

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Golf in the Spacious West

By RALPH H. REVILLE

Country School Fairs

*A Rural Innovation Worth While*

By CHARLES C. NIXON

The Luck of Last Chance Creek

STORY By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

*Drawing By Robert E. Johnston*

Two Pages of News Photographs

Woman's Supplement



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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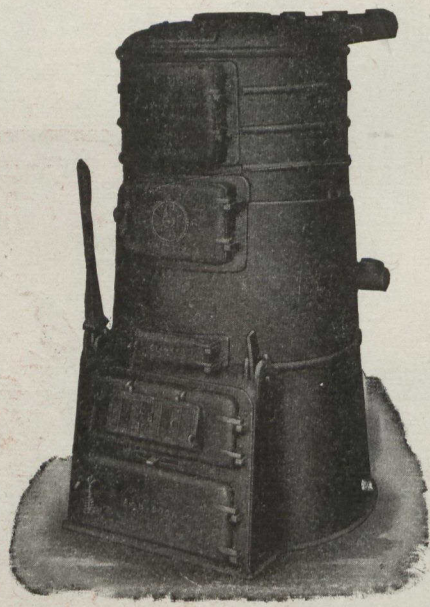
**ATTRACTIONS IN ENGLAND**

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 16

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Two Pages of Live Current Interest.

## THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

Fall modes and their male critic are interestingly commented upon by "Erin"—among other matters; in a special article M. J. T. discusses the latest extension of effort on the part of the Young Women's Christian Association—a work which affects the factory girl and the domestic, primarily; and the provinces' news is condensed for busy women.

- Demi-Tasse . . . . . By Staff Writers.  
Money and Magnates . . . . . By the Financial Editor.  
For the Juniors . . . . . Illustrated.  
Reflections . . . . . By the Editor.



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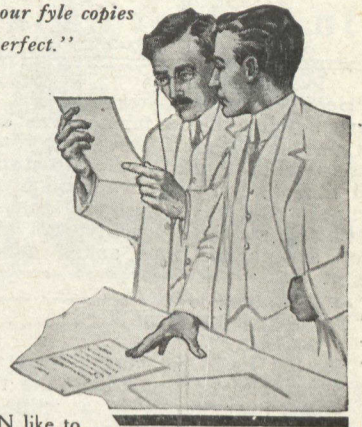
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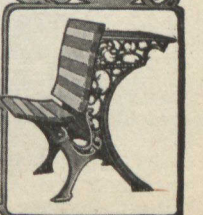
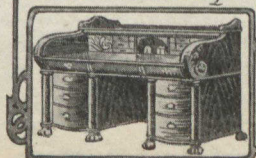
Ex-President of the Canadian Medical Association, says: "I prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port for young persons and debilitated women, and the result is most satisfactory. I congratulate you on having filled, with the greatest of care, a time-honoured prescription which is approved by the Medical Profession."

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## In Lighter Vein

**"Hoss" Sense.**—A traveller in Indiana noticed that a farmer was having trouble with his horse. It would start, go slowly for a short distance, and then stop again. Thereupon, the farmer would have great difficulty in getting it started. Finally, the traveller approached and asked solicitously:

"Is your horse sick?"

"Not that I know of."

"Is he balky?"

"No, but he is so danged 'fraid I'll say whoa and he won't hear, me that he stops every once in a while to listen."—Saxby's Magazine.

**A Peacemaker.**—The proprietor of the leading drug store in a small Kentucky town was coming out of the front of his place not long ago, when a small boy came tearing round the corner at top gait with his head down and butted squarely into him.

"Hey, kid!" demanded the druggist. "What's the matter?"

"I'm tryin' to keep two boys from gettin' into a fight," panted the youngster.

"Who are the boys?" asked the druggist.

"I'm one of 'em."—Saturday Evening Post.

**In London.**—The doorbell rings. The mistress of the house answers it. A small child, the child of a near neighbor, is discovered on the doorstep.

The Mistress: What is it, Cissy?

The Child: Please, ma'am, mother wants to know if you'll be so kind as to lend her your recipe fr makin' bombs. The last one she made only smelled bad and wouldn't bust!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**He Knew.**—Scene in a park. Silence reigneth. On a bench therein are seated two young lovers of color. Rastus wrecks the quiet:

"Honey, I-all gwine kiss you-all to-night."

"Go 'way, boy, you-all's a liah!"

"No, indeed, honey, I's a prophet."

—Widow.

**His Lordship's Beard.**—A certain peer, who had a very long and very bushy beard, had dismissed his valet for the night. Shortly afterward, however, he was much annoyed to hear peals of laughter from below, and called back the man to explain. The valet answered that it was just a little joke; but his lordship would have none of it, and demanded the details, angrily.

"Well," admitted the man, with reluctance, "it was really a little game we were having, my lord."

"What game?"

"Well, my lord, a kind of guessing game."

"Don't be a fool, Waters! I rang for you in order to get an explanation. What guessing game were you playing? Guessing what?"

"We blindfolded the cook, to tell the truth, my lord, and then one of us kissed her, and she had to guess who it was. The footman held the mop up and she kissed it, and then cried out: 'Oh, your lordship! How dare you!'"—Tit-Bits.

**No Time for Interruptions.**—John son—"Look here, you've been in there half an hour and never said a word."

The Man in the Telephone Booth—"I am speaking to my wife, sir."—The Sphere.

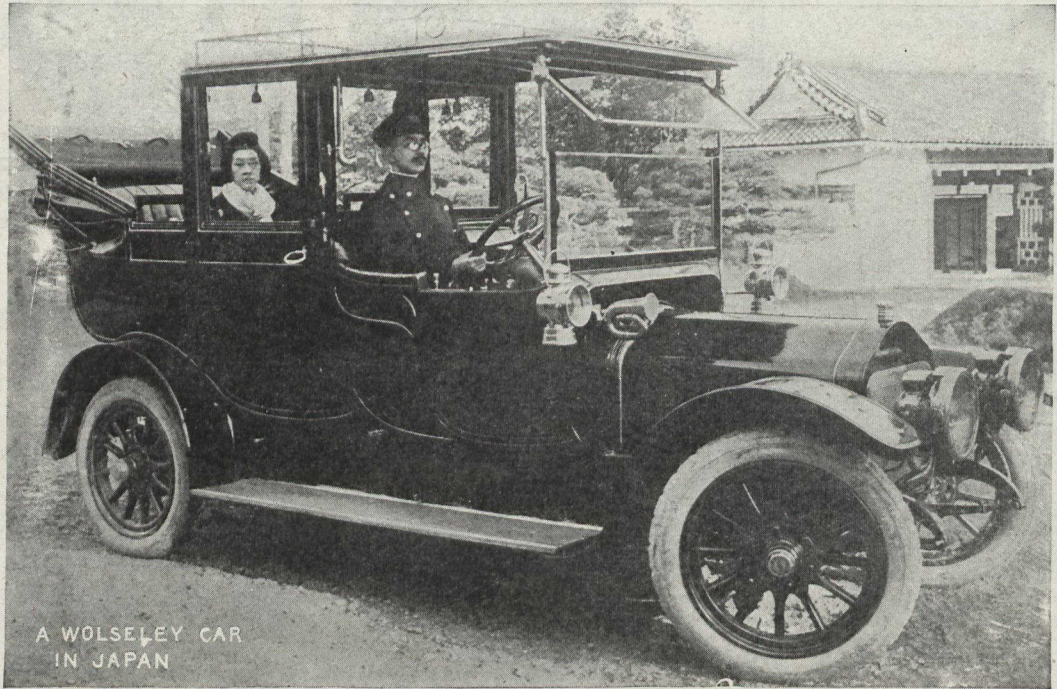
**Reckless Reasoning.**—A small girl was invited to tea by a lady who was very fond of children, but who was not exactly a past mistress in the art of juvenile entertainment.

At the end of an hour the little guest looked up suddenly and asked if her host wasn't very tired of her.

"Tired of you, darling?" said the latter. "Not the least bit in the world. But what made you think I could be?"

"I thought perhaps," said Miss Innocence, "that you might be tired of me, because I'm so tired of you!"

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Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

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

Vol. XIV.

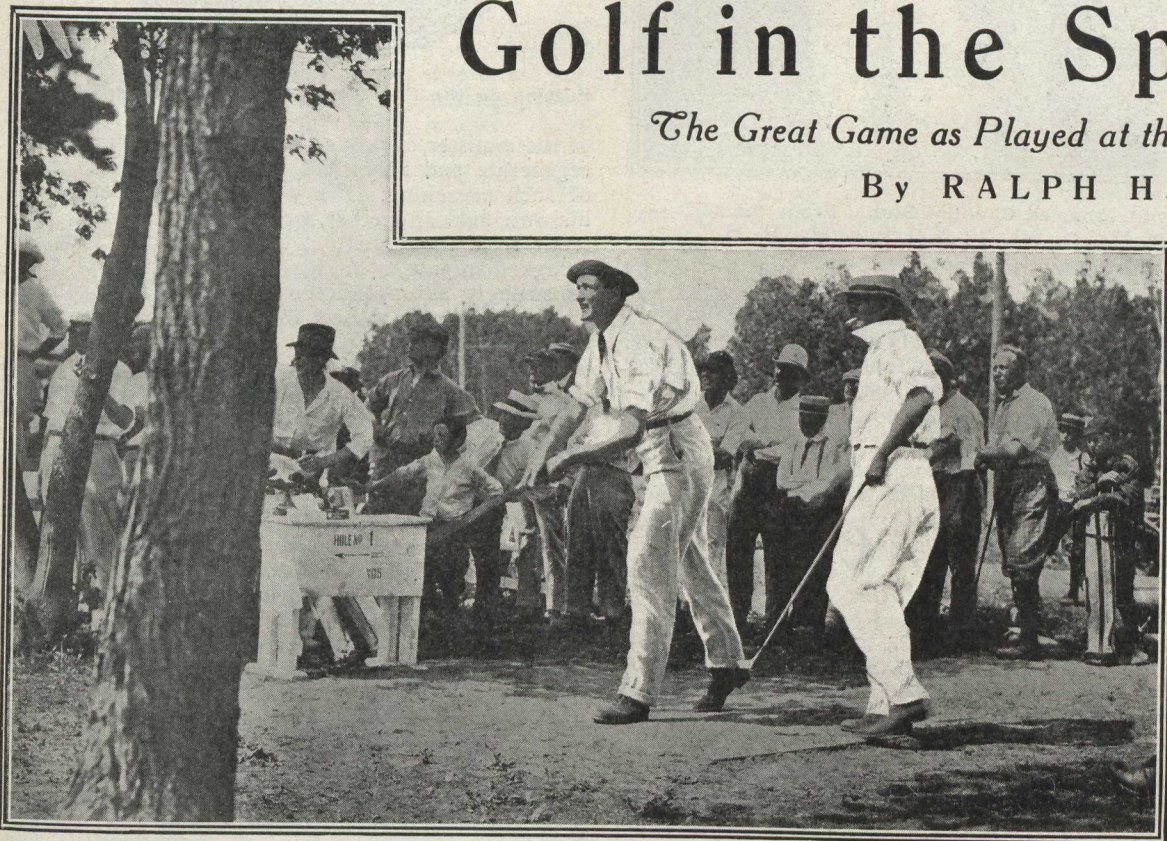
September 20, 1913

No. 16

# Golf in the Spacious West

*The Great Game as Played at the Two Big Clubs of Winnipeg*

By RALPH H. REVILLE



Mr. W. G. Laird and Mr. E. Legge, former Canadian Champion, playing off at the first tee of the St. Charles Country Club, Winnipeg. Mr. Legge's cigarette is still going, after the brilliant drive of his competitor.

WHO the hardy Scot was that first had the honour of driving a golf ball over the wild western prairies history defineth not, but that some employee of the Hudson Bay Company in the years long gone by brought bag and sticks from Auld Scotia and took a whack at the gutta hardly admits of a controversy. A Scot and his golf bag are not long disassociated. Perhaps in the past many a friendly two-ball match has been played between factor and clerk with Indian and half-breed as awe-struck spectators. A herd of buffalo would have made an excellent and exciting "moving hazard" and the centre of a bison wallow a generous but tricky and sticky hole.

Be that as it may, to-day the royal and ancient game has many devotees and the pursuit of "the naughty little, sporty little, gay golf ball" is becoming more and more popular all over the prairies. Where a few years ago two or three golfers were to be found gathered together there are now hundreds. Where there was once one or two clubs there are now dozens. No town of any importance is to be found without its golf course.

Winnipeg naturally enough claims the distinction of being the pioneer club of the West. It was on the 28th of June, 1894, that 13 golfing enthusiasts got together at the old Manitoba hotel and formed the Winnipeg Golf Club. That the number of the founders was anything but an ill omen is attested by the great popularity of the game to-day in the premier city of the West.

The site of the first links was in Norwood. These were only played on for a few months, the club acquiring a course at the rear end of St. James Park, and for twelve years it was played upon by the members. With the growth of the city the land became needed for building purposes, and with an increased number of golfers in the city it was believed that there was ample room in Winnipeg for two courses. Accordingly, in 1905, the St. Charles Country Club was formed, while other members went back to Norwood, a tract of land at the Red River

being based where up to the present time the club has had its home.

Now, however, the club has opened up really beautiful links at Bird's Hill, and has a course worthy in every way of the pioneer club of the West. Unlike most of the prairie courses, Bird's Hill has both rolling and hilly ground. The principal idea on which the course was based was to utilize in the first place the main ridge which runs east and west through the middle of the south half of the property, and secondly, the subsidiary hill known as Red Deer Hill, on which some splendid holes have been laid out.

On Saturday, August 23rd, 1913, these very sporty links were formally opened by a two days match, with the Wascana County Club, of Regina. In a couple of years the Winnipeg Golf Club should have at Bird's Hill an 18-hole course, which many a club in the East might well envy. The officers of the club are: President, Allan S. Bond; vice-president, W. Bain; secretary-treasurer, Harold Keene; directors, A. S. Bond, A. M. Stewart, W. Bain, Alex. Reid, W. O. Nares, C. Gordon, and H. D. Paterson.

THE St. Charles Country Club, Winnipeg, with a membership of 450, is well known the golfing world over. It is charmingly situated about six miles west of Winnipeg, at Portage Avenue. The club was established in 1905, and golf is the favourite pastime of its members. The course of 18 holes is 6,300 yards, the hazards consisting of trees, sloughs and artificial bunkers. Several new holes will be opened in 1914 along the river bank, where the ground is quite rolling. When these new greens are opened up the course will be much more diversified. As it is there are many sporty short and long holes. The greens on the whole are good and the fair greens make for excellent ties. The championship of Manitoba has just been played over the St. Charles course, there being a good field of entries, Mr. W. G. Laird, who was the runner-up for the Canadian championship, at Lambton, a few years ago, was one of the strong features of the tournament. The club has many strong golfers beside Mr. Laird, including Mr. E. Legge, a former Canadian champion; Mr. Douglas Laird and Mr. C. R. Wilson, the runner-up for the Manitoba championship this year. The St. Charles Club has been unfortunate enough to have had two club houses destroyed by fire during the past two or three years. A beautiful new \$75,000 building is now nearing completion. The officers of the club are: President, F. W. Drury; vice-president, and treasurer, J. B. Monk; hon. secretary, J. A. Botterell; chairman of sports and pastimes,



On the Thirtieth Green of the St. Charles Country Club, looking towards the Club House.





A Distinguished and quite casual group of Golfers at the St. Charles Country Club. From the left:— Mr. G. F. Galt, Mr. W. H. McWilliams, Sir William Whyte, Mr. N. G. Leslie, Mr. E. H. Macklin, Mr. G. W. Allan.

A. J. Andrews; chairman of grounds committee, W. B. Lannigan; chairman of house committee, Arthur Sullivan; golf secretary, C. A. Codere.

Altogether, with the sporty new golf links of the Winnipeg Club, with the older and well situated course of the St. Charles Club, to be improved

next year by the addition of new holes, Winnipeg golfers certainly have no reason to complain of the facilities for playing their favourite game. Very few cities are now better equipped for the enjoyment of the royal and ancient sport. Golf has come to Western Canada to stay.

## The Gospel and the Preacher

By JAMES B. BELFORD

**A** COURIER reader of my article, "The Foolishness of Preachers," to me unknown, has asked that I should "define the Gospel, or at least state what I mean by that term." I fear he makes the query with his tongue in his cheek. Nevertheless, any inquiry as to a force, which has played so important a part in the world, is entitled to serious consideration—if only because of its rarity.

I would like to say first of all that I do not attempt to define the Gospel; I accept it. The Gospel is a revelation of God, or it is nothing. That revelation is made so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Not for definition, mark you, but for acceptance. When we begin to define the Incarnation, say, or the Resurrection, we get beyond our mental depths, and delight the sceptical world with our theological floundering. With all our twentieth century erudition, it is still open to doubt, whether the human mind comprehends all the purposes of God.

But if my querist is still unsophisticated enough to accept Jesus Christ as God in the flesh, he will find a summary of His Gospel among the formularies of most Christian bodies. This summary was compiled in the early days of the church, when the recent presence of the God-man on earth was still a very real and a very wonderful thing. It received the assent of the Church Catholic, and is known among men to-day as the Apostle's Creed. With the Anglican Church it is still a part of daily worship. But the Creed, excellent as it is as a simple statement of the fundamental truths of Christ's Gospel, yet suffers from the fact that it is a statement, merely. The Gospel is more than that. It is the Creed plus the Life. The Gospel is not a statement or series of statements of religious and ethical truths alone. It is a Force. It is alive. Jesus calls it the leaven. Now, you cannot define Force. You may observe and catalogue some of its phenomena—that is all.

**T**HIS is the sense in which I accept the Gospel. I know that to many it appears hopelessly antiquated. It lacks that broadminded, comprehensive—and spineless—interpretation which characterizes the teachings of the Rev. Dr. R. J. Campbell and his followers. It has not advanced under the influence of the floods of German learning. With an obstinacy of which I should doubtless be ashamed, I prefer the society of Parker, Wesley, Chalmers and Thomas A. Kempis.

If in my former article I criticized the themes of many of the preachers of to-day, without suggesting an alternative, I will gladly state now the cardinal

truths which I believe the pulpit should proclaim. First, that the natural man cannot reach his highest development, here or hereafter, without the aid of supernatural power; secondly, that by the acceptance of Jesus Christ as God, by the application to man's needs, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, of His Incarnation, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension and Teachings, that power is provided; thirdly, that by prayer, meditation and sacrament we enter into communion with God. These are the subjects which seem to me the peculiar province



Putting on the Fourteenth Green at the St. Charles.

of the minister of Jesus Christ. I believe that new, regenerate and holy lives will be the direct result of such preaching. But when the preacher leaves his own field altogether, or attempts to wrest some truth from its context to bolster his own fads, he brings disrepute upon his sacred calling. I hold as strongly as anyone the obligation resting upon Christian men to respect the Lord's Day; but from Christ's words to the Pharisees I can see no justification for much of the work of the Lord's Day Alliance. Certainly I cannot see why the preaching of the Gospel on a certain Sunday should be dropped and this new cult introduced. Neither can I find authority for the calling in of the secular arm to enforce a religious idea. I deplore the eccentricities, verging on indecency, of feminine dress, but the pulpit is not a sartorial forum. I respect the total abstainer, but I deny his right to deprive me of religious instruction, while he preaches what is, after all, only a pious opinion, and has no warranty in the life or sayings of Christ. I admire the critical faculty of the comprehensive divine who discourses—with a smack of the encyclopaedia—on "The influence of the Bible on Shakespeare," but I feel no uplift in my soul.

Does this mean that our preachers should take no part in social reforms? Not at all. There are six days in the week without secularizing Sunday. Society is an aggregation of individuals. The Gospel works in the individual heart. Get that right, and your social life will show improvement.

## The Wheat Spout at Montreal

By LOUIS F. KIPP

**P**ROVIDING storage capacity for the golden flood of grain from Western Canada is the enormous problem that the harbour commissioners of Montreal are facing now. Last year there was serious congestion as the season neared its end and the hundreds of thousands of bushels of Canadian wheat was hurried to the seaboard for shipment across the ocean. This year it is even worse, although there has been a long string of "tramp" freighters arriving and departing most of the time since navigation on the St. Lawrence opened last spring. Had it not been for this return to former conditions when tramp ships were common in the port, the most disastrous grain blockade ever experienced here would have resulted this season. For since the ice cleared from the lakes, rivers and canals of the Dominion almost every month has seen a great increase in the amount of wheat and other cereals carried from the inland portions of Canada to this port this year.

Montreal's storage elevators have been greatly increased within the last four or five years. In 1909, the Harbour Commission had one elevator at the water front with a storage capacity of a million bushels; the Grand Trunk Railway owned one at Windmill Point—at deep water—of the same size. The entire capacity of the two from which ocean liners could draw then was about two million bushels. With the enormous development in the West the two elevators were utterly unable to handle the flood of grain that offered for export, and plans for large additions to the shipping facilities of the harbour were made.

Last September the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, opened a 2,500,000 bushel concrete elevator here—the largest concrete one, it is said by Major Stephen, harbour commissioner

then, in the world. With the \$3,000,000 floating dry dock, "Duke of Connaught," it was thought that this equipment would complete the requirements of the port of Montreal for several years. But this prediction did not prove true.

Within a few months the harbour commissioners began the erection of an addition to the old elevator, so that when it is completed it will have a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels. This will give the harbour commissioners two elevators with a capacity of about 5,000,000 bushels and the Grand Trunk Railway one large enough to accommodate a million bushels for export.

Then, last spring, the G. T. R. suddenly decided to double the capacity of its plant at Windmill Point. The work is well along to completion now. This made the storage capacity of the port seven million bushels at the deep water line.

This week the harbour commissioners announced that almost immediately they would begin the erection of a three million bushel elevator, the work to be finished within a year. So Montreal, within the next twelve months, will be able to accommodate 10,000,000 of wheat where the big ships can reach it to carry it across the deep.

That storage capacity will be divided as follows: Harbour commissioners' elevator, No. 1, 2,500,000 bushels.

Harbour commissioners' elevator, No. 2, 2,500,000 bushels.

Grand Trunk Railway elevator, 2,000,000 bushels.

Proposed harbour commissioners' elevator, 3,000,000 bushels.

From two million bushels in 1909 to ten millions in 1914 is mounting upward at a rapid rate, but even that will not afford any permanent relief from the grain blockade.





R.E. JOHNSTON '13.

Illustration by R. E. Johnston.

Author of "Empery," etc.

## The LUCK of LAST CHANCE CREEK

BY Samuel Alexander White

### How Hard-Luck Loudon Captured the Outlaw Malemute "Devil-Eye"

**H**ARD-LUCK LOUDON painted the Klondike snows a lurid purple with emphatic language which has license only in the outland. The sight of his Yukon sledge, laden with his grub and outfit, being whisked down Chicken Creek by a bolting husky was not one to call forth soft words. In an unavailing attempt to halt the fleeing brute Loudon interspersed his trenchant expressions with the Indian command to stop. Insistently he repeated it, running in the trail which he unguided, lurching sledge had left, but the wild-blooded dog Devil-Eye was a half-mile down Chicken before his master had covered a hundred yards. Farther pursuit at that moment when the husky was possessed of such incarnate speed was ludicrous. Loudon ceased the long, loping stride in his snowshoes and stood still. Far down Chicken Creek a shaggy back streaked round a bend. A wabbling gee pole rocked after it and disappeared. Devil-Eye was a husky at large.

Often had the lead-dog tried for freedom during the bitter mush out of the Tanana country, when famine pressed and three of the four behind him were cut out of the harness to fill his own and the wheel-dog's stomachs, but he had never gained it till now. Loudon's whip had always been too ready and Loudon's feet too free. Also, the malemute wheel-dog was a traitor who would not help him, but sided with his master. Yet at the last Devil-Eye had caught both the master and Trailer, the wheel-dog, off their guard, and with a tremendous leap had broken away.

Here was more of the thing that had given Loudon his nickname. It didn't seem to be enough that the spirit of the gold-lands had put him down and out a hundred times with a hundred knock-out disappointments. That spirit was inimical still. It had bruised him, starved him, frozen him, and now it swallowed the last dollar he had. His face pinched in lines of suffering beneath his parka's hood, Loudon swung back sharply up Chicken Creek. He wondered why Trailer had not assisted him as usual. Trailer was a beautiful malemute, the gentlest malemute Loudon had ever known, the only northern dog he had ever seen that could be ruled by kindness. Loudon had so ruled him and won his heart. And Trailer had won the heart of his master. So Loudon noted with alarm that Trailer was lying motionless where Devil-Eye had made his break and jerked the breast-band over the wheel-dog's head. Loudon ran to him and, laying hands upon him, felt the head roll limply. Twisted in the harness as Devil-Eye bolted, the heavy sledge, over-riding Trailer, had broken his neck.

**L**OUNDON cursed softly. Only one other devotion in his life equalled his love for the faithful wheel-dog, which had journeyed with him through fire and frost, through famine, pestilence, and death. His face was wild with anger when he arose, and he shook a vengeful fist after the invisible Devil-Eye.

"I'll get you!" he vowed. "Run as far as you like, but I'll get you for this, you cursed savage!"

It was hard luck and more of it. He grimly reached for his pipe as solace, and while the match flickered over the bowl, he pondered on why the cur should have bolted at the precise moment it did. He pondered, and before the match was out came an answer to his pondering—the cry of a wolf-pack shrilling over the Divide to the west. It was the second time the sound had echoed through the Chicken Creek valley. The first time, his ears muffled by the parka's hood, Loudon had not distinguished the howl, but now he understood that Devil-Eye had heard the call.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed, speaking aloud after the manner of men who spend much time

alone in the silent places. "I always thought he was half wolf. Now he's gone wild again. But wild or not wild doesn't make any difference to me. I'll get him!"

The concentration of his mind on this purpose made him draw wickedly at his pipe as he turned and headed on up Chicken Creek towards Last Chance. Chicken Creek was a branch of the Forty-Mile River and Last Chance Creek a branch of Chicken. Snipers were thick on the main river, and many men had pushed their work on up the side stream as far as Last Chance. For this section of the Forty-Mile was famous as a bar-digging ground. Prospectors, dead broke and disgusted, came and camped on the river and thawed the bar gravels to renew their grubstakes. If the gravel ran rich, they rocked it at once, using ice-water melted on the Yukon tent stoves. If it did not prove so rich, they heaped high dumps on the bank, sluiced them in the spring, and rushed away for the latest stampede.

In a country so huge and so difficult to prospect as the Forty-Mile the river bars were to many miners the seats of salvation. He who never knew the grubstake ground had to be blessed with a syndicate purse. Loudon himself had come to it and gone from it a score of times. This time, at evening, he lurched into the camps at Last Chance Creek without dogs, minus a sledge, and guiltless of an outfit.

"Here's Hard-luck back!" announced Tim Healey, crawling into Hootch Harrison's snow-banked tent, the place of largest roof-area in the camp where miners congregated to smoke and swap experiences.

Healey's intimation was given as some common incident. It was received with a total lack of interest.

"Yes, I seen him," yawned Taku Torrence. "Pretty bad this trip! Ain't got a dast thing but his dog-whip and his pipe."

Loudon crept in a little after Healey.

"Tell us about it, pal," they sympathized.

**S**O Hard-luck told them of the Tanana failure of his starvation back-trip, of the defection of Devil-Eye, and of the death of his faithful malemute wheel-dog.

"But I'll get that brute yet!" he burst out, in conclusion. "I'll get him and bury Trailer on top of him."

"He deserves it," muttered Healey.

"Sartin he does," agreed Taku Torrence. "What if all our own dogs takes that as a press-e-dent?" Taku's was a mind of quaint philosophy.

"Wot?" spluttered Lombard, an English remittance man who was daring the rigours of the Klondike in hopes of a lucky cheechako's strike. "Wot? D'ye think they'll know? Bah Jove, that's a rippin' funny thot, ye know!"

"Course they'll know," Taku growled. "Every bloody yap on the creek'll understand. If one makes a break, what's the matter with them all makin' a break? That's the way they'll figger it, if ye ast me. For the good of our teams I say Devil-Eye has to come back."

"Don't worry, boys," advised Loudon, grimly. "He'll come back alright—on a sledge. Yours, Taku, if you'll lend me it in the morning. I'll need your rifle, too. Mine's lashed to my outfit."

"They're yer own?" nodded Torrence.

"But bah Jove, ye know," Lombard cut in, "that's a bloom'n' funny idea—followin' a dog out of superstition."

"The devil!" scoffed Loudon. "I'm not superstitious. It's revenge I want. Revenge and my outfit. I haven't a cursed cent but that outfit. It'll pay my passage Outside."

"Going out?" they all chorused.

"Yes," replied Hard-luck, bitterly. "I'll never

wash another grubstake."

His gloomy eyes swept the group around the sheet-iron stove. They were derelicts like himself, but they were not suffering in the same way, and he recognized the futility of trying to reveal the canker in his heart without betraying himself. He bent low over the heater and spoke no more. He did not hear the gossip of the creeks and the tales of big strikes that went around. He was lost in painful retrospection of his home life in the southland and the ties that still held him to it, ties which had been the primary cause of his exodus to the golden North. As thrice bitter gall had been his disappointments everywhere he set foot, and the rending part of it all was that some one else must suffer through his failure.

His thoughts were not pleasant ones to take to bed, but before the last pipes of the others had been smoked out, he shuffled into borrowed blankets beside the stove. One by one those who had camps of their own went off to them. Presently Harrison, Healey, Torrence, Lombard, and a few more rolled up by the heater. When he thought they were asleep, Loudon drew from a pocket inside his parka a moose-skin wallet. Gently setting the stove door ajar so as to obtain a streamer of light, he opened the wallet. Its very leanness seemed to mock him as he took out a small photo, and his face, bathed in the stove's red glow, was a monochrome of suffering as he gazed on the face of the southland girl for whom he had moiled and striven.

"So that's the hard part of it," muttered some one on the other side of the fire.

Staring swiftly across the heater, Loudon saw Taku Torrence lying on his side, his eyes wide open. "God, Taku!" he exclaimed. "That's the hard part."

He laid the pasteboard on the coals and watched it shrivel as his golden dreams had shrivelled.

**A**ND while Loudon tossed in troubled sleep, Devil-Eye was speeding on his way to rejoin his wolfish brothers. He crossed the Divide from Chicken Creek, found another stream, and followed it up into the desolate reaches of the western valleys. His environment grew more unfamiliar with every mile. He crossed snows that husky's pads had never trodden before. His ambitious heart carried him on in a peculiar feverish unrest induced by the distant wolf-cry that had come out of nowhere to set him free.

Along the wooded edge of a far bench ground Devil-Eye dragged the sledge foul of a small spruce, cunningly circled the trunk again, and snapped the traces by hard tugging. Bounding away with renewed speed, he rejoiced in his freedom from this encumbrance. He was aware that he had taken another step towards complete liberty. Still, his ambition was not yet fully realized. He found himself unable to get rid of the harness. The breast-band fitted snugly. He could not get room to slip his forefeet underneath and work the leather over his head. Neither could he turn the trick of hooking the galling thing on a snag to tear it off. Rolling amongst the shale ice failed to disembarass him of the harness, and ripping through the niggerhead swamps accomplished nothing, so he was forced to run still in the hateful contrivance. The weight of it worried him not at all. He knew it was a human trademark. That was his unsurmountable handicap.

In the heart of a frozen muskeg Devil-Eye at last sighted the pack. Silhouetted against the weird aurora, they were squatting on the crust, suspiciously watching his yelping advance. Of a single husky they were not afraid. Over a returned brother, even if his blood was tainted with a civilized strain, they would have waxed joyous. But this fawning cur bore the bond of a tamed



thing. It carried the unmistakable stamp of man. And the influence of man whom they at the same time feared and hated could not approach them in the slightest way.

As though some telepathic signal passed among its members, the pack pronounced judgment on the intruder. They arose with simultaneous movements and circled him at a distance. In a frenzy of eagerness Devil-Eye sought to mingle with them. He whined in entreaty. The females of the pack snarled, and the males growled as they made off.

A hundred times Devil-Eye spurted to join them, and a hundred times their unchanging, tireless lope left him in the rear. He could not equal the speed of the wild pack because he had only half their blood. Their cunning, their vitality, their endurance were his only in a lesser degree. His residence within the human pale had unfitted him for acceptance into savage circles.

Yet still the barbaric strain in him called him away from the whine of sledge runners and the crackling of the whip. He could not give up the chase of the wolf-pack. When the grey phantoms halted in the timber and Devil-Eye, taking no rest, staggered along to join them, they rushed upon him with such murderous intent that he fled. But always breaking the rout when they ceased pursuing, he would follow on—to flee again. This was continually repeated till the strain became so great as to prey upon him, to wear down his muscles, to shatter his nerves, to weaken his overworked heart and lungs, to commence driving him mad.

In the day-span of the eternal Northern night, when the pack rested, Devil-Eye would lie in the snow outside the timber which was the wolfish lairs and into the limits of which he dared not venture. He would lie thus, panting between the tenacious traces, his lean, sunken flanks throbbing in despair, with the breast-band of the harness sagging loosely on his shoulders. It could have been easily torn off now, but no thought of ridding himself of the accoutrement worried him any longer. The tantalizing pack occupied his distorted mind in every way. And in the night-span of the Arctic gloom, when the stars leaped in the greater cold and the

aurora, red as flame, dyed the white wastes, Devil-Eye would arise like a ghost and slink after the dim apparitions that stole abroad.

Night by night the pack moved and hunted as they moved. Devil-Eye snatched up what shreds of food he could for his starving belly and crawled after. Day by day the lairs shifted, Devil-Eye took up new watches, and far in the rear Hard-luck Loudon cursed because the trail did not end.

Twenty days Loudon had followed the wolf-tracks and the pads of the husky. The latter he knew was Devil-Eye by the marks of the dragging traces in the snow. Fancying that the search might occupy three or four days, he had provisioned for a full week as a precaution against emergencies which had such a habit of descending upon him. But the week ran out among the jumbled ranges embraced by the Dennison Fork of the Forty-Mile, and Devil-Eye was as far off as ever. It was only the meagre stock of food which he found intact upon his own deserted sled that enabled him to continue the chase.

Away north of O'Brien Creek grub ran low again, and Loudon began to wonder if he wouldn't have to boil, instead of bury, the stiff mule he freighted. But he held off another day on the chance of finding game. And at evening, topping a ridge above the slide-filled bed of an ancient stream, he suddenly sighted the wolf-pack in the valley. They had just pulled down a yearling caribou and were crowding in to the feast, with Devil-Eye, lying aloof, watching them.

The pack was a mile away, but at the report of Loudon's weapon they instantly quit their quarry and fled for the spruce.

Not so Devil-Eye! He raised venomous eyes towards the man rushing down the slope. He sensed him to be his master, and at the thought of returning to former slavery and subjection incarnate rage overwhelmed him. He arose, snapping his fangs, hunching his shoulders, his mane standing stiff upon his neck. The slaver round his jaws grew to yellow-tinged foam which streaked his hide as he charged with a hideous howl at Loudon.

(Concluded on page 24.)

## A Famous Old Apple Tree

*The Dean of Canadian Nurseries—Lived more than 112 Years—Silent Witness of the changes of a Century in Canada—John McIntosh, Originator, was U. E. Loyalist—Monument Erected in Commemoration*

By J. SMYTH CARTER

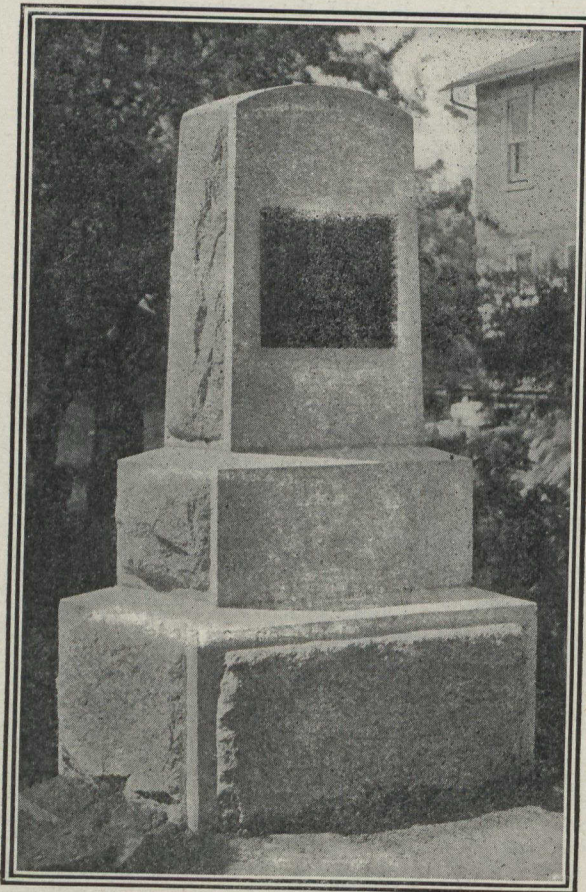
THINGS Canadian are becoming more numerous. There was a time when the Canadian trade mark did not signify a whole lot, but that era has passed. To-day things Canadian, be they manufactured, grown from the soil, taken from the mine or sea, command in each instance the closest attention of the world's markets. In other words, there is a sort of forward movement in every department.

Fruit growing is, with others, in the front rank of this forward movement. Throughout the Dominion the fruit industry is receiving increasing attention from the Provincial Fruit Departments, Fruit Institutes and fruit growers.

Canadian apples are destined to be leaders, and among these the McIntosh Red Apple is in high favour, particularly as a dessert apple. In appearance it is very attractive, the colour being of bright, deep red. It is very juicy, delicious and refreshing, and is much sought after by apple lovers. The name "McIntosh Red" is a combination of the name of the discoverer of the original tree and the colour of the apple.

JOHN MCINTOSH, whose name shall be a household word, because of his discovery, was a U. E. Loyalist. From his comfortable home in the Mohawk Valley he came to Canada, finally settling on lot 9, concession 5, in the township of Matilda, Dundas County. The locality was later known as "McIntosh's Corners," and still later by its present name, "Dundela." Here, as he was industriously clearing the land adjacent to his forest home, he came across a clump of apple trees, about twenty in number, quietly growing in company with the huge maples, oaks and elms on every side. With zealous care he transplanted these in an open space in the clearing. That was in 1796. Several of the trees thrived for a time, but finally only one remained. This one, however, was a hardy tree, bore an abundance of luscious fruit and was the parent tree of the great McIntosh Red Apple, a species which to-day is so extensively known and grown throughout the continent.

The McIntosh home was a centre of considerable interest for the entire locality. It was staunchly Methodist, and hearty was the welcome extended to the pioneer Methodist preachers who, on foot or



Monument to the McIntosh Red Apple Tree Twenty Rods from Where the Original McIntosh Apple Tree Grew More Than a Hundred Years Ago.

on horseback, chanced to pass that way. Very often they tarried, and when the neighbours had gathered, they held old-time service in the old-time way. But the host of the McIntosh home had a further interest in the welfare of the community. Before the settlers could turn their attention to the erection of the proverbial log school house, John McIntosh, during one winter, gave a portion of his home to be used as a school-room.

But while he was the discoverer of the original tree, a large measure of the benefit thus accruing to the world to-day is due to his son, the late Allan McIntosh, the propagator and preserver, and who, appreciating so greatly the fruit, desired others to enjoy it and thus carried on the extension of the good work by grafting and budding from the parent tree. That work has resulted to-day in the extensive McIntosh Nurseries adjoining the site of the old tree and owned by Mr. H. A. McIntosh, these constituting but one of the several supply centres for spreading the cultivation and growth of so excellent a fruit.

Going back but a step one incident in the life of the original tree has an unpleasant colouring. In 1893 fire consumed the historic McIntosh home. Close at hand, about fifteen feet distant, was the old tree. Many decades previous, fire to it had been very commonplace, as the excellent timber, which to-day would be about as valuable as downtown real estate in Toronto, was transformed into ashes to enlarge the clearing and make room for additional crop. But now fate was severe and the pioneer tree was badly scorched. Clinging tenaciously to life, one side continued to bear fruit until 1908, when, in midsummer, the leaves dropped and the apples fell. It had finished its work.

JUST recently the writer looked upon the stalwart trunk and branches—yet left standing as a memento of the past. And when we think of the vitality possessed by the original tree, remembering that many years ago it passed the century mark, we gaze in amazement at the shadow of its former self and meditate on the changeable scenes it had witnessed. Could it have chronicled the events, how it would have noted the joys and sorrows of pioneer life, the bees and the loggings, the family gatherings, the movements of the travelling preachers and teachers before church union or bilingual schools were dreamed of, the wandering tailor and cobbler who "whipped the cat from house to house." It could tell how Jim and Sarah of the concession lines vowed to be true to each other, quite undisturbed by present-day conventionalities of church weddings, et al. Concerning national movements, it might relate much, for it was a junior tree when the U. E. Loyalists came to Canada. During the War of 1812-1814, when the Battle of Chrysler's Farm (the centenary of which was so recently celebrated in military fashion) was fought and won but a few miles distant, it had approached the quarter century mark. In 1837, when the tocsin of war sounded and the tree's propagator, Allan McIntosh, was among those who obeyed the call to arms, it was getting well along in life and had already for many years supplied an abundance of fruit to the McIntosh family and their neighbours. When reciprocity between Canada and the United States was introduced—1854—just fifty-seven years before the ill-fated Laurier-Taft arrangement—it had long passed its semi-centennial, and in 1866, when the Fenians caused another display of fireworks, it was considered an old tree. A few weeks ago Canada celebrated her 46th birthday, and if taking an inventory of things material in Confederation days—things which since have worked out for material blessing to Canadians—the old tree would be included. A real landmark it was considered in 1875, when the people of Dundas County first chose Andrew Broder to represent them in the Ontario Legislature, and in 1896, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government assumed power, it had been discovered just one hundred years. And although it thrived for a goodly while thereafter, it is quite possible that some good Tory may think that the tree might yet be thriving had Laurier not ruled so long a time.

Considering the excellence of the McIntosh Red Apple, the fact of it being a real Canadian, the vitality and long life of the parent tree, the heroism, patriotism, perseverance and wisdom displayed by the men who discovered and preserved it, nothing could be more appropriate than the erection of the monument unveiled in June, 1912, on the McIntosh homestead, now the property of Mr. H. A. McIntosh. While thus rendering to posterity a service national in character, the fact that the cost of the monument was secured by popular subscription furnishes an example of local patriotism most worthy of emulation.





Ernest Bamsey and His First Prize Plot of Oats at Welcome, South Hope, Ont.



Karl Woolacott and His First Prize Potato Plot at Fort Britain.

# Interesting Farm Boys in the Farm

*The Country School Fair as it is known in Ontario, is doing more to keep Farm Boys on the Farm, than all the Machinery of Modern Civilization. How it is done is set forth in this article and the Photographs accompanying it*

By CHARLES C. NIXON



Lewis Pudsey, Durham Co., Ont., 9 Years Old, in His Plot.

HOW to keep the boy on the farm has lately become as live a question as how to get a lot of city people back on to the land. For a great many years ambitious Canadian boys have been leaving the farm to enter business and the professions. The movement is still going on; but it is becoming less of a problem than it was twenty years ago. Part of the reason is to be found in the general improvement of farm conditions owing to utilities of modern civilization, such as rural telephones, interurban trolleys, electric light and power, rural mail delivery, automobiles and phonographs. But there is a more helpful and practical reason in the fact that quite apart from these improvements boys and girls born on the farm are being taught to take a keener interest in the noblest occupation known to man—that of tilling.

they overlooked the opportunity that lay before them in the rural schools.

In brief, their plan in this connection now is to study the particular requirements of the district. They select a list of crops most suitable and from these the children in the schools are permitted to choose the crop they wish to grow according to instructions given. The flats of grain are afterwards judged before the grain is harvested, the scholars select say 25 representative heads for a sheaf to exhibit at the fair, and the balance of the grain is threshed and it, too, is taken to the fair.

Prizes are awarded for the plot as it is grown, and for the sheaf and the grain exhibited at the fair, which is held at the school during the fall.

Other than the grain crops, field corn, sweet corn, potatoes, roots and vegetables and sweet peas are also included in the list, as is poultry to be raised from pure-bred eggs distributed. The chickens and the sweet peas interest the girls, although even the regular field crops are grown by them, often to the disadvantage of the boys.

Early in the spring the district representative (Concluded on page 22.)

Who could it have been that first said: "Children are to be seen; not heard"? That person could not be proud of the remark after witnessing any one of the Township Rural School Fair Associations, in session to-day in Ontario.

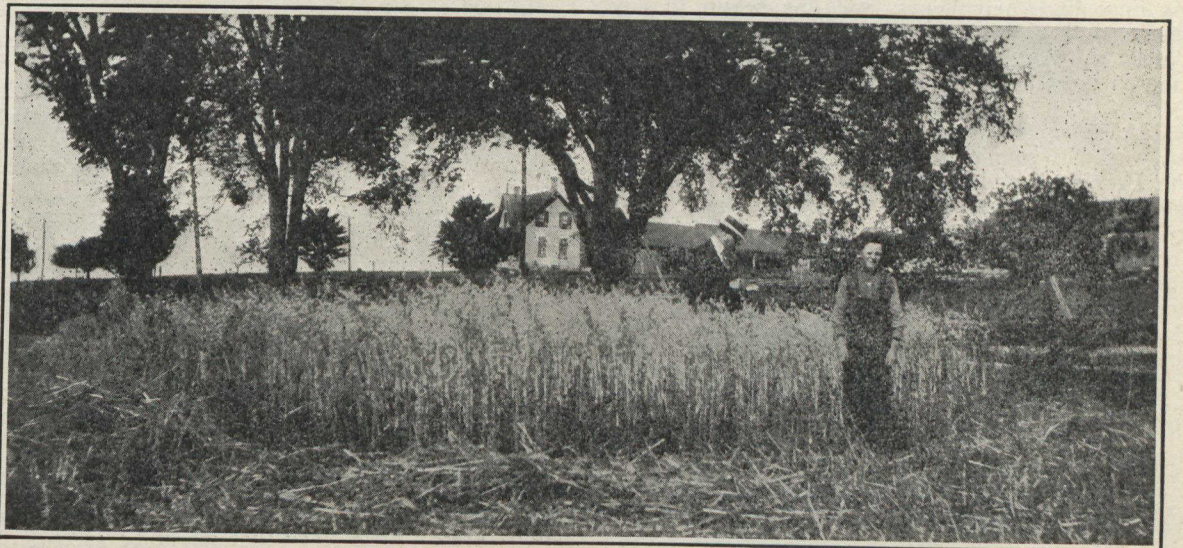
It was my privilege recently to sit in the background and watch the doings while the South Hope Rural School Fair Association was in session at Port Hope, Ontario. The experience discovered to me many powers quite well developed in the child mind, such as we expect to find mainly only in men of affairs. The movement back of this meeting is one fraught with great things potentially—it is even now gotten well under way in Ontario.

There are now in Ontario forty counties and districts being served by the branch officers of the Department of Agriculture, through the district representatives. These are young men, graduates of the Ontario Agricultural College, who have been sent out, with their assistants, to do missionary work, as it were, among the farmers, in scientific education on all matters pertaining to farm work.

THESE men have been left to their own resourceful initiative to develop ways and means of justifying their positions and of helping the farmers and their families to better things and better ways of doing things upon their farms. Thus it was that one of them, F. C. Hart, B.S.A., in Waterloo county, some years ago hit upon the idea of the School Fairs to interest first the children and through them the parents, and of course primarily the fathers and the elder brothers.

Perhaps he got the idea from the Boy's Corn Club movement, in the Southern States, which has brought about almost a revolution in the way of crop-production there. At any rate, the long road around seems to be the shortest cut to the indifferent farmer, and now that the road has been discovered it augurs well for the country and the advancement of agriculture generally.

The district representatives of the Department of Agriculture have, of course, many duties to perform. It is not to be wondered at that for a while



Charlie Breckenridge, of Wallace Point, Had a Fine Oat Plot Under the Spreading Elm Trees.



Youthful Executive of the Port Hope Band of the School Fairs Association.





## Through A Monocle

### Guarantee Municipal Securities

HERE isn't a doubt about it that we are moving in Canada toward paternal government. And, though I pride myself on being a stout Individualist (the compositor will kindly avoid wounding me in a sensitive spot by making sure that he does not leave the last three letters off "Individualist"), I am by no means certain that some of this paternalism will not be good for us. It is proposed in the West, for example, to bring the borrowings of municipalities under Provincial supervision. Again, Hon. Mr. White is announced to have a new Trust and Loan Co. act up his sleeve. Both these measures will tend to protect the private investor—to exercise a slightly more paternal supervision over individual investments. Instead of leaving it entirely to the investor to study out his own problems, gather his own information and wholly protect himself, the State will step in and fix some new limits beyond which the vendors of securities cannot go.

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OF course, we have always had lots of paternal legislation—in spite of our criticism of the Germans for their penchant in this direction. The Railway Commission is a fatherly body—the railways sometimes think it is step-fatherly. All laws in restraint of monopolies are paternal. The little civic by-laws which try to get us clean milk and unpoisoned meats and safe fruit and non-mummified canned goods, are all paternal. It is nothing new. But we are constantly entering freak fields with our paternalism, and making it more and more difficult for the way-faring man, though he be an "easy-mark," to get "done" therein. And all this is, in truth, only an extension of our ancient laws against fraud. Modern civilization has become more intricate. That is all. We must go more into details now, if we would protect the innocent against open and criminal fraud. The investor has ceased to invest largely in the mortgages on the farms of his immediate neighbours, and has begun to buy stocks and bonds and debentures which constitute claims on property whose very existence he must take on trust.

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I HAVE sometimes wondered in my irresponsible way why municipalities did not combine to get the Provincial endorsement on their securities. It would enable them obtain money at much lower interest. A bond, guaranteed by a Provincial Government, sells better than one with only the puissant name of Hog's Hollow on the back. And it ought not to be impossible or even difficult to arrange for Provincial guarantees. It would imply, of course, that every municipal loan would have to be looked into and passed by a Provincial authority; but, if a friendly Provincial authority was of the opinion that a proposed municipal loan would not be adequately secured, that loan should never be sought. We should at any rate have Provincial law enough to prevent reckless or criminal municipalities from floating loans which over-burden their ability to pay. We should never allow Canadian municipalities to deliberately prepare a swindle for the British investor. Yet the moment we give the Province power to veto loan bills which over-top the credit of the municipality proposing to pass them, we have established enough machinery to enable the Province to safely guarantee any loan it does permit.

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AND this arrangement would have a most desirable back-action; for it would incline a Province to be very careful what loans it allowed. It would know that its permission carried with it an endorsement which might get it into trouble if the municipality went bankrupt; and it would make very sure that the loan was a sound one before it was floated. I cannot think for the life of me of any objection to this plan. Surely no municipality would argue for a moment that it should be allowed to float a loan when there was any reasonable doubt about its ability to keep up the interest or to meet the debt when it fell due. Yet the Provincial law could be so framed that this would be the only ground of veto. Each municipality ought to be the sole judge of whether it should or should not borrow money to go on with its public works, provided there were no doubt about its credit. That being

granted, the municipalities would have as much freedom as they enjoy now for honest loans; and they would have to pay considerably less for their money.

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THE municipalities could get such an arrangement if they combined to demand it. They constitute the Province. They would thereby establish a sort of check on each other, and prevent the well-intentioned municipality—which must be in a large majority—from having the price of its securities sent up by the gambling spirit of a very few. Moreover, it would constitute a great safeguard for the investor, Canadian as well as British Island. The investor would have the endorsement of the Province upon his bond. That would be final and absolute. No buyer of municipals would ever have to stop to ask himself whether or not he might wake up in his old age to find his bonds repudiated. He would not even have to enquire very closely into the circumstances of the municipality in question—something he must now do with a very considerable

chance of being misled. The Provincial guarantee would obviate all that. The school section on the back concession could borrow almost as cheaply as the metropolis—and wouldn't that be an excellent thing, too?

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IT is all nonsense to talk as if Canada should not borrow—and borrow largely. We are building for the future. Why should we do without the equipment which will presently become necessary when it would not only be of great value to us, but would come far cheaper if we could buy it all at once? It is possible, of course, that a local municipality might have too "big eyes." It might confidently and sincerely expect a far larger future development than there was any sound reason to anticipate. But that is precisely where the Provincial examination would come in. It would check such optimism. If, on the other hand, there were good ground for "great expectations," the Provincial authorities would see them; and then if these expectations, so soundly based, proved falacious, it would far better surely that the obligations assumed because of them should be honestly met by somebody. The disappointed municipality could not meet them up to the full hundred per cent., or, at all events, at the date fixed; but the Province could pay the small remainder—and would never miss it. Indeed, it would get its money back, over and over again, on the generally low price of all municipal securities.

THE MONOCLE MAN

## Among the New Books

By "PAPERKNIFE"

"WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TURNPIKE" (J. S. Dent and Sons) is the first work of a young Canadian writer, William Banks, news editor of the *Toronto Globe*. It reads like the work of a trained newspaper man, with an eye for facts and local colour. It is the story of a most unconventional office boy who is supposed to have spent his office boyhood in Toronto about twenty years ago. Into William Adolphus Turnpike's career fate wove an unusual number of sensations, and nature had endowed him with an uncommon temperament for an office boy. William had a great desire to be a comedian. Therefore most of his life was comedy. In the office of Lawyer Whimple he enacts a number of rollicking comedies which would have been the ruin of any ordinary boy, and one of which temporarily cost him his position. William was always "different." In fact he was so different that he seems sometimes highly improbable. He has a shrewd business sagacity and an uncontrollable desire to break out in unexpected places. He is a master of slang, a good deal of which belongs to the twentieth century, but is conveniently tacked on to the Toronto of 200,000. The city in which William lived is more or less faithfully described. Political meetings, lacrosse games, baseball, theatre performances and elections are all aptly and cleverly depicted, with a plethora of baseball and politics. The descriptions are for the most part drily humorous, and the dialogue naively Turnpikian. There is no heavy reading in the book. It has no tedious philosophy; is never gushy or over-sentimental; rises to no passionate climaxes and portrays no grand, overwhelming emotions. It is a clean, slangy, breezy little story that might be as true of a section of New York as of Toronto. It is not Canadian except in name. It is not precisely humour; but it is not serious nor heroic. It is a simple delineation of the career of a very improbable office boy who became a comedian and remained a human being. It can be read at a single session without taxing the reader's powers of endurance, whatever claim it makes on his credulity. The frontispiece is by J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.

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The fall crop of new reading seems, so far as Canadian issues are concerned, more diverse in character than usual. If there is a leaning, it is towards the historical study. Messrs. William Briggs, of Toronto, have several of these in preparation. One of the most important is "The Chief of the Ranges," by H. A. Cody, which deals with that little-known section of the Canadian north, the Yukon district; the story is woven around the trials and tribulations of the Chilkat Indians. The author is peculiarly fitted to treat of this subject, inasmuch as he has travelled through this district several times, and has picked up a great deal of informative lore from these aboriginal people, which he weaves into a story of happenings heretofore

unknown to the average reader.

Another book which touches on territory a little farther south, and which is to be issued shortly by the same house, is a study of the Hudson's Bay Company, and Winnipeg. The title is to be "The Company of Adventurers," and the author is Mr. Isaac Cowie. In his book, the author deals with some of the more exciting exploits of the founders and early members of this great organization, and handles the subject in a way that is not only absorbingly interesting to students of Canadian history, but also to the public in general.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, a publishing house which is a comparatively new entrant into the field of Canadian publishers, but one which has already done things, announces a new novel, "Jacob Elthorne," by Darrell Figgis, for early publication. People over the water learned long ago that anything by the Dent people is good, so great things are expected of "Jacob Elthorne." They will also publish a volume of short stories by Mr. Alan Sullivan, who is well known to Canadians. Each story will be prefaced by a short poem by the author. The book is illustrated by Mr. J. W. Beatty, one of Canada's most brilliant artists.

The Musson Book Company, of Toronto, announce that they will publish "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," the novel by Hall Caine which is creating such a sensation in England, and which is also known to readers of Hearst's Magazine.

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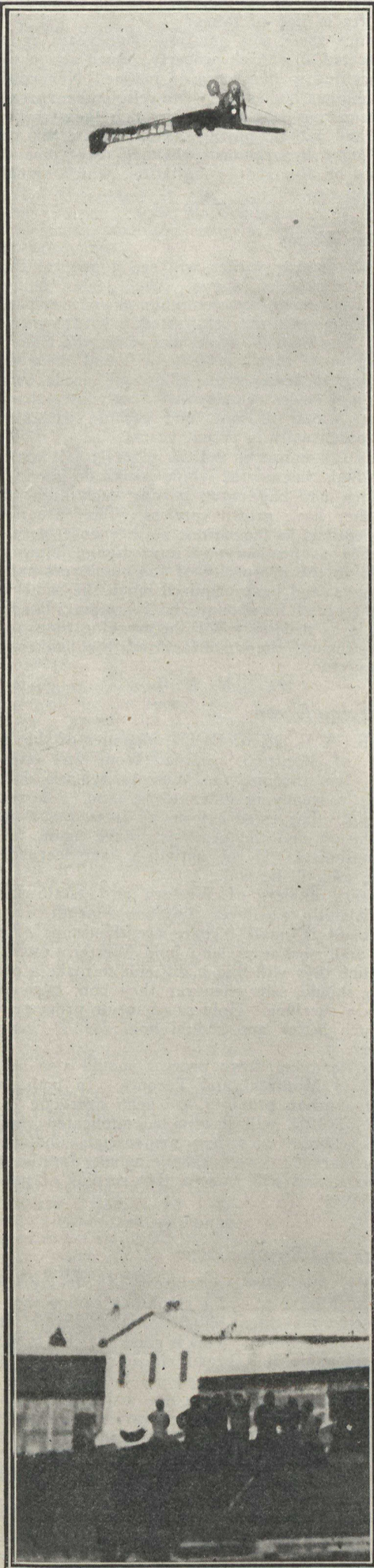
"John Barleycorn," by Jack London. No one of the leading writers of to-day would have written this book but Mr. London. No one could have done it so much justice. And the reason is that the story is a story every chapter of which has been lived by its narrator. From the age of five until now, Mr. London has been accustomed, growingly accustomed, to drinking. Alcohol has now become a passion with him, until he drinks—as he himself admits—more than is good for the physical or mental health of him. Jack London, a little kiddie of five, carried a pail of beer to his father and his friends, who were harvesting in the American West. Something prompted him to taste the beer. It was revolting, yet he drank on, till an hour later he lay under the shadow of the hedge, drunk. Two years later, he drank again, was drunk again. A very few years later he ran away from home, and boarded a merchant ship which was under the care of a man who could never leave the booze alone. Jack London increased the frequency of his carousals. At sixteen, nobody could teach him anything about drinking. At eighteen, he could out-drink the toughest longshoreman who ever put his lips to a bottle. World rover, oyster pirate, sailor, eventually writer, Jack London ultimately came to the point where he could not work, could not live, without drinking.

In this book, he traces his steps along the line of intemperance. He began by hating the booze; he (Concluded on page 16.)

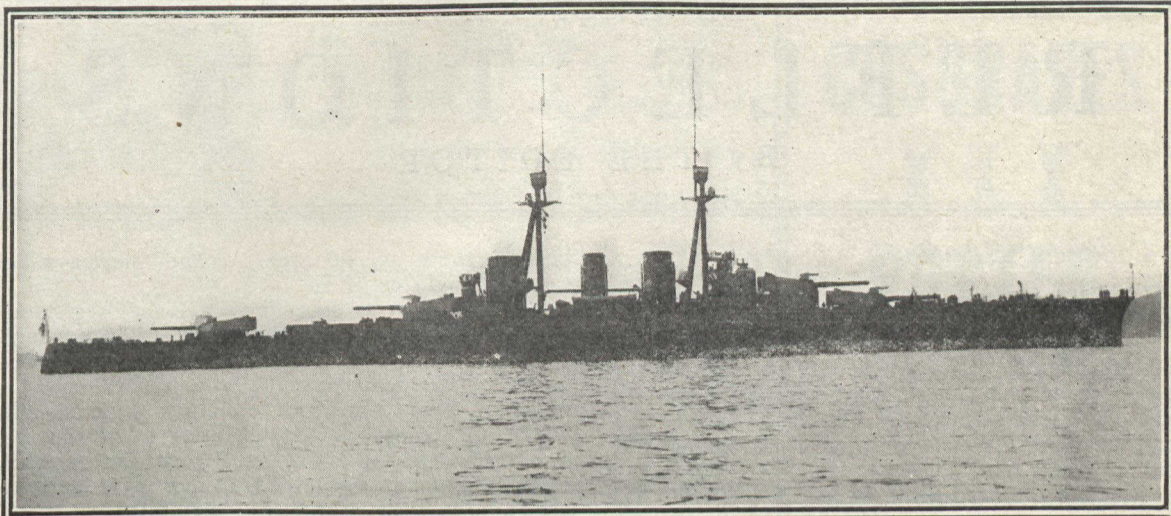


### Ships That Pass

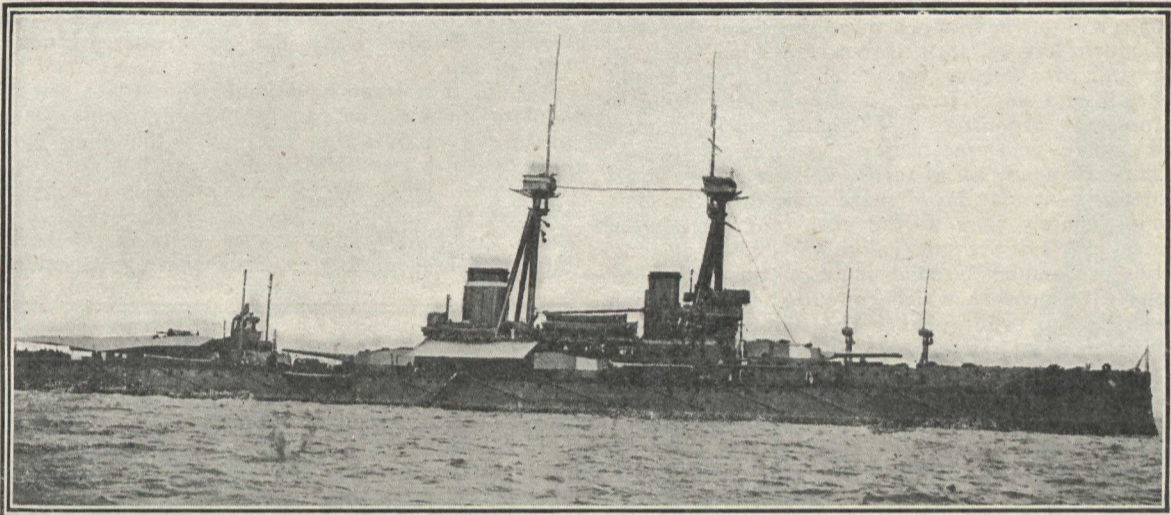
*Including one that Turns Somersaults in the Air, and Acts Altogether Like a Huge Aeronautic Fly on an Invisible Ceiling.*



This is an actual photograph of Pegoud, the daring French air-man, flying his machine upside down from a height of 3,000 feet.



A formal reception was given at Plymouth to the Japanese cruiser the Kongo. This battleship is 19,250 tons displacement.



Prince Albert, who was in Canada this summer, has been appointed a "middie" on H. M. S. Collingwood.

### All Sorts of Sports

SUMMER sports are practically over. The fall only now intervenes, and then comes winter with its hockey. This season has been remarkable for the attention paid to tennis. Never before has a representative team from Canada taken part in the Wimbledon championships. And, for the first time, the Canadian contingent acquitted themselves remarkably well.

Cricket, too, is making progress in the Dominion. The visit of the Australians was distinctly an event. With about ten more years' practice an all-Canadian eleven may stand a chance against the Island Continent players—if Canada is allowed four innings to the Australians' two!

Football is taking hold in Canada, particularly, it would seem, in the West. Among the new citizens of Canada are some cracker-jacks at the game, and their influence and enthusiasm is making itself felt. It is hard for any game to compete with baseball in Canada, and naturally so. But Association football is gaining ground.

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On Saturday, the finals in the Ontario Lawn Tennis Championships proved the most exciting ever fought out. Old-timers who have seen many exciting moments in tennis finals said that the mixed doubles on Saturday was the best they had ever known. Several times the people in the large gallery cheered the players. Both of the ladies, Miss Brown and Mrs. Williams, played superlatively. Burns was superior to Baird. Canadians have never seen a match so full of brilliant volleys. Eventually, Miss Brown and Burns defeated Mrs. Williams and Baird by a score of 6-2, 4-6, 6-4.

In the Men's Championship Singles, Baird defeated Burns, 6-4, 6-1, 6-3. Baird played excellently and uniformly. There was nothing spasmodic about his handling of the game.

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In the annual cruise of the R. C. Y. C. to Oakville, from Toronto, "Strathcona," "Patricia," "Whirl" and "Aileen" won the Commodore's prizes, on Saturday last. Despite the heavy sea, some of the boats made good time.

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The Argonauts, of Toronto, finished a good season by holding their annual fall regatta. A number of events were held, and proved very popular. A novel item was the race between a gig crew and a war canoe crew.



THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR Making a Tour of the Kongo During the Reception at Plymouth.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## A Continent's Drama

WHILE the newspapers are busy printing silly despatches describing the escapades of a lunatic or sensational accounts of murders and suicide, the real drama of the continent is being overlooked. Not wholly, because many wise men are reading carefully the fragmentary despatches from Washington, where Woodrow Wilson, professor and president, is slowly but surely overturning the precedents of half a century. The United States tariff, monarch of its kind, is tottering to a fall. High Protection is stricken with old age, and cannot defend its offspring.

Not that it really matters much, except in theory and in sentiment. Under a reduced tariff, the people will not have much more and "the interests" not much less. But it is interesting to note the downfall of a theory for which men have fought honestly and sincerely. It is equally interesting to witness the ardour of the Knights, equally honest and sincere, who erect a new theory in its stead.

The new condition of tariffs will materially affect Canadians—it may be of more importance to them proportionately than to the people of the United States. First, it prevents any talk of higher customs duties in Canada. Second, it means the end of the reciprocity measure which convulsed the Canadian people in the summer of 1911. Third, it spells a readjustment of our commercial relations with our nearest and most important neighbour.

Canadians should ponder and study the situation and try to forecast the future. The ancient policy of United States trade, since 1868, with its note of repression towards Canada, is being abandoned. The opportunity which many Canadians have desired is at end. If there is value in it, our commercial intelligence must find it. The scenes are shifting, and the actors must have clear eyes, active minds and swift feet.

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## Who is Non-Partisan?

NON-PARTISANSHIP does not imply that a Conservative must vote Liberal, or that a Liberal must vote Conservative. A Conservative may be non-partisan and still vote Conservative; a Liberal may be non-partisan and still vote for Liberal measures. The non-partisan is one who can see some good in the party to which he does not profess adherence as well as in the party to which he is nominally attached. More important still, he will try to have his own party adopt a national attitude on national questions.

A prominent man in North York, where Hon. Mackenzie King was an unsuccessful candidate at the last general election, asked the writer the other day if non-partisanship meant that Mr. King would support the Borden naval policy. Certainly not. But if Mr. King were to become a non-partisan in regard to the navy question, he would be working hard to bring the leaders of the two parties to see that a non-partisan or bi-partisan settlement of this question is in the best interests of the nation. There are men in parliament, some Liberal and some Conservative, who have used their influence in this direction. They are none the less good party men on that account.

A fine example of non-partisanship has been given by Lord Loreburn, ex-Lord Chancellor, recently. He came out with a suggestion that the Irish Home Rule question should be discussed at a friendly conference between the party leaders. He believes that the peace and prosperity of Ireland are of paramount importance, and that the triumph of the Liberal Home Rule measure should be secondary. Lord Loreburn in this matter is a non-partisan Liberal.

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## Cities and Their Extensions

LAST week the suggestion was made on this page that Ottawa should apply to the Legislature for permission to purchase the lands adjacent to its borders as "farm lands," do its own sub-dividing, and take the real estate profit to provide for roads, sewers, sidewalks, school-houses, police-stations and other suburban necessities. This is the German system. Commenting on the suggestion, the Ottawa Free Press says it comes "too late"

because there are no areas around Ottawa which can be bought as "farm lands."

The objection is superficial. If the Legislature gave permission to expropriate, it would no doubt lay down a basis on which values would be ascertained by the commissioners who would decide the values. Where lands have neither sewers, sidewalks nor transportation facilities to which they have contributed in taxes, the city of Ottawa should obtain them as "farm lands" plus a reasonable allowance for improvements. In other words, Ottawa would pay for their present value, not their speculative value after settlement has begun. Other lands already held by small owners would be assessed especially for the improvements contemplated and would be subject to any changes which would be made in the plan of streets, driveways and parks.

Again, if a large land-owner refused to sell his land to the city, he can be brought to his senses by buying land farther out and withholding light, pavements, sewers and waters from him or his assignees. This sort of punishment is a common practice in Europe. They do not believe, over there, that compactness is a necessity in city building. Boston is another example where good suburbs

## A New Serial

NEXT week we shall commence our new serial story, "The Red Virgin," by G. Frederick Turner, an English novelist.

The heroine is a woman ruler of the slums in a central European monarchy—a woman of exceptional character and remarkable mental strength. To Canadians, the story is interesting because it pictures a life which is in such striking contrast with that on this continent, and explains why European problems are so different from Canadian. Further, it describes the sort of civilization from which many of our newer citizens are taken, and hence will tend to increase our sympathy for these undeveloped people. The Red Virgin fought to save lives and prevent suffering in her limited slum circle; her work must be continued in Canada.

One of the leading characters is a militant suffragette from England who goes to Wiedenbruck for a holiday. Her meeting with the Red Virgin teaches her that down-trodden humanity needs more than an extension of the franchise.

The story is full of thrilling incident and compelling adventure. King Carl dies, his son is a minor, and there is a riotous struggle over the regency. Fritz of Friedrichsheim and Herr Saunders are the men whom the author elects to play the major parts, with Cyril of Wolfsnaden as the villain.

Watch for the first instalment next week.

are separated from the main city by undeveloped districts.

The object is to prevent speculators turning into their private purpose the increment which should go to the city to be expended for the general benefit of the public. In Canada, because it is a new country, we are doing everything possible to rob the public for the sake of making millionaires. This is a silly, puerile stage which the cities of Europe passed by many years ago.

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## Private Religious Funds

SHOULD a church congregation hold property in a city without paying any taxes or without paying any portion of its "increment" to the city? The question is not new, but the form has been brought up to date. Would an increment tax on church property be fair, even if regular city taxes were admitted to be inadvisable?

This question is suggested by reading in the Montreal papers that the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame received from the city \$617,350 for a piece of property required for a street extension—St. Lawrence St. from Notre Dame to the wharf. Perhaps the property was well worth what

the reverend Sisters got for it. Perhaps the street extension was necessary. But is it fair that a religious corporation should hold property for a hundred years without taxation and then sell that property to the citizens who have created the increased value at a tremendous figure?

Both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches have profited tremendously by the increase in value in their civic holdings. The Roman Catholics have profited more than the others because of their private hospitals, convents, schools, and other religious and semi-religious organizations, and their policy of owning a great deal of real estate. Would it not be fairer if these religious bodies paid, say, fifty per cent. of the increment in the value of their property in lieu of taxes?

France faced this question some years ago and confiscated all church property. Such action would be shocking to our sense of justice. Nevertheless, the religious bodies and semi-religious corporations are acquiring vast wealth through their ability to hold land without paying taxes. Unless this policy is changed by argument, the day may come when it may be changed by agitation, which would be unfortunate.

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## Fall in Wages

THE coming winter will see a general fall in the rate of wages. The "scale," being an agreement between unions and employers' associations, will not be affected, but many men will hire at less than the scale, and some who have been getting more than the scale will find their wages dropping to scale level. This will occur because there will be less employment this winter than for several winter seasons, and because wages have risen abnormally in recent years.

This fall in wages will be severely felt by many individuals, but on the whole it will do good. The working men have been getting such high wages that they have grown careless. They are not as conscientious in their work as they once were, nor are they as prudent and unprodigal. They have shared in the prosperity of the employers and the financiers, and have acquired much the same reckless disregard for money and its value. Readjustment is as necessary for the working man as for the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, and the investor.

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## Steadying Down

MR. H. V. MEREDITH, manager of the Bank of Montreal, returned from an extended trip through the West to remark that he found "a steadying down all around." A record crop, fully harvested before the frost, has relieved the tension and the pessimists have again turned into optimists. If the optimists have learned the lesson, all will be well.

Eastern holders of Western real estate should sell promptly whenever they see a profit, even if that profit is small. There are thousands of farmers and mechanics who hold Western town-lots on which they will find it difficult to make a profit. These should sell whenever they can, even if it means a sacrifice. Holders of inside property will do much better and should hold for a genuine advance.

The steadying down process should also be extended to Montreal and Toronto. In both these cities suburban property has been overdone. The prices of 1912 will hardly be duplicated before 1915. In both cities there are enough subdivisions on the market to provide building lots for the next ten years, and still leave a tidy surplus of unbuilt home-sites.

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## Cadets and Scouts

SOME Methodist supervisors of Sunday-school work have passed a resolution saying that the scout movement should be kept distinct from the cadet movement. This is good advice. It would be unfortunate if a broad movement, such as the boy scout movement is, should be narrowed by military ideals. If boy scouts, using the term in its broadest sense, have been invited into western cadet camps by officers of the militia, then these officers should be cashiered.

Certain writers in local papers have professed to see something offensive in the S. S. and Y. P. S. resolution because it says that the scouts should be kept under "the highest moral and religious supervision." This is quite correct; there is need for this with small boys. The cadets, being older, may require less moral supervision, but it must still be a feature. The resolution is offensive only to those who are super-sensitive or themselves lacking in morals.





Courierettes.

THE impossible has happened. Premier Whitney and Leader Rowell say they are both satisfied with the result of the polling in East York.

Judge Morson disposed of 86 cases in 180 minutes. He is the exception which proves the rule of "the law's delay." Too bad he was not on the Thaw case.

Winnipeg is starting to spend \$13,000,000 to get water. Who would have thought that Winnipeg was so strong for water?

One advantage of the coming of cold weather is that the bathing girl will vanish from the cover pages of the magazines.

When she was a chorus girl, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw got \$30 per week. Since her husband murdered a man and escaped from an asylum, she gets \$3,000 per week. Now, all together children, what's the moral?

Dramas of the underworld seem to be now the rage. The only trouble is that some of them are not sufficiently under.

Though the silly summer season is over, it is remarkable how much space the daily papers give Harry Thaw and Mrs. Pankhurst.

Chorus girls were left stranded in Toronto, but to date the demand for domestic servants is still as keen as ever.

The Canadian Parliament will not meet until January. The members must get time to do their Christmas shopping.

Not a single vote was registered at one poll in the recent East York bye-election. That might be construed as a hard crack at both candidates.

Crown Attorney Corley, of Toronto, says Senator Cox should not consider it an insult to be called a millionaire. Many of us would gladly accept such an insult—if we could.

The song of the gay troubador of old was nothing in comparison to the sweetness of the honk of the auto horn in the ear of the modern maiden.

The arrest of Mr. Jerome points the moral that the sin in gambling is being seen at it.

France has an outbreak of the foot and mouth disease. There are other localities we have in mind which suffer from the "mouth" variety.

One section of the female folk are trying to get votes, and another section seems keen to get rid of skirts. The latter seem to be making most progress, too.

"The Importance of Being—Coburn."—There are various types of innocence, but the most amusing variety of it came to light recently in the remark of a Toronto moral reformer who has been much in the limelight of late.

Recently, Rev. John Coburn, the Methodist pastor, who is secretary of Toronto's Committee of Forty, and who so zealously prosecuted the play "Deborah" a few months ago, went to Great Britain, and before going announced that he intended to go to the theatres there and see how they compared with theatres in Canada. He did. The result of his explorations, according to report, is said to be that he found London theatres to be rather

above the standard of Toronto's playhouses in the matter of morals.

When this news was received by his friends in Toronto it occasioned some surprise, particularly among those who happened to know a few things about some of the music halls in the world's metropolis.

Some openly challenged the correctness of the reverend investigator's impressions. He must have gone only to the better class theatres, they said, to have found any basis for such a report.

But there was one moral reformer who had implicit faith in the truth of the Coburn report—and also in the importance of the investigator.

"Of course it seems strange," he admitted, "for the London shows to seem so clean, but it may be that the managers of the theatres heard that Mr. Coburn was coming to inspect their houses, and that they cleaned up their shows before he could see them."

Visions of George Edwardes and other big London managers "cleaning up" their shows in scared anticipation of a visit from a preacher who hailed from Toronto proved a trifle too much for even the innocent one's associates, and they had one big hearty laugh.

Figuratively Speaking.—The stage manager of a musical show must be awfully quick at figures—when he is choosing the chorus.

The Meanest Man.—He has been discovered at last, and in the capital of the United States.

A Washington woman left her husband, and the cuss was so mean that he sued to recover her false teeth,



Fastidious Customer: "Uh—can you show me anything else?"  
Disgusted Merchant: "Yes, sir—your account."

alleging that as he paid for them they were his property.

We don't blame her for leaving a man like that.

The Gallant Labour Leader.—Mr. Fred. Bancroft, the well-known newspaper man and labour leader, is nothing if not gallant. Perhaps it is this characteristic that has helped him to climb to the vice-presidency of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress.

Walking along the corridor of a newspaper office the other day, Mr. Bancroft encountered a young woman

writer, of rather piquant personality, in conversation with a man for whom the labour leader had been looking. The latter half paused, and seeing his hesitation, the young lady inquired quickly, "Did you want to see Mr. — or me?"

Then arose the courtier in the trades unionist.

"I want to speak to him—and to see you," he said.

Defined.—"What is a hero, daddy?"  
"A chap who still wears a straw hat."

The Reforming Habit.—We fear there are some good people who are so busy reforming things here on earth that they will be unhappy in heaven, where we are led to believe there is nothing in need of reforming.

The Latest in Eugenics.—The ardent swain had just confessed the sad news that he had water on the knee.

"Then, Harry," pointed out the scientific maiden, "I cannot sit on your lap any more. I might catch cold."

Owed.  
(To Coaticook, Que.)

COATICOOK! Coaticook!  
You ought to have your picture took!

The town that Thaw put on the map—  
The town that loves to yell and yap  
And serenade H. K. G'wan  
And change your name to Matteawan.

The Modern Girl.—The girl of 1913 is horrifying her parents by reason of her adoption of the modern fashions in clothes and dances. Said one demoiselle of our acquaintance, who was just out: "Yes, Mate! I've enjoyed my evening most awfully. I 'glided' with Tom; I 'trotted' with Toby; I 'tangoed' with Reggie, and I 'hugged' Charlie."

Not Taking Chances.—Here's a real incident of the Toronto Exhibition. It happened in the Press Building.

A reporter of one Toronto daily, who in his time has, as John L. Sullivan says of himself, "tried to bring on a famine in wet goods," met a scribe on a rival paper, who never takes a drink.

"Want a good story?" queried No. 1.

"Sure."  
"Well, you may as well have it. I can't write it. A snake over in the Government Building has just given birth to thirty-five little snakes. If I sent that item to my paper they'd say I was drinking again."

Revised Version.  
An automobile, now and then, is purchased by the wisest men.

From a New Book.—"It has sometimes happened that the preacher has appropriated for the pulpit the complete sermon of another man, and with humorous results. A Cambridge don could hardly have been reading his own composition when he made the sudden appeal to an astounded undergraduate congregation, 'And now, a word to you who are mothers.' A young curate-friend of my own in preaching one Sunday read from his manuscript, 'After forty years' ministry among you.' He was, in fact, using one of his father's sermons and he had not taken the precaution of reading it over beforehand."—"Humorous Side of the Pulpit," by Rev. W. Cowan. Gibbings & Co. (London). 1s. net. New Edition.

An Open Question.—A French airman turned a somersault in the air, 3,000 feet above the earth, and came down safely.

Still, it's a fairly debatable question whether he's a hero or just plumb foolish.

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240 Broadview, Cor. Wilton Ave.

Cor. Dundas St. and High Park Ave.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Mischievous Comment

IF the remaining months of the year are characterized by the large sale of Canadian municipal bonds in the United States that has been the case up to the end of August, 1913, they will eclipse any previous year in this regard. During August, approximately eight million dollars of these securities found their way over the border. The amount was swelled to somewhat unusual proportions by the Toronto Hydro-Electric bonds, which realized \$4,506,500.

The attractiveness of Canadians seems to be generally recognized by Uncle Sam, but there are those who deprecate Canada's efforts to sell securities in the American market. The New York Times Annalist—an organ which has more than once been grossly unfair in its comments on Canada—says:

"The Canadian cities, Brandon and so on, that have been selling their securities in New York of late are rather late in the day to seek the benefits of the fashion of foreign investment. In so far as their recourse to New York needs explanation, it is not far to seek. London has been overloaded with Canadian municipal securities. The flood of short-term notes in particular which have issued thence has caused frequent and adverse comment. They have fallen into a certain disrepute, simply because there was too much of them, and people began to question the security of two shops and a shanty, born of a railway station. Even on the Canadian Pacific a railway station is not an immutable geographical fixture. So bankers and others have been shaking their heads to fresh proposals from the Canadian cities, and they have gone to the United States instead."

Of course, this sort of talk doesn't mean much to the man who thinks. He naturally follows the "Statist" and the "Economist," which are logical and authoritative. But to the man in the street, such comment as the above is discouraging, and disturbing. Obviously, it is highly coloured and exaggerated. To begin with, the towns of two shops and a shanty have never sought funds in London. Secondly, a knowledge of the facts indicates that London has been choked with all sorts of offerings from all sorts of sources—among them the United States themselves. Canada is not solely responsible for the temporary surfeit of the London market. Even Uncle Sam helped some!

It is the old story. The New York Times Annalist is horrified at the idea of the United States playing second fiddle. Well—there is no wish for it to do so, on the part of Canada. Canada will be only too glad to have it join with London in playing the lead.

## An Upward Trend

IT would appear, from the stock exchange lists, that the corner has been turned, so far as Canadian stocks are concerned. From April on to about the second week in August, the movement of prices was consistently downward. A number of stocks on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges closed with net losses. But the upward movement started about the middle of the second week in August, and although it has not been marked by any great activity, it has continued to be fairly comprehensive. So far as one dare assume the role of prophet, it seems reasonable to suppose that the low levels touched in June and July will prove the low points of the year.

Of course, the period through which we are passing just now is ticklish, and no one cares to speak with anything like certainty. But arguing from what is known it would appear that we are experiencing the first of an improvement which will prove permanent. The investment demand for securities continues to show more strength. London reports better buying, and this is an important factor, for though the buying is not large in volume, it started at a time of dullness, and is the harbinger of improved business in securities in all markets. Moreover, it is felt by the brokers that right along now London will be a buyer rather than a seller of listed securities here. Then, too, the feeling that the crops were adequately provided for and will therefore necessitate no very great strain in our home markets, has markedly influenced the sentiment on 'change.

Appended is a list of stocks, all of which are leaders. The gains are in many cases noteworthy. The quotations are those of August 6th, and September 6th:

	August 6.	Sept. 6.
Winnipeg Railway	187	205
Laurentide Corp'n.	145	157 1/4
Ottawa Power	152	162
Brazillian	85 3/4	93 3/8
Montreal Power	204	212 7/8
Dominion Textile	79 3/4	85
R. and O.	104	109
C. P. R.	215	220 3/4
Can. Loco.	86	89 1/2
Maple Leaf, prefd.	90	93

## Cleaning Up the Mess

THE "Courier" for Aug. 9th contained in these columns a comment as to the defunct Union Life Assurance Co., part of which ran: "The mess should be cleaned up for the moral benefit to the community and the life insurance business. If there has been wrong-doing the guilty should be punished." Hon. Mr. White is determined to get to the bottom of this business. He is starting to clean up the mess. At his request, Mr. G. T. Clarkson, who was appointed liquidator, will examine (through counsel) the officers and directors of the company as to the conduct of the business since the date of the insurance investigation in 1906, when the affairs of the company were under review by the commission.

This enquiry will ascertain in what manner the resources of the company were dissipated, whether through unsound investments, wasteful management or otherwise, and particularly what disposition was made of the capital and premium amounting to more than six hundred thousand dollars contributed by British shareholders.

## The August Issues

AS forecasted in these columns some little time ago, the month of August, so far as London is concerned, has been practically a holiday in regard to new issues. August is proverbially conspicuous for its absence of new issues. But even though this is so, August of 1913 is phenomenal as compared with previous years, according to figures given by the London

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"Statist." In 1910, \$7,160,000 was subscribed in August; in 1911, the amount was \$8,755,000; a year ago it was \$9,720,000. For August of 1913, the figure is \$28,800,000. And this in spite of the aftermath from the Balkan war, the somewhat disturbing Mexican situation and the continuance of world-wide commercial prosperity.

Of this twenty-nine million dollars, \$15,000,000 has gone to the colonies. Canada's chief beneficiary was the Canadian Northern Railway, which made an offer of short-term notes.

The amount of British capital subscribed for new issues from the first of January to the end of August is \$900,000,000. The Colonies have had far the largest share of this, and of the Dominions, Canada stands first. And all this good fortune despite the fact that the year ends in a thirteen!

### On and Off the Exchange

#### The Best in Its History

MR. JOHN AIRD, assistant general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has just returned from the West, where he has made an extensive tour. In an interview he declared that "The West will take off the best crop in its history." "I believe," he continued, "that there will be 90 per cent. of milling wheat in this year's yield, which means that the farmer will get all his grain is worth. The crop will be harvested early and cheaply. This will mean an early liquidation of debts, and there is a universal desire throughout the West to liquidate as much as possible of the liabilities this year. The diminished corn crop in the United States should result in a firm market for Canadian wheat, and with reduced cost of production it looks as if this year would be an exceptionally good one for the grain-growers. There is now no serious danger of frost, and the first evidences of the return from the crop is being seen."

Mr. Aird was for some years head of the western business of the Bank of Commerce, and therefore his words carry weight. Perhaps the most encouraging thing he had to say with regard to the progress the West is making in mixed farming. Said Mr. Aird: "In a few years we may be surprised to realize to what extent the movement towards mixed farming has gone. Within a few years the stock of the prairie provinces has increased enormously and will account for a great deal of the consumption of this year's agricultural output."

Once again, "You can farm some wheat all of the time; you can farm all wheat some of the time; but you can't farm all wheat all of the time."

\*\*\*

#### An Increase in Exports

A BULLETIN from Ottawa says that for the first four months of the fiscal year, the Dominion exported \$16,051,000 worth of manufactured goods. For the corresponding period of 1912, the amount was \$12,659,000. In other departments, exports show the same gratifying increase. The value of fish sent out of the country during this four months was \$5,032,000, as against \$3,748,000 for the same period in 1912. Mineral exports show a marked increase, the figure in their case, for the four months referred to, being \$17,180,000.

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#### New Canadian Issues

DURING the month of August, the following flotations which are of interest to Canadians, were made in London: Grand Trunk Railway, \$2,500,000 five per cents., five year notes at 98½ per cent.; Canadian Northern Railway, \$7,500,000 five per cent., five year notes, at 98 per cent.; North Vancouver, B.C., \$484,500 five per cent. debentures, at 95 per cent.

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#### Legislation for Loan Companies

WHATEVER Hon. Mr. White is not, he is, at any rate, a man who does things. The list of government legislation for the next session will include a bill, which he is preparing, affecting the incorporation of trust and loan companies. At present, when application is made for legislation chartering a trust or a loan company, the applicants have to work out their own salvation before the House Committee on Banking and Commerce, which is guided by a model bill—so called.

The Government's intention is to standardize all such legislation by the enactment of a law which will govern the incorporation of trust and loan companies in much the same way as the Insurance Act governs the chartering of insurance companies.

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#### Next Week's Meetings

DURING the week, the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, and the Western Canada Flour Mills Company will hold their annual meetings.

### Enquiries

#### The Movement of Stocks

AN enquirer wants to know why stocks move up and down. He says he wants to be told in plain words, without any technical terms involving bulls and bears and tickers and so on. Stocks, like every other marketable commodity, are influenced primarily by the law of demand and supply. What puzzles the man in the Street is that the price of stocks move up and down without any apparent cause. This, of course, is due, largely, to short selling, calling of loans by the banks, and so on. But many people have got hold of the idea that when a stock slumps, and almost immediately rises again, if everybody had bought, they could have sold at a handsome profit. This is not necessarily the case. The very fact of everybody's buying would not necessarily boost the price of the stock bought. It might; and it might not.

Take an example. A stock quoted at, say, 86, declines very rapidly to 80. Almost immediately it leaps up and touches 90; subsequently slumping again. If that happened you would hear groanings and moanings on the part of a lot of people who are positive that if they had bought at 80 they would have realized a profit of ten points. But these people omit to take into account that the very fact of a crowd of investors rushing to buy at 80 was enough to guarantee that very few of them would have been successful in buying at that figure. The fact of their number would have made the majority miss the market.

The man who bought at 90, on seeing the price drop 10 points, naturally gets panic-stricken and sells at any figure he can command, because he wants the money, and believes that half a loaf is better than no bread. All that selling may tend to send the price down. And if it goes down with a rush, buyers become timid and no offers are forthcoming. When they are again made, the price has probably risen.

In short, the price of stocks is as much affected either way, by lack of buyers as it is by a plentitude of them.

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Among the New Books

(Concluded from page 10.)

continued to hate it, although he drank because others did, and because he would never allow himself to be called a quitter. For years he had no love for the drink. But the time came when, without the excuse of company, he would fetch out his bottle, and drink by himself. Still he had no taste, no liking for the stuff. Then the liking came. The practice of years became the passion of to-day. All the times when he had drunk, although he detested it, had paved the way for, and made sure the foundation. Now, it is built upon. And the building, as London himself would admit, is no credit to him.

I know of no book more gripping, more irresistible. The virile language, the consummate real descriptiveness, the impression, always there, that this is the baring of a man's soul so that others may take warning—all these combine to make "John Barleycorn" a classic in its own field. The book lives, because its author lived. If the people could be made to read it, the necessity for temperance legislation would not be so great, nor so insistent. It is an epoch-making story. (Bell & Cockburn, Toronto, \$1.25 net.)

"The Confessions of Arsene Lupin," by Maurice Leblanc. I don't know that even Sherlock Holmes is more of a hero with the lover of the detective yarn than is Arsene Lupin. His real charm is his consummate coolness. Some time ago, stories of his daring and his subsequent coups ran in the "Storyteller," one of the most popular of the London magazines, and they had a great vogue. Lupin is a lovable rascal. As the daring, clever, albeit calculating thief who set all Paris by the ears, he has entranced thousands of people. When you read about him, you say to yourself, "What a scoundrel!" but there is something in you that praises him just the same, because he gets away with it. The detective tale has a great public these days. And of the detective tales, none are more absorbing than these of the dare-devil Frenchman, who receives messages in his hard boiled egg when in prison, and accomplishes an undreamed-of escape while the gendarmes are sleeping the sleep of the just. In the Lupin tales, as in those of Sherlock Holmes, much fun is made of the methods of the regular police department. And one ventures to think, rightly so.

Maurice Leblanc needs no introduction. He has written of the versatile Arsene, until one wonders if he has assimilated the characteristics of this most rollicking of rogues. The book is fascinating from cover to cover. The style in which it is written is crisp, never labourious. The characterization is that of a master hand. Altogether, you cannot do better than spend a few hours with "Arsene Lupin"—even though you run the risk of becoming a crook in real earnest! (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto, \$1.25 net.)

It is with a good deal of pleasure that one hears of the visit to America and this country of Canon J. O. Hannay. G. A. Birmingham (as he is known to an admiring public) is a writer who has done for Ireland in fiction what Allen Raine has done for Wales, and Ralph Connor for Canada. He is known as the author of "Doctor Whitty," recently reviewed in these columns, and also of the remarkably successful play, "General John Regan," which is enjoying a long and successful run in London. The play is to be published in book form shortly. Canon Hannay is to lecture in America on his pet subject, "The Place of the Irishman in Fiction." He is sure of a hearty welcome on this side of the water.

Compton Mackenzie, known as the son of Edward Compton, a noted English actor-manager, and famous later as the author of "Carnival," a book which was dramatized, the first presentation being given in Toronto, has written a new book, "Sinister Street," which is being well received. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book.

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# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### Fuss and Feathers

NOW that the last days of a really golden summer have been marked off the calendar, the new dress goods will become a burning question. It is all useless to tell the modern woman that her mother had the same "best dress" for four years. We long for a new suit with the coming of the first golden leaf and regard last year's skirt with aversion, while last year's coat inspires us with a profound pity for the antiquated creature who once wore and admired it.

As for the new hats, they are funnier than ever. It is hard to say which is the better material for the cartoonist—the thin and cadaverous woman, whose head is "topped" by a tiny black velvet creation with a weird interrogation point in feathers shooting up at the back, to the height of thirteen inches or so; or the fat person, wearing a similar black velvet chapeau, adorned (?) with a plump white bird which turns a malevolent yellow eye on the world. But, in spite of the freak feathers and the intoxicated wings, there are many specimens of headgear which are both graceful and becoming. There are black hats everywhere—so many of them, in fact, that their very abundance will hasten their disappearance from the scene. An occasional black hat is all very well, but a five o'clock tea simply crowded with women wearing black hats, with wings erect and feathers a-wave, will look like an undertakers' convention in a state of inebriation.

However, Fashion is a fair-minded dame, after all, who gives us sweets with one hand, if she hands us lemons with the other. In this case, the favour is seen in the shimmering new fabrics which are bewitching in colour and texture. Surely, never since the Queen of Sheba spent that gorgeous week-end in Jerusalem, were there such silver gauzes, brocaded in leaves of midnight blue, such wistaria velours ninon, with trailing vines of green and apricot, such satin damasks, embroidered in turquoise and pearl.

### Man's Opinion of Woman's Gowns

WHENEVER an editor is at a loss for a paragraph, he criticizes the styles in feminine attire. Whenever a clergyman cannot think of anything else to abuse, he turns his scathing remarks on woman's extravagant and unlovely garb. The Minor Prophets did it, Saint Paul did it, and the very last man on earth will probably lift up his solitary voice and wake the lonely echoes with denunciations of the gowns the last woman is wearing.

Woman, on the contrary, pays little attention to what man is wearing and seldom breaks forth in criticism of the masculine tie or hat. During this last summer, there has been an unusual degree of censure of women's gowns, especially of their diaphanous nature. Let the censors be comforted. These modes which have proved so disturbing are nothing but a whim of Fashion, and by September of next year woman may be burdened with a superfluity of draperies and be wearing a collar up to her ears. There is, really, no outbreak of viciousness on the part of dress designers or the women who wear the gowns—it is merely a caprice which will change with the moon and the tides.

The nicest men have only the vaguest ideas regarding woman's attire, and seldom can tell you anything about colours or styles beyond the fact that a woman's gown is pretty or the reverse. What is somewhat amusing is the fact that a man will remark—"that's a nice simple little gown that Mrs. B— is wearing. Why don't you get one like that?"—when the gown in question is probably a lingerie creation costing a pile of pretty pennies. There is nothing more deceiving in matters sartorial, than that same aspect of sweet simplicity. It usually implies a large expenditure of both time and money.

As for the masculine novelist, he nearly always

fails when it comes to a depiction of woman's gowns and is wise if he keeps to glittering generalities, such as Mr. Kipling's description of the ball-gown in "Three And An Extra." Even our best novelists have been known to send a heroine down town in the morning wearing a garden-party gown and long, white gloves.

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### The Bronte Letters

SOME months ago, we were regaled with an account of the sale of the Browning love-letters in a London auction-room. Now we have the latest literary sensation in the form of several letters written by Charlotte Bronte to Professor Heger, which have proved of deep interest to such as revel in personalities concerning those who have won fame in the world of letters. Surely, it is a



HONOURED BY THE KING.

Mrs. H. A. Boomer, of London, Ontario, Has Been Newly Created, By His Majesty's Grace, an Honourary Associate of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Mrs. Boomer is the Sometime President of the National Council of Women, and Her Many Friends Will Applaud This Recognition.

cruel and sardonic fate which has caused these letters to be thrown to the public. Charlotte Bronte's was a nature of such exquisite sensitiveness that one can easily imagine with what horror she would have regarded this publication of her letters to the instructor whom she loved so devotedly. Yet, to those who know the life and works of Charlotte Bronte, these letters are merely the expression of a hero-worship to which she has often given expression. The Professor was married and Charlotte Bronte was a woman of the most delicate sense of honour. Her attitude towards Professor Heger was that of a most humble and adoring scholar—there is not a trace of a more sordid feeling in one of her pathetic appeals. She, like many another lonely and imaginative girl, probably deified a gruff and rather boorish pedant. In her novels, "Villette" and "The Professor," and also in "Shirley," we have the effect of this student worship in the characters of the various tutors.

The writer also regarded Thackeray with this wistful adoration for years before she met the author of "Esmond." It is related that when she came to London, a meeting was arranged by friends of Miss Bronte, who invited the famous novelist

to dinner. When he entered the drawing-room, the shy little writer from Yorkshire was so overcome by his presence that she whispered in awe to a friend, sitting near—"Behold a lion of the tribe of Judah!" Thackeray, it is said, was somewhat embarrassed by her worshipful gaze during dinner and proceeded to converse on the most commonplace topics associated with "things to eat."

At first, one is foolish enough to pity the Bronte sisters for their life of loneliness on those stern, desolate moors of the northland. Yet they had the "exceeding great reward" of imaginative souls and no one can read Emily Bronte's "Last Lines" without a feeling of reverence for the brave and soaring spirit which saw beyond the grey of the mist the glory of the sunrise.

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### The Courage of Our Preferences

IT is humiliating to reflect how much time we waste in wondering whether we are pleasing others and what they are saying about us. How many of us are deterred from doing the thing we wish, simply because someone else may criticize our course of action! Of course, where the moral quality of an action is concerned, we do well to pay heed to the right or the wrong, but in matters of taste or individual preference, surely it is well to allow individuality full play. I remember years ago calling on a friend who was preparing for a children's party in honour of a small daughter's birthday.

"I have everything in pink, you see," she said, showing us the table. "Dorothy is so fond of that colour that I had the cakes and sweets in pink—and pink candles."

"But don't you think blue is nicer for a little girl?" asked a well-meaning friend.

"I think little girls are like big ones—they have their preferences which deserve to be considered. Pink has always been Dorothy's favourite colour—and it is becoming to her."

Perhaps the Young Person is receiving too much consideration in these days, but I think Dorothy is a fortunate girl to have such a discerning mother. Having our own way may not always be good for us; but having our tastes in matters of colour, sound and perfume taken into consideration makes "all the difference in the world" in a woman's enjoyment.

For us who are grown up, it is well to have the courage of our preferences. If we dislike olives and caviare, let us say so, even at the risk of being thought unfashionable—but, of course, we must not make the hostess uncomfortable by reviling her sandwiches. Above all, let us be honest in our musical, artistic and literary preferences. If you dislike Whitman's poetry or Millet's "Angelus" or Bach's "Fugues," do not pretend to admire them. It may be your fault or mine, and there may come a day when we will consider them desirable. In the meantime, may we remember the words of Stevenson: "To know what you prefer and why you prefer it, is to have kept your soul alive."

ERIN.

### Society Notes

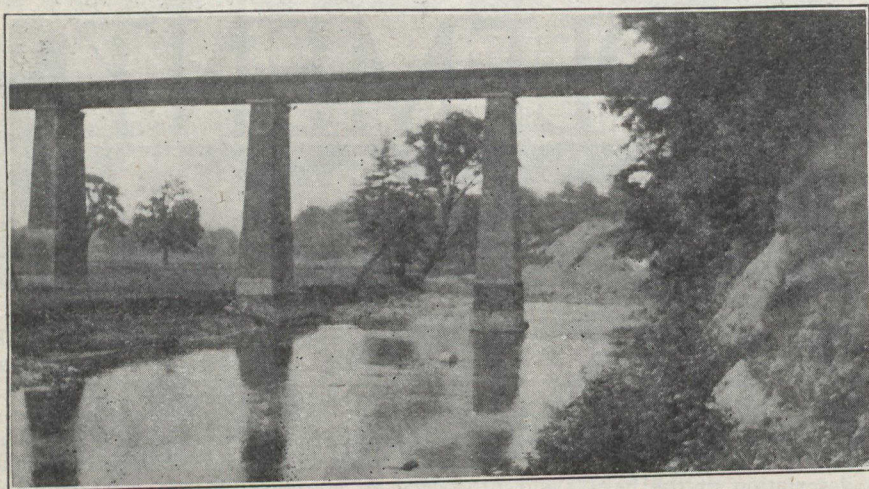
THE marriage of Miss Grace Bell, of Montreal, to Mr. Jack W. Sifton, both young people wise in the lore of horses and excellent riders, was lately solemnized at Coteau Landing.

Mrs. Sam Hughes and Miss Aileen Hughes, who accompanied Col. Hon. Sam Hughes to Europe, will winter in Paris.

Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain recently gave an exclusive dinner at the Mount Royal Club, in honour of Mrs. Labori. Mrs. A. J. Brown, also Mrs. J. E. Martin, likewise entertained at the Mount Royal Club in honour of some of the visitors of the American Bar Association, in Montreal.

Hon. Martin and Mrs. Burrell are again at their apartments at the Roxborough, Ottawa. Miss Doris Price, of Irvington, accompanied Mrs. Burrell, her aunt, from England.





THE INANIMATE HUMBER.  
One of the Views From the Y. W. C. A. Camp at Weston.



ANIMATED  
By a Troop of the Summer Camp Girls From the City.

# For Factory Girl and Domestic

*An Extension of the Y. W. C. A.'s Usefulness Which is Under the Able Conduct of Miss Lampkin*

By M. J. T.

THAT beneficent body, the Young Women's Christian Association, exists to assist the case of the wage-earning woman, especially the girl. So that its help, in a general way, has included the factory girl and the domestic. But not until lately has the organization begun to feature work in this direction. The need was the cause.

Girls of this class are not at home with students, for instance, and office and shop girls who comprise, in the main, the households of the Y. W. C. A. hostels. Varying needs make different demands. The requirements of the factory worker are not the needs of the girl who goes to college. Hence extension—a preparatory work to a later oneness.

This work in view, it was not omitted when the latest hostel of the organization was erected in Toronto—a work for which the Canadian Manufacturers' Association appropriated the sum of 60,000 dollars—to make provision for a working-girls' headquarters. The same includes gymnasium, cooking kitchen, sewing-room, reading-room, and toilette accommodation, the quarters being commodious and complete in every way in respect of equipment.

Girls engaged in domestic work have the freedom of these club-rooms, and a girl may meet on her "afternoon off" other girls she will like who have similar interests. Club-night falls only once in every two weeks for resident girls, of whom there are pretty steadily one hundred. All the other nights of the fortnight are devoted to the hundreds of outside girls who avail themselves of the privileges of the club-rooms. Twenty-five hundred totals the enrollment. For these Miss Lampkin, the extension secretary, devises entertainments which assure to the girls good times and conducts classes which are calculated to make them efficient workers, aiming as they do to train both mind and body. Permeating the work is a spirit of sympathy and kindness. The name of the organization is remembered.

Miss Lampkin gathers recruits for her clubs from factories chiefly—in twenty-eight of which she already has set in motion industrial centres. Every centre has its local president, appointed by the girls from among their number, and also it has a look-out committee.

This work was accomplished by means of noon-meetings—a vacant hour with most of the workers in which a nucleus were found most willing to listen to music, health talks, elocution, and even to lectures.

GIRL students of elocution have contributed to the programmes frequent readings. Conservatory girls of the last year have ably assisted with music. Miss Lampkin has given talks on hygiene (indirectly instructive), on household science, on subjects sufficient to act as bait to entice the girls to the club-rooms—dove-like serpent! A poster service has advised the girls of advantages, say, free lectures, in the city and theirs for the effort. And snap-shot clubs have proved a source of interest.

This fall there will be a federation of all the industrial centres of Toronto. The various presidents will meet once a month, compare notes, and discuss means of pro-

gress. One girl president, by the thoughtfulness of Miss Lampkin, attended the Muskoka Conference, at the Elgin House, this summer.

So successful has been Miss Lampkin's work along the line of extension that a branch of the main industrial headquarters has newly been opened up at West Toronto. The same is in charge of a paid secretary, whose training was got in the ranks as a volunteer worker—a new departure. "She was not my assistant, no, we are all co-workers"—thus Miss Lampkin. And now a word about that pleasant person:

"Plump and pleasing," and if I dared I would



AT LAKE JOSEPH.  
Miss Lampkin (left) and Associate Workers Snapped at the Summer Conference at Muskoka.

say that "little lamp" interprets "Lampkin." At any rate, this bit of brightness is not hidden under a bushel. As a matter of fact, it is set on a hill—but perhaps I had better give up scripture, having started with operetta and feeling shaky. I met Miss Lampkin the other day at the Summer Camp at Weston—which is on a hill-top. White tents—

four, I think, was the number—snuggled squatly up to the house and made it look like a hen with a brood of youngsters. Accommodation was there for twenty, of course, not counting the "help" and the supervisors. The rooms were airy, the tents were wide and the hill-top dropped away to the Humber, views of which may be glimpsed from the illustrations. The sky was as blue as a sapphire's heart and the girls were basking under the trees—you spied a dozen "middies" from the window. Happy chatter came in the whiffs that bore a freight of scent of summer grasses. I wanted to bask in the dreamy outdoors also. Miss Lampkin conducted me through the kitchen (where dinner was preparing and where we filched some appetizing apples out of a pail), and we followed a path to a tree by the river and chatted.

THE river had shrunk away from its stones, such all summer long had been the sunshine; it gurgled pleasantly, nevertheless, and overhead in the branches small birds twittered. A loitering thistle-down passed our way—somebody's kiss to someone—so we sped it. All of which summer was healing the heads and the hearts of the girls whose life, in the main, was the factory. It was splendid! And all for just three dollars a week, the circular so gave it, with rules one could not possibly call restrictions, so natural were they. One honoured the busy Toronto man, of the open hand, who had made this farm a hostel!

I was bidden to dinner and gladly remained, when girls in a body entertained me with animated chatter—a nest of the very happiest sort of magpies. They told me about the candle-light picnic, the taffy-pull, the fun on sports day, the readings aloud together, the musical evenings—a hundred matters; and every one talked with the utmost zest, alone, or in chorus; that is, most did.

Miss Lampkin accompanied me to the car like a "Peter Pan" and I a reluctant "Wendy"—they lived so free. Some palettes and easels and damsels alighted, bent upon painting that elm you know in the neighbourhood of the hostel, Ontario's largest. Time was lacking, however, to ask who said so.

And now that the camp for the season is closed, the industrial workers are planning "extension" along new lines for next year.

## The Shepherdess

She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;  
She guards them from the steep;  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.  
She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys safe and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks—the lady of my delight—  
A shepherdess of sheep.

—By Alice Meynell.



A GROUP OF THE GIRLS  
Who Shared the Benefits of Outdoor Life This Summer With Miss Lampkin.



# The News About Women in Brief

ONTARIO adopted its full-length breeches fourteen years ago and attained to a past. It formed a Historical Society of its own, then—the important fact of which the above is the figure. The annual meeting this year was at Chatham, and prominent women, who had a part in the recent deliberations besides, to reverse the Scripture, men and children, were Miss Janet Carnochan, President of the Niagara Historical Society; Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, of Ottawa, President of the Women's Historical Society, and Mrs. A. J.



MISS ELIZABETH HALDANE

One of the Foremost Suffragettes of England, Who Recently Visited Montreal in Company With Her Brother, the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane of Cloan, Lord High Chancellor of England.

Wilkinson, Vice-President of the Brant Historical Society.

ONE of the prize essays in the history competition conducted by the Ontario Historical Society was recently announced to be Miss M. J. Fraser, a daughter of Dr. Alex. Fraser, of Toronto, Dominion Archivist.

MISS GRACE LYON is being "Lyonized" at present as much on account of what she refuses as of what she accepts in the way of professional "chances." Lately this

nineteen-year-old actress declined the offer of a leading part with the actor, Raymond Hitchcock, and recently she said "good-bye" to Kingston, a former home of her family, to continue her engagements with De Wolfe Hopper, in New York. The actress' father and mother reside in Vancouver.

THE annual Ladies' Golf Championship tournament will be held on the links of the Royal Montreal Golf Club from September 29th to October 3rd, inclusive. The programme is out. An extra interest may attach to the proceedings if the famous lady golfers are present who arrived in Montreal this week, from England. The three visitors are Miss Muriel Dodd, Miss Gladys Ravenscroft and Miss Mabel Harrison. The party was joined in Montreal by Victoria's golf enthusiast, Miss Pooley. Miss Florence Harvey, of Hamilton, is busy arranging dates, and the three players, while not eligible for the Canadian championship, will display their play, in all probability, in Montreal, in Hamilton and in Toronto.

"THERE'S two opinions on everything," according to the sage in "Silas Marner." So having last fortnight given one opinion, J. G.'s, on the subject of Marjorie Pickthall's poems, it is nothing but fair, we think, to give another. "Mab," of the Ottawa Journal, objects to the new book of verse, "The Drift of Pinions," being "puffed into the inner Valhalla of native literature": and doubts if it will out-sell the initial edition. "Mab" objects less to the verses themselves than to the rhapsodies, undue, perhaps, of the critics, "The Dean," for instance. "Mab" admits that the Pickthall poetry is pretty—"well-fitted," the comment runs, "for a ladies' literary society." And then one is commended to a stanza of substance, by way of contrast:—

"Stand by the fact and let the dream go by,  
The painted sunset and the sugared word;  
Turn from the things that no soul felt or heard,  
And learn how young men laugh and old men die."

ACCORDING to Dr. Mary Crawford, who has just returned to Winnipeg, her home, from the Interna-

tional Congress of School Hygiene, at Buffalo, "Shall sex hygiene be taught in the schools?" was the question most debated at the sessions. Extremists on both sides held the floor, and the feeling of the meeting seemed to be that the subject is one that should be taught, though when, by whom and in what manner as yet remains a matter for much discussion.

MISS GRACE SMITH, pianist, returned this month from England, and her studio in Toronto is reopened. Miss Smith will give a piano



A MATCH FOR HER FATHER

Is the Daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda, Who Recently Concluded a Match for Herself by Marrying in London Maharajah Kumar Jitendra, Contrary to the Wishes of Her Parent.

recital the first week in November, which will be her first public appearance of the season.

A FARM settlement in the Okanagan Valley, B.C., is the latest project of the Colonial Intelligence League of which Miss Ella Sykes, who has been visiting this country, is an honorary representative. The League exists to assist young women of the educated class in England who wish to migrate.



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WELLESLEY HOSPITAL'S HOSPITALITY.

A Large At Home Was Recently Given at Wellesley Hospital, Toronto, in Honour of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Who Were the Guests of Sir William Mulock, near Newmarket. The Group Shows (Reading from Left to Right): Dr. Bruce, Senator J. K. Kerr, Sir Edmund Osler, Dr. J. E. Elliott, Lady Laurier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Dr. Marlow, Miss Flaws (Lady Superintendent), Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Powell, Sir William Mulock, and (in Front) A. E. Dymont, Ex-M.P.



# The Canadian Women's Press Club

MISS GEORGINA BINNIE-CLARK, the author of "A Summer on the Canadian Prairie," has returned to Qu'Appelle after a trip to Great Britain, where she had the honor of speaking before the Royal Colonial Institute, her subject being "Woman and the Land in Canada." Being a close student of affairs, and having travelled widely through this country, Miss Binnie-Clark is able to speak with authority.

THE Calgary Press Club recently presented Miss Ethel Heydon with a Crown Derby tea-set, in recognition of her work for the Club.

MISS AGNES MAULE MACHAR, who is honorary member of the C.W.P.C., has subscribed \$5.00 to the beneficiary fund of the Club.



Three Toronto Members Who Toured the West This Summer. Mrs. Elliott, Miss Dyas and Miss Kerr, Casting a Last Lingering Look Upon the Beauties of Banff.

THE BLUE DRAGON is the name of a charming tea room recently opened at Clarkson, Ontario, on the motor road between Toronto and Hamilton by Mrs. Margaret L. Fairbairn. At her kind invitation the members of the Toronto branch journeyed out last Saturday to give her a housewarming, and spent a delightful afternoon in that beautiful fruit district of Ontario where Clarkson is situated. Although the enterprise will no doubt occupy a great deal of Mrs. Fairbairn's time, it is her intention to continue her work as an art critic.

MRS. ELIZABETH PARKER, "Bookman" of the Winnipeg Free Press, and Miss Blanche R. Hume, of "Rod and Gun," Woodstock, attended the Alpine Club meet last month at Mount Robson, on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Mrs. Parker has the distinction of being one of the ten



Mount Robson Turned a Frowning Face Upon the Camera—the Press Women Turned a Smiling One. Why Waste a Film on the Mountain?

honorary members of that Club, a coveted position which, as laid down in the constitution, is awarded to those who have pre-eminently distinguished themselves in mountaineering exploration or research, and in the sacrifice of their own interests to the interests of the Club.

AT a recent benefit evening held at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, by the Toronto Press Club, members of the local Women's Press Club occupied two of the boxes, and were presented with attractive packages of candy, as souvenirs of the occasion.

THE marriage is announced of Miss May L. Armitage, of Edmonton, daughter of Alexander Armitage, late of Seaforth, Ontario, to Reginald G. James Smith, also of Edmonton, formerly of Bristol, England.

Miss Armitage is editor of the Sunshine department of The Edmonton Journal, and one of the brightest newspaper women in the province. Mr. Smith is also on the staff of The Journal, and editor of The Athletic World.

MISS HUBNER SMITH, the financial editor of the New York Post, whose home is in Guelph, Ontario, has been travelling through Western Canada in the interests of her paper. While in Saskatoon, she met the local Club of Presswomen.

MISS ISABEL ARMSTRONG, editor of the Woman's Department of the Regina Leader, is spending several weeks at her home in London, Ont.

MRS. ETHEL CODY STODDARD, "Lady Van," of the Saturday Sunset, Vancouver, is making a visit in the East.

MISS ELLA SYKES, who is touring Canada in the interests of the Colonial Intelligence League, was a guest of the Toronto branch at the Tuesday tea last week.

THE sincere congratulations of the members of the Canadian Women's Press Club are offered to their very good friend, Mr. George Ham, on his promotion to a position in the President's office of the C. P. R. In future Mr. Ham will devote himself entirely to representing the company at Ottawa.

"THE Heritage of the Prairie," a story by Mrs. J. F. Price, of Calgary, was published in the August number of the Canadian Progress.

MISS ETHEL HEYDON, the treasurer of the C.W.P.C., travelled to Edmonton last month to hold a business meeting with the president and corresponding secretary. She reports that over half the members owe their fees for 1912. We draw the special attention of the members to this fact, as the cost of the triennial reports and new constitutions will be a very con-

(Concluded on page 26.)

Dear to the Hearts of the Women

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# THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

A NUMBER of newspaper editors seem to be keenly interested in the letters of Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Cooper which appeared in this column several weeks ago. They do not seem quite clear as to the intentions of these two leaders in the League movement, nor do they seem to understand the significance of the platform. The Winnipeg Free Press in an editorial on September 4th announces that Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Cooper "are to organize a non-partisan movement looking to taking the naval question out of politics by the adoption of the policy of creating a national Canadian navy." It adds that "the movement is worthy of encouragement," and gives credit to the Liberal party for having blocked the Borden policy long enough to allow the organization of a non-partisan movement.

The Peterborough Daily Review explains that "there has been a solemn compact or courtship going on for some little time between the Editor of the Canadian Courier, Mr. John A. Cooper, and Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of The Canadian. It would appear that these two gentlemen discovered, quite casually, that they were kindred spirits, and in a recent number of the Courier they embraced each other, and amid much tears swore eternal allegiance. The latest news of this betrothal is that the happy pair are married, and are to go on a honeymooning trip through the Province, visiting and making friends. In other words, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Hawkes intend stumping the country."

The Halifax Morning Chronicle writes as follows on September 1st: "The publication of correspondence which has recently passed between Mr. John A. Cooper, editor of the Canadian Courier, and Mr. Arthur Hawkes, editor of the British Canadian, with reference to the organization of non-partisan opinion against the contribution policy to which the Government is committed, is of much significance."

These are samples of what the newspaper editors think, and, to a certain extent, the editors have come close to a proper view of the situation. Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Cooper intend to hold a series of public meetings throughout the country under the auspices of the Canadian League. These meetings will be absolutely non-political. The people who attend them will not be asked to endorse the opinions of the speakers any more than a Canadian Club audience is expected to approve of all the arguments which may be advanced by the speaker who may address them on any particular occasion. All that is desired is that they shall have an opportunity of presenting the principles of the League to the public, together with the reasons why such an organization is necessary in the present national crisis.

Clause Three of the "Objects" of the League reads "To unite all citi-

zens in non-partisan support of national undertaking, particularly those pertaining to national defence." This implies that the Canadian League is in favour of the navy question being settled by an agreement between the two parties. It seems to be the only solution. So long as this question remains a football between the two parties, one will always undo what the other has done whenever opportunity offers. Moreover, no naval policy can be successful which has not behind it the united support of a united people.

Clause Four of the "Objects" reads "To maintain Canada as a self-governing nation within the Empire." This is a declaration of faith in Canada and of faith in the Empire. It is also a declaration against any tendency to centralize authority in London and make Canadian a subservient race. There have been two armed rebellions on the continent against centralization. This is a third rebellion, but fortunately not an armed one. The men who are rebelling are men of peace.

Every reader of the Canadian Courier is invited to become a member of the League without money and without price. Every citizen of Canada who feels that the country's good name has been seriously prejudiced by the unseemly wrangling at Ottawa by rival politicians should become a member and assist in making known the objects of the League.

The League is not antagonistic to either the Conservative party or the Liberal party. A man may be a good Conservative and a member of the League. Similarly, he may be a good Liberal and a member of the League. Also he may be a member of neither party and still be an adherent of this organization. No one is asked to desert his party or his principles. It does seem necessary that influence should be brought to bear upon both parties so that they may recognize that there is a Canadian feeling on certain national questions which is higher and more important than mere party fidelity.

The League should have fifty thousand members, and when it has that number it will be an influence in every constituency in the Dominion.

The Objects of the Canadian League are:

1. To explain to the newcomers who are pouring into Canada the nature of our government and our traditions, and to inspire in them an intelligent devotion to the country and its institutions.
2. To bring the people of Eastern and Western Canada into a closer understanding of each other, so that they may unite in a common Canadianism.
3. To unite all citizens in non-partisan support of national undertakings, particularly those pertaining to national defence.
4. To maintain Canada as a self-governing nation within the Empire.

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Interesting Farm Boys

(Concluded from page 9.)

visits the schools, lays his proposition before the teachers and explains it to the pupils. When they decide to go ahead with the work they are forthwith organized as a branch of the School Fairs Association, having their own officers, President, Vice-Pres., Secretary, etc., the nominations being made and the elections put through in a regular way. A delegate is elected to the central body over all the schools in a particular township, and these delegates—one from each of the schools—meet and elect a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and a Treasurer, the others acting as directors.

This latter body, directed by the District Representative, makes all arrangements for the prize list, conducts all the business and looks after all matters pertaining to their fair—even to the financing, which is supported by donations and grants solicited from local members of Parliament and of the Legislature, school trustees and sometimes from other public-spirited individuals.

I was present at an executive meeting of one of these latter bodies in Port Hope, Ont. It was surprising to note how each boy and girl had an opinion—and generally a sound opinion—on each question that came up for discussion. For instance, it was suggested that provision be made in the prize list for a chicken coop to be exhibited. It was thought at first to be well to give some specifications to which it must conform. But a lad of 12 spoke up and affirmed that it would be better to leave that to the exhibitors. Then another broke in with the suggestion that in judging the coops to award the prizes, the cost and lumber used should be considered, since it was desirable to keep down the cost, and also to use up waste lumber that might be lying around on any farm.

In the midst of such discussion, with the young president taking his part, the secretary reading the minutes and afterwards taking down the proceedings, the motions being moved, seconded and put before the meeting for the vote, the treasurer reporting the funds on hand in the bank, verily one could not help but picture what might be in the years to come, when these mere kiddies attain to their majorities.

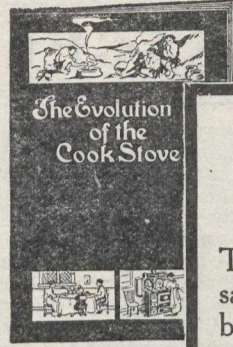
Then, to see the children at their homes, as they stood beside their plots, or as they proudly showed their chickens, was a sight one could not soon forget. Who would be so rash as to attempt an estimate of what the glory of possession and of doing things, now while boys and girls, will mean to those boys and to those girls in years to come?

One of the parents said to me: "It is a mighty good thing!" Another said, "It's great! Why if I can get my boy Stewart interested in farming, I would give almost anything. He is taking a great interest in this work. He has been inclined to books, and I have been afraid that he would never care for farming."

At the Fair, too, the influence shows up strongly and speaks loud encouragement for the movement. The officers, each with his or her badge, have the full responsibility (apparently, and to them at least); the parents turn out and manifest the greatest interest; and the successful competitors, and particularly the first prize winners, evince feelings quite akin to what the older brothers or sisters would do winning a prize at College.

After the Fair each prize is paid by cheque on a chartered bank, the cheques being made out and handed over by the Secretary. Thus, even to the least and most minute detail, is everything in the movement turned to the express advantage of the pupils.

By these County School Fairs, the laddies and their sisters are being directed towards great things in Agriculture. We shall hope they will find it satisfying and that more and more of them will be retained to lives of great usefulness as rural citizens, because of the early training they have received in connection with the Township Rural School Fairs Associations.



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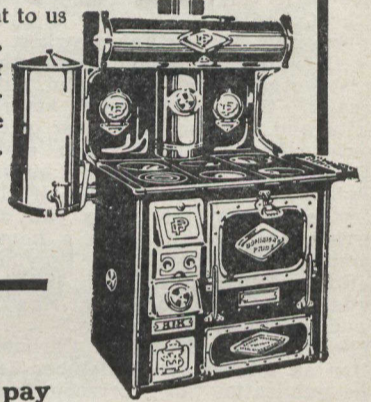
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Dominion Pride Range is the range you would choose at any price—a beautiful steel range with unbreakable doors, castings and lids of malleable iron—a range that saves coal—a range so solidly built that with care it will last a lifetime.

And you can secure a Dominion Pride Range by making a small payment with your order—the balance on terms to suit your convenience.

Dominion Pride Range

Thousands upon thousands of Canadians have sent to us direct for their ranges, and we have yet to hear a complaint. Our unconditional guarantee goes with every range.



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Banker—Imperial Bank, Hamilton.

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Phones 4853 4472 Bronte 32

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Head Master, J. IYSON WILLIAMS, B.A. Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

This well-known boarding school for boys is situated about 100 miles from Montreal, on the G.T.R., C.P.R., and Boston & Maine Ry., giving easy access to New York and Eastern states as well as all points in Canada.

The buildings for the upper and preparatory school are beautifully situated, up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated, and comprise gymnasium, play-rooms, as well as extensive playgrounds.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston; the Universities, and Business Life, by an efficient staff of Masters, mostly graduates of English Universities. Boarders return Friday, Sept. 12th. For Calendars, Information, etc., apply to the Head Master.



# A PRIZE ESSAY

## On the Ambitions of a Canadian Mechanic

By F. W. HAYDEN.

WEBSTER'S definition of the word mechanic is "A man employed in manual or mechanical labour, an artisan, an artificer." There seems to have arisen a decided difference in the standing of a labourer and a mechanic, so much so that the mechanic is inclined to think himself somewhat superior to his brother who labours without using many tools. On the other hand, the men who use no tools, whose dress is always perfect, whose hands are clean, and who are entirely dependent on the production of the mechanic, they in turn affect to despise and to speak in a condescending manner of their brother in overalls. A certain English writer once wrote that "A man's social standing could be judged by the condition of his finger-nails," which statement is, I think, an exquisite bit of snobbery.

To remedy this state of things, then, should be part of the ambitions of the mechanic.

But how? That's the question that puzzles.

The mechanic (with the farmer) is the producer, and from his finished work comes the wealth of the nation, and why he does not rank equally with men who exist only by his continued labour, such as the lawyer, the doctor, the salesman, and the wholesaler, is to all thinking minds a mystery.

Of course I know people will say he lacks education, refinement, culture—granted he does now, but is there any reason why he should go on lacking.

To-day it is almost impossible for a man who carries a bag of tools on his back to be more than tolerated in certain circles, and it is this treatment that embitters so many good thinking men and drives them to extreme socialism. In my opinion, the only way to do away with this feeling of false superiority is to cause the education of the young Canadians to be of such a nature that non-producers will be placed in the background and the tradesman given the place of honour. And perhaps the only way this can be accomplished is by the united efforts of the workmen themselves.

WE have state-aided universities for training doctors, dentists, lawyers, and clergymen, why not for mechanics? I know there are technical schools now, but we need more. When a student passes his finals, and proudly writes B.A. after his name, he is congratulated on all sides. What has he achieved? He has absorbed the leading thoughts given out by his class lecturer, can think in Latin for a few weeks, can talk learnedly about art and political economy, and has most likely lost his hold on religion, and has unconsciously learned to think that "the horny-handed son of toil" is a cut or two below him. Should he now express a desire to become a carpenter or a machinist, his friends would say: Why, what a waste of time and talent. Fancy a B.A. making doors and sash, or building an adding machine!

Well! Why not? The man dignifies the labour!

But the financial returns? Ha! there's the rub. It is owing to the comparative small returns that the mechanic gets for the outlay of his capital, viz., labour, that he is unable to rank.

Then one of his ambitions should be: Sufficient remuneration for his work to be able to live on an equality with the non-producer. Do not mistake me, I am not talking Socialism, only plain justice.

Then to justify his demand he should, to quote St. Paul, "Study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed: and to live a sober, righteous and godly life."

One way of attaining this by train-

ing the teachers in our schools to see that labour with productivity is all that really counts. Let the producer stop work and the world would stand still. Remember the effect of the coal strike in England a few years back. Then surely the man that makes it possible for others to live on and by his labour should, according to all rules of justice, be recognized to be the keystone of our social edifice, and so be given the place of honour.

Politically, party politics are in Canada carried to an extreme, and whilst I believe there will always be two parties, that is no reason why the individual should bind himself to one side for ever. Independent thought and action is what the mechanics of Canada should strive for. "Be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife." Let not political bosses be able to count on the "mechanics' vote." Never let be said, "The carpenters will go solid for Snooks." But let it be known that the mechanics of Canada stand firm for purity, justice and honour, and that any movement in the political world must, to obtain their support, be clearly shown to be for the benefit of the country. Let Canada know that her mechanics are thinkers as well as workers.

But to be able to think he must be careful how he lives. How many times do we hear: "Yes, he is a good mechanic, but he drinks." In fact, this has been said so often that some people have come to believe that only men who "go on the tear" are good workmen. Here, then, is a chance for Canadian mechanics to prove to the contrary.

"The digger mid the coal  
Need not be in spirit blind,  
The man who turns the soil  
Need not have an earthly mind.  
The mind can shed a light  
On each worthy labour done."

—From the German.

To help the mechanic to obtain a good hold in the country and give him a feeling of manhood, his first move should be towards owning a home, and so be free from the pressure of the landlord. To be able to sleep under his own roof gives a man a feeling of security, and this makes him of more value to the community, for he takes a vital interest in his own street, keeps an eye on municipal doings, and so develops his individuality.

These, then, should be some of the aims of the Canadian mechanic:

State or municipal-aided technical schools where at all feasible.

PERSONAL education, with that a movement for the teaching in schools and colleges the truth about productive labour and the stand that it ought to take in the country.

Purity and honour in politics, with the abolition as much as possible of partyism, so that we can say with the help of Macaulay:

"Then none was for a party,  
Then all were for the State."

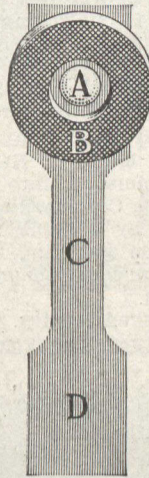
To become owner of his own home, and make it a permanent happy place for his family by living in it and making its comfort his first care.

Then, as a result of higher education, a higher personal standard (which amongst other things means greater care about appearance; in other words, dress up to your silk hat), of greater efficiency in the shop, and of owning a home will come the recognition, and productive labor will stand in its right place through the efforts of the mechanic (as well as the master mechanic, who has been recognized this long time), and then it will receive its just reward.

It is a personal matter, and the labour councils and unions will help to reach this consummation, it is only by individual effort that in a social gathering, instead of the guests saying, "That is the great lawyer who succeeded in causing the acquittal of the noted criminal," they will point with pride to the gentlemanly strong man and say, "That is the famous stair-builder who built the stairs up which the lawyer climbs."

# No Corns Next Week

Would you like to think that your oldest corns would be ended forever next week?



They can be ended in a simple way. A million corns monthly are ended in this way.

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster. That ends the pain, and from that time on you simply forget the corn. In 48 hours take

the plaster off. Then lift out the corn. There will be no pain or soreness.

The B & B wax gently loosens the corn so it comes out root and all.

And that corn won't come back. Another corn may come if you still pinch your feet, but the corn that comes out is ended.

Millions believe this because they have done it. Millions of others still putter with corns. Please, for your own sake, make a test of this scientist's invention.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package  
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(318) Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

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A Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet fills the bill for the housewife who finds it hard to engage a competent servant.

These cabinets have every convenience right at hand and save unnecessary steps from one side of the kitchen to the other, or to the store, cupboard and cellar. They divide a woman's work by two.

The untarnishable, bright aluminum extension top is better than any kitchen table and, as you sit at it, flour, sugar, meal, spices, pots and pans, etc., are within handy reach. Everything is perfectly arranged for convenience, and the bins, jars and air-tight canisters are ideal for keeping their contents in good condition. The

Look for the Trade Mark.

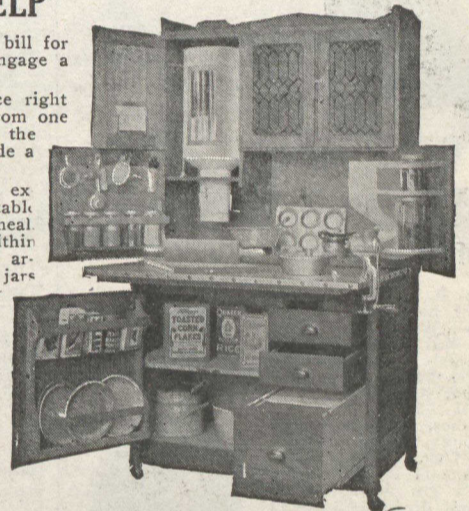


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In addition to improving the appearance of your kitchen will save you work, money and worry. Write for booklet E and pick out the style you like.

THE KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET COMPANY, LIMITED

Hanover, - - - - - Ontario



# Pop

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

5c. per packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

E. H. B.

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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."



# Diamond Dyes Can Solve Your Dress Problem

Miss R. L. Roston writes:

"Like all small towns ours has many cliques and rivalry runs rife.



Blue charmeuse gown dyed black

"I found it impossible to keep up with the girls whose dress allowances were much larger than mine, and worried and fretted—then I was told of Diamond Dyes.

"The enclosed photograph shows one of the delightful and stylish gowns I made.

"Taking a much used blue charmeuse gown, I dyed it black with Diamond Dyes. The result was a gown much admired and I believe copied.

"Diamond Dyes will entirely solve all vexing problems of dress, making possible a complete stylish wardrobe."

# Diamond Dyes Made a Pleasure Trip Possible

Mrs. R. H. Ridot writes:

"I have just arrived from Warex, S. D., and as my trip was made possible by Diamond Dyes I want to tell you about it.

"I had few new clothes, in fact not enough to go back east. Then I was told of Diamond Dyes.

"I got down all my oldest dresses—I hunted in the attic high and low for things I had discarded as absolutely worthless.

"Old waists, trimmings long out-of-date were added to the pile of what looked impossible.

"The result was many stylish costumes much admired.

"Mine may be an unusual case, but now that I have used Diamond Dyes I know that every woman may have all the splendor of dress—all those little touches so dear to a woman's heart.

"N. B. The photograph I enclose will show you one of the gowns I made. I had a pink eponge suit which I thought practically gone. By dyeing it dark blue with Diamond Dyes, it has turned out to be simply charming and stylish."



Pink eponge suit dyed blue

# Truth About Dyes for Home Use

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 usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10 Cents Per Package.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.

Send 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 and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON Company, Limited  
200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

# The Luck of Last Chance Creek

(Concluded from page 8.)

Loudon dropped on one knee. He read the symptoms of an awful madness, and he knew better than risk missing with a shot at a distance. He waited tensely, both eyes open, sighting along the barrel, and as Devil-Eye took the final leap to sink fangs in his throat, Loudon's rifle cracked.

There was the smell of singed hair in the air, and, tossed back inert from the very muzzle, lay Devil-Eye the untamed.

"Here's Hard-luck back." Healey called, as Loudon munched into the camps at Last Chance Creek with two stiff bodies covered by a blanket on his sledge. "So you got him, eh?"

"I sure did," announced Loudon, to the gathering crowd.

"Whereabouts?" asked Healey.

"Oh, on the road to nowhere, away north of O'Brien!"

"He didn't git to mix with the pack?" demanded Taku Torrence.

"No, they never let him up."

"Jest what I said. There's laws among animals as well as among men. So long's he carried harness, 'twasn't no use of him tryin'."

"Goin' to bury them naow?" asked Lombard.

"Yes," answered Loudon. "That gravel on the bar there ought to be thawed enough. Give me a shovel, Taku, and lend a hand."

Taku lifted the blanket and noticed the frozen foam on Devil-Eye's jaws and breast. He looked hard at Loudon.

"Mad?"

"Roaring mad! If I hadn't have got him quick, he'd have got me."

"Then what's the use of buryin'? Throw out and cover with snow They'll last till spring."

"No," Loudon objected. "Trailer was a good dog. He gets a decent grave. Come on. Haul them down."

Taku Torrence drove the sledge out on the bar.

Loudon went ahead with the shovel. He was down through three feet of the thawed gravel before Taku reached him, and his next shoveful brought up a smattering of flat discs like golden seeds.

"The devil!" he exclaimed.

"Eh? What's wrong?" asked Taku.

"The devil!" repeated Loudon, blankly. "Pay! Good pay!"

Taku jumped forward and palmed the stuff.

"Pay?" he yelled, excitedly grabbing the shovel and striking it into something hard. "Pay?—hell! It's a paystreak. Hear it ring? Shallow bedrock. Accordin' to the lie of it, it must go clear up the canyon. And by thunder it's rich! Hey, fellows, come and look!"

Harrison, Healy, Lombard, and all the rest of the Last Chance men came running. At the sight of the coarse, flat, golden pumpkin seeds they went mad with excitement, but Taku assumed authority.

"Steady, boys, steady!" he warned.

"Hard-luck stakes first. It's his discovery. Rest of ye'll draw lots and stake in turn. Them huskies'll sure have to take another plot!"

## Inspiration.

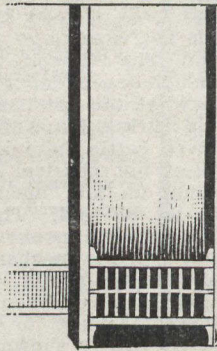
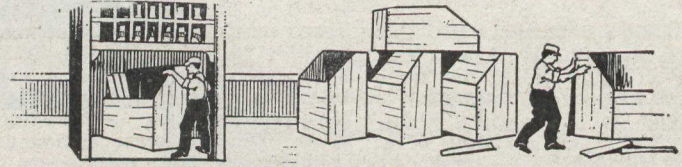
The bard was melancholy—he Sat on the ocean's strand. "Would that I could describe the sea," He sighed, and waved his hand. "Would that I could describe the hue With soul and truth and skill, The way some other fellows do And did—and, darnit, will! Would that I could, in throbbing staves Describe its mystery— The sea that sleeps—the sea that raves These are the themes for me. Would that"—a wave broke over him; He, so to speak, imbibed it; It felled him flat upon the strand, It bumped his head to beat the band, It ebbed—he rose chockful of sand Took one look at the ocean and Described it.

—New York Times.

# Harmony vs. Discord

HARMONY in the arrangement of a piano salesroom plays an equally important role in the making of a sale as harmony in the instrument to be sold.

When the prospective customer is protected from discordant, jarring



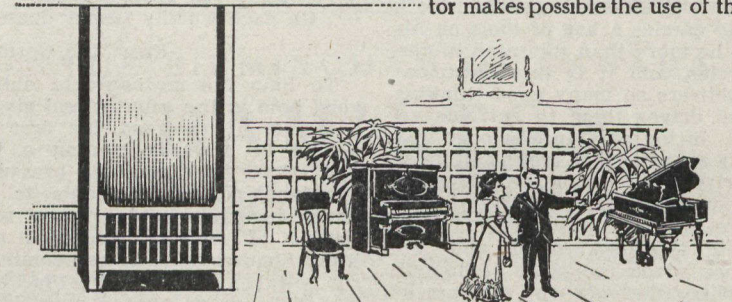
notes, and the general appearance of a show room is suggestive of luxury and refinement, the salesman's work is simplified.

To the average purchaser of a piano, the transaction is one of the utmost importance. Most people consider it an event in their lives. They are sensitive to the slightest incongruity in their surroundings when making the final decision, and many a sale has been lost through the mere presence of an unsightly packing case on the floor, which should have been stored elsewhere,

## OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

The installation of an Otis-Fensom Freight Elevator enables the piano dealer to keep his selling space free from the intrusion of discordant influences. The upper floors may be used as store rooms and repair shops, while the danger of scratching or otherwise marring instruments is reduced to a minimum.

An Otis-Fensom Freight Elevator makes possible the use of the



regular line shaft power, or, if line shaft power is not available, we can supply a single belt type of elevator with an independent motor. This, in view of the prevailing low rates for electric power, makes a most desirable and profitable investment.

Our free booklet, "Freight Elevators and Their Uses," will furnish the desired information relative to the advantages of an elevator in any line of business. Write for it TODAY. Don't put it off until some other time—simply fill in this coupon and mail NOW, while the thought is fresh in your mind.

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Send me your Booklet "A" on Freight Elevators.  
Name .....  
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# 2 IN 1

## SHOE POLISH

10 CTS

**Gives a Quick, Brilliant Polish That Lasts**

**Easier to Use Better for the Shoes**

No Turpentine



**The Real Menace**

THE recent controversy anent the presence of the Jap in California has served some purpose, if it has caused an awakening, even to a very slight extent, in the minds of the British, whether at home in the tight little islands, or scattered far and wide in the colonies and dependencies across the seas. It should serve to prompt every thinking man to reflect upon the relationship of the Oriental races to the British. And such reflection brings out the portentous fact that many of the Britons beyond the sea are in peril, more or less great, from the aggressions of the Jap, the Chinaman, and the East Indian.

Canada, more than any other part of the Empire, is in peril. So thinks Mr. F. B. Vrooman, of British Columbia, who, in a recent article, declaims loudly and with reason against the immigration of the Jap into British Columbia. He says that the Japanese have placed in their political programme "the occupation of British Columbia," where they have "settled down in solid phalanxes at a given time and place, and become undigested and indigestible lumps in the political ventricle." Mr. Vrooman feels that so acute has the problem become, that British Columbia may soon have to face the choice of remaining British or becoming Oriental in name as in character. In this connection he says: "Our Province is becoming Orientalized, and one of our important questions is whether it is to remain a British province, or become an Oriental colony, for we have three races demanding a seat in our drawing-room as well as a seat at our board—the Japanese, Chinese and East Indian." Several years ago an eighth of the population of Vancouver was Oriental, and the district of New Westminster showed even a larger proportion. And the years as they pass accentuate the preponderance of the Jap and the Chinaman, instead of diminishing it.

Now, this question of the entrance of the Oriental is meaningful, inasmuch as the character and the habits of these people are directly foreign to those of the British. What is the position at present? Japanese immigrants are swarming into British Columbia, settling in great numbers in Queen Charlotte Islands, off Vancouver. They are not only taking possession to an alarming extent of these islands, but they are getting control of the fisheries on the coast of the Pacific province. Practically next door, in California, the presence of the Jap has become a problem so acute and so disturbing that a whole world was stirred—and the commotion has not altogether died away—by the range of perilous possibilities which it opened up. In the Island of Hawaii, the Orientals are rapidly increasing. Under the very nose of the Commonwealth of Australia, they are entering the Loyalty Islands, and the large unoccupied tracts of land in the Australasian continent are bound to be attractive to the eye of the yellow people, whose propensity for working their way into any community, is as marked as it is undoubted.

And the alarming feature of the movement is the character of the Oriental. "Wherever"—to quote Mr. Archibald Hurd, in this connection—"the Japanese emigrant settles, he underbids the white man in the labour market, his family follows him to his new place of settlement, his customs and habits become predominant, and, with persistent pressure, he and his kin enlarge their boundaries, driving the white man before him." The residents of British Columbia will confirm this. The cunning which is inbred in the people of the yellow skin, is consummate, and necessitates a skilled adversary to cope with it.

This is no empty scare. There are those—and they are increasing—who believe that the problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the Pacific. It is all very well to talk of the German menace. The Yellow Peril is becoming more and more an actuality. It calls for the attention of the thinking man, who possesses, in ever so slight a degree, the imperial spirit.

H. S. E.

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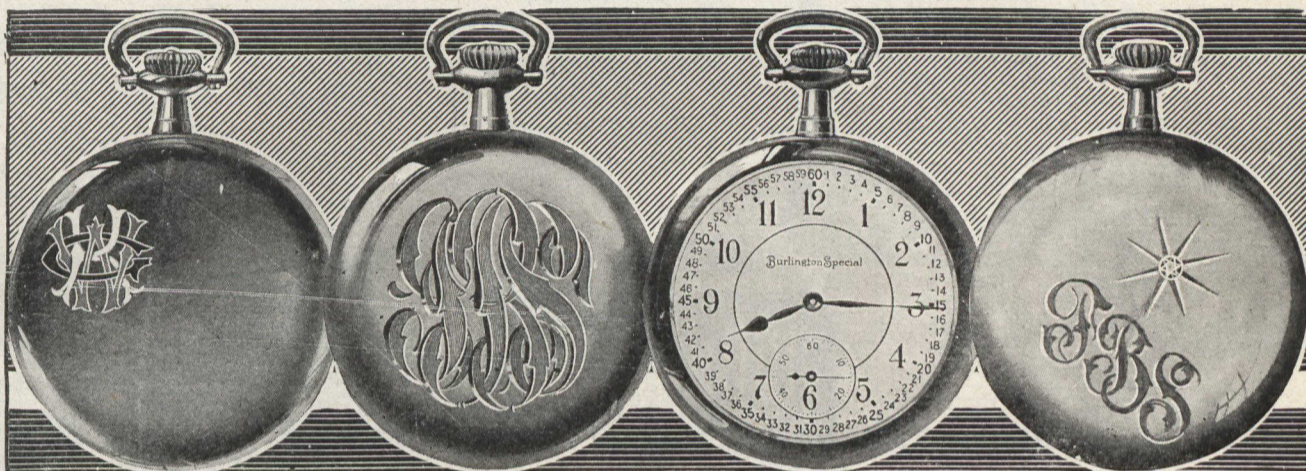
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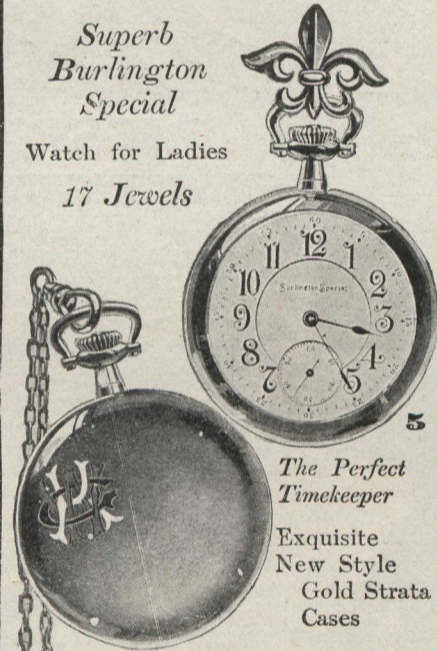
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17 Jewels



*The Perfect Timekeeper*

Exquisite New Style Gold Strata Cases

**Just Out! Superb New Ideas In Watch Cases!**

The latest products of the craft. Exquisitely beautiful. Your own initials handsomely engraved on the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of *Inlay Enamel Monograms, Block and Ribbon Monograms, Diamond Set, Lodge, French Art, Dragon Designs*. Open face or hunting cases, ladies' or gentlemen's 12 and 16 sizes. A watch to suit every taste. And—DIRECT—at the rock-bottom price.

*The masterpiece of watch manufacture—19 jewels—adjusted to the second—adjusted to positions—adjusted to temperature—adjusted to isochronism.*

**These Exquisite New Designs**

in watch cases are winning favor everywhere. And wherever the great Burlington Special has been introduced it is noted for its wonderful time keeping qualities. Ask any railroad man what he thinks of the Burlington Special. Ranchmen, engineers and men in all walks of life whose duties require them to put a watch to the hardest tests prefer the Burlington because they know they can depend upon it.

**In the U. S. Navy**

Every fighting vessel has the Burlington Watch aboard. The S. S. Connecticut alone has over 200 Burlingtons aboard; the Battleship Georgia has 159 Burlingtons; the new dreadnought Wyoming already over one hundred watches. Many other battleships, such as the New Hampshire, North Carolina, Minnesota, have over 100 Burlingtons aboard.

Think of the constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical: if a watch will stand up and give accurate service aboard a man-of-war it will stand up everywhere.

**Special**

**A Remarkable Special Offer**

For reasons explained in our letter to you (special trade reasons) you can now get *direct* the Superb Burlington Watch at the rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay—and in order to encourage everybody to secure this watch at once, purchasers may pay this rock-bottom price *direct* from us either for cash or \$2.50 a month on this great special offer! We send the watch on approval, *prepaid*.

**Sent—No Money Down—Prepaid.** Remember, the highest grade watch *direct* (for special reasons, now) at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay! You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent—unless you want this *exceptional* offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

**New Ideas In Watch Cases**

1. **Inlay Enamel Monograms.** Your choice of any initials in any colors. The latest design. The newest product of the designers' art.
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5. **The Burlington Special Dial** is very popular in ladies' size watches.
6. **Inlay Enamel Monogram.** For the woman who wants the latest of watch cases and one that is distinctively individual. Scores of other exquisite designs for ladies' and gentlemen's watches.

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**Watch Book Coupon**  
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Please send me (without obligations, prepaid), your free book on watches showing all the latest designs, with full explanation of your cash, or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....



## Canadian Women's Press Club

(Concluded from page 20.)

siderable one. Owing to the change of officers, it has also been necessary to print new stationery, membership cards, and application forms. Fees should be sent by postal note, to Miss Ethel Heydon, Morning Albertan, Calgary, Alta.

MESSRS. ELLIOTT, STOCK & CO., of London, Eng., have just issued a volume entitled "Stories of the British Empire," by Agnes Maude Machar, of Kingston. The Canadian agents are William Briggs, Toronto. The book is "for young folk and busy folk" but, after reading it ourselves, we are wholly free to declare that old folk and idle folk will find it of equal value and delight. "We," of the Canadian Women's Press Club, extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss Machar.

IN the Canadian Annual Review of 1912, Mr. Castell Hopkins has inaugurated a department on "Canadian Literature and Journalism." In it, the literary incidents of the year are discussed, and twenty-two books are reviewed, among them being "Flint and Feathers," by E. Pauline Johnson; "Open Trails," by Janey Canuck; "In Northern Skies," by Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison; "The House of Windows," by Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, and "Rory of Willow Beach," by Valance Patriarche, all of whom are members of the C. W. P. C.

## Bands and Bandmasters

NOW that the Irish Guards band and the Coldstream Guards have each played twice at the Canadian National Exhibition, and the Grenadier Guards once, people have come to compare the three bands on their merits. The Coldstreams were the first visitors, playing here in 1903. The Irish Guards came the following year; the Grenadier Guards in 1910, and the Coldstreams again in 1911, and the Irish Guards again this year. In quality of instruments and calibre of players there is not much difference between these three greatest bands in the British army. There is not much difference in the programmes rendered. Each of them is able to interpret anything that can be composed or transcribed for a band. And they have all given generously to Canadian audiences must of the best music in the world.

The chief distinction is to be found in the conductors. Ten years ago the Coldstreams were the premier band. Lieut. Rogan was then in his prime. At that time Lieut. Williams had not taken charge of the Grenadier Guards, or may have been just beginning. At the present time the Grenadiers are entitled to first place, solely on account of Dr. Williams, who is in some respects the greatest bandmaster that ever appeared in Canada. When the Coldstreams played here the year following the Grenadiers, it was very evident by comparison that Lieut. Rogan was not getting as much out of his men as he used to do, and was quite lacking in the temperamental qualities that made Williams' conducting so thoroughly big. The Irish Guards, with more temperamental, lyric qualities and less tonal virility than the Coldstreams are considerably inferior to the Grenadiers. Bandmaster Hassell is a less baffling and in some respects more obviously pleasing a conductor than Dr. Williams. But he has not the grip and the scholarly command of dramatic and tonal and lyric expression possessed by the bandmaster of the Grenadiers. Dr. Williams is an exceptional conductor. Lieut. Rogan is scholarly and splendidly traditional. Bandmaster Hassell has fine lyric and rhythmic qualities in interpretation. Each gets what he goes after from his band. Each is immensely popular here. But if in 1914 the Grenadier Guards should visit the Fair again, the public will then have a fair chance to be convinced that the comparative merits of that band are due almost entirely to the conductor.



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## IN THE FALL WE FISH AND HUNT

THIS is the slogan of thousands of sportsmen the world over, and at this season the question "where to go" has to be solved. To the initiated this is comparatively easy, as it is well known that the

### "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

is the sportsman's paradise. It is, as a consequence, only a question of deciding which of the various districts of "The Highlands" offers the greatest inducements.

### HERE IS THE ANSWER

**To the Fisherman:** The streams and lakes of Algonquin National Park, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Timagami, Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Lake Nipissing Districts, abound with all the species of game fish native to fresh waters.

**To the Hunter:** Timagami for moose and other large game. Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Georgian Bay Districts for deer, etc. Small game and wild fowl are plentiful in all this country.

Write for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," which gives game laws and all information, to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. HORN-ING, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

G. T. BELL,  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
Montreal

H. G. ELLIOTT,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Montreal



# FOR THE JUNIORS

## THE MAIL BAG.

WHEN the postman called the other day he took two letters out of the mail bag for the "Juniors" editor. They were from the victorious contestants in our last competition telling of the receipt of their prize cameras, and how pleased they were with them. But here are the letters which you may read for yourself:

Dear Editor of Juniors:—

The camera arrived all O.K. on Saturday morning, and I am indeed very much pleased with it, the more so as I have always wished for one. It is a very neat size for carrying around, and I have heard a great many say that it is very satisfactory, and I am sure I shall find it so.

I have taken one picture already, and after I get a little more practice I shall try to send you one for the Junior Department.

I am very glad I was successful in winning the prize, for there are very often times at which a camera comes in very useful. Hoping that I may again contribute to some competition in the Canadian Courier,

I remain, yours very truly,  
ALICE C. MacDOUGALL.

Lindsay, Ont.

Dear Editor of Juniors:—

Thank you very much for the camera which I received safely. I am indeed very pleased with it and have already taken two photographs with it.

I am going to take some more soon, and if they turn out well I will send you one for the Juniors.

My brother has a camera, too, only it's a bigger one than mine, so he is teaching me the art of photography.

You asked me to tell you about Norwood. Well, there is really nothing much to tell. It is a little town or village on the outskirts of Winnipeg, and we live on the outskirts of Norwood, right next to a wide stretch of golf links, so it is very pleasant here in summer, though cold in winter.

The Red River winds round very near to us, and a great deal of boating is done on it. In winter we can skate on it, although the ice is sometimes rough.

I must stop now, as I want to get this letter posted before supper, so once again thanking you for my prize,

I remain, yours sincerely,  
RUTH D. BLOWERS.  
Norwood, Man.

The Editor is always pleased to receive letters from any of the "Junior" readers, and to publish them in this department. They must, however, be neatly written on one side of the paper only.

## JACK AND THE GIPSY.

IT is a longish way from Mark Cross to Heathfield, but the little bull calf made it longer. In spite of all that Jack could do, the calf wandered from one side of the road to the other, and stopped to graze in the hedges. The cattle fair was almost over when Jack at last arrived at Heathfield.

The boy was late in starting, for his mother was afraid he was too young to sell the calf at a good price. But though Jack was only twelve years old, he was a match for a big gipsy who rode up on horseback and tried to get the lad to take twenty-five shillings for the calf.

"Three pounds or nothing is my price," said the boy; "and I will not budge."

While the gipsy was trying to talk him round, a farmer walked up and looked over the calf, and after some chaffing gave Jack three pounds for it. The gipsy looked very keenly at

the pocket in which Jack put the money.

Twilight was falling as Jack tramped homewards. Reaching a lonely bit of road between Mayfield and Mark Cross, he heard the sound of hoofs behind him, and the gipsy galloped up. Thrusting out a big stick, he told Jack he wanted the money. There was no gap in the hedge by which the boy could escape.

"Quick!" said the gipsy. "Hand it over, or I'll knock you down and take it!"

He got down from his horse and rushed at Jack. Taking the money from his pocket, the boy threw it in the hedge. Down on his knees in the grass went the gipsy, searching for the money, while Jack, seeing he was unobserved, walked up to the horse, sprang on its back, and rode off home. It turned out that the horse was worth thirty pounds, so Jack's mother did not lose. —Children's Magazine.



## APPLE TIME.

Master Joseph Chamberlain, the Little Son of England's Ex-Chancellor of Exchequer.

## VIOLETS.

I know, blue modest violets,  
Gleaming with dew at morn—  
I know the place you come from,  
And the way that you are born!

When God cuts holes in heaven—  
The holes the stars look through—  
He lets the scraps fall down to earth—  
The little scraps are you!

—Children's Magazine.

## JUNIOR COMPETITION NO. 2.

FOR the best essay of not more than 500 words on either of the following subjects:

(a) The Biggest Industry in Our Town.

(b) How Carpets, Furniture, Stoves (any article made in a factory), are made.

We offer the following prizes:

First Prize—No. 2 Folding Pocket Brownie Camera.

Second Prize—One year's subscription to the Canadian Courier.

Third Prize—De Luxe edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.

Fourth and Fifth Prizes—Cloth edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.

## Rules.

1. The essay is open to all contestants up to the age of eighteen, but is designed to especially interest High School students whose manuscript will be given preference.

2. Manuscript must be written on one side of the paper only and endorsed "Original" by a master in the school or a parent.

3. Name, age and address must be stated and essays mailed to "Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto." The contest closes on October 15th.

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