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September 30th, 1911

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**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



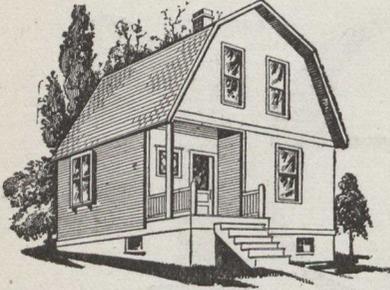
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**Courier**

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 18

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Editor's Talk

CANADA startled the world in general and itself in particular at the general election held last Thursday. Reciprocity with the United States was defeated. As an incident in the reciprocity campaign the Government was defeated and probably before this reaches our readers a new government will be formed. Many familiar figures have disappeared from the field of parliamentary action, and many new men have entered the arena. The portraits of a few of the victors appear in this week's issue, and those of the newer victors will appear from time to time. The pictorial side of the new political era will be carefully taken care of in these pages.

\* \* \*

Last week's discussion of the ethics of baseball has attracted considerable attention, and next week we hope to return to the subject. Several baseball experts have promised to join in a discussion which seems worth while.

\* \* \*

R. E. Cox opens up a question in this week's issue which will interest all financiers and investors. Canada has combines and mergers and trusts. The regulation of mergers and trusts becomes a more vital problem day by day. Any person having ideas along this line is invited to contribute his quota.

Mr. James Ross, the millionaire ex-president of the Dominion Coal Co., contributes a letter to this issue which is also interesting to the same class of readers.

\* \* \*

Next week our Country Life Supplement will be a feature of the issue. The problem of the country home and the suburban home is broad and complex. Canada is essentially a land of homes, and it is only by keeping the people's attention fixed upon this fact that we may hope to avoid slums, congested districts and the apartment house evil.

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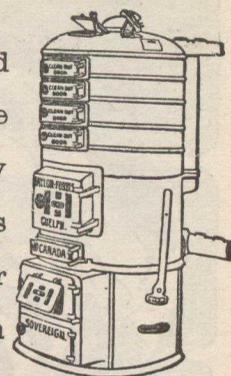
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**IN LIGHTER VEIN**

**No Words Wasted.**—When Samuel G. Blythe, the writer, was editing a newspaper in New York State, a green reporter one night turned in a long and thrilling story regarding the rough treatment handed out to John Smith, a visitor to the town. The story related that Mr. Smith, wearing a high silk hat, had ventured down to the docks after nightfall, and, a silk hat being unusual and provocative of antagonisms in that section, Mr. Smith had emerged from among the dock hands without the hat. Nevertheless, he carried out of the melee so many wounds, cuts, and bruises that he had to be sent to the hospital.

The article in its original form was too long, and not in keeping with the style of the paper. Accordingly Blythe started to rewrite it. This is the form in which it appeared in the paper the next morning:

"John Smith, wearing a high silk hat, went down to the docks last night—Emergency Hospital."

\* \* \*

**Playing Safe.**—"I received a great reception when I called at the Browns' last evening. Why, when I was leaving the whole family came to the door with me."

"Well, you see, some one took three umbrellas out of their hall-rack a few evenings ago."—St. Louis Censor.

\* \* \*

**Strict Disciplinarian.**—An Amusing incident is reported to have taken place at one of the large London breweries, the principal partner in which is a Member of Parliament, and no less known for his impetuous generosity than for his strictness with his employees in matter of business.

This gentleman, on entering the brewery yard one day, observed a man leaning idly against a wall, with his hands in his pockets, and smoking a short clay pipe.

"Well, my man, can you find nothing to do?" was the indignant query, the reply being, "Sir, I'm awaiting for something."

"That won't do here, my good fellow, I can tell you. Come, what are your wages?"

The man replied, £1 a week.

"Well, here you are; take your money, and take yourself off at once out of my yard," shouted the indignant legislator.

Some little time elapsed, and on again passing through, the gentleman once more espied the man who had roused his ire occupying the same position as before.

"Did I not pay you your wages and tell you to go away from the premises?" vociferated the brewer, now thoroughly roused.

The man gazed at him for a moment in astonishment, and then, removing his pipe, replied, "You kindly guv me a suver'n, guv'nor, and I've been and drunk your 'ealth, but as fer goin' away, I don't understand you. I don't work for you; I works for Pickford's, and I'm a-waitin' for some empties."

\* \* \*

**Popular Songs.**—"Those Dear Delightful Women," by Nat Goodwin.

"All Alone," by W. J. Bryan.

"Let me Down Easy," by the Wright Brothers.

"Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own," by Jack Johnson.

\* \* \*

**We Know the Kind.**—"What did Jinx say at the banquet last night?"

"Nothing."

"Why, he told me he made a speech!"

"So he did."

\* \* \*

**Sensible Reply.**—Two lunatics conversed in the asylum yard. One had megalomania. Sand he: "Had they not locked me up here, I should have been a second Napoleon!"

Thoughtfully, the other contemplated a peagreen devil on the asylum wall, then remarked: "The second Napoleon wasn't much shucks."

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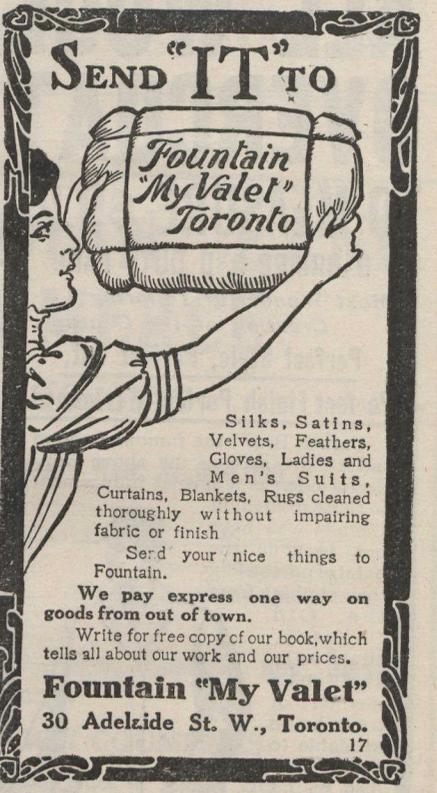
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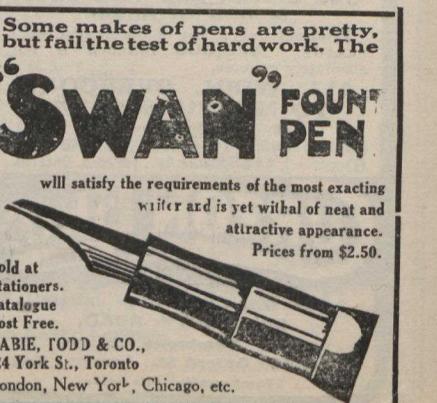
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# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

Vol. X.

September 30, 1911

No. 18

## THE GAME OF ORATORY.

THE first thing in oratory, Demosthenes said, was action, the second, action; and the third, action. There are a few Canadian orators who cultivate this quality. Sir Wilfrid Laurier does it gracefully and well. Mr. Borden is not so brilliant in this respect. Mr. Bourassa, Mr. Lemieux, Mr. W. F. Maclean, and Mr. Foster have all more action, if less grace, than the two great political leaders. The photographs on this page are evidence that some of our orators have studied Demosthenes or at least have heard of his precept.

Mr. W. T. White, the newly discovered orator of the campaign which has just closed in Ontario, has action which is of doubtful quality. He walks up and down the platform like a man dictating a ponderous deliverance. But when he is driving home an important point he stands still and employs hand and arm and head action with decided effect. Mr. White was not unknown as a speaker in the days when he was a student at Osgoode Hall. This is a re-appearance.

Mr. Geo. E. Foster is one of our greatest orators. He is said to be second only to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in all-round oratorical ability. Like many of our best orators, he has not physical bulk—he is short and he is slight. His figure is lithe and he sways and swings in harmony with his emotions. His voice accompanies his body in this respect, while his hands and arms keep pace with both. His voice is neither over masculine nor unduly musical. But most striking of Foster's qualities, either of body or mind, is his power of ridicule. Intensely critical, he is able to make his criticisms so cutting that his opponents arguments are quickly and smoothly made ridiculous. This is his role in recent years and the role suits admirably his particular style.

Mr. W. F. Maclean is not a great orator, because his voice is somewhat thin. But he has plenty of action, a characteristic sardonic smile and abundant enthusiasm. He is never grandiloquent. He is seldom impressive. But he is sometimes convincing and always interesting.

"Les passions sont les seuls orateur qui persuadent toujours," said La Roche, and Henri Bourassa is the typical Canadian example. His dark eyes, his graceful vehement gestures, and his French-Canadian courtliness add emphasis to his passionate appeals. His passion enlivens his audience and sways the younger men in a remarkable way. He appeals to their passion by a display of passion. Where his auditors are too old to be swayed by passion, he is much less effective and scarcely convincing. Nevertheless, whatever many may think of him politically, he is one of our present-day orators.

Hon. Mr. Lemieux is an orator of no mean ability. Like many others of his race, it is the breath of his nostrils, the essence of his career. The English-Canadian talks when the French-Canadian orates. Mr. Lemieux seldom talks—thereby running true to form. His steadfastness

of purpose backs up his oratorical efforts and makes them effective when Bourassa's efforts are merely electrical.

The average of oratory in Canadian public life is not high. Many of our public speakers lack a broad education in history and literature. They are sometimes crude. They often stumble awkwardly and arrive in a muddled condition. They are impressive only through evident sincerity. They are more forceful if less grammatical and polished than the average British orator; they are more forceful and more convincing than the frothy, though smoother orator of the United States. With the broader education which our young men are now getting, the Canadian public speaker should shortly become the most effective of those

who use the English language. The coldness and ponderousness of the Britisher are largely absent among our younger public speakers, and so are the hollowness and evident insincerity of some political stump speakers in the United States.

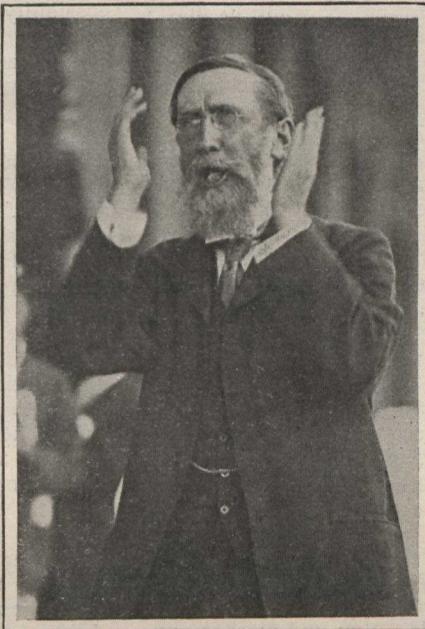
The example of the French-Canadian orator is having its effect on the English Canadian orator. He is learning to drop his aloofness, his assumed indifference, his general chilliness of attitude, and is giving more rein to his imagination and his passion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is perhaps the greatest orator of the British Empire, and his influence upon the development of real oratory in this country has been tremendous.

One fault which shines out in our oratory is the tendency to make long speeches. "The smaller the man, the longer the speech" is too often the rule. The Hon. Edward Blake made tremendously long speeches, and Blake was a great orator. Sir John A. Macdonald made short speeches, and Sir John was also a great orator. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding, Sir Allan Aylesworth, seldom make long speeches. There is no doubt that the short, compact, concise address is the more effective either for a public audience or for the House of Commons. The public speaker who occupies more than an hour, on even a great national issue, is taking a risk which the best orators do not often take.

During the past six weeks, Canada has had a surfeit of oratory. Every society hall, town hall, country school house and city auditorium has been ringing with the eloquence of those who favoured reciprocity and those who opposed it. It has been a great occasion for both trained and untrained speakers. Towards the end there was a decided tendency to huskiness. Some of the leaders spoke every day, and occasion-

ally twice or three times in a twenty-four hour period. It was a tremendous campaign. The big daily newspapers fairly bulged with reports of the hundreds of daily orations, and only a few of the "big guns" got a full column in any one issue.

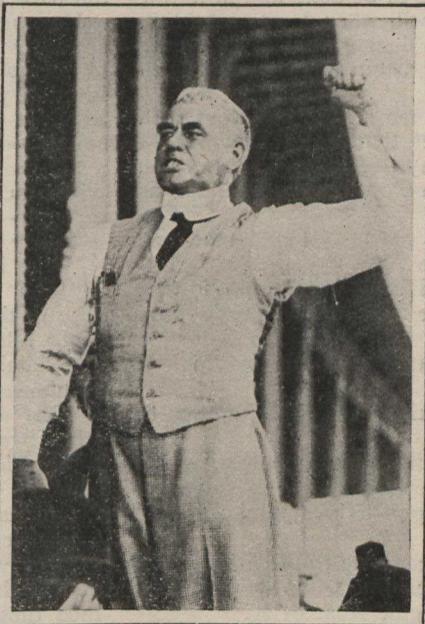
For a time the country will experience a dulness. The campaign is over. Interviews and opinions will displace the "reports" in the daily papers. Then will come the first session of a new parliament with an outburst of oratory of somewhat different character. The speeches made by parliamentarians on the stump and in the House differ greatly in style. They are duller and less ornate.



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# JOHN STRONG, CIVIL ENGINEER

*Two hundred miles from a railroad—a waste of snow, rock, and timber—sleeping in a rabbit-skin blanket strapped over your shoulder during the day—living on a small store of provisions carried in the same blanket. Does the picture make you shiver? It was a part of John Strong's life before a Pullman could cross the wilderness.*

By ALAN SULLIVAN

ANGUS STRICKLAND had a nose for good business. His friends said it admiringly—his rivals grudgingly, and he himself admitted it complacently. It was not only for business—but good business. He had solved to his own satisfaction the commercial fourth dimension, and by some subtle instinct knew along what lines profit lay.

And so, for years, through many channels, dug by himself with unerring judgment, flowed steadily the tide of his fortune. It had all seemed so easy, so logical, almost so natural to him, that when John Strong, Civil Engineer, had calmly announced himself a suitor for the hand of Laura, his only child and daughter, Strickland had received the news with a puzzled look of incredulity. To him, as an up-to-date railway president, an engineer was one who ran survey lines, put in stakes, and squinted through the instrument, at the rate of three hundred dollars per month. He regarded such a one as a necessary adjunct to railway construction, but an adjunct to be dispensed with as soon as possible; and yet he was actually trying to explain to Strong—why, it was laughable. The latter was looking at him with quiet, steady eyes across his library table.

"Look here, Strong," he said, with an almost brutal frankness, "you want to marry my daughter. You make, if you hold a steady job, three thousand dollars a year. Do you know she spends that in clothes? I'm not criticizing you—but the thing is ridiculous, and Laura ought to have more sense."

Strong coloured a little. "I prefer to leave the question of Laura's sense to yourself. She knows my means and my prospects. She doesn't ask anything from you; she is satisfied with what I can do for her."

"She may be," snapped Strickland, "but I'm not. I always thought an engineer was supposed to have common sense—at least that's what I hire them for. Ever work for any of my roads?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Well, I reckon you never will. Go back to the woods, young man—that's where you belong. I'll attend to my daughter."

Strong had risen, and was holding himself under absolute control: "Is this your last word?"

"I guess it is—want any more?"

"Just one thing, Mr. Strickland—this is the beginning of this matter, not the end of it. Good evening!"

Strickland gazed at the closing door, and almost snorted in astonishment; then he pressed a button beside the fireplace. "Ask Mrs. Strickland if she will come here for a minute," he said to the answering maid, and, in the interval of waiting, stamped up and down the length of the room.

His wife appeared, a bright, well-dressed little woman, birdlike eyes that took in the situation at a glance. "Well, Angus, is it over? Laura told me he was coming."

"Yes, it's over; but there's an idea in that young man's head that it isn't—that's where he makes a mistake. Have you got Laura back to her senses? That was your job."

"No, my dear, I haven't. Laura has adopted a high and lofty tone, which makes me almost apologetic. Mr. Strong has been filling her head with all sorts of things. She says she wants to go out and really live, and see how other people live. She thinks she has been wasting her life in selfishness, and altogether I'm rather lost. Do you know, Angus, she's really in earnest for once in her life, and I'm sorry it's about this."

"She's not the only one in earnest, either; better bring her in to see me."

For the next few minutes Strickland reviewed with growing disapproval all the stock arguments and paternal admonitions which apply to such an interview as he was about to give, and finally, with characteristic independence, determined to proceed along what was, to him, a totally novel line. When his daughter entered, he was relieved to see no sign of undue agitation, for he hated a scene; but

he noted, with a certain misgiving, a quiet air of purpose which had settled on her delicate face. Her big brown eyes looked straight into those of the father she had worshipped all her life, as she said calmly:

"Well, dad?"

Strickland's habitual mode of getting straight at the heart of things asserted itself. He put a hand on the girl's shoulder, and said:

"Laura, you're not fair."

She stared at him, with lifted eyebrows. "Oh, you mean to you, for wanting to leave you?"

"No, I don't, but to Mr. Strong."

"Father, what do you mean? I want to marry him; isn't that fair to him?"

"No, it isn't, daughter. Mr. Strong can no more afford you than he can a French limousine with an imported chauffeur. You would break his bank in six months. His income is three thousand dollars a year; your bill at Corinne's last year was three thousand two hundred dollars. You accept all these things as a matter of course—which it happens they are to you; but they are not to Mr. Strong. That's one of the ways in which I say you are not fair, and there are others."

The girl's face flushed, but she fronted him bravely. "Dad, part of what you say is true, but it's all changed now. Have you noticed Corinne's bills the last six months?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"Well, that's because there weren't any. Listen, dad! I want to tell you, and I do want you to understand. You and mother have been devoted to me, and you would have spoiled me, if it hadn't been for Mr. Strong."

"Much obliged to your friend!"

"Now don't, dad—just listen. A year ago I was the most self-satisfied creature in America, and now I'm ashamed of myself. You and mother gave me a hundred times too much, except in one way—you didn't make me think. My mind was starving, and then Mr. Strong just interested me at first. He talked about things, not about himself; but I realized what a lot there is to be done and how few people to do it, and he—well, when I was ashamed, I began to care, and now, dad, I want to help ever so little, and I want to begin my helping with him."

"You can do more with me behind you than with him, and you ought to see that. If it's money—a very useful article nowadays—you can have all you want; more than you would ever hear about as John Strong's wife."

"Dad, dear, don't you see? I want some one beside me—not behind me!"

"Look here, little girl, it's no use arguing; now, let's be friends. Promise me you won't do anything foolish."

"That depends on what you mean by foolish. Think it over, daddy."

"I've done all my thinking; ask your mother to come here again."

Laura looked at him with appealing eyes, which he somewhat studiously avoided, and, as she went out, said: "Dad, don't forget—I love John Strong."

MRS. STRICKLAND came up to the fireside and stood with her eyes fixed on her husband. Then she said, "Well, Angus, what of it?"

"Nothing, Maria, nothing. I think she's lonely, that's all, and probably this impossible man came along at the psychological time. She'll get over it, if we get her away, and I think you two had better get over to Europe next week."

His wife sighed a little. They had been so much abroad that she had looked forward with delight to this, their first domestic winter for years.

"Angus, dear, I'm tired of Europe, and so is Laura, without you. Can't you come?"

"Simply impossible. I ought to spend all my time at Ottawa; there are big things in the wind, and I can't afford to be out of them."

Mrs. Strickland hesitated a little, and then put her hands on his shoulders, and looked up into his

face. Her lips quivered a little, as her husband smoothed back from her forehead the hair which was just tinged with gray.

"What is it, little woman?"

"Angus, I don't want to go without you. If the boy had lived"—she caught her breath a little—"it would have been all right—he could have gone—but—but, as it is—" And the rest was inarticulate.

Into Strickland's heart rushed the memory of a day which each remembered in sacred silence, and he drew his wife to him.

"Don't worry, dear, don't worry. I'll go."

II.

TWO months later, three men leaned over a flat office table and traced out a faintly dotted line that meandered across a big blue print. The electric lights shone on its surface, and revealed a maze of conjectural lakes and rivers, traversed here and there by straight, uncompromising meridians, that started near the north shore of Lake Superior and ended abruptly some two hundred miles to the north.

Jenkins, one of the three, a small, short man with gray hair and blue eyes, stood up stiffly, put his hand to the small of his back, and groaned. "If it's as hard to explore as it is to look at, it's a terror. But what's the use—the thing is an impossibility! The charter expires in four months, and there is not a mile located, and not a stake driven; and as for that story of Alderson's about copper and pulpwood—well, it's a good story. Call the deal off, boys—life's too short."

Alderson took him up like a steel trap. "Life's what you make it, and the deal's not off. If you have cold feet, say so. I'll buy you out—here and now."

Jenkins smiled good-naturedly. "You're always going off at half-cock, old man; it's a gamble and you know it, and there's good money here in the street if you want it. That summer trip of yours has upset your balance."

The others laughed—for Alderson had skirted the starting point of the proposed railway a few months before, in luxurious comfort. Extra canoes and packers had kept him in fresh butter and other supplies, and he had returned with some samples of native copper, which a guide told him had come from up country. It was true that the charter expired in four months. The four promoters had never regarded it very seriously, and money had been too tight even to move in the matter. But a new transcontinental line had been begun, and the charter was now of value; their road, if it was to be a road, would be a valuable north and south feeder to the trunk line. Of this they were all now aware; but, as Jenkins said, the time was short, and the first frosts of winter were already stiffening the bare and yellow ground.

He went on, speaking this time slowly and seriously: "Alderson, do you consider it possible to locate two hundred miles of railway and file location plans in Ottawa within four months from to-day? No living man has been through that country—it's blank, blind, staring wilderness."

"It is possible—just possible—no more," said Alderson, "and there is one man who has been through—what part I don't know. I only heard of it to-day. That's why I called this meeting."

"Who is the man, and where and what is he?"

"John Strong, locating engineer and explorer, here in the city. He got in from the West yesterday. I heard of him from my son, who worships him dumbly—was on survey under him and speaks of him as the chief."

"Can we get him—will he go?" came from the other two.

"I reckon you can get him at the City Club—at least, he was to dine there."

Jenkins stepped across to the telephone, and, in a few seconds, was talking to John Strong. The speaker was too well known to need any introduction to the engineer, but as the others watched his face they saw a shade of disappointment come over it.

"But, Mr. Strong, it's not a question of terms. We need you for four months; make your own terms—we accept them." He listened a moment, and the corners of his mouth dropped. "Hold the line a moment, please," and turned to the others. "Strong says he's just in from the woods, and that clean linen feels so good he wants more of it."

"One minute," said Alderson. "Tell him you are sorry it can't be done—that you were afraid the time was too short. I know him."

Jenkins did as he was bid. Suddenly his eyebrows went up. "Oh, all right, sir. That's very kind of you. We shall be very glad to see you. Room three twenty-two, Provincial Bank Building,

in ten minutes—very good, good-by.”

Then he turned to Alderson. “Are you a mind reader? What’s the matter with this engineer of yours? He’s coming over.”

“Well, you told him that you were afraid the time was too short, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Well, that’s what’s the matter with him. He’s got his back up—and, gentlemen, one word—Strong won’t say much—he never does, so don’t expect it. He says the woods make him silent, and there’s too much talk, anyway. Now”—turning to the blue print—“here’s his starting point, I take it. Good harbour and deep water.”

“By the bye,” put in Prentice, “where does Strickland stand in this?”

“I was just thinking about that,” said Jenkins.

“Saw him two months ago. Said he was taking his family to Europe for six months, and had everything tied up and screwed down. He spoke of the Northwestern, but didn’t think anything would turn up just yet. However, he said that, if anything did, we were to do what we thought best, and not bother him, and he would chip in.”

“It seems a long time for Angus to drop out,” said Prentice thoughtfully. “However, that’s all right. I didn’t know you had seen him.”

They were intent over the map, when the engineer knocked and entered. It may not be amiss to describe something of the man. He stood just under six feet, and was as straight as one of the pine trees that had so often sheltered him. His face was oval and clean-shaven, and his skin tanned to a copper brown that stood out in sharp contrast to his snowy linen. The eyes were grayish-green, deep-set, and far apart, and the mouth, though firm, singularly sweet in expression. His shoulders and chest were of immense width, but so admirably proportioned that it was not at first noticeable; he walked with light, almost catlike tread that spoke of steel sinews and supple muscles, and his voice was quiet and pitched low. There was a pause as the three looked at him with keen interest; then Alderson glanced at Jenkins, and the latter spoke.

“Mr. Strong, the Superior and Northwestern Railway Company, which is controlled by ourselves and one other friend, has a charter to build a line from the Great Lakes to Height of Land—approximately two hundred miles. This charter expires in four months from to-day, unless within that time we file location plans in Ottawa. This is the twenty-second of December, and my friend, Mr. Alderson, has told us that there is one man in Canada, and only one, who can save the situation. That is why we have asked you to come over. Expense is not to be considered. We are in your hands—will you undertake the work?”

John Strong, his quiet eyes on the blue print, did not answer for some time.

The room was very still, and they could hear the dull roar of holiday traffic in the street below. Strong’s gaze was traversing the map, resting here and there, and then moving rapidly on, till it reached a broad band of white that marked the course of the Transcontinental. Then he looked up and said:

“I assume you know the government requirements as to grade and curvature?”

Jenkins nodded.

“I assume, also, you can furnish special transportation over the Trans-Pacific, from here to Red Harbour, your starting point?”

Jenkins nodded again.

“Then I want a special on the Trans-Pacific, to leave in five hours, and a box-car attached to to-morrow’s express for the West. As to terms, we’ll discuss those later. I don’t know if I can do what you want. If not, it will be because it’s impossible. In an hour I will hand you lists of necessary supplies. These will follow on to-morrow’s express. They will be bulky—don’t omit anything—send exact quantities, put up as directed. You will have twenty-four hours. Please arrange open credit for me at the Provincial here. I think that is all. I will meet you here on the morning of April twenty-first. Good evening, gentlemen.”

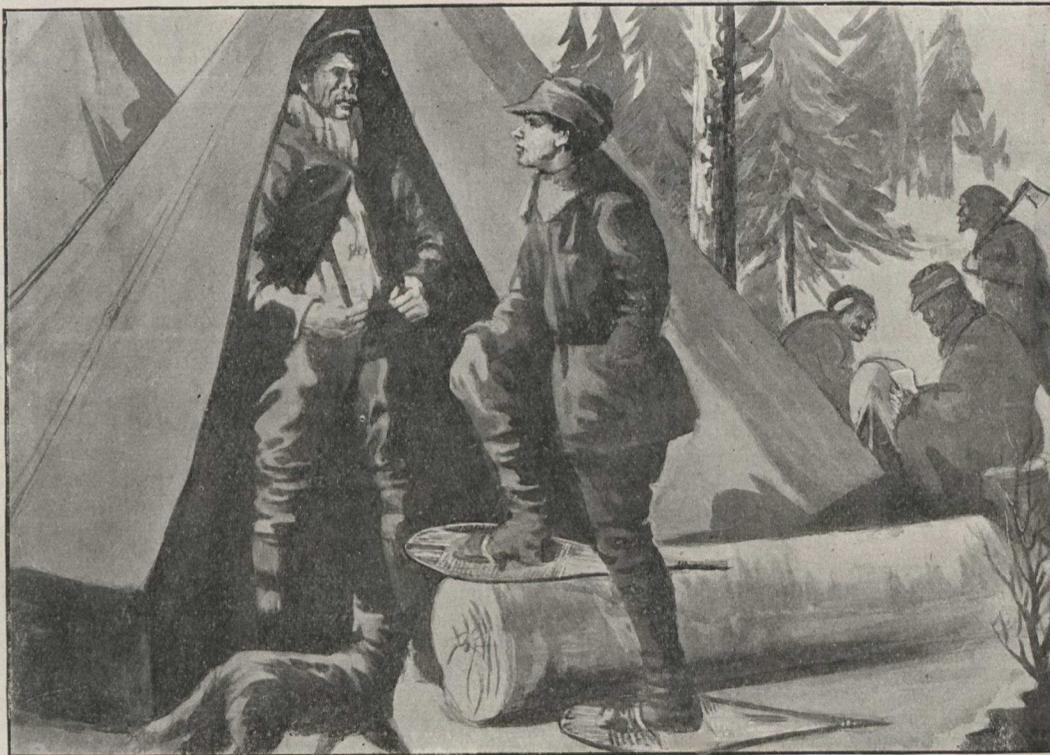
He bowed courteously, and the door closed noise-

lessly after him. So lightly fell his foot that only when the elevator rattled did they know he had gone. They were left looking at each other in quizzical surprise; it was over almost as soon as it began; it was almost uncanny. At last Jenkins looked at Alderson and pulled out a big cigar.

“Well, there’s a spirit of the North. Heavens! The man has made me feel a thousand years old. I need a bracer. Boys, I think we’re going to get a run for our money.”

### III.

ON the afternoon of the twenty-second of February, two months after the meeting in the Provincial Bank Building, a solitary figure stood on a ridge in a northern wilderness. As far as the



“How have you made out?” “Pretty well, chief. Eight miles in three days.”

Drawn by S. S. Finlay.

eye could see, stretched a waste of snow, rock, and timber.

A hush was in the air. A few flakes of snow, small, fine, and light, trickled down from a gray bank of cloud, beneath which the sun loomed red and sullen as it touched the hilltops into a fleeting gleam of pink and red. In these vast solitudes sound travels fast and far, and from his altitude Strong heard the ring of axes, the call of the chain man, the sharp directions of the transit man, as, beneath him, the survey pushed south toward Lake Superior.

When Strong had watched his special swing round a curve, on her way back to civilization, he had, with a few poignant words, instilled into his men something of his own indomitable spirit. As to their duties and procedure, he had said nothing. He knew that they knew—and in twenty-four hours his axe, chain, and instrument men, his cooks and helpers, his packers and their dogs were facing north. His plan was to explore rapidly to Height of Land, start location there, and work south. He knew that it was not good engineering to locate on descending grade, but he also knew that it might be fatal to finish his work, two hundred miles from a railway, with a stretch of rotten ice between him and his principals.

Now, for two months, all was well. One of them had gone in exploration; in the other, seventy miles of line had been located. So far he was within his estimates, and the weather—well, that had been good, but to-night he was not so sure—it was on the knees of the gods.

He swung down into camp, his snow-shoes rising and falling with the perfect balance of the veteran walker. Long ere he reached it, the pungent incense of the fire came to his nostrils, and, guided by that, in half an hour he pushed into a cluster of spruce trees and was at home. He was glad to be there. For three days he had been ahead of the line, sleeping, when night fell, in a rabbit-skin blanket, carried, during the day, strapped over his shoulders, and living from a small store of provisions, wrapped in the same blanket.

His tent stood a little on one side, floored with aromatic cedar boughs, whose soft green shone in the light of a leaping fire. Around him hummed the life of the camp. The choppers were grinding

their axes to a razor edge for the morrow’s work; the chain men were mending snowshoes; the transit and level men were plotting field notes on cross-section paper; the cook and his helpers were hovering like ministering angels over pots and kettles that augured well for supper; and, around them all, shuffled and prowled twelve thick-set Esquimaux dogs, freed from toboggan traces and hungrily awaiting their evening dole of hot corn meal and tallow.

“Ho, Thirsty,” called the chief; and a long, lean man of about thirty-five appeared in the door of the tent. “How have you made out?”

“Pretty well, chief. Eight miles in three days, no curve over six degrees, and gradient down to one-half of one per cent.”

Strong grunted his appreciation. “Packers in yet?”

“Some of them, but there was some mix-up. They only bought corn meal—said the trails were all broken up.”

Two little wrinkles appeared on the chief’s jaw, the only sign of annoyance he was ever known to give. He was forty miles from his nearest cache of provisions, which had been distributed on the way north to be picked up as needed on the home journey; the packers had failed him, and twenty men looked to him for all things. The situation was serious enough, and looking out he noticed that the small, fine flakes of snow had become larger, and were drifting noiselessly down like crumpled feathers. The cook was summoned, a huge French-Canadian, known from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay as Dominick.

That worthy lifted his hands in despair. “By gar, boss, I can’t do noddings. I cook de las’ pork to-night. I guess everybody play dog an’ heat corn meal. By an’ by, dose dam’ packers come, but dose trails pretty bad by morning.”

In the cook camp at supper, Strong surveyed his men with a confidence which was far from what he felt. In summer the thing would have been subject for a jest; but in these ice-bound regions the heat of the body depends upon food, and hunger spelled inability to withstand the seventy-five degrees of frost around them. The country was so deep in snow that no game was moving; for days they had seen but an occasional track, and then only a lynx or weasel, and the cold had been intense. To-night it was not so severe, but ever those big flakes settled quietly down, rounding into blurred outline all things on which they fell. Gradually the sounds of the mimic city died away. The dogs dug their sleeping holes deep in sheltered places, the camp fire subsided into a heap of dull-red coals, a great white owl blinked at the misty moon and sent his defiant cry through the unanswering gloom, and John Strong crawled into his rabbit skin and lay wondering what the day would bring forth.

He got his answer next morning. Silently, ceaselessly, and insistently it had come; it was the beginning of what was known for years, in that country, as the great snowfall. The camp arose as usual by starlight; the dogs were dragged snarling and snapping from the pits which the heat of their bodies had melted beneath them, and the brown-faced men gathered around a board which gave unmistakable evidence of a scanty larder. The purple shade of night was touched with a cold yellow tinge as the last man pushed off into nowhere to the end of last night’s line; and the packers began to break and tramp down the trail, which was choked with fine, powdery snow. Strong was apparently everywhere at once. On the line he chatted with the transit man, as he peered through a lane of glistening underbrush and waved his picket man to points of intersection; at the head of it he cheered his choppers, as their axes crashed into ice-bound timber and brought down avalanches from the burdened branches overhead; but ever and ever the snow came down, and the quiet earth beneath seemed to draw up stiff knees, in deeper sleep, beneath her fleecy shroud.

Supper that night would have afforded to a sociologist such an opportunity as those inquiring minds but seldom find. Dominick’s efforts had been

(Continued on page 22.)

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

RECIPROCITY has been defeated and incidentally the Conservatives will come into power. Perhaps some people would prefer to say that the Conservatives have come into power and reciprocity has been defeated. Personally, I prefer the first way. If it had not been for the question of reciprocity, the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not have gone to the country for another year, and even then they might have pulled through another election. They had been fifteen years in power, but the personality of their leader was still strong.

However, that is mere speculation. The question of reciprocity with the United States was introduced into the House of Commons on January 26th last, and there has been trouble ever since. Previous to that date, reciprocity had been discussed in a general way. United States commissioners had visited Ottawa and Canadian commissioners had gone to Washington. The country as a whole took little notice of the negotiations. A reciprocity pact of a wide character was thought improbable.

When Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson returned to Ottawa and Mr. Fielding announced the broad measure of reciprocity which had been agreed upon by President Taft and the two Canadian ministers, the country began to take notice. The first general impression was that it was a triumph of diplomacy. But shortly there were murmurs against it. Then the Conservatives began to talk against it. Some prominent Liberals in Toronto issued a manifesto saying that it was not right. Two or three Liberal members in the House became restless. So the trouble grew until the issue became well defined, one party supporting it and one party opposing it.

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CANADIANS apparently do not like to be rushed. One of the great cries in the eight months' campaign on reciprocity was that the pact was made too hurriedly. The men sent to Ottawa were "elderly gentlemen," as their opponents termed them, and were not prepared in advance with exhaustive statistical information. It was claimed that the United States negotiators had better information.

Even if the information was sufficient, the opponents of the pact declared that the people should have been prepared for so radical a trade move. The defenders of the pact answered this by saying that for forty years Canada had been discussing reciprocity and that every Canadian publicist had been in favour of it at some time or other during that period.

Eventually, the Conservatives decided that they would not let the measure pass the House of Commons until the question of reciprocity had been decided upon by the people at a general election. They did not ask for a referendum, nor did the Liberals suggest such an expedient. The Opposition was anxious, as all oppositions are, to get possession of the Treasury benches, and were not likely to suggest it if they thought there was a chance of defeating the Government on the question. The Government did not suggest it because probably they thought it would be undignified for a government with a big majority in parliament to refuse to take the responsibility for this agreement.

About this time the Coronation of King George was due. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, should be there. He didn't want to go and leave reciprocity undecided. The Conservatives didn't like to take the responsibility of keeping him away. Finally it was decided to adjourn Parliament, allow Sir Wilfrid to go to the great Empire event, and to resume the discussion on his return. This was done.

\* \* \*

MEANWHILE, the forces which were opposed to the pact were extremely busy. Mr. Borden made a trip through the Prairie Provinces to preach against it. The "interests," if one may use the term without giving offence, organized independent opposition and collected funds for an organized campaign. If there was a truce in Parliament, there was no truce in the country. Both party organizations prepared for a possible general election. Candidates were nominated, the "machines" were looked over and oiled up, election material was gathered together, and it began to look like real war.

There are those who say that the fight against reciprocity was won on Mr. Borden's tour through

the West. This is an exaggeration. There is no doubt, however, that his straight hitting did much to line up his somewhat disunited forces in the region where reciprocity was most popular. He made a good campaign of it, and for the first time in his career he won some reputation as a fighter. The people admired what they thought was a "forlorn hope" tour.

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SIR WILFRID LAURIER returned and Parliament was again called together. Both sides were more decided than ever. It was soon discovered that no business could be done. The Opposition was determined to fight it out and compromise was impossible. Parliament sat for a few days and suddenly one Saturday noon the announcement came that Parliament had been dissolved and that a general election would be held on September 21st. Each leader issued a manifesto and the real battle was in sight.

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At first, the discussion took the form which might have been expected on a trade question. Statistics were bandied about in the newspapers and on the platform to show that Canada would be financially benefited by the pact. The prices of wheat, barley, beef, bacon, eggs and fruit on both sides of the line were brought together and compared. In this discussion the honours were easy, with perhaps the defenders of the pact having

## Standing of Parties.

	Opp'n.	Gov't.
Ontario .....	72	13
Quebec .....	27	36
Manitoba .....	7	3
British Columbia .....	7	0
Alberta .....	1	6
New Brunswick .....	5	8
Nova Scotia .....	9	9
Prince Edward Island .....	2	2
Saskatchewan .....	1	9
Total .....	131	86
Mr. Borden's majority 45.		
Four deferred elections.		

a little the best of it. On this point, there will probably be a difference of opinion, so I shall not press it.

Finally, an element was introduced into the campaign which turned the tide the other way. The Opposition began to cry "annexation," and to plead for British connection. For a time these two features ran side by side, but eventually the economic arguments practically went by the board and only the sentimental argument remained, so far as the Conservatives were concerned.

In 1873, Sir John Macdonald lost a general election on a bit of sentiment concerning his own foolishness in accepting money for campaign purposes from a member of the Canadian Pacific Syndicate. In 1878, the same astute statesmen won an election on a sentiment—the National Policy. So that it cannot be said that this is the first election to be decided upon sentiment.

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SOME have said that the Conservatives set the heather on fire. One shrewd Canadian made the remark that President Taft, Champ Clark and Hearst set the heather on fire and Borden merely fanned the flame. The Montreal *Witness*, an ardent supporter of reciprocity, says that when President Taft proclaimed that Canada had come to the parting of the ways, he furnished the explosive that blew up his whole project.

President Taft had a difficult task when he tried to carry the reciprocity pact on his own side of the line, and he used some arguments over there which, while effective among his own people, were bad for the same pact on this side. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and other politicians, went farther and openly declared in favour of the annexation of Canada. They must bear their share of the blame for the defeat of reciprocity in this country. It will not do for these gentlemen to say that the whole fault is with the Canadians. Nor will it be fair for the United States people to believe that Canada is unfriendly.

The simple fact is that Canada got frightened, and the Canadians voted to preserve their nationality and British connection. It may have been unreasonable, but that is what occurred.

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IN Quebec, the situation was somewhat different from that in the other provinces. The Nationalist party, under Bourassa, were opposed to Sir Wilfrid Laurier because of the Canadian navy measure. This element and the regular Conservatives practically joined forces. It was termed an "unholy alliance," and no doubt it was in a political sense. The Nationalists elected some eight members, the Conservatives nineteen members. Undoubtedly the Conservative vote helped in the Nationalist constituencies and the Nationalist vote helped in the Conservative constituencies.

\* \* \*

THE largest turnover was in Ontario and Quebec. In the Maritime Provinces the Liberals had their representation reduced from 26 to 20. In the four Western Provinces the Liberals had 17 before and have 18 now. In Quebec, the combination against them gave them 36 seats instead of 54. In Ontario the landslide reduced their representation from 36 to 13. The Liberals have a majority of 5 in the Maritime Provinces, and a majority of 2 in the West, but the Conservatives and Nationalists have a majority of 52 in Ontario and Quebec. The Conservatives and Nationalists have thus a combined majority of 45. Without the Nationalists the Conservative majority is 29. This will be increased by the deferred elections.

\* \* \*

NOW that the smoke of conflict is beginning to clear away, Canadians can discern clearly one comforting fact—that each of the contending forces has a leader worthy of a great contest. Followers and opponents are assured that Sir Wilfrid will make a cheerful and graceful loser, while those who have sat on the Government side of the House can bear testimony to the dignified urbanity, under all circumstances, of Mr. R. L. Borden.

It has been a stubborn fight, and all the world loves a fight, though we have substituted ballots for bullets. The two men who have led the contending forces are above reproach as citizens and gentlemen, and their attitude towards each other has been such as all Canadians have approved. Sir Wilfrid is full of years and honours and his successful opponents in the hour of victory will not be slow to acknowledge the temper of his political foeman's steel. To have witnessed such a contest, with such men foremost, is to have known a controversy of historical magnitude. Whatever asperities may have developed among lesser combatants the leaders fought to a gallant finish.

\* \* \*

THERE is one pleasant feature of the resulting change of government, Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes out on an issue and Mr. Borden comes in on an issue. Scandal and mal-administration did not force the one out; nor a discussion of scandal bring the other in. Sir Wilfrid goes into opposition without discredit; no one may say that Mr. Borden comes into power in an oblique way. Both stand high as political leaders and as statesmen.

Eight members of the Laurier administration lost their seats in the House. Their party will regret these losses. Especially will they regret the absence of Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways. Mr. Graham was a great administrator, and it will be a distinct loss to public life if he does not return. Of course, he can go back into the Ontario Legislature and again become leader of the Opposition; but it would seem even better to have him back in the Federal House.

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SOME day this week or next Sir Wilfrid Laurier will drive in his motor-car to Rideau Hall and hand his resignation to the Governor-General. The latter will probably ask Sir Wilfrid whom he would suggest as his successor. This is usual but not absolutely necessary. Sir Wilfrid will no doubt advise His Excellency to summon Mr. Borden, and the advice will be followed. Mr. Borden will drive down to Rideau Hall, and receive a request to form a ministry. He will consent. He may then or at a later date hand to His Excellency the list of members for the new cabinet. His Excellency will accept them all, and they will be sent for and sworn in as privy councillors. They will then resign their seats as Members of Parliament and go to their constituencies for re-election. When they are re-elected, Parliament will be summoned.

These proceedings will occupy several weeks, and in the meantime Canadian affairs must get along as best they can under the guidance of deputy-ministers and the civil service.

## SENDING LETTERS BY THE FIRST AERIAL POST



THE MAIL LEAVES HENDON

Posting letter on Hendon aerodrome at late fee rate to catch aerial mail



JUST BEFORE THE START FROM WINDSOR

The final dash to get letters away. People writing on table placed at their disposal on Hendon aerodrome

## CHAMPION SCULLER OF ENGLAND RETAINS HIS TITLE



The start of the race on September 11 on the Thames course from Putney to Mortlake. Ernest Barry, England's champion, defeated William H. Fogwell, the New Zealand champion, by three and a half lengths. Barry's time was 22 minutes 14 seconds. Barry is the sculler nearest the front of the picture

### Canada's Debt to the World

CANADA owes the British and foreign investor a heap of money and her annual bill for interest is huge. In the past six years Great Britain has sent us something like \$900,000,000 of dollars, which brings the total British investments in Canada to about 1,800 millions. Four per cent. on that sum would be \$72,000,000—a right tidy amount to send over the ocean every year. Supposing we sent one million dollars every week to Great Britain, we would still be twenty millions short of paying our annual interest bill. But that is not all. There is 400 million of United

States capital invested here, 70 millions of French capital, 11 millions of Belgian money, 30 millions of Germany money, 11 millions of Holland capital, and a few millions from other countries. These, with the British investments, bring the total up to \$2,416,732,871. These are the figures given in a valuable work by Fred M. Field, editor of the *Monetary Times*, Toronto. The book is entitled, "Capital Investments In Canada." We talk about Canada being a prosperous and wealthy nation, and about the Canadians being richer, per capita, than any other nation, but is it true? If we owe twenty-five hundred billions to British and foreign capitalists, are we not really

poor? At four per cent. the annual interest charge comes to one hundred millions. At five per cent. it would be one hundred and twenty-five millions. Should any nation consider itself wealthy when it pays to foreign investors for money to run its business, such an enormous annual toll? Mr. Field has a chapter on the question, "Is Canada Over-Borrowing?" but it is made up of two long quotations from *The Standard of Empire* and the *Montreal Gazette*. Mr. Field does not venture an opinion himself. Probably if he were free to speak, he would tell us that we are travelling a fairly "hot pace," and if we are not careful we shall have more debts than we can pay without discomfort.

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## SPENDING OR WASTING, WHICH?

I NOTICED the other day that a number of wealthy men in New York were listed as paying \$25,000 a year each for apartments in an apartment building. That is a fairish amount of rent to pay, and then not get a house, but only a part of a house. As some one pointed out to me, as we chatted about the item, four or five years' rent would build quite a house. Yet the gentlemen who paid this rent were shrewd New York business men, and no one imagines that they could be "done." I am very certain that they could not have got these apartments for less. Yet I rather suspect that they could have got other apartments just not quite so good, and whose original cost was not so very much smaller, for a good deal less. That is, I fancy that a considerable part of that \$25,000 a year is paid for the privilege of living in the very best; and that the rent for these apartments will fall heavily one of these days when somebody else builds others a trifle better. Moreover, the smaller rent will probably pay for the money invested.

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THERE are several things which an item like this suggests. One is that it pays splendidly to produce the very best of whatever you are engaged in producing. It is the last step up the ladder of excellence that makes your fortune. There may not be more—let us say—than a few hundred dollars difference between the fourth last step and the third last step and the second last, while the difference between that and the very last step may reach as many thousands. It is entirely worth while to make yourself or your product the best. This may sound a little trite; but I have been thinking of it while playing golf recently. Usually there is only one prize worth having to be played for. Now you may beat all the field but one man; and you are very little better off than the player who stands fifth or tenth. But if you go up just one place, you get the Cup.

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NOW this pays especially on this Continent; and that for a reason which hardly seems to me to be very much to our credit. We are so wastefully extravagant over here that we constantly pay much more for things than they are worth—if we happen to want them very much. If a man possesses what is admittedly the best thing of a sort which is in demand, he can ask what he likes for it—and get it. Take lawyers as an example. There is not so very much difference between good lawyers and the few leaders at the bar; but we all know that many good lawyers have quite a time to make a living, while the few best simply charge what they please. Some of us have so much money—I like to say "some of us" in such a connection, though what I ought to write is "some of them"—that we cease to know its value; and we will let a man help himself out of our pocket-book if that is the only way to get from him something we want.

\* \* \*

NOW this wasteful lavishness with money is not so evident in the Old World. I would not like to say that no Englishman would pay \$25,000 for an apartment; for I might be confounded by the statement that some are actually doing it. But I do not believe that any Englishman, whose family has been wealthy long enough to get them well-accustomed to the fact, would do so. Yet it is not that they lack wealth. There is more wealth by far in England and France than in the United States. Men like the Duke of Westminster have untold wealth; and they have—not one house—but a half-dozen Palaces. Still they get a Palace and not an apartment for their money; and my point is that Europeans do not waste money—not that they do not spend it. Such a place as Eaton Hall, which the Duke of Westminster possesses outside of Chester, or Blenheim, which the Duke of Marlborough has near Oxford, is simply priceless. You might as well try to put a value on sunshine as assess such places. The European has things; but he does not pay ten prices for the glorious privilege of being known to possess something just a trifle better than anyone else.

\* \* \*

THE American tourist is known from one end of Europe to the other as "an easy mark." In one way, that is a compliment to our Continent. We make our money much more easily than that class of Europeans who bother with us when we are

over there. A dollar looks less to us than it does to them. But that is because—as shrewd old Thomas Carlyle put it—we have very few people to very much land. We talk about this Continent being "filled up." The Americans especially talk that way. Why, you could not find us with a search warrant if we got scattered a bit. It is not our cleverness or our industry that gets us this "easy money"; it is the vast store-house of nature to which we have practically free access. The only clever move we have made in the business is to get born out here—those of us who have not immigrated of our own volition. But as for this subject of cleverness, I feel that it is too delicate a topic for talk. I notice it makes us cross to have anyone say other people can possibly be cleverer than we are—we, with our unparalleled school system (which is beginning to borrow a few of the German ideas), our free institutions (copied from Britain), our moral movements (adapted from the

same source), and our religions (imported variously from Europe and Asia).

\* \* \*

BUT I will say that we do not begin to touch the Europeans for industry. We do not know what work is out here—and we ought to be very thankful for our ignorance. However, this is getting away from the subject we started to discuss. That was waste. We now waste because we have it. But what will we do when we can no longer "tickle the earth" and see it "laugh in a harvest?" Possibly we will then learn to work. It will be a sorry lesson; for work has always been a curse from the days of Adam. But it is equally certain that we will at the same time learn a worthy lesson; and that is the folly and wickedness of waste. We will no longer go about the world bragging of our good fortune in the most offensive fashion. We will not pay two prices for a thing just to show that we can pay it. We will cease to be ashamed of thrift and the old-fashioned virtues. Our morals are now largely the morals of a mining camp. That stage will pass. And we will get the spirit of civilization, whereas we are now content to make a brave showing of its furniture.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## MEMORIES OF MUSIC MASTERS

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MUSIC is one form of art that undergoes suspension in the middle of the year. It hibernates in summer. From the end of June till early in September the studio is closed; an exceedingly melancholy place. While artists are out on the hills with palette and brush getting material for winter painting, and writers are busy grinding out copy for summer reading, the man of music closes the door on his piano and gets as far from the sound of music as he may.

It is a matter for speculation whether our musicians, when they get to the rocks and the silent places, perceive in the sounds and sights of nature much to remind them of the studio. Probably not. I have known a number of music teachers who, when they got away from the studio, got a sudden interest in trying to compose. The distracting potpourri of the daily grind, along with its frightful monotony, gave place to a quiet routine of nature where the sunrise and the rippling river and the rocks—

Some balderdash here. The poetic conception of the music master is an exploded notion. He himself knows you are foolish to credit him with anything more than a good reputation and an earning capacity. He knows that some men make money out of music. It is the aim of every music teacher to make money. Many of them do so—very well. Few of them have to struggle with paying rent and taxes on seven pupils at fifty cents a lesson; which has been done in Canada often enough and might be a good thing to happen to some studioites of the present day.

But the music-master who got his fifty cents a lesson had no studio. He went from house to house. I have in mind one very useful personage in the backwoods story of this country who rode horseback or drove a sulky many a weary mile in a day to reach pupils in remote settlements whose parents paid about twenty-five cents a lesson and sometimes had trouble paying that till after the wheat was sold or the hogs killed. I recall several who covered the circuits as faithfully as did any circuit preacher with his saddle-bags. They kept alight the puny torches of primitive culture in a rude community. The best their pupils played was the "Mountain Belle Schottische" or something from Richardson's Pianoforte adapted to the cabinet reed organ.

With fond respect also I remember the itinerant whose chief business in life it was to run singing-schools. This man had no abiding place. He camped among the farmer folk who gave him the best they had—feather bed in the spare room and a wash-bowl, so that he came upon the family at breakfast full-combed and ready, while the farmer's sons were still wiping on the family towel in the kitchen corner. He had a mysterious book of notation containing rounds and pieces for two parts and three parts and four parts; and he wrote exercises in a fascinating way. Also he had some sort of chart of music which he called a modulator, the complement of which was the school pointer; and when of a winter evening he had the school-house lighted and the box-stove roaring with fire, the folk of two and sometimes of three generations assembled on the benches to learn singing by the method of do-ra-me.

It was a highly stimulating exercise, as well as

a profoundly beautiful pastime. The music romances of the singing school are without number; delightful background recollections of an age when the troubles of too much art had not invaded the rural breast; when there was a real art-hunger among the young folk and their elders; when such as could sing at all respectably were duly enrolled in the church choir, each to the part the singing-master had assigned him—and many the conference he had to find out who was soprano and who alto, which tenor and which bass; mezzos and baritones being unknown. He taught them the rudiments and he did it well. The rounds they learned were the preliminary to the part songs and the anthems—all in the same book, which cost twenty-five cents or more, when one would do for two if both were in the same family. "Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises" might come in the same evening with "Three Blind Mice." It was all good. And when the singing-school got out to the sleigh-boxes and the old lay-back cutters and the stoneboats, jingling home under the moon, the choristers sang anything that came handy without regard to the notation—chief among which were "John Brown's Body" and "Nellie Gray."

Well-remembered, too, is the personage who, at a later era of country culture, conceived it possible to go from house to house teaching boys and girls to sing by the individual method. He was a more pretentious if less admirable person. His methods were all a mystery. He knew how to distinguish a chest tone from a head tone, which the old sol-faist of the baton and the modulator never troubled about. He discoursed upon tone colour and phrasing and the value of bringing the tone forward to the teeth. He even went so far as to regulate the breathing of the family—with delicate allusions to the function of the diaphragm, whatever that might be. The exercises he gave were scientifically and artfully set to the vowels from *a* to *u*, and he had a passion for producing from the artless, spontaneous voices of rustic folk the velvety texture of the concert stage and the shuddering crescendoes that accompany what he called interpretation.

This sublime person fluttered up many households, and he was the courier of culture. It was due to him as much as to all else combined that father was persuaded at length to trade off the old reed organ and buy a piano which was much better to accompany the voice and gave so much more inspiration in culture. Then, before he had anybody's voice out of the underbrush, and when he had got to the end of his vocal tether even to the collection of his fees, he wound up the quarter and went out to other parts to do it all over again.

Such are a few of the music masters whose primitive efforts in rude places blazed the trail to the modern studio which costs as much to furnish as any one of them could make in five years. Music culture has profoundly changed. We are beset with modern culture. From September till June we are its victims. The season opens and closes as methodically as a concertina. Probably we are more musical than we were in the days of the singing school. But we don't have quite the same un-sullied enjoyment of musical art as we had when our stock-in-trade was the "Mountain Belle Schottische" and "Sing Ye Jehovah's Praises."



Slum children in Canada are fairly healthy specimens, but that doesn't justify the slum.

## THE CITY SLUM PROBLEM

By M. L. HART

*FOR years Canada has been rejoicing that there was no slums in her beautiful cities. And even while we rejoiced, the slums came. They are here. Immigration from the crowded centres of Europe has been proceeding at a tremendous rate, and the slums came with them. Of course, conditions were favourable for the development of the disease. They are always favourable in growing cities, unless the municipal authorities are active.*

*The worst feature of slum life is the effect upon the children—the future citizens of the state. Improper food does harm, and lack of fresh air and cleanliness accentuates that harm. At the International Congress for the Protection of Infants, held in Britain recently, Nathan Strauss, of New York, said that plans in the course of development would save the lives of 125,000 United States infants annually. Are similar plans being made here, or has Canada need for similar plans. This is a question which every citizen should be prepared to answer.*

**T**O the average Canadian the question of slums is a startlingly new one. How foreign the idea is to most of us is seen in the difficulty experienced in finding data regarding the housing of citizens in congested centres, in which localities slums usually materialize.

However, two reports of great bearing on the matter have come before the Canadian people almost simultaneously, and it is to the credit of the press and public generally that the conditions which these reports lay bare, have aroused on all sides a desire for such action as will remove as speedily as possible all that is ugly and unsanitary in the dwelling places of thousands of our people. One of these reports is from Dr. Hodgetts, of Ottawa, Medical Adviser to the Public Health Committee of the Commission on Conservation; the other is from Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer for Toronto.

Dr. Hodgetts tells of conditions in many parts of Canada and gives comparisons from different countries of Europe. Dr. Hastings deals with Toronto directly, giving results of a recent extensive inspection in several sections of the city which come fully under the classification of slums.

A striking paragraph from the report of Dr. Hodgetts reads as follows:

"After attention has been directed to some of the unsanitary housing conditions now existing in Canada and their causes, it may properly be asked what are the health authorities doing that such evils should exist? It may be argued that, even under existing laws and by-laws, local medical officers of health might have minimized the unsanitary conditions now existing. Yet this officer is not always to blame, for, as a rule, he has to take his cue from the local board, and too often is it found that the members of a board are more ward politicians than sanitarians, and the health officer, being a general practitioner, having to earn his living in the community for which he acts, often without pay, the net result is that no notice is taken of these matters. Thus it is that evil starts, and under this sanitary inertia it grows and luxuriates, greatly to the joy of the landlord, be he an individual or a



A familiar sight.



Does this appeal to You?



The door-step is a miserable playground

company. It is profitable fun for him, but slow death to the unfortunate tenants."

This puts the matter in a nut-shell. The blame for slums lies not with the people who live in them, but with those who permit them through negligence and create them through greed. The carelessness of civic authorities and the rapaciousness of grasping landlords are two factors so apparent from Dr. Hodgetts' investigations that further enquiry is unnecessary. People do not live in unhealthy houses and with hideous surroundings from choice. Poverty and its accompaniments are first causes, and laxity in those whose duty it is to see that established laws are maintained, together with the industry of those who make a luxurious living for themselves out of the huts and tumble-down tenements which they let to the powerless submerged dwellers of the slums, do the rest.

**H**OW quickly a slum quarter may be established to such extent and thoroughness that dealing with it becomes a great problem is evidenced by the experience of Toronto, a city little more than a century old. Toronto's slum sections are in old St. John's ward, and in a district between the Don and the Lake shore. There, in the heart of the city, may be seen unsightly old rookeries, many little shops with every variety of ill-smelling and unsavory offerings, narrow lanes leading into back streets, and rows of still worse rookeries, wagon loads of old mattresses and broken furniture, carts in which meat meant for food is standing exposed to all the menace of a city's microbes, women sitting in groups about the doors and children finding their playground in the unhealthy and unattractive street.

These women and children are the victims of circumstances. The women sit at their doors because the close, crowded and forbidding interior of the place they call home drives them out to get a breath of the air and a ray of the sunshine that nature meant should be a common heritage. The children play in the streets for the same reason, and because, until very recently, nothing else had been provided for them. If women become lazy and indifferent housekeepers and children in time become a menace and a burden to the community under such conditions, it is not they themselves who are to blame, but the authorities who permitted this congestion of people, until it became like tentacles from which there is no escape.

Almost unbelievable conditions have, from time to time, been discovered in Toronto's slum district. For instance, in the record hot spell of the past summer it was found that the refuse and rubbish of last winter was still in the lanes.

Dr. Hastings' report gives facts and figures sufficient to enlighten even the most incredulous. Large tracts of land for suburban homes for working men and cheap car-rates to transport them are amongst the remedies he suggests.

Dr. Hodgetts' paper is luminous with the details of plans carried out with successful results in the cities of the United States, Great Britain, and countries in Europe. The issue seems to lie now with the civic officials. Here is a chance for them to glorify themselves and earn the recognition of the people who have placed them in position and who look for some returns.

**T**HERE is one phase of the slum problem that does not present itself to all and yet is one which in time will affect the nationhood of Canada to as great an extent as any problem with which she is confronted. Governments and corporations are holding out many inducements to people of the British Isles and Europe to come to our shores, but Canadians as individuals are not wholly enthusiastic over the coming of these people. Young Canada especially is not favourable to the influx of immigrants, and this prejudice is greatly owing to the fact that the unexperienced judge many and sometimes an entire people by a certain type that has come under observation. Thus our slums have given rise to a prejudice in some quarters both against English immigrants and foreigners.

The British immigrant straight from the land of ancestral castles and the neatest cottages in the world does not love shacks or live in them from choice. Neither does the Italian, every one of whom has the artistic temperament of generations flowing through his veins. Neither does the Hebrew, the glory of whose Temple is still one of the world's wonders, neither does the Russian, whose country presents a court so splendid that it ranks amongst the most brilliant of the world.

Yet the lesson of the slums gives to young Canada an impression so distasteful as to create a wrong estimate of the people themselves and the countries from which they came. This is unfair to the new-comers and unfortunate for the country.

# GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF MERGERS

By R. E. COX

**A** BURNING question in both the United States and Canada is how to prevent over-capitalization of mergers without unduly hampering the manufacturers who desire to combine for economic reasons. The interests of the innocent investor should be safeguarded. In Great Britain, the law compels those who are floating the bonds and stock of a merger to tell the public the actual cash price paid to the original owners of the properties merged. This is found to be beneficial. It should be possible to go even farther, and allow no merger to be consummated until it had been approved by a government commission similar to the Railway Commission.

With this in mind, the reader will find the following article interesting. Mr. Cox possesses inside information concerning Canadian mergers. That he favours publicity and regulation is an indication that the subject is ripe for fuller discussion.

**A** QUESTION often asked nowadays is, why are so many consolidations or mergers being effected? There would, in a general way, seem to be three principal reasons why so many industrial consolidations have been put through. They are: firstly, the saving in the buying and manufacturing cost; secondly, the saving in the selling or distributing cost; and thirdly, the readjustment of financial conditions whereby most of the principal banks have given up the practice of financing various industrial concerns for an indefinite period, and are making it necessary for them to get their working capital from the public rather than from the banks themselves.

Viewed from a straight business or manufacturing standpoint, there cannot be the slightest doubt that if carried out on the right basis a consolidation in almost any line of manufacturing in a country that is geographically situated as is Canada, cannot but save enormous wastes both in the manufacturing and selling ends of almost every business.

It has been found advantageous to have the manufacturing done in one part of the country, where labour is abundant and cheaper. On the other hand selling cannot be concentrated, but must cover the whole country from ocean to ocean. For example, dozens of clothing manufacturers in Montreal or Toronto, who are each year sending out their travellers to every province of the country, could naturally make a good deal more money if they got together and, instead of each having a traveller to go to every section of the country, have each section of the territory covered by one particular man. Manufacturers who have been in the business for a quarter of a century figure that the enormous expense in handling a corps of travellers has cut right into their profits. The only thing which prevented many of the consolidations that have now been effected being carried through years ago was that the average manufacturer was greatly hampered by a lack of capital.

Then, again, as companies gradually expanded, the banks of the country had to extend their credit, with the result that in time millions upon millions of dollars were tied up in various trade accounts. While the banks were amply secured by the assets of the companies, still they found out that they had so much money tied up in this way that they did not have enough to handle the new business that was being offered to them. It was in this way that the banks themselves at the outset became the prime movers in the earlier consolidations which were effected, and most of them were so successful from a public flotation standpoint that promoters immediately got busy on dozens of other lines of industry, hoping to either be able to dovetail in on the success of previous ones or satisfied that the particular lines in which they were interested would be even better received than the earlier ones.

Most of the money secured by the different public issues has gone towards paying off liabilities to banks, so that the company, instead of being liable to one financial concern, has its liabilities spread out in the form of capital to four or five hundred investors throughout the country.

**O**NE manufacturer put it to me before he made up his mind to go into consolidation with another rival concern: "Here we are, both of us, with enormous plants both located in the city of Montreal, and we are manufacturing identically the same lines. In order to be in touch with the markets we have warehouses in Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver; we carry between twenty and thirty travellers, working out from the different points, covering almost identically the same terri-

tory and calling on the same customers. You would not have to know the particular line of business that we were in to know that under such conditions there must be enormous wastes, for if we were both managed from the one central office and only had the one warehouse in the principal cities and the one staff of salesmen, on our selling alone we would be saving over \$100,000 a year on sales of a million dollars."

But then, the mere fact that there were benefits to be derived from such consolidations opened the way for people to take improper or unfair advantage of them. Much of the unfair advantage would seem to come from the temptation there is to over-capitalize a consolidation of various companies. It is just because of such dangers that it would be a good thing for the people who are carrying through the right kind of consolidation to have some kind of regulation by government over all consolidations, so that those which are being put through on a fairly reasonable basis might be passed on, while others that do not afford the investor a fair run for his money could be checked before they got as far as the public flotation stage.

Of course, the man who generally carries through the consolidation is the man with imagination rather than judgment. His imagination naturally enables him to figure out that the country is going ahead at a very rapid rate and that on this account he can discount the growth to a very considerable extent. He reasons that the capitalizations which seem very large at the present time will look very modest ten years from now. The great trouble is to figure out just what goodwill in connection with any business is really worth, for while one man may figure it out at about \$500,000, another may come along and show that it is worth nearer a million and a half dollars. Then, again, the goodwill in certain lines of business is naturally worth much more than in others, just as the market for certain products

varies according to the line of goods manufactured. Who is to say just what proportion of water is to be allowed in any consolidation as compared with the actual cash capital? In certain lines of industry the proportion of two dollars of watered capital for every dollar of actual cash would seem to be about the farthest one might go, yet in others, when due appreciation is given to the value of a connection which a company may have built up throughout the country for its product, this goodwill might even permit the insiders to figure that four dollars of watered capital to every one dollar of cash invested would not be outside reasonable proportions.

Another way to figure it would be to take the earnings of the various companies included in the consolidation over a period of three or four years and see what percentages such earnings would show on the proposed capital of the new consolidation. Provided the average earnings showed 6 per cent. or more, with fair prospects of the earnings being increased to a very considerable extent owing to the savings that would naturally be effected, the basis might be considered reasonable. Where, however, it was found that the earnings figured less than 3 per cent., unless there was some special opportunity for greatly increasing the earning power, it should naturally be inferred that the particular consolidation had been over-capitalized.

Numerous as have been the various consolidations which have been effected during the past few years, there is no doubt that, with the manufacturing centres confined mainly to the east and with the great growing markets of the country situated west of the Great Lakes, the next few years will see even a greater number of practical consolidations carried through than have been effected up to the present time. Of course, if they are to be kept within the proper lines, there must be some control either by the Dominion or the province, and the mere fact of there being some Commission to deal with such matters would likely have the effect of making promoters, and even the practical interests behind companies, more careful as to the basis on which they try to put through various deals. Even this tendency to be a little careful would result in the public gradually having greater confidence in them.

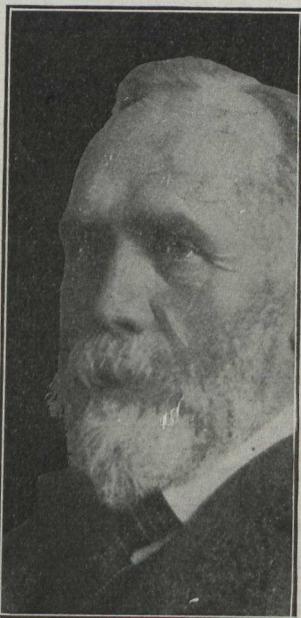
## THE TRUTH ABOUT DOMINION COAL

Montreal, 16th September, 1911.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:  
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir,—

**M**Y attention has been called to a statement in the financial column of your issue of 19th August last, to the effect that when Dominion Coal Company stock "was selling around 90, shareholders were advised by Mr. James Ross to exchange their coal stock for the securities of the new big Steel Corporation.



MR. JAMES ROSS  
Railway builder, coal magnate and general financier. He has had an active career.

... Luckily for Mr. Ross, he got rid of his Coal stock around 95, but the holders of Coal common who have followed his advice are now having the painful experience of seeing their securities selling at about half the price, etc., etc." I think you must have been misinformed regarding this matter, as I did not at any time give such advice, and in justice to myself, I should like you to publish this correction.

If you will enquire into the circumstances attending the sale of 50,000 shares of my Dominion Coal stock in the fall of 1909 to a syndicate that had in view the bringing of the Dominion Coal Company and the Dominion Steel Company under one control, you will find the facts (fully known and canvassed at the time) were as follows:

The offer originally made me for 50,000 shares was *par*, and although I considered the stock worth more I eventually decided, from personal reasons, to accept this offer, but only on condition that the same offer should be made to all the other shareholders. With this condition the purchasing syndicate were unable to comply, because it seemed to them that

it might require more money to finance than they could command, but they put forward as an alternative proposal that if I were willing to accept 95 in place of *par* for my stock they would *then* make the same offer to all the other shareholders. This arrangement I agreed to, the effect being that I voluntarily sacrificed \$250,000 so that my fellow stockholders might have the same opportunity as I of obtaining cash for their holdings; and you will agree with me that it is rather hard that I should now be blamed for leaving the other shareholders in the lurch when as matter of fact I paid out a quarter of a million dollars to avoid even the appearance of such a thing.

Subsequently, when the basis of exchange into the new Steel Corporation stock, namely, share for share, was promulgated, I was abroad, and although personally I felt that the Dominion Coal Company's stock was worth more than the Steel Company's, I took it for granted that President Plummer had carried out his agreement to submit the question of the relative values of Dominion Steel stock and Dominion Coal stock to their respective auditors, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., and Messrs. Marwick, Mitchell & Co., and on that understanding I exchanged my remaining Coal stock for Steel Corporation stock; it is now evident, however, that the basis of exchange was not altogether a favourable one for the Coal Company's shareholders.

Yours truly,

JAMES ROSS.

### Nine Oldest Members

**O**F the senior nine members of the House only one Liberal is left, and that is Sir Wilfrid; all the others are from Ontario, and are Conservatives. The order of seniority runs about as follows: Hon. John Haggart, first elected 1872 (unbroken). Sir Wilfrid Laurier, first elected 1874 (unbroken). Dr. Sproule (Grey), first elected 1878 (unbroken). George Taylor (Leeds), first elected 1882 (unbroken). Hon. G. E. Foster, first elected 1882 (broken). David Henderson (Halton), first elected 1882 (broken). Dr. Reid (Grenville), first elected 1891 (unbroken). Colonel Hughes, first elected 1892 (unbroken). W. F. Maclean, first elected 1892 (unbroken).

## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

their part, if he would only do his share by passing judgment as to whether they were the "right girl" or not. It is safe betting that none of these will share the Green millions. For our own part we would be glad to see the Colonel marry, and, though far be it from us to wish him any bad luck, still we hope it will be a hard winning, and that he will have to woo the lady in the good old-fashioned way, chocolates, flowers, the theatres (make him go even if he doesn't like it!) and all the rest of it. In some measure this will restore the self-respect that was lost by the feminine sex through the disgusting exhibition of the six thousand two hundred odd.

\* \* \*

### A Queer Relationship Tangle.

ONE of the most complicated relationship puzzles in the English peerage, where there is much intermarriage among relatives, is brought to public notice by the announcement of the engagement of Lady Helen Grosvenor to Sir Smith Hill Child. Lady Helen is the youngest daughter of the first Duke of Westminster by his second marriage, and a half aunt of the present duke, although she is nine years his junior. She was born in 1888.

The relationship muddle began with the marriage of Lady Helen's mother, who is known now as Katherine Duchess of Westminster, to the Duke in 1882. She was a daughter of the second Baron Chesham and therefore a sister of the bridegroom's



MISS NANCY McINTOSH

The young actress who some years ago was adopted by Sir William Gilbert, the famous comic opera librettist, and is now heiress to his wealth.

### A Real Life Romance.

ONE of the favourite themes of the writer of old-fashioned melodrama is the poor girl who is adopted by the rich and childless couple and inherits all their wealth. Such a case is that of Nancy McIntosh, who, under the will of Sir William Gilbert, the famous comic opera librettist, eventually will become possessor of his fortune of something over \$550,000—most of it made out of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado."

Nancy McIntosh was "discovered" by Sir William about twenty years ago. She was extremely beautiful, had a good voice and a pleasing manner, and impressed him with the idea that she had just the qualities required for a comic opera star. Although she was unknown to the general public, he gave her the leading part in "The Mountaineers," which was produced at the Lyric Theatre in 1892; but the public didn't altogether agree with the composer about either her voice or her ability as an actress.

A few years ago when Gilbert and C. H. Workman produced "Fallen Fairies," he again gave Miss McIntosh the leading part. Workman protested and threatened to close the theatre, but Gilbert stuck to his guns. Finally Workman gave the part to another singer, and told Sir William he could do what he liked about it.

For many years Miss McIntosh—this is her real name—lived with Sir William and Lady Gilbert at their beautiful home at Grim's Dyke, Harrow. Although she was known as Lady Gilbert's secretary, she was treated exactly like their daughter, and since Sir William's death she has continued to live with Lady Gilbert.

\* \* \*

### The Pursuit of the Green Millions

A MUCH-PURSUED man is Colonel Edward R. H. Green, son of Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world to-day. Within the last two months he has received no less than six thousand two hundred and forty-two offers of marriage, and they still continue to pour in at the rate of about a hundred a day. Think of it! And this not even Leap Year.

To a certain extent he has himself to blame. One day, in an unguarded moment, the jovial Colonel was heard to remark, "When I find the right girl I will marry her, if she will have me." We thank the Colonel for the gallantry of the last phrase of his remark. Well, a faint insinuation is as good as a hearty invitation to some people. It was to the six thousand two hundred. They hastened to write and assure the Colonel of the great willingness on

### A Woman.

She in a high-walled garden walks,  
Drenching each flower;  
And bends above her favourite beds  
After each shower.  
There seems no trouble in that brow,  
Those quiet eyes;  
The buds her silent children are,  
Their roof the skies.  
Was ever kiss upon those lips,  
Voice at her ear?  
Lived she as now forever cold  
Without a tear?  
Ah! in the locked room in the night,  
May then be seen  
Signs upon her, as on some shore,  
Where the sea hath been.

—Stephen Phillips, in the Forum.

son-in-law, the third Baron Chesham, who had married in 1877 the duke's second daughter. She, therefore, became not only sister-in-law, but also stepmother to Lady Chesham, and she is grandmother and aunt at the same time to the present



LADY HELEN GROSVENOR

Youngest daughter of Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, who is to marry Sir Smith Hill Child.

baron. Lady Helen by the same calculation is aunt and cousin to the young baron.

Lady Helen is one of the most beautiful girls in English society—not just beautiful by courtesy, but really beautiful as anyone can see from the accompanying photograph taken only a few days ago—and she is connected by marriage as well as birth with the greatest houses in England. One of her half sisters is the Duchess of Teck, sister-in-law of Queen Mary. Another is Lady Ormonde, and her only full sister is Lady Crichton.

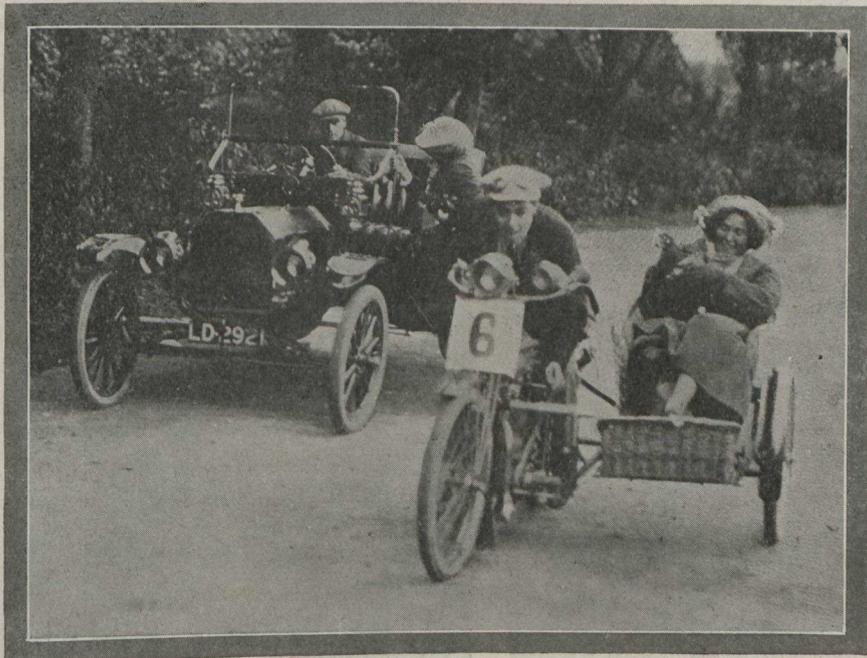
Sir Smith Hill Child, who thus comes close to royalty, is only a baronet, and the second of his line at that, but he is an uncommonly wealthy young man. The family, however, is really an old one, and has been prominent in the country at least since 1222, at which date Robert l'Enfant was provost of Shrewsbury. The name was then spelt Le Chylde, Infans, Puer and L'Enfant, "according to the taste and fancy of the speller." The prospective bridegroom is descended in direct lines from William Chylde, who settled in Staffordshire in the seventeenth century.

\* \* \*

### Registration for Trained Nurses.

A SPLENDID address was given in the new General Hospital, at Regina, the other day, by Miss Mary Ard McKenzie, of Ottawa, head of the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada, to a representative gathering of the Saskatchewan Association of Graduate Nurses. Miss McKenzie took for her subject a matter which is of intense interest both to the nursing profession and to the public, and that is the Dominion registration of the trained nurse. Miss McKenzie explained that by registration was meant "a legislative measure setting forth definite standards of education which nurses must obtain before being considered members of the profession." Not alone would a measure of this kind be a great protection to the public, who are inclined to take it for granted that the cap and uniform of the nurse vouch for a professional training, but it would also raise the standard of the profession and prevent the sins of omission and commission of the amateur nurse being laid at the door of the woman who has spent years in serious training.

No province in Canada has yet obtained registration, though they are now all working toward that end, with the exception of Prince Edward Island. With such women as Miss McKenzie behind the movement it will be strange if the Provincial Parliaments do not see their way clear to grant the requests which will before long be presented to them.

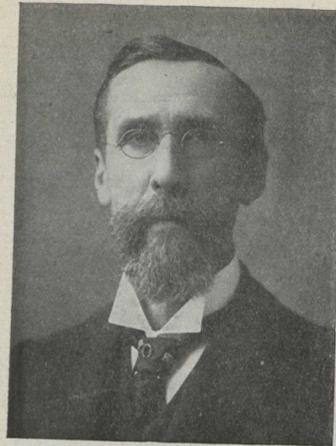


A NOVELTY MOTOR RACE.

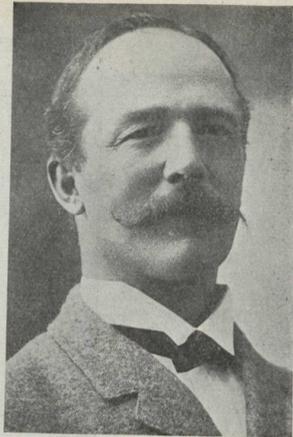
At a gymkana held by the Essex Motor Club, of Essex, England, recently, a novelty motor race was introduced. Competitors in this event were obliged to ride up to a pen containing chickens, take one of the chickens prisoner, return with it to the car, and from thence to the winning post. The lady entering the automobile won the race, although the motor cycle pair were the first to get away with the spoils.

# SOME OF THE VICTORS

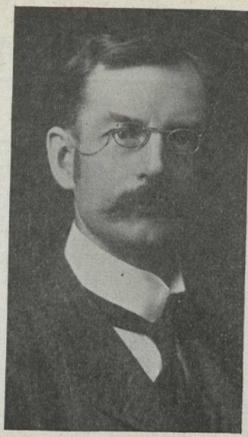
at the General Election  
held Sept. 21st, 1911



**HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER (Con.),**  
Elected for the third time to represent North Toronto by a majority of over three thousand. He was Finance Minister in the Conservative administration from 1888 to 1896.



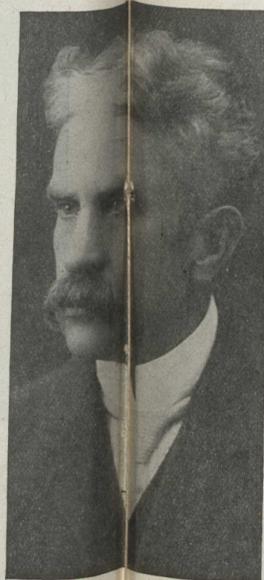
**MR. EDWARD N. LEWIS (Con.),**  
Elected for the third time in West Huron. He is known as one of the most prolific producers of small legislation in the House. A Barrister.



**MR. HERBERT BROWN AMES (Con.),**  
Who has been re-elected for the third time in St. Antoine Division, Montreal. He made his mark in municipal affairs in that city. Director Ames-Holden Company.



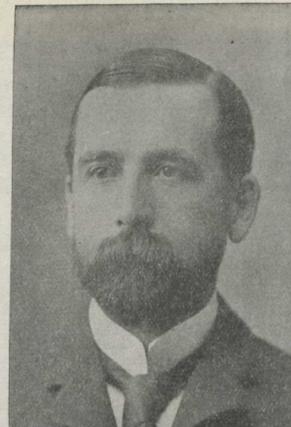
**MR. HUGH GUTHRIE (Lib.),**  
One of the thirteen Liberals who saved their seats in Ontario. Elected fourth time in South Wellington. A Barrister at Guelph.



**MR. E. L. BORDEN (Con.),**  
The leader of the victorious Conservative forces. He will now be called upon to form a Government. He was re-elected in Halifax which he represented 1896 to 1904 and 1908-1911. Elected leader February 20th, 1907. Since then he has resided in Ottawa.



**MR. THOMAS W. CROTHERS (Con.),**  
Elected for the second time for North Essex. He is one of the leading members of the Ontario delegation. He was chairman of the Ontario School Book Commission. A barrister.



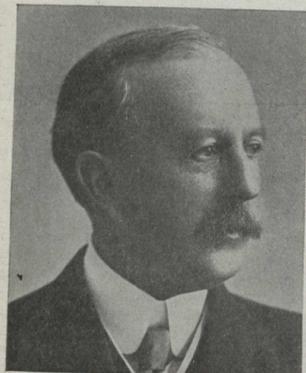
**MR. GEO. HALSEY PERLEY (Con.),**  
Chief Conservative whip, who was chosen for Argenteuil. This will be his third term. A large operator in lumber.



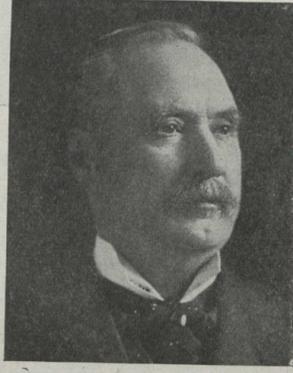
**LT.-COL. RODOLPHE FORGET (Con.),**  
Who was elected for both Charlevoix and Montmorency, by good majorities. He has been a member of the House since 1904. Broker and financier.



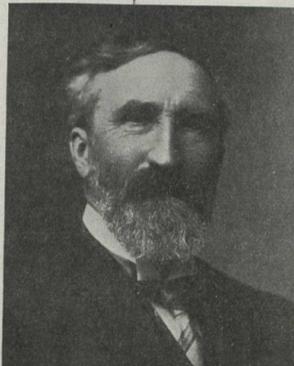
**MR. JOHN STANFIELD (Con.),**  
Who was re-elected for Colchester, N. S., by an increased majority. This is his third consecutive victory. President Stanfield's Limited, Truro, N. S.



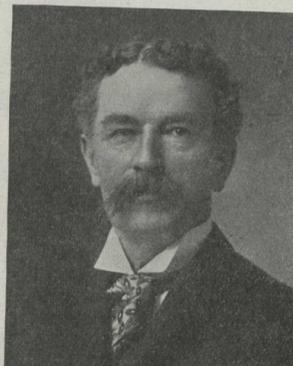
**MR. MARTIN BURRELL (Con.),**  
Re-elected in Yale-Cariboo, B.C. His constituency is a trifle larger than the Maritime Provinces, or the British Isles. A fruit-grower at Grand Forks.



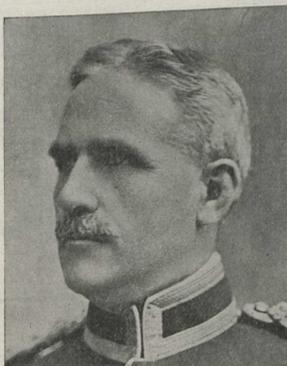
**MR. ROBERT BICKERDIKE (Lib.),**  
Elected for the fourth time to represent St. Lawrence Division, Montreal. An ex-president of the Board of Trade, and an executive officer of several financial corporations.



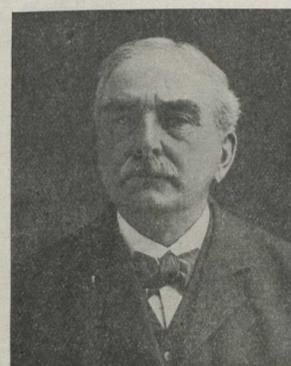
**DR. E. L. CASH (Lib.),**  
Re-elected in Mackenzie, Sask., geographically one of the largest constituencies in Canada. Physically and mentally a typical Westerner.



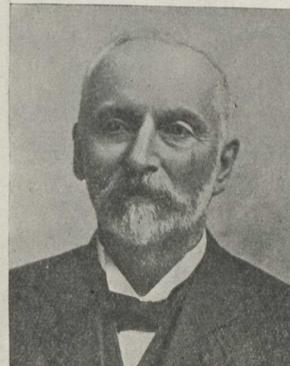
**DR. JOHN W. DANIEL (Con.),**  
Elected in St. John City and County for the third time. An ex-Mayor of the city. A past president of the Council of Physicians and Surgeons.



**COL. SAMUEL HUGHES, M.P. (Con.),**  
Elected for the sixth time for Victoria County. President Dominion of Canada Rifle Association. Formerly publisher Lindsay Warder.



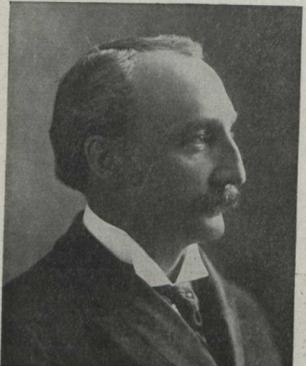
**MR. WILLIAM SMITH (Con.),**  
A well-known farmer and stock-breeder who was elected in South Ontario. He represented that constituency from 1887 to 1896.



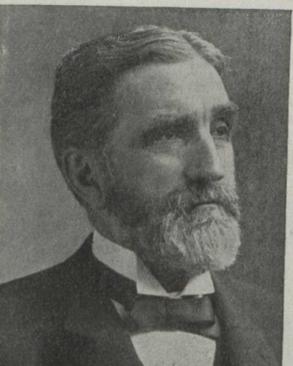
**MR. ALEXANDER HAGGART (Con.),**  
Elected for the second time to represent the city of Winnipeg. He is a native of Peterboro', Ont., and a barrister.



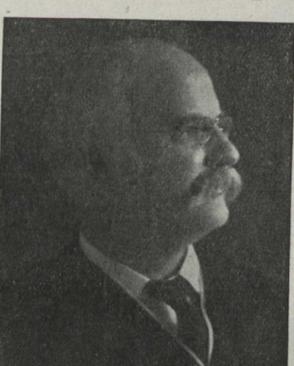
**MR. A. CLAUDE MACDONELL (Con.),**  
Elected for the third time to represent South Toronto. A diligent parliamentarian and the Ontario whip. A barrister.



**MR. FREDERICK D. MONK (Nat.),**  
Elected for the fifth time from Jacques Cartier. For a time he was Opposition leader for the Province of Quebec, but has recently been working independently.



**HON. W. A. CHARLTON (Lib.),**  
Elected to represent Norfolk for the first time. He was formerly Speaker of the Ontario Legislature. A brother of the late Hon. John E. Charlton.



**HON. CHAS. J. DOHERTY (Con.),**  
Elected for second time for St. Anne's Division, Montreal. Professor Civil and International Law, McGill University.



**MR. EDGAR NELSON RHODES (Con.),**  
Re-elected for Cumberland, N. S. A lawyer at Amherst, and has been Conservative whip from the Maritime Provinces.



**MR. DUNCAN C. ROSS (Lib.),**  
Elected for the second time in North Middlesex. A barrister at Strathroy. A son of Senator Sir George W. Ross, formerly Premier of Ontario.



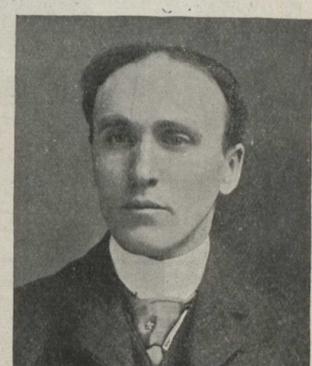
**MR. WILLIAM S. MIDDLEBRO (Con.),**  
Elected for the second time for North Grey. A barrister. An ex-Mayor of Owen Sound. A younger member who has made a good record.



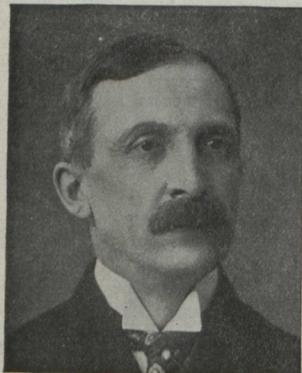
**MR. FREDERICK F. PARDEE (Lib.),**  
Elected for the third time West Lambton. He has been chief whip of the Liberal party since 1909. A barrister at Sarnia.



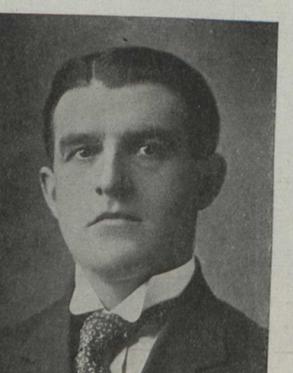
**MR. ALBERT CHAMPAGNE (Lib.),**  
Re-elected to represent Battleford, Sask. Formerly a member of the Saskatchewan Legislature. Only French-Canadian representative west of Great Lakes.



**LIEUT.-COL. HUGH CLARK (Con.),**  
Resigned his seat in the Ontario Legislature to contest successfully North Bruce. Proprietor and editor of The Kincardine Review.



**MR. ALFRED H. CLARKE (Lib.),**  
Elected for third time in South Essex. He was mentioned as a probable successor to Sir Alan Aylesworth as Minister of Justice. Bench of the Law Society. Resides at Windsor.



**HON. WM. A. BUCHANAN (Lib.),**  
Who defeated Mr. C. A. Magrath in Medicine Hat. Recently member of the Rutherford Administration in Alberta. Proprietor of Lethbridge Herald.



**MR. ALBERT EDWARD KEMP (Con.),**  
Re-elected for East Toronto after a three years' interregnum. He is a past president of the Toronto Board of Trade and of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.



**MR. OSWALD S. CROCKETT (Con.),**  
Re-elected in York, N.B., for the third time. He is a prominent lawyer in Fredericton. Has been an aggressive fighter in the House.



**SIR WILFRID LAURIER (Lib.),**  
Elected by acclamation in Quebec East, and also in Soulanges. First elected to Commons in 1874. Minister Inland Revenue 1877. Chosen Leader Liberal party 1887. Premier of Canada since 1896.



**MR. ALFRED E. FRUPP (Con.),**  
Who, with Dr. Chabot, was elected in Ottawa, displacing two Liberals. Mr. Frupp resigned his seat in the Ontario Legislature to contest this election. A barrister.



**HON. DR. HENRI S. BELAND (Lib.),**  
Postmaster-General. Re-elected for fourth time in Beauce. Two terms in Quebec Legislature. Residence, St. Joseph de Beauce.

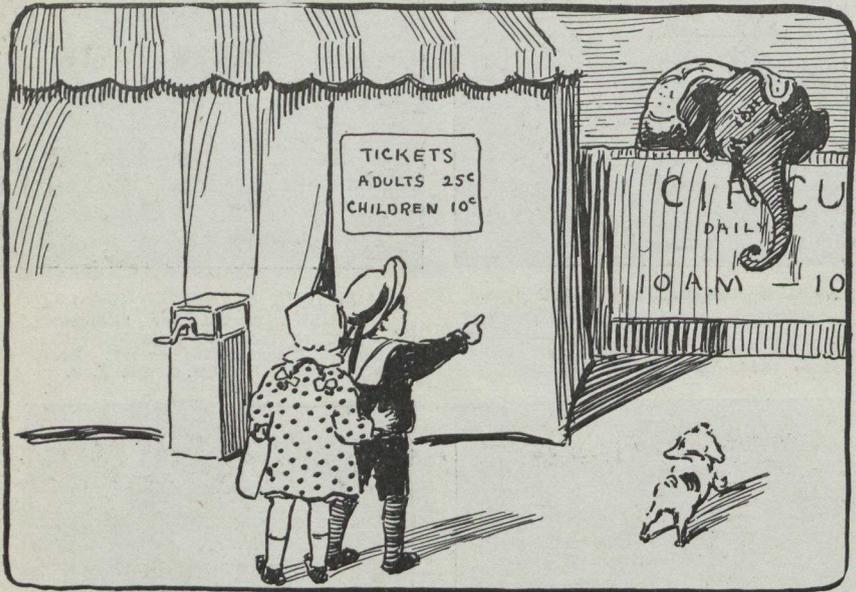


**MR. WILLIAM F. NICKLE (Con.),**  
Who succeeds the Hon. Wm. Hartly for the city of Kingston. He resigned his seat in the Ontario Legislature to contest this election. A barrister.

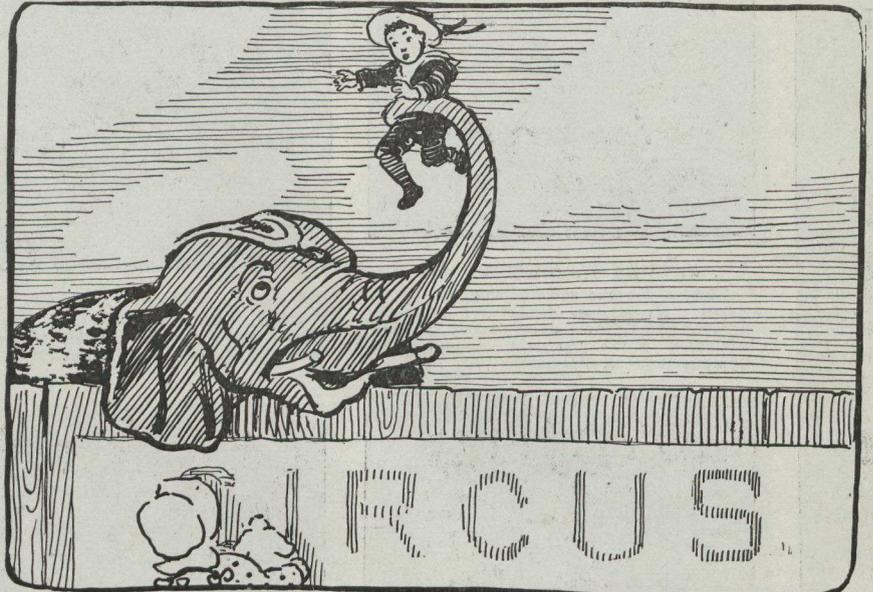


**MR. EDWARD M. MACDONALD (Lib.),**  
Re-elected for the third time in Pictou. Served seven years Nova Scotia Legislature. A barrister. Has been repeatedly mentioned for promotion.

# Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



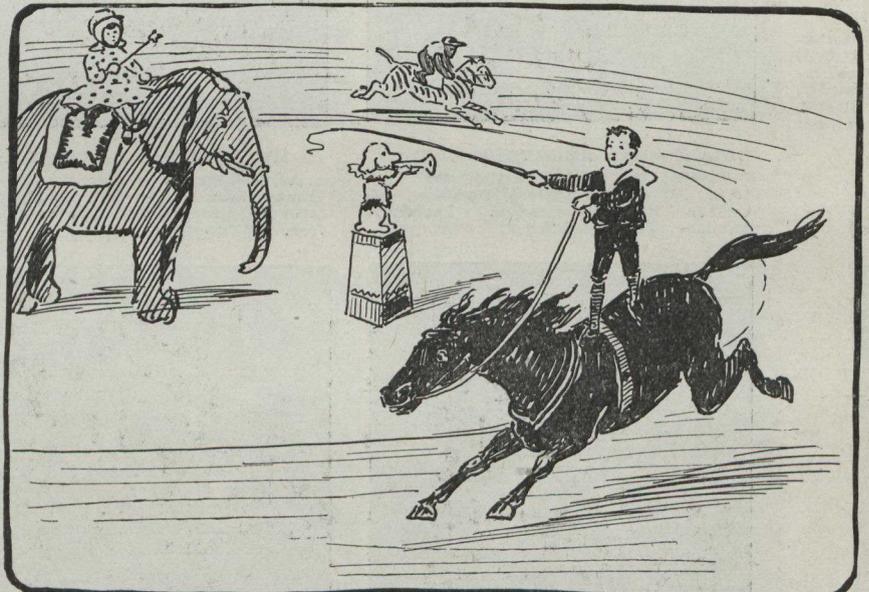
1. As Willie and Lillie went to school they saw a circus tent And paused before it open-mouthed to wonder what it meant. "Good morning," said the elephant. "I'd like to ask you in, The doors will be un locked at ten, and then the show'll begin."



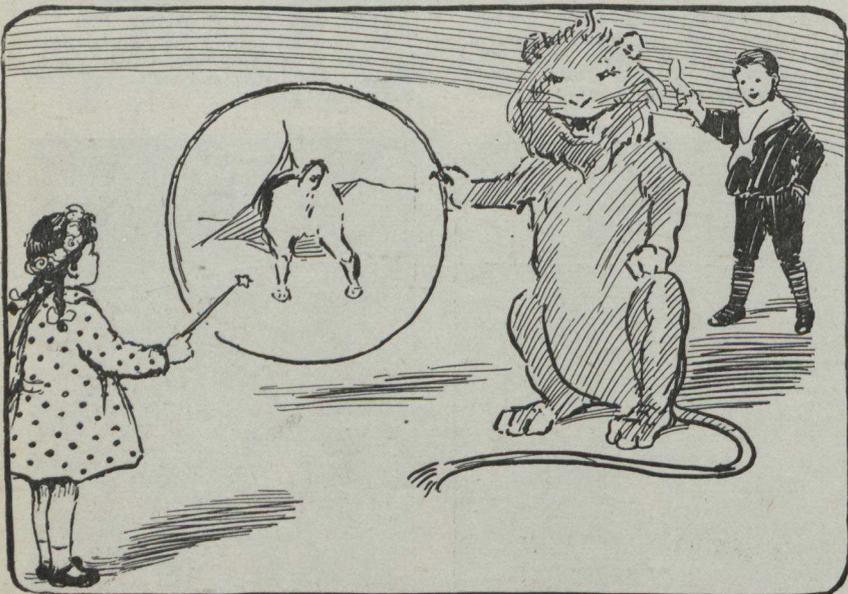
2. "I'm sorry sir," said Willie, "by then we'll be in school." "Then come in now," he kindly said, "though it's against the rule." He lifted them with care and ease within the circus ring; He didn't charge a cent—he was too nice for anything!



3. They hadn't finished breakfast, and Jumbo poured the tea. "You see we were up late last night," said Tiger sleepily. "Now, animals," kind Jumbo called, "come show what you can do! These children cannot wait till ten,---come then it's up to you!"



4. Then Willie did the bare-back stunt and rode a coal black horse, A Monkey on a Zebra followed him about the course, Then Toby blew the trumpet, and Lillie cried, "Oh, my, You cannot tell what you can do until you go and try!"



5. The Lion held the paper hoop and Toby jumped clean through it, While Willie shouted, "Good old dog! I never thought you'd do it!" In fact they did so many tricks, that kind old Jumbo said, "I think we must dismiss the clowns and take you on instead!"



6. "But we must go," said Willie, "I fear we will be late!" "Don't worry," said the Ostrich, "I'll take you to the gate!" The Ostrich ran with mighty strides,---he was the strongest bird,--- But they were twenty minutes late,---they were, upon my word!

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

"Well, thank goodness that's over!"  
Have you priced the ham and eggs?

And they say it's going to be a long, cold winter. The "also-rans" declare that it serves 'em right.

No longer will the Toronto Globe be daily appalled by Tory tricks; no more will The News make the touching inquiry: "Is The Star stupid?"

Monsieur Bourassa is taking a rest cure at the Island of Anticosti.

Sir William Van Horne is busy on a book, entitled: "Election English for the Use of the Y. M. C. A."

Sir Alan B. Aylesworth will spend a week cruising on the Newmarket canal.

Hon. Clifford Sifton is going to Alaska for a change.

Hon. George P. Graham will spend the rest of the autumn in Panama, taking a post-graduate course in canals.

Hon. W. S. Fielding will devote the month of October to golf, forming Imperial links.

Sir James Pliny Whitney is more of the opinion than ever that Ontario is the Premier Province.

The Jewish Eagle is a bird of a publication.

Premier Botha has refused a title. Wait till McGill University offers him an LL.D.

Now, we'll have time to listen to the McGillicuddy charges.

The Old Flag is still there. So is the Maple Leaf Forever.

The prophecy that Toronto would not be so Conservative, after all, has been Oslerized.

The verb, "to recipross," has been declined in Canada.

On the morning of September twenty-second the Toronto Globe published a long and pathetic editorial on the subject: "The Protection of Infants."

That distinguished nobleman, the Earl of Dundonald, may now send condolences to Hon. Sydney Fisher.

In the meantime, it is encouraging to note that Mr. R. L. Borden does not lose his head, and Sir Wilfrid shows no symptoms of losing heart.

Ottawa was surprised—but it wasn't lonesome.

Did anyone mention Root, Lodge and Turner?

The anxious thought in many a breast is: "What will he do with Henri?"

"I wonder if Sir John is looking

over the battlements," said a hilarious anti-reciprocity gentleman, as Bay Street, Toronto, showed "a sea of up-turned faces" on Election Night.

That food exhibit by the Toronto Star must have given Toronto electors acute indigestion.

Will Colonel Sam be Minister of Militia, or merely the Speaker of the House of Commons?

Wouldn't it be a kind act to make Monsieur Bourassa Minister of Marine?

As a cabinet-smasher, Reciprocity holds the record.

**Not the Right Word.**—Some years ago, Mr. Hartley Dewart was addressing an Ontario audience in behalf of the Liberal cause. The Toronto lawyer was delivering the address in French, as many of the electors in that constituency were of Gallic descent. He impressed upon the electors that a vote for the local candidate was a vote "pour Laurier."

An Irishman, who had attended the meeting, in the hope of excitement, was sadly disappointed as the speaker proceeded in fluent French. He commented afterwards in terms of doubt: "Mr. Dewart may have been talking all right—even if he used those outlandish words. But I didn't like his talking so much about 'poor Laurier.' It's not for the likes of us to pity Laurier."

### Answers to Correspondents.

**Perplexed Foreigner:** Will you kindly tell me what is the policy of each of your political parties?

We wish that we were in a position to tell you, but you have asked a question to which no loyal Canadian can furnish a reply. One party is desirous of smashing the British North America Act all to pieces and disrupting the Empire, to say nothing of upsetting the earth and bringing about an era of universal chaos. But which party it is, no two authorities are agreed. Do not be alarmed by our election antics. Most of the time we are respectable citizens, engaged in the benevolent work of doing others. Politics is our national vice, and when we have a quadrennial outbreak, appearances are horribly against us. Sir Wilfrid Laurier wears the white flower of a blameless life, and Mr. R. L. Borden is a perfect gentleman. As for their respective policies, you will have to ask the Montreal Star.

**Marian:** How should I avoid looking tired? My expression has been criticized as extremely wearied.

We are sorry that you look tired. Perhaps you are engaged to a humourist who writes the funny column for one of the evening papers. In that case, there is no help for your ex-

pression, unless you resolve to give up the young man—and keep your resolution.

Airy Fairy Lillian: How old must I be before I become an old maid?

Dear child, there is a wistful pathos in this inquiry, which would bring tears to the eyes of a gargoyle. It all depends. Some are born old maids, some achieve old maidenhood, and others have it thrust upon them. Do not worry about it, as worry has a terrible way of creasing the forehead and bringing wrinkles about the eyes. In the meantime, think noble thoughts and do kind deeds and you will win respect, if not admiration.

**Pauline:** I cannot decide between two young men who both say they simply can't live without me. One is fair and good looking, but would be inclined to flirt. The other is dark and trustworthy, but he has a bad temper. What would you advise me to do?

Why not try a red-headed man, with a nice disposition?

**Wilful Extravagance.**—They were discussing the political campaign when mention was made of a certain speaker who was admitted by members of both political parties to be a faithful follower of Ananias.

"I wouldn't believe Blank on oath," declared one fond friend.

"On oath!" echoed another. "Why, Blank uses up more good lies in a week than would last most of us for a lifetime."

**His Benighted State.**—Binks: "Johnson is a well-meaning chap, even if he is continually making blunders. I think he lives up to his lights."

Winks: "But the worst of it is, that he has blown out most of the lights."

**They Look Like It.**—"Those, I suppose," said a woman who pointed to some Holstein cattle at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, "are the half-mourning cows."

**What the Bands Played.**—John R. Robinson, editor of The Evening Telegram, Toronto, has a dislike for the tune "O Canada," which is about as strong as his well-known liking for the late Alexander Muir's "The Maple Leaf Forever."

In the recent election contest Mr. Robinson did some campaigning for Conservative candidates in Ontario. One of his best speeches was made at Berlin. There he preached patriotism. In order to drive home the idea of Canadianism and drive out any tendencies towards "continentalism," he made, in ending his speech, a touching reference to the late Mr. Muir. The effect was impressive. The applause was hearty.

But a terrible thing happened just as the applause was dying away. The band—let the news be broken gently—the band struck up "O, Canada."

On election night—if not before—Mr. Robinson forgave that band. Election night made him happy. Five o'clock found him hoping that reciprocity had been beaten. Six o'clock found him more hopeful. At seven he was still more hopeful. At eight he was beginning to feel sure of it. At nine he felt almost certain that Borden would be Canada's next Premier. At ten o'clock—at ten o'clock he said, "Well, tell the band to play 'O, Canada.'"

The word was taken to the leader of the band which The Telegram had engaged to help entertain the huge election night crowds. And the band played "O, Canada," much to the surprise of many people who know how little Mr. Robinson loves that air.

**No Wonder.**—George Fitch, the author of the Siwash College stories, tells a good yarn about the far-famed crooked streets of Boston:

"I started out to take a short trolley trip one morning," says Mr. Fitch, "and after the car had turned forty-eight corners, the conductor came into the car. 'I beg pardon,' said he, 'but has any one a pocket compass? The motorman has lost his way!'"



"Excuse me, sor, but would ye moind holdin' the twins a second while I look for a nickel?"

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

# Sozodont

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Higher Accounting and Chartered Accountancy

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# SUCCESS

THE fruit growing industry of the Fraser River Valley has long since passed the experimental stage.

Success has attended the efforts of the fruit growers.

Fortunes are being made every year on apples.

It's easy to secure a five acre tract in this famous district. \$200 cash is all that is required, balance in five years.

Write me for particulars

**W. J. KERR**  
Limited  
614 Columbia Street  
New Westminster, B. C.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 27th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ENNISKILLEN, ENFIELD and RETURN (Rural Mail Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Enfield, Enniskillen Burketon Station, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch,  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.  
Ottawa, 14th September, 1911.

# THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

Copyright 1911, by S. A. White.

## BOOK TWO.

### CHAPTER I.

OVER the foothills of south-western Alberta night was already sending its creeping messengers of shadow. On Ben Doan's ranch two men were riding campward.

"Well," said the veteran Westerner to his companion, "what do you think of Doan's acres?"

"Grand!" he replied. "Why the ranches I have seen aren't patches to this." It was the tenderfoot's first day out.

"Right! You have it there. This is the real thing. It is different from the others. The life is different, too. After you have been here a few weeks you will know for yourself. All the thick-backed novels dealing with ranch life and murdering cow-boys will be knocked out of you. We are a rough lot. That's true! But we are not sack-legged, foul-mouthed, shooting horrors, riding cayuses through open saloon doors, and all that sort of thing! You have seen that staged and printed?"

"Yes," the tenderfoot replied, "many a time!"

"That will all go," the grizzled cattleman said. "You will see new and real life and I hope you will like it. I am boss till Doan gets back and I'll try to give you some pointers. Rather set you up to the game! We'll use you just as well as Bar K can do it. It is rough, hard work, with danger thrown in is the bill day after day, but you look fit. You're from Ontario, you said. You're educated, I know."

"Yes, I am from the East."

"You said your name was — what? I've forgotten it again."

"Hooper! Charles Hooper."

"Sure! We once had a man of that name. Billy Hooper, he was called. He went with Jim Darcy, ranch head before me, when Jim started herds of his own," Kirby said. "Darcy was a dickens of a good man and I'll have to step long to fill his tracks."

"You were scarce of men when I drifted along?"

"Right. Doan is away, too. That makes it harder. It reminds me of a year ago. We happened in about the same fix and fastened onto a tenderfoot. I hope, though," Kirby said seriously, "that your experience will not be anything like his."

"What was that?" his companion asked, scenting a story.

"Well, you see, it was like this: The night he joined the Bar K outfit our gang was holding the herds on the South Bend. Most unholy heat had shriveled the bunch-grass brown and muddy coulees were all that was left for water-supply, Smoke River being stone dry. It had been killing work keeping the beasts under control those last few days, for they had the roaming thirst both figuratively and literally, especially at night, when oftentimes river-bred winds from over the border drifted in damp and moist to tantalize their hot nostrils. Some prayed for rain. Some cursed for it. All wanted it. To make matters worse Jim Darcy had got in the way of a rampaging steer early in the week, and Jim paid for his pony's clumsiness with a broken collar-bone. Every cow-puncher who came straying through that district was gobbled up on double pay by the outlying ranges long before he reached the limits of Bar K. The season was heavy. The herds were uncommonly hard to handle and all ranches would have taken on extra men if they could have got them. Bar K suffered most on account of the shortage of hands, so Doan rode through to Rockeley, on the C. A. R. branch of the new road, one fiery morning, to bring back by hook or by crook something of the masculine brand. It was breezless sunset when he returned and went the rounds to see that everything was right.

"Did ye git a man?" asked Old Joe Blake.

"I did," said Doan. "He is a tenderfoot, but he appears quite sound. When he finishes his meal he will go on the night shift."

"Ha!" exclaimed Old Joe. "Ye couldn't git anything but a tenderfoot? I reckon he's soft."

"He can ride and shoot," said the ranch-owner. "He told me he learned that in South Africa some years ago. He seemed hard up and accepted my first offer. I was glad enough to close the bargain. He swung on my extra pony and we came home like jack-rabbits. Searles, Drisdan and some others were in looking for help. I

hustled my man out and gave him no chance to jump his contract. He seemed willing enough, though. He'll go next you on the second night shift."

"Wall, Old Joe drawled. 'I s'pose it will mean more work for me, but somebody has to do it. Heh?"

"Yes, he'll learn more from you. Call the whole camp if there is any storm. It's going to rain before daylight."

"The sun had vanished in a cloud-bank high up above the prairie horizon and long 'wet streaks' told the plainmen that rain was not far off. They hoped in the bottom of their hearts that it would come quietly. Thunder and lightning meant certain stampede, more certain because of the irritated condition of the cattle.

"Nine o'clock found the first night shift on duty. The tenderfoot was next Old Joe and I held the position on his other side. The night was dark. Far off in the direction of the hills the thunder faintly rumbled. Scudding clouds alternately hid and revealed the stars.

"I smelled the shifting breeze. It was moist. Rain could not be far away. The tenderfoot's first night on guard promised to be an unpleasant one. I could see that he sat his beast well as he rode out with Old Joe. The animal was a finely trained one of Ben's, and the contented way in which Minnie carried him vouched for his horsemanship since the mare could tell a rider from a lubber the minute he put foot in the stirrup. Ben had decked him out in puncher's garb. The lariat was correctly coiled at the saddle-horn. Black pistol-butts stuck out of his holsters, these weapons being now used only for protecting the herds from marauding wolves and also for shooting into the faces of a stampeding bunch when nothing else will turn them. I took up my position and I could hear Old Joe giving him some instructions on what to do.

"Kin ye tune up any?" was the former's parting question.

"What?" the stranger asked.

"Sing! Kin ye sing?"

"A little, Haswell—that was his name, Richard Haswell—responded.

"Wall, then, Joe advised, 'if them beasts gits oneasy let yer lungs out a bit. Seems something all-fired comfortin' in a man's voice for them. They like it, 'specially when they're a leetle oneasy.'

"And, indeed, they seemed uneasy from the start. Perhaps they smelled the brewing storm. Perhaps their brute instinct prophesied the crash and roar of a thunder tempest. We had to keep our guard keenly and I could hear some of the more distant on the shift liting snatches of old refrains to soothe the herds. All at once the tenderfoot broke out in song with the clearest, sweetest tenor voice I ever heard. That voice would have made him a fortune at any American or European opera, and I wondered how in all the blessed roads of destiny he had drifted out here. His words pealed out like the notes of a clarinet and you could catch every syllable. The milling herds became more quiet even at the first bar of his tune. It was a love song and I can hear him yet as he trilled those lines:

Can I forget those words you spoke,  
The love you gave to me,  
That night of old when stars awoke  
And lit the silent sea?—

"Here his tones ceased abruptly and I could hear only a low, muffled whistling, as if he were bending to adjust the girth or change a stirrup. The horse's faint footfalls on the prairie sod stopped for an instant.

"But in a moment the flute-like notes came out again:

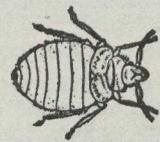
Ah! no, though seas our paths divide  
And set us far apart,  
Still every vow we ever sighed  
Is treasured in my heart—

"Then his voice went up in golden richness to heights that would have turned some of your boosted Eastern soloists green with envy. It went up repeating the last line:

Is treasured in my heart.

"As he launched into the chorus his tone grew to indescribable sweetness, and I involuntarily checked my pony.

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Stars may forget to shine out in the blue;  
Seas may forget the shore;  
But I shall remember your love and you  
For ever and evermore.

"A second time the chorus stole up through the still air. There followed another verse sung softer than ever:

Can I forget those golden—

"Silence!—then smack, smack! Haswell's quirt sounded on Minnie's flank. She must have shied from a breaking steer or stepped into a gopher-mine. It was a trick of hers to try the seat of a fresh rider who handled her firmly. Judging from the sound of the whip and her regular hoof-beats afterwards, the mare would not be apt to again attempt any pleasantries.

Our tenderfoot resumed his song:

Can I forget those golden years,  
And all they were to me?  
Ah! no, how could I blot with tears  
So sweet a memory!  
I think of you but never weep  
For all that might have been;  
It is the unshed tears that keep  
Love's mem'ry fresh and green—  
Love's mem'ry fresh—and—green!

Stars may forget to shine out in the blue;  
Seas may forget the shore;  
But I shall remember your love and you  
For ever and evermore.

"The pathos in his tune and the mystic charm of his voice lulled me into a reverie. I had been hard pressed for a day or so, and was pretty nearly fagged. My horse made the rounds mechanically without guidance and I let myself lie forward on the pommel of the saddle. My thoughts went back East under the influence of Haswell's song. Memories dear to me thronged upon my wearied senses and before I knew it I was asleep—sleeping on duty!

"A splitting crack that seemed to pierce my ear-drums and a roaring like some tremendous waterfall woke me. The stampede was on. I brought the braided lash down with all my strength and the startled pony shot in, for she had edged away from the beat while I slept.

"Lurid chains of lightning slit the inky pall above, and for one minute I saw an ocean of swaying backs and tossing horns with black mites of riders reeling on their track.

"The whole herd was headed for Smoke River, and unless they were turned from that course not one steer would be alive when we found them, for a deep ravine, the Devil's Drift, lay this side of it. In the black night they would all go over.

"Thunder-bolts came, peal on peal, and the awful anger of the heavens shook the earth almost as much as the thousands of pounding hoofs under maddened cattle. The electric blaze showed me I had gained on the others. A few minutes more and I reached them. They were riding well up to the front on both sides. Old Joe was off to my right. I could not tell who rode on my left. Old Joe was cursing furiously and putting the broncho to the last inch of its speed. It took me all my time to stay with him, but we drew ahead. On, on we plunged through driving rain and pitch darkness, cut every second by steel-blue flame which showed the black, hammered mud underfoot, and etched the whirling mass ahead in a thrilling yet terrible picture. On and on with no sound but the mingled roar of the stampede and storm before, and the splat! splat! of our horses' hoofs beneath. At last Old Joe broke into speech.

"Curse it! he groaned. 'We'll never do it.'

"In fact, I saw the truth of his emphatic statement soon. The herd was leaving us. The irregular ground compelled us to pull in, and the clay over which we were passing was filled with prairie-dogs' holes. It was more than a man's life was worth to speed here. A false step meant a broken neck. We had left the others of our band hopelessly in the rear, and we rode simply because there was nothing else to do but keep the flank of the stampede in sight.

"When we struck better ground we let out again, but almost at the same time hoof-thuds sounded behind coming like the wind.

"Who's that?" I snapped, for though we were going our limit he was overhauling us.

"Dunno! Kingd'm cum if he hits a mine!" Joe exclaimed.

"But he didn't hit a mine, and in a moment more he swung in with us. It was the tenderfoot.

"Would have caught you before but I broke a rein!" he jerked out.

"You would?" I bawled, a little nettled. "Where'd you learn to ride?"

"On the veldt!"

"A horrible detonation thundered above. A zig-zag tongue of flame shot through space straight upon the mass of cattle. Three dead steers lay in our path and the ponies jumped them. The renewed fury of the elements lashed the animals into a frenzy and they gained a little.

"Old Joe whipped his beast. 'Ride, boys, ride! We've one chance to head them this side of the slough.'

"We sprang to it, gaining yard by yard. Smoke River could not be far distant and I recollected that a little slough lay on the near side of the Drift. This must be it. The rear was reached. Neck after neck, long-horned and fear-tossed, showed with each blaze of the sky. Up on the flank our ponies drove, nearer and nearer the head.

"Ride, boys, ride!" Old Joe roared, and he seemed to surge his beast right to the fore. Then like a flash the pony's front quarters doubled, recovered and slid helpless with a forefoot strained by a gopher-hole.

"We'll try for it," I shouted as we left him, but the words died. My girth eased and broke! I went off backward, saddle and all. Haswell thundered by. Half-raised on my elbow, I saw he meant to go on.

"Hold on!" I screamed. "You can't do it alone. Halt!" But he was past and away.

"Watch Devil's Drift!" I roared with hands as a trumpet, when he was gone. It was just a chance whether he had been told or not.

"All heaven opened in a last sheet of glaring crimson and white light. I saw the mass once more with the tenderfoot right on the edge of the leaders. Blessed Saints, how he could ride! Beyond was the first gray rise of the Drift, where the sage-bushes rimmed the long divide. The thunder cannonaded again and ceased. Pitch blackness settled on everything while the rain teemed.

"I whistled to my horse and, although pretty well bruised up, tried to fasten the saddle on again. By the time I had improvised a girth with my lariat the torrent from the clouds stopped. Sullenly the black scars of vapor parted and a white-faced moon looked through on the sodden scene below. About to mount I stopped. Crack! Crack! Crack! came from the direction of Devil's Drift. He was shooting into their faces. One, two, three, four, five, six! I counted. A half second's silence! Then one, two, three, four, five, six shots I counted again. His cylinders were empty. Not another sound was heard on that side. I caught the thud of approaching riders behind and springing on Mona's back I galloped for the Drift. My seat was none too secure, and the band hammered up to me as we reached the rise of the canyon. Not a steer was in sight!

"Hell"—Ben cried. "They're over."

"For a minute we thought he was right, but Fellars, on my left, spied the wide trail circling as it approached the chasm.

"No, by George!" he shouted. "The tenderfoot has turned them. Look there!"

"In the moonlight we could see the track plainly. It circled little by little, skirting the very edge of Devil's Drift and turned off to the prairie some yards farther on.

"We galloped out, following hard, and in an hour we ran them down by some cottonwoods. They had puffed themselves to exhaustion, and it was with little effort we had them milling quietly. There we held them, riding round and round.

"In the excitement of the capture nobody thought of Haswell until we had made several rounds, when I called to Ben: 'Where's the tenderfoot?'

"Couldn't have followed them, I guess! Must have cut back to meet us and missed us in the dark! Where's Old Joe?"

"He spoiled his pony," I said, 'just before my girth broke!'

"It was full morning when we got the herds back to Bar K. A tired-looking Joe rode out on a new pony to meet us. When he saw the bunch coming he threw up his hat and shouted.

"Hurrah!" he roared. "Hurrah! Who turned 'em?"

"The tenderfoot!" Ben said. "Where is he? Call him out! By Jove, he gets a year's pay for this. Call him out!"

"Call nuthin'," Joe said, blankly. "He ain't here."

"What?" we chorused.

"Haint here! Aint he with ye?"

"It dawned on us all at once and I heard Ben give a groan. My limbs were so stiff from my fall and long ride that I had to go to bed, but the boys, after being all night in the saddle, went straight back to Devil's Drift. He was stone dead when they took him out. The bodies of four steers were lying beside in the rocky bottom and his two colts, both emptied, they found nearby.

"The sight of the little calvacade coming in at noon is one I shall not forget. Haswell's form was terribly mangled, but the features were still perfect and full of tenderness. I wondered what was the last thought that had moulded them so.

"Over in Rockeley he was buried in a quiet corner of the cemetery and Ben erected a handsome monument above the grave. There were no letters or papers on him to give a clue to any friends in the East, but four days later the mail came in from the town to Ben's ranch.

"In one of the Eastern papers which the fellows had sent me I happened upon the solution to the puzzle. Boldly head-lined among the gossip of a society journal was a paragraph which ran something like this:

(Continued on page 20.)

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## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Wiring the Prairie.

THE rural telephone is one of the great factors assisting in making Canadian rural life attractive. The telephone used to be considered a luxury on the farm, something remote from the ordinary farmers' pocket in the same way as the rubber-tired top-per. Doctors and lawyers in the towns went in for telephones; they also had up-to-date buggies. In 1911, farmers are just as much professional men as those learned in the law and medicine; they are learned in the soil. And now they have telephones to transact business and make love.

Rural telephones in Saskatchewan, for instance, are so popular that 238 telephone companies are supplying the demand. Here is the growth of the rural telephone in that province of wheat and great distances.

	Companies.	Subscribers.
1908 .....	31	954
1909 .....	45	1258
1910 .....	62	1244
1911 (to Sept. 11) 100		2392
Totals .....	238	5848
Total mileage—	5,550 miles.	

### Mr. Frost, of Hamilton.

MR. H. L. FROST, president Board of Trade, Hamilton, has been saying some very optimistic things about Hamilton. Frost is "an American by birth, and Canadian by choice," as he says himself. About a dozen years ago, he struck into Canada from the United States, finally landing in Hamilton, which looked good to him from the manufacturer's point of view. In Hamilton, he makes more miles of wire fence than anybody in Canada. This live ex-American is president of the Board of Trade, and has served on various municipal bodies. Sometimes Canada annexes Americans.

Frost is an addition to Canadian citizenship. He is the kind of American immigrant we want: a man who brings along that fine native United States quality of shrewdness, and gets the Canadian national point of view quickly.

Note the optimism of his speech at the Board of Trade the other day: "I see Hamilton the leading manufacturing city of the Dominion." So much for general statement. Next his electric brain flings a suggestion at the Board. "What of a trade excursion, consisting of the local merchants, going away on a trade enterprise for three or four days each year, as is done in Chicago and other large cities?" That's Frost, the aggressive, in a sentence.

### St. John Active.

ST. JOHN, N.B., is a city out for big things. Not long ago a contract was awarded, involving millions, for the construction of a great drydock in St. John. Hardly has the excitement over the drydock subdued a little, when important railroad construction plans for St. John are announced by the railroad companies.

Mr. D. McNicholl, manager C.P.R., was in the city recently, and discussed plans for a train ferry service from St. John over 40 miles of choppy Fundy to Digby in Nova Scotia, thus connecting the C.P.R. at St. John with the Dominion Atlantic Railway of Nova Scotia. The C.P.R. have been very active in St. John lately, buying up lots for new terminals.

The G.T.P. engineers are on the ground at St. John Harbour East, studying terminals for the new trans-continental.

The St. John Valley Road, football of politicians, has smoothed out its contract troubles, and will sign papers for immediate construction. This baby line will strike through the rich agricultural country between St. John and Grand Falls, taking in the St. John Valley.

### Good Jobs in Brandon.

HARVESTERS have no trouble in getting jobs about Brandon, at least, according to the Commercial Bureau in that city. Neepawa sent down to Brandon the other day for seventy-five wheat hustlers, offering \$2.75 a day. Neepawa could get fewer than six men.

## THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 19.)

"The Count and Countess Castiella, formerly Miss Brenda Steene, sailed to-day for their home in Italy. It will be remembered with interest that Miss Steene was engaged to be married in August of last year to the M— opera tenor, Richard Luscave, whose family name is Haswell. Before the wedding took place the titled count appeared in the city. An acquaintance turned to an intimacy, and that to an infatuation. He offered his heart and rank to Miss Steene. The temptation of becoming a countess proved stronger than her love. The former engagement was broken, and she now enjoys a position among the highest families of the sunny province, whether one of happiness we will not say."

"The account ran on and on, but that was enough. I was reading it over my mid-day meal, and handed the paper to Ben.

"Ye saints!" said Ben. "A title for a man! The blind minx!"

"Ben's words recalled Haswell's song:

I think of you but never weep  
For all that might have been;  
It is the unshed tears that keep  
Love's mem'ry fresh and green.

Stars may forget to shine out in the blue;  
Seas may forget the shore;  
But I shall remember your love and you  
For ever and evermore."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kirby's companion,

deeply moved by the tale. "The ever is over. Now he has the evermore."

"Yes," the rancher sighed. "That is the story of Haswell's short sojourn on Bar K, and it is one Ben likes to tell. When you have time get him to spin it to you again. He can put more fire and life into it. There's no doubt but Haswell was hard up against the unluckiest thing in this world. Poor beggar!"

"Poor beggar!" the other rider echoed. "Perhaps the evermore was best for him. Fate plays strangely with our lives." He gave such a deep sigh that Kirby looked at him keenly.

"Perhaps the second tenderfoot is a parallel case?" he ventured gently. The second tenderfoot looked him squarely in the eye.

"Kirby," he said. "Of course you know my name is not Hooper."

"Yes," the rancher answered. "I thought it was not."

"You also know that there are times when we want to get away from all we have known and lived in and from everything that was."

"There are times. Yes, there are times," Kirby said. "I don't want your secrets. I am sorry for you, Hooper. I am sorry for you, and there's my hand on it."

The cattleman reached him a brawny fist of steel, rein-seared and alkali-burned, and as they went into camp for the night Carl knew there was at least one sound man in the vast prairie region where he had lost himself.

(To be continued.)

The way to woo



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# MONEY AND MAGNATES



### Interesting Development of Bond Business.

AN interesting development of the increased bond business that is being done throughout the country is the very large percentage of exchanges rather than straight sales that are being made. A bond salesman who makes a specialty of the Ontario field remarked to me the other day that he was certain at the present time that over 50 per cent. of the business that was being done by the different bond houses was in the nature of exchanges, that is that bond investors holding securities which are getting on well towards maturity, are realizing that many of their bonds are selling almost as high as they are likely to sell, and on this account are finding it advantageous to sell these in the open market and to purchase other standard Canadian issues which are still selling at a low price because of the long time which they have to still go before maturity.

There have certainly been tremendous strides made in the bond business in Canada during the past couple of years, and there is not any doubt but that a great many people who formerly kept their money in the Government savings banks have been forced, owing to the increased cost of living, to take their savings out and invest them in bonds, in order to obtain a larger yield on their money.

\* \* \*

### A Quarter of a Billion Dollars of Created Wealth.

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, who returned the other day from his annual trip of inspection through the Western lines of the C. P. R., makes the interesting statement that the value of all the crops in the four Western Provinces will this year reach a total of \$250,000,000. When Sir Thomas makes such a statement it can be taken that he is pretty near the mark, and in so much as every dollar of it is created wealth that comes out of the soil, it will be seen just what tremendous wealth the Western country is now adding yearly to the Dominion.

\* \* \*

### Selling Electrical Power Wholesale.

AN interesting phase in the development of the electrical power situation in Montreal is the manner in which some of the companies which are developing power around the city are confining their efforts, as far as the city is concerned, to the wholesale department entirely. The Shawinigan Water and Power Co. is the first big company to go into the wholesale business exclusively, and has a contract by which it turns over every single horse power it has available for the Island of Montreal to the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. It is now also well known that the interests back of the company, which intends to develop the water powers of the Cedar Rapids, also have arrangements by which they will deal in the wholesale trade exclusively. Of course, it is well within the line of possibilities that they will sell a large amount of power to the Canadian Light and Power Co., but it is also stated that the new company has other arrangements for the distribution of its power in Montreal, and notwithstanding the fact that no contracts have as yet been made for the beginning of the work on the installation, that leading interests already know where they will place the entire 50,000 H. P. that they will obtain from their first unit.

\* \* \*

### Bank Deposits in West.

SOME months ago the leading Canadian banks were being confronted with tremendous decreases in deposits all over Eastern Canada, but during the past few months the increases in the deposits in Western branches has been so tremendous as to practically off-set the falling off that had occurred in Eastern branches. Up to the past year or so the branches in the West were regarded by the principal banks simply as loaning institutions, but so rapid has been the increases in the wealth of the people in that section of the country that a leading official of one of the largest banks stated to me the other day that it was not an uncommon thing to find branches even in the smaller towns in the West, that were now carrying from \$300,000 to \$600,000 of deposits, and there was every indication that the ratio of increase in the West would be still greater during the next few years than it had been up to the present time.

\* \* \*

### Will Dominion Steel Get Further Protection?

NOW that the Conservative Government has been returned to power almost every shareholder of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. has made up his mind that the company will be able to secure from the Government at Ottawa an extension of the bounties on the different forms of wire rods, or, in default of this, tariff protection which will enable the company to retain a better hold on the Canadian market. Seeing that the country has already given the Dominion Steel Corporation a great deal more assistance than it ever should, and considering the millions of watered capital with which the concern has been loaded, it will be interesting to see just how far the new Government will be prepared to go, more especially as the Steel Company has already under way the construction of nail plants which will take care of the output of its wire rod mills. In view of the fact that the bonuses already received by the company have, to a very large extent, been used for the payment of dividends on steel common stock, there is not very much doubt but that any movement for further assistance would meet with a great deal of opposition from the country as a whole. The broker element will, however, have strong representation in the new government, as Mr. Rodolphe Forget, a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, holds two seats, while Mr. F. B. McCurdy, member of Montreal Stock Exchange, and E. B. Osler, member of Toronto Stock Exchange, each have one seat.

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Profits Earned in

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083

Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received

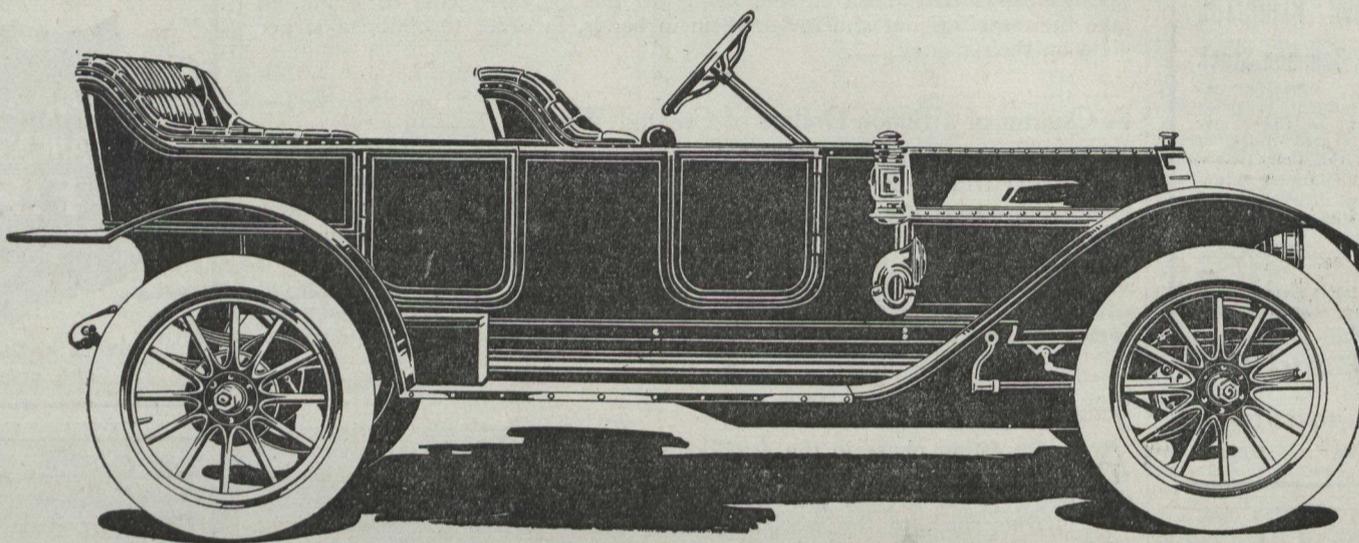
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

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**1912 MODEL J. M. TOURING CAR, 120-inch WHEELBASE, 7-PASSENGER, 45-50 H. P., PRICE \$2,450**

#### **SPECIFICATIONS MODEL J. M.**

**AXLES:** Front, I beam section; Rear, Semi-floating.  
**BRAKES:** Two separate independent sets of rear wheels.  
**CARBURETOR:** Schebler.  
**CLUTCH:** Leather-faced cone.  
**COOLING:** Centrifugal pump.  
**DRIVE:** Propellor Shaft.  
**FUEL SUPPLY:** Gasoline, 15 gallons.  
**IGNITION:** Jump spark with magneto.  
**LUBRICATION:** Plunger pump, Oil supply in crankcase, 2 gallons.  
**MOTOR:** Horse Power, 45-50; Bore, 4½ inches; Stroke, 5 inches; Cast en bloc.

**SPEED ON DIRECT DRIVE:** 4-70 M.P.H.  
**SPRINGS:** Special alloy steel; Front, Semi-elliptic; Rear, Three-quarter elliptic.  
**STANDARD EQUIPMENT:** Mea Magneto, two gas lamps, two oil side and one rear lamp, jack, horn, all tools, pump and tire repair outfit, top and windshield.  
**STEERING:** Worm and sector, 18-inch wheel.  
**TIRES:** 34 x 4 inches.  
**TRANSMISSION:** Selective, Forward, 3 speed changes: Reverse, 1 speed change.  
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**WHEEL BASE:** 120 inches.  
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The Schacht line of Motor Cars and Trucks is an example of the highest state of perfection in the manufacture of Motor Cars. The motor is four-cylinder, cast in bloc—in operation it is absolutely noiseless, and entirely lacks vibration. It is beyond peradventure the most perfect motor car to be found in any automobile manufactured or sold in Canada to-day. In addition to the above-mentioned features, it is so constructed as to place the Schacht cars practically without competition as hill climbers.

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Our 40 h.p. model G. F. 5 Passenger Torpedo Touring Car at \$2,350.00.

Our 40 h.p. Model F. L. Foredoor Roadster, at \$2,150.00, and our truck line includes: 40 h.p. Delivery Wagon.

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C77

## JOHN STRONG, CIVIL ENGINEER

(Continued from page 7.)

indeed studied; but the glaring facts were there, and assailed both eye and nostril. The cook's attitude was one of mingled apology and defiance, and he understood that, under canvas, the cook is the autocrat of his own table. Strong glanced about with a look of quiet amusement, which did much to maintain the security of the unfortunate Dominick; and, when he passed his platter for a second portion of the unsavory mess, a titter went around the circle. It is the unexpected which drags to light our inmost characteristics, and so it was that the men's attitudes varied. George Girard, a chain man from the Saguenay, crouched on his knees and barked like a dog; Tom McPherson, an axeman from Glengary, mumbled, "She's no that bad; gie us a bittock mair," while the Indian packers regarded the occasion with almost contemptuous indifference.

Again the gray dawn broke, pitiless and relentless. When the chief awoke, the sagging roof of his tent told the story, and when he threw open its flap, the whole heaven seemed to have dissolved itself in snow. It lay light as air, and almost as impalpable, but a foot deeper than the night before; sixty inches on the level, and no break in the lowering sky. By what subtle means he marshaled his men, this quiet leader could not, himself, have told you; but once more the trailing procession dragged its weary way out of camp and into the solitude, and again the Superior and Northwestern pushed its indomitable course to the south. Hunger had now reached that stage where it assaulted the judgment of the best of them; and yet, such was the men's confidence in the dominant self-reliance of their chief, that, as their bodies failed, they leaned more completely on him. Of insurrection, of complaint, not a word—did he not eat out of their own dish? And ever as the grip of circumstance tightened upon them, did it breed in John Strong those very qualities by which he laughed in its face.

One mile and one quarter was recorded that day, and every foot a victory. Did snowfall and severe cold go together, the tally would have been less; for the fuel was lacking, and the fire of energy was burning low.

The camp held for them no word of Tom Moore, and as before Dominick's efforts were conscientious, rather than edible. He had decked the table with every dish his outfit boasted, and down the middle of it smoked platters of a dirty yellow, sodden mess. The men strove valiantly, but failed utterly.

There is a certain fine, eloquent silence, pertaining to the companionship bred beneath the cedar and the pine, that puts to shame the meaningless chatter of that intercourse which we characterize as social. These men understood each other, and their chief understood them all; and their quiet, uncomplaining, unquestioning acceptance of the pangs of hunger did not strike them as being anything out of the ordinary. For, by this time, hunger had reached the point of pain. It was not that maddening frenzy which comes of thirst, but it was a ceaseless gnawing of the stomach, as if the very vitals of the body, lacking their natural substance, had turned upon each other to destroy.

Their mental attitude was one of impatience—vexation at a prolonged delay. They were, almost without exception, good woodsmen, and Tom Moore's probable actions and procedure were subjected to a microscopic analysis in which no possibility was left unconsidered. However soon or late he came, he would have to stand up to their fire of cross-questioning.

That night the snow ceased, and over the stark land came a tremor, as the air in little puffs and gusts began to stir. Northwest, clear under a waxing moon, small, gray handfuls of cloud pushed up over the skyline, creeping ever faster and faster into the zenith. The tops of the spruce and pine moved slightly to and fro, divesting themselves gently and daintily of that white fleece which had for

days enshrouded them. Slowly and intermittently a faint whine came from the shifting branches, and out on the spotless, manacled lakes, rounded plumes of dusty silver danced uncertainly into the southeast. Then, with ever-increasing pressure, came the winter gale, heavier and stronger, till the sky was blotted out by level lines of streaming snow, and the desolate North vented its wrath on all that lay before it. So, in suffering, came and passed the third day in Starvation Camp.

Far across the sky next night flared a great Aurora that hung, in the scintillating heavens, like some ethereal drapery palpitating with color. From one end of it sprang vibrating folds which traversed its length, wave after wave in quick procession, and flung an unearthly radiance over the silent, frost-bound land. The glassy surfaces of the wind-swept lakes flashed it back to the winking stars, and its cold, unearthly tints penetrated through tangled brush and all the stark and silent woods. It awoke John Strong, as he tossed restlessly under his rabbit skin, revealing all the crude simplicity of his tent; and he turned on his back, looking up at the ridgepole, waiting and listening—he scarce knew why.

The gale of the previous day had swept the ice quite bare of snow, and now it lay clean and naked to the intense cold. He could hear it crackling and expanding, and the sound of it was like distant cannonading, as the split edges of it shouldered up above the surface. In between these sounds was a vast silence, a deadly stillness, which seemed almost to have weight and measurement and form; and it was in one of these pauses that he heard a wolf bark across the lake. He listened indifferently, for wolves were many in that land; and then it came faintly to his ear again.

At once the man's frame stiffened; he raised himself on his elbow and became part of the very silence itself. Again the sound—very distant, very thin, but very perfect—was it a wolf? Once more—a little clearer, a little nearer—and his body relaxed in a sigh of huge relief. "Good old Tom," he said, and got up, pulled on his moccasins, and very, very quietly went over to the cook camp.

The provident Dominick was buried in a mountain of blankets, but had left a hole to breathe through; the mouth of it was encircled by a ring of ice, and from this at regular intervals rose a puff of mist, as his cavernous lungs emptied and filled. It was like a geyser giving vaporous evidence of the forces that slept below.

Smiling to himself, Strong put a foot on his shoulder and gently rolled him over; the mass of blankets heaved and twisted, some of them were flung back, and Dominick's eyes blinked up into his chief's.

"Reveillez, mon vieux, Tom est presque arrive. Je l'ai entendu; mais pas de bruit."

The cook was on his feet in a second—it was marvellous that such a man could move so quickly. He stood motionless till he heard that sound, now evidently nearer than before; then put out a hairy paw and stood his sleeping chore boy up vertically, where he slept. "Wood, wood, toute suite, wood!" he hissed, and soon the sheet steel stove was red with anticipating flames.

By this time Tom's voice was heard "Mush, mush," to his dogs; then the toboggans, sliding and slewing over the ice as they came on at top speed; then the crunch of the snowshoes as they bit into the crust at the edge of the lake, until, finally, steaming and panting, the dogs pulled up—in camp at last—and sat down, biting at the ice balls between their toes.

It was a barbaric scene, though to Strong it was natural enough. The huge breed, standing six feet four, towered in the midst, clad in caribou-skin leggings and tunic, a red scarf about his waist, and his short, stiff beard frozen solid—behind him the

## The Cook's "Day Off"

You have to give her a day off from the hot kitchen. The cook's "day off" is generally an "off day" for the entire household. It is a day of short rations and unsatisfied hunger. It need not be an off day if you have

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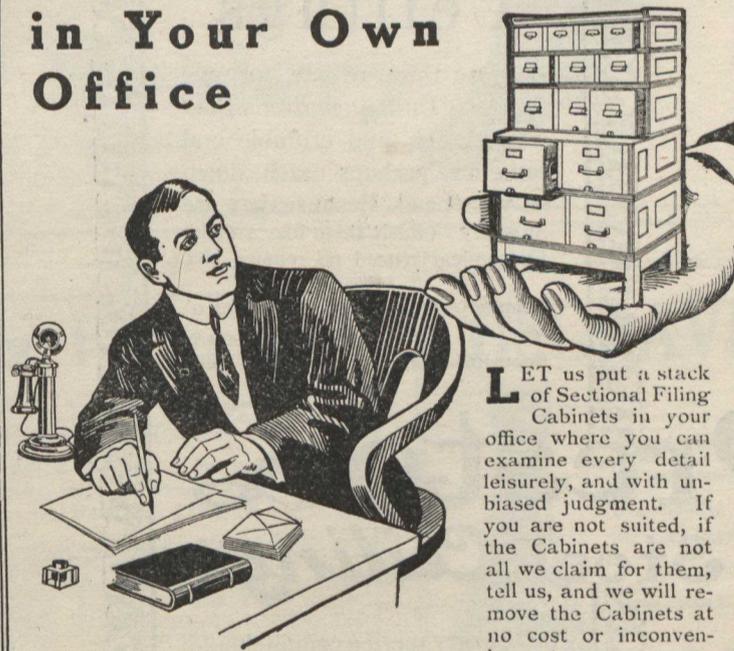
in the home—the food that is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve, full of nutriment and easily digested. You can prepare a delicious, nourishing meal with Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit without building a fire in the kitchen. Place two Biscuits (whole or crushed) in a deep dish and cover with berries of any kind—raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries or other fresh fruits—and then pour over them milk, adding a little cream and sugar to suit the taste. Serve Triscuit instead of ordinary toast with butter, soft cheese or caviar. It is a crisp, delicious snack for the Summer days.

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After packers, himself on a smaller scale—eighteen thick-set, tan-coloured dogs, with white tails and black muzzles, harnessed to three long toboggans, on which the loads, encased in canvas, were strapped down to the narrow wooden frames—dogs and men breathing hard, but in no way exhausted—these conquerors of wind and frost and storm.

IV.

TOM MOORE thrust a brown hand into his tunic and held out a packet to Strong. The latter found in it two letters, one from Montreal, the other in a feminine writing, and postmarked Florence.

So it came that, while his men sat themselves down to a smoking feast—Tom had forgotten nothing—Strong, in his tent, laid carefully aside the foreign envelope, and read the following from Jenkins:

Montreal, February 1.

Dear Sir: Not having heard from you for four weeks, we assume that you have nothing special to report, but matters which have transpired within the last few days make it imperative that the survey should be finished within the stipulated time. The facts in brief are as follows: The Northwestern has been offered a good price for its charter, provided our plans are filed by April twenty-second. If this is not done, the charter expires automatically on that day, and will not be renewed either to this or any other company. While we have every confidence in the outcome of your work, it is right that you should know of this new offer, which has just been made in the absence and without the knowledge of our president, Mr. Angus Strickland. He knows that a survey is being made, but that is all. I trust everything is going well, and that you are enjoying better weather than we have had in Montreal. Yours very truly,

PETER JENKINS.

Vice-Pres. S. & N. W. Ry. Co.

Strong read it over again, pulling at his tawny beard, a quizzical smile on his face, and then took up the other letter. It was postmarked a month back, and as he opened it the sounds of his camp died away.

Villa Marguerita, Nice, Jan. 20.

John, Dear John: It seems years and years since we parted, and the only good thing I can tell you is that we start homeward in about six weeks. We should be in Montreal by the third week in April. I have only had one letter from you, but it made my heart jump. More than ever I love you. The luxury and ease all about me make me long for real life with you. Father hasn't said much; he seems bitter about the whole thing. I told him that it was engineers who had made his money for him, and he said it was knowing how to use engineers that made money and that he has one in the woods now trying to save some old charter for a railway. He seems to think that this trip will banish you from my heart, but, John, he doesn't know how deep your dear image lies there; and so when I come back I am ready to go with you wherever you go, and then you will go on teaching me the meaning of things, for I am so tired of just the taste of them. I know you are somewhere in the woods, but have not the faintest idea where. You told me there would be one hundred degrees of longitude and temperature between us, and the roses are indeed blooming around me, for I am writing in the garden; but dear, there is only one wish in the heart of your Laura, and you alone know what that is.

Strong drew a long breath, and laid this letter beside the other. Half aloud, he ruminated:

"First—The president will take care I don't work for any of his roads—but I do.

"Second—The president makes a fortune if this survey goes through—if it does.

"Third—The president says it's knowing how to use engineers that makes money—he ought to know.

"Fourth—His daughter will give me a job any day—God bless her!

"Fifth—The vice-president has delivered the president into my hands—God bless him!"

After all of which John Strong went over to the cook camp, where he was greeted with shouts by his men, and sat down and ate a good dinner.

V.

ALDERSON stood gesticulating in front of the fireplace in a private room in his club; the other two were smoking, and looked anxious.

"I tell you, gentlemen, it's dollars to doughnuts we miss it. This is the eighth of April. It is now one month since we heard from Strong. He said going was hard, but that work proceeded fairly satisfactorily, and he expected to meet us here the morning of the twenty-first, and since then not a sign out of him—now you can

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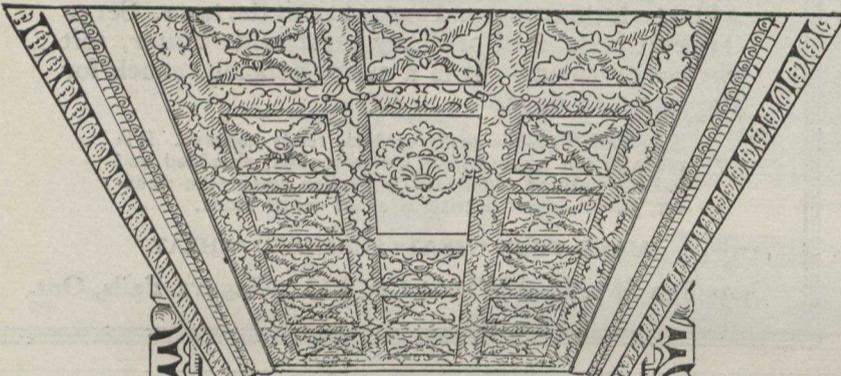
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take it any way you like." With that he turned and stabbed the fire viciously.

"Dou you mind my suggesting that it's hot enough already," said Jenkins, "and, further, did Strong tell you anything about what route he was taking?"

"Not a sign," snapped Alderson. "I sent you a copy of his letter."

"Can't we get word to him somehow, to worry through?"

"You might, if you had a balloon and could drop into his camp. Who is going to find a man in that God-forsaken wilderness?"

"Well, I was just thinking that a million is a good deal of money in these latter days. That's two hundred and fifty thousand apiece, my Christian friends. Mind you, I'm not saying he won't do it," ruminated Jenkins, "but if he does, he's a wizard. If he does, boys, what are we going to do about it?"

There was a little silence—they had not considered that part of it. Alderson, himself, involuntarily began to wonder what life would be like in the woods at forty below zero, and then added: "I think we ought to do the decent thing. What do you fellows say to five per cent. on gross profits."

Jenkins whistled. "Are you aware that means fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, I am; and I'm also aware that you never considered five per cent. much of a rake-off."

The others laughed, and Jenkins joined in. "Well, if it comes down to the fine thing, I don't know that I would do the work for the money, myself, and if he makes it, I guess he earns it."

"But what about Strickland in this deal?"

"Well, Angus never objected to giving five per cent. off for cash, and I don't think he will this time. By the by, when is he coming back?"

"I cabled him when I got the offer. He wrote he would be here about the third week in April."

"Well, then, he'll be in at the death, one way or the other," grunted Jenkins.

The big blue print was unrolled, and Strong's probable course was followed across its white-ribbed surface. Finally Alderson put a heavy forefinger down on a long, narrow lake. "If he's there, now, we'll do it. If he isn't, we will retire and smile, if we can."

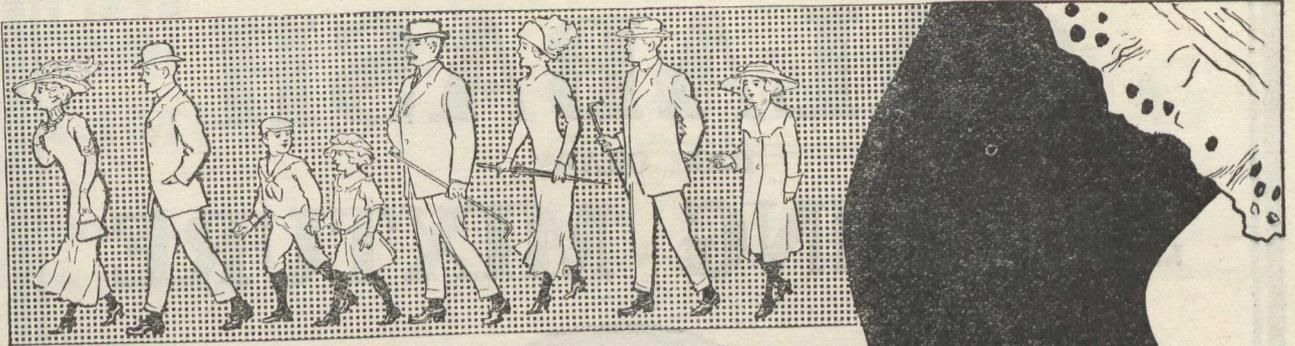
As a matter of fact, that finger happened to rest on the very point where, at that very time, John Strong's camp was pitched. Whether some occult influence was at work or whether his generalship was the motive force, it was hard to say; but the line had swung southward with admirable speed and precision.

Thirsty was commanded to the chief's tent, and the two had a long conference that lasted well into the night. As he rose to go, Strong said: "We'll leave it that way. We must strike Red Harbour on the nineteenth; that leaves you only twenty-five miles to run in eleven days. I will push ahead, and look up harbour soundings and yard room, and will meet you there, and you can have a day on your plans and profiles."

And so it was that, on the night of the nineteenth, Strong, his work done, stepped on the footboard of a light engine that fled roaring southward along the main line of the Trans-Pacific.

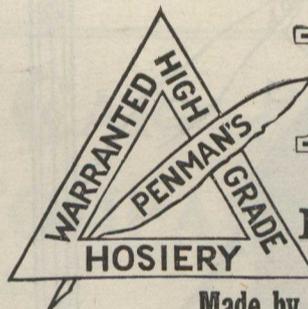
Steadily the streaming miles slid by, and the blurred country opened up as he penetrated into civilization. Even as he sped, the clicking instruments flashed the tale of his coming—for Jenkins had secured right of way for Engine 999 Special, and the last message was addressed to him, and read: "Meet you your office, ten a.m., twenty-first." And, as fate would have it, late the next night he pulled into the Montreal station, with a roll of plans under his arm, at the very moment when Strickland and his daughter were alighting from the New York express.

It was a little before ten the next morning that Strickland entered Jenkins' office. Alderson and Prentice arrived a few minutes later. The



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Paper White Narcissus, 40c. doz., postpaid.

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We offer a complete assortment of the following spring and winter flowering bulbs, for planting in October and November:

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## PALE ALE

# CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

## SMOKING MIXTURE

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### Over Two Million Canadians Carry "Winged Wheel" Cases

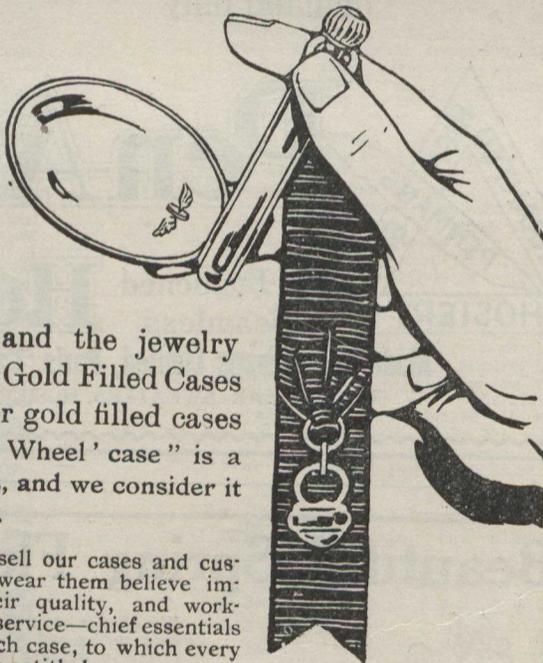
KEEPING faith with the public and the jewelry trade has made "Winged Wheel" Gold Filled Cases the standard of value for all other gold filled cases sold in Canada. "As good as the 'Winged Wheel' case" is a common expression amongst our competitors, and we consider it the highest compliment that could be paid us.

The policy of the American Watch Case Company has always been to stamp their trade mark upon no case which they could not absolutely guarantee, both as to quality of material and workmanship.

During a period of over a quarter of a century "Winged Wheel" cases have been sold to more than 2,000,000 Canadians, and in that time there has been no complaint which has not been cheerfully and promptly adjusted, and as an inevitable result of this policy.

jewelers who sell our cases and customers who wear them believe implicitly in their quality, and workmanship, and service—chief essentials of a good watch case, to which every buyer is justly entitled.

In addition to this, our company has always sold its product at prices as low as foreign cases, without any duty added, so that by buying "Winged Wheel" cases Canadians save the entire duty levied upon foreign goods.



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vice-president had related to his principal the general terms of the Transcontinental offer, and went on to say: "I had a wire from the surveyor yesterday—his name is Strong."

Strickland stiffened in his chair. "His name is what?"

"Strong—John Strong, Civil Engineer, and a mighty good——"

"Why on earth did you hire him?"

"Why on earth shouldn't I? It's a good thing I did."

Strickland bit his lip; after all—why on earth not? His recent sight of the unwelcome suitor had aroused all his animosity; he felt injured, almost insulted; and yet this man had made him a quarter of a million, but of course he didn't know it.

"Does Strong know I'm president of this road?" asked Strickland.

"No, he doesn't. I didn't tell him—thought you'd just as soon lie low till the deal went through."

"Jenkins, that's the best thing you ever did; if he had known, there would have been no deal."

Jenkins bridled a little. "There's one other thing," he said curtly. "We have agreed to give Strong five per cent. on the deal."

"Oh, you have, have you! And does Strong know that?"

"No; but we decided it was only fair if he made good. You needn't come in if you don't want to."

Strickland looked at him, speechless, and a clerk knocked. "Mr. Strong is in the waiting room, Mr. Jenkins."

The latter glanced at the president, who nodded convulsively, and Strong entered. His almost impersonal assurance did not desert him, even when, after shaking hands with the others, he bowed to Strickland, and said quietly:

"We have met before, sir."

Then, meeting the anxious question in Jenkins' face, he laid a roll of plans on the table.

"I have pleasure in submitting location plans of a railway from Red Harbour to an intersection with the Transcontinental on Height of Land. The government requirements have been met, and I think you can build a very good road at a reasonable cost. Duplicates have been sent to Ottawa."

Strickland's eyes, narrowed to a slit, were fixed on him; and Jenkins said:

"Mr. Strong, I may now tell you that that charter will be renewed tomorrow and sold to the Transcontinental for one million dollars, of which your share will be fifty thousand dollars."

"One minute, Jenkins," broke in Strickland explosively. "Mr. Strong and I are not on good terms; had he known I was president of this company, those plans would not be here."

The others stared at him, and a silence fell over the room, into which Strong's voice came, cool, clear, and passionless:

"That is a lie."

Strickland gasped and glared at the engineer, who added parenthetically: "I knew it all the time."

"You did, did you!" shouted the president. "And how——"

"My information is private."

His interrogator fixed on him a gaze so keen and penetrating that the others watched the two breathlessly. Then Strong spoke:

"Mr. Strickland, you once told me your opinion of engineers—is it still the same?"

Deep in the older man's heart, in spite of himself, stirred a thrill as those steady eyes met his. The man had known—he could not doubt it; there was truth in every line of his face; and having known, he did what he did. If his own boy had lived, would he not have had him do the same, and been proud of it? Slowly his hand rose, till it stretched toward the engineer.

"Mr. Strong, I was under a mistake, which I regret. I confirm all Mr. Jenkins has said. Will you dine with me to-night, as"—he hesitated a little—"as my chief engineer and my——"

Strong's eyes twinkled. "Your what, sir?"

"You'll have to get private information on that."

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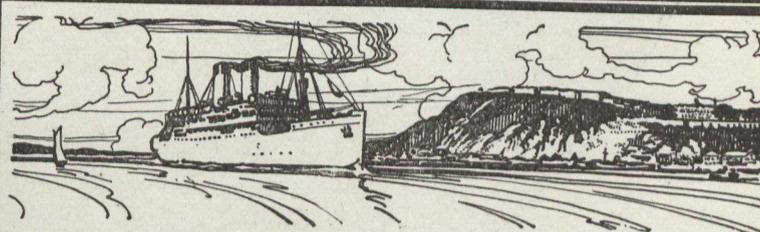
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**T**HE best Deer Hunting is on the line of the Canadian Northern Ontario, north of Parry Sound. Open season, Nov. 1st to 15th.

Partridges and Grouse are also very plentiful. Open season, Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th, both days inclusive.

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Compartment car contains 7 compartments, 1 drawing room, 8-seated parlor and railed observation platform. Each compartment contains its individual toilet requisites, and ensures absolute privacy. Entrance to compartments is effected by doors opening into an aisle running along the side of the car. Electric lighted throughout. The observation parlor is free to all sleeping car passengers on train. A new compartment car is attached to the 10 p.m. train from

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Double Electric Berth Lights.

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Deer and Moose abound in all that district known as the "Highlands of Ontario," reached by



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

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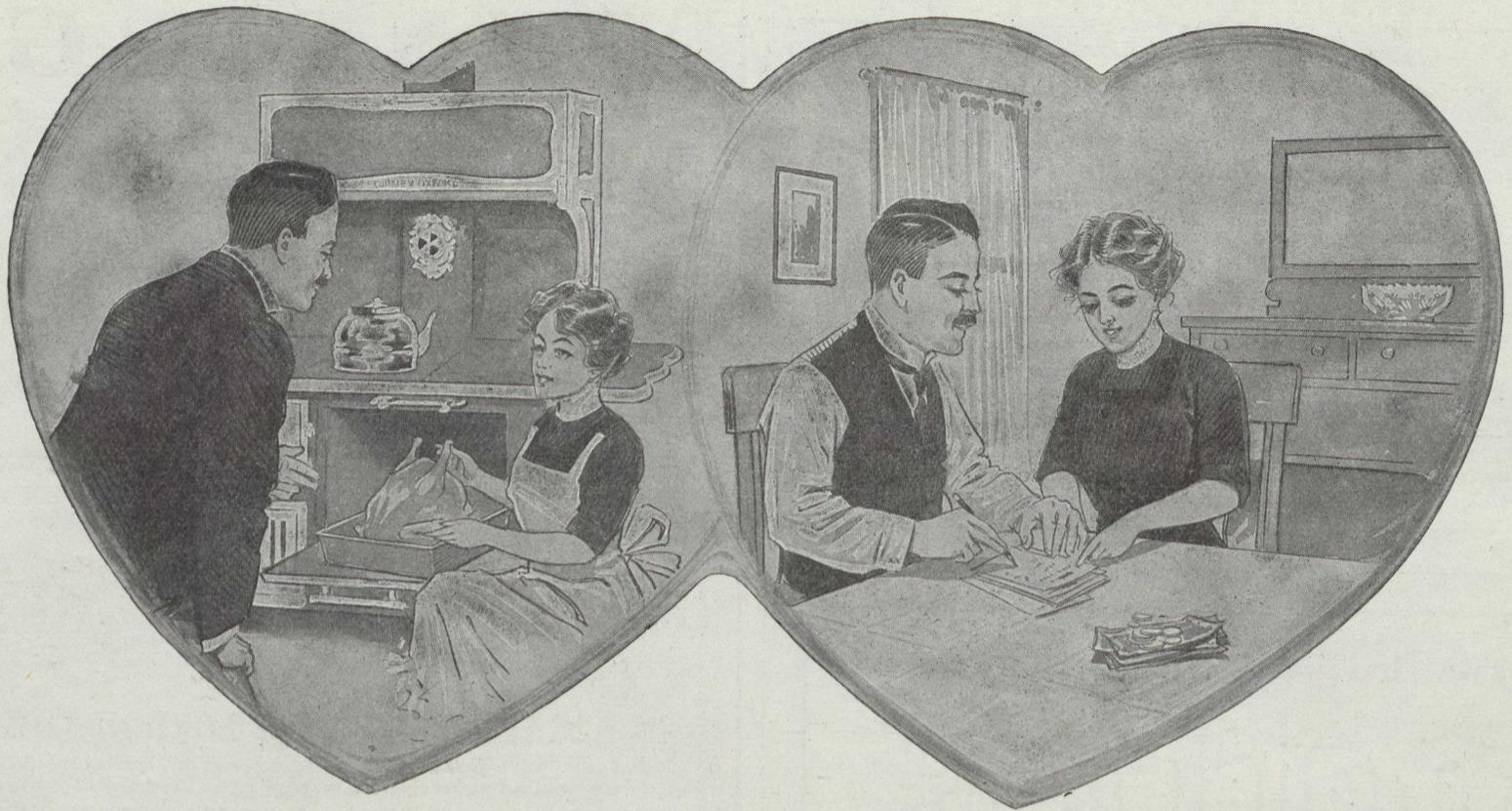
DEER—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.  
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**OPEN SEASON FOR SMALL GAME IN PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.**

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Write to the undersigned agents for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," containing maps, game laws, and all particulars:

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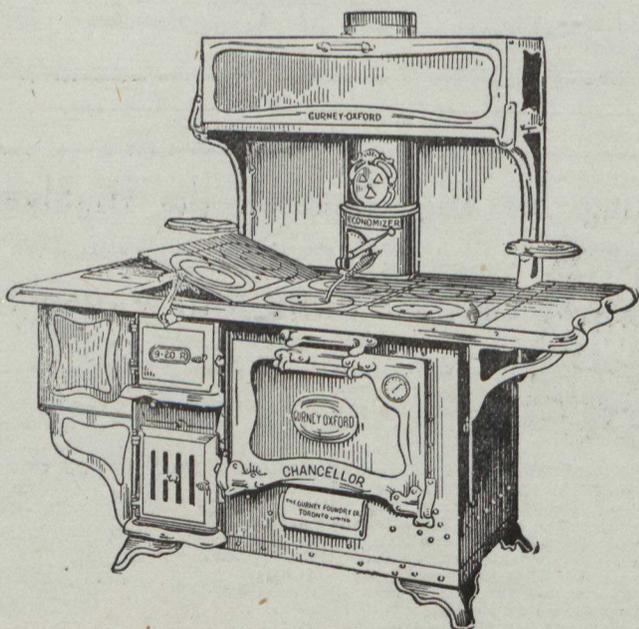


# Two Ways to a Man's Heart

## One Way

One way is through his *stomach*, a way that most women try three times every day in the year. And a good way, too, and an easy one if you have a Gurney-Oxford.

You don't watch anxiously every time John puts the carver into a fowl or joint. You know it's not only done *brown*, but the Gurney-Oxford heat is so controlled and steady that the flesh is tender and juicy, and the man at the platter beams with good humor.



## The Other Way

The other way to his heart is through his *pocketbook*. Again a sure and easy road if you have a Gurney-Oxford.

The wonderful saving in fuel effected by the Oxford Economizer is guarantee of good nature, and when you go over the grocery accounts together it warms the cockles of his heart to see how much you have saved.

Besides fuel, nothing is burnt or wasted. A pot will simmer all day over the low fire, with a gain in *food value*, as well as health and pocket.



## STOVES AND RANGES

promote peace and quiet, not only because of well-cooked food and reduced bills, but because of the added nerve-strength and leisure afforded by its ease of operation and care. The Oxford Economizer holds the merest edge of draft, and with the check of this marvellous damper you can leave the fire for hours unrefilled.

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