

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Snapshotting the Blue Heron

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

By Virtue of Flitters

STORY BY NORAH FLINT

The Britannic Alliance

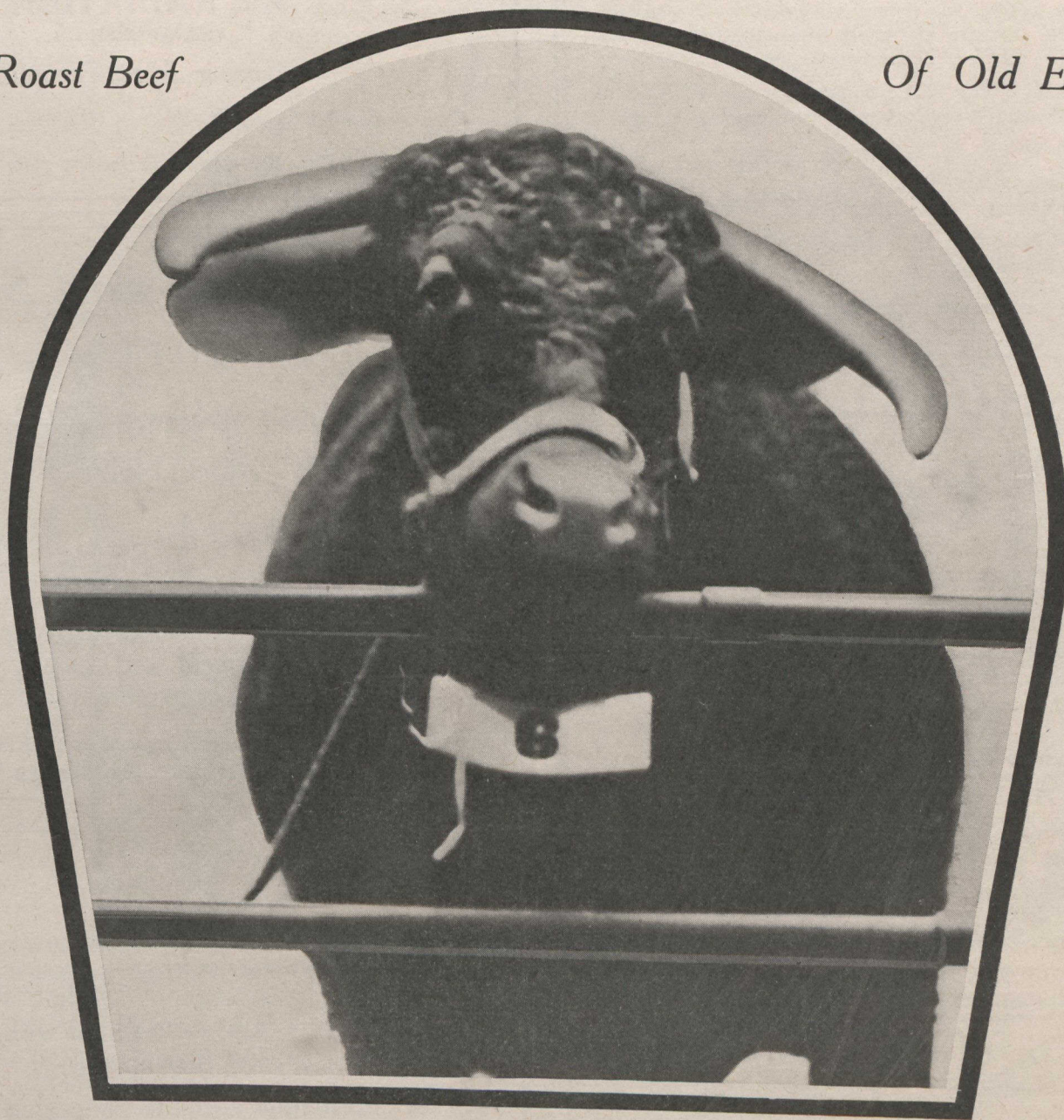
SECOND ARTICLE BY RICHARD JEBB

Chamber Music and Charity

By M. J. TROTTER

The Roast Beef

Of Old England



His Majesty's Champion Devon Steer—Christmas Cattle Show

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

Public
Buildings
are best
Protected
by Roofs of
**ASBESTO-
SLATE**



*St. Viateur R.C. Church, Montreal,
Roofed with ASBESTOSLATE*

From the huge "Dominion Building" in the Toronto Exhibition Grounds, and the new "Machinery Hall" in the Ottawa Fair Grounds, to the little Public Shelter recently erected on Fletcher's Field, Montreal, all kinds of Public Buildings, all over Canada, are being roofed with ASBESTOSLATE.

Railway Stations—School Houses—Hospitals—Churches — Town Halls—Power Plants—Fire Halls—Court Houses—these are some of the many buildings on which ASBESTOSLATE is giving perfect service.

Made of Portland Cement and Asbestos, formed under enormous pressure into "Shingles" of various shapes, sizes and colors—ASBESTOSLATE makes roofs that are absolutely fire and weather proof, handsome in appearance and practically everlasting.

If you are interested in any public building, or are planning to build for yourself, write for full particulars and samples of ASBESTOSLATE, to Dept. C.C.

Asbestos Manufacturing Company, Limited

ADDRESS: E. T. BANK BUILDING
263 St. James St., Montreal

FACTORY AT LACHINE, P.Q.
near Montreal

HOTEL

Victoria

Broadway, Fifth Avenue & 27th Street

SPECIAL RATE FROM MAY 1st

Rooms with privilege of bath - \$1.50
Rooms with private bath - 2.00

Accommodations for 500 persons.

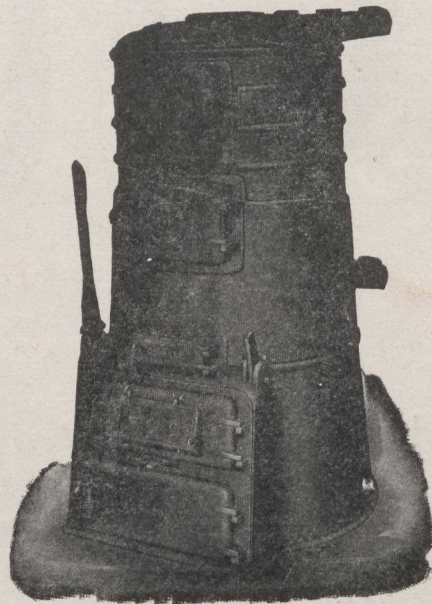
Geo. W. Sweeny, Prop.

Angus Gordon, Manager,
Late of King Edward Hotel, Toronto, Can.

NEW YORK

The "KING" Heating System

With a "KING" Hot Water Boiler and "KING" Radiators, solves the house-heating problems. . .



No. 6 High Base "King" Boiler, showing double shaker.

The "KING" Boiler has ALL the latest improvements in operating equipment and fuel saving features known to boiler construction.

TRouble PROOF GRATES

The "KING" patented grates and shaking mechanism are of the side lever adjustable construction and are simple enough for a child to understand, yet the most efficient ash remover yet produced. No bolts or pins are used in attaching grates to the connecting bar.

GET OUR BOOKLET "COMFORTABLE HOMES."
It explains very thoroughly.

STEEL and RADIATION, Limited
(HEAD OFFICE)

Fraser Ave., Toronto

Montreal, 138 Craig St. W. Quebec, 101 St. John St.

Agencies in all leading cities.

Steadiness and Staunch Seaworthiness

Are the well known attributes of the
CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS.
R.M.S.S. "Royal Edward," "Royal George"

The fastest steamers in the British Canadian Service, which have created a new standard of appointment and exclusive features in all classes of accommodation.

Winter Sailings

From St. John, N.B.		From Bristol.
Wed., Jan. 14, 1914	Royal George	x
Wed., Jan. 28, 1914	Royal Edward	Wed., Feb. 11
x	Royal George	Wed., Feb. 25
Wed., Feb. 25, 1914	Royal Edward	Wed., Mar. 11
Wed., Mar. 11, 1914	Royal George	Wed., Mar. 25
Wed., Mar. 25, 1914	Royal Edward	Wed., Apr. 8

xWithdrawn for annual inspection.

Cabin de luxe—Suites and rooms with private baths at rates that appeal.

For all information apply to Steamship Agents or to the following offices of the Company:

52 King St. E., Toronto, Ont; 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; 583 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.; 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.; Canada Life Building, Prince William St., St. John, N.B.



The Steel Co. of Canada, Limited

PIG IRON—BAR IRON AND STEEL—WROUGHT PIPE
RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Rivets, Screws, Nails, Wire and Fencing

Hamilton

Toronto

Montreal

Winnipeg

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 5

CONTENTS

People and Events Pictures from England.

The Britannic Alliance By Richard Jebb.
An Address at the United Empire Club, concluded from last week.

By Virtue of Flitters, Story By Norah Altha Flint.
Illustration by Arthur Lismer.

Hunting the Blue Heron By Bonnycastle Dale.
With superb caught-in-action photographs by the author.

Minorities Rule By the Monocle Man.

The Aristocrat By Sir George Douglas.
Number Four in the Series, "Men We Meet."

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" discourses Erinically on the pertinent theme of "making resolutions" and other themes as timely; a special article by M. J. T. submits the fine accomplishment of a woman in Toronto who has made a venture in chamber music as a means to charity; and the rest is a great deal of news in a little compass.

Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.

Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.

The Red Virgin, Serial By G. Frederick Turner.

Reflections By the Editor.

Editor's Talk

OUR Quarterly Financial Review next week will be of exceptional interest, not merely to the financier and the stock-broker, and the capitalist, but to the general reader interested in what it costs to live compared to what he gets out of living.

The past three months has brought to a focus many symptoms prevalent during the earlier part of a very remarkable reconstructive year in this country and the world at large. Nineteen-thirteen goes on record as the most interesting year in modern Canadian development. It was the year when circumstances world-wide in their origin shook this country down to a common-sense level in progress; the year that took the scream out of our national development and made us look at things in a sensible, economic way.

Canada is no longer isolated from world movements. On a basis of population the greatest producing and borrowing country in the world, she is instantly affected by conditions abroad. At the same time conditions at home, which are of our own making, very vitally influence the outlook. As Premier Borden said the other day, in Montreal, the present slow-up is only a breathing spell. We should go ahead very soon again, but at a more rational pace. And the experience which the average man has gained during the past few months will be of immense value in setting that pace. The first Quarterly Financial Review for 1914 will be of great value to the general reader in focussing his experience.



Refreshing Sleep

A glass or two of the "Beer That Builds" at bed time, will bring restful, refreshing sleep. The tired business man—the woman who is nervous and run-down—will find this tonic and food most beneficial. Rich in food value—easily digested—and extra mild.

O'Keefe's



Special EXTRA MILD STOUT

Your dealer should have it. Don't take a substitute but insist on having the genuine O'Keefe brew.

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. Limited, Toronto.

If your dealer will not supply you, phone us Main 758 or Main 4455, and we will see that you are supplied at once.

346

Esterbrook Pens

250 styles



Esterbrook's Relief No. 314

is an extraordinary pen that adjusts itself to any desired slant and writes smoother than the old goose quill. Made of special alloyed metal—won't corrode—and finished like a gold pen.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.

New York. Camden, N.J.

BROWN BROS., LIMITED
Canadian Agents,
Toronto.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

\$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.
CHANDLER & CHANDLER, Patent Atty's
Est. 16 Years 959 F. St, Washington, D. C.

Marie C. Strong

TONE PRODUCTION AND ARTISTIC SINGING

Studio: Nordheimer's

15 King St. East, Toronto. Phone Main 1518.



The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder has a vice-like grip

note the vice-like jaws—one sheet or one thousand

The KALAMAZOO is a book, not a box. With a simple turn of the screw the clamping bars along the side grasp the edges of the sheets, holding them as securely as those in a bound book.

It is strong, quick, flat opening and easy of access. It will do everything that any other binder will do, and do them better, and it does not require to be padded with unnecessary paper in order to be workable.

Ask for Booklet C-1, and examine the binder thoroughly.



J. W. Burmester's TOREADOR PORT WINE



(Bottled in Oporto)

Oldest, Best, Purest.

Recognized by connoisseurs to be the most delicious and highest grade Port Wine imported.

Established 1750

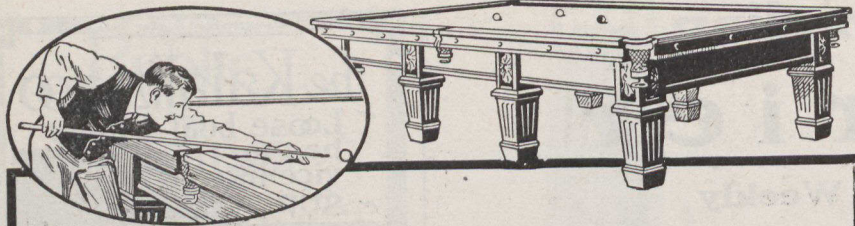
ALL DEALERS

RENNIE'S SEEDS

If you want a copy of the Rennie Canadian Seed Catalogue, address Rennie's Seeds, cor. Adelaide and Jarvis Streets, Toronto.

WIZARD LIGHT

Burns Kerosene and Gasoline Lamps constructed to burn kerosene are an achievement surpassing all other known methods of artificial lighting. Cost of operating 1-90 per hour. Our gasoline lamps can be lit with an ordinary match like city gas. For complete illustrated catalog and agency, address THE NACEL-CHASE MFG. CO., 100 E. Erie Street, Chicago



Forget Business Worries-- Play Billiards

UNLESS a man has something interesting to do at home in the evenings he's almost certain to sit and think about his business and its attendant worries. His mind keeps on travelling round and round the same old circle. And that's not good for a man.

But the man with a Burroughes & Watts' English Billiard Table in his home. He has something interesting to do. He plays English billiards—the most fascinating and thrilling of all indoor games—and forgets business.

His mind gets the needed relaxation. He enjoys himself. Gets some excellent exercise. And quits the game feeling bright and cheerful.

Only the man with a billiard table appreciates what a splen-

did, wholesome and healthful game English billiards is. And only the man with a Burroughes & Watts' table realizes the full possibilities of the game.

Burroughes & Watts' Tables are the only tables with Steel Vacuum Cushions—the fastest and the only absolutely accurate cushions known to science. Rapidé Pockets, too, from which the balls are instantly removable without putting your hands in the pockets.

Other features, too, which we will be glad to tell you about. Many styles and sizes to select from, including combination dining-and-billiard tables, portable tables, also pool tables. Write for particulars, and forget business in the anticipation of soon owning a Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table.

Burroughes & Watts

By Royal Warrant to H.M. the King Limited
34 Church Street, Toronto

Montreal Agents: James Hutton & Co., Shaughnessy Bldg.
Winnipeg Agents: J. D. Clarke & Co. - - - Main St.

Head Office: London, England

100

CANADIAN PACIFIC

BEST TRAIN FOR WINNIPEG
and points East thereof

GATE CITY EXPRESS

LEAVE TORONTO - - 2.30 p.m. } DAILY
ARRIVE WINNIPEG - - 8.00 a.m. }

(Second Day)

THROUGH EQUIPMENT: Compartment Library Observation Car, Standard Sleeping Cars, Tourist Sleeping Car, Dining Car, First Class Coaches, Colonist Car.

VANCOUVER EXPRESS

LEAVE TORONTO - - 10.20 p.m. } DAILY
ARRIVE VANCOUVER - 11.30 p.m. }

THROUGH EQUIPMENT: Compartment Library Observation Car, Standard Sleeping Car, Tourist Sleeping Car, Dining Car, First Class Coaches, Colonist Car.

Particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents or write M. G. MURPHY, D.P.A., C. P. Ry., Toronto.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Christmas vacation, Jan. 13th, 1914. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

In Lighter Vein

Diplomacy.—Spectator—"Why don't you rush in and end the row?"
Policeman—"I'm trying to decide whether it's a case for mediation or intervention."—Brooklyn Life.

All Brothers.—"Here's an item in the paper that says King Alfonso of Spain is so addicted to cigarettes that he dislikes to spend an hour at a court function where he is deprived of them."

"Well, well, well! If that doesn't show that after all kings are human like all of us. Why, he might be an American office boy."—Life.

A Thriller.—Every week they gave a new drama of the Wild and Woolly West. The particular play was a blood-curdler of that character, and the stage was pitch dark and two men were fighting a duel. One could hear the knives clash together and the men stumbling around on the stage; but could only faintly distinguish the actors. After a while there was a thump on the floor, and the villain hissed:

"Ah, ha! Rudolph Tetherington, I have you now, and no one nigh to see me do the deed!"

Then the drummer hit the bass drum a blow and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on a rocky pass the heroine was seen standing.

"Coward!" she cried. "Me and God is here!"—The Argonaut.

His Man of Clay.—Little Jasper Senter learned from the minister's sermon one Sunday that man was made of clay, so after returning from church he resolved to make him a man after his own fashion. The work proceeded in the clay bank back of the garden until his mother called Jasper to luncheon. He had completed all of the man save one leg.

That afternoon Jasper and his mother, while walking along the street, met a man with one leg, walking with crutches. Jasper accosted him and grabbed his coat.

"See here!" he said. "I thought I told you to stay there in the yard till I put that other leg on you."

Rabindranath Tagore.

The bard of Bengal hoary,
Rabindranath Tagore,
By famous song and story
Wins Nobel prize with glory!

Rabindranath Tagore
Has made a splendid score—
Above the loftiest tor
His pegasus will soar.

He's worthy of all fame
So I feel much to blame
In owing to my shame
I can't pronounce his name.

—George B. Morewood, in New York Sun.

A Nagger.—Briggs—"What did your wife say about your staying out so late the other night?"

Griggs—"Don't ask me yet. When she gets through with the subject I'll condense it for you."—Boston Transcript.

Dropped at Last.—A rather unsophisticated woman from one of the back counties took a sea voyage with her niece, and just as the ship glided into harbor one day the good aunt herd a large rattle, a clank, and a splash.

"Look here, mister officer," she cried, turning to the steward, "what has happened?"

"Nothing at all, madam," replied the steward. "We have just dropped the anchor."

"I expected it!" declared aunty, with large emphasis. "It's a wonder that it didn't happen before. The thing has been hanging out there all the morning."

Classified Advertising

HELP WANTED.

REPORT NEWS, INFORMATION, NAMES, etc., to us. No canvassing. Spare time. Exceptional proposition. Enclose stamp. National Information Sales Company, Dept. BMH, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—CANADIAN GOVERNMENT wants Railway Mail Clerks; City Letter Carriers; Employees in City Post-offices. Big pay. Spring examinations everywhere. Common education sufficient. Write for full information and free sample questions from previous examinations. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 175, Rochester, N. Y.

EDUCATIONAL.

IMPROVE YOUR ENGLISH—Special English course in grammar, composition, literature, etc. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. K, Toronto, Canada.

INVESTMENTS.

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS — MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTING FOR PROFIT." It is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how \$100 grows to \$2,200. Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 465-28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

PATENTS.

WE SELL, MANUFACTURE, DEVELOP and market patents; rights obtained; Canada forty-five dollars, United States sixty-five dollars; expert advice given free from the Patent Selling and Manufacturing Agency, 22 College Street, Toronto.

PRINTING.

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGE free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

BAKERS' OVENS.

HUBBARD PATENT PORTABLE Ovens —plans supplied; latest machinery; lowest prices; catalogue free. Warren Manufacturing Co., 782 King West, Toronto.

Hotel Directory

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.

—Fireproof—

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

HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop. European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.

RATES:

Rooms without bath\$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath\$2.00 up.

PALMER HOUSE

TORONTO - - - CANADA.

H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

LA CORONA

A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath\$1.50 and \$2
Room with private bath...\$2, \$2.50 and \$3
Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.

THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada.

250 Rooms.

American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

(European Plan.)

One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.

Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.

St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL

\$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.
300 Rooms.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

London, Canada.

American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neill, Proprietor.

The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XV.

January 3, 1914

No. 5

Men and Events in Eventful Old England



AFTER TWENTY YEARS' ABSENCE THE GAIETY COMPANY SAILS FOR AMERICA. The Renowned George Grossmith in the Centre, and Miss Connie Edies Loaded With Flowers After the Last Performance of "Girl on the Film."



GREAT FRENCH WRITER FETED. M. Anatole France Banqueted at the Hotel Savoy in London. Sitting—the Guest and Lord Redesdale.



THE BOXING CONTEST SO DEAR TO OLD ENGLAND. Chairing Carpentier After His Sensational Defeat of Bombardier Wells at the National Sporting Club on December 8th. Lord Lonsdale was a Ringside Spectator.



SEIZURE OF ARMS AT BELFAST. Prohibiting the Importation of Arms Into Ulster Became a Farce When the Customs Officers Found Them Shipped to Licensed Gun Dealers.

The Britannic Alliance

Article Number Two, Concluded from Last Week; Being an Address Delivered at the United Empire Club in London, a Few Weeks Ago

By RICHARD JEBB

Author of "Studies in Colonial Nationalism," etc.

HERE and there you may find a man who looks at the Empire from more than one angle. England has many millions of one-angle men. Once all Englishmen were called Angles. In the development of the Empire a good many Englishmen have got more than one angle. Jebb is one of them. His article on The Britannic Alliance last week showed that in his estimate Imperial Federation may be a splendid theory, but that in sentimental practice it must fall down in comparison with an alliance of all the states in the Empire. In the following article he proceeds to show how this alliance can be practically worked out.

Mr. Jebb is about forty years of age. He has done thinking enough for a man of sixty. His Welsh temperament will not permit him to go slow. Some years ago he wrote a book on "Colonial Nationalism." This was his first attempt to co-ordinate his ideas about the Empire as he had seen it by actual travel and contact from the African kraal to the Australian sheep ranch; from the temples of prodigal India, with 300,000,000 population in unstable equilibrium, to the vaster reaches of Canada with at that time less than 7,000,000, all loyally devoted to Great Britain.

In 1910 Mr. Jebb was cabled by a number of Canadians to contest a seat in the British general election. People of both parties in Canada believed that Jebb would be a powerful accession to a parliament that had to deal primarily with Empire. He ran for Marylebone as a tariff reformer and was defeated. He has since done some revising of his Imperial opinions to bring them up to date. He has shifted his base without changing his mind. In his address on "The Britannic Alliance" he reverts in more practical detail to the doctrines set forth years ago in his book on "Colonial Nationalism." He makes his points clear to any man that takes even the mildest interest in politics outside his own ward or constituency. Jebb is an antidote to localism. And he is an apostle of reasonable, effective autonomy. Mr. Jebb does a good deal of his thinking on his 25,000-acre wild-land preserve in the hills of Wales.

MY second proposition, that Britannic Alliance is also easier to attain than Imperial Federation, perhaps need not detain us so long. As a practical policy Imperial Federation is always confronted with a certain dilemma. If you confine the Empire Government to the three subjects of Foreign Affairs, Defence and Dependencies, it cannot work. If, on the other hand, you give it powers sufficient for its work, you must take away so much from the state governments that they will not look at it. The root fallacy of the "settled view" of the centralists is, that they regard Foreign Affairs as a watertight compartment, having no essential connection with another watertight compartment which they label Trade, and which they leave to the state governments. Sir Edward Grey does not support that fallacy. The other day he was explaining what the Foreign Office has to do, and among its principal duties he referred to what he described as "the PARAMOUNT interest of our worldwide commerce outside the Empire, in promoting and encouraging which the Foreign Office co-operates closely with the Board of Trade." Is your federal Foreign Office, then, going to "co-operate closely" with each of five or six separate boards of trade, some of which are following the protectionist line, while others are following the free-trade line? Again, is your federal Foreign Office, trying to serve the cosmopolitan interests of British trade, going to drag along by the hair, even into war, states like Australia or Canada, which have to look for their main market to the food-consuming population of this country, and are always more interested in the development of their own virgin wealth than in the exploitation of foreign countries, such as South Africa, which compete with their own trade? I suggest that if you federalize Foreign Affairs, you must also federalize Trade; and if you federalize Trade you must federalize Posts, Telegraphs and Shipping, and if you federalize Shipping, you encroach on the field of Labour Regulation, and you must also federalize Immigration because the Asiatic question cannot be withheld from the Department of Foreign

Affairs. But what becomes then of the centralist's anodyne, that Imperial Federation involves no impairment of Dominion autonomy?

Autonomy in Foreign Policy

Britannic Alliance not only leaves all those matters to the individual governments, but goes so far as to recognize the constitutional right of each to govern its own foreign relations. It relies on the Britannic sentiment which has grown so wonderfully in recent years to create a desire for a joint policy. But it is one thing to desire something, and another to be able to do it. Liberal free-traders are always saying to me, "We like Britannic Alliance so much, if only you would leave out Tariff Reform." So they try to believe that sentiment is a sufficient basis for a joint foreign policy in perpetuity, and it is partly to win the support of this section that modern centralists of "the most serious school" have definitely "settled" that trade shall not be a federal interest. But the notion that five or six distant and independent States could continuously act together in foreign affairs seems to me to be utterly chimerical, unless they are bound not only by a common sentiment, but also by a community of those interests which it is the main purpose of foreign policy to protect. We need not have identical trade policies in each part. But our several trade policies must at least be based on common principles, and on a common interest in the same markets for the major portion of the trade. Supposing the policy of National Protection modified by Imperial Preference were adopted in this country, as it already has been practically by all the rest of the Empire, you would then have got a common principle established on which to base a common attitude in dealing with foreign countries. And if you could develop this Britannic trade policy, by extending the operation of Preference to all commercial and financial transactions, and by developing to the utmost the maritime communications of the Empire, you might then make the Britannic markets, and not the foreign markets, the paramount interest for all the partner states. If that could be achieved, I do not see why the voluntary alliance in respect of foreign relations should not work for as long a period as we need think about.

Mutual Aid in Living

But Jim Larkin is not excited about foreign policy. He is concerned for social betterment, and especially wages betterment. Well, the motto of Britannic Alliance is "mutual aid in living." Instead of telling the Australians that they must give up their idea of enacting better conditions for seamen in the merchant service than is allowed by the pressure of foreign competition, we would co-operate with the Australians so as to assimilate our standard to theirs, and to protect that standard by means of statutory preference to Britannic shipping. Instead of scolding New Zealand for trying to protect her local seamen in the inter-Australasian trade against the Lascar labour competition of the P. & O. Co., we would warn that singularly generous corporation—which lately forced even its officers to strike—that mail subsidies could not be had on such terms. The aim of Britannic Alliance is to level up, not to level down. We regard the sparsely peopled Dominions as the hinterland of crowded Britain, and we accept the highest extant standard of labour conditions within the Empire as the proper standard for our people at home. But that policy, to be fully effective, demands free trade within the Empire, and you cannot expect the leading Dominions to abolish their tariffs against this country until our wages rate, at least, approximates more nearly to theirs, so that the competition might be fair. How, then, can you raise the level of wages here? You can do it only by a policy which would stimulate the demand for labour without either discouraging emigration to the Dominions or encouraging the influx of pauper aliens from the Europe. In this club I need not go further into that.

Naval Defence

Let me anticipate one or two objections, arising out of the discussion a fortnight ago. Some seem to feel that the Australian fleet, however large it may become, can never be of any real use because

it cannot reach the North Sea in 24 hours. But Australia is doing her best to meet her immediate responsibility, which is to protect herself against attack by her nearest potential enemy. She may reasonably expect Britain to do the same. It is essentially our own business to make these islands safe against invasion and to protect the interests of the Empire in this part of the world. How can you say that the sea is all one, when the North Sea is divided by three or four weeks' steaming from the Pacific Ocean? Australia hopes that in an emergency we would try to let our local navy go to her help, and we hope that in an emergency hers might come to our help. But the Pacific Dominions should be able to meet singlehanded the first brunt of a Mongolian attack, and Britain should be able to meet singlehanded the first brunt of a German attack, unless Canada cares to station some of her future ships in our waters. The sooner Britain can get rid of the notion that she may finance her domestic legislation, or avoid the burden of National Service, by exacting battleships from the Dominions, giving them in return a representation which she could always over-ride, the better it will be for herself and for the Empire.

Optional Neutrality

Then there is the stumbling block, quite a recent invention, of what is wrongly called optional "neutrality" in war. Some people ask, indignantly, "Are the Dominions to stand in or out at will?" I reply, "Yes, certainly." They have always had that right. No one disputed it till the other day, and it has hitherto made for united action in time of need. Some day Britain may be glad to use that right herself. Why should we in Britain be taxed because Australia has some petty quarrel with Peru over some purely Australian affair? Of course, the Crown being common to us all, Britain is at war when Australia is at war. But Britain should reserve to herself, as the others have hitherto done, the right of deciding how far she will participate. If the war should spread, and the Empire were in danger, Britain's loyalty, let us hope, would be not less reliable than was the loyalty of Australia, and New Zealand, and Canada in the South African crisis, which did not immediately concern them. Some people think that centralization is imperative, because you cannot trust the French-Canadians or the South African Dutch, who may be in control of their respective Dominions when the crisis comes. Surely experience has taught us something in this matter. For coercing "Laurier" or "Hertzog," national patriotism is worth ten of Imperial sovereignty. Independent Canada sent the contingents to the South African war. Subordinated Canada might have backed Bourassa against the fiat of the Empire Government. The effective unity of Canada, or of South Africa, or of the Empire, is never a question of whether the call of the Empire evokes the call of local patriotism, of which the lifeblood is the acknowledged liberty to do or not to do.

Imperial Conference a Success

Then it is commonly argued that the Imperial Conference, which is the organ of Britannic Alliance, has proved ineffectual. I think that view is quite mistaken, even though the Imperial Conference as an institution is only in its infancy. Remember that it only got its regular constitution so lately as 1907, and it is only since then that it has had even the pretence of a permanent organization. What were the achievements of the Imperial Conference before 1907? Perhaps the principal were the formation of an inter-state partnership to construct the Pacific Cable; the definition of a certain policy in regard to Asiatic Immigration, which, however, has only been partially followed; and the definition of an Empire tariff policy, which has since been carried out by all except Britain and Newfoundland. Your Chairman, in his remarks of a fortnight ago, seemed to suggest that this question of Preference illustrated the impotence of the Conference system to get things done. To my mind it illustrates the contrary. Surely it is a big thing to have got so important a policy as that of Preference accepted within fifteen years by the Governments of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the West Indies (which means the British Government itself), and also by the solid opinion of the native members on the Viceroy's Council in India. If you had had to wait, as you

would have under an Empire parliament, for unanimity and uniformity before such a policy could be carried out in any part of the Empire, you might have made much less progress in the same time.

Or, take Defence. The Imperial Conference, since 1907, has produced a skeleton scheme, which is being gradually filled in, for a sufficiently uniform military organization; and also a scheme of naval co-operation, which would by this time have produced a Pacific Fleet had Churchill not been deluded by the centralists into wrecking it.

Or take Naturalization. At this moment there is a Bill ready for introduction at Westminster. It prescribes a reform of the British law; and it gives extra territorial effect to the naturalization laws of the Dominions. The passage of this Bill, followed by legislation in the Dominions, will do away with the existing anomalies of which you are aware. The terms were agreed upon after a negotiation between the Governments which has lasted through about twelve years. The agreement and the Bill are the product of the Imperial Conference. Could you have done better with an Empire parliament? I think you would have done worse, because an Empire parliament would have had to settle the insuperable "colour" question. By the system of Britannic Alliance you avoid the principle of uniformity, and also the principle of collective responsibility, and by this means alone has the Empire been able to deal with naturalization despite the colour question.

Wanted, More Continuity

To make the Conference more effective than it is, we want more continuity. It should be regarded, not as a meeting once in four years, but as a permanent system of consultation between Governments, so as to arrive at common policies to which each or any of them can give effect as occasion arises. To obtain this continuity it is necessary that there should be political officers of the Dominions always resident in London. I say "political officers"—no more than that—because the status might vary according to the choice of different Dominions. It might or might not embrace the High Commissionership, which hitherto has been more of a financial than a political office. What are the difficulties?

There have been difficulties on both sides. So far the British Government have always tried to treat the Conference, or any committee derived from it, as a kind of advisory board. It is the old centralist idea—a single, sovereign, executive government, which the others may be allowed to advise what to do. The proposal made by Mr. Harcourt, in 1911, for a "standing committee" of the Conference, was based on that old conception, and it failed as soon as it was found out. What he was proposing was not a true standing committee of the Imperial Conference, but a board to advise himself. The Dominions do not meet, either in the Conference or in any committee of the Conference, to advise the British Government, any more than they come there to be advised by that Government. They meet to concert policies, which they either carry out independently, or commission the British Government to execute for them, as the circumstances of each case may require.

That has been the difficulty at this end, and it has arisen from the fact that while the Dominions have grown from colonies into nations in the last twenty years, the officials of the Colonial Office, chained to their desks, have not been enabled to keep pace. The ministers successively appointed to preside over that office—Lord Elgin, Lord Crewe, Mr. Harcourt—have each started a full generation behind in their knowledge and ideas. To my mind the Dominions Department of the Colonial Office, including the Secretariat of the Imperial Conference, is heartily to be congratulated on what it has been able to accomplish under such a handicap.

At the other end is the difficulty that the Dominion Governments are not accustomed as yet to control political ambassadors at the other side of the world; though this is done by every great Power. They have been afraid of them getting out of hand. It is interesting to note that so far the leader in the required direction has been General Botha, who was prepared to make his able High Commissioner, the late Sir Richard Solomon, a proper political ambassador, at a time when neither the Canadian, nor the Australian, nor the New Zealand Government would venture that step.

Feeling the Way

You cannot hustle developments of this kind; but progress has lately been made. In their despatch of Dec. 10th, last year, the British Government practically invited each Dominion to send a "representative," not necessarily a Minister, who might

regularly attend the Committee of Imperial Defence; with the further intimation that any Minister who might come to reside here would have at all times free access to the British Prime Minister and to the Foreign Secretary, as well as to the Colonial Secretary. Mr. Borden already had almost committed himself to appointing such a Minister, and in remoter New Zealand a proposal was discussed for having two such Ministers, who would take the duty turn about. But it is important to notice the difference between the position on the Defence Committee of a Minister or delegate who represents a government having control of its own forces, and the position of one whose government has surrendered that control to the British Government. The former would represent an independent executive, as in the Imperial Conference; the latter would be merely an adviser of the Imperial executive. The one would be able to preserve the autonomy of his Government in regard to its foreign relations; the other would not be able. If the naval policy of the Dominions is to be contribution, the Defence Committee remains an advisory board, as it always has been, and as the centralists want it to be. But if the policy of the Dominions is to create national navies under their own control in peace, the Defence Committee is automatically transformed, by the presence of their representatives, into a true standing committee of the Imperial Conference. The transition might take time, and in the interval the Defence Committee might be hybrid to the constitutionalists; being for one Dominion a committee of the Imperial Conference, and for another an Imperial advisory council.

Consequences of Autonomy

Perhaps there are just two objections which I ought still to anticipate before concluding. Autonomy in foreign affairs does not mean a multiplication of Foreign Offices and separate dealing with foreign countries. It only means that the British Foreign Secretary, acting as "doyen," could not in any important matter act in the name of all the partner countries without having first obtained the assent of each, through its resident officer.

That would mean only an extension of the existing practice, whereby treaties negotiated by the British Government are binding only on such of the Dominions as have expressly assented.

Finally, there is this one old but persistent argument. It is not natural and logical to expect that just as the old colonies in North America, Canada, Australia and South Africa, successively surrendered their independence by federal union; so those local unions, in their turn, will some day merge their independence in the bigger federal union of the Empire? In connection with our Empire problem I distrust all historical analogies, because the essential conditions are so utterly different. As to the colonial federations being a precedent, I would point out that they never came about until the pre-existing system of individual development had been tried and found wanting after a thorough experience. But the present system—the Dominion nation-state and the Imperial Conference—has not yet been found incapable of meeting either the practical needs or the ideal aspirations of the Britannic peoples. On the contrary, that system is still in the flush of youth, and of optimism justified by achievement. Nor should you ignore the difference between small, contiguous colonies, and states on a continental scale, each developing its distinctive racial type and national life. May it not be that the nobler destiny of this Empire is to furnish the exemplar of a new and higher order of international combination, based upon confidence instead of upon compulsion?

The Discussion

The discussion which followed the above address revealed that, while the majority of those present, members of the club and their guests, were adverse to Mr. Jebb's conception of Empire unity, a minority were inclined to support it. Among the majority was a well-known and veteran member of the Club, who, speaking as one who had been prominently connected with the old Imperial Federation League, was at a loss to understand how the Chairman could ever have invited an address from a gentleman who proposed to reduce the Empire to a conglomeration of South American republics.

THREE ROYALTIES AND A DUKE IN ONE PICTURE

A Group of Particular Interest to Canadians



Prince Arthur of Connaught opens the Military Bazaar and Christmas Fair at the Horticultural Hall in London. To His Left is Princess Arthur. At His Right is a Lady, Years Ago the Leader of Society in Canada, Then the Princess Louise, Now the Duchess of Argyll. To the Extreme Right of the Group is the Duke of Argyll Who as Lord Lorne, Governor-General of Canada 1878-1883, Toured the Whole Canadian West in a Buckboard Before There was a Mile of Railway on the Prairies. The Duke's Celtic Title is Mac Cailean Mhor, Chief of the Clan Campbell. He Married Louise, Sister of the Late King Edward, in 1871. The Duchess of Argyll's Stay in Canada is Well Commemorated by a Statue of Her Mother, Which She Herself Executed, and Which Stands in Front of the Royal Victoria College in Montreal. A Sculptor and Painter of High Attainments, She Was Active in Founding the Royal Canadian Academy, is Patroness of the Montreal Art Association and Many Other Canadian Institutions.

By Virtue of Flitters

A Story with Pathos, Humour and Adventure Skilfully Commingled

By NORAH ALTHA FLINT

FOSTER lifted his haggard face and stared at Evan Chetwood, astonishment wiping out the dull misery in his red-rimmed eyes.

"Do I understand you to say, Mr. Chetwood, that you will not prosecute, not denounce me?" he stammered. "If so, I can't have expressed myself clearly, and you fail to realize your position." His trembling fingers rustled among the loose papers on the desk.

"Ten thousand dollars Illinois Central Gold Bonds, \$10,000 Norfolk and Western Generals, \$5,000 Atchison Adjustment Bonds, \$20,000 Union Pacific First Mortgage—it's all gone. Mr. Chetwood, you are a ruined man, and I—good God, what am I?"

Chetwood fidgeted uneasily in his chair, then got up and laid a hand on the other's heaving shoulders.

"I understand right enough, Foster," he said, quietly. "I can't pretend I'm not pretty hard hit, but who am I that I should judge you hardly? How do I know that under similar circumstances, and given the same opportunities, I shouldn't have—have done the same? The conditions of the market were abnormal, the temptation, with the money you had access to, enormous. You've been in Hades ever since the crash and I'm not the man to keep you there.

"Then there's Mrs. Foster to consider, and pretty little Dollie—" The banker groaned and covered his face with his hands, and Chetwood went on, quickly, "And I've been thinking that this may prove to be the best thing that ever happened to me. Oh, you needn't look scandalized. Salvation has been worked out with a pick and shovel before now.

Anyway, Foster, I'm tired of patent leather boots and pink ice-cream, and I'm going West. You remember Bob Ferguson—man who discovered silver in Cobalt?"

Foster nodded, he was past speech just then.

"Well, he's manager of the Big Four Mine now, and I wired him yesterday after you—after I—well anyway, here's his reply offering me a job as book-keeper."

"Book-keeper?" Foster echoed, dubiously.

"But—"

"Exactly; I know I don't, not as much as your office boy. But two hours later comes another wire from the dear old chap, 'If you can't book-keep it don't signify, vacancy for cheerful companion for eccentric gentleman.'"

"Cheerful companion!" Chetwood's big laugh held no bitterness and rang as true as if his fortune was still snugly invested in gilt-edged securities. "That's more in my line, eh, Foster? D'ye think Bob'll expect me to do needlework and play draughts?"

THE banker tried to smile, but something clicked in his throat. Five minutes later Chetwood found himself out in the sunlit street. He had an embarrassed recollection of a fat little man with grey face and twitching lips who had tried, in voiceless gratitude, to kiss his hand.

Evan was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. In something less than twelve hours after his interview with Foster, he was

standing in the vestibule of the west-bound train, a little conscious-stricken that he could so lightly wave good-bye to a group of life-long friends.

His Pullman car chair was next to a fat old lady. Opposite him sat such a very pretty girl that he began to consider the best method of getting into conversation with her, when the girl herself unconsciously settled the matter by suddenly getting up and trying to open the window.

Evan was beside her in a moment. "Allow me. Will you have it right up?"

"Thank you," she answered, gravely. "Yes, on the whole I prefer pneumonia to suffocation."

ing vigour every moment, smote him with such force that he resolved to make a dash for the smoking-room. A little choking cough made him pause, and the pretty girl's bright eyes met his with a look of comical dismay.

"It's getting worse," she murmured, burying her nose in a lace-trimmed scrap, "and it only seems to be at this end of the car! What can it be?"

"Whatever it is," Evan returned, "it's strong enough to lean against. I'll call the porter." But when that functionary appeared it was the old lady who commandeered him.

"Porter," she began, nervously, with such manifest agitation that Evan and the girl stared at her with astonishment; "Porter, have you a refrigerator car on this train? Don't ask me why. Just tell me."

"Ah suttin'ly have, ma'am."

THE old lady made a dive at her feet, and from the folds of her voluminous drapery produced a wicker-covered basket. The pretty girl turned pale. A young man with pink eyes and wavy legs, who occupied the next chair, hurriedly left the car.

"Put this basket in it," continued the old lady, "and remember"—she paused impressively, "it can't be kept too cold!"

The porter took the basket, which seemed heavy, and grinned cheerfully.

"Why, suttin'ly, ma'am," he said, "if it's fruit—"

"It's not fruit," the old lady said, hurriedly, and Evan thought she blushed.

The darkey sniffed at the basket.

"Fish?" he hazarded, dubiously.

The old lady evinced unaccountable discomposure.

"It's not fish," she said, shortly.

But the porter, who seemed to be of an enquiring

turn of mind, sniffed again, and looked thoughtful.

Then he had an inspiration.

"It suttin'ly am cheese!" he declared, with a flash of white teeth.

The old lady, with a wild glance from Evan to the girl, rose excitedly, and attempted to regain the basket.

"It's—it's nothing to eat," she stammered. "I've changed my mind and will keep it here."

NOW, whether the porter had his suspicions as to the amazing contents of that innocent-looking basket, and purposely upset it, or whether a lurch of the train really made him tumble, will never be known, but by accident or stratagem it fell with a crash to the floor, and to the accompaniment of shrieks from the old lady, and a terrified, "Foh de Lawd's sake! What am dis!" from the porter, there rolled out on to the velvet pile carpet, a moribund dachshund! It lay there very composedly. Its mild, brown eyes stared at the blue and gold ceiling. Its short little legs stuck straight up in the air like an old-fashioned four-poster. And like a feather bed, the old lady dropped beside it.

"Flopsy mine!" she wailed. "Flopsy, Flopsy mine!"

"Didn't you know it was dead?" asked a smothered voice.

"Of course I did," the old lady sobbed. "She died, my precious dear, on the way up from Halifax. I couldn't wait to have her stuffed in Montreal, and so I thought I'd take her right through to



"When at last they emerged from the creek, Green said . . ."

"Extraordinary, isn't it?" Evan went on, easily, fumbling with the latch which proved provokingly amenable, "that no one has yet invented a successful system of ventilation for Pullman cars? You either roast or freeze."

"I fancy it's rather worse than usual," the girl replied, wrinkling her pretty nose; "don't you notice a peculiar kind of—er—?"

Evan sniffed tentatively. "Well, now you mention it," he observed, wondering if he dare drop into the chair beside her, "I believe I do. I will open another window if the old lady doesn't object."

But the old lady did object—so fiercely that the girl flushed with embarrassment.

"I'm so sorry," she stammered, "only the air seems so used up; don't you think," this was a pretty air of appeal, "that it is rather—er—well, smelly?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the old lady, rudely. "The trouble with the rising generation" (she glared at the two handsome young faces before her) "is that they have too much imagination!"

Evan was about to make an indignant reply, but a pleading look from a pair of sea-blue eyes silenced him, and he resentfully sat down, privately christening the old lady Boadicea.

The faint, nameless odour grew stronger. Out of the corner of his eye he saw two small, grey-gloved hands make an agitated sloop into a dressing-bag. Presently the fragrance of lavender-water reached his nostrils. But the smell, gath-

Victoria!"

"With the thermometer at 87 degrees?" asked the voice, reproachfully. "Oh, madam!"

The old lady turned indignantly to Evan and the girl, who were giggling helplessly.

"It's all very well to laugh," she snorted, angrily, "you haven't the intelligence to understand how deserving dumb animals are of human affection. My Flopsy was so faithful, so high——"

"She *was*!" murmured someone, feelingly. "She was indeed!"

"High spirited, I was going to say," snapped the old lady; "but what's the use of talking to a pack of fools? And you, you jabbering black idiot"—wheeling suddenly on the speechless darkey, "What are *you* staring at?"

She swooped once more upon the odourous Flopsy. But her lamentations were cut short by the emphatic protests of the other passengers, one of whom, valourously advancing with his nose firmly compressed between his thumb and forefinger, seized the deceased by the neck and flung her through the open window.

"This is a Pullman car, madam, not a mortuary chapel. Porter, bring some disinfectant!"

"I've laughed so much," murmured Evan to the girl, "I've got a pain at the back of my neck, and I believe Boadicea's going to have a fit—let's go out on the vestibule."

THIRTY-SIX hours later Evan stood beside the track watching a long line of cars slip leisurely round a curve and disappear. All about him the woods trooped greenly to the verge of the metals. A well-worn trail dipped down to the right of the track, and, following it, Evan found himself on the lip of a wide river, flowing swiftly between curving, wooded shores. He was so intent on the scene before him that he did not see a canoe shoot out from the mouth of a creek on the opposite shore, and started violently when a big, well-remembered voice hailed him with a shout.

Bob Ferguson, dexterously grounding the canoe, stepped ashore, and came towards him with outstretched hands.

"Evan, I'm darned glad to see you, and then some!" he cried. "How are you? You look as fine as silk!"

"I'm all over cinders, Bob. Say, I had a fierce trip up. Travelling all night in a caboose is no cinch. The brakeman had nightmare and punched

my stomach with a mail bag, and the engine-driver borrowed my flask (he said the fireman felt faint) and forgot to return it. My baggage is spread some considerable distance over the landscape, as you will observe. They began firing it out as soon as we slowed down."

Ferguson grinned. "Hump yourself, Jumbo," he said, briefly, to the Swede who had paddled bow, then, turning to Evan, "I've got another canoe cached here. We will get on, and leave Jumbo to collect your traps."

The Big Four was situated on Rice Lake, five miles due north of the railway line. It was quite dark when they emerged from the creek, and saw the camp lights just ahead. Drawing nearer, Evan could distinguish the tents, white, nebulous shapes, huddled at the feet of giant pines, and saw a number of men sitting about the camp fire. One of them was singing in a dirge-like monotone, and the words of the song drifted across,

"And what is her age, Billy Dow, Billy Dow,
And what is her age, lovely Billy?
She's six times seven and four times eleven—
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mammy!"

Presently, swinging alongside a rough landing place, Evan got stiffly to his feet. He stumbled after Ferguson through the darkness along a winding trail that brought them to a clearing. From the open door of a little log shack, light streamed across the trail.

"Welcome, old man," Ferguson cried, warmly. "It's not the Ritz, nor yet the Waldorf, but I think it's a darn sight more comfortable. I call it 'Indayan,' Ojibway for home, you know. Come in."

AND now began for Evan a life of healthy, muscle-making toil, that acted as a tonic to his mind no less than to his body, gradually weeding out a fungus growth of egoism, the natural product of youth coupled with too much money. He became an expert book-keeper. But this took up so little of his time that at his own request Ferguson set him to work with a shift of Swedes who were making a corduroy road across a big muskeg, which would shorten the distance between the camp and the stamp mill by a mile and a quarter. This was at the end of August. September came with misty, mellow mornings that melted into brilliant noons. Only an occasional scurry of falling leaves spoke of autumn and decay. Evan,

whose sporting instincts awoke with the season, persuaded Ferguson to join him in a shooting expedition. But on the very morning they were to start, Dixon, the assayer, who had been East on a holiday, arrived unexpectedly with a quantity of mail which claimed the manager's immediate attention.

"I'm awfully sorry, Evan," he said, regretfully, "but you see it's up to me to get busy with the quills. If I get through to-night, I'll join you at Purgatory Portage to-morrow morning."

So rather than waste a day, Evan packed blanket, bacon, flour, and tea into a canoe and started off alone. Just as he reached the mouth of the creek, Ferguson's big voice came booming across the lake. "Wire from my wife!" he shouted. "Arrives to-morrow!" Evan waved his paddle and shouted back, "Splendid!" sincerely wishing Mrs. Bob at Timbuctoo, or any other region inaccessible to the Big Four. "Spoils everything," he muttered, resentfully, and shot into the creek. But before he had gone twenty yards, another fainter shout hailed him, "Flitters is coming, too!" "Coming, too!" echo answered. "Coming, too!" "Oh, certainly!" thought Evan, wrathfully, "let 'em all come!"

It was very early, and something of the austere beauty of dawn still lingered. Every tree fringing the shores was reflected to the minutest twig and leaf in the glassy surface of the water, where fallen leaves rested delicately, like flights of yellow butterflies. Turning into the Seine, Evan saw that a faint, bluish fringe of mist still encircled the islands, and westward, where a thin line of foam marked the first dip of the rapids, a rainbow made a jewelled arch from shore to shore. "And three months ago," he thought, with deep self-disgust, "I was leading cotillions! Phew!"

It was not till late that night, when smoking peacefully by his camp fire many miles down the river, that it occurred to him to wonder who or what Flitters might be. "Probably that bull pup Bob spoke of," he thought, sleepily. "Queer name for a dog, though. I'll ask Bob, he's sure to turn up to-morrow." Then, having carefully scattered his fire, and gouged out a hollow for his elbow and hip, after the manner of a seasoned woodsman, he rolled himself in his blanket and went to sleep.

For three glorious days he wandered through a watery maze of river, lake, and stream, living on

(Continued on page 16.)

REDSKINS DANCE ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

EDMONTON has witnessed a number of strange performances since the days of the Klondike rush. Jasper Avenue, the main street, has more than once been an improvised theatre of world-wide interest. Performers at these open-air dramas have come from half the countries of Europe. And the old furpost was very often the scene of weird dramas enacted by the Indians who not so many years ago were the chief citizens of that country.

But it is due to the modern vaudeville manager that Edmonton lately witnessed a vaudeville performance of real native Indians. Some time ago, while visiting Commissioner Race, in charge of the Enoch Indians north of Edmonton, Mr. Charles Gill, of the Pantages theatre circuit, saw a tribal dance. Being of a practical turn, he wanted to know why the red man could not dance as well on stage.

"No reason at all if you can ever get them down to civilization," said the Commissioner.

"Leave that to me," said Gill.

"But we'll have to get permission from Ottawa for the Indians to leave the reservation."

"Well, wire Ottawa."

The result was that after the due exchange of tobacco and diplomacy between the chief and the impresario and the Commissioner, one hundred Enoch Indians packed up war paint and feathers and costumes and hit the trail to Edmonton. Most of them had never been in town before. There was no time for a rehearsal. The stage was set for the dance. Ten thousand people lined Jasper Ave. for a mile to see the parade. All the braves who could not join in the dance sat on the stage in a great semi-circle beating out wild, weird music from the tomtoms. After the performance a number of the performers were photographed in front of the theatre and the tribe hit the trail back to the north country—wondering what on earth it was all about.



A Few of the Aboriginal Performers Photographed in Front of the Edmonton Theatre.

Camera-Shooting the Great Blue Heron

The Most Thorough-going Student of Beasts and Birds in Canada Goes After the Odd Tree-top Colonies of the Pacific Coast and Northern Ontario

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs by the Author



Four Nests and Three Great Blue Herons, One Sentry on the Peak, Another Nesting, and the Third in Full Flight.



Fritz on His Way, Like a Small Black Bear, up to the Heron's Nest. This Tree Was Very Wiggly.

THE Kwakiutl said we could make it. From my bow seat it looked impossible. The surf ahead roared like a bull. Instinctively I snapped the big camera at it and with trembling fingers hastily plunged the machine back into its rubber bag. There was a terrible howl upon our left and I faced about to see an immense surf wave form the "hollow chamber." This wave was fully half a mile long and about fifteen feet high. As the crest tumbled ahead it spun over and left a long, glass-green, air-filled space, for all the world like a titanic glass-blower's work. In this space there was ample room for all the thirty-foot cedar canoes of all the tribes of Indians on this wild coast. This hollow wave burst with a crash ahead of us that did not assure a dry, safe passage.

"Hyas, paddle!" yelled Laskit.

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the other three Coast Indians. I grasped a pointed paddle and worked for dear life. We were on the crest of the surf and to fall back was to roll along the beach in the afterdrag and perish miserably. Along we rode on our wild steed, swaying and tipping, curving and rolling, faster than ever canoe sped with me before we surged along.

"Kla-how-yah" (good-morning), laughed the steersman Laskit, as a tail of the comber half smothered us with its overfall. We were now within a canoe's length of high tide mark, so powerful was this late spring wind and tide. There came a grating, rushing, crashing sound, an Indian yell, a leaping overboard of five dusky paddlers, and lo! we were in calm, smooth water across the bar and behind the spit.

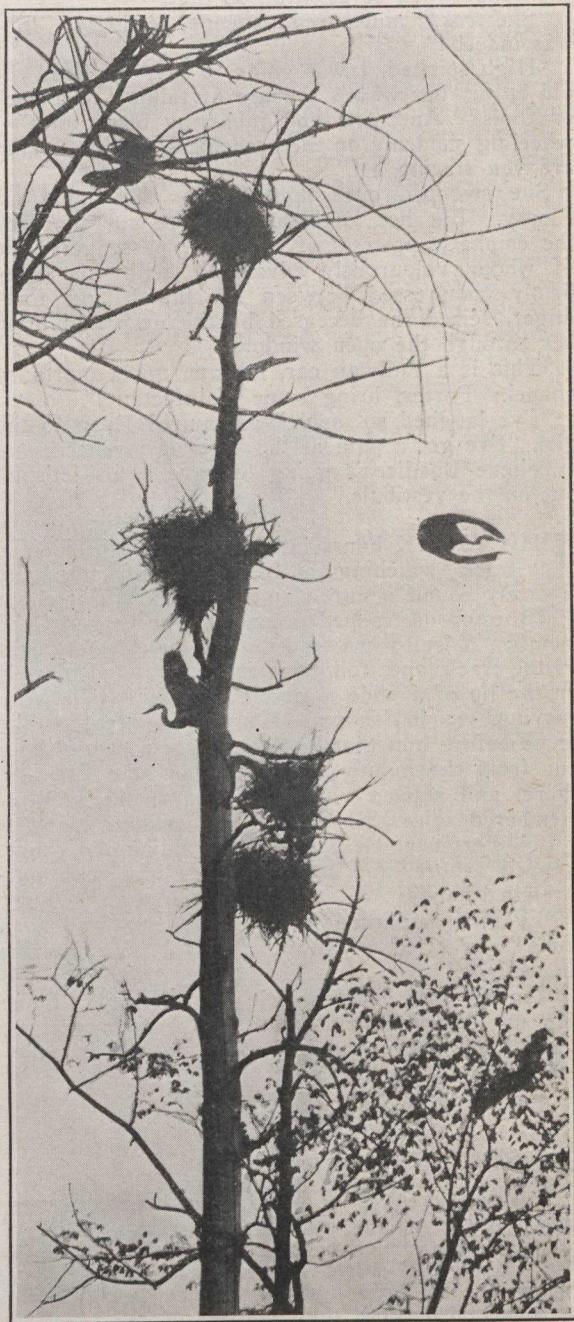
It took a few minutes to paddle-splash out the wet gifts the ocean had flung at us. I, on my front thwart, had been a sort of buffer to the crew, and was most thoroughly soaked, but a glowing sun beat on this little British Columbia river and we stripped to the buff and soon dried out. Ahead of us rose many a mountain range that fed this un-named stream. A marsh bit showed ahead. Here we should find the herons, and, as if to prove it, we caught up with an Indian with a big, greyish-blue bird in his canoe, the first heron I had seen on the Northern Pacific Coast.

"Kla-how-yah!" we called, and he told my men, who, in broken English, translated to me how he had shot the poor bird near the place where they nested. We passed on, and my Gordon setter Daisy, neglected until this moment, took a hand in the game. She started to point. Up went her delicate nose, out went that vibrating tail, and I turned just in time to see the game. The Indian's dog evidently had scented mine, he had leaped to his feet, and the partially stunned heron had instantly taken wing and was now flapping its way swiftly over the trees that lined the river's bank. We gave a shout and a laugh and then an intervening corner hid the little comedy.

To give you a good definition I must use a picture taken from the specimens in the museum at Victoria, B.C. You will notice the full plumage of these birds, exactly as we have them on the eastern side of the continent. Fanning, of excellent memory, divided these birds into great blue and Northwest Coast Herons, as did Mrs. Bailey. With all due deference to my co-workers in that great western field I can find but one Great Blue Heron from Coast to Coast, or, according to the older naturalists, on either North or South America. The rain spoiled my camera work on that trip, so come with us to the Otonabee, the Crooked River of the Mississaugas in Ontario, some three thousand miles from that surf-ridden scene, where some two or three hundred of these great birds have their Heronry in a drowned land ash swamp.

NO mighty waves to threaten us, only the purring of the little engine in the Mowich as she took us swiftly up this winding river, truly it is called Crooked. At times we ran directly for the sun, at others we ran directly away, but we did get there finally and anchored off the mouth of the creek that led to the swamp. We anchored our little launch and piled the cameras into the big sixteen-foot cedar board canoe. What a light, delicate craft after our use of the mighty cedar log canoes of the Kwakiutls, canoes thirty to seventy feet in length, canoes in which whole families journey many days out of sight of land, sleeping and living on the wild surface of that misnamed Pacific Ocean in these mighty hollowed logs.

Along the rush and flag lined creek we sped, disturbing big, repulsive-looking black snakes and parasite-covered, huge snapping turtles. The deep swamp ahead, with its drowned, skeleton-white ash trees, is never an inviting place, even less so when



A Great Blue Heron Reversing Its Flight, and Caught in the Act by the Nimble Graflex-Reflex up a Tree.

these great birds establish their evil-smelling, immense nests upon the big, dead branches. All this drowned land reeks with decay, and the rising wind made some of the tall whitened trees sway ominously. As we paddled in we saw numerous male birds standing on the branches beside the nests, but not until we were almost directly beneath the trees did the females poke their long necks and staring eyes over at the intruders. Our paddles clattered and all the gaunt-looking birds stood up on the big rafts of branches they use for nests. Some of these were regular stacks, huge masses of limbs and branches rebuilt and built upon year after year until they attain a weight of over a hundred pounds. I have tried to lift a fallen nest; it was about six feet across even in its half-crushed condition.

Above our heads, pandemonium. Several hundred huge Herons were trying all at once to express to us their feelings at this unkind intrusion—right in the middle of their busy season, the eggs being well on in incubation, as it was now early in May. In fact, we found in places the two chipped blue halves neatly inserted one within the other by the big mother. These were lying at the foot of the nesting trees, either upon the black, evil-smelling muck, or in the shallow weed-strewn waters.

"Looks like a hard climb," quoth Fritz.

"Try it if you think it best," I answered. He set me and the camera on the top of a treacherous black root which at once began to settle with me. We had to try several others before we found one that would bear the weight of a human being, so general was the decay beneath these old, dead, ash trees. We were watching carefully, as we feared the wind might rise, and this is no place to linger



Fritz Stealing a March on the Much Surprised Heronry.



North-West Coast Herons Mounted in the Museum at Victoria, B.C.

when ash trees are reeling on their roots. Finally placed, I pictured the lad in the canoe, with the young maples between us and the ash trees that held the nests.

Time after time that willing assistant of mine essayed to climb the treacherous trees. Time after time I called for him to come carefully down—the way they wriggled and bent and creaked was enough to scare the stoutest climber. All this time three or four or five hundred Herons were wheeling and croaking overhead, and the nests that held youngsters were “clicking” like sewing machines for all the world. Breathlessly I watched him make his way from creaking limb to splintering bough until he could see the nests all about him. Descending with torn clothes and flesh, he paddled wearily back to me and I pictured him with a greenish-blue Heron’s egg in his hand. The nests contained either three to six pale-blue eggs, or the same number of naked young, clicking for all they were worth and amiably expecting that Fritz was a new sort of feeding machine or foster mother making that dangerous climb just to fill their big, gaping mouths.

THE adult birds were getting a bit quieted down by now, so we prepared to use the Graflex-reflex, a special machine I had built for my use. It is a 4 x 5, with a Celor 1 x 2 Geortz lens, fitted with a focal plane shutter, and it is just as uncertain as a dainty woman. Sometimes it will and often it won’t—and it never gives a reason. However, we had lots of films—I always advise the film. I have now 1,700 negatives of live birds, animals and fishes. Tell me, ye plate users, how could I ever handle or transport that number of plates, and my whole life’s work is contained in a box 12 x 12.

Now began the intensely interesting work of this vagabond life. Directly above us was an ash-tree that held four big nests on its weak branches. It had held many more, but the wind and the storm had taken toll. Three mothers, fearful that the eggs, even under the warm May sun, would chill, came back on great circling sweeps and the camera clicked just as they were about to alight.

At the noise of our laughter while watching the antics of the big, awkward, jealous birds, some flopped onto a branch and promptly ejected with vigorous, pecking bites, some other male that was illegally perched too near the nest of the old chap’s mate. Or, in the hurry and worry of it all, some near-sighted mother flopped ungainly into a nest where she had not the slightest business and the indignant owner returned forthwith, unmindful of us, and promptly ejected the hussy.

“Get that chap, he looks just like a giant mosquito!” cried Fritz—and I leave you to judge if the boy was not right, as the ascending Heron does look much like the inquisitive little torments that were even then trying to settle on my unwilling nose.

“I’ve got him,” yelled Fritz.

“So have I,” was my answer. He meant a mos-

quito that had come to an untimely end, but I meant that the good old faithful camera had the giant counterfeit of the “mosquito” and two other birds on the four nest picture. One of these birds was staring down at me most intently, and she fairly tumbled out of the nest at the metallic click of the machine. So we again reloaded our cameras and one pipe. It is not good for boys to smoke, therefore I use as much tobacco as I can so as to remove as rapidly as possible the cause of temptation.

It took the owners of these nests a long time to return. I think the setting birds snatched a half hour to feed, as there are lots of places within a mile where tempting snails and jumping frogs and myriads of small fish abound. All about us the other trees were laden with the ungainly birds, mothers stepping into nests and squatting down carefully onto the eggs or feeding the clicking youngsters. The hen bird gets down on the eggs fairly easily, as her knee joints work just the opposite way to ours. The wind was rising and we cast timorous glances at the swaying trees. The one we were picturing got so wobbly on its roots that we took a swift move right away from there and focussed on a tall, slim, skeleton tree that held likewise four nests. He counted ten, twelve and thirteen nests on others.

“Here they come,” whispered Fritz, as a whole circling mass of Herons sped over the tree-tops, and four, evidently the setting birds, made direct for the tree above us. I raised and pointed the

camera, and, as I did so, the nearest bird turned swiftly in the air.

“I guess that one spoiled her picture,” Fritz suggested, just after the curtain rang down. Did it? I will let my readers judge. Have you not seen on the Japanese screens this bird in exactly this position—the Heron with its body all within its curved wings. I have. Yes, and I have laughed, too, at their lack of natural history knowledge, and no doubt this poor, silly bird had been doing the “upside down” long before my camera became inquisitive as to their habits—aye! maybe a few thousand years before. Thus are our best observations spoiled by the subject itself.

FAR away now from rude Pacific surf—far from ill-smelling, drowned lands and shaky trees, in a humble little shack where the screeching winds outside disturb not the calm of the nature photographer’s joyful mood as he examines for the first time the prints from these hard-won films: It is nearing the glad Christmas time and spread before us are the little prints that tell of bygone joys and dangers. For eight months we have tented and followed the finny ones and those that wear feathers and furs, and if your doctor cannot cure those tired nerves and rebellious stomach, I have the address of the oldest doctor of them all—a rather mature old dame, too—Mother Nature—get a tent, a camera and a canoe, that is her prescription, and the cure is almost infallible. Besides, it is much pleasanter than going to a sanitarium.

Three Well-Contrasted Books

THE Macmillan Company have just published at four dollars Vilhjalmur Stefansson’s “My Life With the Eskimo,” and it is one of the most fascinating stories of adventure ever written. Of course it is a field more or less new and unwritten-of, and possibly it has therefore more than usual interest. But Mr. Stefansson has written simply and graphically the story of an important discovery, his discovery of the blond Eskimo, in 1910, on Victoria Island. Unquestionably such a find was a notable one, and those who come after us will honour Stefansson more than we do.

The book, which goes into minute detail, deals with the problem of who these blond Eskimos really are. Opinions differ. For his part Stefansson seems to be quite convinced that they are the descendants of the Norsemen who inhabited Greenland hundreds of years ago. He knocks on the head the suggestion that they are descended from the remnant of Sir John Franklin’s lost company, and, of course, gives reasons.

The illustrations alone make the book worth while, for they are many and varied and excellent.

Doris Somerville has written a novel called “Green Chalk.” On the whole, the fact that it was not by a Canadian author is distinctly a good thing for Canada, for it is impossible to imagine many things less worth reading. It is a story chiefly about an artist. He is discovered while drawing on a London side-

walk by a man named George Stein, who is “up against it” for money. Stein agrees to pay for Phillip’s tuition and give him a home and an opportunity to paint, but in return Phillip agrees to sign all his pictures with Stein’s name.

Of course, like all artists, Phillip has one peculiar type which creeps into his pictures. It is the lady with the auburn hair. By and by she comes along in the flesh, and Stein marries her first, and Phillip marries her afterwards—and there you are. The other characters in the book are equally undesirable, in some cases quite despicable. The author says a great many smart (?) things, if being daring and at times quite foolish is smart. “Green Chalk,” in fact, is more or less yellow. (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn.)

A novel of the right sort is “Making Over Martha.” It is a sequel to “Martha Day-by-day,” and is equally acceptable. Martha is a very lovable character, partly because of her quaintness, but more because of her cheeriness and easy settled philosophy. “There’s something beautiful in all your blows if you only had sense to see. The hardest knocks you ever got you’d see stars,” says she.

The story deals with the transfer of Martha from her beloved, noisy, bustling New York to a country farm, and centres round the attempt of people to make over Martha into a country woman. Julie Lippmann makes delightful reading. (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild.)

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Imperial Hindu

SURELY the Hindus should recognize that they are making a terrible nuisance of themselves in Western Canada and decide to move out. Nobody loves them and it might be advisable for them to go out into the garden and eat worms. If they persist in trying to maintain their rights as Imperial citizens in British Columbia, then the people of British Columbia will be forced to let the British Empire go to destruction. Surely the Hindu can recognize that this disaster is unthinkable. Just when Sir Richard McBride has the whole province cornered in support of a contribution to the Imperial navy, these sly, turbaned citizens from the south-west Pacific raise all sorts of troubles about their civic rights, and upset the Premier's apple cart.

The *New Westminster News*, of Dec. 16th, calls upon the editor of the *CANADIAN COURIER* and the Canadian League to take the Hindu immigration problem as a field for patriotic activity. We are very sorry that we cannot oblige the people of British Columbia with anything more than good advice. Our suggestion is simple: if the people of British Columbia believe in a Unified Empire they must accept the Hindu. If, with Mr. Jebb, they believe only in a Britannic Alliance, with autonomy for each of the separate units, they need not accept the Hindu unless they so desire. This is all the advice British Columbia is entitled to until it decides the principle involved. The arguments are fairly set forth in Mr. Jebb's articles in last week's issue and this.

Election Protests

THE method in which election protests are handled in this country is being discussed by many intelligent citizens. That the situation is a national disgrace is generally admitted. Even the partisan newspapers concede that "sawing off" and dropping petitions before they come to trial is pernicious and destructive of political morality. That fair-minded public journal, the *Montreal Gazette*, states that election petitions entered in the Province of Quebec in connection with the election of 1911 "have been disappearing in a suggestive way without any noise being made or any signs given that the public conscience was troubled." The *Gazette* thus puts the responsibility upon the public. No doubt that is where the blame lies. So long as the people are partisan enough to condone these wickednesses in each of the parties, so long will the politicians trifle with the laws and with our political morals.

The attempt to "saw off" the petition in Chateaugay entered by the Liberals, against the petition in South Bruce entered by the Conservatives, seems almost criminal, considering the boasts and charges made by the respective parties. The petitions should either be proceeded with or the Liberals should apologize to the Conservatives for their idle threats and charges; and vice versa. If these petitions are "sawed off" then the public will know that there is no sincerity and not too much morality in either party.

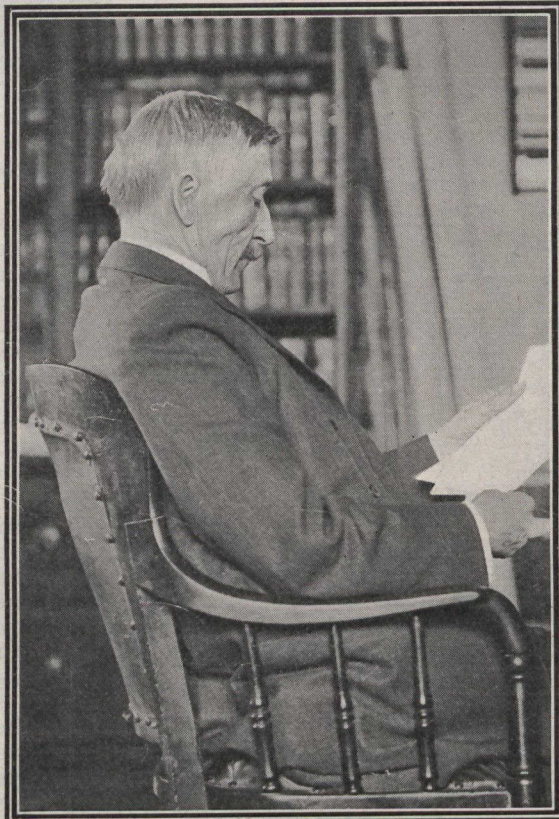
Montreal and the Legislature

AT this time of year Montreal people usually have something sweet to say about the legislature which sits in the city of Quebec in December and January. It is customary for some far-sighted, scheming individuals to visit the committees of the legislature and propose that the city of Montreal be compelled to do certain things which the city fathers have not seen fit to do. This year there were two propositions introduced in this peculiar way. One was that Montreal should be forced to buy a piece of land worth about a million dollars as a public library site. Those who had this suggestion introduced were presumably friendly with the owners of the land designated. The other suggestion was to the effect that the city of Montreal should return to certain taxpayers something over a million dollars which had been collected from them for new pavements.

The *Montreal Star*, in an article entitled "Our Vivacious Legislature," suggests that there are a few other things which the legislators and lobbyists at Quebec might compel the city of Montreal to do. For example, the legislature might pass laws

that the city expropriate the Canadian Pacific Railway, that it move the City Hall to a site on Mount Royal and that it devote the school taxes to paving the streets. Apparently Montreal people are able to see the humorous side of the situation.

There is this difference between the situation in Quebec and in other provinces of Canada, that none other of the nine would dare do what Quebec tries to do. For example, the man who tried to put legislation through the Manitoba Legislature to compel the city of Winnipeg to take some action on a matter entirely within its own right, would not be listened to by more than one or two members of the Legislature. Indeed, it is probable that the mere attempt would make it so warm for him that his further residence in the province would be neither safe nor agreeable. The people of Montreal should take this hint. They should drive two or three of these buzzards out of the province at the



HONOURABLE FRANK COCHRANE
Minister of Railways and Canals for the Dominion, Who Has Just Returned to His Desk at Ottawa After a Holiday of Several Weeks. Mr. Cochrane is One of the Most Energetic Administrators of a Department That Canada Has Ever Known. It is Hoped That He Will Not Allow the Burden of His Big Department to Sit So Heavily on His Shoulders That His Health Will be Endangered.

point of the bayonet and the rest would probably learn the somewhat difficult lesson of minding their own business.

The Reformers

VARIOUS sorts of reformers are needed in every country and in every age. There are:

- Political Reformers.
- Social Reformers.
- Educational Reformers.
- Moral Reformers.
- Physical Reformers.

Not one of these is more necessary than the other and among all these should be a broad spirit of comradeship and sympathy.

The progress of any nation is not written in its financial and trade statistics alone. Increase in population, wealth and commerce are desirable, but they do not tell the whole story. Canada might have all these and yet be a backward nation such as Mexico, India or China. Our development politically, socially, mentally, morally and physically is fully as important and as indicative of the measure of true progress attained by the nation.

Some leaders will devote themselves to political reform, some to social reform, some to educational reform and others to moral and physical reform. Let each be given his due meed of praise. Let not one be exalted above the other. All are working

towards the same goal—the making of Canada one of the greatest nations the world has ever known. Finally, let every citizen do cheerfully that which his hand findeth to do and all will be well.

Jebb's Sense of Fairness

EVERY one who reads Mr. Jebb's article in this issue will be satisfied that Mr. Jebb has a sense of humour as well as a sense of fairness. When he had concluded reading his paper as to why he favoured a Britannic Alliance rather than Imperial Federation, there was a discussion. One old gentleman remarked that he could not understand why Jebb was allowed in such good company. As for him, he was unwilling to reduce the Empire to a conglomeration of South American Republics. And Jebb faithfully records the incident.

It is characteristic of this great British writer, and of many others, that they are willing to be knocked and that they are able to take knocks with a smile. Here in Canada we are more sensitive than they are in London. When we read papers publicly, the chairman shuts off all discussion for fear the essayist's feelings should be hurt. We prefer votes of thanks, when two prominent members of the audience get up and do their best to conceal their desire to answer the speaker's arguments.

The ancient member of the United Empire Club was displeased and he said so. And Mr. Jebb truthfully records the protest, lest any one should think that he resented it. But then Jebb is a big man and deals with big problems in a big way.

Be British

THERE is a phrase well-known in the Anglo-Saxon world and which was used by the captain of the *Titanic* to steady the men and women who faced death when that great vessel was going down into the Atlantic. That phrase is, "Be British."

At this particular time Canada needs the steady influence of that phrase. We have been rushing ahead at a tremendous rate. Our material prosperity is overwhelming and the number of millionaires is growing fast. We are extravagant, as seen in the figures which statisticians use to prove that the cost of living in Canada is higher than in any other country in the world—and still going up. Our material progress needs adjusting.

Then the steadying influence of the phrase "Be British" is needed in connection with the education, the Christianizing, and the Canadianizing of the newcomers. Canada is getting new citizens at a faster rate than any other country in the world ever received them. Population compared, the United States never received new citizens at as high a rate as Canada is at the present time. Forty per cent. of them are foreign-born people who know not the English language and nothing of British ideals of liberty and justice. To make these men into good Canadians, to bring their standard of living, and their social, religious and political ideals up to ours, is a tremendous task. The recent history of the United States has shown how dangerous are the foreign population in civic life, when these people are crowded together in "foreign" quarters and left to the tender mercies of the ward politician. A somewhat similar but milder condition already exists in Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg.

Again, the problem of how to "Be British" is one which the French-Canadian portion of our population is struggling bravely to solve. They desire to preserve their own language and their own racial heritage, and at the same time preserve their allegiance to Canada and the British Crown. They need our sympathy and our encouragement. The problem is a complicated one and upon its solution depends much of the future happiness and future prosperity of Canada as a nation. To preserve unity and harmony between the French-Canadians and English-Canadians it is necessary that there should be a constant interchange of ideas and ideals. If this country is to "Be British" it must recognize that each of these two races has rights which cannot be ignored. To preserve these rights to each and at the same time develop Canadian unity is a task to which the most patient form of statesmanship must be applied.

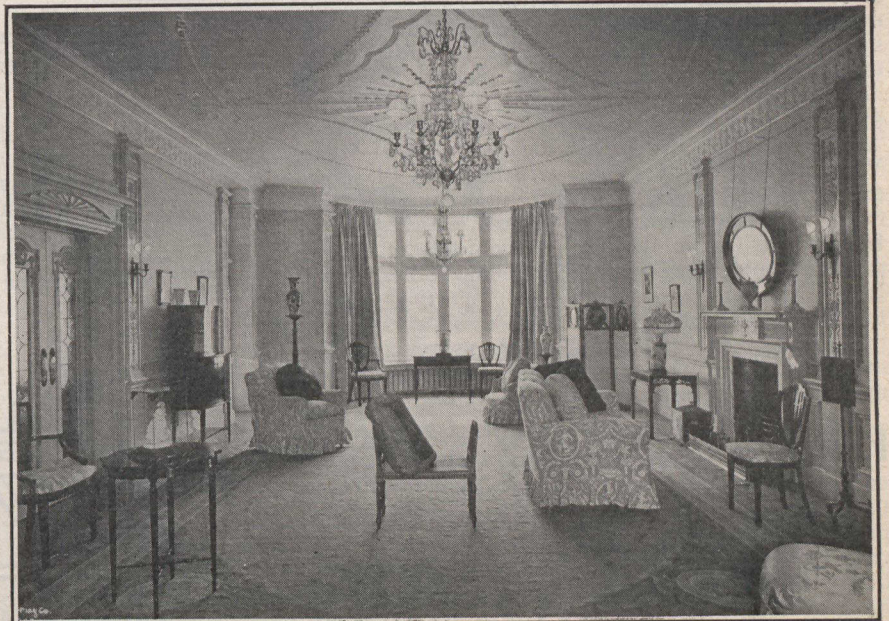
Above all the question of our relationship with the other Dominions and with the United Kingdom is one requiring careful consideration. The ideal of Canada is to "Be British," but the words have not the same meaning to all classes of Canadians. Some would be British by being enthusiastically Canadian; others would be British by suppressing Canadian national aims and aspirations. Let us try to discover what is best for ourselves and best for the other parts of the Empire and then patriotically support that policy.

Old World Elegance in the West

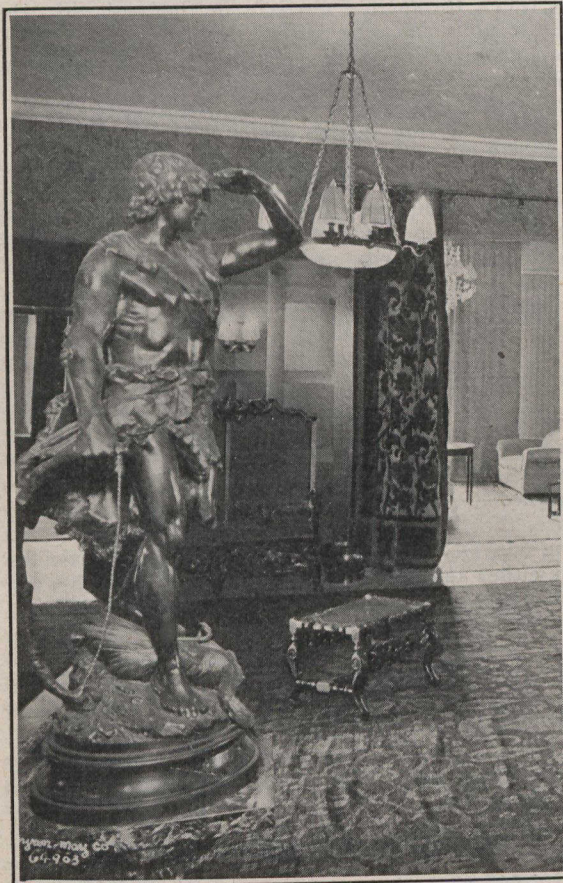
In Search of the Truly Aesthetic, go to the New Government House, Alberta



New Government House of Alberta, Built of Calgary Sandstone; Designed on the Lines of an Old English Country Home. A Fine Feature of Construction is the Space Left for Broad Verandahs and Balconies.



The Drawing-room is Finished in Pale Wedgewood Blue, With Blue Velvet Rugs and Pale Blue Brocaded Furniture. The Windows Face the West, Overlooking the Gorge of the Saskatchewan.



This Figure Should Have Been an Indian Chief—But it Isn't.

NOW that so much is being said in criticism about the new Government House in Toronto, it is interesting to have pictures of a new gubernatorial residence that seems to defy criticism. The official residence of Lieut.-Governor Bulyea at Edmonton is built where the whole city can see it, on the heights overlooking the gorge of the Saskatchewan and the Parliament buildings on the flats. It occupies 28 acres of high-priced land, all laid out by a landscape artist. It is built of Calgary sandstone. Its outward lines are those of the old English country home, but its inward appointments and furnishings are those of a miniature ducal castle. Fairly complete delineations of this truly aesthetic elegance

are afforded by the photographs on this page. But mere decorative language quite fails to express the lavish and well-considered adornments of this splendid home of vice-royalty in the second degree. Whatever doubts may exist in the minds of some ultra-Imperialists as to the Imperialism of the West, there can be no doubt that Alberta democracy is not opposed to spending more on the cost of high living as represented by the official upkeep of a Lieut.-Governor. The new Government House as a work of architectural and decorative art will have a powerful influence upon the art side of home-making in the West, not only in Edmonton, but in all other cities.

Men We Meet

Number Four in a Series of Six Benevolent Satires

THE ARISTOCRAT—By SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS, BART.

HE may be met either in town or country; but it is on his own broad acres, I think, that he is seen in his more characteristic aspects. For he requires background and relief. His personality is not strongly enough marked to attract immediate attention in a crowd. Indeed, unless you were something of a practised observer, you might travel in a railway carriage with him all day without noticing him particularly. The aristocrat has two superficial characteristics: unobtrusiveness and repose. Picture him to yourself, then, in any or in all of the following typical situations, namely, presiding at a county meeting or public dinner; attending a meet of the local pack of foxhounds, or an agricultural show; or, more

intimately, partridge-shooting with his boys and an old friend or two; or escorting a party of visitors through his garden or his gallery. But first of all you must see the man, please—get some idea of his personal appearance. Well, to begin my portrait negatively, in the first place I think he is about as unlike the snap-shots which appear in the picture-papers as can well be. How to account for this I know not, unless it be that photography is never just—even when it is not employed to caricature the movement of striding or the facial expression of laughter. No. Lord Blithedale is no more like the published portraits than galvanic action is like life.

A HANDSOME man? Not particularly, I think. Good-looking were the more appropriate word, but his share of good looks even is not striking. If you asked me to be particular, I should say that he looked like a gentleman, and leave it there. Well-dressed? Yes, I am nearly sure of that. But I haven't the least idea what he wears. It has never caught my eye. I do not think that he pays much heed to fashion, but I really cannot be sure. A style of his own, rather, I should be inclined to say. But a wholly unobtrusive style. Were you to meet him on the parade of the "Pearl of Watering Places," or in the lounge of the Hotel Splendide, you would notice his clothes; not otherwise. You see that, in this case, the frame preserves its true relation to the picture. So that I fear the only beauty I can claim for my aristocrat is that of manly comeliness refined by breeding, whilst I must acknowledge as the chief grace of his attire a simple perfection of appropriateness.

A born sportsman, he has never aspired to the role of champion or record-breaker. Hence, probably his entire freedom from the peculiar forms of selfishness to which sportsmen are exposed. You cannot possibly imagine him, even in the first keenness of boyhood, taking any other man's bird in



The Dining Room is in Dark Blue With Panels of Walnut to the Ceiling. The Furniture is Massive Walnut; Chairs Upholstered in Dark Blue.

the shooting-field, or prevaricating as to the flies with which he is taking trout where others fail. Yet these faults are common enough, as almost every sportsman knows. "Take a cast with my line," he would say instead of some amateur, possibly a poacher, encountered on the river-bank, "the trouts are taking at this moment; but when the sun comes out from behind that April cloud, I doubt the take will end." No great example of self-sacrifice perhaps. For one ought to find it easy to be generous when oneself has plenty. But is it always so? Ask of anglers. You will have gathered that, though master of a salmon-river, my "aristocrat" does not disdain the gentle art of Isaac Walton. No; he is a lover of all forms of sport, excepting only otter-hunting. But he enters upon them, not in the competitive spirit which now is fashionable, but in that of pure enjoyment of the pastime—enjoyment for himself and others also. Indeed, when you see him in his "sporting-jacket" to employ a phrase of Kit North's, his relation to the world of natural history seems as genuine and only less close than that of the fine specimen of mankind, his head keeper.

HE is not now a hard rider after hounds, nor have I heard that in his young days he was exceptional in that respect. None the less there is much in his riding that every connoisseur must admire. In the first place, he is a natural rider; there is perfect sympathy between him and his mount; they move as one organism, nor does he ever forget the horse's share in the eager instinctive life of the pursuit. His judgment, and his knowledge of the country, too, are perfect. Whilst I have heard it said that never, either at home or abroad, will he hunt unless well mounted. See him now as he bends over the arched neck of his chestnut mare. The mare is hot, as the foam-flecks already show, but he is soothing her. Presently he will take it out of her. Meantime his neighbour, the brand-new peer, Lord Blithedale, is turning every minute of the meet to account—spotting the right people to speak to, waiting his opportunity, throwing out a casual suggestion here, and dropping a chance word there, all of which are meant in due season to bear fruit. Very probably they will, for Peterkin has proved himself a man to be reckoned with. He is not quite at ease during this fidgety twenty minutes on his two-hundred-guinea fencer, but is a determined rider none the less. The contrast which he now presents to Lord Blithedale is not one of inferiority of mankind; nay, of the two, Peterkin is very probably the more effective member of society. Beyond all question he has done more, a great deal more. The contrast is rather between two different ways of taking pleasure. For, during all this time, Lord Blithedale is chatting quite easily and simply with a not very young and not very prepossessing lady (unmistakably a lady, none the less) who has come out on foot to see what she can. She is the daughter of the late Vicar, and a friend of Lord Blithedale's early manhood. But you must not scent a romance, reader, for there never was anything of that kind between them. The aristocrat married at twenty-one (as aristocrats and labouring men can afford to do, happy people!) the only woman he had ever seriously cared for. And I now mention his conversation with the Vicar's daughter only in order to show that aristocrats have no axes to grind, nor are they ever bent on "turning things to account." Had Blithedale industriously ground axes, had he turned every advantage to the best possible account, he might have been an Earl by now, instead of a mere Viscount, and just possibly might have had a seat in a Unionist Cabinet. But he didn't want either. That is at once his weakness and his charm.

BLITHESDALE'S stay at the House of Commons was short. Returned to Parliament for his native county at a very early age, in the last years of the Disraeli Administration, he had a blind faith in his brilliant, insincere leader, which was more than a little touching. It was during the elections of 1880 that I heard him speak on politics, and if sound argument temperately expressed could have stayed the current of re-action he would have done it. But what an "if" is that! "It is far too gentlemanly a speech," said my companion Thruster, who sat beside me in the hall, "he has not mentioned his adversary once—nor even gone for the G. O. M.! That sort of thing is no good nowadays. He overrates the intelligence of the electors—what they want is to see something smashed." "And if you want to win your seat," I returned, "I suppose you must pander to that taste?" But Thruster did not see my sarcasm, and the election of 1880 was the end of Blithedale's career in the Commons. For soon afterwards he succeeded his father. The few who now remember him at Westminster are agreed that he gave promise of being a useful man on

church and country questions, and on these he is always nowadays listened to with respect in the Lords. But the main current of his activities has been deflected to county business and estate management, and no doubt he is the happier, though less distinguished, for the change. Thruster says that he has no ambition; but in Thruster's estimation the mere desire to do well is not an ambition. For him ambition means the wish to attract attention, to make a "big splash," or to "arrive." Now I question if the aristocrat knows the meaning of this phrase or that word. Certainly neither one nor the other is conceivable in him, either as an aim or as a vocation. Hence it is, perhaps, that he grudges no man his success; he is of all men the least jealous. Though a poor man, if his position be taken into account, his estate is in good order. His word, from the chair of the county council, is an unwritten Local Government Act.

And there is one sense in which Lord Blithedale's life is a standing protest against the abolition of the House of Lords. His worst enemy could not accuse him of being a man of luxurious habits—a charge from which his zest for simple pleasures quite as much as his sense of duty preserves him. Were it not for Lady Blithedale, and his daughters, I question if he would have a town house at all. And if you want to see him really happy, really interested, it is not in the enclosure at Ascot, or the paddock at Sandown, that you must look for him out among his own Shire horses and brood mares, his Shorthorns, or his thriving young conifers. He detests bridge, as much as he does tittle-tattle; and the only time I have known him fail in courtesy was during the visit of a well-known raconteur (well-known, I may add, for malice and untruth) whom Lady Blithedale had invited, when his lordship deliberately fell asleep.



MINORITIES RULE

I SUPPOSE that—like all intelligent observers—you have noticed that minorities generally rule. All this chatter about "majority rule" is buncombe, a fraud on the people, a gross deception of the trusting democracy. Majorities seldom rule; and, when they do, it is either because the subject they are allowed to decide is of no great importance to anyone, or because the majority happens to have the same opinion as the most effective minority. The majority of the people is a huge, gelatinous, amorphous, harmless, indecisive, feeble and futile jelly-fish sort of organism—if organism is not too coherent a term. To talk about it "ruling" is to talk about the guiding of the wind by the flutter of dead leaves which rustle before its breath. The ruling in a modern democratic State is done by minorities—compact, well-organized, decided minorities, who know what they want, and are prepared to fight for it.

TEN voters who will leave their party because it fails to support a cause in which they believe—or to let them come up to the trough when they are hungry—have more ruling power than a thousand voters who entertain pious opinions as to the great desirability of this or that policy; but who will do nothing to get their supine preferences carried into effect, beyond expressing a lady-like wish that it may be so. Ruling is done—not by opinion—but by power. A Government may know perfectly well that a majority of the people want a certain measure adopted; and yet that government may simply not dare to adopt it—though personally it may want to do so very much—because it also knows that the majority of the people will not back their wishes at the polls, while a small but determined minority will. The only opinion that a politician can consider is the opinion which gets itself expressed in "crosses" in the ballot-box.

THIS is what makes even democratic publicists fight so shy of the plebiscite and the referendum. As a matter of fact, there is no class in the community which would so dearly love to enjoy the constant use of the referendum—if it could be trusted. The referendum offers the doubtful politician in office an apparent means of testing public opinion on some dubious measure without risking his beloved office over it. He can simply refer it to the people—and let them decide. He escapes responsibility, and saves his job. As most of our politicians are pure Opportunists, this would be an ideal arrangement for them. They would stay perpetually in office, carrying out the will of the people ascertained by a succession of referendums. This is all so obvious that you may wonder why they do not tumble over each other in their eagerness to get this life-saving system of referendums working. However, like all experienced men, you distrust the very obvious, when it does not occur; and you inquire—"Why?"

THE "Why?" is, unfortunately, all too plain. The referendum only ascertains the pious opinions—the surface preferences—of the majority. It is no guide to what the majority will do on election day. On the other hand, the minority may conceal a compact and resolute little band of

brothers who will turn out on election day and hurl into everlasting oblivion the group of purblind politicians who put this measure—which they tremendously detest—into force. Under such circumstances, a referendum is simply an additional complication—a trap for the unwary—a further and at times formidable obstacle in the path of the astute politician who knows that, to save his skin, he must legislate against the will of the majority. A formal referendum, carried against him, simply makes his predestined course the harder to defend. I am not saying this to argue against the referendum. I am in favour of the referendum; for I do not care a straw how much it embarrasses time-serving politicians. I would also like it, for it might sometimes help to screw the courage of the molluscous majority up to the sticking-point. But I am using its marked unpopularity with the very people who ought to "welcome it, like the payment of a long lost "bad debt"—the politicians—to show how perfectly these experts in popular government understand that majorities do not rule.

WE can all think of a dozen illustrations right at home in which majorities do not get their way. Sometimes it is just as well. Majorities are wooden-headed not infrequently. But, in any case, they do not get what they notoriously want; and we all wonder why it is that the politicians, on either one side of the House or the other, do not take an easy road into public favour by insisting that the majority be served. When neither the Government nor the Opposition show any alacrity in coming forward as the champions of the majority, we sometimes begin to think that possibly what we imagine to be the majority is not the majority after all. The politicians may know of a huge hidden store of voters who hold different views. But the truth usually is that we are quite right about the loose and indifferent desires of the majority; but the politicians have their informed eyes on a very active and vindictive section of the majority which will certainly punish them if they dare to do what the majority desire.

OF course, there is no reason in all this for saying nasty things about the majority. The majority—it is "we, us & co." The majority on one question will comprise the very people who form the puissant and powerful minority on another question. The meaning simply is that we all entertain opinions which we are prepared to sacrifice for the sake of other opinions—or interests. We may desire a certain government kept in power for a certain policy to which it is committed. We may, at the same time, deplore its failure to espouse a certain other policy; but, when it comes to polling day, we vote for the government for the sake of the first policy. We must take our choice. We cannot have both; and we choose the most important—in our eyes. I think it could be shown that most governments in this country have remained in power by skilfully making themselves the representatives of a number of very-much-in-earnest minorities, and not at all by catering to the majorities. The knowing politician who cleverly selects his minorities, can always defeat the academic public man—with his head in the clouds—who ranges himself impressively on the side of the majorities.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



Courierettes.

DAILY papers report phenomenal catches of fish in Canadian waters. They also report phenomenal high prices. Somehow the two don't seem to go well together.

"Now you get it and now you don't," seems to about fit the case of Guelph and the big arena that it thought Hon. James Duff had promised to build for its Fat Stock Show.

Some aldermen should consider themselves mighty lucky to get elected, considering that they printed their pictures in their election cards.

The Bible is now printed in 500 languages. In fact, it is so easily and cheaply obtained nowadays that a lot of people seem to be neglecting it.

There are a lot of badly cracked slates outside school walls the day after a civic election.

Now that Mona Lisa has been rescued and restored to her proper place, it will be more than ever fitting for her to wear that smile that won't come off.

Winnipeggers were complaining a couple of weeks ago of being bitten by mosquitoes. Somebody is always being bitten—somehow—out there.

Britishers are said to spend \$30,000,000 yearly on golf. Would it not be a nice neighbourly thing for John Bull to give up the game for a year and hand the thirty millions over to Toronto for the purchase of the street railway?

"The Glad Eye" recently played several Canadian cities, but the box office takings were none too large. Change the name to "The Sad Eye."

We note that a man was charged in Police Court the other day with hitting his wife with an electric iron. It would seem that electricity is coming into too common use.

By this time old Santa Claus may be safely reckoned among the also-rans. However, a year hence he'll come out of cold storage as fresh as ever.

An English mob sang ragtime songs as a murderer was being hanged. Straight case of adding insult to injury. He surely did not deserve double punishment.

They have invented the "fool-proof" aeroplane. Very soon there won't be anything left in this old world for a fool to fool with.

In this penitentiary probe there seems to be an odd inclination to deal more severely with the guards who sold tobacco to the convicts than with those who "hosed" them with ice water.

The Main Point.—Most any chap can write a poem, but it takes a mighty clever fellow to sell one.

The Transformation.—Many a poor chap gets into the stock market, is treated like a lamb, and finally becomes the goat.

The Unhappy Husbands.—Jones—"My wife always has the last word." Smith—"And my wife always has the last dollar."

The Sweetest Song of All.
I LOVE to hear canary birds
Their blithesome ballads trill—
I love to list to nightingales
When all the world is still;
I love to hear most any bird
His job of warbling tackling—
But none that I have ever heard
Such joy within my heart has stirred
As our old hen a-cackling.

Explained.— There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage in

Heaven, says the Good Book. And the cynic rises to remark that that's why it is Heaven.

Christmas Aftermath.

LAST night as by his bed I went
I heard my small boy thus lament:
"Oh, gone are all my Christmas joys—
I licked the paint off my Christmas toys."

This is a Surprise.—It is announced that the total wealth of the United States is one hundred and thirty billion dollars.

This is good news. We had thought that Carnegie, Rockefeller and Morgan, Jr., had it all cornered, but a dollar or two seems to have escaped them.

Two Kinds of Conductors.—There are all kinds of street-car conductors, just as there are all kinds of people in general. The history of modern civilization could probably be written from a study of conductors. And the contrasts between some of these very obvious people are interesting.

A few days ago a citizen of Toronto found himself on a car with four miles to reach a suburb and nothing but ten dollars in his pocket.

"Sorry I can't change that," said the conductor, a genial, fair-haired gentleman.

"No, I thought you couldn't," said the passenger. "What'll I do?"

He had visions of getting off the car, but he was already late for dinner.

"Well, I guess I'll have to lend you a ticket," said this very dead-game conductor.

And without a quiver he slipped from his pocket a blue ticket on behalf of a total stranger who, however, took his number and handed him a cigar.

Next morning the same citizen left home with the same \$10 bill in his jeans, and no change. He boarded a car on the same line, but with a different kind of conductor. The man scowled.

"Can I get this ten changed at the car barn?" asked the passenger.

"I dunno. They don't allow us to do it."

"Well, I don't want you to do it."

"I can change your ten. But I've got no bills."

The "con." began to unload his wallet of all the silver he had; and there was about a pound and a half.

"Great Scott! I can't carry all that junk."

"Well, get off the car and get change at the bank," snarled the conductor.

The passenger went to the bank. But the teller's cash was not yet opened. He went to a hardware store. The owner had just paid her taxes. But between herself and her daughter she managed to get the change.

"Deduct ten cents commission," said the grateful customer.

"Oh, that's all right. We're glad to change the money. Some conductors are unreasonable."

He Overdid It.—A Milwaukee dentist is being sued for \$5,000 damages because he kissed a girl while she was in his chair, having her tooth crowned. She merely objected to the superfluous treatment. Some dentists would have the nerve, however, to add a few dollars to their bill for an attention like this.

What is So Rare?—William Deering, millionaire harvester manufacturer, of Chicago, who died recently, left his \$13,000,000 to his family, stating in his will that he had during his lifetime done enough for charity.

It must be great to have such a well-satisfied conscience.



One of Our "Regulation" Styles

Made in Canada

Play billiards at home on a genuine BRUNSWICK—the Prince of Entertainers.

The physical and mental recreation—the concentration, self-control, excitement, fun—combine to make *billiards* the one best tonic for tired bodies and brains.

A home billiard room, with a superb BRUNSWICK Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table will solve the problem of keeping the boys at home. It provides finest entertainment for all the family and its intimate circle of friends.

BRUNSWICK Billiard Tables

Brunswick Billiard Tables are made in Canada and used exclusively by the world's cue experts.

Every "Brunswick," from the inexpensive styles in special home sizes to the superb Regulation Tables, is the absolute best in its class.

Celebrated Monarch Quick-Acting Cushions, Slate Beds with perfect playing surfaces. Scientifically constructed, accurate angles, finest playing qualities. Each a masterpiece in design.

We operate an immense factory in Toronto and distribute through numerous Canadian branches. These great facilities enable us to sell billiard tables of highest quality at very moderate prices.

For three generations, our Regulation Tables have been the standard of the world.

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" is made of Mahogany, attractively inlaid. Concealed Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer holds entire playing outfit. Slate Bed, Monarch Cushions, accurate angles, perfect playing qualities. Furnished as a Carom, Pocket-Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table. Sizes, 3x6; 3½x7; 4x8.

Our "Convertible" Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables (used also as library tables, dining tables or davenport) can be used in any room. Equal in playing qualities to the "Baby Grand" styles.

Factory Prices Over a Year to Pay

Every home can now afford the luxury of a high-class billiard table.

Purchaser has the option of paying all cash or small monthly payments spread over an entire year.

Playing Outfit Free

Complete high-grade Playing Outfit goes with table, including Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Markers, Chalk, Cover, Billiard Brush, Book "How to Play," etc., etc.

Write for Richly Illustrated Descriptive Book

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

This beautiful book shows the tables in actual colors, with accurate descriptions, details of easy terms, etc. See Brunswick Billiard Tables on display at any of the Branch offices named below.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. of Canada, Ltd.

The "Made in Canada" Billiard Table Firm

Dept. PF, 80 York Street, Toronto, Ontario

BRANCHES: Edmonton, Alberta, 647 Fourth Street; Vancouver, B.C., 552 Beatty Street; Montreal, P.Q., 11 Notre Dame Street, West; Winnipeg, Man., 9 Princess Street

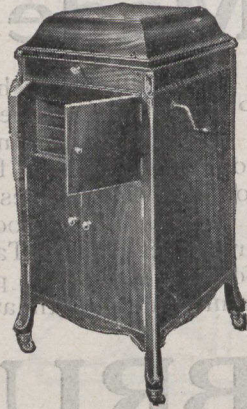


"Baby Grand" Pocket-Billiard Table

Every home can enjoy the world's best music in this day of the Victrola. It is a source of entire pleasure to the entire household.

Get a Victrola now, and enjoy its splendid entertainment, through the long winter evenings.

Go to the nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer and let him show you the many styles of Victor-Victrolas and play your favorite music for you. Victrolas cost from \$20.00 to \$300.00 and are sold on easy payments, as low as \$1 per week, if desired. Victor records are 90c for 10-inch double-sided. Write for free catalog, listing over 5,000 Victor Records.



Victrola XIV, \$200 Mahogany or Oak



Berliner Gram-o-phone Company, Limited

Dept. T. MONTREAL

Dealers in every town and city.

THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901
HEAD OFFICE 26 KING ST EAST TORONTO.
MONTREAL LONDON, E C ENG

ONTARIO MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES

CITY OF TORONTO	1948	4.90 per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF BARTON	1933	5 1-4 per cent.
TOWN OF WELLAND	1943	5.30 per cent.
CITY OF FORT WILLIAM	1933	5 3-8 per cent.
TOWN OF LINDSAY	1917 to 1932	5 1-2 per cent.
CITY OF PORT ARTHUR	1932	5 1-2 per cent.
TOWN OF STEELTON	1923	5 3-4 per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF OLIVER	1914 to 1942	6 per cent.

Complete particulars on request.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

7% INVESTMENT With Additional Profit-Sharing Features

SERIES: \$100, \$500 and \$1,000; TERMS: 5 YEARS

Interest paid twice a year on Bonds of a well-organized, successful company which has been established 28 years. Send for Special Folder "C."

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORP'N, Limited
Confederation Life Building - TORONTO, ONT.

By Virtue of Flitters

(Continued from page 9.)

the spoil of rod and gun, seeing no human being, hearing no sound but the chug-chug of his own paddle, the drumming of partridge, and sometimes the trumpet-like call of a bull moose. The weather continued fine, but the tang of freshness that made the air like champagne, gave place to a hazy languor, and in comparison to that first glorious morning, the weather seemed heavy — almost opaque.

On the third night, sitting by his camp fire, laboriously plucking a partridge, he looked up suddenly, not because he heard any unusual sound, but because he felt he was not alone, and saw an Indian. Three months ago he would have reached for his gun. Now he merely nodded and said, "Boo joo!"

"B'joo, B'joo!" grunted the Indian, and in response to a gesture of invitation, moved into the firelight and sat down.

Evan pushed some bannock and bacon towards him. "Help yourself," he said hospitably.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, "Meg-waitch," which, for an Ojibway, is positive garrulity.

Silence reigned for half an hour, broken only by an expletive from Evan when the feathers got into his mouth and eyes. At the end of that time the Indian grunted, and, sniffing the air, muttered something in his own tongue.

Evan looked at him with interest. "Oh, so you notice it, too," he said, "then it's not my imagination that makes me think the air is thick enough to cut in slices?"

The Indian rose from the fire, and beckoning Evan to follow, moved away from the trees to the shore, and began to climb a rocky point that jutted out into the river. Reaching the top, they were some thirty feet above water level, and in daylight would have been able to see a distance of twenty or more miles.

The Indian pointed to the north-east. "Ishkoodah!" he said.

Evan stared across miles of velvety darkness. He could see nothing but a faint glow in the sky. "Northern lights, I suppose," he said aloud, "and not a very good show at that."

The Indian watched him intently, and pointed again in the same direction, "Ishkoodah!"

"Yes, I know," Evan answered irritably, "you said so before, but I don't know what you're driving at. Come on down, there's something in the air to-night that makes my eyes ache, and—why, what's this?"

Something—light and delicate as a snowflake, touched his face.

"Snow in September!" he exclaimed, and struck a match. But it was not snow, it was a tiny flake of ash. Another fell on the hand that held the match, and he stared at it stupidly till the flame burnt his finger. He looked again to the northeast. The baleful glow deepened and spread as he watched it. At last he understood.

The woods were on fire. "God!" he whispered, and stood for an instant, stupefied. Somewhere under that lurid banner the Big Four was fighting death and destruction—perhaps the cheerful little camp was already a blackened ruin.

He hurled himself down the rocks, and flung his gun and blanket into the canoe. "Oh, Bob!" he groaned aloud. "Poor old Bob!"

He turned to the Indian: "Get in. Two can paddle faster than one. Get in."

"Kaween!" grunted the Indian, and did not move.

Evan was in no mood to waste words. He picked up his gun. "Either you get in," he said, "or—that's right. Now, paddle like the devil."

DAWN was breaking when they turned into the creek, having covered thirty miles, not including three portages, in a little more than six hours. The air was heavy with smoke and with the smell of burning wood. They could plainly hear the roaring of the fire, though as

yet, owing to the winding of the creek, they could see nothing but the ominous reflection in the scurrying clouds overhead. The forest on either side was full of strange rustlings and noises. Bright eyes peered at them through the undergrowth. Furry shapes plunged through the shallow water close to the canoe. The wild creatures feared man, but that night a greater enemy was abroad.

"Mah-kay-tay!" grunted the Indian, and a fat black bear came waddling and splashing towards them. He had had a narrow escape. His coat was singed, and his little red eyes were wild with terror. With an ear-splitting yell, two balls of fur shot by, black-tipped tails erect, tufted ears flattened, round pale eyes blazing. Close behind, his orange-coloured teeth and shining quill-points just visible in the murky light, a porcupine came floating down the middle of the creek, whining, mewling and chattering, and emitting, just as he passed the canoe, a kind of querulous shriek that made Evan's spine tingle. Crashing through the bush came a bull moose, followed by his mate. They passed so close that Evan could see the dark bodies and broad flat antlers, deep brown except at the white and polished tips.

When at last they emerged from the creek Evan saw a sight he never forgot. Rice Lake was in the form of an almost perfect circle, with a circumference of about two miles. Two-thirds of this circle had been completely devastated. Where Evan had so lately seen clusters of tents, log shacks, storehouses, and all the paraphernalia of a prosperous and well-established camp, there remained not a single indication of human habitation or human industry. Nothing but a smoking ruin of charred logs, white-hot ash, and twisted stumps. Licking up the landscape as a cat licks up milk, the fire had only paused for lack of fuel. The great volume of flame-streaked smoke was rolling backwards from the place where the camp had been. It had, with all the freakishness of bush fires, leapt the area already consumed, and breaking out again, was still pursuing its devastating course northwards.

IN horrified silence Evan stared at the desolate scene, his paddle lying across the gunwale.

"Cheemaun!" cried the Indian suddenly. "Cheemaun!" He pointed to that part of the shore which had escaped destruction. A canoe was creeping out, with a man curiously huddled in the stern.

Evan shouted with relief and seized his paddle, but when he was within five yards of the other canoe, he stopped. A smoke-grimed figure, with vacant, lashless eyes, and a bloody bandage twisted about its singed head sat looking at him.

"Bob!" he cried sharply. The other leered at him stupidly. "Oh," he said at last, after a long pause, "It's you, is it?"

Evan swung his canoe alongside the other, and put his hand firmly on Ferguson's shoulder.

"Bob," he said quietly "pull yourself together. Is your wife all right?"

Taking his paddle from the water, and laying it across the thwarts, the manager slowly lifted his big blackened hands. He looked first at one and then at the other, in a curiously detached way, as if they belonged to someone else.

"I think she's dead," he said at last. "Think? What do you mean?"

An expression of intense weariness passed over Ferguson's face. "Oh, I dunno," he said heavily. His voice fell to a whisper, and he began to tremble. "Evan, have you ever seen a man burn to death? I have—it was Jumbo. He went back to save his store clothes. His tent was under that big Norway pine—the one you said ought to come down—it was blazing then, and I called to him to come back, but he only grinned and shouted, 'Yumbo yump quick!' It's queer how Swedes can't say 'j'—and just as he came out with the clothes in a bundle, the pine toppled down with a crash,

Russell KNIGHT

To make the Russell completely comfortable was our aim. That we have succeeded is shown by the wide-spread adoption of many features which we *pioneered* a year ago.

By a clever, exclusive arrangement, we utilize the heat of the exhaust gases to warm the tonneau. The value of this feature in our severe Canadian winter is apparent.

"I was at the rugby match at Ottawa," said a prominent owner of a Russell Six. "It was a bitter day. My friends could not see how we were able to sit in comfort in our open car, while they found it unbearably cold in their limousine. I explained the Russell Heating System—how by running the engine slowly the car was most comfortably warm the whole afternoon."

The *Russell rear windshield*, too, is a wonderful help in protecting the tonneau occupants from dust and biting winds. It is an original Russell feature—now widely copied.

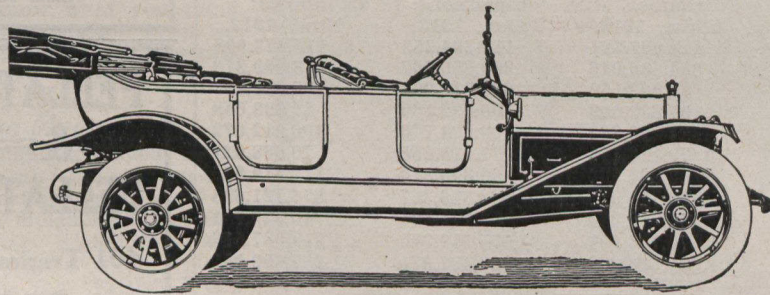
Nothing less than *complete comfort*, as embodied in the Russell-Knight should satisfy. Russell owners—not merely pleased, but enthusiastic—have voluntarily written these fine letters.

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory: WEST TORONTO

Branches: Toronto Hamilton Montreal Calgary Winnipeg Vancouver Melbourne

"Made up to a standard, not down to a price"



No. 14

Winnipeg, Nov. 18, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,
346 Donald Street,
City.

Gentlemen:—

It may be of interest to you to know that I am very pleased with my Russell-Knight "28," purchased from your Company last spring. All being well, I hope to have a second car of your make next year.

One cannot say too much of the comfort of your "28"; it surely has no superior, is a very smooth operating car and easy riding.

I desire to express my fullest recognition of the quality of the Russell-Knight Car and bespeak for you continued success.

Yours truly,
(NAME ON REQUEST)

No. 11

Calgary, Nov. 25, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,
1504 1st Street East,
Calgary.

Gentlemen:—

With reference to the Russell Model "28" purchased from you three months ago, I have driven the car about three thousand miles, and during the time I have had it I have not had a particle of trouble in any way.

The electric starter is a marvel, never having failed me once.

It is the seventh car I have had and needless to say, it is the best. Its finish and riding qualities are much admired by all who see and ride in it.

In my opinion the car is better than any other sold at the price.

Yours truly,
(NAME ON REQUEST)

and pinned him. Fancy giving your life for a pair of trousers and a coat, Evan! I think it's awfully funny!" He began to giggle.

Evan looked at him attentively. He had to deal with exhaustion, not insanity. He took out his flask.

"Drink this, and don't be a fool," he said roughly.

Ferguson drank, choked, spluttered, gasped, swore, and burst into tears. Presently, with averted head, he muttered, "You've saved my reason, Evan."

"Rats! Take me to your wife, I've got some more brandy, which is probably all she needs. Where is she?"

"In the old shack at Harold Lake. Flitters is with her. You go ahead. There are five men missing, besides Jumbo. I'm going to see if—" his voice broke, and he nodded towards the ruined camp.

Evan landed, raced over the portage, which was a short one, paddled across Harold Lake, and made his way to a little tumble-down shack, once the property of a trapper. The sagging door was wide open. A woman was lying on the floor. Kneeling beside her was a girl with masses of tawny brown hair tumbling over her shoulders.

"I've got some brandy," he began.

The girl turned and looked up at him. She was very pale. There were black smudges on her forehead and cheek. As she met his eyes, her mouth quivered into a smile that made her beautiful. "Goodness gracious!" she cried hysterically, "It's the Flopsy man!" She was the pretty girl of the Pullman car!

Evan stared at her. "Is your name Flitters?" he asked slowly.

Smiling tearfully as she forced some brandy between her sister's lips, the girl nodded. "It's perfectly ridiculous," she said, "and I know it sounds like a breakfast food, or a new sort of cocktail, but it is my name!"

"And you are Bob's sister-in-law?"

"Of course. Who did you think I was?"

"I thought," said Evan, with great deliberation, "that you were a bull pup!"

Some time later when Ferguson entered the hut and heard his wife's "Oh, you poor boy!" half the load of grief and anxiety seemed to slip from his shoulders. "Things aren't so black after all," he said, sitting down on the floor beside her; "the machinery is all right. Thanks to Evan's road, we were able to get a lot of canned stuff and bedding up to the mill. I managed to pull out all my papers and instru-

ments. Of course, there are those five poor chaps missing, but we saved the magazine. And there are thirty tons of dynamite in it!"

Outside the shack Flitters was stripping some of the moss from a rocky plateau, preparatory to building a fire to boil water for tea. Evan was near by, collecting firewood.

"Mr. Chetwood," she called presently, come here a moment, will you? Do you see this big white vein running through the plateau? What is all that yellow stuff in it? Do you think (this with a pretty air of wisdom that made Evan want to hug her), "that it is iron pyrites?"

Evan knelt down beside her and silently examined the quartz for several minutes. "No," he said at last, and his voice sounded rather breathless, "it's not pyrites, it's—gold!"

"Gold!" she echoed. "Gold? Then there is a regular mine of it, for see, the vein runs away past that Jack pine, and it gets broader all the time!"

"In that case," said Evan, smiling into her sea-blue eyes, and feeling deliciously and unaccountably happy, "your fortune is made."

"Yours, too!" she said eagerly. "You chose the place for the fire."

"Then we'll go shares," he sug-

gested, "and we will call our mine, the—the—"

"Flopsy Mine," murmured Flitters dreamily. And they did.

Explained.—"Atkins," said the sergeant angrily, "why haven't you shaved this morning?"

"Ain't I shaved?" asked Atkins, in apparent surprise.

"No, you're not," insisted the sergeant; "and I want to know why."

"Well, you see, sergeant," replied the soldier, "there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I must have shaved some other man."—New York Mail.

News to Him.—Minister—"So you've turned over a new leaf, Sandy. I was indeed glad to see you at our prayer meeting last night."

Sandy (village reprobate)—"Is that whaur I wis? I didna kin whaur I had been efter I left McGlastan's pub."—London Opinion.

The Sweet Thing.—Fair Visitor—"Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door!"

Hostess—"No trouble at all, dear. It's a pleasure."—New York Mail.

During Recent Months

If your savings have been deposited with this old-established, time-tried institution, which, since 1855, has been the safe depository for the savings of many thousands of our citizens, or if they have been invested in its Debentures, you have been free from the anxiety which has been experienced by those who have used their money in the purchase of bonds and stocks which promised a greater return, but which are subject to the fluctuations of the market. The events of the year have demonstrated that many so-called investments have been only speculations, of a more or less hazardous nature.

Savings which are deposited with this Corporation are available, with the accumulated interest thereon, whenever called for; while those who have invested in our Debentures know that they will receive the full amount of the investment when the Debenture becomes due, and the half-yearly interest regularly in the meantime.

We invite you to call or write for further information.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

ESTABLISHED 1855.

Paid-up Capital and Reserve Fund
TEN MILLION DOLLARS

Toronto Street - Toronto

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized\$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up\$11,560,000
Reserve Funds\$13,000,000
Total Assets\$180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

E. L. PEASE, Vice-President & General Manager

300 Branches in CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND; 30 Branches in CUBA, PORTO RICO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC and BRITISH WEST INDIES.

LONDON, ENG.
Princess St., E.C.

NEW YORK,
Cor. William
and Cedar Sts.

Savings Department at all Branches.

We Often Hear

It said that a certain man will never see the sunny side of forty. It means that the better half of his life is gone. Youth, with health, is undoubtedly the most cherished asset we possess, but there is no reason why the last half of a man's life cannot be just as comfortable as the first half. It will be if he provides a competency for his old age—there is one sure and certain way—Endowment Assurance. Are you fully protected? Policies of this class are issued by the

Federal Life Assurance Company

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

The Imperial Trusts Company, of Canada

ESTABLISHED 1887

4% Allowed on Deposits
Withdrawable by Cheque

5% Paid on Guaranteed
Investments

MORTGAGES PURCHASED

HEAD OFFICE:

15 Richmond St. West, Toronto

Tel. M. 214

MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Duty of the Hour

BANKERS have now much money on hand. As there is no panic in sight, it will be their duty and privilege to loan out that money in small lots to deserving merchants and manufacturers at a low rate. The bankers owe that much to the country's welfare.

Loan, mortgage and trust companies should also reduce their rate of interest to seven per cent. They have been getting eight, nine and ten. Some were decent and refused to accept more than eight. Seven per cent. is enough to insure their stockholders a fair dividend and the country needs the money. All who agree to make seven per cent. the maximum, please signify in the usual manner.

Out in Edmonton, so the story goes, the lawyers have all agreed to discourage any man bringing a foreclosure action or a suit in connection with "agreements for sale." That action on the part of the legal fraternity is patriotic and highly commendable. They will not be used to squeeze out the unfortunate who has not sufficient money to protect his real estate purchase. The public of Edmonton should appreciate the civic spirit of the legal fraternity.

But if such spirit is commendable in the lawyers of Edmonton, why should it not be commendable in the bankers and managers of trust, loan and mortgage companies? They have every right to demand the highest security, but they have also every right to charge a fair rate of interest. They should discourage wild-cattling, and they should check the man inclined to over-trade, but they should facilitate the business of the country. They now have the money; let them use it in the best interests of all the people. If they are magnanimous, their reward will be all the greater in the future.

The next six months will be a testing time for Canada. It behooves every citizen to see that his neighbour is helped when he needs help and protected when he deserves protection. The nation's success is the sum total of the success of two million individuals.

Banks in Funds

AN example of the flow of money is found in the report of the Northern Crown Bank of Winnipeg. On November 30th, 1912, it had total deposits of \$15,726,000. On May 31st, these had fallen to \$13,178,000. By November 29th these had again increased to \$14,732,000. This is a typical instance.

The bank statement for November shows much the same result for all the banks. In November, 1912, total deposits were \$1,012,600,000. Then they dropped slowly during the summer of 1913. By November 29th they had again increased to \$1,010,300,000. There was only two million dollars of a loss and this was more than made up by a four million increase in circulation. At the same time deposits outside of Canada increased twenty-six million. Therefore the resources of the Canadian banks, including home and foreign offices, were \$28,000,000 greater than they were a year ago.

As the current loans at home and abroad were twenty-nine millions lower in November this year than in November last year, the banks now have 28+29=67 million more money than they had a year ago. That 67 millions judiciously used at a reasonable rate could prevent stagnation in business in the next six months.

The detailed statement for November, with comparisons, is as follows:

	Nov., 1913.	Oct., 1913.	Nov., 1912.
Circulation	\$ 119,497,321	\$ 118,234,359	\$ 115,473,098
Demand deposits	384,486,046	389,856,507	376,829,372
Notice deposits	625,803,150	621,511,207	635,810,703
Outside Canada	107,323,009	100,892,180	81,338,648
Reserves	111,890,862	109,624,776	106,212,072
Call loans, Canada	70,123,101	71,118,255	70,668,521
Call loans, outside	122,380,863	93,346,810	111,812,858
Current loans, Canada	830,715,015	862,313,367	874,721,593
Current loans, outside	55,819,280	58,171,884	40,925,744
Assets	1,572,706,191	1,575,550,980	1,519,087,516
Liabilities	1,330,526,282	1,328,497,371	1,287,699,051

Crop Prospects

THE prospect of next year's crop in the Canadian West was never so favourable, according to a well-posted authority, because the season was early, allowing a large amount of fall plowing to be done. In grain circles they are predicting that about 13,000,000 acres will go in wheat this year, as against 10,000,000 acres last year. The importance of this is in the fact that when this land is prepared in the fall the yield is usually much larger than when the crop is sown on stubble.

New Manager Molsons

IT was announced after the funeral of the late Mr. Jas. Elliot, last week, that the succession to the general managership of the Molsons Bank would fall to Mr. E. G. Pratt, who has been assistant general manager since he returned to the bank about a year ago.

It is also stated officially that the late Mr. Elliot was to have retired from the general managership on the 31st of December, and that he intended to leave for a holiday soon after the turn of the new year. Mr. Elliot was fifty years at the Molsons Bank, and the general impression was that his mantle would fall on very worthy shoulders in the person of Mr. E. G. Pratt, who has already had an experience in the institution extending over a period of ten years. He was local manager and left to take the managing directorship of the National Breweries, Limited. When he returned to the bank it was generally understood that upon the definite retirement of Mr. Elliot at the end of this year his successor would be Mr. Pratt.

Winding Up the Sovereign

THE Sovereign Bank is to be wound up under the general banking act. This is a formal step taken in order to collect from the shareholders of the Sovereign who are under double liability. Until this moment the bank has never been legally insolvent. Some shareholders tried to buck the line and get out of their obligations—hence this action.

For a long while it was expected that the Sovereign Bank would be kept alive, but the action of some of its shareholders in not subscribing to the shares in the International Assets has compelled action in order that the double liability may be collected.

YOU ARE WORTH WHAT YOU SAVE

"What is a man worth?" The question is never answered by the salary he earns, but by what he has to show in savings. We solicit the deposit of savings and pay good interest, compounded half yearly. When your savings amount to \$100 we will issue you one of our

5 Per Cent. Debentures

Interest payable every six months. These Debentures are absolutely safe and are a preferred form of investment. Write us for particulars about our plan of "Banking by Mail," and learn how to make your savings increase.

Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation

Capital Paid Up - \$2,000,000.00
Assets - \$5,000,000.00

Head Office:—

84-88 King Street East, Toronto

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,
Chief Toronto Agents.

PELLATT & PELLATT
Members
Toronto
Stock
Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H.
GOADBY & CO., Members New York
Stock Exchange.

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers
And
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Making Resolutions

DOES anyone seriously make resolutions or keep diaries in these days? Of course, we have little morocco-bound books, called diaries by courtesy, in which we chronicle brief notes as to teas we have attended or recitals we intend to hear. But the genuine heart-to-heart diary, in which the heroine told all about her hopes and fears, and wrote down her first impressions of "him," to say nothing of her later impressions of a more imposing hero, seems to be a book forever closed. Are we too busy to keep a diary, or are we less introspective than our grandmothers were? On the first day of the year, the old-time diary showed a formidable list of resolutions, most of them to the effect that the resolver would cultivate patience, punctuality and all other virtues during the three-hundred-and-sixty-odd days that were to come.

There is an old saying to the effect that Hell is paved with good intentions. We wonder what becomes of broken resolutions. It must have been a painful experience in the days of the diary, to read on December thirty-first the resolutions which had been solemnly and sincerely written down on the first of the January preceding. So many must have suffered daily shattering that the fair chronicler would need abundant faith in herself if there were to be another page for the very next year.

Some years ago, a wise old "auntie" down South gave me her views on the subject of resolutions in rather striking terms.

"Don' yo' evah make resolutions out loud, chile," she said impressively. "Laws, no! The Devil knows all about it then an' tempts you' suah, every day, caze he knows what you write an' what you say—but that miserable ole Devil don' know what you think. So, jes think yo' resolutions an' keep 'em to yo'-se'f an' the Devil he'll be disappointed suah."

The Amazing Magazines

WHEN most Canadians talk about magazines they mean the fifteen-cent monthly publications of New York and Chicago. It is a melancholy fact that we are much better acquainted with "Munsey's" and "McClure's" than we are with "Blackwood's" or the "British Weekly." In the popular magazines of the United States, fiction has displayed, during the last two years, a tendency towards morbid sensationalism which is ultimately becoming ridiculous. A new publication, entirely fiction, recently issued by a well-known firm, shows this unhealthiness in a marked degree. The majority of the stories deal with most startling episodes of the "luring-to-ruin" order, and leave one to infer that the young girl of to-day is encircled by vampires of the most bloodthirsty type. It is almost impossible to pick up a magazine or a weekly of the popular type without being confronted with pictures and narratives of the most harrowing nature, describing the horrors which await the young person from the country who attempts to earn her own living in the city.

While it is well to warn the young girl who is to try her fortunes in the city, either in kitchen or office, of the unwisdom of making acquaintances on the train or on the street, it is surely hysterical folly to depict certain sordid instances as typical of the fate of the girl toilers. The vast majority of the young women earning their own living in our cities to-day are possessed of a high sense of honour and a self-respect which enables them to do the day's work without any fear of sentimental complications. All this rubbish which is being written about their trials and temptations would lead one to believe that the average business man is a lurking Lothario, instead of being a sensible citizen, duly anxious to secure bread-and-butter (and a little jam) for his wife and children. It is estimated that there are more than forty thousand women in Toronto alone who are earning their living down town. Of these thousands, how many find conditions conducive to such desperate

measures as the writers of modern fiction would suggest? While it is desirable to warn unsophisticated young travellers and to urge the payment of adequate wages, it is still more important to enable the ambitious girl to equip herself as efficiently as possible for the business life. Inefficiency and idleness, to say nothing of vanity, are far greater foes to feminine safety than the vampires which are alleged to be so numerous.

In which connection our social workers, dealers in facts, are agreed—from Miss McDonald, of Victoria, one of the two recently-appointed policewomen in that city, and Miss Mary Yeomans, of Edmonton, probation officer, to Miss Campbell, of Ottawa, leading Travellers' Aid official—that vocational schools are



MISS BRENDA WILLIAMS-TAYLOR, Who Arrives This Month in Montreal With Her Parents, Sir Frederick and Lady Williams-Taylor. Miss Williams-Taylor Has Travelled Widely and is Particularly Attracted to Sicily.

needed for girls as the surest means to their adequate protection.

The Inventive Housewife

IN these days when so much is heard about the high cost of living, it is interesting to hear of the various ways, to which women are resorting, in order to meet the rising rates. Not long ago I heard a housewife declare:

"I've found a new interest in life—and, that is, trying to concoct cheap dishes which won't taste cheap. I always thought cooking was dull until last year, when our treasure of a maid left, and I was accordingly thrown on my own resources. We are doing without a maid this winter, and I'm as proud as a chef over my newly-discovered talent. Do you know, I positively enjoy cooking more than anything I've done before—even skating—and I'm finding new

delights in it every day. There is no end to the fun to be got out of salads and sherbets."

"But what about your husband? Men don't care for salads and sherbets—they want steak and potatoes and onions every time," said an envious friend.

"It's the surprise of my husband's life to find that I can cook. You see, Martha had been with us ever since we were married, and all I ever did, in the way of cooking, was an occasional dessert. Now, I have settled down to the culinary art in earnest, and it really gets more interesting every day. Tom actually wanted to come home to luncheon last week, instead of having it down town! I have been thinking over domestic problems lately and have come to the conclusion that women have been dreadfully stupid. For centuries they have been using hand labour, where they might have set their brains to work and invented machinery. They have been stooping over kitchen tables which were entirely too low, and have been refusing to sit down and think out a reform in kitchen furnishing. There is no virtue in being uncomfortable and doing everything in the hardest way. Before the year 1915 comes along, I'm going to be a domestic economist, and the high cost of living is not going to alarm me."

A Varied Fare

"THAT is all very well," said the practical inquirer, "but you can't, as the French say, make omelettes without breaking eggs. You can't make a salad out of your plans, or coffee ice cream out of well-meaning air. You must have tomatoes and lettuce and eggs for the best kind of salad—and decent eggs are sixty cents a dozen."

"There are salads and salads," replied the undaunted economist. "Then there are ever so many ways of making even a boiled dinner quite savoury and delightful. I read an article the other day about 'A Bouquet in the Stew,' which is better worth a woman's consideration than any short story ever written. Most of us don't really try to have any variety in the week's diet and go on from New Year's to Christmas with the same old dishes of bacon and porridge for breakfast."

"Is there anything better?" asked the inquirer.

"Something different is better than any steady diet you can name," asserted this daring dietitian. "Life is ever so much more interesting when you are not exactly sure of what you are going to have for dinner."

"My husband would never like fancy dishes," said the practical inquirer.

"I don't mean fancy dishes," replied the lady of the varied menu. "I don't believe in trying to make a hungry man imagine that bread crumbs, rice and grated cheese, with part of a beaten egg, will make a croquette as satisfying as Porterhouse steak. But it is quite possible to have nourishment and variety at the same time. I used to think that keeping house was the dullest work on earth, but it was just because I kept doing the same old thing in the same old way."

"But when do you get time for anything else?"

"On the contrary, I seem to have more time. I read for an hour every day and take an hour's tramp every afternoon, rain or shine—and last year, when I had very little to do, I was actually afraid of a nervous breakdown. But I have given up calling, and all that kind of waste time. There are only half a dozen friends who really matter, and the rest are only a bother. . . ."

"Don't you think she's a little queer?" said the practical inquirer as we waited for the car.

"I think Tom is an ever-so-lucky husband," I replied with promptness.

ERIN.

ACCORDING to our English actor visitor, Mr. Cyril Maude, "the stage as a profession for women is the most magnificent one in the world if a woman is successful, and the most unhappy, miserable one if she fails, or even if she is only what most women are, very moderately successful." The above statement was made in an address before the students of the Women's College, recently, in Montreal.

Chamber Music as a Means to Charity

The Enterprise of a Woman in Toronto, Which Not Only Has Soothed Many Civilized Breasts, But Will Also Complete the Furnishing of a Wing of the Georgina House for Girls

By M. J. T.



MISS CLARE STUART-WORTLEY, Granddaughter of Sir John Millais, Who Appeared as "The Huguenot" of That Artist's Famous Painting, at the Picture Ball Held Recently in London in Aid of the Invalid Kitchens Fund.

Raison D'Etire

A CHARGE that can certainly not be laid at the gates of many, if any, Canadian cities, is indifference to the lot of the working-girl. The wonder is that, in the maze of talk, anybody thought of "doing something." A number must have, certainly, however. For the evidence lives in numbers of hostels, albeit overcrowded, which beneficence has provided for her housing.

One such house in Toronto, the Georgina House, was originated by Mrs. Broughall, as a Church of England boarding-house for girls. Its support was generously contributed to by Mrs. Osler, wife of Sir Edmund Osler, during her life-time, and the sum of \$25,000 was bequeathed by this lady upon her death for the establishment of a new wing to the building. An able furnishing committee was appointed, the convener of which was Mrs. Burnett and the members, Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. Kammerer, Miss Brock, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. W. Matthews, Mrs. Joseph Kilgour, Mrs. Eden Smith, Mrs. Arthur Meredith and Miss Grand, who estimated that two thousand dollars was the fund necessary for their purpose—forty being required to furnish a room.

Then came continuous and generous donations, forty dollars, and multiples of forty. The convener wished to give more than just money—to put herself into the enterprise, giving time and thought and the gain of concerted effort. Out of which wish, quite naturally, there grew the immediate means to gratify it.

A Transplanted Idea

MRS. BURNETT had frequently observed when in London how the doors of many of the great houses—Grosvenor House, Stafford House, Lansdowne House and others—were thrown open graciously for charity concerts, bazaars, and other events of kindred nature. The idea occurred to her that our hostesses are as gracious as the English, and as able to do the same for the public good. On broaching the subject to personal friends she found the co-operation she had hoped for. A series of musicales was arranged and prominent people, who expressed themselves willing to lend their drawing-rooms, were Lady Gibson, Lady Walker, Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. J. J. Palmer, Sir Edmund Osler, Mrs. Phippen, Mrs. Herbert Cox and Mrs. Albert Gooderham.

The chamber system of hearing artists proved itself delightful, the audiences, on each occasion, limited to two hundred, the surroundings artistic, the programmes intrinsically excellent and tea served sociably as a wind-up.

The present is the second year of these esteemed

events in musical Toronto. Each series consisted of five musicales and five dollars was made the charge for a course. Last year the entire course was conducted by Miss Grace Smith and Miss Hope Morgan. This year the artists have been more varied and have represented three schools of music.

This Year's Programmes

THE season's first programme had for its feature a talk on Brahms by Mr. Von Kunits, of the staff of the Canadian Academy of Music. A Brahms trio was superbly rendered by Mr. Leo Smith as 'cellist, Mr. Kirschbaum as pianist, and Mr. Von Kunits as violinist. And Brahms songs sung by Mrs. Hicks-Lyne, delightful in German lyrics, completed a programme long by the clock but all too quickly sped by the gauge of pleasure. As for the profit, not a mind present but was disabused of the notion, if it had had it, that the dollar paid for the treat was a charity dollar.

The second and third of the entertainments were held in the fall when the Toronto Symphony Orchestra's concerts were in progress, and the widest use might be made of the educative programmes. The former consisted of a lecture entitled "The Genesis and Evolution of the Symphony," illustrated by the wood wind group: flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and English horn, and the latter was a talk on "The Orchestra," illustrated by four hands at the piano substituting for full orchestra. Both subjects were handled in a masterly way by Mr. Leo Smith, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. A group of the lecturer's charming songs—whose work is much in demand, by the way, with Schirmir, the publisher, New York—were rendered by Mrs. John Macdonald, an advanced pupil of Signor Otto Morando.

Fourth in the series was the musicale in which the leading artist was Miss Leginska. This pianist, whose previous link with Toronto was the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, gave a brilliant talk on the development of piano music from Bach to Liszt—a talk supported by ample illustration.

And the final event was the illustrated talk by Mr. Walter Kirschbaum on his hero, Liszt.

Not only the Georgina House, but other charities also, are to benefit from the venture in chamber music. Three hundred dollars of the season's proceeds will go to the boarding-house already mentioned; fifty dollars to the Homewood House;



THE INCOMPARABLE PAVLOVA.

In Praise of Whose Dances Canadian Critics Again Are Waxing Ecstatic, One of the Number in Montreal Applying the Phrase of Swinburne to Describe Her—"As of old, When the World's Heart Was Lighter, Through Thy Garments the Grace of Thee Glows." The Miracle Performed, This Week, in Toronto.

twenty-five dollars to the social service work of the Bishop Strachan School Association; and ten dollars each to the Home for Feeble-Minded Girls on Belmont Street, Toronto, to the West End Creche, to the Victoria Creche, and, last but not least, to the Infants' Home.

The artists were paid for their services, the audiences more than received the worth of their money, so, except for the use of the drawing-rooms, the



MISS HELEN DINSMORE HUNTINGTON, Whose Engagement to Mr. Vincent Astor, Son of the Late John Jacob Astor, Was Recently Announced by the Young Lady's Parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Huntington, of "Hopland House," Staatsburgh, N.Y.

honour of making the above donations is exclusively Mrs. Burnett's—the success of her personal impulse and plan and endeavour.

Wheat and Woman

THE above is the title of a book, newly-completed, in which the author, Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, emigration commissioner for the Canadian Gazette, successfully answers the storm of criticism aroused, in Vancouver Island particularly, by statements she very frequently made when speaking in public in England, some months ago.

The objection was that this exceptional woman who, although educated for a musical career, has herself farmed successfully there hundred and twenty acres, for the past seven years, at Fort Qu'Appelle, and has latterly instructed pupils in farming, had misrepresented the conditions which regularly await the woman farmer in Canada.

Miss Binnie-Clark's book, which will shortly be out, Bell & Cockburn producing it here, and Heinemann in England, tells how she, herself, an unassisted woman, made good in the wheat belt in spite of a vast "green hornness," limited funds, her woman's physique and all the hostility of wind and weather.

Her story consists of four divisions: "Harvest Home," which deals with the beginning and the ripe fields with which she started her venture, "Spring," "Summer," and "The Turn of the Tide," which deals with the bitter year of 1907. This book will not be out of the press until April.

Being much engaged with her literary effort, in addition to having her harvest to attend to, Miss Binnie-Clark limited her pupils to only one this season, a girl who proved a continual source of delight. This Miss M. Antonia Gamwell, of Aber Atro, Merionethshire, Wales, was, slight in person with small extremities, albeit of excellent health and strength, as were most of the girls of the Roedean School at Brighton, which she had attended. Her age was the dauntless one of twenty-two.

After six months' training with Miss Binnie-Clark, at harvest Miss Gamwell stooked one hundred and twenty acres, managing one of eight teams of horses, and unloading her own load at the barn. She wore riding breeches most of the time, or leather boots and leggings, her teacher being strong in her conviction that circumstance, not sex, should determine clothes. Miss Gamwell, like her teacher, has sailed to winter in England, but intends to return and farm on her own account.

The News in Brief

THE patronesses for the Charity Ball, to be held at the Windsor, Montreal, January 7th, are Lady Davidson, Lady Drummond, Lady Graham, Lady Shaughnessy, Mrs. N. W. Beauclerk, Mrs. Burland, Mrs. Mortimer Davis, Mrs. T. J. Drummond, Mrs. C. R. G. Johnson, Mme. Lavallee, Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mrs. H. V. Meredith, Mrs. William Peterson and Mrs. Farquhar Robertson.

Senator and Mrs. Dennis, of Halifax, will take up their residence in Ottawa early in January, in their new house purchased with that intention.

Miss McDonald, one of the two recently-appointed policewomen of Victoria, B.C., is urging the need of industrial schools for girls in that city as elsewhere. The idleness, due to incompetence is, according to this woman who knows, the unprotected girl's greatest pitfall.

A brilliant social event in Hamilton was the dance given recently by Senator and Mrs. Gibson to introduce their youngest daughter, Miss Evelyn Gibson, a gay debutante.

In Montreal the McGill School of Physical Education has published a new syllabus, designed for the special training of teachers for playgrounds, social centres and boys' and girls' clubs. This is the first course given in the winter and is more complete than the summer course.

The mouthpiece of the Salvation Army is Commissioner Lamb, as touches on immigration matters. "We are of the opinion," states Commissioner Lamb, "that while factory conditions in Canada, as far as hygiene and wages are concerned, may be satisfactory, there is in all industrial centres a lack of suitable accommodation, either in institutions or homes for girls, and while this continues we cannot encourage female emigration from England for industrial life, but we are doing so for domestic life."

The Empire Ball, of the Winnipeg members of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, will be held on January 13th, at the Royal Alexandra

Maurice Davis, Mrs. A. A. Mackenzie, the French Consul and Madame Bonin, Madame De Rann and Mr. George Hartt.

It is said to have been a Canadian woman, Annie Hooley, of Cobourg, who first noticed the disappearance of the



MRS. EDWARD V. RAYNOLDS
President of the Preventorium Committee, I.O.D.E., Toronto. A Very Successful "Carnival of Nations" Was Recently Held in Aid of This Branch of the Work.

famous "Mona Lisa" from the Louvre. Miss Hooley would take a special interest, doubtless, in the discovery of the famous prize in Florence.

Woman Senator to Lecture
UNDER the auspices of the Equal Franchise League, Toronto, the only woman Senator in all America, Helen Ring Robinson, is booked to deliver an address on January 7th on the subject, "Where Women Legislate."

"Long before Senator Robinson had senatorial aspirations," says the Boston "Traveller," "she was called 'the most cultured woman in Colorado.'" She has studied in the colleges and universities of America and Europe, has been a teacher, a literary critic, an editorial and magazine writer. For years she has been identified with all that is best in the social, literary and public life of Denver, her voice and pen being always ready to advance the cause of social and industrial justice.

She first entered actively into politics something more than three years ago as the head of a movement of Denver housewives against the renewal of the franchise of the local water company. Declaring that the question concerned both household economy and public morality, the league formed neighborhood chains to pass information from house to house, established ballot-marking schools with teachers in every precinct, and after a hard fight won—a victory which has recently been reaffirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

In November, 1912, Helen Ring Robinson received the highest honor ever bestowed upon a Colorado woman, being elected to a four-years' term in the State Senate, party lines in her election being practically obliterated. She made a remarkable record during her first session, being Chairman of the Committee on Education and Educational Institutions, and a member of the Judiciary and other important committees, and taking a prominent part in securing the passage of many important measures, among them the Minimum Wage for Women Law, which bears her name. She is now Chairman of the only Hold-Over Committee of the Colorado Senate, that on State Institutions.

Not the Rich Alone.—"Oh, Will," she said, moving a trifle closer to him, "I am so glad you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writers sums of money."
"Oh, is that all?" replied Will.
"Why, I get plenty of such letters."—Yonkers Statesman.



MRS. PERRY.
Newly-elected President of the Women's Civic League of Winnipeg. Mrs. Perry is Also "Philistia," of Our Columns.

Hotel. Arrangements for the event are in the hands of the following committee:—Mrs. C. E. McPherson, Mrs. J. S. Turner, Mrs. G. O. Hughes, Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Mrs. W. J. Wright, Mrs. G. D. Mackay and Miss Margaret Johnson.

During her sojourn in Montreal, Madame Pavlova entertained at the Ritz-Carlton, appearing as hostess in a quaint Russian costume, assisted by twenty of her danseuses, also in Russian costume. Among the hundred guests at this tea were Lady Allan, Mrs. Hector Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Green-shields, Mrs. Mortimer Davis, Mrs.

"VIYELLA"

FLANNEL

"REG'D"

The Queen of English Flannels
for Winter 1914

"VIYELLA" can be obtained at
all leading retail stores.

Stripes! Plaids! and Plain Colours!

AVOID IMITATIONS

Facsimile of Label on Every 2½ Yards

DOES
NOT
SHRINK

"Viyella"

(Regd.)

For FROCKS
KNICKERBOCKERS,
NIGHT DRESSES,
DAY SHIRTS,
PYJAMAS, etc.

DOES NOT SHRINK

SERVE IT TO-NIGHT

Let your guest taste this pure malt and
hop food. They will appreciate it.

COSGRAVES
HALF-AND-HALF

is health-building and nutritious. It is pure and clean. It
is made in a modern, sanitary brewery. You'll like its
delicious flavor.



All good dealers sell it.

X-78 The ONLY
Chill-proof Beer

NORWICH UNION
FIRE INSURANCE
SOCIETY LIMITED

Norwich, England

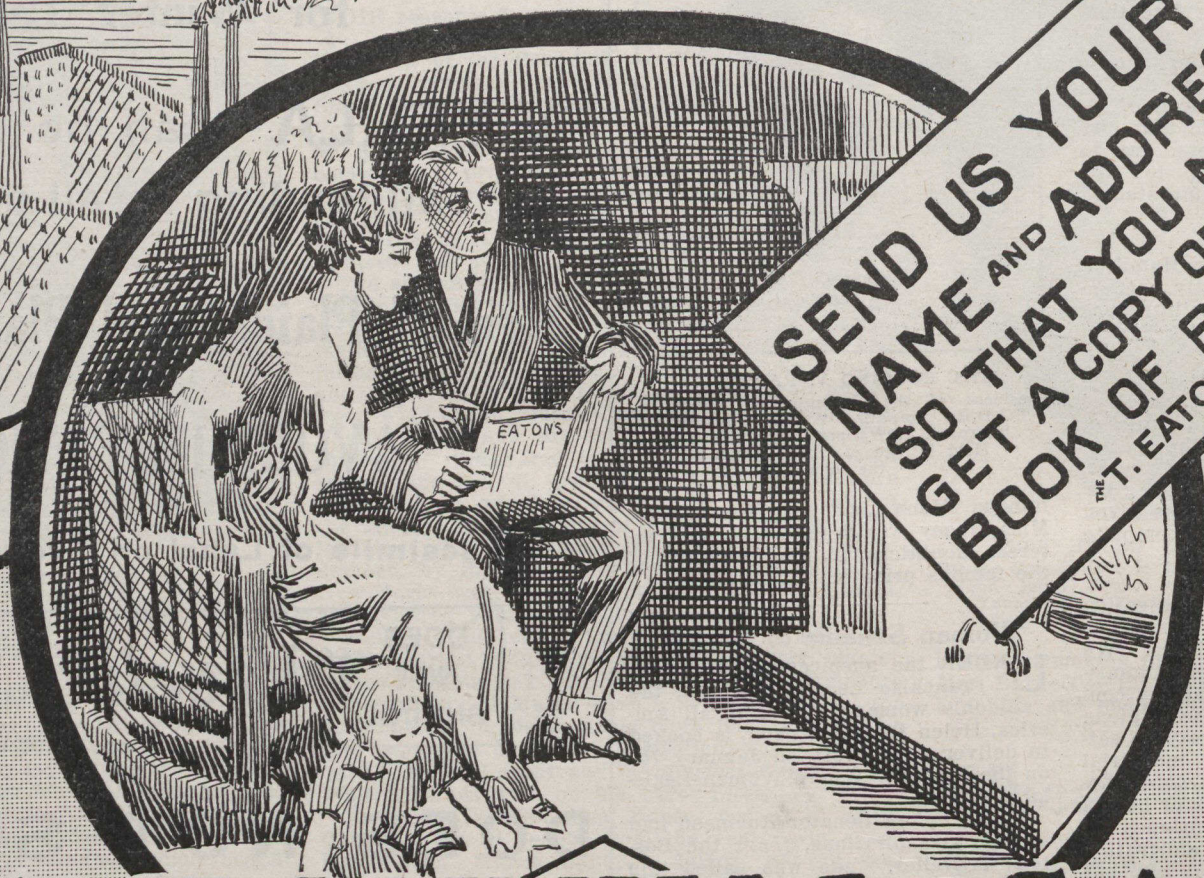
:: Insurance Against ::

Fire, Accident and Sickness - Employers' Liability - Plate Glass
Agents Wanted for the Accident Branch
Head Office for Canada NORWICH UNION BUILDING
12-14 Wellington St. East TORONTO

EATON'S

JANUARY

FEBRUARY



SEND US YOUR
NAME AND ADDRESS
SO THAT YOU MAY
GET A COPY OF THIS
BOOK OF BARGAINS
THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

SEMI-ANNUAL SALE

SUPPLEMENT TO OUR
FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE, No. 108

FIFTY SIX BARGAIN DAYS FOR YOU
COMMENCING DEC. 26th, ENDING FEB. 28th
WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY!

**YOU TAKE NO
RISK
THE EATON
GUARANTEE
PROTECTS
YOU**

"SAVE AS YOU SPEND" is the keynote of this Catalogue. From cover to cover we list a choice of articles of interest to all the family. Every page tells of buying possibilities for all that can only be best appreciated when taken advantage of. New merchandise for this Sale only, that has been bought in voluminous quantities, whereby we secured big price concessions, which we, in turn, pass on to you.

10⁰⁰ WE PREPAY SHIPPING CHARGES 10⁰⁰
ON TEN-DOLLAR ORDERS AND OVER
IN QUEBEC, ONTARIO AND MARITIME PROVINCES

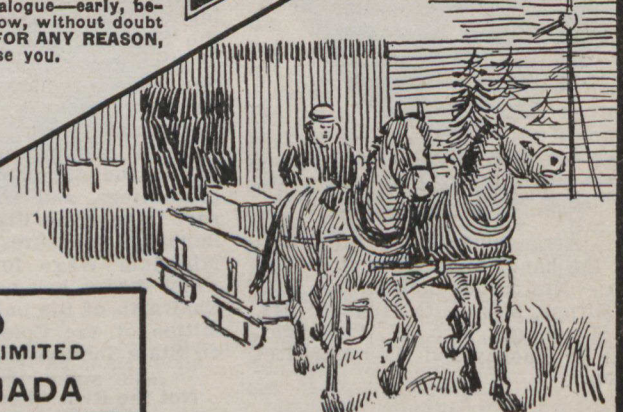
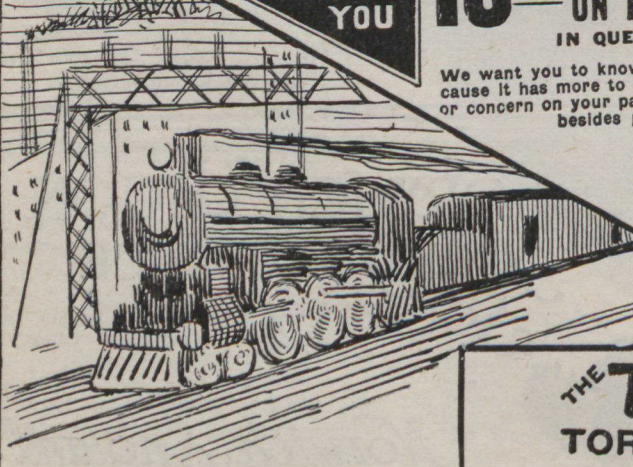
**SATISFACTION
TO YOU
OR YOUR
MONEY
BACK**

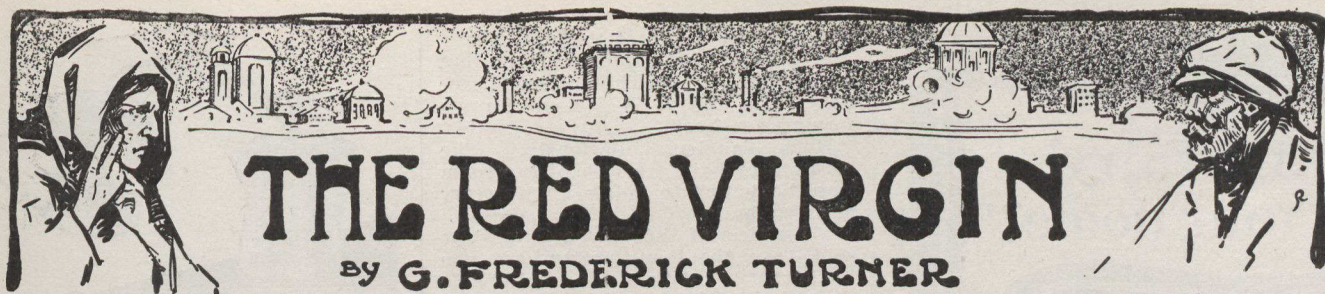
We want you to know the buying power of money through this Catalogue—early, because it has more to offer you than heretofore. Make your choice now, without doubt or concern on your part, because we will refund your money in full FOR ANY REASON, besides paying all shipping charges, if we fail to please you.

ORDER EARLY AND OFTEN

1914

THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA





CHAPTER XXVII.

Vermuth and a Virgin.

THE Arch-duke making his escape through an attic trap-door, and, fleeing over snowy house-tops, was Cyril of Wolfsnaden at his very best. His physical strength and activity, apparently unscathed by twenty years of unremitting dissipation, stood him in good stead. Difficult scrambles up steep inclines, perilous balancings on giddy roof-edges, rude glissadings down abrupt tile-slopes, won him from his back wrath to a mood of rough good-humour. He chaffed von Lacherberg and others who followed him laboriously, failing to keep pace with his almost boyish activity. Bruises and tumbles merely served to stimulate his exuberant vitality. The Arch-duke was a hot-tempered man, but he had other qualities besides bad-temper to bind men to him. He could be very genial when the fancy took him. He was, among other things, a sportsman, with a sportsman's hardihood, fitness, and contempt of dangers. His very failings were not such as to detract from his worth among men whose standard of manhood was little more than the standard of robust animalism. Hard drinker, promiscuous debauchee, he conducted his vicious relaxation with a youthful wholeheartedness that robbed them largely of their offensiveness. To men of refinement and moral instincts he was a mere savage. But to the rougher sort—the predominant element in Grimland—he was very much a man. His brutal conduct in days gone by, when he had instituted a small massacre in the eastern slums, had made him hated and feared by the poor, but it had not made him despised; and contempt was the thing that killed in Grimland, not hatred or fear. He had not entered on his ambitious schemes without a certain shrewd caution and balancing of chances. He knew the fickleness of the folk he proposed to rule over, and he had been confident that a few bold strokes would turn hatred to admiration, and admiration to loyalty. That was why he cursed so bitterly the avalanche that had said to him in tones of such crushing finality, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." That impenetrable bulk of snow had blocked the road to Wolfsnaden—and simultaneously his path to the supreme power. He was certain of it. Fate had declared against him. He had gone too far to yield or turn back, but the voice of superstition, which is always loudest where the voice of conscience is mute, never wearied of telling him that the stars in their courses were fighting against him. The unbelievable courage and determination of von Fritz, the strange softening of von Lacherberg, the idiotic scruples of the Freiherr, were all as unforeseeable and provoking as the mass of glacial debris that had straddled across his path like some titanic and shapeless messenger of Fate.

But for the moment in the excitement of his scrambling, jolting journey the grey thoughts were forced into the background of his mind. He forgot the strength of the forces set in motion against him, forgot his failures, forgot his recent unseemly quarrel with the Queen Mother.

Coming at length to the end of a long block of buildings they found their further overhead progress stopped. Without hesitation the Arch-duke swarmed up a chimney-stack, and, thanks to the roughness of the masonry and a convenient lightning-conductor, made a safe and satisfactory ascent. From this point of vantage he made a prolonged survey of the scene. He saw the body of soldiers still stationed outside the Frei-

herr's front door, and, as the Freiherr himself had suspected, a similar body in the street on to which the back door opened. He also noted that the house on which they were standing had a flat-roofed out-building at the back, not extending to the full height of the main roof on which his little following were congregated. It looked possible to drop on to the lower flat, and from thence to reach the street. Anyway the attempt had to be made, for they could not stay indefinitely where they were. He scrambled down the chimney-stack, and disclosed his intentions to the others. They were inclined to demur. They were reckless enough folk in the ordinary way, but being neither steeplejacks nor acrobats, the unaccustomed dangers of the proposed descent affrighted them. Cyril made short work of their fears.

"I'm going down," he said. "If you wish to stay and keep the cats company all night you can do so."

There was no further murmuring against such leadership.

THEY had to slide down a tile-slope to reach the eaves. Roofs are pitched at a sharp angle in Grimland, to throw off the snow, and this one was rather steeper than the others. Also there was only a low parapet wall to break the impact of their descent. Von Lacherberg straddled across the roof-ridge close against the chimney-stack and steadied himself with the aid of the lightning-conductor. Another man lowered himself by clinging to von Lacherberg, finally holding on to his right foot and lowering himself as far as possible. Down this human chain clambered the Arch-duke, and finding himself within a few feet of the eaves, let himself go. Others descended in similar manner and with similar success, being finally followed by von Lacherberg, whose momentum was checked by the united efforts of those who had already reached the level of the parapet wall. From this point to the lead flat was a drop of considerable depth, but Cyril never hesitated. He jumped boldly, and the mass of snow which had accumulated on the flat broke his fall. One by one the others followed. From here to the ground a cool head and a stout heart were all that were necessary. A rain-water pipe and a convenient window-sill made the final step to mother-earth a comparatively simple one. They now found themselves in a small backyard with a door at the far end opening into the street. The drawing of a couple of bolts gave them the freedom of the street. A backward glance showed the soldiers still outside the Freiherr's back door, but, unseen and in safety, they crossed the road and plunged rapidly down a side street en route for the Morast.

Cyril and his companions had not gone far before it was borne in on them that their deeds of violence had provoked equally high-handed action from the other side. The streets were ominously deserted, and from different directions of the city sounds of firing were audible.

A street corner was placarded with a large notice printed in big type on bright yellow paper, and the Arch-duke had the privilege of reading the pronouncement of his own outlawry. He studied the document carefully, its proclamation of martial law, the suspension of the constitution, and the abrogated powers of the Rathsherren. He smiled grimly, and not altogether without satisfaction. He had forced his enemies' hands; he had compelled them to adopt an unconstitutional procedure and methods of barbarism. The waters were troubled, and the

shrewdest angler might yet win the biggest prize.

Once they had to hide themselves behind the shadowy buttresses of an old thirteenth-century church which stood back from the alignment of the Schugasse, while a body of Nolda's Dragoons swept noisily down the confined thoroughfare.

In the heart of the Morast they breathed more easily. Troops were not likely to percolate the tortuous by-ways of this lawless and disreputable quarter. Here everything was in favour of the pursued and against the pursuer. Local sympathy, which is a valuable asset where streets are narrow, houses high, and missiles prolific, was always on the side of the fugitive, and hostile to the King's uniform.

Cyril made his way to the tavern of the "Three Cats," and ascended with his companions to a small room on the upper floor. Here a council of war was held. The Arch-duke had talked airily of a flight to Wolfsnaden, but a little reflection showed him the imprudence of taking such a step, at any rate at the present moment. The railway station would be full of troops and spies; every road leading from the city would be held in force and every vehicle progressing along it searched exhaustively. In a few days the rigour might be relaxed, and in the meantime their only safe headquarters lay in the labyrinthine Alsatia of the Morast.

"Are you going back to the Krippe Thor, Highness?" asked von Lacherberg, when they had had their drinks set before them on the beer-stained table.

"I'm in no hurry," replied the Arch-duke, stretching himself luxuriously. "It's warm and comfortable here, and the vermuth is of a good brand."

"We all need rest after our breathless journey," said a pallid young officer of the Field Artillery, who affected the arch-ducal vices, without the arch-ducal constitution.

"I never need rest, Hugo," retorted Cyril; "certainly not after a little scramble like that. You should come wolf-hunting or ski-running at Wolfsnaden if you want exercise. But I'd like to see a pretty face, I confess."

"But in the Krippe Thor—" began the officer.

"Oh, yes," interrupted Cyril, "there's a pretty face there, I know; but with a devilish sharp tongue in it, too. A woman's all right when things are going well, but put her to a bit of inconvenience and discomfort, and she's as cantankerous as a wild cat with a toothache."

THE men laughed. The Arch-duke's smiles were as original and fantastic as his expletives.

"The high-born Charlotte," went on Cyril musingly, "is a fine-looking woman with an excellent figure and pretty ways. But she's a hot-house plant, my dear Hugo, a delicate orchid that needs warm air and soft surroundings. She was tolerably disagreeable on our open-air sleigh drive, especially when it proved abortive; but in our Krippe Thor apartments, which she describes, quite truthfully I admit, as damp, cold, and abominably draughty, why! between ourselves, she's a perfect little fiend."

"Is Your Highness dissatisfied with her as a possible consort?" asked von Lacherberg seriously.

"Oh, no," laughed the Arch-duke, "she's all right as a consort. Put her in the Neptunburg or the Schloss Wolfsnaden, and she'd be a grand lady after my own heart. But in the Krippe Thor she's in the wrong environment. Her temper sours, and as mine's none too good, we don't make a very loving pair of fiancés."

"You should practise billing and

So soft in texture—it "Spreads like Butter"

NOTICE how rich and creamy Ingersoll Cream Cheese is! Spread it on bread—just as you would butter—and enjoy its delicious characteristic flavor.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

can be served in many dainty ways—for sandwiches, cheese omelet, rarebit, cheese straws, cheese salad, and other tempting dishes. Make sure you get "Ingersoll."

In packets only—15c. and 25c.
The INGERSOLL PACKING Co., Limited
Ingersoll, Ont.



Sold by all Grocers.



THE satisfaction of knowing you have the best sauce gives the crowning touch to the enjoyment of each meal.

And your satisfaction is just as great when you know that Lea & Perrins' is also the cheapest—because it goes farther and gives most satisfaction, appetite and enjoyment.

The white writing on the Red Label:—

Lea & Perrins

indicates the Original and Genuine WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

J. M. Douglas & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

—provided it is free from Roaches. The one way to get rid of them is kill them with KEATING'S POWDER.

Sold everywhere.

Tins, 10c., 20c. and 35c.

N.1

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"

FORTIFY the children against the effects of sun, wind and cold upon the skin and complexion, just as you may fortify yourself, by using for all toilet and bath purposes

FAIRY SOAP

It is good soap—clean, white, pure and sweet. We couldn't make it cost you more without adding expensive perfumery which would hide the excellence of its ingredients.

The oval cake floats and wears to the thinnest wafer with-out break-ing.



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL



Each piece of Ganong's is a jewel of the chocolate maker's art. It costs us more to make them small and dainty than it would to make them big and bulky, but you like them better. That is all we care about.

Ganong's Chocolates

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

cooing," said Hugo of the Artillery. "I propose to," rejoined Cyril, "but not in the Krippel-Thor. The 'Three Cats,' I've heard, is famous for its serving-wenches."

Hugo laughed hilariously. The vermuth and the warmth of the room were beginning to fuddle his not very massive brain.

"The girls of the 'Three Cats,'" he said, "are about as pretty as von Lacherberg with the bullet-hole through his cheeks. I'd as soon bill and coo with—"

"There's Kathie," interrupted von Lacherberg, who disliked these personal allusions, "the queen of the 'night-wolves,' the woman who stabbed Fritz."

"Thanks," laughed Cyril. "On the whole I prefer a woman with a sharp tongue to one with a sharp knife."

"Then there's the Red Virgin," said Hugo.

"Oh, she is no beauty," said von Lacherberg hastily. "She's as much of a tigress as Kathie. She wanted to have me hung at the 'Persian Vaults' last night, because I started the trouble."

"What's she like to look at?" asked the Arch-duke.

"Flat as a herring, green eyes and red hair," said Lacherberg.

"A bit weird," said Hugo, "but not without a certain fascination of her own."

"I'd like to see her," said Cyril.

"I wouldn't trouble, Highness," said Lacherberg. "The girl's plain, and that's a fact. Besides, she's not like the others—she does not go in for billing and cooing."

"All the more reason for my seeing her," said Cyril, helping himself to another glass of vermuth.

Von Lacherberg shook his head. He knew something of the Morast, and the peculiar sanctity of the Red Virgin. He was drinking as hard as the others, but unlike them he had a head of iron. He did not want his master to make a fool of himself and set the whole quarter against them.

"Leave the Red Virgin alone, Highness," he growled. "She happens to be a good girl, and the Morast, which does not know much of virtue, worships her."

"Blood of a hen!" cried Cyril obstinately. "I want to see her. Ring the bell, Hugo."

Hugo obeyed readily, though Lacherberg swore under his breath.

The proprietor appeared.

"Is the Red Virgin here?" asked Cyril.

"She has just come in, Your Highness," answered the man. "She appears ill. I think she must have tramped far and eaten little to-day. She was almost fainting. The men made her drink a little wine, and set her in the best chair near the fire. They love the Red Virgin, and—"

"I know," interrupted Cyril; "send her up here, please."

"But Your Highness," protested the proprietor, "the Red Virgin—"

"By all the four sins of Beelzebub," cried Cyril, striking the table, "am I giving a command or am I not? Send the girl up here, or I'll come and fetch her myself."

THE proprietor quitted the room, shaking his head. Lacherberg whispered a caution in Cyril's ear. He might as well have addressed his remarks to a brazen statue. The Arch-duke's curiosity was roused, and he meant to gratify it. Opposition strengthened his resolve; the mysterious suggestions of danger inflamed his desires.

"When I'm King of Grimland," he said with a laugh, "I shall make von Lacherberg my Archbishop. He preaches mercy to the vanquished, and continence towards women. Such doctrines emanating from such a spotless lamb are especially convincing."

Everyone joined in the laugh against the old dragoon, and in the midst of it the door opened. It was the Red Virgin. The colour that had been in her cheeks when speaking to Saunders had fled, leaving her face pale, bloodless, spiritual. Her eyes, always her predominant feature, were burning like steam coal in a blast furnace. Tall, commanding, austere, she



What adds more to a good breakfast—what is more enjoyed—than a cup of good coffee?

What is simpler to make?

Why deprive yourself of this morning luxury when



costs but one cent a cup?

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL. 142

Let **KODAK**

add interest and zest to your winter evenings.

Make the most of the fun of flash-light work and the fascination of developing and printing.

No dark room by the Kodak system—and every step simple, easy, understandable.

Get a copy of our interesting and instructive little book "At Home with the Kodak." It shows many Kodak home portraits and how to make them. Free at your dealers, or by mail.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

G.H. MUMM & CO.

BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

stood facing the rough carousing soldiers, as a messenger from another world might regard things of a lower sphere wherein she had no part. The immediate effect of her entry was silence; the laughter quavered to an uneasy guffaw and was still.

"You sent for me," she said, addressing the Arch-duke. "What is it you want?"

"Call him 'Your Highness,'" muttered Hugo thickly.

"Highness!" repeated the Red Virgin quietly but with a world of scorn. "I cannot so abuse the meaning of words. Cyril of Wolfsnaden, what do you want?"

Cyril was studying the girl carefully. The force of her strange personality appealed to him, but it only appealed to his lowest instincts. He was dimly conscious that he was face to face with something rare, but he thought that the rarity was of the body rather than the spirit.

"I want to offer you a glass of wine," he said cordially. "You look pale."

"I have drunk wine enough to-day," was the quiet response.

"His Highness commands—" began Hugo, but the Arch-duke silenced him roughly.

"I do nothing of the sort," said Cyril. "I merely ask a favour. Will the queen of the Morast drink with me?"

The answer when it came—which was not for several moments—surprised all parties. The Arch-duke expected a ready acquiescence; von Lacherberg expected a scornful refusal.

What the Red Virgin said was: "Not here."

"And why not here?" asked Cyril in mystification.

COLOUR was beginning to come back to the pallid cheeks; a sort of graciousness informed the severe lines of her tall figure; a strange smile bent the corners of her thin lips.

In those moments of hesitation a long train of thought had been pursued, a strong resolve taken. The Red Virgin was not in the least afraid, for she had nothing to fear. She had but to call out, and there were half a hundred desperate men below who would have rescued her from the very mouth of hell. Neither his rank nor the swords of his satellites would have saved Cyril from a terrible death, if the Red Virgin had called out that she was in danger of violence. But she had been asked by Saunders to help in rescuing the captured Karl from the Arch-duke's grip. The request had flattered such little vanity as was in her composition, for it admitted her power. It was made by the one man who, in her eyes, was utterly different from other men, a man who, even when rejecting her love, had not rejected her assistance. What her intentions had been when leaving the Neptunburg she knew not, for they were unformulated. Wearied in body, more wearied still in spirit, she had staggered heedlessly and almost instinctively back to the disreputable tavern that was a kind of second home to her. Here she had been received with a kindness that touched her, but her rest had been broken by the startling news that the Arch-duke was upstairs and demanding her presence. Surely the workings of Providence, in whom she was beginning to believe, were here. The admiration of a dissolute royalty was in itself a loathsome insult calling for the bitterest contumely, but something—a wave of sharp intelligence, a burning desire to serve the man she adored, even, if necessary, by her own shame and degradation—checked the instinct of her speech and bade her temporize. The mysterious powers of Fate had decreed that she should meet Cyril of Wolfsnaden face to face, and furthermore that the Arch-duke should bow to the new-born womanliness that softened the severity of her mien.

"Why will you not drink here?" repeated the Arch-duke.

"You called me the queen of the Morast," she retorted. "Is a queen to drink in a pot-house?"

"Unfortunately," said Cyril, "our choice is limited. I happen for the moment to be an outlaw, and outlaws cannot take their meals at the best restaurants. If the 'Three Cats' is

good enough for a royal duke, surely it—"

"It is good enough for me?" interrupted the Red Virgin. "That may be your opinion but it is not mine."

"Then where on earth are we to go?" said Cyril. "I came here because my friend von Lacherberg knows the patron, who would instantly warn us of danger, should the occasion arise. If you know any place equally safe and less primitive, I'll take you there."

"Where are you staying to-night?" she asked.

"Somewhere in the Krippe-Thor."

"Let us adjourn there?"

"It's a pigsty of a place, not fit for—for the queen of the Morast."

"I will be judge of that. It is not, at any rate, a low tavern."

"There are reasons why I cannot take you there," maintained Cyril.

"Then there are reasons why I cannot drink wine with you," was the unyielding rejoinder.

CYRIL banged on the table, and rose from his seat—his patience was exhausted.

"What do you mean, girl?" he demanded fiercely.

"Exactly what I say. No more, no less."

Cyril passed his hand through his red tangle of hair.

"Am I always to be defied?" he asked in amazement. "Is it because I am an outlaw that you flout me?"

The Red Virgin laughed softly.

"What a question to put to me!" she retorted. "Me, whose whole life is a protest against law! But you have your caprice and I have mine. Your caprice is to drink wine with the Red Virgin, to—" she hesitated, and went on with a slow provoking smile—"to kiss lips never yet kissed by man. My caprice—" again she hesitated, and her smile grew more subtly alluring—"is to let you do it—but not here."

The Red Virgin had suddenly developed into an actress, so good an actress that no one suspected it, except perhaps Lacherberg, and he was by no means sure.

As for the Arch-duke, he was like a man intoxicated. Sensualist though he was, he had hitherto forced his passions to subserve his interests. Now a fire had sprung up that burned away his prudence, and blasted his self-control.

"And if I take you to the Krippe-Thor?" he asked excitedly.

"If!" she repeated, with alluring confidence. "There is no 'if.' Of course you will take me there."

"And those lips that no man has kissed—?"

She dropped her eyes in mock modesty.

"Those lips will be yours for the asking," she murmured.

"By Bacchus, by Venus, by all the merry gods of Greece and Rome! I'll take you there."

"Highness," broke in von Lacherberg. "You forget the Queen Mother!"

"Curse you for an old croaker," cried Cyril excitedly. "To the devil with the Queen Mother!"

"She is an important person, nevertheless," maintained the dragoon stubbornly. "She is also a woman, and there is one form of insult a woman does not forgive."

"Then go on ahead to the Krippe-Thor, and get her out of the way before I return," said Cyril.

"But common prudence—" began Lacherberg.

"To the devil with prudence! To the devil with the Queen Mother! To the devil with everybody and everything except the Red Virgin and myself!"

The reckless outburst evoked a shout of approval from most, and a perfect yell of enthusiasm from Hugo of the Artillery.

Von Lacherberg rose to his feet stiffly.

"Where am I to conduct Her Royal Highness, the Queen Mother?" he asked.

"Did I not say 'to the devil'?"

"You did, Highness, but I should like a more definite address."

"My good and faithful friend," said the Arch-duke irritably, "you do not fall in with my present mood. Those

Parowax

(Pure Refined Paraffine)

Washes clothes cleaner and whiter. Cannot possibly hurt the daintiest fabric.

Parowax has the cleansing power of naphtha and benzine. It is nature's concentrated cleansing force refined into pure white wax.

Just add a little shaved Parowax to the soap in the wash-boiler. It does away with all the hard, destructive rubbing on the washboard.



Just try Parowax. Pound and half-pound cartons. Grocers and department stores everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
Ottawa Quebec Calgary Edmonton
Halifax St. John Regina Saskatoon



H. E. Q.

Howard's Extra Quality

OLD RYE WHISKY



Produced by experiments and tests during the past twenty-five years.

Particularly mellow and of perfect maturity.

All Stores and Hotels.

R. H. HOWARD & Co. Toronto

Lewis A. Howard Willson S. Howard

TO KEEP OUT THE COLD

On these chilly winter evenings, there's nothing like a drop of

Whyte & Mackay "Special" Scotch Whisky

to keep out the cold. You'll be delighted with its flavor—so smooth and palatable.

Call for it at any hotel, and keep a bottle at home for a 'night cap.'

R. H. Howard & Co. Agents TORONTO



LA-GRANDE MARQUE COGNAC FRENCH BRANDY

Camus Freres Proprietors

of exquisite bouquet gratifying flavor, and absolute purity.

The product of the world's choicest grapes.

R. H. HOWARD & CO AGENTS Toronto



CORBETT'S 3 STAR IRISH WHISKEY

Ask for CORBETT'S "Veritor" Brand

BROWN CORBETT & CO. Belfast and Coleraine

Agent R. H. Howard & Co. Toronto



LUXFER PRISMS

deflect a clear white out-of-doors light into obscure interiors of stores, offices, dwellings, etc., making them not only abundantly light, but dry and sanitary. They effect a material saving in the cost of artificial light. Let us solve your lighting problems.

The Luxfer Prism Company, Limited 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS & DESIGNS

PATENTS

STANLEY LIGHTFOOT
PATENT SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY
LUMSDEN BLDG. (COR. ADELAIDE & YONGE) TORONTO.
WRITE FOR TERMS. M. 3713.



The Secret of Beauty
is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

who serve princes should cultivate their brains as well as the muscles of their sword-arm. Take the Queen Mother wherever you please, and take her there quickly.

"Red Virgin"—Cyri. raised his full glass—"I drink to your eyes which have confounded my brain, sapped my authority, and made me your slave and the happiest of men!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Rebel Phoebe.

WE left the "redoubtable Herr Saunders" thinking. He had a great belief in his capacity for thought, second only to his belief in his capacity for action. Success breeds self-confidence, and self-confidence breeds success. He had pulled through many a tight place in his eventful existence, and a buoyant belief in himself was alike the cause and effect of such "pullings through." The result of his cogitations took him back to the room where his wife and the Perownes were sitting.

He entered with a frown on his brow, and an abrupt question on his lips.

"Miss Perowne, do you believe in the divine right of kings?"

A week ago Phoebe would have said unhesitatingly "No." To-day she did not say "Yes." She merely looked puzzled.

"Perhaps you would say," Saunders went on, "that depends on the king. I mean, then, the right of a good king to sit on the throne where his good father sat before him."

"Yes, I believe in that," answered Phoebe.

"And by believing in it," pursued Saunders, "I do not imply a vague, non-personal idea, but a definite militant belief. That is my own feeling, irrational, out-of-date, as it may be. And for the sake of that old-fashioned and perhaps discredited creed I am going to venture into the heart of the enemies' country, with one hand in a sling, and the other armed with a Westley-Richards repeating pistol."

A silence followed these words. Mrs. Saunders bit her lip, and tried to look unconcerned. Mrs. Perowne was the picture of dismay. Phoebe flushed with enthusiasm. Her views of manhood had gone up by leaps and bounds in this barbarous and impossible country. Here was a man, rich, comfortable, happily married, going out on a night of anarchy to seek peril at its grimmest point. And why? Because he believed in something sufficiently to imperil his life without hope of gain or reward.

"I wish you success," she breathed. "Oh, why am I not a man, that I could accompany you!"

"Phoebe!" Mrs. Perowne reproached. "If you were a man," said Saunders quietly, "you would be useless. As you happen to be a woman, a beautiful woman, if I may say so without offence, you would be invaluable."

"You mean—you mean you want me to come, too?" Phoebe's eyes were ablaze with excitement.

"I want it very much," said Saunders, "but I should be a scoundrel if I tried to conceal the danger of the proceeding. But I do believe in the cause I have at heart—call it the 'divine right of kings' if you like, or call it 'decent government' or simply, prosaically, 'law and order.' So entirely do I believe in it that I am prepared to risk my life for it, and yours also."

Mrs. Saunders rose from the chair where she had been sitting, and laid a hand on her husband's arm.

"Robert," she said gently, "I do not often thwart you. I have never reproached you for taking your own life in your hand, though God knows it was I who bore the pain and sickening anxiety, while you did the quick, grim work that served the State. But to-night you go too far with your ideals. Do you go, if go you must? I will suffer in silence, and pray in solitude as I have done before, and maybe shall do again. But Miss Perowne must not accompany you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Saunders," said Mrs. Perowne. "Needless to say, Phoebe, I absolutely forbid such a wicked thing, and I am surprised at Mr.——"

"I have not made my proposal with-

ELECTRIC SERVICE

Means comfort, convenience, economy, and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of house-keeping is eliminated by electricity.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter, by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms all these devices are ready for your inspection. Competent demonstrators will operate and explain them for you.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited

"AT YOUR SERVICE"

12 Adelaide Street East

Telephone Adelaide 404

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$13,500,000

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

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

Travellers' Cheques

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of \$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200 and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

Trust Company Service

SAFEGUARDING valuable documents—wills, deeds, insurance policies, etc.—acting in the capacity of executor and administrator—assuming the management of real and personal property—investing monies and guaranteeing the investments—these are some of the features of Trust Company Service.

National Trust Company Limited

18-22 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina



BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

FOR BRIGHTNESS BLACK AND LIGHTNESS, USE KNIGHT

A PASTE NO WASTE | THE F.F. DALLEY & LTD. HAMILTON, ONT. | No DUST No RUST

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

JUST OUT...Sound, Sensible "HOW to GET A POSITION"

This is one of the most sensible little books of advice ever offered to the young man or young woman seeking employment. Mr. Hall has been with a large correspondence school, and has had much experience in getting positions for young men. Above all, he would have the young man drop all foolish notions about the getting and holding a position. Hard work alone makes good. He gives much practical advice on letters of application; personal application; what is good and what is bad form, etc., etc.

12mo, Cloth, 140 pages. 60 cents net, post-paid.

Contents: 1. Special Ability and Choice of Occupation. 2. Positions Obtained Through Advertisements. 3. Positions Obtained Through Unsolicited Letters. 4. The Letter of Application. 5. Personal Interview and Letters of Recommendation. 6. Special Hints to Various Classes of Applicants. 7. On Keeping Positions and Winning Promotions.

AND HOW TO KEEP IT"

By S. ROLAND HALL
NORMAN RICHARDSON, TORONTO
12 E. Wellington St.



WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

out thought," interrupted Saunders, "and I admit that your objections are reasonable, just, and inevitable. Nevertheless, I believe that the whole success of our schemes hangs on this issue. As long as Cyril of Wolfsnaden holds the King and Fritz as hostages our hands are tied. If we could recover the prisoners we win game, set, and match. The big prize calls for a big risk. Every hour the Arch-duke holds Karl our chances are worsened. But Cyril has one sort point in his armour—a fatal weakness for a pretty face. There," said Saunders, pointing rudely to Phoebe, "—there is the prettiest face in Grimland."

"You would use her as a lure!" ejaculated Mrs. Perowne in horror.

"As a lure, a bait, an enticement," affirmed Saunders, "and I would use this"—he produced his Westley-Richards—"as the hook concealed by the bait."

"I came here for protection," protested Mrs. Perowne indignantly, "for myself and daughter. You offer us danger and shame."

"Say rather 'glory,'" retorted Saunders. "But I only offer it, I do not thrust it on you. Miss Perowne can stay here in absolute safety if she wills."

"But I do not will," cried Phoebe. "I would go with Mr. Saunders anywhere. He saved our life in the 'Persian Vaults'; he will protect me to-night."

"I am flattered," said Saunders. "Nevertheless I do not counsel disobedience to your mother's commands. I am a man with one idea, a monomaniac. I love this fierce old country, and I love its ruling dynasty. The memory of the late King is sacred to me, for we were friends as few men can conceive friendship. No power on earth would make me leave his boy in the lurch, or abandon the fortunes of this country to the caprices of the blackguard who aspires to rule it. Therefore I say I am going, and I admit I desire that you should go with me. But your mother and my wife are against that, and they are right. You must stay behind and do the woman's part—which before Heaven I do not despise—the part of 'watch and pray.'"

"But I do despise it," said Phoebe, "at any rate when one can give active aid. Mrs. Saunders, I thank you for your sense of responsibility for my welfare. Mother, I thank you for your loving fears for my safety and honour. I am going to repay you by disobeying you both. To-night there is rebellion in the air, and I am the greatest rebel of them all. I am going to accompany Mr. Saunders whether he permits it or not."

Saunders shrugged his shoulders; then he turned to kiss his wife. She made as though to turn her head away.

"You do wrong, you do wrong," she murmured.

"Then pray for me more earnestly than usual," he retorted quietly.

PHOEBE approached her mother, who buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Phoebe, Phoebe," she sobbed, "why are you such a wicked, wilful girl?"

"I don't know, Mother. I simply know that I can't help myself. Something is impelling me out into the streets by Mr. Saunders' side, something stronger than myself, something stronger than any strength that I could have conceived of as existing in the world."

For a time Phoebe and her companion strode over the snowy streets in silence. Saunders was obviously preoccupied, and his long swinging gait was hardly adapted for a female companion. But Phoebe, whose physical powers responded to her spiritual ardour, kept game to the brave pace. Nor did the bitter night wind chill her, nor the empty streets, which spoke eloquently of danger to wayfarers. It was not till they entered the Morast that the first qualms of nervousness assailed her. There was something enveloping about the close-pent maze of lanes, something horribly suggestive of a trap. One breathes less easily when one can

touch the houses on one side of the street with the right hand and the houses on the other with the left. One is farther from nature, farther perhaps from God, when the sky above is a narrow strip of violet running jaggedly between lurching gables and tottering chimney-stacks. Man, and man at his worst, is very near. The ice-cold air came to their nostrils tainted with heavy, sickly odours, and objects peered at them through the broken slats of worm-eaten shutters. The rare street lamps lit up cavernous alleys and threw sinister shadows on the trampled snow. Silent, purposeful, preoccupied, Saunders led her relentlessly through by-ways of ill-repute and shameful passages trodden only by the baser sort. On they plunged into the very heart of the nefarious quarter; courtyard succeeded to courtyard, and one reeking kennel followed another.

WHAT was at first a vague uneasiness to Phoebe became the settled horror of a nightmare dread. She had started full of hope and enthusiasm. Fate, pregnant with glories if ill-defined possibilities, had beckoned her, and she had followed eagerly, trusting supremely with the inspired confidence of her kindled youth. The hope and enthusiasm were cold now, chilled almost to death by the vile atmosphere of the abominable quarter. No enchanted wood ever held such suggestions of evil as this crowded congeries of stone and mortar. And yet if her spirit sank her purpose held. She was no bread-and-butter miss, for all her angel face and cupid mouth. The deeps of her had been stirred, and her resolution was as strong as that of a brave man. There was strength to be drawn from her companion, too, had she needed it. Nothing daunted him, or altered the set contour of his iron chin. The monomaniac—as he called himself—was out for duty, and his one idea possessed him to the exclusion of fear or even prudence. His life, her life, were nothing compared to his resolve. She read that in his cold grey eye and settled scowl. She was merely a pawn in his game, a thing not to be thrown away wantonly, but to be ruthlessly sacrificed, if needs must, against the more precious life he hoped to win. He was either the most selfish of men, or the most utterly unselfish. She was uncertain which, but of her admiration for his purposeful manhood she was supremely certain.

"This is the Krippel-Thor," Saunders at length broke his long silence. They walked along the ill-omened thoroughfare, past the old Gothic gateway that had given the street its name, and was now incorporated into the premises of an "antiquitaten" shop. At Number 17 they halted. The house was no better than its neighbour's; it could scarcely be worse.

"What do we do now?" said Phoebe.

"Go in," said Saunders. "Ask for Cyril of Wolfsnaden. Say Lieutenant Hugo of the Artillery sent you. Smile all the time you are talking, and say that supper is laid in the Juden-gasse."

"What then?" asked Phoebe.

"He will come out with you."

Phoebe's heart fluttered in her bosom, and faintly she asked again. "What then?"

"Then," said Saunders curtly, "the fish feels the hook."

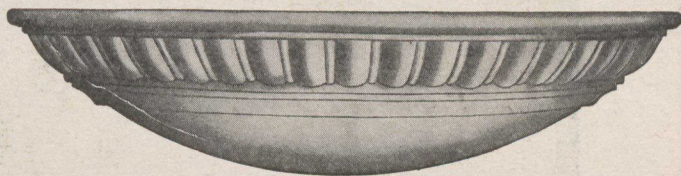
The fluttering gave place to a settled drumming beat. Murder and treachery were words that writ themselves large on her shaken brain. And yet she had known the purpose for which she had come out. She knew that she was fighting on the right side, and that now, if ever, the end justified the means. Even so she might have faltered had she not looked for strength to her companion's face. Never had she beheld anything so calm or so inexorable. The man was made of steel, but the metal was good and clean, free from flaw, and she knew in a revealing moment that virtue without strength in a man was as contemptible as beauty without chastity in a woman.

(To be continued.)

Harmonious Electric Lighting

The modern way of house lighting is to surround the electric lamps with MOONSTONE globes and dishes which harmonize in color scheme with the wallpapers and draperies of each individual room.

The soft, diffused light makes a new and charming effect. The operating cost is less for the reason that a greater illumination is achieved at a smaller consumption of candle-power.



No. 6020. Semi-Indirect Unit.

Write for a copy of

MOONSTONE BULLETIN No. 1

If you furnish us with the dimensions, our engineering department will tell you, gratis, how to light every room and passage in the house.

Made in Canada.

Jefferson Glass Company, Limited

388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

à la Quina du Pérou

THE BIG BRACING TONIC

What the Doctor ordered

"Of all drinks wine is the most profitable, of medicine most pleasant, and of dainty viands most harmless".

PLUTARCH, (A.D. 26)



Good Health To All

Such ailments as General Debility, Loss of appetite, Sleeplessness, Extreme Nervousness, Bad Colds, Brain-fag, Anaemia, Chlorosis, La Grippe, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Exhaustion, Etc., can be rapidly dispelled by a few generous glasses of Wilson's Invalids' Port (à la Quina du Pérou).

Dr. R. Lawrence, the eminent Physician, says:

"I had recent occasion to prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port to a patient who had been suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe, with great satisfaction to myself, and to the patient who made a rapid recovery. 225C

R. Lawrence

ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS



FATIMA

CIGARETTES TURQUES



Fatima Turkish Blend Cigarettes are noted for their distinctive aroma. You will appreciate this foil package of 20 cigarettes, because it is so compact and convenient.

20 for 25c Everywhere.