern Canada, and who had since tried his hand at publicity work. He died only a few days ago.

Sir Richard was sleepy and retired to his stateroom for a nap. He was awakened some time later to find Dr. Rowe's big genial face at the door, and the doctor's eyes intently gazing at him.

The premier, of course, inquired as to the reason for the unexpected visit.

"Well, you see, Dick," replied Dr. Rowe, "I just thought I'd look in and get a peep at you when you were unconscious."

Squelched.—He was one of those young cads who make a specialty of "mashing" young girls in restaurants. He walked in and seated himself in front of a pretty girl, who was mind-

ing her own business, i.e., eating her lunch.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he began suavely.

"Well?" she interrogated, quite calmly.

"Why, Miss, it is—it is this way, you see. I made an engagement with a young lady I had never met to meet her here. I thought you might be the girl. Are you waiting for me?"

She smiled. "I might be," she said. He was delighted. He thought the conquest was made. "Ah, indeed!" he said.

"Yes," said the demure maiden. "You see, I ordered lobster and it has not come yet."

Manoeuvres in Mexico.—The Mexican captain reported to his general.

"We made the enemy run, sir," he said.

"Splendid. Did you chase him over the border?"

"No, sir, but we beat him—we left him a mile in the rear."

About Names.—"What's in a name?" quoted the person given to poetry and philosophy.

"Most everything—sometimes," retorted the cynic, "particularly if it happens to be the wife's name."

Obsolete.

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

Was all very well on the copybook page,
But it doesn't fit in with this tangoing age.

Expert Advice.—"It is exercise you need, good vigorous exercise," said the physician.

"Yes, doctor, but what shall I do? Play tennis, golf, or take to bowling?"
"Never mind any of those games. Just walk down street every day and dodge the automobiles."

The Answer.—Sunday School Teacher—"Can any little boy give me a commandment with only four words in it?"

Johnnie—"Yes'm. 'Keep off the grass.'"

Quite Logical.—A bald-headed man of rather miserly disposition went into a barber shop and asked for a hair-cut.

"Couldn't you give me a cheaper rate as I have so little hair to cut?" he queried.

"Nothing doing," said the tonsorial artist. "Think of the search I'll have to find that hair."

Poor Beggars.—Some men, when they quarrel with their wives, have to be content to do the listening.

Explained.—Mrs. Brown—"Did you ever notice that Mr. Jones has worn the same dress suit for years and years while his wife has a new gown for every party?"

Brown—"Yes, that's why Jones has had the same suit for years and years."

Lost Track of the Score.—An Englishman who had just crossed the Atlantic was persuaded to go to see a professional ball game in one of the big cities.

Faithful to the traditions of the Saxon race, he fervently argued that there was no game like cricket, but after much coaxing he decided to at least take a look at the great American pastime.

He sat in the stand and watched intently. One team scored two runs

in the first inning. The other nine got one run. Thereafter there was no scoring.

The Briton was soon disgusted. He stuck it out, however, until the eighth inning, when the score-board was almost covered with "goose-eggs"—like this:

Giants 2 0 0 0 0 0 0
Cubs 1 0 0 0 0 0 0

As the Englishman came out of the gate, plainly showing his disgust on his face, somebody asked him what the score was.

"My word!" he exclaimed, "I've completely lost track of the blasted score. It was away up in the millions when I left."

Ever Try It?—He—"Sleeping out of doors in the summer time is great fun."

She—"For the mosquitoes."

Inclusive.—"My boy, there are two classes of women you should beware of as you go through life."

"What are they?"

"Blondes and brunettes."

Publicity Note.—A casual glance at the Toronto evening papers makes it quite clear that the good people of the Queen City must be kept very much on the alert to prevent their pictures getting into the said papers.

Properly Described.—Theatrical business has been exceptionally bad in the United States during the past season. Many shows were forced to close, and some troupes were stranded. The other day a Canadian manager was discussing financial affairs of the theatre with an American theatrical man, and the latter told of one show that drew just \$4.50 to the box-office in one of the biggest Yankee cities at a recent matinee.

"Just \$4.50," said the Canuck. "That's what we in Canada would call 'gross' receipts."

Times Have Changed.—In the olden days there used to be a thing which literary folks called "poetic license."

Poets have lost their license long since, however. It is entirely used up now by the authors of the risqué novels.

Revised.

A little woman, now and then,
Will interest the best of men;
But too much of her, it's plain,
Drives the wisest man insane.

James and the Duke.—Hon. James Duff, better known as "Jimmie," is noted for his lack of frills. They tell a story about the visit which the Duke of Connaught paid to the O. A. C. at Guelph. Hon. Jimmie was there to show His Royal Highness round.

It had been arranged that the Duke's special train carrying him back to Ottawa was to arrive before Hon. Jimmie's train to Toronto. Some hitch occurred in the arrangements, and the Minister's train came in first. The presumption is that anybody but Mr. Duff would have let his train wait, until he had bowed the Duke into his own train.

Not so Jimmie. A porter came and told him his train was in.

"That so?" said he. "Well"—and he turned to the Duke—"Well, good bye, Duke. I must be going." And, grasping the gubernatorial hand—he went.

Some of us would like to see James and Prince Alexander of Teck in similar circumstances.

Ridiculous.—A brother was praying in a little country church. He prayed hard—for wind and rain. The country was drying up and rain and breeze were needed.

"O Lord," said the brother, send us a gentle zephyr."

Just then, a hurricane shook the building, and a couple of windows cracked.

"Lord, Lord," went on the brother, "that's ridiculous!"

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A BEAUTIFUL pearly white complexion which will be the admiration and envy of your friends. A complexion such as all ladies of refinement desire to obtain. This is the assurance every woman has who takes with her to the country or the seashore a bottle of

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the ideal liquid powder. It far surpasses the ordinary dry powders, as it nourishes the skin and does not clog the pores. Gouraud's Oriental Cream is absolutely free from grease and consequently does not encourage the growth of hair.



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should always be used when applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream. It is perfectly smooth and velvety, and will give you the most satisfactory results. Sent in a dustproof box on receipt of 50c.

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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50 and up per day.

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Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
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All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open 8 to 12 p.m.
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Utilize the Back Yard

Lots of Hoeing is Indispensable to Successful Gardening

By HUGH S. EAYRS

THE seeds which were sown some two weeks ago should by this time be producing some results. As has been said before, some green-stuffs, such as lettuce and radishes are quick growers. So, for succession, put in some more, and keep it up right through the season at intervals of about two weeks. Indeed, until the end of June, intervals of ten days are long enough for radishes and lettuce. Succession in planting, as we said last week, is the best, because the most economical way of making the most out of the garden. By planting a succession of seeds, good seeds, right through the producing season, it is possible at a minimum expense to keep the table well supplied with salads and greenstuffs, the most acceptable sort of food in the dog days. Gardening embraces the art of taking out as well as the art of putting in. It is very important to keep on thinning your plants. Plants that are showing should not be allowed to crowd each other. Destroy them ruthlessly, so that those that are left may have the best chance to come to maturity. Otherwise, not even the fittest will survive. Plants of all kinds must have room to feed and drink and breathe. Elimination, in the garden, is a noteworthy part of cultivation.

The next thing to do is to buy a hoe. After that, spend your time trying to wear it out, and strengthen your muscles in so doing. There are all sorts of hoes. Their variety needn't scare you, for many of them are duplicates in so far as their usefulness is concerned. The hoe is the sheet anchor of successful gardening. You can't get on without it. The hoe to use is the Dutch or push hoe, which, unlike many implements, is used with a pushing rather than a drawing or pulling motion. Little hand hoes are useful, too, as weeders. They do finer or closer work. Hoeing is better for the soil than watering. It destroys capillary attraction, for it stops evaporation, and enables the soil to give the moisture to the plants planted therein, rather than losing it by wasting it on the air. Hoeing is the reverse of firming. Its subsidiary use is that it stamps out weeds, and so, without competition from the weed—which, like the poor, will be always with us, more or less—the vegetables have no counter influence

to combat. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the constant requisitioning of the hoe. Keep it busy.

So far, vine vegetables have not been planted in the ground. Such as are growing are growing under frames or in boxes. They may now be planted out, with advantage. Such a vegetable as the tomato is rather tender, and should be protected at night from the weather, which is still a little cool. Inverted boxes or plant pots over the vegetables after they are transplanted to the back yard, will be a safeguard. Shingle, too may be used. Stick it in the ground on the weather side of the vegetable.

Before purchased plants or box-grown plants are transplanted, the ground should be in a fine condition. The holes made should be large enough for the roots to be arranged. If possible, bring a ball of the original soil with the plant. Many people lift their vegetable or flower out of the plant pot or box, and deliberately shake the old soil off the roots. This is not the right way. Some of the old soil should be kept, and the new soil will intermix with it. Tomatoes should be the easier to transplant, because the soil is shaped to the pot in which the plant is. A shake is all that is necessary, and then the mould can be put, just as it is, into the new ground. After planting, firm the surrounding soil well, and then the watering can can be brought into operation. The ground should be properly soaked. For three or four days protection from the sun is necessary. Sprinkling of the leaves, morning and evening, will help the transplanted plants to stand the shock of change of surroundings.

There is another vegetable which might have been added to the list given last week. Runner beans are useful for their decorative effect. Some "unspeakable English" use them for culinary purposes, too, and don't seem to be any the worse for it. Up to now, it has been too cold to seed runner beans. But they may safely be planted now. Put them two inches deep, and about six or eight inches apart.

Lastly, and to revert for a minute, what I say unto one, I say unto all—HOE.

The Land of Valleys and History

(Continued from page 11.)

And when you steam out of Halifax --remembering how you got to it up the famous Annapolis Valley and the Land of Evangeline, remembering the cherry trees and the apple blossoms—you have a feeling that here on the edge of things begun and still beginning in this country, you are leaving behind much that you never can see in any other part of Canada.

You came to Halifax by the Dominion Atlantic. You leave it by the Intercolonial, which is your most picturesque way of getting into it from the west. For half a day the route leads on towards Moncton, the headquarters of our only national railway; on through a country of varied local colours and never-ending charm of home-making scenery. It is a route that never tires. There is always more than enough on either side of the train to make the timetable a vain thing. You have no impatience when the train hangs up a few minutes longer than scheduled at some station. You rather wish sometimes that it would switch off for a couple of hours to give more time for the study of the town that has for so long been contriving that tantalizing picture.

But shortly after lunch time you are in Moncton, which is as different from Halifax as Halifax is from Quebec. Moncton is a city of natural phenomena, of which before natural gas at 18 cents per M. entered the field,

the Tidal Bore was the chief. For as many hundred years as the mind of man is able to conceive, the Tidal Bore on the Petitcodiac has been a daily miracle of second importance only to the Flood. For a good while during the recent historical era it was imagined by some legend-loving people that this remarkable influx of the tide under influence of the moon, meeting the current of the impetuous Petitcodiac and so driven into a mad upheaval of water, had some time in its mania given birth to Moncton. This is a mistake. Moncton really discovered the Bore, which didn't know what itself was till Moncton came on the scene. But having for generations proclaimed itself as the home of the Great Bore, Moncton now wishes it to be understood that the Bore is but one of the sideshows to the main circus.

NOBODY ever hitched the Bore up for a purpose. It never created industries or boosted the cost of real estate. With all its colossal picturesqueness—and Monctonians differ even about that—it is nothing but a turgid spectacle that the old inhabitants used to consider a great wonder and the newer Monctonians regard as a magnificent "has-been" which probably always will be. So as no man can do anything with the phenomenon, except gawk at it or write poems about it, or paint pictures of it,

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Not a headache in a barrelful—and never makes you bilious. It's extra mild and absolutely pure.

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is a sure mark of ignorance or ill-breeding. Better be as particular about your English as about your personal appearance. The easiest way is to get that handy little volume, "A Desk-Book of Errors in English," By Frank H. Vizetelly. Price, \$1.00, post paid, Norman Richardson, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto

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Students prepared for degrees in Arts, Pure Science and Music. Scholarships are awarded annually. For all information apply to the Warden.

THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA

Fifty-first Annual Meeting

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

The report of the Directors was read by the President, as follows:—

The Board have much pleasure in submitting the result of the year's business, closing with the 30th April last. On an average capital and rest of \$13,348,100, the Bank has earned 9.13%, which is a little lower rate than a year ago. Meantime, our capital stock has been further augmented by the disposal of the unsold shares, making the dividend disbursements somewhat greater. In the Profit and Loss Statement you will observe \$135,000, applied in reduction of the sum representing the bonds and securities, which during the year have suffered a fall in price. To bring them to their market value the Board have authorized the writing of them down by that sum.

I have great pleasure to-day in congratulating the shareholders upon a very notable event in the history of the Bank—the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment—and also upon the happy attainment of the goal of the Board's ambition for many years back, namely, the placing of the Reserve Fund upon an equality with the paid up Capital. This consummation has been at length attained. The paid up Capital is now \$7,000,000 and the Reserve Fund \$7,000,000, as you will see from the statement placed before you.

During the past year we have opened branches at the following points:—

In Quebec: Chateauguay Basin, Huntingdon, Maisonneuve, Montreal, St. Denis Street, Ormstown and Vaudreuil. In Ontario: Bronte, Clarkson, Hamilton East End, Sarnia and St. Catharines. In Alberta: West Edmonton, Raymond and Rimbey. In Saskatchewan: Eastend, Forres, Humboldt, Kelvinhurst, Limerick and Shaunavon. In British Columbia: Ganges Harbour, Oak Bay and Victoria North End. In Manitoba: Starbuck, and in Nova Scotia, New Glasgow.

And we have closed the following offices:—In Alberta: New Norway, Pincher Station and Walsh, and in Ontario: Sandwich.

All the branches of the Bank have been inspected during the year.

The Board will to-day ask the shareholders to appoint Auditors for the coming year, in accordance with the Bank Act.

The requirements under the new Bank Act, covering the preparation of the Annual Statement, together with the growth of the Bank, make it desirable that more time be given for this work. We find it, therefore, necessary that the date of the Annual Meeting be put forward somewhat. The third Wednesday in May, following so nearly the close of the books on 30th April, does not allow sufficient time. The Board ask you to sanction a change of date to the first Wednesday in June, which will meet requirements.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. MONTAGU ALLAN,
President.

The Financial Statement.

Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the year ending 30th April, 1914:

The Net Profits of the year, after payment of charges, rebate on discount, interest on deposits, and making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to... \$1,218,694 45
Premium on New Stock 180,825 00
The balance brought forward from 30th April, 1913, was 401,014 24

This has been disposed of as follows:

Dividend No. 104, at the rate of 10% per annum \$169,177 50
Dividend No. 105, at the rate of 10% per annum 169,907 00
Dividend No. 106, at the rate of 10% per annum 172,549 52
Dividend No. 107, at the rate of 10% per annum 175,000 00
Transferred to Reserve Fund from Profit and Loss Account 400,000 00
Transferred to Reserve Fund from Premium on New Stock 180,825 00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund 50,000 00
Written off Bank Premises Account 100,000 00
Written off for depreciation in Bonds and Investments 135,000 00
Balance carried forward 248,134 67

Making a total of \$1,800,533 69

\$1,800,533 69

RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.
Balance, 30th April, 1913 \$6,419,175
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.... 400,000
Premium on New Stock 180,825
\$7,000,000

Average Paid-up Capital during the year, \$6,868,500

E. F. HEBDEN,
General Manager.

H. MONTAGU ALLAN,
President.

Statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th April, 1914.

LIABILITIES.
1. To the Shareholders.
Capital Stock paid in \$7,000,000 00
Rest or Reserve Fund 7,000,000 00
Dividends declared and unpaid 176,088 66
Balance of Profits as per Profit and Loss Account submitted herewith 248,134 67
\$14,424,223 33
2. To the Public.
Notes of the Bank in Circulation \$5,597,714 00
Deposits not bearing interest 13,309,394 11
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement 45,946,650 06
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.... 1,488,333 31
Balances due to Banks and banking correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries 2,278,387 51
Bills payable
Acceptances under letters of credit 76,039 00
Liabilities not included in the foregoing

ASSETS.
Current Coin held \$2,993,802 06
Dominion Notes held 4,862,603 00
Notes of other Banks 519,109 00
Cheques on other Banks 3,276,399 74
Balances due by other Banks in Canada .. 2,688 08
Balances due by Banks and banking correspondents elsewhere than in Canada .. 1,089,762 76
Dominion and Provincial Government securities, not exceeding market value 568,991 61
Canadian Municipal securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial public securities, other than Canadian, not exceeding market value 536,990 65
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value 4,183,097 70
Call Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks 3,119,841 67
Call Loans elsewhere than in Canada 3,770,117 27
\$24,923,403 54
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less Rebate of Interest) \$53,603,673 24
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less Rebate of Interest) 181,016 45
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit as per contra 76,039 00
Real Estate other than bank premises 79,704 98
Overdue debts, estimated loss provided for. Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts (if any) written off 3,720,035 88
Deposit with the Minister for the purpose of the Circulation Fund 325,000 00
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserve
Other Assets not included in the foregoing. 137,754 79

\$83,120,741 32

\$83,120,741 32

E. F. HEBDEN,
General Manager.

H. MONTAGU ALLAN,
President.

the only hope is that some "movie" producer will some day include it in a photo-play.

The benevolent guide somewhat sadly steers the tourist away from the placid picture of the Bore that hasn't yet come up, to the power-house and electric light works of the town on the banks of the Petitcodiac. Once upon a time it might have been hoped that the Bore would generate electricity enough for Moncton. Now the power people have installed a battery of tremendous boilers that never eat a pound of coal. Gaze into the maw of one of these boilers and you find it seething with flames that come piping up from the natural gas fields down around Sussex way. That's the hope of modern Moncton, and it looks as though it would last as long as the great Bore itself.

There are no real hotels in Moncton. There are several places that seem to be coining money by cutting down expenses and cramming their rooms full of people at high prices, even when some of them don't happen to have bars. It's all an illusion that a hotel can't be made to pay without a bar. There's one hotel in Moncton that is making money hand over fist without anything stronger than ginger ale on the premises; just because it's possible to stick a traveler two or three dollars a day for a miserable hall bedroom as wide as a railway box car and meals to match. It's a pretty general complaint in the Maritime Provinces that in a magnificent summer land there are very few summer hotels. In Moncton there are neither summer hotels nor winter hotels. And there is probably a barrel of money waiting for some company with gumption enough to adorn our national railway city with at least one bang-up modern hotel that would make the place look like a real city.

A Trip Down the St. Lawrence (Concluded from page 5.)

yes, he came on some time ago. He knows Lachine. So does the boat which has been down it year by year and, so the story goes, never struck a snag. You feel as though there should be brakes on the boat. The speed is delirious. The motion is drunken. There is no choice. You can't turn her back. She is in. She is going down. Fair ahead are the Scylla and Charbydis, the two rocks, that look as near together as the beams of the boat; and nobody but the crew are dead sure what grinding ledges may be either side. Whoever contrived a passage for a steamboat through that gap? It wasn't Champlain. He had his nerve to be sure; so had the Indians—but they were used to it.

Dead certain that the boat is heading sheer for the larboard rock; morally sure she is making straight for the ledge to starboard—you hang on to the next passenger ahead or behind, he hangs on to you, and you pretend to shut your eyes as the boat, doing her best to snap the wheel chain and carry the whole cargo to Ballyhoo, pokes her drunken nose between the two foam-jawed spikes of stone. Then the boat comes in your way. You see nothing. There is a fine, frenzied silence. If anything is due to happen—it must be now.

But before now is then, you are all through; the power goes on below; the boat becomes a free agent, and you are steaming into view of the mountain of Montreal the smoke and the mists of the harbour.

Next morning, by another boat of the same line, you are off again to make the ten-hour journey to Quebec; which, in the broad main of the real, uninterrupted St. Lawrence, is one continuous panorama of calm and satisfied interest, with the tug of the open sea gradually getting under the bows; with scores of little tin-spired towns gliding past; blue-domed mountain and green meadow and unspoken poems of eternal peace such as never could be seen on any other river in America but the St. Lawrence. For the French folk surely know how to make river banks lovely, at least so far as you can see the result of their efforts from the deck of a river liner.

Investment Opportunities

The present low prices of securities is undoubtedly the investor's opportunity. Many stocks of undoubted merit are selling far below their high point and if purchased now will yield a good return.

We shall be pleased to send you our letter showing the most attractive stock in each class of investment.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Wonderful Wealth of Great Britain

UNDER the caption of "A Record Issue of Capital" the "Canadian Courier" for May 31st, a year ago, showed that Great Britain had subscribed \$545,000,000 for new issues during the first four months of the year, which was a record. But January to April, 1914, beats this record, for during that time no less a sum than \$649,480,000 was subscribed in London for new issues. The figures relative to this period for four years are worth noting:

1911	\$425,000,000
1912	375,000,000
1913	545,000,000
1914	649,480,000

If the rest of 1914 comes up to scratch, the total of newly issued capital will exceed all previous years.

Of this six hundred and forty millions the Colonies have had over two hundred and fifty millions. Foreign countries have had a large share, the United States and Brazil making the greatest inroads. Of the two hundred and fifty millions gone to the Colonies, Canada has once more had the lion's share. A total of one hundred and forty-seven million dollars has come our way. This is twenty millions less than in the same period last year. Australia is largely responsible for the difference. It is going more and more frequently to London for money. But Canada cannot complain at this falling off. Fewer issues have been made during the last six months than formerly, and the check is wise. There is such a thing as going too fast.

Commenting on the total capital subscription the "Statist" says: "With very few exceptions issues have been easily placed and quickly absorbed. Moreover, there are no signs that the country has lent more than it can afford. It is true that the foreign exchanges are sufficiently against us to cause the new gold, arriving from abroad, to be re-exported, but this arises from the easy rates of discount current in the London money market, and from lack of desire to retain the gold here."

Conservative Policy of Sterling Bank

AT the annual meeting of the Sterling Bank, held a year ago, President G. T. Somers said: "In regard to the future of the bank, I feel that the present policy of conservatism should be rigidly maintained." The report for 1913-14, just issued, is evidence that the conservative policy has been maintained, and the Sterling Bank is not sacrificing stability to promote growth.



MR. G. T. SOMERS,
President of the Sterling Bank.

It is a record of good banking practice, by which the bank has beaten a trying time. During the year, the bank materially improved its position. It expanded its loans and its deposits. It created a special contingent account as appropriation for premises. It continued its six per cent. dividend. The earnings for the three past years are:

1911-12	\$107,876
1912-13	113,400
1913-14	114,200

The bank has pursued a different policy in the provisions made this year. Last year it transferred \$30,000 to contingent account, and carried forward \$87,660. This year it transfers \$47,615 and carries forward a balance of \$87,982. Assets are \$9,395,000, as compared with \$9,099,533 last year, a satisfactory increase. The President is, as ever, optimistic about the future. As its name implies, the Sterling Bank of Canada has become one of the most reliable institutions in the country, combining conservatism and progress.

Toronto's Latest Flotations

GREAT joy is exhibited by the authorities of Toronto because they have sold two and a half million dollars worth of local improvement and municipal four and a half per cent. bonds at 97.16 net. They announce in the Toronto newspapers that this is a better price than was obtained by Montreal a few weeks ago. The price obtained by Montreal was 97.65 NET, which is higher than the price obtained by Toronto. The jubilation at the Toronto City Hall is, therefore, not justified. Moreover, the Montreal issue was for forty year bonds, while the Toronto issue was but ten year bonds. Therefore, Toronto should have received a much higher price than Montreal. It looks as if either the Toronto authorities are being deceived themselves or else they are trying to deceive the public.

The Toronto authorities are selling their bonds at private sale to brokers and bond dealers in Canada because they have no machinery for selling them in London. In order to justify themselves they are naturally trying to prove that as good a price can be obtained for bonds here as in London, where all the Montreal bonds are placed.

While the Toronto authorities may be claiming too much, it is quite evident that they are getting a much better price than they got last year. The average price for four and a half per cent. bonds was 95, or two points lower than the prices received in April and May of this year. It must be remembered, however, that for many years both Toronto and Montreal were able to sell four per cent. bonds at pretty much the same price as they are now getting for four and a half per cent.

The Calgary Oil Furore

WHENEVER there is a real discovery in any field of human endeavour the faker rushes in to help along the business of parting the public from their money. Three or four people made some money raising black fox puppies in Prince Edward Island and selling them at high prices to people who wanted to start fox breeding. As a consequence, there are several hundred black fox companies selling stock to the public, and some of them do not even own a black fox. So it is with the Calgary oil strike.

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The Corporation's bonds are, therefore, a "seasoned security." They are issued in accordance with the restrictive provisions of the Corporation's Charter, and also those with which the Legislature circumscribes the investment of Trust Funds. Ten and one-quarter Million Dollars of Shareholders' Money are a further pledge of their security.

These bonds may be had in sums of One Hundred Dollars and upwards.

We shall be glad to have you call and inquire as to the terms upon which they are issued, or to send you a copy of our Annual Report and all particulars.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund Exceed Ten Million Dollars.

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of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

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

Paid-up Capital\$7,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 7,248,134

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THE STERLING BANK OF CANADA

Statement of the Results of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending 30th of April, 1914, Given at the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders Held at the Head Office, Toronto, on Tuesday, 19th of May, 1914.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Balance of Profit and Loss, 30th April, 1913	\$ 97,660.92
Profits for the year ending 30th April, 1914, after deducting charges of management, rebate of interest, etc.	114,200.46
Making a total of	\$ 211,861.38
Appropriated as follows:—	
Dividend 1½% 15th Aug., 1913	\$16,922.55
“ 1½% 15th Nov., 1913	17,100.26
“ 1½% 15th Feb., 1914	17,391.97
“ 1½% 15th May, 1914	17,690.38
	\$ 69,105.16
Transferred to Contingent Account as appropriation for Bank Premises, Reserved for Investments, etc.	47,615.52
Taxes	7,158.13
Balance carried forward	87,982.57
	\$ 211,861.38

RESERVE FUND.

Balance brought forward	\$ 300,000.00
-------------------------	---------------

GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

Notes of Bank in circulation	\$ 980,055.00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$1,482,750.83
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date of statement)	5,158,390.67
	\$ 6,641,141.50
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	133,952.43
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	48,000.00
	\$ 7,803,148.93
Total Liabilities to the Public	\$ 7,803,148.93
Capital Stock paid up	\$1,184,353.29
Reserve Fund	300,000.00
Dividends unpaid	2,043.37
Dividend No. 29, payable 15th May	17,690.38
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	87,982.57
	\$ 1,592,069.61
	\$9,395,218.54

ASSETS.

Current Coin held by the Bank	\$ 43,476.88
Dominion Notes held	885,607.00
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	53,747.00
Notes of other Banks	131,550.00
Cheques on other Banks	446,288.47
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	10,000.00
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	210,491.43
	\$1,781,160.78
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	368,106.86
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value	392,316.37
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	814,089.23
	\$ 3,355,673.24
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest)	\$ 5,634,102.50
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	14,646.37
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off	320,619.53
Other Assets not included in the foregoing	70,176.90
	\$ 6,039,545.30
	\$9,395,218.54

Toronto, April 30th, 1914. A. H. WALKER, General Manager.
I have examined the Cash and Securities at the Chief Office of the Bank in Toronto, and compared the General Balance Sheet as at the 30th of April, 1914, with the certified Returns from the Branches and with Head Office books, and in my opinion this is a correct and conservative statement of the condition of the Bank as at that date.
SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND, Chartered Accountant.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office: TORONTO

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

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

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

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

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THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SEVEN PER CENT. (7%) PER ANNUM upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending the 31st of May, 1914, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Monday the 1st of June, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th May, 1914, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,

Toronto, April 20th, 1914.

General Manager.

A well has been sunk on the Dingman property, and oil has certainly been found. Of course, the natural result has followed. Every man who has a piece of land within a hundred miles of this property is a prospective millionaire. For every barrel of oil that has been found a new joint stock company has been organized. All the fake promoters of the continent are busily engaged in selling oil stock shares to the gullible people. It is said that 200 brokerage offices have been opened in Calgary, and that these are all thronged with eager buyers. One company claims to have closed a subscription list of \$300,000. And yet the moral reformers try to make us believe that the spirit of gambling is an acquired accomplishment similar to the taste for Scotch whiskey. Surely there is plenty of evidence to prove that we moderns are as determined to gamble as our forefathers were in the days of the South Sea Bubble.

Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

STOCK quotations last week were quite undecided in their variations. Some were lower and some were higher. The general feeling of investors was for higher prices, but on account of the approaching holiday a bull market was inadvisable.

	April			May		
	18	25	2	9	16	23
Barcelona	28 7/8	26 3/4	26 3/4	25	26	26
Brazilian	80 1/2	75 3/4	78 1/2	76 1/4	73 1/4	76 1/4
Bell Telephone	145	145	144 1/2	144 1/2	145	146
Canada Bread	28	27	27 3/4	28	28 3/4	31 1/2
Canada Cement	30	30	29	28 1/2	28 1/2	28 1/2
Can. Gen. Electric	105	104	105	102	103	103 1/2
C. P. R.	199 1/2	189	193 1/2	190 3/4	193	193 1/2
Dom. Steel Cor.	28	26	25 1/2	21 3/8	22	22 3/8
Lake of Woods	131	129 1/2	128 1/2	127 1/2	128 3/4	127
Laurentide	181 1/2	176	181	175	179	177 1/2
Mackay	82	80	79 7/8	78 1/2	81	80 3/4
Montreal Power	218 1/4	217 1/2	219 7/8	218 3/8	220 1/2	220 1/4
R. and O.	98 1/4	100	103 1/2	99 1/2	99 7/8	97
Rogers	116	116	103	107	107	107
Toronto Railway	136	134 1/2	136 1/4	132	xr133	131 3/4

Crop reports are none too good, but other market causes seem to be favourable to an improvement during June.

Merchants Bank Earned 17.8 Per Cent.

SHAREHOLDERS of the Merchants Bank have every reason to be satisfied with the report of what is their first April to April year. The last report cannot very well furnish comparisons, since it was only for a period of five months. Profits of \$1,218,694 are not as large as in November, 1912, but this is explained by the fact that a considerable part of the bank's year was a period when extreme caution was necessary, so that the profits would naturally suffer.

Cash holdings and assets are virtually unchanged from their levels of last April. Savings deposits stand about two and a half millions higher than a year ago, and though demand deposits fell off, taking the two classes together, there is an aggregate gain of half a million dollars. The Merchants is a bank a large part of whose business is in loans to the commercial community, and while the tendency latterly has been to contraction, the item of current loans in this bank's statement shows a gain of about a million dollars. The capital is increased to seven millions, and reserve to a like sum. Appropriations being heavier this year, the balance carried forward was \$248,134, as compared with \$401,014 the previous year.

Putting Water in the Salmon

SOME time ago, the British Columbia Packers' Association redeemed their preferred, Series B, leaving only \$635,000 preferred outstanding, and \$1,511,400 of common. This has put the preferred up to a very high price, while the common was as high as 160 in 1913. It is now around 126. Apparently those who control the company think these prices are too high, and the usual process is being followed of watering the stock.

A new company has been formed to be known as the British Columbia Fishing and Packing Company, with a capital of five millions. This company offers to give two shares of the new for one share of the old, either preferred or common. When the transformation is complete the preferred should be worth about 75, and the common about 65. If the company continues to pay seven per cent. on the preferred the price should rise from 75 to 100, and thus give the holders a very considerable profit. This will be good for the holders, but will materially increase the annual charges for preferred dividends.

Canada's Farm Areas

THE Department of Trade and Commerce issues a bulletin bearing on the potential agricultural resources of Canada. Only 2.6 per cent. of the total land area of the nine provinces, viz., 401,316,413 acres, is under cultivation. Thirty-one per cent. of the total land area, or 440,951,000 acres, is cultivable. The total area at present under cultivation is given as thirty-six million acres. Of this, field crops represent 35,375,000, and fruit and vegetable crops 625,000. Only about thirty-three per cent. of the area now occupied as farm land is at present under cultivation.

The significance of these figures is the enormous extent of opportunity for agricultural pursuit. Probably this extent is greater than these figures indicate, because there are yet districts unexplored. Canada is the farmer's country.

Goodwin's Limited

ON May 13th the annual meeting of Goodwin's Limited, department store, was held in Montreal, and there was a considerable change in the directorate. President D. Lorne McGibbon, Mr. F. H. Ward, Mr. Victor E. Mitchell and Mr. C. P. Baubien retired, and were succeeded by James Wood, G. S. Mayes, John W. Ross, and R. N. Smythe. Mr. J. W. McConnell was elected president, with Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Webster and Mr. Wood as vice-presidents. Mr. Wood was connected for many years with the Robert Simpson Company, Limited, Toronto. The net profits for the year showed a decline, but amounted to 11.3 per cent. on the preferred stock, of which there is \$1,250,000 paid up. The common stock is selling around 27, as against its high price of 48 1/2 in August, 1912.

Financiers' Yachts

A SCHOONER-RIGGED steam yacht, formerly owned by the late Sir Edward Clouston, and said to have cost \$22,500, was sold by auction last week in Montreal for \$2,020. There are one or two other yachts owned by financiers which may also be bought cheap.

Expert Tips on Tennis

III—THE FORE-HAND STROKE AND RUNNING DRIVE

By J. C. PARKE

IT is a general precept that in attempting to explain anything one should always start at the beginning, so in this case. I shall try to follow the counsel of the sages, and start with what I consider to be the very beginning, viz., the grip!

First of all, do not use too thick a handle, for the only result is that you tire and strain the muscles of your fingers and wrist, and thus lose firmness of hold, and that elusive quality known amongst the more expert as "touch." Exactly the same remarks apply to a heavy racket, and for exactly the same reasons: 14-1.2 oz., with a medium balance, is quite heavy enough for any man, and I myself use a 14 oz., with a similar balance. As to the shape of the handle, I prefer an oval one, as it seems to fit more firmly into my hand, but this, of course, is a matter of choice and each person must please himself. Just a word of advice here—having got a racket which suits you, try to get all your new rackets as nearly as possible models of the old one, and don't chop and change about.

And now how are you to hold this beautiful racket? Well, I can only tell you how I hold it myself, and explain a little as to the grips used by others, but again I do not wish to be dogmatic as to what is the best or most correct method. Personally, I fit the handle as far as possible into the "V" between my thumb and first finger, so that the back flatness lies practically across the balls of the fingers, and my thumb closes across the front flatness, while my fingers press the side up into the "V." The result is that when I stretch my arm stiff out from my side I have a straight-faced racket with which to meet the ball, and I also find that I can play the back-hand without altering my grip in the slightest. H. L. Doherty and the late "R. F.," both used practically the same fore-hand grip as above, and altered it slightly for the back-hand, but A. F. Wilding holds his racket more at the back for his famous top-spin drive, and then has to alter considerably to use the Doherty grip for the back-hand. The Australians hold even further round than Wilding, but then they use the same side of their racket for the back-hand as for the fore-hand. It is a style adapted to the rushing net game in which most of them specialize.

THE next question is, how are you to hit the ball so as to obtain the best results? Well, every one is agreed that the feet ought to be parallel to the line of direction in which it is desired to send the ball, and that may be considered as settled and essential. Personally, I start the swing with the head of the racket well back and about waist high, and my arm practically stiff. The swing ought to be one easy movement with the weight of the body coming forward from the right foot to the left, until at the end of the stroke the right foot is off the ground, and one is ready to move to any new position to receive the return. Too much importance cannot be laid on this "foot-work," as it is called, for if the fore-hand stroke be finished with the weight on the right foot, it will be found that not only is the stroke lacking in power, but also in recovering position those few seconds are lost which so often mean the winning or the losing of the rally.

The head of the racket is coming through along with the weight, and the aim and object of every person ought to be to hit the ball in the middle of the swing with a straight-faced racket. At the moment of impact, I began to turn the face over so that I finish the swing with the knuckles pointing upwards. I find that this imparts considerable forward spin to the ball and adds tremendously to its speed off the ground, and in addition balls which may appear to be going across the lines very often duck at the last moment and drop just inside. For myself I prefer to hit the ball when it is between the waist and shoulder high,

and on the ordinary English grass courts this is the same thing as saying "at the top of the hop." It is also the natural point at which to hit it, as the ball has less motion than at any other moment—the upward or downward motion having for an instant disappeared—and it also affords the largest available space of the opponent's court into which it is possible to play the ball down.

Of course the foregoing is a description of how to produce the ordinary straight-forward drive with a little spin, but the so-called "top-spin" drive is produced quite differently, and is only used by one or two players in this country. In it the head of the racket starts very low down, and comes upward much quicker than in the ordinary drive, and finishes high in the air. The face commences to turn over actually before the moment of impact, the wrist action forms an all-important part in the stroke. By its means the ball is made to dip very quickly across the net, but at the same time it has nothing like the severity or pace of the straight-forward drive, and gives a poor result for the amount of energy expended in its production. It is useful, however, against a volleyer, who may find himself continually caught with this horrible dipping ball at his feet, and even when entrenched at the net he may experience great difficulty in dealing effectively with the spin added to the dip. It was just this weapon which Wilding found so efficacious in dealing with the (usually) deadly volleying attack of McLoughlin.

UPON beginners and medium players who really desire to improve, and even upon players who consider themselves beyond the medium stage, I cannot too strongly urge the advisability of practice off the court in addition to practice on the court.

Against an opponent we are almost always so carried away by the desire to win, that all our endeavours are directed to getting the ball over the net in any old way, and in consequence we forget all about an easy swing, a good follow-through, foot-work, etc., and so we go on day after day with the same old faults, and we can't understand why we don't improve more quickly.

Well, now, my advice is, start practising the swing in any odd moments when you have nothing better to do. You will constantly see the best golfers practising their swing, so why not do the same at tennis? Take up your stand with your feet parallel to the line of direction in which you wish to play the imaginary ball. Then imagine you are hitting a ball about waist high and half way between your feet. Start with the weight on the right foot and with the head of the racket well back and moderately low. Swing forward steadily and easily, meeting the imaginary ball with a straight-faced racket. Begin to turn the racket over on top of the ball immediately after impact, and finish well forward with all the weight on the left foot, and with the head of the racket pointing in the direction of the imaginary flight of the ball. Do this again and again until the entire movement is one whole, free from jerks or hinges, and until you find that you are beginning to do it instinctively.

Then try it with a real ball against a wall, being very careful to have your feet correctly placed for each stroke, and sticking to your swing at all costs. You will probably at first be extremely surprised and disgusted at how very bad you are, and at how hopeless it feels, but persevere—it's worth it—and you will again be surprised, but not disgusted this time, at how quickly things begin to come right for you, and it is then that you will appreciate your practice at the imaginary ball.

I'm not talking of what I know nothing about, for I've gone through it all myself, and I'm speaking from long and bitter experience! Some time about 1906 I decided that I would

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TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

never be a decent player with the back-hand I then possessed. It wasn't too bad a back-hand of a defensive kind, but I had difficulty in putting the ball into certain parts of the court, and I found I was finishing the strokes with the knuckles up, thereby showing that I cut under the ball and so took all the speed off it. As I had no one to teach me and no model to follow, I decided to learn to play it with a swing exactly the same as for the fore-hand, but of course finishing this time with the finger nails upwards, I worked at the new swing both without a ball and with a ball against a wall, in my spare moments during the following winter. Then I struggled with it during the summer—sometimes succeeding, and sometimes relapsing—and I worked at it again all the next winter, until my perseverance was rewarded, and now I practically do not mind whether the ball comes to my fore-hand or my back-hand.

I SUPPOSE no article from me on the fore-hand stroke would be complete without a few words upon the running drive, or, as it is sometimes called, "the Irish drive." I can't claim to be the originator of it, as it was first exploited by my countryman, W. J. Hamilton, who won the English Championship as far back as 1890, and it was at that time that his favourite shot gained for itself the name of "the Irish drive."

I must confess I had never even heard of it until somebody discovered that I played it in the same way as W. J. Hamilton, but it is rather a peculiar coincidence that the next person to use this running drive with any success should be another Irishman.

Perhaps, after all, there may be something in the name, and it may be specially adapted to our national temperament! It has always been a natural stroke with me and it feels so

easy and simple that there seems to be nothing to explain or to say about it. The only necessities for playing it are good foot-work, judgment of your distance from the ball, and balance—though in practice the second two are sub-heads of the first, for if the foot-work is right, the judgment must have been correct, and the balance inevitably follows. In playing the stroke you have probably only about a square foot of court into which to put the ball, with the knowledge that failure to hit the mark will cost you the point, so it is fairly evident that if your foot-work is wrong in the least fraction, your chance of a winner practically vanishes. The only secret of success in playing this particular shot seems to be run at the ball, hit it as hard as you can, and trust in your lucky star!

Just a few hints on practice in general to close with.

Don't be too anxious to win—time enough for that in a serious match—but try to play each stroke correctly, both as regards foot-work and swing, and don't mind if you are beaten in consequence—your time will come if you persevere. Above all, don't avoid your weak point, but rather let as much play come to it as is possible—I still run round balls to play them with my back-hand. Try to beat a weaker player by attacking his strong point with your weak point, and you will find it not only excellent practice, but also a good match.

Don't develop a favourite shot from any particular position to such an extent, that you are in any way tied down to it, but learn to play into any part of your opponent's court from any part of your own with equal facility.

Finally, never forget for a moment that the beginning and end of success in tennis is "foot-work," and seek to excel in it.

Tramping to Oka

(Continued from page 6.)

high-pointed windows, through which came the dim evening light; at the far end a white altar and here and there the spark of a tiny candle in the gloom. Against the wall on either side stood the fathers, each in his stall. They were reading the psalms for the day, first one side read then the other, and their strong, deep voices, although subdued, half filled the vaulted space. Later on, with much clattering of hob-nailed boots, the brown brothers, some of them mere boys and others tottering with age, filed in to take their places in two rows in front of the fathers. Gregorian chants and a plain-song hymn or two completed the service, and as the light altogether faded, the Angelus rang out somewhere overhead, and evensong ended in silent prayer.

Ten minutes afterwards, at eight o'clock, every light in the monastery, perhaps, but ours, was out, and fathers and brothers had gone to rest. Some time later we also retired, only to be awakened, it seemed almost immediately, by the clang of the chapel bell. It was pitch dark, and two o'clock in the morning, and the monks were beginning their day. The chapel lights gleamed, and through the open windows came the low, monotonous, antiphonal murmur of men at prayer. At four the bell noisily greeted the dawning, and in the other wing of the building one saw a procession of white-robed monks pass chanting into the chapel. At six we arose with the somewhat guilty thought that these men had been up four hours. There was breakfast (in silence) and a tour of the monastery and farm under the guidance of the guest-master, a courteous gentleman whose only anxiety was we should see everything.

THE Trappists have two thousand acres of poor land. To see what they produce from it you would not think so. It is said the land was given them by the St. Sulpicians as being good for nothing. Most of it is bush and much of the rest is stony. With some of the stones they built

their monastery, and they are going to surround the two thousand acres with a high stone wall. As they clear the bush they use the wood in their own lumber mill. They keep much stock, three hundred cows in a magnificent barn fitted out with mechanical milkers, over a hundred horses and many hundred pigs. The poultry branch is important. How they farm may be gathered from the fact they had recently paid five hundred dollars for a cockerel to improve their laying strain. Holstein and Jersey cattle they long since gave up because of their unsuitability to the pasture. They have found the little French-Canadian cow the most prosperous and profitable of all. Oka cheese is known everywhere. It is made only by these monks, and some days they use as much as 20,000 pounds of milk in its production. Their claret, too, is famous. It is made from a mixture of grapes brought from Ontario, and wild grapes grown on their own land. Everywhere, in the fields, orchards and buildings, you see them at work, huge wooden-soled boots on their feet, their gowas caught up half way to the knee, stout, healthy, happy men; you almost expect them to sing at their tasks, until you remember they are under the vow of silence except when necessity demands. The monks at Oka believe in the strenuous life.

THE monks' quarters were no less interesting. Austere simplicity everywhere, as was to be expected, and everywhere a wonderful spotlessness. The refectory was a long room with one table down the centre, a stool, a wooden fork and spoon and a bowl for each monk, and at one side a raised reading desk from which one of the company reads as Abbot, monk and brother make their frugal meal. And frugal it is—bread and vegetables, a little milk and butter in summer, but none in winter, two meals a day and in winter one, and always some refreshment before going to bed. The wood-work everywhere is scrubbed

to an amazing whiteness. In the cloisters where the monks may walk up and down in winter each has a little, narrow seat, with his name on it, and this, with the straw mattress in a doorless cubicle just big enough to hold it, appears to be the only thing he may call his own. They sleep in their robes which are renewed clean every week.

When we had seen all this it was time for lunch, and after that, hearty good-byes with such of the monks as we had come to know. We climbed the hill and set out along the road back to the village, leaving the hundred or so monks to their never-ceasing round of prayer, work and contemplation. Time deals kindly with them in that retreat set down in the forest-clad hills overlooking

the Lake of Two Mountains. The years for them will roll round unaccompanied by distractions or worries until one by one they join the fourteen now resting in the little graveyard under the shadow of their altar.

We had now to cross the river to the Island of Montreal, and in a couple of hours we had landed at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, where we had an opportunity to visit the Macdonald Institute. Next morning it was on to Montreal over a magnificent motor road, following the river and lined with the handsome suburban residences of wealthy Montrealers. Early in the afternoon we met our first Montreal street car, and, climbing aboard it, we dropped into mere memory of our most interesting and happiest walking tour.

Mrs. Harkins' Awakening

(Continued from page 10.)

fell, tried to rise, and fell again. Jess Leary cried aloud in frightened pain.

Mrs. Harkins watched her stonily. "Oh! I'm hurt, I'm hurt," called Jess. "My foot's in a crack and I can't get it out. Oh, come an' help me for God's sake."

Not for God's sake, but for Jem's sake! Mrs. Harkins did not hesitate. She went out across the log steadily, holding to the rope and, as she stepped off, hooked the noose in a nail at the end of the bridge. She ran quickly to Jess.

The foot was twisted, the ankle sprained probably. Anyhow, the slightest touch upon it made the girl scream, so that her brother and Jem heard, and came running down towards the river, the one from his cabin, the other from the hills.

"I'll unlace your shoe," Mrs. Harkins said. "Maybe you can slip your foot out then."

With her bare fingers the woman loosened the laces. The relief to the girl was instantaneous. She drew out her foot, and stood up, leaning heavily on Mrs. Harkins' shoulder.

"That's better," she said gratefully, "but I can't walk, Mrs. Jemmy, you'll have to help me over, an' I'm nearer your side than mine."

Mrs. Harkins put her arm around her tightly. "Don't be afraid to lean on me, Jess. I'm awful strong."

"You're awful good," Jess Leary said. "You're too good, that's what's the matter with you. Oh!" the pain made her cry out again.

Jem was nearly a quarter of a mile away, but running swiftly, Charlie Leary was half way between the cabin and the crossing. The bank was steep, and he did not try to get down on the ice.

SUDDENLY she felt a sudden shock. Another and another. Ice seemed to heave under their feet, then came a quick, sharp report, and just as Charlie Leary was coming down the bank the ice broke away.

"Don't leave me here, Mrs. Harkins, don't leave me," shrieked Jess, hanging to the smaller woman, so that the slender figure was almost bent double.

The latter tightened her hold, and, smiling a little, dragged Jess along to the bridge. Just as she unhooked the rope, Jess screamed, and Mrs. Harkins, looking up the open water, saw a great piece of ice coming swiftly towards them. In a moment it had crashed against the log, carrying it away down stream, leaving nothing but the running water between them and the shore.

Then Jem reached the bank, panting hoarsely, and Loony Mike, coming from the other direction, drew in the rope, while Jem looked about for another log. There was none in sight, however. Logs were too precious to be lying about on the bank. There were a hundred cords of wood piled a quarter of a mile farther down, but that was too far away to be of any use.

"Throw them the rope, Mike," Jem cried, then, looking across at his wife, "Don't be afraid, darling. Put it under your arms and jump in. I'll have you safe on shore in a jiffy."

But, under their feet, the women had again felt that horrid upheaval, and from above the narrows came a hun-

dered reports in rapid succession.

"The ice is moving," Mrs. Harkins said steadily; she caught the rope that Mike threw. In a second she had slipped it over Jess' head and under her arms. The girl half fell, and was half dragged into the water, as the ice moved off, and Loony Mike hauled her ashore.

"I ain't afraid, Jem," Mrs. Harkins called softly, her eyes on her husband, who, blind and deaf to Jess' moans and tears, looked after his wife, his eyes staring, his mouth open, the sudden awful fear that came upon him cutting new lines in his face and blanching it to an ashen greyness, that was like the pallor of death. Suddenly he started, drew himself together and began to run swiftly along the bank, his elbows up, his fists doubled, his teeth clenched, as if he were racing with the hurrying flood.

DOWN at the Narrows the ice began to pile up, for the current was very swift there, the river broadening out again just above Harkins' cabin.

Suddenly there was a deafening report, and a cracking that seemed to come from all directions. The ice broke clear across the river, just below the Narrows, leaving a monstrous jam behind it, piled thirty feet high and ever piling higher.

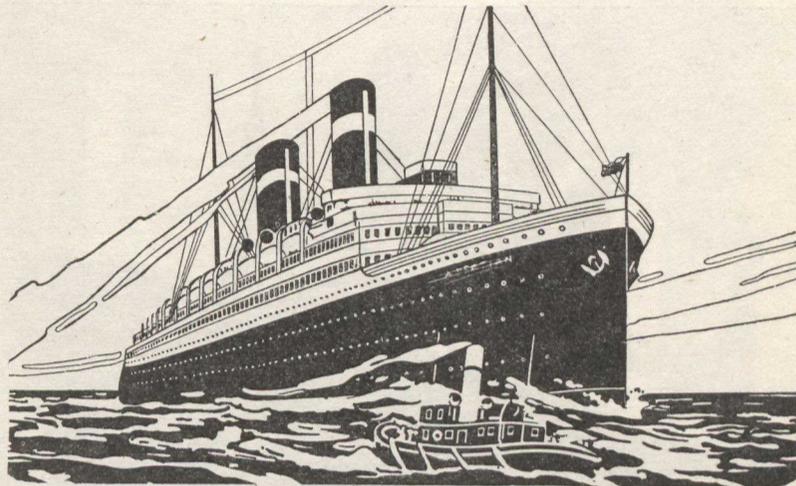
And now a vast sheet of open water stretched from shore to shore, and out where the river widened the ice began to move more slowly.

Mrs. Harkins, crouching in a little heap, where the last shock had felled her, felt a great emotion swelling up from her heart, that warmed her limbs and flushed her cheeks, and caused her whole body to throb with a delicious tumult, that for a minute shut all fear away. Not once did her eyes seek the hillside, and the little white cross; she only looked back at him, her husband, and she knew that by and bye when the end came and the green water closed over her, the last thing she would see would be his face, with the terrible agony upon it, that told her more plainly than any words could have done, of his undying love for her. For a long time the black shadow of the little baby's death had blinded her to everything else. Now, in a moment, the shadow had lifted, and a realization of things had come to her. For six months she had cherished her grief, to the utter exclusion of her husband, and when the man, with all the strength of his great vitality had rebelled, almost in spite of himself, and had tried even roughly to take her mind from what was dead and done with, she only hugged her sorrow closer till it was like an impassable barrier between them. She had almost gloried in a grief that was steadily killing her, blanching her cheeks, and hollowing her eyes, and robbing her of all her fresh young beauty, and when her husband, half-crazed with his powerlessness against the invisible foe, had left her to herself, she had put her own interpretation upon his desertion, and accepted it with the same impassive despair with which she had accepted the loss of her baby. Now she was awake and the sorrow that was more a dream than a reality, had slipped from her,

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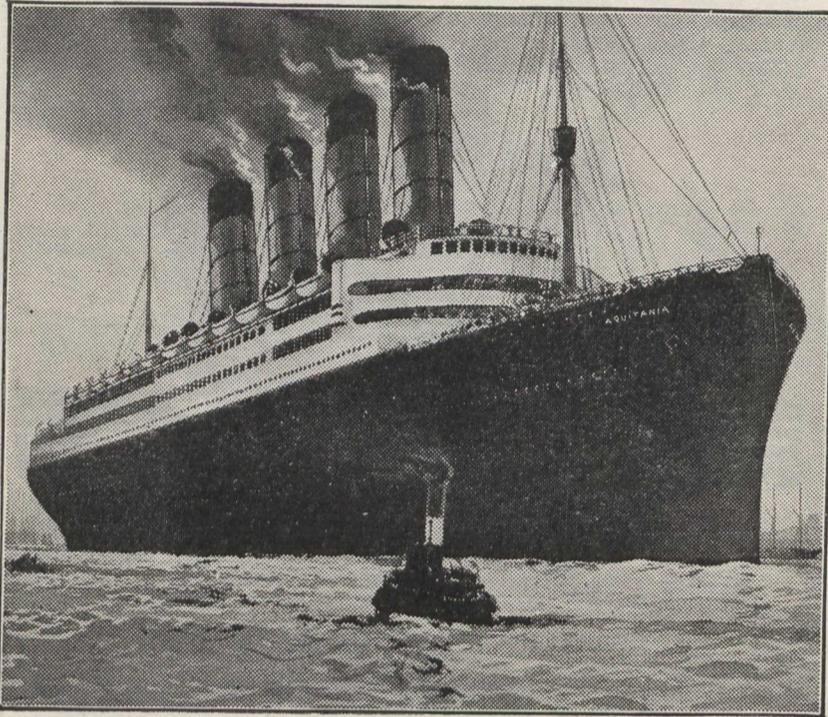
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leaving only the memory of a dream. Now she was awake, and the sweet odours of opening buds were in her nostrils; the wind, freighted with the warm spring sunshine was in her face, the dazzling blue of the cloudless sky was in her eyes. Now she was awake, awake to the danger of the grim, green hurrying water behind her; awake to the cracking of the ice field upon which she floated; awake to the piling jam behind there in the Narrows, soon to break and come racing and roaring down upon her. Now she was awake, and she was afraid. Life was sweet. Life was love, and she wanted to live. She lifted herself to her knees and prayed aloud. Then she opened her eyes, and looked back to her husband.

He was down at the bank in front of their cabin now. What was he doing! What madness! No boat could reach her in time, and there was a backward journey against that wild current! She screamed aloud to try and dissuade him, but the wind laughed in her face, carrying her voice back and back over the floating ice-field. She saw him push the boat down the bank and into the water. She saw him spring in, grasp the oars and pull out straight towards the opposite shore, the current carrying the boat steadily down towards the ice.

On and on, the ice floe swept, quietly now, as the river steadily widened, and after it came the boat, gaining slowly but surely under the powerful strokes that had behind them all of Jem's great strength of body, of mind, and of soul.

SHE watched, hands clenched until the nails pierced her palms and the slowly oozing blood clotted between her fingers. He must reach her, he should reach her. The very force of her love was bringing him to her. Not for an instant did her eyes leave the white drawn face in the boat. And neither the man nor the woman saw the great wall of ice at the Narrows piling and breaking, piling and breaking, until it was like a white mountain blocking the river.

"Jem," Mrs. Harkins called. He could hear her now and he lifted his haggard face and smiled upon her. "Jem, you can do it. Oh, Jem, God help you, you can do it!"

Again he bent his head, and pulled with stern strength against the current.

Now he was almost opposite her. A few more steady strokes and he swung the boat around letting the current carry him, while springing to his feet he seized the pike. When he felt the boat strike, he steadied it, holding it off by pressing the pike against the ice.

"Now, Essie," he said hoarsely.

She crawled over the few yards of ice between them, and half fell into the boat. She took the pike from Jem, holding it firmly until he could get the oars, then she crouched down on the seat facing her husband.

There were no oars except those that Jem was using, and as, little by little, her husband pulled away from the ice, Mrs. Harkins looked past him to the white wall, three miles back there at the Narrows, a wall whose outline kept changing every moment as if behind it the mad river of ice were trying to crash through the barrier or to leap above it.

A terrible fear laid hold of the woman. Again her eyes sought her husband's face and the newly-awakened love in her heart, and the horror of that awful death that soon must come bearing down upon them, made her want to go to Jem, to cling to him, to hold her cheek against his white, drawn face, to meet what was inevitable with Jem's arms tight around her. Of what use to struggle with the shore so far away and the current beating them back. She sobbed aloud, and her husband jerked his head up sharply and looked at her. Again, he smiled, and the tenderness that lightened his worn face was sweeter than a caress.

"Jem," she whispered, and she hooked her little blood-stained hands tightly together and leaned forward, her soul in her eyes.

The man seemed to work with renewed energy. He bent his head down again, pulling, straining against

the fierce rush of water, and little by little, inch by inch, the shore grew nearer, the ice-floe farther away.

They were opposite Lipscome's place now. Three men came running down to the shore, and a woman hurried out of the cabin, a shawl pinned over her head.

The sun was setting. The wind grew suddenly chill. A flock of ptarmigan flew in a little cloud from over the Narrows, down the river, and then hovering above the boat, turned and sailed inland, vanishing over the hills.

Jem drew his lip under his teeth, and bent almost double as he worked at the oars.

Now the men on shore started to run down the bank, keeping pace with the boat. The woman followed. Their shouts came clearly, cheerily across the water.

A hundred yards from the bank, and going steadily nearer, Mrs. Harkins' heart was beating high in her throat. She knew Jem could hear it, just as she could hear the whistling of his breath.

Fifty yards! Life and love were waiting over there on the shore. Forty yards! Surely they had left death behind them. Thirty yards! Oh God! of thy great goodness! Twenty yards!

Hark! Was that a thunderbolt out of heaven or the beginning of the end of all the world. Mrs. Harkins stared behind, her eyes dilated, her bloodless lips apart.

The jam had broken and was bearing down upon them.

On it came, thousands of tons of crashing, pounding, cracking ice, uprooted trees and broken scows, and the water churning among it hissed and snarled like a living thing.

Jem did not turn his head, only his face grew whiter, and his breath whistled more sharply as he drew it gaspingly in. The boat was ten feet from the bank.

With fascinated eyes the woman watched the oncoming flood. The end was near, nearer, nearer. It was upon them. A great horned piece of the ice-floe reared itself out of the water, and crashed down beside the boat, and a vast blackness spread over all the world.

It was night, starlit and still, and the Yukon flowed between its banks clear of ice, save for a few pieces that, left behind, went hurrying down, as if to try and overtake the flood. Close by a pile of cordwood on the bank a rowboat had been drawn up, a hole was in her side, and the handle of a broken oar still stuck in one row-lock.

A light burned in Lipscome's cabin, and around the stove inside Loony Mike and three other men talked in whispers, while a woman busied herself laying a table.

"It was a miracle," Tom Lipscome said for the twentieth time. "Don't tell me it wasn't. If that there piece of ice hadn't just naturally pushed the boat ashore Jem Harkins wouldn't have cut another stick of cordwood on the river."

"If you fellows hadn't been there to haul it in the boat would have been swamped anyway," Mrs. Lipscome said quietly. "There's a hole in her side as big as that window."

"WELL, I'm glad we cheated the Yukon," Loony Mike said. "If it was only for that little woman's sake. She's got more grit than any man in the Klondyke, let alone a female. Why she just naturally took that rope and pushed it over Jess' head and saw her dragged to safety, while she went sailin' down river on the ice-floe, without a word, an' a smile on her lips that like to broke me all up."

Upstairs in the loft Mrs. Harkins lay on the bunk; a candle stuck on a shelf over the bed sent a warm, soft gleam of light over her loose dark hair, her parted lips, and her shining eyes. Jem, utterly exhausted, knelt beside her, his arms around her, his head on her breast.

"Essie," he whispered, "the little box is safe. I put it in the cache up at my cabin."

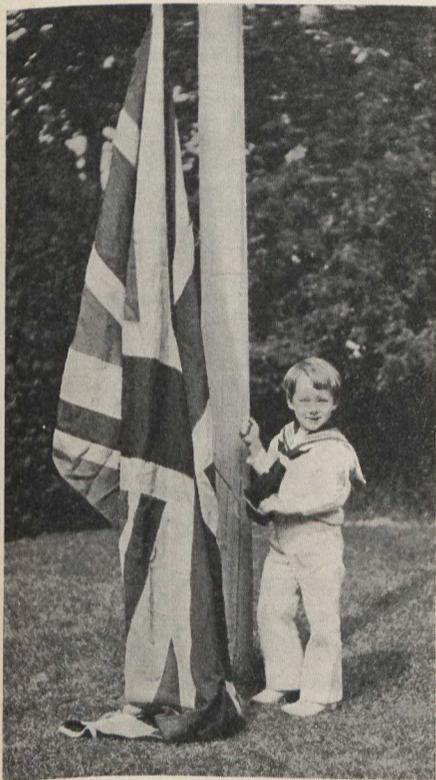
"Never mind, dear," she whispered back, and she tightened her arms about him, "I have all I want here."

FOR THE JUNIORS

THE MOON-MOTHER.

(By Coningsby Dawson.)

THE world is a child who roams all day
Through wind-swept meadows of gold and gray.
The gold flowers fade; he falls to sleep,
And night is his cradle wide and deep.
The moon-mother creeps from behind God's throne
And steals up the skies to protect her own.
She leans her breast 'gainst his cradle-rim
While her small star-children gaze down on him.
Stars are his brothers; clouds his dreams;
His mother's arms are the pale moon-beams.
When meadows again grow gold and gray,
He wakes from sleep and runs forth to play.
But every night from behind God's throne
The moon-mother steals to protect her own.



THE BOY AND HIS FLAG.

Raising the Union Jack on Victoria Day, the first patriotic holiday of the year in Canada.

TAMING THE WASPS.

WE know all kinds of animals can be made tame and gentle by kind treatment, but who ever heard of taming wasps? Yet a farmer has written about a nest of wasps that he allowed to remain in his house until the wasps got so used to seeing people about that they ceased to fear, and became as harmless as flies. He found the wasp nest hanging in a tree in the woods, and cut off the branch and took it home. Then he hung it up in the middle of his parlor, cut a little hole in the window glass and made the wasps members of the family. He says that their nest was built very neatly of several storeys or layers of cells.

THE KETTLE.

O H, I am a kettle! a kettle am I!
I never shall strive to deny it.
There's nothing about me that's sneaking or shy;
Deception, I never shall try it.
Bubble, I say; and bubble, I say!

Some folks may not like it, but that is my way.
I mind my own business, and give no trouble.
Bubble, hub, bubble, hub, bubble, hub bubble!
They say I am black; I admit it is true;
A respectable tint, and I love it.
I never, no, never, set out to be blue;
As for yellow or red, I'm above it.
Bubble, I say! and bubble, I say!
I'm ready to talk any time of the day.
Heap on the coals and my song I will double.
Bub hub bub bubble, hub bubble, hub bubble!
—Lara E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

PUZZLERS.

WHERE can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are set?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use when shingling the roof of his mouth,
The nails on the end of his toes?
What does he raise from a slip of his tongue?
Who plays on the drums of his ears?
And who can tell the cut and style
Of the coat his stomach wears?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail,
And if so, what did it do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'd like to know, wouldn't you?

BUILDING BIRD HOUSES.

THERE is a lady in Indiana who is called the architect of the birds. She has been distributing to the school children of the state real little architect's plans for building bird houses. The boys like to make them, and with saw and hammer they are soon handy enough working over the plans to make up new ones of their own. When a boy has built a bird house and set it up in a good place he waits to see what birds come to rent it, and he takes his pay in the pleasure he gets out of watching them. He protects them, too, and is proud when all his houses are full of happy feathered people. It is an amusing sight to see what looks like a regular little city of bird houses all in nice rows just as people build houses in streets.—Christian Science Monitor.

THE ESKIMO DOGS.

(By Alice Jean Cleator.)

NATIONS applaud and clasp a hero's hand
Who plans a flag on new-discovered land,
Completing thus the world's geography,
Dispelling the dark fogs of mystery.
Yet it has other heroes all unsung!
Eskimo dogs, who have your praises rung?
You big, gaunt fellows so devoid of grace
With dense, gray coat and half-wild, wolfish face.
Who better knows than you the sledge-whip's pain,
The urging voice, the pack-loads' horrid strain?
The polar night, the Arctic's piercing breath,
The waiting for supplies, long hunger, death?
Yes, "exploration" is a glorious name—
The world's loud plaudits and the hero's fame,
Yet there are other heroes all unsung,
Eskimo dogs, who have your praises rung?



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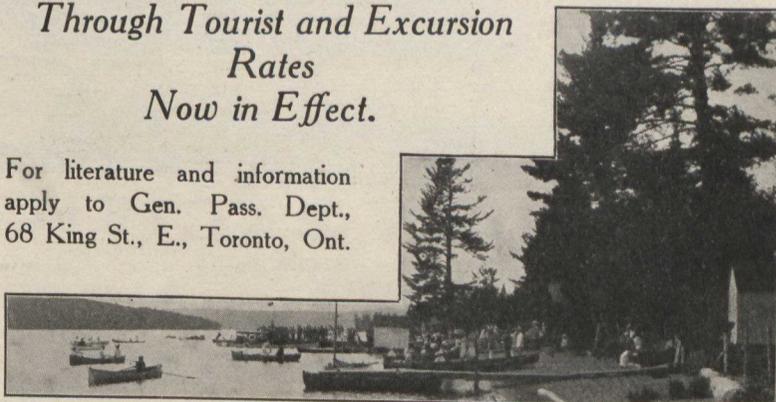
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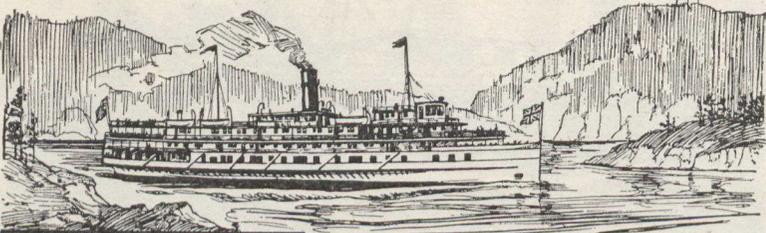
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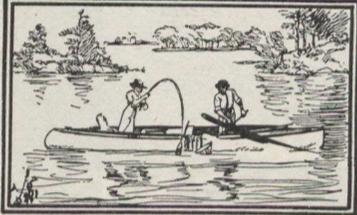
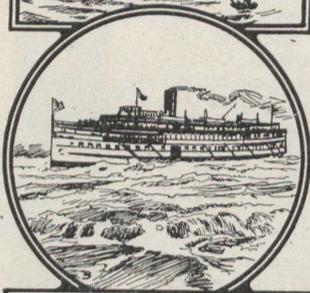
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Extending Our Playgrounds

(Concluded from page 8.)

Rideau Canal, of course, is known to most people by reputation. It is the traffic highway from the rapids-haunted Ottawa River to Lake Ontario or the city of Kingston. It is one of the most famous water highways in Canada, because it is one of the oldest and most historic. As a matter of fact, it was no less a personage than the great Duke of Wellington who originated the Rideau. Before he took hold of it the British Government in 1812 sent out engineers to look over this shortcut of navigation between the river and the lake. The engineers reported unfavourably. After the Iron Duke got through with Napoleon and became busy in Parliament, he revived the project; for he was still a long-headed general who could see things some distance beyond his own nose. In 1828, at the Duke's suggestion, a corps of engineers and sappers were sent out to build the canal. All the excavation and rockwork was done by the regular soldiers in Canada at that time, and the masonry was done by Canadian contractors. All the locks and dams were built of granite, huge blocks many tons in weight each; and they have been there as good as ever almost a hundred years.

Some of these locks are enormous and picturesque. Jones' Falls is one of the most important. This lock holds back the waters of Sand Lake. Built in 1832 this sample of early engineering is 400 feet long, 90 feet high and 300 feet wide at the base. It cost about \$5,000,000; in a day when labour was cheap and material was close at hand. The same work today would cost probably \$50,000,000.

The new line of the Canadian Northern from Toronto to Ottawa passes plumb through the Rideau Lake country. It takes in a chain of ten or a dozen lovely lakes famous for fish, ducks and scenery. It passes through a land of unspoiled forests of hardwood, birch, beech, maple and oak, dotted with cedars and pines, and in autumn gorgeous with colours that make painters delirious. Chafey's Locks is one of the most magnificently wooded areas; and here in early summer the traveller who loves birds may see Baltimore orioles, can-

aries, wax-wings, bluebirds and robins.

Lake Opinicon, pictured on a previous page, is shaped like a dragon and knobbed with splendid little islands. Down at Davis Lock you come on to history again. Here is a pinnacle topped by the old lookout used by the soldiers when they patrolled the canal, and as a flag-station for boats. Evidently soldiers had a use in those days not even mentioned by Col. Sam Hughes. The lock site was originally owned by an avaricious old settler who tried to play curmudgeon to the Government; demanding for the price as much silver as he could carry on his back. He was a hardy old coon, and when he got a sack chockfull of silver dollars on his back he lugged it chuckling up the hill, miserled it down into a cranny of the rocks and left it there to earn interest. Next day he died, because of a weak back. No man has ever found the money.

The Rideau country fairly smells of history. Even the most ardent angler for bass is liable to pause as he tramps or paddles from pool to pool and contemplates the old block-houses that mark the landscape. Cranberry Lake, Indian Lake, Opinicon, Whitefish, Newboro Lake, Sand Lake, Upper and Lower Rideau—the greatest of all; then there are Benson and Loon and Clear; all tangled up in a lure of travel that makes many a man forget that he ever came to fish, and he begins to rave about scenery, which is always very exasperating to somebody else. The little map on a previous page gives a clear delineation of how most of these lie in the chain. The pictures give some casual glimpses of the charm in the scenery and the life which people take in there when they have decided to chuck the cares of existence in town. And the Rideau country so convenient to three big cities, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, now rivals Muskoka.

The picture of trout-fishing on Lake Edward brings to mind a section considerably more remote; the region in Quebec down near Lake Chicoutimi and on by the edge of the Laurentide National Park, along the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

Mount Robson and the Tete Jaune

(Concluded from page 7.)

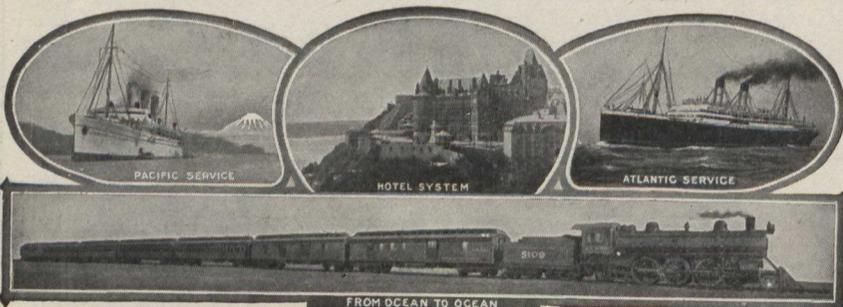
valleys cleave the ranges of serrated peaks."

In the Yellowhead Pass area the Government of British Columbia has staked out one huge park known as Mount Robson Park. It is time the railway authorities got the Government to invent some better word than park to describe such a vast empire of scenery as this, and Jasper Park, farther along the route. People don't spend money for railway tickets to be reminded of the little park down home. They prefer to believe they are coming to a land where police and peanuts cease from troubling. These great man-losing, space-swallowing solitudes of scenery are not parks. What they are, let every man who travels there choose for himself. And the traveller is not particularly concerned about cattle on the ranges which he can see any old place down home. That may be all very well for the people who expect to drive stakes in some of those bountiful, chinook-breathing valleys and make homescapes for tourists to gaze upon. But the man who goes so far from home as the Mt. Robson route is more interested in snow-capped peaks and storm-brewing, mist-clad mountains and vast, imperturbable glaciers that keep the rivers cold a thousand miles down the way. He takes more stock in one mountain goat on a crag than in a thousand cattle on the mead. If he sees a grizzly bear on a rock he straightway forgets the call to the dining car, and feels absently for his gun which, of course, he has not got, for the law prohibits hunting in Jasper Park, whatever it does in the territory

about Mt. Robson. When he has twisted his neck half off craning up at a score of terrific ranges, and a hundred peaks, of whose names he knows less than ten, and doesn't care much, anyway, he wonders how many more are in front.

Presently he is out of the Rockies almost without knowing it; heading by a half up, half down grade—he doesn't care which—to the two-hundred mile run along the banks of the terrorizing Skeena. And the Skeena is a monumental shudder-maker that has no concern about the mountains in which it is born. This drowner of red men, whose totem poles mark the scenes of historic tragedies along its banks, has but one object in life; that is to show the mountains a clean ticket of leave and to spew itself with great violence into the Pacific. The sea calls unto the Skeena and the gods of the glaciers answer back—that the Skeena is to be kept going; on and on, down and down, giving the thrills to the traveller and the devil and all to the builder of railways who had to spend millions of dollars on a 200-mile section of the route before a shovel was used at all. On 186 miles of the line between Hazelton, B.C., and Prince Rupert on the sunny Pacific four million yards of rock were blown to Ballyhoo to make an easy pleasure-route for people who don't care for tunnels or traveze routes.

And when the traveller by the Grand Trunk Pacific has reached Prince Rupert after his 200-mile of glorified sensations along the Skeena he remembers the great Rockies as a gilded dream.



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CHAPTER XXV.

A Straight Talk.

ON a bright, but cold day in mid-winter, Arnold Bassingbroke, still looking rather shaky, was sitting propped up with cushions in an invalid chair, the sun warming the room and a good fire blazing in the grate. He lifted weary eyes as Sir Lawrence entered.

"This looks something like, Arnold, my boy," was the big man's hearty greeting. "How are we feeling now? A bit shaky on the pins, I'll be bound." "Confoundedly shaky on the pins," replied the invalid with a smile.

"You'll be your own man again in a few more days," said Sir Lawrence encouragingly, as he took a seat opposite and studied Arnold under white bushy eyebrows.

"Goss—I want a straight talk with you," was the abrupt reply. "How long have I been ill?" The dark eyes, looking squarely into those fixed upon them, saw a wary expression appear.

"It's all right, Goss—no evasions—I want the truth."

"H'm—well—to be quite frank, Arnold, it is close on eight weeks since you went to bed."

He watched the effect of this admission.

"Eight weeks! No wonder I feel dicky on my pins! What has kept me in bed all that time?"

"Concussion of the brain—followed by brain fever. You've had an ugly time, Arnold, my boy, but, thank God, with His help, we've pulled you through."

A grave note crept into the doctor's voice; underlying his hearty professional manner was a sincere belief in a higher power than medicine.

Sir Lawrence was deeply attached to Arnold—there were early ties, deep rooted, from which this affection sprung.

His devotion to Arnold's mother in the days of her girlhood—before she passed him over for the Rev. Arnold Bassingbroke—those far-off days when he was a struggling young medico and had still his mark to make in the world; the striking resemblance of the young man before him to the beautiful girl of his early love, in the expressive dark, thoughtful eyes, the delicate refinement of the clever face, the quick sympathy of the sensitive nature: these things, in spite of the hardening effect of the world, could always reawaken echoes of the past, and keep green those tender memories in the big doctor's heart.

Sir Lawrence had not married. He said it was "because he had never had time to do so," but the early disappointment of his youth had left him impervious to the charms of other women, and he gave to Arnold that fatherly affection which had no other outlet.

The invalid was slowly digesting the information he had received.

"Concussion of the brain—followed by brain fever! In that case, I'm afraid it's too late to catch that rascally cabman?" He looked tentatively into the doctor's impassive face.

"On the contrary, I found the house you described and, acting on your statement, supported by information gleaned in the neighbourhood, felt justified in putting Scotland Yard on the job. The police raided the house. The man and woman are in custody."

His words came slowly and carefully as he watched their effect upon Arnold Bassingbroke.

"Good business!" exclaimed the

young man excitedly. "What did they make of the couple?"

"Sodden with drink—both of them," was the terse reply.

"I expect the young woman I was called in to see is dead?" He looked up interrogatively.

"The police found a young woman when they searched the house. It got abroad that the caretakers kept a half-witted daughter there. The police searched the house from cellars to attics, and found her at last in a tiny top room at the back, chained to a staple in the wall.

"Good Heavens!" cried Arnold in horror. "Could she possibly be the poor creature I saw? I'll swear that beautiful girl was no daughter of those two!"

"Whoever she is, there is no trace of beauty left now," said Sir Lawrence soberly. "She was in the last stage of exhaustion from slow starvation; her bones were nearly through her skin; a dry crust and a cup of water were put beside her. A dirty mattress was on the floor for her to lie on—that was all. Evidently she was chained to the wall to keep her from the window, lest she should be seen."

"What a horrible thing!"

"I ought not to have told you all this, Arnold, but I knew you would sleep better for the thought that both these inhuman wretches were in safe custody. They will be charged with attempted murder."

"And the poor creature—where is she?"

"IN hospital now—lying in a critical condition. We want to pull her round if possible—her evidence will be very important."

"Is she half-witted?"

"Well, at present she is light-headed and wanders in delirium, and no wonder. She has old scars which show that she has been ill-used. Her nerve has gone: she will be a wreck all her life, even if she recovers."

"What a damnable crime!" Arnold's white face flushed with indignation. "I wonder how the man dared to stay in the house after the way he used me."

"My dear boy, he evidently thought he had done for you, and had nothing more to fear from that quarter."

Arnold sat up, and looked steadily into the doctor's grave face for a full second.

"Goss, how—did—I—get—back—to—Harley Street? I have the impression that I have been away a long time. At first, I thought it might be the delusion of fever. Now I begin to feel certain that you are keeping things back from me."

His eyes met those of the big doctor with an open challenge.

Sir Lawrence Goss bunched his bushy eyebrows together, and studied the worried-looking face of the invalid.

"I'm not at all sure that I ought to answer all your questions, my boy," he said slowly; "but perhaps it is worse to let you go on churning things over in your mind. If you really want to know how you got back to Harley Street—I will tell you. I brought you back myself in my car."

"You—brought me!" Where was I?"

"In Hyde Park. A little chap of five darted in front of the car. You saved the child, and got knocked down yourself. I needn't tell you how I felt when I knew what had happened."

"What was I doing in Hyde Park?"

"That is what I should like to know," said Sir Lawrence; "but if it will help you any, I will tell you that you had been missing for nine months. Mrs. Gadsby went to Barnes ten days after you disappeared. A man was found insensible on Barnes Common, and from the description she thought it might be you. The man had been dismissed when your housekeeper got there, but the police assured her he had given a perfectly satisfactory account of himself. For a week he had been in a dazed condition, but when he came to himself, he told them he was a poor clerk who had come to London to look for work, was assaulted by some hooligans, and knocked down and robbed. Of course, they let him go as soon as he was fit, so Mrs. Gadsby had a wild-goose chase—and has had many another since, poor body."

"BUT none which so nearly hit the mark. Fancy just missing me like that!"

Sir Lawrence looked with alarmed anxiety at the invalid.

"It's all right, Goss! You needn't look like that; you have given me the clue I wanted. Barnes Common—that was it! Now I know where I was found! That brute must have run me out there in a cab, dumped me on the Common in the dark, and left me for a dead man. Now I understand why he did not bolt—dead men tell no tales."

"Unless they come to life again," corrected Sir Lawrence, "as you seem to have done."

"It was like this, Goss: My head was buzzy—for the life of me I couldn't remember a thing about myself, not even my own name. Everything about me was strange—surroundings and people. There wasn't a blessed thing to help me! They put me into the workhouse infirmary observation ward, and I was afraid they would pop me into the asylum next, so I concocted a story to get away."

"H'm! I see! That was how Mrs. Gadsby got thrown off the scent. If she'd seen you it would have been different. When you got away, what then?"

"They gave me five shillings from the poor box and let me go with a caution. The money lasted exactly one day—with care. I hardly know how things turned out—I wasn't very clear in my mind at the time—but one thing seemed to lead to another, and I got a job next day."

"Chauffeur?" ventured Sir Lawrence, beginning to see daylight. Arnold nodded and laughed.

"Good guess—how did you know?"

"By your clothes when we picked you up in the Park. We've had inquiry agents working all over London and at different ports; and to think you've been going about openly all these months! It seems incredible! Can't think how they can have missed you!"

"I even advertised myself once," said Arnold laughing, "and spent four hours on view near the Albert Memorial, yet no one claimed me."

"Extraordinary!" cried Sir Lawrence. "Most remarkable thing I've ever heard of. What's your theory, Arnold?"

"That if a man goes about openly, he's much less likely to be found than if he tries to hide."

"I don't mean that, boy. I mean, how do you account for not remember-

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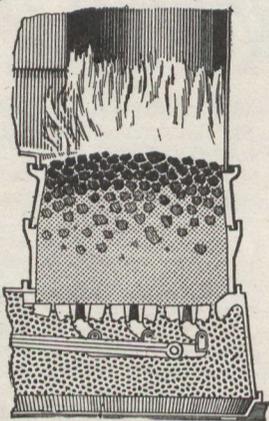
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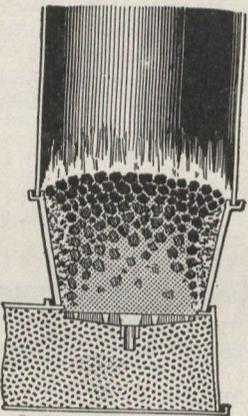
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ing anything about yourself? Of course temporary loss of memory is common enough—but nine months! My boy, it's a long spell."

He looked with keen interest at the man propped up with pillows.

"I've hardly had time to form a theory," said Arnold thoughtfully. "It may be that the drug I took was violently and suddenly arrested in its action on the brain. The blow I received would probably have killed me had it not been broken by the bowler hat I was wearing. No doubt I seemed a dead man to the cabman. I must have been unconscious for hours."

He paused reflectively.

"The drug is new to us—we have no record of its effect under such exceptional circumstances—but we do know that perfect rest and quiet are essential to its beneficial action."

"By Jove, Bassingbroke, I believe you've hit the nail on the head. The action of the drug was arrested, and became malignant in its effect on the brain."

"I HAD a numb, blank feeling," explained Arnold with professional minuteness.

"The second concussion seems to have aroused the brain to its normal activity. You do remember things now, you say?"

The question was asked with grave interest.

"Bit by bit things have been coming back to me. At first I feared they were the hallucination of fever, but as they became more lucid and persistent I felt I must have a straight talk with you. This has cleared the air. When shall I be able to go to the hospital and see the poor creature you have rescued from those inhuman wretches? I'm anxious to know if she is the girl I saw. What age is she?"

"Difficult to say. Might be twenty-five or thirty, but looks like a bony, shrivelled old woman, except that she has magnificent hair and teeth. Her eyes, which I should imagine had once been splendid, are now great hollow wells. Whatever beauty she might have had will never be reclaimed in a lifetime of care."

"What an abominable shame! What could be the motive?"

"Spite—or money. The latter, I should say. Money is at the bottom of most crimes. Probably the couple were paid to keep her out of the way, or get rid of her. The man almost admitted as much."

"But who would lend a big house like that for such a purpose? Who does the property belong to?" asked Arnold suddenly.

"A Miss Field-Robinson used to own it. When she died it went to her nephew, Lord Wallsend."

Sir Lawrence Goss was not prepared for the suddenness with which Arnold Bassingbroke sprang from his chair.

"Lord Wallsend! Good Heavens! Are you sure?" he shouted.

"Arnold, for Heaven's sake don't excite yourself!" said Sir Lawrence in alarm. "What difference does it make who owns the house? I don't suppose Wallsend knows what's been going on. Probably owns scores of houses. Be reasonable, man, and do keep cool! You are not strong enough for this sort of thing!"

Arnold Bassingbroke paid no attention to this remonstrance. He was pacing the room with unsteady feet, his face white and tense, muttering in a low voice: "My God!—it must be stopped! it must be stopped! Two months—two whole months wasted! What if it is too late?"

He sank back into his chair again with a helpless groan.

Sir Lawrence Goss watched him with dismay written large upon his face, mentally kicking himself for having displayed so little caution.

"Goss—I must go at once to Knightsbridge. Is my motor still about? I hardly know what changes have taken place in nine months. How is it things have been kept going?"

His words were an inquiry and an after-thought.

"You've Wilson to thank for that.

He's no end of a good chap—he's thought of everything. I fancy he's out now, doing your round with his own, and has taken the car. Mine is at your service if it is important. Anything I can do for you?"

The inquiry was intended as a gentle reminder that the patient was still an invalid.

"Thanks, no one can do this for me. If you will go with me I shall be glad. I want to call on Miss Pragg."

"Miss Pragg!" exclaimed the big doctor in genuine astonishment. "You mean the sister of Lady Assitas?"

"The same. I must see her about the marriage of her niece, the Honourable Margaret Assitas, to Lord Wallsend."

"Ah! I understand!" replied Sir Lawrence, to whose mind the words came mechanically, "a marriage has been arranged." "So that's how the cat jumps!"

"Don't you think you are rather precipitous?" he ventured to remonstrate. "You have not a vestige of proof that Lord Wallsend knows anything of what has been going on at Portman Square. He may have no connection with it whatever. As a matter of fact, I happen to know that he was in Rhodesia until quite recently."

"That's true," admitted Arnold in a perplexed voice, "yet I distrust the man, his eyes are hard and cruel, his mouth weak, his whole face speaks of unrestrained passion."

He was speaking to himself rather than to Sir Lawrence Goss.

"You know him then?" asked the doctor in surprise.

"I've seen him several times."

"Take my advice, Arnold, think it over calmly before you rush into action. Get facts to go upon before you jump to conclusions, and especially before you bring accusations of so serious a nature against anyone."

Sir Lawrence Goss laid a firm hand on the younger man's shoulder with friendly sympathy.

"I'm afraid our talk has done more harm than good," he said regretfully.

"It had to come," said Arnold, trying to smile. "I am glad I know. Perhaps it would be best for me to see the woman at the hospital first, and hear what she has to say."

"She won't be fit to say anything for a week at least, she's too far gone."

"She may be dead by then," cried Arnold impatiently.

"I hope not. We shall do our best not to let her slip through our fingers. Everything is being done for her that can be done."

"Meanwhile Margaret Assitas may be married to an inhuman scoundrel," exclaimed Arnold violently.

"Do you mean Lord Wallsend?"

"Of course. Didn't you see the announcement in the papers?"

"I saw the announcement flatly contradicted by Miss Margaret Assitas herself—if that is anything to go by," replied Sir Lawrence Goss quietly.

Arnold Bassingbroke went very white.

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. Arnold, I shall order you straight to bed if you say or do another thing to-day except keep quiet, this excitement is going to throw you back."

Sir Lawrence spoke sternly and authoritatively.

"The last thing you have told me has done me more good than all the rest has done harm," said Arnold simply. "I think I'll take your advice, Goss, and go to bed, I seem to have gone all to pieces."

Sir Lawrence took his leave, anathematising himself for an ass and a bungler, and ending with the cryptic remark—"so that's how the cat jumps!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Rose.

A WEEK later, Arnold Bassingbroke stood at the bedside of the woman who had been rescued from the empty house in Portman Square.

His progress through the hospital

had been in the nature of a triumphal procession, first one and then another had crowded to shake hands, to have a word with him, to offer a welcome, or congratulate him on his recovery.

Having at length escaped from nurses and medical students, he stood looking upon the poor wreck of a woman, who was being slowly snatched back from the jaws of death. A very travesty of a woman! Hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, without movement or desire for life.

Arnold tried to trace in the altered features some resemblance to the beautiful girl he had been called out to attend on the fatal night when he disappeared from Harley Street. As he watched her, the weary lids lifted, and again he saw sad violet eyes lifted appealingly to his with a shrinking terror which was pitiful to see. In the lifted eyes he read the resemblance he had before sought for in vain.

"Do you remember me?" he asked gently.

"You came—once—a doctor?" the words were whispered softly.

"I see you do remember," said Arnold kindly. "What is your name?"

"Rose."

Arnold Bassingbroke looked more attentively at her with a new and startled interest. Some tone in the low, slow voice, some expression in the sad eyes, an almost intangible resemblance, recalled Violet to him. He bent lower and said quietly:

"Rose—Vernon?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"How did you know? That was my name before I—married—Archie—Robinson."

Arnold started violently.

"Archie Robinson? You were married to him?—When?"

"Three years ago—before we went to France. I was companion to Miss Field-Robinson—he didn't want—his—~~aunt~~—to know."

"Where were you married?"

"At—a registry office—in—London." Her voice grew very faint.

"You mean, to Lord Wallsend?" asked Arnold.

The woman shook her head.

"Lord Wallsend—is—his—uncle. I've heard—Archie mention him. It was because of his great relations—he didn't want our marriage known. He forbade me—to—write—to anyone—or to—tell anyone."

"Old Lord Wallsend died over a year ago. Your husband has the title now."

THE woman lay for some time with closed eyes, as if trying to grasp the meaning of these words, then she looked up again.

"I know now why he changed so suddenly—he never told me. When he left me—he said he was going to Africa—to start an ostrich farm—I was to follow when he got one. He left me in Brittany—I never heard from him again. The place was so lonely that I felt—like a prisoner—I became ill—I believe I was being poisoned. I got away. A fisherman helped me to escape. I came over in a fishing smack from France. It was so rough—the violent pitching and seasickness brought on the premature birth of my baby at sea—it was dead—I had no attention and I was nearly dead too, by the time I reached Portman Square."

She shuddered at the name and closed her eyes again.

"Why did you go there?" asked Arnold in surprise.

"I meant to—to—throw myself on the mercy of Miss Field-Robinson. She was always—good to me. I didn't—know—she was dead. When I got to the house—I fell into one fainting fit after another—I could go no further."

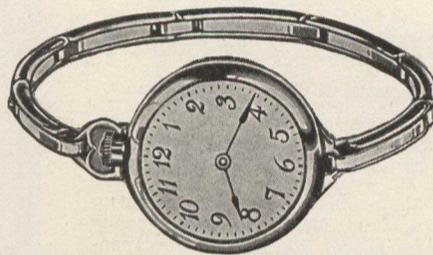
"And then?"

"They went—for—a doctor—they got frightened—thought I was dying—I wish I had died," she sighed.

"When you got better—you didn't leave?"

"I couldn't. I was ill—a—long time—I was penniless. When I tried to get away, I found I was a prisoner, I was locked in an empty room. I think they used to drug me with

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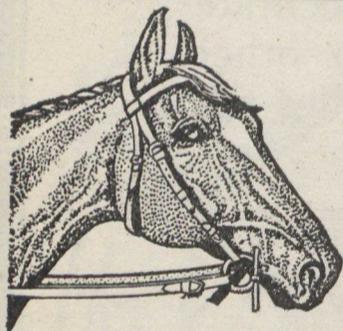
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something put into my food—I used to be whole days without remembering anything. When they were drunk—they used me cruelly."

A long shudder ran through her. "What was the object?" asked Arnold Bassingbroke, trying to keep his indignation from getting the better of him.

"I don't know—I didn't then," said the woman wearily. "I think they were paid to keep me shut up—from words they let drop when they were drunk. Oh! I was punished for my sins—cruelly punished," moaned the unhappy woman.

"What sins?" asked Arnold, sympathetically.

"My secret marriage—my deceit to my good old mistress—my ingratitude to—my—dear mother." Tears swam in her eyes.

"Did you not write to your mother?"

"Before I left Brittany I did—the letter came back marked 'gone away.' Mother would never have left Clovelly—I am afraid she is dead—perhaps I broke her heart—and I don't know what became of my little sister, Violet. I had not written for two years. Oh! I have been punished indeed."

"Perhaps the worst is over, Rose." Arnold spoke with deep sympathy. "Your sin was too great a trust in the man you had married. He has sinned." His voice was very stern and indignant.

"Would you be glad to find your sister Violet?" He asked the question gently and soothingly.

"My little sister—my dear little sister," murmured the woman. "I'm afraid I shall never find her now—if only I could—if only I could," she sighed. "I gave all up for Archie—mother, sister, mistress, my conscience—everything. I followed blindly where he led—obeyed him implicitly—believed in him—loved him—alas! a woman is but wax in the hands of the man she loves."

THE slow tears welled under the closed eyelids, which strove to hide them, a wasted bony hand moved restlessly under the coverlet. "Rose," said Arnold, touched with deep pity, "Rose, you are amongst friends. Your wrongs shall be righted as far as it is humanly possible."

"They can—never—be righted, now," said the broken woman, sadly. Arnold knew she was right. Nothing could give back to her again her youth, her beauty, her joy in life, her faith, her trust, her love, all this had been for ever shattered—only Violet remained.

"Perhaps life may hold some compensation for all you have suffered," he persisted encouragingly. "There is still Violet. Would you like to see her?"

She looked at him for a second in questioning surprise.

"Do—you—know—Violet?"

He nodded. "Shall I bring her to you?" "It is more than I deserve," she sobbed. "My sister, my little sister—shall I really see you again? But my mother?"

Her voice sounded full of pain. "She is dead, Rose. She has been spared the sorrow of knowing how you have suffered—but—she never doubted your love."

The poor woman was weeping unrestrainedly now.

"Violet is longing for you—she came to London to try to find you. I will bring her to you. I want you to try and get better. Violet will help you to again make life worth living."

"I never hoped for so much again—I had nothing left in life—to live for. God bless you, sir."

"Believe me, there are brighter days in store for you," he said earnestly. "God has not utterly forsaken you, Rose. Try now and get well. Good-bye."

He left her then with the comforting thought of her sister to strengthen and encourage her—knowing it would do much to arouse a new desire in her for life.

With a thoughtful face he drove to the mews in Knightsbridge.

He knew the exact hour when the Smilies would be sitting at the little



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round table having tea. He could picture the little kitchen which he had once entered as a penniless wanderer. He had been hungry, and they had given him to eat; thirsty and they had given him to drink; homeless and they had sheltered him.

His heart grew very tender as he thought of these things, and he registered a vow that, so long as they lived, this good old couple should never know want again.

Martha's kindly face appeared behind the geranium plant with an expression of perplexity as the big private car came to a stop before their door.

"If the gentleman ain't comin' here," she exclaimed in a sudden fluster, wiping her hands upon her apron, and going to the door—then she flung up her hands with a shrill cry:

"John Grey!—why—if it ain't John Grey!"

Jacob grated his chair back over the stone floor, and rose hastily, coming forward with an incredulous ejaculation.

"So it be—John Grey—his very self!"

"The Lord be praised!" cried Martha piously.

Violet had risen also, and stood, one hand grasping the back of her chair, with a very white face, staring silent and wide-eyed at the newcomer.

LAUGHING and holding a hand on either side, which Jacob and Martha had caught hold of, he looked at Violet.

"Are you not glad to see me back, Violet?" as he noticed her frozen silence.

"Have—you—come back?" she stammered, a flood of colour rushing over her white face. "You don't seem—the same—John Grey!"

"Well, now you mention it," interposed Jacob laughing, "it do seem a bit upsettin' mate—you a-drivin' up inside a fine motor car—with a choofeur doin' the work. Done it for a joke mate?"

Arnold laughed and shook his head. "Fact is, Jacob, I've been ill, and am not up to walking yet. I got knocked down by a car, the morning I left here—and nearly killed—that was why I did not come back."

Violet gave a little stifled scream, her hands were trembling violently, she looked on the verge of hysterics.

"Well now, that accounts for it mate. Such a scare as you give us. Miss Pragg, she were in a fine takin', a-ringin' up the garage all day. Miss Assitas—she comes next day, an' starts ringin' up—an' we was all that flabbergasted we didn't know if we was on our 'eads or our 'eels. We got yer things, mate; the missus thought she'd look after them for yer, case yer turned up agin."

"That we has, yer'll find 'em as yer left 'em," chimed in Martha.

"Awfully good of you," said Arnold heartily.

"What are yer doin' of now, mate? Yer look as if yer'd struck a bit of orl right.—Miss Pragg do have a noo man—but I don't think he suits 'er—guess she'd give him the sack strite, if yer was ter go back."

"Oh, no. She mustn't do that," said Arnold, "in fact I couldn't go back to Miss Pragg now."

"Got a noo job, mate?" said Jacob, while Martha drew forward a chair.

"Sit ye down, John Grey. Violet! What's come to ye? Haven't ye got a word to say?" She looked at the girl's curiously strained face.

"Violet," said Arnold, turning to her with a smile. I have brought you good news."

"Brought—me—good—news?" gasped the girl.

"I've found someone you have lost." He watched her as he spoke, her face growing ashy grey to the lips.

"I have come to take you to see—"

"Rose!" she breathed, her eyes fixed on his face. She clasped her hands together with the startled inquiry, taking a step forward.

"Yes—Rose," he replied kindly.

"Oh! Where is she?" cried Violet hysterically.

"You must calm yourself, Violet.

Rose is—very ill—she is—"

"Oh!—don't say she is dying!" cried the girl in a wild voice.

"No, no. Calm yourself, Violet. She is not dying, but she is in hospital. I have seen her—and I told her I would bring you to her. Violet—you will mean everything in the world to Rose—she has no one to live for—but you."

The trembling girl covered her face with her hands. She was crying silently.

Martha and Jacob were looking from one to the other with a bewildered air.

"Finish your tea, Violet, and then get ready to go to the hospital with me. I am going to call on Miss Pragg now, and then I shall come back for you."

"B'ain't yer stoppin' mate?" asked Jacob, with a note of acute disappointment.

"Not now, Jacob. I must make my excuses to Miss Pragg for my abrupt disappearance, then I will come back for Violet."

"An' wheer might ye be stoppin' now, mate? Was you in 'orsipta' when ye met Rose?"

"I did see her in the hospital—I am not there—I live at Harley Street now."

"That's wheer all the swell doctors lives Martha.—Glad ye've got another berth, mate," Jacob spoke heartily.

"Thank you, Jacob," said Arnold simply. "Yes, I have got another berth."

With perplexed faces, the old couple saw him to the door, saw him enter the big car, saw the chauffeur touch his cap, and watched the car wind its way out of the mews.

They both drew a deep breath, then they looked at each other.

"If that don't cap all!" was Jacob's comment.

Martha shook her head, being for the moment incapable of speech.

When they returned to their interrupted tea, they found Violet with her head on the table weeping violently, and forgot everything else in their united efforts to calm and comfort her.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Unexpected Meetings.

HENRY was employing his leisure in looking through the glass panels of the hall door as Arnold Bassingbroke stepped out of a large motor which had drawn up at the kerb. The youth in buttons thereupon withdrew hastily from the glass door with a sudden resumption of dignity, to await the ringing of the electric bell. Then he opened the door with his usual celerity.

Receiving with official calm the card presented to him by the visitor, he unfortunately raised his eyes at the moment that the latter removed his silk hat. Nearly dropping the card, Henry's mouth fell open, his eyes bulged, and contrary to all precedent he ejaculated the one word:

"Blimy!"

"Is Miss Pragg at home?" Henry winked, and executed a swift and silent movement of his thumb in the direction of Miss Pragg's private room.

"Take my card to her," said the imperturbable visitor.

Henry seized a silver salver from the stand, laid the card upon it with elaborate care, and perused it with leisurely intentness.

"Doctor Arnold Bassingbroke, F.R.C.S. Harley Street, W."

A solitary tuft of hair at the back of his head, which was always of an obstinate nature, detached itself from its sleek surroundings, and stood erect like a small plume, as Henry, bearing the silver salver before him, twitched his brows up and down in the effort to fathom the meaning of these things.

He presented the card to Miss Pragg, and awaited developments.

Miss Pragg, busy with literary efforts, glanced at the card with a snort of impatience.

"Don't know the man. What can he want? Hope it isn't a death in the family!" (This as an after-thought.) "Better see him, perhaps."

(To be continued.)



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