

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**EDUCATION
NUMBER**

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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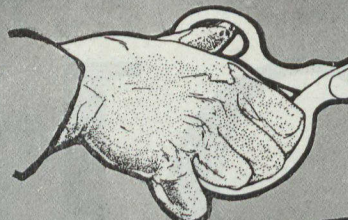
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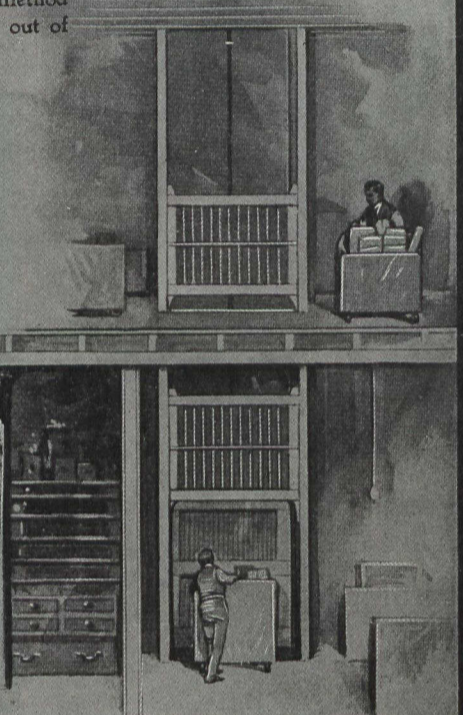
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 5

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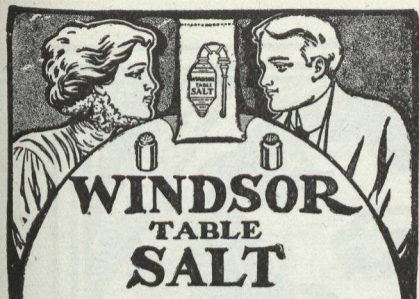


Editor's Talk

NEXT week the Coronation of King George the Fifth will be presented in full—with many pictures and few words. In the pictorial illustrations of this great event we expect to go far ahead of any other Canadian publication. These pictures will be worth preserving.

In this issue Nan Moulton sets forth what Mormon leaders in Alberta think about Polygamy in Canada. Next week she will deal with—what the Mormon women in Canada think about plural wives. This series of investigation articles has already begun to have the sustained interest of a novel. Next week's instalment will be well worth waiting for.

Now that summer has quit skirmishing and has pitched camp, we shall make the pages of The Courier as spontaneously interesting in both pictures and reading matter as the progress of a summer holiday. Canada is the greatest summer land in the world. Nowhere else is there such a colossal variety of outdoor escapes from the tyranny of custom and hot weather and such an abundant diversity of people who go north to spend the summer as naturally as birds do. The man who takes a vacation only at week-ends; the customary two-weeks vagabond who wishes he were a school teacher—in the holidays; the man who chucks everything for a month and more and goes abroad in his own country to renew his acquaintance with nature; all will be reflected and interested in our summer pages.



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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Unique Declination.—A young woman, prominent in the social set of an Ohio town, tells of a young man there who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When, on one occasion, he found it necessary to decline an invitation, he did so in the following terms:

"Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the nineteenth, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity of doing so."—Lippincott's.

Couldn't Lose Him.—Patience—"And did her father follow them when they eloped?"

Patrice—"Sure! He's living with them yet!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy.—A lady with philanthropic symptoms was trying to instil a little economy into her husband's colored tenants. One of them, Mary Kinney, an anti-race-suicidist, kept a colored girl as nurse to her group of ten growing American citizens.

"Mary," remarked the lady, "do you think a woman in your circumstances can afford a nurse?"

"I dunno 'm, as I kin, but I don't pay her but twenty-fi cents a month, an' I pays dat in ole clo'es, and"—with a wide smile—"she don't git dem!"

Coming to Them.—"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes."

"Yes, and if they don't have them, they are apt to get them."—New York Evening Mail.

Too Much For Him.—"I notice that your garden doesn't look very promising this year."

"No, every time my husband got to digging in it he found a lot of worms, and they always reminded him of his fishing-tackle."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Creating an Impression.—"And your husband gave \$50,000 for that old book?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox. "To show how much you care for literature, I suppose?"

"No. To show how little we care for \$50,000."—Washington Star.

Adding Insult to Injury.—Creditor (angrily)—"Look here, when are you going to pay the £10 you owe me?"

Debtor (calmly)—"That question reminds me of the old adage."

"What old adage?"

"The one about a fool's ability to ask questions that a wise man cannot answer."

A Good Retort.—The Seedy One—"Say, gov'nor, there's a fly on your nose."

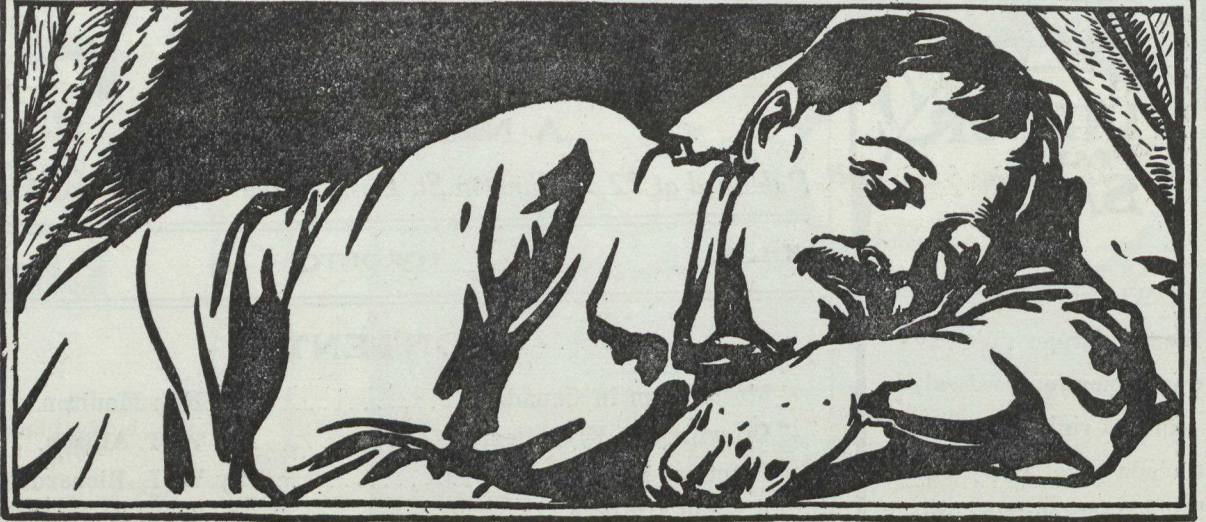
Old Gent—"What the dickens has that to do with you?"

The Seedy One—"Nothin', nothin', only I thought it would get its wings scorched."

Wanted Plenty.—Milliner—"I am sailing for Paris next week for French plumes and trimmings. Could I purchase anything special for you?"

Mrs. Recent Rich—"Why, yes; you may bring me half a dozen of those nom de plumes I often hear spoken of."—Judge.

Well Decorated.—Miss D., a teacher of unquestioned propriety in all its branches, was in the throes of commencement, and to the best of her ability was entertaining some young men—the suitors of her fair pupils. They conversed on some beautiful flowers in the drawing-room. "Yes," exclaimed the old lady; "but if you think these are pretty, you just ought to go upstairs and look in the bathtubs of the girls' dormitories. They are just full of American beauties!"



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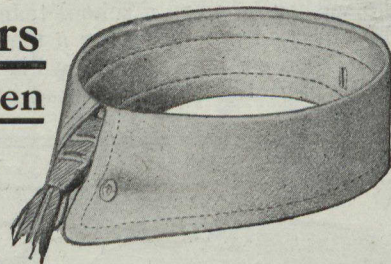
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THE

Canadian Courier

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol. X.

July 1, 1911

No. 5



THE young men in this reading-room of a well-known college library in Toronto are getting sidelights on almost anything from the idiosyncrasies of a Greek verb to the latest methods in hydraulic mining. Some of them at present, during the four months between "exams" and the reopening of college in October, may be in the chain-gangs of Government surveyors; fire-ranging on Crown lands in Northern Ontario; hauling hay and shocking wheat on the old farm, or waiting on table on passenger boats between lower Ontario ports and the head of the Great Lakes. Some of them will come back from the wilds with precocious beards, and some back from the farm with calloused hands.

Photograph by W. James.

CROWNING OF KING GEORGE

Second British Coronation of the Twentieth Century Reviewed and Described in the Light of History and Current Events.

By W. T. ALLISON

Special Canadian Correspondent of "The Courier" at the Coronation.

SAMUEL PEPYS, the pop-eyed diarist who saw everything that happened in the London of his day, and who described all that he saw with "brilliant malice," has left us a picture of the coronation of Charles II. "A great pleasure it was," he writes, "to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chaire) and a foot-stool on top of it, and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers in red vests." If Pepys could have been present among the thousands of guests from all parts of the habitable globe who made Westminster Abbey bright with splendor at the coronation of King George V., he would have had no place in his diary for such common words as "fiddlers" and "red vests." He would have ransacked his vocabulary for public phrases and imperial epithets. For even to this generation, glutted with grandeur, and surfeited with pageants, even to those who have lived in the reign of three sovereigns, who have witnessed the Jubilee procession of 1897, the majestic funeral pageant of the great Queen, the coronation of King Edward in August, 1902, and his funeral cortege last year, when twenty-seven kings followed him to the tomb after his short but happy reign, even these subjects of three monarchs declare that the coronation of our sailor King, on June 22nd, was the most superb national event which has ever been seen in Europe. The ever-increasing pomp and glory which attend the crowning of a King of England, and which make the coronation of Pepys' Merry Monarch so tawdry by way of contrast, are due to two causes: the rise of the great Empire over seas with a development of imperial sentiment that has grown by leaps and bounds during the last decade, and in the second place, to a certain warmth and expansiveness betokening a change in the temperament of the English people.

Few among the assembled millions who cheered His Majesty gave a thought of George IV., dead and gone these eighty years. But there was one reminder of his vanished splendour; for the new King, his successor in the Georgian line, wore the imperial mantle or pall used by his ancestor instead of that of Edward VII. All these years the beautiful garment has been kept in a cedar box. Made of the finest cloth of gold, with the badges of the three kingdoms woven into its surface, it looked as fresh in appearance as if it had been made yesterday. But it was only in the wearing of this robe that the coronation of our King bore any relation to that of George IV., for although the earlier George spent £25,000 on the festivities which marked his occasion, and was crowned in great pomp, his conduct towards the unhappy Queen Caroline and her exclusion from the Abbey filled the streets of London with a raging mob of her sympathizers. So great was his fear of his subjects that, George IV., after the coronation ceremony and feast, was obliged to ride to the palace by a circuitous route through mean streets. There were no police in his day and he was thankful to get home disguised and unobserved.

But for the coronation of King George V. and Queen Mary, his beloved wife, coronation day could not dawn too soon for millions of loyal subjects. London was astir at three o'clock in the morning. Many of the soldiers and constables who were required to march long distances to their posts of duty enjoyed only an hour or two of sleep on coronation eve. Thousands of people, who could not afford to expend three guineas and upwards in procuring elevated seats or windows along the route of the procession, left their homes while it was yet dark, and selected a square foot of space on a curbstone, there to wait nine weary hours. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, were all there. In the dim dawn came Bottom, the weaver, carrying his day's rations wrapped up in a copy of the *Daily Mail*. Next to him in the line stood Snug, the joiner, and behind him again was Quince, the carpenter. Starveling, the tailor, jostled Sarah Gamp, and, by sunrise, all the free space was taken, which means that five and six lines of spectators were ranked along the narrow sidewalks and great masses were wedged together at such open spaces as Hyde Park Corner, Trafalgar Square and Charing Cross.

Twenty thousand policemen, the pride of London, were scattered along the thoroughfares. From

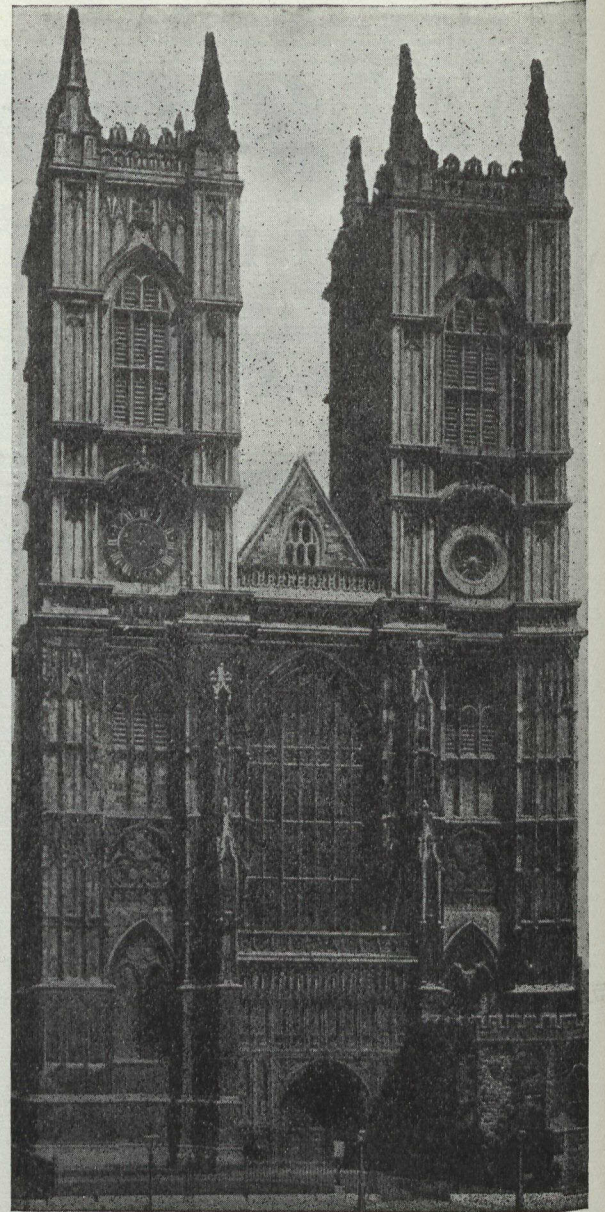
Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey a military cordon occupied each side of the way. The colonial troops were given the post of honour at Buckingham Palace, and at Queen Victoria's statue. The first soldiers seen by the King were from Canada, South Africa, and India. Representative officers from all the colonies and dependencies of the Empire marched in the procession as an advance guard to His Majesty, but the eight hundred picked men in the Canadian contingent, and their brethren from the far places of the earth, were obliged to form part of that living wall of soldiery through which the King and Queen were to pass to their crowning. The photographs of many of these bearded sons of Mars, and of the white-gloved constables of London, will remain imprinted for long enough on the mental retinue of the tired spectators who had to look down upon them from wooden balconies or from the sidewalk crush during those interminable hours.

Pending the arrival of the procession, the multitude had to be content with the splashes of colour in the uniforms in their immediate vicinity. Here stood the sumptuously caparisoned horses of the Cumberland Hussars, whose bullioned pelisse uniforms are equal to those of the Royal Horse Guards for richness of colour. In another place were the simple khaki horsemen from the Cape, whose only colour was a splash of scarlet at gorge and cuff. Across the street stood the Scottish Horse, and further on could be seen the Indian troopers mounted and turbaned, their olive faces and gleaming eyes lending a touch of barbaric magnificence to the scene. Then there were miles of foot soldiers in scarlet, brown, green, crimson, buff and faded grey. During their nine hours' vigil the soldiers of this empire army were useful in leaning back against the multitude when that hydra-headed source of energy became too enthusiastic and threatened to spill over into the street; but the main purpose which they served was decorative. They supplied two lines of gorgeous colour from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey.

As for other decorations there were the inevitable Venetian masts, with fluttering bridges of pennants along Piccadilly, and an abundance of bunting and streamers along the faces of the grey, old walls which looked down upon the surging streets below. The noble and imposing thoroughfare leading from Nelson's Monument to the Abbey was in the nature of things the most beautifully decorated portion of the route. As the result of a month's toil on the part of a large force of artists, Whitehall and Parliament Street displayed sixty-four fibrous plastered columns facing one another at intervals of twenty-five feet. These graceful, white columns were surmounted by bronzed Corinthian capitals holding gilded symbolical figures. The larger terminal columns at the corners of streets were surmounted by gilded lions holding shields which bore the arms of Westminster. On the other alternative columns stood the figures of angels with trumpets of triumph to their lips. On the columns again were heraldic griffins rampant. The effect of these rows of columns, which were further adorned with bronzed chaplets, was stately and imposing in the extreme.

Ambitious Decorations.

New Zealand and Ontario were responsible for the most ambitious of all the decorations on the line of march. That progressive little country in the southern seas had expended her art and loyalty on a beautiful triumphal arch which contained medallion representations of the kings and queens of England from the time of William the Conqueror. Nearer the Abbey, on either side of the refuges in the centre of Whitehall, opposite Downing Street, stood two detached pylons erected by the Ontario Government in testimony of devotion to King and Empire. Away back in the illustrious era of the Caesars the Roman general newly returned from Parthia or Germany led his triumphal procession to the capitol between such pylons. Each Ontario pylon was forty feet in height, and consisted of a base ten foot high surmounted by Corinthian columns, and a full entablature surrounded by groups of statuary symbolic of agriculture and prosperity. On one pylon the group showed an Ontario farmer shearing sheep, and on the other the corona-



The Place of Coronation.

tion millions beheld a figure of prosperity, seated on wheat sheaves, and holding a cornucopia, from which the fruits of Ontario were being poured out. On the side of each pylon stood devices representing the arms of Ontario in heraldic colours. Across the frieze of each pylon the multitude read the magic name "Ontario," inscribed in letters of gold. A further magnificent effect was obtained by the erection of two masts, each forty feet high, and silver grey green in colour, designed to support each pylon. Each mast bore a wreath of wheat near the top, and suspended beneath was a pennant bearing the arms of Ontario. At the top of each mast, and setting off the whole, a golden crown shone resplendent.

Surmounting all these decorations and eclipsing them all, in point of human interest at least, were the numerous stands erected by civic corporations, government departments, speculative contractors, and private individuals. In Trafalgar Square, at Charing Cross, along Whitehall, and in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey, these vast structures, gay with all manner of flags and coloured cloth, were loaded with those eager thousands of America and Europe, unfortunate in not having gained entrance to the Abbey, but happy in having the necessary guineas to be lifted up above the *hoi polloi* and adorned in festal attire and supplied with costly cates and viands. Next in interest to the procession itself were these surried masses of richly-dressed spectators, who filled the immense stands which extended from the Parliament Buildings across Palace Yard, which enveloped St. Margaret's Church so that the edifice could not be seen, which stretched in many a glittering curve almost to the Abbey door. When it is remembered that there were in London that day 100,000 Americans, 10,000 Canadians, 10,000 Australians, and 5,000 visitors from other colonies, to say nothing of the great numbers of people from France and Germany, the display of the world's fashion by this aggregation of wealth and beauty may be imagined; it cannot be described. "London," as the author of *Lothair* wrote, "is a roost for every bird." The roosts were occupied by birds of paradise.

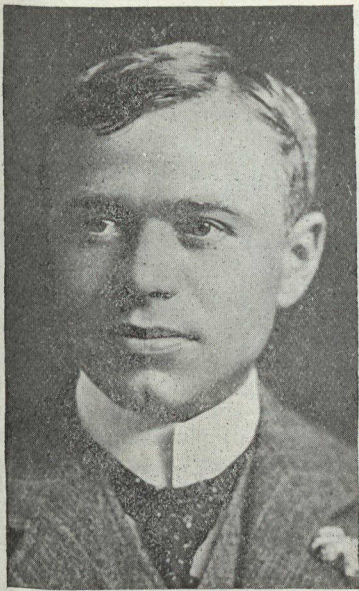
The happy thousands who had procured seats amidst this vast acreage of timber were constrained by police regulations to occupy their coigns of vantage before eight o'clock in the morning. The

(Continued on page 20.)

KNIGHTS AND TITLES

The Canadian Contingent Honoured at the Coronation

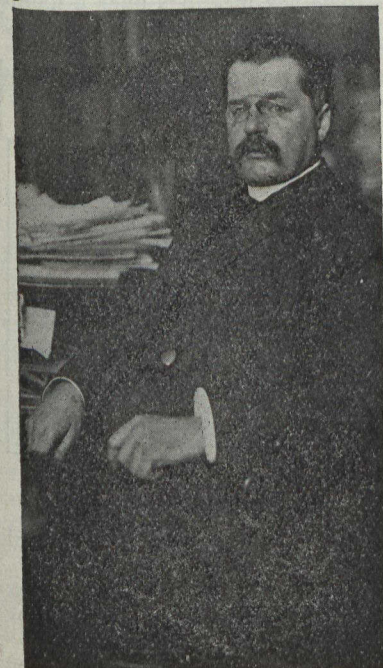
By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



SIR MAX AITKEN
Canada's youngest Knight, considered by some to be a "man of destiny."



PRESIDENT FALCONER
Head of Toronto University, and much interested in public affairs.



MR. C. C. JAMES
Deputy-Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, and one of the ablest deputies in Canada.

HOW to escape knighthood may begin to become a big problem in Canada. Knights, unlike poets, are usually made—not born. We are not supposed to know what qualifies a man for knighthood in Great Britain where the function dates back at least to the days of King Arthur. We hazily suppose that the English knight of 1911 has some historic connection with those of the Round Table.

But in Canada knighthoods come upon us like a thief in the night, and there is no man living able to say by looking at a boy at school whether he will be able to escape being knighted except by dying young. The last batch of titles conferred upon Canadians is of rather more diversified interest than most. In the annals of Canadian knighthoods, titles have been conferred upon almost every sort of man in public and private life. What qualifies one man to get a knighthood may disqualify some one else. Some Canadians expect to be knighted. They don't know why. They never pause to reflect that if Canada ever decides to annex the United States it may be necessary for the knights of Canada to set up a real aristocracy in opposition to the Colonels of the South and the Four Hundred of New York.

Sir William Osler, the world's dean of medicine, and a great Canadian abroad, may be well congratulated on his distinction. In all probability when he enunciated his "chloroform theory" he meant that before he was forty years of age he had thought out his scheme of knighthood. Sir William Whyte, born in Fifeshire, Scotland, and Second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific, is as well entitled to a title as either Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, born in Milwaukee, Wis., or Sir William Van Horne, born in Joliette, Ill.; both of which latter gentlemen are not called "Sir" in the land of their birth. Railway builders usually become wealthy; and a title without money, while very respectable in Europe, is not quite the thing in Canada. A railway builder may often be credited with turning an idea into achievement whereby he is enabled to serve the public, and at the same time not neglect the shareholders and the directors. In this respect the men who build railways in Canada have come in for almost as many titles as those who manage political parties either in the Provinces or the Dominion. There are six transportation knights in Canada. There is but one Provincial Premier who has a title—Sir James Whitney—whom nature designed for great

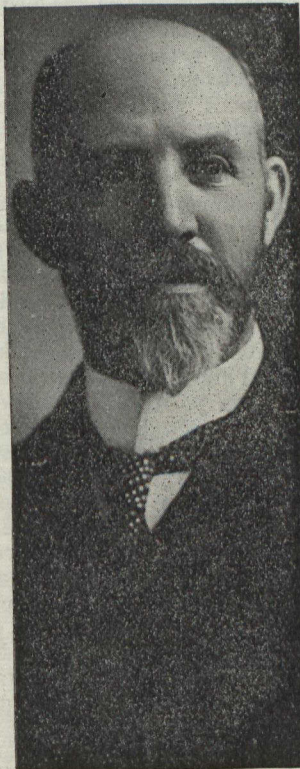
circumstance, anyway. The Canadian Cabinet contains four knights, including the Premier. Mr. Fielding, however, is not one of them; neither Mr. Paterson. When either the Parliament or the people of Canada endorse limited reciprocity these men may be considered.

Sir Melvin Jones will wear the dignity of a knighthood as well as any man in Canada. He has long been a close personal friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and has had considerable of a political career, mainly in Manitoba, where he was a Cabinet Minister. His chief practical concern has always been with farm machinery; especially mowers and reapers. He began life as a machine agent for the old Harris firm in Brantford, led the advance guard of the modern reaper and the plow into Manitoba before the Saskatchewan valley was really discovered, and is now head of the greatest machine and implement works in Canada. It would be difficult to allege a reason why Sir Melvin Jones should not have been knighted. Other men less successful than he may have reasons to spare.

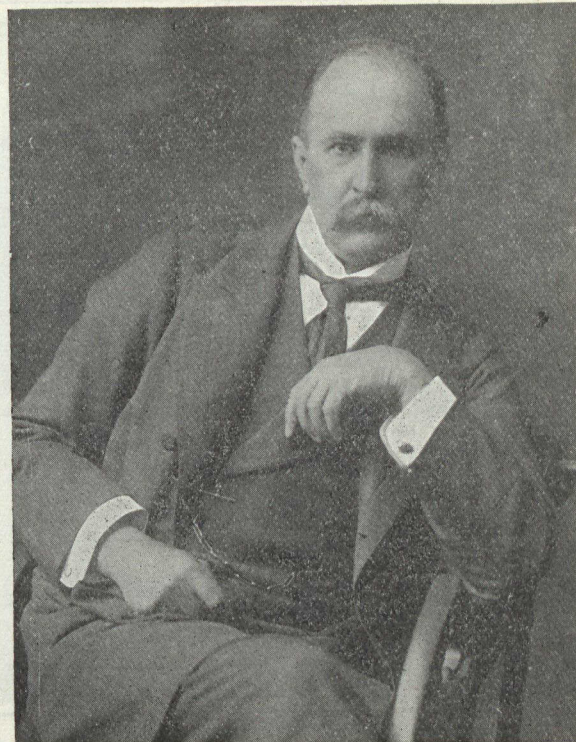
Consider the case of Sir Max Aitken, who twenty years ago was a down-at-the-heels youth in Nova Scotia; a few years ago began to be a sort of wizard of modern high finance in Montreal; only this year took a run over to England and, first as the result of a passing joke, got the offer of a Unionist nomination for the British Parliament, where he is now a member. There is no average man in Canada able to understand the peculiar technic of a career of a man like Sir Max who some predict is to be the Pierpont Morgan of Canada. There are occult laws of finance but dimly apprehended by the man on the street whereby a man of this kind gets all that is coming to him by way of success by the time he is thirty years of age. These laws are as mysterious in their operation as are the laws of astronomy.

We do not know under what star Sir Max Aitken was born. We only know that he is a star performer of problematical interest to the aristocracy of Great Britain.

There is probably no doubt in Montreal or Quebec why Judge Routhier became a knight. He has been eminent on the Bench. He has also won some fame as author of the words to the melody of Lavallee, called "O Canada." Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George are not necessarily prophetic of knighthoods. The three educational Companions whose portraits appear on this page are exceedingly worthy of the distinction.



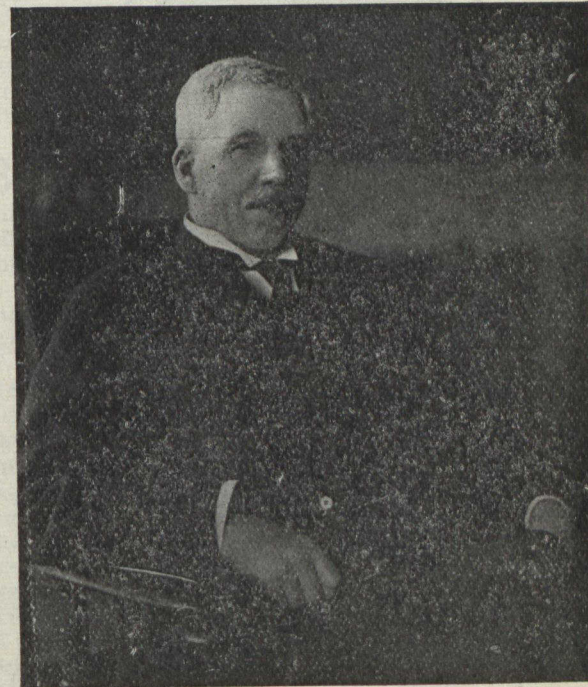
PROF. ADAM SHORTT
Chairman of the Civil Service Commission at Ottawa, and foremost as a writer on economics.



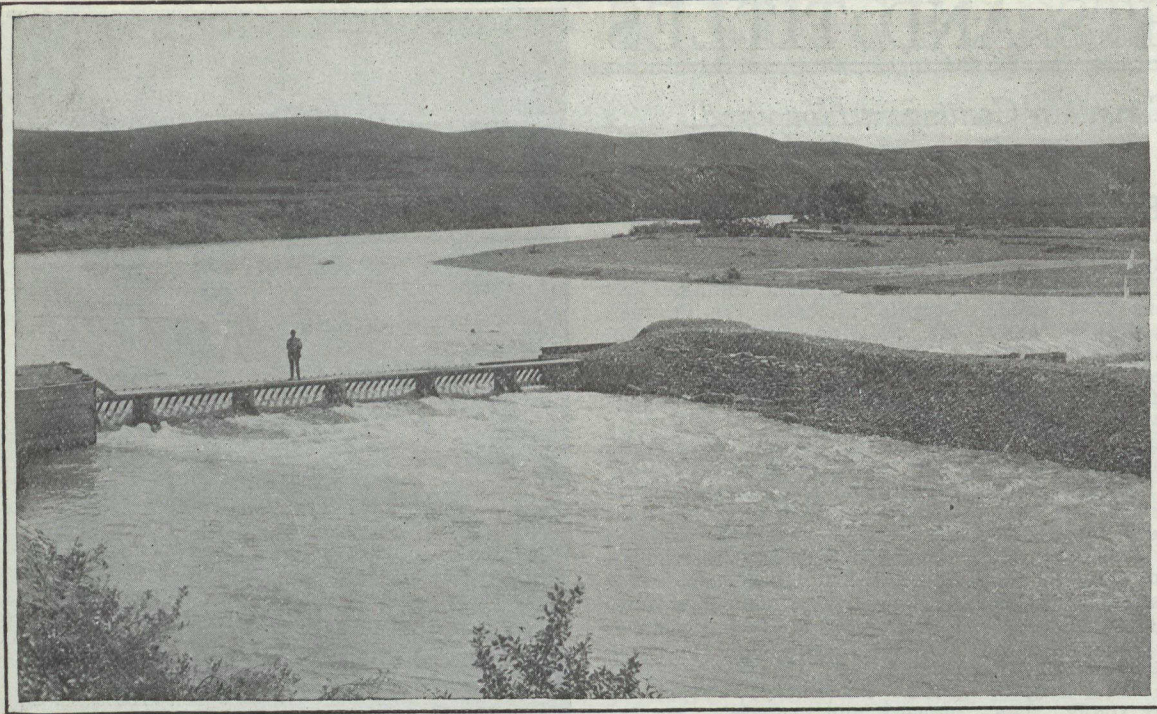
SIR WILLIAM OSLER
Greatest living authority on the Science of Medicine. From a photograph taken while he was Professor of Medicine at John Hopkins University; and about the time when he had mapped out all he intended to accomplish.



SIR MELVIN JONES
From a Machine Agency to a Knighthood; the only purely industrial Knight in Canada.



SIR WILLIAM WHYTE
Second Vice-President Canadian Pacific Railway; one of the brainiest Scotsmen in Canada.



Irrigation Dam and Ditch made by the Mormons at Kimball, Alberta.

HAS ALBERTA GOT POLYGAMY?

If so, the Church Authorities do not Advocate the Practice, which is against the law of Canada; but in the Colleges they systematically teach the Principle of Plural Wives which is a Church Doctrine.

By NAN MOULTON

"In the heavens are parents single?
No! The thought makes reason stare.
Truth is reason.
Truth eternal,
Tells me I've a mother there."

—Eliza R. Snow.

FATHERHOOD implies motherhood. A father God, then, may not be without a mother God. And so, from the beginning, children of this father God and mother God are nascent intelligences, little unfinished, fluttering spirits waiting anxiously to be born of the body in order that they may become perfect souls. Even as Jesus, born once of celestial parents, was again born of a woman, all these spirits must have bodily existence to attain spiritual perfection. There, for your orthodox Latter-Day Saint, is enough reason for plural marriage—enough and to spare.

A man's children are his attainment, his wealth, all that will belong to him hereafter, and, as he has given the more spirits the chance to become perfect

life, and sealed by the Temple mysteries, are married for all eternity. The family relationships will continue in eternity, marriage and propagation go on, with everyone growing more God-like always, for God was once man, you know, and is not yet perfect, but growing into greater God-head always, even as man grows into god-head. All this, though, if the men and women are true to the marriage vows. For there is divorce in the Mormon Church, Mr. Bramwell told me, difficult to attain, and of rare occurring, but granted for the shedding of blood or a broken marriage-vow.

So much for the principle. Now for the practice. Plural marriage was not originally one of the tenets of the Mormon faith, but a later revelation to Joseph Smith; and everyone knows, I presume, of the outcry against the sect that drove them out of New York to make that wonderful hand-cast journey across a continent and to re-establish themselves afresh in the desert, of the Edmunds Law of 1882 against polygamy and the Edmunds-Tucker Law of 1887, requiring a certificate of marriage to be filed in the offices of the probate court, of the promises when Utah was admitted to Statehood, and of what they term "the cruel legal persecution that drove hundreds into exile and retirement."

Said "exile and retirement" partly took place into Alberta, Canada. It seems the usual thing in Utah to refer casually to "a polygamous Mormon settlement in Alberta." Mr. Cannon says John W. Taylor came here to escape a summons to Washington at the time of the Smoot investigation, and that, while ostensibly deposed from the Apostolate, he continued his ministrations in the church and remained high in favour in the hierarchy. One wonders if his recommendation a few weeks ago is a repetition of an only apparent degradation. The second Stake of Zion in Alberta is called the Taylor Stake, which shows sufficiently his then position in the regard of the Church. And I know a lady who called pleasantly upon Mrs. Apostle Taylor, and, desiring a few months later to renew the former pleasure, was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Apostle Taylor, but this Mrs. Apostle was not the same one.

When in doubt, play trumps. So I went straight to the Mormons themselves and asked them about polygamy in Canada. I was amazed to find them so willing to talk. But they were glad that I had come to themselves, they said, they were tired of being misrepresented and they hoped I would tell things from their side. Writing as a scribe, I told them, I wanted to get every side, but I would tell truly what they said to me.

"Bishop Hammer," I asked, "Is polygamy abolished in the Church of Latter-Day Saints?" They don't like the word "polygamy," and change it to "plural marriage."

"No," he said, "not abolished, but suspended."

"Do you teach your children that plural marriage is wrong?"

"We do not. We teach them it is against the law of Canada or the United States, as the case may be."

"Then, if by any chance, you were in a country that did not definitely forbid its practice, or if the governments should absolve you from your pledge, what would be your attitude towards plural marriage?"

"We would practise it again," he said. "Yes, ma'am! Sure! We believe it to be a revelation from the Lord. We count it the only correct principle to solve the social evil."

"Then is polygamy not practised in Canada at all?"

"Not with the knowledge and consent of the Church, no, ma'am! Not since the manifesto of 1890. There are survivals of plural marriages before 1890, a man might not desert a woman married in all good faith, and some of the older men—he gave a name or two—have two wives here in Alberta, one in Stirling and one in Raymond, or Magrath and Raymond, as the case may be, one his wife keeping his home, the other a wife no longer, but within supporting distance."

"Then since the manifesto," I persisted, "have no plural marriages been solemnized in Canada?"

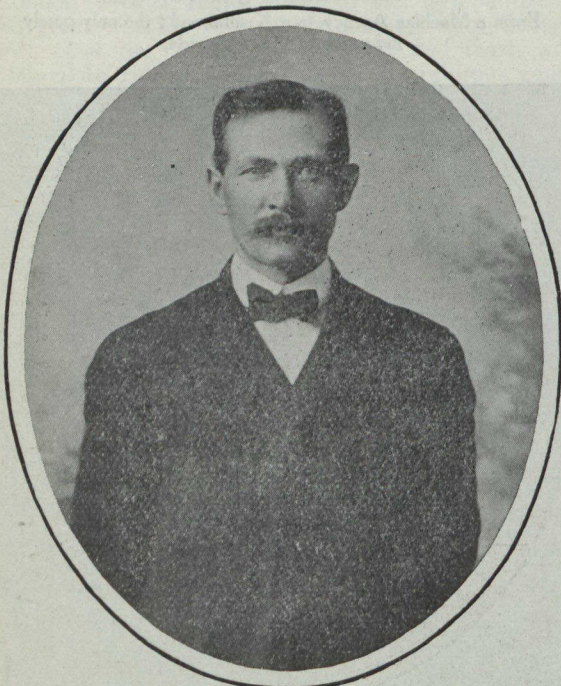
"Well," he admitted slowly, "I have heard of some, you have likely heard of the same cases, it is common talk, but we do not know, and never has there been the sanction of the Church. If the case has been proven, the Church punishes. 'We are not all good, you know,' and he smiled at me behind his earnestness, 'and a law does not stifle polygamy any more than it stamps out drinking. You have laws against stealing, but thieves are put in gaol, and you have laws against the shedding of blood, but murder is done. We try to have our people keep a law, that to us is not the law of God, just because it is the law of your country. When they do not keep it, believe me, the Church is grieved. Yes, ma'am!'"

There is a quality of malice about the wind that inhabits that Southern Alberta plain many days in the year, and, beating my way up to the Knight Academy in Raymond, an eerie yellow dust staining the horizon's edge, though thick mud had obtained an hour before, I felt, for the first time, a queer hostility in the atmosphere. But Mr. Bramwell, the Principal, soon dispelled that, being of a sunny courtesy and interesting in conversation. He is an eager, busy man, and teachers and pupils came and went as we talked. Later on I'll tell about the Academy. Now, this man had been educated broadly, is planning to take his Ph.D. degree at Chicago University this summer, but in all soberness and apparent sincerity he, too, put up a case for the principle of plural marriage. It was he who told of the difference of opinion in regard to the pledge given that polygamy should be discontinued, which was first cause of the exodus to Alberta. And he said that it was not till 1904 that the Church's command against polygamy became of world-wide application.

"Are you teaching plural marriage in this Academy?" I asked him.

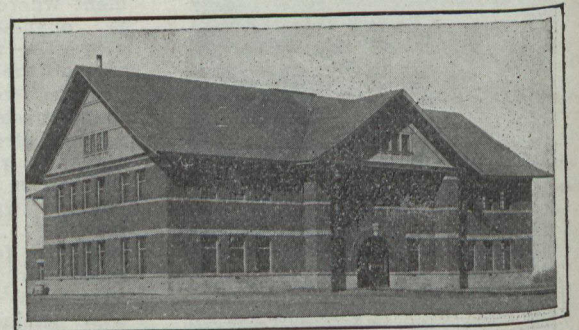
"The principle, yes!" he said. "I wish you had been here a half-hour ago. It was our class in theology, and I said to the boys, 'Boys, never go back on that principle. But keep the law in Canada.' We have theology classes from three to five times a week, regular recitation periods of forty-five minutes. And we have sex meetings once a month, when we teach our young people how to live, teach them the very vitals of life."

"But," I wondered, "if your command is of God, ought you not to obey it, rather than the law of a



Stirling Williams, President's Councillor.

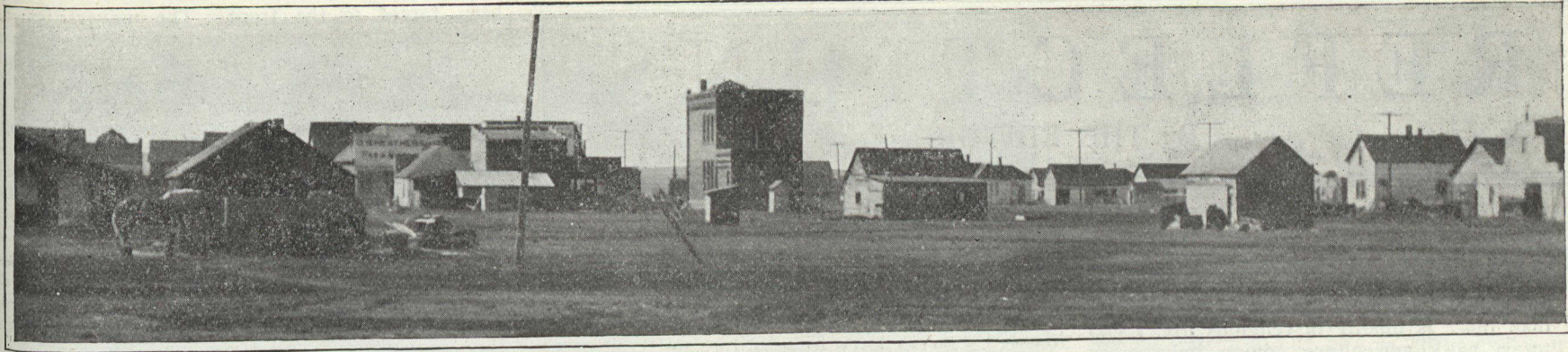
souls, the higher will be his position in the celestial kingdom. A woman's glory and salvation come, of course, only through her husband. With the doctrine of plural marriage is interwoven that of celestial marriage. A man and woman, married in this



The Knight Academy at Raymond.

country, a man-made law? How do you reconcile things?"

"There was the command first, you see," he explained, "and our people were being thrown into prison, torn from their families, suffering unspeakably, and they cried up to God to ease this command until the eyes of their persecutors were opened, and in this night of dreary darkness, President Woodruff, too, sought the Lord, and to him



Magrath, Alberta, is a neat, clean, little Mormon town with Thrift and Frugality written all over it.

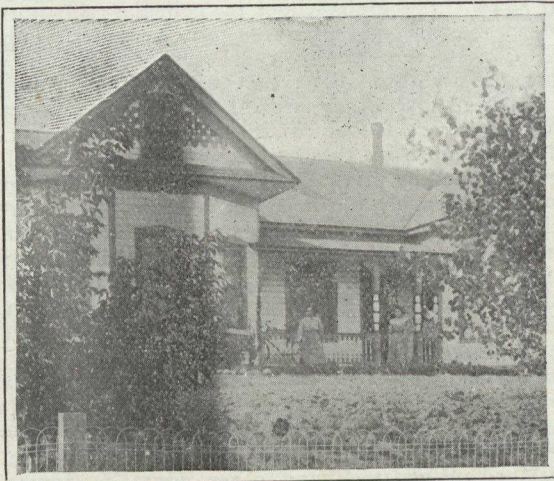
came the revelation of the authority that plural marriage was permitted to be discontinued—and the manifesto brought relief to the general agony. It was permission to obey the law of the country without disobeying the law of God."

"How do your women feel in the matter?" I ventured. "The women," but here I doubted him, "the women are keener for plural marriage than the men. A woman's glory and salvation come through husband and children. I know ten thousand women who would to-morrow enter plural marriage if the ban were lifted.

And then he talked a lot of what a young friend of mine calls "slush"—about the heart growing rich by giving and the capacity for love increasing with wives, and the wives loving like sisters, and no knowing to which woman children belonged—the love and amity and general harmony crescendo. It was so very un-Anglo-Saxon and Old Testamentary for every-day Canada. I told him it was all a man's religion, that the women had the hard end, that if they were willing it was because they had been trained and taught out of all their fundamental instincts, and that even with such training and teaching, he couldn't make me believe that they weren't jealous and unhappy when polygamy was their lot. But I only brought more sentimentalism on myself—acquiescence in husband's marriage the very pinnacle of virtue, and the higher positions in heaven later on. They accepted it as ordained of God, and even if jealous and suffering, attained strength and beauty of character.

"But few of us can look on life, raw quivering life of our own from a celestial standpoint there is the human point of view," I affirmed, and asked him, rather acidly perhaps, how the men attained their strength and beauty of character. But he said many men had entered polygamy with great reluctance even in the days when it was commanded, there was the heavy responsibility of big families, no casting off of any wife ever, and the so many women each having a hold and claim on one man. Oh, the men got the needed discipline, too. "For we are not all good, men or women," he too assured me, and presented me, on parting, with a copy of the Book of Mormon.

Stirling Williams dismissed the subject of plural marriage in favour of the poetry of celestial marriage, merely pausing to remark that never at any time had polygamy been practised by more than five per cent. of the Saints, and that five per cent. the very best people. President Allen, militant always, insisted that plural marriage, being a religious tenet, should not be interfered with in



Home of Bishop Harker in Magrath.

any country whose constitution guarantees religious liberty. And then he enlarged upon the virtue of the Mormon man as compared with his Gentile brother—so many words, so much text, such unblushing satisfaction, such oily sentimentalism, tiring one's mind that still clung desperately to the memory of men, un-sauve and un-smiling and unscriptural hard hitting and straight-spoken and clean of life without needing to say so—one's mind clung so and was glad, preferring twenty years of men sinning decently to a cycle of saints with a sweet, smug front—praising God for their virtue.

Next week Nan Moulton will tell what the Mormon women of Alberta think about the principle and practice of one man having more than one wife.

culties which will surround its ultimate prosecution; and he not only sees them—he calls our attention to them. Now this is admirable; but is it politics? Is it Canadian politics? I have an idea that that sort of thing would be appreciated in Britain. I think that it ought to be appreciated and valued here. But is it? Are we educated up to that variety of public man? Certain it is that we never appreciated Edward Blake; and yet that was just the kind of thing that Mr. Blake was always doing.

* * *

I DO not think that it is quite fair to the other politicians to call this trait—"mental honesty." Sir Wilfrid is as mentally honest as either his great predecessor in the Liberal leadership, or his rival for the Premiership. But he has the mind of a tribune and not the mind of a consulting lawyer. Sir Wilfrid seizes the salient point in a policy and presents it with all the force of his vivid eloquence. Mr. Blake was wont to get up the whole case connected with a policy and present it to the country as if they were a bench of Supreme Court judges. And the country were not quite up to it. Instead of being flattered and interested, they were bored and gave up trying to understand what it was all about before the great lawyer was half-way through. Sir John Macdonald was a Laurier for conciseness and catching the popular points; and a half hour of Sir John riddled five hours of Blake and put him out of court.

* * *

NOW I do not mean to say that Mr. Borden is quite a Blake. He has much more political sense, and addresses himself much more pertinently to the question and pointedly to the people. But a political leader ought, in truth, to be something of an actor. That is, he ought to have a keen sense for the dramatic. I will illustrate what I mean. At this time, I cannot tell for the life of me whether the Conservatives intend to force an election on reciprocity or not. I gather, however, from the utterances of subordinates that they do. Now, if they do, Mr. Borden ought—in my humble opinion—to take the credit for it. The people always love a fighter, and flock to a fight; and if Mr. Borden would go up and down the country thwacking his speaker's table until the lonely glass of water danced, and declaring that he would die in his seat in Parliament before he would permit this "traitorous, etc.," reciprocity scheme to pass into operation, he would get a lot of public sympathy and support and admiration which he is now missing. If, on the other hand, the Conservatives intend to let reciprocity pass, they are pursuing a dangerous policy now. They are talking just enough "obstruction" to give the Government an excuse to dissolve Parliament, and drag them into an election by the ears.

* * *

BUT we are getting pretty far afield from the question which we undertook to consider—the wisdom of the Western tour. Certainly Mr. Borden is handling the most difficult of his questions admirably. He could not have done it better. But if he is making any converts among the Grain Growers, they are not announcing their names from the "anxious bench." It looked to me at this distance as if he were chiefly poking up the fires of their zeal. He has put the Conservatives of the Saskatchewan Legislature in an awkward position; and they haven't particularly shone in their efforts to efface themselves. But the ballots will tell the tale. If his Hudson Bay Railway policy makes votes, then he wins. If his tariff commission "enthuses" the West, then, again, he wins. But I cannot escape from the feeling that one little sentence, promising to put agricultural implements on the free list, without an "if" or a "but," would have made a better weapon. R. L. Borden is one of the very best public men our country has produced. If I owned Canada, I would like him to administer it. But he ought to go to the late P. T. Barnum to learn a few tricks in capturing the people.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

SHOULD BORDEN HAVE GONE WEST?

THE tactics of Mr. Borden's tour through the West have been very much discussed. He had an abundance of excuses not to go, even in spite of his promise of long standing. The short adjournment, the tax on his strength levied by almost continuous sittings from last November till—when?—the Nova Scotia elections, the necessity for "fixing his fences" in the East, all these amounted to a pretty good excuse to "funk" the Western trip. Yet he decided to go. But the wise-aces were by no means agreed that he was wise. They argued that it would only exasperate the Grain Growers to go into their own country and tell them to their faces that he would not and could not accept reciprocity. On the other hand, those who favoured the councils of courage argued that he had a good case to present to the Westerners, entirely apart from reciprocity. He could promise Government operation—through a Commission—of the Hudson Bay Railway; he could promise Government ownership and operation of grain elevators; he could promise consideration of the demand for free agricultural implements.

* * *

AS I am writing, it is impossible to tell yet which school of councillors was right. It may be impossible to tell until after polling day; and even

then there may be plenty of room for argument. One thing is clear at all events; and that is that both Mr. Borden and the Grain Growers do not lack for courage. They have flatly contradicted each other as to the wisdom of reciprocity; and let it go at that. Neither side has tried to conciliate or compromise. I think that this is one result of the Western trip which may be put down all to the good. Courage and definiteness are not virtues which we find so often in our politics that we are likely to belittle their value. We think more of both Mr. Borden and the Grain Growers for standing to their guns. Probably most of us have a very decided opinion as to which is wrong; but it is something to find public men saying what they think and taking the consequences.

* * *

AS to the other planks in Mr. Borden's platform which seem to be intended to "catch the fancy" of the West, I cannot help feeling that they would have achieved this purpose more certainly if the same boldness which dictated Mr. Borden's declaration touching reciprocity, had inspired his treatment of these other subjects. Mr. Borden is very like a certain other eminent lawyer who found his way into our politics—Edward Blake. He cannot help seeing all sides of a question. When he enunciates a policy, he looks ahead and sees the diffi-

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The New Education.

EDUCATION, like all other arts or sciences, must show change and progress. There is no finality in educational ideals and methods any more than there is finality in religious life, social life, literary work, agriculture, mining, industry or science generally. The world is continually working on broader knowledge toward a higher state of efficiency or perfection. Education moves likewise.

Again, the education which is suitable for one generation of Canadians may not be suitable for the next. At one time, Canada was a nation of farmers; to-day it is a nation of farmers, traders and manufacturers. The education which was sufficient for a nation of farmers who sowed their seed by hand, and thrashed the grain with a flail, is not sufficient for a nation of farmers who plough with gasoline engines, harvest with self-binders, and thresh with machinery. The education which was sufficient for the captains who piloted wind-jammers on lake and ocean is not suitable for captains, mates and engineers who handle 15,000 ton steamships, which carry 250,000 bushels of wheat on the lakes, or 2,000 passengers on a fast trip across the ocean. The education which is necessary for a man who controls a factory, full of delicate machinery, operated by a thousand employees, must be quite different from that which was necessary for a shoemaker who made shoes by hand, or a weaver who operated a hand loom.

A new education is required for a new generation. Certain elements remain the same, but certain other elements change or are added. Even the college professor of to-day requires a different education from that given a college professor half a century ago.

* * *

The New Public School.

PUBLIC school education is changing. Reading, writing and spelling are much the same in their educational sphere as they were, but new features are continually being added. The kindergarten is one of these additions, and a very valuable addition it is. Drawing in outline and in colour is another new feature. Geography and history teaching has almost entirely changed.

One of the newer and more important additions is manual training in the higher classes for boys and domestic science in the higher classes for girls. To teach boys how to use simple tools, to teach girls how to sew and cook, is a new feature of public school education which means much to the success in life of the next generation.

Changes of even greater significance are coming in the rural public schools. Especially in the United States is this the case. The rural schools have ceased to be mere feeders of the high schools and are giving an education which fits boys to be farmers and girls to be farmers' wives. Formerly the great object in a country school was to educate boys off the farm; now it is to educate boys to stay on the farm. In this country the great change has only begun. In Manitoba and the other western provinces, the change is more noticeable than in Ontario and the other eastern provinces. Although the Ontario rural school has been much praised, it is probably the worst type of public school on the continent. Its failure is seen in the declining population of the more purely agricultural counties. The elements of agriculture are not taught in these rural schools, and therefore agriculture is being left to the old men and the immigrants.

* * *

A Separate Curriculum.

RURAL public schools to serve the needs of to-day should have a course of study which differs from that of the city public schools. This attempt to give the rural school-boy the same education as the city school-boy is arrant nonsense and should be abandoned. They both need book-keeping, for example, but the bookmaking useful for the city child is useless for the farm child. And so throughout most of the courses.

In the city there are graded schools, or consolidated schools with several teachers. An attempt has been made to give the rural communities a similar advantage. The idea is excellent when accompanied by a change in curriculum. It is less valuable when the curriculum remains the same.

Manitoba leads in consolidated rural schools, but the course of study remains much the same as in the towns which is absurd.

Some have thought to get over the difficulty by establishing agricultural colleges. They do not fill the bill. As well try to substitute universities for high schools. It would be equally futile, equally absurd. There will be no complete success in this respect, until every country school is a miniature agricultural college. This requires, for its highest development, consolidated rural schools situated amidst experimental plots of agricultural grounds, manned by teachers who are qualified to teach the elements of agriculture.

* * *

The New High School.

WHEN the high school or collegiate institute is considered it is seen to be more ludicrous than the present rural school. For fifty years, the high schools have existed for the training of teachers and other professional people. They have been mere feeders of the colleges and universities. Because of these weaknesses, business colleges founded by private capital have arisen in large numbers to supply the need for a commercial education. There is not an important city or town in Canada which has not its privately owned business college. Why? Simply because the public schools, and high schools, failed to give a business education.

In some Toronto public and high schools there are commercial classes. These are of recent introduction and represent the first attempt to rectify the error which arose because the educational management of that province had failed to keep step with the progress of Canadian life. In Berlin, Stratford, Woodstock and other Ontario towns, technical education has been introduced into the high schools—a sign of the coming revolution.

The old form of high school must go. The present type of high school teacher must vanish. They are survivals of an age that has gone. Ontario and several of the other provinces would do well to pension off their present superintendents of education and their present high school inspectors and get a new set of leaders who are not relics. There were fine men in their day, but they are out-of-date. They are brakes on the wheels of progress.

The new high school will be a combination of business college and technical school. It will be manned by educated men who recognize that the world of to-day differs from that of fifty years ago. It will not be a feeder for the colleges, but will leave university matriculation to the private schools, such as Upper Canada College, St. Andrew's, Port Hope, Ridley, and Lennoxville. The high school which makes a record in the university matriculation examinations is a curse, not a blessing, to the community which it serves.

* * *

The New University.

AT one time, the university was a part of the church, financed by the church, controlled by the church, and officered by the church. The Roman Catholic Church is the only body which retains control of its universities as it did in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The other churches are not content to control colleges federated with and working under some large university.

It is not many years ago, that the University of Toronto was a church institution; now it is a state institution. Victoria University passed into Victoria College, affiliated with the University of Toronto. Trinity University has recently followed. McMaster University still holds out. So much for Toronto. Queen's University, Kingston, has but recently decided to cut the painter which still ties it to the Presbyterian Church. King's College, Windsor, is making a valiant effort to prevent the inevitable federation with Dalhousie at Halifax. The University of Manitoba is growing stronger than the theological colleges which preceded it and made it possible.

Canadian universities have also been modernized to some extent. The teaching of classics and philosophy, the main work of a theological college of ancient vintage, is continued, but is relegated to a subordinate position. Science, mathematics, political history, modern languages, economics, medicine, engineering, and other "practical" subjects have

been forced to the front. The universities are turning out fewer theorists and more men of affairs.

What of the future? The present tendency will probably continue until the university will become as much the training ground for men of industry and commerce as for men of medicine and theology. This seems inevitable. For example, instead of training men and women to receive literary works in French, it will train them to speak and write French in such a way that it will be useful to them in everyday life. It will train men in the work of civic government and the principles of national administration of public affairs. It will produce great electrical engineers, skilled manufacturers, trained bankers and expert aerial navigators. It will serve the economic and social needs of the people. It will produce men fitted to serve the needs of their fellow-men, not high-browed disseminators of useless theories. It will as of yore give an intellectual tone and training, but it will also impart practical and useful knowledge.

* * *

Mr. Borden's Tour.

NO one will deny that Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition, has shown much courage on his tour through the West. He has gone straight to the grain-growers with the declaration that he is willing to remain an Opposition leader rather than accept reciprocity. He is willing to accept a permanent tariff commission, to support government-owned terminal elevators, to consider the possibility of lower duties on agricultural implements and an increased British preference, but he will not support reciprocity. This is clear and incisive. If his candidates are supported in the West in the next general election, there will be no misunderstanding as far as reciprocity is concerned.

All the world loves a fighter. If Mr. Borden fights hard enough, he may hold his former supporters in the West. He appeals to their finest instincts, and if they find it necessary to vote against him because of their belief in reciprocity, he will at least retain their respect. This, if it does not bring him victory now, will pave the way for a fuller sympathy for him when reciprocity ceases to be the chief public question.

There are too many trimmers in public life, and it is pleasant to know that Mr. Borden is not in that class. There have been times in his political career when he seemed to hesitate, but on the reciprocity question he has shown a firmness which must be admired even by those who are in favour of the proposed trade agreement between Canada and the United States.

* * *

State Insurance for Workers.

THIS is the day of the man who works with his head. Once the soldier got all the attention, then the preacher, then the teacher, and later the writer. Now it is the working man. The union brought him higher wages. Then the Parliaments decreed shorter hours per day. Now he gets state insurance against sickness, accident, invalidism and old age. Germany led off in these latter attentions and Great Britain is following. If it were not for the Civil War pensions, the United States would be third. In a recent amendment to German law, obligatory sick insurance is extended to about seven million farm labourers, lumbermen and others not previously included. The increased cost alone will be about thirty-two millions of dollars annually, of which the State will contribute one-fifth and workmen and their employers four-fifths.

The Canadian Minister of Labour may soon be expected to introduce such legislation here.

* * *

Kitchener in Command.

VISCOUNT KITCHENER, Britain's great soldier, was given command of the troops and police during the Coronation, and rode next to the carriage containing their Majesties, but thus far the Government has not found any regular occupation for the man who successfully carried out the campaign in Egypt, closed the African War, and re-organized the army in India. Since his return he has been mentioned for every high position in the army and has refused one, the command of the Mediterranean, which the Duke of Connaught resigned because he did not think there was sufficient work for a soldier to do there. However, Lord Kitchener cannot remain idle and, on his own initiative, has been going around the country encouraging the volunteer regiments and the boy scout movement, while two of the big railway companies have secured his services in an advisory capacity. He was recently elected to the Board of Directors of the Chatham and Dover and South-eastern Railway Companies.



THE MODERN EDUCATIONAL DESCENDANTS OF TUBAL CAIN
Scientific smithy for the instruction of youths in the art of shaping and welding metals.

THE BRAIN AND THE HAND

How the Modern Schoolmaster Co-operates with the Factory Manager

By W. L. RICHARDSON

THE little red school-house has been the source of much pride. The great men of the present and last generation received their book-learning in it and their success seems to be due to the study of a few months each year under the direction of its presiding genius. And now newspaper reports and street-car conversations seem to indicate alarm at the thought of twenty- or thirty-room school buildings, with telephones, speaking-tubes and other expensive fittings and equipment. My friend, the accountant, recalls the simple one-roomed village school which he attended in the winter months, heated with a roaring box-stove and ventilated by means of the windows and doors. He mentally contrasts it with the quarter-million dollar structures which are springing up here and there throughout the dominion. Then there follows a list of names of great men and women who loom large in the public eye and whose schooling was obtained in the much lauded little red school-house. The inference he wishes is easily drawn.

But is it true that what was good enough for him should be good enough for his boys? Will he be satisfied to see them clothed in the brown jeans he wore, reading the few books he was provided with and going to bed as he did by the light of the homely tallow dip? The truth is the great men and women of to-day are great not because of the little red school-house, but in spite of it. Their education was obtained mainly beyond its walls and their success lies rooted in a great variety of causes—in the farm, in the work-shop, in the little meeting-house, in the debating circles and in the fireside instruction. Of all the educative agencies, reading and spelling, and sums, was but a small part. Perhaps no other single word includes all the causes so well as the word *work*, and to work must be ascribed the success of our great men. The critical accountant admits that he had to work harder and longer out of school than in it, and that this work was continuous and unending. His friends know that the habit he acquired years ago still persists.

Now, the glory of the great man which attracts and compels attention is most generally that which radiates from the pulpit and lecture desk, from the political platform and from the judge's bench or the physician's office. This glory is largely associated with study and books, and hence the popular belief in the efficiency of the old-time school. Only a little reflection is needed to convince us that a strong personality, a knowledge of man and nature, a practical mind, steel nerves and a sound body are large factors of success and these are developed through work.

In recent years, the opportunity for growing boys

and girls to enlarge their powers through constructive work has become small. More especially is this true in our cities. At the same time it is seen, on the one hand, that the great majority of people are intimately associated with the work-a-day world and on the other, that the schools provide a course of study which seems to bear little relation to what is usually considered as work.

In Canada we have still much to learn and much to do along the line of technical education. This is true, probably, of all other countries, but especially of Canada. The people of the United States have shown themselves in this particular to be brave, not to say venturesome. That country is dotted with working examples of various plans to bring about a higher quality of skilled labour. While we have been arguing the pros and cons of this building site as opposed to that, our Southern neighbour has perfected new organizations and accurately determined the value of an amazing variety of technical and industrial schools. These range from industrial classes in the regular elementary school to the most advanced technical schools of engineering grade.

In some there are day courses of work; others provide both day and evening courses. Some are called "past-time," to which pupils go with the encouragement of their employers for a few hours or a day each week, occupying the remainder of the time in the shop or factory. In a few cases shrewd manufacturers have opened up trade and technical schools in connection with their factories. While much that is done in all these schools is of necessity theoretical, real work with tools, machinery and materials occupies the major part of the time. The business of local factories, shops and stores determines the variety of work to be taught. This is done in the most practical fashion possible, the newest shop method and factory procedure being exactly imitated.

In Manchester, Glasgow, and Belfast, Great Britain has three of the finest technical schools in the world. Each of these provides teaching for almost every vocation from designing and building a dynamo to the artistic application of a shampoo. In each case strong emphasis is placed on those trades which are locally most important. The buildings are large, of elegant and dignified architecture, and each of the entire properties is variously estimated to be worth as high as two million dollars. Great Britain has many other technical schools of excellent quality differing mainly in size from those just named. But notwithstanding the immense financial and moral backing which technical and industrial education is now receiving in the motherland, the manufactured products of Germany are

steadily increasing almost to the point of driving all other similar commerce from the sea. This can be ascribed to no other cause than the wonderful system of education which Germany has developed and which in recent years has attracted the attention of manufacturers no less than educationists the world over. The amount of money invested in German industrial and technical schools relatively exceeds that of any other country. Towns of only a few thousand inhabitants have an industrial school and the smaller cities generally have several. The little kingdom of Wurttemberg, with an area equal to three or four Ontario counties, a population of two million and only average natural resources, has, in addition to a very fine elementary and secondary school system leading to a famous classical university, a technical university, two technical High schools, and about 250 smaller industrial schools. A single German city may have twenty or thirty industrial schools, and the city of Munich has more than fifty. The German believes in education, he loves his schools and cheerfully provides the funds for their upkeep. German manufactured articles are good, durable, artistic and in wonderful variety, so that "Made in Germany" has become a nightmare to merchants and manufacturers from New York to Hong Kong.

But while the German insistence on system, good organization, and careful management is to be admired, even imitated, the autocratic militarism and lock-step tone which dominates their educational institutions would not suit our freeborn Canadian youth.

It has been said that much remains to be done towards providing an effective vocational training in Canada. Each province has, however, taken the initiatory steps. For many years in the faculty of Applied Science and Engineering of the University of Toronto, a very complete training has been given for those who are to supervise the construction and operation of large civil mining and mechanical engineering plants. The instruction is largely theoretical, the accompanying practice being secured during vocations in the field or the shop. Dean Galbraith, in his testimony before the Royal Commission on Technical Education, said that almost all the graduates practised their respective professions and few, if any, would be qualified to teach in technical or industrial schools. The School of Mining, at Kingston, which is a college affiliated with Queen's University, likewise trains its students for various engineering posts. It demands at least two years successful practice of the profession before granting degrees, in addition to the skill obtained in the wood and metal working shops and the science laboratories of the school. The latest recruit in this field is the Department of Mining, in connection with the High School at Sudbury. It has been in operation only one year, but the prospect seems bright for its being a valuable aid in furnishing the technical knowledge requisite for the development of the nickel, copper, iron, and gold mines of Northern Ontario. Properly equipped laboratories have been installed and courses for High School pupils, as well as for prospective miners and smelters, are offered.

In Ontario, however, a start in technical education has been made principally through the introduction of Manual Training and Domestic Science. While these might be treated from the industrial view-point and become the basis of training for industry and for life work, this has not generally been done, and these subjects still remain as introduced with cultural and educational values as the principal aim. An exception must be made of a few cities which have extended their courses into the first and second years of the High School. Notably at Brantford, Stratford and Woodstock Colleges, courses in advanced woodwork with machinery, and forging and other elementary processes in metal are provided. There is a tendency to relate the Manual Training at Brantford with the work of the Waterous Engine Co., and at Stratford with the Grand Trunk Railway shops. The Board of Education of Sault Ste. Marie have provided a separate building for industrial training in connection with their High School. In this building much of the work of a modern technical school is carried on and a very happy arrangement has been made whereby the "part time" system, so beneficially operated in Germany and more recently in the United States and in England, has been introduced. By this arrangement, the apprentices of the Algoma Iron Works are to attend the technical school a half-day each week without loss of pay. Evening classes have been opened in a number of localities and apparently with excellent results. During last winter, evening classes in furniture making were conducted in five Toronto schools. They were popular wood and metal working, electrical fitting, drawing, sewing, and cooking. The Technical High School of Toronto is at present housed in a building entirely

unsuited for the purpose. There is no shop-work and the other equipment is inadequate and of poor quality. A High School of Commerce will be opened in its own building and with its own staff. A Technical High School to give industrial training and to be presided over by Dr. Alex. C. MacKay, late Chancellor of MacMaster University, is to be erected. Although members of the Board of Education and various officials have frequently visited and carefully inspected the largest American and European technical schools, it has been decided to secure designs for the new building by competition.

What is urgently needed to give Ontario a premier place in technical education is not provision for the captains of industry through upper grade technical schools. Leaders always emerge from the mass and climb to the top of the heap. The pressing need is provision for the shop and factory privates. Manufacturers cannot hope even with the most capable managers and foremen and the latest machinery devices and system, to successfully compete with rivals whose works are manned by a rank and file

industrially trained by the agency of the school.

These are the boys and girls who by force of circumstances or from inclination leave school at from thirteen to fifteen years of age. We have too long troubled them with such things as adjective clauses, and whether a cow gets up fore feet or hind feet first. This sort of knowledge is the traditional preparation for the Collegiate, and eighty per cent. of our pupils never attend the Collegiate. For these, industrial classes to parallel the present "Entrance" classes should be formed. The growing, restless, tired-of-books youth would be attracted to a course aimed to act as a basis for industrial life. By frankly taking advantage of his desire to do and providing shop-work each day, thus securing trained eyes and hands and a precise knowledge of the commoner tools, materials and simple machinery, along with a definite knowledge of related industrial facts, much would be done to increase the actual earning capacity of the young industrial worker, to make him more valuable to himself, to his employer, and to the state.

at an athletic soiree in the gymnasium, and (powerful source of uneasiness), the "School" freshmen were enjoying a "green tea" in the Y. M. C. A. the same evening. The leaders on both sides had planned a deadly conflict, to take place after the society functions were over. Christie knew it.

At half-past ten, when the Arts affair was finished, fully one hundred and fifty freshmen formed in line, and marched towards the Y. M. C. A. Behind this building were drawn up the Science students, equal in strength. The two armies were within fifty feet of each other. The few scattered stragglers in the University grounds instinctively felt the imminence of a struggle, and were scampering to safety in all directions. Christie was standing in the pathway, revolving deep thoughts in his mind. Whatever was to be done, had to be done at once. The Arts men were hidden for the moment from the view of their adversaries, for they were just behind the wing of the Thermo-Dynamics building. Christie, with his mind made up, walked to the front of their host, and stopped them with a single uplift of his hand. No flourishing of his baton, or belabouring the heads of the front rank men! No storming or raging, refuge of weak policemen! No, he simply made a little speech, in the inimitable Christie manner. "Men," he said, "you are to go home. There will be no fight to-night."

At first the freshmen only laughed, and thought what an "easy mark" they had met. A sophomore in the crowd, however, whispered, "Don't you know that's Chief Christie," and instantly a murmuring rustle went through the throng. "It's Christie," passed up and down the ranks. Three seconds later, the Arts army was retreating in good order, and Chief Christie was on his way back to the Science camp. Here, he thought, might be a sterner ordeal, for although the motto of the "school" is "meakness and peacefulness," its adherents at times forget their creed. Success, however, is innate with Christie. Behind the Y. M. C. A. building he again upraised his hand, and once more delivered a pacificatory oration. In less time than it takes to tell, the School men were across College Street, outside the University grounds altogether. Their pride, however, rebelled at giving up pursuit of the Arts men.

"Let us stay here quietly for a while," urged one commanding freshman, "until Christie goes home, and then we will go back to the grounds and search out those knaves."

For fifteen minutes they remained drawn up in line on College Street, singing "psalms and spiritual hymns," until they felt the coast to be clear. Christie had disappeared. Probably he was in bed by this time, and, at any rate, what did they care for him? Bravely they marched across the road, and along the main entrance drive.

"This night," they cried, "we will raise Cain!" Hardly were the words out of their mouths when, around the corner from the shadows of the Chemistry building, emerged a figure, tall and stately. On its head was the unmistakable Chief's cap.

"Gentlemen," he said, with palm aloft, "this meeting is not unexpected; nor on that account is it any more welcome."

Before he had finished the last syllables, he had the satisfaction of seeing the School men disappear down McCaul Street. Fifteen minutes later, Christie was asleep in his bed. His day's work was done.

A POLICEMAN OF NATIONAL DISTINCTION

By MAIN JOHNSON

ONE of the most striking figures at this year's convocation ceremonies at the University of Toronto, early in June, was Chief Christie, head of the University police force. Christie is always in the limelight, erect and dignified in his handsome uniform. No policeman in Canada is more widely known. Wherever Toronto graduates of the last seven years are living, and that means in every province of the Dominion and in practically every country on the globe, this hero's fame is spread. Especially during the last four years has his reputation become national and extra-national in its scope.

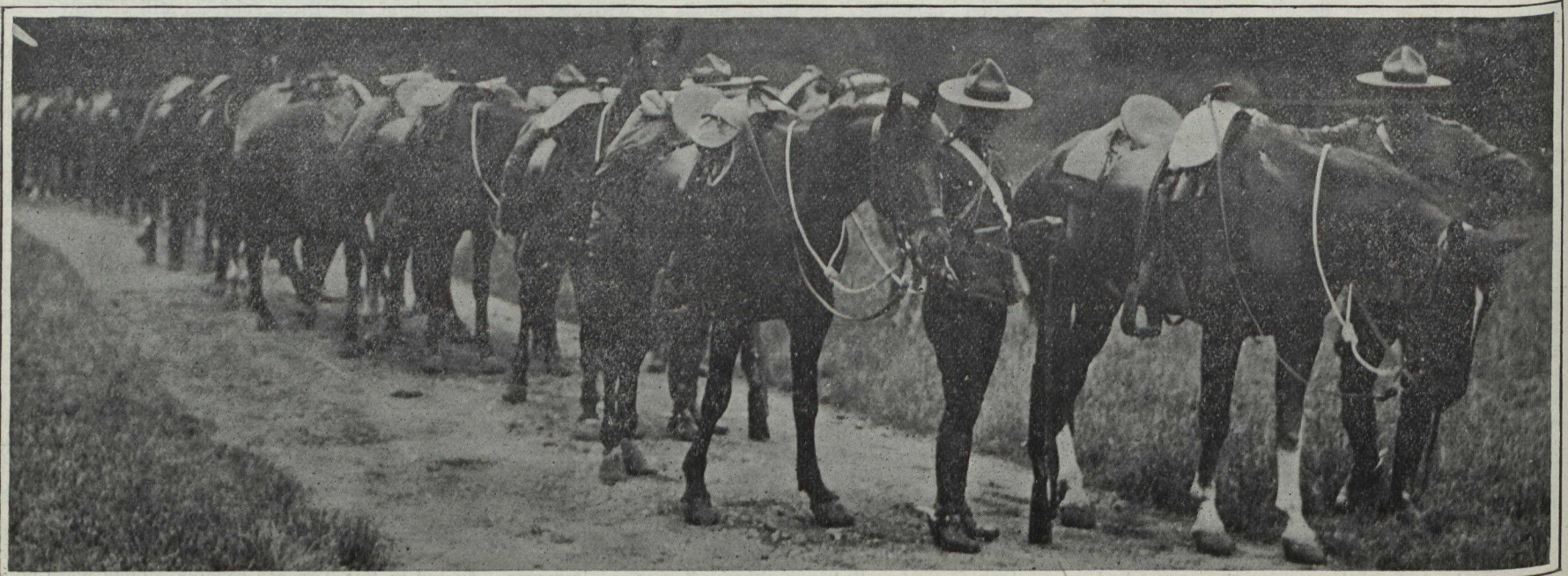
Chief Christie's most salient merit lies in his ability to handle crowds of University men. Until the city police gained some idea from him, they made a failure in their dealings with this peculiar type of humanity. Christie, however, lived among them day by day, and after two or three years' preliminary study of their habits, suddenly blossomed forth as the ideal University policeman. Now his title is secure, and, to use an old figure, he has become as indispensable a part of the University as the tower of the main building. If he left, it would be a genuine calamity. Such an untoward event was threatened this spring, when Christie felt the lure of the city police force. He had almost gone, when the Board of Governors realized the danger and—Christie stayed.

This illustrious chief and his staff (sometimes it consists of one subordinate, at other times of none) have complete control of the maintenance of order at the University. The city police, by an agreement, do not enter the grounds unless specially summoned. Christie, therefore, is absolute monarch of his regions, and a competent ruler he proves himself.

The story of his deeds of prowess would fill a bulky volume. One of his exploits, however, stands out prominently among the list. It shows his crafty strategy in the face of a serious crisis early this term. The Arts freshmen were being entertained



[Chief Christie, "Guardian of the University."]



Contingent of the North-West Mounted Police getting in to Chelsea Hospital for the Coronation. Four men who were scheduled to go from the Yukon perished on the trail from Macpherson to Dawson last winter.



Coronation may be more spectacular, but Convocation Day at a Canadian College is still the grave and solemn assemblage that it was in the days before college yells were invented or the sweet girl graduate came on the scene.

SAM KENNEDY'S DEGREE

Some Facts for the Consideration of the University of Toronto

THE other day, at the University of Toronto, hundreds of students got degrees. Many of them earned their sheepskins. They had made a business of their four years at college, and they deserved reward at the hands of the Chancellor. Other students received the guerdon who had trusted to luck rather than to industry. Some students there were, too, at Convocation, who looked a little wistful at leaving the Alma Mater. Of these were they who on graduation guiltily realized that they should have done better work, and made a showing worthy of their real ability in the examination hall.

There was one student at Toronto University this year who completed four years' tuition in one of the hardest courses in the University, taking highest honours, but who for some yet inexplicable reason was denied his degree of Bachelor on Convocation afternoon. This man's name is Kennedy—S. Kennedy; to every man and fair co-ed of "Onety-one" known as "Sam." He isn't a city chap. He doesn't belong to a fraternity. At Varsity dances Sam never aspired to be the "craze." He's a very solid chap, a likeable chap. Four years ago, Sam came up to Toronto from the paternal farm near Agincourt, Ontario. His brother was just leaving the university with flying honours; Sam sailed in with brilliant matriculation. He picked out Mathematics and Physics as his course. He worked very hard, as he did back home on the farm—which was very hard indeed. Every year when the class list came out, S. Kennedy was near the apex. So well did he do, that during the session of 1910-1911 he was appointed a demonstrator in physics, entitled to draw a small salary from the university like a full-fledged professor. The salary—he hasn't drawn it yet. But that's another story. We are coming to that.

There came that bright recent day of June when the 1911 results blossomed forth. Sam's name was there all right—first in second class honours. But after his name was something. Simply this—S. Kennedy was starred in World History. Why was Sam starred? A whole lot of people have been trying unsatisfactorily to answer that question.

Sam was dazed. And no wonder! This star meant that he could not receive his degree with his classmates this spring. It meant that he must go back to the farm discredited and disappointed after his years of hard work. The folks back home would discuss the matter. Some of them perhaps would hint—well a country boy at the university hears and feels more about his college achievements than a city boy, perhaps. In all the examinations Sam had gone through at High School and College he had never been starred. Why so now? The situation to him was humiliating, particularly be-

cause the World History in which he had failed was not an integral part of his course. It had nothing to do with dynamos and electric currents and the calculus. It was one of those so-called culture subjects with which the University of Toronto insists on burdening down students in honour departments.

In all the other subjects of his course, as the Registrar's reports show, Kennedy stood among the first. That any sane examiner should pluck a man of his standing in a subject like World History, and bar him from his degree, is incredible.

Sam had not neglected his World History. He had not taken it as a joke. Ninety per cent. of the lectures he attended during the year, despite the pressure of his scientific work. Moreover, he is confident that he passed the examination in World History. He wrote upwards of 1500 words on four of the five questions asked. So sure is he that he did pass, that on learning the unfortunate result, he offered to write a special in that subject on the afternoon before Convocation with four hours' preparation. The University refused to concede a special paper in his case. But an extra paper was set in World History, according to a man called Hurd, who told Kennedy that he wrote on it, passed it, and got his degree the next afternoon. Hurd was a chap who had forgotten the date of the regular examination in World History!

S. Kennedy alone of 104 students in World History of the Fourth Year was starred. Had he been a slouch some excuse might have been offered for withholding his degree. But in face of his clean record, the action of the examining board in barring him at the eleventh hour on such slight pretext from his academic honours, looks like an outrage.

Sam encountered an official called the Bursar. This may or may not have some connection with the fact that Sam is just plain Mr. Kennedy this spring.

Sam was elected treasurer of his class by the students during the past year. Every year it is the custom of each class in University College to hold a reception in the fall term. For this purpose, an executive is elected which taxes each student one dollar to defray the reception expense. Sam's duty was to receive this money after it had been collected by the executive. The reception came off as usual. Then came the matter of paying the bills. Thirty-seven dollars was owed to the University Press. The Bursar ordered Treasurer Kennedy to settle this. As all the class fees had not been paid up, Sam asked for time. The Bursar made acrid remarks.

In due time, a cheque for twenty-five dollars lay in the Bursar's office in payment of Kennedy's work as demonstrator in physics. Sam called for this cheque. Instead of handing it over, the Bursar de-

clared that he would retain this cheque, the property of Kennedy, until the Treasurer had settled for the class debts. Kennedy stated that he did not consider himself more responsible for the thirty-seven dollars than the others of the executive; that he had not personally contracted the debt with the printer; and that he would pay in the money when it was all collected. He demanded his cheque, which had nothing to do with the affairs of the class.

The Bursar informed him that his degree would be withheld, and ordered him out of his office—and kept the cheque. The morning Sam began to write his examination, a messenger summoned him into the Bursar's presence. The Bursar bullied him about the thirty-seven dollars and told him that he should never have got his pseudonym.

At Convocation Dance all the recalcitrant class members paid up their fees. The Bursar is pacing up and down his cage with a twenty-five dollar cheque made out to S. Kennedy which, lacking Sam's endorsement, he cannot cash. Sam is quietly withholding the sum of thirty-seven dollars awaiting developments.

The Faculty is just as quietly withholding Sam's degree. When will this three-cornered game be over?

A Fashionable Resort

ST. ANDREWS BY THE SEA is Canada's Bar Harbour. Sir William Van Horne, of the C. P. R., discovered it, popularized it. Every summer hundreds of the jaded elite of Montreal and Quebec go down to the pretty New Brunswick town, nestled in a corner of the Bay of Fundy. Sir William Van Horne built a very palatial summer place there a few years ago. He refers to it as his "model farm," this property of his with its broad sweep of velvety English lawns, its winding driveways, its Babylonian gardens; it is unruffled magnificence. F. W. Thompson, of the Ogilvie Milling Company, Montreal, is another summer devotee of St. Andrew's, where he has a large summer home. Other Eastern Canada millionaires who never build, while away indolent ozone days at the Algonquin, the C. P. R. hotel from whose broad piazzas seventy-five miles of scenery can be viewed.

It costs to live among the plutocrats of St. Andrew's, but it is worth the price to those who can afford it. The summer programme is as broad as that of Newport and other similar Yankee resorts where Canadians of means are wont to rush unappreciative of the facilities their own country affords for enjoyment. Where can you find better golf than at St. Andrew's on the charming eighteen hole links, with their suggestion of Scotland, when the tang of the sea breeze from Fundy is in the air? There is bathing at Katy's Cove, the tide ebbing and flowing over the red rocks; boating among the islands of Passamaquaddy Bay; week-end trips up to Eastport and St. Stephen; fishing for haddock and trout in a dozen lakes and streams.



TAKING CARE OF HOMELESS CHILDREN IN A NEW LAND OF HOMES.

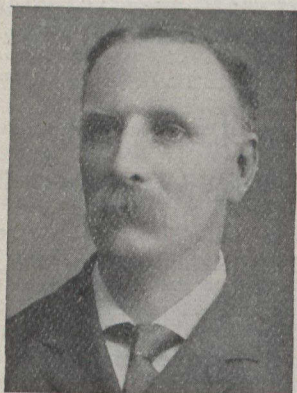
Lieutenant-Governor Brown opened the Regina Shelter. The wife of the Premier of Saskatchewan held the shelter baby. Commissioner Perry, of the R.N.W.M.P., in plain clothes standing next. Mayor McAra, of Regina, also took part in both the organization and the ceremony.

HOW MUCH IS A CHILD WORTH?

What Saskatchewan is Doing to Answer this Question

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

FROM some place, not far away, came the feeble wail of a little child. For a moment the chatter of voices in the reception hall was hushed. Half a dozen women moved simultaneously towards the doorway that led to the dining-room, where, in a cradle in a corner, lay a tiny blue-eyed girl, the Shelter's baby. Solemnly the wee tot gazed up at the loving mother faces that bent over her. A tiny hand closed confidently over a finger that touched it tenderly. The babe was no longer lonesome and afraid. She was cared for and loved and her cries were soothed.



E. SPENCER PAGE
Superintendent.

It was a warm, sunny afternoon towards the close of April, and the opening day of a splendidly equipped Children's Shelter in the capital city of Saskatchewan. From all parts of the city, interested men and women had come to witness the ceremonies and inspect for themselves the Shelter in which, as citizens of Regina, they felt they had a share. Not only had the Government, organizations and individuals assisted in the furnishing, but it was owing to the generosity of the citizens of Regina in passing a by-law to grant ten thousand dollars for the erection of a Children's Shelter that it was possible for the Children's Aid Society to occupy a building, especially erected for the purpose, from plans embodying all the features necessary for a home and which, in point of completeness, is second to none in Canada.

Without, from the street, the Shelter of red brick, with broad verandahs and balconies painted white, presents an imposing, yet hospitable appearance. Within, it is in reality a "home," bearing none of the disheartening marks of the institution. Each room is bright, cheery, tastefully furnished,

spotless and cosy. Here are no "wards of white-washed walls." Above the weathered oak wainscoting, dark green burlap refuses to betray the finger marks of little inmates. Above the burlap, the walls are tinted in pleasing tones. Rubber matting on the stairway and halls deadens the footfalls on the polished floors.

The carpets for the rugs, before being put to their present use, saw long service in the old Legislature. Such was the excellence of workmanship "in the elder days of Art"—say thirty years ago—they have lost none of their beauty of colouring or freshness.

On the ground floor are found rooms for the matron with a bath-room, large dining-room, a board-room, a model sanitary kitchen and pantries; on the second floor, two large dormitories, two smaller bed-rooms and two bath-rooms. On the third floor, there are complete arrangements for an isolation hospital in case of the milder contagious diseases. On the south side of the building is a large glass sun-room, so that, at all times of the year, the younger children will have full advantage of the sunshine. In the basement are a receiving-room, with shower bath, to which children are taken immediately on their arrival, tanks, furnaces, etc. Withal, the happiness of the inmates has not been forgotten. Provision has been made for a winter play-room, to be equipped with sand-piles and other devices for their amusement. The immense verandahs also afford ample space for merry romps.

And all that is due to the fact that a few years ago, half a dozen or more kind-hearted men and women gave attention to the needs of neglected children.

His Honour, Lieutenant-Governor Brown, opened the Shelter. Mayor McAra spoke a few words of greeting, and Mr. B. B. Carter, who, in the absence of the President of the Society, Mr. Joseph Campbell, was Master of Ceremonies, briefly outlined the history of the organization.

In the distinguished gathering were the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Brown, Inspector Hefferman, A.D.C., Mrs. Walter Scott, wife of the Premier, Commissioner Perry of the R.N.W.M.P., and his daughter, Mayor McAra and Mrs. McAra, Mrs. D. P. McColl, wife of the Deputy Minister of Education, and Mr. S. Spencer Page, Provincial

Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children.

Only with the past half dozen years has the necessity for some such work arisen within the province of Saskatchewan. The "old timers" were a fine class of self-respecting people, with regard for their responsibilities as parents. Following the influx of immigrants of a lower class some five or six years ago, cases were discovered of children ill-treated and neglected and of parents utterly unfit to be guardians. Rev. E. A. Henry, then minister of Knox Presbyterian Church, took a deep interest, and it was largely through his efforts that a society was formed. The matter was brought to the attention of the Provincial Government and at the request of the Government, Mr. J. J. Kelso, to whom we are indebted for the Children's Aid Movement, made an organizing trip through the Province in the winter of 1908-09. The Regina Society was organized in July, 1909, and Mr. S. Spencer Page, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, appointed Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children for the Province. At that time, a small house was obtained, but some months later, a larger residence was rented, which building was occupied until the present quarters were completed.

In August, 1909, Mr. Page organized a society in Prince Albert, of which Mr. Bradshaw, M.L.A., is President. Much interest was taken in Saskatchewan in the organization of a Society. One thousand dollars was collected as a nucleus with which to commence work and to establish a shelter. The City Council was approached and made a most generous response, setting aside the old Saskatoon Cottage Hospital and providing the salary of the matron, free water, heat and light. To the Society was left the providing of the upkeep. Considerable work has been done among the city people and charge has been kindly taken of two or three cases for the Provincial Superintendent, the Provincial Government paying for the board of outside children.

To the Regina Society, the Government gives a grant of five hundred dollars a year, against which a charge of two dollars and a half a week is made for all children from outside points. Ninety-five dollars, over and above, was last year paid for actual service rendered.

During his tenure of office of twenty months, one hundred and twenty-one children have come under the control of Superintendent Page. From all parts of the Province come letters from the happy homes the children have found. Of seventy inspections made in the summer of 1910, in not a single case was it found advisable to remove a child. All were treated kindly and many of the little ones had been adopted. The older children come under the agreement act, as in Ontario.

Mr. Page is the inventor of a splendid method of keeping tab on the wards of the Society. In his office in the new Parliament Buildings is a large map of the Province, marked off in sections. The eye of a visitor is immediately attracted by perky little tags fastened here and there on the map. These are strips of white paper tipped with red to make them conspicuous, on one side of which is written the name of the child and address, and on the other the names of the guardians. This is fastened on the map on the exact spot, to the very section, where the foster home is located.

While the underlying principle of Children's Aid work is that "Prevention is better than cure," especially does this apply in Saskatchewan and Alberta, where the work has been undertaken before it has become absolutely imperative, and preparation has been made for emergencies for years to come. As yet, there are no large cities, no slum districts, in which individuality is lost in the crowd. The genuine bad boy type, the street Arab, has not developed. Troublesome boys are known by name and by sight to the authorities who experience no difficulty in keeping an eye on them.

The children of the West have the spirit of the West. With few exceptions, they are bright, resourceful, interested in everything around them and self-respecting. They need employment, to have their energies directed. An incorrigible is an unknown quantity.

The Juvenile Court is unknown, but an excellent way has been found. Under the present method of sending boys to the Industrial School, under order of the Attorney-General, no stigma is attached. There is immediate hope of release as soon as it is earned by good conduct.

Thus the question, "How much is a child worth?" is being answered in Saskatchewan in protection for the neglected and dependent; in humane treatment, that will arouse self-respect, for the delinquent, and in every effort to give the children within its bounds an opportunity to live, to grow, to become clean, healthy, happy, useful men and women and a credit, instead of a menace, to society.

THE SPIRIT-RAPPING OF DYNAMITE SPINDEL

And How a Man who Listened Went Chasing After Gold

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE worn and blackened little "medicine-whistle" passed from hand to hand about the fire. Out of the Athabasca sky the stars shone high and white and hard, and through the deepening twilight, toward the foothills, sounded the lonely "moon-howl" of the wolves. The lazy camp-talk had drifted from the plainsman's sixth sense of cattle-smelling to the efficacy of the divin'ing-rod, and was already floundering in the vague depths of the occult.

"An' you say 'twas the likes av this tin whistle wanst kept ghosts an' wyndegoes out av a Cree camp?" scoffed Kierney, the flume-builder, kicking the backlog. A shower of expostulating sparks floated heavenward.

"What I say is that every Cree buck once banked his pile on that two-inch whistle. If it piped a hard winter, he packed up and went South; if it told him of a comin' death, he took its word; if it gave him the tip for a season's hunt, he traveled off to where it sent him."

"Then I'll bet now and then he thraveled a divil av a way widout dinin' on the buffalo-rump he was lookin' for!"

A huge figure, silhouetted against the fire-light, slowly turned and looked at the scoffer.

"The same as you'd do, Irish, if you heard your banshee!" It was Timber-Line Ike who spoke, gazing dreamily into the glow of the fire at his feet. He was a scarred and swarthy son of the Yukon, and being a child of the mysterious North, he bowed to the ancient mysteries of life. "The same as I did when I heard my dyin' camp-mate callin' from Kathul Mountain to Fort MacPherson! Your Cree buck traveled to the call of his spirit the same as you'd travel to the call of yours. The world over, 'tis the same; we've all got our ghosts sendin' us this way and that. Look at your Dukhobors, with spirits draggin' 'em a hundred miles across the snow!"

"And wid the mounted p'lice herdin' them home in box-cars, like a drove av range-starved steers! Ghosts—wyndegoes—big medicine! Hu! the divil take the lot av them, Dukhobors and all!" And the scoffing flume-builder emitted his quiet contempt in heavy and luxurious puffs of smoke. Then he suddenly reached back a massive and hairy hand to a little dark man sitting deeper in the shadow of the windbreak.

"Barney, me boy, you know and I know a thrick or two about medicine-makin', both Injin and white man's. We've seen what we've seen. But s'posin' you tell me friend here that little tale av Arkansaw Cozzens and his communin' wid spirits."

"'Twas nothin' to tell av," deprecated the other, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"'Tis worth hearin', mebbe, wid them she-wolves yonder howlin' reason and sense out av the universe."

"Pan it out," said the Klondiker, as the silenced camp listened to the lonely and prolonged "moon-howl" echoing in to them from the timbered coulees round about.

"'Twas nothin' much to tell av," began the little Celtic nomad, with a pretense of shaking the sleep from his heat-drowsed body, "but if you're cryin' for it, here's the whole av the thing as I remember it: 'Twas in Eighty-six I ran across this Arkansaw Cozzens layin' out a polecat farm in a slough southeast av the Dirt Hills. He had five or six childer along wid him, and a wife, a big, commandin'-figgered woman wid a face like a Kadiak totem. While he did the figgerin' and the stakin' out av the skunk-fences, 'twas his wife dug all the post-holes. 'Twas a way Arkansaw had. And I couldn't be tellin' you the millions he was goin' to make out av that polecat farm, what wid genooine skunk-oil at four dollars a gallon, and pelts bringin' three dollars a pair, and the ancient tribe av polecats gettin' scarcer and scarcer, season after season. It was a low and demeanin' way av acquirin' wealth, says he, but wid every fat skunk bringin' in wan quart av oil, it was worth while puttin' up wid the smells. If he'd never married, says he, he'd have been a great man, but what chance had any son av woman to sit and figger things out, wid seven stomachs to rustle for! For that man was bristlin' wid the rosiest edged schemes that ever stole over the hills av imagination, what wid his smooth ways

av talkin', and his habit av dreamin' in six figgers and gener'ly livin' in two, and his trick av tappin' his forehead wid the tip av wan finger and sayin' there was only wan thing ruled this world, and that was intillicit.

"Now the only man that could sit and talk wid Arkansaw Cozzens, and see everything wid the same glow av genius, was an easy-go'in', good-for-nothin', soft-jointed spit av misery called Dynamite Spindel. They'd drifted about the frontier together for many a year, and 'twas always Ark and Di between the two av them, and folks back in Winnipeg in the early Eighties got to callin' 'em Damon and Pythias. For when Di was rounded up for horse-stealin' on the Minnesota border, Ark came out and made the posse a speech while they were in the cheerin' pur-soot av gettin' a rope over the cross-bar av a tilli-graph-pole. He'd swing himself, says he, weepin' wid eloquence, before he'd see a human bein' obliterated without trial. And he kept at it, fannin' the range and workin' on the feelin's av that vigilance committee, until, in faith, they took up a collection, set Di free wid a slap on the back, and started him home wid tears in their eyes.

"But 'twas little good this Di Spindel ever did Ark Cozzens, and wan day the commandin'-figgered woman led him to the door, easy and gintle, and told him to go and talk over them million-dollar schemes av his wid the coyotes, 'for,' says she, 'av all the overeatin', stove-huggin', pipe-smokin', white-livered brooders av hair-brained schemes, you're the worst, wid wan exception. And the wan exception is this hulk av sloth that I've been hitched to, and he's goin' to learn to do an honest and unassumin' day's work, or I'll be knowin' the reason why!"

"'Twas touchin' and sad, that partin' av our two old friends. Arkansaw sat 'round complainin' that his wife had knocked the optimism out av him for the rest av his life, and he didn't even have the ambition to brood out his half-incubated scheme for the flumin' av the Bow River and the irrigatin' av all southern Alberta. And it kind av broke Di's spirit, too, for after mopin' 'round a few weeks, he drifted in wid a party of Nipigon dust-washers, and wrote back to Ark that he was strikin' out for the Yukon wid them. 'Twas an unknown land in them days, wid only the first rumours and whispers av gold-finds creepin' down the western coast, so Arkansaw made his old friend promise to write wanst a month. And time slipped on, and the years came and went, but divil a word did Ark ever get from Di Spindel. But he sat 'round broodin' av his old friend and wonderin' what he might be doin'. And when his wife would come in from her work and give him a bit av her tongue for the things he was always agoin' to do and never gettin' 'round to, he'd look at her wid a sad and broken eye, and wave the bowl av his pipe, and tell her how she'd held him back, and tied him down, and blighted his chances av bein' somethin' big in the world.

"The only consolation Arkansaw got in them days av blight was a visit av wan av them travelin' spiritualists, trailin' through the Dirt Hills on a foundered cayuse, sellin' corn-salve, and tellin' fortunes, and curin' pip in chickens, and communin' wid the spirit av anywan who was dead in the family for two dollars a trance, wid a bottle av magic skin-beautifier thrown in free. Well, that old spiritualist swung right in wid most av Arkansaw's schemes, and stayed right wid his new friend, and was never late for his meals, and talked a heap about slate-writin' and spirit-rappin', and allowed that Arkansaw was wastin' his days in that nefarious producin' av skunk-oil. Then his wife saw the drift av things, and she informed the old spiritualist that if sundown didn't see him travelin', he'd be communin' wid spirits more intimate than he ever dreamed av. And the stranger traveled, but the trouble had been started.

"Widin a week av that, Arkansaw started hearin' voices. They were decent and well-behavin' voices at the start av the game, soundin' mostly in the middle av the night, and disturbin' no wan but Arkansaw himself. They'd begin wid raps and knocks at the top av the bed, and, wanst he'd learned to spell out the taps, he could talk wid 'em as natural as life. Then he'd wake up his wife, and ask her if she'd never heard the beat av that! And she'd sit up in bed, and tell him that mebbe if he took

more exercise in the open air he wouldn't be havin' such nightmares, and that mebbe if he'd been herdin' yearlin' heifers and polecats all day he'd be satisfied wid doin' a bit av sleepin' at night. But none av her word-lashin's ever bothered Arkansaw. He'd just give his head a bit av a shake, slow and solemn, and say there was somethin' queer about it all. Then his wife, thinkin' mebbe it was his liver, kept dosin' him wid herb-tea till he'd lost a deal av his fat, and got to complainin' 'round the bar-rooms at Red Moose Crossin' that she was tryin' to poison him. But still the voices kept hangin' 'round that bedroom, goin' from bad to worse, till she couldn't get a night's sleep after her day's work on the range, and leavin' Arkansaw so done out he'd have to sit 'round the house and rest for the balance av the week.

"Then somethin' happened. It left Arkansaw so bowled over he couldn't go on wid his work av gettin' out pole-timber for the new cow-shed, and his wife had to finish the job. It all began wan night when Arkansaw was talkin' wid the spirits, as tranquil and unsuspectin' as a Chinook.

"'Twas sad news came to Arkansaw Cozzens that night I speak av. Just what led up to it all 'tis not for me to say, but when the first gray av the mornin' was comin' through the shack-chinks, he woke his wife up wid a start, walkin' up and down the room and groanin' wid himself like a she-grizzly.

"For the love av heaven, what is it now?" says his wife, sittin' up in bed.

"'Tis me ould friend, Di Spindel—he's dead!" sobs Arkansaw, pullin' on his clothes.

"And who's been tellin' you that bit av good news?" asks his wife.

"'Twas his spirit!" says Arkansaw, mighty solemn and impressive. 'His spirit's been talkin' wid me all night, tellin' me how he was killed by Natchokon Indians, when he was ferryin' down towards the Yukon for fodder, just after he'd located his mine. He's been killed in cold blood, most croel and un-timely! That's why we never had word av him.'

"He's been killed, has he?" says Arkansaw's wife. 'Then all I have to say is that 'tis small loss to the rest av the world, for av all the hidebound sons av improvidence, av all the dog-lazy, good-for-nothin', bunk-lovin', big-mouthed loafers, Di Spindel was the cream av the earth!"

"'Woman," says Arkansaw, still solemn and purposeful, 'woman, that's no way to speak av me ould friend, me poor ould friend now lyin' cold in death!"

"Widout ambition enough to bury himself!" says Arkansaw's wife, carried away wid her unreasonin' hatred av the man. 'Then she fixed the bead av her eye on her husband, corallin' his clothes uncommon' feverish-like for the late-riser he always used to be. 'And where are you off to, at this time av the mornin'?' says she.

"Spirits is spirits," says Arkansaw, pullin' on his boots; 'and I'm goin' to make sure av this spirit-message at the first cut av the cards. All last night me ould friend Di kept talkin' av a Natchokon River. Now if there's a Natchokon River on the map av that Yukon country, why, that settles the whole business. And I'm goin' to ride in to Red Moose Crossin' and have a look at that man. If the river's there, Di ain't foolin' me.'

"And ride in that eighteen miles he did, comin' tearin' home wid his hair flyin' out behind him.

"Drop that pitchfork!" he says. 'No more av this toilin' and moilin' for us!"

"And who ever accused you av toilin' and moilin'?" says his wife, goin' on wid her work.

"Toilin' and moilin'!" says Arkansaw. 'Where'd we be to-day, I'd be havin' you tell me, if it hadn't been for me lyin' awake nights workin' over them spirits? Where'd we be, if I hadn't studied out them rappin's, and figgered out them spirit-messages, while you were lapped in the arms av continted slumber?"

"I'm sick and tired av hearin' all this pother and talk av spirits!" says his wife. 'What has the lot av this poundin' and rappin' av furniture ever done for us?"

"Stop!" says Arkansaw, holdin' up wan av his hands, reprov'n-like. 'You don't understand, woman! We're rich—rich beyond the dreams av avarice!"

"I thought 'twould come to this,' says his wife, wid a shake av the head, and standin' back and lookin' at him. 'I thought 'twould come to this, in the end.'

"End be darned!" says Arkansaw, wid a sweep av the arm. 'These are facts, cold facts, and that Natchokon River was the proof av it. Listen to me,' says he, goin' over to her. 'You've kept throwin' it up to me, this last six years, that Di Spindel wasn't worth the grub wot kept him goin' in the flesh. And when he went North, and no word av him came back as he'd promised, then you

(Continued on page 19.)

ADVENTURES OF BUNG AND THE BILLIKEN

The Mathematical Pencil

By EDWIN A. BURNS

BUNG raised his head from a sheet of fat, irregular figures that seemed to be dancing jigs on his paper.

"Oh, deary, deary me!" he yawned wearily. "I don't believe this sum can be done. I think Professor Bluff—"

Here he stopped abruptly. Something resembling a broad smile was swaying gently in the air before him. As he watched it gradually grew plainer. In a moment a round, chubby face began to appear about it, and soon a plump, little body was visible.

"Oh, you Billiken!" laughed Bung, when he recognized his friend of the mantle shelf. "How dare you look so happy when you see I am in such misery? Don't laugh so. Professor Bluff promised to put me at the foot of the class if I did not get this right. Oh, deary me!"

The Billiken chuckled delightedly at Bung's distress:

"I'm sure I can't do more than you,
But I've a friend who knows a thing or two,
Let's go and see what he can do,"

he jerked out, holding his sides.

"Good!" agreed Bung. "Stop that laughing and take me to him."

Thereupon the little fellow became as sober as a billiken can and, taking both Bung's hands in his, said:

"To go sailing through the skies
You have but to close your eyes;
When you feel me squeeze you tight,
Open them and we'll light."

Bung did his best to follow these instructions. Holding the Billiken's hands he screwed up his eyes securely. At once they began to sail through space, gathering speed as they travelled. He was tempted to open his eyes several times as they sped through alternate cold and warm waves of air, but managed to refrain from doing so until he felt his hands being pressed firmly. Then he opened them and bounded gently to the ground, just as the Billiken said he should.

Bung and the Billiken were now in a nice, green country meadow, through which babbled a silver brook making soft music in their ears. But they were not the only persons in this delightful place. All about them were the funniest little people made in the shapes of figures and letters, really, most strange to look upon. They had dropped into the land where the Number and Alphabet nations lived.

"This place is great. Here comes an eight," shouted the Billiken joyfully.

As he spoke the figure mentioned rushed up to them in great excitement.

"Do lend me one, quickly!" he implored. "I must borrow one right away."

Before Bung could speak a six, who seemed to understand the situation thoroughly, ran up and handed the eight something exclaiming: "Don't forget to pay it back!" Whereupon the eight turned into a nine, and the six shrunk to a five.

All the figure people were kept very busy running around borrowing from and paying back each other. A nine, standing by, suddenly grabbed up a little two and ran over to a six with it, then put down two and carried six. However, before he had gone far someone took this from him and he suddenly turned into a three. They were the most extraordinary creatures.

While Bung and his friend were chatting merrily and watching the odd antics of the figures, they heard a gentle groan at their side. They turned round and found a letter G gapping glumly at them.

"Good gracious!" G grumbled gloomily, growing greatly grieved.

"Why, what's the matter, G?" inquired Bung in surprise.

"He hates horrible, hideous hobos,"

hinted an H, hastily hiding himself.

An L Laughed loudly.

"Cheeky creatures!" cried C, crossly, coming closer confidingly.

"Why, we welcome wanderers," whispered W, warmly.

"Yes, yes!" yelled Y.

A apologized also.

Bung and the Billiken laughed and said no harm had been done.

"Seems strange some should slight strangers so," smiled an S, sweetly. "Suppose senseless," she suggested, sighing.

N nodded naively.

They walked to the letters, who had gathered round them, for a while. Then Bung remembered he must go with the Billiken to find out how to work his sum. So they left the figures dashing around madly and the letters arguing among themselves and struck out across the meadow.

Before they had gone far they came upon a quaint little school.

"How cute!" exclaimed Bung. "I wonder if the Number and Letter children go here?"

"Don't know—guess so," mused the Billiken, regarding the building.

They walked up quietly and peered in a back window. Inside were several rows of little desks. At each one sat a tiny child. Nearest them was one shaped something like a button-hook. He was always asking questions but could never answer any. Beside him sat one shaped like a hat-pin, who made the most startling outcries over nothing at all. On looking closer it could be seen that these children were a question mark and an exclamation mark. Then there was a little period sitting sadly alone at the very end of the line. He seemed to be forgotten by everyone. There was, also, a dash. He had a bad habit of rushing from one subject to another like lightning. Then there was a semi-colon, who hesitated dreadfully. His sisters, colon and comma, were almost as bad. It seemed to run in the family. The twin quotation marks sat together reciting poetry. There were some decimal points and plus and minus signs in the class, also. Bung concluded that these were the figures' children and the punctuation marks were the letters'.

After watching these school children as long as they wished, they followed a narrow path which led to the top of a hill. There they found a little house. A brass sign on the door read:

DR. HUMBUB—WALK IN.

Bung laughed when he read it. But the Billiken shook his head wisely and said:



Bung and Billiken Seek Counsel of Dr. Humbug.

"The Doctor has a stupid name,
He's very clever, just the same."

They entered the house. In a most comfortable room they found a peculiar bug, about two feet high. He was dressed in scarlet frock coat and trowsers, a light ping waistcoat, and a very high collar buttoned with an immense diamond stud. He sat propped in a chair with cushions smoking a long, curved pipe. He greeted them warmly and seemed especially pleased at seeing his old friend, the Billiken.

When Dr. Humbug understood why they had "sought his council," as he chose to term their visit, he laid aside his pipe and paced the floor for several moments.

"A most intricate situation," he exclaimed finally. "But I believe I may be of invaluable assistance to you in solving the perplexing complication. I shall manufacture a mathematical pencil, one that will accomplish any numerical problem—ah—if properly manipulated."

Then he took off his bright coat and became very busy. A bug servant answered the summons of a bluebell and brought a bag containing the various materials required.

"First we utilize a rainbow for brilliance, very needful in working mathematics," continued Dr. Humbug, delving into the bag. He produced a thin, bright strip and folded and rolled it until it was very small indeed. Then he selected a parcle of sunbeams, which he explained were for brightness, also needful in mathematics. These he wound around the rainbow very tightly. He smeared this over with mercury. Next he exposed a black bag, labeled: "Danger!" He opened it rather gingerly. Suddenly there was a crash, a whizz, a flash. Bung jumped back dazzled. When the smoke cleared away the Humbug smiled and stated that he had applied some lightning for quickness.

Bung watched eagerly for the next step. The Humbug picked up a small bottle of sand. "These," said he, "are the sands of time. Time is the most accurate thing in the world, and one must be very accurate to work mathematics." He applied the sand and another layer of mercury. Then the Doctor brought forth a small piece of black cloth, and bound it around the marvellous pencil.

"This is a strip of your master's gown," informed the bug. "It is about the hardest thing to get because I have made a number of pencils from it already."

"Why, I noticed Professor Bluff's gown growing more tattered each term," confided Bung, "but I never before knew why."

Dr. Humbug bowed as he presented Bung with the most wonderful pencil ever made.

"Thank you very, very much!" vented Bung, gratefully. "You are very clever and good. You are not a humbug at all, and should change the name on your door."

"Oh, yes, yes," maintained the funny creature hastily. "I am an awful humbug, a really terrible humbug. You see, I am supposed to fool and humbug every one who comes to me for advice; instead I really help them. Had I not been a humbug I should have given you a sugar pill, or some other quack thing, in place of the mathematical pencil."

They shook hands with the clever humbug, and the Billiken said to him:

"Dr. Humbug, kind and true,
We must give to you your due;
The world would be a place of glee
If all its humbubs were like YOU."

They all laughed heartily. Then Bung and the Billiken joined hands, closed their eyes, and were soon back at home.

While the Billiken was vanishing as gradually as he had appeared, Bung worked his sum.

A Doubtful Member

THE kindergarten teacher asked the new scholar to tell her how many boys and how many girls there were in the class. She looked doubtfully at a small boy who was still wearing dresses and replied:

"There's eight, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight." "And if he's a girl,"—She pointed at the one who wore dresses instead of manly garb—"why, then there's five girls and one, two, three boys. But if she's a boy, there's one, two, three, four girls, and one, two—four boys."

The Greed of Conquest

By
J. B. Harris-Burland.

CHAPTER XXII.

SENIOR SMITH dropped Lowick on the sand, and stared at the dazzling light with parted lips and a look of fury in his eyes. The other men gazed stupidly seawards. There was not one of them who did not understand. An hour later they might be fighting for their lives.

Then the light passed on, and the scenery of the island was illuminated piece by piece, from end to end. Where the men stood the darkness seemed intense, and the lantern appeared to be no more than a glow-worm after the dazzling flood of whiteness. Senior Smith blinked his eyes, and for a few moments seemed to be paralyzed by the touch of this giant finger that had suddenly been thrust at him out of the darkness of the night. Then the need for action roused him from his stupor.

"Pick the fellow up," he said, calmly, "and take him to my house. Tell everyone you see to go there as quickly as possible and await orders in the courtyard. Jules, signal to the captain of the Vallombrosa that he is to come ashore at once with the first and second officers. Virk, bestir yourself and wake all those who are asleep. They are to come to the courtyard of my house, and come quickly, if they wish to live."

The men departed, two of them half dragging, half carrying Lowick, as they hurried across the sand. But the Spaniard walked along the shore by the edge of the water, and gazed seawards.

"There may be only one of them," he muttered. "But if they're in search of me, there'll be no more than one."

The stream of light fell upon his face again, and turning his back on the sea he walked inland, passed through the gate in the palisade, and made his way to the other side of the belt of palm trees.

Here there were already signs of activity visible on the flat plateau that lay between the trees and the sea. Everywhere lights were moving to and fro, and there was the sound of bugles, the barking of a dog, and the distant shouts of men calling to each other. The Vallombrosa was signalling furiously, and her signals were being answered from the roof of the Spaniard's house, which was the only solidly-built dwelling on the island. Then suddenly a pencil of searchlight showed up the top-masts of the vessel herself, and illuminated a cloud of steam and smoke that was rising from her single funnel. Her decks remained in darkness, as the rising ground of the island screened that part of her from the light.

"There's only one, after all," muttered Smith to himself. "Perhaps we can deal with one, if the model is anything more than a toy."

But even as he spoke a second ray of light swept across the sky and crossed the other one, so that they looked like two white swords hanging on a wall of darkness. He quickened his pace, and two hundred yards before he reached his house he overtook the men who were in charge of Lowick.

"You fellows run on," he said. "Mr. Lowick can walk with me."

The men were only too glad to obey, and Smith gripped Lowick's arm with his masculine fingers.

"You understand what this means, my friend?" he said, in a low voice.

Lowick made no reply. He knew what was going to happen, but he did not yet know what it would mean to him. If these ships were two English men-of-war, it possibly meant the gallows. If they were foreign vessels, it might mean another prison, and fresh persecution. He was sick of the whole business. There did not seem to be a quiet spot in all the world.

"We may give as good as we get," the Spaniard continued, "if this invention of your father's is anything more than a plaything."

"Haven't you tried it?"

"Yes, but I'm not sure. I wouldn't rather have a ten-inch gun. If it were the real thing, it would be different; but this model—well, we shall see."

They passed through the courtyard, already full of armed men, and Lowick was given into the custody of two ruffians who could not speak a word of English.

"All lights out," said Smith, as the crowd made way for him. "If a man so much as lights a match

he shall swing for it—ah! Hagen," and he looked at the big fellow, whose hands were still lashed to the hook in the wall, and stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Let him stay there," he said, after a pause. "There is only one person who is going to fight to-night, and that is myself."

He turned and faced his men. "Don't you forget that," he repeated. "There's only one man can save you to-night, and that is the man who is speaking to you. Rifles are no good against what we've got to meet. I'll save you all if I can; but if I can't, I'll die with you. A man can't say more than that."

A murmur of approval rose from the men, but Hagen groaned.

"Your Excellency," he whined, piteously. "I would help. What is it I have done?"

"It is not what you have done, Hagen, but what you may do. Still, I don't wish to hear you screaming like a whipped child. I want silence to-night." Then he turned to the men nearest to him.

"Take the fellow down," he said, "and bind his hands and feet. And mind you"—here he raised his voice—"I am the only man who can save you to-night. Death shall sweep land and sea before the morning, and if anyone moves from here he will meet it."

Then he turned on his heel and went into the house.

QUARTER of an hour later the council which had been sitting behind the shuttered windows of a small room in Smith's house broke up, and various people went their several ways. The captain of the Vallombrosa returned to his ship. His orders were plain enough. He was to keep his searchlight going and patrol the island all through the night.

Senior Smith mounted a staircase that led to the flat roof, and set down his lantern by the side of a square object that was raised on a small platform some four feet above the rest of the building. Then he ascended a few steps, and began to remove various wrappers of tarpaulin and grass matting. When the machine was exposed to view he held up the lantern and carefully adjusted the levers and the sliding scales. Then he shut off the light with a sliding plate of brass, and waited.

A low murmur arose from the courtyard below—more like the whisper of wind in the trees than the sound of human voices. In the distance the surf boomed on the coral reef. The flashlights of the two warships moved to and fro like flaming swords in the darkness. A shaft of fire touched the house, and its white walls gleamed like snow in the sunlight.

"Peterssen judged them to be four miles off," muttered Smith to himself. "I must wait till he gets the light on them."

Then suddenly there was total darkness, and when two minutes had elapsed the long and short flashes of signals.

The Spaniard swung round the machine, so that the muzzle was aimed at one of the vessels.

"I dare not wait much longer," he thought. "They may be landing men under cover of the darkness."

Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he stretched out his hand and pulled the lever on the right of the machine.

Death ripped out through the darkness—death that streamed forth in silent waves of invisible flame. Then, after a few seconds in which nothing happened, there was a cloud of smoke, and red tongues of fire. The upper rail of the balcony round the roof had caught alight, and it blazed furiously, but not for longer than a quarter of a minute, at the end of which time the burnt portion fell in a cloud of grey ash, and the rest of the bar smouldered feebly.

Then in the distance there was another flare of light from a blazing palm-tree, and a running sheet of flame across some dry grass. And beyond that again there seemed to be a faint white mist that rose and obscured the signal flashes from the warships.

"I wonder if they know what is coming," thought Smith. "I wish Peterssen would look sharp with his searchlight."

A white shaft of flame came from one of the warships, and showed a dense cloud of vapour rising from the sea; then it slowly moved till it rested on the house. Senior Smith was able to read the indicator by its light, and he elevated the muzzle by the hundredth part of an inch.

Then something screamed over his head, and it was followed by the crash of a big gun. The report was so violent that it shattered the glass windows of the house, and a confused babel of voices rose from the courtyard.

"They seem to understand," said the Spaniard. They took some binoculars from a leather case which hung over his shoulder, and focussed them on the searchlight. The glare, however, was too intense for his eyes, and he turned and looked at the Vallombrosa. He was quite cool, though the machine was apparently a failure.

Then suddenly there was a roar so terrible that the ground rocked, and the Spaniard was thrown off the platform on to the roof of the house. When he had scrambled to his knees he gazed seawards, and in the glare of a searchlight saw a vast volume of smoke rising from the sea, and the smoke was flecked with points of flame and black fragments that rained down from the starlit sky.

A man came running up the steps on to the roof. It was Virk, his eyes wide open with terror.

"Your Excellency," he cried, "they will blow us to pieces with those great guns!"

"Rubbish!" Smith replied, with a laugh. "I've blown them to pieces. Found the magazine, I expect. One of them gone, any way. Here, pick up the lantern and light it quick. They won't miss us twice running. Curse that fool on the Vallombrosa! Why doesn't he help us? I'll have him flogged for this—flogged every day for a year!"

Another glare of searchlight fell on the house, and Virk, finding matches, lit the lantern with trembling fingers. Smith snatched it from his hand, and mounting the platform began to readjust the machine, which had been shaken out of position by the shock of the explosion. This time he had no difficulty in taking aim. The mark was plain enough. As he moved the levers and indicator the sweat poured off him like water. He had had as narrow an escape as any man could have from death. If the machine had shifted another inch the rays of flame would have swept him into eternity. As it was, the wooden roof of the house was on fire.

"Get some men with water," he said to Virk, "and put the fire out. Look sharp; the smoke's getting in my eyes."

Virk tumbled down the staircase, glad to be once more in the shelter of walls, and the Spaniard took a long and careful aim. Then once more he pulled the right-hand lever, and watched the trail of fire cross the island to the sea—watched the stream rise and blot out the glare of the searchlight—watched and waited with parted lips and eager eyes.

"They're too busy saving their friends," he thought. Then a shaft of light came from behind him, and, streaming across the island, moved to and fro. The captain of the Vallombrosa had at last got his searchlight into working order, and was trying to give what help he could.

* * *

THEN there came the roar and thunder of guns—six deafening reports, at intervals of a few seconds. One shell struck the ground thirty feet to the left of the house, and another fell a hundred yards in front of the courtyard. The others went overhead, and it was doubtful whether they were aimed at the house or the Vallombrosa. One thing, however, was certain—that the gunners had not got a clear view of their mark.

The Vallombrosa's light showed boats on the surface of the sea, some rowing towards the shore, others going to the assistance of their comrades. The Spaniard slowly shifted the muzzle of the machine and picked the boats off one by one. It was the first time he had seen the effect of this new and terrible weapon of war on human life, and the result pleased him. The destruction was complete and pitiless.

Then he turned his attention to the man-of-war, that loomed grey through a mist of steam and smoke. She was apparently a first-class battleship, but not of the newest type. She could fire a broadside of six guns, and as the Spaniard aimed at her he saw the flames leap from the muzzles.

This time one of the shots found its mark. The shell pitched five feet outside the wall of the courtyard, and sent a shower of steel and masonry into the crowd of men, killing half a dozen and wounding nearly a score. The explosion was followed by shrieks and groans; but Senior Smith stood unmoved and unhurt. His eyes were fixed on the man-of-war, and he smiled as he saw the flames flicker across her decks like will-o'-the-wisps. He gently moved

(Continued on page 24.)

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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.
Dr. Grenfell wants to have reindeer introduced into sub-Arctic Canada. Then someone will set about forming the Santa Claus Trust of Labrador, Limited.

The Toronto Globe compares Mr. R. L. Borden's entrance upon a Western tour to Daniel entering the lions' den. Surely the editor of the great Liberal journal has forgotten what happened to the lions.

Sir William Osler admits that a baronetcy is rather to be chosen than the chloroform policy.

And Judge Routhier is a Knight Bachelor. No wonder the Toronto Telegram is in a fit of the indigoes—for did not the worthy judge write "O Canada!"

Hon. A. G. MacKay has declared Sir Wilfrid Laurier Premier for life. This must prove reassuring.

The sweet girl graduate will set out early in July to make the world a better place. And the world will smile more brightly over her polishing efforts.

The bandage gown is to be the next evolution in feminine garb. It suggests that an ambulance will follow in its train.

Congratulations to C. C. James—"a happy combination of culture and agriculture."

Some member of the Anglican Synod desired to have a tuberculosis Sunday, when the offerings might be used for sufferers from this malady. Why not an appendicitis Sunday? And an adenoid Sunday for the juveniles?

Beamsville contributed an earthquake to the ceremonies of Coronation week. Ontario towns are nothing if not loyal.

Uncle Sam cornered the strawberries. Here's hoping he'll get the gooseberries, too!

Anxious Over Borden.—For tender anxiety nothing can beat the hardly concealed feeling of the editors of Liberal newspapers in eastern Canada concerning R. L. Borden's Western tour. Some of them are worrying lest his prairie picnic trip will convert him from his long and tenaciously-held protection principles. A number of them apparently fear he will be a Dantel in a den of lions that won't be cheated out of their feast, or that his views will prove so unpalatable to Westerners that he will doom his party to wander forever in the wilderness. This is Canada's century, and the soft-hearted Liberal editors are more than half afraid that it will be R. L. Borden's century—in the Opposition.

What They Are Saying.

King George—"Well, thank goodness, that's over."

Queen Mary—"I wonder if my crown was on straight."

Editor of The Globe—"It reminded one of Yonge Street on Election night."

Colonel George Denison—"I was really very much delighted with the whole affair."

Sir James Whitney—"The Ontario decorations were absolutely unique."

Canadian Boy Scouts—"The time of our lives, don't you know?"

Henri Bourassa—"It might have been worse."

His Troubles.—The following pathetic narrative is going through the land. In the days of very-long-ago, when Noah's little ark was the only thing afloat, the elephant was heard to complain in this wise:

"I'm lonesome and homesick and seasick. And yet everyone who comes along thinks it's kind and comforting

to say—"keep a stiff upper lip, old man!"

* * *

To Canada, on Her Birthday.

Land of great mountains and succulent strawberries,
Well-balanced climate and extra fine cheese,
Sky-scraping trees and magnificent distances,
Great crops of wheat and of sage L.L.D.'s.

Land of the beaver and long-winded orator,
Railroads of almost a frightening length,
Navy with growing pains, excellent fisheries.
Varied resources for national strength.

Mecca of tourist and land-hungry immigrant,
Home of lacrosse and of deep apple pie,
Land of political picnics and snow-shoeing,
Prize-winning cattle and perfect blue sky.

Land of great waterpowers waiting development,
Towns that rise up as though grown in a day,
Land where the booster finds need for superlatives,
Land tamely praised by the best poet's lay.

Land of imported ball players and actor folk,
Mineral areas rich as can be,
Land of swift autos, good hunting and liberty,
Wide rolling prairie and blue inland sea.

Home of fair cities and spots where they're roughing it,
Scholarly culture and lonesome long trail;
Fair, fat, and forty-four, here's wishing "Many more."
Hail to Miss Canada; once again "Hail!"

* * *

Our Society Notes.

The Dis Gruntles will be home from England about the middle of July. Mr. Henry Dis Gruntle, the head of the family, is not at all pleased with the Coronation honours, as he was not made even a Companion of any old Saint. Mrs. Dis Gruntle simply cannot understand the oversight, as she subscribed heavily to Queen Mary's present, and has entertained ever so many English delegates to various conventions.

The Hardupes are staying at a small farm-house in Northern Muskoka this summer. Mrs. Harduppe says it is on account of nervous prostration and the doctor's orders that she really must lead the simple life. But everyone knows that the Harduppe home has been mortgaged, and that the grocer and butcher refuse to trust them any longer. Mrs. Harduppe was one of the Simperers, and was brought up in the lap of luxury. She has some beautiful pearls and a large sheaf of unpaid bills, which have belonged to the family for generations.

The Perfectlyswells are going to Alaska for the summer. There is such a crowd in Europe this year that they hardly care to encounter the multitude, as England will be almost filled with more-or-less colonials. The Perfectlyswells have loads of money, and are also as refined as if they had been brought up in Chicago.

The Notacents have taken a furnished cottage in the suburbs of Bobcaygeon for July and August. The view is beautiful, and the water supply is excellent, although Billy Notacent has never been addicted to that beverage. However, they seem to be enjoying the quiet, and are looking forward with enthusiasm to catching some fish for breakfast.

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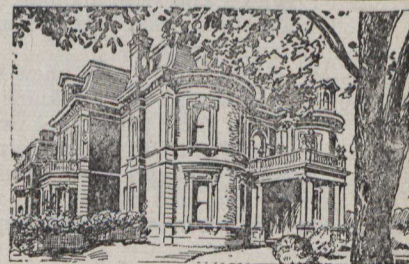
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Miss CHARLOTTE THRALL,
Vice-Principal.

A. S. VOGT, Mus. Doc.,
Musical Director.

SPIRIT-RAPPING OF DYNAMITE SPINDEL

(Continued from page 15.)

called him a liar as well. And the truth av the matter is, as his spirit has laid out to me as plain as black and white—the truth is that me ould friend Di was killed wid Indian war-hatchets at the headwaters av the Natchokon.

“And he’s not the first loafer that had a hatchet put into him,” said his wife.

“Loafer or no loafer, he’s made you and me millionaires,” says Arkansaw. “The two av us are set up for life. We’re rooiin’ in wealth! We’re fair rotten wid gold!”

“Are we?” said his wife.

“We are,” says Arkansaw, ‘as soon as we get the stakes driven and the papers made out. For me ould friend came into his own, as I always said he would. First he found his placer mines, creek by creek, then he worked his way up to headwater and located the mother lode, wid enough gold to swamp a ship. ‘Tis a spot hidden away between the mountains, the Valley av Black Death he kept callin’ it, widout a sign to betray all the gold achin’ there in the bowels av that rock. And now it’s mine, every inch and acre av it.’

“And how’ll you be findin’ it?” says his wife.

“That’s just what his spirit’s grievin’ and frettin’ over,” says Arkansaw. “That’s why he kept rappin’ me up, night after night, and I never dreamed av the meanin’ av it all. But last night he spelled out the whole thing, as plain as me hand, and now all we have to do is to get up into that land av promise and stake out our claim.”

“Which is a bit av a thrip, all told I’m hearin’,” says his wife, turnin’ to the shack where the childer were cryin’ and frettin’ for their dinner.

“Mebbe, mebbe,” says Arkansaw, followin’ her in; ‘but we’ll do it, somehow. And in the meanwhile,’ says he, ‘I’ll keep in close touch wid Di’s spirit, and make sure av the land, and get hold av the rest av the facts.’

“So night after night Arkansaw Cozzens would lie in bed communin’ wid the spirit av his ould friend Dynamite Spindel, spellin’ out the raps, and makin’ sure there was no mistake about the location av the mine and the way to get to it. ‘Twas hard on Arkansaw’s wife, wid all that knock-in’ and poundin’ and tappin’ av bed-posts in the middle av the night, when she was wantin’ her rest. But, bedad, she saw that Arkansaw was beyond reason by this time, so she let him have his own way, and go his own gait. Not that his gait was ever a feverish wan, for Arkansaw was the slowest mover east av the Rockies, bar none. Wid all his big intentions, he still stayed home and pounded the pillow or held down wan av the arm-chairs, while his wife was rustlin’ for grub. He said, reasonable enough, he had to be ‘round, in case Di’s spirit showed up and had something important in the line av information to impart.

“But time went on, and winter came and went, and it wasn’t until spring swung ‘round wanst more and put the itch for travel in Arkansaw’s blood, that he bucked fair and square against the rulin’ av his wife to stay on the ranch. ‘Twas a long and bitter fight, and day by day he reproved her for blockin’ his way, and blightin’ his life, and keepin’ him out av his own. And week in and week out, too, the spirit av Dynamite Spindel kept comin’ and cryin’ that his ould friend Arkansaw Cozzens wasn’t doin’ the right thing by him, and reprovin’ him for wastin’ his chances, after all the trouble he’d been to, what wid trailin’ North and gettin’ killed and comin’ back to give him the private tip.

“So Arkansaw’s wife gave in, at last, thinkin’ that mebbe this pesterin’ spirit would be leavin’ her husband alone, wanst they got away, wid a new roof over their heads. So they sold out, ranch and shack and the whole shebang, and started overland for Edmonton.

“Edmonton, in them days, wasn’t a methropolis wid iron bridges and electric lights. ‘Twas the jumpin’-off

place av all the civilized world, the last post on the wagon-trails av the Northwest. ‘Twas there the traders and dog-teams brought down their furs from the Barren Grounds, threadin’ off up to the Arctic Circle wid their little fourteen-inch sleighs, and tradin’ their bales for gunpowder and tea and t’bacca wid the high and mighty thieves av the Hudson Bay Company. So when Arkansaw struck that little wooden town on the Saskatchewan he felt that he’d made the first move toward gettin’ at his gold-mine. But he found himself widout a penny, and widout a roof, so for wanst in his life he had to work, and work continjus. He got a job sortin’ and packin’ green pelts in a fur-loft. ‘Twas hard work, for the likes of him, but he stuck to it, wid his jaws shut, and wid Di Spindel’s spirit a-comin’ to him every night, and reprovin’ him about the time he’d already lost. He stuck to it until he’d cornered enough av the needful to buy him a stove and a little wooden shack on the main street, and there him and his wife started a little eatin’-house, wid three packin’-boxes for tables.

“By this time the Klondike was be-ginnin’ to open up, and there was great talk av the Edmonton overland route. Arkansaw watched ‘em widout a word; watched ‘em crowd up and outfit and start North, some wid broncos and burros, some wid steers and tame moose, some wid canoes and flat-bottoms, and some wid dog-teams av English setters and short-haired spaniels and hivin’ knows what! He stood and heard ‘em droolin’ av placer mines and what was panned out at Ten Mile Creek, and fed ‘em meals at three dollars a head, and sold ‘em out green tea at ten times what it cost him in the box. He watched that mad army strike out, and he watched the broken and wounded and frozen tail av it come back—and fed ‘em boiled beans at fifty cents a plate, and enlarged his premises, and brought up a Chink cook from Calgary, and kept addin’ to his pile, week by week, and figgering out just what he’d be needin’ for his own outfit, and just what guides he’d take, and just what route he’d follow. And every time a Klondiker pushed down from the North, Arkansaw would hunt him out, and feed him free, and inquire if he’d ever heard av a Di Spindel up in the Yukon country, and if he was mistaken a bit, mebbe, in thinkin’ there was a Black Death Valley, or a place wid some such name, up in the gold district.

“But divil a thraveller had heard av Di Spindel or Black Death Valley, and day after day Arkansaw would feel easier, and pound the table harder and harder, and tell his wife they’d soon be quit av the low and demeanin’ life av hash-slingin’, wanst he got enough money together to make sure av his outfit.

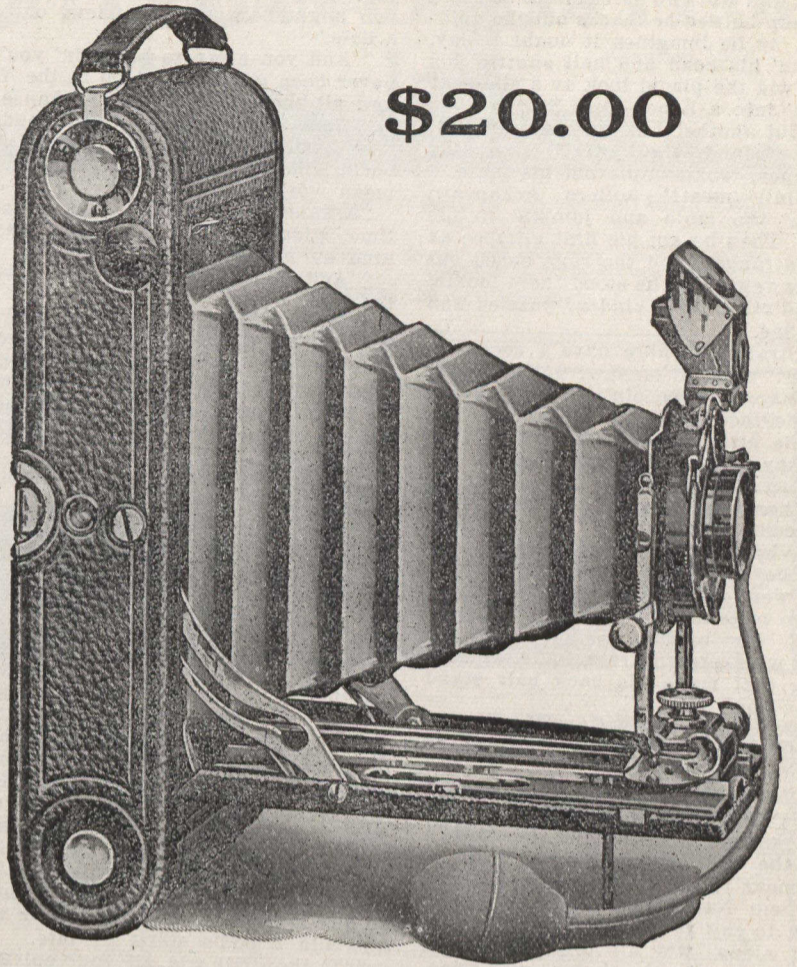
“There’s gold enough comin’ into this caffay for the likes av us,” says his wife.

“‘What!’ says Arkansaw. ‘Stay wid a joint like this, wid Di’s spirit grievin’ harder and harder every night, and wid all that valley bustin’ wid gold!’ And seein’ wan av his big and over-bearing moods comin’ on, Arkansaw’s wife took the childer out to the Black-foot Reservation to see the sun-dance, leavin’ him porin’ over his maps.

“‘Twas, mebbe, widin an hour av the time he was lookin’ for her back again that a stranger came into the shop.

“‘What’ll you be havin’?’ calls out Arkansaw, wid his nose still over the maps he’d spread out on wan av the empty tables.

“A range av fried murphies enclosin’ about an acre av beefsteak,’ calls back the stranger, genial and offhand. And it bein’ the Chink’s day out, Arkansaw goes to the kitchen and rustles the grub wid his right hand while he studies a map which he held in his left, pacin’ off the mine, so many steps that way, then so many steps the other, while the steak was a-fryin’. Then, still a-studyin’ his map, he carries out the grub and plants it in front av the waitin’



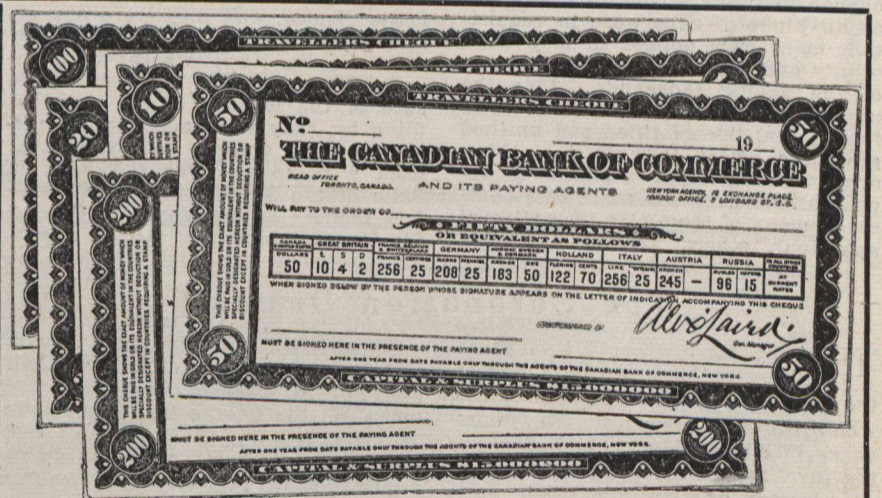
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stranger. Then he goes to an empty table, and wid two salt-cellars and five ketchup-bottles he marks out the gold-mine, as he imagines it ought to lay, noddin' his head and half shuttin' his eyes wid the placid look av a she-bear nosin' into a honey-tree.

"Got another half-acre av this bull meat 'round the joint?" says the stranger, lookin' up from his plate.

"Bull meat!" hollers Arkansaw, hittin' the table and jumpin' to his feet. Then he got his first glimpse av that stranger, and the rage ebbed out av his veins, and he stood there lookin' at the other man, kind av puzzled and petrified.

"Stranger, where have I seen you b'fore?" says Arkansaw, puttin' down his map, and keepin' his eyes glued on the face av the other man.

"The stranger laughed, wid a kind av easy and offhand laugh, first lappin' up his gravy wid a bread-crust, and then leanin' back in his chair, soft and comfortable.

"Why, we was childer together," says he, and as he said it Arkansaw's face went a bit white, and he caught at the edge av the table wid his free hand. For behind all that tangle av dirty whiskers and rags he saw something that made his back hair stand up on end.

"For the love av Gawd!" says he, gaspin', 'you're not Di Spindel's spirit?"

"No," said the other, wid his easy laugh, 'I'm Di Spindel hisself.'

"Arkansaw was shakin' like a man wid the ague by this time. 'And d' you mean to tell me you weren't killed by them Natchokon Indians? D'you mean to say you've been a-foolin' me, right along, wid all this talk about that Black Death Valley gold-mine, and wid all this spirit-rappin' about the wealth I'd be rollin' in?"

"Look here, Ark," says the other, kind av peevish. 'Do I look like a man wid a gold-mine up me sleeve?"

I've walked twenty mile and more, just to shake hands wid you, thinkin' you might help an ould friend out av a hole.'

"And you mean to be sayin' you've never been gold-huntin' up in the Yukon all these years?" says Arkansaw.

"Gold-huntin'!" says Di Spindel. 'I've been sellin' fannin'-mills in Alberta, this last six years, and dirty, mean work it is, too!"

"Arkansaw looked at him a long time, widout a word. Then he says, kind av husky:

"And which way are you thraelin' now, Di?"

"I was thinkin' av puttin' up wid you and the missus for a week or two. And how is she, Ark?" says Di, wid a wink. 'As bad as ever?"

"She's worse," says Arkansaw, wid his eye on the door. 'She's gettin' fair oblitheratin'."

"Then, mebbe—" says Di, wid a smile on wan side av his face.

"Arkansaw wagged his head, knowin' the ould sign, after all those years. 'Di, how much d' you need?"

"Forty bucks 'd get me down to Saskatchewan, Ark, if you could be sparin' it," says Di.

"Arkansaw walked to the till at the back av the shop as though he was walkin' at the funeral av his last dream av opulence. But he counted out the coin widout a whimper. Then he stood and watched his ould friend thrael down the main street av Edmonton towards the Saskatchewan. But for two whole days he was a black and silent man at his grub-rustlin' and washin' up, till his wife chanced to ask him, mild and innocent, if mebbe anything had been goin' wrong wid his ould friend's spirit av late.

"T" the divil wid all your spirits!" says Arkansaw, wid a pound av his fist on the table. And b'tween you and me and this bit av a Cree medicine-whistle, I guess mebbe he meant what he said."

CROWNING OF KING GEORGE

(Continued from page 6.)

elite of the Empire, however, and august visitors from foreign lands, who had received invitations to behold the coronation ceremony itself in the Abbey were privileged to pass through the police lines in carriages or on foot until the later and more comfortable hour of nine o'clock. To those stationed in the neighbourhood of Parliament Square and the Abbey the tedious wait was brightened by watching the constant stream of carriages which contained the King's guests. The more fastidious peers and peeresses rode in closed vehicles; others, however, gave the crowd a chance to guess at their identity, for as all kinds of cabs were in requisition, many were obliged to show their beauty and trappings to the full gaze of the gaping thousands. Like the unending stream of one of nature's forces, that tide of tilled and untilled greatness swept towards the Abbey door from different avenues of approach. There were peers and peeresses, many of them clad in mediaeval splendour, others wearing the most

costly gowns that London or Paris could produce. There were bishops in their lawn sleeves, privy councillors, in their dignified mantles and silk stockings, and foreign ambassadors, whose breasts glittered with decorations. In this throng there were also nine hundred members of the British House of Commons and their wives, and eight hundred visitors from India, the Dominions, and Colonies. Some of the most splendid carriages conveyed two hundred European princes and representatives of foreign royalties. Among all these notabilities the Lord Mayor of London and the sheriffs of the city made the chromatic display, and they were appreciated by the onlookers because they were known. But where the commoners of the curb were not quite sure of the identity of the grantees filing by, they were not slow in hazarding loud guesses as to whether such a personage was the King of Siam or the Sultan of Sulu, Sir Wilfrid Laurier or the Mayor of Ottawa, Sir Thomas Lipton or Alfred Austin.

The Coronation Drama

THE procession from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey was one of the most spectacular incidents of the whole Coronation drama. For hours dense throngs of people laid siege to the royal residence; every eye strained to catch a glimpse of their Sovereign and his Consort when they should set out to the scene of the crowning. It was a good-natured crowd, to a man spontaneous in its expression of loyalty. At one time, a few youngsters burst into the strains of the national anthem. "God Save the King!"—through the whole mass it surged. Then, His Majesty did a tactful thing. Unexpectedly, he appeared on one of the balconies of the Palace, leading Queen Mary, and bowed to the vast concourse of his loyal subjects gathered below. The enthusiasm of the scene which followed is beyond description. Civilians waved handkerchiefs, hats, um-

rellas; London Bobbies their batons; soldiers of the guard flashed their swords. All cheered wildly. In the midst of this tribute to King George and Queen Mary, their youthful son, the Prince of Wales, who was determined not to miss any of the fun, looked out of a window in the Palace and saluted the people, whose Sovereign some day he will be, if all goes well. And England appreciated the action of their prankish Prince. "God Save the King" gave way to "Rule Britannia," a fitting tribute to the Sailor Prince of the nation.

10.30 o'clock was the hour set for the royal progress from Buckingham to the Abbey. Booming of cannon announced the royal departure. Unfortunately, the threatening nature of the weather made it necessary that closed carriages be used. It would never do for the gorgeous garments of royalty to be exposed to possible



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Hot water heating. Electric light.

Ample grounds.

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HEADMASTER.

showers of rain. Despite this drawback, the procession was a brilliant scene—one never to be forgotten. Nothing can properly convey a picture of the royal suite in their magnificence—the livery of the coachmen, the silken robed Indian orderlies of His Majesty, the dress uniforms of field marshalls, generals and great officials of the kingdom. Mighty shouts went up whenever the royal coaches passed. Lord Kitchener, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Duke of Teck, Prince Louis of Battenburg, Prince Alexander of Teck, Prince Albert of Schlesweig Holstein, following their Majesties, were cheered by name.

Seven thousand gathered in tiers of seats in the Abbey welcomed King George and Queen Mary to the scene of the crowning. The King entered with that quiet dignity of a dreamer, almost, bowed slightly by the weight of his robes. To the spectators, there was a realization in his reflective demeanour that George V. felt the responsibilities of the great traditional office to be conferred on him by the nation. No woman who ever entered Westminster for the same purpose, looked more Queen of England than did Her Majesty. The pale face with its faint touch of coldness in expression, her upright carriage, accentuated the regality of Britain's Queen. A distinctly human touch was added to the proceedings by the entrance of the royal children—Princess Mary, pale, fair and delicate as a flower; the Prince of Wales, boyish, confident and unobtrusive.

For sheer lavishness of staging, this Coronation surpassed any in the history of the British people. Never has Westminster Abbey witnessed a more brilliant scene. There were jewels enough worn to purchase the whole British navy. No monarch's reign was ever ushered in with greater eclat, with more fervent expression of loyalty to his throne from such a cosmopolitan assembly of his subjects. And during the three hours' service of stately ritual in the Abbey when that supreme moment came of the actual crowning of the King by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the seven thousand spectators, from the boys of Westminster school high up in the triforium, to the Indian Princes below in their turbans and diamonds, cried "God Save the King!" "God Save the King!" King George is not King of England; Queen Mary is not Queen of England. They are Sovereigns of a united Empire.

There was a great scramble among sightseers for seats to view the Coronation. American millionaires paid fancy prices for seats along the route. Many of these only saw the procession. They were the privileged few who were fortunate enough to witness the actual crowning. And among those so favoured were one hundred Canadian citizens, all of whom had seats in Westminster Abbey. The Canadian Abbey contingent was fairly representative.

The delegation of M.P.'s from Ottawa were there in full force: Mackenzie Bowell, Lougheed, Power, Casgrain, Watson, Haggart, Geo. E. Foster, Warburton, Sinclair, Hughes, Sealey, Carvell, Beland, Guthrie, McCraney, Clark, Smith, Ames, Magrath, Thibaudeau, Daniel, Hon. Mr. Fisher, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Kerr, Brown, William Gibson, Yeo, Thompson, Kirchoffer, Belcourt, Melvin-Jones, and Ross.

Seven of the nine Provincial Premiers of the Dominion were on hand as follows: Premier Hazen, New Brunswick; Premier Whitney, Ontario; Premier Scott, Saskatchewan; Premier McBride, British Columbia; Premier Gouin, Quebec; Premier Roblin, Manitoba, and Premier Sifton, Alberta.

Sir Edmund Walker, Sir William Mackenzie, Sir Donald Mann, Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Hugh Graham, Sir Henry Pellatt, were our Knights who watched the aristocracy of the kingdom perform their parts in the drama of the ages.

Three leading Canadian Mayors sat in the Abbey—Mayor Geary, Toronto; Mayor Guerin, Montreal; Mayor Evans, Winnipeg.

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Founded 1829



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Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, September 16th. Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A., Principal Fig. 47

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Autumn Term Commences SEPTEMBER 13th, 1911
Calendar sent on Application

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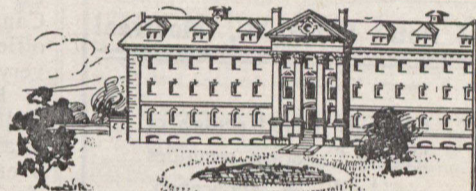
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COMPETENT instruction, firm discipline, and home-like, Christian influences unite with these material advantages to make Pickering College worthy of your confidence. For Announcement write

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A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE. Affiliated to Queen's University.

Kingston, Ont.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

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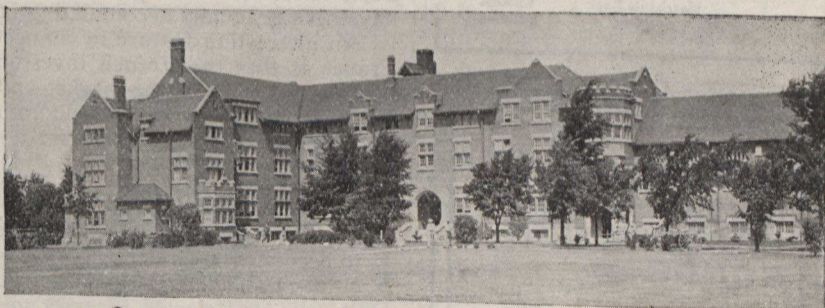
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MISS VEALS, Principal.

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Three separate residences, new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House for boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink. Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. The School won University Scholarship in Classics, 1909, and in Classics and Mathematics, 1910.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Public Liked Paint Securities.

THAT the final negotiations in connection with the formation of the Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada shows that it was in error that mention was made that the firm of P. D. Dodds & Co. was to be included in it, is evident. The final announcement, as made by Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, showing that the companies that were included were the Canada Paint Co., Ltd., the Canadian business of The Sherwin-Williams Co. of America, and Lewis Berger & Co., Ltd., of London, Eng.

The financing of the new company, which was carried through by Mr. J. W. McConnell, of the firm of Johnston, McConnell & Allison, was followed by one of the most successful issues that has ever been made in Canada, the entire amount of securities offered being very largely over-subscribed the day on which the offering was announced to the public. Previous to that time the securities had hold in the open market at a price equivalent to over a point and a half above that of the public offering.

* * *

Government Losing Good Official.

HAVING worked with father he now decides to work with son is perhaps the most apt way in which reference might be made to the change that Mr. E. H. Laschinger is making in going from the office of Assistant Deputy Postmaster of Canada to join the staff of Mr. Cawthra Mulock, of Toronto. At one time Mr. Laschinger was private secretary to Sir William Mulock, and when the latter became Postmaster General of Canada, young Laschinger became identified more particularly with the post office department, and his work was of such a satisfactory character that he very quickly rose to the position of Assistant Deputy Postmaster General.

During the past couple of years young Cawthra Mulock has been identified with a number of big transactions, such as the organization of the Maple Leaf Milling Co., the establishment of the National Iron Works, the taking over of the Federal Life Insurance Co., and the organization of the Guardian Trust Co. At the same time he has seen his stock exchange business grow to such proportions that to have all of his interests looked after properly requires very competent lieutenants, and it is evidently with a view of adding to his already very capable organization that he has called Mr. Laschinger from Ottawa.

* * *

When President of Erie Railway Visited Montreal.

IT is not often that Montreal is favoured with a visit from the president of any of the larger railroads in the United States, so there was considerable surprise the other day when President Underwood, of the Erie Railway, dropped into the city and spent the greater part of his time with Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President of the C. P. R.

For some time there have been persistent rumours that there was some deal on between the C. P. R. and the Erie Railroad, with the result that when it became known that President Underwood, of the Erie, had come all the way up to see Sir Thomas, the Montreal interests immediately decided that there was some foundation for the rumours. There likely is, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Underwood and Sir Thomas are close personal friends and former business associates, Mr. Underwood having, some years ago, been President of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railroad, the chief subsidiary concern of the big Canadian railroad.

After Mr. Underwood had returned from Montreal to New York there was increased strength at the same time in both the securities of the C. P. R. and Erie Railroad, which Montreal interests were also willing to construe as rather significant. Seeing that there are now well over 50,000 shares of Erie stock held by the interests close to the C. P. R., both in Montreal and Toronto, it must be taken that men, who are in a position to know something about it, are evidently satisfied that some important developments are bound to come. When two big corporations like the C. P. R. and Erie get working on negotiations, it is only natural that market followers should make the most of whatever is likely to come.

* * *

French Investors Taking Canadian Securities.

THAT French investors are taking very kindly to Canadian securities is evidenced by the fact that last week alone the house of Rodolphe Forget shipped as much as \$3,000,000 worth of Canadian securities to the Paris office for delivery to French investors who, during the past few months, have been gradually accumulating large blocks of different Canadian securities.

An interesting feature in connection with almost every order received from France is that the French investor insists on paying for every single share he buys, takes it off the market and puts it into his own safety deposit boxes. He will not, under any consideration, depart from this principle in order to carry stocks on margin even for a single day.

* * *

From Contractor to Director of C.P.R.

IT is certainly a long way from being a contractor on a section of a railroad to becoming a director, more especially when the system is such a large one as the Canadian Pacific, but such a space has been covered by Mr. H. S. Holt, who was elected recently to the Board of the big Canadian railway to take the place of his former friend and colleague, Senator L. J. Forget.

Mr. H. S. Holt, in days gone by, was closely identified with the construction work of the big system, as a contractor, but in latter years has been more directly in touch with the men at the head of the railway, because he has been one of the strongest individual forces in corporation circles in Montreal, and has gradually won his way into many of the best positions to be secured in the leading corporations of Canada. For a number of years he has been President of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., having previously been President of the Royal Electric Co., of Montreal, one of the principal companies included in this consolidation, and since the death of Mr. Kenny, who was very close to forty years at the head of the affairs of the Royal Bank of Canada, Mr. Holt has also occupied that position.

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SOME VITAL POINTS

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- CAREFUL** in the Selection of Its Members;
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Undivided Profits - 4,999,297
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General Banking Business transacted.
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Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received
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The Scrap Book

Like a Lady.—Frederick Townsend Martin was condemning the spirit that animated too many "slum" expeditions.

"A little girl from the East Side," he said, "was invited the other day to a garden party given by a very aristocratic woman to a group of little East Siders.

"The little girl, as she drank her tea and ate her plum cake on a velvet lawn under a white blooming cherry tree, said to her hostess:

"Does your husband drink?"
"Why—er—no, not to excess," was the astonished reply.

"How much does he make?"
"He doesn't work, the hostess said. He is a capitalist."

"You keep out of debt, I hope?"
"Of course, child. What on earth

"Your color looks natural—I trust you don't paint,"

"Look here," the hostess exclaimed, "what do you mean by all these impudent questions?"

"Impudent?" said the little girl. "Why, ma'am, mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our rooms they always question mother like that."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Had Made Up His Mind.—A Cleveland lawyer tells how, during a trial, one of the jurors suddenly rose from his seat and fled from the courtroom. He was, however, arrested in his flight before he had left the building, and brought back.

"I should like to know what you mean by such an action as this," demanded the judge, in a lenient tone, however, as he knew the man, an elderly German, to be a simple, straightforward person.

"Vell, your honor, I vill explain," said the juror. "Ven Mr. Jones finished mit his talking my mind vas clear all through, but ven Mr. Smith begins his talking I becomes all confused again already, und I says to minself, 'I better leave at vonce, und stay away until he is done,' because, your honor, to tell the truth, I didn't like der vay der argument vas going."—Harper's Magazine.

Well Mated.—First Bridesmaid—"They are well matched, don't you think?"

Second Bridesmaid—"Rather; she's a grass widow, and he's a vegetarian."—London Opinion.

By the Roadside.—The Little Boy sat by the roadside idly poking the warm dust with his bare toes. When the Big Man came along the Little Boy looked up and said:

"Mister, is this your park?"
"What'll you gimme for it?" quizzed the Big Man.

"Fourteen hunderd thousan' million dollars," replied the Little Boy.
"All right," smiled the Big Man, "just take it right along with you."—Youngstown Telegram.

Fair Question.—Willie—"Teacher says that we're here to help others."
Pa—"Of course we are."

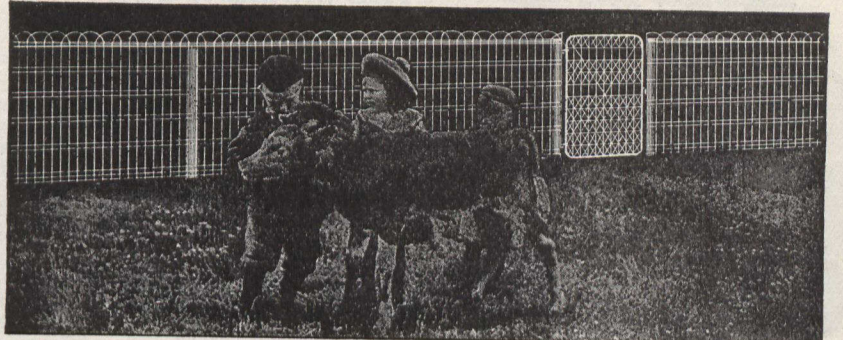
Willie—"Well, what are the others here for?"—Chicago News.

Couldn't Economize.—"My dear, you and I have got to agree upon a plan of some kind whereby we shall be able to keep down our bills this month."

"But aren't you afraid, if we do so, that the courts will get after us for combining in restraint of trade?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

They All Do.—"My husband is particularly liable to seasickness," remarked the lady passenger. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?"

"Tain't necessary, mum," replied the captain, "he'll do it."—Mariner's Advocate.



A fence of this kind only 16 to 23c. per running foot. Shipped in rolls. Anyone can put it on the posts without special tools. We were the originators of this fence. Have sold hundreds of miles for enclosing parks, lawns, gardens, cemeteries, churches, station grounds, etc., etc. Supplied in any lengths desired, and painted either white or green. Also, Farm Fences and Gates, Netting, Baskets, Mats, Fence Tools, etc., etc. Ask for our 1911 catalog, the most complete fence catalog ever published.

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POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 13th June, 1911.

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LIMITED

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PRESIDENT

W. T. White,

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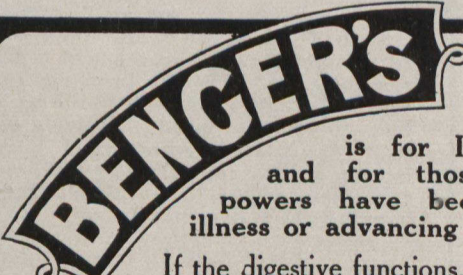
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is for Infants and Invalids
and for those whose digestive
powers have become weakened by
illness or advancing age.

If the digestive functions, however weak, can do any work at all they should be given work to do to the extent of their powers. In the easy process of its preparation the digestibility of Benger's can be regulated to give this work with extreme nicety.

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Full directions and many
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12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes.
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WHISKY
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Insist that your dealer always sends
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"
(Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited

THE GREED of CONQUEST

(Continued from page 17.)

the muzzle to and fro, searching for her vital parts.

Before thirty seconds had passed he found it, and this time, in the glare of the Vallombrosa's searchlight, he saw the whole picture of ruin and death. The general effect was that of a volcano which had suddenly burst up from the depths of the sea. A huge cloud of smoke and water was flung heavenwards, and the heart of it seemed to glow with fire, and it was flecked with black fragments that fell like a shower of rain. Then, as the smoke cleared, the light fell on a sea that was dotted with wreckage.

"Not one shall escape," muttered the Spaniard—"not one," and he swept the seas with his rays of death, as a servant sweeps a floor with a broom, brushing human souls into Eternity.

"You're wanted!" shrieked a hoarse voice in his ears. "The men say that if you don't come down to them they'll kill you!"

The Spaniard turned, and saw Hagen, free of his chains. Quick as thought he staggered back, caught hold of the machine, and swung it round. The man collapsed, shrieking with agony, his clothes ablaze. He writhed for a moment, and then lay still. In his scorched and blackened hand there was a long steel knife. Senor Smith had not been a moment too soon.

"Mutiny!" he muttered. "Good Heavens! have I to stand up against the lot of them?"

A bullet whizzed past his head, and he darted behind the platform, which was not built into the roof, but moved on wheels, so that it could be taken from place to place. His eyes glittered, and his lips moved convulsively. He was mad with the lust of blood—a human tiger, ready to tear and rend for no reason save the desire to kill.

"Come down!" yelled a voice. "There be dead men as'd like to talk to you." There was a laugh and a volley of oaths in half a dozen languages. Then a bullet embedded itself in the platform with a thud.

"They'll destroy the machine," he muttered. "The fools are mad!" He put his shoulder to the platform and pushed it towards the edge of the roof. There were half a dozen shots, and something seared the Spaniard's side like a red-hot iron; but he still pushed the heavy structure, inch by inch, towards the edge, his face very white, and his eyes ablaze with fury.

Then the men understood, and they turned and fled, running straight into a broad bar of light that streamed from the Vallombrosa. The Spaniard laughed, and sent Death after them. The flames leaped up from bush and grass and tree; it played round them, turning them this way and that like a greyhound turns a hare; then it swept down upon them, and hurled them, writhing and twisting, to the sand, with hair and clothing ablaze, till it had dotted the sand with blackened and smouldering corpses. And the explosion of the cartridges in belt and rifle rattled like the continuous firing of musketry.

"I'll fight the lot of them!" yelled Senor Smith. "Come on, you demons—I am a match for you all!"

Then he saw the white ray of searchlight change into a bar of crimson flame, and suddenly lurching forward he caught at the rail of the platform to steady himself. He hung on to it for a few seconds, and then, letting go, he fell heavily, and lay motionless on the roof, with his arms hanging limp over the edge.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHEN Senor Smith recovered consciousness he found himself on a bed in his own room, and a patch of sunlight streamed through the window on to the white wall. He blinked his eyes, and tried to think what had happened. Then a sharp pain in his side reminded him, and he found that his wound had been bandaged. There was a glass of water on a table close to the bed, and two or three small bottles.



**Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES**

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W.K. Kellogg
BATTLE C.
TOASTED
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A Royal Breakfast

Strawberries
and
Kellogg's
**TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES**

10c.
per pkg.

Partly fill the dish with strawberries, cover with sugar and let stand until sugar is dissolved then add Corn Flakes and serve with whipped cream.

29

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISH

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Made in Canada and sold in all parts of the world.

It is good for your shoes.

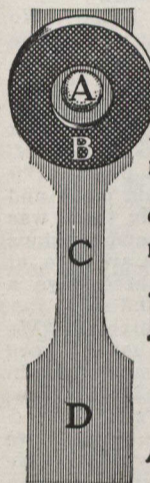
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It is so sure, so effective, so convenient and harmless that people remove five million corns every year with it. Nothing else has one-fiftieth the sale, because nothing else acts like Blue-jay.



Note the Picture

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Then the door opened, and Joan Endermine entered the room. She closed the door behind her, and came to the bedside. "You are better?" she asked, coldly. Her face was very white and stern, and there was no pity in her grey eyes.

"Better?" he echoed. "Yes, I suppose I am. Who brought me in here?"

"Mr. Lowick. I helped him."

"Lowick? Ah, then he is alive?"

"I presume so."

"How did he escape?"

"When the others ran away," she said, with a shudder, "he stayed close by the wall."

"Very wise of him. Where is Peterssen?"

"I don't know whom you mean."

"Peterssen, the captain of the Vallombrosa."

"Gone with the rest, I suppose."

The Spaniard tried to raise himself on one elbow, and sank back with a groan. He was weak and faint from loss of blood. "Gone with the rest?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

"The Vallombrosa left here shortly after daybreak."

"Left here? Do you mean to say that Peterssen left no message for me?"

"None. He has not been ashore. The vessel sailed round the island twice, and then went off."

"In which direction?"

"To the North."

The Spaniard closed his eyes, and Joan Endermine shuddered as she looked at his face. She poured out some medicine into a glass, and held it towards him. "Drink this," she said, quietly.

He opened his eyes and looked at her. "Who's the doctor?" he queried. "You?"

"No—Mr. Lowick. He knows something about medicine."

The Spaniard shook his head. "I think not," he said, after a pause. "I don't suppose that it is to Mr. Lowick's advantage to restore me to health; nor to yours either, for that matter."

She smiled contemptuously. "We could have let you die," she replied, coldly. "If we hadn't bandaged your wound you would have bled to death."

Senor Smith meditated on this for half a minute. Then he laughed. "If you'll put the medicine there," he said, quietly, "I'll very likely take it. Is there anyone else left alive on the island?"

"No," she answered, in a low voice. Then she shivered as if with cold, and steadied herself by placing one hand on the table.

"So far as you know?"

"So far as I know."

Again there was silence, and he looked at her with a puzzled frown. "I can't understand why you didn't make an end of me," he said, after a minute had elapsed.

"Can't you?"

"No—that is to say, I mean why Lowick didn't finish me off. Perhaps you felt it wouldn't be quite fair, after your promise to marry me. But Lowick, he was under no obligation. There was nothing to prevent him from killing me."

Joan Endermine shrugged her shoulders. She did not think it necessary to tell this man that she had prevented Lowick from taking vengeance upon his helpless enemy.

"I suppose you think I'm a blood-thirsty monster?" he said, after a pause. "Well, perhaps I am. But last night I fought only in self-defence; if I hadn't made an end of the battle-ships, they'd soon have made an end of me. Then my men mutinied. I did the only thing I could to save my life. Is the machine safe?"

"I believe so," Joan replied; "but it will not be for long. Mr. Lowick is going to destroy it."

"The deuce he is! Well, he and I must have a talk about that."

Joan turned and walked towards the door. She felt that if she stayed another moment in this man's presence she would be tempted to strike him in the face.

"Joan!" he cried, hoarsely, as she placed her fingers on the handle.

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"Well?" she asked, without turning to look at him.

"For pity's sake, don't treat me as if I were some inhuman monster. Speak a few kind words to me."

She paused for a moment. Then she opened the door, and left the room. She heard his voice calling her name as she walked down the passage. She found Lowick in the sitting-room. His face was ghastly in the sunlight. He was standing by the window, looking out at the sea.

"He's regained consciousness," she said, in a low voice.

Lowick turned and looked at her. "I've been round the island," he said, mechanically, as though he had not heard her remark. "We must leave here as soon as possible. I have tried to bury some of the dead. But the task is impossible for one man. We must leave here. I feel that I shall go mad if we stay here another night."

"How can we leave, Ralph?"

"One of the ship's boats has come ashore. She must have been launched before the explosion. Her timbers are scorched, but she is quite sound. A mast and sail were lashed into her, and I have picked up two oars. We can put enough provisions and water on board to last us a fortnight. There is a compass here in the house, and also a sextant."

"But where can we go, Ralph? We do not even know in what part of the world we are."

"I will soon find out," he replied. "There are sure to be maps and charts in the house. Besides, that ruffian in the other room can tell us."

"But, Ralph dear," she pleaded, "it seems foolish to leave this place and put out to sea. Supposing there was a storm; and, then, the provisions might give out. Here we are safe, at any rate, and one of these days a ship may come along. And—"

"No," he broke in, fiercely. "We cannot stay here. You haven't seen what I've seen. You must remain in the house; you must not go out until we leave here for good."

"But, Ralph," she continued, "we cannot take Mr. Smith with us. He would die if he were exposed in an open boat."

"Well, that'd be a good job."

"Ralph, you must not talk like that. Remember what I said to you last night."

"He will only be shot or hanged when we reach civilization. But, as a matter of fact, I had not thought of taking him."

"She looked at him with horror in her eyes. "You mean—?" she queried, in a low voice.

"Yes, why not?"

"It would be murder."

"I don't think so, Joan. The man may live or die. Heaven will decide that."

She came closer to him and laid her hand upon his arm. "Ralph," she said, gently, "it is not like you to talk in this way."

"I am not myself," he blurted out. "I shall never be the same man again. You do not know what I have seen this morning. You never will know, I trust. I feel as though I had brought a curse upon the world, as though I were not fit to live, as though I had been false to my trust. As for this fellow Smith, or whatever his name is, I intend to leave him here."

"No," she said, firmly. "I will not consent to that."

"I insist, Joan. The man is a murderer."

"Yet for all that I have promised to be his wife."

"His wife? Are you mad?"

"No, I purchased your life by a solemn oath that I would marry him. I cannot leave him here to die."

"Do you mean to say that you won't come with me?"

"That is what I mean. If you insist on leaving the island you must go alone or take this man with you."

(To be continued.)

Hard to Classify.—Burrows—"Can you help me out, old chap? I am in a hole again."

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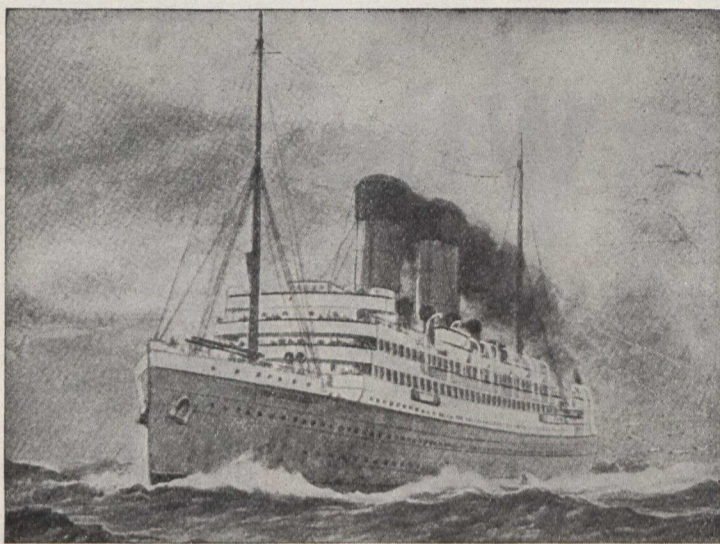


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