

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Gallantry of Spider Griffin

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

The Canonic Curse

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Legal Advice

BY ED. CAHN

THREE  
STORIES



NEWS  
PICTURES



The  
Working Girl

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY



Hon. W. J. Hanna

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE NEW SPEED-GOD

FICTION NUMBER

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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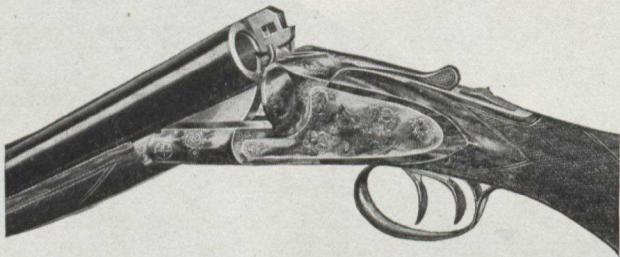
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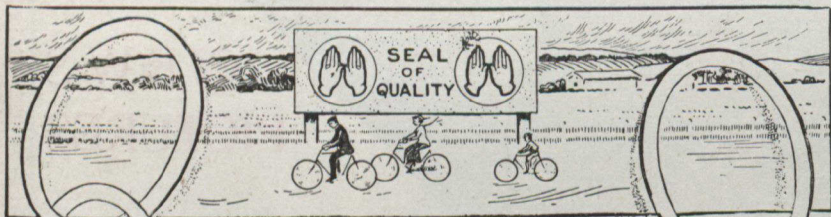
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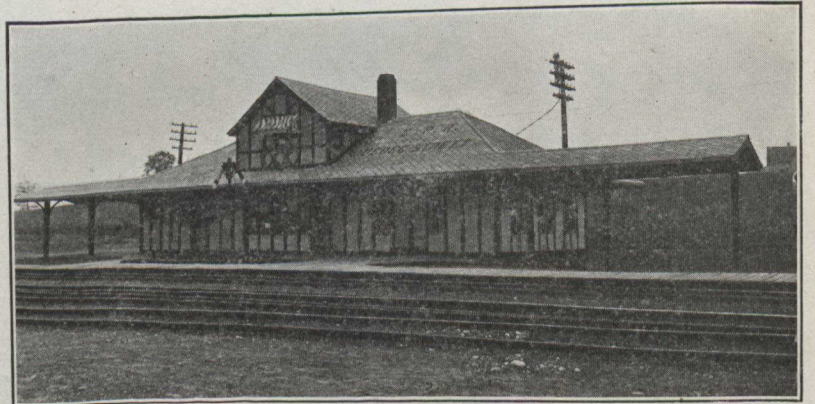
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 11

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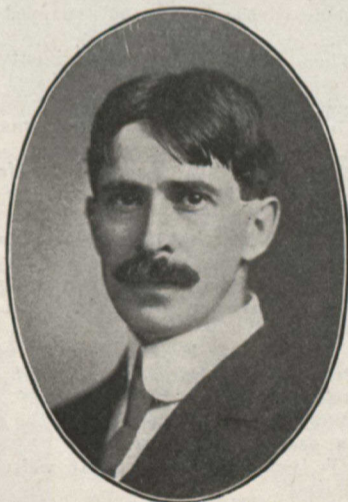
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## Editor's Talk

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE contributed his first story to the "Canadian Courier" in August, 1910. Before that his work had nearly all appeared in United States periodicals—because that country annexed him soon after he graduated from the University of Toronto. Since that time he has had a standing order to send us everything available, but we have not had enough to suit us. His short stories are clever because McFarlane thinks as well as writes. His contribution to this issue will prove that to any reader.



Arthur McFarlane.

Three readable short stories, two important articles, recent news caught by ever-alert photographers, and all the regular features of the paper—those, briefly, are the contents of this week's "Canadian Courier." Of the stories it need be said only that the writers represented live up, in these samples of their work, to their reputations. Miss MacMurchy's series of articles, published in the May numbers, on "The Case of the Working Girl," aroused great interest and led to many expressions of a wish that an article summarizing public opinion on this important topic might be published. The fourth article, timely, well-written and of outstanding importance, appears in this issue in answer to that wish.

This week Mr. Bridle writes about one of the biggest and most striking personalities in the public life of Canada. Mr. Hanna has been called "The Roosevelt of Ontario," which description he may be trying to forget. That in passing. At any rate Mr. Bridle's article is a good study at close range of a man who bulks large in public affairs.



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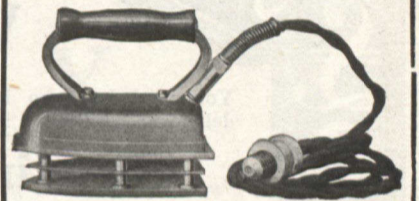
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### IN LIGHTER VEIN

**His Idea.**—Eli Perkins used to relate this anecdote of President Lincoln, says the Baltimore Sun: One day an old negro, clad in rags and carrying a burden on his head, ambled into the executive mansion and dropped his load on the floor. Stepping toward President Lincoln, he said: "Am you de President, sah?"

"I am," said Mr. Lincoln.  
 "If dat am a fac', I'se glad to meet yer. Yer see, I lives away up dar in de back o' Virginie and I'se a poor man, sah. I hear dere is some pervisions in de Con'stution for de culled man, and I'm here to get some ob 'em, sah."

**Queer Payment.**—The bright little surgery at the rear of the doctor's house was occupied by two—the medical man and a patient who was being attended to for the last time, seeing that he had got over his illness.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor; "you're all right now. You needn't come here again."

"But, sir," remarked the patient, "vot about der bill? I aint got mooch money. Will you dake der bill out in trade?"

The sawbones looked the man up and down.

"Well, I might do so," he replied. "What is your business?"

"I am der leader of der liddle Cherman band, sair. Ve vill blay in front of your house every evening for von month."

**Pertinent Question.**—Third-party baby is born, but is the father doing as well as could be expected?—Wall Street Journal.

**Hitting at the Press.**—Martin Clardy, of St. Louis, general solicitor for the Union Pacific and Iron Mountain Railways, is a lawyer who sometimes objects to being interviewed, and when reporters are too insistent Mr. Clardy has a stock story which he tells to shut off the interview.

Says Mr. Clardy: An irate shipper once entered the general offices of a railway company.

"Where's the general superintendent?" he demanded.

"Out on the road," was the reply of the clerk.

"Where's his assistant?" This very angrily.

"Gone to the ball game" snapped the clerk.

"Then where's the vice-president and general traffic manager?" exploded the shipper.

"Gone north for the summer," was the still indifferent reply.

"Well, then," the angry caller fairly howled, "who in thunder is running this railway anyway?"

"Oh, if that's what you want to know," replied the clerk, as he reached for another typewritten report, "it's being attended to by our kind friends on the newspapers."

**Proof of It.**—Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbour.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?"  
 "It's a new baby brother!" and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off."

**No More Use for Them.**—A Southern sewing machine agent drifted into the Seminole dominion one day and set up a machine in Tiger Tail's tent.

The old chief with great deliberation watched him put it through its paces. He then arose, brushed the agent to one side, and, seating himself, adjusted his feet in the treadle. He started the wheel and found that he could make it go. He sewed up one piece of cloth and down another, and then gravely and critically examined his work. At last he appeared to be satisfied that it was all right. He then turned quietly to his wives, who had watched the proceedings with interest, and kicked them, one after another, out of his tent.



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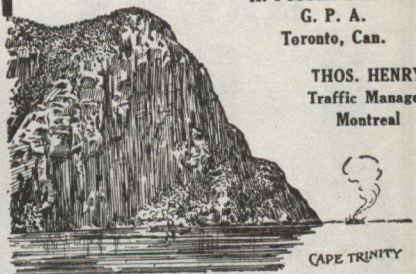
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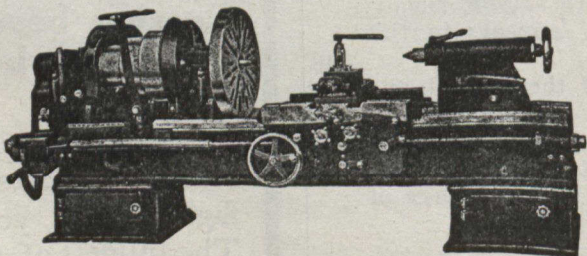
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*The*  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*

Vol. XII.

August 10, 1912

No. 11

# MEN OF TO-DAY

## *The Man Who Spelled Hate.*

**T**HE well set up man, a vivid likeness of whom appears on this page: Lord Devenport in his Bond Street morning coat, button shoes and silk tie, venturing forth with determined step from his great London residence in Grosvenor Place—recently incurred among a section of the people of England the reputation of being the most hated man among the aristocracy.

There are degrees of dislike. A man may growl that he "hates" someone in the apartment above him who insists on pounding the piano when he desires to sleep. A statesman may become unpopular with the nation because of his policy, as Lloyd George to-day in certain quarters; and a mob may even rush his automobile. But it is difficult to imagine an attitude of aversion, mingled with such bitterness, as that of the striking London dockers to Lord Devenport.

His Lordship is Chairman of the Port of London and a large employer of dock labour. When the men who take the cargoes from the ships which drift up the Thames to London from all corners of the world, went out in a body last May, Lord Devenport coolly sat tight. He refused to recede from his position that the men were in the wrong. The funds of the strikers began to decrease. Conferences between him and the labour leaders were arranged to effect a settlement. The Chairman of the Port would not recede an inch.

All England was amazed. Lord Devenport had



Lord Devenport, Chairman of the Port of London, Leaves His Residence for a Turbulent day at His Office.



Prime Minister Borden, Lord Strathcona, and Colonel O'Grady, Commander of the Canadian Bisley Team.

formerly impressed those who had come in contact with him as a mild, magnanimous sort of man. It was probably expected that with a chairman of this character, an early compromise would be the solution of the strike trouble. But the public found him a stubborn fighter. As the battle went on, the labour newspapers affected to see a claw beneath the velvet exterior of his Lordship. He absolutely refused to be moved by the sight of thousands of grimy, disgruntled, idle men, tired women with anxiety in their eyes and starvation written on their shrinking forms, nor the thin, wasted look of little children who cried for food, and wondered why mother wept and father only muttered and turned away when he was spoken to.

Such a situation had to have its climax—and what a climax! One day, while Mr. R. L. Borden and the war lords of the Asquith Government were talking in millions and of Dreadnoughts in Downing Street, Ben Tillet and thousands of dockers climbed Tower Hill, and upon that historic spot, where the pride of many a blue-blooded one had been humbled in ancient time, the starving dock folk knelt down and actually solemnly invoked Providence to strike Lord Devenport dead!

Theatrical, but terribly true. This man visualized to the simple London labourers the octopus of capital which they felt held them powerless, and they were ready to appeal to the supernatural to have the yoke removed. Lord Devenport showed that he felt keenly the responsibilities of his position. Shortly after the Tower Hill demonstration, he and the leaders of the strikers apparently got together and made an agreement to end the strike. But the dockers did not rush back to their jobs. Thirty thousand of them held a meeting and voted no surrender. However, better counsel is prevail-

ing and they are slowly resuming work.

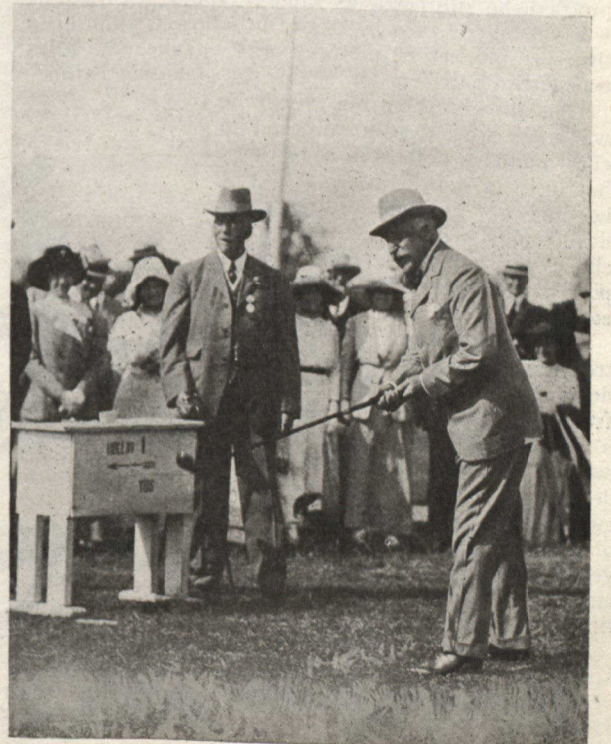
The incident is significant at this moment in that it shows that the war scare is only one of the perils of England; a more serious one is the social unrest.



## *Mr. Borden Shakes Hands With John Bull.*

**T**HERE are two features of Mr. Borden's visit to England interesting to Canadians. We are anxious to hear the ultimate result of his mission to the admiralty. But we are also intensely curious to know how our first citizen "got on" with the people over-seas. The average Canadian is jealous of his country's impression abroad, and willing to drop political considerations when he wishes to size up its representative at the courts of other nations. Both Conservatives and Liberals were proud to own Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the occasions they shook hands with John Bull.

Mr. Borden has not the fire nor the easy wit of Macdonald, for whom new audiences were an incident; nor has he Laurier's white plumes nor finesse. The Prime Minister of Canada is the big, brainy, rugged type with few temperamental qualities in his make-up, impressive in his very stolidness. Mr. Borden, in his appearance and manner, does not suggest the usual conception of a court diplomatist. But the boyish, winning smile and the open, hearty speech of Canada's Prime Minister afloat in London officialdom for the first time have made him "solid."



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught Takes a Drive at the St. Charles Golf Club, Winnipeg; Sir William Whyte is the Other Figure.

# The Gallantry of Spider Griffin

When Chase, Staged for Moving Picture Machine, Became Too Realistic

By ARTHUR STRINGER

It all began through the Tenderfoot insisting on taking a picture of the branding camp. After a deal of argument he had persuaded Timber-Line Ike to plant his massive but much perturbed body fittingly before the grub-tent doorway. There Ike had petrified into a grim and stony figure of discomfort incarnate, not to be dissembled by even that studious subterfuge of a pair of airily crossed legs.

An audible sigh of relief went up from the assembled cow-punchers when the camera had done its worst. As Ike slowly uncrossed his legs once more the stern and wooden expression ebbed from his jovial face, and he gazed at the photographer's tripod with not a little curiosity.

"Uncommon queer kind o' dingus, them photy-graph machines!" he observed, as he meditatively packed down his pipe. "I s'pose, stranger, it ain't mebbe one o' them new-fangled movin'-picture lay-outs? Jus' a common, ev'ry-day, ord'nary cam'ra, I reckon?"

The Tenderfoot tried to explain just how simple it all was, but Ike's thoughts were elsewhere, and he took little interest in either pyrogallic acid or the collodion process.

"I reckon you've seen a heap o' them movin'-picture lay-outs? H'm! I want to know! I s'pose they do be some common in the East!"

Then Ike lapsed into deep thought, and the Tenderfoot was not the only man who patiently waited for him to go on.

"S far as I can rope in," he began, "bout the only movin'-picture lay-out as ever migrated west o' the Touchwood Hills was the one me and Spider Griffin run across up back o' Caribou Bend. And I reckon that one was mebbe some plenty!"

"When me and Spider first tailed in with this yere movin'-picture apparatus, I must allow it weren't doin' a heap o' movin'. Me and Spider, howsomever, were traversin' the prairie kind o' brisk an' speedy, bein' sent out from the old Baldwin Ranch to ride down three or four imported yearlin's a ambitious young Blackfoot was abductin' some forcible. But we can cut them details out o' this yere herd o' talk jus' now, I reckon.

"Jus' up under Caribou Bend we come across this yere movin'-picture feller, sloughed down axle-deep in a muskeg, blaspheming an' slingin' round 'nough nickel-plated cussin' to ballast a gravel-line. He laid out he'd come from down the States somewhere, an' it wouldn't take no government assayer to probe out that he was a-teamin' in 'nough apparatus for a stampin'-plant. Still, I allow he was a plum social feller, an' weren't skimpin' none in handin' round 's fine a line o' fam'ly-wrecker 's I can recollect havin' partook of—done up some deceptive in maple-syrup tins. He laid out to us candid he was after a set o' pictures showin' something stirrin' in the Injin line. He didn't seem partic'lar 'bout what it was—jus' after anything from a scalpin'-party to a ord'nary Sun Dance. An' seein' me an' Spider was some puzzled, he informed us kind o' apologetic that he was a lecturin' cuss by trade, an' allowed plum open that his old set o' pictures was a fake, an' folks was gittin' onto 'em an' askin' for genooine Injins.

"He allowed them noo views he was after were a-goin' to cost him eight hundred dollars in hard cash; but he was some confident that if he once got his rope onto a good line o' photos of a first-class Injin chase, or such like, he'd rake his pile in off the table agin, plum easy.

"Me an' Spider had our own troubles 'bout that time an' weren't delayin' undooly to shoulder freight waggons out o' four feet o' muskeg. We ambled on some steady, an' four days later run down our yearlin's, secreted some cunning an' Injin-like in a clump o' scrub-birch. But I allow this yere outside card ain't enterin' the game which is now consumin' our time.

"We were nosin' back for home an' mother when we round up this yere movin'-picture sharp agin. He was doin' the light an' airy with a huntin'-camp temporary located just south o' the Big Caribou Reserve. An' a uncommon ornate huntin'-camp it was, rigged out

with 'bout eight Breed guides, all adorned some regardless in Stetson hats, an' buck-skin frills, an' Stoney bead-work; to say nothin' o' three cooks, an' a couple o' racks o' graduated rifles, an' a caravan o' pack-hosses, an' 'nough duffel t' set up a cyanide minin'-camp. Oh, it was a uncommon gorgeous camp, I can tell you!

"But when Spider found out it was a dood couple from Noo York, spendin' a good honeymoon that uncommon wasteful fashion an' tryin' to shoot a grizzly apiece, he was some sot on slidin' away an' boltin', for if there was one thing more'n another made Spider feel dog-mean an' unhappy, it was the sight of a ord'nary woman.

"An' I reckon Spider now moves into this yere game 'bout strong 'nough to allow for a little side-steppin' round that uncommon strange weakness o' his. Spider, I allow, was the dernest bashful cuss as ever run from the sight of a petticoat. Wimmen folk always sent him a-stampedin' clean off the range. He was jus' born that way. 'Tweren't no use buckin' agin natcher: he was scart o' jus' one thing this side o' Hell, an' that was a ord'nary woman!

"'Tweren't that Spider were craven. He mebbe weren't much bigger'n a minit, but now an' then I've seen him lick up an' clean out a hull bar-room without a flicker. Likewise I r'collect the all-round artistic way he laid out big Injin Tim, down on the Macleod Race Track, for playin' hokey-pokey with his cayuse. An' that partic'lar episode was in his jockey days, when he trimmed the scale at a hundred an' eleven pound!

"No, Spider weren't craven, nohow. He jus' had a unwholesome dread o' wimmen-folks, not understandin' the same, as you an' me would; an' took reg'ler to drink, two days steady, when spoke to accidental by a girl.

"Well, soon 's this yere pink an' white Noo York bride clapped eyes on Spider, she laid out he was a uncommon cute little boy, an' wanted to know if he was afeared o' the Injins, an' where he lived, an' who'd taught him to ride so nice. Spider he jus' turned hot an' cold an' couldn't do nothin' much but chew his quirt an' try an' back off some ungracious an' rude, while I was swallowin' a foot or two o' lariat an' trying uncommon hard not to catch Spider's eye, Spider bein' some vindictive an' ugly-actin' when he felt you was kind o' throwin' it over him.

"THIS Noo York girl was a high stepper an' a some speerited animal. An' mebbe a bit wilful. An' seein' she was makin' Spider feel unspeakable mean, she laid out as she took to him like a mother, an' I reckon had a heap o' fun watchin' them treemers an' changin' colours creep over that blasphemous little varmint's seemin' guileless brow, an' him not able to relieve his feelin's none an' too derned upshot even to try pullin' his freight. But Spider's language, when this yere girl was in adjustin' her fly-oil prior to removin' her skeeter-net for grub-time, was some electrifyin' to

them three tenderfoot cooks what had been interferin' none with him nor his'n.

"To cut this yere unnecessary rope off short, Spider'd have stampeded some sudden from that campin' party if the diverting enterprises o' this yere movin'-picture sharp hadn't temporary side-tracked that some speerited young bride. 'Seems this picture sharp 'd bribed 'bout half a hundred o' them dog-eatin', good-for-nothin' Bend Injins to come down from the Reserve togged out gorgeous in war-paint an' feathers an' such-like. He'd put a platform up on a stretch o' level prairie an' 'd got a young squaw to whiten up. His idee was that them uncommon outrageous-lookin' Blackfoot bucks was to chase that squaw round the landscape with knives an' yellin' while the movin'-picture dingus got its work in.

"BUT when this yere speerited Noo York bride, who was a-hungerin' for noo sensations 'bout the same 's a April grizzly hungerin' for Saskatoon berries,—when this speerited bride sizes up the lay-out an' sees this uncommon picturesque horde o' hungry-lookin' redskins canterin' an' swingin' across the prairie in that captivat' style, she lay down a trump card what stops the game some sudden.

"'Let them Injins chase me!' she sez, with a little laugh. 'I'd be findin' a noo an' genooine kind o' thrill! Besides, I guess mebbe I could give 'em a run for their money!' sez she.

"It weren't interferin' with none o' my stock, an' I allowed I'd no special mission corrallin' up female tenderfeet totin' round their own matrimonial cow-punchers to attend to the tetherin'-stakes and adjustin' hobbles. But right now I want to hold up this yere hand while I lay down a chip or two pertainin' to Injins in general. Some folks has the firm-planted idee that when you slit the poison-sack out of a rattler he's never goin' to try strikin' agin. An' some folks has the equally firm-planted idee that when a ord'nary Injin takes to wearin' Hudson Bay pants an' a collar-button, he ain't a offal-eatin' Redskin no longer. Well, mebbe so. Mebbe not. But I allow Spider an' me knowed a little 'bout Injins. An' from the minit Spider seen that picture-sharp passin' fire-water round surreptitious 'mong them bucks he began to get uncommon restive an' mebbe a little blasphemous.

"Spider weren't sayin' much when old Big Sun an' his half hundred bucks finished up their tea dance, an', palpitatin' with cheap nose-paint, swept round to the startin'-point on their mangle little ponies. But Spider did a heap o' watchin' while the Noo Yorker helps that uncommon high-speerited young wife o' his into the saddle, an' the picture sharp starts his machine a-workin' an' tells 'em to break-away!

"Well, they broke away all right—the girl leadin' an' the Injins after her, licketybelt. She made a purty 'nough picture, that girl, for I must allow she had the makin's of a uncommon handsome woman, tearin' across the open prairie with her yellow hair a-flyin' an' stickin' to her bronco light 's a bird! Even Spider couldn't help agreenin' with me it made a mighty takin' scene; an' them Injins swingin' an' yellin' an' a-whoopin' after her. It was some chillin' to the blood, too, I must allow. But neither Spider nor me was seein' jus' what this yere millionaire Noo Yorker up on the platform with the picture sharp was doublin' up an' laffin' over so hard. An' now an' then he'd stop and ask, some proud, if she weren't a sure winner, that girl. Well mebbe. Mebbe not!

"Spider'n me had heard her give that uncommon queerish little scream, same 's a kid 'd do, an' while we could see there was no misdoubtin' it was a extr'ord'nary fine chase, we were also hopin' in the fact that she was gittin' that noo an' genooine kind o' thrill all right.

"There was somethin' wrong, an' anythin' more intelligent 'n a tenderfoot 'd have been onto that fact. Spider sat there watchin' it through the movin'-picture sharp's field-glasses. He was ridin' a cayuse he was some proud of, a Spanish-blooded pinto what



"We could see that Redskin grab."

had sifted up from Texas way an' could paddle a mile in under her saddle-girths in some-thing like two minits. As I say, he sat watchin' that scene, kind o' quiet like, an' takin' in the fact that old Big Sun wasn't doin' any whoopin', but jus' sittin' low in the saddle an' hangin' onto that girl's heels like a jack-fly hangin' onto a sick steer. They were plum out o' range by this time, an' were makin' a movin'-picture on their own account. For Big Sun had his knife in his hand, most realistic-like, an' I reckon he'd left the rest o' them broncos 'bout a mile an' a half behind when Spider kind o' shifted in his saddle an' caught up his reins. I could see he 'd been awonderin' if old Big Sun weren't jus' a trifle too earnest-like in that partickler chase. An' in 'bout two minits we weren't debatin' none 'bout it. For plain as your hand we could see that Redskin varmint push up alongside the girl an' grab for that temptin' cloud o' flyin' hair. I reckon she must have caught sight o' that Injin's face, an' seen the knife in his hand, the way she began to pour the leather onto that cayuse o' hers agin, an' tried some desperit to break away. 'Bout all Big Sun got was a handful o' hair, tore clean out o' the girl's head.

"It were mighty clear air that day, an' when Spider seen that he handed me over the field-glasses an' said: 'Jus' hang onto these for me a minit, Ike!' sez he, 'bout the same's though he was thinkin' o' takin' a chew.

"I've heard a heap o' tall talk 'bout greased light-

nin' an' such like, but I reckon greased lightnin' was a ord'nary way-train along-side the some speedy style Spider shot out over them plains. An' then it was a noo an' unexpected kind o' chase, for we could see that plum locoed old Injin was headin' the girl off out into the open prairie, some artful. An' 'bout that time, too, this yere Noo York tender-foot seen there was goin' to be a little privit scalpin'-party 'fore white folks could interfere. An' I allow he weren't doin' a heap o' doublin' up 'bout that special minit.

"**T**HEN we seen that locoed old Injin ride up inch by inch an' grab for the girl once more. An' this time he pulled away 'bout one half her ridin'-skirt. Then he crawled up on her agin, blood-mad, strainin' neck to tail, creepin' up inch by inch, an' Spider's pinto 'bout a good half mile behind. We seen that Injin's arm go out—so—an' feel for a good hold on the girl's back hair. We seen him drop his bridle rein an' the other hand go up, an' the girl tearin' an' pullin' an' wrenchin' to git free; an' the two o' them swayin' an' rushin' on at a three-minit clip all the time this is goin' on.

"Then I seen Spider pull up short on a hogback, and knowed what was a-comin'; I kind o' held my breath, not misdoubtin' Spider none, but jus' realizin' he was tryin' a uncommon ticklish bit o' wing-shootin'. But Spider never was a slouch with a gun, I must allow. I jus' watched that little puff o' smoke drift away from his Winchester, an' then let

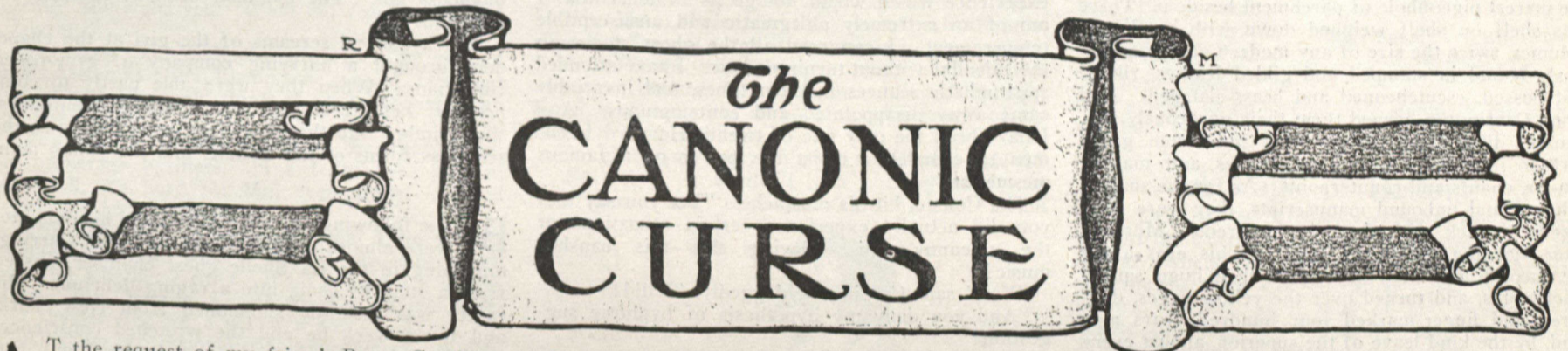
my eye travel on, a little scarey, mebbe, to where I'd seen that crazy Injin an' that white woman a minit back racin' neck an' neck through a gopher-town.

"An' I seen there was jus' one figger left ridin' on. Big Sun's hoss was canterin' off to the East with a empty saddle, an' Spider was a-lopin' out slow toward the woman, some cautious and timid-like.

"'Bout twenty minits later Spider brung her in. He was leadin' her winded cayuse by the bridle-rein, 'bout six feet ahead o' her, an' sayin' nothin'. She'd been havin' a bit of a cry on the way back, and been tryin' to tell Spider what she thought o' him. But Spider kept pushin' on ahead o' her, uncommon red in the face. He seemed to be drinkin' in distant landscape some anxious, an' kept gittin' hotter an' hotter an' mop-pin' the sweat o' shame out o' his eyes.

"He was 'bout as red 's a boiled beet when we rode out to meet 'em, an' I seen something was sure 'nough wrong. Even the girl weren't understandin' that queer actin' o' Spider's. But in 'bout two shakes of a lariat-end I was onto jus' what was a-cuttin' him up that cruel style. This yere girl had 'bout a foot o' ridin' skirt tore off, an' quite unbeknowin', I reckon, was showin' an inch an' a half o' well-turned ankle!

"An' if you'd a-knowed Spider I allow you'd understand his feelin's mebbe some better'n I'm layin' 'em out to you now!"



# The CANONIC CURSE

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

It certainly was *not* known to Carrington, nor in his knowledge to any other "old-music crank." It was the beginning of the June hot spell; the law business was dead, and the Carrington mansion on Madison Avenue a seven-times heated furnace. On the following Monday the young fellow was out for Canada.

From the beginning the Sulpician fathers were kindness itself. "They were most highly honoured that M. Carrington should have come all the way from New York to see their library. They believed it did contain a large number of old musical manuscripts, though they had never done anything toward sorting and arranging them. But, most unfortunately, their father superior was just at that time on a visit to their brethren in Montreal, and—they regretted it exceedingly—they could not admit him to their library without his authority. He might return almost any day. Could not M. Carrington wait? And if he could, would he not help himself to pass the time by making use of their organs? In the outside chapel attached to their foundation they had two which the musicians of the city had been pleased to praise not a little. Until the father superior should return, M. Carrington must look upon them as his own."

He accepted their kindly and novel hospitality as freely as it was proffered, and for the next few days he was in and out of the little chapel again and again. The big oriel organ was a revelation of swelling strength and billowy harmonies. And the smaller one, perched high in the loft opposite, made up in sweetness what it lacked in power. The young New Yorker and Father Laurence, the Sulpician organist, were soon the best of friends. Often in the afternoon when vespers were over the latter would take the larger instrument, and Carrington the other, and for a long hour they would play in unison, or in a kind of antiphonal, musical conversation.

Thus it was that when, one evening, Carrington entered the chapel and found the big organ rolling its melodious tide through the dusky aisles, he slipped quietly upstairs in the darkness, and joined him on the smaller instrument. He had never heard the father play so brilliantly before. In turn they set variations on each other's themes, and then as challengingly improvised on each other's variations; and every moment Carrington found it harder to follow the flying fingers of the old Sulpician. At last, outmastered royally, he struck a wailing dis-

cord of unconditional surrender, and stopped playing. From the obscurity of the other loft he was answered by a startled shriek of mingled fright and amusement. He ran wonderingly downstairs. His antiphonist descended in a panic. Even in the chapel gloom she was a vision of soft and radiant beauty.

With one voice they broke into the same explanation: each had mistaken the other for Father Laurence. She, too, together with three or four other musicians of the city, enjoyed the freedom of the organs. She, too, had often played against the skill of the reverend organist! They both went into a common burst of badly smothered laughter, though all the time the girl was biting her lips in an attempt to sober herself to a proper decorum.

When they turned a minute later they found Father Laurence himself standing in the doorway behind them; and, if anything, he was enjoying the situation more than either of them. But he came hastily to the rescue and introduced them. "Mlle. La Shelle, permit me to present M. Carrington, a famous musical scholar of New York. Monsieur, mademoiselle is the daughter of our neighbour, Colonel La Shelle, who, though he is not of our faith, is our very dear friend. The Colonel is, like yourself, an American, a distinguished engineer of New Orleans. But for five years now the harbour work he is doing for us has made him our fellow-citizen, and we could well wish to keep him forever." He pointed over the greensward. "Between his mansion and our chapel there is, as you see, neither hedge nor wall, and mademoiselle honours us by permitting our brotherhood to provide her with a second music-room!"

They chatted with the smiling father for a few minutes longer; then, with Miss La Shelle's permission, Carrington walked with her across the lawn to the lamp-lit corner of her father's long French veranda.

## II.

**W**HEN, an hour afterward, the young fellow took his leave the world was changed for him. If ever a man had recognized the "one woman" at the first meeting of the eyes, it was true of him. And with the girl, too, the feeling was no less intense and overwhelming. It seemed to them that somehow they had known each other from the beginning of things. When they parted they gazed into each other's eyes in a kind of mutual wonderment. And that night Carrington dreamed that they were again in the chapel organ-lofts building up together a world of glorious harmonies. And when

**A**T the request of my friend, Bruce Carrington, Jr., and the lady soon to become his wife, I herewith unreservedly give to the public the detailed account of their recent amazing and horrible experience. The sensational guesses and wildly distorted half-truths appearing unceasingly in certain New York yellow journals have made this course a bitter necessity. As to the matter contained in the narrative—and the plain baldness of my style should make it sufficiently evident that whatever of the "flesh-creeping" enters into it, enters only because I have been unable to exclude it—I own as I set it down that I find myself ready to doubt my own sanity. That the "devil-bought" soul of a Flemish kapellmeister should be able to reach out from the Middle Ages, and set a dead hand upon a Harvard graduate in the first year of the twentieth century is, I confess, something wholly impossible and incredible. Indeed, only the fact that for years I have known Carrington for one of the most cool-headed and least credulous of young New Yorkers could induce me to have anything to do with his story at all.

## I.

**F**ROM the time his organ studies introduced him to it, Carrington had made medieval music his hobby. Throughout his law course at Harvard he was constantly ransacking both the college and the Boston library for everything bearing upon the subject; and every bar written by the old monkish composers seemed to have an irresistible fascination for him. In fact, when he graduated and entered the office of his father's firm, it is probable that he was more familiar with canons and fugues, counterpoint and Gregorian chants than he was with Coke and Blackstone. And that summer of 1901 he had definitely made up his mind to spend his holidays among the famous musical libraries of Belgium and Northern Italy, when a letter from his chum Keppel suddenly turned his eyes from the Continent and sent him to Canada instead. Keppel was working up his "Ph.D." in the great Parisian library, the Bibliotheque Internationale, and the postscript of the letter read:—

"By the way, old man, if you're still as big an old-music crank as ever, something I came on the other day ought to interest you mightily. It seems that when Louis XIV. took Liege in 1659 and rifled the abbey, he sent the whole choir library over to his Sulpician favourites in Quebec, and there's nothing to show that it was ever returned. Is any such collection known to you? If not, why don't you go and look it up?"

Eloise La Shelle awakened all space and time was antiphonal of the young New Yorker.

There were, too, happily enough, bonds between Carrington and the old Colonel. For not only did they smoke the same tobacco, but the old gentleman's hobby, applied psychology—especially that strange gate of the science which opens upon spiritism, mental telepathy, occultism and the like—had been something which, in his Harvard course, had taken a grip of Carrington only less strong than the fascination of his old music. When he called again on the following evening the two men talked on the cool veranda for hours after the girl had left them, and they parted with the frank hand-grasp of sudden but thorough comradeship. It made the position of the lovers almost idyllic. Carrington called again the next day and the next. And when at the end of the week the forgotten father superior returned, and a notification that the young fellow's request for the freedom of the library had been granted suddenly recalled him to his original business in Quebec, he was filled with the most melancholy regret that the worthy father could not have prolonged his stay in Montreal for the remainder of the year.

But he had not been fifteen minutes in the low-roofed north wing of the old monastery library before he changed his mind. If the hours away from Eloise La Shelle could be anywhere endurable it would be in that treasure-house to which he had now the key. Any other collection in America was the merest pigeonhole of parchment beside it. There was shelf on shelf weighed down with ponderous volumes, twice the size of any modern quarto, pricelessly bound in stamped and gilded leather, ribbed and bossed, escutcheoned and brass-clamped. And when Carrington opened them their gorgeously illuminated title pages almost kept him from going further into their wealth of fugues and masses, canons, chants and counterpoint. As for the smaller volumes and unbound manuscripts, they were piled together, thick with dust, in hundreds. Morning after morning the young man ran his eyes along the uncouth, red-lined staves with their huge, square black notes, and turned over the yellow pages, dog-eared and finger-marked four hundred years ago. And, by the kind leave of the superior, almost every afternoon he brought a new armful of his treasure-trove to try over, often with Miss La Shelle beside him, on one of the chapel organs.

On Friday of that week he came upon a manuscript which drew his attention in a moment. It had been folded and doubled on itself, wrapped in parchment somewhat heavier than the common sort, and curiously bound with thongs like many knotted bowstrings. On the back of it was seared a rude but unmistakable devil's head, and the whole was sealed with the huge wafer of the prince-bishop of Liege. The father superior was once more generous and Carrington was given permission to open it. He carried it out into the chapel to Eloise, cut one of the thongs, slit the end of the parchment wrapper, and drew it forth.

It was a canon, one of that ingenious kind which the old monkish composers termed *per tonos* on account of their manner of modulating to the key of the note above, with each repetition rising gradually in a sort of frenzy until the circuit of keys is completed. And it was evident at a glance that it was not ordinary music. "Try it," said the young fellow.

The girl hesitated.

"I believe somebody's afraid of that horrific Satan's head."

She laughed, though not in a way that concealed her uneasy aversion, and began to play. She had not finished the first phrase before she stopped with a little shiver. "You'll say it's my nerves, but really there is something uncanny about it. It acts on me like a ghost story. Do put the thing back and get something else."

Carrington chuckled delightedly, and took her place before it at the organ. The composition seemed to be a kind of blasphemy in music! It had all the stateliness of the mass, yet behind that lurked a burden strangely sardonic and sacrilegious. It might well have been written under the influence of some soul-depraving drug. And, what was incredible, if it had been, the baleful power which gave it birth still hung about it! Carrington might laugh crazily, and play on, but he could feel a cold sweat gathering on his forehead. A thick tent and curtain of oppression seemed slowly to draw in about him. Miss La Shelle's troubled protests came to him thin and far on the other side of it. And when at last he had finished the canon, and once more looked up, it struck him as strange that if she had been all the time so close to him she had not touched him! But other than to acknowledge that the music had affected him as it had affected her he

said nothing, and in irritation at his own weakness tried to put the matter aside.

### III.

CARRINGTON took dinner with the La Shelles that evening. Eloise had been nervously telling her father of their eerie experience of the afternoon, and the old student of applied psychology was still chuckling hugely over it when the young man was announced. "Well, sir," he said bluffly, "I guess there's a pretty straight case of hypnotic suggestion against you. It evidently acted first through the visual image—I refer to the devil's head; then through the auditory image, for I suppose a musician can find anything in music he's looking for, and, more than all, you were affected through the fear-sensations already in the mind of another. I refer finally to the spook-hunting little goose opposite me. You are probably of an extremely nervous, and what the hypnotists call susceptible, temperament, sir!"

Carrington shook his head in smiling but decided negation. "No, Colonel, no. I'm afraid I can't support you in that at all. When a youngster I was a confirmed sleep-walker, and on one occasion, being violently awakened, was given a shock which brought on brain-fever; indeed, I own that the specialists in charge warned my people that any repetition of such a shock might easily prove fatal. But you could hardly cite that as a fair or normal instance. And since then I have had absolutely no experience which would not go as evidence that I am of an extremely phlegmatic and unsusceptible temperament. I can read all the ghost stories in the calendar without turning a hair. I have attended spiritualistic seances a dozen times, and invariably came away disappointed and contemptuous. And I have been the only one of twenty Harvard freshmen to completely resist the power of a famous mesmerist."

The Colonel bit his mustache. "Yet you say that you did actually experience certain sensations of the uncanny while playing this—this banshee music?"

"Yes," said Carrington doggedly, "I did!"

"And you deny my hypothesis of hypnotic suggestion?"

"I'm afraid I must."

"Very well!" and the old gentleman set his fingertips hard together. "Then isn't it possible, now, for us to go straight ahead and put this thing to the proof? Considering that I am as wholly skeptical of all musical 'haunts' as this girl of mine here seems to be credulous of them, if I were to go over with you to that organ loft, and stand beside you while you played that canon, and you were then, under those altered conditions, to find yourself experiencing no peculiar or uncanny sensations whatever, would that change your opinion, sir?"

Carrington laughed. "It certainly would!"

Eloise was alarmed in a moment. "Now, father, you're not—"

"Yes, indeed, now, daughter, but I just am! When vespers are over, if Mr. Carrington is willing to try it, you may accompany us and see how in a ten-minute experiment a little modern science may shed a vast deal of new light on the ghostly and supernatural."

### IV.

AN hour later they were all three crossing the lawn through the dusk. The empty chapel was in darkness. The girl stopped at the door. "Father, Mr. Carrington, I know how silly I must seem to you, but why could you not leave this experiment till to-morrow? You would at least have the daylight then."

Her lover hesitated irresolutely, but the Colonel laughed bluntly and ordered him forward. "Eloise," he said, "I give you up. You're no daughter of mine. We shall go on without you." He pushed Carrington ahead. They groped their way up the stairs to the smaller instrument. The young fellow lit the organ tapers, drew the devil's-head canon from the back of one of the old-fashioned carved music-racks and began to play. The old man stood beside him, leaning on the loft railing; by the uncertain light of the candles he was watching his face with the eyes of a nerve specialist. To the music itself he had no thought of giving any heed whatever.

But he did give heed to it. Something in the first bars went to his brain like a swift, monstrous and malignant anæsthetic. Startled into an astounded resistance he clenched his hands upon the rail behind him and gazed steadfastly at one of the candle flames. It grew smaller and smaller. The black darkness closed and intensified about it like a burning pain, and suddenly it seemed to the Colonel that the flame was his own soul. He tore his eyes from it, and fastened them upon the face of the young man. His lips were lifted in a grin of fear and

horror. His hands played on as if he had no longer had any power over them, as if his wrists had been grasped by some infernal gymnotus, some frightfully compelling current from the pit. And as the candle flames contracted to glimmering pin-points, the lines of his head and shoulders were picked out in a bluish, prickling "witch-fire," in the phosphorescence of a hellish halo.

The old man's soul filled with the terrible feeling that his reason, his identity, his life were slowly going from him. The satanic music seemed to be coming at him from utter darkness. In a desperation of terror he fought against it. He could still get the sensation of his fingers galvanically closing and unclosing upon the railing. He writhed and put forth his strength like another Laocoon. He once more got his eyes open. Carrington's face shone out a white knot of terror and agony. He was still chained to his bench of torture. The music mocked and triumphed over them, mercilessly, infuriately. Heart and brain seemed pressed together by the weight of millions of tons. Upon the old man's ears burst the thunderous clangor of a thousand great discordant bells. The candle flames were now huge as the lanterns of light-houses; then, swiftly and frightfully, they began to fall away till they were no larger than two blind and staring eyes. The music was fast approaching its outrageous end. The candles shrank and covered lower and lower, and with the last horrible note went out. Shriek on shriek burst from Carrington's bloodless lips. The old man dropped fainting beside him.

The hysterical screams of the girl at the chapel door brought a hurrying company of grey-robed Sulpicians. When they were able partly to comprehend her, trembling and crossing themselves, they climbed into the organ-loft, and bore down the senseless forms of the Colonel and the young man.

### V.

BY the following day the Colonel and his daughter were almost themselves again. But Carrington, lying in the La Shelle guest chamber, passed from a state of coma into a raging delirium. His father was instantly summoned from New York, and for a week he and the wretched conscience-stricken Colonel watched in turn beside him. But all went well. The fever gradually burned itself out. And at the end of the third week the young fellow, though weak as a baby, was on his way to recovery. Eloise was with him almost more than the trained nurse, and before his father left them their engagement was formally announced.

The fortnight which followed was full of quiet but no less rapturous happiness for both of them. The girl tended him with a doting solicitude almost maternal. He was to eat just so much. He was to go to bed at such an hour. And she withheld his mail for days after the doctor had assured her that he might have it with perfect safety; but one hot August evening after dinner when he was sitting on the veranda in his invalid's dressing-gown, looking rather wistfully at the setting sun, she suddenly took pity on him, and brought forth the big, variegated bundle of doubly post-marked envelopes. If she could have guessed the contents of almost the first she opened for him he would never have seen it. It was from his chum Keppel, and he was still working in the great Paris library. Carrington had not read a dozen lines before his face began to change. The letter ran as follows:—

"DEAR OLD MAN: I don't know whether or not you took my tip about running up to Quebec on a hunt for that old music from Liege. Maybe you've been there already, and come back in disgust. But if you haven't, I've dug up something this last week which ought to send you up there by the next train. I can't give you more than a hint of the thing, though I've already found a good-sized volume of old Flemish chronicles, consistory reports and the like bearing upon the case.

"But it seems that in the early part of the fifteenth century in Flanders some of the kapellmeisters got to setting words to their religious compositions which were anything but sacred. And the matter finally grew to be such a scandal that the prince-bishop stepped in and forbade ten of the worst offenders ever again to touch an organ or to write another line of music of any sort whatsoever. Well, as it happened, one of them, Domenico by name, had a good deal of true music in him for all its dubious outward complexion, and he went on composing in secret. And, as sometimes happens, too, he began to do his finest work under the adverse conditions.

"But he could hope to hear it played only by passing it over to another. And when at last he could hold out no longer he took his successor into his confidence and delivered to him everything he had

(Continued on page 28.)



# Ikey's Legal Advice

By ED. CAHN

Sketches by G. Campbell

**T**HERE'S more money I got to spend. All the time it's something else more. First it's office rent, then light and help, and Minnie's music lessons, and then, again, it's a coal bill. I ain't kicking about none of them things, though, but at lawyer's fees I got to make a holler.

"Gott weiss I got troubles enough without this! Look at that table! Both chicken and fish also for dinner! That's right, Fannie, go ahead; set it a table like a rich trillionaire when there ain't no company nor nothing. Father, he's rich, and mommer, she's got money; but just remember your husband has got to work like a nigger for what he gets."

"But, Ike! Yesterday you said it was a wonder I didn't give you a decent dinner once in a dog's age. That's the trouble with you. If business goes good downtown and you come home feeling rich, then I get hollered at for not having a good enough dinner; but, if business goes bad, then I get called down for extravagance. Please remember I'm only your wife, and not a mind reader, to find out how you feel before you get home. Stop your growling now, and be glad I don't pay attention to your fussings and scold you. What did you mean about a lawyer?"

Thereupon Ike Wolfsohn proceeded to explain to his better half the dilemma he was in, confident that, if any one could think of an economical way out, she could.

"You see," he concluded, "that's the trouble with the brokerage business. If a feller once gets in bad, well, it's hard for him ever to get in good again, and he loses business."

"This here point is so delicate that I don't know whether I can do what I think I can, and be all right; or whether I can't. It's a point for a lawyer feller. But, Fannie, I hate to give up ten bones to a shyster just for a yes or a no."

"All them professional people is robbers. A dentist maybe does a little something for what you got to give him. Maybe a doctor don't do you no good, but, anyhow, he listens to your troubles, and gives you such a perscription written in a expensive langwige to know, and, even if he don't cure you, you got that much for your money. Sometimes a lawyer makes it a paper for you or talks to the judge; but in this here business I goes in, and I says to him: 'Such and such and so and so is the case; can I do what I want to and not get pinched?' and he says: 'Yes, you can,' or 'No, you can't—ten dollars, please.' And I got to dig."

"I think when Sidney grows up, we shall learn him to be a lawyer; it would save me money. Ain't it fierce that in all our big family of relations there ain't one lawyer?"

"Are you all through?" said Fannie, ironically. "You can do more talking and say less than any man I ever heard of. What's the matter with asking that Mr. O'Brien up to dinner some night this week?"

Ike laid down his knife and fork.

"What! Ain't it enough I got to pay lawyers money that you got to feed one at my expense? Everything is the matter with my asking him up. No! Nix! Nothing doing. Let him buy his own dinners."

Fannie sighed impatiently.

"Oh, such a man! Can't you see what I mean? Well, I'll have to draw you a diagram, I see. Now, listen."

"Mr. O'Brien, I have heard you say, is only a little while ago started in being a lawyer—then he ain't over-worked. You often talk to him going up and down town. He knows you have a big business; so he

thinks you must have somebody doing your law work, and he wishes it was him. Now, the next time you see him, you let fall a word about what a disappointment your lawyer is. That will make him think maybe you are going to change around, and he will try to get the business. And you may be sure he will do anything you ask him to in order to get on the good side of you. Then you invite him to dinner, and since he has his meals at that awful boarding house he will be glad to get something decent to eat. He will come and—"

"I see, I see" cried Ike. "O! what a pleasure it is to have a smart wife. Fannie, if it works, I will buy you a new hat."

A few days later Mr. Michael J. O'Brien was dining with the Wolfsohns. The meal was excellent, and he did it full justice.

Wolfsohn was cordiality itself, and Mrs. Wolfsohn charming; but from the very first it was evident that, while theatres, books, or people did not interest them, business certainly did.

They told him of the sad case of a friend of theirs who got into difficulties through not being informed on the law, and they explained in detail.

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien, try this port," said Fannie, signaling Ike not to go it too strong.

Mr. O'Brien tried the port very deliberately, meantime coming to a decision. "Faith," thought he, sipping away like an epicure, "this friend of my host's is himself."

But all he said was: "Very fine old wine indeed."

"Sure it is. I wouldn't have nothing else," said Wolfsohn. "But, say, Mr. O'Brien, what would



"Very fine old wine indeed."

you have advised my friend to do in such a case?"

"I would have advised him to see a good lawyer."

For a moment Wolfsohn was baffled, but Fannie came to the rescue. Smilingly and cleverly, if not very grammatically, she put a hypothetical question that would have made many a prosecuting attorney green with envy.

In the meantime Ike collected his forces, and then between them they got the information they wanted.

Wolfsohn tendered his finest cigars.

Fannie left them to go to the piano, and sang until her music had almost charmed the savage breast of a beaten Irishman.

Once out of its influence, however, his feeling of chagrin returned.

"That was a mighty good dinner, and Mrs. Wolfsohn surely can sing, but that's no lawyer's fee. Pumped! By jingo! I'm too easy. I let them do me up brown, but I guess I'll let Wolfsohn know that I know it at least." Thereupon he dispatched a bill as follows:

Mr. I. Wolfsohn, Debtor to  
Mr. J. O'Brien.  
For legal advice .....\$10.00

When Wolfsohn received it, he laughed immoderately. "Say, Fannie! O'Brien, he ain't so slow. Look at this here. Next time I see him, I'll tell him the drinks is on him."

Fannie helped herself to a pencil out of his pocket, and calmly tore a leaf out of his memorandum book.

"Don't wait until you see him, Ike, but send him this."

Mr. M. J. O'Brien,  
Debtor to  
Ike Wolfsohn.  
One dinner with wine  
.....\$10.00

Wolfsohn clapped it into an envelope, and posted it himself. It reached O'Brien that same day.

"Oh, ho! You would, would you?" said that gentleman, grinning all over. Then he made out a duplicate of his bill, to which he attached another sheet, which read:

MR. IKE WOLFSONH.

DEAR SIR: It is my painful duty to remind you that by selling wine without a license—I refer to the dinner of the other evening—you are liable to prosecution.

Attached find my bill. Please remit.

Yours truly,  
M. J. O'BRIEN.

"There, now," he said, grimly, as he banged on a stamp, "I guess that will hold you for a while." And it did.



"Say, Fannie! O'Brien, he ain't so slow."

## A Page of History

**S**IR CHARLES TUPPER writes to the secretary of the Cartier Centenary Committee. The last of the Fathers tells of the foundation of the first government after Confederation. His letter is of historic interest, as it tells of his sacrifices to enable Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Etienne Cartier to organize their government.

"I have more than once shown my appreciation of that great statesman, Sir George Etienne Cartier, during his lifetime," writes Sir Charles.

"After meeting the delegates on Confederation at Charlottetown, Halifax, St. John, Quebec and London, I formed the opinion that the combination of John A. Macdonald and George E. Cartier was essential to the best interests of Canada. When Sir John A. Macdonald was called upon to form the first Government of the Confederation, I was invited to assist and to bring Mr. Archibald, the leader of the Opposition to my Government, with me. Mr. Cartier said that he must have two French members with him. Galt was indispensable as the representative of the English in Quebec, and Darcy McGee was the only representative of the Irish Catholics. Messrs. Howland and Macdougall refused to join the Administration unless Ontario had a larger number of Ministers than Quebec, as they would not otherwise carry Ontario. Sir John said that as Nova Scotia and New Brunswick must have two members each, that made the Government too large.

"A deadlock then occurred, and we were invited to meet at the council chamber at 11 o'clock, as he had decided to abandon the task and request Lord Monck to send for Mr. George Brown. In this crisis I told Mr. McGee that if he would stand aside I would do the same, and make way for Hon. E. Kenney to represent the Irish Catholics. When we met on Monday morning Messrs. Howland and Macdougall had their cloaks on their arms to catch a train for Toronto to join George Brown, who had called a meeting to denounce any Government formed by Sir John Macdonald. Sir John said Tupper and McGee have solved the difficulty. The Government was formed, they caught the train and carried the meeting, and afterwards the country.

"I returned to Nova Scotia obliged to confess that the Liberal party had two members in the Government and none for the Conservatives. I also refused the chairmanship of the Intercolonial Railway with a handsome salary in order to secure the support of Mr. Howe and the Nova Scotia Government in support of Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Etienne Cartier."

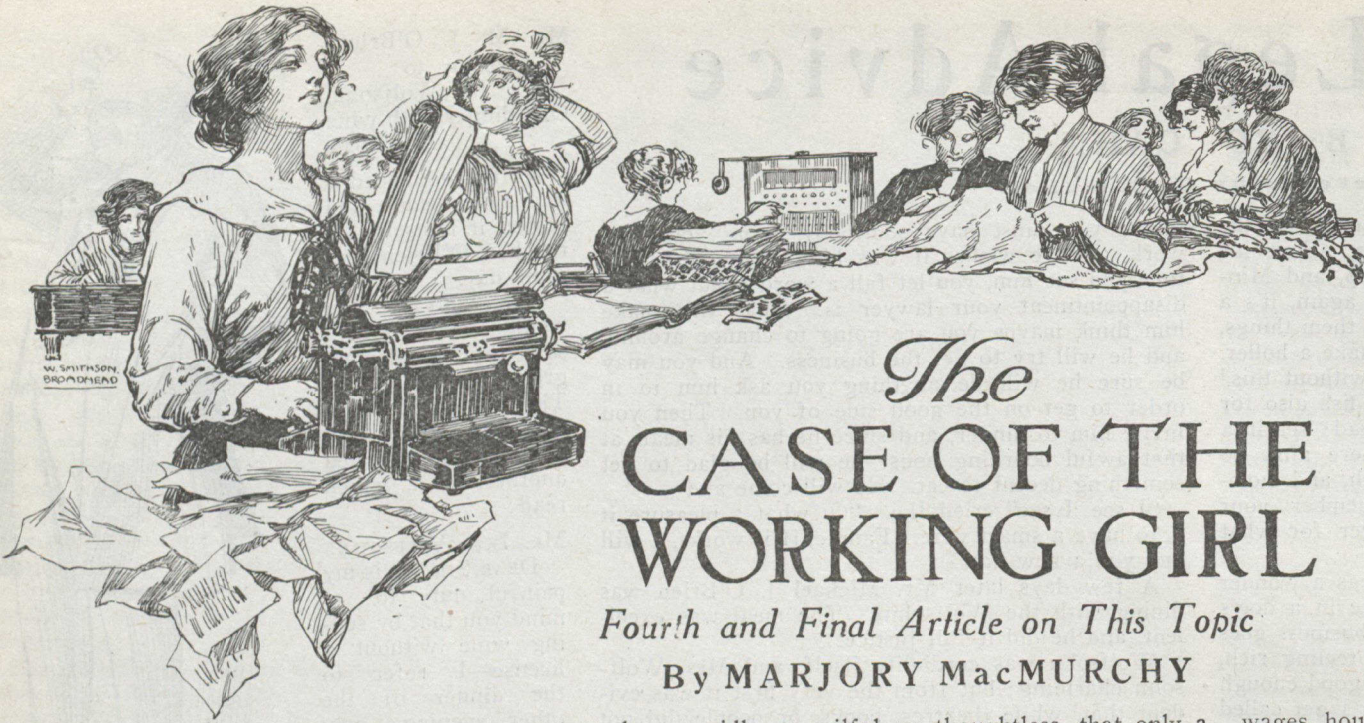
## A Conquering Hero

**A**LL people in this country who take pride in the feats of Canada's sons abroad were rejoiced recently to hear that George Goulding, of Toronto, walked faster than any contestant at the Olympic games at Stockholm. The conquering hero came home last week and Toronto, which has welcomed so many world-beaters from Hanlan to—well Goulding—enthusied with the same spirit over the pedestrian who is the latest of its champion athletes.

Goulding was escorted to the City Hall amid a throng of people and received by the Council. He was presented with a silver service and several oratorical tributes.



"I'm your wife and not a mind reader."



## The CASE OF THE WORKING GIRL

Fourth and Final Article on This Topic

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

IT is only fair that those who were interested in the series of articles on The Case of the Working Girl, which appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER on May 4th, 11th, and 18th, should know how general a response has been made to these articles.

Two conclusions may be drawn rightly from the character of the response. One is that the large public of well-intentioned men and women in Canada is keenly interested in the welfare of the girl wage-earner.

It has also been made plain that if anyone proposes a definite, reasonable plan for bettering the condition of wage-earning girls in his own locality, town or city, and asks for help, he will find that many have been waiting only for a leader and a plan. The following is a fair example of the response received in many instances from the man or woman who is ready to co-operate if a plan is suggested. "If you think of any way in which I can be helpful in work for Canadian girls, kindly let me know and I shall be glad to help." Dr. Annie Marion Maclean, author of "Wage Earning Women," who unfortunately has been an invalid for months, sent

word from New York that although she was too sick to write she wished any work undertaken for the Canadian girl wage-earner good luck.

Suggestions and expressions of opinion which follow have been selected from the large number received as probably the most useful in securing attention for the case of the working girl.



Miss Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe" and other popular books, and a social worker of uncommon intelligence and enthusiasm, writes from Halifax: "My sympathies go to the careless, flighty girl who knows no more than a baby of what is before her in a working girl's life. She usually has a mother very like herself. 'Why don't you sew your dress instead of pinning it?' an exasperated lady said to a young Canadian working girl recently. 'I don't know how.' 'I will teach you.' The girl could not wear a thimble and she could not and would not learn to sew. The time had gone by for it. She walked the streets when her work was over, pinned her clothes and wore velvet shoes, and she was a bright girl and might have been a good worker.

"The second article mentions the lever to raise girls of this class: 'A part of the remedy is to be found in a change in the school curriculum.'

"To my mind the whole remedy is to be found there. If a girl's home training is inadequate, supplement it in school-houses which should not be merely intellectual, but trade and social centres. I believe our present school system will never be successful until it holds to it not only studious girls, already half-educated by home training, but also the wilful, unthrifty girls who know no more than babies what is before them in life. Their untrained minds can be trained, if the school becomes an annex to the home. The superintendent of schools in an American city told me that there are some

boys so idle, so wilful, so thoughtless, that only a manual training school can hold them. These careless boys and careless girls drag down the standard of wages. Let us find out how to train them, how to hold them, how to make them learn to work properly. The schools were made for the boys and girls—not the boys and girls for the schools."

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN, of Dalhousie University, concluding an article in the *Montreal Standard* on The Case of the Working Girl in the CANADIAN COURIER, says: "If boys wish to earn good wages they must learn a trade, which means years of work with little or no wages at all. The girls who stand behind the counter of our shops have, as a rule, no preliminary training whatever. How can they expect high wages?"

"Another question is suggested. There is a growing scepticism regarding our sacred system of education. Some people think it bankrupt, that it has failed to do what it professes to do, that it is costly, wasteful and inefficient. Others think that the chief object of education should be vocational—that is, it should fit every citizen to earn his (or her) own living."

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton, author of "Janey Canuck in the West," and "Open Trails," thinks that the fault with regard to the wages of the working girl must belong to Eastern Canada. "It is astonishing to learn that thousands of girls in Eastern Canada are living on less than three hundred dollars a year. For the life of me I cannot see why they do not come West, for (I'd go on with that sentence, only I can hear you say 'booster' across the two thousand miles that intervene)."

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY of Vancouver, a well-known Canadian writer, does not seem to think that low wages for business girls are confined to Eastern Canada. If they earn more in the West they have to spend more. "The writer has spoken largely for Eastern Canada, but on a rising scale her deductions are true of the West. By a rising scale I mean that everything is higher out here. Wages are higher, but the cost of living is higher, too. Only the other day I talked to a young girl who had left a good position in the East to come to a better paid position here. She was not complaining, but she said that she had saved a little in the East, whereas here, although her wage was much higher, she had saved nothing at all. . . . The writer speaks of the unpreparedness of many girls who attempt to earn a living without knowing how. It seems to me that parents have much to answer for in this respect. . . . If more parents realized their duty there would be fewer incapable girls at the mercy of the world."

A BUSINESS woman in Calgary writes to say that although in the West there are some positions with higher salaries for women than anything in the East of Canada, yet on the whole the high cost of living leaves the girl who works for her living in much the same position as the girl in Eastern Canada. It should be noted here that there is testimony from all over Canada to the fact that girls are not sufficiently well trained to be capable of filling the best positions which are open for business women. The remark has been made repeatedly by employers that they would take on one, two, or three more girls, with higher salaries than

the average at once if they could get trained workers of a better class. One head of a business concern said it would pay his company to give a bonus of ten dollars to anyone able to provide them with expert help.

THE *Christian Guardian*, of Toronto, believes that organization would do most to help women in industry. The editor adds a word for the girl in domestic service. "One fact is very conspicuous, that in this country there is practically no organization of female workers. There can be no doubt that the present standard of wages for men in Canada has been raised, not usually we are sorry to confess, by the efforts of the church and the brotherliness of Christian employers, but by vigorous action on the part of organized labour, and we think the most effective step any woman could take towards the securing of a living wage for her sisters would be the organization of the girl workers into trade unions or something of that kind. Then we would discover the real facts as to the

wages, hours of employment and some other things we would like to know.

"We have not touched at all the question of the girls who are working in homes. Their condition differs from that of other girl workers, and we believe they are better paid, and more extensively ostracized."

MISS CONSTANCE RUDYARD BOULTON, President of the Women's Canadian Club, of Toronto, in a letter to the writer of the articles on the working girl, expresses the opinion that if equal pay were given men and women workers for work of the same value it would be better for the wages of both men and women. She adds that women have not facilities for becoming skilled workers.

A BUSINESS woman in discussing the case of the working girl, said: "Do not call her the working girl; call her the business girl. It is the first step towards making the girl wage-earner more efficient. The business woman means success in business. The working girl means that the girl is an untrained worker, and for that reason generally an unsuccessful worker."

"MAKE the girl efficient," is the advice of the majority of social workers, including representatives of the Y. W. C. A. It is to be noted, also, that the response to these articles on the girl wage-earner has made it plain that employers in Canada are keenly interested in the welfare of women employees.

With regard to efficiency, Miss Drummond, General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, writes: "It is a subject in which naturally we are very much interested and were glad to see so ably handled. We are glad to see it has attracted considerable notice. Anything in that way will naturally be a benefit, though it will be pretty difficult to adjust conditions. In Toronto, I think we are very fortunate in having the majority of employers interested in the problem and ready to lend themselves to its solution. Better equipment for the work, that is efficiency, I believe about the only thing which will permanently remedy the state of affairs."



THE Department of Labour, at Ottawa, writing to the CANADIAN COURIER with regard to the case of the working girl, draws attention to the fact that the Department of Labour had been instrumental in investigating the conditions under which telephone girls worked in Toronto, the conditions of the textile workers

in Quebec, and had brought in a bill last session which was not reached before dissolution providing a remedy against "phossy jaw," a disease which attacks workers handling white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. The workers in this industry are mainly women. During the past few

months the Department of Labour has begun a systematic wages inquiry which will deal with wages received by both men and women in all lines of industry. A suggestion has been made, following the appearance of the articles in the COURIER, that one or two women correspondents might be appointed to report to the *Labour Gazette* on conditions affecting labour among women and children in the chief industrial cities of the Dominion.

NATURALLY, some of the most interesting and useful communications have come from business girls. One business girl writes on behalf of herself and five other girls who depend on their own wage earnings: "I say 'us girls' because I am one of the many who have to board and who have to depend solely on themselves. Of course, you must not take from this that I find myself a hardly-used person. I can gratefully say that my circumstances in many ways are especially favoured. But I am thinking of the many, many others who have not the privileges I have and of whom I am hearing every day, girl friends of mine working in many capacities. I could write you pages of experiences of my friends, but it would be nothing new to you, the same old story of the things girls have to go through and the way they have to stint and manage, in order to live within their salaries. It seemed to me and my five girl companions who have read your articles with the greatest interest that the price of everything has gone up, but not salaries. As short a time as three years ago, \$10 for a stenographer was as far as her hopes ever went, and she could live very comfortably on that. Then, you know, the pace of dressing has increased so much. I suppose you will say that it is not necessary for the girls to keep up to the extreme of fashion, as some of them do in the down-town offices, and we agree with you. But a girl has to dress well, because one's appearance and 'style' are taken into account nearly as much as one's proficiency; especially this is true in the larger business office down-town. After \$5.50 is taken out of that salary, which includes board and a room and a light lunch in the city, there is not a whole lot left over for laundry, dress and sundry smaller items which, when counted, mount up. We do not take the word amusement into our finances at all, or at least very little. We often go out together for a walk, or car ride, or picnic, or matinee, which means, of course, car-fare, lunch, and 50 cents for a ticket is the limit.

"Another thing we have often talked about is this: Take the average boy with just the average education, and he starts to work some place, any place, he is always able to look higher, for pro-

motion from one place to another. Of course, it depends on himself whether he is ambitious and a good worker and whether he can be depended on. He can work up year after year as his abilities show him able and as vacancies occur. Then take a girl, except in a few rare cases, she gets so far and no farther. Once a stenographer always a stenographer. Once an office-girl always one. Years of experience and intimate acquaintance with the details of the business as such girls get do not seem to get them further along as would happen in a boy's case. A girl does not want to stay a



stenographer if she can do something better. She just gets so far in both salary and position and there she sticks."

MEMBERS of a woman's organization in Toronto during two recent labour difficulties interviewed a number of the girl employees on strike. The writer of the case of the working girl has been sent notes of these interviews. One is bound to admit that making due allowance for exaggeration, imagination, and misunderstanding on the part of the girl strikers, the evidence as a whole leaves one with an uneasy feeling of social wrong and danger.

The statement is made by one of the girls that when she asked a foreman for an increase in pay he told her to go and stand on the corner of Yonge and Queen Streets. Perhaps the girl told what was not true.

At the same time the writer remembers hearing a woman intimately associated with the girl wage-earners some years ago once repeat a similar remark as having been made by a foreman to a girl employee.

Another of the girl strikers said in an interview that one of the foremen was rough with the girls, sometimes going so far as to kick a girl employee.

These statements are repeated here with reluctance. But it is a question if one has a right to withhold material of this kind when it has been sent in along with other more usable material. The object has been to keep this series of articles on the Canadian girl wage-earner moderate and temperate in every particular. It is not believed that such conditions exist except in rare cases in this country. But if the girl wage-earner is left to look after herself, untrained and often inefficient as she has been shown to be, with pay barely enough for necessities, when living away from home lonely and uncared for, such conditions will be found more largely in Canada. We cannot let this happen. And it should be remembered that bringing in girl wage-earners from other countries will tend to lower conditions which already exist. The present is the best time for action.

THOSE who wish to follow up the question of women's position in business and industry as it is being discussed to-day will find important facts in Miss Josephine Goldmark's exhaustive volume, "Fatigue and Efficiency," published by the Russell Sage Foundation. The subject is being widely written of in newspapers. A pointed, readable discussion of the success of women as workers appears in Meredith Nicholson's novel, "A Hoosier Chronicle."

"Sylvia, there's a lot of books being written, and pieces in the magazines all the time, about women and what we have done or can't do. What do you suppose it is all leading up to?"

"That question is bigger than I am, Aunt Sally. But I think the conditions that have thrown women out into the world as wage-earners are forcing one thing—just one thing, that is more important now than any other—it's all summed up in the word efficiency."

"You mean that a woman has got to learn how to make her jelly jell? Is that your notion?"

"Exactly that. She must learn not to waste her  
(Concluded on page 23.)

## A MENNONITE BIRTHDAY PARTY IN SASKATCHEWAN



Bishop Peter Regier, Farmer and Preacher, had a Birthday Party Recently and Hence this picture. Nearly Twenty Years Ago, Without Funds, he Began as a Homesteader Near Rosthern, Sask. Now he Owns Over 1,500 acres, with Plenty of Good Stock and a comfortable Bank Account. The Mennonites do Well in the West. One of Them Shipped a Trainload of 27 cars of Wheat Last Fall. Photograph, Friesen, Rosthern.

# His Little Girl



OUR NEW

SERIAL STORY

**RESUME:** Driving in Italy, a young Englishwoman is fatally injured when a Russian's automobile strikes the pony carriage in which she was riding with her little daughter. The Russian hurries away in his car. The doctor and Giles Tredman, an Indian army officer, on his way home to England, take the woman and child to an hotel. The dying woman commits her child to the care of Giles. She tells him that the Russian had killed her soul as well as her body, and that a jewel in an ivory box, which she shows him, is the only clue to the mystery. Giles looks at the jewel and her papers but finds nothing about her relatives.

## CHAPTER IV.

"GILES has apparently taken leave of his senses."

"Why?" Mrs. Cardew glanced up from her own voluminous correspondence to look across at her daughter, who had just flung down a newly-received letter with the above remark.

"He writes me a long rigmarole from Aix les Bains, explaining why he didn't reach England at the end of last week, as he meant to do. And the explanation—" Grace Cardew paused, picked up the letter from her lap, and laughed a short laugh of scorn and disgust.

"Well, Grace, but what is the explanation? And why do you say Giles has taken leave of his senses. Surely he does not wish to break off your engagement?" A note of acute uneasiness suddenly shot into her voice.

"No, of course not." Grace's accents were more irritable than before. "You always jump to such extraordinary conclusions, my dear mother. If anybody breaks off the engagement, it is much more likely that I shall do it than that Giles will."

"What do you mean?"

"I always knew Giles was a sort of absurd Don Quixote, who would tilt at a windmill at a moment's notice, but goodness, I would rather he tilted at every windmill in Holland, than that he should contemplate the absurdity he seems to be contemplating."

"If you would tell me what the absurdity is, I should be a better judge of the whole thing," Mrs. Cardew said, drily. "When is he to arrive in England?"

"Oh, on Thursday. Poor Giles comes on Thursday, bringing with him—prepare for a shock—a little girl of ten, whose mother was killed at Aix."

"Bringing what?" Mrs. Cardew's voice rose to a little scream.

"You see I didn't exaggerate Giles' folly," Grace said, sharply. "Giles writes a long story about a Mrs. Burnett who seems to have been killed in a motor accident, though what it all has to do with Giles I can't imagine. He wasn't in the car. He was in no way responsible for the woman's death, but he must needs take upon himself to look after this Mrs. Burnett's affairs, and he talks as if he meant to take permanent charge of her child."

"Permanent charge?" Mrs. Cardew sat up and gasped.

"I wish you wouldn't go on repeating my words," Grace exclaimed, crossly. "Yes—permanent charge."

"My dear Grace!"

"Yes. He evidently fancies I shall jump for joy at the idea of having a child of ten to bring up. He speaks of this little girl—this Sylvia—having her home with us, and talks of my 'mothering' her. Oh! he is simply off his head," and Grace left her chair to pace up and down the drawing-room in Cromwell Road, pausing every now and then to inveigh against her fiancé and his absurdity.

Grace Cardew was an acknowledged beauty, and as the only child of a widowed mother, a spoilt one also, and for some minutes Mrs. Cardew listened rather helplessly to her daughter's indignant utterances. Then she said slowly—

"You are worrying yourself quite unnecessarily, Grace. Giles is so devoted to you, and so sure that all you say or think is right, that he is not in the least likely to do anything against your wishes. When he arrives you can show him the folly of his quixotic ideas, and—"

"I am not so sure that Giles will be so amenable as you fancy. He can be simply pigheadedness

itself when he takes it into his head that a thing is right."

"You are not getting tired of him, are you, Grace?" Mrs. Cardew looked keenly at her daughter, and asked the question with an almost coarse disregard of reticence, which a girl of another fibre might well have resented. Not so Grace. She only laughed, and twisted herself a little more round to get a better view of her own image in the glass.

"I should very soon get tired of living up to his level," she answered, lightly, "but fortunately, I have no intention of trying to do it. Giles must come down to mine, or else—" She shrugged her shoulders, adding, "ah, well, husbands and wives nowadays don't have to go each other's way. They can each go their own."

"When does Giles arrive?"

"On Friday or Saturday. His movements depend on this wretched child. He has found a French nurse to travel as far as Calais with them, and he talks of stopping a day or two in Paris, that Sylvia may rest. Then, he suggests finding an English lady, a governess, to take charge of the wretched little monkey until he and I are established at Manderby Court, and I, if you please—I—can have her there with me."

"Well, my dear, he will make a very good husband," Mrs. Cardew put in, a note of anxiety in her voice, for when Grace worked herself into what her mother called "one of her takings," no one could ever foresee what the result would be, and the last result for which Mrs. Cardew wished was the breaking off of her daughter's engagement to Giles Tredman. Life for the last fourteen years (since her husband died and left her to face the world and bring up their only child as best she might, on means of a very limited description) had been far from a bed of roses to Grace's mother; the struggle to make ends meet, to keep up appearances—to live as the rest of their world lived, without showing how such living pinched them, had drawn many wrinkles on her face, and given to her eyes a permanently careworn expression. And only she herself fully knew what an intense relief it would be to see Grace safely married to a man who could take them both far out of reach of all poverty and discomfort.

"I don't doubt that Giles will make a good husband," Grace threw herself into the armchair again, and surveyed her own daintily-shod feet with a smile, "if anything, he will make much too good a husband. He will be jealous and tiresome if any other man pays me attention; he will expect me to play Lady Bountiful to a lot of detestable village people; I shall have to settle down into the humdrum existence of a country squire's wife, instead of—"

"Instead of—what?" Mrs. Cardew turned fully round upon her chair by her bureau and looked at her daughter with a searching glance, in which there was all at once a significant question.

"Oh!—instead of—the sort of life I would like."

GRACE spoke with a sudden embarrassment, and stirred a little uneasily under the look in her mother's eyes. "I have always hankered after a—a cosmopolitan existence—London, Paris, Monte Carlo—lots of fun and—and—oh! I don't know—good times all round," she ended rather lamely, a faint colour creeping into her cheeks, whilst her mother still looked at her with curious fixedness.

"Since when have you developed this taste for the cosmopolitan?" Mrs. Cardew's tones were dry. "Since you met that foreign man at the Digbys? Surely you are not silly enough to think—"

"To think what?" Grace was on her feet again, confronting her mother with angry eyes. "I know that 'foreign man,' as you call him, was extremely pleasant, and interested me more than most of the well-groomed, empty-headed men I meet every night manage to interest me. I don't think anything more about him, excepting that he was rather good-looking," she ended, with assumed carelessness, and a glib disregard for truth which failed to deceive her mother.

"Giles may be what you call too good and too

dull, and all the other things you have been calling him this evening, but at any rate we know all about him. And this foreign man—why—you know nothing about him excepting his name. He may be, he probably is, simply an adventurer."

"He goes to very good houses for an adventurer," Grace said, scathingly, "and—"

"And though you may call him good-looking," Mrs. Cardew continued, not heeding her daughter's interruption, "his face is as hard as any face could be, and his eyes—they make me shiver when they look at me. They are like—like steel swords—steel swords," was her lame conclusion. Grace laughed.

"His eyes give me no out-of-the-way sensation, and don't agitate yourself about him, my dear mother. I find him a pleasant contrast to the everlasting flocks of sheep to which all Englishmen belong. That is all. I intend to marry Giles, unless we fall out hopelessly over one of his quixotic fads. Meanwhile—"

"Mr. Muller!" The parlourmaid's smooth voice broke into Grace's discourse, and her complete anglicising of the visitor's name made both mother and daughter fail to imagine who the late arrival could be. But at sight of the tall form that a moment later blocked the doorway, Grace and her mother exchanged a quick glance, and Mrs. Cardew shivered a little. It seemed to her that the stranger's entrance, just at the precise moment when they had been discussing his personality, held in it something fateful, ominous, and when her eyes met his, as he bowed courteously and took her proffered hand, she shivered again.

"I DARED to come, even at this unseemly hour,"

the visitor was saying, his eyes glanced at the clock, whose hands pointed to six, "because I have just been given a box for the Marsyas Theatre to-night and I wondered whether I could induce you and Miss Cardew to come to my box with me, dining first at the Carlton?"

Mrs. Cardew tried not to gasp. Outwardly, she was placid and smiling, whilst inwardly she wondered from whom she could possibly obtain any reliable information about this foreigner with the remarkably good English accent, who was showing such respectful but marked admiration for her beautiful daughter.

"How very kind of you to have thought of us," she said, her words showing no sign of the tumult within her, "most fortunately we are not engaged to-night, and my daughter and I have been wishing to see the new play at the Marsyas. It is a most kind thought of yours."

No one knew better than Mrs. Cardew how to say thank you, gracefully, and despite all her warnings to her daughter against adventurers, she was fully aware that it would be impolitic to show anything but courtesy to a foreigner who was a friend of the Digbys. The Digbys' house was a centre of cosmopolitanism in London, and if occasionally one met there the most strange and weird of beings, a very large proportion of all that was best in European circles also drifted into Mrs. Digby's drawing-room in Portman Square.

"We shall be a *partie carree*," Mr. Muller went on, in his musical voice. "I have ventured to ask a compatriot of mine, Mr. Schmidt, to be the fourth. He is a diplomatist of some standing; he knows your charming country well, and speaks its language fluently."

"Not more fluently than you do, surely?" Mrs. Cardew said with a smile, "I only wish I could speak your German tongue a quarter—a millionth part as well."

"My—German—tongue," a gleam of—what was it—amusement, irony, or both, flashed into the blue, keen eyes, "is not easy for a foreigner to speak. But I"—again came a little hesitation—"I am—what you call—cosmopolitan. Almost every European language is equally easy to me. I am at home in them all, as I am at home in every country in Europe."

"You are a diplomat, too?" Grace's words were a question, and the stranger bent his head, whilst that flash of something shot again into his eyes.

"Yes, a diplomat," he answered, "a fascinating profession, mademoiselle. The pitting of wits against wits—the playing of card against card; the continual strife that is always strife, however amicable. All these are like a game of the most fascinating kind. And modern diplomacy"—he paused, looked from one lady to the other, and said deprecatingly, "but I am talking far too much about my own affairs."

"No, no, go on, please go on," Grace spoke quickly, her face had flushed, her eyes were shining; she looked very lovely, leaning forward a little, her lips half parted in her eagerness.

(Continued on page 25.)

# Personalities and Problems

9---Hon. William John Hanna, K.C.

*Who Has More or Less Definite Reasons for Remaining in Public Life*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE politician who has never gone on a coon-hunt may be a good Canadian; but he has missed something. I remember one recent member of the Ontario Legislature who only ten or twelve years ago went for a coon-hunt in one of his back fields of corn right next to a patch of bush on the rear concession. That was Letson Pardo, then member for West Kent.

There may be in the present Legislature more than one other member that recollects how at the end of a day's work slashing down ten-foot corn with the sickle, he was so dog-tired when the chores were done after supper that he swore he wouldn't budge off the place; how the neighbours' lads came across with a yellow coon dog and a sharp axe and a lantern—and he went; how they streaked back the lane and sat on the rail fence hearing the katytids while the coon dog scurried through the wet corn; and when he let a yelp out of him the pack were off through the corn, slamming over the "punkins" and through three kinds of burrs, till wet to the hips they got to the swamp-elm where the old dog had the coon up a tree—when the real business of the evening began. Maybe the coon wasn't up that elm; but the elm had to come down anyhow. Maybe if he was, he quietly sneaked off to a white oak when the elm started to fall. And if he stuck to it till it was down, he hit up a fresh trail to another tree further in the woods; and that kind of thing might go on till two in the morning before the coon was slung over somebody's shoulders by a thong of bass-wood bark. But any fellow in the gang that wanted to quit the trail and hike up to the hay-mow because he was weary—well he never heard the last of it for years to come.

Which is thus at length described because first of all W. J. Hanna will recognize in the picture a familiar scene from his youth in the county of Lambton; also because going on a coon-hunt and going into politics are a good deal alike when you come to trace them up—as may be noted from a few of the things Mr. Hanna had to say about politics the other morning.

Just for identification, it will be remembered that the Provincial Secretary for Ontario is the man who a few weeks ago declined several times to be chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission at \$15,000 a year. He is the man whom even his enemies, if he has any, regard as perhaps the most effective and useful member of the Ontario Cabinet where he has been since 1905; who besides being indispensable to Sir James Whitney, has to his credit two notable reforms in this Province—the new rural Ontario police and the Central Prison Farm at Guelph.

W. J. HANNA got his big shoulders and thick chest on a Lambton farm, near Lake St. Clair where the hub of the world is Detroit, where the swamp-elms used to go across the border to the cooper-shops of the United States, and from where hundreds of young bushwhackers piked out to the lumber woods of Michigan. Hanna remembers those days. He remembers when the superintendent of the dining-car service on the Grand Trunk bought eggs in Chatham, Ont., at four cents a dozen. That was in the '70's when he was a young gaffer lazily husking corn in his father's fields, anywhere from twenty to twenty-one bushels of yellow Flint in a day with a bone husking peg, tying up the fodder with basswood bark.

These homely details are recalled because they were the economic beginnings of W. J. Hanna before he knew anything about politics beyond making a hero of John A. Macdonald. They are the prelude to what in many cases might have been the story of a millionaire.

But W. J. Hanna is in no need of borrowing money to pay his life insurance. From his own admission—he hoped he would have been better off if he had spent the last nine years at private law instead of in a legislature. But before he got into the Ontario government he had some years in which to get off to a good start. Sarnia used to be considered rather a dull town, sort of a second fiddle to Port Huron. But Sarnia happens to be the port through which some of the oil goes out that comes from the oil-wells of Petrolea. And as a good share of the capital in those wells has its headquarters in the United States—oh, well, this

has nothing to do with the case. Mr. Hanna is a lawyer. He may not consider himself a rich man. But he likes to look back on his homely beginnings in Lambton Co.; and he has learned to hear yarns about the remarkable achievements of other men with a sense of humour—as becomes a plain servant of the people.

Up in his four-square office as big as a barn, with cool, lazy palms on the floor and portraits of political celebrities on the walls, he was sitting at his flat desk twiddling rather drowsily with a red



"Tell me—how many men in politics lack the necessary courage to get out of it?"

and blue badge—probably the one he wore at Herb. Lennox's picnic. He seemed to have half an hour to himself; at any rate the secretary brought in only three announcements of callers in that time. And he was in the mood when a man would as lief talk about the good old farm as discuss politics. Most of the other ministers were away fishing. Sir Galahad in shirtsleeves was not making an uproar as he sometimes does. The buildings were serenely quiet. And the Provincial Secretary was settled down into a huge thick lump in his chair, from which he blinked through his spectacles in a good-humoured sort of way—and did not smoke.

They don't allow smoking in Queen's Park. Which was the reason why, having just lighted a fairly decent cigar before I got there, I did as the old rural school-teacher used to do with his pipe when on his way to school—he stuck it in a fence-corner till school was out. I knew W. J. Hanna had once been a school teacher. So I lodged the cigar in the crotch of a lilac bush down near the Macdonald monument and left it in hiding there

to be called for when the interview was over.

Why a man stays in politics—was the main part of the subject.

But it had a prelude: Why does a man leave the farm?

In Hanna's case there is a story to this. When he got out of the Sarnia Collegiate at the age of seventeen, he went school-teaching. The school was three miles and a half from his father's farm; which is a remarkable tribute to the reputation enjoyed by young Hanna. Once in a blue moon a farmer's son succeeded in landing a school anywhere round home. One almost suspects that he had an uncle on the trustee board; or perhaps the trustee saw in this thick-set, somewhat pugnacious-looking youth the promise of a large public career. They may have been looking forward to the days when they could look back and say,

"Oh, we knowed young Hanna had it in 'im to be offered a fifteen-thousand-dollar job and turn 'er down. By gum! didn't he teach our school three years, very first school he had? Kep'm in order, too, and brung 'm along like sixty—he did!"

But of course the young pedagogue never heard any of these smooth things when he began teaching other young Lambtonians how to succeed in life. He boarded at home and tramped the three miles and a half to school every day, carrying his dinner in a basket. Very likely he tended fires and swept; and went visiting all the folks as regularly as the preacher, very often staying over-night, sleeping with the hired man. Being a good Methodist he would be sure to attend all the means of grace; teaching in Sunday-school, going to prayer-meeting—perhaps singing in the choir. Anyway he was popular enough to get the school the second year; and then again the third; and it's likely that if his third-class certificate hadn't run out he would have got it three years more.

BUT he decided he had enough of school-teaching. By the end of his third year he had close on to a thousand dollars saved up. Is there in all the annals of Canadian public men another case of a youth who in three years could get together nearly a thousand dollars from school-teaching? I don't know what salary he got; but it must have been four hundred a year, probably raised to four hundred and fifty.

"No," he admitted, "I didn't spend much in riotous living. I rather think I must have been a pretty close young coon to have hung on to so much of my salary. But when I got it—" He lunged up and took a grab at the desk as though he would rip off the top. "I had a heavy temptation!"

"On—oil wells, perhaps?"

"No," he said. "If I could have got another thousand anywhere—I think I'd have bought a farm."

Here again he showed originality. I guess his father didn't work the boots off him at home; and it must have been a shade more of a genteel business farming in Lambton than it used to be down in the hardwood bush of Kent. The land was good; fit to raise almost anything in reason. But the young teacher couldn't raise the extra thousand; so he spent the nine hundred in going to law school.

"I was glad afterwards I didn't," he said as he recalled the slump that took place in farm lands after the completion of the C.P.R. "Yes, a lot of the farmers' sons went out west when the C. P. R. was finished. We had the spectacle of valuable land declining in value just because there weren't men enough left to keep the value up. I saw a farm that in 1883 was worth \$7,500, slump in three or four years to \$5,000. I saw where my little \$2,000 would have gone into a very large hole."

"And now, I dare say there are farmers around Sarnia—?"

He took another savage yank at the desk.

"Let me tell you—there's one farm along the lake up yonder, that the owner wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars for to-day."

"Uh—has it got a gold-mine?"

"Well, I was as sceptical as you are till I saw it—but if I owned that paradise of fruit I wouldn't take \$100,000 for it either."

What sentiments of envy the Secretary felt he

very carefully concealed. Ten years from now, to hear him talk, it would be no surprise to find him owning and operating a farm in western Ontario.

Meanwhile he stays in public life.

"Why do you do it?" I asked him.

He twirled the red and blue badge again.

"Well if you can tell me what makes a man get into this kind of life," he said sleepily, "I'll tell you why he stays in."

**W**HY didn't the Secretary shoot up and with fine enthusiasm declaim his love for his country and its gods? No, he sat as far down in his chair as he could to be comfortable at all and talked about politics like a man in his sleep.

"Tell me," he repeated, with a weirdish glimmer in his glasses, "how many men in politics lack the necessary courage to get out of it?"

"Well I wasn't aware that public men had any particular scruples as to that."

"Well they—have!" he said with a sort of crawfish manner of conviction.

"Tell me about it. This is interesting."

"Yes, I'll tell you that the reason why a man goes into politics has just about all to do with the reason why he lacks the courage to get out of politics when the time comes that he feels like it."

Here we were on the very principle of the coon-hunt; and I began to observe interesting analogies. After all isn't political life much of an expanded coon-hunt? I didn't say so to Hanna. But he gave me that impression—except that for one thing the man who stays in politics, merely because he lacks courage to leave it, doesn't probably hit the cow-path up the lane with anything slung over his back.

"Now first of all a young man gets in. Why? Well—ambition, I dare say. Ideals—yes. Desire to be of some service to his country and his fellow-man. Yes. Some sort of hankering to follow in the footsteps of other great men—"

He chuckled like a moonlight loon.

But there was no cynicism about his mirth. Hanna is no pessimist. He's one of the biggest lumps of sheer optimism alive; only you must give him a chance to loll a bit if he wants to; because that's the way he is able to let himself out once in a while—with a pounce on some idea like a wild-cat out of a scrub elm.

"Yes," twiddling the badge the other way on, almost with a yawn, "but all this innate desire won't get a man into Parliament—of itself. If he's the right calibre of a man and has enough respect for the real game of politics, he'll have a good healthy opposition. He'll have to organize. He'll need men; friends as well as foes; fellows who are willing to take off their coats and stay out of bed and go hub-deep in mud over the roads to get him in—"

The clerk came in with a card.

"Hmm! Tell him not to go away."

Hanna squirmed up to the level of a day's work at the desk.

"Well he gets in. He owes a big debt to his friends—for putting him into a place where he is permitted to sacrifice himself for their good; at least to some extent. After a while he gets weary of the game. He sees other men, some of them his own friends, making ten dollars to his one. He sees about him men who are so confoundedly busy they have no time to go into politics. Or he may see some big chance looming up whereby if he weren't tied to politics he could cut loose and do something.

"Does he—do it? He may. The chances are that when he thinks it all over and remembers the men that sacrificed something for him in the days when he needed it, he doesn't feel like saying, 'Oh, you fellows came in handy enough when I needed you. I don't need you now. The country needs me I dare say; but there's always somebody else.' No, he cons it all over and very likely he hangs on—oh, till he gets kicked out, perhaps."

He chuckled again.

"Yes, but tell me—what are the rewards of political life, Mr. Hanna?"

"The wha—at?"

"I don't mean tangible rewards."

"You tell me. I guess you know as much about it as I do—what a man really gets out of this game."

"Very likely it depends on the man. What's worth while for one man isn't for another."

"Hmh—hmh." He gave the badge a flip.

I began to figure out just about what it might mean to a man like Hanna to stay in politics; when by his own admission he saves little or nothing out of his salary, isn't his own boss, has to depend on public opinion whether he is kicked out or not, may have to eat a little sand once in a while when he doesn't intimately agree with all his Government does but doesn't probably jump into print and say so. And I'm bound to say that considering the

sort of man Hanna is and the way he talked about public life, it seemed evident first of all that he rather likes the game of politics, and probably gets a better chance to express himself that way than he would in any other business. Besides—he doesn't exactly need the money. He knows his strength in the Whitney cabinet; and he knows that the people know it. His refusal of the chairmanship has boosted his stock if anything. He has his own peculiar hobby in the prison farm where the derelicts think he's a sort of king—and to those fellows he very much is. He has the satisfaction of seeing a band of his own stripe in power at Ottawa. And there's always—ambition.

"Taking the House as you find it now," I said. "Do you think it contains many men who sacrifice themselves for the country?"

"Yes! Of course it does. If I didn't think so—"

He meant to say that he would very probably chuck it. Hanna believes in the principle of public service.

"After all government is business," he said. "It must be carried on by business men in a business way."

"Yes, but a good many of our leading business men say that government is not business—not enough at least for them to take any hand in it."

He looked at me in a sort of owlish way.

"You mean, they don't think they can afford it," he said. "Well just as long as big business men are too busy to go into politics, I guess they can't. And if they confine themselves to talking about the decadence of government I suppose what they regard as decadence will continue to go on. It's easy to talk."

"But do you think there is a lack of strong men in government? Take our present Dominion Cabinet—"

He cautiously gave me to understand that from his knowledge of these men he was both surprised and gratified at the way some of them had taken hold of their portfolios.

(Concluded on page 23.)

## THROUGH A MONOCLE

### OUR MINISTERS IN PARIS.

**O**UR Canadian Ministers broke in on the busy round of dinners, "crushes" and consultations in London, to run over to Paris. And that is where they showed their good sense. London for work, if you like—London for shopping—London for putting things "in hock" at your "uncle's"—but Paris for the joy of life. They took a "week-end" for it, too, I notice. They possibly felt that they could get along without another of those "week-end" visits which are so delightful to the idler; but which must be a bit trying to the great Colonial representatives who are being officially entertained as such. Of course, they could get repose on the Sabbath in London—quite up to the Toronto standard; but English hospitality does not seem to have left them "alone in London" over the Lord's Day. Certainly the Bordens have been accounted for every "week-end"; and far be it from me to intimate that the other Ministers—if left in London—found it dull and thought longingly of Paris.

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**I** NOTICE that the cable correspondent was very careful of the reputation of the Canadian Ministers when in Paris on Sunday. He tells us that they spent the day "quietly" at Versailles, looking at the works of art and strolling sedately through the petrified historic scenes. He neglected to mention, however, that a good part of Paris spent the day in the same place, as is the fashion of the gay Capital; so that, if our noble representatives were "quiet," they must have gone up in an aeroplane. However, being in the Paris district on Sunday, they would be as "quiet" at Versailles as anywhere. On Monday and Tuesday, they were actively entertained by the President of France at the Palace of the Elysee, and, in company with the Prime Minister and an ex-Foreign Minister, in one of the famous restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne. The restaurants of the Bois are various in style and character—you find them mentioned in connection with grave political events, and you find them forming the background of the friskiest scenes in that sort of "French novel" which you must not read.

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**I** MAKE no doubt, however, that our Ministers took occasion to enjoy a rest in bright and happy Paris from the rather drab and severe surroundings which have environed them in masterful London. It is not only his pleasures that an Englishman takes sadly. He does business with a maximum of gravity; and he especially carries on dignified and official negotiations with a close and religious attention to convention and "form" which all Colonials find somewhat irksome. London is the mercantile and financial centre of the world, though Paris is a good financial second. No one can detract from the importance and weight of London. But even the most favourable visitor must confess that it lacks that spirit of gayety and a sunny outlook on life which characterizes Paris. You get the impression that there is no poverty in Paris because you never find anything so dismal as a London "slum." Still there is poverty—all too much of it—but its victims refuse to be borne down by its weight.

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**T**O the aesthetic eye, Paris is a great rest after London. They deliberately try to be beautiful in Paris; and it sometimes seems almost as if they

deliberately tried to be ugly in London. You take the average brick streets of the West End—not a "slum," you will notice, but the homes of the middle class. If there is anything more depressing than to walk or drive down them, one after the other, I do not want to experience it. The dull, dirty, smoked brick fronts, without an effort to relieve the monotony, look their best in a thick fog. Take in turn almost any set of streets in Paris. The buildings are much taller; they are all built under a civic architect to bear a proper relation to each other; they are decorated with rows of light iron balconies, onto which graceful "French windows" give. The whole street front—as far as the eye can reach—looks like one vast palace facade, though you may know that it is but a row of tiny apartments with dressmakers' establishments on the upper floors and small shops on the street level. When you come to such a street as the Rivoli, you have an architectural achievement—one of the productions of the Empire.

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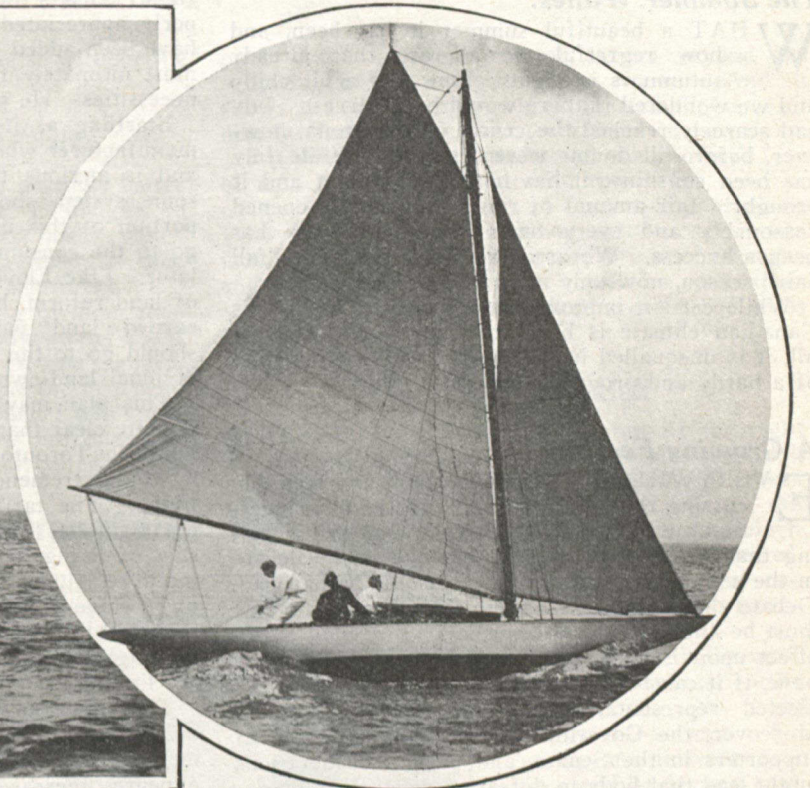
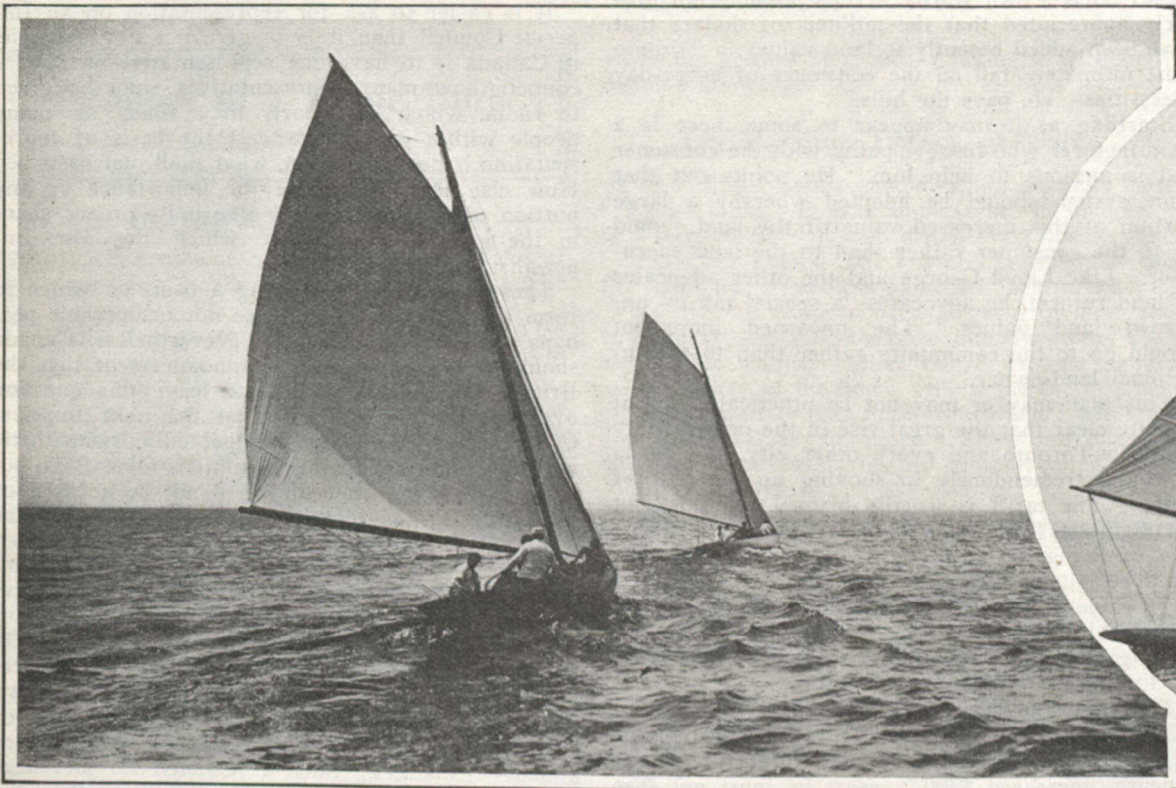
**A**NOTHER difference is the quality of the statuary which they put up in their public places. I defy the most ardent lover of London to say that the effigies of the great of England which have been erected on its squares and streets, are usually works of art. They may be faithful likenesses, but they are not decorative. They are like the Mowat and Macdonald statues in Toronto, and not like the Maisonneuve statue in Montreal. But when you go to Paris, you find the public parks and gardens full of the most charming works of art. They do not merely commemorate a statesman or a soldier there; they take the opportunity to ornament their city. The well-known monument to Gambetta, in the court of the Louvre, is not only inspiring and a faithful representation of the plucky State-builder and moving orator; but it is one of the signal beauties of that beautiful place. So is the statue of Waldeck-Rousseau. A statue to Guy de Maupassant, away out in the Parc Monceaux, is one of the most fitting and fascinating mementoes of such a writer as could well be imagined. And when it comes to pure works of art, left in the open air to constantly educate the eye of the passer-by, Paris is so rich that they say now that she will soon have no more room in which to display her artistic wealth. The gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg are peopled with them.

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**I**N the matter of single buildings, Paris presents a catalogue which cannot be paralleled outside of Italy. You may match one or two of them in other cities; but you cannot match them all. Some of them, too, are matchless. Where else is there a Greek Temple Church like the Madeleine—where a Temple of Pleasure like the Opera House—where a Temple of Art like the Louvre—where a Temple of the Deak like the Invalides? Where is there another Arch of Triumph like that which crowns the height at the end of the Champs Elysees? Even the Temple of Chance—the Bourse—has nothing to equal it in Europe. But I cannot pretend to exhaust the list of the "first prizes" of Paris. I am only sorry that our Ministers had so little time in which to enjoy them, and in which to become inspired with a noble design to try in our Canadian cities the Parisian system of keeping BEAUTY in view whenever we spend public money on useful buildings or commemorative monuments.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

# An International Yacht Race on Lake Ontario



The "George Cup" Remains in Toronto. It was Successfully Defended by the Nirwana, R. C. Y. C., Against the Challenger "Watertown" of Watertown, N. Y. The Score was 4 to 2, but the Nirwana Won Two Straight Heats.

The Nirwana Owned by E. D. Gooderham and Skipped by E. K. M. Wedd. She is Thirty Feet Over All.

## Montreal and King Edward



Design by Mr. Philippe Hebert, Accepted Last Week, of a Memorial Statue of the Late King to Be Erected in the Heart of Montreal's Business Section. In the Calm Majesty of the Central Figure the Sculptor Represents Edward, the Ruler of Vast Dominions. At the Base, in Front, is Peace, Suggestive of King Edward's Activity for Better International Relations. Other Figures Are Arranged to Tell of the Opportunities of the British People.

## The Queen's Smile



The Persistent Photographer is Sometimes Lucky. Here is a Picture Taken a Few Days Ago When the Royal Party Visited Earl's Court, London's Chief Amusement Feature, Where the Glories of Old England Are Reproduced. The Charm of it Lies in the Queen's Smile, and She is More Often Serious. The Man in the Stocks is Smiling. Apparently Her Majesty and This Lowly Employee Have Had a Joke Which He Will not Soon Forget.

# REFLECTIONS: BY THE EDITOR

## The Summer Wanes.

WHAT a beautiful summer it has been, and how regretful we all are that already autumn is in sight. June was a bit chilly and we wondered if there would be a harvest. July had scarcely reached the centre of the arena, however, before all doubts were dispelled. While July has been sunshiny, it has not been too hot and it brought a fair amount of rain. August has opened reasonably and every one's summer holiday has been a success. We are all prepared for the "fall fair" season, now only a fortnight away.

While certain improvements might be made, this Canadian climate is hard to beat. Take it all in all, it is unequalled in the world for the production of a hardy and progressive race.

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## A Growing Feeling.

EVERYWHERE just now you will find men discussing the problem of taking the navy question out of politics. There is a growing feeling that it would be a great mistake if the debate in the next session of parliament should be partisan. Debate there must be, as the Government's policy must be announced and discussed. But what moral effect upon Europe will Canada's new naval policy have, if it can be shown that nearly one-half of our elected representatives do not approve of it? Moreover, the Government has not a majority of supporters in the Senate, and party considerations might lead that body to defeat or delay the Government proposals. Purely financial bills, they cannot delay; but this is not wholly a financial question.

Every citizen interested should use his influence towards bringing the two parties together on a national naval policy. There are plenty of other questions to divide the parties. The naval policy is imperial and international, and hence should not be the football of party conflict. Besides, there has been quite enough discussion. It is about time that this country stopped looking as if its compass had got out of order.

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## Missionaries for Canada.

WHAT a magnificent spectacle—England is raising money to supply Western Canada with churches and ministers. While the Canadian churches are sending money abroad to aid the heathen of Japan, China and India, Britain is trying to supply funds for missionary work in Western Canada. It is enough to make a Canadian ashamed.

Again and again it has been pointed out on this page that Canada should abandon her foreign missionary work and devote all her contributions and missionaries to the tremendous task of educating and Christianizing the foreign citizens of our newer districts. The demands for new churches and more preachers is tremendous, and the Canadian churches are not meeting it. The Western people are forced to look to Great Britain for aid in both men and money.

What does the Laymen's Missionary Movement intend to do about it? Or has that movement passed into the limbo of forgotten things? If the laymen have forgotten their new enthusiasms, let the missionary departments of the various Protestant churches get together and unite upon a programme which will meet the occasion. The Roman Catholic Church is doing its duty. Both the Canadian and United States prelates are sending money and men to Western Canada and are looking after their people with their usual foresight. It is the Protestants who refuse to see the duty which lies closest to their hand.

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## Land Values and Cost of Living.

WHAT effect has the tremendous increase in land values on the cost of living? This is a question raised by Mr. G. Frank Beer, in his recent address as retiring chairman of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He thinks the two questions are intimately related.

He takes the case of a factory-site, once worth \$10,000, which has risen to \$60,000. The landowner gets a profit of \$50,000. The manufacturer pays the \$50,000 and thus adds \$3,000 a year to his over-head expenses. Now this sum is rent and a first tax on the product, therefore it must come out of the wage-earner or the consumer. The manufacturer must either pay less to his help or charge more for his product. In short, the burden falls upon the consumer, and the cost of living goes up.

In Mr. Beer's own words: "It is possibly not properly appreciated that the millions of dollars that have been added recently to land values in Toronto must ultimately fall on the consumer of every-day necessities. He pays the bills."

Startling as it may appear to some, here is a manufacturer who has sympathy with the consumer and is anxious to help him. He points out that some system should be adopted whereby a large portion of this increased value of the land should go to the consumer rather than to the land speculator. Like Lloyd George and the other advocates of land reform, he advocates "a special tax on unearned land values. The unearned increment should go to the community rather than to the individual land-owner."

This plan may or may not be practicable, but it is quite clear that the great rise in the price of city lands in Toronto and every other city in Canada is aiding tremendously in shoving up the cost of living. The tariff is usually blamed for this, but the tariff has little if anything to do with it. The cost of living has gone up 37 per cent., while the tariff remained stationary. Because land has gone up in value, the grocer and butcher must pay higher rents, and because they pay higher rents they must get higher prices. So it goes all the way along the line from manufacturer to retailer.

The only immediate remedy is for every man to own a bit of land and share in the general increment of land values. If a man finds his family expenses increased \$300 a year, he must get that \$300 out of the increase in land values. I cannot see any other remedy. If the community collected it in taxes, there is no certainty that the consumer would get it any more than when the land-speculator gets it. It might reduce city taxes, but that will be but a slight benefit unless the citizen is a landowner.

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## Western Wheat Crop.

GIVEN favourable conditions for a few weeks, Western Canada will harvest about two hundred million bushels of wheat. Some enthusiasts predict two hundred and fifty million bushels, but the other figure is more nearly correct. There are not enough men and harvesting machinery in the West to handle a quarter of a billion bushels of wheat, in addition to the other grains now waiting to be harvested. If the West cuts, threshes and markets two hundred millions, it will be exceedingly lucky.

The problem of getting men to harvest, thresh and transport this growing wheat crop is a more acute problem than at any time in the history of the West. Labour is scarce everywhere in Canada, and especially scarce in the West. Of course, the Eastern harvest will be over early and a few thousand men released in time to take in the Western "harvest excursions." But the East is holding fast to what labour it has, and this year's migration will be insufficient.

This annual sacrifice to the West—for many of these men do not come back—has put the East in a serious position. In Huron County, for example, the farmer with a hundred acres of land can only cultivate about twenty-five of it, because the "boys" have all gone West. The population has declined thirty per cent. Rural Ontario is in a bad way largely because it has given the West freely of its brawn and sinew. Even the employers of labour in the towns are feeling the pinch. Industrial establishments are growing fast and workmen are not too plentiful.

The West, like the East, is feeling growing pains intensely. Production is out-running labour and the means of transportation. There is more work than men; and more traffic than trains. There are signs of a freight congestion at points in the East as well as in the West. Toronto is threatened with a coal famine, because the railways are not able to handle the tremendous quantities required in that city. Canada needs railway facilities more than it needs almost anything else. If the people were asked to choose between Dreadnoughts and locomotives, I think they would vote for the latter by a huge majority.

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## An Imperial Council.

MR. BORDEN is likely to meet with many difficulties before he secures Canadian representation on an Imperial Council. The British authorities will share in these difficulties. It will not be possible to give Canada representation without first formulating some scheme whereby all

other portions of the Empire can be given similar representation when they take an equal part in the burden of Empire. The creation of such a body is therefore not an easy task nor one to be undertaken without due consideration.

It is easier to ask for representation on an Imperial Council than it is to give it. For example, if Canada is to have one representative on such a council, how many representatives shall be given to India, which has nearly fifty times as many people within its borders? If the basis of representation is not population, what shall that basis be? How else shall we gauge the importance of any portion of the Empire and give it its proper share in the general government which the ultra-Imperialists are advocating?

These difficulties in finding a basis on which to form an Imperial Council are not insuperable perhaps. Few difficulties are. Nevertheless, Canada should be prepared for the announcement that the British Government desires to leave this question over for further discussion at the next Imperial Conference. They are undoubtedly sympathetic with the ambitions of the Dominions Over-Seas, but it is to be hoped that they will not be accused of opposition to the idea simply because they desire further time to consider the innovation.

Already there are precedents. There is an Imperial General Staff which is now supposed to direct the military affairs and co-ordinate the military forces of the different portions of the Empire. On this staff the leading Over-Seas Dominions are represented. While its work is purely advisory it may, nevertheless, be considered a possible forerunner of a larger council which shall advise on both military and naval matters. Such a "Council for Defence" with purely advisory powers is quite within the region of possibility, but it is doubtful if this would satisfy the Canadian Ministry. It certainly would not satisfy those who look forward to an Imperial Parliament and an Imperial Ministry. However, we are more likely to have a "Council for Defence" for many years before we have even an Imperial Ministry.

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## Municipal Ownership.

THERE are two classes of people who favour municipal ownership. One class would have all public utilities within the municipality owned by the public without reference to existing franchises, private rights, or economic advisability. The other class are in favour of municipal ownership theoretically, but are careful to advocate municipal ownership only where there will be no invasion of private rights and where the public will be benefited by taking these utilities out of the hands of private corporations. The CANADIAN COURIER is in the second class.

A few days ago there appeared in the Calgary Standard an announcement to the effect that "The CANADIAN COURIER boldly announces that civic ownership does not pay." This is both untrue and unfair. We are not opposed to civic ownership. We hope, however, that we have sufficient judgment to decide for ourselves when civic ownership in any particular city is a success or not. Civic ownership in Calgary may be a success and probably is, but that does not prove that civic ownership would be a success in every other Canadian city. Much depends upon local conditions, upon the form of civic administration and upon the civic spirit of the people.

We speak of one city as being well governed and we speak of another city as being badly governed. That does not mean that we are opposed to a city having a municipal government. It merely indicates that municipal governments differ in quality according to the class of men who play the leading parts. We speak of good governments and bad governments; but nevertheless we all believe in the value and necessity of governments. Otherwise we would be anarchists. In the same way it is surely possible and permissible to speak of successful municipal ownership and unsuccessful municipal ownership.

Again, Toronto has one of the best police forces in the world; New York has one which is not quite so perfect if one is to judge from recent revelations. Because Toronto has a good police force it does not follow that the police force of every other city is good. If New York's police force is not good it does not follow that every other police force is bad. The efficiency of a city police force depends largely upon its system of government. In cities where it is subject to political or aldermanic influence it is not as likely to be efficient as in a city like Toronto, where it is directed by an independent commission. It is just these differences in the system of government and in local conditions which largely decide whether or not civic ownership will be a success. Every case must be judged by itself.



# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Homilies of a Home Bird

By LILLIAN VAUX MacKINNON

### On Borrowing and Lending

THESE are some compensations in the lot of an "only" child, however much the public may pity his condition. One of these is the undisputed right of ownership. Such a thing is unknown in a family of many. Loud have been the protests, raised from time immemorial, by the younger members of thrifty households against made down clothes, garments which have seen the light of other days, far away in the childhood of the eldest sister or brother. What "baby" of a family will not eagerly endorse my views when I affirm that it is a burning shame for any mother to invest in material so hopelessly durable that it stolidly refuses to show signs of wear, and submits to being cut over for each succeeding generation so that the hapless youngest can never aspire to appear in really new apparel, but must forever go decked with the left-overs of his elders and forerunners.

But greatly as this condition of affairs is to be lamented, there is another crying evil in family circles which should be even more vigorously denounced. It partakes of the nature of communism. A certain laxity in regard to individual rights, resultant, possibly, on freedom of intercourse, leads to the practical negation of ownership, and the curious result is seen of enforced community of interests and possessions. In common parlance the borrowing habit is an acknowledged nuisance in almost every family.

No one will deny, I think, that we are all apt to be a trifle selfish and perhaps unduly aware of our particular rights. Still, there is such a thing as private property, even within the family circle, and to one who recognizes this, nothing is more exasperating than the disregarding of it on the part of others. To find, on dressing for a concert, that your favourite necktie is dining out with your younger brother, or that your sister has fancied your scarf-pin for her lace waist and is even now sporting it next door, this, I say, is trying to anyone with a sense of personal pride. It is not so much the actual deprivation which concerns you, as the consciousness of being baffled in your creed of private rights and control of personal acquisitions, by one who chooses to ignore it. To be asked six times a day to lend something, is as nothing compared with the shock of finding it gone "unbeknownst" to you.

Away with the so-called "borrower," the snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, the Autolycus of the home! Let brotherly love continue. Let there be a glad sharing of one's possessions, a ready generosity with small personal belongings, but, appreciating the fact of our own property let us give full consideration to that which our brother is pleased to call his own. Let us do without the coveted thing

when the getting of it means taking it without the owner's knowledge.

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### On Passing Things at Table

AS a child I used to avoid sitting near the butter at table. It was unpleasant, I thought, to be interrupted by constant demands to "please pass." Selfish small person that I was, I wanted full time for imbibing, regardless of others' comfort.

We are but children of a larger growth in this. In no way can selfishness so quickly betray itself as in table manners, when one is off one's guard, in the shelter of the home. Show me the man who can never wait to pass the mustard and I will know him forthwith as an egoist. Show me one who anticipates the needs of his brother, offering the

man whose exertions cannot extend beyond the supplying of his own immediate wants. And it shows the day-dreamer whose fancied flights waft him no further than the steam from his own cup.

But your "in honour preferring one another" type of man is he who genially interposes his remarks on the weather with a cup of tea set at your place. Who finds occasion in taking salt to serve you first. Who sees when you are in sore need of sugar and unofficially supplies you. Such an one enjoys a continual feast, whether his be a dinner of herbs or a stalled ox.

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### On the Rising Bell

THE old adage about "getting out of the right side of the bed" has in it, like most absurdities, a germ of truth. It makes every difference to the conduct of the day which side of the bed is selected. In other words, how one is awakened in the morning.

To begin with the most barbarous method—the alarm clock. No more successful scheme for ruining the nervous system could be devised than this excruciatingly persistent *whir-r-r* in the grey dawn. To be suddenly stung into consciousness by a sharp bell and then exasperated for five minutes by its noise, is no guarantee for a sweet disposition throughout the day.

Almost equal in horror to the alarm clock is the rising bell. This offers one grain of solace, however—that the discomfort it causes is widespread. Misery loves company, especially in the morning, when the path of duty leads straight upward. And there is some compensation in knowing that the knell whose echoes are even now reverberating through the hall, has roused many a hot heart besides one's own.

But to be summoned to the day's duties by a rap on the door seems to me particularly offensive. Something so summary lurks within it, even if the tap be gentle, such a brisk "I've been up for hours" tattoo it is, beating in upon the sweet calm of sleep!

And save me from the voice that calls outside the door, "Seven o'clock! Time to rise!"—a triumphant note in every word, satisfaction that at last the sleepy head and soft pillow must part company. If there be anything more

trying to the patience than this, it is to be awakened by means of sundry domestic noises, such as shutting doors, opening windows, vigorous sweeping, everything calculated to make continued slumber comfortless or impossible.

The ideal awakening? Scorn on the idler who asks nothing better than to drift into consciousness naturally, and enjoy the sweet warmth of his bed in a dreamy stupor which refuses to be dispelled! Heaped-up invectives on the gourmand who requires the appearance of a dainty breakfast-tray to lure him back to life's reality, all on a radiant morning! But the twittering of birds in the foliage of the garden—the sweet kiss of a child upon your closed eyes—soft music quickening to martial time—or the resistless, health-given impulse to "do," to which the state of oblivion is always inherently

## Shaking the Cordial Hand of Grandfather Bull



Three Hundred Canadian Teachers Officially Visiting Europe Under the Able Captainship of Mr. Fred J. Ney, Honorary Secretary of the "Hands Across Seas" Movement and Secretary of the Department of Education, Winnipeg.



More Than Young Ideas Can be Taught How to Shoot, it Seems; for Seasoned Ideas at Aldershot Appeared Not Wholly Unwilling to Heed the Remarks of the Merry Canadian School Ma'ams.

bread unasked, and I will say with conviction that such an one is at heart a prince of good fellows, a living illustration of the Golden Rule.

Unless it is to offer the excuse that thoughtlessness rather than selfishness is responsible for this lack of courtesy. A mere quibble! Thoughtlessness means a failure to think of others—that is, others effaced by self. And do not think to excuse my man on the ground that he is busy talking. For again I affirm that talking need not occupy one's eyes, unduly, unless, as I suspect, they are turned inward upon one's own weighty thoughts which are even now being proclaimed.

No, there is scarcely any failing rooted in selfishness which this table discipline does not disclose. It shows the gourmand who can spare not a minute from the contents of his plate. It shows the lazy

opposed? This last choose I, as the ideal process of coming back from dreamland to the facts of life and morning.

**Cool Talk—Affecting the Appetite**

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

“AND now as we linger at luncheon here,  
Over many a dainty dish,  
Let us drink anew to the time when you  
Were a tadpole and I was a fish.”

There are times when even a skeptic would incline to that little amphibian theory of Mr. Langdon Smith—hot times during the grilling month of August. And at such times crisp lunches are a first consideration, provided the cook is human and wishes to produce the right cool thoughts and physical sensations. Herewith are offered, therefore, some suggestions for summer dishes, delectable, simple to make and trivial of cost.

A viand fit for the gods—to say nothing of humans—is composed of ice-crisp, white celery stalks, hollowed out and filled with Roquefort cheese. With the filling there has been intermixed, previously, sufficient chopped parsley and shredded red pepper to produce attractive colour and piquant taste.

Endive, cream cheese, nuts and mayonnaise dressing may be combined in ways both aesthetic and appetizing. The endive stalks may be lengthwise halved and hollowed, then stuffed with cream cheese, either plain or with mayonnaise dressing; the walnut halves to constitute a finish. The relish is best if the dish is served ice-cold.

A summer dish that will strongly appeal consists of small tomatoes hollowed out at the top and then

filled with cucumber cubes and grated hard-boiled egg. Minced celery and nuts will add to the flavour of this dainty—to be served with dressing on individual plates.

Cucumber—proverbially the coolest of salad fruits—is capable of a highly attractive, flower-like arrangement in which halves are laid circularly, in a way to resemble flower-petals, and partially over-spread with a rose dressing, coloured with paprika.

Artichokes—the native sort—can also be depended upon as a pleasing midsummer dish that will make its appeal alike to the eye and to the palate. When the vegetable has been cooked, the outer leaves should be loosened and flatly arranged about the upright centre. A mound of salad dressing should ornament the heart and slices of hard-boiled egg the alternate petals.

Baked potatoes, cut in half lengthwise and scooped, make ideal salad shells—to be decked with parsley. Lobster and celery make an attractive filling. But the form is equally effective with other “fills.”

The great secret of the cook's success in presenting these and similar summer dishes will be to see to it with scrupulous care that as little as possible time elapses between preparation and serving.

**Recent Events**

NOT until something has been christened with his name has a hero achieved his pinnacle. When every Tommy Atkins called his favourite bull-dog “Bobs,” honour went to the British Mars, Lord Roberts. The launching, lately, at Barrow-in-Furness, of Montreal's new floating dock, the work of Messrs. Vickers & Company, complimented, in kind, the Duke of Connaught. The ceremony of christening was performed by Mrs. Hazen, and the dock will bear the Duke's illustrious style.

Ontarionians whose habit it is to get into the way of automobiles are afforded an opportunity of choosing as the destroyer a French, titled and wholly interesting carful. For Sir Alexandre and Lady Lacoste, Miss Berthe Lacoste, the Hon. Louis and Mrs. Beaubien, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Beaubien, and Miss Marguerite Beaubien, are taking in the beauties of Ontario, by motor.

Miss Doherty, of the Canadian Ministerial party in England, will visit, with her father, the sham-rock's verdant soil before she returns to the quite as green Land of the Maple. Paris will also be paid a flying—this time, simply metaphoric—visit.

The Women's Institutes Branch will utilize 3,500 dollars, out of the funds provided in the Federal grant to the provinces to aid agriculture, in the immediate organization of classes for demonstration lectures. Fifteen lectures will constitute the course—comprising the usual domesticity subjects and the institutes will be grouped as is found convenient.

The opening of the Sick Children's Hospital, Winnipeg, was honoured in the attendance of their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Connaught and daughter, the Princess Patricia. The wrought golden key, important to the occasion, was presented by Mrs. Geoffrey Walker, of the Board of Management, and formalities concluded, the distinguished visitors made a tour of the wards, conducted by Miss Ramsay, the Superintendent.

**Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.**



Just as the sun began to rise  
Out started Will and Lill  
To have a picnic breakfast  
Before school, upon the hill.  
And there they met their cousin  
From the city far away,  
Now spending at a farm near by  
His summer holiday.



Far off they saw the little boy  
And waved, as children do,  
“Hi, yi!” cried Will, “Helloa!” called Lill,  
Said Clarence: “How d’ye do?  
Oh, don’t you think that you’ll take cold  
If you sit in the shade?”  
And Lillie answered, “Did you bring  
The bottled lemonade?”



“Oh, dear me, no! I quite forgot,  
Whatever shall we do?”  
But Will said: “There’s a stream close by  
We’ll drink when we are through.”  
And Clarence said: “Oh, no, indeed,  
Why, what would mamma think?  
All water must be filtered well  
Before it’s fit to drink!”



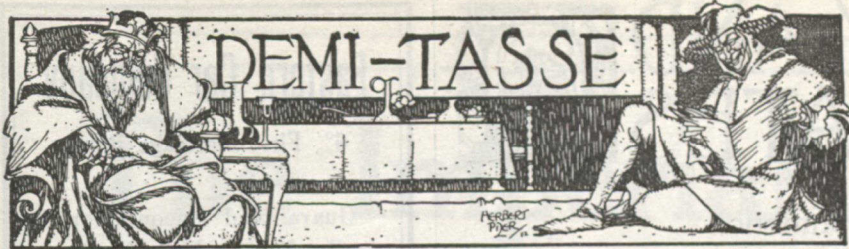
Then Lillie milked a cow near by.  
Said Clarence: “I’m surprised!  
I didn’t think you would drink milk  
That’s not been sterilized!  
But I am thirsty and so tired,  
I thought you’d bring some rugs  
To sit on, for the grass just swarms  
With spiders, ants and grubs!”



But as he went he stubbed his toe  
And fell upon his crown,  
The milk pail fell on top of him  
And so they both rolled down,  
Then splash! He tumbled in the stream,  
His lovely clothes were spoiled,  
And he drank quarts of water  
That wasn’t even boiled!



So Will and Lillie fished him out  
And crying, home he went,  
Then they enjoyed their picnic meal  
In peace and quiet content.  
Bananas, sandwiches and cake,  
So many things they ate,  
They simply couldn’t hurry!—  
They were twenty minutes late.



Courierettes.

TIME and space have been annihilated by autos and airships, and it begins to look as if humanity is next.

Acting-Mayor Church, of Toronto, would give England six Dreadnoughts a year. Why be a piker? Throw in Toronto's police patrol boat, too.

A careful study of statesmen's utterances on the German peril goes to show that the British Empire is in imminent danger, but that there's no cause for alarm.

Noted alienists believe that Harry Thaw is crazy, and Thaw probably thinks the same about the alienists.

The rise in coal prices may force Canadians to burn peat. Now, if we could only get a decent substitute for food!

It has been reported that Right Hon. Winston Churchill may come to Canada—on a warship. Another statesman ready to repel suffragette attacks.

Experts hope to send pictures by wireless, but it will probably be some time before pianos and furnaces are shipped in that way.

Cured.—A prisoner at Toronto's Industrial Farm used to be noted for extreme laziness. The foreman reported to Rev. W. B. Findlay, head of the farm, that the man was no use so far as accomplishing work was concerned, and that he set the other men a bad example.

Though extremely lazy, the man had a genial disposition. And, instead of punishing him, Mr. Findlay gave him a lecture. The lazy one declared that he was physically unfit to work.

"That may be," said Mr. Findlay, who then thought out a good scheme.

The only occupant of the poultry yard at the Farm was a rooster, which had been donated by a friend.

Mr. Findlay thought of that solitary bird and said to the lazy man: "You may be one of this world's misfits, physically incapable. Now, I'm going to make you custodian of the rooster. When he gets up you must be ready to receive him. You must feed, water and groom him and watch and follow him. And you are to go to bed when he does."

Three days later the lazy man went to Mr. Findlay and, with a sheepish look, said, "I'll go to work."

How She Was Impressed.—The soulful young man and the less soulful young woman were gazing at Niagara Falls.

The many shades of colour attracted both of them, but it was considerable of a shock to the man when the young lady pointed out a "pretty blue shade" and said, "My, but I'd like a dress like that."

Taken Down.—In a little tobacco shop in an Ontario city, a few days ago, a newspaper reporter got something to smoke and a big shock.

The clerk, to whom the reporter was a stranger, was reading a weekly paper and was so impressed with the story

therein of the rise of a now famous man that he sketched the great one's career for the reporter.

"He certainly rose rapidly," said the clerk. "When he started, he was only a newspaperman."

Appropriate.—There is a firm in Edmonton whose members are Race, Hunt and Giddy.

Rather appropriate for a town that is racing to beat Calgary in population, that is hunting for the man who says that it is not the greatest city in the west, while the rest of the world is giddy watching it grow.

Her Worry.—After a busy morning in the office, the young lady was preparing to go to lunch. Looking at her soiled hands and then over to where a man sat, she said, "Shall I wash my hands or wear gloves?"

And the mere man answered, "Both."

A Neat Retort.—Prof. Fernow, the well-known forestry expert, who has been in Canada for several years, is a German and proud of it. He was a soldier of the Germany army in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. Thereby hangs this tale.

Not long ago Mr. Fernow attended a conference of forestry experts in the United States, and took part in the discussion on various forestry topics.

A French forester who was present made himself rather offensive by unnecessary remarks and contradictions of statements made by various speakers. When Mr. Fernow made some statement about Paris, the Frenchman at once challenged its accuracy.

Mr. Fernow firmly repeated his assertion.

"Tut!" said the Frenchman. "Were you ever in Paris?"

"Yes," said the German, "I marched into Paris in 1871."

Silence thereafter.

Is This the Reason? — Toronto gave George Goulding, the Olympic walking champion, a big reception. No doubt Torontonians, after their frequent enforced walks when Niagara power played tag with the lightning, have learned to appreciate good walking.

Never Mind the Oil.—A woman writer of housekeeping hints tells us that oil of lavender, sprinkled on book-shelves, will keep books from mildewing.

We would suggest that a more practical remedy is to take an occasional look at the books.

Missionary Work.—There is a certain sporting writer in a big Canadian city whose language is sometimes a trifle too vigorous. Expletives fall naturally from his rather reckless lips, and his daily conversation could be bettered by a thorough house-cleaning, so to speak.

Knowing his tendency to torrid talk, several friends of the sporting man determined to have a joke on him. A day or two later, the writer was called upon

by an express man who had a parcel addressed to him, and marked C.O.D.

"I'll take a chance on it," said the scribe, "here's the 40 cents. It looks as if there might be something worth while inside."

He hastily opened it and discovered an old frame, with a card-board inside, on which was printed a dozen scriptural texts, all bearing on the subject of profanity. The framed texts now find a place on his office wall, and if any of his callers indulge in loose language he invites them to peruse the warnings against profanity.

The Point of View.—It all depends on the point of view.

Toronto's Medical Health Officer, Dr. Hastings, wants to banish roosters from city limits because their crowing keeps people awake.

Now comes the news that the mayor of a French town prohibits dancing during the hours when cocks and hens sleep, because it disturbs the birds and animals.

Which is the humanitarian?

"Well-Knowns" but Strangers.—At a recent Canadian dinner in London there occurred an interesting incident which concerns two well-known Canadians.

"I wonder," said one of the two referred to, "if all the people here are Canadians?"

"I don't know," replied the other. "Are you a Canadian?"

"Yes," was the answer. "My name is Davis. I'm from British Columbia."

Now, the second man had heard much of E. P. Davis, the well-known British Columbian, who used to be solicitor for the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is now solicitor for the Canadian Northern. So he said, "Not 'E. P.'?"

"Yes," said E. P., quite pleased that he was so well known that his table companion was familiar with his initials. "Are you a Canadian?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Yes," was the answer. "My name is Hughes."

Then Mr. Davis took a chance. "Not Sam?" he said.

"Yes," said the Minister of Militia, pleased, in turn, that he was so well known.

Lucky.—Perhaps in no other line of work is payment more directly dependent on "delivering the goods" than in newspaper reporting. A "cub" reporter in a big Canadian city while "drawing down" merely eight dollars a week, had quickly shown ability. He obtained an offer of fifteen dollars a week from another paper, and when he told his employer on the first paper that he had "a better offer," he was told that his salary would be raised a dollar.

Such a small raise, of course, didn't appeal to the young man. He was indeed somewhat amused when he thought how small it looked in comparison to the jump that he would get by changing papers. So he went to the second paper and mentioned, by way of a joke that he had been promised a raise of a dollar.

"That's all right," said his prospective employer. "We'll meet that. We'll give you sixteen."

The Ticket-Seller Knew.—The theatre manager stood beside the ticket-seller and watched the buyers come up to the window.

A young man and a girl came along, and the man purchased a pair of seats. "See that chap?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Yes," said the manager. "What about him?"

"Well, he's just been married."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he has bought two-dollar seats near the front every week for a year past. This time he bought two half-dollar seats way back in the balcony."

Just a Suggestion.—It has been demonstrated that some singers go through a concert in a state of hypnotic trance. It only remains to apply the same hypnotic spell to some audiences and make everybody happy.

He Has Too Many.—The daily papers tell of a German professor who has seventeen degrees.

Somebody is apt to mistake him for a thermometer one of those hot days.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Sir William Optimistic.

IN a few short sentences, as he stepped off the boat from England, Sir William Mackenzie summed up the financial situation in London and its effect on Canada, which has been so much a feature of discussion recently. Sir William gave an effective denial to the assertions that Canadian securities were being discounted across the water. The statement of this eminent native financier and railroad king, that our issues were more popular with the British investor than those of any country in the world, is as great a tribute to Canadian prosperity as has been lately heard. It should do much to relieve a certain impression of the general public in Canada, that we have got entirely "in wrong" as far as London is concerned, because some of our municipal financiers met with a stand-off attitude when they attempted to place their loans. Sir William agreed that the congestion in the English market this summer was merely a passing phase. He advised that a "breathing space" be allowed the British investor.

Important among Sir William's remarks, was his assertion that we may have to pay more for our money in the future. For some time, there has been a rumour that Canadians could not much longer expect to borrow at the old 4 and 4½ per cent. Some critics have tried to explain the threatened advance of the interest rate by insinuating that the British investor was becoming rather sceptical of Canada's progress and required greater security. This would mean that our borrowings might have to be restricted.

Says Sir William, "I cannot think of any greater disaster than to have our borrowings curtailed." He does not believe that there is much danger. The London situation is the result of economic causes. There is at one time only a certain amount of capital available for Canadian investment in the cosmopolitan London market. In our expanding greatness, we made heavy demands on the pile this summer. When money began to flow out to us over the speed limit, our financiers were threatened with higher prices. That was natural. It is simply a case of supply vs. demand.

## A Query Answered.

A READER of the CANADIAN COURIER in Dartmouth, N.S., asks us our opinion of some Calgary real estate. He says: "The lots are in 'Grand Trunk' district two blocks from the car line. 'Grand Trunk' is bounded on right by Upper Hill, on left by Parkdale, and at bottom by Westmount." He describes them as all level, and the size of the whole, he gives, as 130 x 125—125 feet on the street.

(It is rather difficult for us to tell the value of these lots. It would have been better if you had mentioned the price, and we could then have found out whether or not it was fair. One dealer here estimates them in value at \$350 to \$400, but we would not advise you to bank too strongly on that information. The property is fairly good, but it is not in the aristocratic portion of the city.

Calgary is going ahead very fast, but not so fast as some of the real estate agents would like to have us believe. Personally, we are not greatly in favor of cheap town lots in the West. We think that a man is safer to buy inside property in all Western cities and towns. A man who purchases a lot with a building on it could get some revenue each year from his purchase, and still share in the general increase in values.)

## A Point of Policy.

THE failure of Mayor Geary and Treasurer Coady, of the city of Toronto, to sell that municipality's four per cent. bonds in England, recently, has given rise to much discussion. The city had been warned that the market was unfavourable for an issue. The failure was, therefore, in many circles presaged.

One line of criticism taken by observers of the city in their efforts to secure money, is interesting. That is, that it is time the municipalities of this country ceased sending their civic officials to London and handed over the task of floating civic bonds to bankers or agents who are expert at the game of finance and know market conditions. Those who take this attitude consider that to give the Mayor or the Treasurer a trip across the Atlantic is merely presenting him with a "joy ride" at the public expense.

This condemnation is too easy and too sweeping. It arises from a misconception of the part usually played by the negotiators despatched by a municipality to represent it in London. Important functions are discharged by these men. When a loan is about to be floated abroad, it is their business to arrange with a London house to issue the bonds. After this preliminary, their chief duty is to stand at the call of the banker and help him win the confidence of the public by submitting reliable statistics and information about their city's resources. Who should be better qualified to place the financial standing of a town before the investor than officials of the municipality itself?

## Will St. John Enter the Metal Business?

THE most important piece of news that those interested in commercial development in the Maritime Provinces have listened to for some time was contained in the statement of W. Burton Stewart, vice-president and general manager of the Norton Griffiths Company, made in St. John last week, that plans for an extensive steel plant near that city are under consideration. There have been many rumours of such an industry being founded in New Brunswick to match the Dominion over in Scotia. But it has been mostly talk. Though Mr. Stewart's representations could not be called exactly definite, it is believed in reliable quarters that the English firm with which he is connected will push to conclusion the iron and steel project.

As is generally known, Norton Griffiths are now busy building St. John a drydock costing millions. When the brand new port is open for business, it would afford excellent facilities for shipping iron and steel products. The contract for the drydock calls for its completion in four years.

In the meantime, Mr. Stewart and his associates have plenty of time to think over the industrial scheme. They claim to be looking now for a site

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HEAD OFFICE AND MILLS - - - - - COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

*This Company was incorporated and doing business previous to the passing of the Companies Act, 1907. Prospectus dated 24th day of July, 1912, filed at the Provincial Secretary's Office.*

## PLANT

The Company owns and operates the largest independent wire mills in Canada. These mills have a capacity of over forty tons of finished wire products daily. The product includes a wide range, such as steel wire, galvanized, plain, oiled, annealed, coppered, tinned and wires of other metals, such as copper, bronze, and aluminum, wire nails and spikes, plain, galvanized and tinned, also staples, poultry netting, tinned mattress wire, tacks, pin wire and bale ties. The mills have a record of over 800 kegs of finished wire nails daily.

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The plant has been operated to its full capacity night and day, except Sunday, for over three years. Beginning with an output of barely ten tons per day this has been increased till now it is over forty tons daily. Mr. W. Fahey, C.A., auditor, gives the gross profit for a number of successive financial years as follows: 1908, \$9,504.97; 1909, \$22,025.88; 1910, \$53,408.57; 1911, 11 months, \$40,198.28; 1912, \$50,811.28.

This record of progress speaks for itself. The output of the mills is a staple product that finds a ready market all over Canada. The Company's plant has passed the experimental stage and the business has increased so rapidly that it is no longer possible to keep on building and enlarging out of profits.

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The Company has no bonds or debentures or mortgages ahead of its preferred stock, and recently the preferred stock issue was increased from \$200,000 to \$500,000. All the preferred stock issue rates the same. The shares are of a par value of \$10.00 per share, and they are 7 per cent. cumulative and preferred both as to capital and dividends. The capital to be derived from the sale of the new stock will be used to increase the plant and business of the Company.

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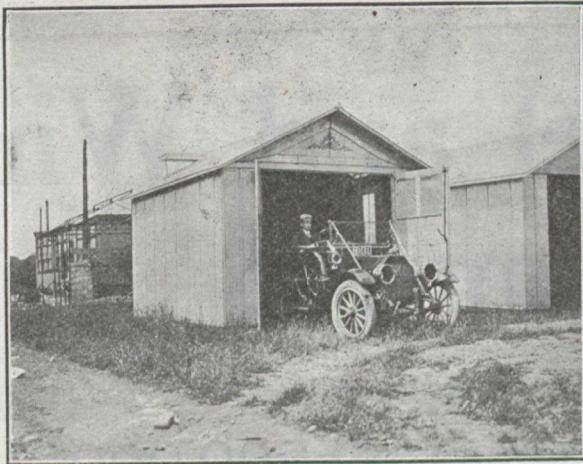
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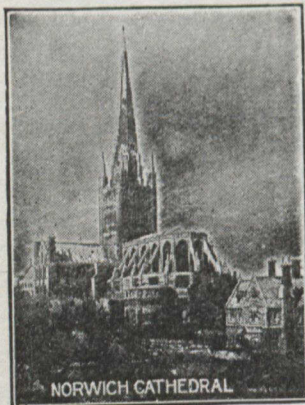
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near St. John for the proposed steel plant. Mr. Stewart stated that English capitalists were coming out this autumn to look round. He thought that most of the money could be furnished from this side, as there is much interest already in the metal business down by the sea. This much is certain: If the scheme materializes, it will be on a large scale—an affair of millions and a national industry.

### G. T. R. Representatives Not Appointed.

A PREMATURE list of directors was given out by the newly incorporated "Grand Trunk Terminals Warehouse Company." As published the directorate was: William Wainwright, J. E. Dalrymple, R. S. Logan, J. N. Greenshields, Godfrey Bird.

It is now stated that the Grand Trunk had not really definitely decided on the three representatives it is entitled to on the board. Messrs. Wainwright, Dalrymple and Logan, of the Grand Trunk, are therefore not to be regarded as directors until further information is forthcoming.

### On and Off the Exchange.

#### More C.P.R. Talk.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY has again become the talk of the street after its phenomenal rise last week. A year ago C. P. R. was attracting attention by crossing the 200 mark; now many and varied are the reasons given for why it should reach 300 in the next two or three months.

A popular reason, but one which has been denied by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, for the sudden rise in market quotations is the rumour referred to in the COURIER a short time ago, of the probable increase of capital that Shareholders would have valuable subscription rights in case of a new issue around 200, the rate of the last issue being 150. Some announcement which will account for the market may be made when the shareholders meet to receive the annual report about September 1st.

Some even go so far as to suggest the probability of the government purchasing the road. The only investment reason, however, is the excellent showing of earnings for the year just closed and the prospect of another increase during the coming year. Net earnings show an increase of over \$6,000,000 during the year and have doubled during the past five years. Even this increase hardly accounts for the sudden movement in stock as C. P. R. issues monthly statements of earnings and all who follow the market may see the earnings gaining steadily from month to month, without waiting to add the twelve months together before acting.

If it were known whether the buying is from the inside or the public, we might judge the motive with more certainty. But C. P. R. has such a world-wide market that this is impossible to the outsider. Of course it is known whether the transactions occur in Toronto, New York, London, Paris or Berlin, but when Berlin firms buy in the New York market through a Toronto brokerage house, as has been done, it is impossible to learn for whom the purchase is made.

The man outside knows that earnings are increasing and he is thus practically assured of a 10 per cent. dividend which at the present price is about 3 1/2 per cent. on his investment. He also knows that according to valuations of a competent appraiser the surplus of assets over liabilities figured on basis of cost is \$300,000,000, and at present values amounts to much more than that. Thus he has security with a low interest return. Anything more than that is speculation.

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#### Buying on Margin, Gambling or Investment?

THE old idea of those who do not study finance is that all buying on margin is speculation. Much of this buying, however, is gambling, called speculation because it helps to build a market. Some of the leading financial houses have recently started a system of selling stocks on the periodic payment plan. This gives the salaried man a chance and raises "buying on margin" to the investment plane, which should be encouraged.

The man who buys on narrow margin with no intention of purchasing outright, and with a mere superficial knowledge of the stock and the market is gambling, though it may be called speculating, "honoris causa" for its economic service.

The periodic payment plan referred to above gives the saver an opportunity to acquire capital in these days of mergers. By this system after satisfying himself as to the ultimate future of a company, he can purchase shares through one of these financial firms by paying a certain percentage, cash down and the balance in specified amounts at specified dates. At the same time he receives a guarantee that the stock will not be sold on a slump of the market without his first receiving fair notice. In this way an incentive to save is furnished, yet if the money is suddenly required for some other purpose the security is marketable.

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#### Requisites of Investment Security.

THE three prime requisites of an investment are security, income and marketability. Security is most important as income cannot be sufficient to repay a loss of capital and there can be no marketability without security.

Some authorities claim that an investment is not an investment in the true sense of the word except it be in the form of a loan, with an ample margin of convertible assets at the back of it, as only then are the demands of security met. At any rate good security entails three things. There must be a certainty, as far as humanly possible, as to repayment of principal as well as interest. The payment must be made at a fixed time or on demand of the investor. And it must be made in a commodity of equal value to the investor to that which he first invested. If an investment shows these three qualities there is little doubt as to the security. Bank deposits, bonds and real estate mortgages with a good margin of surplus assets would be nearest to perfect security; the margin on real estate mortgages should be at least 50 per cent. of market value. Preferred stocks with wide market in old established and successful companies would be second.

Common stocks and real estate purchases are speculations rather than investment as their values are always subject to fluctuation. Any commodity subject to market changes is not secure nor yet an investment except there be sufficient surplus value that funds invested can be recovered even in the most depressed market.

## The Case of the Working Girl

(Concluded from page 11.)

strokes. Any scheme of education for women that leaves that out works an injury. If women are to be a permanent part of the army of wage-earning Americans they must learn to get full value from their minds or hands—either one, it's the same."

Aunt Sally of "A Hoosier Chronicle," established a trades school for girls. The need of the girl wage-earner is equipment.

A SERIES of articles in The Toronto Star, which give the experiences of a member of the University Women's Club who worked for a time in different Toronto factories, reflects as far as is possible under the circumstances the point of view of women employed in a factory. The writer makes a valuable point with regard to the position of domestic service when she suggests that a school for domestics should be maintained on the same basis as a training school for nurses. The girls would get their training in return for their work. The trained domestic worker is a remedy which can be applied to the social ostracism spoken of by The Christian Guardian.

In Cincinnati, the Charlotte M. Schmidlapp fund for Cincinnati working girls, under the direction of Miss Campbell, formerly a teacher of economics in the University of Cincinnati, has three departments, educational, employment and vocational. Miss Campbell works in cooperation with Cincinnati employers, trains working girls, studies individual cases, and secures employment for which the individual is fitted.

THREE remedies which deserve special attention have been suggested by correspondents to The Canadian Courier with regard to the low wages of working girls. The first of these is the minimum wage. This was discussed by the editor of The Canadian Courier in the issue of June 8th, 1912. It is argued that if there should be a law forbidding girls to work under fourteen, there should also be a law forbidding a wage being paid which is less than a living wage. The good employer pays good wages. The mean employer pays poor wages and is not the kind of man who can be made to feel the force of public opinion unless it is expressed in legal enactment. So that minimum wage legislation, besides being a help to the worker, is a protection to the honourable employer. This is apparently a fair statement of a strong case. It should be remembered, however, that such legislation as minimum wage legislation while improving wages—as has been the case with trade unions—tends to force out the inefficient worker. Conditions will be better for the competent business girl, and worse for the girl who does not know how to work. The minimum wage alone will not solve the problem of the girl wage-earner. It ought to help. But the girl wage-earner needs efficiency.

THE second remedy suggested is a trades school where girls are taught a trade by which they can support themselves. It is hardly possible that anyone who has studied the question and followed the present discussion is not convinced that either the ordinary school training must be changed or else there ought to be special trade schools.

THE third remedy is extremely practicable. It is an employment agency, subsidized possibly by employers or assisted financially in some similar way, and managed wholly or in part by an organization of business women, that is, women who are themselves workers. A very great deal can be said for this suggestion. The correspondent who forwarded the suggestion to The Canadian Courier added that there should be a trade school in connection with the employment agency, so that the managers of the agency could be certain of the quality of the worker for whom a place is found. What would not a business man give if he was certain that he could go to an employment agency which would provide him with a competent—a really competent—stenographer, book-keeper, and other employees. A high-class employment agency, managed on scientific business principles, where each girl's case is studied, and in connection

with which training is given, is a proposition worthy of the utmost consideration. The best help for the business woman will come from business women themselves. One is confident that when such a proposition is made on good business lines it will receive the help and endorsement of employers.

THE writer would like to mention that there has been a ready and general response from women's clubs and individual women, showing interest and a willingness to help. If conversations could be quoted as readily as letters, it would be possible to add a good deal of interest to this summing up of the response made to the case of the working girl.

One conversation in substance gave the experience of a woman with her housekeeping accounts. When she began, her husband was unwilling that she should have a fixed allowance, because, as he said, she did not know enough about money. She agreed with his opinion. But they were always spending too much money. So an allowance became necessary, and finally they discovered that she had to understand about money. Her sister's experience was of another variety. The sister never understood about money and was always in debt. "No one had ever thought of teaching us," the woman said. If

## Personalities and Problems

(Concluded from page 14.)

"Is the present personnel of the parliaments of Canada as high as it used to be?"

Another card came in. "Tell him I'll see him shortly," he said.

The telephone rang. He had a two-minute conversation. He took up the thread just where I had left off.

"Well we hear a good bit about the great men of old," he said. "I know men that still worship certain big figures that used to stalk and strut before the footlights in the days when the farmer had no daily paper and no rural telephone. But I guess if we could see these men as they actually were—they wouldn't look so big."

"Perhaps the scale is changing." "I think it is. Parliament nowadays has no time for mere oratory. It's business. The man that works the hardest doesn't look much like a windmill. If you'll consider how tremendously the actual business of government has increased of late years with all the problems that have come up in this country, I think you'll conclude that it's a much bigger transformation than the difference between the apparent size of a few political figures in the past and the men who are on the front of the stage now. It's a different problem entirely."

He referred to the danger of hero-worship; mentioning at least one very prominent statesman who, because he has never ceased to make a tin god of a certain old-time Tory, has remained just about the kind of Tory that tin god was—in a day when that sort of thing had more value than it has now.

"Did you ever address an audience?" he said abruptly. "Well, if you ever did you'll notice one large difference between what that is and what it used to be—not so many years ago."

"Not so much like a sermon?" "The average audience—don't think you have the whole gospel. They know very well that they understand most of the public questions quite as well as you do. Why? The editors have been busy. The newspapers are full of problems, discussed in the news columns. All you have to do is to make the best sort of case you can out of what they already know. You can't tell them anything new. And you do well to quit talking with your stock as high as when you began."

Which reminded him of a story concerning the election last September; told by a Grit who went out stumping for reciprocity.

"Oh," said this man, "I had a fine line

the average wage-earning girl does not understand about money—and she is never taught—her lot financially is what it actually is—a very poor one.

AS far as social relations are concerned, one Settlement worker asked the writer to say that the social ideals of the average Canadian family are poor. In Canada there is not enough social life, intercourse among neighbours, simple social enjoyment. Not only young men and women away from home in the city are lonely. The social life of many Canadian families is dull and meagre. There can be no question the social worker is right in saying that this is harmful. Canadian families need to learn apparently that there is both pleasure and merit in enjoying the society of people like themselves. To be non-social is far more wicked and dangerous than to be social. The non-social life of a city is particularly hard on a girl wage-earner.

No one remedy is a sovereign cure for the low wages of the average girl at work in Canada. But several remedies together will be. It is hoped that the public will see the force of some of the remedies suggested here. The writer has been certain that there is a great deal of unused social good will among Canadians. The response made to the case of the working girl has made that certainty stronger. We may need, however, a criticism which comes from the United States to the effect that we do more talking than getting things done.

of talk. I had all the arguments for reciprocity as pat as a man could have them. I trotted them out to audience after audience of farmers all over a large section of Ontario. They listened when they knew bally well I was right. But say—I found out that there was just one thing in those people's minds all the time. Admitting all the arguments, they were figuring out—just what it would cost them to give Uncle Sam a good swift kick. And they did it."

By this time the people waiting outside had begun to come in. Two entered at once. The Secretary discovered that he had something else to do but talk about the conditions of politics. One of them congratulated him on 'the great refusal.' I had not asked him why he refused it. I rather figured however that I knew why. And most of the reason is contained in this rambling article about Hanna, who wouldn't fail to impress almost anybody with the belief that he is one of the healthiest, most unpessimistic progressive minds in public life.

And he has the art of concealment. The things he left for the other man to conjecture might be very similar to the things that a coon thinks when he sees a gang of bushwhackers chopping down the wrong tree. But it's a good thing for the Conservative party in Ontario that W. J. Hanna didn't take \$15,000 a year from the Dominion Government.

He Probably Didn't.—General Sheridan was once halted by G. M. Woodward of Wisconsin when the latter was a "high private" in the army of the Potomac and on picket duty. A man on horseback came along, and he greeted him with the proper salutation: "Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign!" said the young private. "I am General Sheridan," said the horseman.

Woodward gave him to understand that he didn't care if he was General Sheridan; that he wanted the countersign, and he brought his bayonet into close proximity to the general's person and demanded the proper answer.

Sheridan smiled, gave it to him, and, as he rode away, turned to remark: "Young man, there's a regiment of infantry coming just behind me. Don't molest 'em."

Their Forte.—The Greeks didn't star in the Olympic games, but they shine in America.—Columbia State.



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Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
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## St. Leon Water



The Water of Health

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Pictures of news events are most highly valued. To command the highest rate of payment, these must be mailed within twenty-four hours after the event. All news pictures intended for use in the current issue must reach the Courier office not later than the previous Saturday morning.

### Photos of Men and Women

Photographs of men and women who are prominent in their particular circles are always welcomed. When these are sent at a time when the subject is being publicly mentioned on account of some promotion, appointment or election, they rank in value with general news pictures.

### Factory Pictures

Just now the editor is collecting factory pictures. In the "Home Products Number," to be issued August 24th, he hopes to have a hundred photographs, showing the interiors of a hundred Canadian factories, with men and women at work. The underlying idea is to show the great advance in the production of "Made in Canada" goods.

### Unmounted and Flat

All photographs should be unmounted and mailed in flat packages. These are less bulky, and are handled more conveniently and more quickly by the Post Office. Avoid sending photographs rolled.

Every picture should have a full description on the back, and should be stamped with the name and address of the person mailing it. These items are important.

When photographs are especially important and intended for immediate use, it is a good plan to put a special delivery stamp on the envelope. The editor always takes this into account when making selections.

Payments for photographs are always made promptly. The rate of payment depends upon their news value to the Canadian Courier. If of national importance, the highest rate is allowed.

**Canadian Courier,  
Toronto.**

## Meself an' Emiline

DON' know de reason why me, when I'm settin' here to-day,  
Can't keep de tear from comin' on de eye,  
For de evenin's comin' on us an' I'm lookin' far away,  
An' I'm sure I never see more lovely sky.

An' I'm lookin' down de harbour past de breaker on de Bay,  
Where de water's gettin' redder in de glow,  
For it seem to me it mus' be like de evenin' of de day  
When de good Bon Dieu is call for me to go.

For it's hard for see de water where she's meet de sky above,  
An' everyting is seem so quiet too,  
An' way out on de ocean why dey mus' be makin' love,  
Jus' like meself an' Emiline was do.

For de water's kiss de sky dare, jus' like dey say good-night,  
An' I'm sure de heaven mus' be look like dat,  
For de cloud is look like island on de lake of golden light,  
An' de earth is seem for nestle in its lap.

An' I'm lookin' on de harbour where de boat she's comin' home,  
An' everyone mus' tink de same like me,  
For der never sayin' notin', only push de boat along,  
An' everyting was still as she can be.

De Old Woman's sit beside me, an' she's holden' on my han',  
An' she's never speak de word upon de ear,  
For she know she needen tole me what she's tinkin all de tame,  
Of de many ting dats pass on feefy year.

For it's feefy year dis summer we was marrie on de place,  
An' everyting it seem so long ago,  
For myself, I'm growin' old me, you can see it on my face,  
An' Emiline, her hair she's like de snow.

Tain' like de people on de town was raise de familee,  
Was never go away upcn de spring,  
For poor peep dey mus' go on plenty place dat's far away,  
An work, she's gettin' scarce, dat's noder ting.

An' der's plenty ting I'm tinkin' while I'm settin' here to-day,  
An' folks don' seem to know de reason why,  
Dat de time she's gettin' harder so de young Peep's go away,  
Till der's no one but de old folks bye and bye.

But I'm sure dey don' forget us when de winter's comin' on,  
An' maybe bye and bye d'er comin' home,  
For I can' work much longer, an' I'm sure de day mus' come,  
When Emiline mus' live here all alone.

So, I mak' de prayer afore de night she's comin' on,  
An' Emiline she's kneel beside me so,  
An de only ting I'm askin's for de boy and girl come home,  
Afore de Bon Dieu call for me to go.

Halifax, N. S.

H. A. RUSSELL.

## Western Comment on Cement Duties

(Regina Leader.)

THE Canadian Courier of July 6th publishes some correspondence which passed between an independent cement manufacturer and the Borden Government, which sheds quite an interesting sidelight on the recent reduction of the duty on cement.

On May 10th this manufacturer addressed a letter to Mr. Borden in which he stated that "some weeks ago the cement interests were advised that certain members of your Cabinet were contemplating the reduction of the duty on cement and sundry other articles, with the sole view of influencing the elections pending in the Northwest Provinces. Messrs. Rogers and Cochrane were the prime movers, and according to our information it was intended that the order should be rushed through in the absence of yourself, Mr. White and Mr. Foster." It will be remembered that just about the date of this letter an announcement was made in Ottawa that the Borden Government intended making reductions in the tariff in favour of the Western farmer, and that shortly afterwards the announcement was flatly contradicted by Mr. White. It is now more than ever apparent that Hon. Robert Rogers was responsible for the first announcement, and that as was surmised at the time, it was issued for purely political effect.

The cement manufacturer above referred to states that a deputation from cement companies was assured by Mr. White and Mr. Foster that no reduction would be made in the duty on cement.

Mr. Borden's reply to the letter of the manufacturer is dated May 13th, but inasmuch as it was marked "private" it is not published. The tenor of the reply may, however, be gauged by a further

letter from the manufacturer dated June 10th, the day after the announcement was made that the Government, by Order-in-Council, had reduced the duty fifty per cent. In that letter the writer states that Mr. Borden in his letter of May 13th led him to believe that there was no truth in the rumour that the duty on cement was to be reduced and that "there was no fear of departure from the well-defined and established policy of the Conservative party" and on the strength of Mr. Borden's assurance he had spent "several thousand dollars for the purpose of increasing" the output of his factory, all of which would be lost through the action of the Government "for the sake of a petty local election in a Western Province."

The whole of the correspondence makes really interesting reading as showing on the one hand how the Borden Government had pledged itself to the Eastern manufacturers not to interfere with the tariff; how, through the influence of Messrs. Rogers, Cochrane and others, the need of cement in the West was seized upon as a fortunate opportunity to play a good political game; and also as showing in a remarkable way what Sir Richard Cartwright termed "the barbarous instinct of the protectionist mind." The two letters of this cement manufacturer embody a selfishness that is only possible in a spoilt child of fortune. Every line displays the character of a man who knows no politics but that of business. He is "poorer in purse by relying" upon the word of Mr. Borden "but poorer far in heart and mind" when he sees "the sacrifice to which politicians are driven," and all because his power to prey upon the people

was to some extent curtailed. Even under the reduced duty the cement industry enjoys a protection amounting to about 30 per cent., which is considerably higher than the average rate upon dutiable goods entering Canada, and yet this spokesman of a pampered industry prates about being "poorer in heart and mind" because of an act of justice to the people. Would it be possible to put in a more effective way the arrogant presumption of the manufacturing interests of the East?

And although the duties have been reduced how much "poorer in purse" are the cement manufacturers to be? A few days ago the Wall Street Journal printed as news, without comment, that no cement will be shipped into Eastern Canada from the United States as a result of the reduction of the duty and also that freight rates had been advanced from the Lehigh Valley works to Montreal to thirty cents a barrel, which is sufficient to counteract the tariff reduction. The Journal further stated that orders which had been placed at St. Paul from Western Canada, for one million barrels would be filled. This makes it quite clear that a gentleman's agreement exists between the trusts on both sides of the border, under which neither will invade the exclusive territory of the other. It is a particularly interesting situation, and one under which the consumer has no redress except by way of smashing the power of the trusts altogether.

The political side of the reduction of the duty is also significant. It is apparently an open question as to whether the Government would have reduced the duties had there not been an election pending in Saskatchewan. At all events it is evident that Rogers and his colleagues were aware of the cement shortage and that they manipulated the matter in a way to influence the electorate of Saskatchewan. The correspondence between the Government and the cement manufacturer makes this perfectly plain, and the Western people have yet to receive the first intimation of any genuine sympathy with their demands, from the Borden Government.

**Terrible Problem.**—One of Governor Wilson's campaign speech stories is pleasingly referred to by his friends.

"We had been discussing the high cost of living problem," said the governor, "and I had remarked what we needed to do was to find the solution. Then this story popped into my head, and I couldn't resist telling it:

"It was one of those hypothetical questions which the English weeklies are so fond of printing, with the query, 'What would you do under the same circumstances?'

"The hypothesis was this: A young man has come to call on a young woman, and they are sitting somewhat stiffly in the parlor, waiting for the mother to come down and act as chaperon, as is customary in English homes. While they are waiting, the young woman's nose begins to bleed, and the young man, who remembers having heard that a piece of cold metal applied to the back of the neck will stop the trouble, looks around the room for a piece of cold metal. He sees the key in the door, and in his embarrassment he locks the door in getting the key out. He applies the key to the young woman's neck, but just at that moment the mother comes down, and, finding the door locked, demands entrance. In his excitement the young man drops the key down the young woman's back. The question then was: 'What would you do if you were the young man?' and I told the audience that I thought the answer certainly was: Get the key at any cost."

**A Mean Hint.**—"What can I use to clean carpets?" asked a correspondent, signing her name very bashfully, "Young Bride."

"Have you tried your husband?" replied the answers editor.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**His Choice.**—"Don't you feel sometimes like you'd like to be a bird?" said Miss Miami Brown, sentimentally.

"I specks mebber I wouldn't mind," replied Erastus Pinkley, "if I could be a chicken hawk."—Washington Star.



# His Little Girl

(Continued from page 12.)

"I was going to say, modern diplomacy is so much more interesting than the older methods. Nowadays, we are all frankness itself, on the surface. Diplomats vie with each other in being open, in showing their hands, in saying 'you see—everything I have to show you,' whilst all the time we have our best cards up our sleeves, or—in our boots,—and, under the surface that looks so smooth and shining, there are, perhaps, unfathomable depths—perhaps whirlpools."

Grace caught her breath.

"It sounds delicious," she exclaimed. "I have always thought that if I were a man I would choose diplomacy before any other profession. Fancy how lovely, to act frankness, and never really allow your opponent to know anything; to look straight into his eyes and all the time hide what was going on behind your own in your brain."

"You would have made a good diplomat, mademoiselle." The steely blue eyes suddenly flashed into those other blue ones that shone with suppressed excitement. "There is no better actress, or diplomatist than a woman, if she sets her mind to it, and if she knows how to hold her tongue."

"Oh, I can hold my tongue," Grace said, with a little catch in her breath again, because of something compelling, something she could not wholly fathom in the glance of Mr. Muller's strange eyes. "I have never been a chatterbox."

"Never!" the visitor echoed gravely, his glance still fixed with odd intensity on the girl's lovely face, which flushed more deeply under his gaze, "but, I did not come here to discuss diplomacy," he broke off, rising and laughing pleasantly, "I came merely to bring my invitation, and to suggest that my motor should fetch you at seven, if that will be convenient." Mrs. Cardew's thanks were again gracious and profuse, though not over-profuse, and their visitor had almost reached the door, when he turned back with a short exclamation.

"I had nearly forgotten," he said, his eyes resting again on Grace's face, "Mrs. Digby tells me that the distinguished young soldier, Sir Giles Tredman, is fortunate enough to be betrothed to you," he bowed towards the girl, "and I wondered whether he had yet arrived in England, and if so, whether you could persuade him to join us in our box to-night?" Grace was not skilled enough in powers of observation to notice how intent was the gaze that seemed to read her very thoughts as Mr. Muller put this question, or to interpret the meaning of his sharply indrawn breath, when she replied—

"How very kind of you to think of it, but Sir Giles will not be in England till the end of the week."

## CHAPTER V.

"It is my duty to put the thing before you in every light, and you must understand, Sir Giles, that if you persist in carrying out your plan, you lay yourself open to—well, to misconstruction."

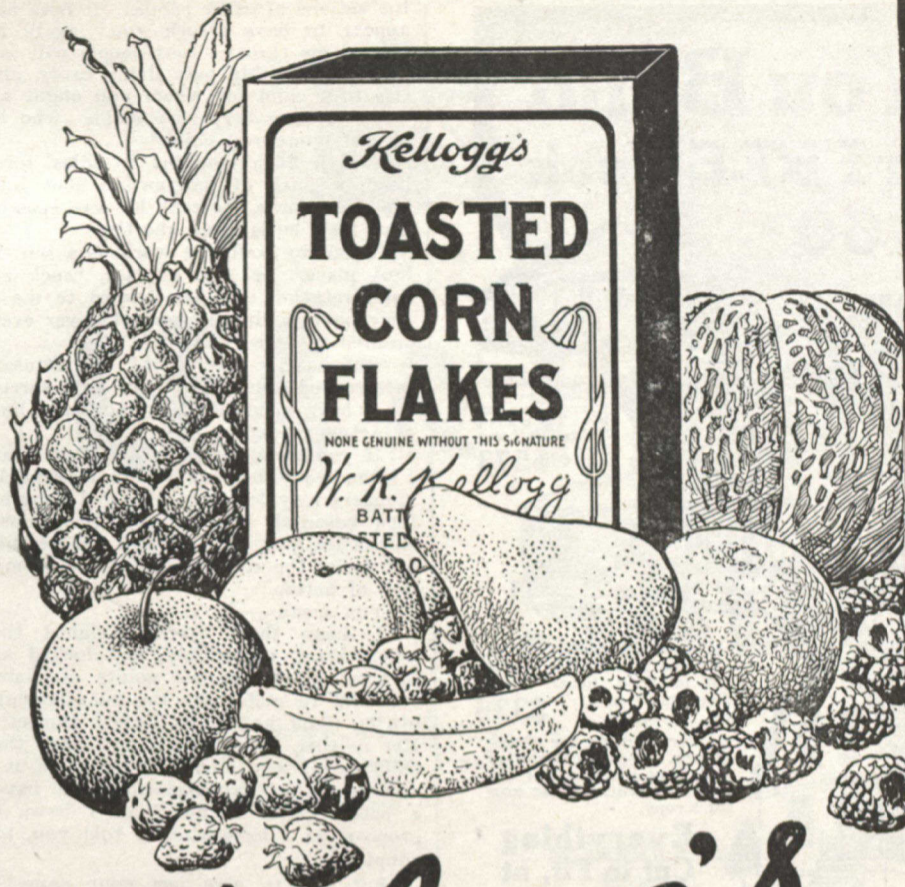
Mr. Duncan, the solicitor who had not only done all the business of the Tredman estates for many years, but had also been a friend of Giles' uncle, the late baronet, looked across his mahogany table at the young man and gravely shook his grey head.

"Lay myself open to misconstruction? Why? In what way?" he asked. "I am proposing to undertake formally the charge of a child who was left quite informally to my guardianship; how can so simple a thing be misconstrued?"

"The world is censorious," Mr. Duncan cleared his throat, and drew patterns on his blotting paper with his favourite pen, "I ought to warn you that if you make yourself legally and formally responsible for this little girl, the world will naturally ask what is your reason for doing it?"

"What reason?" Giles' grey eyes clouded with bewilderment. "It must surely be obvious to the densest mind that common humanity prompts me to do my best for a child left in my care under peculiarly tragic circumstances?"

"The world is less dense than malicious," Mr. Duncan replied. "A large proportion of mankind prefers to discover a low motive rather than a high one, in



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the actions of other people. It does not appear to have struck you," again he cleared his throat, "that people will say you are probably only doing tardy justice to a child for whom you ought always to have been responsible—who is, in fact, your own child."

A dark flush mounted to Giles' forehead, a flush of indignation shot into his eyes, for a moment he was speechless, then he laughed shortly.

"Upon my soul, the world is a scurrilous place," he said at last, "such an interpretation of what seemed to me a very obvious line of conduct never even entered my head, and—"

"But having entered it," Mr. Duncan interrupted smoothly, "you will surely let it have some influence upon your line of action?"

"If you mean that I shall alter what I intend to do because a pack of scandal-mongers may let their own evil imaginings besmirch my conduct, then most emphatically, no. What you tell me will not make the slightest difference to my line of action."

"You mean—"

"I mean that, having weighed the whole thing thoroughly, and looked at it from all reasonable points of view, I intend to undertake the guardianship of the child known as Sylvia Burnett. Her mother, when dying, entrusted the child to my care, and as I am quite unable to discover any relations who have a better claim to her than I have, I propose, as I have already told you, to adopt her."

"But not to give her your name?" the lawyer interposed hastily.

"Certainly not. Why should I?" Faint surprise was in Giles' accents. "I still hope that I may some day come across her own people. Both her father and mother must have had some belongings, and though I gather that there was some great tragedy, perhaps worse, in Mrs. Burnett's past, no decent people would allow that to interfere with their treatment of her child. If I find any relations for Sylvia they will surely condone whatever wrongs her mother may have done, and be good to her. Meanwhile, I make myself responsible for the poor little soul."

"You have taken every possible step to discover whether there are any relations who could relieve you of this burden."

"I have done everything I can think of, but quite without success. My advertisements have brought no answers, I can find no trace of Mrs. Burnett's relations, or of where they lived."

"You know her maiden name?"

"No, there was not the least clue to it amongst any of her papers: there was nothing to give me a clue either in her papers, or in any of her possessions. She—" he hesitated, "she handed over to me, with her daughter, a very remarkable jewel, a jewel, I should imagine, of great value," again Tredman paused, to resume after a moment, "what I tell to you I tell you of course in confidence" (Mr. Duncan bent his head in acquiescence), "the dying lady said some words to me when she spoke of that jewel, words which puzzled me at the time, and have puzzled me ever since."

"Can you remember them now?"

"Yes—oh! yes. They sound curiously incoherent and yet—I am sure that there is some deep meaning in them. If only she could have ended her sentence, if only she could have said all that she evidently wished to say before death ended her sentence, I think she would have given me the clue to all I want to know."

"And what were those words?"

"They were very incoherent—very broken—she said, 'In the ivory box—there is the jewel—it is the clue—never lose it—never let him know—never let him know—that she—' and that was all."

"Never let him know," the lawyer repeated slowly, "never let who know? What did she mean by that? To whom was she alluding?"

"I have no idea—unless—possibly, she spoke of Sylvia's father. She spoke again of some man—at the very end—when she whispered, 'do not let him take her to kill her soul and—' and again the sentence ended abruptly. It was quite plain that some man had made havoc of the poor creature's life, and that she was in mortal terror lest he should also do harm to the child. But who, or where

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he is, I have no more idea than the man in the moon."

"The woman was a lady?" Mr. Duncan's keen eyes scrutinized the young man's face, whilst his shrewd brain speculated whether his client could perchance have fallen in love with a dying woman. Stranger things than that had happened, as he well knew, from the many strange stories that had become known to him in the course of his work, "or was she—" he paused, "a mere adventuress?"

"She was undoubtedly a lady," Giles answered decidedly, though with no undue warmth, "she was one of the best specimens of a well-born, well-bred Englishwoman, very beautiful, very gentle and refined. I confess her absolutely lonely condition puzzled me."

"But how did she live? She must have had some resources. Did not remittances come to her from anywhere?"

"As far as I could ascertain, no letters of any sort ever reached her. I made enquiries about her from the hotel proprietor, a most worthy soul, genuinely concerned about poor Mrs. Burnett and her little girl. This Madame Richard told me that no letters ever came for Mrs. Burnett, but that her small account was regularly paid, and that she believed Mrs. Burnett had some small amount of money in the bank. She also told me that Sylvia's mother had been giving English lessons in one or two Russian families, and that on the day of her accident she had been driving out, as she did twice a week, to the chateau of a Russian countess some miles from the town."

"You acted on the information this landlady gave you?"

"Certainly. I saw the bank people, who, on hearing particulars, gave me all the help in their power. It amounted to very little. They told me a sum had been paid into them in Mrs. Burnett's name three years before, but by whom it was paid they had no idea. The money had come from England, and was entirely in five pound notes: the letter with it was signed with initials only, and no address was given. But the notes were genuine; Mrs. Burnett's signature was enclosed, the account was to be opened in her name, and a week after the bank received the money, she called in person. She had drawn small sums ever since, the manager told me, adding that the money was almost exhausted. He could not help me in the least as to her identity."

"And the Russian employers, you saw them?"

"I called at the two houses to which Madame Richard directed me. The ladies at both houses were most courteous, extremely distressed about Mrs. Burnett's death, and ready to give me any information they possessed. But they practically knew nothing. Mrs. Burnett had advertised herself locally as a teacher of English with a knowledge of Russian, and she had been engaged to teach the young people of the household—that was all. Everyone who came across her was struck with her beauty and sweetness, she was greatly liked by all those who knew her, but for practical purposes their knowledge amounted to nothing."

"How came she to know Russian? It is an unusual language for an Englishwoman to know."

"I can't tell you. Her own advertisement stated the fact, and the Russian ladies I saw corroborated it. They said she spoke their language with wonderful fluency for a foreigner, but how or why she had learnt it, they could not say. By a strange coincidence the owner of the motor car that killed her was a Russian. I heard him speak to his chauffeur," Giles added thoughtfully.

"You also know the language?" Mr. Duncan looked up sharply from the patterns he was still tracing on his blotting paper.

"I have made a special study of it. Nowadays, whether in India or elsewhere, it is a language that might at any moment be the one thing needful. I have done a certain amount of political work on the frontier, and oh! well, Russian is a handy tongue to know."

"No doubt you will give up the Army now that you have succeeded Sir Philip?"

"Give up the Army—not much," Giles laughed. "I'm only twenty-six, the service means a lot to me—and I don't feel like settling down into a country squire yet awhile. No, I am hoping to be mar-



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ried during the course of the summer, to enjoy as much of my leave as I can at Manderby Court, and then—to go back to India with my wife." The little exultant tone in the vigorous voice brought a smile to the lawyer's face.

"I wish you every happiness. And—will the lady who is going to marry you be ready to accept your ward—if you really persist in undertaking the guardianship of Sylvia Burnett?"

A light shone in Giles' grey eyes.

"I think I can answer 'yes' unreservedly to that question," he answered, "Miss Cardew is out of town for the week end, I have not yet seen her since my return to England. But I have no doubt about what she will say, no doubt at all," he added proudly, "she will be a mother to my poor little Sylvia—the best and kindest of mothers."

(To be continued.)

## The Canonic Curse

(Continued from page 8.)

completed. That individual played it with all the willingness in the world. And he took all the credit for the compositions, too; indeed, I don't see how he could well have done anything else. At any rate while his glory began to go forth through the whole country this Domenico became more and more forgotten. And that seemed in the end to send the man almost out of his mind with rage and envy. He wound up one night by taking the medieval way out of it, and offered his soul to the devil for a chance to get even. Next morning his successor received from him a canon which had the pleasant little attribute of being able to hand out a sudden quietus to any one who should play it through three times, and, to clinch it, to any one, too, who should wittingly destroy it. Those things make curious reading nowadays, don't they? However, the tradition finishes with most circumstantial gruesomeness. Two nights later the man was found dead before his organ, his face distorted as if from some fiendish torture. Domenico's hatred of him, if not the real cause of it, was generally known. He came under suspicion, was put on the rack, and confessed.

"The consistory condemned him to be broken on the wheel and flayed. And shortly before his execution they branded him over the heart with the 'devil's head.' To crown it all, after his death they used the skin from his breast to wrap his canon in, and tied it up with the sinews of his wrists. Then finally the bedeviled music was given the curse of the prince-bishop and laid away by itself in the choir library.

"Now, while you possibly may not feel inclined to accept the story in its entirety, there probably was among that Liege music a canon with some such tradition attached to it. And if there was it is not altogether unlikely that it is now in Quebec. At any rate, whether you give yourself any worry over your side of it or not, there's a regular second edition of the 'Faust Legend' in it for me."

Carrington looked long at the letter. The girl watched him with eyelids aquiver with anxiety. "What was done with that—that canon?" he asked at last. They had never spoken of it since that hour of never-to-be-forgotten horror in the chapel.

"Father has it in his safe," she answered trembling. "But you know you mustn't talk about that, dearest."

"Oh, it's all right now," he said. "It's only a matter—a matter of what the impossible thing might have done. I'd like to look at it again."

She was still refusing him when her father came out to them, and she left it to him. Carrington passed him over the letter.

He read it, let himself dazedly down into a chair, sat slowly licking his tongue about his lips, and then read it again. "But, good gracious, Carrington," he finally broke out, "this is America, and the year 1901! I have a telephone in my library. You can see the railroad station from the back of the garden. I can't—we're not—good heavens, sir!"

"Yes," said Carrington grimly, "it certainly is hard to reconcile such a tale with modern science and enlightenment."

"But it's asking me to believe in—what is it they called it—diabology or satanophany? Why, the words them-

## Schools and Colleges



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THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this, its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

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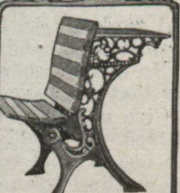
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selves have been all but dead for a hundred years!" He wiped the perspiration from under his mop of grey hair.

The young man smiled and put the argument aside. "Well, I suppose we can safely look at the thing again, anyway."

In an instant Eloise was again entreating him, but her father overbore her. "Why, daughter, he's already had the excitement of reading the letter. To handle the music can add nothing to it." He strode into the library, unlocked the safe, and brought out the satanic canon. They examined it for several minutes without speaking.

The grisly things which bound it, and the hideous outer covering, a sort of softer and more open fibered parchment, had in them now a new and more horrid power of repulsion. But the music when unfolded looked forth vacantly and harmlessly.

"And it's so simple," muttered Carrington breathlessly. "I can't see where — There aren't twenty bars of theme in the whole thing. It's only the repetitions in it that give it its length. I could play it now from memory without the slightest difficulty!"

"Oh, but dearest, you wouldn't, you surely—" Eloise had just laid down Keppel's letter. She was white to the lips and trembled violently. "I want you to swear to me that you'll never even let yourself think of the thing again, let alone play it!"

He looked at her with wan humour. "Well, I guess, dear, I needn't promise not to play it again, anyway. It seems to be a case of 'three strokes and out,' you know, and it came near enough to getting me the second time."

He slipped his hand over hers. The Colonel rose with the canon, and carried it back into the library. Left alone with her lover the frightened girl cuddled into his breast, and to coax his mind from the subject of her fears she began to talk of a thousand trifles about the house. Across the greensward there came to them the last soft strains of vespers. Far away the heat had called up a thunderstorm; its growlings were becoming every moment more distinct. The girl ceased talking, and they sat long in silence. And when suddenly she realized that her weary-brained convalescent had let himself drop calmly off to sleep in her heart there was anything but reproach. She rose noiselessly, hung over him for a moment in blissful brooding and then tiptoed away to see that all was ready for him in his room.

VI.

A FEW minutes later she returned. Carrington's chair was empty. She ran to the veranda steps and looked out. The heavy pall of thunder-clouds fast driving across the sky had brought down the darkness an hour before night-fall; but she could not mistake the figure passing uncertainly into the chapel door. He was walking in his sleep; that she divined, quaking. But whatever else was in her thought she dared not let the terror in her know. In an ague of shuddering she fled across the lawn, and stumbled weakly up the four stone steps. Carrington had already seated himself at the smaller organ. She started after him, then stopped. He had himself given full warning of what it would mean to awaken him in such a condition and in such surroundings while he was still weak from fever! And as she stood there, from the fingers of the somnambulist there came mockingly to her through the gloom the first demoniacal notes of the hell-born canon.

For a long minute she was as if frozen in a thick ice of horror. Her heart stopped, her limbs were dead, her open lips and staring eyes were like those of a Medusa carved in stone. And when once more she felt that she could move, once more, instinctively, she started toward her lover. And once more she stopped, gasping. She could not. If he was to die, some other hand than hers must deal the blow. Her tortured thoughts flung themselves from side to side like creatures in a cage of fire. The devil-music leaped forward, faster and faster. Over them, as swiftly, the storm was closing. A long roll of thunder came in to the girl like the trumpet of the day of doom. She could hold herself motionless no longer.

With a choking cry she fled down the chapel. A flash of lightning lit her steps, and in a kind of frenzy she flung herself up the stairs to the great oriel

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organ. Then—it was to drown the hideous voice of the Moloch music, it was with the wild unreasoned hope of somehow awakening Carrington unharmed, it was her woman-musician's soul fleeing to sanctuary and calling in despair for the help of the All-Powerful—her fingers struck the first mighty, heaven-born chords of one of the immortal choruses of the Messiah.

In an instant the swift and ruthless, horribly exultant, trampling march of the canon stopped dead. It was as if a crucifix had been raised amid the devil's mass, as if some skeleton-and-demon dance of death had been banned and halted. From the smaller organ raved up a pandemonium of fiendish snarlings, ghoulish execrations, haggish shriekings, and then the whole Gehenna gathered itself into one raging fury of resistance. All the challenged powers of darkness seemed to rush together and pour from the canon as from the pit's mouth. The chapel was a-surge with such a chaos of wild, atrocious malevolency as, it well might seem, nothing in earth or heaven could stand against.

The girl felt herself choking, swooning. But again her desperate love fought down her weakness, and her fingers pressed the keys in one final cry of agonized appeal. In that proud martyr's ecstasy strength flooded back to her. The great organ shook itself free once more, and, finding its full diapason, high above all that screaming devil defiance of revilings and blasphemies rolled on giant-mouthed in its tremendous exorcism.

Then it was as if that old Sulpician chantry had been that great Sistine chapel of Michael Angelo which is walled about with stupendous configuration of the Last Judgment, and all the hosts of heaven and hell had sprung to warring life. And the thunderstorm gave to the battling organs an awful chorus and accompaniment. The lightning falling about the chapel in almost unbroken flash, struck through the ground-glass windows to right and left of the somnambulist, and leaped and rioted about his blind face in shuddering flickers of unearthly green. But through the great stained oriel which looked upon the girl the heavenly fires came in glowing bursts of colour and wrapped her in a mantle of lives divinely luminous. And the thun-

der with its dreadful fulminations seemed now like some colossally protecting friend. It was the voice of the legions she was invoking. Higher and higher pealed the trumpet-tongue of the great organ. The canon still gnashed its teeth like a thousand frenzied hell-hounds, but gradually its hideous exultation died away. Stronger and stronger came the great conquering chords of good; and then the mighty anthem rose to its tremendous apotheosis in that earth-awakening, heaven-soaring chorus of hallelujahs.

The storm was passing. The canon's voice was now only a raucous paroxysm of frustrated rage. Into the baffled ranks of evil the chorus swept like some celestial soldiery. The girl felt herself inspired, and in her hands every Gabriel-note became a sword of flame to beat the vampire music from her lover's soul. . . . His fingers faltered on the keys. . . . In a last impotent falsetto the canon altogether ceased.

He was awakening. The girl called to him. He answered her. In his voice was amazement, but no note of brain-destroying terror, nor of demoniacal possession. The spell had been utterly broken! She fled through the darkness from her organ-loft to his, and gathered him to her bosom. Then white and trembling they hurried together from the chapel.

The mansion was in an uproar. The servants were running about in the rain, terrified. One of the last fierce thunderbolts had struck the cupola and torn its splintering course down into the library. Apparently the steel of the safe had drawn it, and indeed the whole charge of electric fluid seemed to have plunged itself into the open strong-box. Of the Colonel's papers nine-tenths were burned past all hope of recognition, and of the devil's head canon only the great seal of the prince-bishop remained.

The one man who a month ago could perhaps have furnished a duplicate of the manuscript has now only a rapidly-fading nightmare memory of it. Other than the statement he is preparing with the help of Colonel and Miss La Shelle for the secretary of the Society of Psychological Research, what is here written contains his final utterance upon the subject.

## People and Places

### The Duke Labours in Vain.

WHEN the Duke of Connaught was out in Winnipeg recently, one afternoon, he laid a corner-stone for the Selkirk memorial. It is now realized that the Duke's trowelling was all done in vain.

The committee of citizens who have the matter of the monument in charge, have suddenly come to the conclusion that they do not want the site chosen. The site which had been proposed was in front of the new Bank of Montreal building. The architect of that structure has so arranged the building that it would dominate the monument.

Sir William Whyte moved that the committee try to procure a site from the Provincial Government on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings.

### A Summer Idyll.

IN this column a few weeks ago mention was made of a deer which wandered from the forest confines of Moncton, New Brunswick, down the city streets.

The following incident reported from Halifax may be of interest to game lovers and those people in Montreal, Toronto, or Winnipeg whose experience with deer has been limited to an afternoon spent at the zoo:

"Residents of Rockingham recently were given a rare treat in the appearance of two fine deer, a doe and her fawn, which were discovered in Dr. S. D. McDonald's garden. The visitors had evidently spent the night there and, becoming alarmed at the sight of the many onlookers, gracefully bounded over the fence into Hiram Donkin's property. From there they continued down to the shore of the Basin, the older animal taking to the water and swimming some distance out. She was obliged to return, however, as her young could not swim, and together they

quickly made off, disappearing in the forest back of Sherwood. The deer were first found about half-past six, and as they remained in view nearly half an hour a number of people were given an opportunity of seeing them."

### Who is John Lyle?

A MAN died in New York the other day. He was worth more than a score millions of dollars. When his life flickered out no children surrounded his bedside. He had few friends. No one knew much about him except that he went by the name of John S. Lyle and was said to have got his New York start as an office boy in a dry goods store.

The despatches from the metropolis claim that the dead millionaire was born in Nova Scotia. Some of the Maritime papers are busy with queries about the origin of John Lyle.

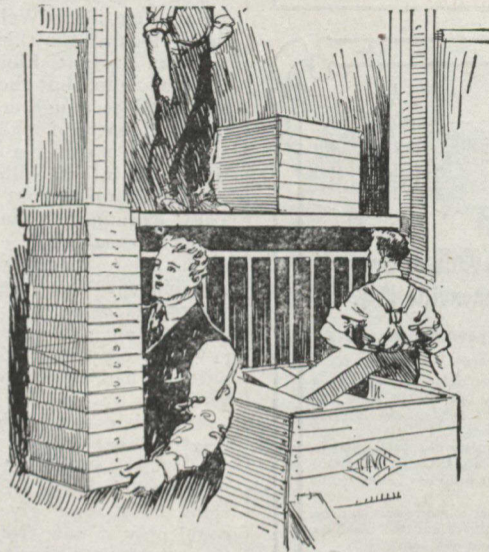
### Not Disconcerted.

MR. H. B. AMES, M. P. of Montreal, is a philosopher. He believes that even holidays may bring their worries, but he is resolved that nothing shall seriously disturb the enjoyment of his vacation season.

The Montreal parliamentarian this summer resolved to take his off days cruising in his well-equipped and valuable yacht. He organized a party of friends and the sail began. The yachting party came to an abrupt end when Mr. Ames' craft was wrecked down east at Port Hood.

The calm, cool and collected Mr. Ames did not lose any sleep over his drowned yacht. His party was safe.

Mr. Ames did not, as many would have done, say his regrets to his guests and tell them that the trip was over. The yacht gone, he sought a substitute. He hit upon a land-lubber scheme of driving through the Cape Breton district in Nova Scotia.



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Finest summer playgrounds in America. Good hotel accommodations. The lover of outdoors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment and send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out-of-the-ordinary resorts. All this recreation paradise only one night away from the leading cities of the United States. Address

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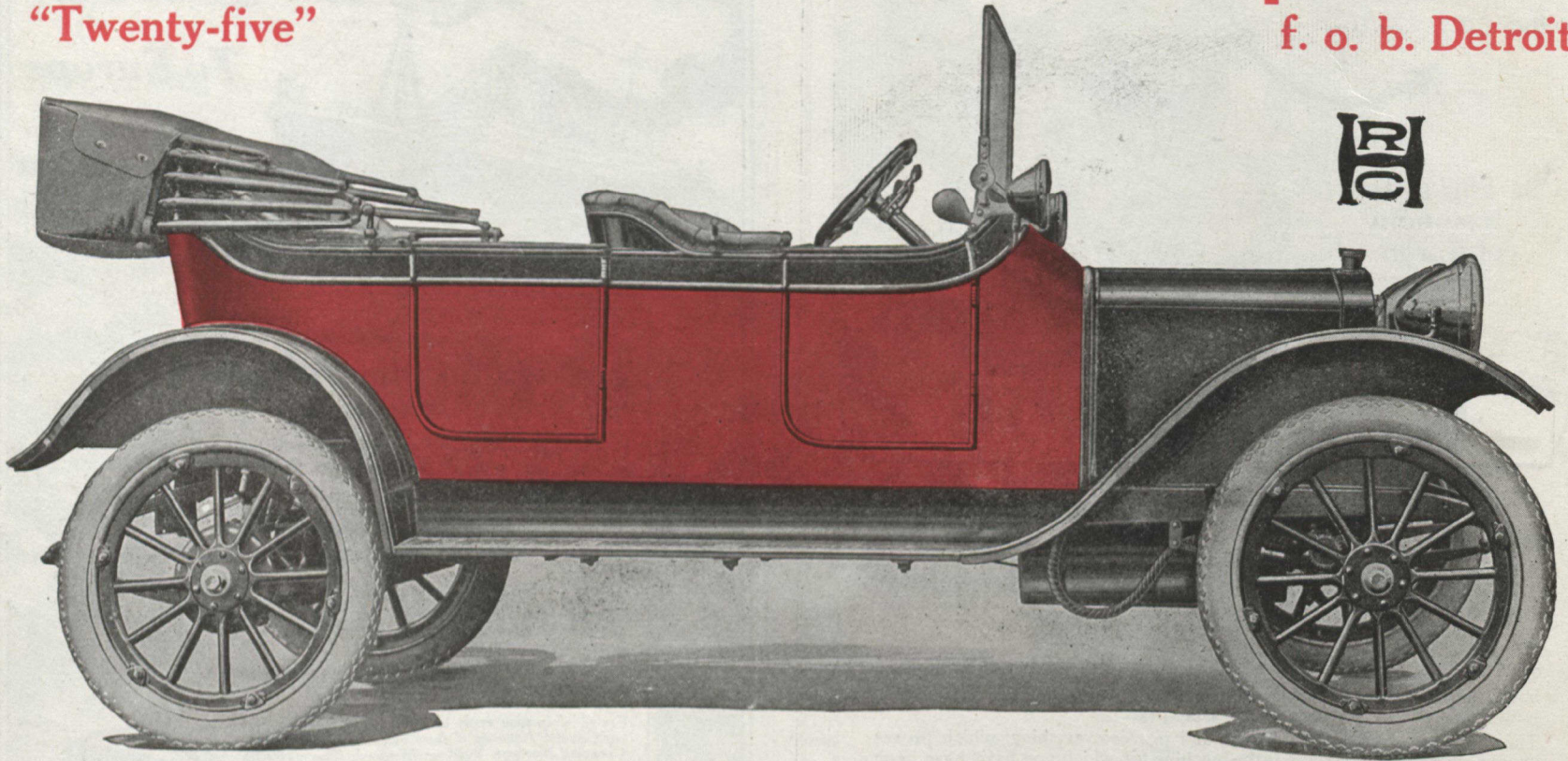
# R-C-H

"Twenty-five"

"The Greatest Car  
for the  
Greatest Number"

# \$900

f. o. b. Detroit



## Compare These Two Columns For Yourself

### What Constitutes a Fully Equipped Car?

1. Complete protection from wind, rain, dust, sun and cold.
2. A Dependable, Economical Lighting System.
3. Reliable Ignition.
4. Accurate Speed Indication.
5. Tires gauged to the proper size for the weight of the car; and provision for safe driving on slippery roads.
6. Provision for quick change of tires when necessary.
7. Provision for rim change.
8. Adequate warning signal.
9. A device to enable the driver to see behind the car, guarding against rear-end accidents.
10. Necessary equipment for repairs and adjustments to machinery or tires.
11. A place for robes or extra garments.

### How the R-C-H meets the Requirements

A Fair Valuation

- |  |          |
|--|----------|
| 1. A stout, serviceable, attractive top, with cover. One-piece windshield---integral with the body.  | \$ 90 00 |
| A complete set of Jiffy curtains---not the old-fashioned, hard-to-handle side curtains. They can be adjusted in a minute without leaving the seat. | 25 00    |
| 2. 12-inch Hall bullet electric head lights, double parabolic lens; 6-inch Hall bullet electric side-lights with parabolic lens; and battery.      | 75 00    |
| 3. Bosch Magneto (assurance of perfect magneto satisfaction).  | 75 00    |
| 4. Warner Auto-Meter (assurance of perfect speed indication and record).   | 50 00    |
| 5. 32 x 3½ tires---non-skid all around. (Valuation given is a fair one over smooth tread.)   | 30 00    |
| 6. Demountable rims. Valuation given is a fair one over ordinary rims.   | 50 00    |
| 7. Extra rim and holders.  | 15 00    |
| 8. Special Tally-Ho Horn.  | 10 00    |
| 9. Rear-view mirror.   | 3 00     |
| 10. Tool-kit, Jack, Tire Repair Kit, Pump.   | 15 00    |
| 11. Robe-rail.   | 3 00     |

### Specifications

\$441 00

Wheelbase—110 inches. Motor—Long stroke; 4 cylinders cast en bloc; 3¼x5. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. Drive—Left side—Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch steering wheel. Spark and throttle control on steering column. Control—center lever operated through H-plate integral with universal joint housing just below. Hand-lever emergency brake at driver's right. Foot accelerator in connection with hand throttle. Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame—Pressed steel channel. Axles—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Transmission—3 speeds forward and reverse; sliding gear, selective type. Construction—Drop-forgings wherever practicable; chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high-carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness. Body—Full 5-passenger English type; extra wide seats.

**T**HIS is all equipment essential to complete motoring satisfaction; it is of the very highest quality; and the figures given are a fair estimate of what the items would cost you if bought separately. Some cars have **some** of these items; you **need** them **all**.

When considering a car, note how many of these accessories are missing, or of a lower grade; and add their cost to the price asked for the car.

Then note the specifications, construction details and performance of the R-C-H as compared with the other car, no matter what its price---and act accordingly.

**R-C-H CORPORATION OF CANADA, Limited, Dept. E., Walkerville, Ont.**

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