

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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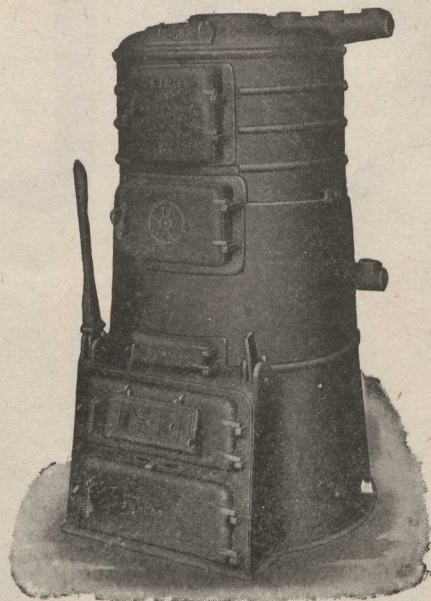
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 2

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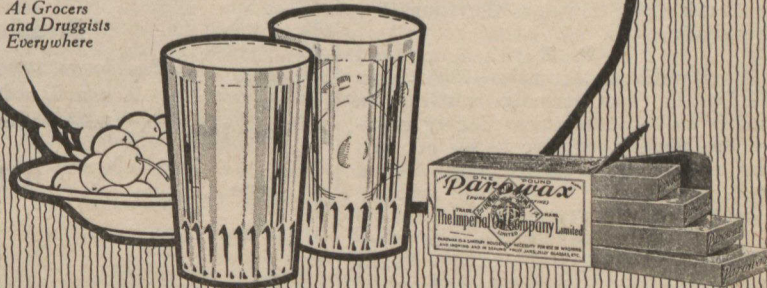
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In Lighter Vein

Sufficient.—A sad-faced little girl with a fistful of mud was standing in a sheltered corner of a grocery store, and was from time to time peering around down the street. "Who are you waiting for, little girl?" asked the man. "Henrietta." "What's Henrietta done?" asked the man, with a significant glance at the mud in the child's hand. "Nothin'. Don't you know she's queen of the May?"

A Little Different.—"I got my start in life through picking up a pin on the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw a pin, and—" "Oh, thunder! What a chestnut! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made you head of the firm." "No. I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for five hundred dollars. It was a diamond pin."—Bazar.

It Came High.—"That must have required considerable preliminary practice," said the tenderfoot, as Blizzard Bill shot the ashes from the cigar his partner was smoking at a distance of forty feet. "Practice," said William; "I should twitter. I guess I spiled more'n two dozen Chinamen learnin' that there trick."—Indianapolis Journal.

Might Play Like the Deuce.—The rector of a country parish in Texas, who was revising his sermon one Sunday morning, was waited upon in his study by his organist, who asked what he should play. "I don't know," said the rector, absent-mindedly; "what kind of a hand have you got?"

Would Maintain Its Status.—Sentimental Young Lady—"Ah, professor, what would this old oak say if it could talk?"

Professor—"It would say, 'I am an elm!'"—Fliegende Blatter.

His Limit.—A farmer in great need of extra hands at having time finally asked Si Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he could help him out. "What'll ye pay?" asked Si.

"I'll pay what you're worth," answered the farmer.

Si scratched his head a minute, then announced decisively:

"I'll be durned if I'll work fer that!"—Everybody's.

Modern Version.

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going parading, you mutt," she said.

"And what is the axe for, my pretty maid?"

"Why, to bust the shop windows, of course," she said.

"Then I won't delay you, my pretty maid!"

"You'd better not try to, old boy," she said.

—Life.

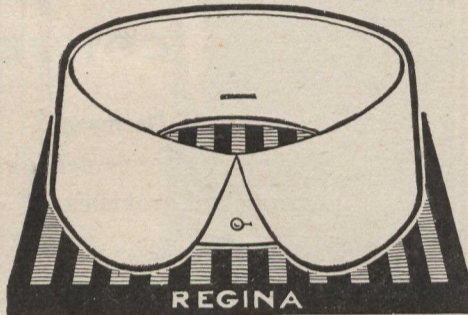
His Kind.—A traveller who believed himself to be sole survivor of a shipwreck upon a cannibal isle hid for three days, in terror of his life. Driven out by hunger, he discovered a thin wisp of smoke rising from a clump of bushes inland, and crawled carefully to study the type of savages about it. Just as he reached the clump he heard a voice say: "Why in —— did you play that card?" He dropped on his knees and, devoutly raising his hands, cried:

"Thank God, they are Christians!"—Everybody's.

His Devotional Attitude.—Eight-year-old Donald was usually restless in church, so his mother was doubly gratified one Sunday morning to see him sitting with clasped hands and bowed head throughout a lengthy prayer. When, later, she expressed appreciation of his attentive manner, the boy's face softened with a pleasant memory. "That fly," he chuckled, "walked in and out of my hands exactly two hundred and seventy times!"—Harper's Magazine.

Fooker Collars

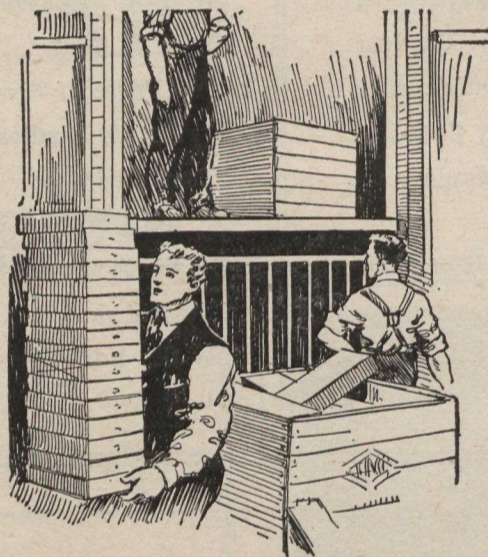
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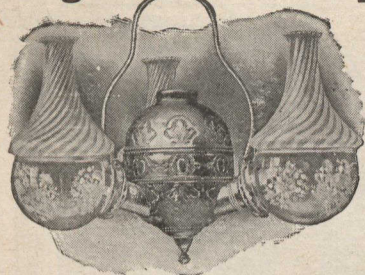
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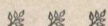
E. BOUCHER, St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.

Editor's Talk

CANADA is fast becoming a tax-paying country. Indeed, there are those who argue that taxes in Canada are already higher than in any other progressive country, with the possible exception of Australia and New Zealand. This is largely due to the fact that unearned wealth is allowed to go into private hands rather than into the general purse. Dr. Miller deals with this to some extent in the third article in his series, which will appear next week. All the first profit from opening up a new city sub-division goes into the city's treasury in Germany; whereas in Canada it goes into the pockets of real estate promoters.

The question naturally arises: Shall we abolish the real estate Sub-Divider? If he is to be abolished, how is this to be done? Shall he be legislated out of existence, or shall each city be left to adopt its own measures to eliminate him? What is the most practical method.

We would like to have our readers take up this subject and discuss it. If the elimination of the sub-divider would decrease taxation in Canadian towns and cities 25 to 50 per cent., as Dr. Miller's articles seem to indicate, the matter is of supreme economic importance. Therefore we invite correspondence.



Every young person in Canada has read "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," or some one of the beautiful stories by L. M. Montgomery, the Prince Edward Island novelist. Most of the older people have read them, too. Next week we shall publish a special short story by this writer entitled "The Education of Sally." The heroine is a fatherless ten-year-old girl, whose education is undertaken by a bachelor and old admirer of Sally's mother. And she grows older and wiser under his careful training as a heroine should. But when she passes from girlhood to womanhood, then comes the inevitable rebellion. The story is simple enough; the charm is in the telling of it—the same sweet, wholesome charm which Miss Montgomery has planted deep in all her wonderful work. There will be special illustrations by Lismer.

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Norman Angell's Message

(Toronto "Star.")

THE assumed name of Angell naturally suggests the millennium, and Mr. Angell's large eyes and his appearance of physical frailty—which is only an appearance—tempt the impressionist to describe him as a dreamer—which he is not. After he has finished his speech, those of his hearers who are not convinced say, not that he is a dreamer, but that he is "clever," or "bright"—as if by mental adroitness he had maintained a position otherwise untenable.

There is in this age a strong and growing sentiment against war—a feeling that it is not only cruel, but ridiculous and out of accord with modern standards of civilization. Mr. Angell's demonstration of this truth is not a piece of extraordinary ingenuity, but simply a manifestation of the intellectual clearness which dispels prejudice. This prejudice, as the title of his famous book shows, is founded upon illusion. The basic truth is that the interests of men, women, and children all over the world are not conflicting but identical; and this applies, not only to their material, but to their moral, intellectual, and spiritual interests.

There is a very simple test of the truth of this proposition. Apply yourself to any useful public work, such as the prevention or cure of disease, the establishment of public playgrounds, the housing of the people. Ask yourself whether the pursuit of this ideal could possibly be made an excuse or justification for war between civilized nations. It is because this identity of interest in social welfare is clearly perceived that we regard war between Canada and the United States as out of the question. Eventually, it must be perceived that it is world-wide in its application.

The Hudson's Bay Route

(Edmonton "Bulletin.")

THE Minister of Railways announced that it is expected to have the Hudson's Bay railway completed next year, and that it will be finished during the following year at latest. Port Nelson, he said, has been chosen as the Bay terminus rather than Fort Churchill, because construction to the latter place would be more costly.

Unfortunately, the harbour facilities at Nelson are not naturally as good as at Churchill, and a vast amount of work must be done at great expense to make the port serviceable. This extra cost in the preparation of the harbour will probably get away with most of, or all of, the money that may be saved in constructing the railway to Nelson instead of to Churchill. What is of as much importance, unless the harbour improvements are begun promptly and carried on energetically, the railway will have to lie useless after it is completed until the harbour improvements are made. And to send around to the Bay and maintain there an expedition to carry on the harbour work before the railway has been completed would be an abnormally expensive business.

Western people will hope that the Minister's forecast as to the time of completion may be fulfilled.

Some Trade Figures

(Winnipeg "Telegram.")

CANADA'S trade last fiscal year, the year ending March 31st last, reached the total of over a billion dollars, that is, one thousand million dollars. This is equal to an average of \$125 for every man, woman, and child in the country. Putting the average family at five people, it means \$625 per family.

Whittaker's almanac gives the total trade figures of other countries and deducting the odd figures, and working out the per capita figures—the only real basis of comparison—some interesting results are obtained.

The trade of the United Kingdom is \$6,185,000,000 which works out at \$135 per head; the United States \$3,859,000,000 which is \$43 per head; Germany, \$4,785,000,000, or \$74 per head; France, \$2,660,000,000, or \$40 per head. Belgium leads the world in per capita trade, its total being \$1,615,000,000, which works out at \$215 per head of population.

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



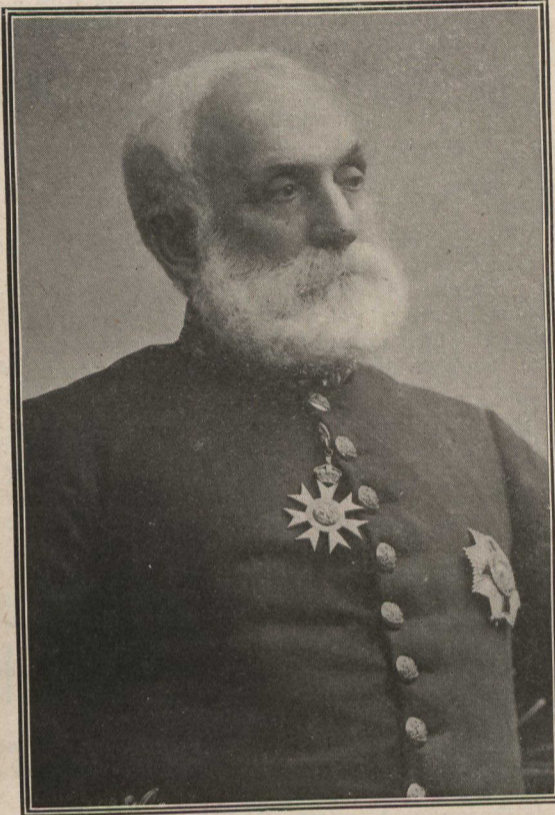
The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIV.

June 14, 1913

No. 2



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL

The Oldest Journalist in the Dominion, But Still Active, and Full of Fight.

Our Nonagenarians

CANADA has had several famous nonagenarians, but none more popular than those two ancient political warriors, whose latest pictures are reproduced on this page. Sir Mackenzie Bowell is in his ninety-first year, recently recovered from an accident which compelled him to spend a few weeks in a Toronto hospital, and was able to make a fighting speech on the Naval Bill in the Senate a fortnight ago. For a man born in December, 1828, he is a marvel.

Sir Charles Tupper visited Amherst, N.S., for the last time a few weeks ago, and among other events sat for his photograph, which graces this page—his last photograph in Canada. He is over in England spending his latter years with his daughter, and occasionally giving a reporter his views as to the wickedness of Canadian partisanship in imperial matters. We may not all agree with him as to who are the partisans in this case, but we are all with him when he deprecates this evil in our political life.

Canada's Oldest Printer

SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL is probably the oldest newspaper man on the continent. He was a printer's devil on the Belleville *Intelligencer*, which he and his son now own, before the turbulent days of 1837. Seventy-nine years in one office is a record. He was not a member of the Quebec Conference of 1864, and cannot, like Sir Charles Tupper, be called a "Father of Confederation," but he was one of the first sons. He sat in the first parliament after Confederation, and in all the succeeding parliaments. Since 1893, he has been in the Senate. For four short months in 1896 he was Premier. Why he did not remain longer in that position, ask George Eulas Foster and the others of the "nest of traitors."

Senator Sir Mackenzie Bowell is not the oldest Senator, either. Senator William J. Macdonald,

Men of To-Day

of Victoria, is the senior member of that body, having been called thither just forty-two years ago. Senator Boucherville, of Quebec, is six years older than Sir Mackenzie. But these are the triumphant three so far as longevity is concerned. Any one of them may equal Senator Wark's record of celebrating his hundredth birthday in the Second Chamber.

In physique, Sir Mackenzie is of only average height, but with a tremendous depth of chest. Abstemious and active are the words which best describe his methods of life. He has worked hard all his days, but used his energy always in directions which did not affect his physical vigour. There were no rash and vulgar excesses. His cheeriness is also characteristic, but he could never have been termed flippant. He was always serious, too, but never serious enough to be termed a heavyweight.

Sir Mackenzie is a grand citizen, loyal to his Sovereign and loyal to his native land, staunch in his convictions, and hating treachery in business or politics. To say more would be to designate him as a model—which he is nearly.

The First Canadian General

HIS Majesty King George is reported to have looked askance at some of the recommendations which came from Canada for birthday honours. This is not the first time that a British sovereign has ignored Canadian recommendations, and there are some very wicked people in Canada who think that he approved some recommendations when he should have ignored them. Be that as it may, the honour of knighthood, which has come to General Otter, will meet with the approval of all the people. Indeed, as the first Canadian general to command the Canadian army he was entitled to recognition of this kind as early as the Quebec Tercentenary. At that time he received

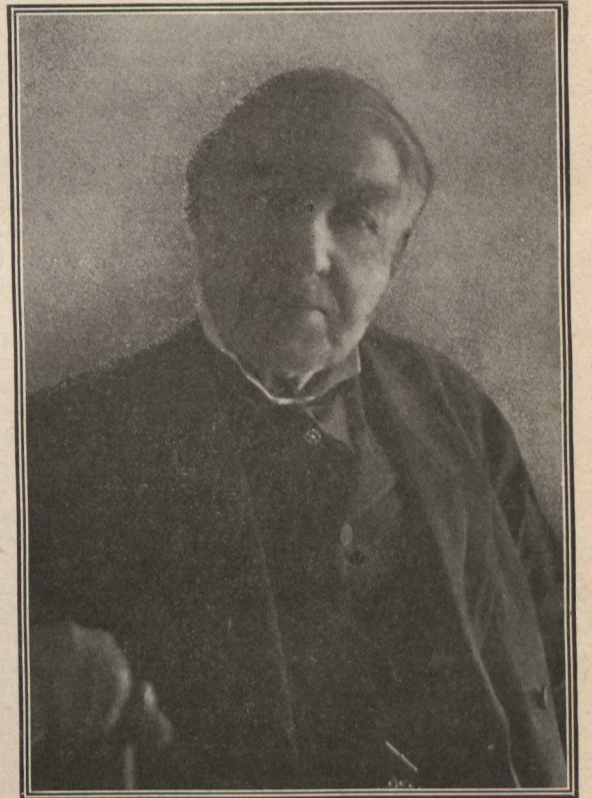


GENERAL SIR WILLIAM DILLON OTTER

The First Canadian to Command the Canadian Army—Now Retired.

only a C. V. O. Now he is Major-General Sir William Dillon Otter, K. C. B., C. V. O.

General Otter was born in the county of Huron many years ago. Indeed, he will shortly have reached the psalmist's limit. He began his military career as a private in the Queen's Own Rifles, To-



SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART.

Photo Taken at Amherst, May 6, 1913, by Carl W. Pridham. This Was Before Sir Charles Sailed for England.

ronto, later taking a commission and rising to be commanding officer of the regiment. This was accomplished by sheer merit. He had neither birth nor wealth to help him. He won all his advancement on the strength of being a good soldier and a good organizer. His first active service as an officer was in the Rebellion of '85, when he commanded the Battleford Column. It has always been a moot point as to whether this Column covered itself with glory or not, but it at least did its duty fearlessly and in a soldierly manner. When the first Canadian contingent was sent to South Africa, in October, 1899, General Otter was in command. He was wounded during the campaign and returned at the end of a year. He was mentioned in dispatches twice, was made Companion of the Bath and received the Queen's medal with four clasps. He also had the honour of being presented to Queen Victoria with his men on the way home from Africa.

After serving as Inspector-General and Chief-of-Staff of the Canadian forces, he retired last October with full rank and pension. Sir William and Lady Otter will reside in Toronto.

Bishop Comes Steerage

THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES H. BRENT, Episcopal bishop of the Philippine Islands, and a full-blooded Canadian, has shocked the "priesthood" by coming from Liverpool to New York steerage. He lived with the steerage passengers, ate the same food, rubbed shoulders and talked with them. He wanted to be close to the common people. Such conduct beats that of the Bishop of London. It indicates that some of the Episcopal clergymen of this continent are real democrats, as was John Wesley and, in his early days, General Booth. It is the promise of a wonderful to-morrow's dawn, when there will be less

(Concluded on page 20.)

ANNABEL'S

VEIL By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

ANNABEL HARLOWE was born a reformer. The desire to better things and persons—especially persons—showed itself at so early an age that her immediate family circle began to pay deference to her criticisms and conclusions before she had reached the age of nine. Yet she was not an unattractive child. One felt that her craving for the unusual, for what she considered the only right, was to be reckoned with and allowed for in her as the artistic temperament exacts certain immunities from unfortunate non-possessors. Having passed through various phases of mental healing, theosophy, socialism and dress reform, she became at the age of sixteen a pronounced vegetarian, thoroughly imbued with the belief that all life is "sacred." At that time her father had a stable boy—George, by name—who had just been dismissed for careless driving. Annabel disliked the boy; partly because he called her Miss Hannibal, partly because he treated her suggestions as to the care and training of horses with a fathomless silence that seemed to betoken a contempt as profound. Nevertheless, as she entered the kitchen one evening to request the cook to drive all flies from the door with flappers, instead of yielding to the inhuman impulse to destroy them by poison or sticky paper, she was suddenly struck by the reflection that George, whose life was probably worth much more in the scale of things than many flies, was about to leave her home, and, by so doing, depart outside the circle of her influence. Annabel had a very high regard for her own powers of persuasion. She had not lived long enough to learn that personal influence has as much chance to make itself felt as a grain of wheat has to grow. The grain may fall on a rock, on iron or wood, paper or plush; or it may fall on the right kind of soil under favouring conditions.

However, at sixteen, Annabel was full of youth and high emprise. She saw before her a gawky young fellow eating his last meal at her parents' kitchen table—gobbling it down with an expression of mingled defiance and contempt and sending scarcely a glance in her direction. He had the air of one who is saying, "Well, I am done with your folks, and, thank heaven, I am done with you, too!" Annabel observed that in manner and appearance he had not improved a particle since he came to them several months previous, and her zeal for reform began to simmer.

"Good evening, George," said she, sweetly, striving to transfix him with a starry gaze.

"Evenin'," returned George, slouching over his supper rather more than usual, by way of refusing to be transfixed. This was a direct insult, not only to herself, but to her costume, which chanced to be particularly becoming. Annabel was an artist as well as a reformer, and nowhere did she show her good taste to effectively as in the gowns that revealed the charm of her flexile figure and blonde hair. The uncouth boy, looking up in spite of himself, was surprised to catch a look of appeal in the generally cool, blue eyes.

"You leave us to-night, don't you, George?"

"Yes'm." Then with a touch of superiority, "I got a good offer and I mean to take it at once."

"A good offer?" The fair brows puckered.

"Yes. Assistant in a butcher shop. I'm going into the butcher business."

ANNABEL was plainly horrified. "Oh, George, don't—don't think of such a thing."

"No?" The boy paused in his gobbling with a look of amused toleration. "Well, I guess yes. It's a good paying business."

"Oh, but George, you couldn't—you really couldn't bring yourself to kill a poor little lamb."

"That's true enough." George leaned back in his chair and stirred his tea judiciously. "I couldn't kill a poor little lamb—there wouldn't be enough meat on it; I'd wait till it was a good fat sheep." His laugh was hilarious, as of one who had made a good point. Tears of vexation and disgust rose to Annabel's eyes. She put up her handkerchief. In that moment George felt the virtue of his resolution ooze away from him. Instinctively he rose, and his tone was absolutely respectful. "Very well, Miss Harlowe, I'll not do this as a steady job, as you don't wish it. I'll look out for something else."

It was a moment of triumph. Annabel dashed away the tears and smiled again. "Good!" she exclaimed, and withdrew, feeling that after all there is no limit to the delights of personal influence if the subject is approached in the right way. Three



"In manner and appearance he had not improved a particle."

Illustrations by A. Clark.

weeks later she received a letter which decidedly modified this opinion. It was as follows:

"Dear Miss

i am now in a pozishun to offer you my hand and hert wich i wud of dun sooner if id node your feelings tored me. Ples let me heer from you at wunst. remember annabel i gave up the boocher bussyness for you am now agent for pilow sham holders and wil soon hav enuf to marry on. Trooly your luving George."

Annabel experienced a half hour of acute hysteria; then in the inevitable reaction she bethought herself of the kind of letter that a person troubled with this form of idiocy was most in need of. The result was a communication based upon the highest philanthropic motives—full of a large commiseration for the unimagined folly of which he had been guilty and a compassionate wish to spare him the pain he so amply merited. Annabel was telepathic enough to feel, a few days later, that her epistolary shot had hit the mark; the young man had been made to measure in some degree his own gross presumption. At the same time an ungoverned sense of humour in Annabel's makeup made her realize that George would forever execrate her as the means of getting him out of the profitable "boocher bussyness."

FOR a few years Annabel limited her desire to reform her acquaintances to those of her own sex. As a hobby it seemed to bring poor returns. Older women had a material habit of smiling indulgently when she strove to show them how their children should be brought up and why they should not be vaccinated, and the society of girls of her own age was to her wholly insipid. At last Destiny smiled on her in the person of her mother's laundress—a woman who came to the house every wash-day when she did not happen to be incapacitated by strong drink. Annabel paid her a visit in her cheerless home and returned with the encouraging report that she had left Mrs. Porter in tears. "I am sure she regrets the error of her ways," continued Annabel. "I mean to stand right by her and help her reform."

Annabel's brother, Harold, confronted her with a skeptical eye. "What's the sense, Ann?" he inquired. "Joe Porter drinks as hard as his wife does. They are a thoroughly congenial pair; two souls with but a single thought—to get as drunk as possible. Why disturb a domestic felicity so harmonious, so rare and so complete?"

Annabel wasted no time in defence or explanation of her motives. She took up Mrs. Porter with characteristic enthusiasm and energy, and results justified her confidence in her own powers. The poor woman had not reached the sodden stage of her trouble. She was susceptible and responsive to sympathetic human interest. There was something captivating in finding a friend who treated her weakness as a disease to be medicined by sanitary living, sun-

shine, fresh air, digestible food and right thinking. Mrs. Porter was also sustained and soothed by the consciousness that she was not condescended to. Annabel petted her and fussed over her, praised her when she kept her pledge and mingled very genuine tears of grief with hers when she failed to do so. She was to Annabel a fascinating subject of interest.

When Mrs. Porter's reformation was seemingly complete—that is, when she had maintained uninterrupted sobriety for the space of six months—a new difficulty arose. It was put into words by Mrs. Porter herself, on an evening when she was waiting the return of her liege lord. "You see, Miss, it makes it all the harder for me, not being a drinking woman no more, when it comes to dealing with a man like Joe. He comes in of a night and hits me a clout over the head, and me with not a drop of whiskey in me to give me strength to hit him back again. My, there was many a grand fight me and Joe used to pull off in the old days, but that's all past! I'm as weak as water now."

"NO, you're not, Mrs. Porter," declared the valiant young reformer. "You're stronger than ever. The thing to do now is to reform your husband."

"Reform the Old Nick," retorted the woman, with sour brevity; "you don't know Joe."

The opportunity of making his acquaintance was at hand, as he thumped in at that moment. With a black eye, a cut on his brow which ensanguined the dirty handkerchief bound about it, a visage half fierce, half defiant, and a breath which forced Miss Harlowe temporarily to cease from breathing, he was as ideal a subject for reform as the heart of the most ardent philanthropist could desire. Annabel felt an instantaneous quickening of her most cherished impulses. She acknowledged the introduction by extending her hand. "I am so glad you have come, Mr. Porter," she said, quite as if he were an intimate friend; "I should have gone home before this, and now it is dark, and I don't quite like to go through the village alone. Perhaps you would be kind enough to accompany me."

She said it in exactly the right way. No hint of condescension, no trace of consciousness that she was not addressing a social equal. Mr. Porter was Irish enough to adapt himself instantly to the unexpected circumstances. "Don't care if I do," he



"She strove to show how their children should be brought up."

said, gruffly, and stalked off by her side with the protective air of a sullen mastiff. When she parted from him at the gate of her home she shook hands again, and her last words to him were, "You owe it to yourself, Mr. Porter, to rise to your highest level and to do your utmost best."

Joe Porter had listened to personal exhortation before, usually with an unpalatable admixture of reproof and denunciation. This girl treated him like a valued friend, whom she earnestly wished to serve. He pushed out his chest as he went back home. "Owed it to himself!" That was a good notion. He must remember that.

As a subject for permanent reform Joe proved more difficult than Annabel had anticipated. She went at the work with cheerful persistence, helped him up every time he fell, repeatedly affirmed her belief in his ability to conquer himself, treated him always as a comrade who was temporarily a patient in the Hospital of Infirm Will Power, visited him in jail, where he was confined more than once for petty theft, and persuaded her father to engage him as a gardener when no one else could be induced to give him work of any kind. Annabel passed through a year of strenuous effort on behalf of a fellow creature who gave her nothing in return save the gradually increasing conviction that her labours had not been in vain.

It was during this second year of her acquaintance with the Porters that Annabel, returning from a brisk walk on a windy day in spring, felt her veil free itself from the last confining pin, and, taking a hasty flight across the lawn, clutch at a syringa bush. As the gardener ran to secure it she nodded brightly to him and passed on up to her room, ex-



"He was as ideal a subject for reform as the heart of the most ardent philanthropist could desire."

pecting momentarily that the article would be sent up to her. As it failed to appear she concluded that the wind had swept it from the man's reach, and gave no farther thought to the matter. Some weeks later Harold faced her with an ominously frowning brow. "Ann, do you know where your veil is hiding?"

"My veil?" she echoed, wonderingly.

"Yes, the one that blew off a month ago. It's pinned inside Joe Porter's vest. I saw it there today when he was weeding the roses. The old cow is in love with you!"

Annabel's heart sank down and down until it reached a well of bitterness in which it threatened to drown. This was the end, then, of all feminine philanthropic effort. The insane vanity of the male animal was such that no act of purely human kindness could escape misinterpretation. She resolved to leave reformation to the reformatories in future—at least till after she was sixty years of age. But all she vouchsafed her brother was an abrupt, "I don't believe it."

"Yes, you do. Go and ask him for your veil, then, and see what he says."

But this was a step that Annabel was loath to take. It might precipitate an avowal of the sort that she dreaded the most. The more prudent way she felt would be to forget his existence for a few weeks. A long anticipated trip to Muskoka gave her the opportunity she desired. On her return she greeted him with a chilly nod, which he acknowledged with a clumsy bow. Then he stood quietly awaiting the eager handshake and the interested queries regarding himself and his flowers which

(Concluded on page 24.)

Municipal Reform

Second of Three Articles of Special Value to Good Citizens

By J. O. MILLER

ONE important reason for the inefficiency of our municipal government is the frequent change in the membership of our councils.

The business man best fitted to be of service to a city dreads the turmoil of annual elections. In fact, the game of civic politics, as at present played, has little to commend it to the type of men that every city would do well to call to its counsels. If our aldermen were elected for six years, as they are in Germany, and if they were relieved from all questions of patronage, and the necessity of securing special favours for their constituents, the very best citizens would be moved by patriotic considerations to give both time and personal effort to the bettering of social and material conditions, and to the increasing of prosperity and progress in their cities.

In the German cities councillors are elected for six years, and one-third of them retire biennially. There are no nominations, and the voting is open and not by ballot. An absolute majority is necessary to election. At least one-half of the councillors must be owners of real estate.

In the Prussian cities there is a curious method of electing councillors which seems foreign to our democratic ideas. It is called the three-class system of voting. According to this plan, the total amount of taxes levied is divided into three equal parts. The wealthy men, who pay one-third of the taxes, elect a third of the city council. The larger number, who pay the second third of the taxes, elect another third. The great mass of smaller taxpayers elect the remaining third of the council. In the city of Essen, the seat of the Krupp works, three voters elect the first third; four hundred voters elect the second third; while the last third is elected by about nineteen thousand voters. In Berlin, in 1903, the strength of the voting classes was as follows: Class I., 1857; Class II., 29,711; Class III., 317,537.

THIS system would probably not commend itself to Canadians. There is doubtless much to be said against it. But it has this merit. The weight of influence is placed in the hands of the wealthier citizens, who are naturally inclined to see that their money is prudently expended. The history of these Prussian cities amply bears this out, for it seems to be admitted on all sides that they offer to the whole world a model of wise and economical civic management.

The Canadian sojourner in Germany is somewhat surprised to find that the German municipal councils are composed of the very best citizens, a thing that can hardly be said of our own boards of aldermen. In the city council of Berlin there are about twenty lawyers and physicians, and twice

that number of men of means who are not in active business. The same thing may be said of Dresden, Frankfort, Munich, and other places. The visitor is told that German citizens look upon the call to civic service as a very high honour. He is impressed with the civic pride that he sees wherever he goes. There is a law that anyone who refuses to serve in the council after election shall pay a heavy fine, but one imagines that it is very rarely enforced. It must be said that the Germans have got hold of the idea of personal public service in municipal affairs in a perfectly astonishing way.

DOUBTLESS, the holding of office confers a certain amount of social prestige upon a German citizen, but this is not enough in itself to account for the sacrifice of private business interests involved in service of the city. Certainly, the office of councillor presents no attractions to the man who seeks the position for his personal advantage. He receives no salary; he has no patronage under his control; he cannot directly benefit his friends. He goes into the council, looking to long years of service, without reward other than what prestige it may bring, and chiefly from the sense of civic patriotism. In the city council of Berlin there are men who have served for over a quarter of a century.

In some of the larger German cities there are, in addition to the councillors elected by the people, citizen deputies, appointed by the council. These deputies are drawn from all ranks of the population and are appointed for a term of six years, without pay. They assist the magistrat and council in the management of departments calling for large numbers in their administration, and are an unique feature in civic government. In Berlin they number about one hundred, drawn into the service of the city for special purposes. One of these departments may be shortly described.

In Berlin perhaps the largest civic department is that concerned with the care of the poor. This branch of the public service is put in charge of a committee composed of members of the magistrat, the council, the body of citizen deputies, and a large number of private citizens called by the council to this special work. The committee is under the direct control of the magistrat. It supervises all charitable institutions, and directs the work of district sub-committees, who administer poor relief. For the actual work of poor relief, the city is divided into twenty-six sections. Each section is subdivided into districts, of which there

are about two hundred and fifty. Each district has its own small commission, drawn from the large central committee, with the addition of private citizens specially appointed. Every district is again subdivided into small sections, over each of which one member exercises personal supervision. Those who need relief are thus brought into personal touch with some one officially appointed, and yet not in the ordinary sense a civic official, or what we understand by the term, "poor-law officer." But the really remarkable feature of this system is that a German city should be able to draw into its service for the single department of the care of the poor, four thousand five hundred private citizens, all voluntary workers, animated by civic pride or philanthropic purpose.

The main problem for us in Canada is how to interest our best citizens in the affairs of city government, so that they will become willing to give time and personal effort for the general good, not spasmodically, but persistently, as one of the main duties of life, and as the hall-mark of good citizenship; a problem not easy, or capable of solution off-hand. The English cities which a century ago were badly and dishonestly governed have become models of municipal management through the slow arousing of the civic conscience. Those who imagine that government by commission will prove a panacea for all civic ills are probably doomed to disappointment. No single change of method will work the desired miracle. It must come through the education of the masses who hold the franchise, and the development of public opinion.

FROM what we know as to the form of municipal government in Germany, it will be seen that its great strength lies in its permanency. It is like a great business corporation, whose directors decide on all questions of policy and general guidance; whose general manager carries into effect the purpose and policy of the directors, and whose heads of departments have complete charge of all the details of operation. With a permanent mayor, and a permanent magistrat, and a council as nearly permanent as is possible under an elective system, the German city has an immense advantage over those less fortunately situated in these respects, in being able to decide on a line of policy that may take years to come to fruition. This is seen in all their plans regarding the laying out of their cities, and the public ownership of lands. Nothing is more surprising to the visitor to Germany than the immense tracts of land owned by the principal cities. Within the last ten years Frankfort has expended on the purchase of lands over \$50,000,000. There is no limit to the borrowing power of the

German city, provided it can show evidence of solvency. The purchase of lands by a city is generally looked upon as good business. Frankfort owns 12,800 acres of land inside the corporation, which is over 50 per cent. of the whole, and 3,800 acres outside, a total of 16,600 acres. Breslau owns 12,800 acres; Cologne, 10,000; Munich, 13,600; Strassburg, 12,000; while Berlin owns 39,000 acres. Mannheim owns over half the land within the corporation limits.

The benefits of large ownership of land by cities are obvious.

1. It enables the authorities to lay out the city to the best advantage, and to make plans for its future development as well as for present needs.

2. It makes it possible to keep factories together in fixed localities.

3. It aids the city in the making of new streets and in the control of buildings and building sites, and avoids conflict with non-progressive interests.

4. It enables councils to make their cities comfortable for residents, beautiful for visitors, and attractive to outsiders, who may think of establishing large business interests there.

5. It tends to put a check upon land speculation. It would be idle to suppose that there is no speculation in land in German cities, but it does not obtain to anything like the same extent as on this continent. German municipal authorities are keenly on the look-out for lands that may be needed to provide for the increase of population, and buy them in the open market. The writer asked the head of the assessment department in Munich what would happen if he were to outbid the city for a

block of land that might soon be taken into the corporation. His answer was to the effect that the buyer might as well, for any gain he was likely to make out of it, dig a grave and bury himself in it; for the city would not allow streets to be made, or light, water, or sewerage to be supplied, until the owner was ready to sell the land to the city.

6. But probably the strongest argument for municipal ownership of land is that the unearned increment accrues to the whole population, and eventually to the benefit of the tax-payer. If only a portion of the profits made in the last four or five years by individuals, in subdividing lands and selling building lots, in our Canadian towns and cities, had gone into the municipal treasuries, our tax-bills would be lower, and our social unrest less active. There can be no doubt that the increase in wealth of the German cities during the last quarter of a century has been to a very considerable extent due to their policy of purchasing large tracts of land, and putting the rentals and the profit upon sales, as they occurred, into the public treasury. The general wealth of the German towns and cities is astonishing. Of course, many of them have owned their lands for centuries, and some have had estates bequeathed to them. But it is a very remarkable evidence of prudent management that in one thousand five hundred municipalities no local taxes are levied. The public revenues cover all the yearly expenses. In several hundred places the revenues so far exceed the annual expenditures that those who would ordinarily pay taxes receive from the municipalities yearly dividends of from two hundred to four hundred marks.



“If you want a million dollars for anything,” advised the ubiquitous fellow who always wants something without working for it, “just go up on the Hill and ask for it; they will vote it to you!” When you have been obliged to look five dollars long and tenderly in the face before parting with so hard-earned a possession, the free expenditure of several thousand dollars a minute, appeals by its very mad extravagance. A feeling of boundless monetary power creeps over the spectator in the House of Commons now, as he hears the main estimates and most of the supplementary ones voted. What is twenty or thirty million dollars to us? These were a little slow in coming before the House, but when they came, they were speedily finished up. Said a surveyor, last week, “I left Ottawa officially ten days ago, but as no money has been voted our department I am still in town—on field salary.”

I THINK of all the Ministers, Mr. Pelletier has had the busiest and most talkative time. In any bill relating to the postal service, there is certain to be lively warfare between the P. M. G. present and the ex-Post Master. But the Stamp Vending Machine discussion, lately instigated by Mr. Lemieux (and disposed of somewhat to his discomfiture), and transportation of mail carriers—to say nothing of the Parcels Post Bill, have kept the Minister almost constantly upon his feet, and his wits sharpened to needle points.

In regard to the last named Bill, the Opposition put up a strong fight, contending that no Minister should be invested with such authority as the Parcels Post Bill would give to the Hon. Mr. Pelletier, as to the fixing of rates and so on. Mr. Oliver voiced the sentiment that the Bill was only brought down for effect, because it could not be carried out before another session, and the contentious ex-post-master argued that there was nothing in the Bill which is not already authorized under a certain section of the Post Office Act. Mr. Burnham then rose to accuse the Opposition of holding up the Bill in order to work in the interest of the express companies, which remark was greeted with jeers. The Bill was read a third time and passed.

But Mr. Pelletier had by no means finished. There was the matter of mail carriers' transportation to be taken up. Let it be known to the everlasting credit of Toronto the Good, that she is the only one of the larger eastern cities apparently combining humanity with business—she carries the hard-working links between Here and There at the lowest rate.

Postmen in Toronto ride for \$34 per head, or \$12,000 a year, for the 355 employed. In spite of this good example Montreal—but then every one knows what to expect from the Montreal Tram Company!—was with difficulty persuaded to come to an agreement by which her postmen may swing by a strap (if they can find one) at \$50 per head, or \$15,000 a year. And Ottawa, the Beautiful, I shame to say, does not exemplify the adage that handsome is as handsome does; rather, the classic maxim which asserts, “The higher, the fewer!” In the Capital, there are but 87 letter-carriers and these are charged at the rate of \$75 per head. The Post Master complained that this was unreasonable, but, you see, Ottawa has bought some new cars.

ONE of the most far-reaching measures put through its final stages was the passing of the Bank Act, as amended by the Senate. Opposition to it was keen and bitter. Eight party bolters on the Conservative side and two Liberals, stood up on their hind legs and hurled defiance in the teeth of their advisory chiefs. The Finance Minister, himself, had to admit that the Senate had done nothing of great importance, allowing the Bill, virtually, to stand exactly where it had stood for the last twenty years. But he urged caution in making any changes—and the Bill passed.

Then the storm broke. A Government caucus was held and the back-sliders by various methods were urged to return to the body of the kirk. The gallons of oil which were poured on the troubled waters were lashed into scalding foam by those who believed in more drastic methods for the submission of the recalcitrants. And it is whispered in the corridor, that they threatened to bite the hand which fed them—those party bolters! They held a double-edged sword over the head of the Prime Minister, threatening to hold up the C. N. R. subsidy contribution unless they could redeem their pledges to the Farmers Bank depositors this session; and they demanded a bonus of \$1,000 for themselves in view of the length and toilsomeness of the session. At the same time, if they get their bonus and do not redeem their pledges to the Farmers Bank depositors, there will be a modicum of hard feeling when our Ontario members betake them to their several constituencies!

MR. NESBITT, North Oxford, objected to the insinuations that lobbyists had too free an access to the House. He said that none had ever

approached him. Mr. Nesbitt is a composite mass of peculiarities; one of them takes the form of a red carnation. Without it, he would not be Edward Walter Nesbitt. Another is his propensity to speak his inmost convictions in the picturesque language of the proletariat—otherwise known as “slang.” When a Conservative member rose, not long ago, to protest a certain measure he quoted a great authority on the issue, saying, “The Hon. So-and-So, thinks,” etc., whereupon Mr. Nesbitt got to his feet and announced, tersely, “Well, he has another Think!”

A few weeks ago he was taking a party of his daughter's friends through the Buildings. They found the Senate galleries deserted and stood a moment looking down at the venerable body before returning to the more interesting Commons. During that moment, while they stood, however, the alert messenger touched Mr. Nesbitt on the shoulder, ordering him and his party to sit down.

“No one is h-allowed to stan' h-up in de Galler-ee,” gruffly explained the autocrat.

“What will they do to us?” asked the member, in mock alarm. “Will they arrest us?”

The messenger shrugged his shoulders. “H-any way, I tell you to sit down.”

“Will they put us in jail—like Miller?” persisted Mr. Nesbitt, still standing.

“Dey ought!” replied the person in uniform, crossly. Then he caught sight of the red carnation; he saw that the gentleman had no hat; the awful truth burst upon him—he had been speaking to a member exactly as though he were an atom of the non-political mass!

The party filed out. Mr. Nesbitt in the lead. At the elevator door an obsequious messenger edged close to his man.

“I don't mek de laws,” he ventured. “You mek dem—no one mus' stan' in de Galler-ee, an' if I don't see dem carry h-out—”

“Are you going to tell on us?” asked Mr. Nesbitt, in a heavy whisper.

“You mek de laws,” repeated the harassed man, “you mus' stan' on dem.”

“But you just told us we had to sit,” called the member as the elevator went down.

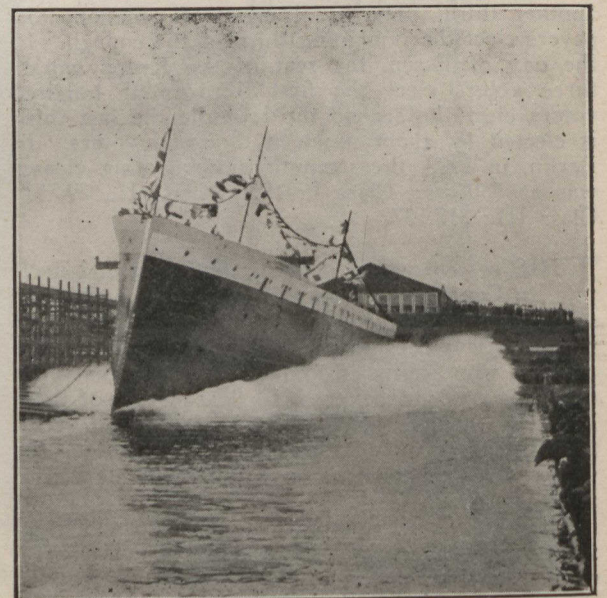
M. M.

Another “Made-in-Canada” Steamship

ON June 2nd, at Port Arthur, the first passenger steamer ever built on the Canadian shore of Lake Superior was successfully launched. This vessel was built by a local company there for the Northern Navigation Company. It will run between Sarnia and Port Arthur in connection with the G. T. R., and will be the flagship of the fleet which is operated by this company. The length of the boat is 385 feet, the breadth moulded 52 feet, and the depth moulded 30 feet. It has a double bottom, eight watertight transverse bulkheads, two collision bulkheads, and six decks.

This beautiful vessel is an evidence that Canada is making progress in the building of ships and that some day a Canadian shipyard may turn out a Dreadnought. The only regret which one may have in connection with the boat is that the steering engines, windlass, capstans and deck engines come from the United States, as well as a good deal of the other machinery. However, the main engines were made in Canada.

The name of the new vessel is the *Noronic*. She will be sister ship to the *Hamonic*, which was built at Collingwood several years ago.



The Launching of the “Noronic” of the Northern Navigation Company's Fleet, Which Will Run Between Sarnia and Port Arthur.

Music in Sunny Alberta

A Three-Days' Annual Music-Fest in Edmonton, Testing Out Art—Progress

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

WHILE Rev. D. G. McQueen was on his way east to preside at the sessions of the Presbyterian General Assembly, in Toronto, last week, his church on Fifth St., Edmonton, was the scene of a very animated three-days musical tournament. This was the sixth Music Festival of Alberta.

The contest was very similar to the tournament in Regina some days ago, on which an illustrated article appeared in this paper. Entries were received from all over the Province wherever there is a railway. The kinds of music adjudicated covered almost the entire field of modern music except composition. The judges were Dr. Ralph Horner, choral conductor, and Mr. Nelson Gee, both from Winnipeg.

Choral music was one of the best features of this tournament. This branch of music has been well developed in the West, owing to a great deal of native and imported talent. Many of the Western towns and cities have choristers and conductors trained in older countries.

The Cross Shield (given by Hon. C. W. Cross) for choral societies was won by the Strathcona Choral Society, under Charles E. Cox. The Stutchbury Cup, for winners of gold medals in previous competitions, was won by H. G. Turner, of Edmonton. Howard Stutchbury is the donor, formerly a baritone in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, for the past seven years a resident of Edmonton.

To repeat history, the contest for one of the choral prizes was between the men's choir of the First Presbyterian Church and that of All Saints' Anglican, both of Edmonton. It is some years now since the choirs of these two churches were in a rivalry, which began in 1899, when a certain ambitious English choirmaster had the Presbyterian choir in the little wooden church, and Mr. Vernon W. Barford, the able winner of the men's chorus trophy this year was the organist of the Anglican Church. Mr. Barford is an Englishman who has been twelve years in Edmonton. He made his reputation first as a concert pianist and organist, but later developed a penchant for choral work.

Calgary may claim the distinction of more musical progress than most Western cities. The most celebrated musical figure that has ever come out of the West is Miss Kathleen Parlow, who, as a violinist, has come to almost the front rank of the world's violinists. She was born in Calgary and will go on a tour of Canada next season. One of the best military bands in Canada belongs to Calgary. For a while one of the best organists in Canada played in Calgary. Orchestral music of an amateur character has for some years been cultivated in Calgary, owing to the enthusiasm of one man who some years ago organized a band of young people to play good, standard music in the school-room of a Methodist church.

Edmonton, however, has always been well to the front, and in choral music, at least, may easily lay claim to the premiership. This is a fundamental branch of good music which, when well established, does more to advance the general development than any other kind in a rising community. Choral music was born in Edmonton, about thirteen years ago, and its birthplace was the old Presbyterian church. The work begun then has since been extended to other churches and to choral societies. Teachers of singing and piano and violin have multiplied very fast in that city, until Edmonton as a music centre is coming well up in the race with Winnipeg.

Another sterling musical character from the West is Miss Edith Miller, contralto, whose home used to be in Portage la Prairie, and who, after years of studying abroad, will go, next season, into the Chicago Grand Opera Company.

OTHER winners of prizes at the festival in Edmonton were:

Small Choirs, twenty voices or under, by Christ Church choir; Claude Hughes, conductor.

Contralto Soloists, Miss F. Lansdown, Edmonton, first; Miss Jean C. Forster, Calgary, second. Tenor and Baritone Duets, Messrs. David Jones and Spargo, South Side, first; Messrs. H. G. Turner and F. Lansdown, second.

Mezzo-Soprano Soloists, Mrs. Arthur Edwards, Edmonton, first; Miss Lillian Taylor, second.

Open Piano Competition, Miss Anderson, Claresholm, first; Miss Marguerite LaRiviere, Edmonton, second.

Junior Piano Competition, under sixteen years of



VERNON W. BARFORD

Conductor of the Prize-winning Men's Chorus in the Alberta Festival; Also Conductor of the Festival Chorus and Orchestra, as Mr. F. Laubach Was in Regina.

age, Miss Louise Meyer, Edmonton, first; Miss Ellen M. Schade, Daysland, second. Junior Violin, Master Allan Harvey, first.

The standard achieved in many of the competitions was exceedingly high.

"We have never heard 'Achieved is Thy Glorious Work,' from the Creation, sung better anywhere," said Judge Dr. Horner, speaking of the work done by the Strathcona Choral Society.

And it is only a few years since there was not music enough in Strathcona to attract people away from the Indian tomtoms on the outskirts of the town; since music was taught at all in the schools, or there was a church choir that amounted to anything. Ten or eleven years ago Strathcona got some of its music from Edmonton—very reluctantly. Now the two cities are one, not least in music.

The contest for the men's chorus work was very close. Mr. Barford's choir got 96 points. Mr. Jackson Hanby, with his Edmonton Men's Chorus, got 93.

"My colleague, Mr. Gee, says he has not heard such good male chorus singing since he came to Canada," said Dr. Horner.

In this respect, Alberta is perhaps ahead of even Ontario. Men's choral singing seems to have become almost obsolete in the East. Toronto has no longer a men's chorus, except college choruses. There is no such organization in any other Ontario city except very casual club choruses or church choruses; or men's sections of large choral societies. The East can very well afford to emulate the enterprise of the West in this very important and highly popular form of choral art.

Almost every new city in the West has choral activities of a general public character. Very few eastern towns of similar size have anything outside of church choirs. The reason is not lack of talent, but lack of general public interest, in older communities that once had some musical life.

A Stage Title Well Earned

WHATEVER doubt there may be as to some men's fitness for titles, there can be no doubt as to Sir Forbes Robertson's. The legitimate successor of Sir Henry Irving on the English stage has waited until he is almost ready to leave the stage before getting the title which, as a recognition of the drama might well have come earlier.

Forbes Robertson has always worked hard to keep the modern achievements of the English stage on a level with its highest and most powerful traditions. There never was a time when this was so difficult as to-day. Henry Irving had the advantage of the full flower of the Victorian era in literature and art. He also got his title but a few years before he trod the stage for the last time. Sir Beerbohm Tree, who has never been in Canada, and has cultivated the English very diligently, got his much earlier in life.

Kings and queens have become necessary to the drama much more than they were in the days when actors were regarded as knaves. The Guelph line of English sovereigns, though less strenuous in dramatic affairs than the Kaiser, have always been fanciers of the drama. Queen Victoria was never a critic, though Sir Forbes Robertson has played before her many times. King Edward, as Forbes Robertson himself said when the King died, was probably fonder of a merry show than of Shakespeare. It is to the credit of King George that he has honoured Forbes Robertson, even on the edge of his retirement from the stage. No actor of recent times has contributed more to the best interpretation of the drama than Sir Forbes Robertson. He has always been a tremendous worker. He has given the stage its best Hamlet and has done much to keep Shakespeare on a high level without the glamour of overloaded spectacle. He has always been a poor man. His last American success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," was in many respects the weakest thing he ever did, but it was well presented and it made money for the actor, which at that time he intended to use in a great revival of Shakespeare.

His use of this play was almost a whim of circumstance. Jerome, the author, called on Robertson, asking him to read the manuscript. The actor consented. The author asked for immediate decision.

"My dear Jerome," said Robertson, "that is impossible."

"But let me read it to you?" said the author.

The actor submitted. The first act, as he confessed, gave him a weary feeling, for Jerome is a poor reader. The second—improved a bit. The third seemed barely possible.

"Well," said Robertson to his wife, "what shall we do? Jerome expects us to play it."

"Why, you'll have to do it," said she.

With much misgiving the task was undertaken. And it was the easiest role and the best money-maker that Robertson ever had.

Sir Forbes began life really as a painter and rumour has it that he will go from the stage to the studio.



SIR FORBES ROBERTSON
From the Painting in This Year's National Gallery, by G. Harcourt.



Friedmann and the Doctors

THERE is a lot of argument over whether Dr. Friedmann ought to have sought to make money out of his "cure." The medical profession is a scornful and protesting unit against it, while a number of practical souls hold that he had as much right to get dividends out of it as would have the doctors if he had given it to them free. That is, they contend that, if he did not make money out of it, the doctors would—and surely he had the better claim. Others, again, take the simpler ground that if a man invented a button which would never need sewing on, he would be deemed an awful fool if he did not patent it, and get a company to exploit it, and make all the "filthy lucre" out of it possible. Why, then, expect anything different from a man who discovers or invents a "cure" for a wide-spread disease? Why shouldn't he make money out of his discovery, too? He probably spent more time looking for it; and it would be of much more value to those who purchased it.

THE first thing to be noticed is that Dr. Friedmann himself did not take this latter view. He was so much under the influence of the "professional honour" point of view that he put a clause in his agreement of sale by which his "cure" was to be given free to all who could not pay for it. Imagine the inventor of a sewless button arranging with his manufacturing company to have it given free, over the counter, to any who did not have the price! This was a marked concession by Dr. Friedmann to the theory that a man of science or of medicine is in a different position from a pure merchant. Another comment to be made in passing is that those who argue that it is simply a question whether Dr. Friedmann or the other doctors shall profit by his discovery, fail fatally to understand the situation. If Dr. Friedmann gave his discovery free to the world, the "other doctors" would not "profit" by it. One more remedy, be it good or bad, would not increase their earnings. They get paid for attending to sick people; and it does not matter to them what drugs they prescribe. Indeed, if Dr. Friedmann's "cure" had been effective in eliminating tuberculosis, it might conceivably have decreased their earnings.

AND this brings us to the crux of the whole matter. Would the medical profession be justified in refusing to use a cure which swiftly and surely eliminated tuberculosis from the list of frequent diseases, on the ground that thereby they would lose the revenue they now get from treating tuberculous patients? You hold up your hands in horror at the question. Why that would be murder, you say. Yet purely mercantile dealers are constantly doing just that thing. A well-known typewriter house, for instance, has a store-room full of inventions which would undeniably improve their machines; but they are not using one of them. Why? Because to put them on their machines would largely destroy the value of a lot of machines they have already manufactured, and would—what is worse—render worthless their existing manufacturing plant. So they simply hold these inventions out of use. Other firms cannot get them; for this firm owns them. Humanity must do without them, then, for the profit of these people! And that is recognized as good business.

SUPPOSE the doctors were to say—"We have a lot of money in tuberculosis Sanatoria, and it wouldn't pay us to cure the disease by a miraculous injection." Don't faint! They might say just that—if it were not for that spirit which some people attack so freely, their professional sense of honour. If they are merchants and nothing else, their business is to make the most money they can out of our sickness—and they are great fools if they throw away any advantage. They are splendidly combined now—they have got their "trust" ready—all they have to do is to apply the screws. Think what a profitable disease tuberculosis is when the patient is rich—slow, lingering, a steady source of revenue for years. Why should a merchant-physician—pardon the contradiction of terms—want to cure him with the pressure of a

syringe? Would a grocer try to cure a customer's appetite for some rare and profitable sort of cheese?—no matter how it played hob with his digestion? Does a cigar-seller discourage smoking? Why should a doctor reduce his revenue by eliminating half his possible patients?

THERE is only one answer to this—professional etiquette or honour. The physician devotes his life to the healing art, and incidentally makes his living at it. But he heals lots of people who never pay him; and he—if he is a true physician and worthy of his high calling—is as careful over the case of the poor woman who can spare him but the smallest fee, as over that of the rich man's wife, for whose cure he could charge any sum. And many a doctor does make the rich man pay—not only for his own wife's cure—but for a good share of the poor woman's treatment; and I fancy that most of us are pleased when he is able to do so. He becomes a sort of painless charity officer,

enabling the wealthy to help the unfortunate without knowing it. But this is a very uncommercial proceeding. Imagine a clothier charging a rich man two prices for his suit—this half is not so very difficult to imagine after all—in order that he might let a poor man have a suit at cost or less!

ON the day that we sneer or jibe or doubt our doctors out of their "professional etiquette," we will have done the human race a cruel ill-service and plunged ourselves into a most perilous position. For the doctor is in this delicate and curious attitude—he loses money by good service and makes money by bad service. This rule is not seriously affected by the fact that a succession of cures may win for a physician a paying reputation. If he is a mere merchant, he can earn his reputation; and then coin it into gold by delaying the cure in profitable cases. Moreover, a doctors' combine could regulate matters of this sort very easily. Imagine a problem of this kind submitted to any purely commercial combination you like to name! The Chinese—you probably know—distrust their physicians. They think that the doctors are like other men, and would keep you on their pay-roll as long as possible. So they are driven to the awkward expedient of salarizing their doctors by the year, and stopping their pay when they—the salary-payers—are sick. This is the only logical system for paying a commercial medical profession.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Upkeep of Oratory

By AUGUSTUS BRIDL

MUCH has been said about the modern decline of the pulpit, along with the stage. The Presbyterian pre-Assembly Congress, held in Toronto last week, is a proof that so far as the middle-aged and older men of that branch of pulpitering are concerned, there is no decline. Never in the history of church congresses in this country has there been such an array of powerful speakers and of men from various parts of a great country in vital touch with great public and religious questions.

Probably the Parliament of Canada, our professional talking organization, contains fewer effective public speakers than those who took part in this great Congress. The array of platform talent numbered at least twenty men who in power of utterance are as good as an equal number of the best ever known in any parliament or church assembly in Canada. These men represented what might be called a middle—but not a mediocre—class of oratory. Men like John McNeill; Dr. Grant, from the Yukon; Dr. Johnston, from Montreal; Alexander McMillan, of Halifax; Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Globe*; Alfred Gandier and A. B. Winchester, of Toronto; C. W. Gordon and Dr. Shearer, from Winnipeg; D. G. McQueen, from Edmonton; Dr. Herridge, from Ottawa; and half a dozen others, are robust specimens of varying types of oratory all with one thing in common—a message.

ALL these men had something definite to deliver. They were not on one hand merely trained platform speakers delivering lectures to entertain a crowd such as used to be so highly popular in this country from men like Talmage and McIntyre. Neither were they political speakers whose business was to put all the accent on one side of a question and leave another lot of specialists to attend to the other side.

They all had a message on behalf of the church. A good many of them had the Scotch accent. Some had a survival of it. Some had Keltic fire and some the Lowland tenacity. To judge from the animated articles of Rev. Mr. Knowles, the novelist—rival to Ralph Connor in his delineation of Scotch sentiment in Canada—a large number of these men had the power to spell-bind an audience. One was credited with the capacity for tossing an audience on his horns. Another struck bewilderment into his hearers for fear he should either stop or go on to greater length. Grant, from the Yukon, thrilled the Congress with realistic pictures of deviltry in the north that would have done credit to either Jack London or Robert Service.

There was a strong evangelistic note in most of the great speeches. There was a revival in the Congress that would have satisfied even Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada. The Lord's Supper was administered to thousands of clergy and lay delegates behind closed

doors in a music hall. Gipsy Smith, in his last meetings in that same hall, scarcely swayed a crowd with more power than did these sometimes dour and unemotional Scotch brethren when they rose to the full conviction—that the church had need to gird up her loins and go out into the waste places of a big, young civilization.

The Congress was just as much a comment on the development of Canada as either of the political assemblages that took place in the same city a few weeks previous. The Presbyterian Church in Canada was as much in need of consolidating its forces for the fight with the devil as either of the political parties was in need of hanging together to fight the other. The representation at the Congress was much more general and all-Canadian than either of the political meetings. For the time being it was rather more all-Canadian than the House of Commons just on the eve of prorogation.

IN its effect on the average Presbyterian preacher and lay delegate it was very much more of an inspiration than most political meetings are to the rank and file of workers. It was a plain proof that in older times the Methodists were right when they organized camp-meetings where for days there was a Pentecostal visitation. In the old bush days the preacher and the people got lonely. They were cut off from the stimulus of large numbers. They worked in small camps in the bush keeping alive the fires of enthusiasm the best they knew how. In the camp-meeting or the big revival they renewed their enthusiasm. The politicians had camp-meetings. Why not the Church? The Methodists had camp-meetings in the bush days. Why not the Presbyterian Church in Canada in 1913?

The church was in need of it. There never had been before such an evangelistic gathering of Presbyterians. According to one impassioned speaker there never would be such another. But the dynamic force generated at this convention makes it almost inevitable that whenever the church needs again a revival of oratory with a message the congress will be forthcoming.

And so it should. There has been a gradual decline in the function of oratory, not only in Parliament, but in the pulpit. There are probably a greater number of preachers in all denominations now able to deliver a straightforward practical message than there were in the palmy days of oratory as represented by Dr. Douglas and Bishop Dumoulin. But in most of the churches the few big men stand out less prominently. And in relation to the growth of other interests, as represented by the newspapers, the church on the public platform is probably less powerful. But for once in a long while the church was able to take most of the scare-head space in several metropolitan dailies. Thousands of people looked daily to see what this or that eloquent brother had been

Imperial Figures More or Less on Parade



Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand, About to Make a Flight in the Bleriot Monoplane Presented to the Southern Dominion by the Imperial Air Fleet Committee.



The Premier of New Zealand Thanks Lady Desborough, Who Christened the Overseas Bleriot Monoplane at the Hendon Aerodrome on Thursday, May 22.



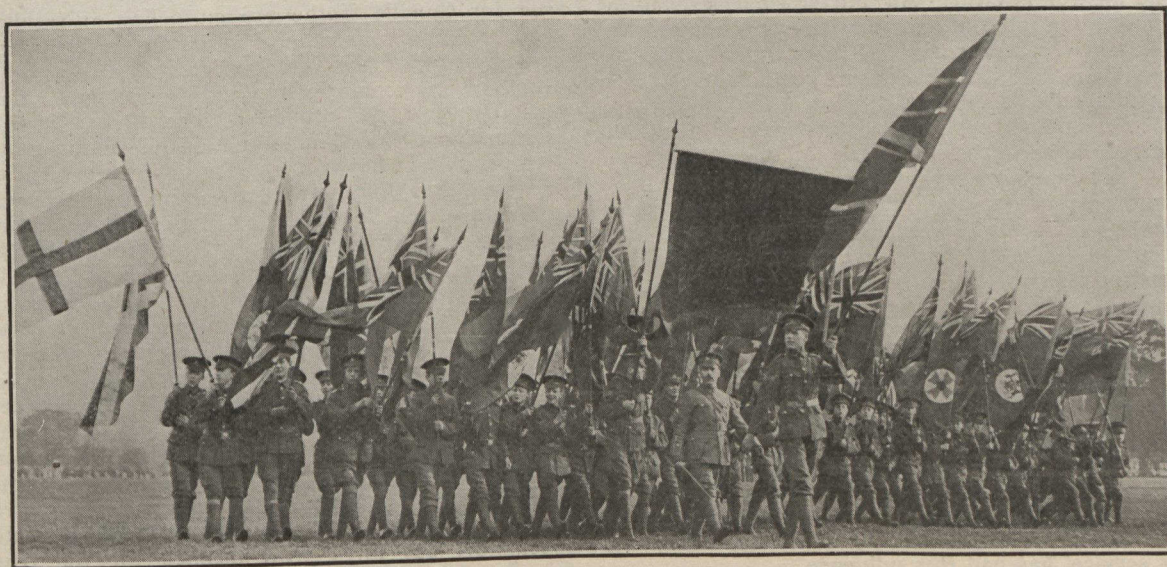
THE KING AND THE KAISER IN BERLIN.

King George, in Field Marshal's Uniform, and the Kaiser as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, at the Recent Wedding of the Princess Louise of Germany in the Capital City.



HIS FIRST VISIT TO CANADA.

Prince Albert, Second Son of King George (Seated), With His Fellow-Cadets from H.M.S. Cumberland on Board the Chippewa from Toronto to Niagara Falls.



IN LONDON THEY DO NOT OBJECT TO DOMINION FLAGS.

March Past of Dominion and Colonial Flags at the Empire Day Celebrations in Hyde Park, London.

saying concerning affairs in his own district.

Not only Presbyterians, but men of all churches were interested in these religious orations. Other denominations took particular notice. There has always been a degree of good-natured rivalry among the churches in oratory as well as in practical work. Opinions have always differed as to which denomination had the highest level of public speaking. Leading orators in all the churches have from time to time gone on the secular platform along with political and social orators. And Canada has always been able to send to any congress anywhere in the world, men of any denomination able to hold their own with the best.

Since the Congress, last week, should it be admitted—that the Scotch Church in Canada carries the palm for effective platform speaking?



Italian.



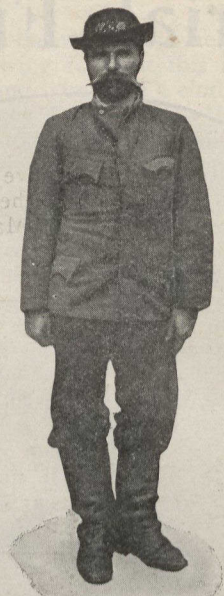
Scandinavian.



German.



Hungarian.



Bukowinian.



Russian.

TYPES OF EUROPEANS IMPORTED TO THIS COUNTRY, MOST OF THEM CAPABLE OF ASSIMILATION.

Population and Prosperity

An Unrestricted Stream of Immigration Into Our Growing Industrial Centres Will Inevitably Depress Wages

By W. W. SWANSON

Associate Professor of Political and Economic Science, Queen's University

PERHAPS few, if any, Canadians consider it worth a second thought to question our present immigration policy. It is considered an axiom that progress and increase in population go together. For years our statesmen were almost reduced to despair, in attempting to divert part of the great stream of European immigration to Canadian shores. And now that immigrants are coming by the tens of thousands, it is hailed as an infallible sign of economic progress.

We have as yet not been forced to seriously question the expediency of the present policy. It is true that on the Pacific slope strong opposition has been shown to Asiatic immigrants, but this has been based, for the most part, on race prejudice. The immigration of Chinese and Japanese has been discouraged in every possible way. In 1908, as a result of the strong opposition of British Columbia to the immigration of East Indian labourers to that province, the Indian government undertook to keep its people at home, even although they were but "moving on" to another part of the Empire. The government of that country, among other things, disabused the minds of its subjects of the false impressions spread by literature distributed by interested parties. The steamship companies were given to understand that their activity was regarded with disfavour. Positive measures, moreover, were adopted, which resulted in the practical exclusion of Indian labourers from Canada. The most formidable of these measures was the application to Hindu immigrants of section 38 of the Immigration Act, which provided that any immigrants who have come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which they are natives or citizens, and upon through tickets purchased in that country, may be excluded. As there is no means by which a continuous journey from India to Canada can be accomplished, the measure is effective. Moreover, by an order in council, dated June 3, 1908, the amount of money in possession, required in the case of East Indian labourers upon landing, was increased from \$25 to \$200. These measures have served their purposes; the number of such immigrants in 1908 was 2,626; in 1909, it was only six, and since then the number has been a negligible quantity. The Japanese immigration to British Columbia has also practically come to a standstill, principally on account of the opening up of Manchuria as a new field of enterprise, and the opposition of the Japanese government to the emigration of its people to Canada.

THE question may be asked why the opposition to Asiatic immigration, aside from race prejudice, has not been extended to certain immigrants from Southern Europe. In the case of East Indians, the causes for this opposition are apparent. *Tabu* in the selection and preparation of food, and caste in their associations, are conspicuous facts among them. With regard to the percentage of illiterates, investigations have shown that it is greater than for any other race immigrating to this country. In fact, between one-half and three-fifths of them can not read or write. They do not occupy an impor-

tant place in the labour supply of the West. Their efficiency is low, their employment irregular, their competitive ability small, and their industrial position insecure. Their assimilative qualities are lower than those of any other race in the West. The strong influence of custom, caste, and *tabu*, as well as their religion, dark skins, filthy appearance, and mode of life, have stood in the way of association with other races, and it is evident from the attitude of others that they will be given no opportunity to assimilate. And the same holds true in many respects of the Japanese and Chinese immigrants. It is quite clear, then, that until many changes are wrought, Asiatics of the labouring class will find no place in Canadian life save in the exploitation of our resources.

While Canadians are almost a unit in opposing immigration from Asia, they show almost equal unanimity of opinion in regard to encouraging an influx of people of European descent into this country. Tremendous forces are combined in favour of a policy of unrestricted immigration of this class; sentiment and business, generosity, selfishness, labourers, employers. We are prone to view immigration in its details, and not in its entirety. We see this or that individual or class advantage, not the larger national welfare. The interests of capitalists and of newly-arriving immigrants are abundantly considered. The interests of the mass of the people now here are overlooked.

THE problem is not as acute with us as with the people of the United States at the present time; it must inevitably become so. The Fall River riots and labour wars of the republic will be, in the not distant future, repeated in this country. And why? The answer is clear. An unrestricted stream of immigration into our growing industrial centres will inevitably depress wages and the standard of living. Canadians and Britishers in general have been accustomed to a far higher standard of wages and of living than the people of Eastern and Southern Europe. The depressing effect of the ever-present and ever-renewing supply of immigrant labour upon wages appears most clearly at the time of wage contests. In the United States this has often appeared to be the most important aspect of the question. In that country and in our own the law against contract labour does not check the great stream of those guided by friends to a "job." If immigration were suddenly stopped in a period of normal or of increasing business, wages in many occupations would at once rise, and that without the aid of strikes or of arbitration. This would affect most of those occupations which now present the most serious social problems, in mines, factories, and city sweat shops. In some small measure the war in the Balkan States, by recalling many men for service, has had this influence.

Organized labour, of course, thinks most of these immediate effects. Commonly labour's protest is

based upon the untenable "lump of labour" theory—that there is only a certain amount of work to be done; and that every foreigner who comes to Canada takes the place of a Canadian workman in sharing in that labour. That there is an error in this too rigid conception of the influence of new supplies of labour need not now be argued. But there is no mistaking the influence of continually increasing numbers in gradually and permanently depressing the whole plane of wages. It is generally assumed that when the immigrants and their children become Canadianized and raise their standard of living, their presence no longer has any effect in depressing wages below what they otherwise would have been. In fact, it is generally assumed that the general prosperity is enhanced by the mere growth of numbers, and by a dense population. The idea is measurably true so long as national growth is one of extension into unoccupied areas, and the average density of population is low. It ceases to be true when the equilibrium between population and resources has been attained; or when the movement is from the country to the city. And recent statistics gathered from the census show that the growth in Canada's population has been largely an urban growth; and that the country districts have not held their own.

LAST century popular education and ideals were rising at the same time that a rising scale of wages was made possible by industrial improvement accompanying the development of great natural resources. Yet the fortunate union of events did not suffice to prevent the growth of discontent. Popular aspirations outstripped material progress. Much more ominous is the situation, now that the pressure of population in the United States, in England, in Germany, and in most European countries, is beginning to check and reverse this trend of the popular welfare. And the same must hold true for Canada if the present policy of ruthless exploitation of our natural resources, and the encouragement of the immigration of a class of people of low economic standards, is followed. Our capitalists and the people in general may appear to gain for a time; but the nation will without fail discover that it has bartered the peace and security of its children for the pleasures of a brief season.

The question to be faced, then, is: would we have the level of the popular welfare fall in Canada even by a little, if that could be prevented? Would we rival other lands in population rather than in prosperity? Would we wish to gain in density of settlement while losing in that largeness of opportunity and of outlook which makes possible the most distinctive traits of Canadian life? In a truer and wider sense than has been realized the watchword of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is true: Canada for the Canadians. Already Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, have become great cities, the delight of the real estate speculator, but filled with menace for the true friends of humanity. Is it not about time that a voice was raised in protest against the present madness for mere numbers?

Legislators Abroad

A FEW days ago the Legislature of Nova Scotia, both parties in one merry excursion, took a two-days trip over the Halifax and South-Western Railway along the south shore of the Province from Halifax to Yarmouth. This trip should have been a hoodoo, because the House assembled on the 13th of February, it prorogued on the 13th of May, it was the thirteenth parliament since confederation, and the Opposition consisted of thirteen members.

The conjunction of thirteens, however, proved to be the happiest political picnic ever held in Nova Scotia. And the management, under the genial supervision of Mr. D. B. Hanna, third vice-president of the C.N.R., who own the Halifax and South-Western, took good care that the train travelled more than thirteen miles an hour. The weather was fine. The trip occupied a day each way. The Premier went along. He and all his followers in the House and the Opposition as well were enthusiastic over the trip that gave so many public men a fresh view of one of the most delightful touring areas in Canada—the motoring side of which was described at length in the recent Tourist Number of the COURIER.



Nanaimo Had a Big Celebration on May 24, Including a Children's Parade and Historical Pageant. There Was a Large Number of Visitors from Vancouver.

A New Musical Director

ONE more link in the chain of musical evolution in Canada has been established by the appointment last week of Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, to the directorship of the Toronto Conservatory, made vacant by the death of Dr. Edward Fisher. The selection of Dr. Vogt had been the subject of speculation for several months, since the first illness of Dr. Fisher.

For some time Dr. Fisher had been unable to give the work as much energy as it demanded. The past year, in spite of the severest competition, was the best in the history of the institution established by Dr. Fisher in 1887. But many new developments had been only partly anticipated and some departments are now in need of reorganization. Dr. Vogt has exceptional qualifications for the work. His business management of the Mendelssohn Choir, his long experience in the piano department, and his great knowledge of both Canadian and world-wide conditions, especially since his year's journey through musical Europe, all combine to make him the one man capable of carrying to its highest development the work so ably organized by Dr. Fisher.



At the Invitation of the C.N.R. Many Members of the Nova Scotia Legislature Travelled Over the Halifax and South Western Railway, Their Purpose Being to Prove the Safety of the Line, Despite Rumours to the Contrary.

Canadian Press Association in Algonquin Park



Last Week the C.P.A. Held Its Annual Meeting in Toronto, and After Two Days of Business Sessions and a Banquet Given by the City, Some 160 Members and Their Ladies Left for a Three Days' Trip to Temagami, Cobalt, the Hollinger and Dome Mines in the Porcupine District, and Algonquin Park. It Was a Successful "Press" Week.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Mr. Winston's Somersaults

WINSTON CHURCHILL is a somersaulter of no mean achievement. Last June he made a speech in favour of colonial navies for patrol purposes. These were his ideal. By November he was championing a centralized navy to which all the Dominions would contribute. Wonderful mind, that; quite resembling some of those we have in this country.

Another case. When he brought down his naval estimates in the British House, he emphatically declared that the three Canadian ships would be "extras." Now he changes his mind and says Britain must lay down three more dreadnoughts to take the place of the three "refused" Canadian ships. Delightful somersault—evidently made for political purposes.

If the right honourable gentleman is a fair sample of modern British statesmen, then truly there are many Canadians in high political places who are fully fitted to sit at table with His Majesty's best.

Oxford and Toronto

WHEN a distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto, who is also a member of the Senate, expresses grave doubts as to the intentions of those who are filling the chairs of the University with Oxford graduates, the occasion gives rise to thought. Would the "centralists" who are trying to prevent the Dominions from flying Dominion flags, from having Dominion navies, Dominion treaty-making powers, and Dominion consuls in foreign capitals—would they go so far as to try to influence the universities?

Theoretically it does seem possible. Considering what the empire clubs, the overseas clubs and leagues are trying to do, and the generous donations which are being handed out for ultra-imperial movements, it is but reasonable to suppose that some one would think of the universities. And why not? If the propaganda is right, then why should not all sorts of influences be used on its behalf?

While some of us may believe that centralism is wrong and will ultimately be proved to be deleterious to proper empire-building, it does not seem possible to deny the centralists the same freedom as is demanded or desired by the decentralists. Their arguments must be met by better arguments, their strategies by better strategies. This must be a fair and open fight.

At the same time, there seems little ground for belief that President Falconer would be a party to any such movement within the University of To-

WHOSE PARTISANSHIP?



The Montreal "Star" publishes this cartoon, with the words, "Why let this block the path?" Agreed unanimously. But is the partisanship all on one side?

ronto. In University College, nine of the twenty-eight professors and lecturers are from Oxford. In the whole staff of 115, twenty-five are from British universities. In these large percentages Mr. Gordon Waldron sees a political purpose. Yet, it may be simply the result of a lower standard of salaries among young Englishmen than among young Canadians.

There would seem to be more danger of such a movement being found in McGill than in Toronto, for Principal Peterson is an outspoken centralist. In any case, the situation is worthy of consideration, and Mr. Waldron's dignified suggestions may provoke a discussion worth while.

Universities and Politics

WHILE Mr. Waldron is on this tack, he might investigate and publish the reasons why party politics have been introduced into the Literary Society at the University of Toronto. This society is the largest within the student body and the most influential. Why has it suddenly thrown the precedents of more than a half century to the winds and divided itself into two camps, Liberals and Conservatives, as they do at Oxford? Can this movement be traced to the presence of the Oxford influence?

As the Liberal party of the Literary Society is said to be numerically the stronger, it is just possible that the Liberals forced the division. It is not usual for a minority to introduce a game at which they know from the beginning that they will be beaten.

Mr. Waldron wants the university to correctly represent the common people, their views and their aims. He should therefore go farther in his investigation, and find out the reason for this new move in university politics. The public will be interested in his findings.

Sir George Reverses

WHEN Sir George Ross made his successful attack upon the Naval Bill and led the Senate majority in their practical killing of that measure, he deeply insulted the government supporters. His old Conservative enemies took occasion to say all manner of rude things about him. They recalled several of his forgotten weaknesses and wickednesses.

But lo, all is changed. Sir George has reversed his engine. He split the Liberal vote in the Senate and enabled the subsidy to the Ontario Government Railway to be carried by the Speaker's casting vote. Sir James Whitney will get two million dollars to cover Ontario's ancient claim for a subsidy for this pioneer road. The Conservatives are pleased, especially those of them who are interested in Sir James Whitney's political success. And again, Sir George Ross is in favour.

All of which proves that the day's verdict is often an unjust one. Few men's reputations amount to much when judged by certain single actions. The real reputation and the real merit of the man can be found only after investigating a series of actions and weighing years of service. It is in such manner that we should judge our enemies. We always treat our friends thus, overlooking their little omissions and their occasional mistakes. Therefore, if we desire to be fair, our enemies should have the same grace extended to them.

Defining Immorality

A FORTNIGHT ago, Colonel Denison, Toronto's police magistrate, fined a number of actors and actresses who took part in presenting a new play named *Deborah*. The actors appealed and Judge Morson has reversed the magistrate's decision. In doing so, he set a new standard, comprising several divisions. In the first place, he decided that he must see the play, and a special performance was given for his benefit. In the second place, he lays down the rule that in judging a play, it should be taken as a whole. Singling out isolated passages and separating them from their context is unfair. And, thirdly, a play must be judged by comparing it with other standard plays and operas. In the main, however, the decision was reversed on the ground that the censor had passed

the play and hence the players were not liable to prosecution.

Deborah is intended to teach the evil of suppression in connection with the sacred state of motherhood—that a woman is entitled to fulfil her destiny in this respect. It shows the danger of not allowing her to do so. The difficulties which convention and circumstances put in her way are indicated. Unfortunately *Deborah* took the law into her own hands and suffered severely. But this lesson is also clearly taught. Therefore, it seemed to Judge Morson, to the censor and to most of the dramatic critics that *Deborah* was a legitimate drama.

The lesson of the incident is that if well-meaning citizens desire to keep the stage clean, they must be sure they understand the meaning of "immorality" before they take action. There is much immorality on the boards to-day, but the problem play is not necessarily immoral. The reformers would do well to turn their attention to the more frivolous plays where sensuous dancing and equally sensuous music are furnished by actors and actresses who deliberately and consciously make the sensuous appeal. The players who put on *Deborah* were not in that class.

Valuable Homesteads

A FEW days ago, Parliament discussed the rights and wrongs of a homestead granted in Prince Albert which is said to have been immediately put on the market for something like a hundred thousand dollars. There is a serious row on in Edmonton over another homestead picked up one morning by a butcher and said to be worth \$8,000. Why should these valuable pieces of land be given away, instead of being sold at auction?

Our homestead law was framed to induce farmers to settle on the land and produce wheat. But in the two cases mentioned above, the Department must have known, or should have known, that these lands were too valuable to be used as farming lands. Indeed, each piece had been withdrawn from the homesteading class and then suddenly released. Surely this proves incapacity and weak administration.

This is not a political issue. These same practices have been going on for years. When certain valuable tracts were opened up, men and women have stood in line for days to get a valuable homestead. If the prospective settlers knew the lands were valuable, the land agents must have known. And the jockeying that has taken place at some of these land rushes has been disgraceful.

Why should not all these lands be placed on the same basis for selling as is adopted by the railways? Let the government sell them for what they are worth to bona fide farmers. This Edmonton fight between a butcher and a Calgary real estate operator as to who owns a quarter of section 13, township 66, range 23, west of the fourth meridian, one mile from Athabasca Landing, should convince the Dominion Government that the West has passed the "homesteading" stage. The public domain has grown valuable. Let the lands be sold, and the money used to build bridges, roadways, and other public utilities in the districts in which the lands are situated.

MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.



This cartoon also appears in the Montreal "Star," with the words, "Will he remain in this position while his Younger Brothers are out helping their mother?" Of course he will, so long as the leaders of both parties think more of party advantage than of Canada's reputation.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Summer Reading

By M. J. T.

EVEN the simplest of "simple lifers" can't get on without books. Omar declared that his cup was full (until his jug was empty) when a volume headed the list of effects which his holiday in the wilds of Persia called for. Thus he sings:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!"

The Canadian wilds call for the same equipment pretty much—forgetting the wine. Perhaps, also, the singing friend could be dispensed with; but never the book. And so it comes that the time is now when publishing-houses kindly publish, and nice, disinterested editors prescribe the books entitled to rank as "summer reading."

For what if, left to their own devices, the busy man, his wife and the children (the eternal polygon) should find themselves one day in the country with—shall one say the "Inferno" of Dante, for reading purposes, or that other, mainly known by its cover, "The French Revolution," of Carlyle? "The books!" remembers a coatless one in the final throes of packing; and of a blind clutch at the study shelves "Josephus" is more than likely to be the outcome.

Fancy "Josephus" in a canoe or in that equally frivolous thing, a hammock! Fancy the "Inferno" of Dante tete-a-tete with a box of Ganong's utmost! Or picture the profanation it were to sandwich bits of "The French Revolution" between attempts to rescue the bait from the ever-shifting sunshine. Books like these are incongruous at holiday headquarters. They work the brain. A summer book should be guaranteed to engage just the fancy.

Of the summer class is "The Judgment House," a book which for patriotic reasons should claim Canadian readers, our countryman being its author—Sir Gilbert Parker. "The Judgment House" is intensely dramatic and fascinates—like stage-play. Its characters are properly bookish, good-looking and mighty, being men and women, in brief, of the world of affairs. The Copp, Clark Company, Publishers, are making this book a feature, and, distinctly, it is a novel of the season. The same firm offers a long list of the newest popular fiction, in part as follows: *The Sixty-First Second*, by Owen Johnson; *The Land of the Spirit*, by Thomas Nelson Page; *The Day of Days*, by Louis Joseph Vance; *The Bishop's Purse*, by Cleveland Moffett and Oliver Herford; *The Knave of Diamonds*, by Ethel Dell; *Polly of Lady Gay Cottage*, by Emma C. Dowd, and *The Southerner*, by Thomas Dixon.

Arthur Stringer's production, *The Shadow*, published by Bell and Cockburn, is declared an engrossing detective story and is proving a popular book in the summer demand. Bell and Cockburn are also exploiting the Arnold Bennett fictions—all of the famous Five Towns series, with others, the humorous *Buried Alive* among them. In *Buried Alive* is the shy artist, valiant only on canvas, whose deceased valet, through a mistake, is buried with national honours in Westminster Abbey. The abnormal artist necessarily becomes his erstwhile valet and the complications arising are amusing.

AMONG other books for the holiday which Bell and Cockburn mention are *The Night-Born* and *Smoke Bellew*, both by Jack London; *Wayward Feet*, by A. R. Goring-Thomas; *The Putumayo*, by W. E. Hardenburg, C.E.; *The Dangerous Age*, by Karin Michaelis; and—an effort perhaps of the book suppliers to reclaim modern woman—new editions of Mrs. Beeton's Cook Books.

The Musson Book Company publishes a list wherein are noted: *The Blue Wolf*, by W. Lacey Amy; *Empery*, by S. A. White, and *Flint and Feather*, by the late E. Pauline Johnson—all three of which clever productions are strictly native. Other popular book titles which figure in the list are: *The Amateur Gentleman*, by Jeffery Farnol; *Virginia*, by Ellen Glasgow; *The Mating of Lydia*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward; and *The Port of Adventure*, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

The Feet of the Furtive, by Charles G. D. Roberts, is one of the leading Canadian books in the summer output of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. Among their other anticipations of popular acceptance are *The Inside of the Cup*, by

Winston Churchill; *One Woman's Life*, by Robert Herrick; *Comrade Yetta*, by Albert Edwards; *Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby*, by Kathleen Norris; *The Impachment of President Israels*; by Frank B. Copley; *The Crock of Gold*, by James Stephens; and *Vanishing Points*, by Alice Brown.

"The Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," by the Mark Twain of Canada, Professor Stephen Leacock, is one of the available funds of holiday delight which ought to have a place in the weekend satchel. Readers have discovered a score of originals of that same "Little Town"—everybody appropriates it as his town.

William Briggs is now recommending: *Adnam's Orchard*, by Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins"; *The Heart of the Night Wind*, A story of

passion is work and whose souls, even though they be holidaying, appear to be fettered invisibly to the legs of their office tables, will enjoy *The New Freedom*, by Woodrow Wilson (Musson Book Co.); or, *Canada and the Sea Power*, author, Christopher West; or, perhaps, *The Britannic Question*, by Richard Jebb. Another edifying production, no doubt, is Arnold Haultain's new literary venture, *A Selection from Goldwin Smith's Correspondence*. And readers whose predilection is travel may regale themselves with such entertaining volumes as *Down the Mackenzie*, by G. E. Stewart, and *Quebec, the Laurentian Province*, by Beckles Willson.

Wedding of a Princess

NO fabrication of the fairy-tale-makers could exceed, in the extravagant satisfaction in the reading, the account of the German Princess' royal wedding, on May 24th.

A real wedding with a real date for a real Princess, called by a war-like father with tears in his voice, "the Sunshine of my House," to a real (which is very much better than a fairy) prince. A feud ended, into the bargain (though this marriage is said to be a love-match, not a bargain, merely); for the ceremony in uniting the twain, united also the sundered houses of Hohenzollern and Hanover, of which latter Prince Erneste August of Cumberland, the bridegroom, is a scion.

According to a dispatch from Berlin: "It was amid pomp and pageantry of dazzling magnificence, with the world's mightiest monarchs flanking the altar, that Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia was wedded to the Prince of Cumberland. The Kaiser's magnificent gift to the pair is the throne of the ancient Hanoverian duchy of Brunswick." So why should they not "live happy ever after"?

Margaret Ogilvie's Knight

IT is a far cry from the "park seats" of a mother's imagination to the baronetcy which is henceforth J. M. Barrie's. The author was one on the list of the honoured in connection with King George's birthday celebrations recently. So, joining "the club," so suspiciously regarded by "Margaret Ogilvie," J. M. Barrie's mother in actual life, has not turned out disastrously after all. The first step, one freely admits it, however, on the primrose path to the everlasting—knight.

I intended an ode,
But Rose crossed the road
In a charming new bonnet.
I intended an ode—
What I wrote was a sonnet!



PRINCIPALS—PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

The Kaiser's Daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, and Her Soldier-Husband, Erneste August, the Prince of Cumberland. The Marriage, Occurring on May 24, Was Historically Brilliant, as Said the Despatches.

the Great North-West, by Vingie E. Roe, author of "Maid of the Whispering Hills"; *Michael Ferrys*, by Mrs. Henry D. La Pasture, author of "Deborah of Todds"; *Where Are You Going To?* by E. Robins, author "The Magnetic North"; *The Fetters of Freedom*, by Cyrus Townsend Brady; *The Little Grey Shoe*, A Romance, by Percy Brebner; *The Debt*, by William Westrup, author of *The Land of To-morrow*; *V. V.'s Eyes*, by Henry Sydnor Harrison, author of "Queed," illustrated; and *Looking Forward*, a romance of Church Union, by Hugh Pedley.

Serious readers, for that sort there will be, whose



TWO EMPRESSES AT A STATE WEDDING.

Empresses May be But Seldom Quoted in Terms of Their Royal Daughters; So We Quickly Seize Upon This Occasion, the German Royal Wedding, to Quote the German Empress as Mother of the Bride and the British Queen Mary as Mother of the Bridesmaid, Princess Mary.



A Charming Country Residence. The Surrounding Garden Should Not Be Cut Up Into Flower Beds. Note the Fine Hedge and Cool-looking Lawn Slope and Shade.

A Page About Gardens

The Fleur de Luce or Iris, Commonly Called "Flag"

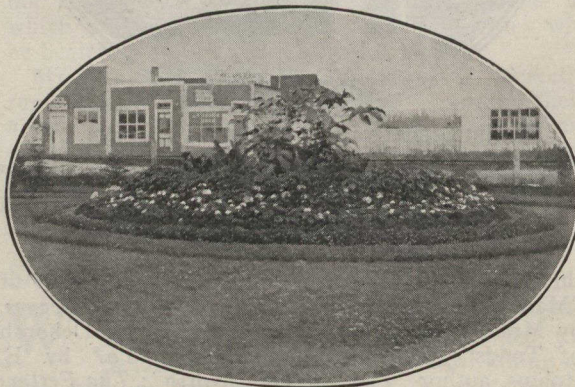
By E. T. COOK

THE great Iris family is divided into groups and each has given something to the gardens of many climes, but anything approaching even a brief review of the family is out of the question in these pages. One type will be taken, the German Flag, *Iris germanica*, which we have reason to believe will be the popular flower of the near future. It has the merit of living almost anywhere, and seems as much at home in the moist sort of pond or lakeside as in the herbaceous border. It is wise, however, not to slavishly copy other people's fancies, but to think things out oneself. This, it was pointed out recently, is the only way to achieve interesting results. The Flag is usually confined to the border. It is, of course, beautiful there, but that is not the place in which the rich variety of colouring is in the most appropriate setting. Deep purple blue is the colour of the type, and that is seen to best advantage with a background of green foliage from woodland or shrubbery.

I remember a picture of Alfred Parsons, one of the Royal Academicians, in which the German Flag was on the fringe of a spacious lawn where the cool light gave full value to the blue colouring and the whole formed a perfect composition. Not far away were yellow day lilies, and peering in on the scene the brave splashes of flower colour from the great, flaring Eastern Poppy. Wherever the Poppy called *Orientalis* is established on the fringe of the shrubbery there is no dullness—it seems full of sunshine whilst the great petals last. The Iris in our thoughts requires no description and its inexpensiveness is certainly a virtue, therefore it should be chosen for planting where large quantities are desired. A lake or pond margin lined with the sword-shaped leaves, and large, scented, blue flowers is a June picture of summer charm, and from this the rarer kinds have arisen. The Iris is first cousin to the Orchid, and there is much resemblance between the two apparently greatly dissimilar families, in one point, the colouring of the flower. Black seems the only colour not represented, but that is no loss. Shades of blue, claret, purple, yellow, and soft, glistening white are laid on the broad, fragrant petals, and when the plants are in partial shade, they remain unsullied for many days, a succession of buds maintaining the display. Sometimes a white ground is mottled and marbled with some decided tint and the flower spikes make bold decorations for halls or large rooms.

One of the leading horticulturists in Canada declared that the German Iris and its section would soon be first favourites, and this has come to pass partly from the introduction of a series of beautiful variations. Queen of all is *Pallida*, perhaps the noblest of all hardy perennials, the strong, tall stem bearing flowers of softest blue tinted with rose, and their fragrance is of the hawthorn. It is commonly supposed that a few flowers only possess that most alluring of all attributes—fragrance. A frequent remark is, "I did not know so and so was sweetly scented." The Iris is filled with perfume, and many of the Tulips smell of Primroses and Pæonies. Of Violets, *Pallida* has, however, the

characteristic Iris scent, suggesting the thorn of the woodland, and it represents a small, distinct group, in which *Dalmatica* and *Walner* are the finest, all of lavender shades. Passing from this,



Excellent Work is Being Done by the Railroads in Beautifying Their Depots. The Lawn at Englehart, on the T. & N.O. Line.

Aurea, golden yellow, as its name suggests, *Bridesmaid*, white with the lining to the petals; *Cordelia*, pale blue; *Darius*, yellow variegated with rich brown; *Gracehas*, lemon-yellow; *Madame Chereau*, white edged with deep lavender; *Princess of Wales*, clear white; *Purple King*, *Queen of May*, rosy lilac, with yellow veins, and *Victorine*, which, though last on the list, should be placed after *Pallida*.

A few words will dismiss cultivation, of which little is required. Moisture and half shade bring about the finest results, and in all cases, the soil should be rich and liberally manured. Plant immediately after flowering, and divide also at the same season. This may seem against general rules, but the Iris never prospers so abundantly as when this time is selected for root disturbance.

A Few Hints on the Flower Garden

By GEORGE BALDWIN

AT this present time, with growth and vegetation around us, the average householder or the enthusiastic gardener thinks it is time for him to take part in beautifying the home garden. This spring has given us a good display of bulbs in gardens, which were planted last fall; I mean the annual bulbs of Tulips, etc., although at the present time there are fine blooms of the Perennial Tulips, or Darwins. The difference in the two classes can be gathered from the fact that while the former is short lived, the latter can remain and multiply and flower in the same place for a number of years.

What is the best course open to improve my garden? In most cases this question is looked at from an economical point of view. To those who cannot afford the high priced bedding plants, a good display of bloom, until the late frost sets in, can be obtained by the use of flowering annuals.

It is not always in a small garden that one has

many large beds to furnish. But there may be, say, two or three near the front aspect, and it is of these that an extra show is made. Cannas, *Salvras*, *Gladiolus*, *Geraniums*, together with the dwarfed plants, can be procured at most stores. A centre bed for a good summer show can be made up of *Cerastium*, intermixed with *Celosias* and *Scarlet Breuchyleuse*, *Gladiolus*. The whole forms a charming and effective display.

Not only must the attention be turned to beds, but also to the flower border, where a few packets of seeds can be made to produce flowers. Suitable for the house decoration; *Scabious*, *Salpeglossis*, *Cornflowers*, *Gypsophella*, with a great many others, can be sown in small patches. A few twigs and a label keeps one in mind what they have sown.

Shall we turn our attention one minute to the verandah? In this connection a few climbers, such as *Cobra*, *Japanese Hop*, *Canary Creeper*, planted now will soon cover up a few feet of space.

The Herbaceous border has latterly become very popular. Pæonies, a few days ago, were showing leaf. Now, thanks to the warm sun, they are in bloom. It is a wise plan always to keep some sticks close at hand, for this particular border, as *Dahlias*, *Delpheniums*, etc., get top heavy and a high wind or the approach of a thunder-storm will do much damage to these plants.

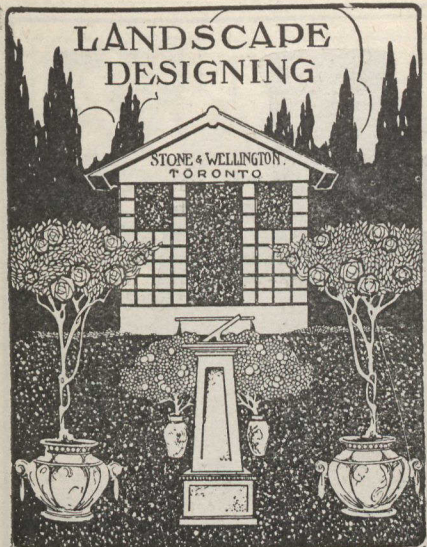
A word can also be said not only as to the adornment of the flower beds and borders, but also with regard to window boxes, rustic vases, hanging baskets, etc., which all help to give seasonable results. The worthy *Schizanthus* need not be neglected. As a hanging basket plant it is very effective. To give the reader some idea of what the *Schizanthus* is like, a short trip should be made to Allan Gardens, in the large conservatory of which, for some time past, these beautiful flowers have been in bloom, admired by all. Some say they can only be grown in pots. But it will pay to place about six small seedlings in a hanging basket. The result will prove its merits.

Individuality in Plots

THE maker of a garden should beware of mere imitation. One man's garden should not suit every other man on the street. It is bad enough to have lawns and house-fronts a conformity without making flower-plots and borders and ivies as much alike as peas in a pod. There are so many various effects to be got from modern blooms with a little study that the man who simply follows a fashion or a rule is very foolish indeed. So much depends on suiting the particular blooms and masses to the space they are to occupy. It would be foolish to have a mass of sunflowers in a plot the size of a Persian rug.



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Our Green Swords

The Lawn is one of the Glories of Canadian Cities. Some Seasonable Pointers.

IN the seventh annual report of the Horticultural Societies of Ontario there occurs an excellent summary of the work a lawn entails during the year, and as the green sward gives a cool, refreshing beauty to many Canadian cities, its importance cannot be overestimated. These notes have a pointed significance just now when seed sowing, mending or patching up, and relaying are about to begin or are in progress. Where bare patches, it is mentioned, appear, the soil should be thoroughly raked over and loosened up, at the same time raking in a little bone dust. A day or so later the surface should be again scratched over with the rake and seed sown thickly. Choose a dull, cool day for the seeding.

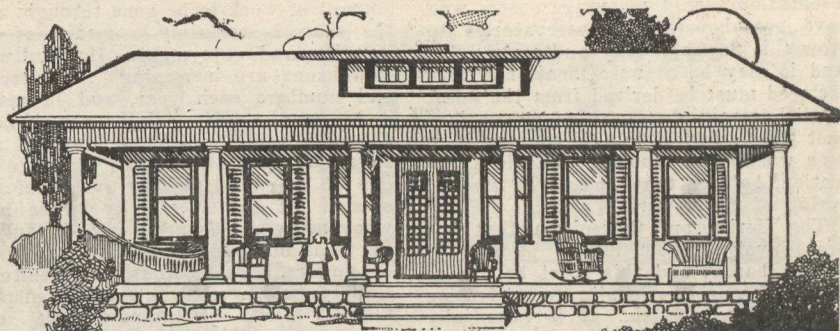
Most lawns will be better for a little feeding in spring. While the general practice is to scatter stable manure over the surface, there is always the liability of this causing more harm than good. Stable manure, unless thoroughly rotted, is almost sure to be full of weed seeds, which will take root and cause no end of trouble. Sheep manure or commercial fertilizer is much better. Hardwood ashes applied in the spring tend to impart a lustrous green to the lawn. To renovate lawns that have become worn out the whole surface should be first scratched over with a sharp steel rake. After stirring the surface without unduly injuring the grass roots, lawn grass should be sown on the surface, one pint for ever 300 square feet. Now rake over so as to cover the seed. The surface should then be rolled or beaten down. To enrich the lawn and cause a more luxuriant growth, there is nothing better than raw bone meal evenly strewn over the surface at the rate of ten pounds to 300 square feet. Or one of the many patent lawn enrichers may be used in the same manner. A brisk going over with a sharp steel rake should follow application of enricher or bone.

Mowing and Keeping the Lawn in Condition.

After the lawn is well started, the next question is how to keep it in good condition. New lawns need frequent rolling after the grass is up, in order that the roots may take firm hold. The roller should be a heavy one. The first cutting should not take place until the grass is at least three inches high. The mower must be sharp and set so as not to cut too close. In newly grown lawns the grass is never very firmly rooted the first season. To use a dull or poorly running mower will mean the pulling up of the grass roots. When the grass has begun to grow freely, cutting may be done every ten days up to the hot weather. During this period stop mowing and roll occasionally. The too frequent use of the mower is largely responsible for the burnt-up appearance of many of our lawns during the hot summer months. Whether an old or a new lawn, mowing should be omitted during extremely hot weather at least. All lawns will be better for spring rolling, which is best done when the ground is thoroughly moist. Kentucky blue grass makes an excellent lawn. Though, perhaps, it takes longer for this grass to make sod than some of the mixtures, it is well worth waiting for. The addition of white Dutch clover to the Kentucky blue grass-sown lawn will give a sward to be proud of. For shady corners and around trees where ordinary grass fails to flourish try shady nook grass seed.

A Flower of Many Colours

THE world of flowers is filled with beauty, and man's activities in what is called hybridising have resulted in a bewildering variety of colouring undreamt of by our forbears. As a knowledge of horticulture or gardening, whichever one is pleased to call it, increases, the more sumptuous this flower world becomes as the curtain that hides it is drawn farther and farther apart. The "flower of many colours" is the Herbaceous Calceolaria, which has been grown this year in Sir Edmund Osler's garden in Rosedale to the highest perfection, never eclipsed in my recollection in any of the gardens of England. This is intensely gratifying, and such a rep-



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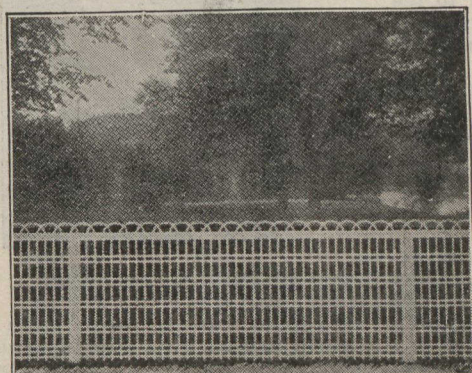
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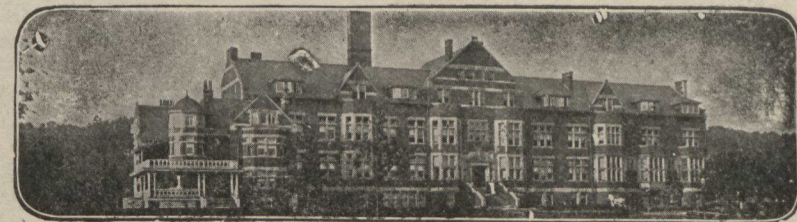
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resentation should encourage others who have greenhouses or conservatories to grow this flower of May and early June. And it may be at once mentioned that the seed must be derived from the finest English strain, because for generations past the florists of the old country have been working assiduously to achieve perfection, both in the size and in the colouring of the flowers.

The Herbaceous Calceolaria that has been involved from lovely parents is almost hardy, and this must be one of the chief considerations in its cultivation from start to finish. It is essentially what may be called a "cool greenhouse plant," but frost should never approach the big succulent leaves. Sow the seed thinly in the late fall in shallow boxes filled with light soil, and when the seedlings are sufficiently large to handle, pot them off singly into small pots, and from thence to other sizes as growth develops until the "thirty-two" size is reached. A cool temperature, always a soil condition that is neither too moist nor too dry, and a light screen from hot suns are necessary, and any relaxation on the growers' part will have but one result—dead failure. Calceolaria culture is, in a measure, a test of horticultural skill, and it is a keen pleasure to record a wonderful success in Toronto. The plant is an "annual," which means that when the flowering season is over, there is no further use for it, a great batch of seedlings having to be sown if a feast of colour is again desired in the following year.

Horticulture in 1913

THE coming season promises to be one of unusual activity in horticultural circles. A list of exhibition fixtures before us reveals an astonishing

amount of work to be gone through, and the show is certainly a means of relaxation and enjoyment. Horticultural exhibitions are increasing in interest and numbers each year, and in many instances the prizes offered are of considerable value. The first show of the Rose Society of Ontario is likely to be one of the most popular events of the season. It has necessarily to be held when many people are away—in July—but it is not possible to alter the ways of flowers. The Toronto Horticultural Society held a most interesting display recently with a commendable collection of exhibits of all kinds.

A New Spraying Mixture

PROFESSOR MAXWELL-LEFROY, of the Royal College of Science, England, and Messrs. Merryweather, recently conducted an extensive experiment for the purpose of demonstrating the value of lead chromate as a substitute for Paris green for killing various leaf-eating caterpillars. The trees are 370 in number, about 88 years old, and 45 feet high. Last year they were defoliated by caterpillars, and caterpillars appeared again this year. Five kinds were feeding when the experiments were made, two of the most destructive being Tortrix viridans and Cheimotilia brumata. The mixture used consisted of 50 per cent. lead chromate, 25 per cent. soft soap, 2 per cent. gelatine, and the balance water. One pound of this was then mixed with 30 gallons of water and applied by one of Messrs. Merryweather's petrol spraying machines. Prof. Maxwell-Lefroy has used this insecticide in England with considerable success, and says that it is as great a deterrent as a poison.

Men of To-Day

(Concluded from page 7.)

of rank and pomp and display in both society and the church.

Bishop Brent was born at Newcastle, Ontario, educated at Trinity College School and Trinity University. Shortly after graduation he became assistant to the rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, Buffalo, and later moved to Boston. In 1901, at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States, held at San Francisco, he was elected first Bishop of the Philippine Islands. But he is more than a mere preacher, and this is the explanation of his rapid advancement and his broad sympathies. For three years he was on the editorial staff of the New York Churchman, and he has written several essays and books which have had considerable circulation. Special attention has been given to the opium traffic, and he was chairman of the International Opium Commission which met at Shanghai in 1904. In all his busy days he has not forgotten the land of his birth, and he has paid several extended visits to this country recently.

A New Ontario Dean

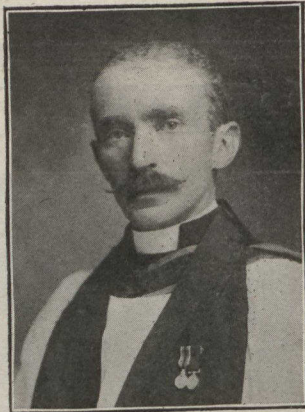
CANON G. LOTHROP STARR has received a promotion as the result of the election of Dean Bidwell as the Bishop of Kingston. Canon Starr went to Kingston from Toronto in 1899 and became curate of St. George's Cathedral. He now becomes rector of St. George's and Dean of Ontario.

Canon Starr is one of the better known of the Church of England clergy in Ontario, partly because of his connection with the militia. He began his military career with the 41st Regiment, where he commanded a company. After his removal to Kingston he connected himself with the 14th Regiment and acted as adjutant. When he retired with the rank of major he was appointed chaplain of the corps. He is also Anglican chaplain to the Kingston garrison. This is rather an unusual career for a clergyman.

When he was a resident of Toronto he was associated with Sir Henry Pellett in the organization of a Church Boys' Brigade, which was the foundation of the uniform cadet corps of that city. It also partook somewhat of the character which General Baden-Powell gave to the Boy Scout movement. Indeed, Canon Starr is now a commissioner

of the Boy Scouts, showing that he still retains his interest in all movements which tend to give boys that outdoor training which is so essential. Canon Starr is entitled to wear two decorations, one for long service in the militia and the other for the Coronation of the late King Edward.

While Canon Starr has been busy with his diocesan work and his military interests, he has also found time to take



Canon L. Lothrop Starr.

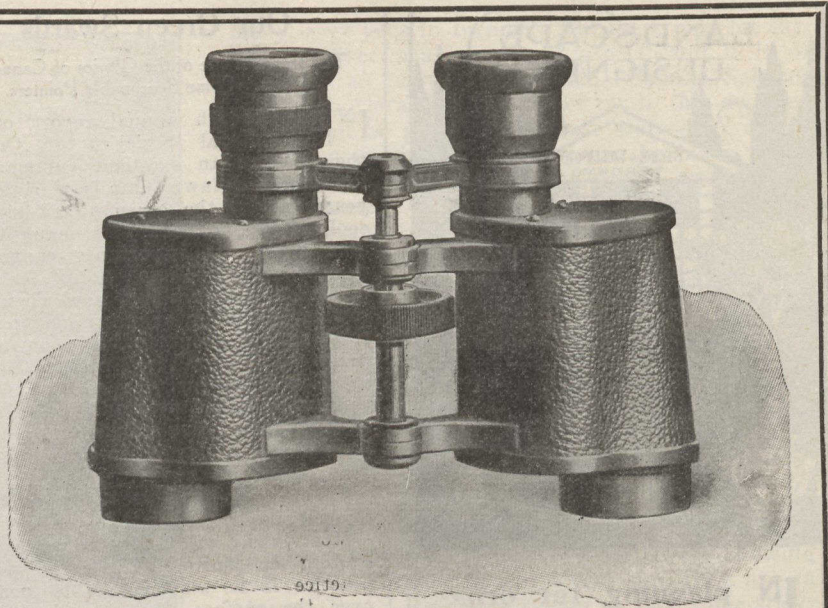
part in the most important church movements, such as the Halifax Church Congress and the Pan-Anglican Congress, held in England four years ago. He is a member of the governing board of Trinity College, Toronto, of which he is a graduate. He is also president of Kingston Historical Society.

Not Unanimous.—A Boston professional nurse, who is being sued for divorce, warns her sex to beware of thin men. She says they are all cranks. Her husband is thin.

However, as thin men are in the majority, her sisters are not disposed to take her advice. Better half a loaf than no bread. If a fat man is not to be had, lead the slim chap to the altar of sacrifice.

A Natural Deduction.—News item from London states that a new play was received there with "a marcel wave of approbation."

That sounds suspiciously like a puff, doesn't it?



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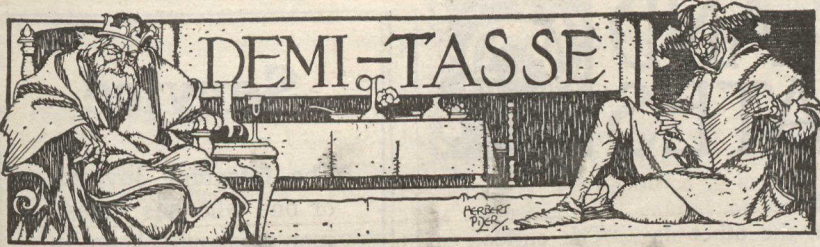
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You look forward to reading the Canadian Courier every week, don't you? It should reach you by Friday. If it does not, advise the Circulation Manager.



Courierettes.

A MODERN and more popular method of burning the midnight oil is to go joy-riding late in the evening.

Anna Pavlowa asserts that dancing is great mental exercise. Some of it is—for the spectators.

Half the world may not know how the other half lives, but it's not fair to blame some of our feminine friends for that.

Some men are born famous, some achieve fame, and others marry women who are talked about.

Nat Goodwin and De Wolf Hopper, the actors, have each taken a fifth wife. Seems to us to be a matrimonial Marathon. Also it looks like a tie—ten ties, in fact.

Many a girl gets her voice cultivated, but the crop is often very poor.

Toronto barbers are determined to get an early closing by-law passed. They will stop at nothing till they get it.

The Brooklyn ball team has been insured for \$206,000. What about the poor umpires?

Noted society woman declares that a man can wed on \$1,000 a year. Sure. That's not the point. The question is—can he live on it?

Chinese girl wants to become a newspaper writer. She might be denounced as a yellow journalist.

Latest from the scientists is "the colour bath." We prefer to have the water clear.

Sentiment in favour of the abolition of the Senate is steadily growing—particularly among those citizens whose hopes of being appointed to the Upper Chamber have been blighted.

Hamilton Wright Mabie returns from Japan and remarks that the war talk is all coming from the yellow politicians there. That word "yellow" is a trifle ambiguous.

New York has seen the Hotel Astor close, but there are one or two places left in the city where real food can be had.

Impervious to Attack.—They quarrelled.

She called him a robber.

She told him he was a bully.

She added that he was cross-eyed, crooked, false, foresworn, an ignoramus, and a few other odds and ends of everything low, mean and despicable.

But he never winced.

He did not even deign to reply.

He was a baseball umpire.

One Objection.—One of the chief objections to some musical comedies is that the players and the orchestra make too much noise to let one have a comfortable snooze.

The Cynic Says:—That the actions of some moral reformers would indicate that they believe in saving souls only by the wholesale method.

That the smile of a pretty suffragette is a much more potent argument for the cause than a stone thrown by her shrewish sister.

That sometimes a preacher gets a five-spot for marrying a couple when his proper reward should be a term at hard labour.

That it seems strange that it is the warmer class of girlie-whirlie musical shows that are popular in the warm weather.

The Meanest Man.—For many years a hunt has been going on all over the world for the meanest man.

A certain church in Ottawa thinks it has the chap on its membership roll.

He has been a member for eleven years. He rented a pew but never paid for it.

He sub-let the pew for all those years and carefully collected the rental from the sub-pew-holder.

Any other entries?

As It Is in Germany.—Now that Germany is spending so many millions on her fleet, her army and her airships, the average property owner in the Fatherland finds that owning property is a paying proposition. Accent the "paying," please.

A Point in Mathematics.—A Berlin doctor was fined \$42 for calling a telephone girl a camel.

What would have been the amount if he could have been fined for what he thought and did not have the nerve to say?

Weather Note.—June is the month which is noted for the three b's—buds, bugs and brides.

How Hodge Got His Start.—William Hodge, the popular actor of droll Indiana stage heroes, recently paid his first visit to Canada. He ended his season in "The Road to Happiness" by a week in Toronto and another in Montreal, and liked Canada so well on first acquaintanceship that he immediately arranged to visit us first thing next season.

Mr. Hodge is a likeable fellow off stage as well as behind the footlights, and to some of his newly-made Canadian friends he related in droll fashion how he happened to become an actor.

"I attached myself to a small repertoire company," he said, "playing the small towns of New York and Pennsylvania. In fact, I did it without consulting the manager. However, I made myself so handy about the stage that I finally found myself on the salary list and was given small parts to play. Almost before I realized it I had become a 'regular actor.' I played old men, young men, heavies, character parts; in fact, the entire round of roles that are called for in the work of a troupe that visits small towns and plays the full range of the drama from Shakespeare to the Leonzo Brothers. I also sang and danced between the acts, as was the custom in the good old days.

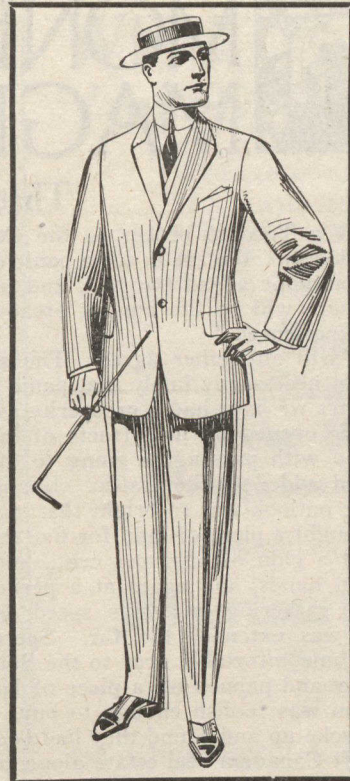
"One night just after I had finished a song and dance turn, the manager met me in the wings. 'You'll succeed in your chosen profession,' said he, as I wiped the perspiration from my brow. I was pleased.

"Do you think so?" said I.

"Then came the blow. 'Sure,' said the manager. 'Anybody who's got the nerve to get up before people and dance as badly as you do is bound to succeed!'"

A Matter of Cognomens.—Mr. Mark Irish, of Toronto, who was chairman of the recent Borden meeting, tells a story of an experience which he has since had at Ottawa. It goes to prove that no statesman is a hero with the common people until they learn to call him by his first name. He was sitting in the visitors' gallery during some very dull proceedings. Because of the dullness several of the Ministers found time to nod to him. By his side sat an elderly gentleman, who from all appearances had spent his life mainly in agricultural pursuits. The old gentleman noticed the nods back and forth and the unmistakable evidence of familiarity between Mr. Irish and the Ministers duly impressed him. In a stage whisper he said, "Is Mr. Borden there?" Mr. Irish satisfied his curiosity. He then asked after Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Rogers, and each was duly pointed out to him. Then, in most confidential tone, he whispered: "Where is Sam Hughes?"

Mr. Irish had to admit that Mr. Hughes was not in the house. The old man was much disappointed, but remarked, "He is worth the whole bunch put together."



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E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

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MONEY AND MAGNATES



That Panic

SAID a Toronto broker to the COURIER, the other day, "The outlook is gloomy. We are in for a panic every bit as bad as that of 1907. Canada has gone ahead too fast, and unless the crops are unusually good this year there will be the biggest break-up in financial affairs that Canada has ever experienced."

Few will altogether agree. The situation is, of course, serious, but that does not necessarily imply that panic stares Canada in the face. For the last five years we have had a prosperity as unbounded as it was phenomenal. The railways opened up new tracts of land, in return for which they had cars crowded with passengers going to the new districts. The building material required added to the traffic. Immigration increased by leaps and bounds, and the outlook was so bright that speculation set in on a wholesale scale. A man bought a piece of land for five thousand dollars and sold it a few months later at a gain of fifty per cent., and more. In a very short time it again changed hands, and again at a perilously high profit. So the ball went on rolling, gathering excessive speed, because the grade was accommodating. Credit was extended too far. Speculation in Canadian real estate was getting uncomfortably near to the South Sea Bubble type. The "wild-catter" got busy and palmed off a piece of land at an absurdly high value upon anyone who was foolish enough to buy. Many of the buyers were Englishmen. They woke up and found they had been hoodwinked. Once bitten, twice shy; they left Canadian real estate alone, and invested in gilt-edged securities.

Then the Balkan war set in. Money was hoarded. The bankers, determined to check speculation, would not lend money. The war went on, and peace was delayed. Money was tight, and the stringency showed no signs of slackening. When peace was declared, it was too late to effect a complete restoration of the easy money conditions of a year ago. Speculators were forced to sell at a loss. And so, in June, 1913, the financial stringency is more pronounced than ever.

But why forecast a panic? Investment brokers say they did excellent business during the last eight or nine months. It is the speculator and the "margin" broker who have felt the pinch, and turned bear. And it is right that they should feel the pinch. They played with fire, and, therefore, they got burned. But they represent only a section of the community. They are not the community itself. The banks acted wisely in frustrating foolish speculation. It will take some time to get right again, but we shall get right. When the pendulum swings to one extreme, it gathers impetus enough to send it to the other. The present set-back should do good. It should teach a wholesome and a necessary lesson. And if it is hard to learn, it must be remembered that it is self-imposed.

An Increase in New Issues

THE amount of money subscribed in London for new issues during May was \$192,270,000, which is an increase over the month of April of \$47,000,000, and an increase over May, 1912, of nearly \$50,000,000. For the first five months of this year the amount of capital furnished by London is \$736,950,000, against \$521,000,000 for the corresponding period of last year, and \$548,000,000 for that of 1911. So that up to now—whatever the bears may say to the contrary—Lombard Street has been able to "deliver the goods."

The notable feature of the figures for May is the comparatively small amount furnished the colonies. Last month it was \$14,165,000, against \$65,000,000 in April, and \$28,000,000 in May, 1912. Foreign countries appear to have been specially favoured in May, the total capital subscribed for their new issues being \$140,000,000. In April it was \$38,000,000. It will be remembered that the Chinese loan of \$37,500,000, which for a single issue is unusually large, was floated last month.

Balm in Gilead

DESPITE the hang-dog expression and the pessimistic views of many financiers, one or two British companies still retain their faith in things Canadian. The chairman of the Scottish and Canadian General Investment Company said at the annual meeting recently:

"As a large portion of our capital is invested in Canadian securities, it is gratifying to observe the continued prosperity of the Dominion. Notwithstanding the condition of the money market, trade in Canada has never been more active, and her agricultural interests are in a very sound position. The railways are making preparations for gigantic developments which cannot fail to have an appreciable effect on the prosperity of the country. The enormous flow of immigration of the best class appears to increase rather than to diminish, and this influx of population augments the demand for money."

On and Off the Exchange

Standard Bank to Increase Capital

IT is announced that the Standard Bank of Canada will issue \$500,000 new stock at a premium of 100 per cent. The present paid-up capital of the bank is \$2,500,000. The reserve fund now amounts to \$3,200,000. Net earnings for 1912 were \$462,097, which is equal to 21.08 per cent. on capital. The surplus carried forward is \$103,911.

The new stock will be issued to shareholders of record of June 25th.

Magnesia Products, Limited

UNDER this name there has been organized, in Montreal, a company which will take over the plant of the Canadian Magnesite Company, Ltd., and the Magnesia Products Company, of Newark, N.J. The former owns valuable deposits of magnesite rock, while the latter concern is one of the largest manufacturers of magnesia products in the American market.

Service

The intending investor or one who has investments, should keep in touch with financial reports on those securities he owns or intends buying. It is most important in determining what you should sell or what you shall buy.

We will keep you in touch with market conditions and report on your investments. This is without obligation on your part.

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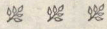
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Letters of Credit issued enabling Canadians travelling abroad to have ready access to funds in any British or foreign city

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS
THROUGHOUT CANADA

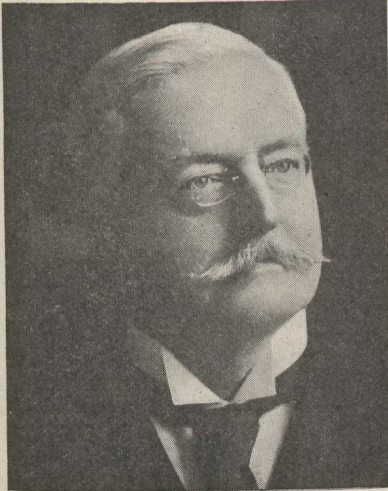
(Eight Offices in Toronto)

The situation in the magnesia trade is interesting. There is a Canadian mine supplying its raw material to an American factory, both mine and factory being controlled by a Canadian company having its head office in Montreal.



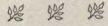
A New Guarantee Company

THE Canadian Surety Company has obtained a license from the Department of Insurance, at Ottawa, empowering it to transact the business of guaranteeing insurance. This new company, whose office is in Toronto, has an authorized capital of one million dollars. It will carry on a general fidelity and surety business throughout the Dominion.



HON. J. J. FOY
Who is Connected With a New Surety Company.

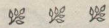
Mr. F. W. Lafrentz is president and Hon. J. J. Foy vice-president.



An Excellent Showing

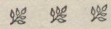
THE Canadian Converters Company, of Montreal, had another good year last year. At the annual meeting, manufacturing profits of \$130,485 were shown. This is an increase over last year of 45.5 per cent. Net profits, after bond interest and other charges are accounted for, were \$92,720, a gain over last year of \$37,174, or 73 per cent. Earnings on the capital stock of \$1,733,500 were at the rate of 5.06 per cent. In view of the money and trade situation of the last eight months, it is felt that these results are eminently satisfactory, and entirely justify the action of the directors in resuming, last

August, the payment of the four per cent. dividend on the common stock, which was discontinued in 1909.



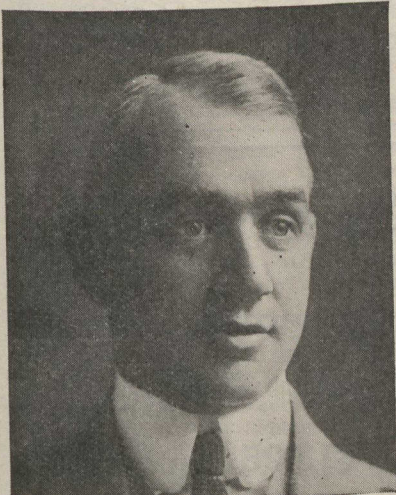
Shredded Wheat on New Basis

THE directors of the Shredded Wheat Company have placed the concern upon a six per cent. basis, by declaring a dividend of one per cent. on the common stock and a bonus of one per cent., payable July 1st. As a bonus of one per cent. was paid in January, this last declaration places the common stock upon a six per cent. basis for 1913. In 1912, the company paid five and a half per cent.



A Paper Merger

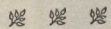
REORGANIZATION of several paper mills has been effected. The Provincial Paper Mills Company, Limited, has been incorporated, with a capital stock of five million dollars, of which there is \$2,600,000 common stock, and \$2,400,000 preferred. This amount represents the combined stock of the St. Lawrence Paper Mills Company, Limited, and the Barber Paper and Coated Mills Company, Limited.



I. H. WELDON
President St. Lawrence Paper Mills Co.

Through the new organization of the Kalamazoo and Canadian interests the company secures control of the original mill of the St. Lawrence Paper Company, at Milleroches, near Montreal, the Montrose Paper Company, at Thorold, Ontario, where extensive improvements have recently been made, and also the Barber Paper and Coated Mills, and the Canadian Coating Mills at Georgetown.

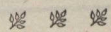
The head office of the company will be at Toronto. Mr. I. H. Weldon, President of the St. Lawrence Paper Mills Company, Limited, confirms the rearrangement. He has taken a prominent part in effecting it. Just who the directors of the new corporation will be is unknown at present. An announcement will be made within the next few days.



A New Land and Loan Company

THERE has recently been organized in Winnipeg the British Land and Loan Company of Canada, Limited. The concern has a capital of \$500,000, in one hundred thousand shares of \$5 par value, which will be issued at a premium of 75 cents. It is, however, only proposed to call up one dollar per share, plus the full premium.

The names of the officers and directors of the company include several who are well known in London financial circles, and prominent men in Manitoba.



Under One Name

IT has been decided by the Canadian General Electric Company, Limited, who own and control as subsidiary companies the Canada Foundry Company and the Canadian Allis-Chalmers, Limited, to consolidate the selling organizations of the two concerns. The name, "Canada Foundry Company, Limited," will be dropped, and sales will be conducted under the name of the Canadian Allis-Chalmers, Limited. This policy has been decided upon because the name Canada Foundry Company does not appropriately cover the wide range of mechanical apparatus manufactured by that company, whereas the name Allis-Chalmers is known far and wide in connection with many mechanical appliances and engineering feats of magnitude. Many of the appliances manufactured by the Allis-Chalmers people are complementary to the products of the Canada Foundry, and the use of but one name will simplify sales and business generally.

Which Part of Toronto Do You Prefer as an Investment?

We have selected properties in several parts of Toronto which offer the large or small investor a rare opportunity to make a good turn in real estate. We can give full particulars of these propositions on application.

- Regents Park, East
- Strath Gowan, North
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Annabel's Veil

(Concluded from page 9.)

she had given him a right to expect. When she passed on without a second glance he continued his work, but she felt that had she thrown stones at him he could not have been more surprised. For weeks thereafter he did not speak to her—did not put himself in her way—but he never failed to look her steadfastly in the face when they met. It was not a look of reproach, nor even of inquiry; it conveyed nothing but melancholy acquiescence. Annabel learned that his conduct had been all that the most ardent reformer could have hoped. The changed lives of himself and his wife were the wonder of the neighbourhood. But Annabel now cared nothing for that. The recollection of her relations with the Porters was wormwood to her. Her one longing hope was that he was not in possession of her veil or, if he was, that it might be recovered from him.

One afternoon, after playing tennis with her brother and their guests, she went across with Harold to the rose garden to get some flowers for the house. It was warm, and the gardener's vest lay on the ground as he wielded the hoe. At the sight all her philanthropy vanished in the smoke of a great wrath. Her cheeks seemed to scorch, and her eyes were hot with suppressed indignation.

"That is my veil," she said, curtly. Give it to me."

The man stepped swiftly backward and snatched at his vest with a hand that trembled. "No," he said, in a low, troubled tone, "no!"

"But you must." She turned to her brother. "Harold, this man has stolen my property."

"Oh, I'll pay you for it," he cried, eagerly. "I'll pay you for it twice over."

She still looked appealingly at Harold. The young man essayed good-natured persuasion. "Now see here, my good fellow, there's no sense in your acting this way. You'll be the laughing stock

of anyone working with you, and, what's more, my sister will be a laughing stock, too."

"Then I'll pin it inside the lining." "You'll do no such thing!" hotly declared the girl. "You'll give it to me this instant."

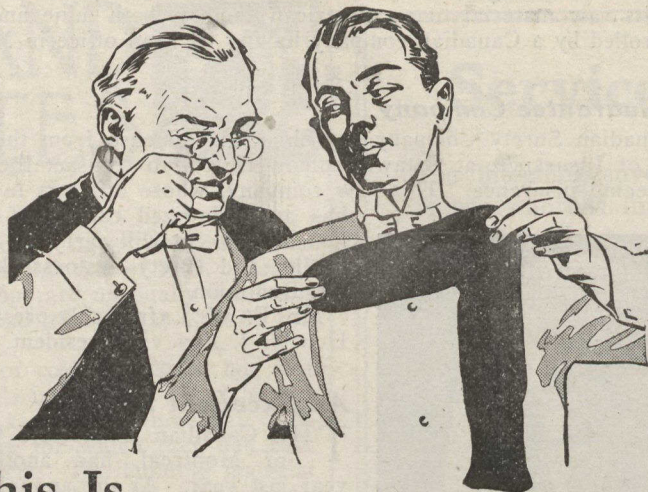
He fronted her with that look of steadfast sadness. "No, Miss Harlowe, I'll never give it to you. I'll keep it till I die."

She snatched at it, but it was firm in his grasp.

"Wait," he said, wiping the heavy moisture from his brow, "wait till I tell you what that veil is to me. I wear it always to remind me that I've got to do right—I've got to do my best always, because when I was down in the slime of the gutter, and no one had anything for me but kicks and abuse and good advice, some one came along who helped me. Some one who believed in me and taught me to believe in myself. It's awful easy to start trying to change a man, but it takes grit to keep it up. You kept it up, Miss Harlowe. You caught me when I was drowning and you held on till I got to shore. I can never pay for it nor thank you for it, neither can my wife. But we have a happy home now, and you was the one who made it happy. So you'll not ask me to give up the veil that reminds me of all that."

He picked up his hoe and made as if to continue his work. Harold looked at his sister; then he turned away, for the tears were on her cheeks cooling their foolish rage.

"I don't blame you for souring on me," continued the gardener, "but don't sour on the good work that your good heart makes you love to do." He dropped the hoe then to take the hand that Annabel penitently thrust into his. "You're welcome to the the veil, Mr. Porter," said she, and there was the old, honest ring of kindness and good faith in her voice.



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Fooling the Post Office

THE country postmistress who used to guess at the contents of rural letters by noticing whose handwriting was on the envelope, has been strategically beaten by the lady who got from the Dominion Government the contract

suffragettes, tried to kill the industry of letter-writing by pouring carbolic acid into letter-boxes. Most of the world's greatest letters have been either written to or written by women. Letters have been stolen by women, intercepted by women and inspired by women. But the lady who got the post-box and stamp-machine contract from either the former P.M.G. of Canada or from Mr. Pelletier, and sold it for \$100,000 is entitled to the tacit admiration of her entire sex.

No doubt the device in itself is a good one. Any mere man who has found himself late at night or on Sunday with a bundle of letters to post and no stamps, when all the postoffices and stamp counters are closed, will realize the advantage of this machine which not only receives the letters, but stamps them at the same time, and also advertises by a rotary sign at the top the newest make of hosiery or style in breakfast foods.

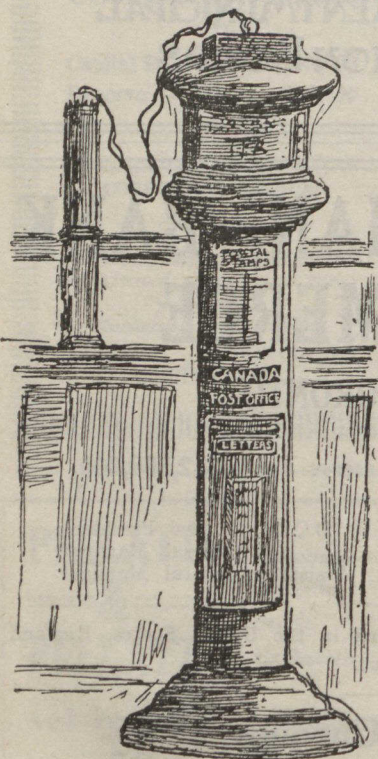
It was Uncle in "The Old Homestead," who visiting a city for the first time, fearfully dropped a letter into a red letter box and said:

"By gum! I s'pose that letter's got to its destination a'ready."

He had a sublime and simple faith in the red box and the government that put it there. But the simple, abiding faith of somebody in the clever woman that got the contract for these new post-boxes, is to Uncle's in "The Old Homestead" as wine unto water. The contract is good for ten years. The rum-pus it kicked up in the House of Commons must have provided much merriment to all the suffragettes, and to all men who think they are too clever to be beguiled by women.

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THE IMPOSTOR



BY
**HAROLD
BINDLOSS**

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

THEN the waggon rolled more slowly up the rise and had passed from view behind it when a mounted man rode up to Witham with an envelope in his hand.

"Mr. Macdonald was in at the settlement, and the telegraph clerk gave it him," he said. "He told me to come along with it."

Witham opened the message. His face grew grim as he read, "Send five hundred dollars. Urgent."

Then he thrust it into his pocket and went on with his harvesting, when he had thanked the man. He also worked until dusk was creeping up across the prairie before he concerned himself further about the affair; and then the note he wrote was laconic.

"Enclosed you will find fifty dollars. I sent only because you may be ill. In case of necessity, you can forward your doctor's or hotel bills," it ran.

It was with a wry smile he watched the man ride off towards the settlement with it. "I shall not be sorry when the climax comes," he said. "The strain is telling."

In the meanwhile, Sergeant Stimson had been quietly renewing his acquaintance with certain ranchers and herders of sheep scattered across the Albertan prairie some six hundred miles away. They found him more communicative and cordial than he used to be, and with one or two he unbent so far as, in the face of regulations, to refresh himself with whisky which had contributed nothing to the Canadian revenue. Now, the lonely ranchers have, as a rule, few opportunities of friendly talk with anybody, and as they responded to the sergeant's geniality, he became acquainted with a good many facts, some of which confirmed certain vague suspicions of his, though others astonished him. In consequence of this, he rode out one night with two or three troopers of a Western squadron.

His apparent business was somewhat prosaic. Musquash, the Blackfoot, in place of remaining quietly on his reserve, had in a state of inebriation reverted to the primitive customs of his race, and taking the trail not only annexed some of his white neighbours' ponies and badly frightened their wives, but drove off a steer with which he feasted his people. The owner, finding, came upon the hide, and Musquash, seeing it was too late to remove the brand from it, expressed his contrition, and pleaded in extenuation that he was rather worthy of sympathy than blame, because he would never have laid hands on what was not his had not a white man sold him deleterious liquor. As no white man is allowed to supply an Indian with alcohol in any form, the wardens on the prairie took a somewhat similar view of the case; and Stimson was, from motives which he did not mention, especially anxious to get his grip upon the other offender.

The night when they rode out was very dark, and they spent half of it beneath a birch bluff, seeing nothing whatever, and only hearing a coyote howl. It almost appeared that there was something wrong with the information supplied them respecting the probable running of another load of prohibited whisky, and towards morning Stimson rode up to the young commissioned officer.

"The man who brought us word has either played their usual trick and sent us here while his friends take the other trail, or somebody saw us ride out and went south to tell the boys," he said. "Now, you might consider it advisable

that I and one of the troopers should head for the ford at Willow Hollow, sir."

"Yes," said the young officer, who was quite aware that there were as yet many things connected with his duties he did not know. "Now I come to think of it, Sergeant, I do. We'll give you two hours, and then, if you don't turn up, ride over after you; it's condemnably shivery waiting for nothing here."

Stimson saluted and shook his bridle, and rather less than an hour later faintly discerned a rattle of wheels that rose from a long way off across the prairie. Then he used the spur, and by and by it became evident that the drumming of their horses' feet had carried far, for though the rattle grew a little louder there was no doubt that whoever drove the waggon had no desire to be overtaken. Still, two horses cannot haul a vehicle over a rutted trail as fast as one can carry a man, and when the wardens of the prairie raced towards the black wall of birches that rose higher in front of them, the sound of wheels seemed very near. It, however, ceased suddenly, and was followed by a drumming that could only have been made by a galloping horse.

"One beast!" said the Sergeant. "Well, they'd have two men, anyway, in that waggon. Get down and picket. We'll find the other fellow somewhere in the bluff."

THEY came up to him within five minutes. He was trying to cut the remaining horse from the entangled harness in such desperate haste that he did not hear them until Stimson grasped his shoulder.

"Hold out your hands," he said. "You have your carbine ready, trooper?"

The man made no resistance, and Stimson laughed when the handcuffs were on.

"Now," he said, "where's your partner?"

"I don't know that I mind telling you," said the prisoner. "It was a low down trick he played on me. We got down to take out the horses, when we saw we couldn't get away from you, and I'd a blanket girthed round the best of them, when he said he'd hold him while I tried what I could do with the other. Well, I let him, and the first thing I knew he was off at a gallop, leaving me with the other kicking devil two men couldn't handle. You'll find him rustling south over the Montana trail."

"Mount and ride!" said Stimson, and when his companion galloped off turned once more to his prisoner.

"You'll have a lantern somewhere, and I'd like a look at you," he said. "If you're the man I expect, I'm glad I found you."

"It's in the waggon," said the other dejectedly.

Stimson got a light, and when he had released and picketed the plunging horse, held it so that he could see his prisoner. Then he nodded with evident contentment.

"You may as well sit down. We've got to have a talk," he said.

"Well," said the other, "I'd help you to catch Harmon if I could, but I can prove he hired me to drive him over to Kemp's in the waggon, and you'd find it difficult to show I knew what there was in the packages he took along."

Stimson smiled dryly. "Still," he said, "I think it could be done, and I've another count against you. You had one or two deals with the boys some little while ago."

"I'm not afraid of your fixing up

against me anything I did then," said the other man.

"No?" said Stimson. "Now, I guess you're wrong, and it might be a good deal more serious than whisky-running. One night a man crawled up to your homestead through the snow, and you took him in."

He saw the sudden fear in his companion's face before he turned it from the lantern.

"It has happened quite a few times," said the latter. "We don't turn any stranger out in this country."

"Of course!" said the Sergeant gravely, though he felt a little thrill of content as he saw the shot, he had been by no means sure of, had told. "That man, however, had lost his horse in the river, and it was the one he got from you that took him out of the country. Now, if we could show you knew what he had done, it might go as far as hanging somebody."

The man was evidently not a confirmed law-breaker, but merely one of the small farmers who were willing to pick up a few dollars by assisting the whisky-runners now and then, and he abandoned all resistance.

"Sergeant," he said, "it was most a week before I knew, and if anybody had told me at the time I'd have turned him out to freeze before I'd have let him have a horse of mine."

"That wouldn't go very far if we brought the charge against you," said Stimson grimly. "If you'd sent us word when you did know, we'd have had him."

"Well," said the man, "he was across the frontier by that time, and I don't know that most folks would have done it, if they'd had the warning the boys sent me."

Stimson appeared to consider for almost a minute, and then gravely rapped his companion's arm.

"It seems to me that the sooner you and I have an understanding, the better it will be for you," he said.

They were some time arriving at it, and the Sergeant's superiors might not have been pleased with all he promised during the discussion. Still, he was flying at higher game and had to sacrifice a little, while he knew his man.

"We'll fix it up without you, as far as we can; but if we want you to give evidence that the man who lost his horse in the river was not Farmer Witham, we'll know where to find you," he said. "You'll have to take your chance of being tried with him, if we find you trying to get out of the country."

It was half an hour later when the rest of the troopers arrived, and Stimson had some talk with their officer aside.

"A LITTLE out of the usual, isn't it?" said the latter. "I don't know that I'd have countenanced it, so to speak, off my own bat at all, but I had a tolerably plain hint that you were to use your discretion over this affair. After all, one has to stretch a point or two occasionally."

"Yes, sir," said Stimson; "a good many now and then."

The officer smiled a little and went back to the rest. "Two of you will ride after the other rascal," he said. "Now look here, my man; the first time my troopers, who'll call round quite frequently, don't find you about your homestead, you'll land yourself in a tolerably serious difficulty. In the meanwhile, I'm sorry we can't bring a charge of whisky-running against you, but another time be careful who you hire your waggon to."

Then there was a rapid drumming of

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hoofs as two troopers went off at a gallop, while when the rest turned back towards the outpost, Stimson rode with them, quietly content.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Revelation.

WITHAM'S harvesting prospered as his sowing had done, for day by day the bright sunshine shone down on standing wheat and lengthening rows of sheaves. It was in the bracing cold of sunrise the work began, and the first pale stars were out before the tired men and jaded horses dragged themselves home again. Not infrequently it happened that the men wore out the teams and machines, but there was no stoppage then, for fresh horses were led out from the corral or a new binder was ready. Every minute was worth a dollar, and Witham, who had apparently foreseen and provided for everything, wasted none.

Then—for wheat is seldom stacked in that country—as the days grew shorter and the evenings cool, the smoke of the big thrasher streaked the harvest field, and the waggon went jolting between humming separator and granary, until the latter was gorged to repletion, and the wheat was stored within a willow framing beneath the chaff and straw that streamed from the shoot of the great machine. Witham had round him the best men that dollars could hire, and toiled tirelessly with the grimy host in the whirling dust of the thrasher and amidst the sheaves, wherever another pair of hands, or the quick decision that would save an hour's delay, was needed most.

As compared with the practice of insular Britain, there were not half enough of them; but wages are high in that country, and the crew of the thrasher paid by the bushel, while the rest had long worked for their own hand on the levels of Manitoba and in the bush of Ontario, and knew that the sooner their toil was over the sooner they would go home again with well-lined pockets. So, generously fed, splendid human muscle kept pace with clinking steel under a stress that is seldom borne outside the sun-bleached prairie at harvest time, and Witham forgot everything save the constant need for the utmost effort of body and brain. It was even of little import to him that prices moved steadily upwards as he toiled.

At last it was finished, and only knee-high stubble covered his land and that of Maud Barrington; while—for he was one who could venture fearlessly and still know when he had risked enough—soon after it was thrashed out the wheat was sold. The harvesters went home with enough to maintain them through the winter; and Witham, who spent two days counting his gain, wrote asking Graham to send him an accountant from Winnipeg. With him he spent a couple more, and then, with an effort he was never to forget, prepared himself for the reckoning. It was time to fling off the mask before the eyes of all who had trusted him.

He had thought over it carefully and his first decision had been to make the revelation alone to Colonel Barrington. That, however, would, he felt be too simple, and his pride rebelled against anything that would stamp him as one who dare not face the men he had deceived. One by one they had tacitly offered him their friendship and then their esteem, until he knew that he was virtually leader at Silverdale; and it seemed fitting that he should admit the wrong he had done them, and bear the obloquy before them all. For a while the thought of Maud Barrington restrained him, and then he brushed that aside. He had fancied with masculine blindness that what he felt for her had been well concealed, and that her attitude to him could be no more than kindly sympathy with one who was endeavouring to atone for a discreditable past. Her anger and astonishment would be hard to bear, but once more his pride prompted him, and he decided that she should at least see he had the courage to face the results of his wrongdoing. As it happened, he was also given an opportunity when he was invited to the harvest celebration that was held each year at Silverdale.

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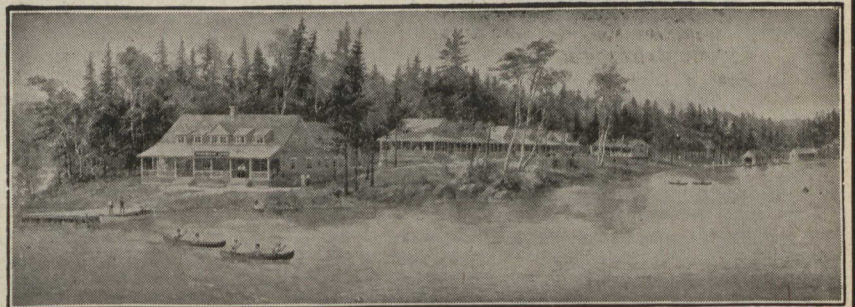
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of the women gathered in the big dining-room of the Grange. The windows were shut now, for the chill of the early frost was on the prairie, and the great lamps burned steadily above the long tables. Cut glass, dainty china and silver gleamed beneath them amidst the ears of wheat that stood in clusters for sole and appropriate ornamentation. They merited the place of honour, for wheat had brought prosperity to every man at Silverdale who had had the faith to sow that year.

On either hand were rows of smiling faces: the men's burned and bronzed, the women's kissed into faintly warmer colour by the sun, and white shoulders shone amidst the sombrely covered ones, while here and there a diamond gleamed on a snowy neck. Barrington sat at the head of the longest table, with his niece and sister, Dane, and his oldest followers about him, and Witham at its foot, dressed very simply after the usual fashion of the prairie farmers. There were few in the company who had not noticed this, though they did not as yet understand its purport.

Nothing happened during dinner, but Maud Barrington noticed that although some of his younger neighbours rallied him, Witham was grimly quiet. When it was over, Barrington rose, and the men who knew the care he had borne that year never paid him more willing homage than they did when he stood smiling down on them. As usual, he was immaculate in dress, erect, and quietly commanding; but, in spite of its smile, his face seemed worn, and there were thickening wrinkles, which told of anxiety, about his eyes.

"Another year has gone, and we have met again to celebrate with gratefulness the fulfilment of the promise made when the world was young," he said. "We do well to be thankful, but I think humility becomes us, too. While we doubted, the sun and the rain have been with us for a sign that, though men grow faint-hearted and spare their toil, seed time and harvest shall not fail."

It was the first time Colonel Barrington had spoken in quite that strain, and when he paused a moment there was a curious stillness, for those who heard him noticed an unusual tremor in his voice. There was also a gravity that was not far removed from sadness in his face when he went on again, but the intentness of his retainers would have been greater had they known that two separate detachments of police troopers were then riding toward Silverdale.

"The year has brought its changes and set its mark deeply on some of us," he said. "We cannot recall it, or retrieve our blunders, but we can hope they will be forgiven us, and endeavour to avoid them again. This is not the fashion in which I had meant to speak to you tonight, but after the bounty showered upon us I feel my responsibility. The law is unchangeable. The man who would have bread to eat or sell must toil for it, and I, in disregard of it, bade you hold your hand. Well, we have had our lesson, and we will be wiser another time; but I have felt that my usefulness as your leader is slipping away from me. This year has shown me that I am getting an old man."

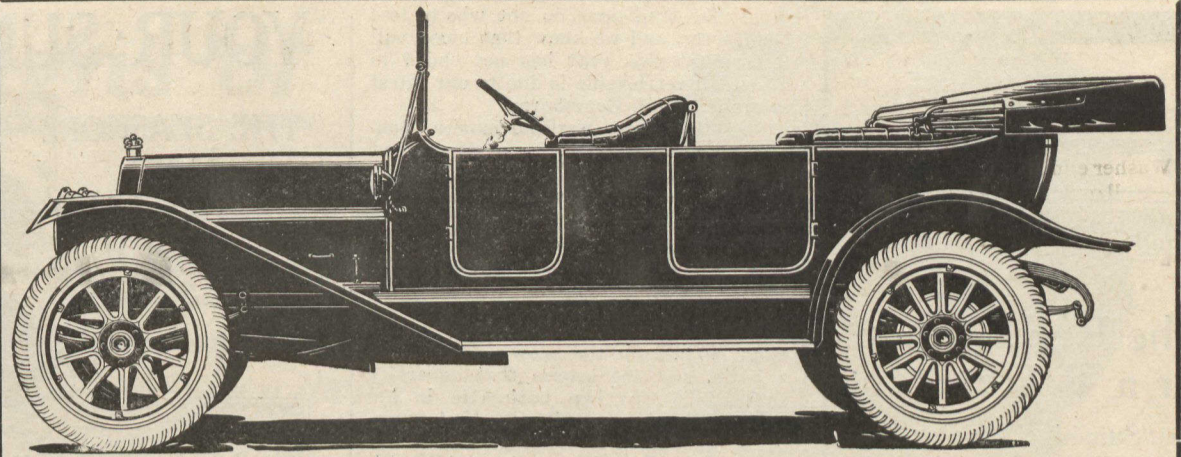
Dane kicked the foot of a lad beside him, and glanced at the piano as he stood up.

"Sir," he said simply, "although we have differed about trifles and may do again, we don't want a better one—and if we did, we couldn't find him."

A chord from the piano rang through the approving murmurs, and the company rose to their feet before the lad had beaten out the first bar of the jingling rhythm. Then the voices took it up, and the great hall shook to the rafters with the last "Nobody can deny."

Trite as it was, Barrington saw the darker flush in the bronzed faces, and there was a shade of warmer colour in his own as he went on again.

"The things one feels the most are those one can least express, and I will not try to tell you how I value your confidence," he said. "Still, the fact remains that sooner or later I must let the reins fall into younger hands, and there is a man here who will, I fancy, lead you farther than you would ever go with me. Times change, and he can teach you how those who would do the most for the Dominion need live to-day. He is also, and I am glad of it, one



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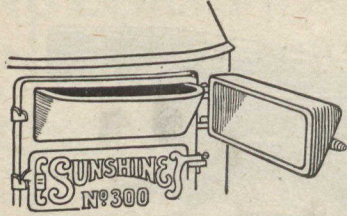
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of us, for traditions do not wholly lose their force, and we know that blood will tell. That this year has not ended in disaster irretrievable is due to our latest comrade, Lance Courthorne."

This time there were no musical honours or need of them, for a shout went up that called forth an answering rattle from the cedar panelling. It was flung back from table to table up and down the great room, and when the man sat down flushed and breathless, their eyes still shining, the one they admitted had saved Silverdale rose up quietly at the foot of the table. The hand he laid on the snowy cloth shook a little, and the bronze that generally suffused it was less noticeable in his face. All who saw it felt that something unusual was coming, and Maud Barrington leaned forward a trifle with a curious throbbing of her heart.

"Comrades! It is, I think, the last time you will hear the term from me," he said—"I am glad that we have made and won a good fight at Silverdale, because it may soften your most warranted resentment when you think of me."

Every eye was turned upon him, and an expression of bewilderment crept into the faces, while a lad who sat next to him touched his arm reassuringly.

"You'll feel your feet in a moment, but that's a curious fashion of putting it," he said.

Witham turned to Barrington, and stood silent a moment. He saw Maud Barrington's face showing strained and intent, but less bewildered than the others, and that of her aunt, which seemed curiously impassive, and a little thrill ran through him. It passed, and once more he only saw the leader of Silverdale.

"Sir," he said, "I did you a wrong when I came here, and with your convictions you would never tolerate me as your successor."

There was a rustle of fabric as some of the women moved, and a murmur of uncontrollable astonishment, while those who noticed it remembered Barrington's gasp. It expressed absolute bewilderment, but in another moment he smiled.

"Sit down, Lance," he said. "You need make no speeches. We expect better things from you."

Witham stood very still. "It was the simple truth I told you, sir," he said. "Don't make it too hard for me."

Just then there was a disturbance at the rear of the room, and a man, who shook off the grasp of one that followed him, came in. He moved forward with uneven steps, and then, resting his hand on a chair-back, faced about and looked at Witham. The dust was thick upon his clothes, but it was his face that seized and held attention. It was horribly pallid, save for the flush that showed in either cheek, and his half-closed eyes were dazed.

"I heard them cheering," he said. "Couldn't find you at your homestead. You should have sent the five hundred dollars. They would have saved you this."

The defective utterance would alone have attracted attention, and, with the man's attitude, was very significant, but it was equally evident to most of those who watched him that he was also struggling with some infirmity. Western hospitality has, however, no limit, and one of the younger men drew out a chair.

"Hadn't you better sit down, and if you want anything to eat we'll get it you," he said. "Then you can tell us what your errand is."

The man made a gesture of negation, and pointed to Witham.

"I came to find a friend of mine. They told me at his homestead that he was here," he said.

There was an impressive silence, until Colonel Barrington glanced at Witham, who still stood, quietly impassive, at the foot of the table.

"You know our visitor?" he said. "The Grange is large enough to give a stranger shelter."

The man laughed. "Of course he does! It's my place he's living in!" Barrington turned again to Witham and his face seemed to have grown a trifle, stern.

"Who is this man?" he said. Witham looked steadily in front of him, vacantly noticing the rows of faces turned towards him under the big lamps.

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"If he had waited a few minutes longer, you would have known," he said. "He is Lance Courthorne!"

This time the murmurs implied incredulity, but the man who stood swaying a little with his hand on the chair, and a smile in his half-closed eyes, made an ironical inclination.

"It's evident you don't believe it, or wish to. Still, it's true," he said.

One of the men nearest him rose and quietly thrust him into the chair.

"Sit down in the meanwhile," he said dryly. "By and by, Colonel Barrington will talk to you."

Barrington thanked him with a gesture, and glanced at the rest. "One would have preferred to carry out this inquiry more privately," he said, very slowly, but with hoarse distinctness. "Still, you have already heard so much."

Dane nodded. "I fancy you are right, sir. Because we have known and respected the man who has, at least, done a good deal for us, it would be better that we should hear the rest."

Barrington made a little gesture of agreement, and once more fixed his eyes on Witham. "Then will you tell us who you are?"

"A struggling prairie farmer," said Witham quietly. "The son of an English country doctor, who died in penury, and one who, from your point of view, could never have been entitled to more than courteous toleration from any of you."

He stopped, but—for the astonishment was passing—there was negation in the murmurs which followed, while somebody said, "Go on!"

Dane stood up. "I fancy our comrade is mistaken," he said. "Whatever he may have been, we recognize our debt to him. Still, I think he owes us a more complete explanation."

Then Maud Barrington, sitting where all could see her, signed imperiously to Alfreton, who was on his feet next moment, with Macdonald and more of the men following him.

"I," he said with a little ring in his voice and a flush in his young face, "owe him everything, and I'm not the only one. This, it seems to me, is the time to acknowledge it."

Barrington checked him with a gesture. "Sit down, all of you. Painful and embarrassing as it is, now we have gone so far, this affair must be elucidated. It would be better if you told us more."

Witham drew back a chair, and when Courthorne moved, the man who sat next to him laid a grasp on his arm. "You will oblige me by not making any remarks just now," he said dryly. "When Colonel Barrington wants to hear anything from you he'll ask you."

"There is little more," said Witham.

"I could see no hope in the old country, and came out to this one with one hundred pounds, a distant connection lent me. That sum will not go very far anywhere, as I found when, after working for other men, I bought stock and took up Government land. To hear how I tried to do three men's work for six weary years, and at times went for months together half-fed, might not interest you, though it has its bearing on what came after. The seasons were against me, and I had not the dollars to tide me over the time of drought and blizzard until a good one came. Still, though my stock died, and I could scarcely haul in the little wheat the frost and hail left me, with my worn-out team, I held on, feeling that I could achieve prosperity if I once had the chances of other men."

He stopped a moment, and Macdonald poured out a glass of wine and passed it across to him in a fashion that made the significance of what he did evident.

"We know what kind of a struggle you made by what we have seen at Silverdale," he said.

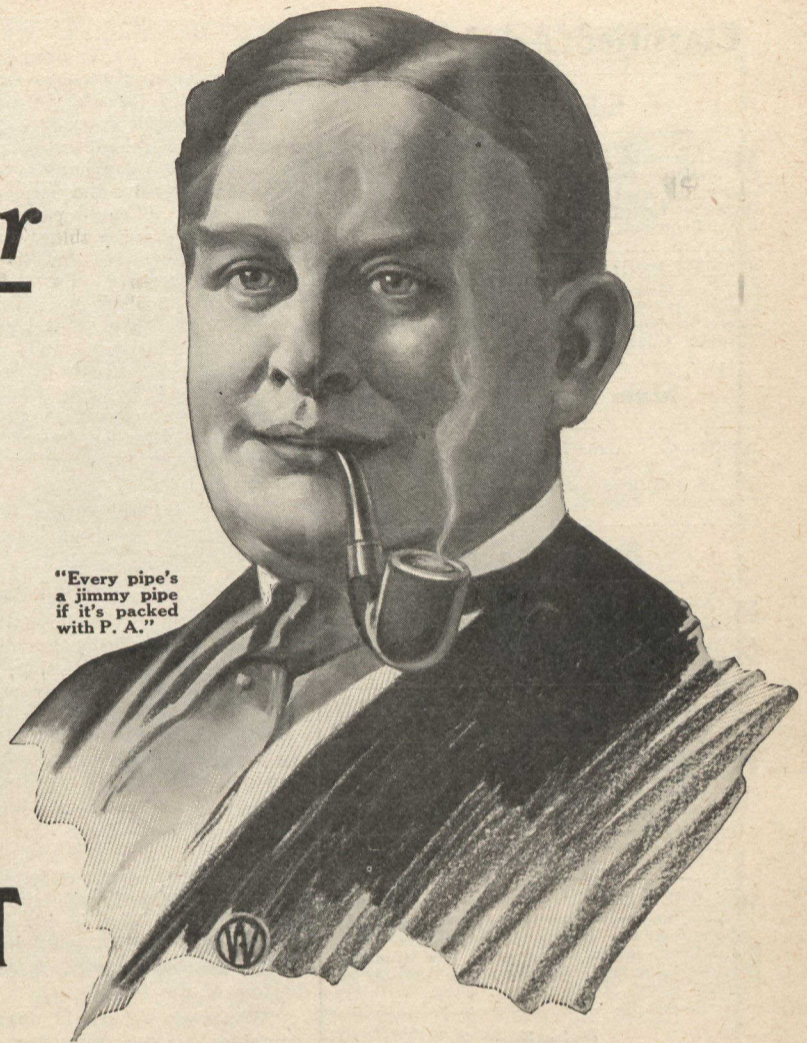
Witham put the glass aside, and turned once more to Colonel Barrington.

"Still," he said, "until Courthorne crossed my path, I had done no wrong, and I was in dire need of the money that tempted me to take his offer. He made a bargain with me that I should ride his horse and personate him, that the police troopers might leave him unsuspected to lead his comrades running whisky, while they followed me. I kept my part of the bargain, and it cost me what I fancy I can never recover, unless the trial I shall shortly face will

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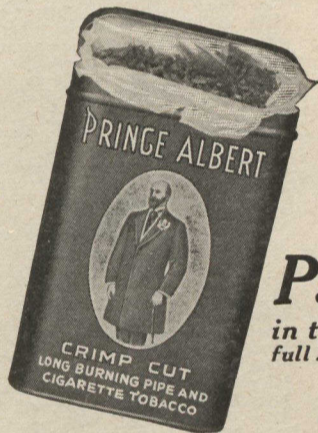
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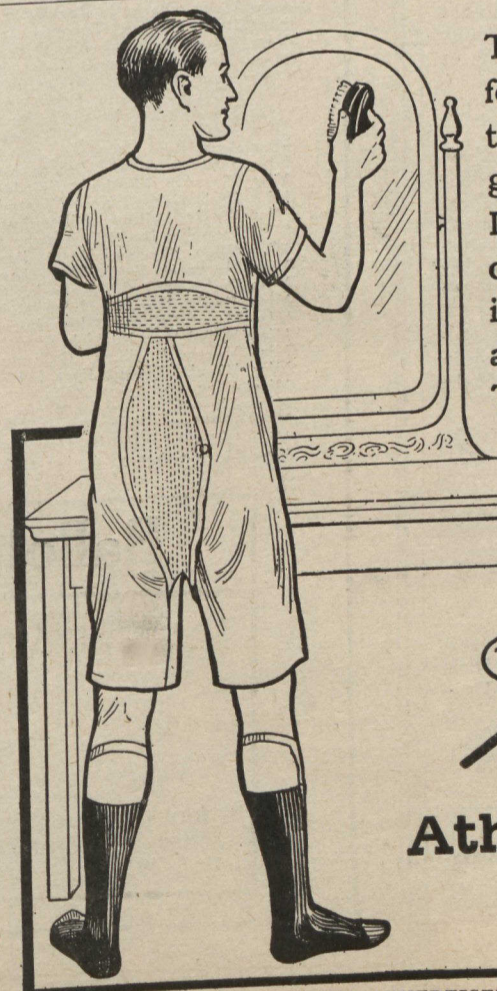
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take the stain from me. While I passed for him your lawyer found me, and I had no choice between being condemned as a criminal for what Courthorne had in the meanwhile done, or continuing the deception. He had, as soon as I had left him, taken my horse and garments, so that if seen by the police they would charge me. I could not take your money, but, though Courthorne was apparently drowned I did wrong when I came to Silverdale. For a time the opportunities dazzled me; ambition drew me on, and I knew what I could do."

He stopped again, and once more there was a soft rustle of dresses, and a murmur, as those who listened gave inarticulate expression to their feelings. Moving a little, he looked steadily at Maud Barrington, and her aunt, who sat close together.

"Then," he said very slowly, "it was borne in upon me that I could not persist in deceiving you. Courthorne, I fancied, could not return to trouble me, but the confidence that little by little you placed in me rendered it out of the question. Still, I saw that I could save some at least at Silverdale from drifting to disaster, and there was work for me here which would go a little way in reparation, and now that it is done I was about to bid you good-bye and ask you not to think too hardly of me."

There was a moment's intense silence until once more Dane rose up, and pointed to Courthorne sitting with half-closed eyes, dusty, partly dazed by indulgence, and with the stamp of dissolute living on him, in his chair. Then he glanced at Witham's bronzed face, which showed quietly resolute at the bottom of the table.

"Whatever we would spare you and ourselves, sir, we must face the truth," he said. "Which of these men was needed at Silverdale?"

Again the murmur rose up, but Witham sat silent, his pulses throbbing with a curious exultation. He had seen the colour creep into Maud Barrington's face, and her aunt's eyes, when he told her what had prompted him to leave Silverdale, and knew they understood him. Then, in the stillness that followed, the drumming of hoofs rose from the prairie. It grew louder, and when another sound became audible too, more than one of those who listened recognized the jingle of accoutrements. Courthorne rose unsteadily, and made for the door.

"I think," he said with a curious laugh, "I must be going. I don't know whether the troopers want me or your comrade."

A lad sprang to his feet, and as he ran to the door called "Stop him!"

In another moment Dane had caught his arm, and his voice rang through the confusion, as everybody turned or rose.

"Keep back all of you," he said. "Let him go!"

Courthorne was outside by this time, and only those who reached the door before Dane closed it heard a faint beat of hoofs as somebody rode quietly away beneath the bluff, while as the rest clustered together, wondering, a minute or two later. Corporal Payne, flecked with snuff and covered with dust came in. He raised his hand in salutation to Colonel Barrington, who sat very grim in face in his chair at the head of the table.

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's my duty to apprehend Lance Courthorne," he said. "You have a warrant?" asked Barrington.

"Yes, sir," said the corporal. There was intense silence for a moment. Then the Colonel's voice broke through it very quietly.

"He is not here," he said. Payne made a little deprecatory gesture. "We know he came here. It is my duty to warn you that proceedings will be taken against anyone concealing or harbouring him."

Barrington rose up very stiffly, with a little grey tinge in his face, but words seemed to fail him, and Dane laid his hand on the corporal's shoulder.

"Then," he said grimly, "don't exceed it. If you believe he's here, we will give you every opportunity of finding him."

(To be continued.)

A New Brunswick Candidate Made the Big Gain This Week

Miss Julia Leger Gained Over 36,000 Votes. Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, Again Back into the Leadership

The big gain in the "Canadian Courier" contest this week was made by Miss Julia H. Leger, of Leger Corner, N.B., who advances from 30th place in the standing to ninth position. Miss Leger's gain was over 36,000 votes, one of the most important advances for any one week since the contest began. Miss Leger has now an excellent start and should be a factor in the race during the remainder of the contest. Her friends will be encouraged to give her even more loyal support.

The next largest gain was made by Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, who regains first position with an advance of some 20,000 votes. Miss Isaacs has been one of the leaders for some weeks and her remarkable work has been one of the features of the contest.

Miss Esther Downey, of Comox, B.C., almost equalled Miss Isaacs' gain, her increase being 19,000 votes, which gives her a safe hold upon fourth position, and from where a jump to the top of the list would not be a difficult task.

Other important gains for the week were: Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask., 10,000; Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont., 9,000; Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S., 7,000; Miss Rhona Wright, Montague, P.E.I., 5,000; Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.; Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.; Miss Ina Spillsbury, Peterboro, Ont., 4,000 each.

Other minor gains were made, and some decided changes are expected before next week. The contest has been very interesting so far and the various candidates have been greatly helped by their friends with unexpected votes, which have been a tremendous assistance to them in the race.

The new candidate this week is Miss Mary Sumara, of Amherst, N.S.

The standing follows:

| | |
|--|---------|
| Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont. | 171,150 |
| Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S. | 171,000 |
| Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont. | 154,950 |
| Miss Esther Downey, Comox P.O., B.C. | 151,150 |
| Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B. | 108,900 |
| Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask. | 75,600 |
| Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S. | 70,000 |
| Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask. | 63,050 |
| Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I. | 53,550 |
| Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B. | 52,600 |
| Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont. | 52,500 |
| Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont. | 48,200 |
| Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont. | 40,100 |
| Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C. | 37,850 |
| Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. | 35,600 |
| Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. | 32,400 |
| Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C. | 32,500 |
| Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S. | 24,900 |
| Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont. | 24,450 |
| Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont. | 23,200 |
| Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B. | 22,750 |
| Miss Edna Coutanche, Vancouver, B.C. | 22,150 |
| Miss Fisie Cuff, Trenton, Ont. | 21,500 |
| Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que. | 21,150 |
| Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man. | 20,500 |
| Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S. | 19,700 |
| Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S. | 19,150 |
| Miss Ina Spillsbury, Peterboro, Ont. | 17,400 |
| Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man. | 16,900 |
| Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask. | 16,600 |
| Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont. | 16,500 |
| Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto | 15,000 |
| Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal | 14,900 |
| Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont. | 14,650 |
| Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B. | 14,250 |
| Miss Ethelne Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont. | 14,250 |
| Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask. | 13,700 |
| Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto | 13,500 |
| Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta. | 13,400 |
| Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont. | 12,700 |
| Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont. | 12,150 |
| Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont. | 12,250 |
| Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury | 11,850 |
| Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que. | 11,850 |
| Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont. | 11,650 |
| Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal | 11,600 |
| Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B. | 11,600 |
| Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C. | 11,500 |
| Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont. | 11,500 |
| Miss Rustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont. | 11,150 |
| Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont. | 11,000 |
| Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont. | 10,950 |
| Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont. | 10,950 |
| Miss Emily Harvett, Edmonton, Alta. | 10,800 |
| Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont. | 10,800 |
| Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B. | 10,800 |
| Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont. | 10,750 |
| Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont. | 10,550 |
| Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont. | 10,400 |
| Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont. | 10,400 |
| Miss Kathleen Platt, Toronto | 10,100 |
| Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont. | 10,000 |
| Miss Mary Sumara, Amherst, N.S. | 10,000 |

Ballot No. 16

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

For Miss

Address

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before July 5, 1913.

FOR THE JUNIORS

CANADA'S FUTURE.

By Freda Chalmers Malloch. Aged 14.

CANADA, the largest of the British possessions, has an enormous and extremely brilliant future before it, and if all its products and industries multiply as vastly as they have in the last century even Europe or Asia may not possess greater power, wealth or manufacturing faculties as Canada.

It is almost incredible that one hundred years from now the population of this "country of ours" will have increased to such an enormous extent that the Western prairies, with all their regal magnificence and the peaceful country dotted with quiet farms, will be converted into prosperous cities. But although Canada's populace is now comparatively insignificant to that of Europe or Asia it is being increased enormously every year by the thousands of immigrants pouring in from every portion of the globe.

As the population continues to so rapidly multiply, annually, so must the manufactures and industries increase. Food and clothing must be supplied in great abundance to the people, and in order to do this the machines for making these necessities must be obtained and this will give rise to an extensive manufacturing industry. This industry alone is sufficient to supply millions of the populace with work in the future.

Then for a country so extremely important in the history of the world Canada will have to have good laws if the people are determined to make their native country prosper. The laws must be made by sensible, honest men, who labour not for their own interests, but for the general benefit of the country. In future years, if the laws of Canada are wisely made and carefully considered before they are finally passed; if they are continually and strictly enforced, they will undoubtedly be an immense benefit to the country, and prove entirely just and satisfactory to the people.

In the future Canada's wealth will probably be enormous. This is likely to occur because the population is so immense that the annual revenue derived from the taxes levied on the people will doubtless multiply, and help to swell the treasury of Canada; and in this one way, if even a few of the many prophetic ideas expressed daily, as to the future wealth of Canada come true, our own country will be made one of the wealthiest of nations. Still another of the already numerous contrivances by which Canada's income will be annually increased is by the daily consumption of postage stamps used in sending letters and messages, etc., by the immense population. This, plus the many other annual revenues, contributed annually to the maintenance of the Canadian Government, and other expenditures, will in time make Canada one of the foremost of the wealthy countries of the world.

Another extremely important feature in the history of future Canada, is the progress of education, for without education a country cannot be complete or perfect, and cannot be compared with a country possessing all the modern educational institutions. Schools and colleges where learning as well as different trades and occupations are taught will undoubtedly be erected in and throughout the Western cities and Provinces. In future years, if Canada has all the modern educational institutions the countries of the old world may vie with it.

Thus, in the above and many other ways, Canada has a dazzling and brilliant future waiting impatiently to be grasped. The future is made so brilliant because of the great wealth, manufactures, industries and commerce of Canada in the mysterious years to come.

MADDENED.

"I'm maddened at you," said small Jean, "and I'm never going to play with you again."

"I'm madder than that at you," said John.

"I don't love you any more, and I wish I had some other child for my brother."

John swung his feet and whistled to show that he didn't care.

So the unhappy children sat at opposite ends of the porch when Auntie Ree came around the corner of the house.

"Well, treasures," she cried, "I've brought the pony carriage, and we're going out to the park this afternoon, as I promised you. But what's the matter?"

"We're maddened," explained Jean with dignity.

"Yes, we're mad," confirmed John.

"Oh, that is too bad!" said Auntie Ree. "And of course I can take only one of you to the park. It wouldn't be pleasant for people who are mad to go together. Which one shall I take today?"

The twins did not look at each other, but they were thinking very hard.

"I b'lieve," said John slowly, "you'd better take Jean. She was sick yesterday, and most likely the air would do her good."

"No, Auntie," cried Jean, jumping up in her eagerness, "'cause John wants to see the bears worse than I do, and he wants to ride in the little white boat. And I'm not a bit sick to-day, and besides when I felt bad yesterday he gave me his playthings, and I broke a screw that makes the engine go, and he wasn't the least bit cross. He's the goodest boy I ever saw, and I truly want him to go."

"Then I don't believe you are mad at him any more," said Auntie Ree.

"No-o," said Jean stealing a glance at her brother.

"Neither am I," cried John, with a beaming face.

"Then run and get ready," said Auntie.

Hand-in-hand the twins raced upstairs to ask mother to help them. Later when they were driving along between the daisy fields with all the delights of the woody park in anticipation, they patted each other across Auntie's lap.

"I'm so glad we're not maddened any more," sighed Jean.

"So am I," said John.—Zelia Margaret Walters.

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

A LITTLE boy, with some little tools
In a little tool-chest new,
Was looking around for a little work
For his little hands to do,
When a little bird, with a glossy breast,
Flew down to a cherry limb
That was very close to the little boy,
And twittered a song to him.

The little song pleased the little boy,
Who said to the little bird:
"Your song is sweeter, it seems to me,
Than any I ever heard.
But I can tell, by your tone of voice,
That you're wanting something now,
And I'll gladly help you, as best I can,
If you'll only tell me how."

The little bird, with a little hop,
Came a little closer then,
And a joyful note from his ruffled throat
Came bubbling in song again.
And the little song told the little boy
That a pretty thing to give,
Is a little house to a little bird
Who's hunting a place to live.

The little boy, with some little tools
In a little tool-chest new,
Was happy, indeed, for a little work
That his little hands could do.
And the little bird with the glossy breast
Soon found near the cherry limb,
A little house that the little boy
Had built with his tools for him.

The little bird saw the little house,
And his heart was filled with glee;
And I needn't say he hurried away
For his little mate to see.
And they built their nest in the little house,

Where they live in peace and joy,
And the tree-tops ring with the songs
they sing,

In thanks to the little boy.
—Charles F. Hardy.

Big Ben



Big Ben
the biggest thing
in the clock business

Big Ben is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

He is only two years old, but he's already getting more trade from the Dominion than any clock alive.

In two years time, 6,000 Canadian dealers have adopted him.

Nearly half of the families in Canada leave it to him to call them up in the morning; nearly half the families in Canada use him all day long

to tell the right time by.—He is really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a timekeeper and a crackerjack of an alarm.

Big Ben has everything in his favor—quality, looks and price.—He runs on time, he rings on time, he stays on time. He stands 7 inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large comfortable winding keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you shut him off. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

Big Ben's price is \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, carefully packed and duty charges paid.

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Brewery Bottled



is a beverage that sells on its own merits. It is not 'best' because we say so, but it is unusually acceptable because of the high quality barley malt and hops from which it is made. Just compare White Label Ale with any other ale, Toronto brewed or otherwise, and form your own opinion. At dealers and hotels. Get some!

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TORONTO

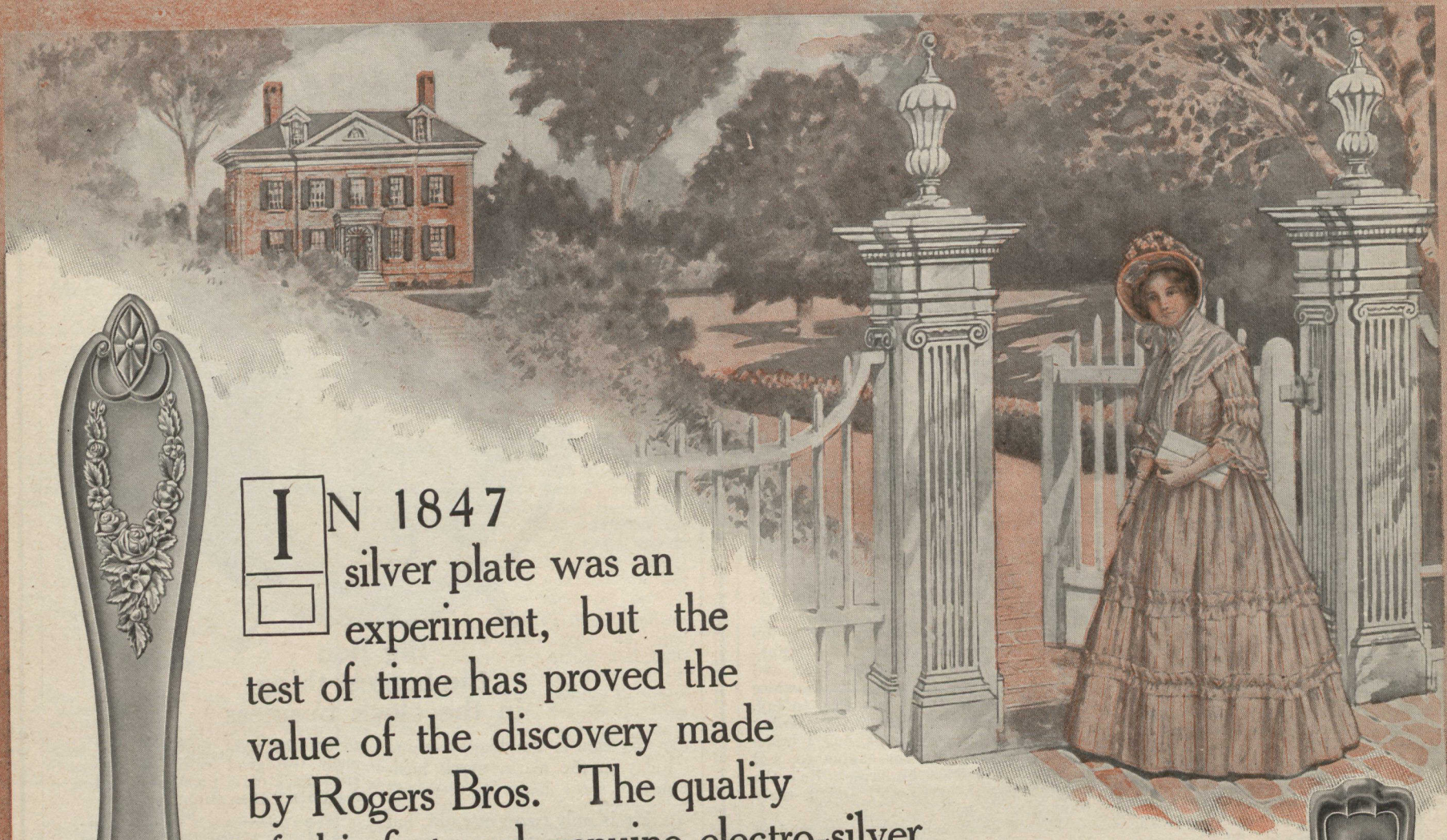
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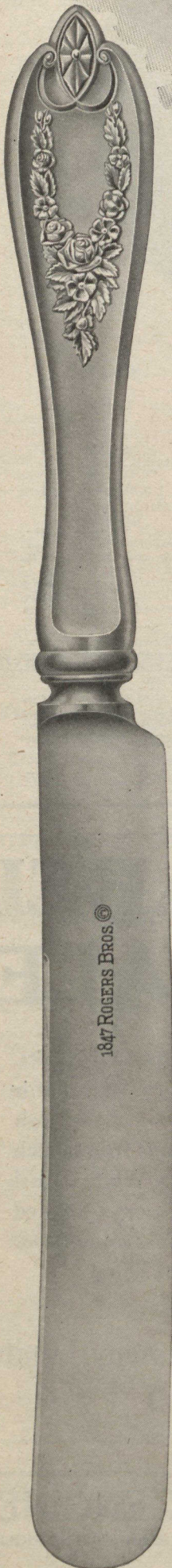
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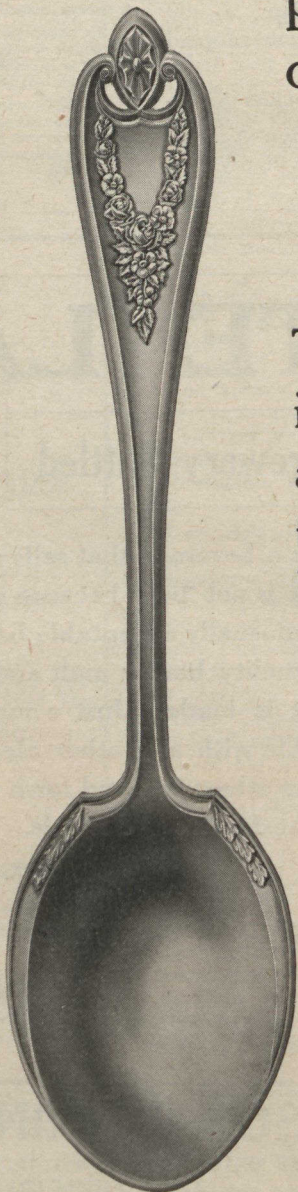
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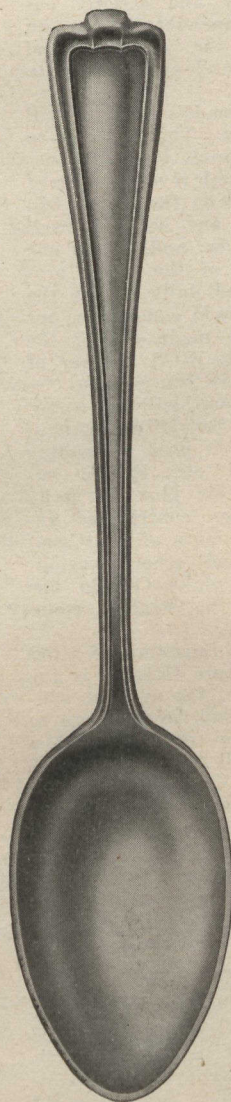
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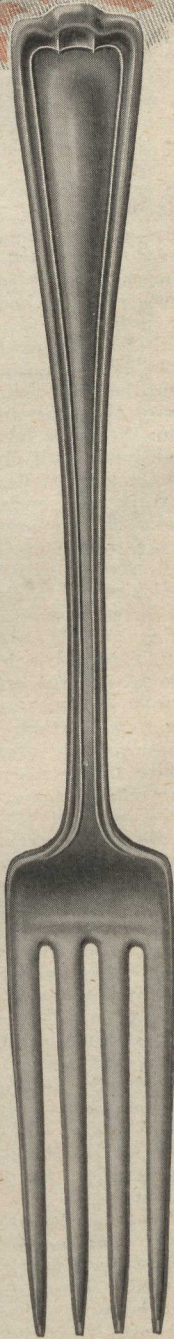
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