

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

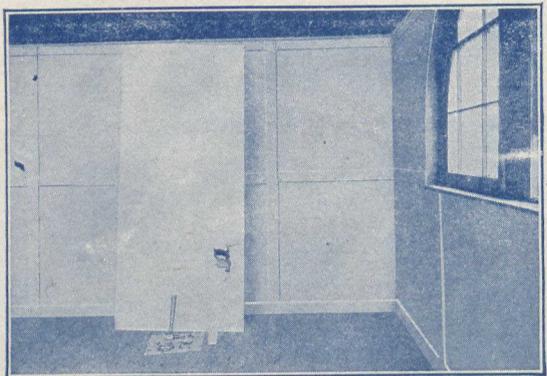


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Drawn by Lorne K. Smith

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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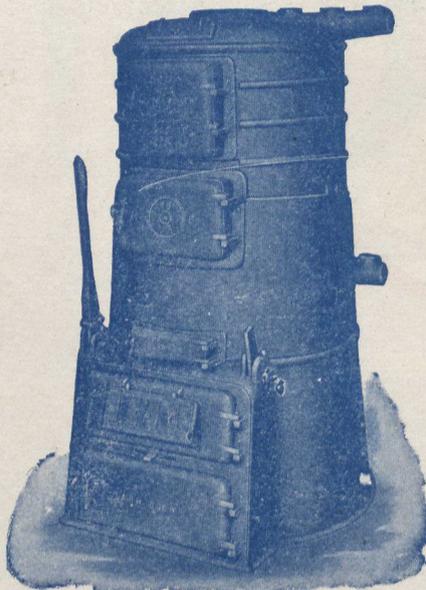
Handsomely illustrated folder free on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

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CANADIAN BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION

in connection with the
NATIONAL BROTHERHOOD CONFERENCE

Birmingham, Eng.,

September 20th to 24th, 1913

SAILING DATES

Leave Montreal.	Steamers.	Leave Bristol.
Sat., Aug. 9th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Oct. 4th.
Sat., Aug. 23rd.	Royal George.	Sat., Oct. 18th.
Sat., Sept. 6th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Nov. 1st.
	Royal George.	

Special parties will be formed to sail from Canada on above dates and choice accommodation reserved for them.
Special fares in connection with steamship passage will be quoted from any point in Canada to the seaboard.
Regular steamship fares between Montreal or Quebec and Bristol or London.

ATTRACTIONS IN ENGLAND

Civic reception at Avonmouth on arrival of "Royal Edward," due August 16th.
Trip through the Shakespearian Country, including Stratford, Oxford and Windsor.

Reception by the Lord Mayor, Mansion House, London.
Demonstration at Crystal Palace, London. (Choir of 4,000 male voices.)
Visit to Windsor Castle.
National Brotherhood Conference at Birmingham.

Full information and further details will be gladly given by any Steamship Agent, or the following General Agents of the Canadian Northern Steamships:—P. Mooney, 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.; Jas. Morrison, A.G.P.A., 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; H. C. Bourlier, 52 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; and A. H. Davis, 254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

In Lighter Vein

Rewards Not Post Mortem.—Willie—"Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent?"
Paw—"Talent gets paid every Saturday, my son."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sense and Sensibility.—Dinah, when asked why she had not put on mourning for a recently deceased admirer, replied, "Law, miss, I just thought dis way. What's the use? He's there and I'm here."—Harper's.

A Fish Story.
Fish,
Wish.

Bait,
Wait.

Bite,
Flight.

Roam,
Home.

Buy,
Lie.

—New York Sun.

The Praise That Damns.—"Do you like Strauss' 'Elektra?'" Blanc once asked a friend.

"Ye-ess—in a way," his friend replied.

"Shake on it!" cried Blanc heartily.
"Neither do I."—The Argonaut.

A Race in Two Heats.—Staff Photographer—"I've caught a snapshot of the fleeing gambler."

City Editor—"Good! Now take a time exposure of the police in pursuit."—Winnipeg Saturday Post.

A Practised Analyst.—Mistress—"Would you like to come on trial for a week?"

Prospective Cook—"Sure, Oi can tell whether Oi will loike yez in twenty-four hours."—Life.

The Modern Lover.—Her father (sternly)—"Young man, can you support my daughter in the style she's been accustomed to?"

Lover (briskly)—"I can, but I'd be ashamed to."—Life.

Hide-an—?—It was Marjorie's birthday, and she had another little girl in to spend the afternoon with her.

At half-past five Marjorie's mamma went up to the nursery to see how they were getting on. She found Marjorie steadily plodding through tea alone.

"Why, where's your little guest?" asked mamma.

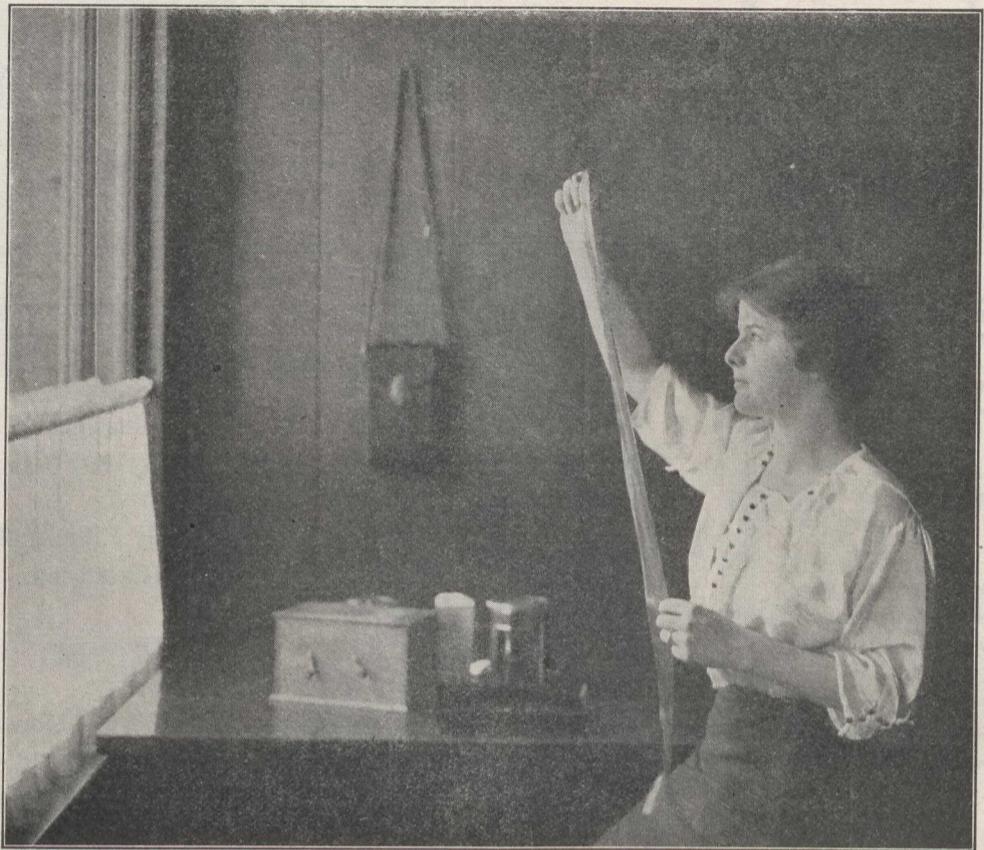
"Dono," said Marjorie, going on eating. "We were playing hide-and-seek, and I gave up looking for her a long time ago."—The Bystander.

Drawing the Line.—"My dear, I see you are having some clothes made for your poodle." "Yes; it is the latest fad." "Well, I serve notice right here that I don't button any dogs down the back."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Somnambulistic.—"These shoes you sold me last week squeak so that they keep me awake nights," said the customer, entering the shoe store. "My dear sir," replied the shoe dealer, reassuringly, "you shouldn't sleep in them."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Matter to Mince.—With reference to the gentleman who recently hoaxed the London Hospital in the matter of a big donation to its funds, we understand that the medical staff trust that, if he should ever have to undergo an operation he will place himself in their hands.—Punch.

Virtue's Sparse Reward.—Tom—"Papa, what makes you so bald?"
Papa—"Oh, that's because my mother used to pat me so much on the head for being a good boy."



THE KODAK GIRL AT HOME

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Splendid Progress in Canadian Courier Contest

MANY CHANGES ARE NOTICEABLE

Several large gains and numerous smaller ones are to be seen in the standing of the "Canadian Courier" Educational Contest this week. Miss Blanche F. Bourque, of Sydney, N.S., who has been leader for the past few weeks, still holds the enviable position, although Miss Olive Isaacs, the Cobalt, Ont., candidate, is steadily gaining as the holder of second place, and promises to be in the lead soon.

The largest gain for the week was made by Miss Katherine Macdonald, of Truro, N.S. The second largest by Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, Ont., while Miss Esther Downey, of Comox, B.C.; Miss Julia H. Leger, of Leger Corner, N.B., and Miss Blanche F. Bourque show substantial gains.

THE STANDING FOLLOWS:

Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	282,000	Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	45,900	Doris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	15,250
Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	233,350	Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	36,500	Sophia Shriar, Montreal, Que.	15,100
M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	226,900	Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	35,100	Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	14,000
Esther Downey, Comox, B.C.	191,400	Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	33,950	Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont.	13,100
Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	140,400	Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	28,900	Kathleen Platt, Toronto	12,600
Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	104,950	Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	28,100	Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	12,000
Minnie Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	100,150	Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	24,950		
Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S.	84,700	Edna Coutanche, Vancouver, B.C.	24,000		
Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	72,300	Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	24,000		
Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	68,800	Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	22,100		
Rhona Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	66,100	Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	20,600		
Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	64,000	Eva P. Whitman, Baidon R. O., Sask.	19,100		
Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	56,950	Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.	18,400		
Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	56,300	Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	16,850		
Cecelia Peppin, Blind River, Ont.	47,950	Ethelene Schliefauf, Iona P. O., Ont.	16,100		
		Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	15,600		

Ballot No. 20

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

For Miss
Address
if forwarded to the "Canadian Courier" to be credited in the official standing on or before Aug 16, 1913.

Men of To-Day

The Round-the-World Record

CHARLES HENRY MEARS is trying to go around the world in thirty-five days and nineteen hours. Barring accidents he will arrive shortly at Victoria, B.C., on his way back to New York, whence he started. The present record is held by a woman, who, in 1907, did the round-the-world trip in thirty-nine days and some hours. Previous to that the record was somewhere about seventy days.

The value of such a trip is the proof which it gives of the progress in transportation facilities. The world is being made smaller by means of fast steamships, and faster railway trains. One hundred years ago, Jules Verne had a dream that some day a man would go "Round the World in Ninety Days," and his imagination made a famous book out of the idea. The realization came true sooner than the famous French author anticipated. Now it is expected that the deed can be done in thirty-five days, or about one-third the time Verne anticipated.

Mears started from New York, touched England, and crossed the continent to Russia. Thence he proceeded via the Trans-Siberian Railway to the Pacific Coast. From Japan he travels by the Canadian Pacific steamer to Victoria, B.C., by boat to Seattle, and thence overland to New York. It takes some physical stamina to make such a trip, even for a newspaper man.

Caring for Passengers

AMONG the high officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose duties is to look after the millions of passengers who travel on its thousands of trains and its fleet of eighty steamers, none is more popular than Mr. Charles Beverley Foster. He was recently made Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager and is now in line for promotion to one of the executive offices—than which there is no greater honour in the transportation world.

"Charlie" Foster, as he is familiarly known to hundreds of travellers all over the continent, is a New Brunswicker. He was born at Kingston, King's County, in 1871. When twenty years of age he became a stenographer in the passenger department of the Canadian Pacific at St. John, and in a

short twelve years rose to be district passenger agent at that point. In 1904 he was moved to Toronto, thence to Vancouver, and later to Winnipeg.



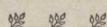
GOING ROUND THE WORLD.

Charles Henry Mears, of New York, is Somewhere in Russia in Asia on His Record-breaking Trip Around the World.

Now he comes to the final resting place of the C. P. R.'s best men—the head office in Montreal.

Mr. Foster has a record of homes which quite outshines the best record of a bank clerk. He himself claims to have moved his household goods oftener than any other man in Canada except the man who moves to avoid paying rent. When he went to Winnipeg, in 1910, he had difficulty in finding a house. After moving about several times, he finally settled in a beautiful home. One day he and his wife found themselves nicely settled with the blinds and curtains and screens all complete. They sat down and talked over the possibility of their enjoying it for a few years and they had misgivings. Next day he got a telegram to meet a high official in Chicago, and he and Mrs. Foster were suspicious. The expected happened—he got moving orders to Montreal.

Mr. Foster is a master of detail and a maker of friends. These are the outstanding characteristics which have carried him so fast up the ladder of success.



Another Passenger Caretaker

MR. GEORGE T. BELL is another manager of passenger traffic who has been promoted to higher rank. He is now Passenger Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk system, the highest post of its

kind in Canada, with the possible exception of the corresponding post in the Canadian Pacific Railway. And, by the way, Mr. Ussher, who holds this post, and Mr. Bell were clerks together many years ago in the offices of the old Great Western Railway, under Mr. James Charlton, who is now chairman of the Transcontinental Passenger Association in Chicago.

One of the highest honours in Mr. Bell's list of winnings was his election as president of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents at the meeting held in 1908, and presided over the Toledo meeting in 1909. He was the first Canadian to hold that office—head of the oldest organization of railway men in the world.

George Turnbull Bell was born in Montreal in 1861. His father was in the Grand Trunk service and the son followed in his footsteps. At seventeen he entered as a clerk in the Great Western, and five years later the Grand Trunk. From chief clerk he has held all the various offices in order, until in 1900, he became general passenger agent. When the Grand Trunk Pacific began to do business, he added the same position with that corporation. Now he becomes supreme head of all the passenger traffic of the whole system from Prince Rupert to Portland.

For years, Mr. Bell had some of the earlier characteristics of the Grand Trunk officials—quiet, reserved, and retiring. But when the late Charles M. Hays took charge of the Grand Trunk, a more modern spirit was encouraged. Although Mr. Bell might be mistaken for a quiet clergyman in a business suit, he was able to meet the new conditions and to mingle with the public in such a way as to become a walking advertisement for his road. His pent-up geniality got an opportunity and he rapidly became known as "one of the good fellows." All of which indicates that the tone of men in a big corporation reflects to some extent the spirit of the man or men at the top. If the general manager believes in snubbing the public, the employees are likely to follow suit. If the leader practises the role of serving the public and cultivating the good graces of its customers, the subordinates take the cue and do likewise. Not that G. T. Bell ever snubbed anyone. He is too courteous by nature to do that. But the Grand Trunk has become "Americanized" or "Canadianized" in the last fifteen years, and to-day is as popular with the public as any other road on the continent. Some of the credit of this achievement comes to men like Mr. Bell, who have spent thirty years or more in the service.



MR. CHARLES B. FOSTER,

Recently Appointed Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Montreal.



MR. GEORGE T. BELL,

Recently Made Passenger Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk System.

The Voice in the Dimness

A Pathetic Incident of the Underworld

By ED. CAHN

Illustrated by Beatrice McDowell

in plain clothes what *Grossvater* don't know. He asks it some questions and *Grossvater* talks wrong, so he makes him arrested and takes him along by the station *haus*. The judge will ask it off him yet more moneys for a fine, but he ain't got it; so they will put him in prison and we shall starve."

"No, we shan't, mommer. I can work yet more." She caught him to her and smoothed back the hair from his brow. "*Mein* leedle boy what is already a man! Only for you I should soon go. But you are hungry."

Over his *matzoths* and water Abie thought soberly.

"Who was that man and what did he mean it about *Grossvater*?"

"He works by the place where *Grossvater* stands in the doorway with his shoe-strings. He saw them take him by the station *haus*. He was sorry. He is going to look out for *Grossvater* by the court. Only for him, we wouldn't know it what had become of *Grossvater*."

"*Oi, tsuris!* Why did we ever come by Canada? *Russland*—your *Vater*—" Mrs. Zuskin buried her face in her hands and kept her bitter reflections to herself.

When Abie had finished his *matzoths* he turned his pockets inside out. There was thirty-seven cents in the little heap. He put it into his mother's hand and led her back to the couch, where she spent so many hours; sitting down beside her.

"Don't you care, mommer. Montreal is *besser* as *Russland*. Soon I shall be big. I'll earn lots *mazumen* and you shall go by the country and get well."

"Mommer, please don't cry. That man will take it care of *Grossvater*, and even if they do send him to the Island, he will maybe get there a rest—"

"*Jah, jah, Abie lieben, Gott* won't forgets us. Sing to me."

So Abie sang. Sitting there on a soap box by the side of his mother's couch he sang the love songs his father had once sung to her. Then it was of green fields and May flowers and birds, again the folk songs of their native village.

He took her far away from pain and sorrow and poverty and let her wander in the rosy land of fond remembrance until she forgot even *Grossvater*, languishing in prison for no fault of his own, but that he was old and poor and friendless and therefore easy prey for the petty police grafter of Fourteenth Street. Even hunger was forgotten, for Abie was singing. At last he drifted into a lullaby. "*Mein gold angel*." She whispered and slept.

Abie held his breath and scanned her face. There was a look there: a look such as he had seen on his father's face just before they took him away forever.

He had tried to ignore the look, but now—it was like a knife in his heart. Oh, he must get money and take her to the country—*must, MUST!*

He left the room, fled through the dim hall and into the street and reached the avenue.

"I wisht it I was old enough to get it my working papers. I hate to go to school when mommer—" He quickened his steps into a run to get away from that terrible thought.

"Maybe somebody has got it a sign out, 'Boy Wanted'."

He enquired at every likely-looking store. "Do you want it a boy? I'm a good worker. Gimme a trial!"

Everywhere he was laughed at. There seemed to be something funny in the spectacle of an under-sized, under-fed youngster of ten, all eyes and ears and patches, begging for work.

"*Raus mit youse!*" said a fat German. "You don't look strong enough to carry a bag of pretzels, let alone a heavy basket. Run home and don't let der kob ketch you without your working paper or he will binch you and the Society—"

But Abie lingered for no more. The Society! If it took him, what would become of mommer?

HE turned down a quiet side street to think and trudged on and on wondering why the stranger had put himself to the trouble to notify them of his grandfather's fate and why he had left the money. No one had ever troubled about them before.

He was grateful, but it did not occur to him to expect any further aid from that source. Abie had seen too much of the casual charity extended to the other families in the basement to place any dependence upon it.

"Anyhow, we don't got to be dispossessed for a week yet," he thought, trying to be cheerful.

He was approaching a church; he knew it well, for he

had often lingered to listen to the organ. So often that he knew the masses by heart.

There was a glow behind the big coloured windows.

"Friday night, choir-practice, music!" Abie looked around the deserted street to make sure no one was watching and then stole up the steps and huddled into a corner near the door to listen.

Softly at first, and then louder and louder swelled the music. The voices of the finest choir in the city took up the air and Abie followed, humming softly, his soul soaring.

There was a pause, and he came back to earth. The entry was deserted. Surely no one would mind if he stepped in out of the cold. Inside, he peeped through the doors and saw that the church was very dimly lighted.

The music was beginning again, and drawn by it, Abie entered and crept up the aisle. A few candles glimmered upon the altar, giving light enough for him to see that the church was deserted.

HE slipped into a pew and sat down on the prayer bench, fixing his eyes upon the choir-loft, his hungry soul drinking in the music oblivious to everything but the exquisite melody and the ache in his heart.

The mass was sweeping to the solo, which is its climax.

Abie sprang to his feet. "Now, *now!* the best part!" he thought, excitedly. But the tenor was not paying attention and missed the first note.

Down in the dim church Abie, forgetful of everything, opened his mouth and sang Haydn's matchless music.

Not in Latin, no, just the natural sounds of a child—"la la la mommer—mom—mer."

The choir was struck dumb, but the organist played on, sure that one of the angels had found voice.

On and on sang Abie, pouring his soul into the music. There was grief unutterable in his simple la la, but his voice did not falter. Up, up! it soared to the dome, birdlike, clear and beautiful from out of the incense-laden dimness.

The finale was intensely dramatic with its wild appeal. Then the last pure note lingered, faded and died.

Suddenly a pew-door slammed, a voice called, "Wait, my boy!" There were quick pattering

foot-steps followed by heavier ones, and when the stupefied choir singers reached the door they saw a small boy running down the street pursued by a man who was calling, "Stop! Don't be afraid!"

They saw Abie captured and brought



"Soon I shall be big."

ABIE sold the last one of his evening papers and scurried home. He was only ten, but life had already taught him many things and laid a heavy burden of responsibility upon his shoulders.

He was naturally cheerful and it took a great deal to dampen his spirits, but now as he reached his destination and ran along the basement hall which led to the room he called home, he was oppressed with a feeling of apprehension and the sound of a stranger's voice did not reassure him.

He opened the door and fairly flung himself in. "Mommer!"

Yes, everything was all right, she was listening to the stranger who was saying, "And so, I came to tell you that you need not worry, everything—"

"*Oi!* Abie! Come in and close the door."

He obeyed with a little sigh of relief and went to his mother's side. She slipped her arm around him and he drew closer, searching her face to discover how she felt.

"*Mein* leedle boy, *mein* all, sinct his *Grossvater* is—is—" Her lips trembled.

"Never mind, it isn't his fault. Don't feel badly about it." The visitor seemed distressed. He rose and started for the door, then he stopped and after an awkward pause he said, "Excuse me, Mrs. Zuskin, I don't want to hurt your feelings but—You seem to be alone."

Abie saw her face assume the frozen mask it always wore when strangers asked questions.

The man noticed it, too, and he hesitated, again glancing around the cheerless room. Then he put his hand in his pocket.

"Now, Mrs. Zuskin, don't worry. Everything will come out all right. I will be at the court in the morning and I will see that he gets fair treatment. The whole business is a shame and an outrage. Perhaps, until he comes home, you can use this." He put a bill on the table and was gone.

"Gee! Look! It's five dollars!" screamed Abie, dancing up and down.

Mrs. Zuskin turned it over and over. "That gentleman is an *engl*, Abie. From the street he has kept us."

"The street? Didn't we have it the money for the rent?"

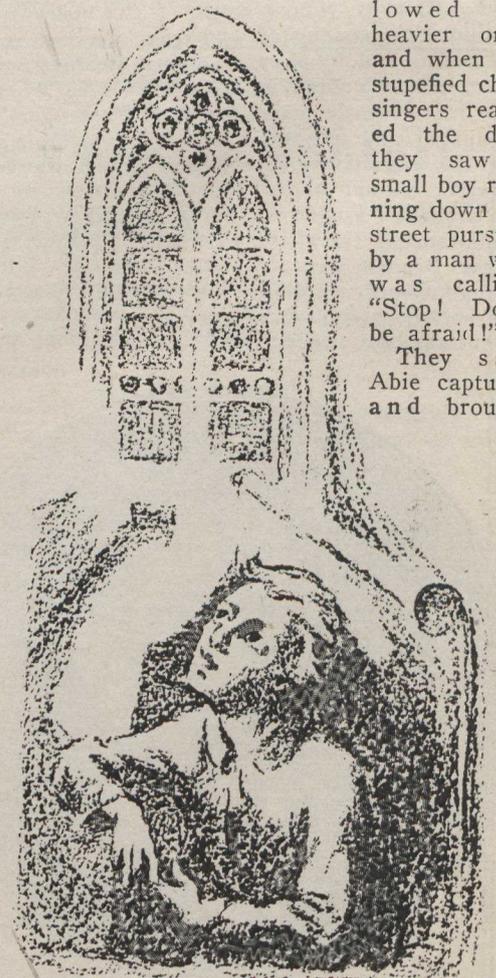
"*Nein*. We got it nothings for the rent what we already owe lots, nothings for the doctair—medicine—nothings. *Oi*. Why don't I die quicker?" She sank into a chair, sobbing.

Abie stood watching her in amazed silence. She did not often cry.

"Mommer, why must you got to want to die?"

She sat up and dried her eyes. "Shamed I should be; but *Grossvater* he has not been to make much. The people laugh at the man with the beard, and the cops make him move on all the time so that he can't sell his shoe-strings, poor *Grossvater*."

"To-day by noontime comes along a new feller



"Oblivious of everything but the exquisite music and the ache in his heart."

back, and recognized his captor as a rich patron of music.

Abie was taken into an ante-room, sobbing: "Oh, please, mister, lemme go. I forgot. The music it was— Lemme go!"

The patron sent the others away and had a little talk with Abie. "Why do you sing?"

"Because I can't help it. I feel so bad here." And he clutched his heart. *Grossvater* he is got to go by the Island, mommer she is sick, and I—I can't help it."

The patron took him up in the choir-loft, and standing near the great organ, Abie sang again. He wondered why the ladies and gentlemen all had tears in their eyes, surely they were queer, but he wished they would let him go. Mommer might wake up and miss him.

The patron took him home in an automobile, asking him questions all the way, and just before they stopped before the tenement where Abie lived he made him some astonishing promises.

THEY found Mrs. Zuskin lying just as Abie had left her.

The dreadful look was still on her face, only much plainer now.

Abie kissed her, but she did not stir and she did not answer when he called her.

The patron bent over her and listened at her heart. Then he tried to draw Abie away. "Come, my boy, I'm afraid you can't wake her—she—"

Abie's eyes dilated and he threw up his hand to stop the word. "No, no, she's awful hard to wake it up, but she always hears this."

He sat down beside her, took her hand in his

and began to sing in their mother-tongue. To the man listening, he seemed to cry, Come back! Come back! in the heart-stirring tones of a child, lonely and grieving for its mother.

Slowly the warmth came back to the hand, the blood to the lips, and she opened her eyes.

Abie gave her some medicine and helped her to sit up.

"*Oi, mommer!*" He sobbed hysterically. "You mustn't sleeps it so sound any more."

"I was dreaming, Abie. Such a lovely dream about—" Then she noticed his new-found friend.

"Mommer, this here gentlemen he is going to takes it care of us. He is going to have me learn how to sing in churches he—" And then the whole wonderful story was told. How they had met; how Abie was to be educated; how *Grossvater* was to come home; how they were all going to the country until mommer was well again, and how, henceforth, everything was to be just as it should be.

Then the patron left, promising to come again the next day and bring *Grossvater* with him.

"Abie, we have got it to-day what many peoples have not in all their lifetimes, two good friends," said Mrs. Zuskin, happily.

Abie threw himself on his knees beside her. "Mommer! The gentlemen says I can sing!"

"*Jah, lieben*, like an *engel*. You called me back from—*Ach!* Never mind, but *Gott sei dank* Abie, you called me."

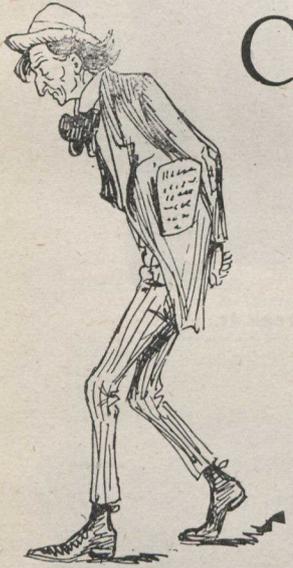
"Mommer."

"*Jah, lieben.*"

"You won't never go it again so fast asleeps, will you? For all the musics and everythings I wouldn't care it nothings, mommer, if you didn't wakes it up."

The Great Novel Coming

By J. SMITH-SMYTHE



CANADA is waiting for her great novel, which has not yet been written. It would be possible to give quite a list of clever ladies and gentlemen who are duly qualified Canadians, and who have sent forth stories of more or less merit—but it seems to be generally understood that the book has not yet made its appearance. We are all waiting for the master novelist and his immortal story—or series of stories. I use the masculine, though the literary genius on arrival may turn out to be a woman—another George Eliot instead of another

Charles Dickens. That is quite possible, though it does not happen to accord with my own premonition. I think it will be a man, and my reason for so believing is that I have for some time had a growing conviction that I myself am to be the Child of Destiny; it is my pen that is to shed glory on my country and triumphantly lay at rest the question—Is there a Canadian literature?

It is, indeed, quite a while since this impression got into my head. At first I was disposed to put the idea aside as a suggestion of the satan of vanity. But I have got over that stage. Reason duly asserted itself, and reflection compelled me to admit that I was really equipped in an exceptional way for the call. In the self-argumentations that arose from time to time on the subject I had to confess my knowledge of men and things was unusually wide. I was not merely that I had lived a good many years and traveled about a great deal, but that I had special aptitude for reading human nature. I could not deny that in a general way the human heart was an open book to me, and, what is perhaps more significant still, it was an open book which I read with sympathy as well as understanding. I loved my fellow creatures, and that is one of the hall-marks of the poet or novelist of the first rank. Then I could not help admitting, further, that I possessed the dramatic instinct in a high degree, nor could I deny that I was gifted with a fertile imagination and had uncommon facility in the management of dialogue, besides possessing descriptive powers far beyond the average. In short, I had to own up that the country had a right to look in my direction.

After all this it may perhaps be asked why I

haven't produced the Book. The question is so reasonable that I do not hesitate to answer it—the time has not yet come. I quite agree with my accomplished compatriot, Sir Gilbert Parker—a Canadian novelist I will really regret having to eclipse—that no man is prepared to write a novel that will grip the reading world until the theme, and subsequently the plot and characters, have literally taken possession of his mind. I feel the profound truth of this. Sir Gilbert tells us that his own most successful stories were practically written in a condition of trance. Now, this necessary afflatus is something that cannot be forced or hurried, and I am waiting for it. I can only report up to the present the somewhat dim and distant glimmering of the theme, but as yet the plot has not begun to reveal itself and the characters are still in the dark.

It is going to be a mining story, however. I think I may say this with some certainty, but whether Cobalt or Porcupine I cannot yet tell. I am just letting the matter simmer in my brain, and meanwhile am doing a little in the way of absorbing local atmosphere. This process (an essential preliminary to the writing of a great work of fiction) is going on during occasional intervals of loitering—in view of my serious purpose I do not say loafing—in the down-town brokers' offices. It is not convenient for me to visit the mining district itself just now, and I am not sure that there would be much advantage in doing so. The atmosphere, especially in those places where they have blackboards and arm-chairs for visitors, is just as good, I think, for a novelist's purpose as that which circulates around the mines themselves. As they allow smoking it is decidedly thicker, if there is anything in that.

IT HAPPENED in at a little private exchange of this description the other day, and just sat around for a while, listening and breathing and making mental notes. There was a young gentleman, tall and slight, and in his shirt-sleeves, in charge of the ticker. I suppose he was a competent broker; he certainly was if he had as great facility at broking as at using cigarettes, cuss-words and slang. Business was not brisk, as it happened; so he was very leisurely in his movements, occasionally snipping off a piece of the tape, glancing at it and then jotting down quotations in the columns on the board. Meanwhile, conversation was going on among the droppers-in, who constituted what the young broker would probably call an interesting bunch. They were all gentlemen with a distinctively Cobaltish and Porcupiney air about them; stoutly built, clean shaven, and with an optimistic look in the eyes.

Of course nobody there had any suspicion of

my real object, so it was merely a coincidence that during my stay the germs for novels were tossed about in profusion in the stories that were exchanged. We heard, for example, of Dempsey, who grub-staked a prospector to the extent of fifty dollars and got two hundred and fifty thousand as his share of the claim that was located; and of Doolan, who less than two years ago was down and out with drink. He went to a gold-cure sanitarium; there met a widow who was a fellow-patient, but had \$20,000 a year; married her; took a flier in Porcupine with a little of her money and cleaned up some \$300,000; and of Snapperly, who planked down \$35,000 for 10,000 shares of Dollinger when the thing was only a prospect, and is now rolling in wealth. These are just a few of the nutshell novels that were published impromptu; not to exclude the queerest luck-episode of them all, the case of Ferguson the Fortunate, who took a big chance on Gray-Booster when it was around a dollar, and is now holding a wad of shares quoted at one cent asked.

Yes, it is going to be a mining story, and it is on the way. The Canadian novelist is coming.

Americans in the West

A READER in Coos County, New Hampshire, finds fault with an inscription which appeared under a picture in the CANADIAN COURIER of June 7th, and the article which it illustrated. Owing to an error in the editorial office, the people in the picture were labelled "Germans" instead of "Ruthenians." The letter is so amusing, it is reproduced in full:

Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir: The enclosed page is from the June 7th issue of the "Canadian Courier" and came under my notice at an hotel here to-day. The writer of that article should consult an oculist; there isn't a single German in the group, nor is there one characteristic of the German about anything in the picture. Greeks, Italians, Hungarian, Polish, or anything you like, but German—never! Characterizing this picture as a "German Wedding in Regina" is a libel on the Germans, and I am qualified to make this statement, because I know whereof I write, being a full-blooded German.

The concluding sentence of the second paragraph should be taken "cum grano salus." Those from the States who have been accustomed to sing a certain tune to different words, if they are genuine Americans, can never be anything but Americans, whether they be temporarily in Canada or Timbuctoo. Don't run away with the idea that the real son or daughter of "Old Glory" would ever discard the red, white and blue and adopt a monarch's colours in place of it. Go out to Western Canada and see how these Americans—alleged Canadians—celebrate July 4th. I have been there and have seen. It will make you think, and think deeply. All this talk about the genuine American ever becoming a British subject is the veriest rubbish. The Yankee goes where there is a dollar in sight, and just now the Canadian North-west looks good to him. The Yankee goes there and grabs the dollars while the native is looking on and still thinking it over, and when the Yankee has made his pile, back he'll go to the land of the free, where all men are born equal, and where bums, loafers and parasites—so-called royalty—are not tolerated.

Yours truly,
LOUIS MILLER.

Millan, N.H., July 8th.

When the letter was received it was sent on to the COURIER's Regina correspondent, who answers as follows:

Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir: I have read with much interest and amusement the letter from Mr. Miller re my article in the "Canadian Courier" of June 7th. In referring to "The New Canadians" I was thinking particularly of the foreign speaking, though including newcomers from many parts of the world who are realizing that Western Canada is for them a land of opportunity; that the country repays them infinitely better for effort expended than their old homes possibly could have done; people who have the decency to recognize facts; to appreciate a country in which lives and property have every protection; where provision is made for the education of their children and where distress has but to be discovered to be relieved.

I have been in the west over three years, closely associated as a newspaper woman with all phases of life and all movements. My experience has not been limited to the capital city, but I have formed a wide acquaintanceship throughout the province in the capacity of editor of the official page of the "rural women's clubs." In a long list of acquaintances I have been fortunate in numbering many born Americans, probably all of whom are doing very much better than they would have done in "the States." It is only right and natural to love the land of one's birth, but the better class of these are making up, or have made up their minds to do

(Concluded on page 22.)

How to Deal With Drownings



(1) A Drowner's Bad Grip.

UP to the present 1913 has furnished more than the average number of casualties from drownings. In spite of all the editors can say, foolhardy, adventurous people who don't know how to sail a boat or paddle a canoe or swim, get themselves into trouble on the water. The pictures and instructions on this page are published for the benefit of those who may have to bear their part of the "white man's burden" in rescuing people that are in danger of drowning. The pictures are numbered, corresponding to the instructions.

1 and 2. When a drowning man grips the rescuer by the wrist, to release, pass the free arm under and between his, seize the fist of the clutched arm and lower both his by a quick movement. 3. The rescuer is often seized by both wrists. To escape, bring both fists together and separate them as far outward as possible by a quick downward movement. 4. When seized by the neck, place one hand on the middle of the drowner's back, pull him in, shoving his head backwards with free hand on his

chin, closing his nostrils and mouth. 5. To escape the deadly waist grip, place one hand on either shoulder of the drowner, lower it enough to release the other arm, shove his head backward and push his body back with a knee. 6. To effect a rescue, one thing essential is to keep mouth and nose above water. No. 6 shows how to place both hands on the drowner's ears, swimming on your back. No. 7 illustrates another method, to grasp him by the arms just above the elbows and to swim on your back. 8 and 9. To revive a victim, empty the lungs of water by laying the man on his stomach, lift him by the waist till the head hangs down and jerk the body a few times. Place the palms of your hands on the small of his back, thumbs nearly touching, fingers spread each side of body over lower ribs, throwing your weight gently on your hands till you count two at the rate of 14 a minute; then release pressure, as in No. 8, and again count two. Continue doing this till medical help arrives.



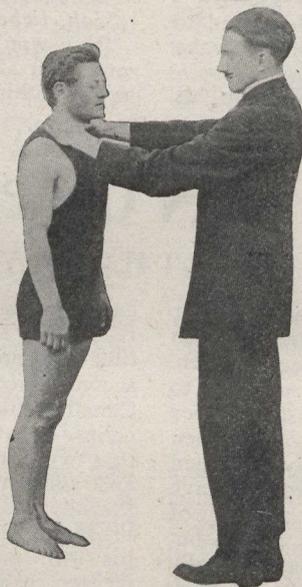
(2) How to Release It.



(3) Another Nasty Tackle and the Escape.



(4) A Bad Neck Hold and How to Break It.



(5) The Frenzied Body Grip and the Get-away.



(6) A Method of Rescue.



(7) The Elbow Grip.

Three Stages of Operation

TO ESCAPE A BAD GRIP

TO EFFECT A RESCUE

TO REVIVE THE VICTIM

Prepared by H. H. Demers



(8) Second Stage of Revival.



(9) First Stage of Revival.

Houses and How to Get Them

Tents at Medicine Hat

MEDICINE HAT deals effectively with the housing problem. The "Hat" has a present population of 16,000, which a year ago is said to have been 12,000. The reason for the influx is—gas. Natural gas means cheap power, factories, workers, population. Since the beginning of 1913 seven new industries have gone into Medicine Hat, at a capital expenditure of \$5,000,000 and employment of labor up to 1,000 hands. A street railway will soon be completed. Many of the present new arrivals in the town are engaged in construction work. To house these and the skilled workers is a problem recently tackled by the municipality—with great vigor. The city obtained from the Legislative Assembly the right to erect houses to the extent of \$100,000 a year. No steps have yet been taken to build houses by the municipality, which will probably submit a by-law for that purpose, and when houses are built they will likely be rented.

In the meantime, the city has put up a tent town for the accommodation of the extra population. Fifty tents have been erected on lower Main Street. They are rented at a nominal rate, provided with water and gas and sanitary arrangements. In

REBUILDING REGINA.



Home of the Railway Mission Anglican Clergyman on Sixteenth Avenue.



A Roomy, New Bungalow, Owned by Mr. J. M. Young.



The Medicine Hat City Council Pitched a Tent City to Accommodate the Many New Arrivals Who Were Unable to Get Houses.

one day twenty applications were received for tents. In the fall, when the building activities are able to catch up to the demand the tent-dwellers will move into houses.

Other cities in the West have found it necessary to house hundreds of people in tents. In fact, most of the larger cities are seldom without a suburban colony of tent-dwellers, not only in summer, but on into the winter. This is less characteristic now than it was a few years ago, when building and building labor was less organized. But so long as the movement of people into the West keeps up, the larger places will continue to attract a large percentage of the influx, and tents will be necessary.

New Houses in Regina

ALITTLE over a year ago a cyclone devastated two of the chief residence streets in Regina. Several homes were ruined and many badly wrecked. Regina, however, began to rebuild. At present very few traces of the cyclone are left. The four pictures shown here are a few of the many costly houses put up recently in a city that never has quite houses enough for its people. These residences cost from \$16,000 to \$30,000 each. They are as various in style as the inhabitants. Regina takes no stock in the rumour that western towns and cities are at present very much overbuilt; because Regina has come to the size and population where there is always a steady demand for houses. When a good percentage of the people live in houses costing from \$10,000 to \$20,000 each, a very large percentage must be living in houses that cost up to \$5,000, and a relatively small proportion in the kind of houses that can be thrown together from a few loads of lumber and a keg of nails. The best general way to make land of a high foot frontage earn its value is to build houses that are in keeping with the cost of the land—for people who are able to afford the expense of both. As long as the value of the houses approximates to the cost of the land they occupy, no city will ever be overbuilt or built on a merely speculative basis.

The good house of to-day in the west needs as great a variety of materials as a good house in any other part of Canada. The cost is higher, because the style is more modern, and the kinds of materials more various. More kinds of skilled labour are needed. Employment is given to a large number of people and a great variety of industries. And as long as the west is engaged in putting a lot of its money into good houses there need be little fear of unemployment or slack times.

HOUSING problems are more acute in large eastern cities than they are in the west. The bigger the city, the greater the proportion of badly-housed, tenemented and slum-dwelling people. Getting rid of the slum is a worse business than getting rid of the shack. Shacktowns in the suburbs become residence districts. The slum, samples of whose housing accommodation are shown in the pictures below, is a thing that naturally grows worse, the bigger a city gets. In several Ontario cities action is now being taken by municipal authorities under the new Housing Act to get rid of slums and to substitute comfortable homes at a moderate price for the tenement. Toronto has taken the lead on a large scale. The Housing Association is now engaged in building good homes for people of moderate means. Hamilton, Berlin, Brantford and Stratford are starting similar enterprises, in each case the municipality guaranteeing 85 per cent of the company's bonds. Halifax has a big scheme to abolish the slum, under the direction of a man well versed in English garden cities. Ottawa is now anxious to join the movement.

REBUILDING REGINA.



Alderman G. B. Patton Has This Newly-Completed Home on Scarth Street and Sixteenth.



New Residence of Mr. L. V. Kerr on Smith Street.

Where Houses are Superfluous in Hot Weather



Five a.m. in a Canadian Ghetto During the Hot Spell.



The Other Ten or a Dozen of the Family May Look After Themselves.



Through A Monocle

THE LEGISLATOR'S HIRE

“THE boys” nearly “collared” an additional slice of parliamentary indemnity this last session. The general impression seems to be that they would have got away with it, if it had not been for the problem of the Senate. They did not believe that the people would stand for anything more than \$2,500 a year for the work done by the “grave and reverend seigniors” of the dim-lit Upper Chamber, and they knew perfectly well that the Senators would never pass a bill giving the Commoners four thousand while they were kept down themselves to the old figure. So the little Christmas present did not come off. But it is probably only postponed—though I fancy now it is postponed until after the next elections. This is not a step which members care to take just as they are going down to explain things in general to the hard-hearted people. Nor do they relish the notion of going out to bleed and die in order that the next Parliament may live in clover.

THEY are experimenting with an indemnity in the British Parliament just now; and there is talk of pledging the Unionist party to put an end to it when they come into power. The true blue oligarchists—of both parties—do not quite like this arrangement by which a bagman or a mechanic, or any one with “the gift of the gab,” can come right into their hitherto almost exclusive preserve and sit cheek by jowl with them on the benches of “the Mother of Parliaments.” Of course, for some time, they have not been able to wholly prevent it. The Irish party and the Labour party have raised funds to support gentlemen without means whom they desired to act as their representatives. So the poor man did pass the sacred portals. But this paying of a Government indemnity to every member removes the label from those who have been known to accept “assistance”; and, even in the two old parties, it is no longer certain that the man, sitting next you, is quite able to live without work.

THIS question of Parliamentary indemnities and the payment of public servants generally, is one which the Democracy will have to take up and consider very carefully and very courageously one of these days. Whether they shall be paid at all or not, is, of course, settled. In no other way, can we be a Democracy. So it is merely a matter of—How much? If you left it to me, I would say that it should be conspicuously generous. I would make the service of the public pay so well that no man, who had once been elected to it, would risk ejection from it by accepting a “retainer” from any private interest. Did it ever occur to you that, once you have elected a Member of Parliament, you have—barring his sense of honour—only one hold over him? And that is his desire for re-election. Now—if we are to measure things by money at all—it is clear that his desire for re-election will depend very greatly on what it is worth to him to be re-elected. If the indemnity is meagre, he is much more open to be bought by his Government with a fine position, or by some private interest with a block of stock, than if it is magnanimous. Suppose him to be a mercenary soul—and such people do get even into politics—he will weigh the one against the other; and on the side of the people will be the fact that they are paying him what is a renewable annuity, and that he gets, thrown in for good measure, a certain amount of public esteem which all men value.

THERE are two things which are very commonly said about the size of an indemnity which always seem to me to have absolutely nothing to do with it. One is that lots of Members of Parliament never saw so much all at once before. We are told of men who were mightily pleased to be able to earn a thousand dollars a year in their native hamlet before that glad day on which they were picked up by some happy accident and sent to Parliament, where they now get over twice that for playing checkers in the smoking-room and standing up occasionally to be counted. All right; but what has that got to do with their position after they are elected? Their neighbours may have made

a bad choice—they may have taken a cheap man—or they may have found a man who was good for politics but for nothing else. But the point is that they are now Members of Parliament with just as big a vote as anybody; and that it is just as important to get them to put a high value upon the public service—as compared with the private snap—as to imbue the same idea in the minds of their colleagues. They will compare their indemnity—not with what they earned before they got it—but with what they can now obtain for “selling out.” Of course, this is frankly taking a very low view of the mental attitude of the Parliamentarian; but it is only over Parliamentarians of mercenary leanings that we need worry about at all.

ANOTHER thing often said is that the highest indemnity will not indemnify the man who can make his fifty thousand a year in private life. Of course, it will not. Such a man would commonly go into Parliament just as readily—perhaps more readily at times—if the Members were paid nothing. He is not affected one way or the other

by putting a thousand or two thousand a year on his indemnity. But he is a rare bird in this climate; and it is not for him that we fix our scale of indemnity. We utterly disregard him. What we are considering is the way the indemnity will look to the vast majority of Members and candidates for membership to whom the financial problem always looms large, and who will weigh their relative obligations not a little by the preponderance of financial argument. So what I maintain is that we should pay this commoner Commoner generously, and pay no attention, at all events, to the uncommon Commoner who serves his country through a sense of patriotism or under the spur of ambition.

THE same rule of generosity ought to apply to all servants of the people. Imagine the great and wealthy United States paying its Secretary of State—that is, its Foreign Minister—a trifle over twelve thousand a year. There is not a large corporation in the Republic which has not men—sometimes many men—on its pay-roll for larger amounts. The thing is simply ludicrous. If Democracy is going to offer such ridiculous sums for men whom it must trust to shield it against the fabulously well-paid servants of autocracy and the equally well-paid instruments of private greed, it must expect to be plundered of millions and wholly outmanoeuvred in the contest for priceless international rights, as the proper penalty for its pinching “penny-wise” policy towards its chosen protectors.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Recent Books Reviewed

“THE SECRET CITY.” It is a long time since I enjoyed a tale of adventure as much as I have this one, from the pen of Joseph J. Doke. Mr. Doke is a man who knows the country whereof he writes. The scene of his novel is laid in British South Africa, and from cover to cover the story holds the reader's interest in a tight grip. Particularly well done are the descriptions of the Festival of the Snake, and the Flood. Few books since those of Sir Rider Haggard are so successful adventure yarns for boys, of

all ages, and for girls, too, who love to read of deeds of derring-do.

Mr. Doke has a pleasing style. His pen pictures are especially noteworthy, and bring the atmosphere of the Kaffir and the Dutchman nearer to the view of the reader than anything we have seen lately. “The Secret City” should find a ready sale with boy-readers for some time to come. It well deserves it. Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto. \$1.25 net.

“Two Shall Be Born,” by Theodore Goodridge

THE KING AND HIS POPULAR SON



The Second Son of King George With His Royal Father at Liverpool, One of the Cities Visited on the Lancashire Tour. The Popularity of Prince Albert Was Everywhere Apparent. It is Said in England That Prince Albert Much Resembles His Grandfather, King Edward, in Disposition and Temperament.

News Pictures from Old England

Roberts. The author of "A Cavalier of Virginia," and a member of the famous Roberts family, has given us a charming story. The events, for the most part, take place in Quebec, and the story deals with a love affair, the course of which, as usual, runs none too smoothly. Evidently the author knows "the new France, and the new French," and depicts both in an interesting manner. He has an eye for the picturesque. "Two Shall Be Born" is a pleasing love-story, and should find a welcome on both sides of the water.

"The Walled City; a Story of the Criminal Insane," by Edward H. Williams, M.D.

"It is my purpose here to tell of the life in these 'Walled Cities' as I have seen it, untrammelled by the restraint that curbs the person holding an official position, the bias that blinds the former inmate, or the mere surface knowledge of the outsider." So says Doctor Williams in the introduction to "The Walled City," and certainly he must be credited with having fulfilled his purpose. The book is a revelation. It holds the balance between the highly-coloured, overdrawn picture that the one-time unfortunate paints of the asylum for the criminally insane, and the understated case as given by the official. Throughout it is written in a forceful, trenchant style. One feels the sincerity of the writer in every page, while his keen and trained eye has let no phase of his subject escape him. Particularly well done are the chapters on "The Law's Long Arm" and "Wits Versus the Long Arm."

The book is anything but heavy; it is lightened here and there by a rare humour. The anecdotes are amusing.

This book will serve a useful purpose. It will answer those who condemn these walled cities as places of corruption and cruelty. Even these walls are not as bad as they are painted! New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00 net.

"The Canadian Annual Review," by T. Castell Hopkins. This valuable annual appears again, informing and comprehensive as ever. The Naval Question, which has been the outstanding topic for discussion during the past year, receives adequate and careful handling, the speeches of ministers and ex-ministers, and the opinions of the press being recorded at some length. The sections on Imperial Relations and Dominion Public Affairs are compendious and succinct. Matters of interest to each province are recorded, and transportation, financial and industrial interests treated at some length. Toronto: Annual Review Publishing Co., Ltd. Cloth, \$3.50 net.

H. S. E.

A 1913 HERO



Private "Billy" Hawkins, of the 48th Highlanders, Who Won the King's Prize for Rifle-shooting, Being the Fourth Canadian so to do. This Photograph Was Taken at Bisley Two or Three Days Before Hawkins Carried Off Prize.

Eastern League Baseball

CANADA'S two baseball teams in the Eastern League have made a poor showing so far this season. Toronto has been at the bottom and Montreal hovering in the vicinity. During the past fortnight, there has been some improvement, and Montreal is now fifth and Toronto seventh. It looks as if Newark had already won the pennant. That team has already won twenty games more than Toronto, last year's pennant holders. Newark is also ten games ahead of Rochester, which is second in the list.

Toronto will probably have a good team in 1914. The older players are being weeded out and younger men substituted. On the whole, baseball of the professional variety is a young man's game.



THE CANADIAN RIFLE TEAM AT BISLEY.

Sitting (from left): Lieut. Steck; Major Simmons, adjutant; Lt.-Col. Duff Stewart, commandant; Major Birdwhistle, Sec. D.C.R.A.; Capt. Crowe.



THEIR MAJESTIES AMONG THEIR PEOPLE.

The King and Queen Have Been Making a Tour of Lancashire and Inspecting All the Industries—With Cheers All the Way. Here They Are Leaving Warrington Town Hall With Lord Derby, the Leading Lancashire Peer.



An Incident of the Lancashire Visit. Queen Mary Paid an Unexpected Visit to One of the Cottages in Burnley, Much to the Delight of the Neighbourhood. The Picture Shows Her Majesty Returning to the Motor-car.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Lord Emmott and the Future

LORD EMMOTT, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, is in Canada and he is being worthily welcomed. If he were called under-secretary for the Dominions, and some other gentleman were under-secretary for the dependencies, the situation would be much clearer. But the archaic and antiquated forms survive in more than constitutional nomenclature. Perhaps some day we shall see an under-secretary for the Dominions on a visit to Parliament Hill, but he will be no more welcome than is Lord Emmott.

According to the Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail and Empire*, Lord Emmott said that "when the Dominions shared in the defence of the Empire they should also obtain a voice in its councils." If his lordship had been so indiscreet as to make such a remark, he is not worthy of his position. The report is undoubtedly inaccurate.

In the first place, Lord Emmott would not cast such suspicion on any of the Dominions as to suggest that when they have proved their loyalty, they will be allowed to speak in meeting. In the second place, the Dominions have already taken part in the defence of the Empire, and have already obtained a voice in its councils. In this part of the Britannic Empire, most of us are satisfied with the size of our "voice." Very few want representation in the British Parliament, and the majority recognize that such representation would be undignified as well as valueless.

The defence of the Empire includes military as well as naval defence. So far as the former is concerned, Canada has been engaged in defending the Empire for half a century. The *Mail's* Ottawa correspondent might think these matters over with advantage to himself and his readers.

Some Yankee Bluff

UNITED STATES manufacturers are busy just now telling about the factories which they will establish in Canada. This is mostly bluff. There have been a large number of branch factories established here, and the good work will go on. But such talk as is being made by Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, Senator Smoot, and others, tends only to becloud the issue.

The United States manufacturer wants President Wilson to use his tariff reform policy to secure a lowering of the Canadian tariff on manufactured goods. They see their own tariff tumbling down and the Canadian tariff staying up, and they do not like the spectacle. President Wilson could not make such a deal with Canada at the present time. The present Canadian Government would not discuss reciprocity in manufactured goods just now, and it is almost as certain that if the Liberals were in power to-day they would adopt the same attitude. Canada's tariff on manufactured goods is just about one-half that of the United States, and until their rates are reduced to our level there is small chance of a fair reciprocity discussion.

United States sales to Canada have increased in recent years out of all proportion to their purchases of Canadian goods. This is proof that Canada's tariff is not too high to prevent United States manufacturers selling freely in Canada. Canada much prefers to have these foreign manufacturers establish branch factories here. The present Canadian tariff must stand for some years, with a few slight modifications made necessary by exceptional circumstances.

President Wilson knows the situation. He is not likely to listen to the outcry which the United States manufacturer is making with regard to the heinousness of the Canadian tariff or the crime of lowering the present ridiculous duties imposed by the United States government on imports from other countries. His tariff reform bill will go through in spite of such opposition.

The Pessimists

CANADA reduced its national debt in the year ending March 31st by more than twenty-five million dollars—and yet there are pessimists.

Canada's national debt is lower per capita than at any time in the last twenty-five years—and yet there are pessimists.

Canada's net public debt in 1902 was \$272,000,000; the net debt in 1913 is \$314,000,000. The increase

in eleven years is only \$42,000,000, or less than four million a year—and yet there are pessimists.

Canada's federal treasurer last year collected enough revenue to pay all current expenses and all capital expenditures and yet had a surplus of over twenty millions. Adding the surplus and the amounts set aside for sinking fund, he obtained twenty-five million dollars to reduce the national liabilities. And yet there are pessimists.

Canada's total trade for the twelve months ending March 31st was the largest in our history. Our foreign trade is much larger per capita than that of the United States—and yet there are pessimists.

Canada, it is true, contains a large number of extravagant citizens, men and women who spend the whole of their income; but the national government has not been doing that. Canada has been a big borrower for municipal and private enterprises and these debts are much larger than they ever were; but the national government is paying off its liabilities instead of borrowing. So long as the national finances are sound and capital expenditures being met out of national revenue, there should be no pessimists in the country.

The Optimists

DURING all the world-wide money stringency of the past few months, the *CANADIAN COURIER* has been optimistic. Several people of importance have seen fit to send their congratulations on the stand this paper has taken. One gentleman went so far as to say that the *CANADIAN COURIER's* sane expositions of the situation have done much to support the old-time optimistic feeling of this growing country. This may be flattery, but we mention it to emphasize the unshaken faith which we have in Canada's future.

A country which has a Great West containing 175,000,000 acres of cultivable land, of which only twenty millions is yet under cultivation, should be optimistic. If the bringing of twenty millions of acres in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta under cultivation can engender all the prosperity Canada has experienced in the past forty years, what will be the possible effect of the cultivation of the 155,000,000 still uncropped? Is your mind big enough to figure out these possibilities? Can your imagination carry far enough to see even one-tenth of the future development in that portion of the Dominion?

Then there is British Columbia, bigger and richer than any prairie province and with possibilities which will not be fully realized in a hundred years. Again, Ontario and Quebec are far from being "settled" provinces; each has a great undeveloped hinterland which will support a large population.

Above all, Canada has developed a national spirit which it did not have twenty years ago. At that time, every ambitious young man looked to the United States as his future home; to-day, the ambitious young men know that the chances in Canada are equal, if not superior, to any in the world. The Canadian Club movement is largely responsible for that change in mental attitude. Its founders knew the problem they had to meet, and their agitation, for it has been an agitation, had a tremendous effect upon the mental attitude of the nation.

Optimism cannot take the place of frugality and commercial sagacity, but optimism is the necessary basis on which to build.

A Great Mistake

THOSE who try to give the impression that all supporters of a Canadian fleet are opposed to Mr. Borden's Dreadnought policy are doing so unfairly and unjustly. Some of them are doing it through ignorance and some through partisanship.

The truth is that the supporters of a Canadian fleet, similar to the Australian fleet, are both Conservatives and Liberals. Of the three hundred prominent men who signed the Non-Partisan memorial, one-half were Liberals and one-half Conservatives. That memorial had three features; it approved a Canadian navy, it favoured a temporary contribution, and it advocated a "non-partisan" naval policy. It neither approved nor condemned the Borden policy. Neither did it approve or condemn the Laurier policy.

Just how far some of the journals here and in

London are going in an effort to make it appear that the supporters of a Canadian fleet are against a temporary contribution may be gathered from the following paragraph in the *Saturday Review* of July 5th:

"There is an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of Toronto, which hardly makes pleasant reading, because whilst its loyalty to the Empire is unchallengeable, it lends support to the idea of the little Canadian Navy, as opposed to the policy embodied in Mr. Borden's direct contribution to Imperial defence. . . . Mr. Hawkes forgets that Mr. Borden adopted the policy embodied in the Bill which the Senate refused to pass only after long and anxious investigation and consultation with the Admiralty. Mr. Borden has taken an Imperial line because he saw that a Canadian navy would be a mere naval futility. . . . If Canada's idea of nationhood within the empire is not entirely compatible with Mr. Borden's naval propositions, the sooner she and Mr. Hawkes study the matter from the larger point of view the better."

Mr. Hawkes is not opposed to the Dreadnought policy. He is afraid of a permanent policy of centralization which would make the people of Britain regard the over-seas Dominions as "our colonies," and he is in favour of a Canadian navy. If Mr. Borden had been clearer with regard to a Canadian navy and had shown less tendency to favour centralism, he might easily have got his Dreadnought policy through parliament.

The *Saturday Review* supports Mr. Borden and says that he saw that "a Canadian navy would be a mere naval futility." If the *Saturday Review* is correct in its statement of Mr. Borden's opinions, then the supporters of a Canadian navy will continue their agitation until Mr. Borden and his journalistic supporters here and in Britain change their view. A Britisher living in Canada should be, and must be, the equal of a Britisher living in Great Britain or Australia.

Searching for a Hero

CANADA is still searching for a hero who will bring the two political parties together on the naval question. The "emergency" tottering to its fall, received a bad blow when King George, Kaiser Wilhelm and Andrew Carnegie mixed things up in Berlin. The Borden policy needs amendment. So, too, the Laurier Policy still looks foolish, because two fleet units would take a long time to construct and are excessive at the present time. What Canada needs is a new policy on which both parties could unite and which would commend itself to all classes of the public.

Australia will have the first fleet unit of the Royal Australian navy in her own waters and under her own control by the end of the year and yet Australia also dates its naval programme from March, 1909. New Zealand, starting at the same date, has two ships in the water and is arranging for others. The larger of these will remain with the central fleet in Britain until the smaller vessels are ready. This is absolutely necessary.

All this time we have been talking, talking, talking—and doing nothing. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Premier Borden are discrediting the country. Both have shown a partisan spirit in regard to this question, and it is discouraging. There was a time when Canada led in all these matters affecting the over-seas dominions, but our hegemony has been seriously impaired by the political partisanship which seems to dominate the Ottawa statesmen. Where is the Hero who will cut this Gordian knot and set the nation free?

King's Prize Four Times

FOUR times Canada has won the King's Prize for rifle shooting—the greatest military trophy for which militiamen may compete. Regular soldiers do not shoot in this contest—hence it is a purely amateur trophy.

It was first won by Private Hayhurst, of the 13th Regiment, Hamilton, in 1895, although Canadians had even then been competing for twenty years. Nine years later it was won by Private Perry, of Toronto, now of Vancouver. Neither of these young men was Canadian-born. The first native son to win it was Private Clifford, of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto; he did the trick in 1911. Now comes the victory of Hawkins, another sharp-shooter who received all his shooting instruction on Canadian ranges.

Of course Hawkins will have a great reception—Billy Hawkins in Kilts. And he will deserve it. All the people who say that Canada cannot produce soldiers or marines will turn out to cheer Private Hawkins—of the 48th Highlanders, Canadian inactive militia—who defeated all the other amateur shots in the Britannic Empire on the occasion of his first visit to Bisley Common.



Courierettes.

ENGLAND is to provide baths for her school children. She may lead them to the water, but can she make them wash?

Anthony Brady, who died the other day, started in a hotel barber shop, and was worth \$25,000,000 when he died. Such a start was bound to have such an end.

A Leghorn hen on Toronto's jail farm laid an egg seven inches in circumference. Pretty fair for a jail bird.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier paid a surprise visit to Toronto. That city has yet to give Sir Wilfrid a surprise.

Jack Johnson and his white wife substituted for Anna Held in a London music hall and enthused the audience. It seems that the public needs more uplifting than the stage.

There is no longer any danger of petticoat government. They're not wearing 'em nowadays.

Chicago is to give its pupils instruction in personal purity. Why restrict it to the pupils?

English professor says a baby is a woman's best asset. Mighty lot of feminine folk seem to prefer bankruptcy.

Like the rest of the Common People, William Jennings Bryan seems to need the money.

It might also be remarked in passing that "speech is silver" and silence is not gold in the case of W. J. Bryan, lecturer.

Widow across the line is to get a fortune of \$1,400,000 on condition that she remain a widow. Easy. What man is worth that price?

Now get ready for the pert paragrapher who advises you to do your Christmas shopping early.

Would it be quite correct to refer to baby farming as one of Toronto's infant industries?

Happy is Warton.—Warton, Ont., sends out the news that it has had no lawyer for some years. That's a wise and wealthy little town, we'll wager.

The Contrast.—Male militants in Britain are carrying toy pistols. Female militants are burning down \$100,000 houses.

On the whole, we rather admire the courage of the females more than the conduct of the males.

America's Choice.—Great Britain has appointed Dr. Robert Bridges as her poet-laureate.

If America were to have such an office, we would beg to nominate Irving Berlin, writer of popular ragtime songs and author of "Everybody's Doing It."

The election would be almost unanimous.

Essay on Feminine Fashions.—Words fail us.

The subject is so small—that is, the costumes are so scanty that there's little to write about.

The peculiar part of it is that the

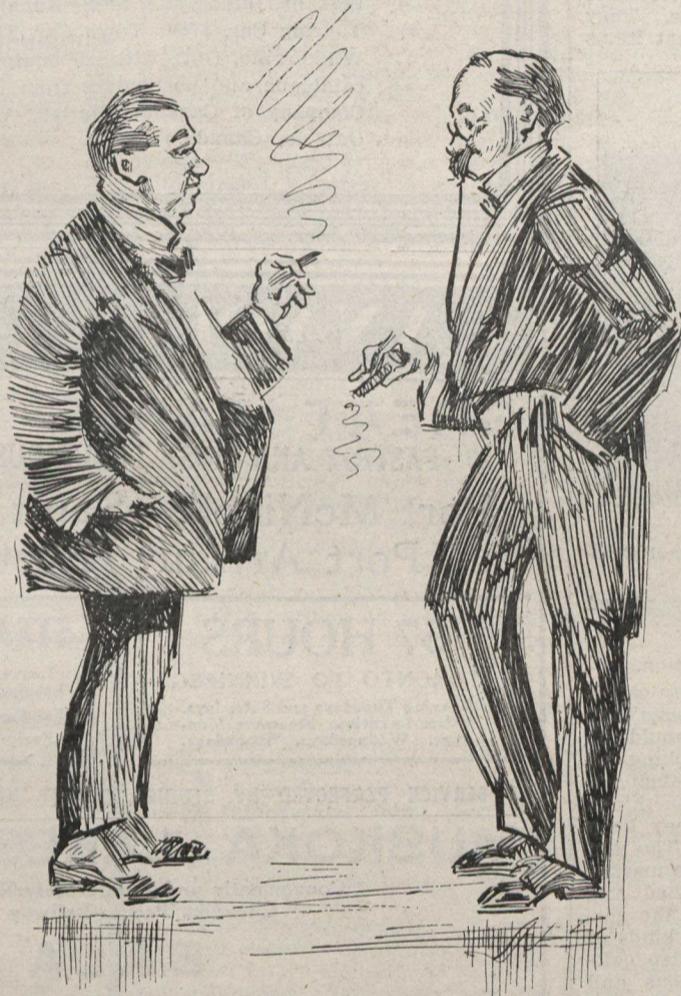
scantier the costume the more it costs.

It used to be said that women tried to keep men guessing, but the riddle has become ridiculously easy of late.

Some women dress like a Zoo in cold weather—seals on their backs, kids on their hands, and birds on their heads.

Then, again, some women will wear a ball gown and not want to dance, a bathing suit and not go into the water, a riding habit and not own a horse, but when she gets a trousseau she means business.

A Joke on Sir James.—At a social gathering, which was held soon after the recent hearing of the Proudfoot charges in the Ontario Legislature,



FORCE OF HABIT.

"Did you hear old Gotrox married his stenographer?"
 "No; how are they getting on?"
 "Oh, same as ever; when he starts to dictate she takes him down."

Sir James Whitney was one of the noted guests.

Several of his friends gathered around him, and there was considerable laughter when one asked the other if he had heard the latest gossip from Queen's Park.

"What is it?"
 "It is rumoured that Lady Whitney is seeking a divorce."

"You don't say so. For what reason, pray?"
 "They say Sir James is too fond of Hanna."

Assinine.—Two friends were strolling through the fields, one a Grit and one a Tory.

Said the Tory, "Look at that donkey chewing up the poster 'Vote for Biffkins, the Grit candidate.' Why, even a donkey has sense enough to tear it up!"

But the Grit replied, "That is only further proof that he is an ass!"

America is Ready.—An American actress, who has just returned from Europe, says that there is a naughty dance in Paris, headed toward Amer-

ica, that will certainly shock this continent.

America is the best little shock-absorber we know of.

Ten Terse Truths.—The man who is always aiming higher than the mark is apt to make a mess of things and kiss a girl on her nose.

When a woman gets through with one of those modern hats she can economize by using the plume for a duster.

Many a youngster feels seedy after eating too much watermelon.

Matrimony will within the short space of a year change a sighing lover to a loving sire.

It seems almost as hard nowadays to get men to soldier in the army as to soldier on their jobs.

One-half the world does not know how the other half lives, and it worries a bit about it, too.

A New York policeman used a corset string as a tourniquet to prevent a man bleeding to death—thus proving that all things have their uses.

Some people seem to think that vulgarity—not variety—is the spice of life.

Some women spend the "dust" as if they knew that their husbands were descended from Adam, who was made of it.

Don't condemn a man for leading a fast life. He may be an engineer.

Sir Herbert's Wit.—At a rehearsal at His Majesty's theatre in London, Sir Herbert Tree, the famous actor-manager asked his electricians to see that in one scene he had the lights which would give the effect of moonlight. The men, however, could not get their apparatus to work. "It's no good, Sir 'Erbert," said one, "we can't get the limelight to act!"

"Ah!" muttered Tree, softly, "what do they know of moonlight who only limelight know?"

Why Not in Gloves?
 A coloured preacher was visiting England, and stayed at the home of a United Methodist minister there. One day he went to his host and said, "I am troubled with insomnia, and don't sleep well at night. May I lie down on my bed any time during the day, when I feel drowsy?"
 "Surely," was the reply.

A day or two later, the visitor brought up the subject again. Said he, "I wonder if I may ask a further favour? When I get drowsy, I feel so tired I want to drop off to sleep right away. Would you mind if I lay down on the bed with my boots on?"
 "Not at all," returned the minister. "And, bye the bye—try sleeping with your gloves on as well!"

"F. E.'s" Blunder.—F. E. Smith, the prominent young Tory politician in England, recently got off a splendid "bull" by referring to the Parliament Act and its famous Preamble as "twins, the younger of which has not been born."

Harold Smith, "F. E.'s" brother, strolled into the House a moment later, whereupon a voice from the Irish members murmured, "Here comes the other twin!"

This is Plain.—"When is a coloured person a black-mailer?"
 "Whenever he posts a letter."

Reasonable payment will be made for all original contributions to this department. Anecdotes of public men and women are especially desired.



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More. Market Gardens

The Comparative Scarcity of Vegetable Products

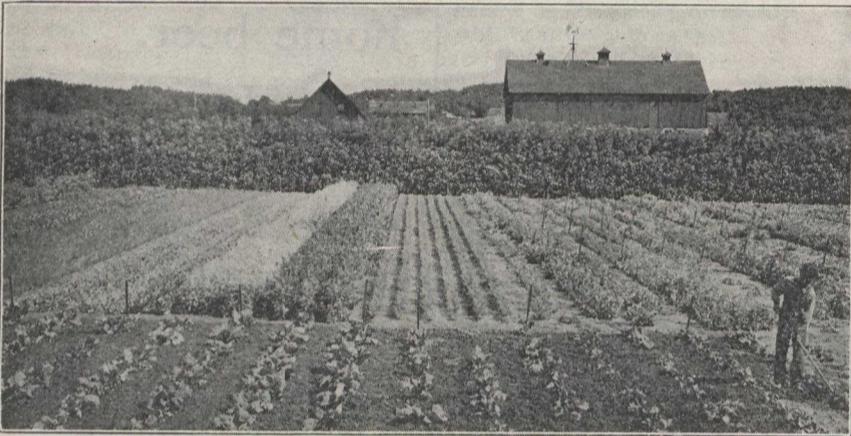
By E. T. COOK

CANADIAN cities, and Toronto particularly, need good vegetables at a reasonable price all the year round. The ordinary vegetable course, even in a restaurant of repute, is usually unappetizing and monotonous. The reason for this is the absolutely inadequate supply; and until market gardens are greatly increased in number the vegetable market will remain in the same condition and the prices show no decline.

Toronto is, with other cities, growing tremendously, and the important consideration of a good supply is not seriously discussed, at least it does not seem to impress the average citizen as some public question of vastly less importance. It was for this reason the Courier has published from time to time practical notes on the cultivation of vegetables, both for market and the garden, and this is a most praiseworthy intention. This matter of supply and demand with regard to food has got to be faced; it concerns our national health, and a deep knowledge is unnecessary to recognize that wholesome, well cooked

as it is apparently now, almost a demerit. The want of gardens attached to the house is another reason of the high cost of living. If there is no place for a garden, then, of course, it is impossible to grow vegetables, but it is to be hoped the day is not far distant when as many householders as possible will have their garden patch to yield abundantly for the home. Sometimes, where opportunities exist, they are not taken advantage of.

Our markets should be filled, especially when importations from Bermuda, California and elsewhere are not in, but as yet there is nothing to fear from outside sources. There are too many mouths to feed, and the more the taste develops for really good vegetables the more will they be sought for and served as separate courses, and the better will be the health of the community. As those who have travelled abroad, especially in France, are well aware, vegetables are prepared in the same delectable ways as meats and savouries. They are regarded as very important items



A MARKET GARDEN NEAR TORONTO.

Market Gardening is Becoming One of the Most Productive of Canadian Agricultural Occupations. There is a Large Field for it in More Senses Than One!

vegetables should form a larger part of the day's diet than is the case at present. It has been urged that the price of land is too high for the purpose of converting it into market gardens, but there is no reason whatever why the immediate vicinity of a large town or city, such as Toronto is, should be chosen.

I was speaking with one of Canada's great men the other day and he affirmed what I have already stated that if a man is determined to farm in this way, there are plenty of opportunities, having Toronto in mind, both east and west, within twenty or thirty miles, and not far from excellent means of transport where soil and situation are inviting.

The right situation is essential so that crops are obtainable at various seasons to avoid sending in when there is a glut of one kind. Take the market at the present moment, only potatoes and tomatoes, two articles that should contribute largely to the economy of the household are outside the limits of the ordinary purse, yet tomatoes are essentially a vegetable for Canada. There is something wrong, to use an old adage, in the "State of Denmark" here, and what is there to be said for the quality of the goods? Big, coarse cabbages, fit only for cattle, and cauliflowers as bulky as pumpkins, are not representative of the highest form of vegetable culture even for market, and one yearns for those of sweeter flavour, greater tenderness and an altogether better quality. Private gardens, in which vegetables have their full and rightful place, are extending in our large cities, and in them the kinds sold in the market are rarely grown. A selection is made from the varieties that are regarded with high favour in European and American gardens—the marrowfat peas, cabbages with small solid hearts, that are delicious eating, and in each group the most favoured in quality and productiveness, whether that group consists of the carrot tribe or any other. Quality should be accounted a merit, and not

in the menu, and frequently placed among the first dishes served.

Packing and Transportation.

Scientific packing, if one may call it so, is a great point. Two reasons may be given why vegetables should be presented as wholesome looking as possible, and one is they command a better price. It pays to do things well, and another point is they keep better over a longer period. The aim must be to get produce to the market as far as possible unblemished and as fresh as when taken from the garden. A demand exists for all kinds of vegetables and roots, e.g., crisp celery, which makes a nutritious and delicious dish served by itself with correct sauces. Celery is often not fit for the pig trough—stringy, flavourless, and hard. It is to be earnestly hoped that the interest the Courier has shown in this question of good vegetables will have the speedy effect of filling our market with produce at a reasonable cost. They should enter largely into our daily food and in greater variety. It is possible to get weary of mashed potatoes, corn, and hard peas served up day after day, as if these were the only things fit for man to eat. Even the tomato, of which we have seen very little lately, one can have too much of. The writer was speaking a few days ago to a householder who was deploring the want of good vegetables at a reasonable price, and pointed to some dried-up stuff which was not certainly worth a quarter of the money. Wilted radishes and miserable onions—surely these are easy enough to grow! The little Silver Queen, a pickling onion, is much appreciated by those who enjoy raw onions, and is delicious, far more so than any others, when pickled for winter use and served with cold meats. I was shown, too, a "bunch" of carrots, the price 5 cents, and it contained four little roots, that is, a trifle more than a cent each. High wages are of little account if living is to be proportionately high too.



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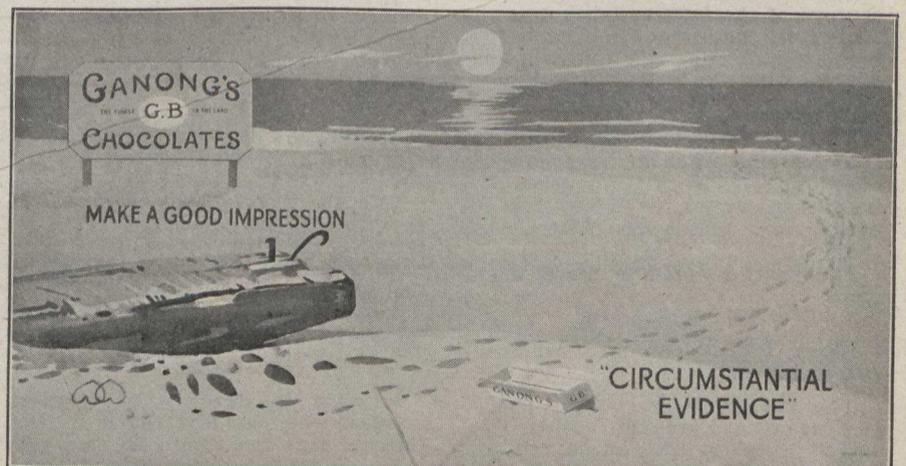
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MONEY AND MAGNATES



Mining Morals

"THE difficulty with mines and the people who promote them," said a gentleman, over the dinner table recently, "is that they are so unreliable. Mining investments are very doubtful. For instance, take the Foster mine. Those who were on the 'inside' are said to have sold their stock at about forty times what it is now worth. And there is a very handsome house in Toronto which is pretty generally supposed to have been built out of the profits made from an insider's knowledge of the actual value of that mining stock."

Then a lady broke in, "Coniagas is a good mine, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the critic, "but there are not many Major Leonards in the mining game. Cobalt Lake is another good one, and Sir Henry Pellatt deserves credit for the way in which it was handled."

"Well," replied his interlocutor, "I know a lady who has put a lot of money into Coniagas stock. She feels quite safe."

"But suppose Coniagas peters out?" said the critic.

"Oh, that's all right," said the lady, "she has a friend who is 'in the know,' and he will see that she sells out before anyone knows that it's going to peter out."

Now, that conversation might be duplicated at scores of dinner tables. But because it is not unusual, it is none the less significant. This anecdote illustrates pretty accurately the morals of the people who dabble in mining stocks. This lady evidently thought there would be nothing wrong in dumping her worthless stock on an unsuspecting public. Wherein are her morals better than those of the "insider" or the mining broker, who uses his "inside" knowledge to unload worthless stock on the public?

The best way to deal with the question of mining stocks is, not to deal in them. There are lots of investments which are investments, without bothering with mines. The money you put up is liable to drop to the bottom. Very often, it's the only metal there! Until the Ontario Government devises a law to protect investors in mining stocks and to eliminate "wild-cats," no small investor would be justified in touching the shares of Cobalt and Porcupine stocks. It is an insider's game, pure and simple.

An Ample Refutation

THE "Economist," of London, England, publishes an article dealing with the amount of money supplied to various parts of the Empire during the first six months of 1913, as compared with the corresponding period last year. The statistics are very significant. Lombard Street furnished Canada with \$102,187,000, which is nearly one-half the total amount of capital distributed throughout the Empire in this way, and which eclipses even the amount of issues for British home purposes, which was \$101,622,000. Canada's share is no less than \$30,000,000 more than last year.

This is news of great importance. It is surely an ample and complete answer to those who talk of the declining popularity of Canadian issues with the British investor. When it is taken into account that we have passed through six or eight months of acute money tightness, the fact of an increase of thirty millions in incoming capital is indisputable evidence of the regard held by London for things Canadian.

Advance Quebec

A RECENT bulletin from the Quebec Legislature is worthy of mention, inasmuch as it is a complete refutation of the idea that the French province is a backward province. The report, which deals with things agricultural, points out that between 1901 and 1911, the value of farm buildings in the province increased from \$102,313,893 to \$218,951,415, an increase of over 100 per cent. The value of farm implements increased by the same handsome percentage, the figures for 1911 being \$54,894,366, as against \$27,038,205 in 1901.

Now, the significance of these statistics is that the increase is not so much one of quantity as of quality. The number of farms has only increased from 150,000 to 160,000, but the value of the buildings and the implements used is just doubled. This shows that the farmer in Quebec is rapidly becoming an educated agriculturist. He is practising true economy by spending money on his implements and thus effecting a saving of time. And since all wealth primarily comes from the soil, he is pursuing a sane and sensible course.

So far from Quebec being backward, it is forging ahead, for its civilization is on a sound and solid basis.

On and Off the Exchange

Significant Optimism

JOHN MOODY, the well-known financial critic of Wall Street, has turned right round in his attitude toward the American markets. In Moody's magazine he has the following hopeful remarks to make: "While new low levels were reached the more recent events have been demonstrating that there has been 'no occasion for investors in securities of real merit to be alarmed or to sell their holdings.' For it can be easily demonstrated that the clouds are gradually clearing away. In the middle of June the outlook was undeniably forbidding and the talk of panic and renewed depression was rampant everywhere. But it is possible that this was the darkness just before the dawn, for it has, within the past two weeks, become increasingly apparent that we are very close to a turn in the situation, if we have not already reached that turn."

This from a man who for many months has been an unrepentant, unrelenting bear! His words are all the more significant. Stockbrokers will be surprised indeed to see that this Saul is also amongst the prophets!

Winnipeg Loan Successful

LONDON continues to show its appreciation of things Canadian. The City of Winnipeg loan was over-subscribed. The issuers say that the success of the venture was due to the popularity of the city, which stands next to Montreal with the British public.

The flotation was \$3,450,000 four and a half consolidated stock, at 97. The usual cost of flotation, including commissions and expenses of all kinds, has been figured to bring the net cost of the money to 4.88 per cent., which is far below what some of the leading borrowers of Canada and other parts are

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willing to pay at present. Another large issue is also successful. The Grand Trunk flotation of \$7,500,000 equipment notes is reported over-subscribed, the yield to the investor being about five and a half per cent.

A Good Showing

THE first meeting of the Wayagamak Pulp and Paper Company, Limited, was recently held at Three Rivers, Quebec. The president, Mr. J. N. Greenshields, K.C., presented a report covering twelve months' operations of the logging department, and six months' operations of the paper mill. The net earnings were \$256,773. Contingent and depreciation accounts totalled \$105,000, leaving a balance of \$151,773. The earnings represented six per cent. upon the common stock.



J. N. GREENSHIELDS, K.C.,
President of the Wayagamak Pulp and Paper Co.

Mr. Greenshields said that the outlook was of the very brightest. A third paper machine was in course of erection, and should be running by September. He pointed out the advantage of joint operation of the logging mill and the paper mills, and said that the system used provided that there should be no waste material from the saw mill, this being used either for the manufacture of paper, or in production of steam to operate the plant.

A Year of Progress

THE Canadian Northern Railway has had another good year, its financial statistics and increased mileage being eminently satisfactory. Gross earnings for the year ending June 31st totalled \$22,979,800, as against \$19,538,600 for the previous twelve months, an increase of 17.66 per cent. The net figures for the year were \$6,049,000, a gain of nearly a million over last year, equal to 18.23 per cent. Considering the character of the work which the company is at present engaged in, that is, largely construction and linking together, this is a remarkable performance.

The mileage in operation on June 31st was 4,297, as compared with 3,888 for the twelve months ending June, 1912. The actual increase in mileage is not so great as in previous years, since the chief work of the company last year was, as has been said, the linking up of lines already built. The total mileage controlled and operated by the main company and its subsidiary concerns is nearly 7,000, which for a railroad seventeen years old is a feat to be proud of.

It is announced that the purpose of Sir William Mackenzie's trip abroad is the offering in London of about \$4,000,000 four and a half per cent. terminal first mortgage debenture stock at 95. It is understood that the offering will carry the Government guarantee.

Two New Appointments

MR. C. E. ABBS, who for some years acted as attorney for the firm of A. E. Ames and Company, brokers, of Toronto, has recently been elected to the membership of the Toronto Stock Exchange. This does not imply the tenure of an extra seat, since Mr. Abbs will take the place on 'change of Mr. A. E. Ames. The firm holds two seats, the other being held by Mr. H. R. Tudhope.

An appointment of interest to people in Canada is that of Mr. Jackson Dodds to the secretaryship of the Bank of British North America, with headquarters at London, England. Mr. Dodds, after serving as London manager for a Paris bank, went, in 1901, to the Halifax, Yorkshire, branch of the Bank of B. N. A. Since that time he has in turn been stationed at Ottawa and Brandon, and was manager at Reston, Manitoba. In 1903, he was stationed at Vancouver.

From "Life"

"I SEE that our leading bankers are trying to reform the currency. That shows progress."
"Yes. The next step will be to reform the leading bankers."

Regarding the Market

THE general opinion is that the outlook is brighter. There is perhaps no prospect of immediate change from the period of stagnation which the financial world has been passing through, but there have been, recently, signs that the money tightness is only a phase and not a permanency.

Most important is the news from the Balkans, which seems to indicate that the warring nations will soon be forced into a peaceful settlement of their differences.

The crop, too, is going to be a bumper, and will probably reach two hundred million bushels. There is still corn in Egypt—for Canada. What we need is more Josephs!

Enquiries

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

What were the earnings of the Toronto Paper Mfg. Company last year?
St. Catharines. J. W. R.

(The directors' report and balance sheet presented in April, 1913, was for the seven-months' broken period from September 1, 1912, to March 31, 1913—covering the time since the reorganization. The net profits for the seven months are given as \$80,793.22—an increase at the rate of fifty per cent. over the preceding year. After paying bond interest, etc., \$46,937 was carried forward to the credit of profit and loss. The net earnings showed approximately 14 per cent. on the common stock, which is now on an 8 per cent. dividend basis.—Editor.)

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

Do you consider Temiskaming a good stock to buy?
Winnipeg. B. F.

(The policy of this journal has been not to discuss mining stocks in its columns, and nothing has taken place recently in the mining markets to warrant a change in policy. Many people have made money in mining stocks and—so have others playing poker.—Editor.)

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

Are the factories of the American Sales Book Company located in Toronto?
Hamilton. B. M. A.

(The American Sales Book Company, Limited, owns and operates three factories—all in New York State—at Niagara Falls, Elmira, Glendale, L.I.—Editor.)

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G.H. MUMM & CO.

BY ROYAL WARRANT



TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Fortune Teller

OUR city governments, which are always so anxious to protect innocent and unsuspecting citizens against every form of fraud, made a special attack some years ago on palmists, clairvoyants, crystal gazers and all such professional seers who "peep and mutter"—to use the scriptural phraseology. Yet, so strong is humanity's natural curiosity about the future, that these readers of the day after to-morrow are still to be consulted. Some of us will ask—why not? We are then informed that such persons prey on the credulity of the public, and the ignorant require protection. So far as the credulous public is concerned it is also at the mercy of the complexion specialist, the hair-restorer manufacturer and the advertiser of "bargains which are a positive sacrifice." To desire to know whether one should beware of a fair woman in a purple dress who is a deadly enemy, or whether one is likely to marry a dark-haired man with a large fortune, who will have a fondness for travel, is quite as legitimate as to set out in search of a flawless complexion by way of a "bloom of youth" bottle or a Cleopatra cream jar. Yet the person who has the effrontery to inform you, by means of advertisements in the popular magazines and in the upper wall of the street-cars, that his skin food will restore to you the apple-blossom freshness of sweet sixteen, goes all unpunished, even when you follow all directions for months and months, only to remain a sallow and wrinkled person of mature appearance. The enterprising fortune-teller, however, must resort to all manner of devices before she is able to receive such clients as wish to know what Fate has in store for them, in the matter of adventure or fortune.

"But you surely don't believe in what any of those people tell you?" asks an extra-sensible friend.

Certainly, most of my readers, in the course of their experience, have gone to dim and dusty rooms, where, for the wholly insignificant sum of fifty cents or one dollar, a not-overly-clean seeress, with an imperfect grasp of the rules of English syntax, has told of a certain indefinite past, with a family bereavement here and a serious illness there, and has dwelt fondly upon a hazily prosperous future with trips to Europe, much domestic happiness and perhaps a cosy corner in the Hall of Fame. If you have never, never consulted a palmist, a crystal gazer or a psychic specialist, then you are wiser than any mere human being has any right to be.

A Popular Profession

IN all these adventures into the world which lies just beyond us, the Gypsies have had the right of way, and even in the prosaic present, we are more willing to believe in the professions of a Zillah or a Rhona than we are in the clairvoyant claims of any mere Anglo-Saxon. Yet even the amateur clairvoyant finds her services eagerly sought. Did you ever notice how, at the most quiet and decorous tea-drinking, there is a sudden flutter and anyone present can tell fortunes in tea-cups, and if the most superior person present is not above inquiring whether there are tears or a long journey in her cup. Of course, the modern strainer is going to take all the romance out of the tea-cup, yet, let ever so small a leaf stray over the rim of the cup, be sure that it will mean either trouble or good news.

Then, there is the amateur palmist, who discourses learnedly about Cheiro and talks about the heart line and the life line until you are sure that she knows her business and you are ready to believe every word she tells you about the sorrows and joys which are awaiting you around the next corner. If she is at a summer resort, she is invariably surrounded by a crowd with outstretched palms, and

even the hardest-headed business men are ready to hear all about where the line of Fate will take them—especially if the lady of the palmist lore be young and comely.

Did you ever go to a crystal gazer? I went three times, in a vain attempt to get such a dame to "see things" (I was on a journalistic visit, be it noticed); but for some mysterious reason, the lady refused to gaze into the magic ball on my behalf and I have not been able to secure a crystal gazer since. I have a friend, however, who had a weird adventure on a visit to a crystal lady in London Town, and the former vows that there is "something in it."



LADY PELLATT.

Commissioner for Canada of the Girl Guides Movement, a Sister Movement of the Boy Scouts Movement, Begun in England by Miss Baden-Powell, Sister of the Boy Scout Head and Hero.

Personally, I feel more attracted to astrology than to any of these so-called "occult" studies, and have a certain awe when I read of old Michael Scott and the wizards of the Middle Ages who studied the heavens so diligently to know what the stars might reveal of human origin or human destiny. We moderns believe with Cassius, that "it is not in our stars, but in ourselves," to court happiness or failure. And yet, lurking beneath all our Twentieth Century practical business life, there is a feeling that there may be something in the old fancies, after all, and that the Signs of the Zodiac are not without significance for the Gemimi children or those who balance in Libra or glow in Aries.

The Highland Lady

ARE they all impostors, these palmists and mysterious gazers, or is there a fleeting bit of truth in what they tell us? I have been to several of these professionals and have spent a few good Canadian dollars in the pursuit of their knowledge and never have I heard from them what seemed

at all compensating. It was simply the ignorant clap-trap of fairly shrewd charlatans. But on a certain golden August afternoon in Muskoka I was sitting talking to a white-haired woman who had been "telling fortunes with cards" in a jesting fashion that morning, when she suddenly dropped the shawl she was knitting, gave a little shiver and looked out across the lake.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

She did not reply, at first, then took my hand in an abstracted way and said, "My dear, I can tell you now what you asked me this morning." So, she *did* tell me strange things of childhood that I thought I had forgotten and scenes of the future—some of which have since "come true." I did not enjoy it, at all, for it was too much like real clairvoyance to be comforting. So, I was glad when the orchestra broke into the gay strains of "The Georgia Camp-Meeting" and five o'clock tea was served on the verandah, for the white-haired lady put her hand over her eyes and said, "Oh, it is all gone! I can't see anything more."

The next day, her nephew, who is a most successful and practical young business man, said: "So, Aunt Sheila was telling you things, yesterday afternoon."

"And they were true," I asserted, defiantly.

"Of course, they were. She is the real thing, but it's a bit uncanny. She's Highland Scotch, you know, and sometimes has the second sight. Her fortune-telling with cards is just nonsense, but when she sees things I always feel queer. She told me once about a scene of confusion on a narrow strip of sea, and, sure enough, our steamer collided with a French boat in the English Channel about two weeks after. I'm glad there isn't much of the Celt in me—but I don't laugh at it and I don't profess to understand it."

Whatever may be the mystery beyond such glimpses, we cannot say; but that there are some natures peculiarly susceptible to the airy footsteps of the things which are going to happen cannot be denied. Such a gift—if it be a gift—is hardly desired by most of us, but the possessor may enjoy visions far beyond the perception of less sensitive souls. "Aunt Sheila" was one of the most gentle and unworldly of mortals; but these women who profess to tell the future—the whole future for a dollar, and a fair slice of it for fifty cents—are of the tribe of the Gold Bricker.

Spooks and Spirits

WITH the seance, I must admit I am utterly unacquainted, although I have seen some amateur spiritualists labour fruitlessly to obtain satisfactory answers to foolish questions. Is there not something of ghoulish impertinence in the idea of summoning the spirits of those who have passed beyond "these voices" to listen to the trivial talk of a group of sensation-seekers? I have known some pathetic instances of bereaved friends, turning in almost frantic eagerness to these performances in the hope of knowing or hearing something of the loved ones, but I have not known an instance of real benefit or comfort from such a source. The late Mr. W. T. Stead was unquestionably sincere in his quest for light on the spirit state, but his book—"Letters from Julia"—is an extraordinary jumble of this world and a kind of spiritual evening reception, where disembodied beings talk thin Bostonese philosophy. The various societies of Psychical Research have long been looking for a satisfactory "medium," who would prove to them that spiritualism is a genuine manifestation of powers occult. It was thought that the Neapolitan woman, Eusapia Palladino was a marvellously-endowed medium, and she was proved a trickster.

The modern mystic and dramatist, Maurice Maeterlinck, is of the opinion that humanity will some day have greater clairvoyant power than is now possessed—a kind of intellectual wireless into the waters of the Unknown.

ERIN.

Mothers of a City

Being Glimpses Into the Pioneer Past
of Some Present-day Foremost
Calgary Women

By MABEL BURKHOLDER



MRS. MACLEOD,

Not Only a City Mother in Calgary, But One Whose Husband, Colonel Macleod, Christened That Western Burgh and the Macleod District.

CALGARY is a "homey" city, for which reason, perhaps, it has attracted an unusual share of those people who delight in the name of "old-timer," people who have grown up with the west, who have made their mark—and their fortune—who have written their names high on the honour-roll of their country, and who now wish to live in peaceful content surrounded by luxuries undreamed of in pioneer days.

In presenting these mothers of Calgary this sketch does not aim to be exhaustive. The obstreperous and irrepressible city has grown up within the last fifteen or twenty years, and there are scores of interesting women within its limits who can relate stories as amazing as the most fearfully and wonderfully devised fairy-tale.

But the sketch is representative. It includes the wife of an Episcopal bishop, of a senator, of a colonel, of a doctor of divinity, and of a prominent financier.

Mrs. Pinkham, wife of the Lord Bishop of Calgary, who now resides at Bishop's Court, her beautiful home overlooking the Elbow River, was born in Manitoba and remembers Winnipeg when it was comprised of only two Hudson's Bay forts twenty miles apart. Bishop Pinkham, as a young man fresh sent forth from the classic halls of Canterbury, came through Winnipeg in '68, and of such engaging manners was he possessed that he completed the conquest of the Manitoba maiden's heart after an acquaintance of six weeks. There ensued a futile hunt for a wedding-ring—but the wildest imagination had not pictured then a jewellery shop in "The Peg." In his dilemma the groom hastened to a tinsmith with a five-dollar gold piece and had the coin rolled out to the required shape. It still glistens on the finger of the Bishop's wife after a testing of forty-five years.

Mrs. Pinkham has been identified with hospital work since the time when the nearest railroad hospital was at Medicine Hat and the sick of Calgary were tended in private cottages. At present Mrs. Pinkham is honorary president of hospital aid work in Calgary.

Prominent among the pioneer women of Calgary is Mrs. (Senator) James A. Lougheed, daughter of Wm. L. Hardisty, chief Hudson's Bay factor of the Mackenzie River district. Mrs. Lougheed came to live in Calgary when the population had not reached the hundred mark, and that hundred was comprised of Canadian Pacific railroad employees.

Mrs. Lougheed has the distinction of being the niece of Lord Strathcona, and when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia visited Calgary last fall it was in Mrs. Lougheed's palatial home that they were entertained.

TO the Macleod family belongs the pleasant distinction of naming the city. Calgary, which signifies in Gaelic "Swift Running Water," was called by them after the place of a friend, Mr. Mackenzie, in the Isle of Mull. Col. J. F. Macleod brought the first contingent of Royal North-West Mounted Police to this section of the country, and Mrs. Macleod joined him in '77, when only a few shacks nestled along the river. Much of her life was spent in the Macleod district, which, of course, bears the family name, and Mrs. A. E. Cross, eldest daughter of the family, was the first white girl born in the Macleod country.

"This will be a great country some day," observed a traveller recently on a train between Edmonton



MRS. PINKHAM,

Wife of the Lord Bishop of Calgary, and Honorary President of the Calgary Hospital Aid Work. The Romance of the Bishop and Mrs. Pinkham Dates Back to the Days of Pioneering.



MRS. THOMAS UNDERWOOD,

Identified Chiefly in Calgary With Y.W.C.A. Work and Bent Upon "Mothering" Stranger Girls Especially.



MRS. JOHN MacDOUGALL,

Wife of the Missionary-Author of Methodist Persuasion, Whose Name is a Magic Word With the Indian Tribes.



MRS. LOUGHEED,

Wife of Senator James A. Lougheed, Daughter of William L. Hardisty, Chief Hudson's Bay Factor of the Mackenzie River District, and Niece of Lord Strathcona.

and Calgary, in my hearing.

"My dear sir," came in gentle retort from across the aisle, "before your great-grandfather was born this was a great country!"

It was Dr. John MacDougall who spoke. Well, he ought to know—he knows all the west and all the west knows him. Who has not read the books of this great Methodist pioneer missionary?

Mrs. MacDougall, faithful partner of all his journeying, came west forty-one years ago, after having one of the most amazing wedding-trips by dog-train and canoe ever experienced by a woman. "Those were the good old days," she declared, "when we lived on home-made pemmican and fish. I always took the babies with me on our trips among the Indians and they were never injured by the rough life."

Last year, at the Calgary stampede, Mrs. MacDougall, still amazingly youthful in appearance and straight as an arrow, in carriage, rode at the head of the Indian street-parade. MacDougall is a magic word among the tribes, and one is glad to hear from this family who knows them so well that the native races are not dying out, but are slowly recovering from the ravages of civilization.

Mrs. Thomas Underwood is, perhaps, the most active woman in Calgary. She seems to be everywhere, but on close observation it will be discovered that she is at the Y. W. C. A. building oftener than at any other. Mrs. Underwood and "Y" work are synonyms in Calgary, for it is the stranger girls of the city she is most interested in "mothering."

Mrs. Underwood has "views," too. She is a firm believer in early marriages as the salvation of the nation. And she is a suffragist in a gentle way, though she objects to "suffragetting." She is seen at her best in board meetings, where executive ability is required, and her speech is generally enlivened by a quaint humour, too often lacking at women's meetings.

The present youthful appearance of these pioneer women does much to refute the old Westernism that the country might be good for men and mules but was hard on fine horses and women. These "old-timers" are optimistic and happy beyond all other classes in the west, and the passing of the years has only confirmed their belief that they are occupying the most favoured quarter of the earth's crust.

Glanced at Obliquely

THE marriage of the fair Miss Inez Mulholland to any man, in particular to Eugene Boissevain, is best indicated in the war-like phrase, "the capitulation of a hero." One would have said "heroine" had one dared. The suffragette, at any rate, has the usual feminine finish—matrimony. All this despite the parade and the milk-white charger.

"Woman's work is never done," said the spouse of the suffragette, "unless I do it." The observer scarce need say it wasn't done.

One permits the conjecture of *Punch* to stand, in connection with the fact that a swarm of bees recently occupied for a day a post-office letter-box at Salcombe, Devon, that a suffragette is suspected of having brought them there in her bonnet. *Punch* so seldom metes out honeyed language! Naturally, also, none would accuse the hats of the "antis" of having anything in them.

"To Talk of Various Things" of Piquant Interest

Dowries in Austria

By THE MAN

AUSTRIAN women school-teachers have been forbidden to marry, and there is trouble. In that country, a girl must have a satisfactory dowry in order to make a desirable marriage. The school-teachers, being in receipt of a steady income, are ranked with girls having a dowry of about \$6,000, which is far above the average of those living outside the big cities. The new law, providing that a girl must give up teaching when she marries, naturally spoils the chances of these young women—hence their virtuous indignation.

There are two points to be considered here. Should school-teachers marry? Should girls have dowries?

The first is not to be considered just now. But, in passing, there seems to be no reason why a woman should expect to be allowed to marry and still retain her position. A woman who is busy building a home and becoming a mother has no time to teach school. The duties compete. This at least is the Canadian view.

With regard to dowries, Canada has much to learn from the French and Austrians. Every Canadian girl should have a dowry. If she is living at home, her parents should put by so much money each year for this purpose. If she is earning her own livelihood, she should do it herself. No girl should be sent out of her father's home into her own without a bank account.

Many a Canadian girl has had generous parents who have spent a thousand dollars or more on her trousseau and her wedding. It had been much better had that money been put in the bank to her credit, and the family satisfied with a vestry wedding. I remember one wedding in Toronto, when a rich father spent several thousand dollars on a wedding feast for several hundred guests, but gave his daughter no wardrobe. Her husband being comparatively poor, she was compelled to teach music to help the family exchequer.

The girl on a salary who spends her money on clothes and pleasure instead of accumulating a dowry, is lessening her chances of marriage, and prejudicing her own future. There are plenty of young men who would be willing to marry if they felt that their wives could find their own pocket-money after marriage as they do before.

Above all, a dowry, however small, brings marriage nearer to an equality and increases the independence of the woman.

"Yesteryear" at Gaspé

By M. M.

NEAR Gaspé Basin, the other day, I happened upon a sure enough old Priscilla making yarn on an equally ancient spinning wheel. I saw neither Miles nor John, but know they must have been in a long-ago past; there must always have been a Miles and a John where there is a Priscilla, a spinning wheel and an aged horsehair sofa, one which tries its hardest to look dignified in spite of gaping wounds which bleed stuffing and rusty springs.

There is nothing like a horsehair sofa for recording family history; its

two depressions tell of a time when Miles or John came a-courting and learned the difficult art of balance upon its glossy, slippery epidermis. Then, as Priscilla looks with less shyness and more favour upon the suitor's suit—the depressions gradually merge into one. The old sofa was the ideal spot for holding hands—a fashion which is fast decaying. I am told, with the younger generation. It is too harmless, too unthrilling, in a word, too clammy! But holding hands in the heyday of the horsehair sofa, was a compromising, not to say a romantic pastime, and the horsehair sofa was, as I have said, ideal for this performance. Distinguished visitors were led to its inhospitable humps, the cure delivered his family homilies from there, the canvassing politician kissed the baby as he clung to its precarious sides (the sofa's sides), and the relative who had money might even lie upon its surface; and then



THE NEW DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

With Her African Baby Leopard, Which is Assiduously Being Taught to Change Its Spots—to Become Domestic.

when Priscilla was married, the ancient sofa, along with the chromo of Great-grandfather, who frowned out of a walnut and red plush frame, formed part of her dowry. Later, Baby was warned against putting his fingers upon the sofa's sensitive skin, for fingers, especially when wet and sticky, left bold and almost indelible marks. The neighbour's child was sometimes allowed to sleep on the old sofa—but not often! No! The spinning wheel and the family horsehair sofa were venerated pieces of furniture; they would probably have formed the base of an Oriental's curse, had he been brought up with them, exactly as the hair of his grandfather's beard furnishes him with swearing material, to-day!

And seeing Priscilla seated at the wheel in the close proximity of the horsehair sofa, which stands in the recess next the mantel, flanked on one side by a table containing a photograph album, and on the other by a hassock, still frowned down upon by unrelenting Great-grandfather; seeing

the dozens of antimacassars and tidies upon which Biblical scenes are worked in crewel—took me into another age with emotions such as all the skeletons of the ichthyosaurus and other antiques in the Victoria Memorial Museum will never call forth!

Reviving a Vanished Art

By M. J. T.

VOCAL story-telling is being revived, according to a number of current journals, and is even dignified with a new magazine of its very own—"The Story-Teller."

Now, to state that an art is being revived implies that a talent had vanished, or was dwindling. Had it? Was it? Was the oral story-teller, as such, defunct? Had the art of Aeneas lapsed from its power to draw a tear for a tale from the eye of a Dido? One fears that the up-to-date Othello has found his Desdemona most reluctant—brinnally speaking. Examine why.

For instance, now, could any one weep for the hazards of the motor-cycling gallant, though whose recital sadder in this era? Unless one except the aeroplane—merely a flying example—who, even without a larynx, were a thriller. Let this same aviator, however, attempt to describe you "Ararat," say, on which his biplane landed. He commences:

"We stuck on the mountain which lifted itself above—above—which lifted itself above—the surrounding country." A common flatness.

The preacher, unwed and eligible, and popular with his members (mostly women) informs the Almighty and congregation that "oftentimes our hearts are cold—on account of lack of warmth." Indisputable! And artful, perhaps, as explanation, but inartistic as prayer in its aspect of oral exercise in the presence of hearers.

And the "bone specialist," also a husband, given (over his pipe) to narrating the cases his good wife ought to find of interest, starts as follows: "Puff, puff, puff, puff"—and wonders that she yawns behind her hand.

The conclusion is, that man has lapsed from his once high qualification as narrator. And that not without some natural cause has woman become "the talker"—he her foil. In brief, not before it was badly needed has story-telling, a buried talent, stirred to its resurrection in the men's world.

To quote that most accomplished ostrich, The Literary Digest, on this movement:

"Oral story-telling, 'the earliest mode of imaginative creation,' is undergoing a remarkable revival in the United States—a revival witnessed to by several recent books on the subject, by the institution of the 'story-hour' in public libraries and schools, and by the launching of The Story-Tellers' Magazine, which claims to have discovered an entirely unoccupied corner in the crowded magazine field.

"Turning to The Story-Tellers' Magazine, whose first number, dated June, 1913, has just made its bow from the New York office of the National Story-Tellers' League of America, we learn that 'its purpose is to lend assistance to the great cause of story-telling,' first, 'by authoritative utterances on the various aspects and phrases of the subject itself,' and, second, 'through the telling of stories which in themselves are worthy exam-



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Cash's Woven Names

ples of the story-tellers' art.' This new magazine, moreover, 'offers itself as a champion of the rights of the child in education.'

Let us hope it is woman's champion, also, against the social boredom of the masculine talk, called whimsically "small talk." Infinitesimal!

Recent Events

A DESPATCH states that in Montreal in a single week in July, out of a total death list of 321, no fewer than 214, or nearly 75 per cent., were of children below the age of five years. A higher rate of infant mortality than ever before in that city, despite the strenuous efforts to reduce it on the part of the City Health Department.

UNOFFICIAL announcement is made that the marriage of Prince Arthur of Connaught to the Duchess of Fife has been fixed for October 25, and will take place either at Windsor or Sandringham. Shortly after that date the Duke and Duchess of Connaught return to Canada.

THE marriage was recently solemnized in London of Miss Edith Miller, the Manitoba singer, to Mr. Max Ferguson, who is in direct succession to the baronetcy held at the



MISS MARY ARD MACKENZIE,
Head of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Which Recently Completed a Most Successful Year.

present time by his grandfather, Sir James Ferguson, of Spitalhaugh, West Linton, Scotland. The debut of Miss Miller on the operatic stage was recently an event in Covent Garden. Her role was "Maddalra" in "Rigoletto," "Gilda" being the part of Madame Melba.

MRS. ASHTON MARTIN is the instated secretary of the I. O. D. E. Settlers' Welcome office in the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg. Mrs. Martin speaks with an English accent, but has been in this country long enough thoroughly to know conditions affecting her work.

Miss Kathleen Parlow

By J. D. LOGAN.

WHAT shall we name thee, winsome Melodist?
For though thy form was born, as ours, of earth,
Thy subtle soul seems not of mortal birth,
But stilled by some celestial Alchemist.

Whence thy consummate Art whose dulcet spell
Is more entrancing far than elfin lutes,
Than silver tinklings thrilled with fairy flutes
And avian serenades from Philomel?

Whate'er thou art, or whence thy witchery,
Thy music, as fond visions in the night,
Brings us dear dreams of beauty and delight,
And heals our hearts with its sweet encrasy!

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CORN FLAKES

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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.

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FOR THE JUNIORS

RESULTS OF COMPETITION.

THE Editor of "For the Juniors" is pleased to announce the results of the competition which closed on July 15th, and to name the following as the prize winners:

First Prize—Alice C. MacDougall, Lindsay, Ontario.

Second Prize—Ruth D. Blowers, Norwood, Manitoba.

What can have happened to our boys in this competition? Not one of them came near the A1 mark, and we always understood that boys knew so much more about birds and their nests than girls did. And we are a little bit disappointed, too, that no snapshots to illustrate the stories were received. But soon two of our readers, at least, will have cameras of their own, and we shall look to them to send us pictures for our Junior Department and show us what expert photographers they are becoming.

We publish herewith the winning stories. One or two others which showed considerable merit will appear in following issues.

STORY OF A ROBIN'S NEST.

By Alice C. MacDougall, Lindsay, Ont., aged 15.

ALTHOUGH my "Story of the Nest" deals with a rather commonplace bird, namely, the robin, I have had what might be called a unique opportunity of watching the various stages in the lives of the birdlings. Just outside my schoolroom window two little robins built their home under the eave of our large gymnasium, and I even had the pleasure of watching the building of the nest.

Both birds laboured diligently, and while many a heedless little sparrow frolicked gaily on the roof and in the neighbouring trees, Mr. and Mrs. Robin faithfully carried long grass and pieces of string, which they cemented together and interwove until a strong, new nest presented itself to their delighted eyes, completely finished on May 7th.

Then the mother-bird laid the little eggs, four of them, and a pale, delicate blue in colour. The eggs were laid on May 8th, almost immediately after the nest was finished, and the mother-bird faithfully brooded over them for two long, weary weeks. The father would make frequent visits to the nest and hover over it in a coaxing manner until the mother-bird would fly away with him for a few minutes' recreation. But only for a few minutes, for she would almost immediately fly back and settle herself again on the nest, where she would sit for hours.

Finally the birdlings were hatched on May 23rd, and they were indeed very ugly little birds, featherless and thin. However, to the parents they appeared very beautiful and both birds would patiently fly back and forth with food for the little ones. The mother would stand on the edge of the nest and grind the food in her mouth and then feed the wee ones. Gradually they grew larger and stronger, gaining also in beauty every day, until they became too large for the nest. One by one they gained courage and, hopping out of the nest, they exercised their wings until finally, on June 3rd, they flew away from the nest. The mother still kept a watchful eye on the birdies, but they never again returned to their first home.

STORY OF A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

By Ruth D. Blowers, Norwood, Man., aged 14.

IT was a lovely morning, the 19th of May, when I took my ramble through the woods in search of birds' nests. I was passing under an elm tree, when a fluttering of wings made me look up. A blackbird flew out from among the branches. It fluttered about my head, anxiously, while I

peered up the tree and discovered a nest built in the fork of two branches. I managed to get my foot on a branch, and raised myself till my head was on the level of the nest. It was new, I could see, because the mud, with which it was lined, was not quite dry round the edges. It was composed of twigs, straw and a few pieces of wool and was very neat, both inside and out. The mud, or clay, inside was perfectly round and smooth.

I climbed down and went home, not visiting the nest for two days. On the afternoon of the second day I went again and saw one little egg of a green-blue colour, dotted with irregular shaped, brown spots. The black-bird, as usual, was hovering over me in distress, so I came away. When I next went, about two days after, there were two more eggs. I did not visit the nest until three weeks had gone by, then one morning, the 13th of June, I went again and, this time, found three little pink, featherless fledglings, with beaks wide open, crying for food. The mother-bird flew round me in great distress, so I hid behind a tree and watched her. She had a tiny worm in her beak, and this she dropped into the open beak of one of the fledglings, then flew away, only to return a few minutes later with another worm, which was dispatched in the same manner.

After this I came every day to see the fledglings, and by this time the mother-bird did not seem so frightened of me, although she still acted in a rather worried way when I appeared. Each day the little birds gained more feathers, until in about two weeks they were covered with short, downy feathers. After this, they began valiant struggles to fly. Slowly, day by day, they got better, until yesterday afternoon, July 2nd, they managed to fly unsteadily from tree to tree.



Spending the Summer in Cherry Blossom Court.

THE NEW NEIGHBOUR.

TWO little birds sat high up in a cherry tree,

Blossoms right and left of them, blossoms overhead;

These two little birds chirped away so cheerily,

Chatted there together, and this is what they said:

First little bird: "I should love to have you call on me.

You'll find our nest in Blossom Court, Number twenty-two."

Second little bird: "I'm sure I shall delighted be,

I'd like to know my neighbours, and it's very kind of you."

First little bird: "We always spend the summer here,

It's so good for the babies, and the rent is very low,

In fact it costs us but a song,—I haven't the least bit of fear

That you'll regret your summer in the Apple Tree Row."

"Tweet! Tweet! Good afternoon."

"Tweet! Tweet! I'll see you soon."

For Mother
the Others
and
Me



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package.

Each cake of Taylor's Infants-Delight Soap is carefully wrapped and packed in its own sanitary package. Fresh to your hands from our clean modern packing rooms.

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is equally delightful for adult use as it is to His Majesty the Baby, for whom it was first specially made. Made from imported Cocomnut and Olive Oils, it is ideal for the toilet and bath, rendering the complexion soft and beautiful.

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A STORY WELL RECEIVED

The London, England, book reviewers have shown great enthusiasm in reviewing Edgar Wallace's new story, "The River of Stars." It is termed an unusually clever romance. This story is now running serially in the Canadian Courier. If you have missed the early issues they will be supplied on application to the editor of this publication.

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NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"

Slipshod English promotes slipshod thought. Get into the habit of careless use of words and you will soon be careless in thought. To think correctly and talk correctly, to talk correctly and think correctly, you will find

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

Americans in the West

(Concluded from page 7.)

well by the country that is doing well by them. They are taking an interest in its institutions. Very many have gone "back home" to visit and have expressed themselves delighted to return to the prairies.

Mr. Miller is surely libelling his fellow-citizens when he makes the statement "The Yankee goes where there is a dollar in sight, and now the Canadian West looks good to him. The Yankee goes there and grabs the dollar while the native is looking on and still thinking it over, and when the Yankee has made his pile, etc." Unfortunately for Western Canada, we know this class, the American who can teach the American eagle a whole lot about screaming, the individual who is out for number one and nothing else under the sun; the so-called man who mines the land instead of farming it; the smart Aleck who boasts of his hard-headedness, whose patriotism is mere jingoism. We call them grafters up here. Fortunately, they are in a small but noisy minority.

In marked contrast to this type is another of which many examples might be cited, one being chosen. Some time ago a college-bred woman came with her husband, a civil engineer, to Saskatchewan, the latter having obtained a position with a railroad, supervising construction work. The home they made was in a box car. In the neighbourhood and in the camp, the great majority were American born. For the mutual improvement of all concerned, the woman came to the conclusion that some organization was needed. It may surprise Mr. Miller to learn that she and her husband decided on a Canadian Club, and when they called a meeting, their decision was unanimously seconded. The objects agreed upon were to study the history, literature and institutions of Canada, the land of their adoption. When the woman visited Regina a few months ago, she was surprised to learn that Canadian Clubs existed in the majority of Canadian cities, with constitutions bearing a striking resemblance to that of the box-car. Moreover, she states that she and her husband are teaching their small son to salute the Union Jack, a mark of respect to the flag that means their protection—the flag of the country in which they are prospering.

Trusting that this may throw some light upon the subject under debate,
Sincerely yours,

ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG,
Regina, July 14th.

Getting Ready

THESE are the days when theatrical managers are preparing for the coming season. The play being chosen, and the stars selected, minor parts are still open.

The following incident is liable to take place in every manager's office, every day, about ten to a hundred and ten times (according to the size of the room):

The door of the sanctum sanctorum opens and the manager, in tight fitting morning coat and spats (the manager always wears spats) emerges. Immediately, a crowd of girls (whose ages range from sixteen to sixty-one) produce a chamois cloth and dab their noses hastily and vigorously. One steps forward.

"Good day, Mr. Sorinski; want a 'front row' for 'The Girl at the Ball Game'?" Well, I've had experience in "The Count from Luxembourg."

"H—m, can you sing?" asks the manager.

"I should say so! Not a bad looker, either. What?"

"Why'd you quit the 'Count of Luxembourg,' then?" asks the manager. No reply from the "front row."

"H—m!" says the manager, dubiously, "guess your voice wasn't exactly that of a prima-donna. However, leave your card, my dear."

"My dear" turns away, and, woman-like, the rest of the crowd smile triumphantly, if a little cruelly, and swarm round the manager again.



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Supplies home with pure warm air.
Fused joints cannot leak.

Heating a home properly is something more than raising the temperature. The air must be pure as well as warm. The health of your family demands it. An odor of gas is not only unpleasant but is a menace to the health. Fine coal dust floating in the air is just as bad.

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☑ Expansion and contraction cannot spread the fused joint. Even after 20 years of service, the joints in the HECLA will be found perfectly tight. The fumes from the fire cannot find an opening. The air in the living rooms is always pure and healthful.

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This healthful heating costs less than ordinary warm air heating. The fire-pot of the HECLA is steel ribbed to radiate the heat rapidly. This, by actual test, makes a saving of thirteen and three-fifths per cent, or one ton of coal in seven.

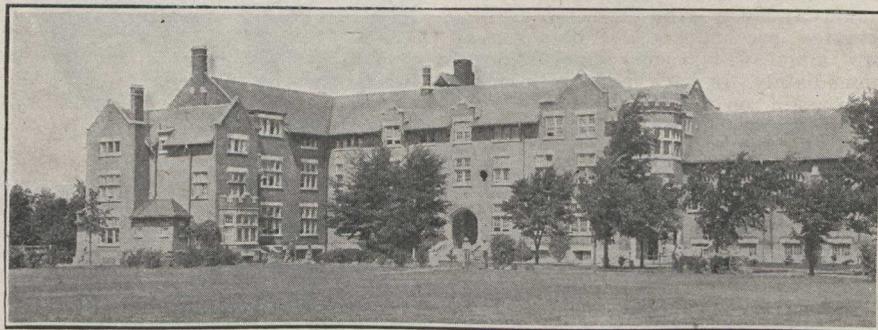
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"Comfort & Health" will interest you. It is a book on safe heating. Your address on a post card will bring it.

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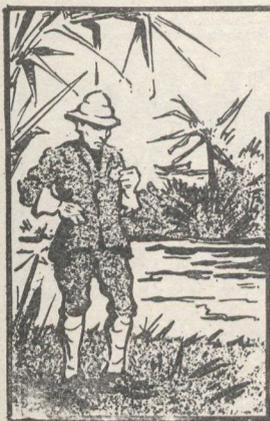
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THE RIVER OF STARS

BY EDGAR WALLACE

A NEW SERIAL STORY

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The preface and chapters one and two introduce several characters: Sutton, an explorer; Commissioner Sanders, of Central West Africa, the witch-doctor of the Alebi country, and Amber, the mysterious and educated gaol-bird. Then come Lambaire and Whitey, the arch conspirators who had sent Sutton, with a false compass, to find a diamond mine. And old Peter Musk, friend to Amber, and a slave to yellow romance. Finally comes Sutton, the younger, whose father had discovered the diamond mine but had lost himself in the doing. Lambaire promotes a pseudo-diamond mine. He proposes that Sutton the younger should go out to it. This the boy agrees to do, though against his sister's advice. Amber discovers that Lambaire and Whitey have been in the "coining" game. He burgles Lambaire's office, and removes two of the plates used for issuing false notes. Then he goes to Scotland Yard, and showing the plates to a "chief" there offers to find the gang, but the Chief refuses to make an old lag into a detective.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

THEY looked at each other for a space of time, then the lines about the inspector's eyes creased and puckered, and he burst into a roar of laughter.

"My Chief Detective Inspector," said Amber reproachfully, "you hurt me."

But Amber's plaintive protest did not restore the detective's gravity. He laughed until the tears streamed down his face, and Amber watched him keenly.

"Oh dear!" gasped the detective, wiping his eyes. "You're an amusing devil—here." He got up, took a bunch of bright keys from his pocket and opened a cupboard in the wall. From a drawer he took a sheet of foolscap paper, laid it on his desk and sat down. "Your convictions!" he scoffed.

The paper was ruled exactly down the centre. On the left—to which the detective pointed, were two entries. On the right there was a line of cramped writing.

"Your imprisonments," said the detective.

Amber said nothing, only he scratched his chin thoughtfully.

"By my reckoning," the detective went on slowly, "you have been sentenced in your short but lurid career to some eighty years' penal servitude."

"It seems a lot," said Amber.

"It does," said the detective, and folded the paper. "So when you come to me and suggest that you would like to turn over a new leaf; would like in fact to join the criminal investigation department, I smile. You've pulled my leg once, but never again. Seriously, Amber," he went on, lowering his voice, "can you do anything for us in this forgery business?—the chief is getting very jumpy about the matter."

Amber nodded. "I think I can," he said, "if I can only keep out of prison for another week."

"Try," said Fell, with a smile. "I'll try," said Amber cheerfully.

CHAPTER VIII.

Francis Sutton Asks a Question.

LONDON never sleeps. Of the dead silence that lays over the world, the quiet peaceful hush of all living things, London knows nothing.

Long after the roar of the waking world dies down, there is a fitful rumbling of traffic, a jingling of bells, as belated hansoms come clip-clopping through the deserted streets, the whine of a fast motor-car—then a little silence.

A minute's rest from world noises, then the distant shriek of a locomotive and the staccato clatter of trucks. Somewhere, in a far-away railway

yard, with shunters' lanterns swinging, the work of a new day has already begun.

A far-off rattle of slow-moving wheels, nearer and nearer—a market cart on its way to Covent Garden; a steady tramp of feet—policemen going to their beats in steady procession. More wheels, more shrieks, a church clock strikes the hour, a hurrying footsteps in the street. . . .

All these things Lambaire heard, tossing from side to side in his bed. All these and more, for to his ear there came sounds which had no origin save in his imagination. Feet paused at his door; voices whispered excitedly. He heard the click of steel, the squeak of a key opening a handcuff. He dozed at intervals, only to sit up in bed suddenly, the sweat pouring off him, his ears strained to catch some fancied sound. The little clock over the fireplace ticked mercilessly, "ten years, ten years," until he got out of bed, and after a futile attempt to stop it, wrapped it in a towel and then in a dressing-gown to still its ominous prophecy.

All night long he lay, turning over in his mind plans, schemes, methods of escape, if escape were necessary. His bandaged head throbbed unpleasantly, but still he thought, and thought, and thought.

If Amber had the plates, what would he do with them? It was hardly likely he would take them to the police. Blackmail, perhaps. That was more in Amber's line. A weekly income on condition he kept his mouth shut. If that was the course adopted, it was plain sailing. Whitey would do something, Whitey was a desperate, merciless devil. . . . Lambaire shuddered—there must be no murder though.

HE had read that very day an article which showed that only four per cent. of murderers in England escape detection. . . . if by a miracle this blew over, he would try a straighter course. Drop the "silver business" and the "printing business" and concentrate on the River of Stars. That was legitimate. If there was anything shady about the flotation of the Company, that would all be forgotten in the splendid culmination. . . . De Beers would come along and offer to buy a share; he would be a millionaire. . . . other men have made millions and have lived down their shady past. There was Isadore Jarach, who had a palatial residence off Park Lane, he was a bad egg in his beginnings. There was another man. . . . what was his name. . . . ?

He fell into a troubled sleep just as the dawn began to show faintly. A knocking at the door aroused him, and he sprang out of bed. He was full of the wildest fears, and his eyes wandered to the desk wherein lay a loaded Derringer.

"Open the door, Lambaire." It was Whitey's voice, impatiently demanding admission, and with a trembling hand Lambaire slipped back the little bolt of the door.

Whitey entered the room grumbling. If he too had spent a sleepless night, there was little in his appearance to indicate the fact.

"It's a good job you live at an hotel," he said. "I should have knocked and knocked without getting in. Phew! Wreck! You're a wreck!"

Whitey shook his head at him disapprovingly.

"Oh, shut up, Whitey!" Lambaire poured out a basin full of water, and plunged his face into it. "I've had a bad night."

"I've had no night at all," said

Whitey, "no night at all," he repeated shrilly. "Do I look like a sea-sick turnip? I hope not. You in your little bed,—me, tramping streets looking for Amber—I found him."

Lambaire was wiping his face on a towel, and ceased his rubbing to stare at the speaker.

"You didn't—!" he said fearfully. Whitey's lips curled.

"I didn't kill him, if that's what you mean," he said shortly. "Don't jump, Lambaire, you're a great man for jumping—no, I didn't kill him—he lives in the Borough," he added inconsequently.

"How did you find out?" asked Lambaire.

"Don't pad," begged the other testily. "Don't ask questions, for the sake of Asking Questions,—get dressed,—we'll leave Amber."

"Why?" Whitey put two long white fingers into his waistcoat pocket and found a golden tooth-pick; he used this absent-mindedly, gazing through the window with a far-away expression.

"Lambaire," he said, as one who speaks to himself, "drop Amber,—cut him out. Concentrate on diamonds."

"That's what I thought," said Lambaire eagerly, "perhaps if we went out ourselves and looked round—"

"Go out be—blowed," snapped Whitey. "If you see me going out to Central Africa. . . . heat. . . . fever. . . . Rot! No, we'll see the young lady, tell her the tale; throw ourselves, in a manner of speaking, on her mercy—I've fixed an interview with young Sutton."

"Already?" "Already," said Whitey. "Got him on the 'phone."

"What about Amber and the plates?"

"Blackmail," said Whitey, and Lambaire chuckled gleefully.

"So I thought, of course that is the idea—what about Sutton?"

"He's coming here to breakfast; hurry up with your dressing."

HALF-AN-HOUR later Lambaire met him in the lounge of the hotel. A bath and a visit to the hotel barber had smartened him, but the traces of his night with Conscience had not been entirely removed, and the black silk bandage about his head gave him an unusually sinister appearance.

On the stroke of nine came Francis Sutton, carrying himself a little importantly, as became an employer in embryo, and the three adjourned to the dining-room.

There is a type of character which resolutely refuses to be drawn, and Francis Sutton's was such an one. It was a character so elusive, so indefinite, so exasperatingly plastic, that the outline one might draw to-day would be false to-morrow. Much easier would it be to sketch a nebula, or to convey in the medium of black and white the changing shape of smoke, than to give verity to this amorphous soul.

The exact division of good and bad in him made him vague enough; for no man is distinguished unless there is an overbalancing of qualities. The scale must go down on the one side or the other, or, if the adjustment of virtue and evil is so nice that the scale's needle trembles hesitatingly between the two, be sure that the soul in the balance is colourless, formless, vague.

Francis Sutton possessed a responsive will, which took inspiration from the colour and temperature of the moment. He might start forth from his home charged with a determina-



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Cosgrave's Half-and-Half is not only a delightful, refreshing, satisfying home beverage, but it is a most effectual nerve and food tonic.

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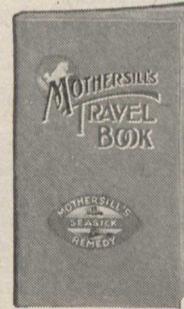
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tion to act in a certain direction, and return to his home in an hour or so, equally determined, but in a diametrically opposite course, and, curiously enough, be unaware of any change in his plans.

Once he had come to Lambaire for an interview which was to be final. An interview which should thrust out of his life an unpleasant recollection (he usually found this process an easy one), and should establish an independence of which—so he deluded himself—he was extremely jealous. On this occasion he arrived in another mood; he came as the approved protege of a generous patron.

"Now we've got to settle up matters," said Lambaire as they sat at breakfast. "The impertinence of that rascally friend of yours completely put the matter out of my mind yesterday—"

"I'm awfully sorry about that business," Sutton hastened to say. "It is just like Cynthia to get mixed up with a scoundrel like Amber. I assure you—"

Lambaire waved away the eager protestations with a large smile.

"My boy," he said generously, "say no more about it. I exonerate you from all blame, don't I, Whitey?"

Whitey nodded with vigour.

"I know Amber"—Lambaire tapped his bandaged head—"this is Amber."

"Good lord!" said the boy with wide-open eyes, "you don't mean that?"

"I do," said the other. "Last night, coming back to the hotel, I was set upon by Amber and half a dozen roughs—wasn't I, Whitey?"

"You was," said Whitey, who at times rose superior to grammatical conventions.

"But the police?" protested the young man energetically. "Surely you could lay him by the heels?"

Lambaire shook his head with a pained smile.

"The police are no good," he said, "they're all in the swim together—my dear boy, you've no idea of the corruption of the police force; I could tell you stories that would raise your hair."

He discoursed at some length on the iniquities of the constabulary.

"Now let us get to business," he said, passing back his plate. "Have you thought over my suggestion?"

"I've given the matter a great deal of thought," said Sutton. "I suppose there will be a contract and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh, certainly,—I'm glad you asked. We were talking about that very thing this morning, weren't we Whitey?"

Whitey nodded, and yawned furiously.

"I'm afraid your sister is prejudiced against us," Lambaire went on. "I regret this: it pains me a little. She is under the impression that we want to obtain possession of the plan she has. Nothing of the sort! We do not wish to see the plan. So far as we know, the river lies due north-west through the Alebi country. As a matter of fact," said Lambaire in confidence, "we don't expect that plan to be of very much use to you, do we, Whitey?"

"Yes," said Whitey absently—"no, I mean."

"Our scheme is to send you out and give you an opportunity of verifying the route."

They spoke in this strain for the greater part of an hour, discussing equipment and costs, and the boy, transported on the breath of fancy to another life and another sphere, talked volubly, being almost incoherent in his delight.

But still there were the objections of Cynthia Sutton to overcome.

"A matter of little difficulty," said the boy airily, and the two men did not urge the point, knowing that, so far from being a pebble on the path, to be lightly brushed aside, this girl, with her clear vision and sane judgment, was a very rock.

Later in the morning, when they approached the house in Warwick Gardens, they did not share the assurance of the chattering young man who led the way.

Francis Sutton had pressed the knob of the electric bell, when he turned suddenly to the two men.

"By the way," he said, "whose mine

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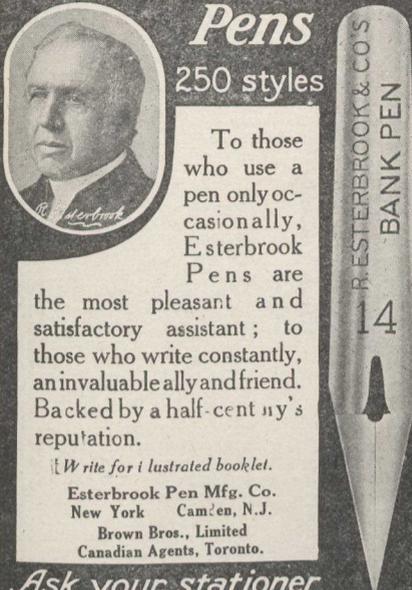
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was this?—yours or my father's?"
The naivete of the question took Lambaire off his guard.
"Your father discovered it," he said, unthinkingly, and as he stopped, Whitey came to his rescue.
"But we floated it," he said, in a tone that suggested that on the score of ownership no more need be said.

CHAPTER IX.

CYNTHIA SUTTON was twenty-three, and, by all standards, beautiful. Her hair was a rich chestnut, her eyes were big, and of that shade which is either blue or grey, according to the light in which they were seen. Her nose was straight, her upper lip short; her lips full and red, her skin soft and unblemished. "She has the figure of a woman, and the eyes of a child," said Amber describing her, "and she asked me to come to tea."

"And you didn't go," said Peter, nodding his head approvingly. "You realized that your presence might compromise this innermost flower. 'No,' you sez to yourself, 'no, I will go away, carrying a fragrant memory, an'—'"

"To be exact, my Peter," said Amber, "I forgot all about the appointment in the hurry and bustle of keeping out of Lambaire's way."

"They were sitting in the little room under the roof of 19, Redcow Court, and the sweet song of the caged birds filled the apartment with liquid melody.

"No," continued Amber thoughtfully, "I must confess to you, my Peter, that I had none other of those interestin' conversations with myself that your romantic soul suggests."

He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon, and he stared through the open window, his mind intent upon a problem.

"I ought to see her," he said, half to himself; he was grouping for excuses. This business of young Sutton's . . . compass and chart . . . hidden treasures and all that sort of thing, eh, my Peter?"

Peter's eyes were gleaming from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his hand shook with excitement, as he rose and made his way to the cretonne curtained shelves.

"I've got a yarn here," he said, fumbling eagerly amongst his literary treasures, "that will give you some ideas; money and pieces of eight—what is a piece of eight?" He turned abruptly with the question.

"A sovereign," said Amber promptly, "eight half-crowns." He was in the mood when he said just the first thing that came into his head.

"Um!" Peter resumed his search, and Amber watched him with the gentle amusement that one reserves for the enthusiasm of children at play.

"Here it is," said Peter. He drew forth from a pile of books one, gaudy of colour and reckless of design. "This is the thing,"—he dusted the paper cover tenderly— "Black Eyed Nick, or the Desperado's Dream of Ducats; how's that?"

Amber took the book from the old man and inspected it, letting the pages run through his fingers rapidly.

"Fine," he said, with conviction. "Put it with my pyjamas, I'll read myself to sleep with it"—he spoke a little absently, for his mind was elsewhere.

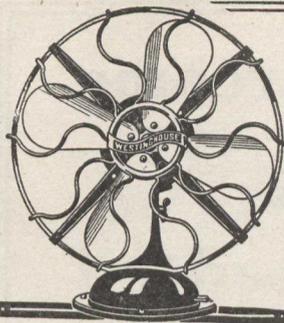
It was a relief to him when Peter left him to "shop." Shopping was the one joy of Peter's life, and usually entailed a very careful rehearsal.

"A penn'oth of canary seed, a quarter of tea, two of sugar, four bundles of wood, a pint of paraffin, tell the greengrocer to send me half a hundred of coal, eggs, bit of bacon—you didnt like the bacon this morning, did you, Amber?—some kippers, a chop—how will a chop suit you?—and a pound of new potatoes; I think that's all."

Leaning out of the window, Amber saw him disappearing up the court, his big rush bag gripped tightly in his hand, his aged top-hat tilted to the back of his head.

Amber waited until he was out of sight, then made his way to his bedroom and commenced to change his clothes.

A quarter of an hour later he was



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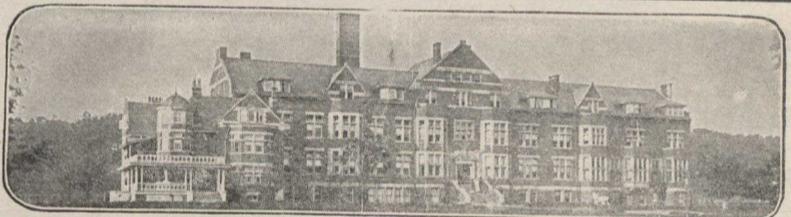
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NEW YORK

on his way to Warwick Gardens.

The maid who answered his knock told him that her mistress was engaged, but showed him into a little study.

"Take her a note," said Amber, and scribbled a message in his pocket book, tearing out the leaf.

When the twisted slip of paper came to her, Cynthia was engaged in a fruitless and so far as Lambaire was concerned, a profitless discussion on her brother's projected expedition. She opened the note and coloured. "Yes," she said with a nod to the maid, and crumpled the note in her hand.

"I hardly think it is worth while continuing this discussion," she said; "it is not a question of my approval or disapproval: if my brother elects to take the risk, he will go whatever my opinions are on the subject."

"But, my dear young lady," said Lambaire eagerly, "you are wrong; it isn't only the chart which you have placed at our disposal—"

"At my brother's," she corrected.

"It isn't only that," he went on, "it's the knowledge that you are in sympathy with our great project: it means a lot to us, ye know, Miss Cynthia—"

"Miss Sutton," she corrected again.

"It means more than you can imagine; I've made a clean breast of my position. On the strength of your father's statement about this mine, I floated a company; I spent a lot of money on the expedition. I sent him out to Africa with one of the best caravans that have been got together—and now the shareholders are bothering me. 'Where's that mine of yours?' they say. Why—his voice sank to an impressive whisper—"they talk of prosecuting me, don't they, Whitey?"

"They do indeed," said his responsive companion truthfully.

"So it was a case of fair means or foul," he went on. "I had to get the plan, and you wouldn't give it to me. I couldn't burgle your house for it, could I?"

He smiled pleasantly at the absurdity of taking such a course, and she looked at him curiously.

"It is strange that you should say that," she replied slowly, "for remarkably enough this house was burgled twice after my refusal to part with the little map."

"Remarkable!" said Lambaire.

"Astoundin'!" said Whitey, no less surprised.

She rose from her chair.

"Since the matter has been settled—so far as I have anything to do with it," she said, "you will excuse my presence."

She left the room, and Amber, sitting in the little study, heard the swish of her skirts and rose to meet her.

There was a touch of pink in her cheeks, but she was very grave and self-possessed, as she favoured him with the slightest of bows and motioned him to a seat.

"Good of you to see me, Miss Sutton," said Amber.

She noted, with a little pang, that he was quite at ease. There could be little hope for a man who was so lost to shame that he gloried in his misspent career rather than showed some indication of embarrassment in the presence of a woman who knew him for what he was.

"I felt I owed you this interview at least," she replied steadily. "I wish—" She stopped.

"Yes?" Amber perked his head on one side inquiringly. "You were going to say that you wished—?"

"It does not matter," she said. She felt herself blushing.

"You wish you could do something for me," he said with a half-smile, "but, my lady, half the good people in the world are trying to do something for me. I am hopeless, I am incorrigible; regard me as that."

Nevertheless, lightly as he discussed the question of his regeneration, he eyed her keenly to see how she would take the rejection of help. To his relief, and somewhat to his annoyance also, he admitted, he ob-

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served she accepted his valuation of himself very readily.

"I have come to see you to-day," he went on, "in relation to a matter which is of supreme importance to you. Do you mind answering a few questions I put to you?"

"I have no objection," she said.

"Your father was an explorer, was he not?"

"Yes."

"He knew Central Africa very well?"

"Yes,—very well."

"He discovered a mine—a diamond mine, or something of the sort?"

She shook her head with a smile.

"That has yet to be proved," she said. "He had heard, from the natives, of a wonderful river—the River of Stars they called it, because in its bed were stones, many of which had been polished by the action of the water until they glittered,—they were undoubtedly diamonds, for my father purchased a number from the people of the country."

Amber nodded.

"And then I suppose he came home and got into touch with Lambaire?"

"That is so," she said, wondering at the course the interview was taking.

Amber nodded thoughtfully.

"The rest of the story I know," he said. "I was at pains to look up the circumstances attending your father's death. You received from the Commissioner of the district a chart?"

She hesitated.

"I did—yes."

He smiled.

"I have no designs upon the mine, but I am anxious to see the chart—and before you refuse me, Miss Sutton, let me tell you that I am not prompted by idle curiosity."

"I believe that, Mr. Amber," she said; "if you wait, I will get it for you."

SHE was gone ten minutes and returned with a long envelope, from which she extracted a soiled sheet of paper and handed it to the ex-convict.

He took it, and carried it to the window, examining it carefully.

"I see the route is marked from a point called Chengli—where is that?"

"In the Alebi forest," she said; "the country is known as far as Chengli; from there on, my father mapped the country, inquiring his way from such natives as he met—this was the plan he had set himself."

"I see."

He looked again at the map, then from his pocket he took the compass he had found in Lambaire's safe. He laid it on the table by the side of the map and produced a second compass, and placed the two instruments side by side.

"Do you observe any difference in these, Miss Sutton?" he asked, and the girl looked carefully.

"One is a needle compass, and on the other there is no needle."

"That is so; the whole of the dial turns," Amber nodded. "Nothing else?" he asked.

"I can see no other difference," she said, shaking her head.

"Where is the north on the dial?" She followed the direction of the letter N and pointed.

"Where is the north on the needle?"

Her brows knit in a puzzled frown, for the thin, delicate needle of the smaller compass pointed ever so slightly in a more westerly direction than its fellow.

"What does that mean?" she asked, and their eyes met over the table.

Lambaire and his host had finished their business. Francis Sutton was in a jubilant mood, and came into the hall with his patron.

"You mustn't worry about my sister," he said; "she'll come round to my way of thinking after a while—she's a woman, you know," he added, vaguely.

"I understand, my boy," said the expansive Lambaire. "We both understand, don't we, Whitey?"

"Certainly," said Whitey.

"Still, she'll probably be annoyed if you go off without saying good-bye,—where is your mistress Susan?" he asked of the maid who had come in answer to his bell.

"In the study, sir."

"Come along." He led the way to the study and opened the door.

"Cynthia—" he began.

They were leaning over the table; between them lay the map and the two compasses. What Sutton saw, the other two saw; and Lambaire, sweeping past the youth, snatched up his property.

"So that's the game, is it?" he hissed; he was trembling with passion; "that's your little game, Amber!"

He felt Whitey's hand grip his arm and recovered a little of his self-possession.

"This man is not content with attempting to blackmail," he said, "not content with committing a burglary at my office and stealing valuable drawings—"

"What does this mean, Cynthia?"

Sutton's voice was stern, and his face was white with anger. For the second time Amber came to the rescue.

"Allow me," he said.

"I'll allow you nothing," stormed the boy; "get out of this house before I kick you out. I want no gaol birds here."

"It is a matter of taste, my Francis," said the imperturbable Amber; "if you stand Lambaire you'd stand anybody."

"I'll settle with you later," said Lambaire darkly.

"Settle now," said Amber in his most affable manner. "Mr. Sutton," he said, "that man killed your father, and he will kill you."

"I want none of your lies," said Sutton; "there's the door."

"And a jolly nice door too," said Amber; "but I didn't come here to admire your fixtures: ask Lambaire to show you the compass, or one like it, that he provided for your father's expedition. Send it to Greenwich and ask the astronomers to tell you how many points it is out of true—they will work out to a mile or show how far wrong a man may go who made his way by it, and tried to find his way back from the bush by short cuts."

"Francis, you hear this?" said the girl.

"Rubbish!" replied the youth contemptuously; "what object could Mr. Lambaire have had? He didn't spend thousands of pounds to lose my father in the bush! The story isn't even plausible, for, unless my father got back again to civilization with the plan, the expedition was a failure."

"Exactly!" applauded Lambaire, and smiled triumphantly.

Amber answered smile for smile. "It wasn't the question of his getting back, as I understand the matter," he said quietly, "it was a question whether, having located the mine, and the compass, whether anybody else would be able to locate it, or find their way to it, without Lambaire's Patent Compass."

"I see, I see," she whispered. "Francis," she cried, "don't you understand what it all means—"

"I understand that you're a fool," he said roughly; "if you've finished your lies, you can go, Amber."

"I have only a word to add,"—Amber picked up his hat. "If you do not realize that Lambaire is the biggest wrong 'un outside prison—I might add for your information that he is a notorious member of the Big Five Gang; a forger of bank notes and Continental securities; he has also a large interest in a Spanish coining establishment—didn't think I knew it, eh, my Lambie?—where real silver half-crowns are manufactured at a profit, thanks to the fact that silver is a drug on the market. Beyond that I know nothing against him."

"There's the door," said Sutton again.

"Your conversation is decidedly monotonous," said Amber, and with a smile and a friendly nod to the girl, he left.

(To be continued.)

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