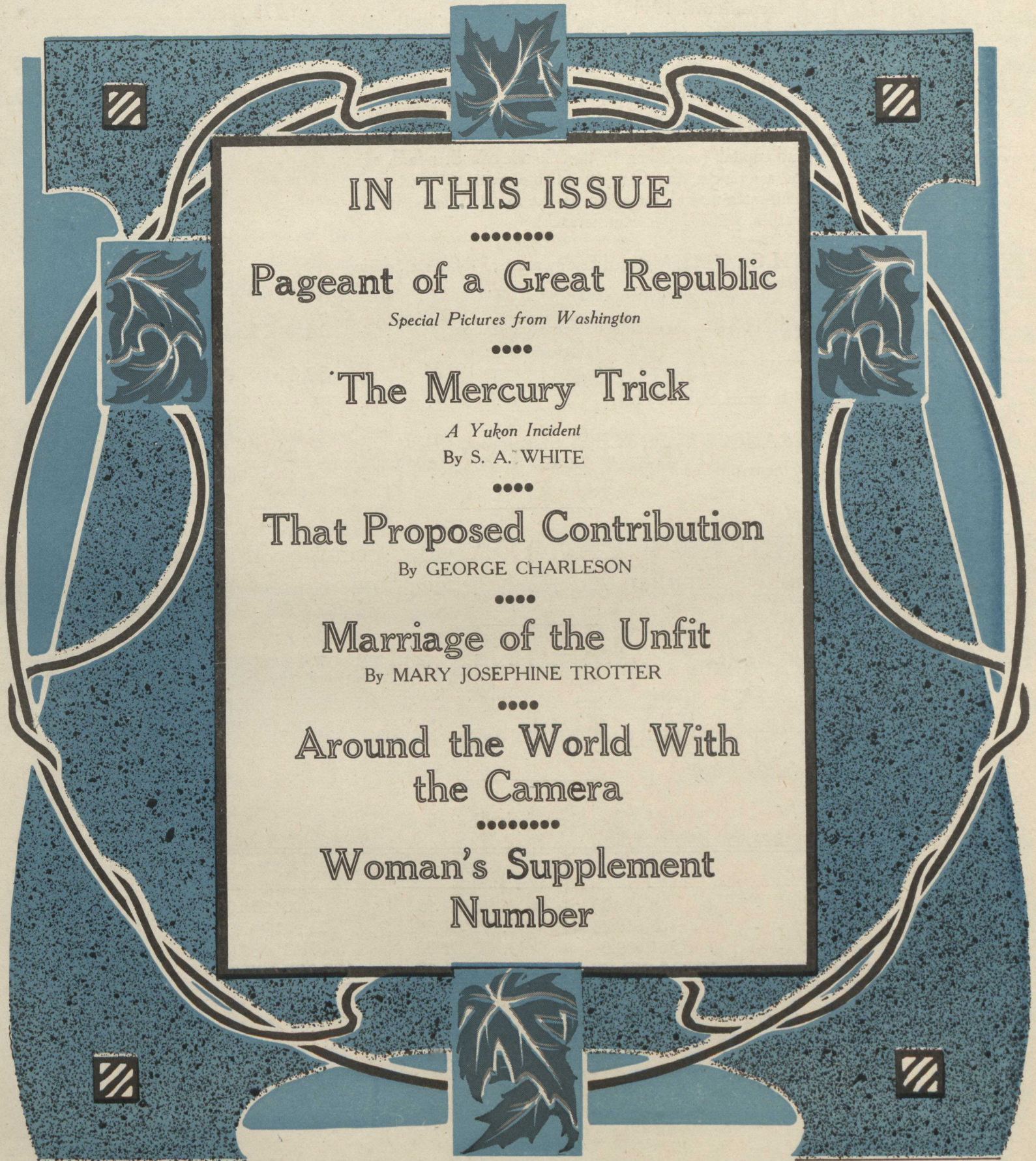


The Canadian  
**Courier**  
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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Woman's Supplement  
Number

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

The leading features of the Directors' Report for 1912, as presented to the Annual Meeting of the Company, held in Montreal, March 4th, 1913, are as follows:

<b>ASSETS</b> as at 31st December, 1912	<b>\$49,605,616.49</b>
Increase over 1911	5,704,730.51
<b>CASH INCOME</b> from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1912	<b>12,333,081.60</b>
Increase over 1911	1,775,746.08
<b>PROFITS PAID</b> to policyholders entitled to participate in 1912	<b>691,975.84</b>
<b>ADDED TO SURPLUS</b> during 1912	<b>614,008.09</b>
<b>TOTAL SURPLUS</b> 31st December, 1912, over all liabilities and capital (according to the Company's Standard, viz., for assurances, the Om. (5) Table, with 3½ and 3 per cent. interest, and, for annuities, the B. O. Select Annuity Tables, with 3½ per cent. interest).	<b>5,331,081.82</b>
<b>DEATH CLAIMS</b> , Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1912	<b>4,732,463.29</b>
<b>PAYMENTS</b> to policyholders since organization	<b>34,402,734.66</b>
<b>NEW BUSINESS</b> (paid for in cash) during 1912	<b>30,814,409.64</b>
Increase over 1911	4,377,628.45
<b>ASSURANCES IN FORCE</b> 31st December, 1912	<b>182,732,420.00</b>
Increase over 1911	18,160,347.00

The SUN LIFE OF CANADA now occupies the premier position among Canadian Life Assurance Companies.

Outside of Companies issuing industrial policies, the SUN LIFE OF CANADA now does a larger new life assurance business than any other company incorporated in the British Empire.

## The Company's Growth

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872 - -	\$ 48,210.93	\$ 96,461.95	\$ 1,064,350.00
1892 - -	1,108,680.43	3,403,700.88	23,901,047.00
1902 - -	3,561,509.34	13,480,272.88	67,181,602.00
<b>1912 - -</b>	<b>12,333,081.60</b>	<b>49,605,616.49</b>	<b>182,732,420.00</b>

ROBERTSON MACAULAY,  
PRESIDENT

HEAD OFFICE:  
MONTREAL

T. B. MACAULAY,  
MANAGING DIRECTOR and SECRETARY

**EVER TRY  
Mapleine Icing**

Made like any other  
icing only flavored with

**MAPLEINE**

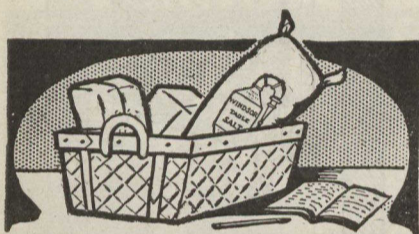
(The Flavor de Luxe)

There's nothing better  
than this for a Maple  
Cake.

Mapleine does not cook  
out nor grain and flavors  
Candies, Bon Bons,  
Puddings, Cakes, Dain-  
ties and Tasties. Use it  
like lemon and vani la  
to get a flavor similar  
to maple.

Grocers sell it. 2 oz.  
bottle for 50c.  
Send 2c stamp for  
Cook Book.

**Crescent Mfg. Co.**  
Seattle, Wash.



Grocers are firm friends of Windsor  
Table Salt. They like to sell it, because  
it is pure and clean and good.

Ask any grocer for his best salt, and  
he will give you Windsor Salt every  
time. Not because it costs more—  
*it does not*—but because the grocers  
know that Windsor Table Salt pleases  
their customers. 57

**WINDSOR  
TABLE SALT**

**The Canadian  
Courier**

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

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other dangerous drug.  
25c. a box at  
your Druggist's.



National Drug and  
Chemical Co. of  
Canada, Limited.

128



Own your car—don't let it own  
you. A new Mr. Dooley rises  
to remark that there are only two  
kinds of cars—"the Fords and the  
can't affords." You'll want a  
Ford when the season is on.  
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There are more than 220,000 Fords on the  
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Head Office : TORONTO

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ALEXANDER LAIRD . . . . . General Manager.  
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This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Can-  
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All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts  
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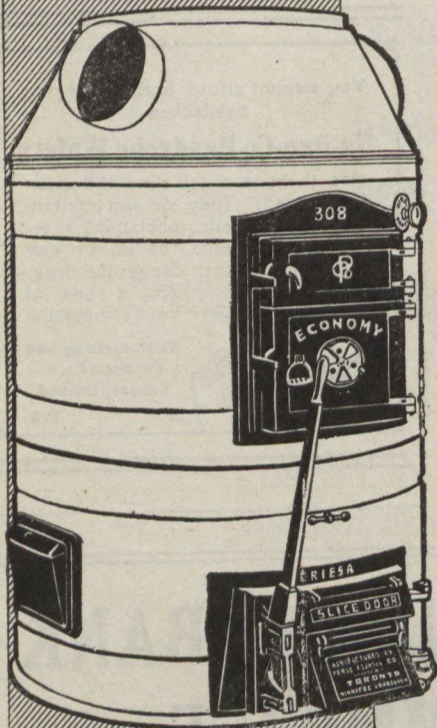
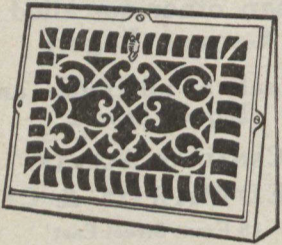
These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different  
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Dinner is served, the dining room is warm and comfortable (without being unduly hot and dry)—the children are bright-eyed, happy and hungry—flowers bloom on the table and in the windows—the meal is excellent—**once more you are satisfied.**

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The children are put to bed—all is quiet. Outside you hear the wild whistling of the wind, the whirling snow is fast covering the ground and the timbers and swaying trees creak and snap with reports that speak of rapidly lowering temperature. Inside, the kiddies, your wife and yourself are warm and contented—**you are fully satisfied.**

Then comes bedtime. Your bedroom is just as warm as the rest of the house. You undress with leisure and comfort. You retire—all through the long night the heat remains constant and your family and yourself are enabled to enjoy plenty of sound healthy sleep—**sleep that makes you satisfied.**

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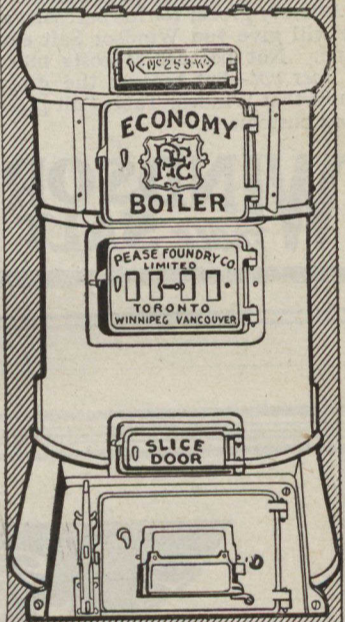
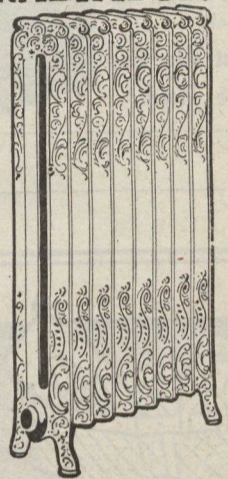
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**To Trustees and Executors**

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Also offices at Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria and Edinburgh, Scotland.

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## Toast and Toast

There is the thick slice of toast, lightly browned on each side. There is the thin toast which has been done to a crisp, so that it crunches up like a biscuit, and there is also the medium toast, that is crisp but still not hard on the teeth. Which do you prefer?

Drop in and get one of our electric toasters; have it on your breakfast table, and get just the toast that you yourself prefer.

Call or Phone

ADELAIDE 404

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This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by motor power at a cost of 2 cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line hours ahead of the old way! It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in Six Minutes—or even less! Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and better than by hand! It's more like play than work to use this wonderful washer.



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## Editor's Talk

OUR Contest Manager reports gratifying results in the competition which he has inaugurated to send fourteen girls to college and ten to Europe. Indeed, he is so pleased with the progress of events that he has decided to increase the number of prizes. This is being worked out so that every girl who enters will win a prize provided she reaches a reasonable limit. There will probably be 54 prizes instead of 24.

He has made a change in his districts, which will also increase the chances of each competitor. These are now as follows:

- District No. 1.—All cities over 75,000.
- “ “ 2.—Cities between 25,000 and 75,000.
- “ “ 3.—Cities between 10,000 and 25,000.
- “ “ 4.—Cities and towns under 10,000.

The additional 30 prizes will be awarded to all who fail to win one of the 24 primary prizes. For example, a girl who has done well in District No. 1, and yet fails to get one of the first four places, will rank in the extra list of thirty prizes according to her merit.

We again solicit the assistance of our friends in sending in nominations. We want to distribute as many prizes as possible to worthy girls who will assist in extending the “Canadian Courier's” circulation. This journal has now the largest circulation among Canadian periodicals and we intend to greatly increase our lead. This is only a means to that end.

Our friends may rely upon our assurance that any girl who enters the competition will be fairly treated, and she and her supporters will be delighted with the results. As the competition does not close until June 1st, the girl entering now has ample opportunity to rank among the winners. A nomination blank will be found in the advertising columns.

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By Royal Warrant to H. M. The King

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34 Church St., - Toronto



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a packet of Edwards' Soup into the pot or pan when you are making that stew—or

that hash or sauce, or whatever it is. Let it boil for at least half an hour. You'll find that the home-made Irish soup will make your pet recipes tastier than ever, by bringing out their full flavour.

## EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

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FURNACE CATALOGUE MAILED ON REQUEST



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*Infants' Delight Talcum Powder* is just what its name suggests—a delightful powder for the baby. The delicate skin of baby is easily irritated by perspiration, but where talcum powder is dusted on smoothly it leaves a delightful sensation of coolness. The perfume is one that baby will like too—it has the delicate fragrance of roses. There is no better powder to use after bathing or shaving. Antiseptic and borated it softens and preserves the skin. Ask your dealer for a box today—twenty-five cents a package.

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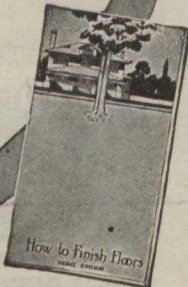
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Factory at Lachine, Que. (near Montreal)



Vol. XIII.

March 15, 1913

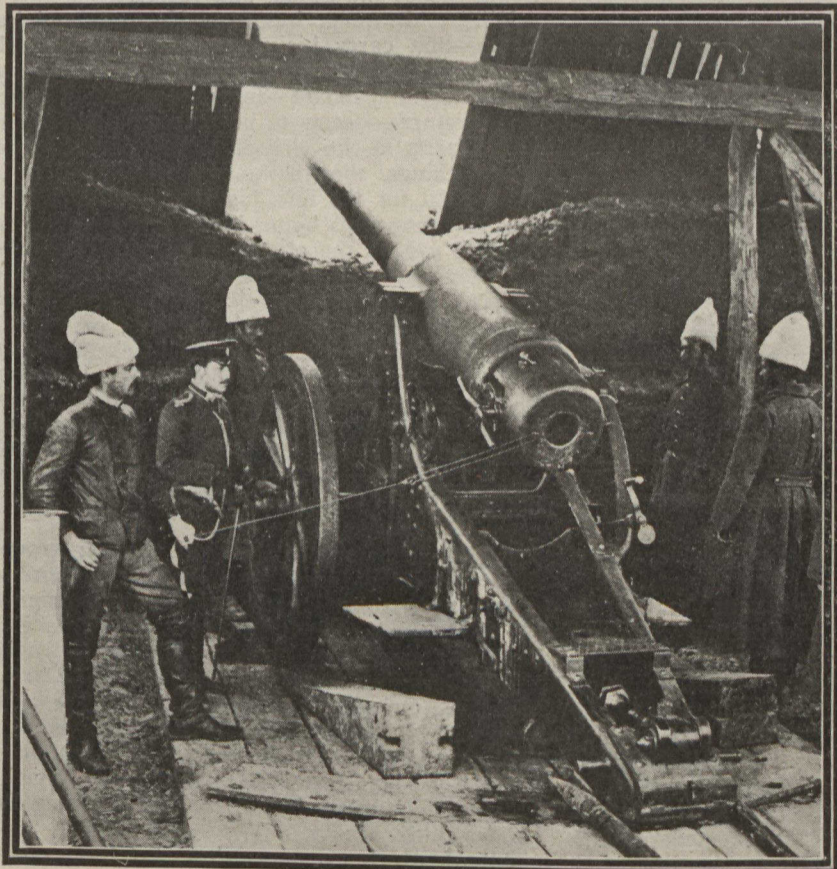
No. 15

# Could These Men Be Hired to Defend Us?

*For of Course We Are Too Busy to Defend Ourselves*



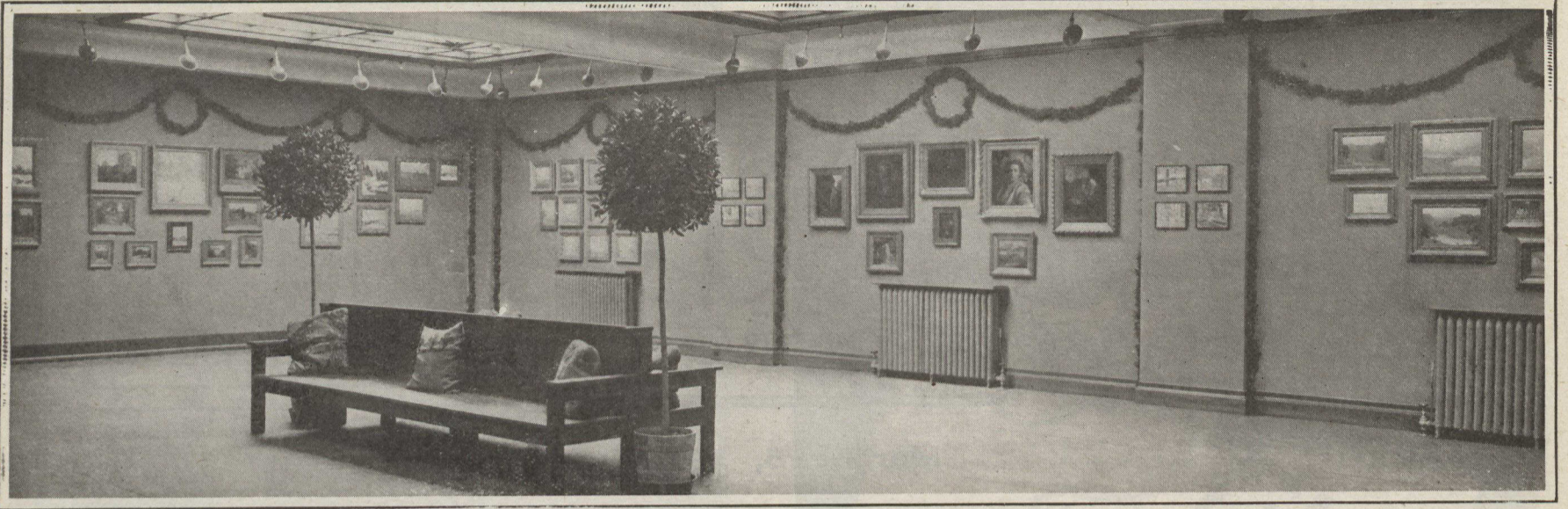
Bulgarians Resting in the Trenches, Kartal Topo, During the Bombardment of Adrianople. The Clothing of the Men Indicates That the Weather Was Pretty Severe.



The Gun That Started the Bombardment of Adrianople After the Armistice. It Has Fired Over Five Thousand Shells Into the Beleaguered City.



The Smaller Siege Guns Entrenched Around Adrianople. Note the Soldiers Carrying the Shells and the Officers Watching for Signals.



Three Individual Groups in a Show of Little Pictures Now Being Held at the Public Library in Toronto. Left to Right—L. S. Harris, Curtis Williamson, Archibald Browne.

# Art in Little Pictures

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WHAT makes art in little pictures has never been definitely determined. But a step in that direction has been made by the exhibition of 270 little pictures by 47 Canadian artists from as far east as Montreal—now being held at the Public Library in Toronto, which is the only art gallery in that city and by no means a good one. There is no city in Canada with so many artists and so few facilities for exhibiting good pictures. The present show is designed to be an innovation on the regular society, club or academy exhibit; and it is.

In the first place there is no canvas in the lot bigger than a large napkin; and some of them are the size of postcards. The idea originated with a small committee of artists and George Locke, chief librarian. It is intended to popularize small, good pictures by Canadian artists, among people who are sometimes scared by the prodigious displays of big pictures at the society shows. How far it has succeeded may be judged by the fact that in four days after the show was opened there had been sold of little pictures up to the amount of \$1,500.

But of course sales don't always mean merit. Though it must be admitted that the buyers' tastes in this selection have been much nearer the mark than usual. One reason of this probably is that a man finds it easier to decide on a thing that he has good reason for liking, when it doesn't cost him more than fifty or a hundred dollars, and may be only twenty-five. A lot of people would begin to take a large interest in art if they knew that to do so doesn't mean to be either a connoisseur or a millionaire.

As these little pictures were painted more or less casually the appreciation of them may also be casual. One pleasant innovation is that the show begins with number 1 at the first door and ends at 272 back at the door again; so that by simply following the numbers in their order you see the show, your catalogue follows the pictures, and the works of each artist are, in nearly every case, hung in a group. This prevents the muddle in finding the price of a picture in the catalogue and the bewilderment of a general melange among the pictures; an improvement which, of course, is only possible with small pictures.

Number 1 and up to 7 concerns Herbert S. Palmer, who has a pleasant pastoral note. His Beet Field is a most refreshingly peaceful thing. His Back Road is a quiet study. There is seldom any jarring note. Palmer aims to please; and he does it. Some day he will not fear to jar somebody by not keeping out of trouble.

L. S. Harris is next; and a contrast. He has ten; seven of them labelled as sketches. The first is Shacks; which may be taken as the keynote of Harris, a young painter who, wherever possible, goes in by the lane and the kitchen door, stays outside as much as possible, hits up the back places and the tumble-down things where light plays with such gorgeous abandon without guile. Shacks is a melancholy study. He meant it to be so. His Afternoon Sun, a loud, red wall of a brick house with a snow-hung bush in the foreground, at first strikes one as being baldheadedly realistic, but afterwards reveals a strong touch in the handling of the light—in which he is becoming a master; as shown also in his Moonlight.

Maurice Cullen has no master in Canada for snow pictures. He has one here of the River St.

Eustache that fetches out all the odd tonalities of snow, water and weeds; another of Cape Diamond, that reeks of blustery cold, but would have been all the better if done at longer range.

I don't know what the many decorative panelesque things of Bertha des Clayes amount to. They number 13.

Jackson, of Montreal, has little quartettes dotted on here a pillar and there a post; the dinkiest little approximations to the cubist and the futurist that could be found in real little pictures of Venice and a few other spots; highly popular and quite daringly unusual.

Curtis Williamson's lot require more light. They are low in tone and somewhat subtle in character; most of them European; and by no means a really representative collection from this strong painter of life in many moods.

Glide along to the cheerful group from Archibald Browne, famous for etherealized moons. Four out

and his Berkshire Hamlet only less so; and his Woodland Path as good as either. For the rest the painter of Doon is not compelling enough to keep you from passing on to the odd decoratively brilliant things of Dorothy Stevens, a young Canadian who learned her art abroad and has somewhat of a Parisian brilliance of dexterity, with a huge cleverness in the handling of accessory details.

Brigden's Hilltop and Cloud makes you wish he had more like it. Four of Bell-Smith's are exceedingly good—Tiltingham's House, Point a Pic, Piccadilly Circus and Putney. He always gets a fine touch of half-quaint fancy in his English bits, much as he may prefer the Canadian Rockies.

Jefferys has a number of stunning yellows from the prairie; stacks and wheat-fields and wolf-wilows—but commend me above all to the fine virility of handling yellows and greens in his Coulee Trail.

John Russell is the brilliantest galaxy in the show; visible for a mile and all in the high C, rampant with colour and superbly negligent of ordinary human meaning. Somewhat Parisian, though he is by birth a Canadian.

One only of Tom Greene's is hung; but it is so good that one feels sure that he has many more such intimate big touches of the real Canadian out-of-doors done by a somewhat pagan philosopher.

William H. Clapp's are always efflorescent of bright dancing, evasive colours, almost sidaneresque and in the mass very decorative, but as serious studies—?

Mary Wrinch has been quieting down from her once half-savage delineations. She is beginning to interpret. Two of her eleven are strikingly good; Sunlit Slopes and Clouds and Water.

William Brymner has two—Nemours and Sugar Camp—that carry his collection of 13 of a high average of merit. The Sugar Camp is a gem. J. E. H. Macdonald—another prolific maker of good pictures—seems to be running neck and neck with Harris in the virile handling of unhackneyed human things; though the man who seems to have spent \$200 for the fine, big island-and-lake picture might have made a better investment had he bought four or five of the others, such as Winter Sketch and Harvesting. Macdonald has 22. All are worth while; but less would have been quite as convincing.

Beatty tops the list, with 24, some of which are as fine as ever I expect to see in sketches, and a few of them are big as pictures. Unorthodox though it may be, I prefer his sketch of the half-breeds and Indians coming out of the church up at Fort Mettagami to any of the others. It's only a sketch; but it's worth seven of the others—though not any seven. Some of his old-world ones are especially good.

Atkinson has one of the most peculiar groups in the show; a low-toned, fuzzed-up grey-green-brown or what-not collection that show much originality of handling, but do not charm at first glance. Besides there are odd groups; that of G. A. Reid, Winter Morning, one of the best; Manly's Dartmoor Weather; Grier's Street Scene at St. Ives; Mary Reid's After Rain; Elizabeth Knowles' Evening and chicken studies; Gagnon's Autumn Evening; Gagen's Light Fog and Graham's Dinner Hour—though his Milking-Time is good; and Holmes' Evening Primrose—a little beauty.

All of which are somewhat sketchy, as is this rambling appreciation of a really interesting and instructive exhibit.



Individual Collection of Miss Mary Wrinch.

of his twelve are compellingly admirable; The Pines, Kleinburg, Sunlit Valley and Street in the Ward—though he never gets the squalour but always the fanciful colour of the back places, and always the neat, well-combed elegance of the fine landscape with a haze somewhere and an indefinable note over most of it—though the Pines are bold enough.

Suzor-Cote's Winter Sunset is worth all the other six together. Here is a wild and uncouth splendour of the waste and jagged woods. But shift along to the adjacent comfortable and thick-coated pets of Homer Watson, always capable of texture and revelling in the lower tones—though here he is in higher key than usual. His Wood Road is fine;



# THE MERCURY

## A Yukon Tale

# TRICK

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

Author of "The Wildcatters," etc.



"You go to thunder, Cayley," he bellowed.

**E**MIL HANSARD halted in the snow on the line of Claim Twenty-two on Gold Run Creek and shook his fist in the face of the fat, well-dressed man whom he had backed up from his dump to that line.

"You go to thunder, Cayley," he bellowed. "Don't talk previous location to me. I staked this. Staked it first. Savvy? And I know you. You're one of them bloody capitalists as is hand in glove with the Yukon Government. You got a stand-in, and you think you'll come it over me and sneak away what I've slaved for all these years. Yes, and suffered for. You know my woman's dead. You know that well enough. She ought to been taken Outside long ago, but I hadn't the stake to do it. Country killed her, like it'll kill them all if they stay. But I ain't going to let it kill the little girl," jerking a thumb backward in the direction of the cabin. "We go Outside in the spring with the clean-up from Twenty-two. Understand, Mr. Cayley? Now turn your back and pike hard for Dominion Creek."

"All right," returned Cayley, stiffly. He waved an otter-gauntleted hand for emphasis. "All right, Hansard. I'll go. But mind I'm coming back again."

"Don't do it," Hansard advised. "I got a Winchester up there on the windlass platform, and I can sure shoot as far as I can see."

Abruptly the two men whirled and parted. The contrast between them was startling. Symbols of two different ages they seemed, the modern and the primitive. For Cayley was trim in black broadcloth, fur-lined greatcoat, felt boots, and overshoes, while Hansard bulked huge in a hooded parka that reached to his knees, German socks, and moccasins.

Cayley went on down Gold Run Creek towards its confluence with Dominion. Hansard trudged back to his work, the three feet of packed snow on the ground crunching crisply under his moccasins. It was a mild day for the Yukon, not more than twelve below, and Hansard threw back the hood of his parka. The exertion of forcibly backing Cayley off the claim had warmed him somewhat. Of course it was Hansard's claim by rights. There was no doubt of that. But there had been trickery, as was common in the land. An official had been passed something, and when, after waiting thirty hours in the line at the Dawson City recording office, and moving up step by step, Hansard had at last reached the wicket and thought to file, he was told Twenty-two was already filed.

For any claim on Gold Run was a claim to covet. The creek was the Eldorado of the Indian River division. Unlike other creeks beyond the Dome, there was no uncertainty anywhere about it. Also, unlike the other creeks, it did not rise in the famous Dome, but along the stretch between Sulphur and Dominion Creeks in a spur of the Dome which projected far to form part of the divide that sloped to Indian River. From there it ran twelve miles through true gold country and entered Dominion at Two Hundred and Twenty-seven below Lower Discovery.

Such a location Hansard swore he would not

lose. Protests at Dawson availed nothing. So Hansard in a mighty wrath took the law in his own hands, ran up a log cabin on the claim, established the little Bernice and himself in it, and commenced to sink a shaft.

**T**HEREUPON Cayley had stepped in—and been backed off. Hansard chuckled at the recollection of that process as he turned the corner of his cabin on the way to the shaft.

"What are you laughing at, pap?"

The door was open, and Bernice was looking out, an elf of a girl, eight or nine years old, straight as a young spruce, and with the black of the spruce in her hair and eyes.

"Pap, what's tickling you?" she demanded.

"That man." Her father grinned and pointed to the black speck on the snow away down Gold Run.

"What'd he want, pap?"

"Our claim, kiddie. But he ain't getting it. Run inside, now. I must work hard all the time, you know. There's a big dump to get out this winter if we're going to clean up and hit the States this spring."

Bernice sprang off the step, seized her father's hands, put a small toe on each of his great shoe-packs, and leaning back, danced thus, up and down, to the spring of his arms.

"Goody," she cried. "Goody-good! I wish it was spring now, pap. Will I have dolls and dresses and go to school every day?"

"Yes, kiddie, yes. You'll have all that and lots more. Everything your mother didn't live to have."

She stopped her dance. Her eyes grew wistful and a little moist.

"I—wish—mother—"

"Hush, hush, child," interrupted Hansard, hastily.

"There," petting her head, "run away in and let me go or I won't finish hoisting the ground my fires thawed last night."

He landed her in the middle of the cabin floor with a skilful swing, smiled on her though there was a pang at heart, and closed the door.

The men of the Klondike had discovered the art of burning to bedrock. It was Hansard's custom at nights to build a fire of dry spruce, well banked with green wood, in the bottom of the shaft. This burned slowly all night and thawed the frozen muck to a depth of four feet, which four feet, with the help of a man at the windlass, he hoisted out next day. That afternoon, while the winter sun rose up for a half hour above the southern horizon and dropped again in nearly the same spot, he finished the day's allotment. Then he built another fire for the next day.

Hansard did not think Cayley would return. But right there he made a mistake. Cayley, armed with two documents, an injunction restraining Hansard from working Twenty-two and an order of eviction of Hansard from the same, did return in the small hours of a morning. Cayley took possession. Hansard's Winchester was no good. For Cayley had three Mounted Police of B Division to back him.

Hansard's cabin was pried loose from its frozen site and shifted on the snow off Claim Twenty-two onto the edge of the bench ground. Hansard's primitive windlass plant was packed after him, and in its place Cayley had installed a

huge self-dumping bucket that took the stuff at the shaft bottom and deposited it on the crest of the dump without the touch of human hand. Also Cayley introduced a big boiler and steam points to thaw the bedrock gravels. He did not do these things in person. He never came to Twenty-two on Gold Run. His foreman managed everything. Being a heavy Klondike operator, Cayley explained that he himself had other properties to look after. But the truth of it was that he feared to come. He feared Hansard's Winchester. The cabin on the edge of the bench ground was altogether too close to the workings, and Hansard continually haunted it.

"What are you waiting for?" old-timers asked him.

"The value of my claim," he told them.

"Huh! Damages? Going to law, eh? That's bad business, Emil. They lawed you outen the ground. They'll law you off the earth. Don't touch it. Come away over on Sulphur Creek."

But Hansard stayed, stayed till even the little girl began to wonder.

"Ain't it time to be going to the Outside, pap?" she would ask.

"No, Bernice," he would answer, "not till we get our clean-up."

"Do we take it then? I thought they thieved our claim, pap. Will they give us the gold when they get her gathered?"

"I hope so, kiddie. In fact I'm plumb sure of it. You just wait a little."

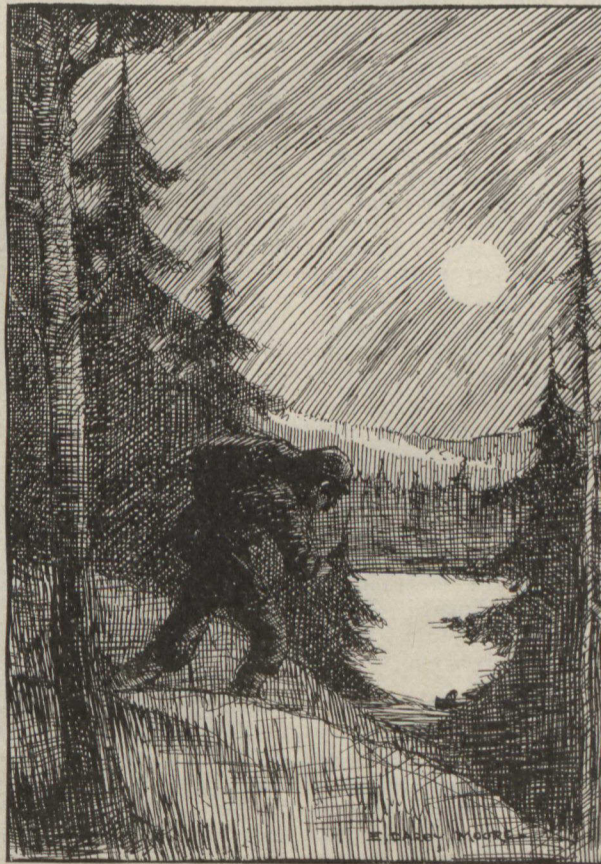
So the child waited in the squat cabin below the snow-wrapped bluffs. After, Gold Run Valley stretched like a white blanket marked in strange dark patterns by the undertakings of men. Beyond rose the stark divides of many creeks with ridges jutting up above them, and mountain peaks, clear-cut as cameos, sheering straight to the clouds. The mild spell was past. For days at a stretch the thermometer hovered around sixty below. Hansard and Bernice kept to the cabin. The days grew very short. In January the sun failed to rise at all. The northland's long night came down on Gold Run. Through that period of gloom, broken only by the crimson aurora flaming across the snows, they waited still. Hansard made one midwinter trip to Dawson for supplies. While there he went into a drug shop and bought some pounds of mercury, all they had in stock.

"What's the matter?" the surprised clerk asked. "All the thermometers on Gold Run busted by the cold?"

"Rifle," Hansard enlightened him. "My barrel's leaded bad. Mercury cleans her great."

**T**HE sun came back, and winter wore on to spring. The dump of Twenty-two grew large. A time of thaws set in, the hill-water brimmed the creeks, and the ice-run went out on the Yukon. Cayley's foreman built great sluice-boxes, turned the water through them, and set men to shovel in the dump. The order from Cayley was to make one big clean-up of the dump stuff. Then they could go ahead and with the self-dumping bucket feed the rest of the gravel from the bottom of the shaft right into the sluice-boxes.

For the best part of a week they shoveled in. The water whirled away the light muck, while the heavy gold



Slipped like a shadow down Gold Run and into the waiting canoe.

sank and was caught by the riffles. Each night a man was posted to guard the sluice-boxes. And each night Hansard studied this watchman, noting his habits and customary position.

On the fourth day, the day before the clean-up was to be made, Cayley's men saw Hansard launch his Peterborough canoe in the high water of the creek. They saw him load in all his provisions and belongings and embark with the little girl.

"Going away for good," they told each other. "Sick of sitting around and seeing what he missed."

But Hansard went only a few miles down and waited for night, not the dark winter night, but the twilight summer night of June. Then he cast all his belongings away on the bank and paddled back upstream. His canoe, lightened in the face of possible need to racing condition, held, besides Bernice, his rifle, a bag of provisions, a rolled tent, and a square tin box filled with the mercury he had bought in the winter. He made his way upstream cautiously. Below the limits of Twenty-two he gently grounded the craft and took the tin box from the bow.

"Stand ready to push off as soon as I come," he warned Bernice.

Stooping low and skirting the creek bed, Hansard disappeared in the soft mist that filled Gold Run Valley. Halfway up the claim he cached the tin box because it was likely to rattle an alarm against the pebbles. Crawling on all fours, he reached the end of Cayley's sluice-boxes. Part way down the watchman was leaning with his back against the framework of the box line. Hansard lay flat and

began to worm his way towards him. The shingle was wet. He made no noise. Like a phantom out of the mist he rose behind the man and jumped.

Hansard's hands were over the other's mouth, Hansard's knees in the other's stomach as they fell fighting in the muck. The watchman struggled hard, especially to uncover his mouth, but Hansard was too powerful. In three minutes Cayley's guard was gagged with his own coat and bound hand and foot with a couple of pack lashings. And bound he would stay, Hansard made sure, till morning.

Hansard worked swiftly and silently. He brought his tin box, poured some of the mercury in the upper end of the sluice-boxes, and caught it at the lower end. The grains of gold adhered and were gathered up by the mercury in its descent. Several times the operation was repeated, and just to make a good job of it Hansard lifted out the cleat-like frames of the riffles and scraped up what was left. He did not consider himself a thief at all. Cayley was the thief. He, Hansard, simply re-possessed himself of his own.

There were many thousand dollars in the two bulky pokes on his shoulders as he slipped like a shadow down Gold Run and into the waiting canoe.

"What's that you got, pap?" Bernice asked, as they shoved off.

"Our clean-up, kiddie," Hansard answered. "Dolls and dresses and schools and such!"

"Then it was meant for us after all?"

"It sure was, Bernice. And we'll be well over towards the American boundary at Forty-Mile before they find it out."

whether our purchases are of native manufacture, or made by the "cheap labour" of whatever foreign country they come from. So we stamp them—"Made in Germany," "Made in Austria." But it is surely of nearly as much importance to know what is in them. Our desire not to be cheated must be pretty nearly as strong, as a rule, as our desire not to patronize foreign industry.

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GOVERNMENT can do these things. Private sagacity seldom can, over any large area. A house-keeper gets to know the choice "cuts" and can tell tender and tasty meat from tough and tasteless. But even the house-keeper must depend upon government inspection to make sure that the animal did not have tuberculosis when it was killed. It takes an exceedingly good judge to pick up a piece of cloth in a shop and be quite sure that no fancy process has disguised its plebian origin. But an official stamp, backed by heavy punishment for false stamping, would do the trick very neatly. A little law with a big fine attached, and an appendix threatening imprisonment for a second offence, would be all that was required. A few inspectors, costing the tax-payers a few thousand dollars, would save them millions in the course of a year. Why do not we Canadians, as a thrifty and businesslike people, make this investment? And we could comfort our souls with the additional unction—so dear to us—that we were performing a good moral action by making honesty more prevalent.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Interior Storage Elevators

THERE are rumours that the question of interior storage elevators for the West may come up in Parliament shortly. This subject was discussed in the CANADIAN COURIER in January, 1912, owing to a suggestion made about that time by Mr. Sclanders, of Saskatoon. The topic has also been discussed by various agricultural associations in the West and by the different farm newspapers. It was a very lively item of conversation during the time of the wheat blockade last year.

The railways are doing their best each year to move the West's big grain crop in three or four months after harvesting begins, but it is well nigh impossible. As the annual harvest grows larger the impossibility will increase. Some method must be devised whereby wheat can be stored, dried, cleaned and graded at central elevators situated at Regina, Saskatoon, Battleford, and other interior points. This will relieve the strain on the railway lines between Winnipeg and Fort William and on the elevator equipment at Fort William and Port Arthur.

As the COURIER remarked in its issue of March 9th, 1912, "The wheat wasted this season would have built enough elevators at Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Indian Head, Battleford, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton, to store fifty million bushels a year. And the elevators would have been good for twenty-five years' service."

The subject is one well worthy of the attention of the Dominion Government, which has recently built a big storage elevator at Fort William. If it will add to its programme some large, well-equipped drying and cleaning elevators at central points in the West, it will do much to relieve the annual congestion, besides enabling farmers to get quicker and larger advances on their grain.

## Light and Air

SPECIAL pleaders for skyscrapers say that the people in the top storeys get light and air. True, but what about the people whose light and air are cut off by the skyscrapers? Have they no claim to consideration? And what about the draughts these big buildings create in our streets? Are we to bear these in patience?

In Boston, buildings are limited to 125 feet in height. Cleveland says 200 feet or sixteen storeys. New Orleans decrees two and a half times the width of the street. Montreal and Vancouver stop at ten storeys. New York restricts its tenement houses to one and a half times the width of the street, which is Europe's general rule, but New York says nothing of office buildings. Chicago had a building limit of 394 feet, but later put a limit of 260 feet. Last year this was reduced to 200 feet.

All Canadian cities should have a limit of at least two and a half times the width of the street. This would preserve some light and air for the adjoining buildings and would to some extent prevent congestion of traffic in office sections. Boston is a better guide than New York. It is a much more ideal city.



## A Government Guarantee

WHERE we make a great mistake—we English people with our passion for what we so often mistakenly call "liberty" when we are really referring to submission to spoliation—is in fearing to take advantage of the power of government. We do not allow government to do one fraction of the things for us that it could do and that it should do. To illustrate—the other day, I was standing in chat with a friend opposite a new house just being put up. He knew a lot about house-building, for he had built several; and he knew a lot more about this particular house, for he had watched it in process of construction. So he remarked—I think I am quoting him correctly, though I will not swear to the figures, so little do I know on the subject—"That is a remarkable wall there. It is an eighteen-inch wall." "Oh, is it?" I replied, with more than my customary vacuousness, wondering whether that meant that it was liable to blow over in a high wind or if it were a waste of material. "Yes," he went on. "A twelve-inch wall is good—very good. An eight-inch wall is the wall of commerce." "Oh!" I said, acknowledging enlightenment; "the man must be going to live in the house himself. It is not for rent, I take it."

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LATER, it occurred to me that, if I had been going to buy that house, there was no way in which I could tell whether it had an eighteen-inch waist—wall, I mean—or only an eight-inch wall. The man might tell me it had the eighteen-inch variety; but, as I was dealing in walls and not waists, how would I know that he was telling the truth? Perhaps there is some way to tell—I don't know—but why not have the Government step in and plainly stamp each wall on the outside, so that the wayfaringman, though as ill-informed as I am, should not err therein? Why not have the Government go further, and prevent the erection of walls which do not recognize the climate? "The liberty of the subject," do you say? Piffle. That is not liberty, but a license to deceive, and to deceive to the serious hurt of the victim.

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MERELY use that as an illustration. It may be a bad one. What I mean is that the machinery of government should be employed to guarantee in many sorts of transactions that the purchaser—though unskilled—gets what he thinks he is purchasing. There is no interference here with the play of competition or the barter of the

market. A man is not compelled to make any article that he does not want to make, or to make that article in any particular way. He can make it as he chooses—as he thinks will sell best—as he believes will win him the greatest profit. But he should be compelled to put into the hidden parts of his article the quality of material that he claims credit for putting there. That is no more than the enforcement of honesty. What difference is it whether a man tip-toes into your front hall and "lifts" a coat worth twenty dollars, or whether he sells you a coat on representations which—if true—would make it worth thirty dollars, when—as a matter of fact—it is only worth ten? The theft is the same in both cases, though it is a bit meaner and considerably more annoying in the latter.

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WHAT I want government—municipal, provincial, federal, each in its own field—to do for me, is to guarantee that, when I buy an article, I get the article which is represented to me as being sold. Government does a certain amount of this work now. When I buy pure milk—no one would dream of buying any other kind for the "kiddies"—the civic government makes a sort of an effort to see that I get pure milk. If it didn't, in nine times out of ten I could not tell. How am I going to discover from the face of the milkman or the look of the bottle that the innocent-looking fluid which pours so seductively out of the pitcher, really spent last night in a filthy cow-stable and is this morning an aquarium of deadly germs? I cannot tell. The municipality makes a mild-mannered attempt to find out for me; and it does to some extent decrease my risk. By doing so, it admits the principle that government has some responsibility for seeing to it that I get the article I pay for. Why not, then, simply extend that responsibility and make it as nearly as possible universal?

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WHY not, for example, make it a crime to sell me a garment with cotton in it when the gentlemanly clerk assures me that it is "all wool"? Why not compel merchants to stamp on goods, about which there can be serious doubt as to their composition, just what is in them? Then when a merchant sells you a shoe with brown paper in the sole, you ought to find stamped on the sole—"Mixed leather and brown paper." Of course, if you want that kind of shoe-leather, that will be exactly the shoe you will buy. You pick up goods now, stamped with the name of the country of origin. We are supposed to be so patriotic that we want to know

# The Historical Aspect of the Naval Contribution

By GEORGE CHARLESON

**R**EGULAR contributions, voted by the Canadian Parliament, but spent by the British Government in Britain! Surely this is a proposition novel enough to arrest our attention, and to demand the most serious consideration, not only of its present effects, but of its probable results ten, twenty, fifty years hence. As a people, Canadians have too little historical sense, and are too apt to consider only the effect likely to be produced at present. And yet that is frequently the less important side of the question.

Someone will no doubt protest that Mr. Borden has proposed only an emergency contribution. True, but he has steadily refused to tell what his permanent policy is, or to state definitely that this contribution is to be the only one. Moreover, if Mr. Borden believes that no efficient naval organization could be built up in this country "within a quarter or perhaps half a century," and if he yet desires to help strengthen the empire, he must contemplate future and regular contributions. According to his views, the empire could be helped in no other way.

It is proposed that the Canadian Parliament, which represents us, shall vote sums of money to be spent by the British Government, which is responsible to a Parliament that does not represent us at all. If our Canadian Government does not spend wisely the money voted by the Canadian Parliament for Canadian purposes, Parliament has a means of redress. The Cabinet is responsible to it, and it may, if necessary, go to the length of forcing the Cabinet to resign. But the Canadian Parliament has no conceivable control over the British Cabinet, and will have no possible constitutional means of redress, if the money voted is not spent according to its wishes. To that extent the power of the Canadian Parliament will be restricted under any system of contribution. And this is no insignificant matter. If there is any truth in the claim of the British people that they have developed a superior form of government, if there is any justification for Tennyson's boast that England possesses

"... the one true seed of freedom sown,  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings,"

it is largely because the English people struggled century after century, first to control the levying of taxes, and secondly to control the spending of them. We thought that every native Canadian had learned, as a school boy, that it took over fifty years of agitation and turmoil to gain for the Canadian Assemblies the right to control the Cabinets which spent the revenues of the colonies, but apparently the lesson was not well learned, when a great political party proposes to take the first fatal, retrograde step toward the dangerous, humiliating position this country occupied before 1840.

Of course, our contributions will at first be voluntary, but in a very short time a precedent will have

been set which future governments will find it very hard to disregard. Precedent is a mighty force in most countries, but it has been the all-important force fashioning the British constitution and British parliamentary practice. Tennyson laid his finger on the cardinal feature of the growth of British freedom, when he described England as a place

"Where freedom slowly broadens down,  
From precedent to precedent."

It is conceivable that the British fleet to which we had contributed might not be built or managed to our satisfaction, and yet, under the system proposed, we should have no effective way of enforcing our wishes. The British Cabinet manages the British fleet, and is responsible to the British Parliament for its management, but it is in no sense whatever responsible to the Canadian Parliament, and the latter body could not, under our present constitution, enforce its wishes. Such a condition would be very dangerous. If we could not alter things, we could complain, and our dissatisfaction would in the end be levelled at a British connection which saddled us with payments we were unwilling to make, and prevented our helping to control the navy we had assisted to build. This may sound a little extreme to the man unacquainted with Canadian history, but there is ample historical proof that there is much danger in just such a situation as this naval contribution would bring about. History should, and does, teach by example, and to history we now appeal against Mr. Borden's proposal and other unwise schemes of centralization.

**N**O period in Canadian history is more important than the years 1846-50. England had already granted a large measure of self-government to Canada and the Maritime Provinces, but there were still enough restrictions on the freedom of the legislatures to cause discontent. The old Navigation Laws, passed in the time of Cromwell, forbidding any but British ships to bring cargoes to colonial ports, were in part still unrepealed, and freight rates from Montreal to Liverpool were consequently very much higher than from New York. The postal system in Canada was managed from England, and extravagantly managed. The civil list of Canada could not be curtailed without the consent of the British Government; hence, in the midst of commercial depression, there were loud complaints against the extravagant salaries paid to officials. The Clergy Reserves, the perennial source of discontent in Canada, were protected by British legislation. But more important than all these limitations was the fact that Canada was seriously injured by a change in the fiscal policy of Great Britain.

For some years previous to 1846, Canadian grain, flour and lumber had enjoyed a preference in the British market. The preference was allowed not

only on flour made from Canadian wheat, but on flour ground from American wheat. The effect of this preference was very great. Not only did the Canadian farmer receive better prices for his grain, but the Canadian miller found it very profitable to import large quantities of wheat from the Western States, such as Michigan, and make it into flour for the English market. In a few years a very large share of Canadian capital was invested in flour mills, and both Upper and Lower Canada enjoyed a period of very great prosperity. But the British Parliament abolished the Corn Laws in 1846, because it was believed by a majority of the people and of the parliament that it was for the good of the United Kingdom to do so. Canada was benefiting very largely from the operation of the Corn Laws and the preference, but British and Irish workmen and peasants were starving, and therefore the taxes on food had to go. British statesmen like Peel were not unfriendly to the colonies, but they felt that, in determining the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom, they must consult first the good of the English, Scotch and Irish people. Accordingly, despite the fact that Canada would be injured, the Corn Laws were repealed, and, as a necessary consequence, the preference on colonial grain, flour and lumber was abolished.

**C**ANADA was nearly ruined by the change. Her products enjoyed no preference in the British market, and, because of the operation of the Navigation Laws, were subject to exorbitant freight rates by way of the St. Lawrence. It was no longer profitable to import American grain and grind it for the English market, and Canadian millers were fast becoming bankrupt. In 1847 the Canadian Parliament had abolished the system of differential duties against goods originating in, or coming through, the United States, and the American Congress had soon after passed an act permitting the carriage of foreign and Canadian goods through the United States in bond, without the payment of duty. This double abolition of restrictions on trade with, and through, the United States only served to heighten the depression already felt in Montreal. Up to this time it had been the port of export and import for both Upper and Lower Canada, but now the merchants of Upper Canada found it to their advantage to ship their produce by way of New York, and to import their foreign goods either from New York or through that port. In three years the value of real estate in Montreal fell 50 per cent., and the country appeared to be drifting rapidly into bankruptcy. Lord Elgin, the Governor-General, in writing to the Colonial Secretary, said: "Peel's bill of 1846 drives the whole of the produce down the New York channels of communication, destroying the revenue which Canada expected to derive from canal dues, and ruining at once mill-owners, forwarders and merchants. The consequence is that private property is unsaleable in Canada, and not a shilling can be raised on the credit of the province. We are actually reduced to the disagreeable necessity of paying all public officers from the Governor-General downwards in debentures which are not exchangeable at par."

In addition to all the causes of discontent we have outlined, the Tory party had a special cause of complaint in 1849. Despite its frantic opposition in the Assembly, its petitions to the Governor-General, and its appeal to the British Government, the latter body determined to uphold Lord Elgin, who had signed the Rebellion Losses Bill, not because he was convinced that it was a wise measure, but because he was determined to carry out fully in Canada the principles of Responsible Government. The British Government was preparing to give Canada the widest possible measure of self-government in all local affairs, but there were some people then, as there are some now, who do not value autonomy if it interferes with their policies, or their interests for the moment.

Canada was in a bad plight. What was the result, and what were the remedies proposed? Some proposed that England should reimpose a duty on wheat, and once more give Canada a preference. They were quite sure that the foreign producers would pay the duty, and that the Canadian farmers, millers and merchants would be benefited, without doing any injury to the English workman. But the British Government of that day, like the British Government of to-day, could not be convinced by any such argument, and refused to change its fiscal policy. The Lafontaine-Baldwin Government, assisted by the English ambassador at Washington, did its best to secure reciprocity with the United

(Continued on page 33.)

## SENIOR CHAMPIONS, ONTARIO HOCKEY ASSOCIATION



The O. H. A. has been a live organization since 1891 when Ottawa and Queen's University competed for the championship, the former winning. Ottawa held this for three years; Osgoode Hall won in 1894, Queen's University in the next three years, Osgoode Hall in 1898, and Queen's University in 1899. Then came the regime of the famous Toronto Wellingtons and Marlboros. In 1906 Berlin had a win, and in 1907 Stratford. Then came the 14th Regiment, Kingston, St. Michael's College, and Eatons in 1911 and 1912. This year the Championship goes to Toronto Rugby and Athletic Club with St. Michael's as runners-up.  
Rear Row—Lamont, trainer; McLean, left wing; Burk hart; Heffernan, point; Livingstone, manager; Williams; McKenzie. Front Row—Hunter, cover-point and captain; Br own, right wing; Gordon; Meeking, centre; McKenzie, rover.

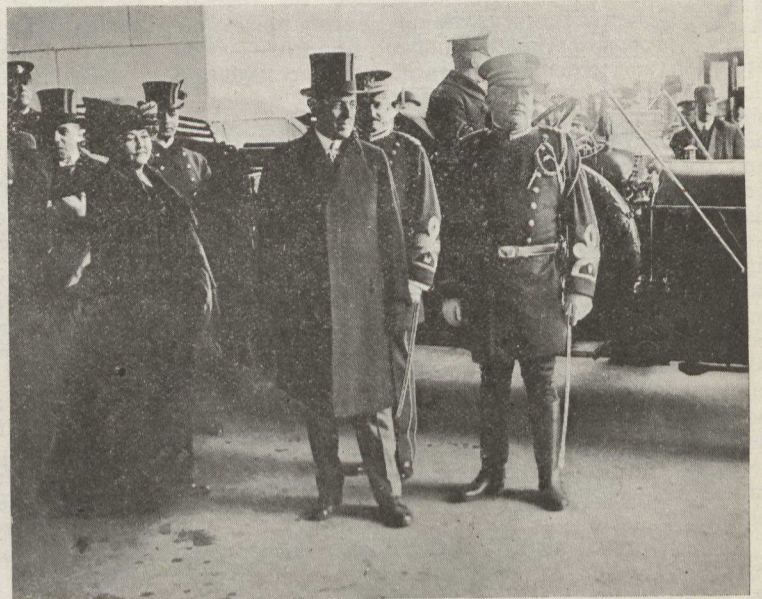
# The Pageant of a Great Republic



President Wilson Listening to Princeton Boys Singing.



Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall and Mrs. Marshall.



President and Mrs. Wilson at the Union Station, Washington.

INAUGURATION DAY of the thirty-first President of the United States has gone into history. It was preceded by an unruly episode in which a Washington mob, police and suffragettes, were the chief actors. Canadian suffragettes escaped the indignities inflicted upon those further behind in the procession. The disturbance had no effect on the fete which followed next day. Woodrow Wilson was sworn into office in the presence of the biggest crowd and under the benign auspices of the finest weather ever known at an inauguration. Democracy in both the first and second executive officer of the great Republic was established after a long hiatus since the sturdy days of Grover Cleveland. There was no sibylline oracle, and no prophetic omen handed out as used to be the custom on public fete days in the times of the Caesars. But there was not wanting a sign. The newspapers saw it in what was described in some despatches as the perfunctory applause accorded President Wilson and the comparative ovation tendered to William Jennings Bryan, the new Secretary of State. Comparative estimates of this vary somewhat with the politics of the correspondents.

But Woodrow Wilson is now formally President; William Howard Taft, the genial fat man, has gone to his professorship; the lean scholar and the reformer has taken his place. Washington has prepared itself for a social transition as marked as what happened in London when King Ed-



Past and Present—President Wilson and Ex-President Taft Posing for Numerous Photographers.

ward was succeeded by King George, and in Ottawa when Earl Grey was replaced by the Duke. The Wilsons are known to be essentially plain, simple folk, who believe in the low cost of living. They will be likely to test the value of the simple life before they have done with Washington.

In the heyday hubbub of a grand fete the mere politics of the occasion was temporarily suspended. But behind all the festival display and the pageantry of inauguration there was standing in wait for the new President the most gigantic task that ever confronted the chief officer of the Republic. The previous election and the campaign that preceded it gave Woodrow Wilson an unexpected eminence. He is a new sort of man in a position which, though old in character, is every year becoming a novelty by force of circumstances. Now that he is officially the President, with his cabinet partly chosen, he will begin to discover what a mere man embodying a purpose amounts to in dealing with a mass of accumulated traditions—from the opposite party. In this he will be much guided and counselled and perhaps sometimes perplexed by his chief officer Bryan, who represents Democratic Government in the United States in a much bigger personal way than does the President himself.

Canada wishes her mighty neighbour and his new President every success in the tasks which will fill up the next four years.



New Jersey Cavalry Escorting President Wilson to the Capitol.



Dense Crowds at Treasury Building Watching Suffragette Parade.

### Big Ski Meet at Edmonton

THE Canadian record for jumping with skis was broken at Edmonton on Saturday, February 22nd, by John Haugen, of Edmonton, who jumped 109 feet, beating the former record by five feet. There were seventeen competitors in the meet, as follows:

J. Vaker, S. Moe, O. Olson, J. Rudd, O. Sveen, J. Haugen, George Schlytter, M. Olan, O. Haugen, G. Sorenson, C. Tregens, and G. Jacobson, Edmonton; C. Sandboe, L. Maland, T. Thorson, A. Maland and A. M. Engebritson, of Camrose, Alberta.

Four thousand people turned out to see the sport, many driving in automobiles to the place of the meet, a hillside that rises abruptly from the river flats bordering the south side of the North Saskatchewan River. The day was not cold and there has been very little snow in Edmonton this winter, so that motorists found roads as smooth and hard as city pavements right up to the takeoff at the top and to the finish of the slide on the river-bottom levels.

The winners' names and records follow:

	Points.
1st prize—John Haugen, Edmonton .....	232
2nd prize—Ottar Sveen, Edmonton .....	219
3rd prize—Carl Sandboe, Camrose .....	212
4th prize—Olaf Olson, Edmonton .....	211
5th prize—George Schlytter, Edmonton .....	209
6th prize—Adolph Maland, Camrose .....	208
7th prize—Lars Maland, Camrose .....	204
8th prize—Gullik Sorenson, Edmonton .....	174

Extra prize for longest standing jump, won by John Haugen, of Edmonton, with jump of 109 feet.

The judges were H. E. Floen, S. Westrick, of Edmonton, and T. Tverson and J. E. Engebritson.

### For the King's Plate

CANADA'S greatest horse-race, the King's Plate, will be contested again on Saturday, May 24th, at the Woodbine, Toronto. The entry list is the largest in ten years, 42 entries and 29 owners. Not all of these promising Canadian-bred 3-year-olds will face the starter. Declarations are to be made May 1st. Mr. Seagram has four, and Dymont has the same number. Giddings has four, Davies three, Hon. Adam Beck two, Gorman two, and Hendrie one. Two of the colts have competed before, Legislator (T. C. Bate, Ottawa) and Gold Bud (Robt. Davies, Toronto), but neither is a serious competitor. Those penalized for winning as 2-year-olds are: Auster, Hearts of Oak, Ondramida, Battle Song and Maid of Frome.

This is one of the few races in Canada where the honour is more than the prize-money. There are men in Canada who would sacrifice even some of their prejudices to win this race and to know that His Majesty had sent them an indirect telegram of congratulation.

### Proposed Motor Act

THE noise fiend of the motor car, whose chief joy in life is to make his motor horn give vent to sounds, is likely to have his pleasures curtailed before the present session of the Ontario Legislature is over. Mr. George H. Gooderham, member for South Toronto, has introduced a bill to make it an offence to make any "harsh, objectionable or disagreeable noise," to allow an unreasonable amount of smoke to issue from a motor, or to cut out the muffler.

The reciprocity clauses of the same bill provide that the Provincial Secretary may grant a thirty-days' permit to any person who is not a resident of the province who has complied with the law of his own state or province, providing that state or province extends a similar privilege to Ontario motorists.

The bill also requires that all drivers, whether paid or owners, shall take out a driver's license.

### Dr. Peterson's Views

"IT seems a pity that Parliament could not have agreed on a contribution to the Imperial navy without all this trouble," said Principal Peterson, of McGill University, when interviewed in St. John, N.B., last week.

"A great and growing country like Canada can afford to make a gift to their people. I think it would have been better if the two parties had agreed on making a contribution. Afterwards they could have taken up the question of making out a permanent policy, and fought as hard as they liked over whether they want a Canadian navy or not.

# News Pictures of Three Nations



Group of Six Presidents at Inauguration of Mons. Poincare. Left to Right—A. Dubost, President of Senate; M. Fallieres, Ex-President of Republic; M. Poincare, President of Republic; M. Deschanel, President of Chamber of Deputies. Second Row, Left to Right—M. Loubet, Ex-President of Republic and M. Briand, President of Council.



Part of the Four Thousand People Who Gathered to See the Ski Jumping Contest at Edmonton on February 22.



Mr. Hill and "Hung Well," the Dog Which Won the Waterloo Cup Finals at Altcar, Lancashire, February 21.

"I speak freely because I am a liberal. No party, I think, has any right to accuse the other of lukewarmness in the matter of imperial defence; each is trying to do more than the other. But the appearance of unity would have been desirable at the outset."

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## An Unedifying Spectacle

**D**ESPITE all warnings and pleadings, the two political parties have come to a deadlock on the navy question. The leaders on both sides have been urged to settle the matter on a non-partisan basis, but they have refused. There is no need of saying which side is most to blame; it would not help the situation. The leaders of both have shown disrespect for each other and for the country's good name which is not calculated to heighten their reputations as statesmen. They may all regret it, but the result is there.

Last week the House did, what it has not done since 1895, when it remained in session continuously for five days. The Liberals talked incessantly, day and night, and the Conservatives listened with as much patience as they could muster. In the meantime, the business of the country is delayed and no good purpose is served.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier says it is not his fault, as there is an important principle involved. He and his followers believe that they are fighting in a just cause. On the other hand, Premier Borden maintains that the party which he leads is entitled, after a fair amount of discussion, to have its proposed legislation passed on division. Each side thinks it is right and refuses to yield.

Obstinacy in a man is a vice or a virtue. It is a vice, when there is no superlative reason why it should be exhibited. This is an occasion when it is difficult to see the superlative reason for the obstinacy of both parties.

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## The Public Unconvinced

**C**URIOS how the public refuses to take the naval debate seriously. Neither side has impressed the people with the fact that there is a great principle at stake. If the people believed that the Borden administration intended to support a policy of permanent contribution they would arise and smite it. It is quite evident that the Liberals have failed to convince any large number of people that the Conservatives are anti-Canadian. On this point, Mr. Borden has stayed fairly well within the limits of Torres Vedras, a famous haven of refuge for astute statesmen. Ninety per cent. of the Conservatives who read and think at all deeply are in favour of an ultimate Canadian navy, and believe the Borden Cabinet is. If they could be persuaded that the permanent policy of the Conservative administration will not include a Canadian navy, there would be a mighty rumpus.

The Liberals claim that the Conservative party is being pledged to a policy which few of its supporters favour—simply because that policy suits some of the Conservative party leaders. The Opposition is hammering away in a vain attempt "to put this over" to the people. This explains last week's prolonged and useless debate. Conservative voters so far have taken Mr. Borden at their estimate of him, and refuse to believe that he is a permanent "contributionist." They refuse to listen to what the Liberals say of him. They are determined to trust their leader until the fullest and most complete proof is brought against him.

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## Why This Situation?

**C**ANADIANS do not relish turning governments out of power. In the first place, it is positively heart-breaking to be forced to read every morning the jumble of political half-truths and party cries which mark the progress of a general election campaign in the daily press. The daily paper is indispensable to the breakfast table, but during political campaigns it is often necessary to avoid pages which are usually interesting. Few of us want general elections more than once in five years.

For example, I take up the *Mail and Empire* this morning and I find "Giddy Gurgle of Sound Continues at Ottawa," in large type, and a special article on "The Ant Would Stop the Elephant." The sporting and financial pages are the only solace. Then I take up the *Globe* and I read, "Opposition Valiantly Holds the Fort and Finds it Easy," and "Conspiracy to Apply Gag Yesterday Became a Fiasco." Again I am inclined to skip over to "The Fall of Janina" and the weather. And yet I am greatly interested in this question.

The ordinary citizen hates this daily menu of

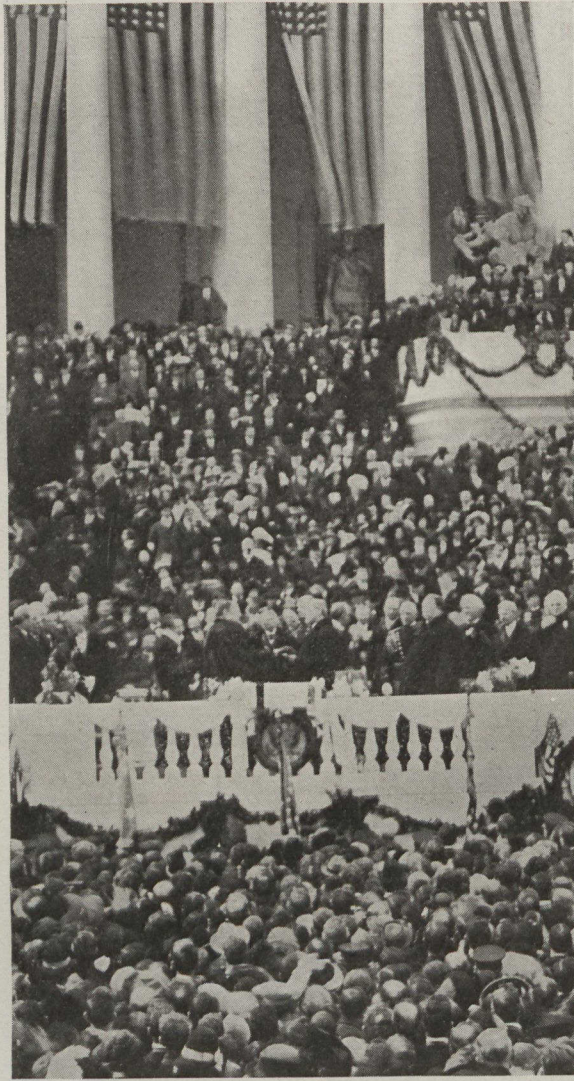
contentious politics such as we had last week. Hence, when he once puts a government in power he is inclined to keep it there. The Borden administration was elected in September, 1911, for a term of five years, and the average citizen is willing to give it a fair chance to serve out that term.

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## The Real Issue

**L**EST there may be some of our readers who may be somewhat doubtful of the real issue, let the *COURIER* state it as we see it. The Conservatives propose to give thirty-five million dollars to Great Britain in the form of three ships, but refuse to state whether or not they intend to follow up with more contributions. The Liberals are willing to vote the thirty-five millions, but only with a declaration of a general policy in favour of

TO GUARD AND DEFEND



President Woodrow Wilson Taking the Oath of Office at Washington on March 4th.

a Canadian navy. Both are in favour of doing something to help the Empire, but each wants to do it in its own way.

There it is in a nutshell. Forty columns of solid brevier type would not make it any clearer. If you are a "centralist" you must sympathize with Mr. Borden. If you are an ordinary imperialist, opposed to centralism, then you may sympathize with either him or his opponents. If you think both sides are playing politics and refuse to take either seriously, fear not—you have plenty of good company.

The issue is vital if pressed to a conclusion, but most of us feel that the dignity of Canada and of the Empire seems to be of less importance to the members of the House of Commons just now than mere party advantage.

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## The Closure

**T**HERE has been much talk of the likelihood of Premier Borden adopting "the closure" in order to force the naval bill through the House. If Sir John Macdonald had adopted it in 1885 he might have forced his franchise bill through instead of being compelled by prolonged opposition

to modify it. If Sir Charles Tupper had adopted it in 1896, he might have succeeded in carrying his Manitoba School Act and thus avoided a general election. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier had adopted it in 1911, he might have saved himself from the same fate as Sir Charles Tupper. All these three prime ministers were opposed to limiting the freedom of parliamentary debate. If, therefore, Mr. Borden follows the precedents of this country, he will not adopt the closure.

If he desires to introduce it, he can appeal to the British precedent, where a closure exists. It was adopted at a special session of the British Parliament called for that purpose in 1887. Under this rule of the House, a member may arise in his place at any time during a debate and move "that the question be now put." This motion is at once voted upon, unless the Chair decides that it would be unfair to do so. This gives the Chair an arbitrary and important power, and the Chair usually follows the wishes of the Premier in exercising that power. Premier Asquith used this rule quite often during the Home Rule debate and was always able to carry the Speaker's judgment, although the Speaker is not one of his appointees.

There has always existed a strong Canadian prejudice against adopting the closure. If it had existed in 1911, reciprocity would have become law and there would have been no election in September, 1911. Mr. Borden might still be leader of the Opposition if he had not been able to prolong the reciprocity discussion for four months of actual debate.

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## Sir Richard's Next Move

**C**ONSIDERABLE speculation exists as to Sir Richard McBride's next move. In the last general election, he swept the boards; not a single Liberal was elected. Hence he achieved a victory which he can never hope to duplicate. If he is to do anything bigger in his life-time, he must go to Parliament Hill or Westminster. There have been rumours of both moves. His friends say he would prefer London to Ottawa, and the British House of Commons to the Canadian.

The B. C. Legislature closed its annual session on March 1st, with businesslike despatch and results. One hundred bills were passed, though none is startling. The finances are in such excellent condition that the provincial poll-tax has been abolished, and the personal property-tax will follow soon. British Columbia is the only province which has had direct taxation for provincial purposes. The excellent state of the treasury has also led to the adoption of a policy of free lands for settlers. This will help the agricultural development.

Will this be Sir Richard's last session? Will he go to England and take a constituency as other ambitious Canadians have done? And will Hon. W. J. Bowser be the next premier of British Columbia? These are questions which are in the minds of the politicians of the sunset province.

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## Life Insurance Age

**A** BILL has been introduced into the Ontario Legislature which proposes to do away with the necessity of proving age in life insurance cases. If a company accepts a man's declaration of age at the time of insurance, the bill proposes that no further certificate shall be required from the assured or his beneficiaries. This seems to be reasonable. After thirty, forty or fifty years have elapsed, under the present system, a man's beneficiaries may be called upon to prove that he gave his correct age at the time he was insured. This is often difficult. Indeed the man may have honestly made a mistake of a year or two. This is unfair to his heirs.

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## The Panama Canal

**G**REAT BRITAIN maintains that Congress having passed an act discriminating against British ships passing through the Panama Canal, there is already in existence a dispute which should be referred to The Hague. The United States says the act must be followed by a concrete case before such a reference may occur. In other words, Great Britain has not been injured until some United States vessel passes the canal free. This is the present situation.

The next move will come from a new United States administration. Whether President Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan will take the same view as their predecessors, remains to be seen. The British opinion is that President Wilson will either order the repeal of the offensive clause, or will at once send the question to The Hague for discussion. In other words, they believe that Wilson and Bryan are fairer-minded men than Taft and Knox. The influence of Mr. Root will be of value at this time.

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### The Game and the Order

IT is more than twelve years since a small group of women conceived the idea of a patriotic organization, to be known as the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. The Order has grown to proportions little dreamed of, at the time of its founding, and now numbers its members by the thousands, while its Chapters extend throughout the Dominion and to the Islands of the West Indies and many States of the Union. The original intention was to study questions of patriotic and imperial importance, and to undertake work of direct bearing on the country's welfare.

During the last year or so there has been a good deal of discussion of the practice of holding bridge parties by various Chapters. In Ottawa, recently, such an entertainment took place under the auspices of this organization. On the twenty-seventh of this month, the members of the Chamberlain Chapter, Toronto, purpose holding a "Bridge and Auction Bridge Tournament."

Such action is directly opposed to the regulations of the Head Office, and as such is hardly commendable in an organization which professes an adherence to Law and Order. A bridge tournament may be an easy means of raising funds, but, if it is against the rules of those in authority, it is hardly creditable to the Chapters concerned. Discipline, in either army or Order, is essential to effectiveness, and these bridge parties certainly look like contempt of court.

Aside from this regulation (which should be a most serious consideration) the matter should be contemplated in view of the aims of the Order. Patriotic enterprise must have reached a petty state when it can be encouraged only by such means. The authorities in these Chapters should take into consideration the fact that the membership consists of women from various churches, some of which are decidedly opposed to such diversions. It is not a matter of individual opinion. No patriotic organization should constantly identify itself with amusement schemes in which it would be impossible for some members to share.

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### A Variety of Comment

A MEMBER who enjoys a game of bridge expressed herself as entirely opposed to a tournament as an entertainment by any Chapter.

"In my opinion," she said, "a game of bridge should be a private affair.

It is merely an amusement, and, as such, is rather beneath the dignity of a society. Then, one cannot deny that it is a game which is used by many for mere gambling and, under these circumstances, it is better not to make use of it for our funds. I did not know about the rule of the Executive—but that ought to settle it."

Another member, who does not play cards at all, said: "It makes one feel very much out of the work of any Chapter when entertainments are given in which one can take no part. I joined the Daughters of the Empire in order to hear more of the work being done in the various countries under the British flag. I thought it was to be a serious and educative society—not an excuse for more bridge. I do not criticize card-playing as an amusement, although I have never taken part in it—but I do protest against it as a feature in the programme of a patriotic association."

The original purpose of those who founded the Order seems in danger of being forgotten in certain quarters. It is because the Order has done such good work, is capable of appealing to

such wide sympathies and inspiring such fine effort, that one regrets to see this seeming forgetfulness of its true aims on the part of some members.

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### The Day of the Shamrock

THE Seventeenth of March seems to grow gayer with the passing years. Certainly, St. Patrick had no need to pray the petition voiced by Dickens: "Lord, keep my memory green!" Every recurring Seventeenth of March sees a more abundant supply of shamrocks, harps and shillalags, while the melodies of Tom Moore re-echo perennially. Social custom, as well as religious observance, has adopted the Day of St. Patrick, and luncheons blossom out right "emeraldly" in honour of the Saint of the Green Isle. Potatoes appear in their true and natural jackets—also as candies and ices. Harp favours, with suitable sentiments inscribed thereon, are distributed to Hibernian guests, and transparent green jellies add local colour to the scene.

In this land, where historic hatreds have room to blow away on the breeze that sweeps the prairies, the Day of St. Patrick is kept by all descendants of good Irish settlers, whether from Ulster or Connaught. The Home Rule warfare may be at its fiercest across the sea, Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond may each be convinced that his policy is the only thing for Ireland, but on the Seventeenth, those of Irish blood in the British Dominions-beyond-the-sea forget the differences between Belfast and Cork. In Ottawa, the son of the Ulster-Canadian and the son of the man from Kerry alike appear, adorned with the trefoil of Erin's Isle.

The poetry and religion which are inseparable from the Irish genius have been recognized in recent art and music, and the vulgar and hideous caricatures of the Irish have disappeared from the stage and the bookshops. This is as it should be, for the lover of Ireland feels with Dora Sigerson, as she sings of this Isle of Unrest:

"'Twas the dream of a God  
And the mould of His hand,  
That you shook 'neath His stroke,  
That you trembled and broke  
To this beautiful land."

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### Are We Over-Advised?

A RECENT book, by Miss Ida Tarbell, entitled "The Business Of Being A Woman," makes us wonder if

women are not being given too much advice. There is a kind of over-consciousness, which does not make for either physical or mental well-being, induced by this feminized literature. After all, to be a human being is the lot of either man or woman, and this perpetual harping on our rights, wrongs, abilities, disabilities, privileges, drawbacks, opportunities, handicaps "as women," is deadly tiresome. "Forget it, dear Ida," we would say, in the cheerful vernacular, to Miss Tarbell of the serious brow. "Be a healthy, happy human being, and do not worry yourself or other women about being feminine and unselfish and all the rest of it. Life is short, and it is not good for the nerves and the digestion to be considering, morning, noon and night, whether we are doing our duty, our whole duty and nothing but our duty.

Miss Tarbell's book is marked by that semi-condescending and pedagogic style of address which is peculiarly irritating to women of intelligence. The writer assumes that her sisters are all very little children, who must be told just what they should do and how they should do it.

MUSICIAN, SUFFRAGIST AND SOCIAL WORKER



Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Resident in Toronto, is an Anglo-Canadian of Versatile Powers and Diverse Interests. She Was Organizer and First President of the Winnipeg Musical Society, is President of the Equal Franchise League, Toronto, and Convener of the Committee of Agriculture for Women of the National Council of Women. Mrs. Hamilton Was One of the Delegation of Canadian Suffragettes to Washington.

# "That Insolence"

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

Demanded by the Unborn.

TO be born and doomed before birth to unsoundness, physical, mental and moral, is an insolence to the victim of the act, much more a reproach to the nation than to the parents.

Offspring ought to be, to a certain extent, consulted. In which connection, a clever, happy, hard-working young woman said, lately: "My parents gave me the full equipment I had any right to demand—a normal body, namely, and a normal mind." Now, had she a right to demand them? The question is open.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that obviously unfit persons should be prevented from marriage—by the nation. The country must be the prohibiting agent since the country pays the cost of the care of the inmates of asylums, the inhabitants of prisons, and the other types of partial beings whom the unfit propagate.

Women Seek Legislation.

WHEN his "official wife," as Lady Aberdeen recently dubbed the National Council of Women, lately presented Sir James Whitney an order for legislation—so large an order that it is said he smiled—an important idea was advanced by Mrs. Huestis. It touched the important subject of "Eugenics."

Now eugenics, as lately defined by a writer in the *Clubwoman*, is the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally. It has otherwise been broadly defined as the science of race-improvement.

Mrs. Huestis petitioned that an act be passed under which any person applying for a marriage license shall present a doctor's certificate of mental and physical fitness. The suggestion may or may not have been "crude"; Sir James so characterized it. The realization, at any rate, which prompted the suggestion was the fearfully belated one, on the part of the country at large, that the production of fit children is as vitally its business as the perfecting of stock, say, for its markets.

The suggestion may be, not crude, but premature, on the ground solely that law to be effective must follow, not precede, public opinion.

Greatest Sphere Least Guarded.

TOWARD the ripening of public opinion this much may be suggested, touching women: Authorities deem it expedient that a young woman on application to enter the nursing profession present a physician's certificate of good health. The same is exacted; so intimate is the service of a nurse, so vital in its relation to the human beings it touches. How infinitely more vital, how much more intimate, the service of women who bear the generations! How overwhelming the numbers who enter matrimony in comparison with the numbers who join the ranks of professional nurses! Yet of these there is no certificate exacted. Nobody bothers—despite the enormous cost such neglect has entailed.

The National Council and sympathizers are "bothering" now, however. The lately proposed reform has a powerful advocate in Dr. Forbes Godfrey, M.P.P. for West York, who introduced some years ago the essence of this same measure, but received very little sympathy from the House. This year the mover will endeavour to fight it through. He is fully convinced of the immediate need of such a law to prevent the spread of the inherited diseases now increasingly crowding the institutions.

Can Heredity be Controlled?

IN the meantime, there is no need to idly abide the issue, if, as was recently stated at the Normal School, Toronto, by Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, environment and heredity play almost equal parts as influences

in determining the race-fibre. While germ cells were not changed by environment, he believed certain characteristics might be prevented from finding expression. Much may be done, much is at present being done, especially by women's organizations, throughout the Canadian cities, in the way of warding off future slum conditions.

In Manchester, England, eugenics are taught in the schools. Teaching begins with the flowers; and gradually life, reproduction and parenthood, are learned about in all their natural beauty and sacredness. Schools here might reasonably adopt a similar line of teaching.

Significant, too, in this connection, is the item of the new Medical Insurance Law in Britain which will benefit thousands of poor mothers of babies born to want—of whom in the United Kingdom there are 300,000 to 400,000, yearly. "Until to-day," says the *Literary Digest*, "the child

sands cause to resent their existence—thousands the very dumbness of whom cries out more loud than Omar:

"What, without asking, hither hurried whence?  
And, without asking, whither hurried hence!  
Oh, many a cup of this forbidden wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence!"

Recent Events

OTTAWA recently was added to the cities which have undertaken to give their children playgrounds. The association was formally launched and has an initial membership of about one hundred persons. Among the Ottawa women most actively interested are Mrs. J. W. Garrett, who is vice-president, Madame Rheame, and Mrs. Adam Shortt. But the majority of the executive body are men.

The first convention of Women's Institutes of New Brunswick recently was conducted in Fredericton. About fifty women were in attendance.

The convention was called for the purpose of ascertaining just what strength and possibilities lay in the Women's Institute work throughout the province. It was felt to be filling a social need, in the rural communities especially, and Mr. J. B. Daggett, Secretary of Agriculture, congratulated the ladies, in his greetings, on the enthusiastic and representative gathering.

Mrs. M. G. Siddall, of Port Elgin, fitly replied to the welcome and was careful to draw attention to the organization's motto, "For Home and Country." Addresses by the women at subsequent sessions were pregnant with suggestions for rendering woman's life in the country something more than the treadmill of tradition.

The Municipal Chapter, I. O. D. E., of Hamilton, convened on March 3, in its annual meeting. Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Regent, occupied the chair.

The organization's treasury is in a healthy condition, according to the report read by Mrs. James Dickson, treasurer. Disbursements during the year have been large, for objects detailed by Mrs. Denholme Burns in her splendid report of the year's accomplishment. Reports from the primary chapters recalled good work.

Mrs. Crerar read a letter from the head office instructing the meeting to re-elect the present officers for the coming year, pending an amendment to the new constitution regarding the formation and working of municipal chapters, to be brought before the annual meeting in May, to be held in Winnipeg. The officers are:

- Mrs. P. D. Crerar, regent.
- Mrs. T. O. Greening, first vice-regent.
- Mrs. VanAllen, second vice-regent.
- Mrs. Denholme Burns, secretary.
- Mrs. James Dickson, treasurer.
- Miss Rennie, standard bearer.
- Mrs. John G. Lavan, secretary for India.
- Mrs. W. E. Baker, Echoes secretary.
- Councilors—Mrs. Southam, Mrs. T. W. Watkins, Mrs. Robert Evans, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. W. C. Morton, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. H. C. Baker, Miss Unsworth, Mrs. J. S. Henderson, Mrs. Edwin Raw.

A recent despatch from London, England, announces that Miss Frances Howes Galbraith, daughter of former Alderman Galbraith, Toronto, has passed her full probation and full student's examinations at the Royal Academy. The girl-artist is seventeen—an impressionable age. Has she haply escaped? Or, is she impressionistic?

Predicted the future occupant of Maud Adams' trillies, and by no less a critic than Arthur Stringer, was the pretty Toronto actress, Miss Mary Pickford recently. In "A Good Little Devil," according to Mr. Stringer, the clever lady has subjugated New York.

The Quebec Ladies' Curling Club, in a series of well-played games, has again carried off the Royal Caledonia Cup. The finals were played with the Montreal ladies on Caledonia ice and Quebec won by a score of twenty-three to seventeen. Curling is gaining amazingly as a sport for Canadian women!



LADY ROSEMARY LEVESON-GOWER.

An English Rose That Occasionally Appears Amid Canadian Wheat is the Pretty Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Here Pictured. The Family Has Property in Alberta. Rumour Has Lady Rosemary Engaged to a Prominent Member of the Peerage.

and mother have suffered and the whole national standard of physique has been lowered because in thousands of cases it has not been possible to provide the necessities the mother needed, and because she was obliged to return to work before she had fully recovered from her confinement." The maternity benefit, by bringing 30 shillings to parents in each of 1,000,000 cases, will do much toward removing this serious danger to the nation's health. Of course, that is Britain; but here is an example of how the poor in Canada are faring. It is estimated that in Montreal, among the working-classes, one out of every two of all the babies born dies before the age of five is reached.

Removing a Reproach.

A GOOD many strong shoulders are, after all, at the wheel, the tardy revolution of which will put away the reproach which gives such thou-



# The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

IN LOVE, THOUGH ROYAL

Schoolma'ams and Millionaires.

"I WOULD rather see a party of Canadian teachers visit the Old Land than all the millionaires put together." Fancy the papers quoting that as a very remarkable statement! I would rather myself. Canadian teachers are slimmer. They have to be slimmer, fatness being impossible on their salaries. The assertion was made by Sir Gilbert Parker, in a letter to Mr. Fred J. Ney, of Winnipeg, honorary organizer of the Canadian teachers' annual trip to Europe. The fourth event is at present being arranged for.

The annual tours are an evidence of the Hands

## PRODIGY AND PROTEGE



Miss Leila Preston, Professor Michael Hambourg's Little Pupil, of Whom it is Predicted That She Will Some Day Excel in Piano Similarly as Miss Kathleen Parlow Has Excelled in Violin. The Nine-year-old Wonder Came to Toronto from Alliston.

Across the Sea movement, and their object is to raise the prestige of teachers and the Canadian teaching profession. This year's trip, as the former have been, is to be under the auspices of the Dominion Government and the education departments of Manitoba, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Que-

bec, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. The S. S. "Gram-pian," of the Allan Line, has been chartered, which will sail from Montreal, July 3rd.

A most alluring itinerary has been scheduled. The same includes visits to points of interest in France as well as in the United Kingdom. It will give six weeks of complete programme and yet will cost individually something under three hundred dollars.

The movement is, in essence, an imperialists' crusade which aims at welding Canada to the Old Land through the schools.

## A Possible Why.

IT has been averred by no less a person than Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, President of the Canadian Suffrage Association, that the Canadian delegation quite escaped indignities when the crowd molested the pageant of suffragettes in Washington. Toronto, Ottawa and London were cities represented. The Toronto group boarding the Washington train was observed to be carrying club-bags. The rabble, no doubt, respected the possible contents—clubs!

## Nor Boots Nor Bifurcations.

RECENTLY Dr. Anna Shaw, in one of her black-smith speeches, announced that women are ready to fill men's shoes! Some women may be—Dr. Anna Shaw, for one, and Xanthippe, who coveted Socrates' sandals, for another. Poor Socrates! Small wonder that he preferred the hem—to the wed-lock!

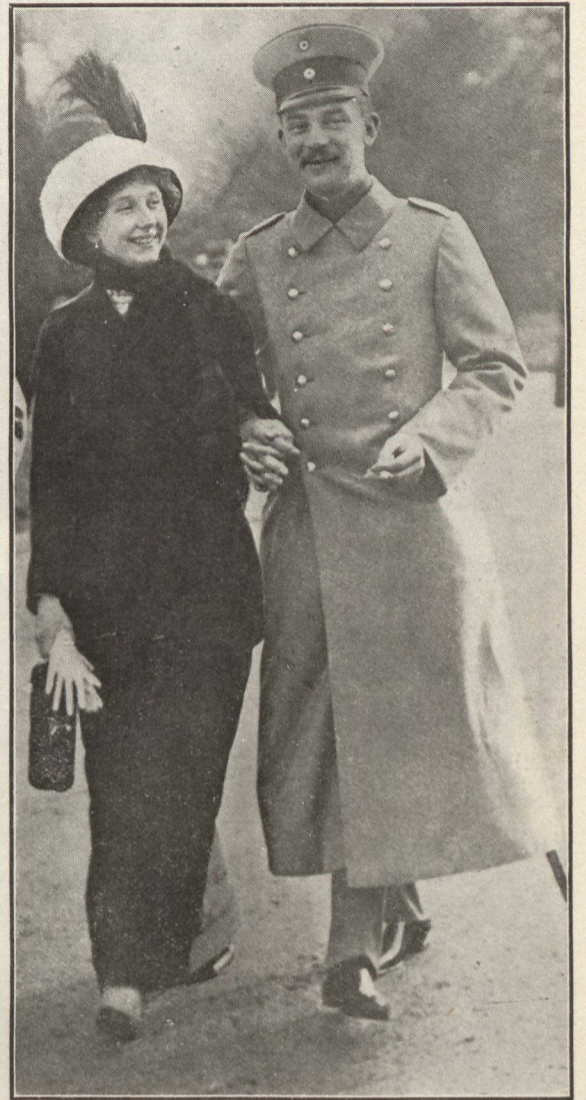
But most women are wanting neither men's boots nor their bifurcations; they are vastly content with their own little cinderellas and pretty skirts—draped ones being the joy and despair of the moment. Women are women still, it appears, at the vernal displays of dry goods, and, likewise, at those feminine orgies, the millinery openings. Men really should see the flocks of "the dears" that congregate these days in the big stores' show-rooms! They would see there has been but little unsexing; that trousers are still their own; indeed, that perhaps it were wise to concede the franchise!

By the way, a recent advice announced that a foremost maker of Paris modes has just received decoration at the hands of the government of France. Gilt for the lily, surely; likewise, undue paint for the fleur-de-lis. Far be it from the writer, though, to end this little story with: "Knighthood was in the pod!" A clause from Leacock.

## That Its Character.

AN enjoyable assemblage of a polyglot description was the reception recently given by the Toronto Women's Press Club, in honour of some of the members of the Montreal Grand Opera Company.

The French tongue was in requisition. Fancy having to have the jests translated! And French wit was bandied about so battledor-shuttlecock-wise that many despaired. But there was some rather good repartee in nice, plain, home-spun, civilized, mother English. An instance was this:



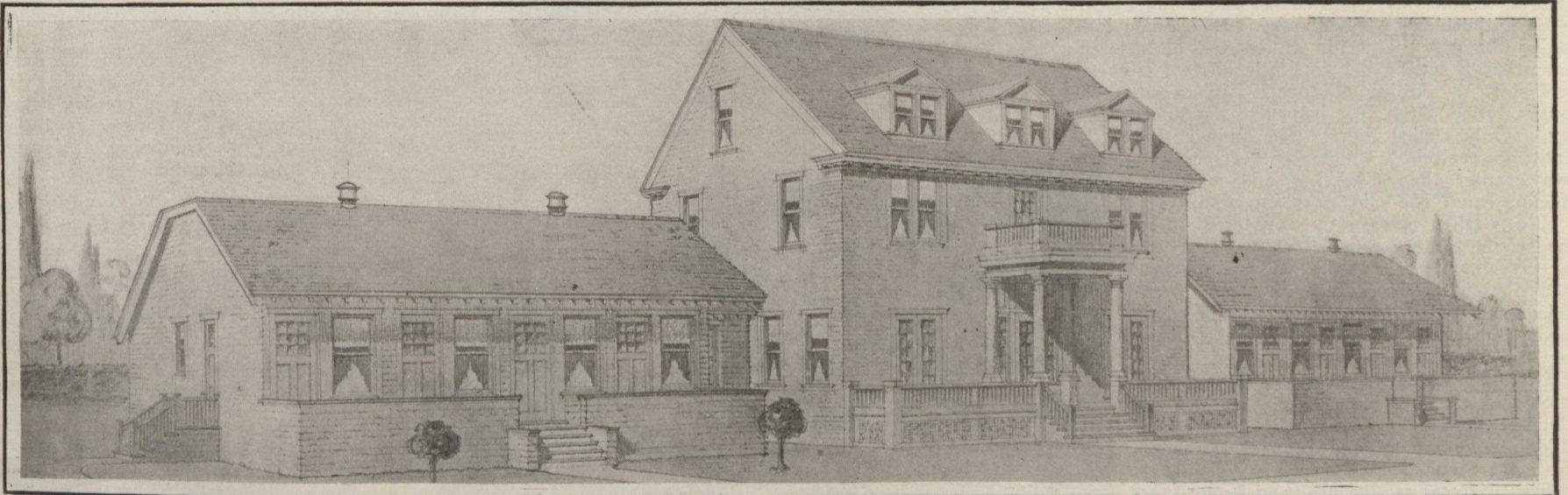
Unabashed in the Camera's Eye Are the Hand-holding, Newly-affianced Couple of Germany, the Kaiser's Only Daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, and the Prince Ernest August of Cumberland. There Appears to be no Royal Road in Courting.

"What a press there is here! My dear, are you not completely smothered?" "Oh, no, indeed!"—the reply came instantly—"I expected it. You see, it is the Press Club."

## Feathers and Flint.

"MY spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow."

The simple lines of Hood were recalled recently on the writer's reading "Flint and Feather," the deftly finished volume of poems by Miss E. Pauline Johnson, who died last week in Vancouver. The winged lightness of some of the verse and the real contribution which much of it is to the hoard of treasured Canadian literature make the final conditions in which the poetess found herself resemble flint and irony, indeed. She was ill and impoverished; and a tale lamentably small is that which has been reported of the sales of her book.

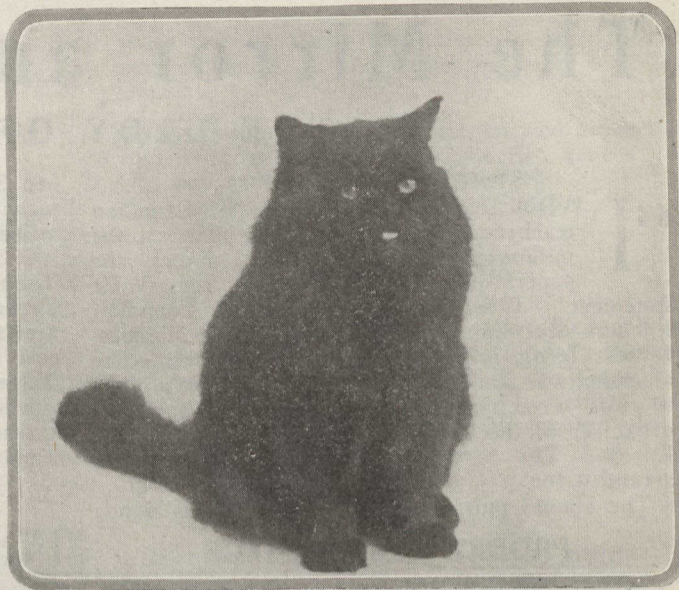


Design of the Essex County Tuberculosis Hospital Which the Border Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, Windsor, Are About to Erect at Union, on Lake Erie, Forty Miles from Windsor. It is Hoped the Building Will be Finished in July, and the Committee is Eusy Now Over Furnishings. The Success of the Undertaking is Due, in the Main, to Mrs. H. R. Casgrain, Regent.

# Cat and Dog Causerie



"Shuniah," a Magnificent Amber-eyed White Persian, Reared by Mrs. Walke at the Meath Cattery, Toronto, and Sold for a Household Pet in Winnipeg.



The Protruding Tongue is Not, in This Case, a Token of Disrespect. It is Only One of "Rahman's" Points—a Champion Owned by Mrs. Hewitt, Grimsby.



The Eye of This Pommeranian Pet Must Not be Mistaken as "Game"—Although She Belongs to Miss Lottie Fraser, Champion Golf Player of Ottawa. The Blink is "Ruby's" Way of Looking Coquettish.

## A Fancy in Infancy

THE cat fancy in Canada is as yet in its swaddling clothes. It even lacked a place of its own at the national exhibition last year in Toronto. At least "Dogs" was over the door where I finally found the cats were; and a Scotchwoman gave me a caution—I met her coming out, the demented look on her features which her race always wears when it dwells on the ear-splitting bang of a futile "saxpence"—that going in was the flagrant waste of a dime. I went in, however, and discovered the evident cause of her irritation.



Owned by Mrs. Fred Carling, of Ottawa.

The apparent accommodation from outside the quarters was many times over the area the cat show occupied. The Scotchwoman felt she was getting stunted measure. So she was.

But quality, not quantity, was the interest. The former was there. There are other localities where you can get the latter, pray believe. As a matter of fact, the official mouth-piece lately assured the writer that last year's show was the largest yet in this country. The fact was largely due to the circumstance, he declared, that the two most prominent of the cat associations had suspended, for the first time, their natural Kilkennyisms, had effected a compromise and co-operated. That was something. For the coming season a still more excellent show is anticipated. The authorities, as well as the breeders, are sanguine.

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## Cradle of the Cult

THE cattery owned and operated by Mrs. Walke, Toronto, is the cat fancy's cradle in the Dominion, the mistress claims. It is known as the Meath Cattery, originally the interest of the owner's aunt, Miss Cox, who set the pace for Canada as a buyer and importer of high-grade felines and was also a famous breeder of pedigreed pets.

Mrs. Walke has espoused her aunt's hobby with keen enthusiasm, although she was slightly indisposed the day the writer called and declared her intention of letting her cats "die off." I suggested she start the killing at once when a sumptuous pussy, tailed like a fox, leaped to her lap, unasked, and silkily curled there. She smiled, the lady, not the tabby, which was Persian anyway rather than Cheshire, and was not feeling equal, she said, to taking nine lives.

I was taken to view the wonderful little house, the cattery proper. It was reached by crossing a lawn at the back—a special, real, gabled house of rough-cast. Most adequate quarters! Individual sleeping apartments, also banqueting places. Two or three of the inmates were from home. Of the rest I remember: Blueboy, a champion and the son of champions, British dyed-in-the-wool and befittingly bored; Tiddle, a champion, too, from the Mitcham Cattery; Stella, a rare brown tabby queen, a first prize cat at Toronto; and Rollo Boy, like the others, supercilious, a monstrous thing that reached his forepaws up to his mistress' waist in caress as she stood.

The mistress talked of the pussies' points—which was purest Greek to me—and showed me pictures of Meath-bred cats she had sold throughout the Dominion and in the States. We reproduce one, herewith, of the amber-eyed, plume-tailed, white creature, "Shuniah," the elegant pet of a mistress in Winnipeg.

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## Results at Rahmansdale

"TREAT a cat like a cat," writes Mrs. Hewitt, of Grimsby, "and you have just *cat*; treat it like a human and you have an intelligent animal." Rather reminiscent of that character in Locke, who firmly believed in the soul of a cat and whose polyglot card proclaimed him a cat king in English, French and German—the Professor Anastasius Papadopoulos.

Mrs. Hewitt, however, probably knows; for she has had signal success in rearing constituents for her cattery, "Rahmansdale."

"I began seven years ago," Mrs. Hewitt writes, "with a half-breed Persian kitten. He proved very interesting and I purchased a thorough-bred mate, still more interesting—with the resultant kittens. Three years ago I bought 'Rahman,' who is King of my cattery, then a seven-months' kitten, the best black male I could buy."

Rahman's ancestors were famous. His father, "Strongheart," was known from coast to coast. His grandsire, "Black Thorn," was imported from Asia; crossed the desert on the back of a camel, six weeks on the way, when but six of thirty cats survived the journey. Rahman's mother, Champion Novajo, was a direct descendant of the noted Fawe strain of England, champions for generations.

Rahman himself began his winning at seven months of age. His subsequent triumphs cannot be detailed here. Be it mentioned, however, his trophies have come from both Canada and the States. Eleven of sixteen kittens of Rahman's get were prize-winners in 1911 at the Toronto Exhibition. Eighteen out of twenty-eight (some too young to compete) won prizes in the show of 1912.

Queen cats at Rahmansdale are Pouf (Rahman's mate), Daisy B and Sallie, all first prize winners at various shows. Their kittens are bred for disposition as carefully as for points, as ill-tempered ones make unsatisfactory pets.

Mrs. Hewitt has purchased, recently, an orange tabby male of whom she expects as great achievements as Rahman's. The fancy is gaining rapidly, this enthusiast declares, and she, for one, is shipping kittens all over the Dominion, as far west even as British Columbia.

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## Exhibitors in B.C.

PACIFIC COAST Canadians are interested in the Cat Cult. Owners of prize-winning cats, recently, at the Seattle Cat Show, were: Mrs. Troughton, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Clarence Clifford, of Victoria. Two hundred and fifty cats in all were entered.

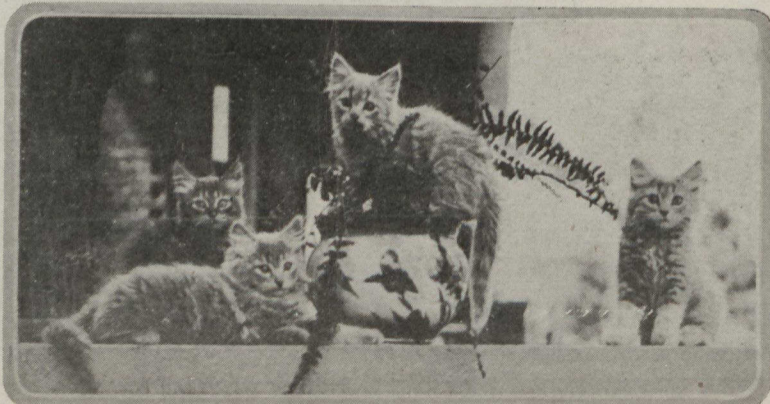
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## Just a Dash of Dog

THE beautiful little Pommeranian shown on this page is Ruby, the property of Miss Charlotte Fraser, Ottawa's champion lady golfer. Ruby is a soft bundle of black (Concluded on page 20.)



"Peaches"—the Maltese Terrier, For You Might Have Thought it the Mistress—is the Parpered Darling of Miss Bayley, of Rosedale, Toronto. He Has to be Treated Pretty Much Like a Baby.



Kittens That Might be, but Really Are Not. Advertising the "Corticelli" Flosses. The Four Belong to the Private Kennels, "Rahmansdale," at Grimsby.

## The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE death of our honoured member Miss Pauline Johnson took place in Vancouver on March 7th. Miss Johnson had long been ill in Bute Street Hospital, but those who saw her often say that she never showed abated courage. She was in every way an Indian princess. Her poetry is the unique cry of the genius of the North American Indian. For her there was some glory, some wonderful beauty, in sky and mountain, on sea and prairie, which is hidden from the ordinary mind. It was a great pleasure to the officers and members of the C.W.P.C. when she joined the Club a couple of years ago. But the happiness fell to the Vancouver Women's Press Club in particular of ministering to our Indian woman poet. They were her friends. When the Duke of Connaught visited Miss Johnson, in Bute Street Hospital last year the local club had provided the invalid with a pretty, bright silk wrap; one can imagine how she would touch it with her sensitive fingers. Hail and farewell, true genius and brave soul.

MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS, of Halifax, one of our members whose work gives added distinction to the C.W.P.C., has written a new animal story, published by L. C. Page and Company of Boston. It is said to be as fine a cat story as Miss Saunders' famous "Beautiful Joe" is with regard to dogs. "Pussy Black-Face" is a Boston kitten who lives on Beacon street. She is the narrator of the story. She was lost on Beacon Hill, was taken to a home for cats and the next day gained a new mistress, a little invalid girl, whom she learned to love even more than her own family. The story also tells of a summer spent on a farm in Maine, where there are enough animals to suit any child or animal lover. It seems likely that in this case Miss Saunders is writing of her own pets in Halifax.

ON the evening of February fifteen, which was a Saturday, the members of the Toronto Women's Press Club



MISS A. E. DYAS.

President Toronto Branch C.W.P.C., Sailing Her Own Boat. Miss Dyas is an Enthusiastic Sailor and Canoeist.

gathered in the Toronto Graduate Nurses' Club House on Sherbourne street, on the invitation of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the local club, to attend a Valentine party. The invitations had been sent out by the King, Queen, and Knave of Hearts, to meet Alice from Wonderland. It was an Alice in Wonderland party and everyone who was there is now agreed that this was the most glorious party she ever attended. Alice herself, in a blue print dress, was the real Alice and not a dream. The caterpillar sat on a brown paper mushroom and surpassed any caterpillar that ever clung to a blade of grass. The King and Queen were as good as a fairy tale and the Knave of Hearts was as delightful as any pantomime. The only difficulty is that it has proved quite impossible to decide which of all the famous personages was the most perfect. But as for the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, the White Rabbit, the Frog, and Alice, no one who

was there will ever quite forget the shadow of the imaginary which now belongs to the reality of each particular club member who for a night lived with Alice in Wonderland.

THE next general meeting of the C.W.P.C. is to be held in Edmonton early in June, the decision having been arrived at by a vote of the Executive. Through the unfailing kindness of Mr. George Ham, an honorary member of the Club, excellent transportation arrangements are being completed. The Edmonton branch of the C.W.P.C. sends in advance the warmest welcome to the members of the Club from all over Canada. It is hoped that a very large attendance of members will gather in Edmonton next June. Everything will be done by the local branch to make the meeting both pleasant and memorable, and it is confidently expected that the C.W.P.C. will gain in every way, not only in numbers but in comradeship and in knowledge of the craft and all its requirements and possibilities. Very shortly full particulars of the meeting and of travelling arrangements will be sent each member individually. Meanwhile every member of the C.W.P.C. should plan to be in Edmonton, if possible, at the time of the general meeting next June.

MRS. ETHEL CODY STODDARD, Lady Van of the Vancouver "Saturday Sunset," sails from St. John on March 21st on a trip round the world, during which she will write travel letters for the "Sunset." The new C. P. R. Empress of Russia leaves Liverpool in April and proceeds to the East via the Suez Canal. It is by this ship that Lady Van sails. The Empress of Russia is expected to reach Vancouver early in June. Mrs. Stoddard passed through Toronto on her way, and several of the Toronto members had the pleasure of meeting her.

A NEW novel by Miss Mabel Burkholder, of Hamilton, "The Hill of Folly," is to be published this autumn. The scene of the story is in the country north of the Yellowhead Pass in British Columbia. Miss Burkholder spent three months in the West last year, spending her time in preparation for the writing of this novel.

A VOLUME of Mrs. Sheard's collected verse will be issued by J. M. Dent and Sons in the autumn. J. M. Dent and Sons have recently opened a branch of their publishing house in Toronto.

THE Calgary Branch of the C.W.P.C. entertained at one of their recent meetings Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Miss Hughes and Miss Lenhardt of the Lewis Waller Company. It was the first visit paid by these accomplished actors to the West of Canada. They met the first North American Indian whom they had seen in the Hudson Bay store at Calgary.

A LETTER from Miss Alice Read, of Port Arthur, Vice-President of the C.W.P.C. for Ontario and Quebec, who has spent the greater part of a year with relatives in England, says that she expects to return to Canada this spring.

MISS MAUDE PETTITT, of the Methodist Publications, was married in Toronto in February to Mr. Simpson Hill. Miss Pettitt last year worked in a number of Toronto factories and narrated her experiences in the Toronto "Star." This piece of work has been undoubtedly influential in creating public opinion with regard to welfare of women wage earners.

MRS. J. E. ATKINSON entertained the members of the Toronto Women's Press Club at tea in the galleries of the Woman's Art Club during a recent exhibition of foreign pictures. The Toronto branch gave a tea in their clubroom for the members of the Montreal Opera Company who were in Toronto for three weeks during February.

FOLLOWING an honourable tradition established at the time of the death of Miss Barry, of Montreal, a donation has been made in memory of Mrs. Ernest

Clutton (Florence Lediard), whose lamented death occurred last June. Mrs. Clutton was Auditor of the C.W.P.C., had held the office of Treasurer, and was one of our foremost members. The Winnipeg branch has been asked to name some institution or charitable project in which Mrs. Clutton was specially interested. The donation is to be made by the Winnipeg Club on behalf of the C.W.P.C.

MISS STAFFORD, President of the Port Arthur branch, has gone south for an extended visit.

THE Fort William and Port Arthur Women's Press Club have published an attractive card giving the names and addresses of its officers and members.

For a Healthy Edmonton.

RECENTLY the Local Council of Women, Edmonton, appointed a Health Committee to operate in con-



MRS. BRYCE SAUNDERS, Convener of the Committee on Public Health, of Local Council of Women, Edmonton.

junction with the City Health Department.

Mrs. Bryce J. Saunders became convener of the committee, and the rest of the personnel are as follows: Mrs. H. C. Wilson, Mrs. Burbeck, Mrs. Seymour Archibald, Mrs. Frederick Jamieson and Miss Annie Merrill.

An outcome of the committee's work is the establishment of a series of health lectures in the schools which parents of the children are privileged to attend. The addresses will be given once a month by qualified speakers.

Epigrammatic.

There is more to the world than is under one's hat.

Wit, without kindness, can tickle and divert; so can a fishbone in the gullet.

'Twas crowing sent the game cock to pot. Pause, crowing hens.

"Platonic" and "Plutonic" as terms applied to friendship are more than etymologically akin.

Royalty Acquires Domesticity.

RUMOUR is rife in court circles in Berlin that the wedding of Princess Victoria Louise and Prince Ernest August will take place before the end of the summer, instead of about the time of the Kaiser's birthday, in October, as originally planned. The princess is going through a course of training for matrimony. Three times a week she plays mother to the Kaiser's household, pouring out her father's coffee and cutting and buttering bread for him before he starts on his morning ride at an hour when most people are in bed. She also gets luncheon on short notice. Besides studying cookery she is learning to keep household accounts. When she was in the schoolroom she had a collection of dolls, for which she had as much care as though they were real children.

Economy in the matter of dress always has been impressed upon her, and though her allowance has been increased in recent years she still is required to pay close attention to the cost of her gown.



The Most Beautiful Woman in the World

would soon lose her title if her complexion was poor.

Your features may be perfect — your teeth pearly white and even — but if your skin is not clear and clean with the beauty and freshness of healthy and vigorous youth you have lost whatever claim you may have to beauty.

The regular use of

# GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream

will impart to your skin new life and a delicately clear and refined complexion.

This wonderful beautifier has been in actual use for nearly three-quarters of a century, which is the surest sign of its superiority.

50c. and \$1.50 per Bottle

At Department Stores and Druggists, or direct on receipt of price.

To apply *Gouraud's Oriental Cream* you need a soft velvety sponge, or better yet, send for one of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL VELVET SPONGES

In dust-proof boxes, ready for use, 50c. each, by mail.

Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves

This charming little booklet of perfumed powder leaves may be slipped into the purse to use on all occasions. They are amazingly refreshing after exposure to winds, snow or dust. Ten cents in stamps will bring you a book.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON Proprietors 37 Great Jones St., New York

# Diamond Dyes Saved Her Suit

"I know you will be interested in my experience with Diamond Dyes. Last fall I was in a serious dilemma. I had bought a light brown suit, which soiled so easily that I determined to dye it a darker color. I purchased a package of — dyes.



Light brown suit dyed black

"The druggist had told me this would dye any kind of material, but as I had never dyed anything before I thought it would be well to test it with a small piece of the cloth. This little precaution saved my suit. The sample came out of the dy so 'streaky' that I knew something must be wrong.

"Fortunately just then a friend called to tell me that she had changed the color of her 'sweater suit'—a white sweater and a white serge skirt. She dyed the sweater grey and the skirt black. When I told her how unsuccessful I had been she said she knew what the difficulty was and told me to ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool. I went at once to another drug store and this time I got a package of Black Diamond Dyes for Wool.

"To be absolutely sure though I again tried a small sample first. The results reassured me, and I found that the suit could be dyed perfectly, with the proper dyes. My suit looks as new and fresh now as when I bought it, and the color is far more becoming."

CORA BURNS

You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not try them on a sample first nor practise before dyeing even your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. Don't say, "Oh! I am not clever enough to work such wonders." Thousands of twelve-year-old girls use Diamond Dyes.

Buy a package of Diamond Dyes to-day. It will cost but 10c at any drug store. Tell the druggist what kind of goods you wish to dye. Read the simple directions on the envelope. Follow them and you need not fear to recolor your most expensive fabrics.

# Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in Blue envelopes. Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods come in White envelopes.

## Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics.

Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



White sweater dyed grey—white Serge skirt dyed black

## Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture one class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods and another class of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

**REMEMBER:** To get the best possible results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.

**AND REMEMBER:** To get the best possible results in coloring Wool or Silk use the Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Wool or Silk.

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

1913 Diamond Dye Annual Sent Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book, and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Limited, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

# Suffragist Parade at Washington



The Suffragette Parade at Washington on March 3rd Was Quite Spectacular. This Picture Shows One of the Uniformed Corps in the Big Parade as it Was Formed Up Not Far From the Capitol, Which is Seen in the Distance.



This Picture Gives Some Idea of the Tremendous Crowds Which Witnessed the Procession as it Wound Through Pennsylvania Avenue. After Part of the Procession Had Passed the Crowd Became Unmanageable and the Suffragettes Were Subjected to Considerable Indignity.



At the Head of the Procession Rode Mrs. Richard Coke Burleson, Grand Marshal, and Her Aides. A Contingent of a Score of Canadian Suffragettes From Toronto, London, and Ottawa Took Part in the Parade and Were Fortunate enough to Escape the Troubles Which Affected the Latter Part of the Procession.

## Cat and Dog Causerie

(Concluded from page 18.)

fuzz, and has a tremendously good opinion of herself. Like all feminine creatures, she has a large bump of curiosity, but prying only takes her to the edge of things, one might say. She never mixes with the common lot and will not flatter strangers by being friendly with them; she calls attention to her jet black self by giving a few sharp barks, and then at the height of her triumph, retires to an isolated spot, tucks her delicate paws under her, and sniffs in a truly aristocratic manner.

Rather a contrast is "Coddy," the splendid bull dog of Mrs. Fred. Carling. He is a thoroughbred and a gentleman. As one great admirer said, many worse men have been knighted! His name is Lennox Benedictine and he was bred by Mrs. Cartwright, of Napanee. "Coddy," by reason of his infant delicacy, was fed almost exclusively upon Cod Liver Oil. And if the makers of that special brand

are hard put for testimonials, they are at liberty to use this photograph! Could you imagine a finer specimen of doghood?

Alderman Ainslee Greene, Chairman of the Waterworks Committee, Ottawa, owns one of the finest bull terriers in Canada. Knock-na-cree, familiarly "Leader," took First Prize in the Puppy Class, Ottawa Dog Show; First Prize in the Novice Class, and First Prize in the Limit Class. In the Open Class he came out second, being beaten only by the champion, "Haymarket Blazer." He was entered in the New York Dog Show, in February, and stood well. Not at all haughty or impressed by his own importance, Leader is a friendly and playful fellow. He is rather the sort of beast to bring back those caustic words of George Sand, who said, "The more I know men, the better I like dogs!" But truly much depends upon the breeding.

**A Playful Widow**

By MARGARET BELL

EVERYONE knows Flora Zabelle. Not so much because she is the wife of our funniest comedian, Raymond Hitchcock, as the fact that she is beautiful and a brunette and very charming. That, after all, is what one best remembers in a woman, charm.

Miss Zabelle stood before her mirror, vigorously polishing her nails, one night. Now and then she looked toward the dressing room door, for I had made an appointment earlier in the day. And she was keeping one ear wide open for her cue. For it was in the middle of the performance of "The Red Widow," who—in the play—is none other than Flora Zabelle herself.

After a "goodfellow" greeting, and some remark about nothing in particular,



FLORA ZABELLE.  
In "The Red Widow."

she jumped into the conversation like this: "Do you want to know whether I am a suffragette and would hold up a banner in a parade?"

"You don't look like one," I hinted.

"But the funny part of it is, that I am. Not the parade kind, mind you, and all that. But I do want every man I know to think in his own heart that I am just as good as he is. Of course we can get whatever we want. What woman ever lived who couldn't? That is a woman with any kind of tact at all."

And then more polishing of the finger points. She seemed in such bubbling good humour it was hard to think of her as one of the "hikers" down in Washington mud.

But that is just what we must not think of her. For she is a newly-organized kind of suffragette, I should say, guided by a sense of humour.

**Green Trimmin's**

ME daddy's name is Paddy,  
And me mither's name is Mol,  
And they call me Little Mickie,  
(Which sure is no name at all).

The little one's "Mavourneen,"  
The swatest flower that blows,  
(She has me daddy's wilful ways,  
And me mither's tilted nose!)

Now is it anny wonder  
When the Seventeen is here,  
That the Caseys wear green trimmin's  
That one day in the year?

MR. AND MRS. THEODORE MARTIN were the guests at tea of the Toronto C.W.P.C. on Tuesday, March 4. Mr. Martin, who is taking the part of Baron Romanoff in "The Red Widow," is a friend of many years' standing of Miss Minnie Jean Nesbitt, one of the members of the C.W.P.C. in Hamilton.

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"REG'D"  
**FLANNEL**

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(Regd.)

**DOES NOT SHRINK**

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

Florida Water

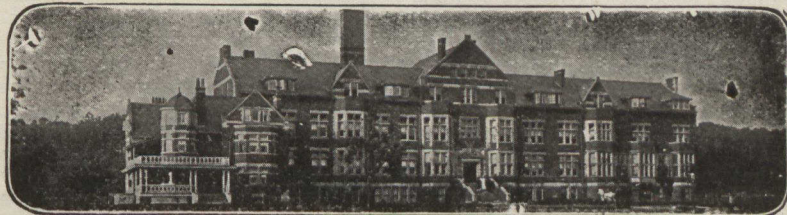


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Accept no substitute!

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TORONTO, ONT.



# THE IMPROVISOR



BY  
**HAROLD  
BINDLOSS**

**SYNOPSIS:** Rancher Witham was in hard luck in the early days of the Canadian West. Two harvests had been frosted and his banker would take no further risks. Then comes Lance Courthorne, a cattle "rustler" and whiskey smuggler, with an offer of a hundred dollars if Witham will ride Courthorne's black charger down to Montana so as to throw the Police off Courthorne's trail. Witham, facing starvation, accepts.

## CHAPTER III.

### Trooper Shannon's Quarrel.

THERE was bitter frost in the darkness outside when two young men stood talking in the stables of a little outpost lying a long ride back from the settlement in the lonely prairie. One leaned against a manger with a pipe in his hand, while the spotless, softly-gleaming harness hung up behind him showed what his occupation had been. The other stood bolt upright with lips set, and a faint greyness which betokened strong emotion showing through his tan. The lantern above them flickered in the icy draughts, and from out of the shadows beyond its light came the stamping of restless horses and the smell of prairie hay which is pungent with the odours of wild peppermint.

The two lads, and they were very little more, were friends, in spite of the difference in their upbringing, for there are few distinctions between caste and caste in that country where manhood is still esteemed the greatest thing, and the primitive virtues count for more than wealth or intellect. Courage and endurance still command respect in the North-West, and that both the lads possessed them was made evident by the fact that they were troopers of the North-West police.

Trooper Shannon was an Irishman from the bush of Ontario, Trooper Payne, English, and a scion of a somewhat distinguished family in the old country, but while he told nobody why he left it suddenly, nobody thought of asking him. He was known to be a bold rider and careful of his beast, and that was sufficient for his comrades and the keen-eyed Sergeant Stimson. He glanced at his companion thoughtfully as he said, "She was a pretty girl. You knew her in Ontario?"

Shannon's hands trembled a little. "Sure," he said, "Larry's place was just a mile beyond our clearing, an' there was never a bonnier thing than Ailly Blake came out from the old country—but is it need there is for talking when ye've seen her? There was once I watched her smile at ye with the black eyes that would have melted the heart out of any man. Waking and sleeping they're with me still."

Three generations of the Shannons had hewn the lonely clearing further into the bush of Ontario and married the daughters of the soil, but the Celtic strain, it was evident, had not run out yet. Payne, however, came of English stock, and expressed himself differently. "It was a — shame," he said. "Of course he flung her over. I think you saw him, Pat?"

Shannon's face grew greyer, and he quivered visibly as his passion shook him, while Payne felt his own blood pulse faster as he remembered the graceful dark-eyed girl who had given him and his comrade many a welcome meal when their duty took them near her brother's homestead. That was, however, before one black day for Ailly and Larry Blake when Lance Courthorne also rode that way.

"Yes," said the lad from Ontario, "I was driving in for the stores when I met him in the willow bluff, an' Courthorne pulls his divil of a black horse

up with a little ugly smile on the lips of him when I swung the waggon right across the trail.

"That's not civil, trooper," says he.

"I'm wanting a word," says I, with the black hate choking me at the sight of him. "What have ye done with Ailly?"

"Is it anything to you?" says he.

"It's everything," says I. "And if ye will not tell me I'll tear it out of ye."

"Courthorne laughs a little, but I saw the divil in his eyes. 'I don't think you're quite man enough,' says he, sitting very quiet on the big black horse. 'Anyway, I can't tell you where she is just now, because she left the dancing saloon she was in down in Montana when I last saw her.'

"I had the big whip that day, and I forgot everything as I heard the hiss of it round my shoulder. It came home across the ugly face of him, and then I flung it down and grabbed the carbine as he swung the black round with one hand fumbling in his jacket. It came out empty, an' we sat there a moment, the two of us, Courthorne white as death, his eyes like burning coals, and the fingers of me trembling on the carbine. Sorrow on the man that he hadn't a pistol, or I'd have sent the black soul of him to the divil it came from."

The lad panted, and Payne, who had guessed at his hopeless devotion to the girl who had listened to Courthorne, made a gesture of disapproval that was tempered by sympathy. It was for her sake, he fancied, Shannon had left the Ontario clearing and followed Larry Blake to the West.

"I'm glad he hadn't, Pat," said Payne. "What was the end of it?"

"I remembered," said the other with a groan, "remembered I was Trooper Shannon an' dropped the carbine into the waggon. Courthorne wheels the black horse round, an' I saw the red line across the face of him.

"You'll be sorry for this, my lad," says he.

"He's a dangerous man," Payne said thoughtfully. "Pat, you came near being a — ass that day. Any way, it's time we went in, and as Larry's here I shouldn't wonder if we saw Courthorne again before the morning."

THE icy cold went through them to the bone as they left the stables, and it was a relief to enter the loghouse, which was heated to fustiness by the glowing stove. A lamp hung from a rough birch beam, and its uncertain radiance showed motionless figures wrapped in blankets in the bunks round the walls. Two men were, however, dressing, and one already in uniform sat at a table talking to another swathed in furs, who was from his appearance a prairie farmer. The man at the table was lean and weather-bronzed, with grizzled hair and observant eyes. They were fixed steadily upon the farmer, who knew that very little which happened upon the prairie escaped the vigilance of Sergeant Stimson.

"It's straight talk you're giving me, Larry? What do you figure on making by it?" he said.

The farmer laughed mirthlessly. "Not much, anyway, beyond the chance of getting a bullet in me back or me best steer lifted one dark night. 'Tis not forgiving the rustlers are, and Courthorne's the divil," he said. "But listen now, Sergeant; I've told ye where he is, and if ye're not fit to corral him I'll ride him down meself."

Sergeant Stimson wrinkled his forehead. "If anybody knows what they're after, it should be you," he said, watching the man out of the corner of his eyes. "Still, I'm a little worried as to

why, when you'll get nothing for it, you're anxious to serve the State."

The farmer clenched a big hand. "Sergeant, you that knows everything, will ye drive me mad, an' to — with the State!" he said. "Sure, it's gospel I'm telling ye, an', as you're knowing well, it's me could tell where the boys who ride at midnight drop many a keg. Well, if ye will have your reason, it was Courthorne who put the black shame on me an' mine."

Sergeant Stimson nodded, for he had already suspected this.

"Then," he said dryly, "we'll give you a chance of helping us to put the handcuffs on him. Now, because they wouldn't risk the bridge, and the ice is not thick everywhere, there are just two ways they could bring the stuff across, and I figure we'd be near the thing if we fixed on Graham's Pool. Still, Courthorne's no kind of fool, and just because that crossing seems the likeliest he might try the other one. You're ready for duty, Trooper Payne?"

The lad stood straight. "I can turn out in ten minutes, sir," he said.

"Then," and Sergeant Stimson raised his voice a trifle, "you will ride at once to the rise a league outside the settlement, and watch the Montana trail. Courthorne will probably be coming over from Witham's soon after you get there, riding the big black, and you'll keep out of sight and follow him. If he heads for Carson's Crossing ride for Graham's at a gallop, where you'll find me with the rest. If he makes for the bridge, you will overtake him if you can and find out what he's after. It's quite likely he'll tell you nothing, and you will not arrest him, but bearing in mind that every minute he spends there will be a loss to the rustlers you'll keep him as long as you can. Trooper Shannon, you'll ride at once to the bluff above Graham's Pool, and watch the trail. Stop any man who rides that way, and if it's Courthorne keep him until the rest of the boys come up with me. You've got your duty quite straight, both of you?"

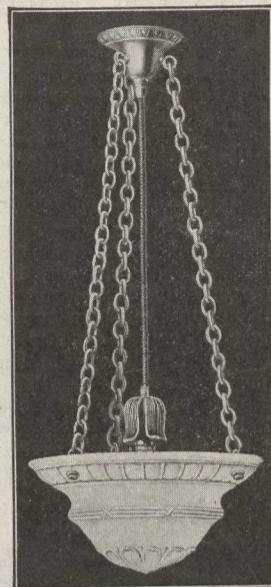
The lads saluted, and went out, while the Sergeant smiled a little as he glanced at the farmer, and the men who were dressing.

"It's steep chances we'll have Mr. Courthorne's company to-morrow, boys," he said. "Fill up the kettle, Tom, and serve out a pint of coffee. There are reasons why we shouldn't turn out too soon. We'll saddle in an hour or so."

Two of the men went out, and the stinging blast that swept in through the open door smote a smoky smear across the blinking lamp and roused a sharper crackling from the stove. Then one returned with the kettle and there was silence, when the fusty heat resumed its sway. Now and then a tired trooper murmured in his sleep, or there was a snapping in the stove, while the icy wind moaned about the building and the kettle commenced a soft sibilation, but nobody moved or spoke. Three shadowy figures in uniform sat just outside the light soaking in the grateful warmth while they could, for they knew that they might spend the next night unsheltered from the Arctic cold of the wilderness. The Sergeant sat with thoughtful eyes and wrinkled forehead where the flickering radiance forced up his lean face and silhouetted his spare outline on the rough boarding behind him, and close by the farmer sucked silently at his pipe, waiting, with a stony calm that sprang from fierce impatience the reckoning with the man who had brought black shame upon him.

It was about this time when Witham stood shivering a little with the bridle

(Continued on page 27.)



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## BUST AND HIPS



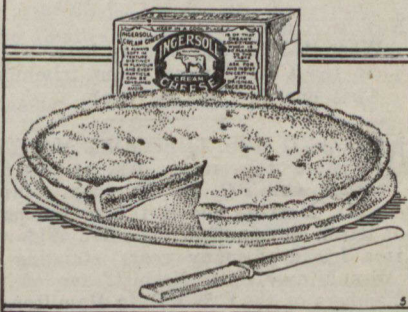
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## Apple Pie and Ingersoll Cream Cheese





**Courierettes.**

**M**ILITANT suffragettes have taken to playing barrel organs in the streets of London. A new form of public torture.

Toronto had a gas explosion. Inevitable, with City Council and Ontario Legislature in session simultaneously.

The Mayor of Cincinnati put his ban on a play entitled "One Day." In fact, he would not allow "One Day" to last one night in Cincy.

Statistics show that there is one telephone to every eight persons in Canada. We have completed the list of the seven who help us use our phone.

The Lenten season is blamed for a big decrease in Toronto weddings. No longer can we scoff at the sackcloth and ashes idea. The girls are really sacrificing something.

A Scottish chief is to go on the American vaudeville stage to make money to recover his castle. Anybody who needs money seems to immediately take a shy at the poor old vaudeville stage.

Toronto Globe makes a news item of the fact that one preacher praised another. Is it so strange as that?

The main feature about this much talked-of money-trust is that nobody seems willing to trust it.

U. S. Government now seeks to dissolve the Thread Trust. To wind it up, so to speak.

Bearing the name of Madero in Mexico is our idea of a most unhealthy job.

Now that we have Mrs. Pankhurst with us daily in the despatches Carrie Nation's exploits are quite forgotten.

The riot in Washington rather indicates that though all women should not have the vote there are some men who don't deserve it.

**The Cynic Says.**—That virtue may be its own reward, but few business men accept it as part payment on account.

**Horse Sense.**

**T**HE fellow who has horse sense, they say, is the chap who can sometimes answer "nay."

**Ask Teddy and Taft.**—"The United States is an exception to the rule that history repeats itself."

"How do you make that out?"  
"Has it produced a successor to George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie?"

**The "Dead" Past.**

**I** HAVE one of those long-dead pasts, and that is why I'm worried— I fear me that the nasty thing May not continue buried.

**Song of the Suffragettes**—(on the "Hike").

**S**ING a song of suffrage,  
Parading up the pike,  
And don't forget your corn-salve—  
A hundred miles we hike.

Through dust and damp we trudge and tramp

But, for the love of Mike,  
Dear General Jones, list to our moans,  
And let us ride a bike!

**Terse Criticism.**—When Maria Gay, the Spanish-American prima donna, of the Boston Opera Co., sang the role of Carmen with the Montreal Opera Co. at Ottawa and Toronto recently, she surprised the natives of those cities by her novel interpretation of the character. She played Carmen as a daughter of the common people—no silk-stockinged heroine, and her acting was a bit rough. She tossed tambourines about the stage heedless of whether they hit the chorus people or not. She ate half an orange

and rubbed the rest of it in the face of a chorus man. She ran her fingers through Don Jose's long hair and ruffled it. She mixed things up a bit and gave a generally tempestuous performance.

At the end of the opera, a meek musical critic was asked by the manager what he thought of Maria Gay's performance.

"Seems to me that she plays Carmen like a militant suffragette," he said.

**Guilty on the First Count.**—In China a husband may get a divorce for any one of seven reasons. The first is talkativeness. The other six don't matter.

**An Old Classic Parodied.**

**A** DEAR little boy sat under a tree  
Crying as hard as he could, for he  
Had realized that he was quite unseen  
And ate several apples remarkably green.

**He Meant Business.**—The anxious father regarded his spinster daughter intently after the young man had taken his leave.

"Does he mean business, Jane?" asked the parent.

"I am afraid he does, father," replied Jane wearily. "He is the agent for a new make of sewing machine, and he wants to sell me one."

**Where He Belonged.**—"Father," said the youth who had been reading about G. Washington, "I cannot tell a lie."

"Then," said the wise pater, "you may as well give up all thought of a political career and prepare to be a Toronto policeman."

**Practical Optimism.**—He—"I am an optimist. I believe that things will come my way."

She—"Yes—when you go after them."

**A Preacher's Epigram.**—Rev. E. W. Halpenny, an Ontario Methodist preacher, is credited as the author of an epigram which is now being much quoted by his ministerial brethren. He was preaching in a big city church, noted for its many social and literary organizations, its clubs, classes, societies, and leagues. There was something on for every night in the week—sometimes two or three events on the same night. Mr. Halpenny read the long list of announcements.

Then a little later, in the course of his sermon, he remarked that "some people were so terribly busy with church work that they hadn't time to be Christians."

**"Avoid All Appearance of Evil."**—A Parry Sound farmer, who, by the way, is a staunch Methodist, sent his 17-year-old daughter to Toronto recently to complete her education. She had been religiously trained, and was inclined to be a very good little girl, but before she had been in the big city very long friends invited her to go to the theatre. The temptation was too great to be resisted. She went to see a Shakespeare play and to hear a grand opera in French, and enjoyed both.

But with a certain amount of fear and trembling she wrote to her father and informed him of the facts.

His letter makes the point of this little story. He had never been in a theatre himself, and, therefore, lacked first-hand knowledge of the subject. Yet this is how he counselled his daughter:

"You must not let anybody influence you. Let your own conscience be your guide. But I do not think that any good can come out of the theatre. It is well, as the Good Book tells us, to 'avoid all appearance of evil.'"

His two clinching arguments against the theatre were reserved for the last.

"Remember that Abraham Lincoln was shot in a theatre, and that it was in a theatre that King Edward caught the cold that led to his death."

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES



## The Difficulties of the Period

CANADA is sharing the financial depression of the world, but fortunately not the commercial depression. While our external and internal commerce are expanding by leaps and bounds the stock and bond market is decidedly stagnant. This is not Canada's fault, but it emphasizes the fact that financial conditions in this country must always reflect more or less the financial feelings of the world.

During the past six months there has been a steady contraction of credit in all leading countries. It has been more severe in those countries which are affected by the Balkan War, notably in Germany and Austria. Even in France, which is usually the cheapest of all the world's money markets, unusually high rates have been paid for advances. In the United States, nothing serious has happened so far, but a steady decline in stock prices shows that there is very little money available for speculation.

Of all these national situations the most serious perhaps is that of Germany. That country has cut down its naval estimates and indicated that its stupendous efforts along this line are henceforth to be curtailed. But its proposed military expenditures are so enormous that they more than counter-balance the other decision. A proposal to raise two or three hundred millions for the increase of the German army has staggered the capitalists of that country. No one seems to understand the whys and the wherefores of the matter or the reasons which have led the Kaiser and his advisers to take a step which fills the minds of people with forebodings, and which must lead the German people to horde and secrete their wealth.

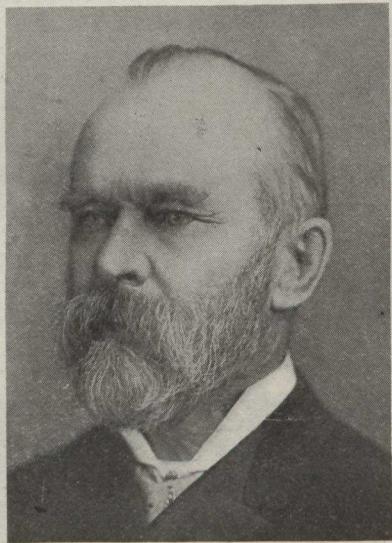
Canada is vitally interested in the German situation. Our chief point of contact is the stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is very largely held in Germany. C. P. R. has dropped as low as 223. The lowest point reached in 1912 was 227½, and C. P. R. should be more valuable to-day than it was a year ago. With our leading stock selling at this low price it is natural that other stock market prices should find lower levels.

It is almost certain that the financial market will remain discouraging for some time to come. There is no immediate relief in sight. Even if peace were declared in the Balkans there would be very little improvement. Canadian financiers are acting very conservatively, and it is wise that they should do so. It behooves every Canadian business man to see that he is able to take care of all his commitments. It also behooves Canadian municipalities to go slow in the matter of capital expenditures. The day of 4 per cent. bonds is gone for the time being. Nothing less than 4½ per cent. can be floated just now and the very best municipalities may have to pay a higher rate during the next few months.

Canada is in a sound economic position. Immigration continues at a rapid rate and trade is sure to show considerable expansion during 1913. Nevertheless, it is bound to be more difficult to secure capital and it is absolutely certain that those who do secure it will be compelled to pay a high price.

## Dominion Life Prosperous

ASSEMBLING at the company's head office in Waterloo, recently, the shareholders of the Dominion Life Assurance Company found a prosperous-looking report awaiting their perusal. The gross surplus to policy holders was estimated at \$561,184, which compares very favourably with the \$466,372 of 1911. After deducting shareholders' account of \$157,198, the net profits, over all liabilities, came to \$403,986. New business of \$3,067,810 for the year brings the total business in force to \$13,936,355, an increase of \$1,705,698.



MR. THOMAS HILLIARD,  
President Dominion Life.

The old board, headed by Mr. Thomas Hilliard, was re-elected. Mr. Hilliard has been with the company since its incorporation in 1889, in fact he was the chief promoter, and now holds the position of president and managing director.

## Small Profits in Milk

THE Toronto City Dairy Company does a large business in the line its name implies. At the meeting held in Toronto on March 3rd, Mr. A. E. Ames, the president, spoke of small profits accruing from the sale of milk during the greater part of the year. In spite of this, however, the report for the season is a good one. The net profits were \$104,136, or \$4,478 larger than

in 1911. The balance carried forward to profit and loss of \$57,838 compares very favourably with the \$34,002 carried forward at the close of 1911.

## On and Off the Exchange

### Sun Life Still Leads

THE executive of the Sun Life Assurance Company was able to prepare an excellent report for the company's sixty-sixth year closed coincident with the passing of 1912. This was presented to the shareholders at the annual meeting held in Montreal on March 4th. The new business taken in during the year amounted to \$30,814,410, and brings the insurance in force to \$182,732,420, an increase of \$18,160,347. The sum of \$614,008 was added to the Surplus Account, which then totaled \$5,331,081. The cash income, comprised of premiums, interest, etc., amounts to \$12,-

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OR

**J. K. McLauchlan,**

Secretary Board of Trade.

## The Education of Self

(Formerly Published as "Self-Control and How to Secure It")

By PROF. PAUL DUBOIS, M.D.,  
Author of "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," "The Influence of the Mind on the Body," etc.

(Translated from the French by Harry Huteson Boyd.)

This volume by this eminent specialist of Berne makes a valuable addition to the flood of light which Prof. Dubois has already shed upon the subject of self-control, and especially upon want of it as contributing to the production of nervous disorders as set forth in his "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" and "The Influence of the Mind on the Body."

### CONTENTS.

Introduction—The Conquest of Happiness—Thought—The Act—Conscience—Education—Moral Clear-Sightedness—Egoism and Altruism—Meditation—Tolerance—Indulgence—Humility—Moderation—Patience—Courage—Chastity—Sincerity—Kindness—Idealism.

"This is a philosophical and direct discussion as to what self-control may accomplish, and how it may be secured. He shows the influence of conscience, and how education develops conscience. He makes plain the necessity of moral clear-sightedness, and expounds the difference between mere egoism and so-called altruism. The book is certainly stimulating and helpful."

—San Francisco Examiner.

12mo, cloth. Price \$1.75 postpaid.

NORMAN RICHARDSON, TORONTO,  
12 E. Wellington St.

333,081, and exceeds the income of the previous year by \$1,775,746. Formed in 1847, the company has forged ahead, and now holds a place among the foremost insurance concerns of the Empire.

The retiring directors were re-elected. Mr. Robertson MacAulay resumes the chair, Mr. S. H. Ewing continues as vice-president, and Mr. T. B. MacAulay as managing director and secretary.

\*\*\*

### Equity Fire Looking Ahead

THE third annual meeting of the Equity Fire Insurance Company of Canada was recently held at the company's head office in Toronto. In the statement presented the assets are \$426,699, compared with \$426,517 in 1911. The paid-up capital now is \$156,179, and the subscribed stands at \$561,700. During 1912 upwards of \$1,325,000 has been paid to policy holders for fire losses. The risks on the company's books number 30,000, and these they expect greatly to increase during 1913. The general manager, Mr. Greenwood Brown, has recovered from a long illness and is now ready to put his energy into the business, and new western directors have been added to the board.

\*\*\*

### Canning Profits Going Up

THE financial statement of the Dominion Canners, presented at the annual meeting, held at the head office, in Hamilton, on March 5th, showed even better profits than was generally expected. The first dividend on the common stock was paid in January as a bonus. After providing for bond interest, profits of \$503,409 were shown, after paying preferred and common dividends and a credit of \$50,000 to Insurance Reserve, \$172,593 was added to profit and loss account. The earnings were equal to nearly 16½ per cent. on the common stock. The old board was re-elected, but the executive is slightly altered. Mr. F. R. Lalor, M.P., is president; Mr. H. W. Richardson, first vice-president; Mr. J. J. Nairn, second vice-president; R. L. Innis, secretary-treasurer; and W. R. Drynan, assistant secretary-treasurer for the current year.

\*\*\*

### Good Year for Knitting Co.

THE shareholders of Penmans, Limited, were presented with a statement of a pleasing kind at the annual meeting, held in Montreal, on March 3rd. The satisfactory year completed on Dec. 31st enabled net earnings of \$287,216 to be recorded. This amount shows a big increase over 1911 and is in fact a new record for the company. The Reserve Account has grown from four to five hundred thousand dollars during the year, and the balance at credit to profit and loss of \$697,630. The executive for the current year is composed of David Morrice, president; C. B. Gordon, vice-president; I. Bonner, general manager, and C. B. Robinson, secretary-treasurer.

\*\*\*

### Canada Accident Growing

A GREAT advance for the Canada Accident Assurance Company during the past year was shown by the report submitted at the annual meeting, held at Montreal, last week. The premiums received during 1912 were \$325,609, against \$254,344 in 1911. The claims, etc., being provided for, \$80,228 was carried forward to profit and loss. Assets came to \$290,097 over liabilities on Dec. 31st, as compared with \$206,812 at the close of the year previous.

**NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY LIMITED**  
Norwich, England

:: Insurance Against ::  
**Fire, Accident and Sickness - Employers' Liability - Plate Glass**  
Agents Wanted for the Accident Branch  
Head Office for Canada **NORWICH UNION BUILDING**  
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Improve Your English

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THESE GREAT BOOKS POINT THE WAY FOR YOU TO **Advancement---Success---Prosperity** in Commercial and Professional Life

With the mighty advances which are being made in every branch of business and professional life there has come a demand for a higher standard of intelligence—of proficiency. The time is past when illiteracy or slipshod methods of speech and correspondence are looked upon with tolerance. The man who can express himself with force and clearness is the man who is in demand everywhere.

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Word-Building	Description	Essay Writing
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These books also show you the correct use of English in Short Stories, Novels, Essays, Articles, Conversation, Speeches, Business and Private Correspondence, Advertisements, Circulars, Booklets, etc.

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In typewritten form this course of study, as now published in these six cloth-bound books, was sold for \$25.00. There are over 800 pages.

Sign and mail the Acceptance Card with \$1.00, and the set of books will be forwarded to you, carriage prepaid; 50 cents a month for four months pays for them. This is the biggest \$3.00 worth of books you ever bought.

NORMAN RICHARDSON,  
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Inclosed find \$1.00 for which send me Sherwin Cody's six cloth-bound books, "The Art of Speaking and Writing the English Language." I will send you four further monthly payments of 50 cents each, until the price (\$3.00) is paid.

Signed .....

Post-Office .....

Province .....

Date .....

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This is by far the best style book and catalogue we ever issued. Especial care has been taken in the preparation of the fashion engravings. They are altogether splendid examples of art work and were drawn and engraved from the garments themselves especially for this catalogue.

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Every page teems with interest to the woman who desires to dress well and to purchase household supplies of sterling quality at reasonable prices.

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"TALK CORRECTLY and you will THINK CORRECTLY"

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

"A DESK-ROOM OF ERRORS IN ENGLISH"

a very serviceable little book. "Right to the Point."  
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Why should any other cereal be called "just as good" as

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

Because Kellogg's is known to be the best and most nutritious cereal on the market—

Because the sale of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is enormous as trade returns will show—

Because another large modern factory, the best and most sanitary in Canada had to be built to take care of our constantly increasing trade—

Because the imitator, knowing these facts and having few selling arguments for his own product thinks to create a market for it by comparing it to Kellogg's:

But---the flavor and the sustaining qualities of Kellogg's Corn Flakes cannot be counterfeited. Sold in big packages at 10c. Look for the signature.

93

ARE YOU AS WELL AS YOU SHOULD BE?

Or do you suffer from—

The body derives its nourishment from the blood.

When the blood is weak and "watery" it cannot supply the body with sufficient nourishment. Therefore people suffering from Anaemia have pale, transparent skins—have

When your system is weakened by worry, overwork, illness or any other cause—when you feel listless and low-spirited, "Wincarnis" will promptly invigorate and strengthen you. Directly you have taken a wineglassful of "Wincarnis" you will feel a delicious stimulating effect. This is

Sleeplessness is due to a disorganized condition of the brain cells. The body may be thoroughly worn out, but owing to the excitable and highly-strung state of the brain, sleep is impossible. A wineglassful of "Wincarnis" taken the last thing

Anaemia

constant headaches—and a feeling of intense weariness.

But a few wineglassfuls of "Wincarnis" will speedily create a new fund of rich, new blood—will give brightness to the eyes and new vigour and vitality to the whole system.

Weakness

caused by "Wincarnis" being immediately

absorbed into the system, thereby stimulating the heart—revitalizing the blood, rebuilding the lost vitality and creating new energy. By taking "Wincarnis" regularly for a few days you will derive new health, new strength, new vigour and new life.

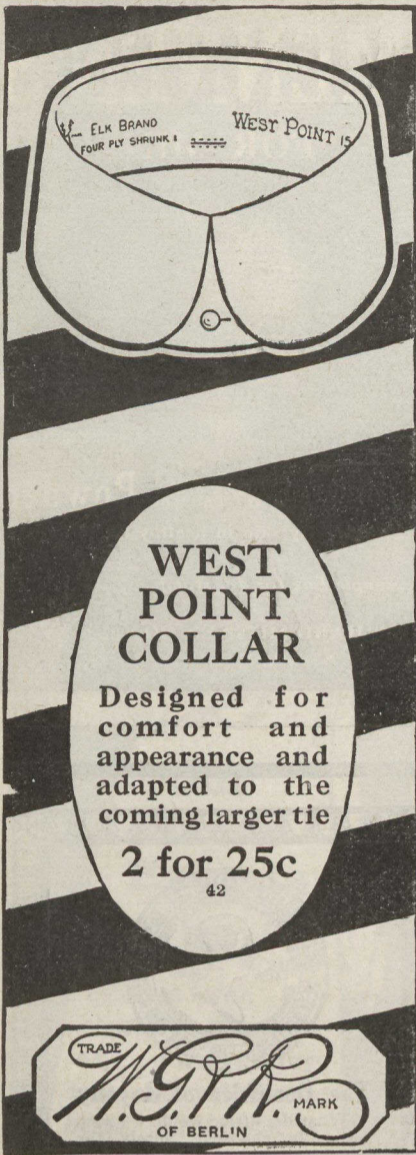
Sleeplessness

at night will compose and

soothe the highly-strung brain and ensure an uninterrupted and sweetly refreshing night's rest. And while you are asleep "Wincarnis" is busy storing your system with energy in readiness for another day's work.



"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.



ELK BRAND  
FOUR PLY SHIRUNK I

WEST POINT IS

**WEST POINT COLLAR**

Designed for comfort and appearance and adapted to the coming larger tie

**2 for 25c**

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TRADE MARK  
W.P. OF BERLIN

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

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

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

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When the system gets "all run down" build it up with

**O'Keefe's**

Special Extra Mild **ALE**

20

**The Impostor**

(Continued from page 22.)

of a big black horse in his hand just outside the door of his homestead. A valise and two thick blankets were strapped to the saddle, and he had donned the fur cap and coat Courthorne usually wore. Courthorne himself stood close by, smiling at him sardonically.

"If you keep the cap down and ride with your stirrups long, as I've fixed them, anybody would take you for me," said he. "Go straight through the settlement, and let any man you come across see you. His testimony would come in useful if Stimson tries to fix a charge on me. You know your part of the bargain. You're to be Lance Courthorne for a fortnight from to-day."

"Yes," said Witham dryly. "I wish I was equally sure of yours."

Courthorne laughed. "I'm to be Rancher Witham until to-morrow night, anyway. Don't worry about me. I'll borrow those books of yours and improve my mind. Possible starvation is the only thing that threatens me, and it's unfortunate you've left nothing fit to eat behind you."

Witham swung himself into the saddle, a trifle awkwardly, for Courthorne rode with longer stirrup leathers than he was accustomed to, then he raised one hand, and the other man laughed a little as he watched him sink into the darkness of the shadowy prairie. When the drumming of hoofs was lost in the moaning of the wind he strode towards the stable, and taking up the lantern surveyed Witham's horse thoughtfully.

"The thing cuts with both edges, and the farmer only sees one of them," he said. "That beast's about as difficult to mistake as my black is."

Then he returned to the loghouse, and presently put on Witham's old fur coat and tattered fur cap. Had Witham seen his unpleasant smile as he did it, he would probably have wheeled the black horse and returned at a gallop, but the farmer was sweeping across the waste of whitened grass at least a league away by this time. Now and then a half-moon blinked down between wisps of smoky cloud, but for the most part grey dimness hung over the prairie, and the drumming of hoofs rang stridently through the silence. Witham knew a good horse, and had bred several of them—before a blizzard which swept the prairie killed off his finest yearlings as well as their pedigree sire—and his spirits rose as the splendid beast swung into faster stride beneath him.

For two weeks at least he would be free from anxiety, and the monotony of his life at the lonely homestead had grown horribly irksome. Witham was young, and now when for a brief space he had left his cares behind, the old love of adventure which had driven him out from England once more awakened and set his blood stirring. For the first time in six years of struggle he did not know what lay before him, and he had a curious, half-instinctive feeling that the trail he was travelling would lead him farther than Montana. It was borne in upon him that he had left the old hopeless life behind, and, stirred by some impulse, he broke into a little song he had sung in England, long and forgotten. He had a clear voice, and the words, which were filled with the hope of youth, rang bravely through the stillness of the frozen wilderness until the horse blundered, and Witham stopped with a little smile.

"It's four long years since I felt as I do to-night," he said.

Then he drew bridle and checked the horse as the lights of the settlement commenced to blink ahead, for the trail was rutted deep and frozen into the likeness of adamant, but when the first frame houses flung tracks of yellow radiance across the whitened grass he dropped his left arm a trifle and rode in at a canter as he had seen Courthorne do. Witham did not like Courthorne, but he meant to keep his bargain.

As he passed the hotel more slowly a man who came out called to him. "Hello, Lance! Taking the trail?" he said. "Well, it kind of strikes me it's time you did. One of Stimson's boys was down here, and he seemed quite anxious about you."

Witham knew the man, and was about to urge the horse forward, but in place of it drew bridle, and laughed with a feeling that was wholly new to him as

**24th ANNUAL REPORT**

OF THE

**DOMINION LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

"AN IDEAL POLICYHOLDERS' COMPANY"

**The Strongest Proof of a Company's Merit is the Profits Paid to the Policyholders**

The three main sources of profit to policyholders are Savings in Interest, Mortality and Expenses; and the strongest proof of a Company's merit is the profits paid to policyholders.

The Dominion Life in 1912 had the

**HIGHEST INTEREST RATE—8 PER CENT.**

**Lightest Death Rate (only 30 per cent. of expected)**

**Lowest Proportional Expense Rate**

of any well-established company in Canada and as a result made

**Unexcelled Returns to Policyholders**

**Evidences of Solid Progress.**

	1910.	1911.	1912.
Percentage of Income Saved .....	52.67%	54.23%	58.59%
Ratio of Assets to Gross Liabilities .....	115.67%	116.93%	119.56%
Ratio of Net Surplus to Assets .....	13.08%	14.48%	16.36%
Death Claims per \$1,000 Assured .....	\$4.92	\$4.33	\$4.30
Average Rate of Interest Earned .....	7.52%	7.98%	8.00%

**Net Surplus Shows an Increase of 26%**

The Company's popularity is well attested by the increased amount of applications received ..... \$ 3,067,810  
Total Business in Force ..... \$13,936,355  
\$138 SECURITY for each \$100 of LIABILITY to Policyholders.  
Assets ..... \$2,873,054 Reserves ..... \$2,224,968  
A memorandum book giving complete statements of the Company's operations can be had on application to

**Head Office - - - - - Waterloo, Ont**

OR TO

J. B. HALL, City Manager. FRED R. SHANTZ, Associate Representative.  
407 KENT BUILDING, TORONTO.

**THIRD ANNUAL MEETING, Feb. 21st, 1913**

THE

**Equity Fire Insurance Company of Canada**

Condition on Jan. 1st, 1913

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Cash on Hand and in Bank ... \$ 35,592.11	Fire Losses unpaid
Bonds and Debentures ..... 89,638.37	or unadjusted .... \$ 28,064.01
Net Premiums in course of collection ..... 23,479.83	Sundry ..... 1,572.00
Sundry (less Reinsurance Notes and other non-admitted assets by Ins. Dept. rules \$57,482.84) 81,766.43	Reinsurance Reserve. 128,179.00
Uncalled Capital ..... 405,502.50	
Total Assets ..... \$635,979.24	\$157,815.01
	Surplus Security to Policyholders ..... 478,164.23
	Government requirements for same as above only ..... 128,179.00
	Total Security to Policyholders. \$606,343.23
	In Excess of Security, Jan. 1st, 1912 ..... \$252,608.44

DIRECTORS—Hon. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., Toronto, President; C. C. Van Norman, Toronto, 1st Vice-President; E. S. Knowlton, Vancouver, B.C., 2nd Vice-President; J. M. Queen, St. John, N.B., 3rd Vice-President; W. M. Haight, Vancouver, B.C.; C. E. Burnham, Vancouver, B.C.; D. Hibner, Berlin, Ont.; J. F. A. Thompson, Vancouver, B.C.; J. W. Foster, Vancouver, B.C.  
WM. GREENWOOD BROWN, General Manager.

**125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For \$13.75**

If ordered together we send both machines for only \$13.75 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Five year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of \$13.75 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 210, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

**FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID**

# The London Mutual Fire Insurance Company

53rd ANNUAL STATEMENT

## DIRECTORS' REPORT

To the Shareholders and Members of The London Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Canada.

Your Directors herewith submit to you the Fifty-third Annual Statement and Balance Sheet, duly certified by the Auditor, showing the receipts and expenditures for the year, as well as the Assets and Liabilities of the Company as at December 31st, 1912.

The Company's operations during the year 1912 have resulted in a substantial profit and a considerable addition to the funds for the security of Policyholders.

During the year there were issued, including renewals, 35,179 policies, on which premiums, amounting to \$728,384.12, were collected.

The Company is confining its operations to the Dominion of Canada, and the Foreign business on its books has been cancelled or is being allowed to lapse, which entirely accounts for the reduction in the Gross Premium Income and the number of policies issued as compared with the previous year.

The Cash Assets show \$695,928.04, with liabilities to Policyholders and Shareholders of \$368,334.81, leaving a surplus of \$327,593.23, an increase of \$63,037.30.

Including the premium notes, which are available for the payment of losses, the total Assets are \$1,012,673.58, the Surplus \$644,338.77, and the Security for Policyholders \$1,031,161.17.

The retiring Directors are Sir Samuel Faire, Leicester, Eng.; G. H. Williams, Winnipeg; and F. D. Williams, Toronto; all of whom are eligible for re-election.

Your Directors desire to express their appreciation of the support accorded to the Company by its Agents and to all branches of the Staff for their loyal co-operation in helping to attain the results achieved.

All of which is respectfully submitted.  
Dated, Toronto, February 22nd, 1913.

A. H. C. CARSON,  
President.

## FINANCIAL STATEMENT

### ASSETS.

Bonds, Debentures and Stocks .....	\$331,018 33	
Cash in Bank and on Hand .....	132,569 58	
Mortgage Loans .....	54,081 60	
Interest Accrued .....	4,075 94	
Call Loans .....	2,000 00	
Accounts Receivable .....	33,141 93	
Agents' Balance .....	31,830 15	
Office Furniture and Goad's Plans .....	\$21,103 34	
Less Reserve .....	6,469 91	
		14,633 43
Real Estate and Building .....	163,133 33	
Less Reserve .....	1,875 00	
Less Mortgage and Interest .....	68,681 25	
		\$70,556 25
		\$92,577 08

Unassessed Portion of Premium Notes .....	\$695,928 04	
	316,745 54	
		\$1,012,673 58

### LIABILITIES.

Reserve for Unadjusted Losses .....	\$12,188 37	
Duc for Reinsurance .....	50,299 63	
Reserve for Government Taxes .....	1,524 41	
Reinsurance Reserve (Full Government Standard) .....	286,822 40	
Capital Stock Paid up .....	17,500 00	
TOTAL LIABILITIES .....	\$368,334 81	
CASH SURPLUS over all Liabilities including CAPITAL STOCK .....	\$327,593 23	
Unassessed Portion of Premium Notes .....	316,745 54	
TOTAL SURPLUS .....	\$644,338 77	
		\$1,012,673 58

### EXPENDITURE.

To Gross Losses Paid .....	\$329,245 25	
Less Reinsurance Recovered .....	119,820 69	
NET LOSSES .....	\$209,424 56	
To unadjusted Losses, Estimated .....	12,188 37	
To Expenses, including Commissions, Salaries, etc. ....	178,016 53	
		399,629 46
Net Profit for Year .....	37,462 12	
		\$437,091 58

### INCOME.

By Gross Premiums .....	\$728,384 12	
Less Cancellations and Reinsurance .....	312,006 20	
		\$416,377 92
By Interest .....	19,674 65	
By Transfer Fees, etc. ....	1,039 01	
		\$437,091 58

### SECURITY FOR POLICY HOLDERS.

Reserve for Unearned Premiums .....	\$286,822 40	
Capital Stock, Paid and Unpaid .....	100,000 00	
SURPLUS, December 31st, 1912 .....	644,338 77	
		\$1,031,161 17

Having audited the books of account, examined all vouchers and verified securities, I certify the above Balance Sheet to be correct.  
Dated Toronto, February 22nd, 1913. J. P. LANGLEY, F.C.A., Auditor.

he remembered that his neighbours now and then bantered him about his English and that Courthorne only used the Western colloquialism when it suited him.

"Sergeant Stimson is an enterprising officer, but there are as keen men as he is," he said. "You will, in case he questions you, remember when you met me."  
"Oh, yes," said the other. "Still, I wouldn't fool too much with him—and where did you get those mittens from? That's the kind of outfit that would suit Witham."

Witham nodded, for though he had turned his face from the light the hand he held the bridle with was visible, and his big fur gloves were very old.

"They are his. The fact is, I've just come from his place," he said. "Well, you can tell Stimson you saw me starting out on the Montana trail."

He shook the bridle, laughed softly as the frame houses flitted by, and then grew intent when the darkness of the prairie once more closed down. It was, he knew, probable that some of Stimson's men would be looking out for him, and he had not sufficient faith in Courthorne's assurances to court an encounter with them.

The lights had faded, and the harsh grass was crackling under the drumming hoofs when the blurred outline of a mounted man showed up on the crest of a rise, and a shout came down.

"Hallo! Pull up there a moment, stranger."

There was nothing alarming in the greeting, but Witham recognized the ring of command, as well as the faint jingle of steel which had preceded it, and pressed his heels home. The black swung forward faster, and Witham glancing over his shoulder, saw the dusky shape was now moving down the incline. Then the voice rose again more commandingly.

"Pull up; I want a talk with you."  
Witham turned his head a moment, and remembering Courthorne's English, flung back the answer, "Sorry I haven't time."

The faint musical jingle grew plainer, there was a thud of hoofs behind, and the curious exhilaration returned to Witham as the big black horse stretched out at a gallop. The soil was hard as granite, but the matted grasses formed a covering that rendered fast riding possible to a man who took the risks, and Witham knew there were few horses in the Government service to match the one he rode. Still, it was evident that the trooper meant to overtake him, and recollecting his compact he tightened his grip on the bridle. It was a long way to the ranch where he was to spend the night, and he knew that the further he drew the trooper on the better it would suit Courthorne.

So they swept on through the darkness over the empty waste, the trooper who was riding hard slowly creeping up behind. Still, Witham held the horse in until a glance over his shoulder showed him that there was less than a hundred yards between them, and he fancied he heard a portentous rattle as well as the thud of hoofs. It was not unlike that made by a carbine flung across the saddle. This suggested unpleasant possibilities, and he slackened his grip on the bridle. Then a breathless shout rang out, "Pull up or I'll fire."

WITHAM wondered if the threat was genuine or what is termed "bluff" in that country but as he had decided objections to being shot in the back to please Courthorne, sent his heels home. The horse shot forward beneath him, and though no carbine flashed, the next backward glance showed him that the distance between him and the pursuer was drawing out, while when he stared ahead again the dark shape of willows or birches cut the sky-line. As they came back to him the drumming of hoofs swelled into a staccato roar, while presently the trail grew steep, and dark boughs swayed above him. In another few minutes something smooth and level flung back a blink of light, and the timbers of a wooden bridge rattled under his passage. Then he was racing upwards through the gloom of wind-dwarfed birches on the opposite side, listening for the rattle behind him on the bridge, and after a struggle with the horse pulled him up smoking when he did not hear it.

There was a beat of hoofs across the river, but it was slower than when he had last heard it and grew momentarily

# MENNEN'S

"FOR MINE"



Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

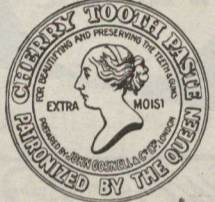
keeps my skin in healthy condition.

Sample Box for 4c. stamp.

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.

Trade Mark



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What dentifrice would a queen naturally choose? Surely the cream of the world's finest productions. Thus, Queen Alexandra's selection of

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Cherry Tooth Paste

suggests at once to you that it must be better than anything you have ever tried. Learn to-day the new delight of this exquisite preparation. Cherry Blossom Perfume is also used by Queen Alexandra. At your druggist's, or write

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less audible, and Witham laughed as he watched the steam of the horse and his own breath rise in a thin white cloud.

"The trooper has given it up, and now for Montana," he said.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### In the Bluff.

IT was very dark amidst the birches where Trooper Shannon sat motionless in his saddle, gazing down into the denser blackness of the river hollow. The stream ran deep below the level of the prairie, as the rivers of that country usually do, and the trees, which there alone found shelter from the winds, straggled, gnarled and stunted, up either side of the steep declivity. Close behind the trooper a sinuous trail seamed by ruts and the print of hoofs stretched away across the empty prairie. It forked on the outskirts of the bluff, and one arm dipped steeply to the river where, because the stream ran slow just there and the bottom was firm, a horseman might cross when the water was low, and heavy sledges make the passage on the ice in winter time. The other arm twisted in and out among the birches towards the bridge, but that detour increased the distance to any one travelling north or south by two leagues or so.

The ice, however, was not very thick as yet, and Shannon, who had heard it ring hollowly under him, surmised that while it might be possible to lead a laden horse across, there would be some risk attached to the operation. For that very reason, and although his opinion had not been asked, he agreed with Sergeant Stimson that the whisky-runners would attempt the passage. They were men who took the risks as they came, and that route would considerably shorten the journey it was especially desirable for them to make at night, while it would, Shannon fancied, appear probable to them that if the police had word of their intentions they would watch the bridge. Between it and the frozen ford the stream ran faster, and the trooper decided that no mounted man could cross the thinner ice.

Already a fine haze of snow swirled between the birch twigs every now and then, and stung the few patches of the trooper's unprotected skin as though they had been pricked with red-hot needles. It, however, seldom lasted more than a minute, and when it whirled away, a half-moon shone down for a moment between smoky clouds. The uncertain radiance showed the thrashing birches rising from the hollow, row on row, struck a faint sparkle from the ice beneath them, and then went out, leaving the gloom intensified. It was evident to Shannon that his eyes would not be much use to him that night, for which reason he kept his ears uncovered at the risk of losing them, but though he had been born in the bush and all the sounds of the wilderness had for him a meaning, hearing did not promise to be of much assistance. The dim trees roared about him with a great thrashing of twigs, and when the wilder gusts had passed there was an eery moaning, through which came the murmur of leagues of tormented grasses. The wind was rising rapidly, and it would, he fancied, drown the beat of approaching hoofs as well as any cry from his comrades.

Four of them were hidden amidst the birches where the trail wound steeply upwards through the bluff across the river, two on the nearer side not far below, and Trooper Shannon's watch would serve two purposes. He was to let the rustlers pass him if they rode for the ford, and then help to cut off the retreat of any who escaped the sergeant, while if they found the ice too thin for loaded beasts or rode towards the bridge, a flash from his carbine would bring his comrades across in time to join the others who were watching that trail. It had, as usual with Stimson's schemes, all been carefully thought out, and the plan was eminently workable, but unfortunately for the grizzled sergeant a better brain than his had foreseen the combination.

In the meanwhile the lad felt his limbs grow stiff and almost useless, and a lethargic numbness blunt the keenness of his faculties as the heat went slowly out of him. Once or twice the horse stamped fretfully, but a touch of hand



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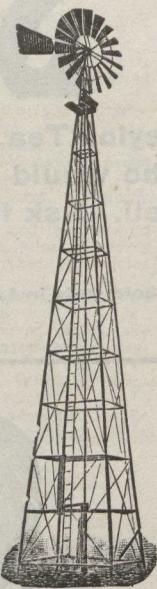
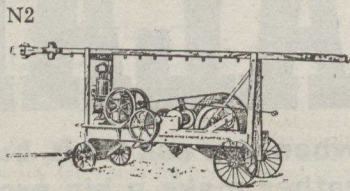
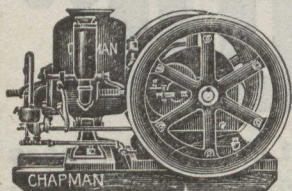
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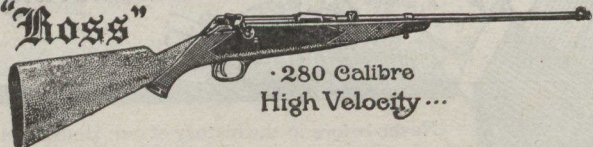
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and heel quieted him, for though the frozen flesh may shrink, unwavering obedience is demanded equally from man and beast enrolled in the service of the North-West police.

"Stiddy now," said the lad, partly to discover if he still retained the power of speech. "Sure ye know the order that was given me, and if it's a funeral that comes of it the Government will bury ye."

He sighed as he beat his hands upon his breast again, and when a flicker of moonlight smote a passing track of brightness athwart the tossing birches his young face was very grim. Like many another trooper of the North-West police, Shannon had his story, and he remembered the one trace of romance that had brightened his hard, bare life that night as he waited for the man who has dissipated it.

When Larry Blake moved West from Ontario, Shannon, drawn by his sister's dark eyes, followed him, and took up a Government grant of prairie sod. His dollars were few, but he had a stout heart and two working oxen, and nothing seemed impossible while Ailly Blake smiled on him, and she smiled tolerably frequently, for Shannon was a well-favoured lad. He had worked harder than most grown men could do, won one good harvest, and had a few dollars in the bank when Courthorne rode up to Blake's homestead on his big black horse. After that, all Shannon's hopes and ambitions came down with a crash; and the day he found Blake grey in face with shame and rage he offered Sergeant Stimson his services. Now he was filled with an unholy content that he had done so, for he came of a race that does not forget an injury, and had sufficient cause for a jealous pride in the virtue of its women. He and Larry might have forgiven a pistol shot, but they could not forget the shame.

Suddenly he stiffened to attention, for though a man of the cities would probably have heard nothing but the wailing of the wind, he caught a faint rhythmic drumming which might have been made by a galloping horse. It ceased, and he surmised, probably correctly, that it was Trooper Payne returning. It was, however, his business to watch the forking of the trail, and when he could only hear the thrashing of the birches, he moved his mittened hand from the bridle and patted the restive horse. Just then the bluff was filled with sound as a blast that drove a haze of snow before it roared down. It was followed by a sudden stillness that was almost bewildering, and when a blink of moonlight came streaming down, Trooper Shannon grabbed at his carbine, for a man stood close beside him in the trail. The lad, who had neither seen nor heard him come, looked down on the glinting barrel of a Marlin rifle and saw a set white face behind it. "Hands up!" said a hoarse voice. "Throw that thing down."

Trooper Shannon recognized it, and all the fierce hate he was capable of flamed up. It shook him with a gust of passion, and it was not fear that caused his stiffened fingers to slip upon the carbine. It fell with a rattle, and while he sat still, almost breathless and livid in face, the man laughed a little.

"That's better; get down," he said. Trooper Shannon swung himself from the saddle, and alighted heavily as a flung-off sack would have done, for his limbs refused to bend. Still it was not from lack of courage that he obeyed, and during one moment he had clutched the bridle with the purpose of riding over his enemy. He had, however, been taught to think for himself swiftly and shrewdly from his boyhood up, and realized instinctively that if he escaped scathless the ringing of the rifle would warn the rustlers who, he surmised, were close behind. He was also a police trooper broken to the iron bond of discipline, and if a bullet from the Marlin was to end his career, he determined it should if possible also terminate his enemy's liberty. The gust of rage had gone, and left him with the cold vindictive cunning the Celt who has a previous injury to remember is also capable of, and there was contempt in his voice as he turned to Courthorne quietly.

"Sure it's your turn now," he said. "The last time I put my mark on the devil's face of ye."

Courthorne laughed wickedly. "It



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was a bad day's work for you; I haven't forgotten yet," he said. "I'm only sorry you're not a trifle older, but it will teach Sergeant Stimson the folly of sending a lad to deal with me. Well, walk straight into the bush, and remember that the muzzle of the rifle is scarcely three feet behind you!"

Trooper Shannon did so with black rage in his heart and his empty hands at his sides. He was a police trooper and a bushman born, and knew that the rustlers' laden horses would find some difficulty in remounting the steep trail and could not escape to left or right once they were entangled amidst the trees. Then it would be time to give the alarm and go down with a bullet in his body, or by some contrivance evade the deadly rifle and come to grips with his enemy. He also knew Lance Courthorne, and, remembering how the lash had seamed his face, expected no pity. One of them it was tolerably certain would have set out on the long trail before the morning, but they breed grim men in the bush of Ontario, and no other kind ride very long with the wardens of the prairie.

"Stop where you are," said Courthorne presently. "Now then, turn round. Move a finger or open your lips, and I'll have great pleasure in shooting you. In the meanwhile you can endeavour to make favour with whatever saint is honoured by the charge of you."

Shannon smiled in a fashion that resembled a snarl as once more a blink of moonlight shone down upon them, and in place of showing apprehension, his young white face, from which the bronze had faded, was venomous.

"And my folks were Orange, but what does that matter now?" said he. "There'll be one of us in — to-morrow, but for the shame ye put on Larry ye'll carry my mark there with ye."

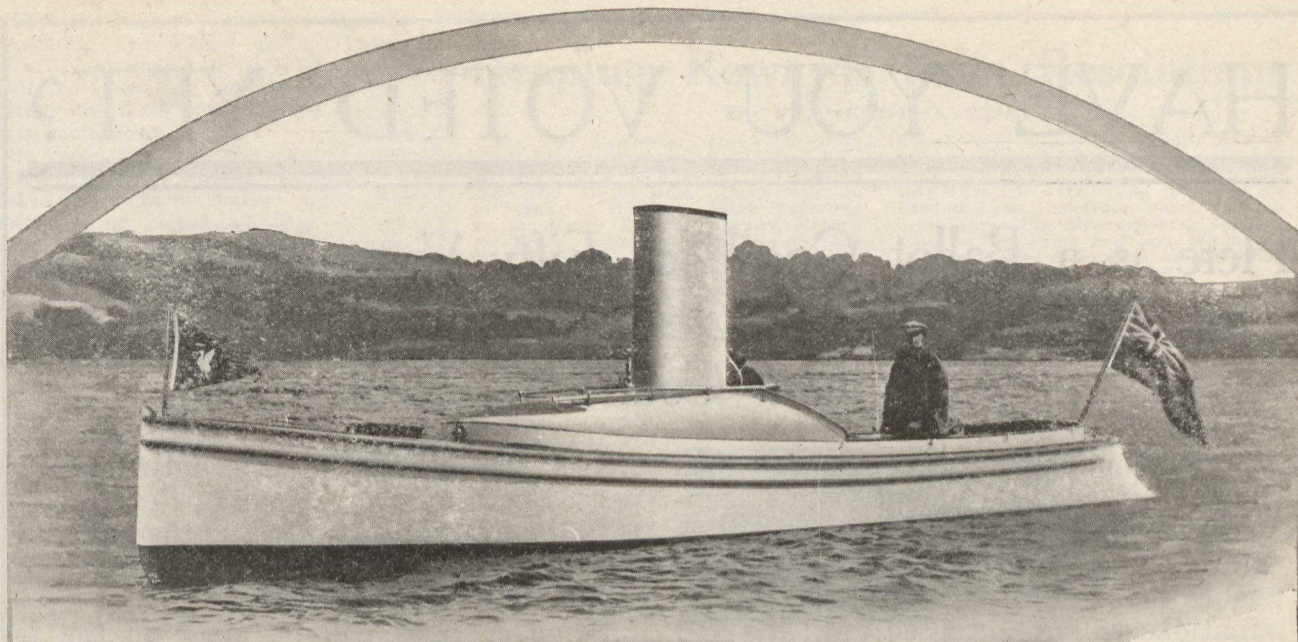
Courthorne looked at him with a little glow in his eyes. "You haven't felt mine yet," he said. "You will probably talk differently when you do."

It may have been youthful bravado, but Trooper Shannon laughed. "In the meanwhile," said he, "I'm wondering why you're wearing an honest man's coat and cap. Faith, if he saw them on ye, Witham would burn them."

Courthorne returned no answer and the moonlight went out, but they stood scarcely three feet apart, and one of them knew that any move he made would be followed by the pressure of the other's finger on the trigger. He, however, did not move at all, and while the birches roared about them they stood silently face to face, the man of birth and pedigree with a past behind him and blood already upon his head, and the raw lad from the bush, his equal before the tribunal that would presently judge their quarrel.

In the meanwhile Trooper Shannon heard a drumming of hoofs that grew steadily louder before Courthorne apparently noticed the sound, and his trained ears told him that the rustlers' horses were coming down the trail. Now they had passed the forking, and when the branches ceased roaring again he knew they had floundered down the first of the declivity, and it would be well to wait a little until they had straggled out where the trail was narrow and deeply rutted. No one could turn them hastily there, and the men who drove them could scarcely escape the troopers who waited them, if they blundered through the darkness of the bush. So five breathless minutes passed, Trooper Shannon standing tense and straight with every nerve tingling as he braced himself for an effort, Courthorne stooping a little with forefinger on the trigger, and the Marlin rifle at his hip. Then through a lull there rose a clearer thud of hoofs. It was lost in the thrashing of the twigs as a gust roared down again, and Trooper Shannon launched himself like a panther upon his enemy.

He might have succeeded, and the effort was gallantly made, but Courthorne had never moved his eyes from the shadowy object before him, and even as it sprang his finger contracted further on the trigger. There was a red flash, and because he fired from the hip the trigger guard gashed his mitten. He sprang sideways, scarcely feeling the bite of the steel, for the lad's hand brushed his shoulder. Then there was a crash as something went down heavily amidst the crackling twigs. Courthorne stooped



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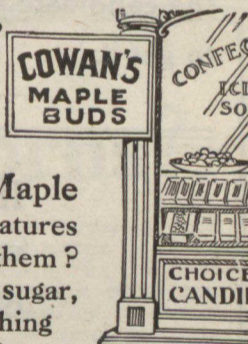
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# HAVE YOU VOTED YET?

## Here is a Ballot Good for Fifty Votes Which You Can Give to Some Deserving Candidate in the Canadian Courier Contest.

The Canadian Courier Contest has started in good style, and some 50 candidates are already in the race. It is anticipated that there will be as many more before March has ended. Nominations will be accepted until the end of March or a little later, and there will be many candidates who will enter at that time. However, the advantage of getting as early a start as possible should not be overlooked.

The list of Candidates will be published as soon as possible, probably in the next issue of The Canadian Courier, and additions to the list will be made from time to time as received. Any ambitious girl who wishes a college education or a trip to Europe should, if possible, send in her name in time to have it appear on the list when first published, or as soon after that as possible.

The terms of this contest are that 14 young ladies will go to college for a year, and 10 will be given a five

weeks' trip to Europe, the entire expenses paid by The Canadian Courier. It is the intention to increase the number of college scholarships according to the success of the contest.

Some changes will be made in the various districts as demanded by the progress of the contest.

The new arrangement of Districts will make the race more equitable to all candidates, and will give the smaller cities and towns a fair show against the larger. An added feature will be that in the At-Large District all candidates who get over a certain number of subscriptions will get a college course or a trip to Europe. This should set the candidates to working very hard to make sure of reaching the required number. The marks will not be set too high, but will be extremely liberal.

Send Contest communications to Canadian Courier, Contest Dept., Toronto.

**Do not throw this ballot away, but save it for some candidate who will sincerely appreciate your kindness in so doing. It may mean a great deal to the candidate who is fortunate enough to get it.**

### Ballot No. 3

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

For Miss .....

Address .....

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before April 5, 1913.

**If you know of some ambitious girl who would enter this contest and enjoy the rewards offered, will you kindly tell her of the offer and hand her this nomination blank?**

### Nomination Blank

I Hereby Nominate Miss .....

Address .....

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed .....

Countersigned by .....

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Pastor of .....

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The first nomination received for each candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.

a little, panting in the smoke that blew into his eyes, jerked the Marlin lever, and, as the moon came through again, had a blurred vision of a white, drawn face that stared up at him still with defiance in its eyes. He looked down into it as he drew the trigger once more.

Shannon quivered a moment, and then lay very still, and it was high time for Courthorne to look to himself, for there was a shouting in the bluff, and something came crashing through the undergrowth. Even then his cunning did not desert him, and flinging the Marlin down beside the trooper, he slipped almost silently in and out among the birches and swung himself into the saddle of a tethered horse. Unlooping the bridle from a branch he pressed his heels home, realizing as he did it that there was no time to lose, for it was evident that one of the troopers was somewhat close behind him, and others were coming across the river. He knew the bluff well, and having no desire to be entangled in it was heading for the prairie, when a blink of moonlight showed him a lad in uniform riding at a gallop between him and the crest of the slope. It was Trooper Payne, and Courthorne knew him for a very bold horseman.

Now, it is possible that had one of the rustlers, who were simple men with primitive virtues as well as primitive passions, been similarly placed, he would have joined his comrades and taken his chance with them, but Courthorne kept faith with nobody unless it suited him, and was equally dangerous to his friends and enemies. Trooper Shannon had also been silenced for ever, and if he could cross the frontier unrecognized, nobody would believe the story of the man he would leave to bear the brunt in place of him. Accordingly he headed at a gallop down the winding trail, while sharp orders and a drumming of hoofs grew louder behind him, and hoarse cries rose in front. Trooper Payne was, it seemed, at least keeping pace with him, and he glanced over his shoulder as he saw something dark and shadowy across the trail. It was apparently a horse from which two men were struggling to loose its burden.

Courthorne guessed that the trail was blocked in front of it by other loaded beasts, and he could not get past in time, for the half-seen trooper was closing with him fast, and another still rode between him and the edge of the bluff, cutting off his road to the prairie. It was evident he could not go on, while the crackle of twigs, roar of hoofs, and jingle of steel behind him, made it plain that to turn was to ride back upon the carbines of men who would be quite willing to use them. There alone remained the river. It ran fast below him, and the ice was thin, and for just a moment he tightened his grip on the bridle.

"We've got you!" a hoarse voice reached him. "You're taking steep chances if you go on."

Courthorne swung off from the trail. There was a flash above him, something whirred through the twigs above his head, and the horse plunged as he drove his heels in.

"One of them gone for the river," another shout rang out, and Courthorne was crashing through the undergrowth straight down the declivity, while thin snow whirled about him, and now and then he caught the faint glimmer flung back by the ice beneath.

Swaying boughs lashed him, his fur cap was whipped away, and he felt that his face was bleeding, but there was another crackle close behind him, for Trooper Payne was riding as daringly, and he carried a carbine. Had he desired it, Courthorne could not turn. The broncho he bestrode was madly excited and less than half broken, and it is probable no man could have pulled him up just then. It may also have been borne in upon Courthorne that he owed a little to those he had left behind him in the old country, and he had not lost his pride. There was, it seemed, no escape, but he had at least a choice of endings, and with a little breathless laugh he rode straight for the river.

It was with difficulty Trooper Payne pulled his horse up on the steep bank a minute later. A white haze was now sliding down the hollow between the two dark walls of trees, and something seemed to move in the midst of it while the ice rang about it. Then, as the trooper pitched up his carbine, there was



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a crash that was followed by a horrible floundering and silence again. Payne sat still, shivering a little in his saddle until the snow that whirled about him blotted out all the birches, and a roaring blast came down.

He knew there was now nothing that he could do. The current had evidently sucked the fugitive under, and, dismounting, he groped his way up the slope, leading the horse by the bridle, and only swung himself into the saddle when he found the trail again. A carbine flashed in front of him, two dim figures went by at a gallop, and a third one flung an order over his shoulder as he passed.

"Go back. The Sergeant's hurt and Shannon has got a bullet in him."

Trooper Payne had surmised as much already, and went back as fast as he could ride, while the beat of hoofs grew fainter down the trail. Ten minutes later he drew bridle close by a man who held a lantern, and saw Sergeant Stimson sitting very grim in face on the ground. It transpired later that his horse had fallen and thrown him, and it was several weeks before he rode again. "You lost your man?" he said. "Get down."

Payne dismounted. "Yes, sir, I fancy he is dead," he said. "He tried the river, and the ice wouldn't carry him. I saw him ride away from here just after the first shot, and fancied he fired at Shannon. Have you seen him, sir?"

The other trooper moved his lantern, and Payne gasped as he saw a third man stooping, with the white face of his comrade close by his feet. Shannon appeared to recognize him, for his eyes moved a little and the grey lips fell apart. Then Payne turned his head aside while the other trooper nodded compassionately in answer to his questioning glance.

"I've sent one of the boys to Graham's for a waggon," said the Sergeant. "You saw the man who fired at him?"

"Yes, sir," said Trooper Payne. "You knew him?" and there was a ring in the Sergeant's voice.

"Yes, sir," said the trooper. "At least he was riding Witham's horse, and had on the old, long coat of his."

Sergeant Stimson nodded, and pointed to the weapon lying with blackened muzzle at his feet. "And I think you could recognize that rifle? There's F. Witham cut on the stock of it."

Payne said nothing, for the trooper signed to him.

"I fancy Shannon wants to talk to you," he said.

The lad knelt down, slipped one arm about his comrade's neck, and took the mitted hand in his own. Shannon smiled up at him feebly.

"Witham's horse and his cap," he said, and then stopped, gasping horribly.

"You will remember that, boys," said the Sergeant.

Payne could say nothing. Trooper Shannon and he had ridden through icy blizzard and scorching heat together, and he felt his manhood melting as he looked down into his dimming eyes. There was a curious look in them which suggested a strenuous endeavour and an appeal, and the lips moved again.

"It was," said Shannon, and moved his head a little on Payne's arm, apparently in an agony of effort.

Then the birches roared about them, and drowned the feeble utterance, while, when the gust passed, all three, who had not heard what preceded it, caught only one word—"Witham."

Trooper Shannon's eyes closed, and his head fell back, while the snow beat softly into his upturned face, and there was a very impressive silence, intensified by the moaning of the wind, until the rattle of wheels came faintly down the trail.

(To be continued.)

**That Proposed Contribution**

(Continued from page 10.)

States in natural products, and everybody in Canada then believed that such reciprocity would benefit the country very greatly. Lord Elgin went so far as to believe it was essential to the maintenance of British connection, and declared in a despatch to the Home Government: "But if this be not achieved, if free navigation and reciprocal trade with the Union be not secured for us, the worst, I fear, will come, and that at no distant day." De-

**Reaping Rewards from Resolutions**

By FRANKLIN O. KING

Do You Remember That Old Story about Robert Bruce and the Spider? Robert was hiding in a Cave. His enemies had him "In the Hole," temporarily, so to speak, as it were. While reflecting on the Rocky Road to Royalty, Robert, the Bruce, espied a Spider spinning his Web Over the Entrance to the Cavern. Nine Times Did the Spider Swing Across the Opening in a Vain Attempt to Effect a Landing, but the Tenth Time he Touched the Home Plate, and Robert, admiring the Persistence of the Insect, Cried Out Loud—"Bravo," Two or Three Times, One Right After the Other. Shortly After That Bruce Got Busy and Captured a Kingdom.

All of This Preamble is Intended to Point a Moral, which is—"If At First You Don't Succeed, Slap on More Steam, and Sand the Track." In This Connection I want to Inquire about Your New Year's Resolutions, and to Ask If You Have Kept the Faith, and If Not—Why Not? I Believe the Pathway to Prosperity is Paved with Good Resolutions. Therefore, let Us Resolve, and Keep Resolving until Victory is Perched on our Banners. Remember, You Have Fought Many a Victorious Waterloo that the World Knows Nothing About. The Man who Gets Up every Time He Falls Down Will Some Day Cease to be a "Fall Guy." Good Resolutions Will be Rewarded with Rich Realizations, and I Shall Follow as the Night the Day.

How Much Better Off are You than Last Year, or the Year Before That? Perhaps Your Wages are a Little Higher, but Have not Your Expenses More than Kept Pace with That Increase? Aren't You Paying a Little More for Your Clothes and Your Meals, and don't You Smoke More Expensive Cigars and more of Them than Formerly? If It isn't Cigars, It may be Something Else—Some More Expensive Habit.

A Man Begins To Go Down Hill at Forty, and the time may come when a Younger Man—perhaps a Cheaper Man—will fill your job. The Man Who Looks Ahead will prepare himself for that time by getting a Home. My advice to You, therefore, is to Get a Home while you are able to do so—and Begin Now. I would further advise you to Get a Home in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas.

Since Investigating Conditions in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, I have no Fear of Old Age or Poverty, because I know I can Take up a Few Acres down there and be Absolutely Independent. I am Firmly Convinced that with Average Intelligence and Average Industry, any Man who is now Working His Head off in the North to make a Bare Living,

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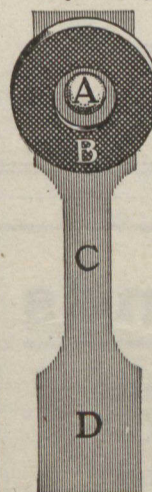
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spite the sympathetic attitude of the American administration in 1849, all efforts failed, and reciprocity was not secured until five years later.

What was the country to do? The British Parliament still maintained the Navigation Laws handicapping Canadian ports and shippers; it had done away with the preference to the colonies, and had, in so doing, brought Canada to the verge of bankruptcy; the preference could not be secured again, and reciprocity with the United States was denied. To many it seemed that one single remedy was available—annexation to the United States. All the commercial and political ills of Canada were, apparently, traceable to British connection, and to many it seemed therefore that the only logical course was to sever that connection, and join with the more prosperous and contented nation to the south. In this way arose that very serious annexation movement of the year 1849. The Canadian of 1913 may criticize the famous Montreal Annexation Manifesto of 1849, but he must admit that its arguments appealed to a very large number of people. Montreal was only a small place then, but over 1,200 of her citizens signed the manifesto, and among the 1,200 were very many of her most prominent citizens. A similar manifesto was prepared in Toronto. In the county of Sherbrooke, at a bye-election held early in 1850, an avowed annexationist was elected to the Assembly. Fortunately the bulk of the Canadian people were unwilling to embrace such a remedy as annexation, and with returning prosperity and the repeal of the Navigation Laws, the movement died out.

Now, what lesson has all this history for us? Just this: Canadian attachment to the Mother Country is best fostered and increased by a scrupulous adherence to the principle of local autonomy. Serious discontent with British connection was caused in 1846 to 1849: (1) by restrictions placed by the British Parliament on the power of the Canadian Parliament to deal with local affairs; (2) by taking away from Canada an artificial preference which could not be continued without injury to the people of the United Kingdom; (3) by applying fully in Canada the system of responsible government, even when the Parliament was passing questionable legislation. Let us now see the application of all this to the present. Britain long ago ceased to interfere with the management of our local affairs, but if we decide on a permanent policy of contribution, we shall have taken a long retrograde step towards a state of affairs in which a strong central government would be able to dictate to us. At first it might be only in naval matters. Later it might be in other things—affairs we have heretofore managed for ourselves. No one can foresee the end. Such dictation would inevitably lead to serious dissatisfaction, if nothing worse. In 1846 Great Britain abolished an artificial preference to the colonies, and in so doing precipitated a very serious annexation movement in Canada; and yet, for several years past, an influential body of men in Great Britain and Canada have been doing their best to establish such a preference on colonial grain as the British workman believes will increase the price of his food. Dearer food would again lead to an agitation for repeal; the preference would again be abolished, and then we should again have serious discontent in Canada. The Canadian Assemblies had infinite trouble in securing complete control of the spending of the money raised in Canada by taxation, and yet some would lightly hand over the spending of immense sums yearly to a Government quite beyond our control. This, too, would inevitably lead to serious discontent sooner or later.

Economic and political discontent in 1849 led to a demand for separation from the Mother Country, since the ills suffered seemed to arise from British connection. Economic and political discontent in 1925 or 1930 will lead to the same demand if, in the meantime, British connection has brought us, not continued freedom, but harassing restrictions and material loss. The centralist is loyal, but unwise, and his schemes are the greatest present menace to the continued growth and permanence of the empire.

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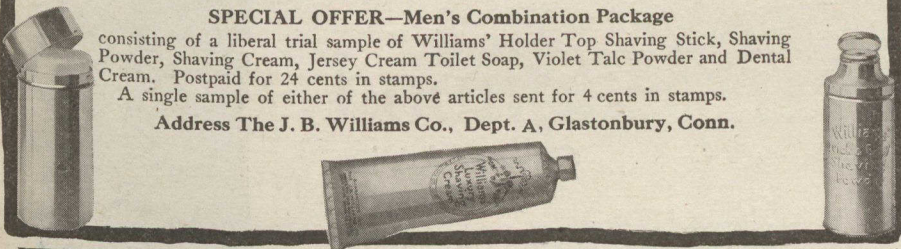
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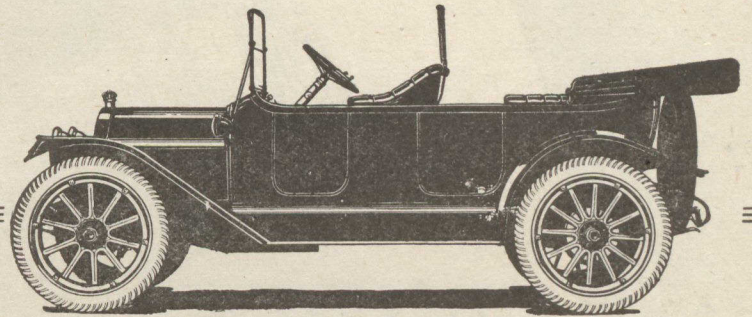
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