

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EDUCATION
 NUMBER

Read in
 Nine
 Provinces

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

A June Sale of Stunning Linen Suits and Beautiful Lingerie Dresses

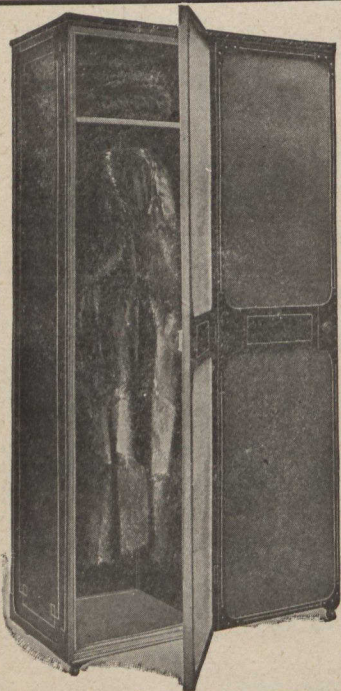
June will certainly be one of the biggest months in our Mantle Section as we have made many special purchases from the best New York houses of Linen Suits, Coats and Lingerie Dresses. They are all remarkable values at the prices marked. We solicit an inspection of our stock for even if you do not intend to buy, a glance at the new styles will interest you.

Beautiful Lingerie Dresses made of fine embroidered mulls, overskirt model, in white, sky, pink and heliotrope. June sale price..... **\$22.50**

Charming Lingerie Dresses, made of fine quality mull, with embroidered flounce, dainty lace yokes with 3/4 or full length sleeves. June sale price.... **\$10.50**

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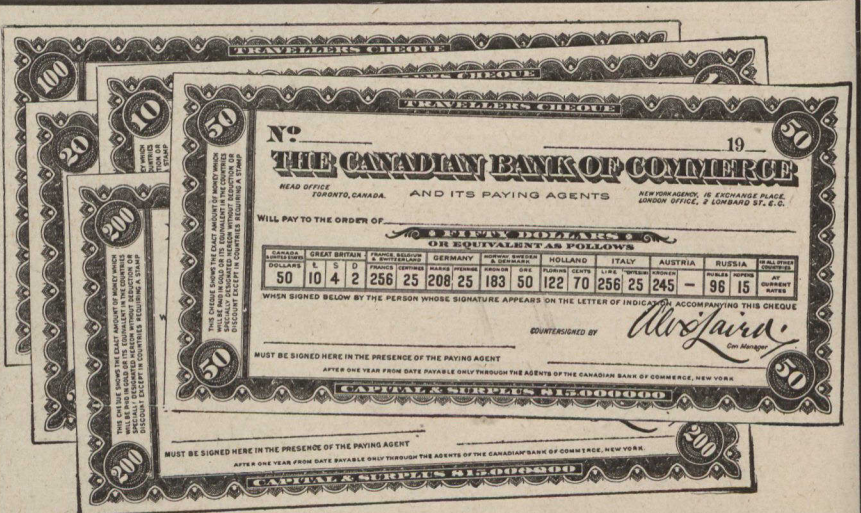
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Notice is hereby give that a Dividend at the rate of **Six per cent.** per annum has been declared upon the Permanent Stock of the Corporation for the current half year, payable on

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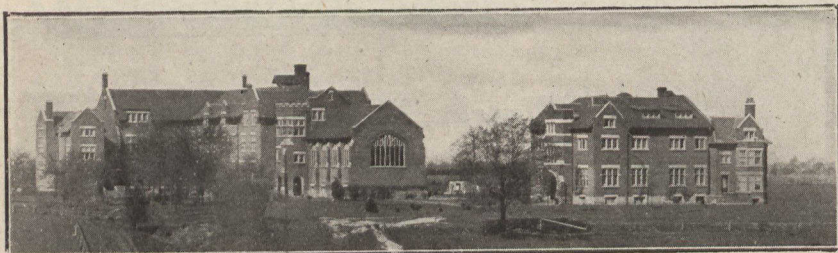
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Calendar sent on Application

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Y.M.C.A. Building
Toronto.

1910

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The edition is limited.

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The Canadian
Courier

A National Weekly

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Editor's Talk

THIS week's issue is devoted mainly to educational topics. One educational year is closing and another is opening. The Fall Announcements of the leading institutions will be found in our advertising columns.

Next week we enter upon the hot-weather period, and for two months we shall aim to present fewer articles of an exhausting nature and more news, photographs and short stories. In short, the issues for July and August will be suited to the summer verandah and the swinging hammock. The events and happenings of national interest will, however, not be overlooked, nor will the issues be devoid of suitable food for those greedy minds which demand constant information.

The photograph editor will be pleased to receive summer pictures from those holidaying by lake and stream. He will require about one hundred of these during the summer period.

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IMPROVE YOUR PENMANSHIP, LEARN SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING and RAPID CALCULATION AND AT THE SAME TIME ENJOY YOUR VACATION. OUR HALF-DAY SUMMER SESSION MAKES THIS POSSIBLE

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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way between COLDWATER and MOONSTONE from the 1st September next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Coldwater, Moonstone and Eady and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 16th June, 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

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A STARTLING STATEMENT!

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We have been endeavoring to draw your attention to the fact that all jams are not pure, and that the use of Salicylic Acid, a preservative, and Aniline Dye (used to make decomposed fruit look like fresh picked) were very detrimental to health. Read this startling statement by one of England's foremost physicians, which is copied from a despatch in the Free Press, in the issue of May 26.

SPREAD OF APPENDICITIS

Is due to use of decomposed foods treated with preservatives.

London, May 26.—A remarkable statement regarding the spread of appendicitis was made yesterday before the Farnham Rural District Council by Dr. F. Tanner, who said: "The increase, general all over England, I believe, is greatly due to preservatives in foods. Not that the preservatives themselves do harm, but the presence of decomposed foods which they disguise does. I have attended thirty cases this year held to be due to this cause."

E. D. SMITH JAMS are assured to you by the Government Bulletin on Jams, No. 194, to be free from preservative and dye, which is the reason we use a sealed package. E. D. SMITH'S are not made to please the eye with Aniline dye, they're made to eat without harmful results.

SMITH'S the JAM FIT TO FEED THE CHILDREN

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Circulation Bureau - - Canadian Courier



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No underdone food—no overheated kitchen in summer. Everything hot when wanted. Heat under perfect control and concentrated.

The blue flame is all heat—no smoke—no odor—no dirt. These are some of the advantages in using the

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This stove has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

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Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet. **Cautionary Note:** Be sure you get this stove—see that the nameplate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

THE QUEEN CITY OIL COMPANY, LIMITED
OR THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED



THE
Canadian Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 8

Toronto, June 25th, 1910

No. 4

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

SOME people fail to appreciate the self-sacrifice of the militiamen of the country. They see them going off in companies, squadrons and battalions to their annual twelve-day period under canvas, and they comment adversely on their crudeness, awkwardness and general oddness. These ill-informed critics are inclined to poke fun at a form of public service which they are unable to understand.

The average villager or countryman who shoulders a rifle in the village company of militia, or mounts a horse in the local squadron of cavalry, may seem a somewhat barbaric and slovenly soldier. Certainly he lacks that natty appearance which distinguishes the drill-sergeants and privates of the permanent corps. Yet nattiness in dress, erectness of figure, confidence of bearing and lordly swagger do not make a soldier. The ability to bear fatigue, the familiarity with bush and field and stream, the resourcefulness which is characteristic of men who live outside the larger cities and towns are even greater qualities. When you have trained your countryman how to use a rifle and what it means to obey orders, he is the finest soldier any nation can have.

A people who know nothing of military training and nothing of the arts of self-defence would not be worth considering nor worth conquering. A nation which paid no attention to physical development and neglected to study the value of physical force would soon cease to be a nation. A sound mind in a weak body is as impossible nationally as it is individually.

Canada has an earnest, unselfish and hardworking militia, and the man who does not encourage this form of public service is neither a decent nor an intelligent citizen.

MILITARY training is a form of education. It is superior to boxing, lacrosse, football or hockey, although the latter have much to commend them. The young man who is a good oarsman or footballer or lacrosse player will usually be found in the ranks of the militia during a certain period of his life. The professional sport makes a poor soldier; so does the man who hates physical exertion of any kind and has no love for the outdoor life.

The growth of cadet corps among our public schools, secondary schools, and private schools and colleges, shows that our educationists are trying honestly to create manly and intelligent citizens, not pedantic weaklings. The gold-medallist who neglects his body during his brilliant college course is buried by his classmates within a year or two of graduation. The prize-men who survive to become leaders in commerce, industry and politics are those who spent regular hours in the gymnasium and on the football field.

Militia training is an advanced form of cadet work. The cadet plays; the militiaman trains with the object of being useful in a possible national emergency. Both receive the benefit of their work in improved physique and higher intelligence. If every young Canadian were trained for twelve days a year for at least three years in the local militia, Canada would have fewer mollycoddles, fewer dissipated fools, fewer slovenly-footed, hang-shouldered, loose-lipped loungers. We would have a more earnest body of citizens, and our national life would be immensely strengthened.

JUST what system of education is best for this country it is extremely difficult to decide. There was a time when it was thought that Ontario had the finest educational system in the world. That was when Ontario was a larger factor in Canadian life than it is to-day. Since the other provinces increased in number and importance there are fewer compliments for Ontario, and a broader discussion of educational ideals and practices.

It has since been found that Ontario's school system, framed in the forties and fifties and brought to so-called perfection in the seventies and eighties of last century, was somewhat one-sided. It

was much like the Scotch system; it produced ministers, doctors, lawyers and school-teachers, but was weak when it came to educating agriculturists, artisans and captains of industry.

In the last twenty years there has been a readjustment and to-day Ontario's system is broader, more varied and more adaptable. The growth of business colleges modified the views of public and high-school teachers and led to more attention being given to commercial subjects. The kindergarten and the manual training classes were added in the larger centres, while greater attention was paid to music and physical training. Technical education has come to the fore and promises to have a further broadening influence. Indeed, the school system of 1920 will be as unlike the school system of 1870, as that was unlike the voluntary haphazard system of 1820.

PERHAPS the change may best be summarised by saying that the education of yesterday was theoretical and that of to-day practical. Yesterday, the aim of the educationist was to impart theoretical knowledge, so that when a youth began his life's work it would be possible for him to put his theories to practical use. It was found, however, that theories were often forgotten or were improperly applied. Therefore the system was modified and the theory and the practice combined. Botany and chemistry are now taught in laboratories instead of in ordinary class-rooms. Geometry is taught by practical example instead of memorising of certain theoretical problems. Arithmetic advanced from rules to practical problems taken from every-day buying and selling, building and engineering. Composition has displaced grammar. Foreign languages are taught through conversation instead of through written exercises.

Technical schools, domestic science schools, agricultural colleges and schools of mining and engineering are the advanced products of an age where theory is only the basis of practice. To-day, a young man does not need to go into his father's warehouse or factory or retail store to get practical training. Both hand and eye are now considered in all secondary and supplementary educational institutions. There are even schools for telegraphers and railway operators. Soon we will have schools for plasterers, carpenters, iron-workers, weavers, dyers, bread-makers, as we already have schools for dentists, doctors, cheese-makers, and electricians.

QUITE remarkable is the growth of private schools for boys and girls. These are successful and popular mainly because they pay great attention to character and deportment. The ordinary public school teacher, though having sufficient knowledge and training to get a teacher's certificate from the Department of Education, is too often a crude individual. In many cases his speech is rough, his dress none too good, and his knowledge of life decidedly provincial. The private schools get a different class of teachers, both men and women. They come from homes where intelligence and culture were more important than labour of the hands. They have travelled, have moved in better society, have a broader knowledge of art, literature, music and architecture, and hence create a more refining atmosphere.

This is not said in disparagement of the public school teachers who have done so much for the development of Canadian character and Canadian efficiency. In the country, the village and the small town they are usually products of local environment, and necessarily reflect their surroundings. They have the local conditions of speech and conduct which, while not a bar to their usefulness in these communities, would certainly be a drawback in higher educational work.

Further, the private schools for boys and girls, by paying less attention to the purely practical, are able to give more attention to that which is necessary for those who are expected to be more than servants, artisans or clerks. Our civilisation is complex and requires various classes of citizens; hence our educational system gives us

agricultural colleges, collegiate institutes, and boarding-schools of the type of Upper Canada, St. Andrew's, Ridley, Trinity College, Lennoxville, and the Royal Military College. It is not the pupils of one class of schools are better than another, but simply that they are different.

HAVE you studied the "vocational" school? On the continent it has come into great popularity in the larger cities, mainly because city schools must necessarily be different from country and village schools. Canada has not been forced to recognise that difference yet, but when it does vocational schools will be much better known. Perhaps the first vocational school will be the agricultural high school. There should be advanced schools, not agricultural colleges, where farmers' boys could get a training which would send them back to the farm instead of into the town retail shop or the city warehouse. The agricultural high school will have a piece of land attached and scientific farming will be done under competent supervision. The idea that a high school should be a building containing a certain number of seats and blackboards is out of date. In vocational schools, pupils do their life-work in miniature.

In the cities, vocational schools combine manual training, domestic science and technical education and make books the handmaiden of the eye, the ear and the hand. In the ordinary schools, books are the main thing; in vocational schools, books are only supplementary to teaching. In ordinary schools the pupil takes his information second-hand from books; in vocational schools, he gets most of his information by experiment. In vocational schools the boy with the dull brain and the poor memory has a chance to do something to distinguish himself, and the slothful boy becomes ambitious.

Vocational schools will not abolish all the weaknesses in our educational system, but they will do something towards giving children initiative and a self-reliant spirit. Further, they will teach that labour of the hands is neither degrading nor detrimental.

A SMALL CONTROVERSY

A RECENT issue contained an article on the Coronation Oath and advocated its being changed from negative to positive form. It was practically the only attitude a journal with a broad national outlook could take. This country contains both Catholics and Protestants and the statesman or journalist who does not preach and practise toleration is not living up to his duties as a citizen. The success of Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, outstanding figures in our public life, have been due mainly to their broad national spirit. They recognised with tolerance and even generosity all races and creeds. To them, citizenship is the only

claim for consideration. In the course of that article, it was pointed out that tolerance must be shown by both Catholics and Protestants, and among other sentences was the following:

"There is still the intolerant *Orange Sentinel* on the one side and the equally intolerant *Catholic Register* on the other."

No one seems to have felt it necessary to come to the defence of the *Orange Sentinel* but several subscribers have spoken a word for the *Catholic Register*. There seems to be some doubt in the minds of a few people that the latter journal deserved the epithet. Hence it is necessary for us to justify it. This can be most easily accomplished by quoting a sample paragraph from the comments made by that journal on the article in the *Courier* to which reference has already been made. The *Register* says:

"If we will only lower our theological barriers and consent to take part in Protestant services, and allow our girls and young men to marry whomsoever they will, and where they will, and our youth to be corrupted in their schools, if we will divest ourselves of our bigotry and give the glad hand to peoples of every faith and creed, the *Courier* will consent to the 'anti-Romanist' declaration being repealed. And for this signal evidence of the *Courier's* graciousness, liberality, and broad-mindedness, we are supposed to be duly thankful—aye, glad that the little pink and white national 'weakly' permits us to live on!"

There is one phrase here which should prove the charge: "Our youth to be corrupted in their schools." Such a phrase could not appear in a paper edited by a Protestant, saving only the other intolerant journal which has been coupled with the *Register*. "Corrupted" is a strong word, and to accuse Protestant teachers of corrupting children, or Protestant children of corrupting Roman Catholic children is surely the work of an intolerant writer.

In Toronto, there is a junior school, not under control of the Public School Board, known as the Model School. It is a part of the Normal School system and managed by the Ontario Government. In it several of the teachers are Roman Catholics, but practically all the children come from the best Protestant homes of the city. It is supposed to be the finest school for junior pupils which Ontario possesses. Though none of the pupils are Catholic, no one ever heard of a protest against the Catholic teachers, who seem to be as capable and as proficient as the Protestant teachers.

Contrast the attitude of the *Catholic Register* with the attitude of the Protestant parents of Toronto. The *Register* preaches that a Catholic child would be "corrupted" if allowed to study under a Protestant teacher; the Protestant parents allow their children to be taught by Catholic teachers.

It must be admitted, however, that most Catholics are trying to live in harmony with their Protestant neighbours, and this action is reciprocated by the latter. The intolerant sections on both sides are steadily diminishing.

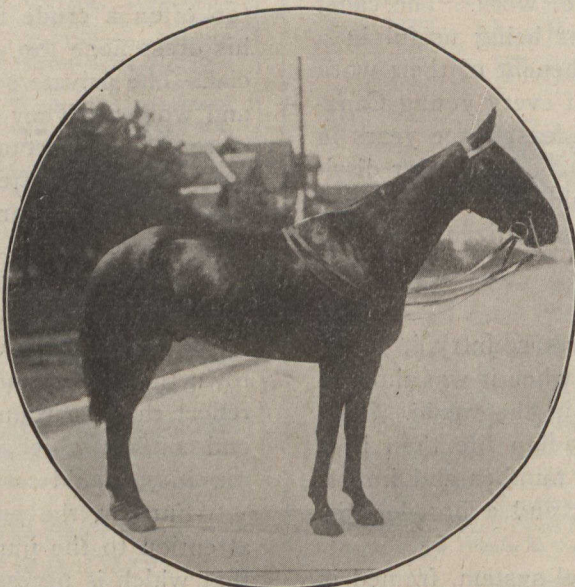


The Cardinal—Mr. Hugh Sutherland's Saddle Champion.

SOME PRIZE WINNERS AT WINNIPEG HORSE SHOW



Braco Balvenie, champion pony, owned by Miss Chipman, daughter of the Hudson Bay Company's Commissioner.



Polo Ponies are a notable product of the West. Capt. Shaw, W. Lemon, G. A. Carruthers J. A. Cantlie and others exhibited.



Cadet, owned by F. C. Lowes, Calgary, second in combination saddle, and second in model saddle horse.

MEN OF TO-DAY

THE ORATOR FROM YALE-CARIBOO

MARTIN BURRELL, M.P., represents Yale-Cariboo—which is a trifle larger than the whole area of the Maritime Provinces and about the size of the British Isles with Denmark and Holland thrown in. The kingdom of Martin Burrell begins at the international boundary and ends far beyond the last stake of the Grand Trunk Pacific survey. It includes several ranges of mountains, two river systems and a whole series of valleys, in the most fertile of which Martin Burrell is the leading fruit-farmer of British Columbia. That is Kettle Valley, a few miles from Grand Forks, which is the town home of Mr. Burrell and the home of the Granby smelters: such is the contrast of the Pacific—from Northern Spies the size of a man's two fists, pears almost as big, plums as large as a small pear and small fruits twice life size, to the smudge of a smelter. Hence the complexity of industry and the complications of labour; the Asiatic problem—the invasion of the brown man and the yellow man.

What wonder that Martin Burrell, who for ten years has been hiring labour in Kettle Valley, should be considered in the House of Commons as one of the most expert authorities on labour-protection in Canada? That is why Mr. Burrell has got reputation as an orator; in cities of the east and down in the club centres of the United States; not because he has grown any flowers of rhetoric but because always he had somewhat to say in the shape of a real message on the labour question, and because he is at heart a cultured English gentleman who for a good many years was accustomed to stand before audiences and speak his mind about fruit.

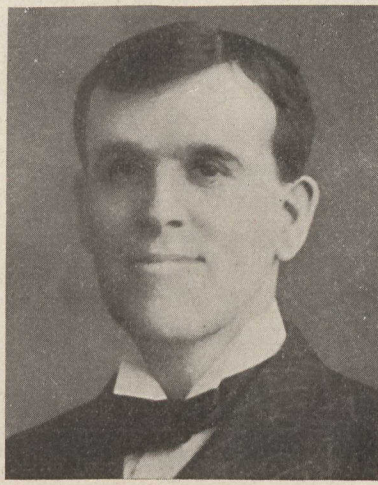
Mr. Burrell was born in England; educated at St. John's College, Hurst-Pier-Point; was in the Gloucester Bank till he was twenty-five years of age when he came to Canada, which was in 1883. Two years he studied horticulture in the Niagara Peninsula. In 1886 he settled in St. Catharines as a fruit-raiser. There he had charge of the Ontario Government experimental station and began his career as a lecturer on fruit topics—which was a very good way to cultivate lucidity of speech and a convincing style of argument. In 1900 he went to the Kettle Valley where he established the Riverdale Nurseries, since sold to a local company there.

Mr. Burrell's first public office was as Mayor of Grand Forks and his winning of this position was one that marked him for future honours. The town had always run "open" in western mining style; roulette tables and joints of all description were allowed to operate openly Sunday and Monday, day and night. Mr. Burrell opened his campaign as definitely opposed to these conditions; he was met by the influences he differed with and their man put into the field. Few knowing Grand Forks expected to see him win; but he did, in the most stirring campaign the city ever saw. The "lid was put on" and has remained on ever since with different prominent citizens taking turns at sitting on it to keep it down. No roulette tables, no red-light district, no Sunday saloons, have been known in Grand Forks since and seven well-kept licensed hotels, replace the twenty-five saloons and joints that once ruled the place. In 1904 he was chosen to contest Yale-Cariboo.

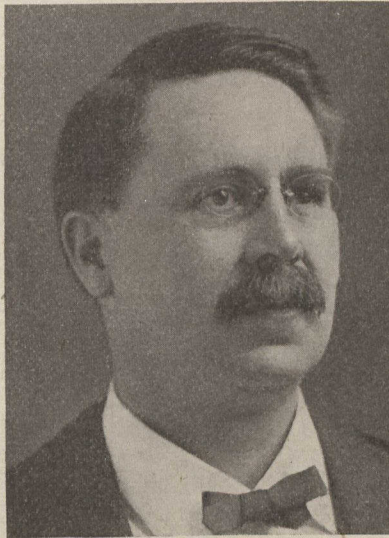
Since taking his seat in the House he has gained golden opinions both as a parliamentary debater and as a leader amongst his party. He has made no enemies, in the House or out, and has frequently taken the floor at times of tension and his speeches, though uncompromising in principle, have had noticeable effect in pacifying the most bitter elements in the party warfare. Friends point to Martin Burrell as one likely to hold high position when his party gains power



Mr. Martin Burrell,
Expert Authority on Imported Labour.



Mr. Alex. Johnston,
Deputy-Minister of Marine.



Lieut.-Col. Knowles,
Commandant 77th Regiment.



Col. Henry Watterson,
An Editorial Dictator.

and one who through experience as well as ability is well fitted to represent his province and his country in any capacity for which he may be chosen.

* * *

A JOURNALISTIC DEPUTY

THE other day, Mr. J. G. Desbarats, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was appointed as Hon. Mr. Brodeur's assistant in the Naval Department. Mr. Alex. Johnston, a maritimer from Sydney, is the man who will sit at Mr. Desbarat's old desk. Mr. Johnston is a newspaper man. This is the second time in the past couple of years that a member of the Fourth Estate has been chosen as Deputy Minister, Mr. F. A. Acland, of the Labour Department, formerly of the *Toronto Globe*, being the other appointee. Mr. Johnston has had some apprenticeship at Ottawa as member of Parliament and has studied the intricacies of government departments at close hand. At the capital, he made a reputation for getting down to the roots of things—sometimes digging them up. He had a way of sticking to his desk during the dog days of the session, and coming out strong on occasions on some topics which took weeks of Blue Book study. Mr. Johnston showed ability as an organiser as well as a student of affairs. He did his share of party work, filling the arduous duties of Maritime Whip. For a time, he has been minus his seat. He expressed some views of his own during the big

Nova Scotia coal strike row and a Socialist-Labour candidate took his place at Ottawa. Since he has been an ex-M.P. Mr. Johnston has been confining his labours to the *Sydney Record*; in fact he has never loosened his hold on journalism. The *Record* under his direction has long been the liveliest Nova Scotia daily outside of Halifax. But running a newspaper in a small town is no sinecure. Mr. Johnston will find his Ottawa job a comparative bonanza. However, it is the quill which has made the new Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries; to have chronicled the lives of the fisher folk down by the sea certainly won't be amiss when he takes charge of his department.

* * *

A DICTATOR FROM THE SOUTH

A FEW weeks ago there came on a visit to Canada one of the most remarkable of living journalists. He is a relic of the days of personal journalism. To-day men hide their individuality behind their newspapers; in the sterling days of George D. Prentice, the elder Bennett and Henry Watterson, the individual was greater than the journal. To judge from his photograph, or better still from the erect, well-poised figure, one would not guess that it is seventy years since Col. Watterson was born in Washington. It would be easier to guess that he had served through the Civil War and gained the title of Colonel. It was on the side of the South, and even to this day Col. Watterson lives below the line, among the blue grass of old Kentucky.

Since 1870 he has been the sole proprietor and editor of the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville. His paper is the most powerful paper in the South.

If Col. Watterson lives to fight in the next presidential battle, he will be found using the keenest arguments to prevent Mr. Theodore Roosevelt becoming king of the United States and his influence will be powerful. As a man who has spent half a million dollars in fighting the free silver fetish within his own party, he will be able to deliver strong blows against the tendency to "Diazify the presidential office."

* * *

A DUNDAS MILITIAMAN

THE famous 77th Regiment has a new colonel, and his name is not Bertram, but Knowles. The new colonel is, however, of the Bertram type. He was born in Flamboro Township in Wentworth County in 1862. Proceeding rapidly to a professional career, he has been a barrister in the town of Dundas since 1884. He has served on the School Board, and in the Council, and was for two years mayor of the town.

His military service has been short. In 1899 he joined the 77th Regiment as captain of No. 1 Company. Exactly ten years later, he became Lieutenant-Colonel and Commanding Officer.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

ALL the time and in every town and city men and women are talking of moving to the country. The failures, the misfits, the unfit and the weary are all looking to some land of promise where happiness awaits them if they could only get up the energy to move. The pathetic part of it is that few of those who are longing and talking will ever make the change and of those who do few will do it in the proper spirit. It is all nonsense for the man who cannot get ahead—remember that phrase—in the city to think he could retrieve his fortune or make his fortune in the country. As far as money-making is concerned the farmers, fruit-growers, market-gardeners, poultry men, bee-keepers and others can beat the amateur every time. The city man who tries it will find that he is only trying to make money in unfamiliar surroundings, in unfamiliar ways with competition that is much too keen for him. The man who could make money on a farm could make money in the city by employing the same industry and thrift.

And yet in spite of this I shall never cease urging everyone to move to the country and live there. The explanation is that no one has yet been able to convince me that it should be necessary for anyone to "get ahead" or to make money. To the man who having food and raiment is therewith content there is no place in all the world like the country. Moving to the country in the right spirit is much the same as getting religion. You must give up all the things that you are better without and then it becomes to you what it should be—a land of refuge. Its offer to the weary and heavy laden is not wealth or fame or social distinction but "Rest."

* * *

NOBODY seems to understand the country—least of all those who live in it. To the weary who go to it in sincerity it is a temple, a home and a refuge. It teaches lessons of right living, or rather the one only lesson of right living, and breathes healing for both body and soul. At the present time the country is crowded with money-changers and the tables of those who buy and sell and there is no one to make a whip of knotted cords for the backs of the unworthy. It is in the country that a man can get a true idea of his dependence on nature and of what his life might be if he had not sought out many inventions. Since the beginning of time Nature has been playing her part in the endless drama of life. Year after year she brings the seed time and the harvest to fill her part of some immemorial compact. In this respect she has made for herself an excellent reputation. No matter what a man's beliefs or scepticism may be he believes that if he sows seed and gives ungrudging labour Nature will give to him

a bountiful harvest. If we could only live in a state in which our dealings would be entirely with Nature there would be no need of judges or of courts. Taking it year in and year out Nature gives to those who deal with her more full returns than they can get from any earthly partnership.

Though Nature has been teaching this truth from the beginning man is full of distrust. He has no faith that she will treat him fairly next year so he has invented money in order that he may be able to buy from those who have an abundance. From this one invention has resulted all the struggles that have defiled the life of man. Before the invention of money a man's wealth consisted of corn and wine and oil and his flocks. These were all perishable and could not be placed in trust for generations yet unborn. They must be renewed yearly by fair dealing with Nature. Because of this the primitive rich man could only make display of his wealth by the extent of his hospitality. He lived near to Nature and was her almoner to aid the needy. It may surprise you to know it but it is possible to get behind the money-changers and resume the olden compact with Nature, but only those who do it in sincerity enjoy her largess to the full. Those who try to live the Simple Life and make money and "get ahead" would do much better to stick to the streets and the skyscrapers. While Nature is bountiful man does not get rich in dealing with her. Riches are acquired by dealing with or stealing from our fellowmen.

* * *

IN talking with city men who are dreaming of what they could do in the country I find that all of them are haunted by one terror. They do not know what they would do in case they should lose their jobs. If they are past middle-age they know it would be practically impossible for them to get employment again in any office position. The commercial world is being more closely organised every year, so that the needed work can be done by the smallest possible number of men. When a vacancy occurs the position is almost invariably given to a young man who will grow up with the business. There is no place in this vigorous age for the old employee. No wonder such men are dreading a possible discharge and thinking of a chicken farm or garden somewhere where they can make another start. They can make a fresh start if they give up all notions of "getting ahead." Nature is the one employer who will never discharge them. With a very modest start they can raise their own food and necessaries and if they are capable of the not very trying act of faith needed to believe that Nature will give them seedtime and harvest in the following year they can enjoy comfort and happiness.

I have stood beside the grave of more than one man who discharged all his obligations in life and at his death left no cause for a Villon to write a ballad mourning because he had died with a couple of sous that had not been spent. But in the short and simple annals of the poor the names of such men should be blazoned. If you do not like the picture do not look to the country as a place of refuge. Stay on in the city and try to "get ahead."

A TRAGEDY OF FIRE AND WATER



The recent crash of a water-tank through four floors of the Herald Building, in Montreal, caused a fire which resulted in the loss of many lives. The scene at the fire was one of the most tragic spectacles ever witnessed in Montreal. The second picture shows the public funeral of ten of the victims.

Mr. Borden Makes a Tour in Ontario



This picture shows Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., Leader of the Conservative Party, speaking at Long Branch, Toronto. Among the prominent men with him were Mr. A. E. Kemp, Mr. A. C. Macdonell, M.P., Mr. J. R. L. Starr, Hon. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., Hon. W. J. Hanna, M.P.P., Ex-Judge Doherty, M.P., and Mr. McPherson, M.P.P.

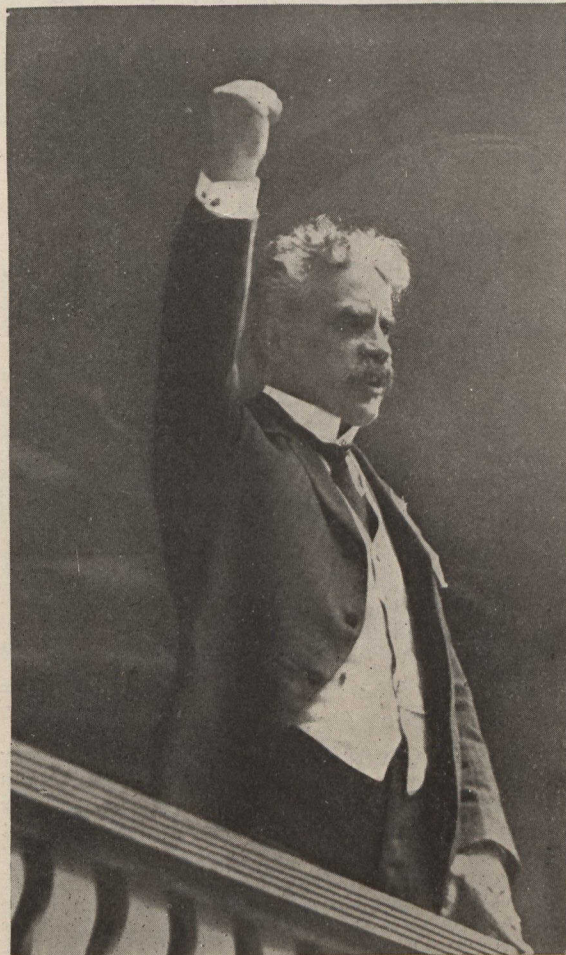


Behind Mr. Borden is Mr. E. B. Osler, one of his keenest-backers.

Anti-Extravagance Oratory

MR. R. L. BORDEN and Mr. C. J. Doherty, who lead his Majesty's loyal Opposition in the House of Commons at Ottawa, have begun their tour of Ontario. At least two years from now there will be a general election. Prior to the last general election Mr. Borden with his Halifax platform made a sweeping tour of the great West. This summer the Premier and Hon. George Graham and Mr. E. M. Macdonald of Pictou go west. What Mr. Borden said to the westerners then will be somewhat unsaid by the Liberal contingent this year—but to a different West. What the Premier said to Ontario, aided by Hon. George Graham in 1908 will be largely gained this summer by Messrs. Borden and Doherty—and to much the same Ontario.

Things have happened since those pre-election tours. Mr. Borden is telling the story. He opened up at the Campbellford picnic with the tragedy of the Quebec Bridge—which fell into the St. Lawrence just after Mr. Graham became Minister of Railways. At Long Branch the next day the Conservative orators went a step further and re-announced the policy of the Opposition on the Canadian navy. This is the newest issue that has cropped up since the last election, and on this head Mr. Borden will define his position as he was unable to do in the Halifax platform. In all but this he stands for a national policy as did Sir John Macdonald. On



A characteristic pose of the Opposition Leader.

the navy question Mr. Borden is an Imperialist. He is out for a navy that can be controlled by the Imperial government in times of both peace and war, without the intervention of the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. Borden also claims credit for forcing the pace in connection with Civil Service Reform, and expresses the hope that the Government will extend the system recently inaugurated at Ottawa to the whole civil service. He advocates the entire abolition of political patronage in the public service. In this particular he is somewhat in advance of his party.

Both Mr. Borden and Mr. Doherty plead for a higher standard of morals among active politicians. Said Mr. Doherty: "The one great essential is that



Mr. Doherty pleads for higher standards in political life.

we strike a high note; that Canadians learn to know no distinction between the ethics and standard of honour which govern the man in his personal relation to his fellowmen and the public man in his public actions."

Mr. Borden's chief criticism of the Government is its extravagance. In the case of the Quebec Bridge millions of public money were given to a company with a capital of \$65,000, which company made a contract with a construction firm with a capital of \$50,000. When the bridge fell into the St. Lawrence, the Government took over the ruins, paid the bridge company its \$65,000 with interest at ten per cent., and Canada loses six million dollars on the transaction; which to Mr. Borden looks like gross mismanagement.

He characterises the general administration of financial affairs as being marked by the same careless extravagance. The national debt has grown in spite of huge revenues, and there is a lack of economy evident in nearly all the departments.

On the navy question, he reiterates his position during the discussion in the House. He would have Canada's navy put at the disposal of the British Government in time of war without reference to the Canadian view as to whether or not that war is necessary or just. That Canada cannot stand by the Empire in peace without also standing by it in times of stress, is his view of the logic of the situation. While favouring a direct contribution, Mr. Borden does not declare against Canadian-built or Canadian-manned vessels.

Conservation Should not Mean Stagnation

There are 233 million acres of Crown Lands awaiting owners in the Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Of this, 43 million acres are surveyed and ready for occupation. Is settlement proceeding too fast or too slowly? Here is a question which every Canadian should be prepared to answer.

By JOHN A. COOPER

THAT sonorous battle-cry, "Conservation of Natural Resources," sounds somewhat Rooseveltian. That should not prevent us recognising the important principle which it represents; neither should it cause us to shut our eyes to its dangers if any such exist. Further, it is not possible for us to take our opinions ready-made from the United States. Their state of development is much in advance of ours and what is good policy for them now may not be good policy for Canada for some time to come. Let us therefore examine this battle-cry in its relation to our agricultural lands.

Does farming injure the value of the land farmed?

If it does, then it would be wise to conserve our natural resources in agricultural land by refusing to bring any more of it under cultivation. If, on the other hand, farming the land causes that land to increase in value, then all the unoccupied land in Canada should be brought under cultivation as soon as possible.

It does not need much argument to prove that farming the land which is suitable for farming improves its value. The farms of Ontario are to-day selling at \$75 an acre when once they sold at \$1 an acre. What caused the increase in value? The farms of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Minnesota are worth as much as the Ontario farms, though once they were going begging for purchasers at a nominal price. It is the same all over America. Manitoba lands selling a few years ago at \$3 an acre now bring from \$15 to \$50. Railways and settlement are responsible for some of this increase, but speaking generally, it is absolutely certain that farming increases rather than decreases the value of lands suitable for agriculture.

If this is a fair statement of the case, then it follows that Canada's unused agricultural land should not be conserved. It should be brought under cultivation, so as to increase the country's assets, the country's population, and the country's annual production of wealth.

To put it in another way. If "conservation of natural resources" were taken to mean a withholding of agricultural lands from settlement, then it would be a grave misunderstanding, a grand error, an unwise and unsound policy.

Using the water of a river to generate power is not dissipating a natural resource; it is conserving it, in the sense that it is making it useful to mankind. The river goes on, like Tennyson's brook, forever, no matter how many water-powers may be created along its banks. It is much the same with agricultural land. The more it is cultivated or "agricultured" the more valuable it becomes.

Some conservationists seem to have taken a different view. These new-born enthusiasts look at the Department of Interior maps and cry, "The public land is nearly all gone." If this were true, it would be a compliment to that Department, not a condemnation. Gone where? Gone into the hands of men and women who are making it more valuable. Gone to the production of wheat and oats and barley and potatoes and flax which are exchanged for ploughs, harvesting machinery, houses, barns and bank accounts. Gone to provide support for millions of new citizens who are proud to be called Canadians. Gone to swell the assets of the new nation which is growing so lustily on the northern half of the North American continent. That is where these unoccupied, uncultivated lands have gone, and the ultra-conservationist should not forget it.

Everything for the Settler.

Since 1902, not an acre of Dominion lands in Western Canada has been given or sold to anyone but a genuine settler. Before that, large blocks were given to railways or sold to land companies. The last block of land to be sold to a company was sold to the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company and there were special reasons for the sale. But during the past eight years, there have been no similar transactions. Only genuine farmers got the land. Even the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company got its land subject to settlement and

homestead conditions, the same as individuals.

The Crown lands in the West have been rapidly disposed of, farm by farm. The authorities have taken the view that they should be given away practically free to men who would cultivate them. Men have gone into the highlands of Scotland and bought thousands of acres of farms and turned them into sheep pastures, and these districts now produce sheep instead of men. The Government of Canada has pursued a policy of giving its unoccupied land only to cultivators of the soil, to men who will live on the land, build a house and barns, and cultivate a certain proportion of the land. The state makes the man a proprietor on the condition that he works for the state. The state gives the land away, but increases the number of its citizens and the total production of the country.

It is a curious coincidence that some high official of the Government of England was once seized of the same idea as Canada has worked out in her land policy. On the 7th day of December, 1763, there was issued in the name of George III a letter addressed to Governor Murray of the Province of Quebec, and the first paragraph of that letter read as follows:

"And, whereas, great inconveniences have arisen in many of our colonies in America from the granting excessive quantities of land to particular persons who have never cultivated nor settled it, and have thereby prevented others more industrious from improving the same; in order therefore to prevent the like inconveniences for the future, you are to take especial care, that in all grants to be made by you, by and with the advice and consent of our Council, to persons applying for the same, the quantity be in proportion to their ability to cultivate."

It will thus be seen that the Canadian officials are but pursuing an ancient and honourable policy, one that has stood the test of nearly a century and a half of human experience.

Should the land be held by the Government for a higher price? This is a reasonable question and one worth consideration. If held by the Government until the population grows denser on this continent, it certainly would bring a higher price. But would that increased price make up for the annual loss in having the land lie idle? If the land comes under immediate cultivation, it is cropped annually, and the wealth of the nation is annually increased. To let it lie idle would involve an annual loss of many millions and in ten years this would amount to several times more than the unearned increment of the land.

Nothing for the Speculator.

Again, the Government now gives the land away free to those who will go on the land and begin cultivation immediately. This means that all the railway companies and land companies who got lands under the conditions which prevailed last century must sell their lands with this competition. It keeps down the price of all privately owned lands in the West and makes settlement more rapid. This is an additional reason why the so-called "conservation" of the Crown lands in the West would, at present, be inadvisable.

Some one may say that this is unfair to the private owners of land in the West, to the railway companies, land companies and others who have an interest in that portion of the Dominion. There is an answer to this also. The increase in population gradually helps everybody. What the Government takes away, it returns to the private owners by the general increase in population and all that increase means in the way of better roads, better schools, better markets and better railway facilities. If the private owner is compelled to sell at a reasonable price, the getting of that reasonable price is made easier by the growth in population and general facilities.

Again, free land attracts the right kind of immigrant. The city loafer from Great Britain or the idler from the south of Europe will not pay the

price in work which the Government demands. The men who are filling up these western districts are men of ability and energy and industry. They must be physically strong and mentally sound to fulfil the conditions imposed. To the man who can work and is ambitious, Canada affords a magnificent opportunity. To the man who is not of this description, the homestead regulations are an impossible barrier. The best that we have we give to the settler who will come and take it and use it for the general good. To the loafer nothing; to the speculator, not an acre.

The other day, I asked an official of the Department of the Interior, if it were not possible for a man to go to a land office in one of these famous "land rushes" and get a farm and then sell it. His answer was an emphatic "No." The man who enters for a section must go on the farm, live there for three years, cultivate so much of the soil, erect buildings of a certain value, before he can get a clear title. Of course, he can sell then, if he so desires. He becomes a proprietor in the fullest sense and no one may prevent his selling it in any way that he wishes. But he sells then a cultivated farm with buildings on it and his successor must needs carry on the good work to get value out of his purchase. For eight years, it has been impossible to get a Government grant in any other way.

Canada is fortunate in being in the market with her agricultural land at a time when agriculture as a science is developing fast. If this land had come under cultivation fifty years ago, much of it might have been cropped to death and abandoned. Fortunately the revolution in agriculture came just as the people of the world were ready to go into the West. The different governments, through their agricultural departments, their demonstration farms, their agricultural colleges and the agricultural press are teaching men how to conserve the soil. There are a large number of big men who are putting their brains at the service of the farming public and showing how land can be used without injury, how the best results can be obtained with the least expenditure of labour or soil-content. This is an additional justification for Canada's present policy, since it gives further assurance that this great national asset—our agricultural land—will increase, not decrease, in value.

Only One-Tenth Cultivated.

These arguments apply only to purely agricultural land—land without valuable timber, or minerals. Most of the land now open for settlement, almost all of it indeed, is of this character. The Government's policy in giving away the land to settlers and to settlers only, seems to be eminently sound and economic. It is providing Canada with an increase in population of generous proportions and suitable character. It is keeping all the lands in the West at a fairly moderate price. It is increasing the annual agricultural production of the Dominion by leaps and bounds. It means a "square deal" to every man who is earnestly anxious to become an individual proprietor. It is broadening the area of settlements to the general advantage of the earlier settlers, the merchants and the transportation companies. It is increasing the general wealth of the country and making the nation better fitted to cope with the larger problems of development. Conservation of natural resources is a good policy but as applied to land it simply means conservation of the public interest in the land. The public interest in the land is to have it brought under cultivation as rapidly as possible, and thus have it contribute to the expense of the nation-building. The present policy does this, therefore let it continue. There is plenty of land available. Only about one-half of the Last Great West is yet under survey; only one-tenth is yet under cultivation. Here are the figures:

	Acres.
Total area of three prairie provinces	335,000,000
" " surveyed	145,000,000
" " surveyed and disposed of	102,000,000
" " surveyed and undisposed of	43,000,000
" " broken up for crop	36,000,000
" " under grain crop 1909	12,000,000
" " under wheat 1909	6,678,000
" " wheat production 1909 (bushels)	147,000,000

Here is, the answer in a nutshell. There are 190 million acres unsurveyed and 43 million surveyed in the hands of the Government. Thus in these three provinces alone, there are 233 million acres known as Crown lands. If one-half of it is suitable for cultivation, there is enough land available to give 160 acres to 750,000 homesteaders. In addition to this, there must be another 40 million acres in the hands of railway companies, the Hudson's Bay Company, land companies and speculators not yet sold to actual settlers.

COLLEGE BOYS BACK TO THE ABORIGINAL

Up at Temagami with Cochrane Camp from Upper Canada College.



"In Puris Naturalibus" at the Temagami Swimming Tank.

Theoretically Dead Boys being Resuscitated by members of the Life-saving Class.

This young "compleat angler" was right in the canoe when these bass were caught.

These untutored Ojibways at Temagami are amazed at the antics of the College Lads.

The Camp Cochrane Life-saving Class lined up on the Dock ready for action. Far end of the line is Instructor A. I., Cochrane.

One preparatory school-boy gets a lesson in real manual labour from an Ojibway canoe-builder.

THE COMMUNAL TUCK-SHOP

A College Convenience that became an Enterprise

THE "tuck-shop" of St. Andrew's College is a genealogical relative of the old woman who used to have a pushcart at the college gate loaded with buns, "all-day suckers," pop-corn, ice cream, peanuts and ginger ale. The push-cart is not at the gate any more. It has reappeared in the form of a country club-house centre of the college grounds; costing about \$2,000 to build and doing gross annual business enough to make many a corner-grocery man chuckle. This modern co-operative tuck-shop is owned by the college, run by the boys and supervised by the Principal; which is a case of evolution.

Three hundred able-bodied boys are capable of needing a lot of incidental nourishment in the course of a year—as Mr. Stephen Leacock might have figured out in his book on boarding-house geometry. Hence the economics of a co-operative tuck-shop. For picturesque sentiment the push-cart was better. But we live in a practical age. The communal tuck-shop leads—because it pays dividends. It was the Principal's idea. He is a Scotch-Canadian. He saw a chance to drop two birds with one stone. The college needed money—for race-track and athletics. Why not get it from the profit on "tuck"? Of course, the first need was a building. That was laid out by the college to suit the conditions: a store; a large refreshment room, breeze-blown in the summer and steam-heated in winter; kitchen and broad verandahs; electric lights and modern plumbing—everything as complete for its size as could be found in a real country club-house; all being paid for by a sinking fund derived from profits.

Hence the tuck-shop serves as a social centre. Here scores of day boys take their noonday lunch—for the dining-room is crowded with residence pupils. Here on winter evenings boys gather and loosen up for a quiet sociable time. A committee of seniors is in charge. The names are posted on the wall. The final referee is the Principal who also audits the accounts.

Discipline and political economy are both maintained by the boys who keep their own books, authorise the buying of all supplies, employ the storekeeper, pay all accounts by check, levy a fair commercial profit on goods and maintain order in the establishment. And the co-operative tuck-shop with the legitimate commercial profit is making money; perhaps a far lower rate of profit than the old push-cart at the gate; but the goods are better, the lads hold the committee responsible for buying right as to quality; and some of them get their initiation into the first principles of actual business by managing the tuck-shop.

As a place to talk things over, the tuck-shop restaurant is highly interesting. Particularly in winter there is no place else in the college where the young Vancouverian can talk back so amiably to a young Haligonian over a cup of coffee and a sandwich. In a small way, the arguments there sometimes resemble, for geographical interest, the discussions heard in the Parliamentary restaurant at Ottawa. The boy's particular concern, however, is over the fact that his town is going ahead faster than any similar town elsewhere; or if not, it's a better kind of town anyway. Probably he invites his chum over to spend vacation with him. It's only a couple of thousand miles from one boy's home to the other. It may take two sessions to get the arrangement put through. But, if the boy is tenacious enough, and his father can spare him the transportation—which is usually the case when a boy travels so far to attend a college—he goes. Hence, in after life, many of the reminiscences.

Holiday Hiatuses.

A large number of the boys will now study entomology—in the form of mosquitoes and black-flies.

Some boys like driving the mower just as soon as they get home. Others prefer going to a summer resort. It's largely a matter of circumstances.

Any given boy thinks he has a better time on a holiday than a given girl. But sometimes co-education is most appreciated during a vacation.

* * *

The schoolmaster who bamboos the boys remembers that he himself was lambasted four times a week at school. But, of course, he seldom deserved it.

* * *

There are some educators who imagine that if they could send the boys and girls home for a spell and take the parents into college for a while, there might be more progress.

* * *

How is it we never hear of the remarkable success of the country girl? Always the self-made man who was once a farm boy, got a vision of life from a high school curriculum and left the farm to the other boy—whom in after life he is sometimes glad to visit; and he usually says he'd be glad to swap places with his brother—till it comes time to climb up and mow away clover hay when it's ninety four in the shade.

Fitzgerald to the North

CAPTAIN FITZGERALD is off for Herschell Island—quite a change for the grizzled old R.N.M.P. man, who for the last six months has been rolling through Eastern Canada in a Pullman, scouting for the force. Probably the captain can stand the enervation. He likes his job—though some of his friends consider that it must be the loneliest in the world when he calmly informs them that mail only drifts in twice a year; that the denizens of Herschell don't believe it fashionable to wear shoes nor have money. Captain Fitzgerald first struck Herschell five years ago, going up there to patrol for the Dominion Government. He has become an authority on Eskimo civilisation; his famous departmental report threw new light on the men of the north, from the Canadian point of view. An extract gives his estimate of the igloo dwellers:

"I have found these natives honest all the time I have been at Herschell Island. I never heard of a case of stealing among them."

ENGLISH AND CANADIAN SCHOOLS

By KENNETH N. BELL

ONTARIO is proud—and reasonably so—of her system of secondary education. The public schools of England are recognised as one of the most distinctive features of English life. What, then, are the characteristic traits of these two types of Anglo-Saxon methods of training the already half-risen generation? Agin, what is then to be learnt from England by Ontario, and from Ontario by England?



As England is distinct in this regard from Germany on the one hand, and France on the other, so Ontario differs from Quebec and the United States. Education in France is throughout rigidly controlled by the centre authority; the object of the French secondary school is to produce a lad of distinguish-

ed scholarship and of docile behaviour; he is taught complete mastery of the French language, and drilled, disciplined, and even spied upon till he learns that if authority is to be defied, it must be done with caution and secrecy. The German lad is filled with the most varied erudition, till he either loses his eyesight or becomes, at the age of eighteen, a prodigy of learning, eager for the beer and duelling of his student life. The English boy, on the other hand, leaves school neither learned nor docile, neither myopic nor a stylist, but an ignorant, independent, more or less athletic person with a great deal still to learn in deportment, in experience of life, and in the rudiments of knowledge, but with considerable desire to learn it.

Similarly, Ontario turns out from the collegiates neither the accomplished orators and lawyers of Quebec, nor the wonderful little men of the world whose precocious genius amazes the European visitor to the United States. Perhaps he does not know one thing, his own language, so well as does his French-Canadian fellow-subject, nor a little of everything in so comprehensive a fashion as his cousin from across the line. He is prepared to become the conscientious, hard-working, seldom brilliant but always intelligent student of a university, or the thoroughly trustworthy tyro in the commercial world.

Thus the English and the Ontario schoolboy agree in this, that they are both at once independent and disciplined. Both are boys in the proper sense of the word—that is, they are the half-finished material out of which men are made—not, like the American boy in character, or the German boy in erudition, the finished product, nor on the other hand, like the French boy, a child in all but intellect. Both, when you meet with them at the university, strike you in something the same way—as, in the truest sense, citizens in the making. They have the common-sense, the physical fitness, the receptivity, all of which are so absolutely necessary among the leaders of a democratic community.

So much for likenesses. The differences are striking and instructive. The English public school boy, first of all, belongs to the class of those to whom others are wont to touch their hats and say "Sir." The Canadian boy very likely belongs to the class which in Canada is fortunately immune from the necessity of doing so. The advantage is all on the side of Canada. A collegiate institute here gives a cross section of provincial life; an English public school gives the top stratum of English society. True that scholarship holders in English schools are often drawn from far down in the social scale. But they belong to the aristocracy of intellect, which is nowhere more frankly and generously recognised than among the social aristocracy of England. They are men destined to rise out of their class, not to remain in it. It is one of the great misfortunes of England, and one which is being attacked with a good deal of vigour and courage in England to-day—that there is a deep gulf fixed between the primary school which all must attend, and the high-grade secondary school—the "public school" like Eton or Winchester—where the best type of higher education is to be got. Education in England is not democratic in its higher grades. In Ontario it is very democratic.

This is a national disadvantage to England; it

is also a drawback in English school life. The Ontario schoolboy belongs to a type which means business. If the type of the idle rich is to be seen already in Ontario schools, it is not a popular nor a dominant type. Not yet is it a sign of distinction to Canada to be able to afford to fail in examinations. The Canadian schoolboy is eager and conscientious to a degree which amazes an Englishman. "Dry-as-dust" has no terrors for him, he will consume a whole encyclopaedia on demand and make of grammar and statistics his daily food. This is because he knows the need of work in life, because he wants to get on, because he realises that life is not easy, that the prizes of life go, in his country, to energy and persistence. Any number of English boys know this, too, and will work with all the application of the Canadian and often with a more ready grasp of what is essential to the understanding of the subject. But a large minority of them have other standards and desires. They belong to the great band of "shirkers" whose very distinction in athletics—and even the shirker is usually "good at something"—is a bad moral influence in a school. The Canadian idea of the meaning of life may be tinged with commercialism and self-interest, but it is undeniably more real and valid than the futile ambitions of idle young athletes. Indeed the Canadian, without the precocity of the American, is often a man of the world compared to the English boy. He has met with some of the rough side of life while the other is still in the charmed circle of irresponsible youth—from which, if he is wealthy, he may never emerge. The Canadian's character has been hardened by prac-

tical work on the farm, in the office, even in the schoolmaster's chair, before he is out of his teens.

On the other hand there are advantages in the English system of getting one's youthful training entirely in the school. Every amateur actor knows the value of a rehearsal, and this is what the English boy is getting while his Canadian cousin is already a "super" or a "walker-on" on the public stage of life. The English school is a little world of which the boys are citizens in the fullest sense; the Canadian school—in all but a very few cases—is a factory of learning in which the boy is only an apprentice. In other words, the English school does not merely teach, it develops and forms character as part of its ordinary work. The "prefect" in an English school holds a position of high authority. He can inflict all but the heaviest penalty—expulsion; he is the colleague of the masters, one of the board of management of school athletics, the object of real respect and even reverence from the whole school. As captain of the school team in "many a well-fought field" he learns, in something not unlike the supreme school of war itself, the art of command and the value of self-reliance. Just as in his junior days he learnt to obey, so before he leaves, he learns the art of government on a stage where that art is by no means easy of practise. For in any school, public opinion is very strong and expressed with not a little vigour and, if traditions are sacred, there is large freedom of speech and not over much respect of persons.

Thus to say that the Canadian boy is more mature than the English is at once true and false. True in the sense that he knows more of real life, has done things of which the English boy has only read. False because if the English boy *knows* less he *understands* more, for he has been carefully prepared for a responsible position in life, while the Canadian boy was filling an irresponsible one.

ON GOVERNESSES—By "SERANUS."

THERE was a book once written by the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman of the established church which was very likely a good deal more of an autobiography than the critics realise, and the name of the book was "Jane Eyre," and the heroine was a governess.



Mr. Chesterton calls this novel, in some ways, "the truest book ever written." It lays bare the whole domestic system of the England of that day; we can watch the complex machinery of the English life, with its stiff-necked and narrow-minded matrons, haughty and selfish young women, obsequious servants, canting clergymen, half-starved governesses—all depicted in this wonderful novel. We in Canada will read

the following clipping from the London Times with astonishment and sympathy:

"GOVERNESSES' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

"Nearly 2,000 governesses were assisted last year, but unhappily the claims for help are constantly increasing, and are of a most distressing character.

"The Board of Management view with the deepest concern the alarmingly rapid growth in the number of candidates for Free Annuities. In 1903 there were 137; in 1910 there are 209, and this though nearly 30 are annually provided for.

"There are now 389 ladies receiving Free Annuities ranging from £25 to £60 per annum, and 12 ladies are maintained at the Asylum for Aged Governesses at Chislehurst."

How comes it that the governess, as a type, still exists, is still underpaid, is still an object of pity and "deepest concern"? Two thousand governesses who were obliged to receive assistance from the special fund providing for them seems to suggest a sad state of things, or else a transition stage through which the Old Country may be passing. Perhaps the demand is ceasing. Perhaps English mothers are doing more for and with their families than formerly.

Perhaps the delightful nursery system we have long envied, with the schoolroom in the wing and the dinner of mutton and rice pudding, the daily walk with the children properly gloved, hatted and booted, the appearance with the dessert of little boys in Eton suits and little girls in sashes—perhaps all this is changing and the American or colonial leaven performing its function. Perhaps the Little Lord Fauntleroy type is disappearing. Such a gradual transformation would naturally affect the governess class. How is it, that with the steady growth of riches and culture on this side the Atlantic, the demand for governesses does not also increase? We are not to be understood as holding up the American and Canadian child as patterns of wise disciplining, but observation shows that in some manner the rich people of this country barring a few Anglo-maniacs in New York and Chicago, manage to bring up their children without the aid of governesses. The lower order of governess, styled "nursery governess," is the more popular with us, and in New York quite a number are always in demand, but we imagine that the governesses figuring in the *Times* advertisement are of a higher order. These ladies, doubtless, are required to be genuinely well-educated, proficient in languages and acquainted with literature and art; they must be able to conduct secretarial business and be competent to take complete charge of the morals, behaviour and amusements of the children entrusted to them. Theirs is a great responsibility and for such they should be well requited. That they are not accustomed to much in the financial line may be guessed from the nature of the annuities; £25 being but a small sum even in England.

These two thousand governesses are the women who in some way miss marriage and have to do for themselves. Anything else would pay better; art, or typewriting, or candy kitchens, or massage, or millinery, or melon raising, but these ladies are perhaps of the old school; they fear that other callings may be less "respectable" than governessing and so they remain hooded and shrouded in the garments of tradition. Many women in England have been more progressive for many years; they have been theatre managers, hotel clerks, detectives, editors and what not. The average Englishwoman knows more about politics than the average American or Canadian. The fashionable leader opens an Arts and Crafts Shop when her fortunes fail and carries off the situation nobly. But governesses there are still and we suppose there will always be and if the rich desire to employ them, they ought to be recognised as an important factor in society and be properly paid.



To the Victor Belong the Spoils.—Young Athletes and their Admirers at the Trophy Table on Prize Day at Ridley College.

The Culture of the Campus

THERE seems to be room for argument as to who is the really educated man—the University president or Jim Jeffries. Critics complain that most of the educational pictures nowadays are of boys at play. They allege that a real live photograph of boys delving into books would be a treat to the eye. They ask—what do managers of colleges think education is anyway, study or sport? Many of these critics were themselves brought up on the farm. They went to the country school. Before nine o'clock and the two-mile walk they had the chores to do. After four o'clock and the walk back they had the same chores to do over again; likewise in winter time wood to split; in summer time cows to hunt in the bush and baseball on the timothy pasture field; in the fall a coon-hunt at night. In the matter of physical culture a pitchfork and a cross-cut saw were the finest things in the world; and the way these shrewd business men revert to such things convinces you that they really enjoyed it. The modern college boy has no pitchfork and crosscut saw. So for the sake of "mens sana in sano corpore" he has to be content with just such human diversions as may be seen on this page. The main difference seems to be that the college boy in this century is always glad when chore-time comes on the campus.



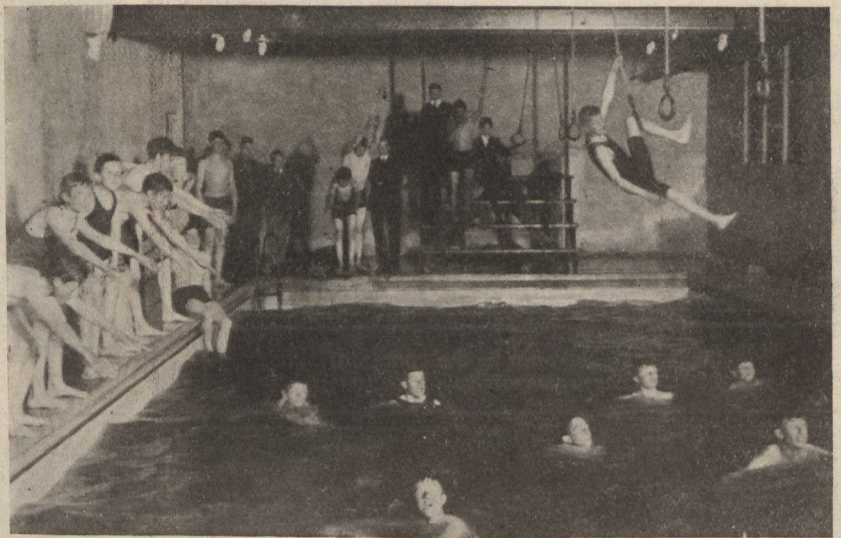
Young Hielanders on the Eve of Battle (sham however).



A braw young descendant of Roderick Dhu—Scouting in the Sham Battle.



When in civilian clothes these young St. Andrews' Collegians represent Canada from Coast to Coast.



Frequently in the Swimming Tank College Boys are "stung with splendour of a sudden thought."



The mazes of Geometry are nothing to the intricacies of the Obstacle Race.



Greek in all but Costume, these Wrestlers are fit Models for the Sculptor.

THE CANADIAN GIRL BOARDING SCHOOL



Many girls' boarding schools accept a number of "day scholars." Our snap-shot shows a line-up of Westbourne "house girls" on their school lawn.



A vigorous game of Captain Ball—one of the most popular of out-of-door sports.



In winter the grounds are flooded and the girls revel in chilly pastimes on the ice—the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.



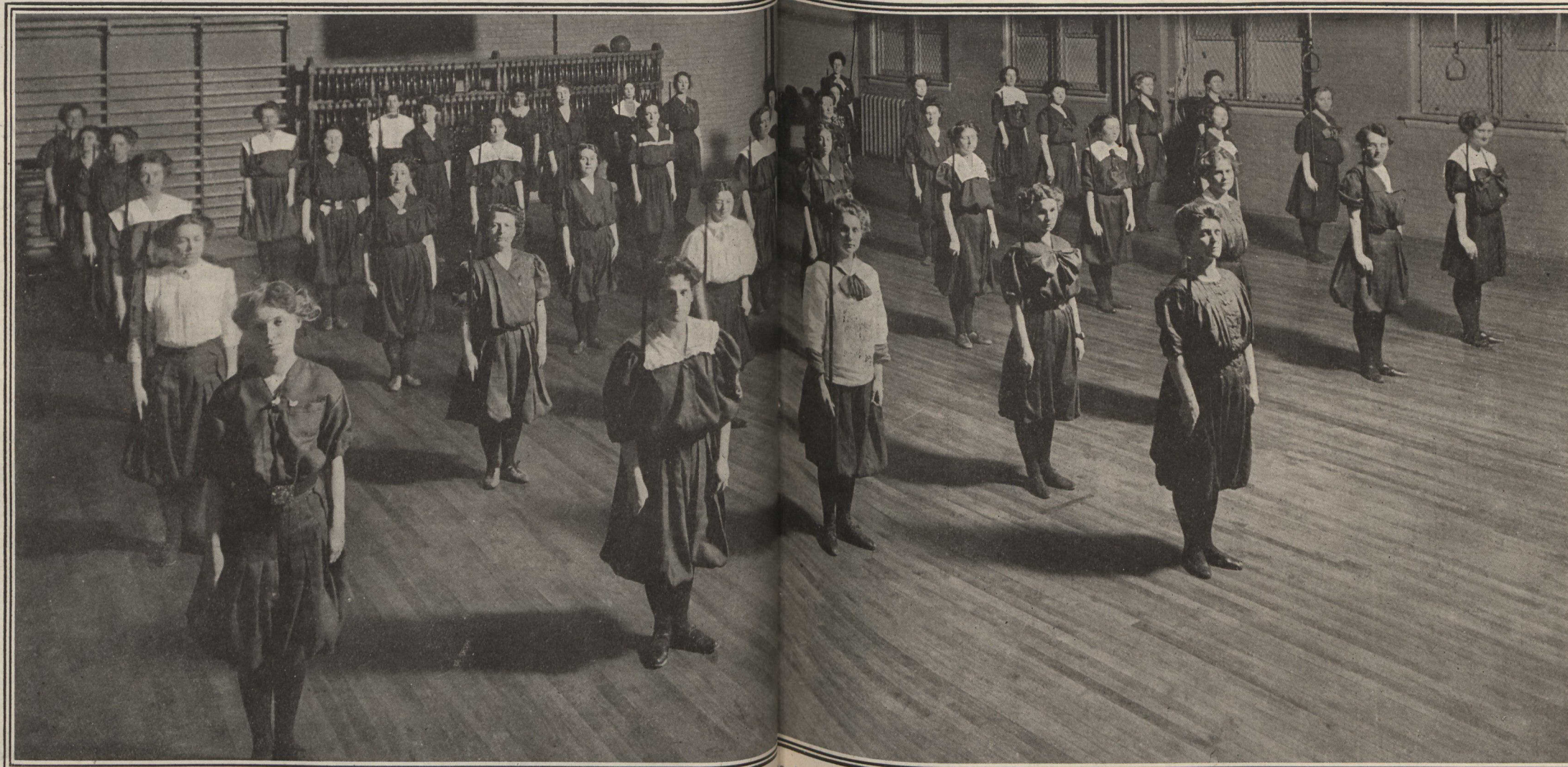
A row of smiling "toque-and-sweater" girls on the ice. This is the regulation costume for rink wear.



Under the trees on the smooth lawn the instructress of physical culture drills her class.



"Hands Up," but only in the course of physical exercise.



Physical training makes strong and graceful women—a physical class in the new gymnasium of the Y.W.C.A., on McGill Street, Toronto.



Summer and sunshine call the merry maidens out of doors.



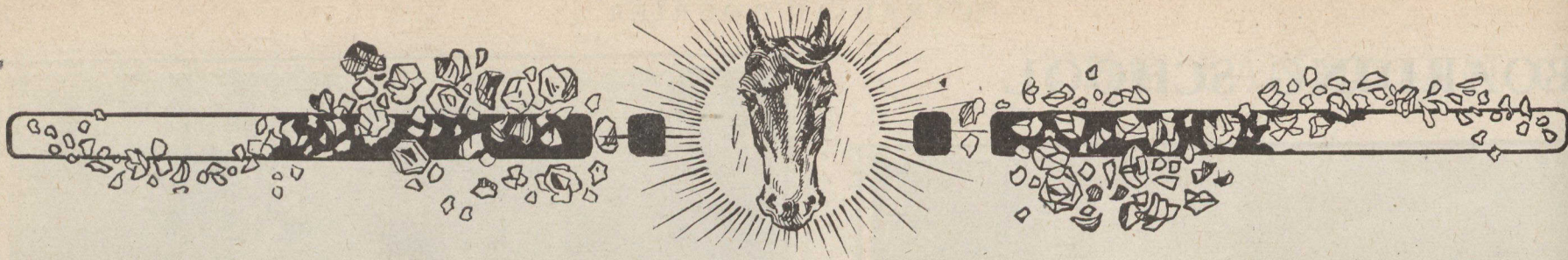
Inspired by the picturesqueness of their surroundings, this little sketching class from the Halifax Ladies College has become completely absorbed in its work.



A scene from Sophocles' "Antigone" that was so enthusiastically presented by the pupils of Edgehill School, in Windsor, N.S. Entertainments of any nature always stir in little boarding-school communities.



A May Day fete at Ontario Ladies College, Whitby. Built on the shores of Lake Ontario, it has for many years been a popular girls' school.



POOR OLD SCRAGGS

Moral: Ill luck will not follow forever.

By WILLIAM HENRY

YOU needn't tell me there is any such thing as a lucky star; I know better. Now take poor old Scraggs, for instance. He's my best friend. For twelve years we have worked at Drapers, Limited. He's at the silk counter and I'm in the gentlemen's furnishings. We've roomed together for nearly eleven years. Ezra Scraggs, according to the signs of the Zodiac, was born under a lucky star, but what has it ever done for him? He is absolutely the unluckiest fellow I know. Everybody speaks of him as poor old Scraggs.

Why, he was engaged to Mary Hall at the hosiery counter for four years, and broke it off because he thought he had a chance with our minister's daughter. Would you believe me, three weeks afterwards an aunt of Mary's died, out in Missouri, and left her ten thousand dollars. When Scraggs went to call on Mary the next evening, she shut the door in his face. Just his luck.

When we saw in the paper one morning that the head of the silks had fallen off a ferry boat and was drowned in the bay, poor old Scraggs felt sure he'd get the place. He put on his best clothes and started for the store a quarter of an hour ahead of time. Now, what do you think? The power went off the street cars, and, when he arrived three minutes after the store opened, there was young Blakely in charge of the department—a young fellow, clever enough, I will admit, but with only five years' experience. Imagine missing an advance of a cool two hundred a year by three minutes! It just seemed as if Fate had picked out poor old Scraggs to prove that there is nothing in lucky stars.

One Friday morning, Scraggs got a letter from his aunt, and, as it has a lot to do with the story, I'll give it to you:

Woburn P. O., June 5th, 1908.

"My dear Ezra,—Come out on Saturday and spend the Sunday with us. Your Uncle Henry will be at the Kingston Road at two o'clock and will meet you. He has to be there, so it's not putting him out any.

"We are all well here and send love.

"Your loving aunt,

LETITIA SCRAGGS."

Now, when Scraggs took the car for the Kingston Road it was crowded with people, most of them going to the Woodbine Races. He hadn't gone far when two fellows crowded into the aisle in front of him. Scraggs says he'll never forget them. They looked like boys who had become old men without growing up. They were whispering about a horse called "Monkman," and, though Scraggs was not eavesdropping—he's the soul of honour—he couldn't help but hear them saying something about "romping in." He's a discerning sort of chap in his way and he immediately figured out that "Monkman" was a horse that was going to win a race.

Well, when Scraggs got to the Kingston Road, which is right opposite the race track, he couldn't find his uncle. There were the democrat and horses tied to the fence, but no Uncle Henry. After standing about for a while, he heard someone call his name and, looking around on the top of a big cigarette sign, he saw the hired boy.

"Hello," says Scraggs, walking down to the sign and calling up at the boy. "What are you doing there?"

"Watching the races," says the boy. "Your Uncle told me to tell you to wait for him. He had to go inside to see a man about a load of hay."

"When will he be out?"

"They're at the post!"

"When will he be out?" repeated Scraggs.

"My, but that sorrel is a bad actor!" answered the boy, with eyes glued on the race track.

Scraggs shouted a few more questions at the hired boy, but not a sensible word could he get out of him.

Poor old Scraggs decided to go inside and look

for his uncle. He went to the man at the office and called for a ticket. When the man asked him for a dollar and a half he almost collapsed, but paid it. Game fellow, Scraggs—when he starts out to do a thing, he'll see it through. He's an impulsive fellow at times, and it was in one of his rash moods that he decided to go into the races to look for his uncle. If he had thought it over, he would never have gone. He told me afterwards that he nearly fainted when he realised where he was—he, a member of the church, on the race track! To make matters worse, it was only the previous Sunday that our minister had preached a sermon to young men on "The Evils of the Race Track." Scraggs is an impressionable chap, and I well remember his words of approval as we discussed the sermon on the front door steps of the boarding house that Sunday night before going to bed.

It took some time to find his uncle. The place was crowded. He hadn't gone far when whom should he bump into but Arthurs and Bennings, from Drapers—the last people in the world he wanted to see. Between the two of us, he had spoken to them about the evils of gambling the Monday after the sermon, so you can well imagine what he felt like when Arthurs slapped him on the back and shouted at the top of his voice—"Hello, old Scraggs, give us a tip."

"I'm—I'm—I'm look—looking for my Uncle," stammered Scraggs.

"Your gr-gr-grandmother," laughed Arthurs as the two of them hurried into the crowd.

Two minutes later, Scraggs saw his uncle. Of course, it was just his luck not to find him when Arthurs and Bennings were around. There was a race on, and, as Scraggs looked at the horses, he heard a voice yelling above all the others, "Come on, you Apple Blossom! Come on!" and there was Henry Scraggs, as Ezra said, acting like one possessed, leaning half way over the fence and yelling with all his might at a horse half a mile away.

When the race was over, Scraggs touched him on the shoulder and called: "Hello, Uncle Henry!"

"Well, well, Ezra, my boy!" exclaimed the old man, turning around and wiping the perspiration from his face. "I am sorry to keep you waiting, but I had to see a man who's got some horses here about a load of hay. I told that imp Alfred to tell you to wait."

"Have you found the man?" enquired Scraggs.

"No—no," says Uncle Henry, "that is—yes, I've found him, but I haven't finished with him. He told me to wait a while as he is very busy. Confound that Apple Blossom!"

"What Apple Blossom?" innocently asked Scraggs.

"That fool horse that the papers picked to win this race. Say, Ezra, look, look! Ezra!" and the old man grabbed him by the arm. "Look at that little man sitting on the steps of the grand stand. He used to be one of the greatest jockeys in the business. I recollect him twenty years ago when I came to the track regular. He's called 'Plunger Joe' now. They say he's worth anywhere around a million. Made it all on the horses. Wish I knew what he was going to bet on this race," sighed Uncle Henry, "but he's too cute to place any money himself."

"Why, he came down in the car with me," says Scraggs. "I heard him say something about 'Monkman romping in.'"

"Ezra Scraggs," says the old man, trembling with excitement and looking his nephew straight in the eye, "is that the gospel truth?"

"Why, of course it is," replied Scraggs.

"Stay right there until I come back," called the old man, darting into the crowd, leaving Scraggs standing on the lawn.

In a moment or so he reappeared, all worked up with excitement. "Ezra," says he, "have you got any money with you?"

"Got my salary—fifteen dollars," says Ezra, tapping his breast pocket.

"You better put it on Monkman. I've put twenty on him. He's a sixty-to-one shot."

"Indeed, Uncle, I won't!" indignantly answered Ezra. "I don't believe in gambling."

"Well, just as you like, Ezra. It's the chance of a lifetime. If that horse wins you will make nine hundred dollars."

"What! I'll get nine hundred for my fifteen?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "nine hundred dollars."

"Well," says Scraggs, hesitating for a minute or two and carefully fingering three five-dollar bills which he had taken from the wallet in his breast pocket, "here's the money."

The old man grabbed it and rushed again into the crowd. He came back shortly and handed Ezra a ticket.

"I could only get fifty to one, you waited too long." Talk about being born under a lucky star!

"How much do I get if the horse wins, Uncle?" asked Ezra, turning the ticket over and trying to make out what it meant.

"Seven-fifty. Come on in here," he continued, shoving two or three people aside to make room for himself and nephew. "The horses are going to the post. That's Monkman with the jockey in green and yellow, a likely looking horse."

"Uncle," whispered Scraggs, "how much do I get if Monkman doesn't win?"

"Nothing, you blamed fool! Keep quiet, they're at the post."

Now, I am not going to tell you about the race. As a matter of fact, I can't, because all I know about it I got from Scraggs, and he didn't see it. He told me confidentially afterwards that he had his eyes shut all the time. Poor old Scraggs told me that the race lasted more than an hour, and in that time he thought of all the things he might have done with his fifteen dollars. He had just made up his mind that he would have to give up his two weeks vacation in Muskoka, when Uncle Henry grabbed him around the neck and jumped on both his feet, yelling: "Ezra, Ezra, we've won, we've won, I tell you!"

"What, Uncle!" says Ezra, opening his eyes as a streak of yellow and green flew past him fully half a city block in front of the next horse, "you don't mean we'll get all that money?"

"I do!" shouted the old man. "Come on over here," and grabbing poor old Scraggs by the arm, together they tore down the lawn, past the grand stand to the bookmakers' shed. Ezra says he had to pinch himself to make sure he was not dreaming when a man took his ticket, counted out seven hundred and sixty-five dollars, and handed it to him.

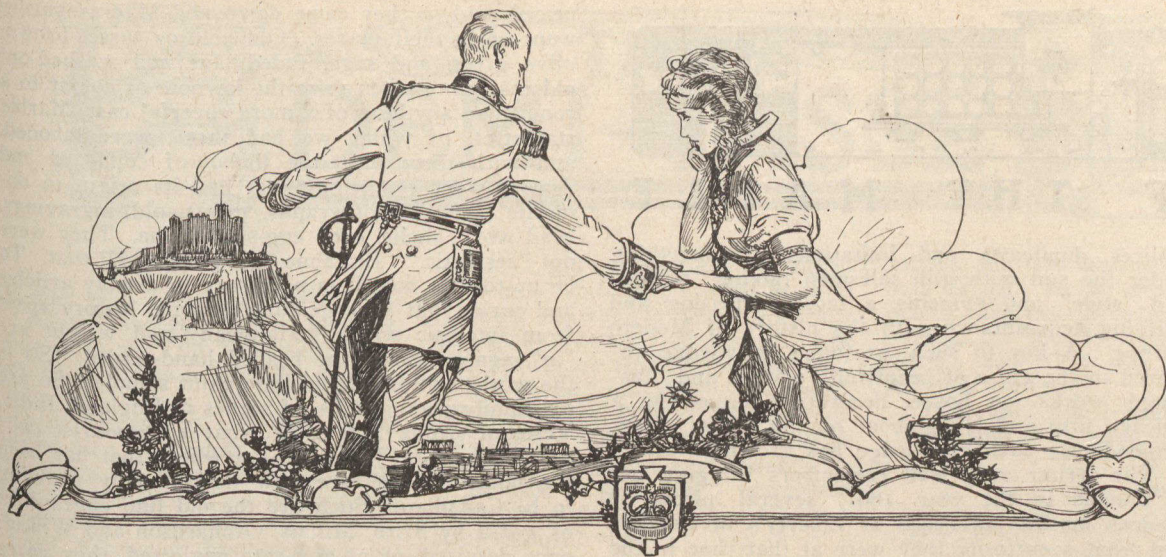
"Let's go home, Ezra," says the old man, stuffing his bills into his pocket, "such luck only happens once in a lifetime. You can have the best there is to-night."

"I think, Uncle," replied poor old Scraggs, "I feel too weak to go. Tell Aunt Letitia that I am not feeling very well. It's nothing serious. I think I'll be all right in the morning, but I feel very tired now."

"Very well, Ezra, I know how you feel," answered the old man, taking him by the arm, as they walked out of the track to the Kingston Road. Uncle Henry called his boy down from the cigarette sign and untied the horses. "Very much obliged for the tip, Ezra," says he, shaking hands with his nephew. "Me and you make a great team at the race track."

Do you know, poor old Scraggs did not go with his uncle because he wanted to come straight home and tell me all about it. "Now, don't you believe in my lucky star?" asked the simple, honest old fellow, his eyes beaming with pleasure, as he finished the story and threw a handful of bills on the bed.

"Not a bit of it," I replied. "It only strengthens my idea that you are the unluckiest fellow in the world. The exception proves the rule."



A MUMMER'S THRONE

A New Serial by the Author of "The Sun-Dial," etc.

By FRED. M. WHITE

CHAPTER X.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE—"

A SCORE of the queen's intimates were dining with her in the yellow parlour. These for the most part consisted of the leading characters in the royal drama. The king was not present—it was understood that he disapproved of this new frivolity. The theatre was in the hands of a gang of workmen. An hour or so later, and some fifteen hundred guests would be gathered there. A supper and dance would follow, and these would bring to a fitting climax the gaieties of the Rusta season. On the morrow the court would move to the summer palace on the Danube.

All this was gravely recorded in the Continental press. There were those, smiling grimly to themselves, who knew better. The next news from Rusta would be a tragedy thrilling Europe from one end to the other.

And yet Queen Nita had never been more gay and heedless. She was looking forward with the keenest interest to the coming performance. To a certain extent it would embody the history of her life—most of the scenes she had written herself. She had plunged into the scheme heart and soul at the time when life seemed to have lost its savour. She had nothing to live for—the king was hopelessly estranged from her, or so the gossip ran.

She had commanded most of the old troupe of colleagues from the Oderon. They had come east on a special express, eager and breathless for the adventure, and to-morrow they would be gone again. Here were Bertha Venis and Clarette and all the rest. A stream of chatter ran like a rippling brook round the table. Most of them were already dressed for the first act of the drama. No servants were in the room, for the players were waiting on themselves.

Clarette looked questioningly at her royal hostess.

"What is the matter with you to-night?" she asked. "You are dazzling. And those blue eyes of yours are wells of happiness. Are you not afraid?"

The last words came in a whisper. The rest of the company were listening to some sparkling anecdotes that Henri Navane, the leading comedy star, was telling. Clarette's face grew a little grave as she spoke.

"I was never so happy in my life," the queen murmured. "*Ma chérie*, I have found that which was lost. To be candid, it was never lost at all. I was like the old woman who looked for her spectacles when they were on her forehead all the time. But I speak in parables; you don't know what I mean."

Clarette's eyes grew soft and luminous.

"I do," she whispered. "*He* has come back to you again! Child, it was a daring experiment. I always had an uneasy feeling that you would fail."

"And you were right, Clarette; it has failed. My dream is ended. I must have been mad to think that I am the stuff that queens are made of. And yet I tried; God knows I tried! But Rutzstin and the rest had poisoned the wells. Montenana knows me only as a feather-headed mummer who cares nothing for suffering and sorrow, and who lives only for the pleasure of the moment. They say

that I had corrupted the king. And all the while I thought that he did not care—till last night. And all the time he has loved me! It might have been too late; it was all resting on the weight of a feather. And just at the right moment Florizel came. Is anything wrong, Clarette?"

"Nothing," Clarette said with a face aflame. "I thought that he—he—you know what I mean. So Prince Florizel is back again. He is well?"

"Oh, he is well enough. Those people took him by force to the mountains. But for a friend amongst them he would have died. He goes with us to-night."

Clarette nodded her fair head absently. She glanced round the table with its glittering silver, its costly appointments, to the yellow satin panels on the walls where the pictures were.

"Won't it be hard to leave all this?" she asked.

"Hard!" The queen smiled. "What is this castle but a gorgeous prison? They think that I am going to play the part of Marie Antoinette. But they are mistaken. I arranged all this for to-night for my own safety's sake. At the last moment I meant to tell the king. He is so headstrong and impetuous that I did not dare to tell him what I had learnt. But Florizel returned last night at the critical moment, and I had to speak. And then it was, my dear, that I put my hand to my head and—found my spectacles. I could see my love and my happiness through them as clear as ever. But we must not forget the danger. If anything happens to any of you I shall never forgive myself."

Clarette laughed lightly as she reached for a bon-bon.

"We shall come through all right," she said. "A plot so daring and yet so simple is bound to succeed. Has Rutzstin no suspicions?"

"I think not. He did not like the supers to be wearing the Montenana uniform. But he does not guess. Your bodyguard knew exactly what to do. At the end of the big scene in the fourth act you will detach twelve of your men, and post them by the door of the ante-room. They will stand there as if waiting for their cue. Prolong the scene as long as you can, Clarette—don't 'die' till you hear the shots fired. And take care that the patriots who are defending you from your betrayers burn plenty of powder. The more noise the better. When you give that final, defiant scream, we shall strike. Then the curtain falls and our guests go into the banquetting hall for supper and await our coming. I trust they may possess a pretty gift of patience, my friend!"

CLARETTE laughed in her own light-hearted way. And yet none knew better what dangers the night was holding. It seemed impossible to believe that the grim shadow of tragedy was brooding there. Here was all light and sparkle and laughter, gaiety and happiness shone on every face. Yet for the most part they knew what was coming. It was well perhaps that they were all trained in the school that could either conceal the emotions or simulate them. Rutzstin himself would have been beguiled.

The feast was over presently, a clock somewhere was proclaiming the hour of nine. Down below in the street motors and carriages were be-

ginning to gather. The people of Rusta were assembled—cynical, suspicious, and none too loyal. There were jokes, too, not meant to be complimentary to the queen. Amongst the masses of the people the followers of Schenteim mingled. They knew nothing as yet; they were merely waiting for the signal from the castle walls somewhere about midnight. The powder was handy and the hand with the match was not far off.

But there was no sign of this in the splendid theatre attached to the castle. Already it was filled by the favoured guests; they made a brave show there under the crystal chandeliers blazing with a thousand points of flame. The lights shimmered upon diamonds and pearls, upon silks and satins and orders. Nothing more brilliant had ever been seen in the ancient capital before.

Leaning with his back to the wall, Rutzstin watched it all sourly. His restless eyes gleamed under his shaggy eyebrows. All this would be changed presently. An hour or two more and the revolution would be an accomplished fact. Nobody would have guessed that the wiry figure in the shabby uniform was a dangerous regicide. And yet that was what Rutzstin had come to. There was not a drop of pity in his heart for the rulers whom he had sworn to obey. His hand went instinctively to his sword presently as the queen came on the scene. Her brilliant beauty, the pathetic pleading in her eyes, did not touch him at all. In her he beheld the source of all the mischief. As a patriot it was his duty to sweep her aside. He would have taken her by the white throat and choked the life out of her. But not yet. That would all come presently.

But the audience knew nothing of these things. They were watching one of the finest dramatic troupes in Europe in a strong and moving play. It was flavoured with the romance of royalty; the stage was gay with uniforms. Even the soldiers of the guard carried themselves like real troops. No detail had been overlooked. Rutzstin was just a little interested in spite of himself.

SOMEBODY touched the old man on the shoulder.

He turned to see Florizel standing by his side. Hard as Rutzstin was, he fairly started. It was as if he were face to face with a ghost. The grim suggestiveness was heightened by the deadly pallour of the prince's face. But nothing could quench his gaiety, or drive the mocking laughter from his eyes. Even now he was enjoying Rutzstin's discomforture.

"What are those frivolities to you, general?" he asked.

Rutzstin growled something in his beard. He was feeling just a little uneasy. Could it be possible that his plans had miscarried, that treachery was afoot? But if such was the case the drama would never have continued so smoothly. At any rate, he would know all about it in a short time now. The spectacle on the stage was fast approaching its great climax. Clarette in the part of the heroine had disclosed herself; the troops of the deposed tyrant were beginning to rally around her. It was merely a question now as to who should fire the first shot.

Across the restless sea of silks and satins and jewels Rutzstin caught Schenteim's eye. The latter rose and strolled as if casually in the direction of the ante-room by the side of the stage. A moment or two later and Rutzstin followed. The thing was done in the most natural way. The king, seated in the front row of chairs, appeared not to have eyes for anything but the stage.

"Five minutes more," Rutzstin whispered. "Is everything ready?"

"Down to the rockets on the ramparts," Schenteim muttered. "And everything will be in our favour. There is to be a miniature battle on the stage just now, and the noise of the rifles will drown everything that sounds like strife yonder."

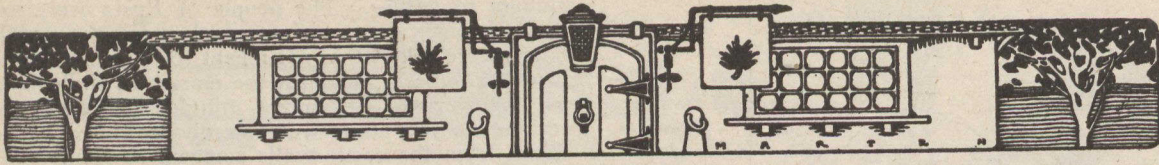
"Good!" Rutzstin said with his sour smile. "Then send for him."

He jerked his beard in the direction of the king. Along the corridor leading to the ante-room a file of soldiers stood. They had nothing to do with the army of Montenana; they were the supers waiting for their cue, the army of the mimic queen ready to rush to the assistance of their beloved mistress when the time came. Schenteim regarded them with a critical eye.

"Good stuff, these," he said. "I could do with a thousand or so of them. Here, you fellow. Go to his Majesty with General Rutzstin's profound respects, and ask the favour of a few moments in the anteroom with him. Say that the affair admits of no delay."

The lackey bowed, and departed on his errand.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Genius.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A HUNDRED generations have gone into its making,

With all their love and tenderness, with all their dreams and tears;

Their vanished joy and pleasure, their pain and their heart-breaking,

Have coloured this rare blossom of the long unfruitful years.

Their victory and their laughter for this have strong men given,

For this have sweet dead women paid in patience which survives,

That a great soul might bring the world, as from the gate of heaven,

All that was rich and beautiful in those forgotten lives.

—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

Miss Rogers' Appointment.

By MARJORY MACMURCHY.

THE appointment of Miss Lina Rogers as head of school nurses in Toronto adds one more testimony to the ability of the Canadian nurse. There are no better nurses in the world than trained Canadian women. To say that your home is in Canada is a password to success as a nurse in the United States. From Halifax to the Yukon, the white-capped, kind-hearted, deft-handed Guardian of the Wards, a Canadian girl from any province of the Dominion, gives to her patients the help that only a woman can give, and adds to it the skilled gentleness of the trained nurse.

Miss Rogers' training began in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. She came to the Toronto hospital from a farm near Albion in Peel County. After graduating, she took a further course in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, where she remained in charge of the operating-room and later as night superintendent under Miss Draper, a distinguished nurse, grand-daughter of Chief Justice Draper of Toronto. From Montreal, Miss Rogers went to Albany City Hospital, then to the City Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia. On the suggestion of Mrs. Hampton-Robb, one of the leading figures of the nursing profession and a Canadian nurse, whose tragic death a few weeks ago has left a blank which cannot easily be filled, Miss Rogers rounded out her ample training as a nurse by taking up district nursing in New York City. It was while she was at the Henry Street Settlement that the question of providing nurses for the New York schools came up. Mr. Burlingham, Chairman of the Board of Education, said to the Commissioner of Health, Dr. Lederle, that the Health Department was taking too many children out of the schools. The reply was that the law said children with contagious diseases had to be kept out of school and the law must be obeyed. Miss Wald, head worker at the Henry Street Settlement, reminded them that London had nurses in the schools to deal with this problem and offered to provide the Board of Education with a nurse for a month as an experiment. Miss Rogers was the nurse best fitted for the work.

A committee of the Board saw Miss Rogers at work as a school nurse. One of its members when he saw the kind of service given to the children by the nurse said, "If you can get women to do that kind of work, put them in right away." Miss Rogers was given charge of the school nurses' work in New York City, December, 1902. She had a staff of twelve nurses and carried on the work for six years. Her appointment as head of school nurses in Toronto was made by the Board of Education May 5th, 1910.

* * *

Back to White Lace Curtains.

By "SERANUS."

THE furniture shops are very alluring just now. Wonderful gliding settees and lawn swings; checkerboard verandah sets all in neat green and white; twisted fibre rugs that make you think of the Midway and lots of little pickaninnies peeping from a tent; dignified bedroom fourposters that are lacking only in canopy; desks that are marvels of ingenuity and lacquer, with sliding panel and secret drawer; chintzes and brocades that are genuinely copied from Versailles or Chateau Clemenceau;

replices, duplicates and imitations of everything under the sun with glib salesmen talking "period" and "style" and evincing a most surprising and edifying acquaintance with the history of Modern Europe. A key to such profound knowledge appeared in the guise of beautifully printed and illustrated works on house decoration issued by a Chicago firm and lying about on the tables. How tremendously such knowledge has grown!

The writer very well remembers bringing out to Canada in the year 1881, several pieces of Madras muslin purchased at Liberty's in London, and what a curiosity they were at that time in the small Canadian city destined to receive them. It was the year of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience" and it was a year in which the very flower of



MISS LINA ROGERS,
Head of the School Nurses in Toronto.

aestheticism, in painting, in decorative effects, and in literature, bloomed ahead of everything else in England. South Kensington seemed the synonym for all that was coming into existence along such lines as have within recent years been gathered together under the Arts and Crafts movement both in Europe and in America. Embroidery was the rage but it was of one pattern, of dull-coloured silk or crewl on self-coloured cloths. Certain flowers and devices were flavoured more than others; the sunflower, lotus and lily being the most popular. Eastern effects were also sought after and the thoroughness with which all refined people revolted from the staid and heavy mid-Victorian furnishings found expression in attempts, more or less successful, generally less, to create a kind of oriental background for English traditions of comfort and sense. In that year South Kensington students held an exhibition of needlework which set a new standard; copper-red plush embroidered in silver and black made a set of mantel hangings, for nearly all mantels were hideously ugly then and had to be hidden, if possible. Liberty's became one of the show places of London with its art silks and bronzes, and enjoyed a monopoly of goods that can be found now in almost any civilised city in the world. Thus there arose a great discontent with our surroundings. The stained floor came in and the comfortable carpet went out. Ebonized furniture took the place of walnut and mahogany, and lambrequin, balance, and festooned or looped curtains surrendered to straight hangings of art muslin and printed silk. We were particularly unfortunate with curtains. They were all decidedly poor style and anything but aesthetic, although originally high-

priced, and so they came down and Madras muslin went up in their places. Old gold or russet brown, olive green and sage, faded blue and washed-out old rose more often gave the keynote of colour to a room than anything of a more cheerful cast. Marble statuettes, of which we had three, were tabooed, and with them into the limbo of cupboard and drawer went everything that had its origin in domestic tastes; photographs, prints, old engravings, bead work, shells, even egg-shell china. They were not "aesthetic." But time has avenged all that. To be up-to-date now it is necessary to display articles and curios that have genuine personal history apart from intrinsic worth. Mahogany and walnut are "in" again. So is the beaded hand-screen. So is the worked ottoman and the quaint sampler. So are old family photographs, of scenes in England, India, Vermont, Nova Scotia, or what a humourist calls St. Brons, New Junswick—anywhere that has been the home of the race now determinedly growing to be Canadian. Such are the old line engravings of works by Frith, Millais, Orchardson and Wilkie; once despised, or at any rate neglected, they grace the chief walls in the modern house along with an occasional subtler head by Burne-Jones and Rossetti.

But about curtains. Figure, then, as the French say, how we had run the whole gamut of stuffs: net, striped effects like awnings, dull velours and shiny chintzes; fruits and flowers in stencilled outline on crash or linen; repp, cretonne, furniture satin, plush. Thus, in very relief and deep thankfulness that we had weathered the storms of aestheticism forever, we went the other day and bought two pairs of plain white lace curtains for the drawing-room—act symbolical of a return to sanity. *Bourgeois* may be our windows from the street—we care not. We have risen superior to all eloquence of decorators and Chicago pamphleteers whose knowledge of "effecks" is so bewildering and we intend henceforth to abstain from those artistic affectations. *Abi tu et fac similiter.*

* * *

To See for Herself.

THE well-known actress, Mlle. Polaire, is sailing for America next month. Her reason for going is amusing.

"I used to know an American millionaire in Paris," she says. "One Sunday he took me in his motor-car to Saint Germain. We dined at the Pavilion Henri IV, and after dinner we went for a drive in the park. As we drove along—it was a beautiful moonlight night—I saw some wild flowers by the roadside, and said I should like them. He stopped his car and told the chauffeur to get down and pick them. This annoyed me, and I told him so; so, rather late, he went to pick the flowers for me.

"Then I thought that I'd like to try whether I could drive the car myself. I started slowly, got interested, forgot all about the millionaire and his chauffeur, left them on the road, and drove myself home. Well, now would you believe that, although I sent the car back next morning, the millionaire man never even thanked me for it, or sent me the flowers. I am going over to New York to see whether all Americans are as rude as that."

* * *

Princess Mary.

PRINCESS MARY, who in the ordinary course of events will become Princess Royal, when she was younger was not altogether enamoured of the high position to which she was born, and was often heard to lament the fact that ordinary girls could do many things from which a Royal Princess was debarred. In particular, she desired to be able to romp and play with children of her own age; but as a matter of fact, her circle of friends is still a very small one.

When at Frogmore, Princess Mary and her brothers spend much of their time boating on the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Datchet. Her two elder brothers both excel with the sculls, and her Royal Highness makes a very competent coxswain.

On one occasion last summer, the boat containing the Royal children narrowly escaped collision with a boat containing three Eton boys.

"When are you going to learn to row?" queried one of the latter as the boats bumped together.

"When you learn manners," was the prompt retort of the Princess.

Cycling is another favourite hobby of the Princess, but here again she is virtually confined to the Royal parks, and is never allowed to spin along the open road.

It is her great ambition to be allowed to drive a motor car, and she once asked her Royal grandfather to allow her to try to drive one of his cars in Windsor Forest. "Certainly," was the smiling reply of the late King; "only you must wait a bit until we have had time to clear the trees away!"

THE DEMI-TASSE

NEWSLETS.

IF they keep on denouncing it, Professor George Jackson's book, "Studies in the Old Testament," will soon be as widely read as the naughty novels.

Judge Denton of Toronto is the bravest man in Canada. He has declared that the husband has the right to set the standard of the wife's living and dress.

Lord Kitchener has resigned because he found his job too easy. Better give it to one of the members of the Toronto Board of Control.

Mr. R. L. Borden has opened the picnic season at Campbellford, in the pleasant County of Northumberland. The extravagance of the present Government is something to make the country weep, declares R. L. B. And canny J. A. M. of the *Globe* responds in cheerful accents, "Hoot mon! Hang the expense."

There is a man over in Scranton, Pennsylvania, who says he can make silver. Yes; the "Arabian Nights" is an interesting collection of fairy tales.

A Kingston grocer has been charged with selling adulterated pepper. Such a man cannot be regarded as the salt of the earth.

On the first of July Halley's Comet will be 122,400,000 miles away from the earth. Who cares? It was an unsociable heavenly body at the best of times.

There seems to be a prolonged delay over the Alexander Muir memorial. Now if the author of "The Maple Leaf Forever" had only been a grafter instead of a mere patriot, what a bright and shining memorial there would be.

QUITS.



Mrs. Brown: "John, if you allude to me again before the Joneses as your 'better half' I shall speak of you forever after as my vulgar fraction!"

THE WRONG FIGHT

IN Queen's Park, Toronto, one glorious afternoon last week, a group of assorted loungers were discussing in heated fashion the news of the day. Another happy idler approached and wanted to know the matter of argument.

"It's the Jackson controversy," said an elderly orator. "What do you think of it?"

"Well, now," said the newcomer, "I don't really take much stock in it. Of

course, I ain't saying that a nigger can't be a white man's equal in some respects, but when it comes to a white man going into the ring against a nigger, I must say that I draw the line."

"Oh, go on," said the elderly orator. "This ain't the Jeffries-Johnson fight that we're talkin' about. This is theology. Jackson's a minister."

"Shucks," said the newcomer. "what on earth can a minister be in a scrap about?"

THE INEVITABLE MALADY.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH was decidedly fond of referring to his advanced age, and seemed to take a kind of melancholy pride in being among "the last of the Victorians." More than a year ago a youthful friend approached him and asked solicitously after his health. Dr. Smith smiled with that gentleness which always characterised him.

"There is nothing the matter with me at all," he said. Then he added thoughtfully: "Nothing except the incurable disease of more than four-score years."

AMONGST THOSE PRESENT

When comes the middle of July,
The brides will be returning,
And to the shops they'll swiftly hie,
To make "exchanges" yearning.

Their pickle forks they'll gladly "trade,"

Because they have a score;
Of salad bowls they have a host,
And also spoon galore.

A CAUTIOUS HUSBAND.

A SCOTCHMAN who had at an early period of his career gone to London, and, as is proverbially the case with folk of his nationality, had remained in the metropolis, was at the bedside of his dying wife, who had originally come from the highlands, and had always retained a strong affection for the land of her birth.

"Promise me, Angus," she said, "that ye'll bury me in the Hiellands; I could never rest quiet down here."

"Weel," replied the prudent Angus, who did not relish the expense of removing the body to Scotland—"weel, I'll just see. If I find that ye canna rest quiet here, I'll hae ye removed to the Hiellands!"

MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.

OF Alexandre Dumas, father, and Alexandre Dumas, son, Mr. Edmund Yates tells the story that when the first successful novel of the son appeared the elder wrote to his son, as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and adding that he ought to know something about the difficulties of novel-writing, as he had himself been guilty of several. Alexandre, junior, replied in the same spirit, thanking his correspondent for his congratulations, of which he felt specially proud, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

RECEIVED IN COURT CIRCLES.

IN a speech in the Senate on Hawaiian affairs, Senator Depew of New York told this story:

When Queen Liliukalani was in England during the English Queen's

jubilee, she was received at Buckingham Palace. In the course of the remarks that passed between the two queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins.

"How so?" asked Victoria.
"My ancestors ate Captain Cook."

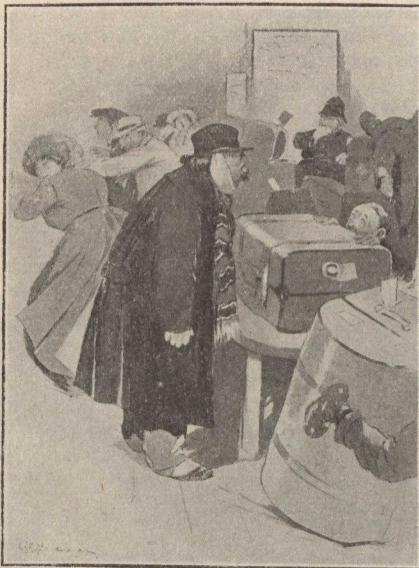
OF COURSE.

ONE Sunday afternoon an English Church curate was walking along a street in the north end of Toronto, carrying his silk bag across his shoulder.

"I wonder what he carries in that bag?" asked a bystander.

"Thirty-nine articles, I suppose," was the reply of his companion.

WHILE THE CHESTNUT STILL BLOOMS.



Traveller (with toothache): "Gentlemen, I haf der schmall pox . . . Himmel! Vat to gootness iss der matter mit you? . . . I haf der schmall pox full of fancy goots, yes."—*The Tattler*.

REMEMBERED HIS MANNERS.

"YOU, boy, over in the corner!" cried the man behind the desk. The boy over in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," continued the examiner: "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar. "And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, "we l-leave them on the s-s-sides of our p-plates."—*Youth's Companion*.

THE INCOME TAX.

AMONG other little witticisms of the Punchites which memory has set on record is a conversation among them on the subject of the payment of income tax. With most of them there was in the earliest days little income and less tax, and strange were the stories told. At least one, whose name had not been preserved, quietly asserted that he honestly filled in the declaration each year and honourably paid the demand which was regularly served upon him. The company's surprise had increased to contemptuous incredulity when their Quixotic friend proceeded: "I don't think I lose by it. I always take the average of three years, according to the regulation; so I take the present year and the two future ones—and you fellows know what a pessimist I am!"—*Life*.

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Stories and Rhymes of the Children's kind.



Teaching a backward Pupil his A.B.C's.

The Spider Bite.

By M. H. C.

TOMMY was sitting on the green seat that ran around the maple tree at the end of the garden, and watching a big, fat spider climbing up and down the trunk just out of his reach.

"I wonder how many legs he's got," thought Tommy. "I'd like to count them," and he stood up on the seat, and when Mr. Spider came near enough, biff! he gave him a knock with his cap and when he scrambled down the spider was lying on his back with his legs waving wildly in the air.

Tommy grinned, the spider looked so funny, and then he picked him up by one leg, just to see what he would do. As we said, Mr. Spider was very fat, and the leg came off. Then Tommy pulled off two more legs, and Mr. Spider wiggled dreadfully.

"I guess it must hurt," said Tommy. "Perhaps I'd better kill him," and he brushed him on to the grass and squashed him to death with his heel. And then he looked up at the tree and there was another fat spider right in front of him and staring at him.

"She's Mrs. Spider," thought Tommy, "and she's mad as anything at me for killing her husband. And now she'll have to go home and tell all the spider children that their father is dead. I shouldn't have killed him." And Tommy ran out of the garden because he knew he had been a very cruel little boy—and because he didn't like the angry way Mrs. Spider looked at him.

When Tommy awoke next morning he couldn't see out of one eye. It was swollen and very red.

"It must be a bite," said his mama. "Go and show your daddy and see what he thinks it is."

"Spider bite," said daddy,—and Tommy's other eye—the good one—opened very wide in wonder.

"Do you think it was a fat spider, daddy?"

"I would not be surprised, sonny, by the look of that eye."

"Do you think it was a lady spider, daddy?"

"Well, now, that really would be difficult to say. But what makes you think it was a fat lady spider that bit you?"

Mama came into the room just then with some absorbent cotton, a box of ointment, and a big, white

handkerchief, and while she bound up his eye Tommy told them about the spider on the apple tree the day before.

"And Mrs. Spider looked as if she was going to come after me and bite me, and I guess she did," finished Tommy. "but I don't blame her, and I'll never kill another spider as long as I live, no matter how fat and leggy he is." And ever after that when Tommy saw a wiggly spider that

he wanted to kill, he thought of poor Mrs. Spider, who was now a widow, and the spider children—and he kept his promise.

* * *

How Mr. Peacock Went to the Fair.

MR. PEACOCK was proud. He had a fine long train, a splendid crest, and the gayest blue-green coat that ever was seen; and all day



"Which hand will you have?"

long he would strut up and down the barnyard and say: "See what a beauty I am!"

The geese and ducks and turkeys were much displeased at this. "Beauty, indeed!" they said. "Of what use is your beauty? Can it hatch eggs? Tell us that!" and they turned their backs and walked away.

"These are stupid creatures!" said Mr. Peacock. "Why should I stay among them? I will go to the Fair, for there people will see my beauty and admire it."

So he spread his tail like a fan, raised his crested head and strutted off down the road to the Fair. Pretty soon he met some young men who also were going to the Fair. "Aha!" said Mr. Peacock. "These people will admire me!" and he strutted more than ever.

"Look!" said the young man. "What a fine peacock, and what splendid feathers he has! They are just what we want for our hats." They surrounded Mr. Peacock, and, spite of his screams of rage and terror, tore out three or four of his finest tail feathers and went away laughing. Presently he fell in with a large flock of geese which a boy was driving to the Fair to sell. He spread his tail and tried to push his way to the head of the flock, but they took no notice of him and waddled steadily on, keeping close together.

"Make way, you stupid creatures!" said Mr. Peacock. "Keep your dirty feet off my fine train!"

"Quack!" said an old grey goose, the grandmother of the flock. "Keep your train out from under our feet, Mr. Strut! Who asked you to join our company?"

"Join your company, indeed!" cried Mr. Peacock. "Get out of my way, you rude, clumsy thing, and learn how to treat your betters!" and he gave the goose a hard peck.

When the other geese, who loved their grandmother, saw this, they all fell upon Mr. Peacock and beat and peck and hustled him till he ran screaming away, dragging his tail behind him.

He was now in a sad way, covered with dust, and many of his finest feathers were torn and broken; but still, when he came to the Fair he spread his tail, reared his crest and made as much of himself as he could.

"Look there!" said a man. "There is a peacock. Let us kill and stuff him and add him to our show." And he chased Mr. Peacock, who ran off screaming with terror. Coming around a corner he ran into a large dog who was coming the other way.

"Get out of my way!" screamed Mr. Peacock.

"Get out of mine!" growled Mr. Dog, and he grabbed Mr. Peacock by the neck, shook him hard and tore out a great mouthful of feathers.

More dead than alive, the poor Peacock ran and ran and ran, and never stopped till he got home.

The geese and turkeys looked at him in great surprise. "Who is this wretched, shabby bird?" they asked each other. "It cannot possibly be Mr. Peacock?"

"Yes," sobbed the poor creature, "it is I; but I have left my pride behind. If you will only let me stay with you I will do my best to hatch eggs."

But he never could. — *Ladies' Home Journal.*



The "doggy" School in the Garden.



Have Some?

To those who have once tasted the goodness contained in those little opal jars labelled "MacLaren's Imperial Cheese," an invitation to *have some* is irresistible. The delightful flavor of

MAC LAREN'S IMPERIAL CHEESE

satisfies the most critical taste.

Weight for weight, it is six times more nutritious than meat, and, combined with bread, contains everything that the human body requires in the way of food to maintain health and strength.

To appreciate all that this statement means—just try it.

10c. a jar and upward at all grocers.

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese Co., Ltd.,
Detroit, Michigan, and Toronto, Canada



LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND.

I want to get a sample of my Ruby Rub Metal Polish into your hands.

I know if you use this polish now, when there is Spring shining up to be done, you will always have Ruby Rub in your home.

It can be used with safety on any article of brass, silver, copper, zinc, plated ware, harness trimmings, etc.

I make the way easy for you to try this great polish. Cut out this ad., take it to your dealer and he'll sell you a 10c tin of Ruby Rub for 5c.

If your dealer cannot supply, write direct. Enclose this ad. and Five Cents.

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Most people already use—and always will use—Windsor Salt. They know—from years of experience—that Windsor Salt won't get damp or lumpy. There is never even a suspicion of grittiness about it.

Its clean taste—its crystal purity and recognized economy—make Windsor Salt the prime favorite in every home where it is used.

Don't pay fancy prices for imported salt, when Windsor Salt costs so little, and is so high in quality.

WINDSOR
TABLE
SALT 16



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REGISTERED

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It makes the old, new—the worn-out, fresh—the dull, bright—the commonplace, beautiful.

This perfect varnish stain covers all scars and scratches, and gives a beautiful, brilliant finish to Furniture, Floors, Chairs, Tables, Oil Cloth etc. One point about "China-Lac" that every woman will appreciate is, that the china-like finish is water proof, and can be washed when necessary without becoming dull.

14 colors for all woodwork. Remember the name and insist on having "China-Lac".

BRANDRAM - HENDERSON, Limited.

Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg. 73

Rural School Libraries

The Canadian Farm has made arrangements whereby rural schools all over the Dominion are able to secure through it, well selected libraries of standard authors.

Teachers and others interested are requested to write for particulars. Address

The Canadian Farm
12 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Ont.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The First Social Club in Canada.

THE club idea has secured a firm hold on Canada, evidenced for example, in the apartment house, that grotesquely new and picturesque phenomenon of Canadian town life. Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg have their millionaire clubs—exclusive resorts of the nouveaux riches; every hamlet in the land has some sort of "association," athletic, literary, scientific; about them nothing gilded. This club life of Canada is a matter of one hundred and twenty-five years. The first social club of this country came into existence in the year 1785 at Montreal, although there does not seem on the face of it any good reason why, before that time, a few good fellows could not get together, string out a few rules, and call themselves—what? Very likely the explanation is just this: No common motive happened to inspire them to unite. Necessity created the first club. In 1753, the Northwest Fur Company began to send trappers out into the wilds, determined that they would smash the "Great Monopoly," the Hudson Bay Company, which had got a royal charter three years before. Now it required a lot of scheming to combat the wily Lords

guerre," or "A la Claire Fontaine."

No club to-day in the Dominion was more exclusive than the Beavers. A man got in on his merits. The first test was unique; the prospective member had to furnish proof that his travels had included an itinerary through the Northwest. Next the unanimity of the members had to be expressed that the applicant for admittance was desirable. Later in its history, the Beavers confined the waiting-list to those who had mounted the various grades in the service of the fur company. Honorary members were sometimes added to the list. The constitution provided that all members in town keep the date of the annual dinner open—first Wednesday in December. The gatherings often took place with great éclat at Fort William on Lake Superior.

* * *

Horses at Galt.

DICKSON PARK, Galt, Ontario, has been one of the liveliest spots in Canada for the past few days—full of horses. The annual Horse Show is one of the fixtures in Galt; quite as important to the townsmen as the big society parades at Toronto or Winnipeg. On this page are shown two prize-winners at the show; teams that for speed



A fine pair, which should give as much pleasure as an automobile—Winners in Roadster Class at Galt Horse Show.

of the North. The new traders in pelts found that their plans kept them up o' nights. So, sensible men, nineteen of them decided to organise. Quite appropriately they styled themselves "The Beavers" of the Beaver Club, and with admirable aptitude adopted as their motto "Fortitude in Difficulties." What menus of entertainment the Beavers provided for themselves on the cold, blustery nights of a winter in the New World! Ordinarily, the man who drops into the National Club, or the Rideau, or the Manitoba, smokes a cigar and discourses upon the vagaries of chauffeurs, or Leader Borden's chances in Quebec. The dashing Beavers whispered to each other of the redmen skulking in the bush; told of tragedies whirling in the rapids; laughed jocosely at the hard tack, culled corn and tallow, commenting on such luxuries as peas and pork. Sometimes they entertained a guest, an attache of the Government sent out to the colony to report. Then was the table heavy with venison haunches, beavers' tails, pemmican, and tongues of the buffalo. How they regaled the wondering stranger, these voyageurs with the bronzed faces and great, heavy voices of the wood! Time for the toasts—five the minimum, a rule of the club; the tinkling of the glasses mingles with the suave tones of the master; then the wail of a violin somewhere, and the gay company rings out with the lilting songs, "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en

are able to pass anything on the road and for style equal to anything in a metropolitan horse show.

* * *

Yellow Peril Talk.

JOHN CHINAMAN is squinting through his slanting, olive eyes at Canada more eagerly than ever before—witnesses the Customs Department at Victoria, B.C. Yellow peril talk threatens to become rampant again. Dozens of the pig-tailed celestials are filing into the coast province. Every liner from dark Asia has its complement of yellow men; Japanese ships are doing good business shipping Chinamen to Seattle, whence the prospective laundrymen and butlers of the predatory rich take a local boat to Vancouver. Why the sudden influx? Transportation men explain that it is all a question of the capitation tax. Chinese immigrants pay now five hundred dollars each for the privilege of Canadian residence. A rumour is reported to have got abroad in Hong Kong that the immigration authorities of the Dominion contemplate doubling the five hundred dollar tax. Of course, such an intimation would tend to wake up any inhabitant of the "Land that Sleeps" who might have a hazy dream some time of washing clothes in the western hustle. But is the rumour true?—very possibly enterprising fiction on the part of the transportation agents.

CELESTINS

VICHY

Natural Alkaline Water

Used at meals prevents Dyspepsia and relieves Gout and Indigestion.

Ask your Physician



VICHY

CELESTINS

Boivin, Wilson & Co., Agents



Only the world's best, is good enough for Canadians. We go 'round the world in our search for the ingredients of Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder. The talc we use comes from Sunny Italy. The exquisite perfume is extracted from Orchids which grow only on the Island of Borneo. "Ideal Orchid" is the sweetest and most delightful Talcum Powder obtainable. If your Druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size box. SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LIMITED, Toronto.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between MEAFORD and WALTER'S FALLS from the 1st September next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Meaford, Walter's Falls and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 17th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 29th JULY, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CARRVILLE and MAPLE RAILWAY STATION (G.T.) from the 1st October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 17th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent.



Hewson Underwear

embodies an abundance of beauty, comfort and quality that appeal immediately to the fastidious man. When you enter a store with the idea of getting the best underwear, don't waste your valuable time examining inferior brands. Right at first - - -

Ask for Hewson

The name is your guarantee of a pleasing garment, well fitting, durable—"the best in Underwear."

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited
Amherst, N. S.

NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO. Grand Trunk Route

SUGGESTED TOURS

Between Sarnia and Collingwood through Lake Huron to S. S. Marie thence via North Channel of the Georgian Bay returning same route **\$32.00**

Between Sarnia and Port Arthur or Fort William through Lakes Huron and Superior **\$30.00** same to Duluth returning same route **\$34.00**

Between Collingwood or Owen Sound and Mackinac through the North Channel of the Georgian Bay returning same route **\$25.00**

Between Winnipeg and Toronto via any Railway to Port Arthur or Duluth, thence Nor. Nav. Co. Steamer to Sarnia and G. T. Ry. to Toronto returning same route **\$55.00**

Rates quoted include meals and berth on steamer.

The above tours are applicable in the reverse direction, and are a few examples of the many attractive trips which can be taken via the Northern Navigation Co.

Full information from all Railway Agents, or address.

C. A. Macdonald, Asst. Mgr. Collingwood.
E. W. Holton, Eastern Pass. Agent, Sarnia.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 15th JULY, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Dunbarton and Toronto from the 1st October next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 30th. May, 1910

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Few Shareholders Attend Annual Meetings of Big Canadian Corporations.

IT is surprising how few shareholders of Canadian corporations ever think of attending the annual meetings of the concerns in which they are interested. During the last couple of years owing to the stirring events that have been happening in connection with the Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal companies, the annual meetings of these two concerns have been somewhat more largely attended than had been the case for some years previous, but now that all the trouble between the two companies is a thing of the past, interest on the part of the shareholders has evidently waned and when the other day the annual meeting of the Dominion Iron & Steel Company was held in the board room of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Montreal out of the thirteen hundred odd shareholders that the company has, there were not, outside of ten or twelve directors, more than twenty shareholders present. In fact President Plummer, in adjourning the meeting for a week to consider the proposal of changing the name of the Dominion Iron & Steel Corporation to that of the Canadian Steel Corporation, had to express the hope that some of the larger shareholders of the company might make a point of attending the meeting.

In the case of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which now has well over 14,000 shareholders, it is very seldom that more than from thirty-five to forty people ever gather together to hear the various reports as submitted by Sir William Van Horne and Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and as a rule it does not take more than from twelve to fifteen minutes to dispose of all the regular business of the meeting. In the early days of C. P. R., the annual meetings of the company were very lively affairs, because of the criticism that was levelled at the management by many of the shareholders. For quite a few years past, however, all has been peace and harmony at the meetings.

But of all Canadian corporations, the Canadian banks seem to find it hardest of all to get together even a respectable looking meeting and for the last couple of years some of even the larger banks have had to have their own officials drop in in order to give the board room an appearance that might indicate that a shareholders' meeting was being held. As a matter of fact only recently one of the larger banks in Montreal at its annual meeting only had two or three shareholders present, outside of the members of the board of directors, and each of the three shareholders was called upon twice to either move or second the resolutions which are put, thanking the management and staff for their good work during the year, and other such matters.

The Bank of Montreal is hardly an exception to this rule, for while it has a great many more shareholders than most other banks, it is quite a few years since more than about twenty shareholders have gathered at a meeting.

One of the principal reasons for the very small attendance at the annual meetings of these Canadian corporations is undoubtedly because of the practice that prevails of issuing the annual statements to the shareholders.

* * *

How Canada Stands the Huge Capitalisations of the Corporations.

THE question is often asked, "How can a young country like Canada stand so many big industrial corporations with such huge capitalisations as are being tacked on to most of them these days?" The answer to this question that would seem nearest to being correct is that the capitalists or promoters (I make a distinction between the two, because the average capitalist rather objects to being called a promoter) has a great deal of imagination and goes on the principle that concerns in a young country like Canada, growing at the rate that it is, can stand a good many corporations with pretty big capitalisations, for while they may appear rather big at the present time they will become rather modest when looked at in about five or ten years from now. In other words the country is going ahead at a very rapid rate and of course nobody discounts the future in a country to quite the same extent as does the average capitalist or promoter. In almost all his transactions he trades both on his own imagination and on the future of the country. Up to the present time in most instances he has been right. Six or eight years ago such a proposal as the Dominion Iron & Steel concern with its \$25,000,000 of capital looked more like a dream than a reality and while it must be admitted that it had a pretty strenuous existence, still it has come along very nicely during the past couple of years, and the annual statement recently issued showed that after paying the full 7 per cent. dividend on the preferred stock the company had surplus earnings left which were equal to over 6 per cent. on the total \$20,000,000 of common stock. So it is that we find the Cement Consolidation with its \$30,000,000 of capital and while Canadian investors may think that this is a pretty big capital for an industrial concern like cement to have, still English investors who have been looking into the possibilities of the country have for months past been buying up the securities of the company in big blocks, evidently satisfied apparently to put them away in their strong boxes, believing that in eight or ten years from now they will be worth a great deal more money than even most Canadians expect they will for at least twenty-five. Then again, where six years ago a Steel concern with a capital of \$25,000,000 there are now capitalists at work who evidently have their minds made up to make one great big Canadian Steel Corporation with a capital of \$100,000,000 that will embrace all of the larger steel and iron concerns in the country.

In the woollen line, for instance, the old Penman concern, founded and nursed along by old John Penman of Paris, Ont., was getting along very nicely with a total capital of somewhat like \$750,000, but when the capitalists who secured control of it and re-organised the capitalisation of it got through with their work, the company had a total capital of \$4,000,000 and even last year, which was a rather poor year in the woollen trade, after the payment of all its fixed charges and dividends on preferred stock, showed well over 6 per cent. earned on the common stock, and paid 4 per cent. dividend.

In the railway field of course the Canadian Pacific is the greatest wonder of all and while about five years ago, it seemed to have a pretty big capital for a Canadian railway when it had \$50,000,000, still this amount looks pretty small now when it has jumped its capitalisation to \$150,000,000 and there is talk of this being further increased in the not distant future to \$200,000,000.

There is only one

BOVRIL

Do not accept a substitute.

Nature designed the "water level route" to

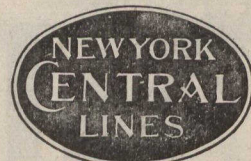
New York

Can you improve on nature's work?

How would you improve a route that is gradeless—and for a large part of the way practically curveless?

How could you improve the scenery—the Hudson River—Mohawk Valley?

This great combination is found only on the route of the



"For the Public Service"

Through Sleepers at 5.20 p. m. daily and 7.10 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Trains at 9.30 a. m. and 3.45 p. m. daily, except Sunday, make direct connections at Buffalo for New York.

**Canadian Pacific Ry.
New York Central**

Railroad and Pullman tickets can be secured at Canadian Pacific Railway Ticket Offices, or at New York Central Lines City Ticket Office, 80 Yonge St.

FRANK C. FOY
Canadian Passenger Agent
Phone Main 4361 80 Yonge Street



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 22nd JULY, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between ATHA and STOUFFVILLE from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Atha, Stouffville and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 8th June, 1910.

G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6% per annum payable half-yearly.
4. They have a ready market and may be promptly sold if funds are required for other purposes.
5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5%
Corporation Bonds yield 5 to 6%

Full particulars on request.

A. E. Ames & Co.

Investment Bankers Limited

7 and 9 King St. East, Toronto

VITAL FACTORS IN BUSINESS

The greatest economy, a wise selection of business and the greatest care in the investment of funds, are *vital factors in every business*. They have placed the



in the front rank. Its Actual Results to policyholders have never been excelled and results count in life insurance just as they do in any other business.

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Of course such capitalisations mean a huge amount of securities for the markets to digest, and it rather looks as though the salvation of the Canadian situation will lie in the amount of our securities the English, French and German markets will be willing to take within the next ten years or so.

* * *

Three Young Canadians in the Millionaire Class.

EVERY little while there is some little incident occurring that goes to show how fast some of the younger generation of Canadians have jumped, by their own efforts, into the millionaire class.

The other day, for instance, when the big ocean liner *Lusitania* pulled into New York from England it had among its passengers three young Canadians who about five years ago very few people ever expected would be in the millionaire class for a great many years to come, and yet in that short space of time, in entirely different fields had accumulated an unusually large amount of wealth for a young country like Canada.

The three of them, who chummed quite a lot together on the way over, were Mr. C. B. Gordon, the young president of the Dominion Textile Co., which represents the merger of a number of the larger cotton concerns of Canada; Mr. W. M. Aitken, more generally known as the president of the Royal Securities Corporation because it is his pet concern, but in reality the wizard of Canadian promoters, who even before he had touched the thirty-year mark had perhaps more consolidations to his credit than any other Canadian capitalist; and Mr. Shirley Ogilvie, a director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., but more generally known as one of the four young men who jumped into prominence a few years ago, when after securing the control of the Canadian Rubber Co., they formed the big Canadian rubber consolidation, now included in the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co.

Even a hasty glance back shows at what a tremendous pace all three of them have come along, for it only seems the other day when Charlie Gordon was working almost day and night to put the Standard Shirt Co. on its feet and probably had never dreamt of such a thing as the consolidation of the principal cotton concerns of the country.

When the time came, however, for this consolidation the Montreal financiers who recognised the possibilities of it, right from the outset called in Mr. Gordon's advice because it was felt that from a practical standpoint he knew a great deal about the cotton trade of the country.

When finally the merger had been completed it was found that Gordon had relinquished his position in the Standard Shirt and was to fill the important post of vice-president and managing director of the big textile concern.

Naturally, of course, from a stock market standpoint, he got right in on the ground floor, and while he was going ahead making a success of the Textile Company he was all the time adding to the value of his big holdings in the company.

Then about a year ago, when Mr. David Yuile, the president of the company, passed away, the directors insisted on Mr. Gordon stepping into the presidency, notwithstanding the fact that in doing so he would easily be the youngest Canadian to occupy such a post in a big concern.

Of course Mr. Gordon has also been a shrewd business man in other ways, but there can be little doubt but that by far the greater proportion of his present large fortune was made out of the Textile securities.

Then while young Mr. Aitken has during the past year become one of the leading figures in financial circles, both in Montreal and Toronto, still before coming up to Montreal to reside from Halifax he had put through a large number of deals, more particularly in connection with public utilities and electrical power concerns.

Included among the latter were such companies as the Trinidad Electric, the Camaguay Electric, the Porto Rico Railway and Light Co., and other such enterprises, all of which have been great money-makers, more especially for those who were able to get right in on the lowest basis at which the securities were obtained from the company, because such a basis has permitted of large profits on both the bonds and the stocks received in the form of a bonus.

Of his later deals, such as the Canada Cement Consolidation, the Canadian Car and Foundry, much is already known because the concerns included in them are spread out in different parts of the country. The question whether they have been as profitable to the interests who have put them through as were the public utility deals, seems to me rather doubtful, very largely because in the recent big deals very large properties had to be purchased and in such cases the seller generally holds out for a pretty good price, while in the case of new companies that go in to develop street railway and power propositions there are always enormous possibilities of enhancement in values, because as the propositions develop it is generally possible to show larger earnings than were estimated even at the outset by the companies' own engineers.

Then when you get away from both the cotton and public utility concerns you can get into a rubber field and it is in just such a place that you will find that Shirley Ogilvie got most of his already very large harvest of wealth.

Of course as secretary and director of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., young Shirley was always pretty close in touch with a pretty strong group of men, but his real opportunity came when he became identified with the Rubber Consolidation of the country.

His is rather the kind of character which makes what is generally called nowadays a plunger, because when he gets into any kind of a stock market transaction he generally goes in on such a heavy scale that his profits when they do come are tremendously large, but then again there is the other side of it, that if things do not break well for him there are big losses to take.

From the general look of things, however, Shirley in his operations in the Canadian stock market, as well as in the Wall Street market, has been particularly lucky, which is another way of saying that he has been very shrewd in his various purchases, but all the time now he is becoming more largely identified with Canadian industrial concerns because he is a great believer in the possibilities of the country, and evidently goes on the principle that now is the time to stay right with them and reap big profits out of the investments in them.

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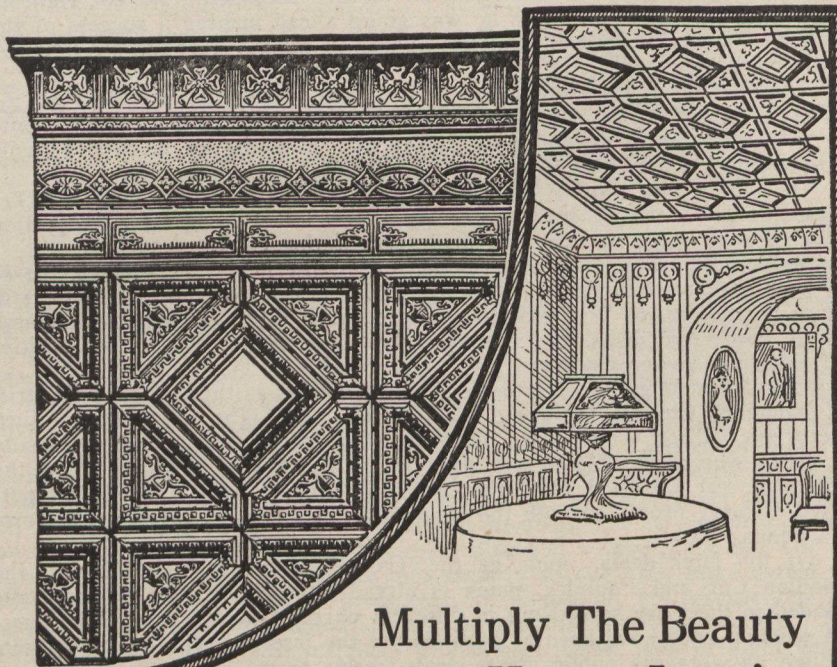
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Guesses at the Riddle of Goldwin Smith

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IN a way, Goldwin Smith was a humourist. Traces of penetrative, studious humour may be found in some of his most serious controversial works. His smile was a compound of genial satire. When, however, his biographer comes to tot up the analysis of the great scholar's life—expect some casuistry. There has never yet been a consistent estimate of what the real note of Goldwin Smith's life was. Even his actual attitude on the one thing that interested most people in three countries—has bewildered his careful appraiser, Mr. J. S. Willison, in the *Toronto News*. Some said Mr. Smith preached annexation. He denied that. "In effect his view was," says Mr. Willison, "that the ultimate destiny of Canada was absorption with the American Union. How far this may be differentiated from annexation is a point of casuistry we are not called on to determine."


Try to cage the Professor's attitude on almost any other of the kaleidoscopic things in which he took a vital, even a controversial interest—and see if the net result is much clearer. He was an alleged agnostic; but he was identified in turn with three Toronto churches, two of them at his very door—Anglican and Baptist—and one farther down town; in which latter, the Church of the Ascension, he was a few years ago chairman at a church meeting. Last year he invited his evangelical namesake, Gipsy Smith, to the Grange for a discussion. Dare we suppose that they discussed the hereafter; or was the Professor merely anxious to get at the philosophy of the evangelist?

By nature and breeding and habit Goldwin Smith was an autocrat; to the last degree fastidiously intellectual. But he was little less than a social lion at the Labour Temple, where he frequently appeared, listening resignedly on one occasion to a fuliginous diatribe of the President of Council on "the curse of labour." Strikes he deprecated—as a form of war. He said at one meeting that he favoured giving married members of unions two votes each—that needless strikes might be averted. Here again he was committing himself exclusively to neither capital nor labour; rather correcting the extremes of both; though he has invited labour representatives to the Grange, and has never so far as is known so invited a capitalist merely because he represented capital.

A Political Paradox.

Again in politics—to begin with he was a free trader, disciple and critic of Cobden and John Bright. Consistently he applied the doctrine to America, desiring to abolish the tariff wall between Canada and the United States. Yet he refused to cast in his lot either by preaching or practice with the Liberal party, which up till somewhere near 1896 at least stood pledged to the subversion of the National Policy; and at last he openly declared that party government was a delusion. Perhaps he was first to perceive how his free trade phantom was dissipated by the Liberals when they got into office and proceeded to go the National Policy one better.

Yet no one has called Goldwin Smith insincere. Nor probably was he. He was rather paradoxical. He did more than any other Canadian citizen to encourage art in Canada; yet of the art of painting he knew comparatively little or pretended to know. The sombre canvases that hang on his walls are most or all of



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them replicas. Of Canadian pictures he bought few or none; yet he left his house and land to the trustees of the proposed Art Museum in Toronto—a practical and enlightened piece of philanthropy.

Once he invited a well-known Canadian artist—one of the younger men—out to the Grange. The artist had made some reputation for figure work in colour. Goldwin Smith—probably from a desire to help him along—desired to commission him to do a series of paintings from Shakespeare.

"But I don't know anything about Shakespeare," said the artist. "I couldn't undertake that."

"Can't you read up enough—for the purpose?"

"But I don't know even a single play or character of Shakespeare."

"Well—?"

"I should need to spend some months on reading and research; after that get models. No—I really can't think of it."


"Oh! I thought perhaps you could do it—without much preparation."

In the matter of music Goldwin Smith never pretended to be an authority. He rarely or never went to a concert. But he is quoted as having said that the universal teaching of music in the schools would do more than anything else to stifle anarchistic impulses.

The Search for Truth.

Shall we then call him—teacher or critic? Constantly it may be said he was on the search for truth. But it is open to question if he always recognised the truth when he found it. He traversed so much ground along so many lines of inquiry that it is only natural he should have sometimes let brilliant generalities pass for the real truth. He did not make it easier for the average man studying his works to define what he should believe. So many curves in the Professor's intellectual geometry to him resembled straight lines—but to the average man were peculiarly baffling. The historian was a sphinx; much of a mystery. Did he always understand himself? Will it ever be possible in Canada for Canadians to remember more of Goldwin Smith than that he was a brilliant thinker, a beautiful chaste writer, a man of highly moral ideas who preferred always to be somewhat of a conundrum to other men—even when he desired to have truth and righteousness prevail? Of Darwin and Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer, all coevals of Goldwin Smith, it can be said definitely what they taught and largely whether the teaching was right or wrong. Of Goldwin Smith, a better writer and less of a philosopher and scientist than any of these—can as much be said? What must be the ultimate effect of his doctrines on the Canadian mind? Will it be said that after all his chief claim to distinction in this country was—that he condescended to live here and in so doing imparted to Canada a literary and academic distinction possessed by no other country in the world?

Time may tell. At present we have lost an illustrious man and in some respects a great citizen. Forty years with us he was never vitally part of us. He stood above, yet strangely at times came to our level. He was proud yet humble. An autocrat—but a democrat. Our political and social and intellectual life he freely criticised. Yet he had never seen our Canadian parliament; had never visited the West; felt little or nothing of the big throb of life that came when he was an old man; and to the last he expressed warmer affection for Cornell at Ithaca on Lake Cayuga than for the University of Toronto



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Real Estate and the Church

The Pioneer Presbyterians of Edmonton were more worldly wise than they knew.

THE story of the Presbyterian church in Edmonton is a graphic illustration of the remarkable progress in that city during the last decade. Ten years ago at the corner of Jasper Avenue, the main street of Edmonton, and Third Street, in the westerly end of the town, there was dug a large hole in the ground. A month or two before this at a meeting of the church congregation there was a spirited debate between the conservative old-timers and the restless new-timers as to the wisdom or folly, as the case might be, of spending more than ten thousand dollars for a church on the lot where the hole was to be. To the old guard it looked like burying money and they said so; twenty thousand dollars would be a fabulous sum to spend on a church when for twenty odd years the congregation had been content with a wooden shack.

After a long argument the spend-thrifts won. Men wagged their heads and said it was an economic shame. The lot had cost the ridiculous sum of \$1,200 already. Since then things have happened. The congregation has long since outgrown the building. Two other Presbyterian churches have been put up. Stores and shops have been rushing up in that direction. Three years ago there were stores west of the church which is now fair into the business section. The church management had a chance to sell out.

A few weeks ago they got an offer of \$130,000! This was practically for the land only, as the building would have but little value to the purchaser and would probably be removed to make way for a business block. The increase in value of the land in the ten years was, therefore, something over one hundred fold. Taking the

cost of the building into consideration the offer gave the congregation a profit of nearly \$110,000 or about 550 per cent on their investment. After very careful consideration by the congregation, which it may be stated comprises a majority of the shrewdest business men of the city it was decided to reject the offer.

The figure offered was approximately the valuation placed upon the property by the board of trustees of the church, but the offer was in the form of an immediate loan of \$50,000 which is all the money needed immediately, and the balance of \$80,000, without interest, to be paid over upon the transfer of the property two years hence. The congregation decided that by holding the property themselves for two years a very large increase of present valuation could be readily obtained, and the necessary funds for a new building on another site will therefore be borrowed.

The present property consists of 130 feet frontage on Jasper Avenue, at the corner of Third Street, the recent offer being equivalent to \$1,000 per foot frontage. The gentlemen who opposed the present sale expressed confidence that something in the neighbourhood of \$1,500 per foot can be obtained two years hence.

Twenty-five years ago the first Presbyterians of Edmonton built the little wooden church, when nails were twenty-five cents a pound. Rev. Andrew Baird was the minister. Frank Oliver and John McDougall, Richard Secord and Andrew Fraser, Donald Ross and Matthew McCauley, Phil Heimick and a few others were some of the congregation. But none of them dreamed that in 1910 the grain of mustard would have grown into a tree—the size of \$130,000!

A MUMMER'S THRONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.

The king appeared to listen with a smile. He rose leisurely from his seat; at the same moment the hour of midnight sounded. Rutzstin and his confederates exchanged glances.

The time had come for their foul, premeditated murder. In the eyes of those two fanatics there was no other way. The whole theatre was ringing with Clarette's denunciation of her enemies. Queen Nita stood in the wings watching with admiration. As the king passed her she joined him.

"Oh, I am coming," she said. "I dare not leave you now."

CHAPTER XI.

THE REAL THRONE.

THERE were half a dozen men in the ante-room besides the king and queen. They had arrived there by another door, summoned by Rutzstin. They were the leaders of the revolutionary movement. There were men of all ages, and more than one of them shifted his ground and looked down as King Fritz and his consort entered. And everyone of them carried arms. The rifles looked strangely out of place with court dress and the ribands of their various orders.

"What is the meaning of this, gentlemen?" the king demanded. "We had not looked forward to receiving a deputation. Rutzstin, will you kindly explain?"

"You have forced it on us," Rutzstin began. "You and that woman yonder. We have given you the chance to prove that you were worthy of the confidence—"

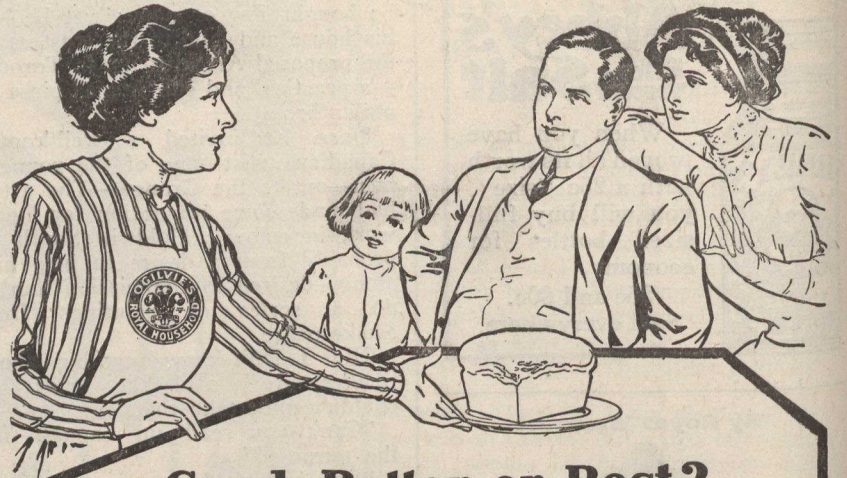
A shrill cry of defiance came from the stage. It rang in the roof. The theatre echoed with the quick, snapping fire of rifles until the noise was deafening. Again the cry from the stage cut the air exultingly, and then, as if by magic, the anteroom was filled with armed men. They were the supers that Schenteim had admired so much. Obviously they had mistaken their stage directions; they had committed an error in coming here. Rutzstin sprang forward to expostulate.

"Out of this at once!" he cried. "Don't you see that the king and queen—"

"Hands up!" a stern voice cut him short. "Hands up, all of you! You are prisoners."

A splutter of rage followed. One of the deputation, more prudent than the rest, backed to the door by which the conspirators had entered. It was locked! All the time the din of the mimic battle on the stage continued.

Schenteim was the first to recover from the surprise of it. He snatched a rifle from the hand of the man nearest to him and pointed it at the heart of the king. He was just the fraction of a second too late. The hoarse command rang out again, there was a sharp crackle of musketry, and the room was filled with blinding smoke. As the grey cloud sullenly lifted the picture in all its hideousness was disclosed. The defenders had done their work only too well. Schenteim lay there with the blood pouring down his face, a heap of conspirators were huddled together by the door. One or two of them



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stirred faintly, but that was all. Rutzstin was the only one that remained standing.

"Seize him!" the king commanded. "And see that he is safely bound."

The queen covered her face with her hands. It all seemed like some horrible dream. She had never expected her plan to be so swiftly and terribly successful as this. Bloodshed had formed no part of her programme. And yet the evil thing had been absolutely necessary—it had been forced upon her by the treachery of the conspirators.

What she wanted now was to get away from it all. If Rusta, on bent knees, came to her to-morrow and implored her to stay she would refuse. And the whole thing was so terribly grotesque. Even as she stood there, in the face of this hideous slaughter, she could hear Clarette's clear, mocking voice and the laughter and applause of the heedless audience. Were there any traitors amongst them, she wondered?

"This is no place for you, my wife," the king said tenderly.

"But there is nowhere else I can go," Nita protested. "Look at me! Would not my face betray me instantly. It is terrible, but I must remain."

There was no word for it after that. Clearly the glittering audience in the theatre suspected nothing. All had been done in that moment of noise and bustle on the stage. The curtain would come down presently, and the royal guests would disperse to the various reception-rooms till supper was announced. They would not expect the actors for the best part of an hour or more. And by that time—

Rutzstin stood there stolid and apparently indifferent. It was only the uneasy glitter in his eye that betrayed him.

"You murderous dog," the king said sternly, "we have to thank you for all this. It is a year since you set out designedly to poison the minds of our subjects against us. I must congratulate you upon the way in which you have done your work. I have been held up as a pleasure-seeking fool, with the one object of gratifying my desires at the expense of my people. My consort of a frivolous-minded actress who cared nothing for the man she had infatuated. And yet, you Judas, she planned all this. Directly she realised that we were prisoners in our own palace, she set her wits to work to get the best of you. And though you are a cunning old fox, she has done it. A score of the blackest-hearted ruffians in Montenegro lie there, and lie there justly. There may be scores of others ready to take their places, but that is a matter of indifference to us now, seeing we are not going to remain. If you were not an old man, I would strip your uniform from your back and flog you round the ramparts of the castle."

"I have done no more than my duty," Rutzstin said doggedly.

The king turned away with a gesture of disgust.

"I am wasting time in arguing with you," he said. "Take him away and lock him up in one of the cells. He will be found sooner or later and released by his friends. After to-night he can plot and scheme as much as he likes. Take him away."

Rutzstin was smuggled out, his eyes glaring malignantly. Then the orchestra burst suddenly into the national anthem of Montenegro. The players trooped from the stage. With a gesture the king ordered the ante-room to be cleared.

"See that the doors are properly locked," he commanded. "This is no place for women. Oh, yes, my friends, the scheme has been a bril-

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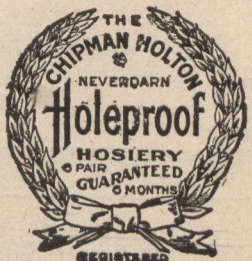
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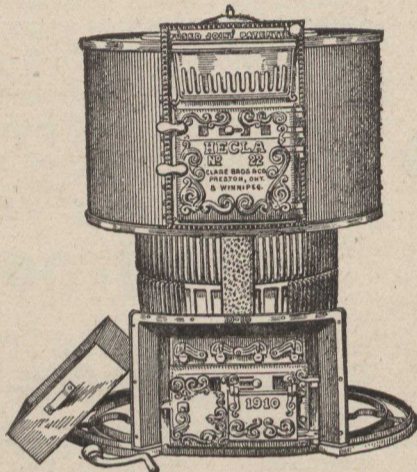
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liant means—*fatally* successful. And now to carry out the rest of the programme. We will have supper presently, but it can't be here—it will be on my yacht. See that all the sentries are got out of the way. We leave in half an hour by the lower exit to the town."

The clock was striking the hour of one, and the royal guests were still waiting their supper. At the same moment a strange-looking procession started from the castle gates and made its way along the main streets to the open country. There were four carriages, the blinds of which were closely drawn, and guarded by a file of soldiers in the uniform of Montenana. At the head of the cavalcade the figure of Rutzstin proceeded on horseback. The make-up reflected every credit upon the actor who played the part of the general.

Late as it was, the streets were full of prowling bands of hillmen, followers of Schenteim waiting for some vague signal that would mean bloodshed and trouble later on. One of them stepped into the middle of the road and barred the procession.

"What would you?" the sham Rutzstin asked hoarsely. "Don't you know, who I am, fellow? Your master is up at the castle yonder, and you will know what is happening before long. Were not the orders of all of you to wait for the signal?"

The man dropped back again, muttering something. And so the adventurers went on their way till they had passed the outskirts of the town and the open country was reached. A dazzling beam of light shot up from the direction of the harbour and vanished. A window of one of the carriages was pulled up with a jerk, and the king looked out.

"That was well thought of," he said. "I mean our friend Carl Rosen's idea of impersonating old Rutzstin. We might have had all our trouble for our pains else."

"Oh, the suggestion belongs to the queen," Rosen laughed as he tore away his disguise and tossed it carelessly into a bush. "She seems to have thought of everything. Was that light from the yacht?"

"It was," the king explained. "Thank God the danger is past now!"

The yacht was pulling at her mornings; the white hull of her hummed with the roar of the engines. Presently she slipped away into the open water of the bay. It was all dark and black enough out at sea, inland the lights of Rusta twinkled in the distance. Out of the murk there suddenly rose a long, trailing string of flame, that burst presently far overhead in a shower of violet stars.

"The signal!" the queen said in a thrilling whisper as she clung to the king's arm. "They have managed to fire the rocket. This means that everything is discovered. Though we are safe now, I tremble when I think of it all. I would not go through the anxiety of the past two months for anything the world could offer."

"You did not enjoy your throne, dearest?"

"Not from the time I first saw Rusta. I am beginning to discover that most of the pleasures in life lie in their anticipation, Fritz. And, after all, what could one expect? Mine was no more than a mummer's throne."

The king caught Nita to his heart and kissed her passionately.

"Nay, sweetheart," he whispered. "There is a throne greater than that and we are going to spend the golden time in sharing it together. I have lost nothing; I have found everything. My throne and yours is in the heart of the other, and that glorious reign begins—to-night."

THE END.

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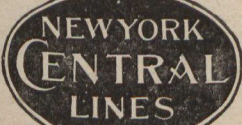
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