

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ESQUIMAUX MOTHER

Photo Copyright by R. J. Flaherty.

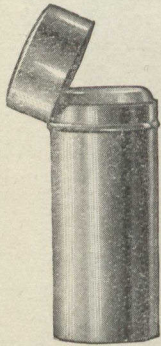
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



NEW
Williams'
PATENTED
Holder Top Shaving Stick

The newest form of the famous Williams' Shaving Stick. The stick is fastened firmly in the nickeled cap, which, when not in use, forms the top of the nickeled box in which the stick is "carried." When in use, this "Holder Top" makes it possible to grasp the stick firmly until the last fraction is used. And the fingers need never come in contact with the soap.

The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box



The "Holder Top" Stick furnishes the same delightfully soothing and refreshing lather that has given Williams' Shaving Stick in the familiar Hinged-Cover, Nickeled Box its world-wide reputation.

You can use WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP in several ways---as a Stick in the hinged-cover, nickeled box; as a Powder in the hinged-cover, nickeled box with perforated, sifting top, and as a Stick in the Patented Holder Top Box. Choose the form that seems most convenient to you; the quality of the soap is the same.

The J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box



"I've Used This Blade 600 Times

and every time I've got a shave that no barber could improve on. I not only save the money I used to spend on new blades, but I have the satisfaction of an easy, luxuriously clean shave that 'starts every morning with a smile.'" That's what one man says of the

ZIG ZAG Automatic Stropper
You can get equally satisfactory results if you try it.

\$1.50

Complete with Strop

The Curve Cut Strop Gives the Barber's Stroke.
One Model Strops any and ALL Makes of Safety Razor Blades.

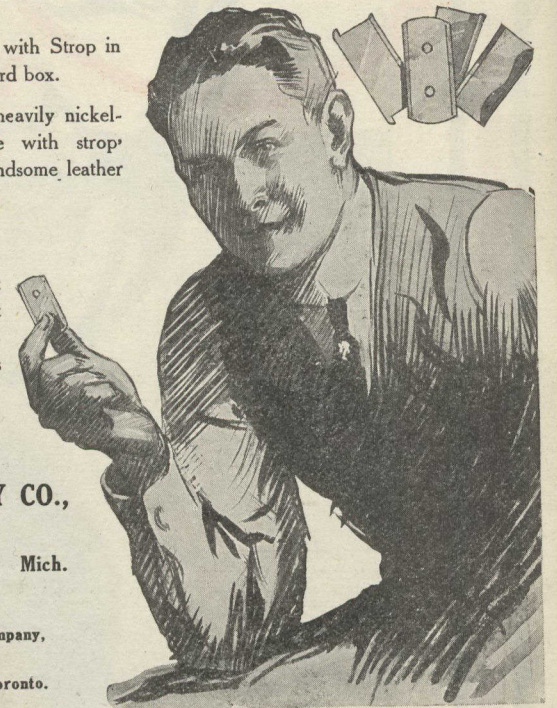
\$1.50 complete with Strop in neat pasteboard box.

\$2.50 all parts heavily nickeled, complete with strop, packed in handsome, leather case.

Sold everywhere in Canada at above prices, or sent direct from factory on receipt of price. Send for free booklet, "No More Dull Blades For Me."

GIBFORD SPECIALTY CO.,
302 Jefferson Ave.,
DETROIT, Mich.

Distributed by
National Drug & Chemical Company,
of Canada, Limited,
Rice Lewis & Son, Limited, Toronto.



Useful, pretty and smart
are these improved knit coats

For driving or motoring—as for a hundred other outdoor enjoyments—you will be glad of your Pen-Angle Sweater Coat on windy days and chilly evenings. For, though they feel so fleecy to the touch and set so lightly on the body, they are warmth-giving indeed. Knit by the Pen-Angle process, from wools of the choicest; these useful garments possess a smartness and style not known to the usual knit coat. And they retain their shapely lines, because they are carefully shaped to fit snug to the figure. That shape stays in them because it is knit into them—the Pen-Angle way.

Your exact physical type is included in the wide range of

Pen-Angle

Sweater Coats

Your taste in style and colors has been carefully consulted. Some store convenient to you will show you these beautiful garments for men, women and children.



Penmans Limited
Paris, Canada



TAPS

POLISHES

FIXTURES, RAILINGS AND ALL METAL THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE EASILY & QUICKLY. REMOVES RUST & TARNISH

Old Dutch Cleanser



Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can. 10¢



That slip-on buttonhole is the biggest comfort-feature a collar ever had. Get it in the

Derby

at 2 for 25c

Easy-on; easy-off; no tugging. You'll like it.

TRADE MARK
W. J. P. MARK

EVERY MEAL CALLS FOR MAPLEINE

(THE FLAVOR DE LUXE)

Begin with Breakfast—Add a few drops of Mapleine to sugar syrup and you have an irresistibly delicious home-made syrup to pour over the hot cakes of corn muffins. Then at Lunch—For flavoring icings and fillings for cakes, for flavoring ice-cream and milk puddings, in baked beans and other things, you will find that Mapleine adds a rich, mild mellowness of flavor. And at Dinner—Every course from soup to custard may be varied at will and improved upon by adding a few drops of Mapleine as a flavoring or a sauce. Mapleine is a delightful flavoring that every housewife should have on hand. Grocers sell Mapleine, 50c, 2-oz. bottle. If not, send to Dept. E10

Crescent Mfg. Co.
Seattle, Washington
"MAPLEINE DAINTIES"
Our recipe book sent Free.



Some makes of pens are pretty, but fail the test of hard work. The

"SWAN" FOUNT PEN.

will satisfy the requirements of the most exacting writer and is yet withal of neat and attractive appearance. Prices from \$2.50.

Sold at Stationers. Catalogue Post Free.

MABIE, TODD & C.,
124 York St., Toronto
London, New York, Chicago, etc.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XLII

TORONTO

NO. 18

CONTENTS

- Evolution of the Energetic East ... By D. C. Nixon.
How to Make Religion Universal ... By Prof. G. C. Workman.
A Season of Pictures ... By Augustus Bridle.
The Battle for Equitable Taxation ... By Julian Sale.
Western Discontent ... By the Monocle Man.
Law-Breaking and the Franchise ... By Sonia Leathes.
Closing Days on Parliament Hill ... Photographs of M.P.'s.
Six New Plays in One Week ... By J. E. Webber.
Saskatchewan Legislature ... Photographs.
Such a Smartness, Story ... By Ed. Cahn.
Corridor Comment ... By H. W. A.
A Week's Music ... Choral and Instrumental.
The Man at Lone Lake, Serial ... By Virna Sheard.
Reflections ... By the Editor.

Editor's Talk

OCCASIONALLY a letter arrives at this office from the West in which the "Canadian Courier" is accused of paying too much attention to the East; and just as frequently an Eastern subscriber writes in to say that the "Courier" is paying more attention to Western Canada than it does to Eastern Canada. The editorial staff reads both classes of letters with equal interest and then smilingly goes on with its task of trying to produce a national weekly which will be as popular in British Columbia as it is in Nova Scotia.

Two or three weeks ago we published an article on Yorkton, a typical Prairie town. This week we publish one on Moncton, a typical Eastern town. Perhaps we shall publish more articles on the West during the course of the next twelve months than on the East. We make no definite promise on this point. Wherever Canadians are showing extreme activity, there will the "Canadian Courier" staff go to investigate, to study and to describe. Moncton, by reason of the recent discoveries of oil and gas, is entering upon a new era in its history. Hence the article in this week's issue.

The art workers of Canada are not all congregated in Toronto, but the Toronto art exhibitions are more important than those of any other city. That they are held in Toronto does not mean that the artists who contribute are all Torontonians, nor yet all residents of Ontario. Indeed, in every art exhibition held in that city there will be found paintings by artists from Quebec and other provinces.

In this week's issue we publish a general article on the several exhibitions which have been held in Toronto this winter. This contribution gives a comprehensive review of the year's progress and developments in Canadian art.

During the past year the "Canadian Courier" has published two serials by Canadian writers, "The Wildcatters," by S. A. White, and "The Man At Lone Lake," by Virna Sheard. Both have been sympathetically received by our readers. As a change we propose to publish a serial by an English writer and this will begin in next week's issue. Florence Warden, the author, gained her first reputation on the stage. When she abandoned the stage for the world of fiction she added to that reputation. Her first book, entitled "The House on the Marsh," was an immediate success. Her latest story, "Lord Lockington," is an absorbing Lancashire mystery story in which Miss Warden's ability to handle dramatic situations is abundantly made clear. We believe that our readers will find that it is a novel of more than ordinary interest.

Next week's issue will be an EASTER NUMBER, and will also contain the regular COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT. The editor of the Supplement, Mr. E. T. Cook, lately associate editor of "Country Life," of London, England, has prepared some excellent material for this issue. In it special attention will be given to preparations for spring gardening of all kinds as well as to different features of interest to dwellers in the suburbs and the country.

THE WESTINGHOUSE

TOASTER STOVE

has come to stay.

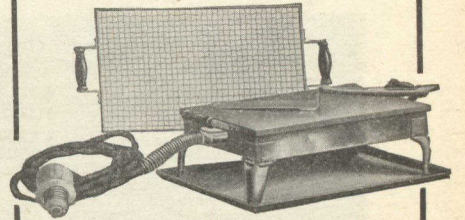
VERY POPULAR

Useful every day.

Ready in one minute to fry, broil, toast or boil,—right on the table.

A REAL TABLE STOVE

Nothing else just like it.



Insist on a

WESTINGHOUSE

Canadian Westinghouse Co., Ltd.
Hamilton, Ont.

District Offices:
Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg,
Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

JUST FIVE ACRES

That's enough land for a fruit farm. Get in the right place and at the right price and you're a made man.

I have written a little book, "The Fraser Valley," that tells exactly what can be done on a fruit farm in this rich B. C. district. Tell me you're interested and it's yours.

W. J. KERR

LIMITED

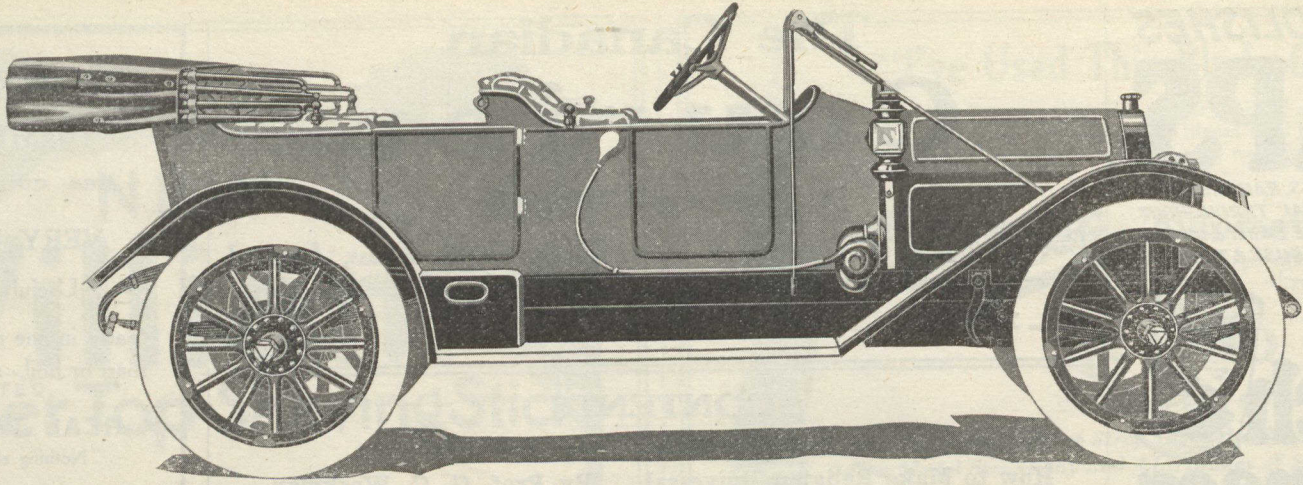
614 Columbia Street,
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

STRONG, TOUGH, SOFT

are the outstanding features of our MALLEABLE IRON CASTINGS

Send Blue Prints for Prices

GALT MALLEABLE IRON CO. Limited
GALT, ONT.



The price for either of three models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger, or Roadster, two-passenger—is \$2,150 f.o.b. Detroit. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, fore-doors, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the NEW Self-Starting HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

Avoid Loss Through Motor Car Depreciation

Millions of dollars are lost every year through motor car depreciation.

Depreciation, tho', does not result so much from wear as from advancement and improvements made in other cars.

If you choose wisely you can avoid taking a loss on the car you buy.

As startling as this statement seems, you can appreciate its accuracy by recalling the cars of three and four years ago.

You probably can not think of any single car of that date that is utterly useless now.

Cars that to-day will not bring a tenth of what they cost three years ago are still giving good service.

They are practically as good as new, so far as road performance is concerned.

But they are out-of-date. No one wants them and so they have depreciated in value.

You Can Avoid Loss

You can avoid such an experience with the car you buy now, if you consider that fact as you should.

Most of the cars offered as 1912 models are little different from what they were years ago.

Of course, the bodies are different. They have fore-doors. They are painted differently, but the motors are still complicated with the same jumbled mass of exposed rods, wires and mechanism.

They are still just as inaccessible. They have just as many parts to wear and to get out of adjustment and to interfere with the free access to other parts.

These cars may have improvised methods for protecting the bearings from sand and dust.

Perhaps some improvement has been made in the way of quieting the car. But taken part by part and detail by detail, there has not been the marked advancement that you would naturally expect.

This you can confirm by comparing the present models of any such cars with the models of the same make of two and three years ago.

When you have done that and have become familiar to a degree with the usual type of construction, make a similar examination of the New Self-Starting HUDSON "33."

But How Different Here

Those things that are so prominent in the manner in which they litter up the chassis, the exposed parts, the confusion of rods and wires are entirely lacking in the HUDSON "33."

Simplicity is the trend and goal of all engineering.

Every designer is doing his utmost to reduce the number of parts. The result will be simpler cars in the future than we have known in the past.

Howard E. Coffin, long recognized as America's foremost engineer, has led in the development of simplicity. That is why his latest car, the New Self-Starting HUDSON "33" has approximately 1,000 fewer parts than has any other automobile.

As you check over these features of the HUDSON "33" with other cars—it makes little difference what car—you will see wherein Mr. Coffin has progressed beyond other engineers.

Are Following His Example

As you look at the 1912 models of some cars and compare them with their 1911 models, you will recognize how Mr. Coffin's ideas have been followed. This shows that he is setting the pace which is affecting the values of many cars.

There is one certain way in which you can avoid the usual loss of depreciation. All admit the HUDSON "33" to have features which will characterize other cars two and three years hence. If you buy a car now that does not possess these advantages, it becomes out-of-date as soon as they are adopted. The value is already depreciated because the HUDSON "33" now has the features which others do not possess.

The way to make a safe purchase is to get a New Self-Starting HUDSON "33."

Appearance is quite as important as are the mechanical details. That adds still another reason why you should choose the "One advanced car in three years," for it is famed for its beauty and the completeness of its equipment.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7343 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan

Canadian Distributors: Dominion Auto Co., Toronto, Ont. Motor Import Co., Montreal, Que. Canadian Motor Sales Co., Regina, Sask.
Metropolitan Motor Car Co., Victoria and Vancouver, B.C. Atlantic Auto Co., Amherst, N.S.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

The CANADIAN COURIER

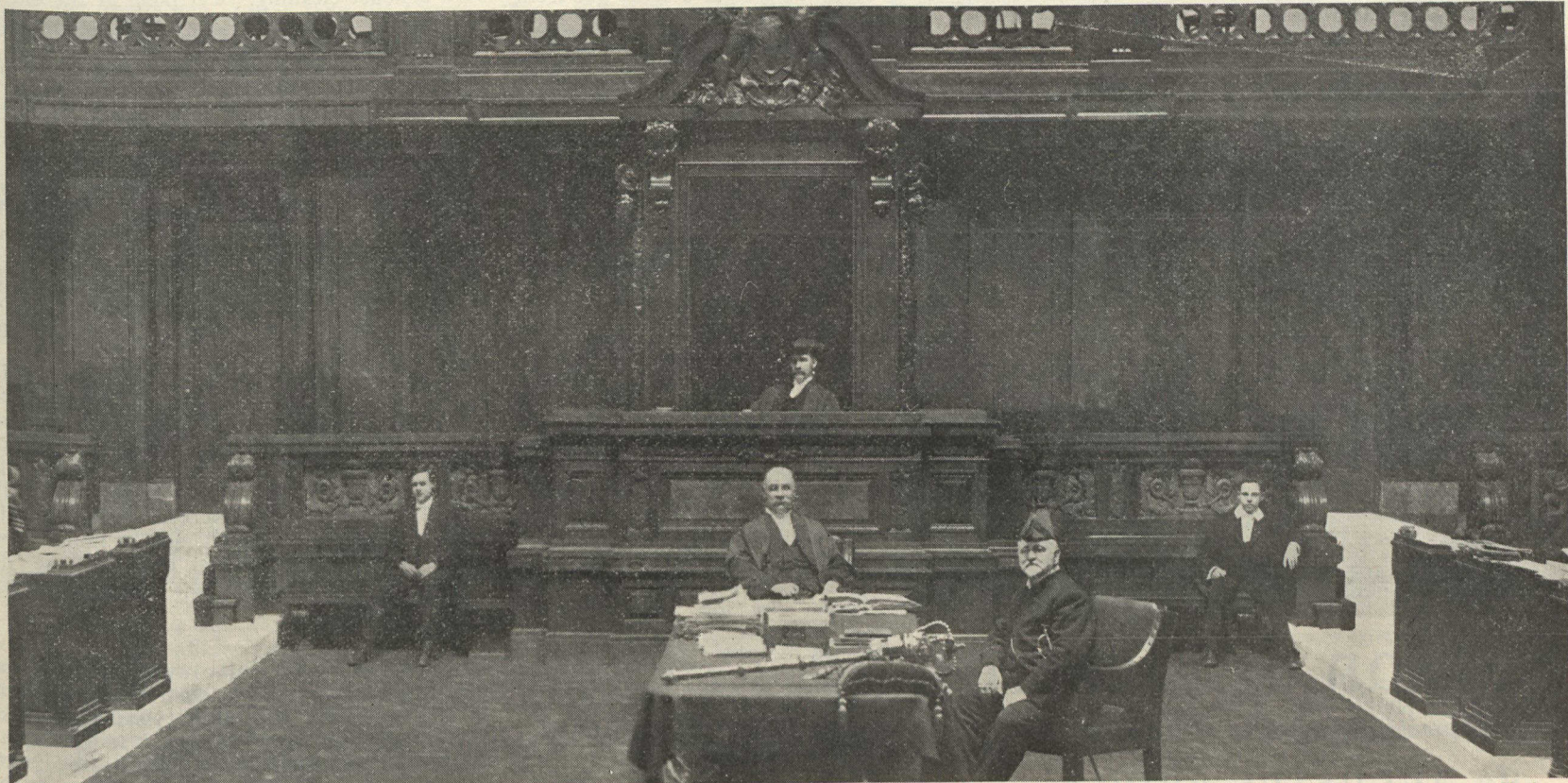
A National Weekly.

Vol. XI.

March 30, 1912

No. 18

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT AT REGINA



The Handsomely Carven Chair Occupied by Speaker Sutherland in the Saskatchewan Legislature Resembles Something Between a Pulpit and a Bishop's Throne. Clerk, Sergeant-at-arms, and Pages Below; Press Gallery Above.



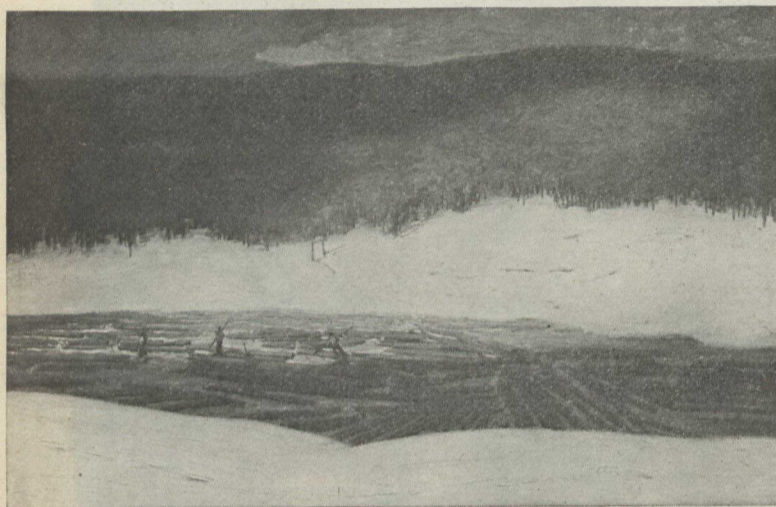
The Government Side: Second in Front Row, Hon. Mr. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture; Acting Premier Hon. J. A. Calder, With Three Portfolios; and Attorney-General W. F. Alphonse Turgeon. Left End, Liberal Whip, Gerhard Ens, From Rosthern.



Even a Conservative Opposition Must Look Pleasant When the Camera Comes in. Third From the Left in the Front Row is Aggressive Hon. F. W. G. Haultain, K.C.; Third From the Right, Mr. S. J. Donaldson, Conservative Whip.



A Strong Delineation of the Prairie.
"The Valley," by C. W. Jefferys.



A Scene From the Land of Lumberjacks.
"The Drive," by Lawren S. Harris.

A Season of Pictures

Appreciated Somewhat at Random

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SINCE winter began there has been an almost continuous exhibition of Canadian pictures at the gallery of the Art Museum in the main public library of Toronto. The first to open the season was an extensive loan collection mainly of foreign works owned by Canadians. This gave the public some opportunity of beholding the opulence of a few and the discerning taste of a good many other people.

The next was the annual expose of the Royal Canadian Academy, which is supposed to be to Canadian art what the French Academy is to learning in France. This was highly instructive as a perfectly dignified collection of canvases, possessing somewhat the same interest as might be excited by rummaging through a book of old prints—with here and there a modern photograph. But it was not modern Canada; at least not the Canada that builds railways at the rate of three thousand miles per annum. A visitor to that show would not be seized of the feeling that Canadian painters had got far beyond their tacit homage to the old masters who painted before Canada was discovered by the white man.

Again, and closing only a couple of weeks ago, came the annual showing of the Canadian Art Club, which was formed some five years ago by a spirited secession from the Ontario Society of Artists. This was again an all-Canadian collection; modern, progressive and of much interest to those who cared to see how some phases of Canadian and old-world life look through the optics of a comparatively few men.

Canadian art owes a good deal of stimulus and somewhat of example to this body of men whose President is Homer Watson, of Doon, Ont., and whose annual star exhibitor is the great Canadian painter, Horatio Walker, selling his canvases for thousands of dollars in New York, that he paints in summer at his studio on the Isle of Orleans, in the St. Lawrence.

But Walker seldom does anything in paint to surpass the best work of Curtis Williamson, two of whose canvases at this year's showing struck a strong, decisive note worthy of a place in any art

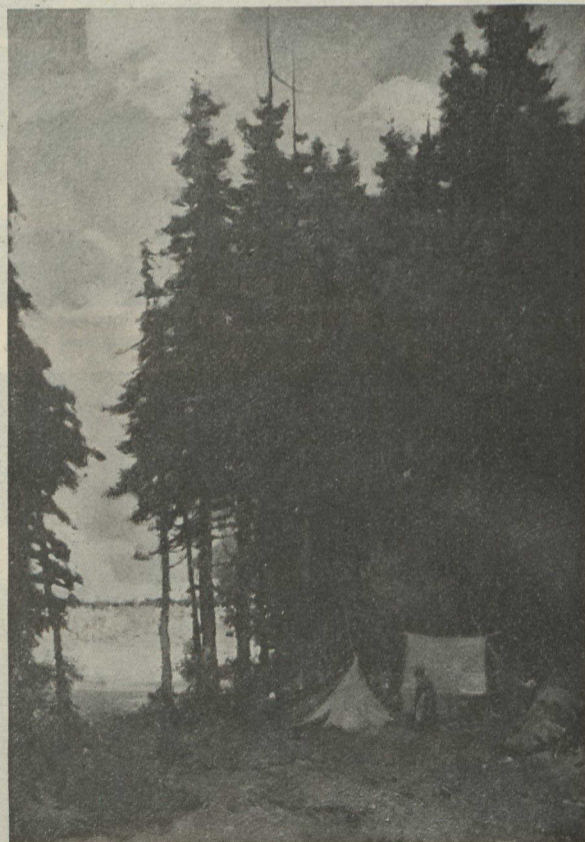
gallery. One of these was a remarkable portrait of a brother artist, William Cruikshank, one of the most original characters in Canadian life as well as in art. To have seen Williamson's picture of Cruikshank is to have got a better idea of what sort of figure the man is; as picturesque among the artists of Canada as was Dr. Sam Johnson among the writers of London. The black and white section of the Canadian Art Club show contained a couple of hundred masterly pen and ink drawings of this dean of art.

The other picture of Williamson's that rivalled the Cruikshank portrait in human interest was his winter vespers of a scene got from his studio window; the focal point being a group of dilapidated rear-yard shacks with a single dab of a window gleaming; in the background the gloomy walls of a huge office building housing millions of vested interests; off to the right and almost out of the canvas the outline of a cathedral spire: poverty, wealth and religion perhaps unconsciously embodied, but done by a man with a grim sense of humour in paint.

Homer Watson's offerings were quite up to the well-known Homeric standard; pictures with a depth of meaning, a richness of paint texture, and a finishment of style, less low in tone than usual: a distinct contrast to the numerous works of J. Archibald Browne, an array of *delicatessen* in landscape, dreamy moons and misty trees and a perpetual atmosphere of unreality in realism.

Space and the lapse of time make it impossible to pursue the contents of this show in detail. But the Canadian Art Club has already accomplished part of its purpose in evolving a cleaner, smarter and stronger show than used to characterize its parent contemporary, the O. S. A.

And when we come to survey the fortieth exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, now on, and until the end of this month, it must be admitted, before any individual criticism is attempted, that the old Society has taken a stride, even since last year, that quite bewilders the chronic damners with faint praise or the casual newspaper critic, in many cases bored by the pictures. The man who could be bored by this show must be



Glimpse of an Indian Camp Ground.
"The North Land," by J. W. Beatty.

colour blind. I recall some shows of the O. S. A. to enter which was like going to a long sermon and leaving with an undefinable tired feeling.

Not so this one. There is an exhilaration, almost an abandon, about the contents of this collection that convinces any average beholder of the vitality of Canadian art in the body that a few years ago showed symptoms of senility. To begin with the show is well hung. The hangers had more respect for the walls than ever before. With even more canvases to choose from they hung less, and hung them with due regard to the value of the rooms as rooms and not as mere spaces on which to put a lot of frames with pictorial canvases inside.

Still even the worst of hanging could not spoil the abundant optimism and real art excellence of this show. Of course the artists themselves are certain that they have put 1912 as far ahead of 1911 as that was ahead of any other year. There has been a house-cleaning. Yet none of the old standbys have been missed. Every man and woman that used to add a touch of worth to the O. S. A. since the secession of the Art Club has pictures in that collection. And there are some new ones. It is not necessary to specify the paintings of Princess Patricia, which are all very well in their way and happily do not detract in the least from the show.

Here we have the first satisfying depiction of Canada not merely of farm landscapes and pastorals and snug interiors, and pretty women, and more or less smugly comfortable citizens; but a Canada of east and west, of north and south, of railways and traffic and city streets, of types of people—though all too few of these—and phases of development.

Oh, of course some artists allege that subject is of no importance; that technic and atmosphere and tone and high lights and juicy paint and superb texture and breezy handling and swish and go, and heaven knows what, are the things to look for in a show. But the same artists know right well that subject to the average appreciator means half the battle; that to a Canadian, scenes in this country are of vastly more interest than all the fishing smacks and brass-kettles and sea-weed sonatas of north Europe.

SO there are at least twenty of the exhibitors at the O. S. A. who have translated the joy and savagery and crudity and peaceful picturesqueness of Canadian life, leaving those who prefer the melancholia to depict the sorrows. Among these it scarcely matters where to begin. If you care for the far west you have it in one big canvas of C. W. Jefferys, somewhat posteresque in treatment, but a fine sweeping delineation by a master hand at composition and drawing; with the superbly candid colouring of the great plains at the edge of whose tremendous billows of wheat and grass stands a solitary, reminiscent horseman. This is modern and a note of great joy. Let us hope for more of the same.

Back to the city and you have the works of two more of the younger men who go trailing about in unlikely corners to drag out the epic meaning of what some people see as commonplaces if at all. Lawren Harris gives both the land of the lumberjack and the city street. His river-drive canvas is a big piece of work in which the background of gloomy pine-stripped hill and clean, strong sky is in comprehensive contrast to the logs and the lumberjacks below. His Deserted Barn in the Laurentians, got last fall, is of less interest, but consummately ugly and compelling. His town topics—here we have the other side of a most virile and passionately ecstatic young man who hoofs with the eye of an explorer into neglected streets to fetch out pictures of low shacks against great modern buildings, roughcasts bedecked with October chestnut trees whose fallen leaves you could kick out of the canvas, and whose lights and shadows are simply stunning; and the serried monotonous rows of louse walls—just brick and mortar, but an interpretation by Harris, who has the faculty of looking at the inside of a brick, and knows how to fling light where he needs it and colour that may be a bit over-blue betimes; but so let it be, for he is young and fairly sings in his paint.

J. E. H. Macdonald, too—look at his Tracks and Traffics for a strong splash of thick smoke and crawling trains and lumber-piles and fog-wrapped walls; his two moon pictures, one called the Snow-Cloud, the other Early Evening—mysterious but grippy and virile—if only somebody would break the glass over the canvases! And this early morning thing where the figures climb the hill over the keen blue winter shadows—it fairly reeks with the nip of a great healthy cold.

Look at another ecstatic painter, a woman, too, Mary Wrinch, who made her first hit some five

years ago by doing saw-mills in Muskoka. She still bites hard at the savagery of crude landscapes with their carnivals of high-key colours clashing and clanging in a curious, almost rude, harmony. Only Miss Wrinch, of all women in Canada, would dare give you ten times more of the blue in a lily pond than she bothers about in the sky above it. But she "gets it across"; a bit harshly, but with a jangle of joy that is pure optimism and abandon of artistic exaggeration.

FOR a contrast behold the refined, almost demure, but chastely beautiful chalk portraits of Miss Streetfield. They are a quiet treat; done by a woman to whom people at home are more interesting than landscapes abroad. Examine also the hay-loading picture of T. W. Mitchell; at once you know by the horses and the wagon and the landscape that it isn't English—thank heaven! Glance at a corner of Hyde Park, by Bell-Smith, and get a bit of England, too, that's fine—better than his Canadian rocks on a bigger scale. The huge mural picture of G. A. Reid, "Coming of the White Man," reproduced on last week's front page of the COURIER, fetches back in a grand manner the red man in his glory against the caravels of commerce; but the subject is peculiarly hackneyed. C. M. Manly's "At the Back of Beyond," has a fine Irish title for a most interesting if somewhat mystified picture of a back country. And you never can mistake the colour of a Gagen rockbound splash where the foams and the back-washes churn up over the boulders to the knees of rugged rocks—he has two of these, most excellent Gagens! Consider, again, the somewhat esthetic and richly-colourful north things of Fred Brigden, where the glamor of striving colours gives the artist almost "a run for his money." Put against these one Orkney desolation of St. Thomas Smith, where the myriad gulls and the cormorants brood and flit on the ledges above the lash of the deep-sea tide. He got that on the spot—just as it stands now.

Just to be civilized again, Grier's portraits, one of Senator Jaffray, another of Principal Mackay, are quite up to the undoubted Grier standard. The President of the O. S. A. usually manages to have an ace up his art-sleeve and he turns the trick in his favour and to the satisfaction of the beholder.

Beatty—who used to revel in Laren and Bruges and Paris—heaven be thanked that he has ultimately and almost completely turned his masterful brush to the depiction of Canadian landscapes, especially the north. He knows the potentialities and the limitations of paint. Beatty is one of the strongest advocates of a really Canadian school of painting; and now that he has decided to use Europe as but a means to a Canadian end, we may expect him to continue proving that he means what he says, and that the north-land of America contains all the material he will ever be able to utilize—when he has but touched the fringes.

FOR sunlit spaces in meadow-lands, the work of H. S. Palmer, another young painter, is rapidly coming to the fore. His canvases at the O. S. A. show a keen sympathy with the more superficial moods of nature, though somewhat lacking in penetration. The ultra-cleverest things in the show are the four of John Russell, a young Canadian painter who has spent much of his life in Paris, from which he has got most of his inspiration. All his work is obsessed by a somewhat superficial and almost uncanny dexterity. He paints with the swift sweeping stroke of one who might be doing a sketch from the window of an express train. Mr. Russell formerly exhibited with the Canadian Art Club. His canvases this year are typical of the unusual and rather over-wrought delineations which he has been doing by the hundred since his career in Paris.

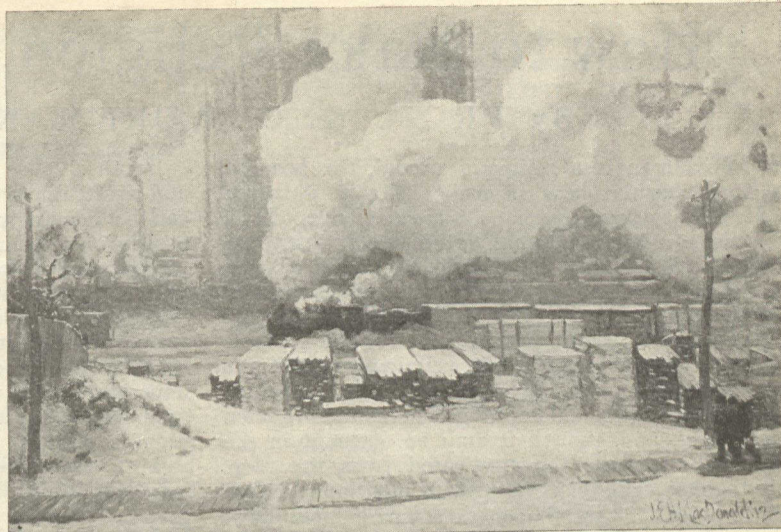
Clever, also, but with limitations, is the portrait by Miss Dorothy Stevens, a young English artist—of one of the sisters of Mark Hambourg. In this the painter has succeeded infinitely better with the accessories than with the portrait itself. Her etchings in the black and white section are also of considerable value. One of the happiest things in the show is the boy with a bowl of goldfish, done by W. S. Broadhead, a young Englishman whose cartoon work and illustrations have often appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER. A close friend of his, Lismer, also a contributor to the COURIER, has depicted very well one of the avowedly crudest subject pieces in the show, a rugged woodland thing; somewhat after the selection of T. G. Greene, whose four small canvases are a welcome addition to a show of such diversity. Mr. Greene has a strong and implicit sympathy with the broad aspects of nature, particularly in the out-of-way, neglected nooks that can't be got by strolling along the highway. And he adds to his interpretations a strong idealistic and intellectual note.

Owen Staples, who sketches usually better than he paints—and his sketches are tremendously good—has a semi-decorative treatment of Toronto Bay and two pen-and-inks. The large decorative panel by Gustav Hahn has most of the merits of a serious picture. Mr. Hahn has a remarkable ability in the handling of what may be termed "flat" decorative work by the use of a real subject picture.

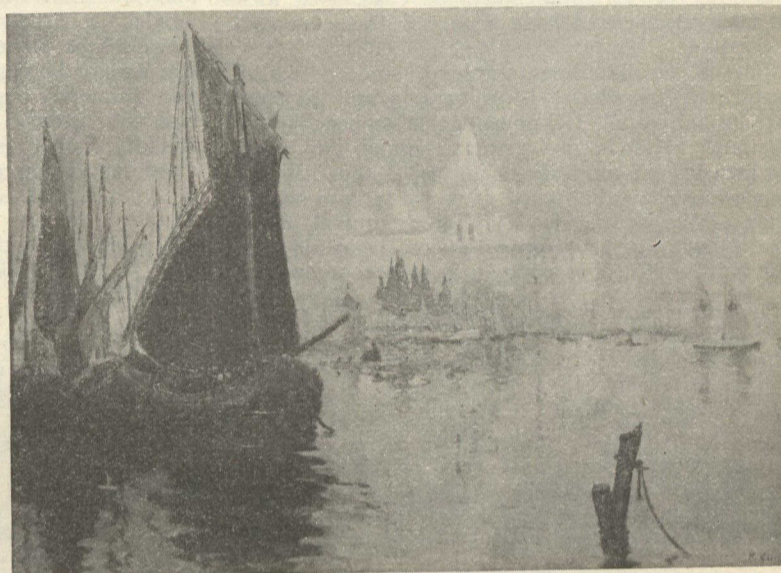
However, technical criticism is no possibility of an article like this. Much might be written about other artists whose work is a real contribution to the O. S. A.: McGillivray Knowles, with a splendid French-Canadian village thing; Mrs. Knowles, with her four charming studies in landscape; George Chavignaud's three excellent water-colours; Henrietta Shore's striking portrait of Miss Maria Watson; Florence Carlyle's admirable figure and drapery work; Fleming's vapory-atmospheric things with a pensive note; the admirable etchings of W. J. Thomson and Chas. W. Simpson, and some others of W. W. Alexander. And there are still others, some of whom are worth much more than a running categorical comment. Enough has been said to prove that the O. S. A. exhibition of 1912 is a really notable epoch in the history of Canadian art.

But not enough for what may be called criticism. It is more important for people hundreds of miles from Toronto to know the general character and contents of such picture exhibitions as are held of native art. Doubtless there is a good deal lacking in many of the pictures. But nobody cares much for opinions about art, unless the art is so bad and the criticism so good that the "knock" creates interest as a sample of entertainment. How

far Canadian art represents Canada is of vastly more importance. The exhibitions held this winter may be considered as having accomplished this.



A Strong Picture of City Life, "Tracks and Traffic," by J. E. H. Macdonald.



A Bit of the Old World, "Venice," by Maurice Gulen.

The Battle for Equitable Taxation

By JULIAN SALE

"Social reform is not to be secured by noise and shouting; by complaints and denunciations; by the formation of parties; or the making of revolutions; but by the awakening of thought, and the progress of ideas."

THOSE are not the words of a violent revolutionist. Rather those of a philosopher. Yet the man who gave them utterance, urged by his friends into a bitter electoral conflict, was himself the victim of an attempt to force into practical affairs an idea which has taken a generation to break through even the outer crust of prejudice, misunderstanding and conservatism.

What more natural than the assumption by the unthinking world, that with the passing of the man, Henry George's idea itself would languish and in time be forgotten! Was it not discredited by those best able to judge? "Progress and Poverty" would take its proper place among the antiques and curiosities of literature, with Plato's "Republic," Moore's "Utopia" and Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

It is questionable, however, if the death of George caused even a momentary check to the progress of the idea for which he lived and died. And considering the inherent conservatism of the human mind, and the radical nature of his proposals, its progress may be considered phenomenal, and must be accounted for by an inherent vitality. Fads may come, and fads must go, but principles do not die.

STEADILY, and in large part unostentatiously, have the tax reformers pushed forward the principle, in season, and with the impatience of enthusiasm, sometimes out of season. Being human, they have made their mistakes. Forgetting that in the realm of politics the destructive must precede the constructive, several attempts at political action, and the formation of political parties, have proved futile. An evil cannot be put aside until it is faced,

recognized, acknowledged, and intelligently condemned.

That they have worked effectively, however, is manifest in the widespread interest in the question to-day. Appealing at first, more to men of ardent, enthusiastic temperament, it is to-day seriously considered by practical men of affairs. In short, having passed successively the usual stages of ridicule and toleration, it is now recognized as a matter for political consideration. As the popular mind overcomes its prejudices and misunderstandings, which are the chief obstacles to all progress, practical measures become immediately possible. And with regard to the question of tax reform, to all appearances we have arrived at the experimental stage.

It must, however, be understood that a change in the incidence of taxation from industry and improvements to land values, must be undertaken in such manner as will involve the minimum of shock to the existing condition. If it has taken a generation to bring us to the point of willingness to begin, we may be sure that the same conservatism will prevent undue haste in practical application.

THE beginning has already been made. Leaving out of consideration New Zealand, and Australia, where the plan has been in operation for some time, but coming at once to our own Dominion, we have our examples close at hand. Vancouver has given an example in method which for safety and saneness must commend itself to the most conservative mind. The change was completed in four stages. Exempting at first 25 per cent. of improvement value, then 50 per cent., 75 per cent., and finally in 1910 the total value. Whether the great impetus in the building trade which followed was entirely due to the change, does not matter. It is certain that that is the general conclusion, as evidenced by rapidly succeeding facts. Chilliwack, Summerland, Penticton, and Kelowna, in British

(Continued on page 23.)

How to Make Religion Universal

By PROF. G. C. WORKMAN, Ph. D.

SINCE man is a religious animal, the proposal to consider how to make religion universal may to some, perhaps, sound strange. If he is a religious animal, is he not naturally religious? In a sense, of course, one must answer, yes. Man is naturally religious, incurably religious, as has often been said; and most men are by nature deeply religious, there is reason to believe.

Then, if man is naturally religious, is religion not universal now? In another sense one must answer, yes, again. The religious instinct in men is universal, and, though it may be dormant in the individual, it cannot be eradicated from the race. It is because religion is natural to men, and in that sense universal, that the lowest known tribes have some religious ideas and customs, and that the lowest discovered tribes have also had them. While that, however, is significantly the case, such ideas and customs are and have been, for the most part, very crude.

Man is an intelligent animal, and a certain measure of knowledge is universal; but his mind must be cultivated, if knowledge is to become systematized. Man is also a moral animal, and a certain measure of morality is universal; but his conscience must be enlightened, if morality is to become robust. Man is likewise a religious animal, and a certain degree of religion is universal; but his spirit must be disciplined, if religion is to become refined.

SO it is no more strange to consider how to make religion universal than to consider how to make knowledge or morality universal. The real question is how to make pure religion, or practical piety, the possession of all men, by giving them an adequate conception of the Deity and by getting them to be obedient to his will. In other words, the subject of this inquiry is how to secure to religion, which will always have a place in human thought, its proper and appropriate place in human life.

Before that is done it seems expedient to explain what practical piety is. What are the essential elements? According to the prophet Micah, we have noticed, there are three, namely, doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly; that is, morality, humanity, and humility. But, according to the apostle Peter, there are in reality only two. These are fearing God and working righteousness, morality and humanity being expressed by him in the one word righteousness, which, strictly speaking, includes them both.

Practical piety consists in reverence and righteousness, or spirituality and probity. These two elements are very simple, but they are all-embracing, for they imply right sentiments and actions towards the Creator, together with right sentiments and actions towards his creatures. A truly pious person is inwardly spiritual and outwardly fruitful—fruitful in kind feelings and good deeds. These characteristics prove his piety to be genuine. One who has them knows what pure religion means, and one who has them not knows little or nothing of its meaning. A man who deals unfairly with his fellows, therefore, or denies them equitable treatment is not a truly pious man; for piety is useless, not to say meaningless, when it does not make men righteous both in heart and in act. Religious feeling without righteous dealings is not religion, but religiosity. It is merely pious sentimentality.

THE explanation given makes it plain that all who follow their natural instinct quickened by the Spirit of Truth, doing the best and being the best of which they are capable, are genuinely religious; nay, all who believe that reality rests on a spiritual foundation, and are good because of that belief, living consistently in harmony with their convictions, are genuinely religious, too, whether they realize the fact or not.

From what has just been stated, it appears that there are multitudes of men outside the churches who know what genuine religion is, for there are multitudes whose names are not registered in a church roll who are reverent and righteous because of a conviction of God and goodness. Quite frequently one hears it said of some person in the community that he is a good man, but not very religious. The present writer is persuaded that large numbers of people are more religious than they claim to be, and have more genuine piety than they are supposed to have. He is also of opinion that, through non-participation in public worship, many a man has either unchurched himself or allowed himself to be unchurched.

Because pure religion presupposes spirituality and fruitfulness in the sense explained, no person can be genuinely religious by and for himself. A person may be religious by himself for a while, if forced to live apart or compelled by circumstances to dwell alone, but not otherwise for any length of time, because religion has a manward side, and requires association to develop it. Hence it cannot be fully developed by those who withdraw themselves from the world and spend their days in retirement, nor by those who, like the ancient Culdees, adopt a solitary service in an isolated cell as the highest expression of piety. Solitary piety is spurious.

BEING primarily a life, religion is meant for society, not for solitude. All true religionists maintain that there is no such thing as an independent spiritual life. If such a life were possible, it would be powerless to mould society. Spiritual life cannot be separated from business nor politics, nor from any legitimate form of human activity; and any attempt at separation tends not simply to sterility, but to spiritual death. For that reason, most thoughtful people have come to see that religion must take account of the organic nature of society and pay attention to social problems of every kind; and the wiser among them are teaching that it must seek to enact better laws, to create better conditions, and to secure better homes.

How to bring religion to bear upon the lives of men, not of individuals merely, but of communities and nations, is now engaging the best minds in all parts of Christendom. In what way is this to be accomplished? Only a few paragraphs can be devoted to an answer in an article of this length.

FIRST, it must be done by the process of education. That is preliminary to everything that pertains to human progress. We must teach those who are untaught and bring them under proper discipline. But education in religion should begin with training in morality, because the latter is fundamental to the former, and both should be commenced in childhood. While each child has its own peculiar propensities, all normal children are instinctively religious, not innately bad, and most of them are not immoral at the outset. Their little lapses in conduct are owing largely, if not wholly, to ignorance; and they do wrong before they know they are doing wrong. Serious misdemeanors are often owing to the same cause, namely, want of knowledge touching the moral quality of actions. There seems good reason to believe that, as a rule, wrongdoers become vicious or criminal from lack of moral training rather than from choice. They do not realize the enormity of their offence till after they have committed it. More and better instruction should be given in morality to young people, and children should be not only taught to discriminate between right and wrong, but also trained to do right because it is right; for it is only by habitually doing right because it is right that one develops a righteous character. Then, as soon as old enough, they should be trained to relate their actions, all their actions, to the will of the Supreme Being. In this way they will become religious by becoming reverent in mind and righteous in practice, and righteous in practice because reverent in mind.

NEXT, we must bring religion to bear upon the lives of men by the use of moral suasion; that is, by persuading those who are indifferent to become earnest, and those who are unspiritual to become devout. All moral people are interested in religion; and, while there is a tendency to-day to disregard some of its claims, few persons of intelligence are utterly irreligious. We must show men that religion is a reasonable thing, and that it is rational to be religious. The naturalness of the instinct vindicates its rationality. We must show them also that it is profitable to practise morality in obedience to the divine will, by always acting in accordance with a spiritually enlightened conscience. We must show them further that religion affords a great incentive to morality, as well as a great aid in subduing native propensities. In each of these ways, we may not only get those who neglect religion to recognize its reasonableness and appreciate its value, but also get those who are not actively religious to realize what they lose by their inactivity.

THEN, religion must be brought to bear upon the lives of men by means of example. While there should be more moral training and more personal

effort, that which is most needed is practical piety on the part of all who are professedly religious. It is concrete religion, or piety expressed in character and conduct, that society requires. Much as education and moral suasion may accomplish, and they can do a great deal, neither can accomplish so much as example, because neither is so subtle or so constant in its operation. All persons, therefore, who regard religion as a rational thing, all who believe it helps a man to develop his character and keep his life right, all who think it incites him to seek the highest and to do his best should combine to spread practical piety over the country and throughout the world, first, by living in harmony with the Something not ourselves that makes for righteousness, and afterwards by leading others so to live. And all who are religious at heart should bear in mind that men become more spiritual and more useful by avowing their convictions, and thus proclaiming their devotion to the soul of the universe.

THUS religion will become universal as a life, not as an ism; and its genuineness will be proved by right living, not by right theologizing. The result desired will not be attained by the organized agency known as the Church, because she cannot do the whole of this work alone; she must have the assistance of all who are interested in the well-being of society and the uplifting of humanity. Hence all good people should co-operate with the Deity for the realizing of self and the rendering of service, each one feeling, if not actually saying, The world is my parish, to be reverent and righteous my religion. *For, in the last analysis, religion is personal devotion to God which leads to practical service for man, or communion with reality which results in benefit to humanity.*

Every one of them should do something for those who are ignorant of its meaning or neglectful of its claims. Combined effort is particularly needed to awaken dormant impulses and to stimulate impulses that are partially aroused. Were it allowed to occupy its proper place in human thought, religion would soon assume its proper place in human conduct. Then all who believe in God, and are reverent on that account, would embody their belief, or would strive to embody it, in a righteous life.

British and Canadian Workmen

2904a St. Hubert,

Montreal, Que., March 16, 1912.

To the Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—It is with great interest I read the article in the CANADIAN COURIER entitled, "British and Canadian Workmen," by W. A. Craick. While he has dealt very cleverly with some of his facts, others are absolutely wrong. For instance, he claims that 30 per cent. of the people in Birmingham live in three or five rooms. I would like his authority for this. Again, he takes us back eleven years. Now surely he knows that great improvements have taken place in Birmingham, and I claim that the people in Birmingham are as well housed as in any city here in Canada. The working man has a six-roomed house (Balsall Heath), or any other locality around Birmingham, for \$6 a month clear, no taxes.

Again, I would like to correct the writer as regards what he terms the "Place underneath the stairs." Perhaps he is not aware that the place he speaks of as a room without light or ventilation is merely provided for the storing of coal and wood and is not intended for a room at all.

I also take the liberty of correcting the writer about the three-storied buildings. From my knowledge of Birmingham, I claim that the majority of the workmen's houses are six-roomed, three rooms on the ground floor and three rooms upstairs, with yard (concreted) at the rear.

Then why did the writer omit to quote the prices of clothing—suits, boots, shirts—which are very important, also the quality of the articles, as compared with those in Hamilton? In his price-list I notice eggs, 24c. a dozen. If the writer were in Birmingham at this time of the year, he would be able to buy eggs 16 or 18 for 25 cents (bar the strike.) He does not mention the prices of lots of other things which the people need and use. Again, Birmingham is not situated in so favourable a position as Hamilton for produce and fruits.

In conclusion, I may say that the writer failed in his endeavour to place the true picture of Birmingham and the workman's home. It must have been a while since he visited Birmingham. Taking the death-rate as he states—Birmingham 19.8, Hamilton 13, from 1896 to 1905, it reflects credit to Birmingham's sanitary conditions, for then Birmingham had nine times more people than Hamilton.

JAMES SMITH.

CORRIDOR COMMENT

Ottawa, March 25th.

It is claimed—and apparently with excellent reason—that the political coterie who organized Ontario for the Conservative party in the last federal election established a record for prophetic veracity. They claimed everything in sight, and got about everything in sight. It is said that the confidential forecast of the results supplied to the party headquarters at Ottawa contained only two mistakes. One of these was John Angus McMillan, of Glengarry. The forecast showed Glengarry to be a "sure win." But the forecast didn't know, and didn't allow for, "Johnnie Angus."



J. A. McMillan, M.P.

Winning is a habit with this young parliamentarian. Away back in January of 1905, when the electors of the Province of Ontario were rising in their might and sweeping the Government of Hon. George W. Ross out of power and the party he led almost out of existence, "Johnnie Angus"—for nobody from Sir Wilfrid Laurier down knows him by any other than

this personal designation—entered public life by capturing the Glengarry legislative seat for the Liberals. In 1908, when the federal Liberals were looking around for a man who could secure the riding, they sent out the Macedonian call to "Johnnie Angus," and he resigned from the Legislature and did the trick. And when, last autumn, even his political friends regretfully inclined to number him among the "likely losses," it was he who furnished them with one of their few chances to cheer when the returns came in from auld Glengarry.

There are two McMillans—the quiet, genial, altogether lovable young man whom his friends swear

by; and the ardent, militant Highlander whom his enemies swear at. He possesses a rare combination of good qualities—he can speak, but he doesn't. "Johnnie Angus" doesn't take up the time of the House in filling the pages of Hansard, but woe betide the unfortunate who essays to take advantage of his unobtrusive demeanor by putting something over on him. It is then that the Highland blood shows itself. And Johnnie Angus is a braw and bonnie fighter. Otherwise he would not be the representative for Glengarry.

Mr. McMillan is still under the forty mark. He was born in Glengarry, of Scottish parentage, in 1874. He is a natural politician, with a shrewd knowledge of mankind and human nature. They say he knows every man in his home constituency by his first name—and knows the women and children, too. And he thinks that no one can quite equal a Glengarrian. It doesn't make any difference to whom he is talking he will finally wind up with something about Glengarry. There's no divorcing "Johnnie Angus" and Glengarry. His political opponents, who have tried it, now admit it. And the Liberals often wish that more Ontario constituencies had grown McMillans.

HATS off to Colonel, the Honourable Sam. Hughes, the exponent of ministerial perpetual motion. The Minister of Militia has earned for himself a reputation as the busiest man in Canada. During the first week of the present month his colleagues declare that the gallant Colonel was "on the job" for sixteen and seventeen hours a day right along. Here are some of the week's meetings, at all of which the Minister was present and spoke: The Dominion Rifle Association, the Corps of Guides, the Association of Military Medical Officers, the Canadian Artillery Association, the Canadian Cavalry Association, and the Army Service Corps. And it was noted by those present that the Colonel was able to address any officer who spoke to him by name. In addition to these conventions Col. Sam found time to attend the House of Commons, the sittings of Cabinet, the party caucus and three morning committee meetings, beside conducting the administration of his Department. Moreover, to cap it all, Colonel Hughes' name appeared in the social columns of the press on several occasions that week as taking a leading part in private

dinners and social engagements. It is doubtful if a hard campaign in the field would have any terrors for a soldier who can traverse such a series of assignments in one week, and never turn a hair.

It was the early morning hours following the recent all-night sitting of Parliament in which the Manitoba school question was under debate and discussion. It was, moreover, the sitting at which Hon. George P. Graham had resumed his seat in the House as the newly-elected member for South Renfrew. The vote upon the amendment of Mr. Mondou, the Nationalist member for Yamaska, had just been taken, and the members were tramping out into the corridors, the majority on their way to the restaurant for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. The ex-Minister of Railways and Canals was strolling down the corridor with a frown upon his face, when Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, accosted him. "Wherefore so downcast, George?" he queried. Mr. Graham shook his head. "It's pretty hard lines," he responded, "to have spent the past few weeks zealously endeavouring to defeat the Government, and then come here to-day and have to cast my first vote in support of them."

ONE of the most ardent of the Opposition newspaper men was reviewing the supplementary estimates in the Press Gallery. He was checking off item after item with keen critical comments. Very little seemed to meet with his approval. "Gross extravagance," "A patent political vote catcher," "Another useless expenditure," "Automobiles indeed; they'll be buying aeroplanes next," were the caustic comments which from time to time fell from his lips as he diligently conned the items. Finally, however, he paused, and read slowly: "Gratuity to the dependents of an official who served for over twenty years in the House of Commons and is now insane." He looked out over the House. It was a tedious afternoon and Mr. Bradbury, who can scarcely be accounted a brilliant speaker, was in the midst of an extended dissertation. "Well," he commented, "I think that vote should meet with unanimous approval."

THEY were Conservative members, and they had harked back to the victory of September last with its campaign stories. "Well," drawled Col. Hugh Clark, "the most genuine congratulations I received were written a month after the election. My admirer mentioned that he would have written before, but had just come to. He had been celebrating for the intervening weeks."

Two Views of the Member's Life at Ottawa as the Session Closes



Liberal Member: "Well, thank heaven! contractors, promoters and office-seekers don't bother me any more."

Conservative Member: "Excuse me, gentlemen. You see, I'm not just exactly a labour bureau. I can't do something for everybody."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

More Shocks for Democracy.

LAST week I pointed out that the Honourable Adam Beck was abandoning his faith in democracy and was declaring in favour of municipal government by commission. It was a sad story, but it is nothing to the story which I have to relate this week. If there is one paper in Canada which has eulogized DEMOCRACY, in season and out of season, whenever occasion demanded it and whenever it did not demand it, when democracy was right and when democracy was wrong, that paper was the *Toronto Evening Telegram*. It has always been the greatest defender of that wonderful modern doctrine that the People are right even when they are wrong.

Many years ago someone defined Democracy as the sacred right of the people to govern themselves wrongly. The editor of the *Toronto Evening Telegram* read that definition early in life and he has never forgotten it. Every public man who denounced the corporations and capitalistic greed was a hero to the editor of this most successful of Ontario's newspapers. So well has he succeeded in his advocacy of the absolute rights of democracy that no person in Ontario is inclined to invest a dollar in any public service corporation which might possibly come under provincial or municipal envy and control.

Yet last week the people of Toronto were startled by two editorials in the *Telegram* which looked to be the beginning of a recantation. In the first of these the editor writes, "If the influences that dictated the defeat of Thomas Hogg yesterday are to dictate the choice of heads for the Waterworks Department, the Electric Department, the Street Railway Department, and other great branches of the public service, the city's experiments in public ownership can end in nothing but disaster." Then he adds plaintively, "Toronto will have to get rid of the aldermen or the aldermen will get rid of public ownership."

On the following day there appeared another editorial from the same pen again lamenting that the great principle of public ownership was subject to the vagaries of democracy. He intimates that the elected representatives of the people are poor, miserable beings who have neither sense nor knowledge nor reason. He concludes, "The performance of the 1912 City Council is a final warning to Toronto that public ownership cannot be made to come unless the aldermen are made to go."

The Best and the Wisest.

STRANGELY enough, the editor of the *Toronto Evening Telegram* is not alone in his belief in the failure of democracy, especially in the realm of municipal government. All over the continent there is a tendency to do away with the elected representatives of the people at the city hall. It seems impossible to get a business administration in civic affairs under the system which has been in vogue on this continent for nearly one hundred years. Instead of government by the best and the wisest, as Mazzini defined it, we have government by the foolish and the worst. Toronto has certainly failed to emphasize the intelligence of its citizens in the election of its civic rulers. The immediate cause of the outbreak of the editor of the *Telegram* was a six weeks' discussion at the City Hall regarding the appointment of a new Parks Commissioner. The amount of lobbying that was done in connection with this four or five thousand dollar job was something enormous. In the end a man who had been a clerk in the department and who has never been known as an authority on parks, received the appointment. Indeed, lobbying for appointments and lobbying for increases in salaries seems to be the greatest part of the daily work of the civic employees.

St. John, N.B., and several western Canadian cities have already followed the lead of one hundred and sixty United States towns and cities, and have declared in favour of municipal government by commission. The rapid extension of the franchise to all classes of the community which was the characteristic of the last half of the nineteenth century, has bedevilled the system of municipal government by elected representatives. So far as the government of cities goes, democracy has proven itself an abject failure. We are now going back to an enlightened oligarchy, known as a commission. This

commission may be elected for a term of years or appointed for a definite period of time. It may be subject to the direct vote of the people or subject to the legislative control of an elective council. The practice varies in different communities. But in every place there is but one aim, to get away from government by the mob and to get back to government by the best and the wisest.

Coal Strikes and Democracy.

DEMOCRACY'S failure to usher in the millennium is amply shown in these days of industrial unrest. The million coal miners in Great Britain and a hundred mine owners have paralyzed industry and commerce, caused a greater loss of wealth than did the French Revolution, and have brought considerable suffering and privation into thousands upon thousands of homes. This situation led the *London Chronicle*, a Liberal newspaper, to comment upon the attitude of labour which it summed up in the phrase, "I decline to discuss; I command." It states that this has been the motto of tyrants for over eighteen hundred years, and is now the motto of the miners' unions.

Here are a million men for whom much has been done in recent years. They were given old age pensions. They were provided with State insurance against sickness and unemployment. They have

BE SURE TO READ

the opening
chapters of

"Lord Lockington"

A NEW
MYSTERY
STORY, BY

FLORENCE WARDEN

IN

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

shared in the general progress of the conditions of labour. Yet they suddenly decide to name the wages at which they shall work, without patiently seeking for a chance to arbitrate the difference of opinion.

Their wages are too low, no doubt. They are entitled, in these days of high prices, to higher rates of pay. Still they have no right to refuse arbitration and no right to cripple a whole nation's activity. Civil war of this kind is as great a crime as civil war of any other kind. And a democracy which produces it, under as free a form of government as the world has ever seen, cannot be a perfect democracy.

The Sinfulness of Sin.

A CLEVER Toronto preacher recently made the striking statement that "the world does not seem able to realize the sinfulness of sin." From this thought he proceeded to explain the luke-warmness of the pew, the laxity of religious observances among Protestants generally, and the decrepitude of evangelical Christianity.

Is it true that people do not realize the enormity of their sins as their fathers did? Is it true that the message of the Bible has less significance for modern Christians? Does Christ seem unnecessary to the western world of to-day? If so, the preacher was right. Or is it merely that the priest has less power to frighten the people with the fear of "wrath to come" than he had in the days when general education and freedom of thought were less universal?

Here is a question which interests me considerably. I cannot make up my mind on it. There is no doubt that certain kinds of sin are not so unpopular as they once were. Certain phases of conduct that once were regarded as sins are not so re-

garded now. Yet surely the greater sins are as well recognized to-day as they ever were.

Is there a possible explanation for the preacher's lament in the attitude of the Church toward wealth? May it not be that the Church has yielded to fashion and the money-bags to such an extent that it has set a lighter value on certain kinds of sin? However, the subject is too big for a mere "reflection," and I leave it to the consideration of the more thoughtful and more patient readers of this page.

Manitoba Bearing Up Manfully.

MANITOBA had a provincial surplus last year of half a million dollars. Next year it will have an increased subsidy from the Dominion and an instalment of "back pay" amounting to over one million dollars. Thus the Postage-stamp-province-that-was should be rolling in dollars. The Roblin Government will be hard put to it to devise means for using all this money advantageously.

Of course, such prosperity could not be expected to occur without comment from those less advantageously situated. The *Halifax Chronicle*, following the lead of some of the Opposition critics in the House of Commons, compares Manitoba and Nova Scotia in this respect. The conclusion it reaches is that Manitoba is being favoured above the Eastern provinces by the Dominion Government.

The *Winnipeg Telegram* replies that the Dominion subsidy last year was only about \$200,000 more for Manitoba than for Nova Scotia, and thus dissolves the argument that the Dominion Government's generosity has created Manitoba surplus. It adds that Manitoba has no mines or crown lands to draw upon as Nova Scotia has, and therefore the surplus is all the more creditable to the western province.

Apparently, the truth is that Manitoba collects more revenue from railways, corporations, succession duties, lands title offices and such sources than does Nova Scotia. The profits of business in the West are on a "new country" basis and hence they will stand a rate of taxation which the "old country" basis in the East will not bear.

The Manitoba people are bearing up manfully under all this criticism and slyly figuring out how much the advertisement is worth. That the world should declare that province well-managed and wealthy is a sweet morsel which rolls well under the Manitoba tongue.

The Biggest Welcome League.

CANADA to-day needs to be organized into one large welcome league. Every day hundreds of new citizens are arriving and some one should extend to each the right hand of fellowship. The duty lays upon every one of us and not alone upon railway officials and immigration officers. Will you join the League, and take the first opportunity to welcome some new-comer and do what you can to help him get located favourably?

Down in New Brunswick, the other day, I was discussing immigration with several people, and all told me the same story. "Whenever a New Brunswicker gets a chance, he fleeces an immigrant," said one man. Of course, the charge is too sweeping, but nevertheless I heard several reliable stories of how local politicians and government officials had stood in together to sell worthless land at high prices to unsuspecting English immigrants. The New Brunswick Government, being so largely concerned with local politics and petty patronage, has never taken steps to keep its new arrivals out of the clutches of political leeches. As a consequence many men who might have become good New Brunswickers have left the Province in disgust.

Perhaps the other provinces are equally guilty. I mention New Brunswick simply because these stories are fresh in my memory. In the West, the "tenderfoot," whether from New York, Toronto or England, is sometimes treated in the same way when opportunity offers. Yet I have never heard of a case where an immigration official deliberately steered an immigrant into the hands of a local shark. Nor yet have I heard of it in Ontario. In British Columbia, they sell you fruit lands at a high price, but they are good fruit lands.

A great big Welcome League, with all the better citizens taking an interest in looking after the new arrivals and warning them against the pitfalls would be a splendid feature. It would prevent many a case of dissatisfaction. It would cheer many a lonely heart. It would be a great help to the immigration department. Its effect upon our future immigration would be tremendous.

Let each of us determine to do his part as opportunity offers this spring, and the League will be a reality.

Closing Days on Parliament Hill

Again a Few Snapshots of Members and Senators Who are Counting the Hours to Prorogation



Major Beattie, London, and William Chisholm, Antigonish—Lion and Lamb; Militant Tory Imperialist; and Anti-militarist Gr-r-it.



Edgar N. Rhodes, Amherst, N.S.—Manufacturer and Ready Debater; a Rising Conservative.



Hon. Jacques Bureau, Three Rivers—Ex-Solicitor-General and Bonnie Fighter.



William Thoburn, Almonte, an Experienced Worker; and W. G. Weichel, Waterloo, Musical Conqueror of Mackenzie King.



Senator Beith, Bowmanville, and Senator McHugh, Lindsay—Both ex-Members of Commons, Liberals, Who Are These Days Jealously Watching Conservative Legislation.



L. J. Gauthier, St. Hyacinthe—Eloquent French-Canadian Who Bested Nationalists in St. Hyacinthe.



Dr. Neely, Humboldt, Sask.—Had Record Liberal Majority Last Election.



E. W. Tobin, Bromptonville, P.Q.—Irish Orator, and Fond of the Melee.

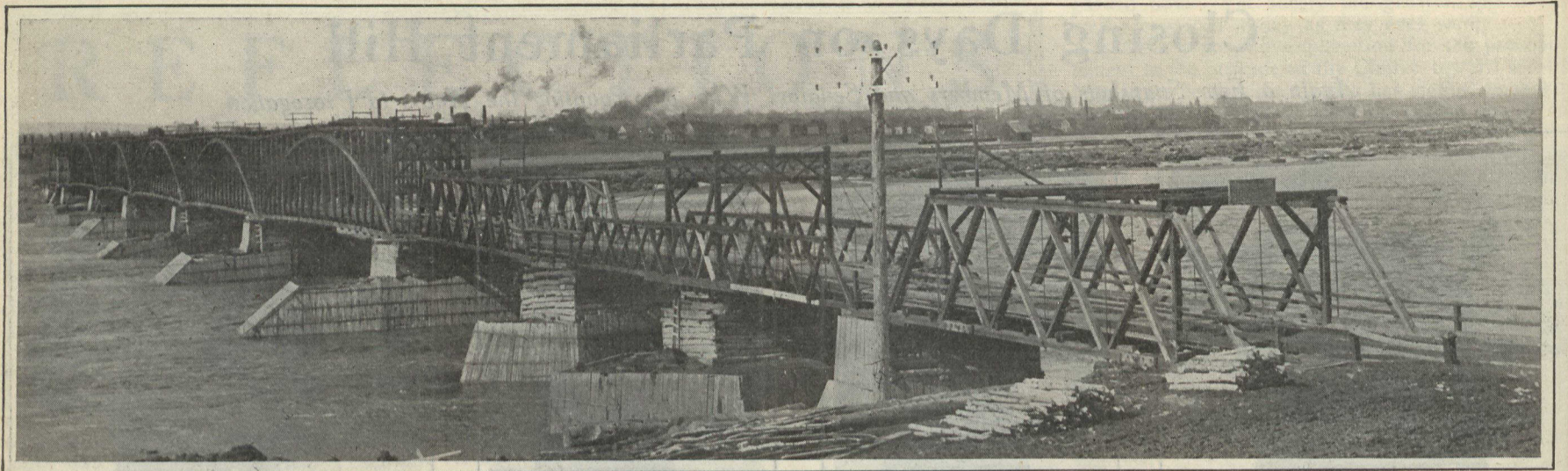
Australian Cadets on Way Home from United States



Australian Cadets Arrive at London on Their World Tour. Photograph by Topical.



Lady Moore, Wife of the Agent-General for Western Australia, Welcoming the Tiny Drum-Major.



Moncton, N.B., as Seen From the South End of the I.C.R. Bridge Over the Petitcodiac River.

The Evolution of the Energetic East

Moncton, the New Oil Centre, Commands Attention of Canada

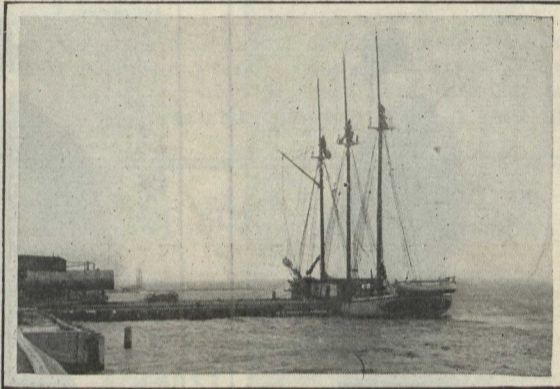
By D. C. NIXON

THE wide awake West! What a picture it awakens in the minds of the stay-at-homes. But since the universe was put in motion and the sun sent on its daily journey he made it a point to wake up the East first. Old Sol must bear some of the blame for the migration West. And though all the sun-worshippers are in the Orient, he had been the candle that lured the moths westwards. Fortunately there have always been new generations of moths—educated moths now-a-days—moths that warm themselves round their own firesides. It can easily be seen that my talk is to be on the East—though it must not be considered for a moment that I consider the East moth-eaten. True, it has been backward, has lost many of its young men who sought fields afar, has been racked by political pettiness and overlooked by the world in general. It is awake now and does not wait for the Sun, it is up with an alarm clock—in truth the busy East.

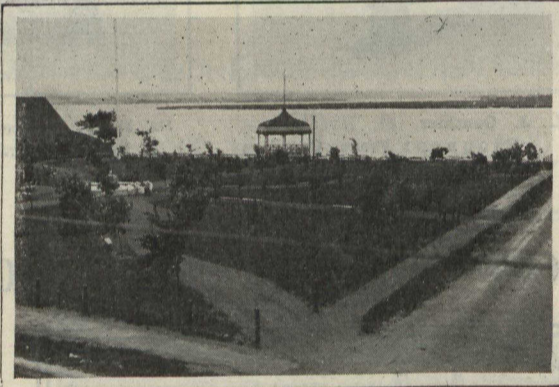
Whether or not, the reader has been in the Maritime Provinces, he knows that there is a place called Moncton. He knows that there are three Provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. To get an exact idea of where Moncton is in these three Provinces might be exemplified by sending a Marconi message from there to the farthestmost points of the three Provinces. They would get them all at once, and it wouldn't be the C. D. Q. message either. Thus, Moncton is in the geographical centre of the East. Some people believe that it should be the political pivot, and after I have seen the East I believe that the destinies of these Provinces would be worked out much better were they united politically with the seat of government at the most central point, Moncton.

As it is well known, Moncton is the headquarters of the Intercolonial Railway, soon to be double-tracked to Halifax to take care of the enormous traffic now going over a single line. The C. P. R. operate from St. John to Halifax over the Intercolonial, and the Canadian Northern will have running rights from Montreal to Halifax, so that every pound of freight consigned to points West that lands at Halifax must pass through Moncton. The grade of the Transcontinental Railway is not very far away and should soon be into Moncton.

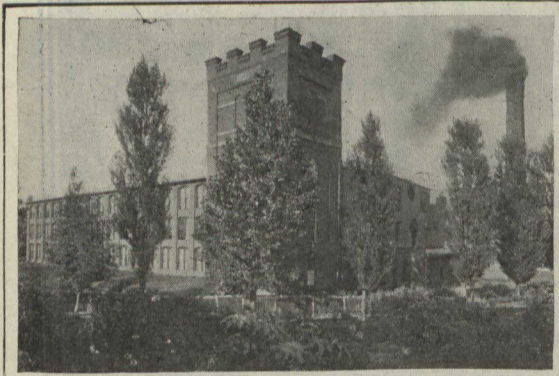
IT took three hundred years to discover Ontario's silver mines. New Brunswick's oil fields lay dormant longer than that. Thousands upon thousands of acres of oil fields, oil shale quarries, and natural gas wells lie at Moncton's door. These are



Windjammer on Petitcodiac at High Tide.



Ben View Park in Centre of the Town.



The Cotton Mill is one of the Chief Industries.

being developed by Canadian and British capital, one Canadian railroad magnate having invested millions of dollars in these properties.

Oil as a fuel is coming more and more into use. Ocean vessels have demonstrated its advantages. Railroads are contemplating its use in their locomotives. It is cheaper to produce, easier to handle, and takes up less space than coal. Oil may be a partial solution of the problems such as face us to-day through coal strikes.

To the north are vast deposits of iron; to the south are time lasting pockets of coal. Within easy distance are unharnessed water powers. Moncton lacks nothing as a manufacturing centre.

If I have dwelt at length upon its railway facilities, I have no intention of slighting its position as a sea-port. Not that it will ever be the entrepot that Halifax or St. John are—it does not aspire to such distinction. But cheapness of transportation of raw material is essential for the building up of a manufacturing city. The Bay of Fundy eats its way eastwards almost making Nova Scotia an island. The world-famed tides of the Bay find their way up the many rivers that empty into it. And of these rivers, nature has selected the Petitcodiac for distinction. Every day at flood-tide the sea rushes up the Petitcodiac, on which Moncton is situated, a solid wall of water four feet high, boring its way with an irresistible force, earning for itself the name "The Bore." And one has never seen Moncton until one has seen "The Bore." In only one other place in the world, China, if I am not mistaken, can this phenomenon be seen.

Up this river come coal freighters, sailing brigs laden with iron and steel, with gypsum from nearby mines, sea scarred schooners from the Indies and Latin republics, fishing smacks, the tramps of all nations. Out-going they carry products of Moncton's manufactories, the goods from its ware-houses. The coasts of two provinces look to Moncton for their supplies. It will not be long until the Dominion Government must see that Moncton's shipping facilities must be improved, and the expenditure will not be very great to make the harbour a basin in which the commercial fleet of Canada could be accommodated.

WHAT manufacturing Moncton is doing to-day though considerable is nothing to what the immediate future has in store for it. It is an undisputable and economic fact that cheapness of production with quality of goods, is only obtainable when raw materials are either close at hand or can be brought in by cheapest transportation, that is by water, and at the same time the markets be not too far away. Labour, too, must be available and wages reasonable. Moncton has an Atlantic harbour, it has coal, oil and natural gas for fuel at ground floor prices, it has iron within a few miles, virgin forests and cheap labour. The home market in the immediate vicinity is growing. Freight tariffs for Western demands are no higher than to Montreal or Toronto competitors. In the days when the East was considered asleep, Moncton had established some big industries, among which was one of the biggest stove plants in the Dominion, with markets in every Province. Moncton's wire



Head Offices, Intercolonial Railway.



Y.M.C.A. Building on Main Street.



Two Gas Wells Burning at Night.

fences gird many a prairie homestead. Moncton's cotton have garbed the girls of Goderich. Its many other industries have made Moncton known and respected from East to West. Just recently, English capital took over the electric light and gas plants and established a street railway system and are offering electric and gas power, heating and lighting to manufacturers at nominal prices. The development of the oil and shale fields is bringing a lot of money into the town, and a number of manufacturers contemplate Moncton as a centre for their activities.

With the situation on the river and its closeness to the Bay of Fundy, Moncton can get away from the smoke to the sea breezes, and there are some delightful spots which the visitor should not miss, notably "The Rocks." The drives along Chignecto Basin, which is the eastern end of the Bay of Fundy, lead one into picture-land. Big game hunting, as we know it in Canada, at once calls to mind the forests of New Brunswick, and the Intercolonial Railway have with great judgment used a moose head in all their advertising. Not alone do the forests abound in moose, deer, bears and other wild animals, but the streams teem with the fish that the sportsmen will travel across a continent to do battle with. Moncton welcomes the tourist and sportsman.

Our imports last year exceeded our exports by 175,000,000 dollars in hard-earned yellow gold. It seems that with the growth of other manufacturing cities, our growing demands are not satisfied. We must manufacture more goods; we must make them as cheap as the foreigner. Situated as it is with its raw materials, transportation facilities, cheap labour and the enterprise of its people, Moncton will be heard from in the very near future.



Charging an Oil Well With Nitro-glycerine. Familiarity breeds contempt in the handling of this dangerous explosive.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WESTERN "DISCONTENT."

THERE is no use denying that the people of Eastern Canada have suffered something very like a shock from all this concerted talk by Western representatives about the dissatisfaction and even dangerous discontent rampant on the Prairies. We rather expected the Liberal representatives to see things through dismal glasses. They would naturally feel that, their services having been dispensed with, and their panacea voted a poisonous "love philter" which it would be deadly for Miss Canada to take from the wily hands of the Fascinating William, everything must be "on the blink" and everybody must be as dissatisfied and discontented as they felt. But when true-blue Conservative members like "Jam" Aikens, of Brandon, and Bennett, of Calgary, try to make our "flesh creep" with horrid visions of the wild and woolly Westerner bucking on his bristling arsenal to ride through the effete East and "shoot up" the tenderfeet who hire someone to shave them from time to time, we begin to feel an attack of "nerves." We are not accustomed to this sort of thing. We had thought that the old Dominion was bumping along all right, and that her life looked like a pretty good "risk," and that her securities were a fair "buy"; but here we have the Party of Progress and Prosperity and Protection and Success saying "the Yankee settler" will "git us ef we don't watch out."

AND now we have good old Sir Richard Cartwright assuring us with an emphasis which he alone can command that the West will refuse to pay for the building of roads and bridges for Eastern people who either will not or cannot build them for themselves. All this alarmist talk must result in making a timid man like myself afraid to pick up the daily paper lest I find that Sifton's Sharpshooters or Rogers' Rangers are already marching on the exposed towns and cities of the Provinces which had the misfortune to be settled before the West was discovered, and so were expected to pay for the roads and bridges of the West without making any bones of it. It certainly does look, when we think of the trouble the short-sighted East took to discover and explore and develop and equip the West, as if we had made a sad mistake of it. We have opened the Box of Pandora. We have nursed the viper in our bosoms. Or else these politicians are following the example of the Fat Boy and trying to "make our flesh creep."

NOW, is the West so furious; and, if so, what is it furious about? One hot-headed gentleman in Manitoba proposes to cut the painter which

fastens his Province to this despised and selfish East. Just what he thinks would become of them then, I do not know. Does he imagine that the Western Provinces would be allowed to remain long as an independent nation, in case they once succeeded in reaching that position? Some will fancy that, in that event, the "American settler" might become a political peril in earnest, and that the West might soon be voting itself into the American Union. But these same "American settlers" know perfectly well that, whereas there may be some Canadian "mergers" which chastise them with whips, they would then fall into the power of American Trusts which would chastise them with scorpions. But, says my sharp reader, if the "American settler" knows that, he would never vote for Annexation. Quite so. And that is precisely why I have never thought of the American settler as any particular danger to the political independence of this country.

IN fact, I will make a confession. I do not believe that the West is half so black-visaged as it is painted. I doubt if there is any more discontent out there "with the god of things that are" than there is in the East. We have men here who have been hit hard by adverse circumstances just as they have west of the Great Lakes; and we, perhaps, have fewer recent and astonishing successes who fill the land with their glorious optimism. I would be willing to wager that hope in the future averages higher west of Lake Superior than it does east of that matchless inland sea. Some westerners have lost their wheat; and it is a great shame. But have no easterners lost their year's labour? Consult Bradstreet. Misfortune is a citizen of no one part of the country. Injustice does not pick out its victims with the aid of a map. Men are robbed in the West; and men are plundered in the East. And while we all fight against robbery and stand up against misfortune, I hear no more whimpering from the robust pioneers and sturdy farmers of the West than from the "city chaps" who get along as best they may in the East.

THEN what is all this howl about? Well, it is easy to make a few "guesses." Perhaps some people did not want the tariff to go up this session. Possibly other people were afraid that the steel bounties would be resumed before the Tariff Commission had had a chance to deal with the matter scientifically. Possibly there may be Conservative politicians who see the growing influence of the West and think that they might as well qualify as "champions," and not leave all the spectacular gun-play to that picturesque old cow-boy from Edmon-

ton. You never can tell. Politicians are always unhappy anywhere out of the lime-light; and there have been politicians, indeed, who would set fire to the inflammable material built into the key-walls of their native country if there were no other way of getting a bright light to play upon their puny persons.

IN any case, I am not worrying about the West. It will not "revolute" nor "secesh" nor do any real damage to this magnificent country of ours of which it is the hope and the coming master. It will not burn up the estate which it is just about to inherit. It will stay with the East until it is big enough and strong enough and generous enough to take the East pretty well under its capacious wing. I do not even believe that we will hear any objections to the voting of Federal money to assist the building of good roads in those parts of the country that need them. We are one people—one family—and we will bear one another's burdens. And be it remembered that the East began the burden-bearing business.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

New Brunswick's Boom.

(From the *Montreal Star*.)

THERE appears to be a determined New Brunswick "boom" in the hatching. The *Canadian Courier* says that they are talking of sending a car-load of St. John merchants out through the West to invite the New Brunswick boys back for the "Old Home Week" next July, 9th to 14th; and incidentally to tell the West about New Brunswick manufactories, national resources and other opportunities. There is no reason under the sun why New Brunswick should not leap forward to a better place in the mighty procession of Canadian progress. It has suffered for lack of advertising more than from any other cause. Eastern Canada, as a whole, has contented itself for years with advertising the West. We have said: "If we can only get the West filled up, we will benefit." And the filling of the West has brought prosperity to the East.

But is it not high time that we began to be a little more assertive down here, and to point out to the world that we, too, have empty farm lands and unexploited natural resources? Canada is not "all West" by long odds. Nor is it by any means certain that men can make money more quickly in the West than in the East, or that it is better for a man with a family to settle on the prairie and not near some Eastern town with its graded schools, its settled trade, and its industrial and clerical opportunities. It is a healthy sign to see New Brunswick preparing deliberately to demand its share of this big, generous and bounteous Canadian inheritance. More power to its elbow; and may every New Brunswicker find his way home again for the gathering of the clans in July!

The Man at Lone Lake

By VIRNA SHEARD

Author of "By the Queen's Grace," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE people of the Post and Mission House of St. Elizabeth were astir early upon the morning following the wedding, to watch the departure of the bride and groom.

A disgruntled but enterprising young Indian with a small dog-train and load of musquash skins taken in the early fall, had quarrelled with the Factor over the price of them, and was now going to start out for a little settlement to the South-east, known as Blue Rock, where he hoped to drive a better bargain with an agent of another and more modern company, than the Honourable and ancient one of the Hudson Bay.

Wynn had persuaded this irate red man to give a seat to one passenger on his sledge, and therefore Nance was to ride in state whilst he kept pace with the Indian.

If the going proved good, the settlement would be reached in twelve hours, and there, the Mission priest had assured them, they would be able to borrow from a travelling priest who made Blue Rock his headquarters, a small Canadian sledge and strong pony, that would take them on and over broken roads to the nearest stopping place of the railroad, and though the journey might be long and tiresome it would be comparatively safe if the weather held good. There was no alluring alternative to this course, so they took it.

Weariness slips easily from young shoulders, and the world might have been strewn with white rose leaves instead of snow, as far as Nance and Dick Wynn were concerned. It was a good world to them, and a trifle of discomfort in it here and there weighed just as nothing at all.

The sky was clear blue and the sunrise dazzling, when they started, and the frost-edged wind was swept with the scent of balsam trees.

The entire population of the place waved them adieu, and Nance waved back, and smiled tremulously, for they had all been so kind, so dear. The Indian cracked his long whip, the quarrelsome huskies forgot their bones of contention, strained against their harness, and the light, long sledge, with its one passenger enthroned on the bales of fur, slipped away over the outward trail, the Indian driver and Dick Wynn keeping a good swinging pace beside it.

They all melted away into the golden light of the early morning, and the Mission people watched them go as though they were fairy folk who drifted off and into another and an unknown world, where perchance it might be always summer, and where men and women knew little or nothing of snow-storm and rough winds, long, dark nights, frost-bound stillness, and the pain of cold and loneliness.

When the figures and the dog-train had become but a dusky blurr against the white, the Sisters returned to the Mission School, and the old priest to his house by the church. The Factor and his wife took up their daily work, and the few Indians and the passing trapper made ready to journey on.

Only the two men of the Mounted Police, who were delayed by the lame horse, sat by the Factor's fire in silence, and something tugged at their hearts that was not all homesickness, but was enough like it to make them impatient of the inactivity that gave them time to think.

One, more restless than the other, rose and paced up and down the room with a jingling of spurs and metal buckles, that entranced the smaller of the Factor's children, and awed those of a size larger. They all drew away into the dim corners of the room, and watched him in round-eyed silence. Up and down he walked—up and down—his shoulders square set, his weather-beaten face with its hard jaw and deep eyes, tense with some freshly stirred feeling. The wedding of the night before, the joyous passing of the bride and groom that morning, had roused within him a thousand half-dulled longings and desires. He grew suddenly sick of the wild unsettled North, and mad for the places of men—the places he knew.

From the chair by the fire his companion glanced at him uneasily, then took a little book from his pocket and tried to read.

A long half-hour dragged by, and still the clanking steps passed and re-passed the hearth.

"Settle down, old chap," said the man by the fire. "Come and have a pipe—or I'll go out with you again and have another look at the horses."

The soldier paused in his restless walking. "Settle down!" he echoed, "I don't feel as though I ever would to this life again"; I want to leave it all—all this," he said vaguely, waving his hand towards the window through which showed the bleak wintry landscape. "I want to get away from it, boy, and go home—home, do you understand, where they have gone—those two." He looked out and down the trail the Indian's dog-train had taken. Then he took up his pacing again.

The soldier by the fire knocked the ashes out of his pipe, filled it slowly and smoked alone. Furtively he watched the moving figure, but said no word, for when these attacks of restlessness came to any of the men, their comrades granted them the grace of silence. "By George!" the man said to himself, as he drew at his pipe, "I wouldn't like to cross him when he's in that mood. Its a madness he has on him; a madness for something, or someone, or some place he wants, and till it passes, the Lord help him!"

Then he turned to the children. "Hi there, you little kiddies!" he said softly, taking some coins from his pocket and holding them out. "Take these pennies and then run out to your mother beyond there. Sure he's a big man, and he needs lots of room to walk! Besides ye all have such eyes, and fix them on a fellow so, maybe he feels them. Scatter—with you! Maybe there's bread with treacle on it waiting for you where your mother is!" And so persuaded, the brown babies stolidly departed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE sun was noon-high when Francois came up to the Factor's house. He had broken a snow-shoe on the river-road, and been delayed. The last few miles he had tramped in his moccasins. Fatigue and anger had worked their will with him, and he moved now as one who was dazed and uncertain, yet this was but an outward seeming, for his purpose had not wavered.

At the Factor's door he stopped to knock the snow from his feet and leggings. Then he entered the trading-room.

For a moment the Factor did not know him, for his tangled hair had blown about his face, his face was lined and looked old, and his eyes blazed out of it with deep, hot anger.

"Francois," he said, after a moment, "what has come to you, boy?"

The half-breed ignored the question. A certain dignity about him kept the garrulous agent from following his question up. He stared at him in silence.

Francois swung his rifle down from his shoulder, and laid it along his arm loosely.

"Where is dat man from Lone Lak—an—and de ole trapper's grand-daughter?" he said slowly, sighting down the rifle barrel and adjusting it a little awkwardly.

Some tone in his voice set the Factor's slowly-moving mind to work. His ideas which were usually nebulous, drifted slowly together and took shape.

"Wat is that to you?" he answered Francois, with a little indifferent shrug. Then his manner changing—"but come by de fire; we get you breakfast. You are dead-beat—by your looks."

The half-breed swung his rifle loose, strode across and caught him hard at the throat by his rough flannel shirt. He twisted it tight and held it. "Answer!" he commanded, his dangerous eyes on the face that grew slowly purple.

The agent, stout and short of breath at best, gasped and attempted to reply.

"Dey are married! Married and gone! The priest can tell you."

Francois threw him off, and swayed a little where he stood, then steadied.

"Wat time?" he asked hoarsely. "Wen did they go—an where?"

"Dis morning by sunrise," the Factor answered obediently enough. "Dey went with Oppapago de runner. He took a train load of Musquash skins on farther; to Blue Rock maybe."

Francois made no comment. A slight trembling ran through his limbs, and he unfastened the collar of his beaver coat.

"I rest now by your fire," he said, nodding towards the inner room. "Tell your squaw to bring meat. I pay."

He strode through the low door leading from the trading-room to the living-room.

A fire of pine knots burned on the hearth and the air was warm and heavy with the perfume and smoke of tobacco.

Before the fire, and with his back to the door, sat a man in the uniform of the Royal Mounted Police. He leaned forward his chin on his hands, and sat still, as though drowsy from the scented warmth.

Another man in the same uniform paced the floor, his cartridge belt swinging loose, his spurs clinking at each step. Two rifles and a Colt's revolver lay on the rough mantel shelf.

Francois walked to the centre of the room, unseeingly, or as though confused. Then, on a sudden, and as one sharply awakened, he looked up and took in the situation in every detail.

It was a trap he had blindly strayed into! The trap of the law. The trap that had been set for him cunningly, and had waited long for some chance or arrant folly of his to lead him into it.

Instantly he raised his gun, though awkwardly enough, covered the man by the fire, and laid his left fore-finger on the trigger. Then he stood stock-still.

The man who walked stood still also. He scanned the half-breed from his rough fur cap to his moccasined feet, and recognized him.

With a lightning quick movement he reached the mantel, but before his hand touched the revolver, Francois fired—and the man, who seemingly dozed in the chair before the fire, and had not roused or noticed who entered the room, swayed a bit further forward and slipped to the floor.

Two more reports rang out together—a second from Francois' gun, and one from the revolver of the officer of the Mounted Police. From the trading-room the French-Canadian agent came running in with short, excited cries, and beyond, somewhere, a chorus of children's voices frightened and clamouring, was raised suddenly.

The room was blue with smoke, but the Factor saw one man standing stiffly by the fireplace, his revolver still in his hand. On the floor lay Francois and the other soldier of the Mounted Police.

He ran from one to the other frantically. He was a man of peaceful habit, slow to anger, and with sympathies easily wrought upon. He raised his voice now in loud lamentation and protested to heaven against such fierce and tragic happenings as these taking place beneath the roof of his house.

His squaw stood passively at the door, keeping the brood of children behind her, and she watched the scene in silence.

Still the officer waited with raised revolver, his finger on the trigger, his eyes fixed upon the half-breed on the floor.

A thin line of red ran from the breast of Francois' beaver coat, and widened, and widened, as it ran across to the warm hearth stones.

The fur cap had fallen off, and the man's tangled dark head moved from side to side, mechanically it seemed. His lips were drawn back a little from his teeth, that showed strong and white as a wolf's, but he made no sound.

The soldier who had slipped from his chair, lay where he fell, absolutely still.

Slowly the officer of the Police lowered his revolver. Kneeling down by his comrade he bent over him and listened. The room grew strangely quiet for a moment, and the Factor stayed his lamentations and listened also.

Presently the soldier arose. "Dead," he said shortly. "Stone-dead. He never even knew"—the words trailed into silence.

HE crossed to Francois. The half-breed looked up, the restless moving of his head stilled.

"It makes a good way to go," he said through his stiffening lips. "A queek ver short portage. Merci M'sieu. I thank you, with ma heart. Dieu! Yo clever fellows—yo grand Seigneur! With yo bon rifle, bon revolver. Yo damn fine horses. Yo cannot tak one French Indian alive, eh?" Along with the rattle in his throat sounded a short scornful laugh.

"So!" he went on after a pause. "Francois de trapper—de outlaw—he walk into de trap. An Francois—crippled of hees right arm, starved as coyote in Spring, an dead with weariness—he get one of yo. So!" The mocking voice ceased, the red line ran more quickly.

Then with a sharp movement the half-breed raised himself up on his left arm. The light of reason had gone from his eyes, and a wild delirium filled them. Something he saw before him, or someone, for he gazed hard and smiled. "She es made of the snow—an de pink of de wild-rose—an de gold of the frost-touched leaf—" he said softly.

(Continued on page 25.)



SCENE FROM "OLIVER TWIST."

Fagin's Den, Showing Constance Collier as Nancy, Marie Doro as Oliver, Nat Goodwin as Fagin and Lyn Harding as Bill Sykes.

Six New Plays in One Week

An Interesting Group of Lenten Offerings, Including a Dickens Play

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent

WITH the production of six new plays, the first week of the annual Lenten fast took on the proportions of a theatrical "gorge." That term at least describes the gastronomic sensations of those who were obliged to devour all six in as many days. The formidable list includes Mrs. Fiske, in "Lady Patricia," at the Empire; "Oliver Twist," in the Amstage version of J. Comyns Carr, at the New Amsterdam; a Pinero comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," with Gertrude Elliott, at the Lyceum; Mme. Simone, in Louis N. Parker's "The Lady of Dreams," at the Hudson; "The Truth Wagon," a modern American comedy at Daly's; and a spacious melodrama, "The Greyhound," at the Astor.

Mrs. Fiske's new offering, "Lady Patricia," is by Rudolf Besier, the author of "Don." The story concerns a woman who has married a man presumably for his intellectual attractions. Although he supplies most of the cravings of her heart, there is still a romantic void which a breezy, slangy, practical youth seems to fill to her satisfaction. Solicitous for her husband's welfare, should the knowledge of his wife's innocent fondness for another come to him, Lady Patricia goes to great pains to conceal her secret. But it so happens that the husband is carrying on a little intrigue on his own account. When matters are likely to come to a serious point, the affairs of the two are taken in hand by the youth's mother, and the father of the flirtatious girl.

MESSRS. LIEBLER & CO., to whom we already owe "The Garden of Allah," "Disraeli" and Mme. Simone's visit, are responsible for the single stage contribution to the Dickens Centenary. The Comyns Carr version used for this occasion is the one prepared for Beerbohm Tree's London production and differs materially from the older dramatic versions of the novel. There are five acts and nine scenes in the present play, some of the scenes being reproduced with startling effectiveness. The company includes Nat Goodwin in the role of Fagin; Lyn Harding—who played the same part in the London production—as Bill Sykes; Constance Collier as Nancy and Marie Doro in the name part, Oliver Twist. From the standpoint of acting, scenic effects and literary interest, the piece will rank as one of the big events of the season.

In the title of his new comedy, "The Truth Wagon," Hayden Talbot has pressed a tolerably

familiar colloquialism into new service. The story has to do with one John Ross, Jr., who bears a national reputation as a prevaricator. To please his father, who has accepted a nomination for the Governorship, he agrees to go on the truth "wagon" for ninety days. At about the same time he falls in love with the daughter of a man who is holding on fast to a dying newspaper, noted for its honesty. He buys out the paper and proposes to make it live up to its reputation. The circulation of The Truth increases rapidly, but advertising falls off in about the same ratio. The young man's fortune is wiped out at the end of three months as a result, but the sacrifice has gained for him the respect of the community and the love of the girl.

"Preserving Mr. Panmure," which had an extended run at the Comedy Theatre, London, resolves itself into a puzzle of who kissed the governess. The offence is aggravated by the fact that the governess is very pretty and well worth kissing. It happened at the country home of Mr. Panmure, a weedy, fussy, dense gentleman, whose chief grievance is that his young wife has condemned him to preach a sermonette twice a week at family prayers. In gratitude to the governess for having given him a subject out of the Aristolic Encyclopaedia, he impulsively kisses her and she refuses to give him away. All of the other men in the house are suspected by their wives and it finally devolves upon Mr. Panmure to conduct a judicial inquiry. Matters become so strained finally that the private secretary of one of the visitors confesses to the deed. This establishes a dangerous moral precedent to be sure, but Pinero has taken good care not to give fussy moralists an innings. Besides, Miss Gertrude Elliott plays the part of the governess—a fact that in itself would exonerate Mr. Panmure or anyone else.

"THE Lady of Dreams," adapted by Louis N. Parker, from Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine," places Mme. Simone, an intensely modern realistic actress, in a romantic role. The play is one of considerable beauty. It tells the story of the beautiful Princess Melissanda of Tripoli, about whom Prince Geoffrey Rudel dreams until his dream becomes so much a part of his life that he starts on a perilous voyage to Tripoli to meet the reality. Arriving at Tripoli, the Prince is sick nigh unto death, and Bertram volunteers to go ashore and bring the Princess to the ship. The way to the palace is beset with many difficulties, but Bertram finally reaches the Princess, who mistakes him for Geoffrey, and a mutual love springs up between them. How Bertram is faithful to his friend and how the Prince is rewarded for his pilgrimage is all told in the play.

Excepting the first act, which is laid in the poorer quarters of San Francisco, the action of "The Greyhound" takes place on board a transatlantic liner. Among the principal characters of the play are the members of a band of thieves and swindlers who are operating on the ship, but who are being watched by a well known detective agency. The love stories are provided, one between a detective and the wife of one of the crooks, the other between a rich girl and a poor young football player.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, in "Preserving Mr. Panmure."



MARGARET WYCHERLY, in "The Lady of Dreams."



MRS. FISKE, in "Lady Patricia."

Such a Smartness

How Herman Proved that He Had a Head for Business

By ED. CAHN

IT was an intensely hot day—Friday afternoon, at that—and, as all the world of cigar dealers know, that, in the best of weather, is a poor day for business.

Aaron Shinsky had just finished putting away some new stock, moistening the sponges in the cases, refilling the alcohol lamp, and replenishing the pile of free matches. He concluded his labours by dusting the counters for perhaps the tenth time that day. Then he washed his hands, pulled down his shirt sleeves, and mopped his brow, after which he sat down and wondered if the glaring sun would ever set, and customers come again.

Presently an exquisite, white-trousered, daintily manicured, straw-hatted young man stepped lightly over the threshold.

Aaron looked up hopefully, but when he saw who it was, his face fell. "It's Herman. That means another touch," he thought, and steeled his heart.

"Hello, Aaron," said the exquisite, in a voice which blended just the right proportions of familiarity and respect. "For such a hot day, you're looking fine, I must say. Gee! Get on to the nifty pink shirt of him, with plaits to it, too! Jimmy, what a stylishness. You look like a millionaire."

"Aw, cut it out, them hot airs. I ain't no millionaire, and I ain't good for no loans to-day, Herman, believe me. S's no good to ask me for nothings. Already I got done lending you money."

"Who said anything about money? All I want is a package of cigarettes. Jee—rusalem! Every time I see you, that's what you begin right away; you ain't got no money to lend. Anybody'd think I was trying to rob you," said Herman, in a heart-broken tone—enough to inspire compassion in a stone.

"You usually does it without tryin'—such an easy-ness I got it for my wife's relations," said Aaron, softening.

He went behind the counter, and took two boxes of the boy's favourite brand out of stock. "Here you are, my dearly beloved and highly perfumed kid brother-in-law; I'm tickled to death, I assure you, that you let me down so easy this time."

As he watched his wife's handsome and improvident younger brother fill his pockets with matches, and perch himself on the counter, his sternness returned, and he felt moved to follow his Sadie's instructions, and "give that boy a good talking-to."

In a normal state, he would not have dreamed of lecturing Herman on the error of his pleasant ways; as well reason with a humming bird, or argue with a butterfly. Aaron was short and stout, and the heat affected his temper, and warped his judgment.

"Why don't you get it a move to yourselves, and get you such a job, so you don't need to borrow money? Such a shamefulness—not to have it *mazumen* enough to buy cigarettes."

Herman showed his teeth in an impudent smile. He plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a fair-sized handful of silver.

"Aaron, you go so fast, that if you was a joy rider, you'd be pinched for speeding faster than the limit. I never said I wanted a loan. I never said I didn't have no money, because, before I got a chance, you had already made me a present of two boxes of cigarettes—that's twenty cents saved."

Aaron made a dive for him, but he was too nimble, and sprang away, laughing.

"You see," he continued, "you and mommer and the whole family's got it into your heads I'm no good to work, and so I don't need to. Mommer lectures me—but at the end she gives me a check; and why shouldn't she? She's got lots of money. Sadie, just until lately, always is a good sister to me; and you, Aaron, are the best friend what I got. Why, you're better than a brother to me."

"What's this? Another touch?" interrupted Aaron, but Herman proceeded unabashed:

"Now, I say, every man to his talents. Yours, Aaron, is to make money, and you follow it for all you're worth; and everybody says: 'Oh, what a fine, steady feller that Aaron Shinsky is; he's strictly business.'"

"My talent is to spend money, and I try to follow it. I'm strictly pleasure. But do I get any credit? No! I should say not! Everybody says: 'What a good for nothing that man Herman Zudelstein is, anyway!'"

"Vat! A kid like you calling yourself a man!" cried Aaron. "You look like a human haberdasher

sign, more than like a man."

He swung Herman around until he was facing a long mirror set into the wall. "I want you should take it a good long look at yourselfs."

"You're a pretty kettle from fish to be talking like a society man in a best seller about talents for spending. How do you know what your talents are? You never tried earning money."

"Look at that there hatband what you are wearing. Such a loudness it's got, I wonder you ain't been arrested for disturbing the peace. Silk shirts maybe is all right for actors, but they don't look good on Jew boys, who has not got so much money that the Rothschilds are layin' awake night wonderin' how to keep him from getting theirs. White drowsers maybe is good for sissies—and look at that tie! It's too bright, Herman, even for a dark night when there ain't no moon."

Herman thrust out a neatly shod foot. "Ain't you forgot my shoes and socks? What's the matter with them?"

"The socks is too noisy, and the shoes is too expensive."

"Now, look here, Herman, you better stop tryin' to look like a peacock, and get you a job."

"What's the good? I can get all I need without a job. Mommer says she won't see me starve; Sadie won't forget me, so long's I'm her baby brother; and you, good old sport, give me cigarettes for nothing."

AARON swore in Hebrew, which Herman did not understand—having been too indolent to go to Sabbath school—so he lit a cigarette, and blew beautiful, perfect smoke rings, inspected his nails, and smiled at himself in the mirror.

"Dopus!" concluded Aaron. "I betcha that never did you make it fifty cents in your lifetime."

"Back up! Back up! You shouldn't excite yourself so in hot weather. I don't say about the fifty cents, but I did make twenty on you now."

"Right away jokes you make. That was a scheme, a trick. You didn't earned it."

"Same thing, I'm telling you," declared Herman earnestly. "Do the big financiers dig millions of dollars out of the ground from sewer ditches or brick-hod jobs? No—they leave for the yokels, what ain't got no brains, and has to make what they get from out of the sweat of their faces. The financiers they use it tricks, schemes, credit, Aaron. They juggle them together—and from out of their jugglings comes money."

"You don't say so. Vell, I calls that swindling, like a shell-game man makes it with three shells and a marble—and he gets it arrested sometimes, too."

"Shell-games men, their work is coarse—they are pikers. And for being pikers, they get pinched; but financiers they are too smart for that. If, now and then, one slips up and falls down, he gets it, instead of arrested, summonsed, and investigated, and let off for lack of evidence, and his picture put in the papers," said Herman wisely.

Aaron saw the fallacy of this, but knew the uselessness of trying to convince Herman against his will; for he was always as determined not to be convinced as a woman.

"Mebbe you're right, an' mebbe you're wrong—I don't say. Only show me that you can make good by so much as a dollar, either by hard work or by schemes, and I will have more respect for your ideas."

"That leads up to what I came to see you about," said Herman, in a businesslike tone that made Aaron stare.

"You an' everybody's been hollering at me for not getting down to business, and so I sez to myself to-day, 'I'll go down by Aaron's, and get him to fix me up a little line of samples from out of his cigar store, and I will take them out on the road, and sell them.'"

"What!" gasped Aaron.

"And," continued Herman, "I sez to myself, 'When he sees what a pile of goods I'll sell, and how pretty soon he has to hire more cigar makers to fill the orders I get; and then, after a while, how he moves to a larger place, and, later on, has the store uptown separate in a better location, and the manufacturing downtown, and he makes it more money than ever before—then I guess he'll say to himself, 'I done that boy an injustice. He's got a head on him like I never thought. I think, by golly,

I'll increase his salary, and give him more expenses money.'"

"That's a fine idee you got, Herman, I must say! Whatcha take me for? A filantrofist? I ain't setting the world on fire, I know; but all the same, Herman, I'm making a pretty good living for me and Sadie without no drummers."

"If I should send you out on the road, you'd smoke up all your samples, and, with your high-flyer idees about spending-money, have me busted up inside of a week from your expenses. No, sir-ee!"

"There is a business man for you!" cried Herman. "Treats a business proposition like it was a insult."

"I bet if a smooth guy what you never seen before in your life comes in here, and points out to you what a mistake you're making by grubbing along here in a little two-by-four place like this here—with a four-by-six factory, where you're turning out a A-number-one cigar what sells fine, and is a good article—instead of letting him take a grip full of your goods out of town and selling 'em for you on their merits and good points, you'd listen to him with all kinds of attention—not to say respect."

"Sure I would, because a business man don't come into a man's store dressed up like a cheap actor, and bum off him two packages cigarettes, stand himself up before the looking-glass, and give me all kinds of lip! Besides, when I ask him who he is, he can tell me, and show me what he's done before."

"Yah!" jeered Herman. "Like fun. 'Maybe it's all lies, anyhow. Besides, what's he doing out of a job, anyway, if he's such a wonder?'"

"Who?" said Aaron, bewildered.

"That business man you're telling me about. Weil, you know all about me, Aaron. I won't be taking out no samples under false pretenses."

"You ain't taking out no samples under no pretenses, and don't you forget it."

"You're a fine one; now I want to get busy, you won't let me. All right, you ain't the only one. I was only giving you first chance." Herman walked to the door, and Aaron, his always-soft heart already smiting him, followed hastily to soften his words.

Along the deserted street clattered a dingy bread wagon. The driver, a stupid-looking German, was making good headway.

"Gee!" thought Herman idly. "Sauerkraut looks like he's just heard of a place on the West Side where they are giving away beer and pretzels."

Just as the vehicle came abreast of him, and Aaron reached the door, a large, bobtailed cat elected to cross the street on business.

A thousand times had she crossed the street in peace and safety, and it did not occur to her now, at this late day, to suspect any danger. So she jumped serenely down from the curb, just in time to meet instant and tragic death beneath the wheels of the bread wagon.

The driver pulled up, and gazed with mild horror at his innocent victim. "Von cat less," he said to himself, and was about to drive on, when Herman descended upon him.

"Oh, the poor cat! What do you mean by driving like that? I'll have you arrested for recklessness. It was such a expensive cat, too. I wouldn't have taken twenty dollars to see it killed! You got to pay me five dollars for it!"

"FIVE dollars for a cat!" exclaimed the baker. "Nein! I wouldn't do it. I could not helupp it—it ain't mein fault."

"Not your fault? I like your gall! Whose fault was it? Mine, standing in my brother-in-law's store? Was it the cat's fault? Pretty soon you will be telling me that it was watching for your wagon to commit suicide by. You think that cat was crazy to die? No, sir—that cat was a happy cat, with a good home, perfectly contented until you come along and murder it. Five dollars it will cost you, and I am letting you off cheap."

Herman was the picture of grief, mingled with rage and determination. The German scratched his head, and turned to inspect the sad remains. "Why, it iss a damaged cat! Mit a bobtail!" he cried.

"Oh, such a ignorance! Damaged your eyes—that's a very valuable breed, what always has short tails. The shorter the tail, the more expensifer the cat."

"That's right," said one of the crowd that had gathered. "I seen one once in a cat show. They call them Manx cats."

"Sure," said his neighbor. "They named them after Hall Caine. He's from Manx."

"You're crazy!" said another. "He wrote—"

"There! You heard what the gentlemen said? They're very rare, too. You got to settle, that's

(Concluded on page 30.)

Law-Breaking and the Franchise

A Defence of the Suffragette.
By SONIA LEATHES

known and well used form of argument applied to indifferent and faithless governments. History repeats itself in a wonderful way. A little less than

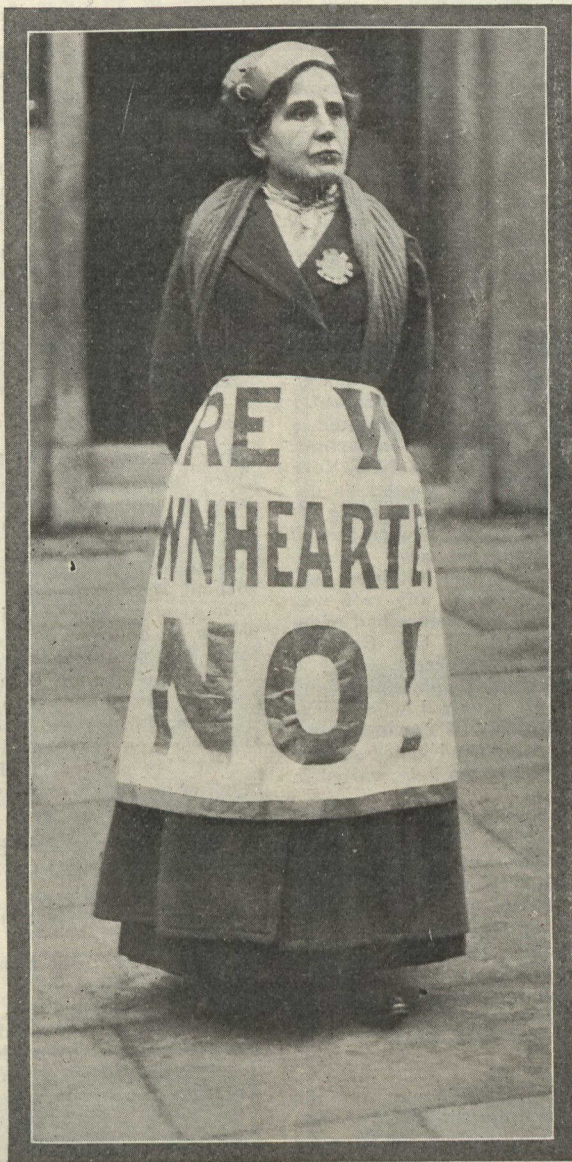
HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

THE columns of our press have been filled lately with variations on the theme: "Law-breakers cannot be law-makers, and if women break the law, they cannot be granted the right to vote." Whatever our attitude may be with regard to acts of public disorder or violence, however strongly we may condemn such acts and disapprove of individuals who take part in them, we cannot but admit, if we have studied history past and present, that it is an utter fallacy to maintain that law-breaking forms or ever has formed a disqualification for the parliamentary franchise either as applied to a whole class or to single individuals. The vast bulk of the violence, disorder and law-breaking which has taken place among all nations, civilized or uncivilized, living under autocratic or under representative government, law-breaking, as expressed in international or in civil wars, or in the forms of individual offences against the civil or against the criminal law and against police regulations, has been committed by men and not by women. Yet it is men, and not women, who possess the vote and who make and control the legislation of their countries to the exclusion of the more peaceful and law-abiding half of the population. Italian soldiers massacre helpless Arab women and children; McNamara's blow up buildings and injure life and property; does anyone argue, therefore, that men in general, and Italians, Americans and Canadians in particular, have forfeited their right to return members to parliament? Are strikers disfranchised when they take violent means to prevent "blacklegs" taking their places? Yet this is precisely what forms a glib argument in the case of women. A certain section of English women have resorted to certain militant forms of protest against the government of their country which, in their opinion, has acted treacherously against them, therefore: "All women, and especially Canadian women, are unfit to vote!" Is it through constitutional and law-abiding methods that one hundred millions of Chinese men have successfully demonstrated their claims and fitness for representative government? Is it by bowing to the autocratic rule of the Czar and of his advisers that the Russian people obtained the right to share in the government of their country? Is it by peaceful and constitutional methods that the people of England succeeded in having their first Reform Bill carried in 1832, when they burned all the government buildings at Bristol, the Duke of Nottingham's castle, broke every window in the houses of Cabinet Ministers who were opposed to the carrying of this measure?

WOULD there be a question of Home Rule for Ireland to-day, had not Irish love of law and order manifested itself in the form of cattle-driving and of riots and of bloodshed? Was any single Irishman who had individually taken part in these deeds of violence disfranchised?

"If people had listened to no appeal except to obey the law, to love order and to hate violence, none of our great political liberties would ever have been won!" said Gladstone.

It is deplorable, but nevertheless true, that under our present exclusively masculine administration no progressive political movement ever enters the sphere of practical politics until people are prepared to fight for it. As long as agricultural labourers or Chinese, or Irish, or women continue law-abiding and restrict themselves to "constitutional" protests and petitions, they are met with the stubborn argument that "they do not want the vote or Home Rule," as the case may be. Because women as a class were excluded from citizenship by the first Reform Bill, because for half a century their patient and untiring efforts to have the stigma of electoral disability removed have been persistently and ruthlessly defeated by successive governments, the latest instance being the "torpedoing" of the Conciliation Bill through introduction of an entirely unexpected Manhood Suffrage Bill, it is for the first time in history that women as women have resorted to law-breaking in order to register a well



When Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence were arrested, the Suffragettes of London took this method of answering the question of the hour. This photograph was taken outside the Bow Street Police Station.

a century ago the Roman Catholics of Great Britain were almost in exactly the same position as English

women. They could not vote anywhere (except in Ireland for a Protestant candidate), they could not sit in parliament, nor enter any employment in the Civil Service, or hold any commission in the army or in the navy, nor were they allowed to enter the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Since 1812 the question of Catholic Emancipation had been before the British Parliament, but since it cut across party lines (as woman suffrage does to-day), and since the leaders of successive governments were opposed to such a measure, all representations and petitions on the part of the Roman Catholics remained without avail. Then arose one, Daniel O'Connell, with his "Catholic Association" and his "militant methods." Cabinet Ministers were attacked, meetings were broken up, windows were broken, etc. Then, like now, there was a general outcry on the part of well-meaning friends that these actions had put back the cause of Catholic Emancipation indefinitely. Yet, within twelve months the then Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, who had until then strenuously opposed any measure of Catholic Emancipation as a most "serious disaster to Great Britain" (as Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer to-day pronounce woman suffrage a disaster to the British Empire), introduced the Catholic Emancipation Act himself, saying that "the ministry had to choose between concession and civil war," and Sir Robert Peel, who was equally strongly opposed to this measure when introducing the bill into the House of Commons, said: "I have not changed my opinions, but I have changed my policy." And so the Roman Catholics obtained their civil rights as a direct result of law-breaking on the part of a certain section!

NOT only does not the statement that: "Law-breakers cannot be law-makers" apply to whole sections of the community, but it equally does not apply to individuals. Twenty years ago John Burns stood up in Trafalgar Square inciting a huge mob to storm the House of Commons and to destroy a condition of society which allowed any man to own more than £200 a year. John Burns was put to prison then, but to-day he is a member of the Cabinet, takes an active share in the making of laws and peacefully draws a salary of £5,000 (\$25,000) a year. Yet Mrs. Pankhurst is condemned to imprisonment with hard labour and solitary confinement in an unheated cell to-day for inciting women to militant protests against the government, a woman with a great brain and a large heart who, but for the accident of sex, might have been employed in serving her country as a member of the same government which now treats her as a common felon.

Let it be clearly understood that according to our electoral laws the voters' register takes no cognizance of any voter's intellectual or moral equipment. No amount of illiteracy, which in our days of compulsory state education has to be classed with crime, disqualifies a man as a voter and only during his actual stay in prison (and during six months after the termination of sentence—in England) is even a criminal who has committed theft or assault or forgery or any other offence debarred from exercising his electoral rights. If this is bad law, let us remember that it is entirely man-made, and since women bear no share in its making they cannot be made responsible for it. But, as long as it holds good for men, it must hold good for women also.

Equal Suffrage in China.

EQUAL suffrage was granted to the women of China by the Parliament at Nanking, according to a cablegram received in San Francisco the other day. The law will become effective immediately. Women voters will be subjected to the same restrictions as men, and must be able to read and write and also to be property-owners and at least twenty years old. Yik Yug Ying, who has been called the Mrs. Pankhurst of China, was elected a member of the Parliament last week, from Canton Province. She is a college graduate.



Suffragette Offices at Clement's Inn. Where the Propagandist Work is Being Carried on. The Lady Chauffeur is the One Who Drives the Pankhursts About London.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

A daily paper tells us "fifteen ways to win a woman." In leap year most men want to know fifteen ways to avoid them.

Hull, Quebec, is going to have Sunday baseball. The Lord's Day Alliance will be moving to have one letter in Hull's name changed.

Barbers threaten to strike if they don't get the eight-hour day. What a lull there will be in the conversation!

For persistency there's not much to beat the way the little news items about Mexico's revolution keep straying in and finding a place among the news features with scare headings.

Britain is mistress of the seas, and France plans to be queen of the air, but the war scares will continue to be "made in Germany."

Yes, what's in a name? Ice-breakers keep on getting stuck in the ice, and many congregations are badly divided on church union.

China is becoming civilized. Suffragettes at Nanking are reported to have adopted militant methods much in line with those of London.

How to Know a Boom.—"What is a boom?" is a question that many people have asked. An interesting answer is given by the Victoria Colonist as follows:

A St. John paper says that some people in that city are asking: "What is behind the boom?" This is a needless question.

As a matter of fact, St. John is not having any boom at all. It is simply experiencing that healthy activity which comes with great public works which will be the precursors of great commercial activity. When St. John really has a boom it will experience something like what a former resident of that city said happened to him in Seattle.

"Some one rang me up over the telephone when I was at breakfast," he said, "and offered me \$1,000 for a lot of land. I said I only did business at my office, and that I would be there at 10 o'clock. He said he would be there. On my way down town I went into a store to buy a pair of rubbers. A man followed me in and offered me \$1,500 for the lot. I made the same reply, and he said he would be on hand. When I got to my office there was a man waiting outside, who offered me \$1,750. I said I only did business inside my office. When I got in, there was a man waiting who put down \$2,000 on the table and said he wanted the lot. He got it."

That's the way things happen when there's a boom on.

Especially in Leap Year. OF INTEREST TO WOMEN. Men.

The Original Jest.—Once more the April Fool joke is about due. Probably the earliest of that kind of thing was the joke which the month of March is said to have sprung. A cow, says the story, kicked up her heels on April 1st and said, "A fig for March!" And the

blustery month borrowed three days from April and skinned the poor cow.

The American Rooster.—People everywhere in Canada know of Andrew Broder, the member for Dundas in the Canadian Commons. They know of him as a long-trying and worthy Parliamentarian, a good Tory, a good Canadian, and a good story teller. They also know that had fate so decreed he would have made a capable Minister of Agriculture.

It was back in the days of the Tupper regime when Mr. Broder was Collector of Customs at his home town, Morrisburg. Even the hum-drum atmosphere of a Customs office did not fail to respond to Mr. Broder's ready humour and native wit, and while a good and honest official he often saw fit to temper justice with mercy.

It had been a quiet day at the port of entry. Very few of the officer's country friends had called to secure the miscellaneous bric-a-brac, which is constantly passing through, until there entered a lady, whose mission was important. Some of her good friends in New York State had sent her a fine rooster—a donation—and she desired to secure the release of her gift. Mr. Broder looked serious as she stated her case. She remarked that the bird had not been purchased, that the value at any rate was small, and that her neighbours had often told her how considerate the Customs officer was in such instances.

It was Mr. Broder's opportunity, and he grasped it. He inquired whence the bird came, the locality of the new home whither it was going, and asked sundry other questions, while the lady waited in nervous anxiety.

Finally, Mr. Broder, with an air of seriousness, remarked, "My good lady, I can permit the release of the rooster, and charge you no duty if you will agree to one condition, which promise however you must most surely abide by."

"And what might that be?" inquired the lady in astonishment.

"It is," replied Mr. Broder, "that you never permit this American rooster to crow in a Canadian farm-yard."

Theatrical Tastes.—There's an old adage about the impossibility of accounting for people's tastes, and it seems particularly true in regard to their theatrical tastes.

By way of illustration, the remark of a young man, supposed to be rather intelligent and well read, is worth quoting. He had just sat through that exquisite Maeterlinck fantasy, "The Blue Bird," and as he made his exit he said to his companion, "The scenery was good, but I like a good drama."

Another case in point. Two young wives went to see "Pomander Walk," that quaint and dainty comedy of England in the time of the Georges, just like a page out of Dickens or Thackeray, and brimful of that delightful whimsical humour characteristic of those great novelists.

The young women were asked how they liked it, and their answer indicated that its beauty had in the language of the theater "gone over their heads."

"We were sorry we didn't go to a vaudeville show where we could have had a

good laugh," they said. "There wasn't enough comedy in it."

The Voice of the West.

The great, big, booming, wonderful West! Oh, list to its happy voice! "We're riding on prosperity's crest— Do you wonder we rejoice?"

"Here everyone takes off his coat—and vest, And pitches in with a will. The stranger always is impressed In this land where we don't stand still.

"Of all parts this is the very best; We can prove to you that we're right. It's only in the bounding West That towns spring up in a night.

"It's here that a man is put to the test— And the man worth while does well; But the chap who's lacking in push and zest In some other place should dwell.

"If you have a grouch get it off your chest And step to the tune of the band. Just turn each worry into a jest And grow with this wonderful land." W. A. C.

Joy Among the Angels.—It is sometimes hard to draw the line between broad humour and irreverence.

A breezy Westerner has a rather original wit, and is in the habit of giving utterance to the fancies that strike him without second thought.

On a recent Sunday, his wife was preparing to go to church, and asked him for a coin to put on the collection plate.

"Here's a quarter, honey," he replied, handing her twenty-five cents. "Five little angels may get into a moving picture show on that coin."

And his better half didn't know whether to laugh or be shocked.

A Pointer for Parents.

(A Toronto school-boy was sent home by a medical inspector because a hole was found in his tooth.)

Since medical inspection is the latest thing in school,

And the nurses and the doctors are allowed to reign and rule,

Busy parents must make certain that their kiddies are quite whole

Ere they truthfully can answer "Here" when teacher calls the roll.

Listen to my question Johnny: "How's your liver, dear, to-day?"

Are you sure your heart is beating quite in its accustomed way?

Tell me, is your tongue as active as it was at breakfast, dear?

Have you tested every tooth, love? Are they safe and solid here?

When you pulled your stockings on, boy, did you count your little toes?

Let me see if both your nostrils still remain within your nose?" W. F. W.

A Wise Son.—Some men are rather under-rated in their own homes.

It was a cold winter night. Little Johnny sat beside the radiator, reading a book.

Mother was about to retire upstairs. She called down to Johnny.

"Johnny, bring up the bed-warmer."

Johnny, without leaving his cosy corner, hollered to the kitchen:

"Father, mother wants you."

Latest Fashion Hints.

The newest thing in earrings are egg shells, carefully blown, though some criticize those who wear them for making such a vulgar display of wealth.

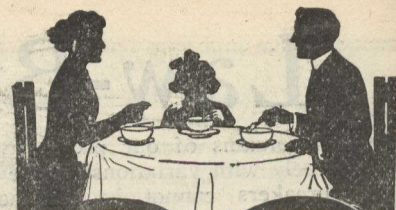
Stockings should have but one hole. That one should not be shown.

Much of the furs worn this spring have a light coat of hair.

It is not the thing to wear open work waists while one at the same time wears a porous plaster.

No matter how wealthy you are, never wrap your string of pearls more than 23 times around your neck.

Hips are returning. You may find an old pair in your clothes closet.



Today let Kellogg's
Toasted Corn Flakes
tempt that one at
your table who is
hardest to
please.

After that you'll
always serve the
**Sweethearts of
Sweet Corn**
—the flaky, crisp,
golden nutriment
that no other
cereal vies
with!

No bother to you—
just open the package
and serve with cream
or milk. Heat the
milk if you prefer a
hot dish. It's simply
fine either
way.

10¢ Kellogg's

TOASTED
CORN FLAKES

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE
that ANYONE
can use



I dyed ALL these
DIFFERENT KINDS
of Goods
with the SAME Dye.
I used

DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 10. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

HAWK BICYCLES
An up-to-date High Grade Bicycle fitted with Roller Chain, New Departure Coaster Brake and Hubs, Detachable Tires, high grade equipment, including Mudguard, \$22.50 Pump, and Tools
Send for FREE 1912 Catalogue, 100 pages of Bicycles, Sundries and Repair Material. You can buy your supplies from us at Wholesale Prices.
T. W. BOYD & SON,
27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.



Two More Members of the Black Hand Have Just Been Captured.

A WEEK'S MUSIC

IN the article on choral music week before last nothing was said about the Elgar Choir of Hamilton. This was intentional. The Elgar Choir was not forgotten; but the writer of the article had not heard this ambitious Hamilton choir—which sang in Toronto last week. This is the second visit of the Elgar Choir to Toronto. They cannot be said to have been overwhelmed with the warmest of welcomes. The big hall was less than half full; in spite of the fact that the Toronto Symphony Orchestra took part in the programme



Mr. Bruce Carey, Conductor of the Elgar Choir in Hamilton.

and played quite as well as the Elgar Choir sang, which is saying a great deal.

Very probably Toronto reckons that she has choral music enough without Hamilton coming over. And it may have been a stroke of poor management on the part of the Hamilton choir that sent them into something of an enemy's camp. Toronto is blandly certain that no living organization ever could oust the Mendelssohn Choir from its pedestal; which is quite true. And along with this patriotic appreciation of its own great choir there has come along rather a bigotry towards outside organizations.

However, the Hamilton choir of about a hundred voices demonstrated that they have no call to be afraid of Toronto criticism. They even succeeded in giving a few of the blasé overfed ones some real thrills on at least one piece—"O Day of Penitence," by Gounod. This used to be one of the Mendelssohn Choir star numbers. Indeed all but two of the pieces on the programme were things in the repertoire of the Toronto choir. There is no harm in this; any more than it is a mistake that the quality of tone and the general style of singing in the Elgar Choir bears a near resemblance to the work of the Mendelssohn Choir, at least in lighter and unaccompanied works. In some respects the character of the tonal work could not be improved for that sized choir. Mr. Bruce Carey, the conductor, who is evidently a very temperamental musician, went hard after what he wanted from his choir, not before he knew what it was. In five years or so he has built up a choral body of which Hamilton should be excessively proud. Up to the present there is certainly no other choir but one in this part of Canada able to compare with the Elgar Choir; and if Mr. Carey keeps on advancing he may continue to show all but one choir a very clean and swift pair of heels.

This is a very desirable thing. It would be better for music all over Canada if the example of the Elgar Choir could be followed in the building up of strong local societies doing choral music. This is what has made England the greatest choral country in the world. Because Sheffield had a tremendous choir, Leeds and Birmingham and Blackpool were not deterred from having choirs almost as great. The fact that Toronto had developed herself into a strong centre of choral work

built about the greatest choir in America was not enough to keep Hamilton from wanting a choir as near as possible to the standard of the best. Years the Toronto choir had journeyed through Hamilton to Buffalo. Every time it did perhaps Mr. Carey determined that he would work all the harder to get a choir fit to compare with the best small choirs in America.

And he has got this. Much is owing to the undoubted stimulus of choral standards in Toronto, whose choral programmes have been copied and imitated in scores of Canadian and American cities. But there is quite enough originality about the work of the Elgar Choir to clear it from the charge of plagiarism. The programme was highly enjoyable from beginning to end. The Elgar number, "The Wraith of Odin," was perhaps the least satisfactory of all except in climactic bits. The work generally seemed to lack snap and character—neither of which certainly was lacking in the much more exacting work of Gounod, "O Day of Penitence." In many essential respects Mr. Carey's production of this piece has never been surpassed in Toronto, at least for that number of voices. He got the results easily without sacrifice of tone quality or pitch. This was by all odds the most delightful number on the programme. The Barcarolle from the "Tales of Hoffman" was the least worth while. Other numbers were the "Ave Maris Stella" of Grieg, also sung in a masterly and quite beautiful style; a three-part song by Elgar for women's voices with orchestral accompaniment in wood-wind and violins—"Fly, Singing Bird, Fly," rather a weak thing in character but well enough sung; and "The Water Lily," a singularly pretty thing of Gade without accompaniment, in which the peculiarly fine quality of tone in the bass section was very apparent.

The assisting pianist, Miss Jean Wood, made a decided hit in her rendering with the orchestra of the "Allegro Molto Moderato" movement from Grieg's concerto in A Minor. Miss Wood is a strong interpretative play-



Miss Jean Wood, Concert Pianist.

er and she succeeded in achieving a really big piece of work in a most difficult number.

Miss Wood was originally a graduate from the Conservatory of Music at Halifax, afterwards going to Leipzig, of whose famous Royal Conservatory she is a distinguished graduate. Her playing with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was her first public appearance since leaving Leipzig.

The orchestra played quite as well as ever it had done at its own concerts. Indeed that part of the programme, though subsidiary to the choral numbers, was quite as much of a treat as the Elgar Choir. The two organizations are exceedingly well matched and they produce an ensemble such as would be impossible if either were much bigger than the other.

And it is altogether a pity that

"IF" As an authority says—"Truth well expressed makes the best advertisement"—then here's one of the best advertisements in the paper.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

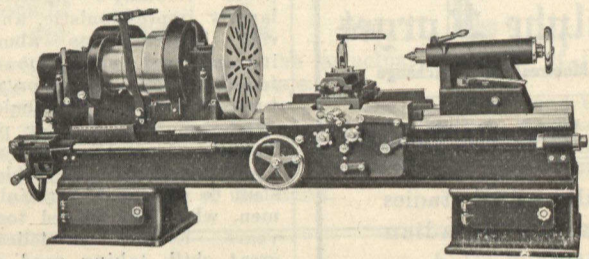
017

Is the best flavored and most economical Tea in the World.

Beware of high profit bearing substitutes.
Sealed Lead Packets only.

26 Inch Quick Change Engine Lathe

Lathes
Drills
Shapers
Slotters
Drop and Helve
Hammers
Punches and Shears
Presses



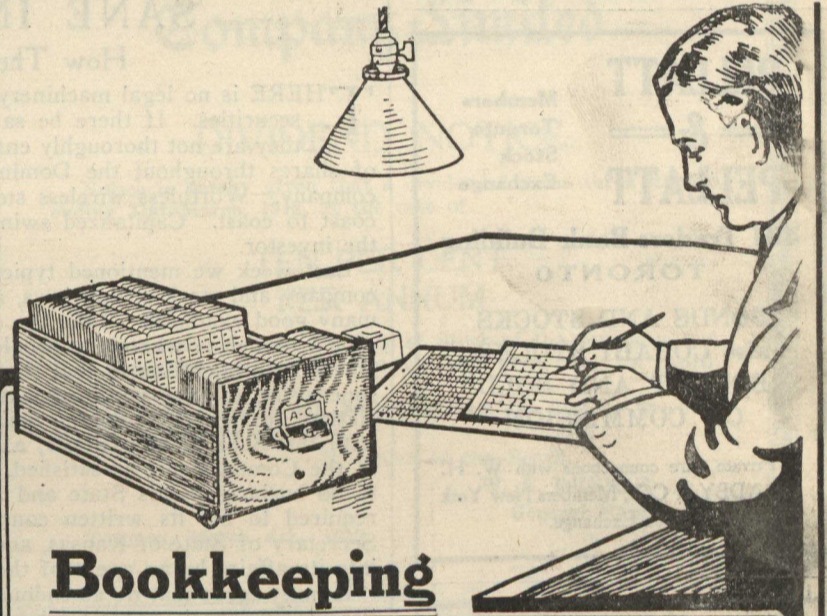
Matchers
Surfacers
Moulders
Tenoners
Chain Morticers
Saw Tables
Sanders and Saws

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wood Working Machinery

Iron Working Machine Tools

CANADA MACHINERY CORPORATION, Limited, Galt, Ont.



Bookkeeping Simplified

ACCOUNTANTS and Bookkeepers will be intensely interested in this announcement that we have evolved a new and better way of keeping accounts.

While the Card Ledger System has been in successful use for many years, it is now replacing other methods of keeping accounts, because we have perfected an

BRANCHES Alphabetical-Numerical Method of Indexing

Halifax,
St. John,
Quebec,
Montreal,
Ottawa,
Toronto
(Head Office)
Hamilton
Winnipeg
Regina
Calgary
Vancouver

that makes possible the location of any account in five seconds. This is only one feature of Card Ledger accounting, but don't you think it is enough evidence of the betterment in bookkeeping to want to read our book on Card Ledger Systems? Ask for a copy—phone, write, call.

97 Wellington St. West
TORONTO

503



MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE FILING CABINETS

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

Wood, Gundy & Co.

London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De France

PELLATT =&= PELLATT

Members
Toronto
Stock
Exchange

401 Traders Bank Building
TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H.
GOADBY & CO., Members New York
Stock Exchange.

The Title and Trust Company,

Bay & Richmond Sts.
TORONTO



Executor, Administrator
Assignee, Liquidator

Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of
Toronto Stock Exchange

Brokers
And
Bankers

12 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO, : CANADA

CABLE ADDRESS--CAWLOCK, TORONTO

twice as many people did not hear a concert that certainly cost Hamilton something in ambition and cash.

Debussy and Others.

THE Toronto String Quartette wound up its sixth season last week with an exceedingly good programme. But three numbers were given: Quartette, Op. 18, No. 1, adagio and scherzo movements, by Beethoven; Debussy Quartette, Op. 10, in three movements, with French phrase names not half so mysterious as the harmonies and rhythms of Debussy; Haydn, Quartette No. 60, in D Major—allegro moderato, adagio cantabile, minuetto—trio, finale—vivace.

The novelty was Debussy, who is certainly as modern-French as Pierre or D'Indy or the devil. We are getting gradually a sort of foggy familiarity with the intangible demi-semi-chromatics of this spell-weaver, who gets many of his impressions from sea-waves and rustling leaves and gnats on summer pools. Debussy's lighter works are largely impressionistic, and he has carried impressionism about as far as it can ever go without dispensing altogether with keys or melodic structure or ordinary harmonic progressions whatever. The number played by the Toronto Quartette was excessively unusual and highly enjoyable. Pernickety stuff to play as it certainly is, the four men, who have played together for six years, handled its delicatessen with great skill, taking good care to avoid

giving the 'steenth of a tone or the infinitesimal fraction of a beat more or less than was intended. The thing was a confection. The Haydn and Beethoven numbers, however, were perfectly sane and delightfully human. There is no getting far away from these two for the best traditional things in chamber music. Debussy is quite too super-excessively modern; much more so than the modern Russians who have done some of the finest string quartette music in the world. Besides, Debussy is mainly esthetic. His colours are a cross between daffodil yellow and violet.

A Violin Recital.

AN ambitious programme of exceedingly good violin music was recently given in Conservatory Hall by a very young performer, Miss Marie Southall, A.T.C.M., a pupil of Miss Lina Adamson. Miss Southall's programme included a Beethoven sonata for violin and piano, one movement of a well-known Mendelssohn concerto, Schubert's Ave Maria, Dvorak's Humoresque, and a number of other pieces equally exacting. The young lady's rendering of these was marked by strong interest in her work, a sincere, sympathetic restraint, and a simple, unostentatious method of bowing that would have done credit to many an older player. It is seldom that a debutante on the violin attempts so heavy a programme. Miss Southall and her teacher are to be congratulated on the obvious success achieved in the performance. Such a programme is seldom given by any but experienced violinists.



MONEY AND MAGNATES

SANE INVESTMENTS

How They Do It in Kansas.

THERE is no legal machinery in Canada to prevent the sale of worthless securities. If there be safeguards to the investor in this connection, they are not thoroughly enforced. Nothing is there to stop the peddling of shares throughout the Dominion in a British Columbia hidden treasure company. Worthless wireless stocks, as we have seen, have been sold from coast to coast. Capitalized swindles of every description have been fed to the investor.

Last week we mentioned typical instances of super-elasticity in Canadian company and stock selling laws, and said that the United States could set us many good examples. Take the case of Kansas, which is said to be the only spot in America where the people are almost free from stock selling sharks. There is in operation in that State, an Act to provide for the regulation and supervision of investment companies. It requires every corporation or association, foreign or domestic, which proposes to sell stock in Kansas, to file with the Bank Commissioner, a clear and complete statement of its affairs. If the Commissioner is satisfied, he issues a license permitting the company to do business in his State and an agent to sell its stock. The company is required to file its written consent to accept service upon it through the Secretary of State of Kansas, and pay the expenses of a minute investigation into its affairs by an agent of the Bank Commissioner.

It must agree that no amendment to its charter shall become operative until the amendment is approved by the Bank Commissioner; it must file copies of its contracts and each of its agents in Kansas must be registered in the Bank Commissioner's office. The law also provides methods of bookkeeping, and each company must agree to open its books at any time to any stockholder. Here is a provision of the law which gives the investor an excellent safeguard:

"The general accounts of every investment company, domestic or foreign, doing business in this State, shall be kept by double entry, and such company, its copartners or managing officers, shall at least once in each month make a trial balance of such accounts, which shall be recorded in a book provided for that purpose. Such trial balances, and all other books and accounts of such company, shall at all times during business hours, except on Sundays and legal holidays, be open to the inspection of stockholders and investors in said company or investors in the stocks, bonds, or other securities by it offered for sale, and to the bank commissioner and his deputies."

Any agent who offers securities for sale in Kansas without a license from the State is subject, for each offense, to a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and to imprisonment for not more than ninety days.

SINCE the law went into effect more than 700 applications have been filed under it, but only about fifty were approved and given certificates. The other States which have no such laws, and Canada, which is the happy hunting ground of the stock selling burglar, are apparently supporting the 650 companies which Kansas will not have at any price.

An English financial journal, commenting upon the experiment of Kansas, says: "Even though the rather amusing attempt prove ineffectual, as we fear it must, it is at least interesting; for it emphasizes the fact that there exists a very large class of people with money to invest but without the knowledge requisite for investing it safely." But we must remember that there is in England far greater publicity and safeguards in connection with company matters than exist in the United States and Canada. The English

McCuaig Bros. & Co.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A General Stock Exchange
Business Transacted.

Investment Securities a Specialty.

Reports on any Canadian or
American securities furnished
on request.

Our Weekly Circular gives an
analysis of the position of
CANADIAN PUBLIC UTILITY
COMPANIES.

Copy mailed free on request.

17 St. Sacramento St., Montreal

Ottawa, Sherbrooke, Granby,
Sorel, Danville. 32

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Paid Up \$6,250,000
Reserve Funds \$7,450,000
Total Assets \$110,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER
175 Branches in CANADA and NEW-
FOUNDLAND; 19 Branches in CUBA
and PORTO RICO.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

BAHAMAS | BARBADOS | JAMAICA
Nassau | Bridgetown | Kingston

TRINIDAD

Port of Spain
San Fernando

LONDON, ENG.,
Princes St., E.C.

NEW YORK,
Cor. William
and Cedar Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches

Significant Advances

A few striking comparisons made
by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C.,
President of the

Mutual Life OF CANADA

in his address to Policyholders at
the 42nd Annual Meeting of the
Company held February 1st:

	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2,450,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

shareholder gets, when he wants it, information about the company he is financing. If there is wrongdoing or suspicion regarding the management or directorate, he knows that proper laws exist to cope with the evil and that they will be enforced.

All the protection in the world will not prevent certain people from throwing away their money in obviously worthless stocks. On the other hand, the company and stock selling laws of Canada should be sufficiently strenuous and enforced in a way to prevent the stock vending buccaneers camping on the trail of the Canadian investor. The State of Kansas recognizes the human element in the investor. While the certificate issued by the authorities to stock salesmen grants permission to do business in the State, there is this provision on the certificate: "This Department in no wise recommends the securities of the above named company offered by such agent for sale." But the fact remains that the wild cats are barred from the State, and that is what we need in Canada.

On and Off the Exchange.

May Be Firmer Money.

THE last Government statement showed a further increase in the note circulation of the chartered banks. The circulation stood at almost \$89,000,000, or within \$17,000,000 of the legal limit. This is an uncomfortably small margin for the season, and it has an especial meaning for the security markets, for it foretells a possible squeeze in the money markets more serious than was experienced in the height of the crop marketing period.

There was, in fact, no squeeze then, but when spring brings a largely increased volume of business for the banks and the opening of navigation does not produce the usual ease, market loans are liable to be called. A great deal of money will undoubtedly be released by the shipment of grain now in store at the head of the lakes, but the western grain grower has already incurred obligations which will mean that practically all these funds will remain in the West, as loans on farmers' paper.

No Revision Just Now.

THE Bank Act revision will go over for another year and for that period apparently no means will be provided to give further elasticity to our circulation. At present money rates are firm between five and five and a half per cent., and while market funds are plentiful for the time being, the floating supply could be cleaned up very easily, and an advance in the rate would naturally produce some liquidation of stocks.

February Traffic Returns.

THE traffic returns of railroads and other semi-public corporations, in the earnings of which investors are interested, generally make a brave showing for the month of February. It is explained, of course, that one reason for this is that February this year had an extra day. In ordinary business transactions this extra day in Leap Year is not of any importance, but to the big corporations who pay dividends to the public it means a good deal. Interest and dividend payments are made not on the basis of day, but of months, and the railways and other corporations, therefore, have one day's net profits to the good this year. On the other hand an investor whose entire income was from dividends and interest on stocks and bonds would receive no more this year than last, but he must perforce pay out one day's extra living expenses. He would have in his stocks and bonds, if he continued to hold them, the value of the one day's extra profits, but in the matter of being able to make a good statement the corporations have the best of it.

U. S. Cutting Rates.

CANADIAN steel industries are still hampered by competition from the U. S. Although the United States steel mills, which practically, without exception, have been selling their entire output at the barest margin above cost, if even that, are able to undersell the Canadian steel maker on many lines, it is a condition that cannot last very long. It is estimated by very keen observers on the other side that for the quarter ending with this week, United States Steel Corporation will show a deficit after depreciation charges of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000. This is in spite of the fact that the finished steel output of the corporation for the quarter will reach a new high record. That part of the surplus output of the United States Steel Corporation which is sold on this side does not come under our dumping clause, for the goods are exported at the ruling prices in the United States.

As for the Maritime steel industries it is said authoritatively that while they have not been doing any better than last year on their finished steel they are making money on the export of both coal and ore, and are even making up for the loss of the bounty.

Dobie Developments.

A RATHER curious and probably an unprecedented turn for a mining transaction to take was the gift to the Dobie shareholders of fourteen patented Tisdale mining claims by the Dobie promoters on the discovery that that particular property had "gone wrong." At the outset of the Porcupine mining boom the Dobie was in many ways the most promising property of the lot. Its surface showings were more than spectacular, and it was in good hands financially. When the public was invited to come in Lorne D. McGibbon, of Montreal, a director of the company, made a public announcement that the purchase of Dobie shares was an absolute gamble and that no one who couldn't afford to lose the money should take the risk. The President, Frank C. Armstrong, of New York, said the same thing, but the public, however, would not be "shooed" away. It had given the cold shoulder to other Porcupine offerings brought out at the same time, but it seized the Dobie stock with surprising avidity and the market value was advanced from something like \$2.50 to close to \$5.00. The furore in the Dobie market probably surprised no one more than the two principal sponsors of the stock (Mr. McGibbon and his New York business associate, Frank C. Armstrong).

Dobie Fell Down.

THE development of the Dobie's supposedly rich ore bodies began at once. In due course expert engineering ability was obtained, but although the search for the elusive gold bearing quartz continued for over a year, the

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$11,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$9,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President.
ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

Travellers' Cheques

The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

\$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending 31st March, 1912, at the rate of

**TEN PER CENT.
PER ANNUM**

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable on and after the 1st April, next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st March, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

**W. E. RUNDLE,
General Manager.**

Toronto, March 6th, 1912.

Davidson & McRae

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAIL-
WAY LANDS and TOWN SITES

Write for Information

OFFICES:

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER
Canada, and LONDON, England

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.

Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE

per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.

Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00

Total Assets, - - - \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.

Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

THE STEEL CO. of CANADA LTD.

PIG IRON BAR IRON BAR STEEL

RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

Lord Lockington

A clever Mystery Story
which will begin next week

By FLORENCE WARDEN

Author of "The House on The Marsh," etc.

An unusually clever mystery story is not often found in these days when talent in writing has reached so high an average. Yet the editor of the CANADIAN COURIER believes that he has discovered one.

Edna Bellamy, an attractive girl, skilled in music, is engaged as private musician to Lord Lockington. The housekeeper who engages her describes Lord Lockington as a recluse who is never seen by any member of his household, and who will never be seen by the girl who is engaged to play to him.

The girl arrives at Lockington Hall and begins as peculiar an engagement as was ever undertaken by any artist. She plays and sings for a man whom she neither sees nor hears, but at the same time she is conscious of the fact that she is being closely observed. Her unusual experience is rendered more unusual by other mysteries which make Lockington Hall the curiosity of the countryside. She becomes the target for talk and gossip, as well as one of the central figures in a maze of events which have an unusual and dramatic finish.

Florence Warden is famous for her well-told tales, but this is undoubtedly the most thrilling as well as the cleverest of all her stories. The CANADIAN COURIER is lucky to have secured the exclusive Canadian rights for such a remarkable romance.

This new serial story will commence in next week's issue. Don't miss the opening chapter.

Canadian Courier,
TORONTO.

Dobie directors have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the Dobie lower levels are not worth any further effort until the formation of the north Tisdale country generally is more clearly determined.

This is being done by one company, a next-door neighbour of the Dobie, which, according to all reports, is securing most gratifying results, while the Dobie across the line is putting up its shutters. Such are the fortunes of mining. All that the Dobie had left was \$50,000 in its treasury, but Messrs. McGibbon and Armstrong, although under no legal or moral obligation to do so, have dumped into the Dobie treasury fourteen other claims which they owned in Tisdale township. Of the Dobie shares issued, Messrs. McGibbon and Armstrong are reputed to own 160,000. The public at large has 60,000 shares, so that while McGibbon and Armstrong are giving themselves a large part of the present, they are also making things considerably better for the minority of Dobie stockholders than has been the lot of shareholders in practically every other mining corporation with an unfortunate history.

Protecting Canadian Credit.

SOMETHING should be done to protect Canadian credit abroad. Too many boomsters are now in London unloading real estate upon the British investor. Usually these boomsters travel with letters from the Hon. Mr. Somebody, Sir John Someperson, or some other prominent Canadian who lends his name to a doubtful proposition for a share in the profits made by London sales.

The following despatch from London, by the special correspondent of the Montreal Star, indicates the dangers which Canada must eliminate:

London, March 20.—The Earl of Erroll's pointed criticism on the methods of some of the Canadian mining speculators and the consequent deterrent effect upon British exploration in the Canadian mining areas has revived the proposals for an authoritative Canadian bureau here to which intending British investors could apply for information.

It is suggested that the newly formed Canadian section be a part of the London Chamber of Commerce, which could create such a bureau in conjunction with the Canadian Mining Association under the auspices of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in order to scare wild cat ventures from the English market. J. H. Plummer, interviewed to-day, doubted the feasibility of any such artificial method of protecting the British investor. He said: "It certainly is regrettable that Canadian wild cat schemes cross the Atlantic, but the public will always be attracted by the promise of big returns, and can and must guard themselves against unscrupulous misrepresentations."

The Buying of Town Lots.

THIS is the season when the vendor of town lots gets really busy. During the weeks that are approaching many sensible Canadians are sure to be beguiled by smoothly worded advertisements into investing money in town lots which will never be of much use except for the growing of potatoes. Population considered, Canada has probably more town lots than any other nation in the world. The Canadian town that hasn't anywhere from five to fifty thousand vacant town lots awaiting the home-builder is a dead town. This is especially true of the West and partially true of the East. There has been much money made out of town lots. There will be much made in the future. But this profit will come to those only who know what they are buying. The man who buys town lots from a map, without independent advice, is almost though not quite as foolish as the man who buys from an advertisement inserted by some company that he has never heard of before. Not that all advertisements are misleading, but so many of them are that the chances are against the purchaser. Real estate in Canada is an excellent purchase if it is revenue producing. There is none better. The town lot which is to become valuable some years hence and which will produce nothing but taxes in the meantime is not an investment, it is a "gamble."

Journalistic Manners and Morals.

(From Toronto Saturday Night.)

"OF slight importance" is the caption of an editorial paragraph in Collier's issue of March 9, the same being a covert attack upon the CANADIAN COURIER. The first indictment against the COURIER is that the name contains the same number of letters of a sort that are as near as may be to those which spell Collier. The next is that the COURIER copied the design of a special heading made for Collier's. Another charge is that the COURIER adopted the sub-title "National Weekly," and finally, that the COURIER is owned by the secretary of a railway.

I carry no particular brief for the COURIER, its editor, or its proprietor; but at the same time it strikes me as peculiar that a journalistic carpet-bagger, sailing under false colours as does Collier's here in Canada, should have the effrontery to find fault with a Canadian printed and Canadian owned journal adopting the title "National Weekly." Collier's is owned and printed in the city of New York. Its money, if it makes any, goes into the Collier pot; if it loses, it is taken from the Collier pile. This "National Weekly" is Canadian to the extent of what advertising it can get in the Canadian field, and two pages of light-waisted editorial comment, dealing with semi-Canadian topics, injected into the American edition.

As for the name COURIER, to which Collier's takes exception because it begins with a "C" and ends with an "ier," it might be well to remind the New York publishers that the title was in common use among journalistic enterprises generations before the "Old Cap. Collier" dime novel series made name and wealth for the old head of the Collier house. If the name COURIER is to be condemned on any grounds, it should be lack of originality. So much for placing new wine in old bottles.

As for the charge that the COURIER is owned by the secretary of a railway, it might be replied to by asking, why not? If Mr. William Moore, whom I believe is the proprietor, or at least the chief proprietor of the COURIER, wishes to expend some of his surplus wealth, accumulated in great Canadian railway enterprises, in the publication of a Canadian journal, are there any reasons, ethical or moral, why he should be restrained; other than the fact that Mr. Moore's paper comes in competition with the American owned, American managed, and American printed Collier's? It strikes me that Mr. Moore's capital might be expended far less advantageously.

And lastly, it seems to me that the less Collier's says regarding its pose (under the circumstances which I have outlined) as operating the only and original "National Weekly" for Canadian consumption, the better.

Investment
Series

Talk
No. 3

Investment

Do not confuse investment with speculation.

Speculation consists in "taking chances" in the hopes of winning money, due to a rise or fall in the price of stocks—the intrinsic value of such stocks being almost immaterial.

Investment is the outright purchase of the stocks or bonds of a solid commercial enterprise or of Government or Municipal bonds—on which stocks or bonds you receive a steady income. The intrinsic value of such securities is definite and determinable.

The right kind of investment house for you to deal with is one that makes the very closest study of investments; one that can give you reliably the best results of their knowledge and statistical information as to the advisability or inadvisability of making the investment you contemplate.

Our Security Reports

are sent from time to time, as issued, to our clients and to those who, as possible investors, wish to keep informed on securities dealt in on all exchanges. May we not put your name on this list? It will obligate you to nothing and will be of undoubted value to you.

F. H. Deacon & Co.
Members Toronto Stock Exchange
Investments
97 Bay St. Toronto, Canada

F. H. DEACON J. C. FRASER

GOVERNMENT,
MUNICIPAL,
PUBLIC SERVICE,
AND
INDUSTRIAL BONDS.

**DOMINION SECURITIES
CORPORATION-LIMITED**
TORONTO. MONTREAL. LONDON. ENG.

CANADA
AND THE CONTINENT OF
EUROPE

IMPROVED SERVICE.

DAILY via
HARWICH—HOOK OF HOLLAND.
TURBINE STEAMERS.
EVERY WEEK DAY via
HARWICH—ANTWERP.
TWIN SCREW STEAMERS.

Apply personally to Office of this Paper for Book of Tariffs.

For full particulars and illustrated pamphlets, address H. J. KETCHAM, Great Eastern Railway Agent, 261 Broadway, New York City, N.Y.

Canada and the Empire

THE vexed question of Canada's ultimate place in the Empire or the world at large has been given a highly illuminative consideration by Mr. C. A. Magrath, from Medicine Hat, who before several Canadian Clubs has delivered an address, since presented in the form of a small book. Mr. Magrath frankly avows that he is an Imperialist. He sees no future for Canada as an independent nation. He says frankly:

"Canada must remain an integral part of the British Empire, or become part and parcel of the United States of America."

He recognizes the tendency towards Pan-Americanism represented by the movement of population across the 49th parallel. He admits that Canada must continue to let in the United States immigrant; that it is easier for the American to come in than for any other. He claims also that from the half-million annual increase of population in Great Britain, this country is likely to

advance was made at 8 a.m. on March 9. Marks were awarded for thoroughness of scouting en route, keeping up lateral communication, comfort in bivouacing, greatest penetration of area from starting point, and driving in enemy's "screen."

The Ottawa party made 22 miles the first day, and bivouaced at 6 p.m. under cover in dense underbrush. The Brockville party advanced to Spencerville, about 17 miles. Both parties moved out two hours before sunrise, and came in contact at 8 o'clock on the morning of March 10, with the result that the Brockville team was defeated with the loss of their transport and five scouts who were ambushed at different points on the line, which at that portion of the area was four and one half miles wide. The Ottawa party lost one man, and were declared the winners.

Though the temperature was only four below zero, the rifle oil clogged the mechanism of the carbines so that in a number of cases the weapons could neither be loaded nor fired owing to the



Men Who Proved the Value of Using Snowshoes as "Cavalry Screen" in Winter Campaigning.

get no more than one in three by immigration. Therefrom arises the question: "How much maternal sentiment can England have for a country depending for most of its growth upon a cosmopolitan immigration? Can Great Britain continue to take a deep interest in a country populated so largely from other European or even Asiatic countries?"

On the other hand, what is cosmopolitan Canada's real relation to England? Not a mere sentimental tie; but a bond based on mutual interchange of both commodities and people. The Atlantic route is as economic for trade purposes as the equally long and more expensive line of our transcontinental railways from Rockies to Atlantic seaboard. If business does not knot Nova Scotia to British Columbia by railway connection, how can sentiment hold together Confederation? And if trade does not knot the Empire, how can sentiment alone stop its disintegration? Mr. Magrath believes in keeping the Empire practically together by trade development and great schemes of modern quick transportation. He believes in welding it intellectually by means of some form of colonial representation in an Imperial Parliament; just what he is not prepared to say, though he makes some very intelligent suggestions.

In fact, Mr. Magrath bit off a very large chunk when he tackled this problem at all. That he has succeeded so admirably is because he has a good constructive brain and a high sense of Canadian and Imperial citizenship.

Snowshoe Cavalry

TWO parties of Canadian military officers engaged in a novel tactical exercise between Ottawa and Prescott on March 9th and 10th. The parties were commanded respectively by Lieut.-Col. Morrison, D.S.O., of Ottawa, and Lieut.-Col. Buell, of Brockville. The idea was to test the possibility of using snowshoes as a "cavalry screen" for forces operating in winter.

The manoeuvre area was 52 miles in length, and varied from four to eight miles in width. Each party of seven hauled its blankets, cooking utensils, and two days' rations on a toboggan. The

cold. It was estimated that the Ottawa soldiers, who penetrated furthest into the "enemy's" area, travelled about 40 miles in 24 hours.

Equitable Taxation

(Continued from page 7.)

Columbia, have followed the lead. Calgary, Edmonton, and Regina have all made a beginning. And Winnipeg has, according to a press despatch, only a few days since unanimously declared for the exemption of improvements from taxation. The government of British Columbia has just received the report of a commission, appointed some time since, which declares in favour of further concentration of taxation upon land values. The Albertan Government moves somewhat faster, the Hon. Mr. Sifton having introduced a bill making the system obligatory (but by the Vancouver method, gradually and carefully) in the Province of Alberta. Across the line in Washington and Oregon, the same condition prevails. Seattle, always jealous of Vancouver, is impatient to apply the stimulus which has proved so effective in the case of the rival city. And Portland, Oregon, is the centre of a state-wide agitation with similar aim.

These Western men are not faddists. If they are radicals, they are probably not aware of it. They are plain, hard-headed, sensible business men.

It has been said, however, that conditions are so entirely different as between the West and the East, that what may be a simple matter for them, may be a difficult undertaking for us.

But a moment's reflection will show that this difference is in degree only, not in kind. It is like the difference between a simple and a severe case of indigestion.

We have piled up so many more millions in land value than they, and correspondingly, the economic pressure is greater with us than with them. This difference, therefore, is not one of conditions, strictly speaking, but of varying economic pressure under certain

A PRINCE AMONG SERGES



Famous for over a Century for smartness---for quality---for value.

Worn in every civilized Country in the World.

The genuine bears the registered trade-mark on every three yards.

Brodericks Limited are the exclusive agents for "LEITH SERGE" in Canada.

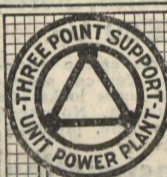
If your tailor cannot supply you with "LEITH SERGE," write direct to us for samples and measurement form.

Prices start from
\$22.50 to \$45.00

Brodericks Limited

113 King Street W.,
TORONTO, Can.

41 Cheapside,
LONDON, Eng.



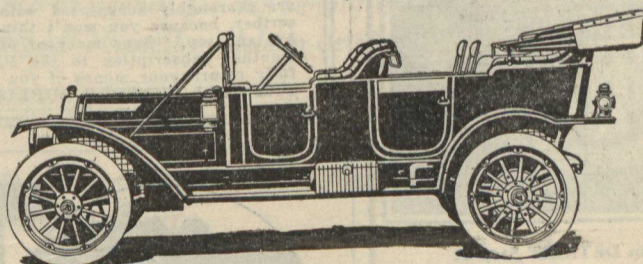
Stevens-Duryea

Strength

The ordinary motor car gets its strength by weight and mass. The Stevens-Duryea gets its strength by correct design and by flexibility.

Flexible strength is easy on tires, gives buoyant riding and is in every way superior to rigid strength.

DOMINION AUTOMOBILE CO., LIMITED
Cor. Bay and Temperance Sts.
Distributors, Toronto.



Model AA, Six-cylinder, Seven-passenger Touring Car

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass
Pioneer Builders of American Sixes

You should have them on your dressing table

You will be amply repaid for the little extra pains you take with your toilet, by the gratifying results that follow the use of these toilet necessities.

LUSTR-ITE
NAIL ENAMEL

The standard all over the world. Simple and easy to apply. Brilliant and lasting in its effects.

All of the above may be obtained at most stores that sell toilet requisites.

PALMER'S
Hair Tonic

50c and \$1.00 sizes. It simply cleanses the scalp and strengthens the hair roots. But the result is perfectly healthy hair, and therefore beautiful hair.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM

A skin food, rich in tissue-building properties. A daily massage will remove impurities, banish wrinkles, and give the beautiful glow of health to your skin.

Special Offer

For six cents (6c) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to every woman.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited

7 De Bresloies Street
Montreal



TWO DOMINION BREWERY
PRODUCTS FAMED FOR
NOURISHMENT AND FLAVOR

WHITE LABEL ALE



Clear as crystal and absolutely pure.

Its flavor has won its preference everywhere it goes.

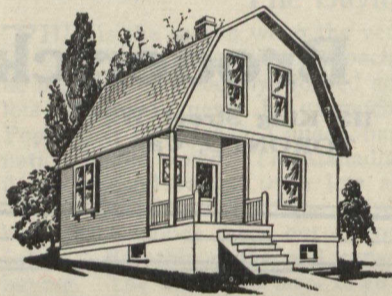
INVALID STOUT

A reliable tonic that builds up the system and can be assimilated with ease. It is recommended by the medical faculty.

Both Brews at Local Dealers.
DOMINION BREWERY CO.
TORONTO, Limited



\$622 Buys ALL The Material For This Remarkable 5-Room Dwelling



Built any other way it would cost you at least \$1,000. We save you architect's fees, builders' delays and three or four profits by shipping direct to you from our mills.

Everything Cut to Fit, Ready To Nail—At Mill Prices

We furnish everything—lumber trimmed, fitted and marked, roofing, doors, windows, glass, plaster board, interior trim and finish, hardware, even the nails and paint. Also plans, blue prints and detailed building instructions—all so clear you can build it yourself in a few days.

Build Read-Cut Way. Saves 50%

Sovereign Houses are not the portable kind, but are built like any other well-constructed, warm, substantial building. Our plan is not an experiment. It will pay you to investigate.

Book of 60 House Plans FREE

We'll gladly send you a book full of photos, plans and detailed descriptions of more than 60 attractive homes that you can build with utmost economy the Read-Cut way. Send 2-cent stamp and ask for Book No. 48

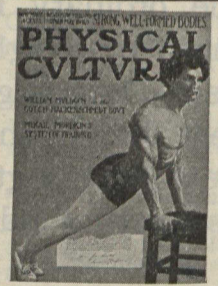
Other Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Garages, Barns, Stores, Schools, \$175.00 Up.

Houses from 2 to 12 rooms, at the wholesale cost of the material. You can see exactly what the completed house looks like and know exactly its entire cost. No extras. No delays. Shipped anywhere, promptly.

Sovereign Construction Co., Limited, TORONTO 848 Lumsden Building



When in DETROIT Stop at
HOTEL TULLER
Corner Adams and Park Sts.
New and absolutely fire proof.
It's centre of the theatre, shopping and business district.
Has grand roof garden cafe.
Has large, convenient hall.
Music from 6 to 12 p.m.
Every room has private bath.
European Plan. Rates, \$1.50 per day up.
L. W. TULLER, Prop.

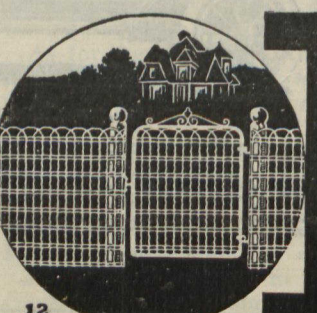


Get this Complete Course in Physical Culture—Free

Prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, the foremost Authority on Health and Body Building

For a limited time, to every person sending us \$1.00 for an eight months' trial subscription to the **PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE** we're going to give, absolutely without cost, a complete course of lessons in physical culture. These have been written by Mr. Macfadden personally, and represent the most effective body building course ever compiled. They reflect the knowledge gained in the treatment of patients at his immense Healthatorium, 42nd Street and Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

It is not an exaggeration to say that this free course is the equal of many courses sold at \$50.00 or more. We make this unusual offer as an inducement for you to get acquainted with **PHYSICAL CULTURE**—the most needed magazine in the field of literature. It teaches in a simple, understandable manner how sickness may be avoided and how you may achieve the highest degree of health and strength by just a little physical attention. It prescribes a rational and effective treatment of every form of illness. When you are thoroughly acquainted with **PHYSICAL CULTURE** you will become a life subscriber, because you won't think you can get along without it. Just enclose a dollar bill and say, "Send me your physical culture course, and enter my name for an eight months' subscription to the **PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE**." We will cheerfully return your money if you are not satisfied.
PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO., Room 1403, Flatiron Building, New York.



IDEAL Lawn Fences and Gates

NEATEST, most lasting of lawn fences, any height from 2 to 8 feet, will beautify any grounds. Made of large gauge hard, springy wire, well-galvanized. Won't sag; costs little; endures years without painting. In glossy white and green.

HANDSOME GATES TO MATCH in lengths from 3 to 14 ft., single or double, with self-acting latch.
Drop a card and get Booklet 134
McGREGOR BANWELL FENCE CO., Ltd.
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

conditions which are practically universal. When the pressure is greatest the greater the need for relief. If exempting improvements is a good thing for Vancouver, where life is somewhat less strenuous than with us, it should be a greater boon to those families in Toronto and Montreal, who are being crowded into habitations of one, two, or three, rooms.

THE situation in Ontario is somewhat peculiar. The Premier makes no secret of his personal antipathy to the proposed change. Such an attitude, while well within the right of any man, may possibly affect his appraisal of the significance of the Western attitude, and of the evidences of growing popular approval in Ontario. What are the evidences? First, a large number of individual petitioners; second, petitions from 217 municipalities, including a number of towns and cities; third, petitions from 198 labour unions; and, last, but first in importance, the support of 170 newspapers.

With regard to the individual petitioners; public men place little value upon them, as it is urged, and fairly, that signatures are in most cases too readily obtained.

It is difficult to believe that municipal officers would allow irresponsible canvassers to persuade them to commit themselves, even to the extent of signing a petition. In some cases, however, it may be carelessly done. But it is still more unlikely that the labour men would allow themselves to be hoodwinked.

They have, as a matter of fact, threshed out the question among themselves long ago. And as to the press, there can be no question as to the value or honesty of its advocacy.

And what are they asking for? That municipalities be given the power to tax improvements, incomes, and business, at a lower rate than land values. This commits neither the Government nor the people to any change, necessarily. It is permissive, not positive, legislation. Those municipalities which, under its provisions, choose to reduce taxation upon improvements, may do so. Those who are not ready for, or opposed to, change, have the matter entirely in their own hands. There is no shall or must, as the bill neither imposes nor advises any action whatever. There is no penal clause, as there is no command to disobey.

THE reply of the Government to all this is, that there is no evidence of any widespread demand for change.

But when Sir James Whitney points out that it is only through the clash of conflicting opinions that definite conclusions can be reached, or safe measures undertaken, he evidently has in mind, not the discussion of the merits of the bill, in itself absolutely lifeless and inoperative, but the problem of taxation itself. And the real strength of the bill is in the opportunity which it affords for that discussion and experiment which the Premier rightly declares to be the only possible method of solving this or any other problem.

Every great step in human progress has been an escaping from a fact. For ages man looked in terror at the lightning flash. To-day he understands it, controls it, has made it his slave.

The law of rent is a fact. No one denies that as men gather land value arises. Nor can it be questioned that it increases, not only as population grows, but in an increasing rate per capita. In other words, land value is the capitalization of that immense gain in productive power which results from co-operation. Man value would be quite as appropriate.

In that fact lies immense power, which is as certainly a natural force as that of electricity, though in a different sense. A power which may hold us in blind submission, or that may be the subject of intelligent enquiry and control.

To what extent and in what manner, that control may be established, is of small concern. Sooner or later it must come. In the proposed bill the Tax Reform League is certainly working along "the line of least resistance." And it has the courage of its convictions.

It is not afraid of "The Man From Missouri."

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 14.)

"Ah! Le Bon Dieu! She well nevar love Francois—Nevar!—" He fell back, his eyes closed.

The Factor knelt beside him and muttered prayers and told his beads between anathemas towards all men that this thing should have happened beneath the roof of his erst-while peaceful house.

He had sent his squaw for the priest, and the children, awed and curious, peered in at the door.

The half-breed looked up again, and caught the Factor's hand in an aching grip.

"That man from Lone Lak!" he said. "I would have killed him, mark ye,—But," with a little shrug. "Wat it matter?" "Nothing matters, mon ami—jus nothing. He is gone. Ver well, Francois also goes. So! Wish him—Bon Voyage!" The words passed and the light in his eyes; his limbs straightened a trifle and were quiet.

At the door was the squaw with the old priest. A woman brushed past them and entered first. A little Indian woman, blanketed and with a red shawl covering her hair.

With a cry she crouched beside the dead half-breed, and then lifted his head and gathered him against her heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OPPAPAGO the runner was not a cheerful Cree at best, but hard luck had dogged his steps since the first snow-fall of this winter, and to-day he considered the task of having to carry his load of Musquash skins on to Blue Rocks as decidedly the last straw.

He had consented most ungraciously to give Nance a place on his sleigh, and allow Dick Wynn to travel beside him.

Oppapago was a red man of the red men, and one in whom was ingrained the race prejudice of the early Indian. Still, time had taught him that not all of the ways of the white man were bad—on occasion he had been forced to admit that they knew how to extract comfort and pleasure out of life, as none of his own people could extract it, and that existence with them was an easier thing—at least for their women and children.

Along with his prejudice, therefore, had grown up a certain respect for the dominant race, though he made small concession to it, and spoke and understood its language but indifferently.

A feeling of dull resentment against all white men burned as a slow fire in the pagan heart of Oppapago the runner. He would have none of them. He would not take his sick to them to be healed, nor his children to them to be taught, and further, he would not have their God for his God.

Now, through the blue white of the morning, his dog-team meat-fed and rested, pulled the sleigh briskly while he went beside them at the swift tireless trot that had earned him his name.

Wynn, a few paces behind, swung along as swiftly, talking and laughing in the way that was his own, and that often went from Philosophy to nonsense with seeming inconsequence. No Indian mind could follow such rapid change of voice and face without serious risk of losing its perfect balance.

Oppapago had so small a knowledge of English that he did not grasp even the fringe of the conversation that drifted to him. But one talent he possessed in great degree, and that was an ability to follow the fine shading and color of sounds and tones.

He knew now that joy was the key note of what he heard; that delight rippled and ran through the girl's voice when she spoke, and his keen ear detected and caught the soft undertone when sometimes the words broke, or a sentence was left unfinished.

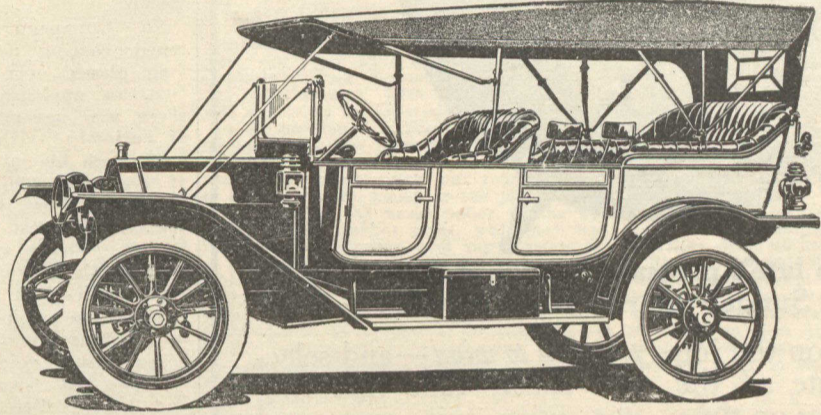
There was a little squaw up in his teepee in the hills, whose voice at times took just such tones. Moreover, Oppapago had heard the birds in the Spring, and had learned much that they alone can teach. There was indeed no wild thing in all the North whose voice he could not understand and interpret.

Still, when this Englishman spoke, he did not catch the essence of his meaning easily—no brave he had ever

Room for "Two More"

THE Seven-Passenger self-starting Russell model is the ideal family car.

How convenient to accommodate two extra passengers whenever desired, with comfort to all and crowding for none.



Made up to a standard—not down to a price

Russell Seven-Passenger

has two extra tonneau seats which can be used or removed at will.

The long wheel base (120 inches) accommodates a spacious body. The big tires, 36" x 4" front and rear, are ample for the loaded car and add to its easy riding qualities.

The Self-starter, starting the engine from the driver's seat, adds immensely to the pleasure of driving.

The price of this Russell model with the following splendid equipment is

\$2,500

EQUIPMENT:

Touring body includes the following equipment:

PANTASOTE Top and Side Curtains; Top Envelope; Folding Glass Front; Speedometer; Two Extra Removable Seats in Tonneau; Foot Rest and Robe Rail; Gas Head Lamps and Prest-o-Lite Tank; Self-starter; Side and Tail Oil Lamps; Single Tire Irons, with well in running board; Pump; Tire Repair Outfit; Full Kit of Tools; Jack.

We are rapidly booking orders for this car, and urge an immediate purchase to avoid delay in Spring delivery.

Write to our nearest branch or agency for our beautiful catalog, just out, describing all Russell models in detail.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED,

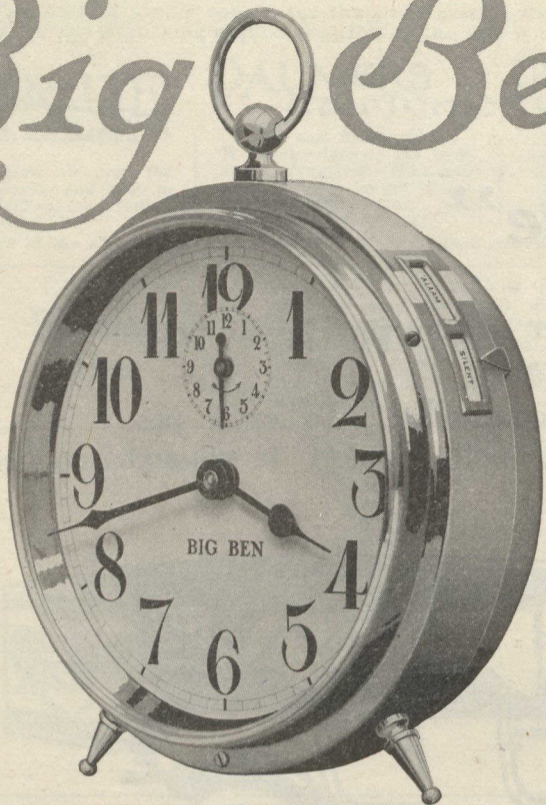
WEST TORONTO

Makers of High Grade Automobiles.

Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Big Ben



To sleep late's pleasant, now and then,
Make it Sunday morn—says Big Ben

BIG BEN is on the job every minute of the day; he rings on time—he runs on time—he stays on time.

He has a great big dial you can easily read in the dim morning light—a cheerful, deep toned voice that wakes you on your sleepest mornings—large strong winding keys that are a

pleasure to wind—and selective alarm calls that ring just when you want and either way you want, steadily for 5 minutes or intermittently for 10.

Big Ben is sold by 4,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

Representatives wanted for sale of town-site lots in divisional and junctional points along line of Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. in Western Canada. Whole or part time. Liberal commission. Money making side line for salesman. Write to authorized agent G.T.P. Ry., International Securities Co., Ltd., Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man., for particulars, maps, etc.

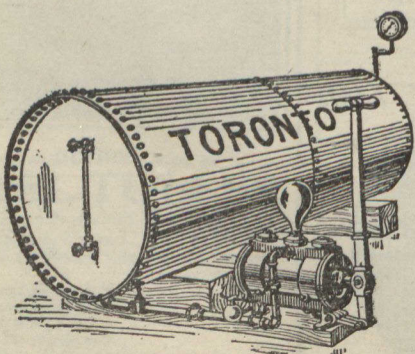
AGENTS! BIG PROFITS



The only stropper that stropps any razor diagonally. Guaranteed for life. Brandt's Patented Automatic Razor Stropper, automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write for terms, prices, territory. R. M. Brandt Cutlery Co., 42 Hudson St., N.Y.

Water Supply System for Country Homes

We can supply everything needed—Power-plant, Tanks, Steel Towers, Pumps, Piping—Whatever meets your requirements most economically. Where a large quantity of water is not required the simplest and lowest cost system is provided with our



TORONTO PNEUMATIC PRESSURE TANKS

Operated by hydraulic rams, by hand, or windmill or gasoline engine power. Guaranteed absolutely airtight. Write for explanatory literature, sent FREE.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Limited

TORONTO

Winnipeg

Calgary

known spoke so to a woman. The women of his race had learned to be content with few love-words.

That one Indian allowed her to follow him, to serve him with food, to keep the teepee fires burning, to wait for him, that was enough for any squaw.

If a child kept close to her skirts, or a small placid papoose swung against his cradle board from the low branch of a near-by tree, she was satisfied and hid well.

No Indian wasted time talking to a woman. To tell her often she was beautiful and to be desired was but a loss of words, and words were precious. They were things not to be squandered, but to be stored up against the time of the councils of men.

This tall, tireless Englishman following in his snow-shoe trail, was a spend-thrift of words, the runner concluded. He undervalued them as the blue-jay or coyote their voices. The blue-jay who told all things to the woods-people, and the coyote who was the world's gossip.

So Oppapago trotted on and listened, casting now and then a sidelong glance over his shoulder at the two, an unpleasant glance, in which there was nevertheless some blending of curiosity, with resentment.

Through his mind crept a faint envy of the man who could gain so much happiness from what appeared to be the very simplest and most usual things in life. To be travelling across the snow with a woman beside one, with many miles yet to go, and hard fare to stay one's appetite, what was there in all that to so stir the blood, and bring into a voice so many cadences?

Over the swart face, peck-marked and heavy, flitted an expression half of wonder, half of contempt.

He flicked the leader of his train with his dog-whip, and went on faster, to test the man who followed.

Wynn took the pace without comment, but Nance noted the extra speed, and her eyes grew troubled.

"Oppapago is making up time," she said. "It is not necessary, he will tire you out."

Wynn leaned down, smiling a little. "The silent smokey savage' is not friendly to me," he commented in a low voice, "But do not trouble; I believe I can keep any pace he sets.—If not—well then, I will have to reason with Oppapago."

"He would not reason," Nance answered dubiously; "But there is another way, Dick. . . . We must make him like us."

"Oh Oppapago!" she called after a moment. The runner halted and looked back.

"The furs have all shaken down and are uncomfortable," she said in Cree. "Would you be so kind as to put them in place? Only you can do it as it should be done, I know. I will run a little way, for I am tired of the low seat; but I will come back, for your dogs will have to carry me, Oppapago. No woman could go as fast as you do—and hardly any man."

The Indian grunted his reply. He had not known she understood or spoke his own tongue. With some awkwardness and more unwillingness he turned, helped her up, and gave his attention to the packs of fur.

Wynn applied himself to lighting his pipe. Into his eyes came a glimmer of amusement as Oppapago beat up the furs and made a better seat of them, for he knew perfectly how little the runner enjoyed rendering such service.

The dogs quarrelled a bit, as is their usual way of enjoying themselves during a rest. Nance ran down the trail and back again, a wild rose color in her face, her scarlet toque and sash vivid against the snow.

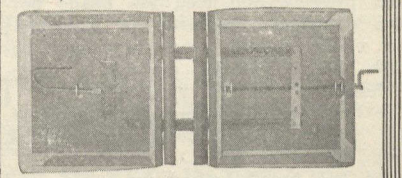
With a slow wave of his arm the Indian presently indicated that the sleigh was ready.

Nance held out her hand, as plainly expecting him to help her up and into the sleigh.

"You are very good, Oppapago!" She smiled. "I thank you greatly."

The runner folded the rugs about her, and for the first time really looked at her face. In the camps of his people he had never seen hair of a golden colour—or eyes of so strange a blue.

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder is of Simple Construction.



THE mechanism of the "Kalamazoo" Loose Leaf Binder is so simple that one hesitates to call it "mechanism" at all.

It consists of two or four flexible rawhide thongs of great strength and durability, which are secured to the side of the cover at one end and passing through the two clamping bars which grip the sheets, are attached to a cross bar at the other.

By the operation of the key this cross bar working on a threaded screw draws the covers together or opens them or the insertion or removal of sheets.

The "KALAMAZOO" Loose Leaf Binder has been made in the United States and in England for many years and is to-day recognized as the best expression of the Loose Leaf idea that has yet been offered.

Write for descriptive booklet "C1." It will pay you to examine the "Kalamazoo" Binder.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter Limited
Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers
Toronto
King & Spadina

O'Keefe's PILSENER



Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"
"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LIMITED

Head Office: TORONTO

Annual Report of the Board of Directors for the Year Ended 31st December, 1911

DIRECTORS: W. R. BROCK, President; H. P. DWIGHT, Vice-President; FREDERIC NICHOLLS, Vice-President and General Manager; SIR WM. MORTIMER CLARK, LL.D., K.C.; A. E. DYMENT, SIR RODOLPHE FORGET, HERBERT S. HOLT, HON. J. K. KERR, K.C.; W. D. MATTHEWS, HON. GEORGE A. COX, HON. ROBERT JAFFRAY, JAMES ROSS, SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

SECRETARY AND ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER: J. J. ASHWORTH.

SOLICITORS: KERR, DAVIDSON, PATERSON & McFARLAND.

BANKERS: THE BANK OF MONTREAL; THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

STOCK TRANSFER AGENTS: NATIONAL TRUST CO., TORONTO; CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, LONDON, ENG.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

To be Submitted to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Company in Toronto, on Thursday, 25th April, 1912.

Your Directors submit herewith a Consolidated Balance Sheet of the Company as upon the 31st day of December, 1911, a combined statement of Profit and Loss for the year, and the Certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, Chartered Accountants.

Your Directors draw attention to the very prosperous year just past, the profits, which amounted to \$1,405,889.70, being the largest in the history of the Company, our recent additions to plant and equipment having permitted of our manufacturing in greater volume without materially increasing overhead expense account.

A reference to the Balance Sheet will show that from the above amount we have written off for depreciation the sum of \$353,721.63, and have paid in interest on borrowed capital the sum of \$162,422.66, leaving a balance of \$889,745.41. Deducting from this amount Dividends on Preference and Common Stock at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, amounting to \$525,109.37, there remains a net balance of \$364,636.04, which has been carried to the credit of Profit and Loss. This sum added to the balance to the credit of that account at the end of the previous year makes a present balance of \$675,779.35, which, together with the Reserve Fund of \$1,669,531.95, makes a total surplus of \$2,345,311.30.

The volume of business transacted being much larger than in previous years, our Current Liabilities have necessarily increased, in order to take care of work in progress, but against these Current Liabilities our Current Assets amount to \$7,926,840.96.

During the year the Company acquired the property and assets of the Sunbeam Incandescent Lamp Company, of Toronto, and contracts have been let for additions to the buildings and equipment which will double the capacity of this plant. A new Stores

Building at our Peterborough Works, 325 feet by 80 feet, is being erected at the present time, and plans have been accepted for the erection of a new plant in Toronto for our Ornamental Iron, Bronze, and Art Metal Department, the growth of which has surpassed our expectations. With the above extensions and additions our manufacturing facilities will enable us to materially increase our production.

As mentioned in previous Reports, the Real Estate owned by the Company is carried on our books at a valuation far below market values, the appreciation being conservatively estimated at upwards of half a million dollars. It was proposed to write this up to more nearly its present price, but your Directors have decided to allow this asset to continue to remain on the books at the present low valuation.

Following the usual policy of the Company, the Inventory has been taken at cost price, or the market price, whichever was the lower, and ample deductions have been made for depreciation, and any obsolete stock written down to scrap value.

It will be seen from the notice calling a Special General Meeting of Shareholders, which accompanies this Report, that your Directors have passed a By-law providing for increasing the authorized Capital Stock of the Company to Twelve Million Dollars, of which increase shares to the par value of One Million, Nine Hundred Thousand Dollars will be offered to all holders of Ordinary Shares of record on 20th April, 1912. The growth of our business renders this policy advisable, and the only extra charge to the Company will be the difference between the rate of Dividend paid to the Shareholders and the rate of interest paid to our Bankers.

W. R. BROCK, President.

CERTIFICATE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS.

A. Lowes Dickinson
G. O. May
G. R. Webster
W. E. Seatree
A. B. Brodie

C. J. Marr
J. E. Sterrett
R. O. Berger

D. McK. McClelland

Cable Address "PRICEWATER," Toronto.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

Chartered Accountants in England and Wales.

London, Eng.
Montreal.
Toronto.
New York.
Chicago.
Philadelphia.
Boston.
San Francisco.
St. Louis.
Pittsburg.
Seattle.
Mexico, D.F.

Jarvis Building, Toronto, March 5th, 1912.

To the Shareholders of the Canadian General Electric Company, Limited:

We have examined the books and accounts of the Canadian General Electric Company, Limited, and of its subsidiary Companies, for the year 1911, and find that the annexed Consolidated Balance Sheet and Surplus Account are correctly prepared therefrom.

During the year there have been charged to Capital Accounts only expenditures in respect of actual additions, extensions or permanent improvements. Sufficient provision has been made for Depreciation of Plant and Equipment.

The Inventories of Raw Material, Supplies, Work in Progress and Manufactured Products have been taken and certified by responsible officials of the Company, and have

been compared by us with the factory records. The valuations have been accurately made at or below cost price, sufficient allowance being made in respect of goods that are either obsolete or not readily salable.

Reserves have been made for Doubtful Accounts and Notes Receivable and for all ascertainable liabilities.

We have verified the Cash, the Investments and the Bank Balances by actual inspection or by properly certified statements.

We certify that the annexed Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to show the true position of the Company at December 31st, 1911, and that the Surplus Account shows the correct result of the operations for the year.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED

And Subsidiary Companies.

Consolidated Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1911.

ASSETS.		LIABILITIES.	
Capital Assets—		Capital Liabilities—	
Patents and Contracts	\$ 497,314 32	Capital Stock, Common	\$5,640,000 00
Real Estate, Buildings, etc., at Toronto, Peterborough, Bridgeburg, Montreal, Branch Offices, Power Plant at Nassau, and Canadian Sun- beam Lamp Company, Limited	4,339,884 05	Capital Stock, Preferred	2,000,000 00
Machinery and Tools	2,252,669 96		\$ 7,640,000 00
Patterns and Drawings	486,901 97	Mortgages	534,032 52
Total Capital Assets	\$7,576,770 30	Bonds—	
Current Assets—		Six per cent. Twenty Year First Mortgage Gold Bonds, Canadian Sunbeam Lamp Co., Limited	350,000 00
Inventory of Raw Material, Supplies, Work in Pro- gress and Finished Materials, including expenditure on Contracts (less collections on account)	\$4,061,678 96	Current Liabilities—	
Accounts Receivable (less Reserve for doubtful debts)	3,502,932 35	Bank Advances	\$2,768,111 26
Investments	225,956 00	Accounts Payable	1,179,734 51
Notes Receivable	41,572 69		3,947,845 77
Cash	94,700 96	Reserve for Depreciation	705,063 72
	7,926,840 96	Surplus—	
Deferred Charges	18,642 05	Reserve	\$1,669,531 95
	7,945,483 01	Profit and Loss Balance, per account annexed	675,779 35
	\$15,522,253 31		2,345,311 30
		(Contingent Liability on Notes Receivable Discounted, \$75,000.00).	
			\$15,522,253 31

We have audited the above Balance Sheet and certify that it is properly drawn up, so as to show the true financial position of the Company, on 31st December, 1911.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

LYNDHURST OGDEN,
Auditor.

CONSOLIDATED SURPLUS ACCOUNT

Profit for the year ended 31st December, 1911, before providing for Depreciation and Interest on borrowed capital	\$1,405,889 70
Less—Reserved for Depreciation of Buildings, Machinery and Patterns, etc.	\$353,721 63
Interest	162,422 66
	516,144 29
Net Profit for Year	889,745 41
Less—Dividends Paid	525,109 37
	\$364,636 04
Add—Undivided Profits as at 31st December, 1910	311,143 31
Balance at Credit of Profit and Loss Account	\$ 675,779 35
Reserve Fund as at 31st December, 1910	1,669,531 95
Surplus per Balance Sheet	\$2,345,311 30

Certified to be correct,

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., Chartered Accountants.
5th March, 1912.

LYNDHURST OGDEN, Auditor.



The coolest, sweetest, smoothest tobacco that ever went into a pipe is

Calabash

HIGH GRADE

Smoking Mixture

Ask your dealer to-day for a pocket tin. "Calabash" Mixture is sold also in 2-4-8 and 16 oz. "Moistener" tins.

Some gleam of a smile answered the one Nance gave him. She did not dislike him he saw; neither did she mind his buckskin garments, or the scent of the teepee that clung to them,—the bitter pungent scent of drying game, and pine-smoke mingled with tobacco. . . . He went back to his dogs, and lifted the long whip.

"Oppapago!" Nance called again. Again he turned while the team fell into place.

"You are called 'The runner,' are you not?" she said in Cree.

"Yes," he answered shortly.

"I call you Oppapago, 'the whistler,'" she returned, nodding.

"Where have you heard?" he asked quickly.

"One morning from a window at the mission school, I saw you pass and you called to your brother, the blackbird. He sat on a tree and answered, and you called back again, and I listened, Oppapago—and there was a little half asleep mottled grey owl on that tree also, and you called to him in his own language, and he answered, as the blackbird had done; and up—far, far up among the leaves, there was a blue-jay—Oh a very saucy fellow! and he mocked at you and you mocked back until he grew angry and ruffled up all his feathers and flew away. And you laughed, and went on, and Sister Mary Philomena called me to my lessons, and I heard no more. . . . Please give the whistle of the blackbird now, Oppapago," she ended.

The Indian glanced at Wynn to see how much he understood of all this, but the Englishman was busy tightening a snow-shoe thong.

"There are no blackbirds to call now," said the runner, half-sullenly.

"Oh no!" Nance answered—"No. But it will bring the spring back for a moment if you whistle their song. Please, Oppapago!"

He touched the leader, and the dogs started ahead. In a moment he had taken up his steady trot beside them; yet the pace was not so hard as he had made it before.

For half a mile they went on steadily. Then softly at first, but with a clear rising sweetness from out some snow-covered shrubs they were passing seemed to come the May song of a blackbird.

Nance drew her breath quickly. Wynn slowed up to listen. The dogs pricked their ears, and a rabbit sprang from its form and loped away.

The song ran its short cadences twice over, then trailed into a few broken notes and stopped.

"Oh Oppapago!" Nance cried softly, "You told me the blackbirds had gone!—One has been left behind—Call to him quickly!"

"It was Oppapago who whistled," answered the Indian with a short backward glance.

"But the song came from the bushes yonder," she returned doubtfully. "There might be one blackbird left, perhaps,—just one!"

He shook his head—"That was a trick," he said. "I whistled."

"Then you are very wonderful, Oppapago," said Nance seriously. "I would give a great deal to be able to mimic the birds so." Then, in English: "Is he not wonderful, Dick?" she insisted. "Very," he said warmly, nodding acquiescence. "Very, indeed!"

The runner understood.

"Oppapago is no longer unfriendly," Nance said after they had travelled on awhile. "When he looks back his face is different. It must make him feel happier not to hate us, I should think—you know what I mean?"

"I fancy I gather the drift of your meaning," the man said drawing at his pipe. "In future I feel I may safely leave my enemies to you to deal with, and they will fare better than at my hands. Now, look ahead! When we reach those jack pines we will stop and take lunch. The hill with the jack pines—so the Factor told me, stood for a half-way house to Blue Rock."

After the noon rest they went steadily on, reaching the rough settlement by night. In the night a wet snow fell, that by morning was frost-hardened, but it had made the trail too difficult for the priest's sleigh and pony.

It was the runner who came to their rescue. He and the Post-agent had bar-

8 PER RUNNING
 Royal Oval Top
 FOOT Ornamental Lawn Fence
 SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER.
 FREIGHT PREPAID TO NEAREST
 STATION. ARTISTIC, DURABLE,
 INEXPENSIVE. GUARANTEED
 OR YOUR MONEY BACK.
 SEND FOR CATALOG

REGAL FENCE & GATE CO.
 SARNIA, CANADA.

COSGRAVE BREWS



PALE ALE
 XXX PORTER
 HALF AND HALF

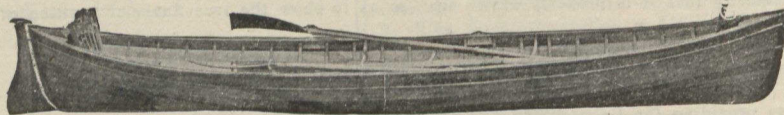
Experience has perfected our products, established our standard, made our reputation and proved our guarantee.

On sale in pint and quart bottles at all hotels and dealers.



GANONG'S
 THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
 CHOCOLATES

"As You Like It"



THE "PENETANG LINE"—LAUNCHES, ROW BOATS AND CANOES

Staunch, Yet Light In Weight

We build our row-boats of clear Ontario white cedar and straight-grained white oak. They are therefore staunch and durable. Light in weight, too, and designed on easy-rowing lines. Our prices will interest you. Write for them, also for latest catalogue.

DEPT. 121 The GIDLEY BOAT CO. Limited, PENETANG, Ont.

ASTHMA CATARRH
WHOOPING COUGH CROUP
BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, without dosing the stomach with drugs. Used with success for thirty years. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene is invaluable to mothers with young children and a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 310

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO.
 Leeming-Miles Bldg.
 MONTREAL



gained far on towards morning over the Musquash pelts, but Oppapago had held out longest, and so obtained his price.

The winter world at dawn therefore did not appear so bad a place to him, and strangely enough within his heart some old hardness against all white men seemed to have melted.

To their amazement he offered to take Dick Wynn and his wife on to the next stage of their journey.

This time the three set out quite as old acquaintances, and the conversation was at times in Cree as well as English, for Nance insisted that the Indian should not be left entirely out of it. She felt that long silences were not altogether good, even for Indians.

After a stormy night the morning was sun-gilded. The scent of the frost was in the air; a faint illusive thing as impossible to describe as the breath from a so-called scentless flower. Oppapago caught it, and Nance. Wynn agreed with them that it existed—though not for him.

He had sometime conceded that there were more, more things in Heaven and Earth, for those who had lived long in the wilds, than were dreamt of in his philosophy.

When they could they kept in the blue shadow of trees, to lessen the snow dazzle that now hurt their eyes. Mile on shining mile they left the hills behind, and the country of My Lord The Moose.

Two nights were spent on the road, one in a cedar shelter in the open, the other in the shack of a solitary settler, who welcomed them with the blessed hospitality of the pioneer.

Next day they reached a station of the great railroad, and Oppapago waited until the train bore them away.

Shading his eyes, he saw it vanish like a smoke wraith down that narrow road of steel that led into the unknown. The unknown—where they belonged—those two—but where he, the Indian runner, could never follow.

For a short moment a fierce desire rose within him to go where they had gone—to taste a fuller life, to drink a draught, such as fate had never yet lifted to his lips. Fiercely, blindly, for that moment he desired—he scarce knew what. . . . Then he dropped his hand, swung around, and whistled to his dogs, the sharp clear note that always brought them to their feet.

Gathering up the reins, he flicked the wise grey leader, and the gaunt beasts went forward.

A letter from the mission of St. Elizabeth reached Sir Richard Wynn some weeks later, and, on the day before he and his wife sailed for England. It was from the Mission Priest, and told of the death of Francois, the half-breed, and the officer of the Mounted Police.

It further said that Wanota, the Indian woman, who had followed her son and been with him when he died, had been stricken with illness caused by exhaustion and shock, and the Sisters had taken care of her. The priest assured him he could tell Lady Wynn they would take care of her indefinitely, for she would need care. Wanota was better, but her memory of late happenings was quite gone. Indeed, she seemed only to remember and speak of the years when she was a child in the teepee of the Chief,—her father. With all, she was very content, he concluded, and the Sisters were well, and he himself, and all sent them good wishes.

Regarding this letter Sir Richard kept his own counsel, though, on the homeward voyage he mentioned it to Nance.

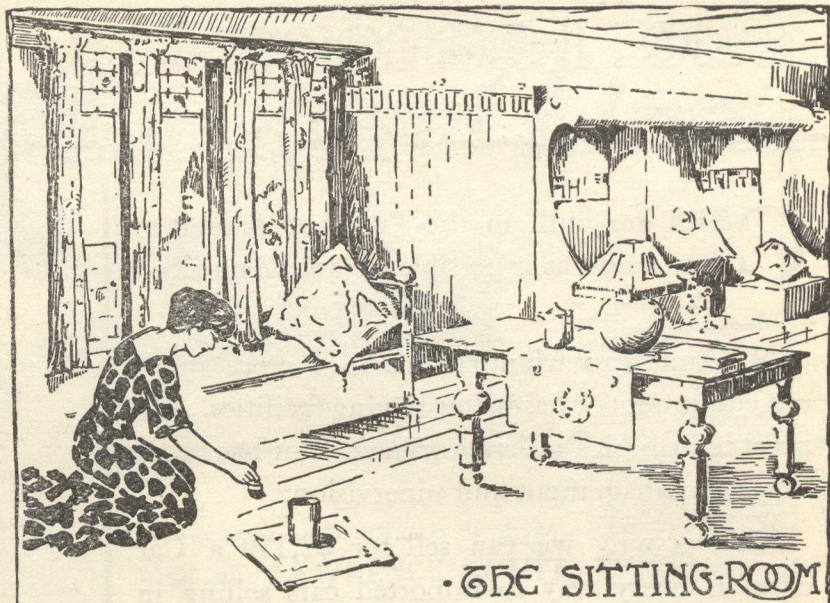
They were on deck, and he had just pointed out to her a low cloudy line on the horizon that he said was their own country.

She leaned forward, her eyes wide and shining.

"I will love it," she said. "I know I will love it, Dick. Scotland, that was my grandfather's home, and Ireland—my mother was born in Ireland—did you know? And England,—that is where you belong; how could I help loving it.

The sea-wind blew its soft fragrance in their faces, and on the crest of one of the waves a gull rocked to and fro with a flash of silver wings.

"We seem very, very far from the North Country of the Foot-hills," Nance said, after a moment. "I often



THE SITTING-ROOM

Daintiness is the Key-Note

What pride you take in the quiet artistic arrangement of your bedroom! So restful, so harmonious! But the furniture may be a little the worse for wear. If so, try



It's easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors, brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs.

"LACQUERET" is made in eight artistic shades. Also in Silver and Gold, flat and gloss White, and flat and gloss Black. The clear "Lacqueret" will not discolor nor hide the grain of the wood.

Our little booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells of its many uses in the home. Write for your copy. Ask your dealer for "Lacqueret." Cans contain full Imperial measure. Don't accept a substitute!

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. Limited

TORONTO **WINNIPEG**
 Largest in the world, and first to establish definite standards of quality.


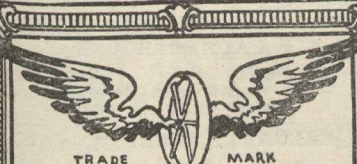
DUNLOP

Traction Tread

Another Opinion :

"With my Dunlop Traction Treads I have gone, to date, 4,000 miles without a puncture or blowout, have never used a chain on them, and to-day they present almost as good an appearance as a new set, and apparently are good for unlimited mileage yet. What more could be expected of rubber?"

See Your Garage Man.

TRADE MARK

GOLD-FILLED
 Watch Cases bearing this mark and the name "Cashier" or "Fortune" have been used by the best jewelers and purchased by discriminating buyers for over 25 years. Honest in gold value; reliable in service.

Sold by reputable jewelers Worn by two million Canadians

AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO.
 CF TORONTO, Limited
 The Largest Watch Case Manufacturers in the British Empire.

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO
Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



The Breakdown of the Breadwinner

The breadwinner in the thick of the battle of business is severely handicapped unless special efforts are made to maintain a high standard of physical and mental fitness. Otherwise lassitude, depression, sleeplessness, anaemia, and nervous disorders follow one another in quick succession, and before long comes the inevitable breakdown. To prevent this breakdown and to keep the body "fit" and the brain alert, there is nothing like an occasional wine-glassful of

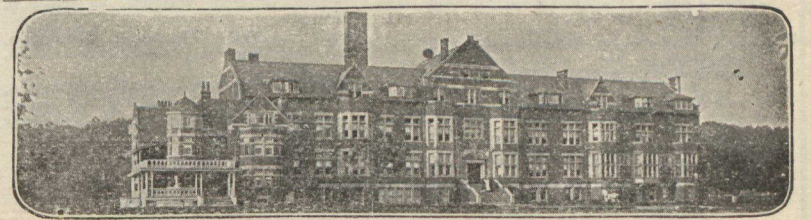
WINGARNIS

because the invigorating and sustaining qualities of "Wincarnis" equip the body and brain with such a wealth of vitality that the whole system pulsates with vigorous health. And the health that "Wincarnis" gives is lasting—not a mere stimulating effect that whips up the vitality for a moment only to lower it still further afterwards—but a solid, substantial, definite degree of good health that will enable you to withstand the storm and stress of business, and also equip you with renewed strength and a greater power of endurance that will be a revelation to you.

Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, Etc.

TRADE "Wincarnis" can be readily obtained from

NOTE: all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Easter vacation on April 9, 1912. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

The Tudhope

"The Car Ahead"

CARS are built in the Tudhope plant at as low a cost as is possible in any American Factory.

No American Manufacture uses more modern equipment or has better buying facilities. No plant in America is better organized or has more capable management and supervision.

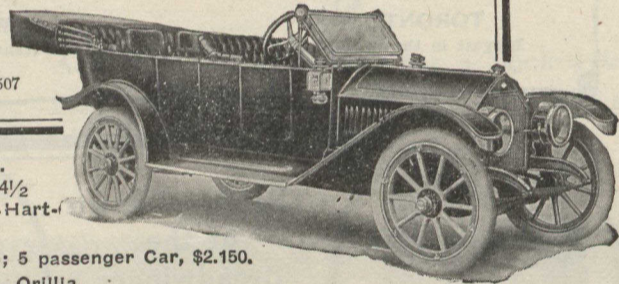
That is why we can sell for \$2,150 a Car equal in every way to imported cars selling in Canada for \$2,800 or \$2,900.

That is why the Tudhope is "ahead" in value. Another reason why we call the Tudhope "The Car Ahead."

A beautiful catalogue containing interesting information about the Tudhope Cars will be sent on request

THE TUDHOPE MOTOR CO., LIMITED

Orillia,
Canada



Tudhope "Six," 48 h.p.
127 inch wheel base, 37x4 1/2
inch tires, Truffault-Hart-
ford Shock Absorbers.

6 passenger Car, \$2,215; 5 passenger Car, \$2,150.
F.O.B. Orillia.

---BRANCHES AT---

Toronto, Ont.; Hamilton, Ont.; St. John, N.B.; Winnipeg, Regina,
Saskatoon, Calgary, Swift Current, Brandon, Lethbridge, Vancouver.

ARTISTS SUPPLY CO.
Will save you 33 1/3 per cent to 60 per cent on Oil Colors, and will give you best prices on all Artists' Materials. Write for Catalogue and particulars. The trade solicited.
77 York St., Toronto.

125 Egg Incubator \$10 and Brooder BOTH FOR -10
If ordered together.
Freight paid east of Rockies. Hot water, copper tanks, double walls, double glass doors. Free catalog describes them. Send for it today
Wisconsin Incubator Co.,
Box 171
Racine, Wis.



THE SEEDS THAT SATISFY
SPECIAL OFFER. ALL POSTPAID.

Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection
Sweet Peas, 1 pkt., each 8 superb sorts, separate colors, for 25c.

Bruce's Peerless Collection Dwarf Nasturtium, 1 pkt., each of 7 finest sorts, separate colors, for 25c.

Bruce's Empire Collection Asters, 1 pkt., each of 5 magnificent varieties separate, for 25c.

Bruce's "A" Vegetable Collection, 8 pkts., different varieties, our selection, for 25c.

Bruce's "B" Vegetable Collection, 15 pkts., different varieties, our selection, for 50c.

Bruce's "C" Vegetable Collection, 14 pkts., different varieties and 1/2 pint each, Beans and Corn, 1/4 pint, Peas, our selection, for 75c.

BRUCE'S Seeds—The Standard of Quality since 1850.

FREE — Our handsomely illustrated 112-page catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1912. Send for it.

John A. Bruce & Co., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO
Established Sixty-two Years.

wonder how Wanota fares, and how life goes on with the Sisters, and if things are well or ill with Francois. . . After all, I was sorry for Francois!"

The man looked out across the water, and to the cloudy line.

"I did not tell you, Sweetheart," he said; "but I got a letter from the old priest of St. Elizabeth—I left it in New York, I think, that letter."

She caught his hand. "How were they, every one, Dick?" she cried eagerly. "Was all well with the Sisters and little Wanota?"

He smiled down at her—
"All was very well with the Sisters," he answered—and with Wanota—and, yes—yes, I think with Francois also.

THE END.

Such a Smartness

(Concluded from page 16.)

all. Come on, now—dig up!"

"Five dollars iss too much," persisted the baker, but he showed signs of being impressed with the enormity of his crime, and the superlative merits of the late feline.

"Here! What's this row about?" demanded the policeman, who just then arrived on the scene.

"Officer, he's just run over and killed the cat. And he's got to pay me for it. It was a wonderful cat, an expensive one, with fine eyes, and a mellow voice, and now it's dead. I wouldn't of taken twenty dollars to see it killed, and he's got to pay me five dollars to settle, or I want you to arrest him."

"Gwan!" said the policeman, turning to the trembling baker. "What's the matter wit' ches—fast drivin'? I could pull yer fer that."

Then he returned to the sidewalk, his manner intimating that so long as the peace was preserved, he would not interfere, but he scowled at the baker in a terrifying way as being the cause of his having to leave a comfortable seat in a near-by bar.

The German began to haggle. Five dollars was too much for any cat that ever breathed; he would pay a dollar. But Herman told him pointedly that in addition to being an assassin, he need not add the crime of becoming a robber.

AT last they compromised on three dollars, and the baker resumed his way, rudely dumping the corpse in the front of his wagon. He knew a good place to bury it, he said—but he meant in the bottom of his thrifty heart to take that valuable animal to a taxidermist to be stuffed.

Herman mournfully watched him depart, playing the role of bereaved owner to the last.

After the crowd had melted away, Aaron drew him into the store.

"Herman, such a smartness you got it all of a sudden. I hardly know you. You just loved that cat, didn't you?"

"Sure I did, considering how I never seen it before in my lifetime. And still you say I ain't got a head for business."

"I didn't tell no lies, neither, if you noticed. I never said I owned the cat. I only said I wouldn't 'a' seen it killed for twenty dollars. This here three dollars is to pay me for the mental pain, and the shock to my sensitive nerves."

"Nothing is sensitive about your nerve, my boy. Anybody what can get away with such a rank holdup as what that is, should make it a fine drummer."

"I guess maybe I make it a mistake before—anyhow. I see you can make money as well as spend it, and I make up my mind I'll give you a line of samples to see what you'll do. Come back by the workroom, while I show you some fine Havanna fillers that I'll give you along."

"Aaron! Do you mean it?"
"Gerviss! Mebbe I only got it a two-by-four store like what you said, but I got it a fine eye for a fine-nan-see-er, if I do say it myself."

Vivid Imagination.—"Great Scott, Maria, that's a daring dress!"
"It's a fancy costume."

"Well, if I were you, I would stick a little closer to fact."—Judge.

Natural
Alkaline
Water

Not Genuine
without the word

CELESTINS

A delightful table
water with highly
medicinal qualities

Ask your Physician

(FRENCH REPUBLIC PROPERTY)



CELESTINS

VICHY

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., AGENTS.



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE
WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.

Hotel Directory

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.
Geo. A. Spear, President.
American Plan, \$2—\$3. European Plan,
\$1—\$1.50.

PALMER HOUSE

TORONTO : CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.

H. L. Stephens, Prop.

HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms, with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada.
250 rooms.
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, MONTREAL

\$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.
300 rooms.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
Geo. H. O'Neil, Proprietor.

LA CORONA

A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St. Room with use of bath, \$1.50 and \$2. Room with private bath, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3. Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.

THE WALK, NOT THE WORK

More than half the drudgery of ironing day is caused by the incessant travelling back and forth between ironing board and stove in the work of changing irons. An electric iron abolishes this. Simply attach the cord to the lighting socket, turn the button, and in a moment your iron is all heated ready for use. The iron heats itself and the point is always hot just where you want it. No changing of irons. A day's ironing can be done in about half the time at an average cost of five cents. Price \$5.00.

Call in and have iron demonstrated, or 'phone the Comfort Number, Adelaide 404, and we'll send one to your home on 30 days' trial, without obligation.

The Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited
12 Adelaide St. East, Toronto

French **NATURAL** Sparkling Table Water

perrier
"The Champagne of Table Waters"

CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY


LIMITED

BUILDERS AND DESIGNERS OF
ALL KINDS AND TYPES OF

*Freight and Passenger Cars of
Steel or Wood Construction,
Car Wheels, Castings, Brake
Beams, Bar Iron, Forgings,
Bolsters*

WORKS AT
AMHERST, N.S. and MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HEAD OFFICE:
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING
MONTREAL, QUEBEC



You will enjoy
the most magnificent River Trip in the World.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE

The Shortest Ocean Voyage to


EUROPE

R.M.S. Royal Edward
R.M.S. Royal George

The Record Holders of the Canadian Route
Special Trains wait at the Docks and make the run to London
in two hours

Canadian Northern Steamships, Ltd.

For all information apply to steamship agents, or to the following general agents of the Company: H. C. Bourlier, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, Ont.; Guy Tombs, Canadian Northern Building, Montreal, Que.; P. Mooney, 123 Hollis Street, Halifax, N.S.; A. H. Davis, 272 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY IMPROVED SERVICE

NORTH TORONTO
TO
OTTAWA—MONTREAL
10.00 P.M. DAILY

Lv. NORTH PARKDALE	9.00 P.M.	Arr. OTTAWA	- - 6.50 A.M.
Lv. WEST TORONTO	- 9.20 P.M.	Arr. MONTREAL	- 7.00 A.M.
Arr. NORTH TORONTO	9.40 P.M.		
Lv. NORTH TORONTO	10.00 P.M.		

STOPS AT WESTMOUNT

**ELECTRIC LIGHTED COMPARTMENT
CARS AND STANDARD SLEEPERS**

UNEXCELLED SERVICE FINEST EQUIPMENT

M. G. MURPHY, Dis. Pass. Agent,
16 King St., East, Toronto

Tickets, Reservations, etc., at any
Toronto Office

**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

The Great
Double Track Highway
Between the
East and West

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS are operated daily between Montreal, Toronto and Chicago, carrying the finest equipment, including Pullman Sleepers, Parlor, Library, Cafe Cars, Dining Cars and Modern Coaches.

1000 Miles of Double Track Line
Palatial Pullman Sleepers

Courteous Employees
Smooth Roadbed and Excellent Train Service

Full information from A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.; J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.; W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. BELL, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

The Edison is the life of the party---a limitless entertainer that breaks the ice and fills the gaps, putting everybody at ease and making everybody happy. And it is even *more* the life of the whole day and all the days when your friends are not with you.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH



is a companion that never fails to cheer, never tires and never grows monotonous. It fits into every mood and fills every hour---brings all the greatest artists into your home, and makes *them* your friends.

Think how much easier the work will go to the accompaniment of Sousa's Band and Victor Herbert's Orchestra---how much faster and more pleasantly the hours will slip by when they are filled with the magnificent voice of Slezak, the laughs of Lauder and the coon songs of Stella Mayhew.

Send for Complete Information Today

The advantages of the Edison are as definite as they are important---and the way to know about them is to send for the complete information which we have ready to send you. Any Edison dealer will give you a free concert. Edison Phonographs range in price from \$16.50 to \$240.00, and are sold at the same prices everywhere in Canada. Edison Standard Records, 40c; Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c; Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c to \$2.50.

Thomas A. Edison

Incorporated

115 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J. U.S.A.

