

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A Wager on the
Wistassining

STORY BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Socialism in United
States Politics

BY A NEW-YORK-CANADIAN

Robert S. Gurlay
and Public Service

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

The Romances of
Margaret Anglin

BY MARGARET BELL

Recent News Features

ILLUSTRATED

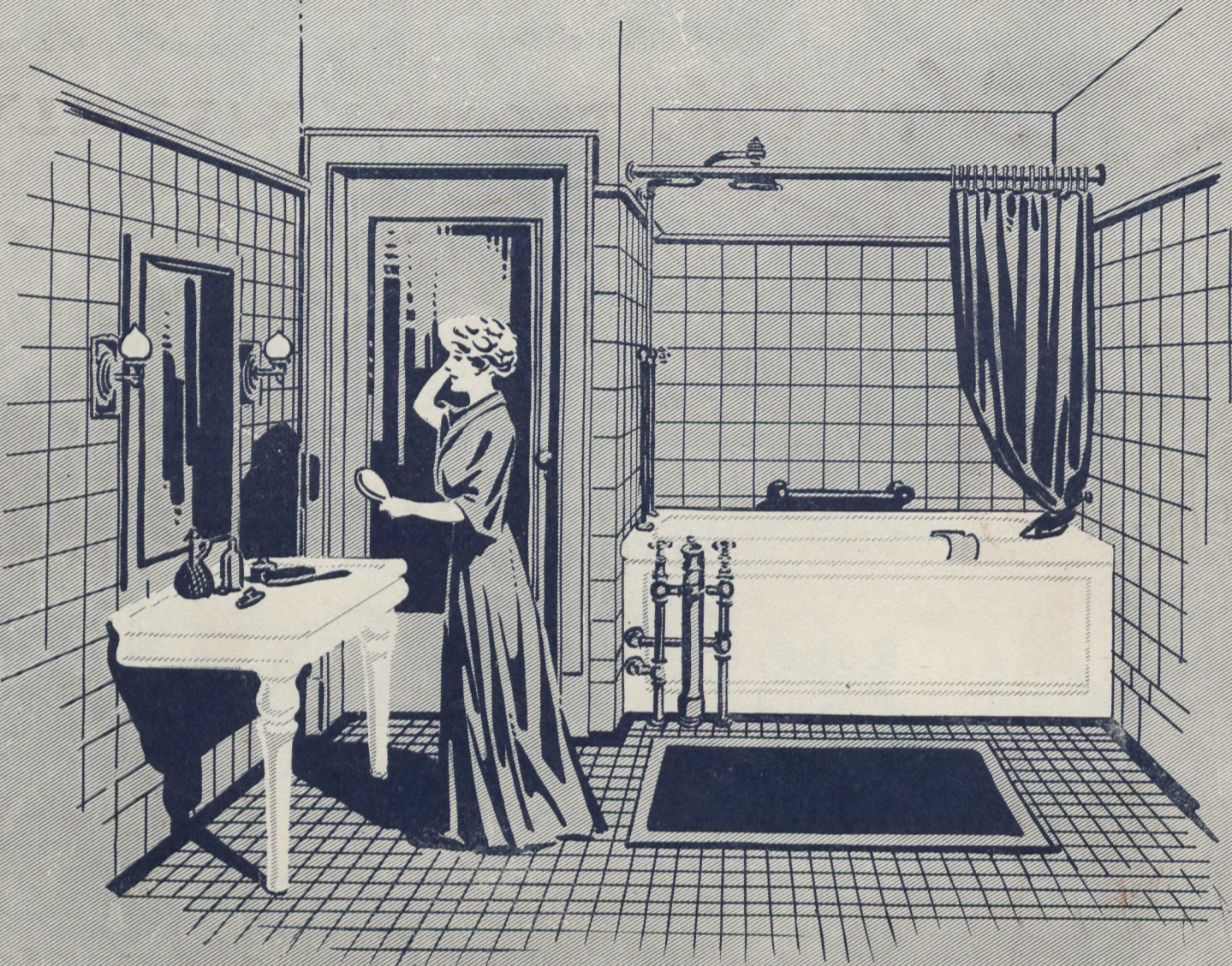
Woman's Supplement
Number



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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A National Weekly

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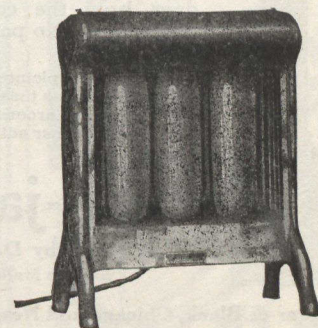
CONTENTS

- Socialism in United States Politics** . . . By a New-York-Canadian.
 A Most Instructive Article.
- R. S. Gourlay and Public Service** By Augustus Bridle.
 Fourteenth in a Series of Character Sketches.
- A Wager on the Wistassing** By Arthur E. McFarlane.
 A Humorous Fishing Story.
- Irish Home Rule** With Photographs.
- The Romances of Margaret Anglin** By Margaret Bell.
- Matrimonial Chances in the West** By A. M. Ross.
- The Mirror and the Web** By the Lady of Shalott.
- The Matinee Girl** By Margaret Bell.
- Canadian Women's Press Club** News of the Work.
- His Little Girl, Serial** By L. G. Moberly.
- Money and Magnates** By Staff Writers.
- Reflections** By the Editor.

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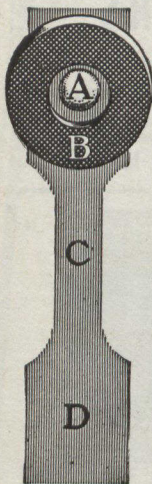
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The Scrap Book

Got off Easy.—They were strolling players—at least, that's what they called themselves. Their talent was as small as their efforts were great. To add to this, they arrived at the little country town minus their costumes and rather hazy as to their lines. However, the performance took place, albeit it was a "frost" of the worst description.

They expected a fearful roasting from the reporter of the paper, and there was a rush the next morning for the local sheet. But, with true hospitality to strangers, the following paragraph appeared: "The ——— company appeared last night at the Town Hall in 'East Lynne.' The ventilation of the theatre was perfect, and the orchestra rendered a number of pleasing selections."

Just One.—"Do you dye whiskers?" "Yes," answered the barber. "Do they fool anybody?" "Seem to fool the man that wears 'em."—Kansas City Journal.

Well Named.—Hewitt—"Why do you call this your grill room?"

Jewitt—"This is where my wife corners me when I get in late at night."—New York Globe.

His Native Element.—Alice and Belle met one afternoon and were discussing their sweethearts.

"Alfred is spending the winter in the South," said Belle, "and he has just sent me the dearest little alligator you ever saw."

"How lovely," replied Alice, "but how are you going to keep him?"

"I scarcely know," said the other, "but I've put him in Florida water until I hear from Alfred."—Harper's Bazar.

Doubtful.—Spurgeon was once asked if the man who learned to play a cornet on Sunday would go to heaven.

The great preacher's reply was characteristic. Said he: "I don't see why he should not, but"—after a pause—"I doubt whether the man next door will."—Tit-Bits.

Poetry and Prose.

HE.

I did not know before we met
That breezes ever blew so sweetly;
I did not know I might forget
All but my love for you, completely;
I did not know before I heard
The music of your voice how pleasing
The cadence of the poorest word—

SHE.

Aw, now, I know you're only teasing.

HE.

Before we met I never knew
The gleaming stars could shine so brightly
Or that the sparkle of the dew
Could cause my heart to beat so lightly;
Before I gazed in your soft eyes
And felt a thrill of joy surge through me
I had not guessed how fair the skies—

SHE.

Aw, say, what's this you're handin' to me?

HE.

I did not know ere I beheld
You in your fresh and wholesome beauty
How sweet the blushing roses smelled,
Nor could I whistle while on duty;
But since you came to make me glad
Sweet songs come to my lips unbidden,
And I've forgotten to be sad—

SHE.

Say, Algernon, cut out the kiddin'!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Proof.—Stella—"Are they in love?" Bella—"They must be; she listens to him describe a ball game and he listens to her describe a gown."—Brooklyn Life.

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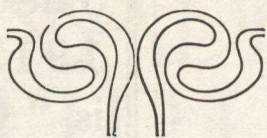
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Editor's Talk

OUR Music Editor is being overwhelmed with congratulations on last week's number. Every person interested in music—and who is not?—believes it is the best number of its kind ever produced in Canada. Well, so it should be. It is the latest, and therefore it should be the best. But, we are pleased that everybody else is pleased.

Now for the Book Number. It will be issued in the latter part of November. The books of the year will be reviewed. Not all, of course, because of the making of books there is no end. Just the worthy books, and especially those written by Canadian authors.

We shall not discuss the question—"Has Canada a literature of her own?" It will not be a high-browed literary number, but just such a review of the books of the day and the authors of the day, as the average reader may understand and appreciate. Peter McArthur, W. T. Allison (Ivanhoe), Marjory MacMurchy, Jean Graham and other well-known workers in the world of thought will contribute.

In the meantime there are some good features coming forward—such as the excellent fishing story by Arthur McFarlane in this week's issue, and the article on socialism in the United States.

And those 300 pictures of the kiddies who read The Courier for our Christmas number—we want them sent in at once. Ordinary snapshots will do, if the prints are clear. Head-and-shoulder pictures will also be acceptable.



One
little
boy put
it just right
when he said:
"My! But
ain't Kellogg's
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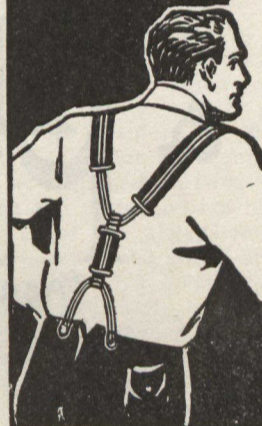
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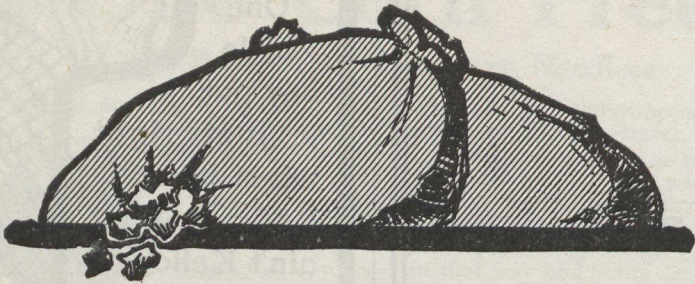
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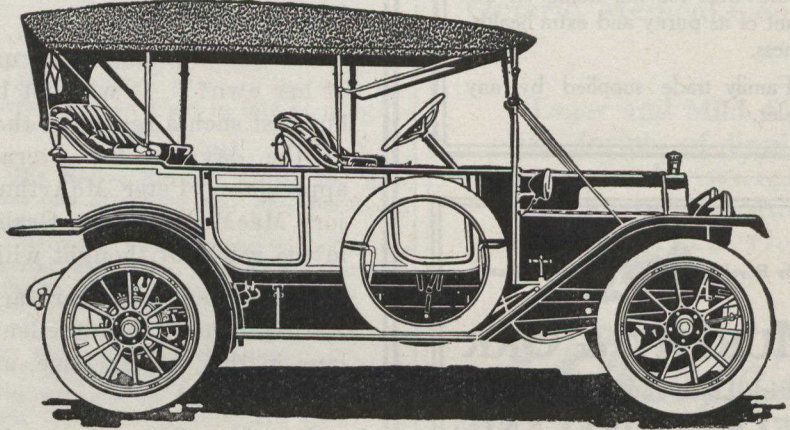
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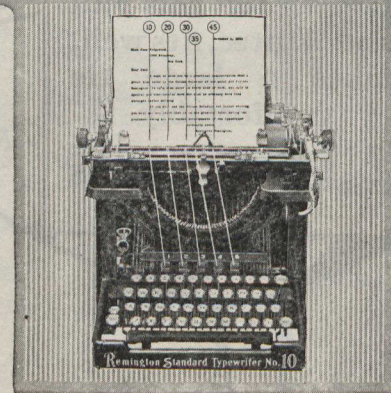
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 P.D.C.R.

Vol. XII.

October 19, 1912

No. 21

Personalities and Problems

14--Robert S. Gourlay

Whose Evolution of the Public Service Idea is a Good Deal Like Tuning a Piano

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

INTO a somewhat cramped but extremely comfortable office at the back of a building in the Eaton block, came the peculiar reiterated tink-tank-tunk of a man in the next room tuning a piano. The office walls were hung with pictures of men playing pianos. But this man outside was performing the tune that takes sometimes hours to play. It was the kind of tune that sounds a good deal like the drip-drip of a water-tap into a bath; now one note and then another; sometimes both together; after a little a key higher up—getting the next octave in concord; bye and bye three notes together; presently when the tuner got weary of his own monotony a few handfuls of crisp arpeggios and swift little runs that seemed like the frills on a tune or an imitation of a Bach prelude.

All the while I sat in the office of Mr. R. S. Gourlay that man outside was tuning the piano. When I left he was tuning it still.

And as I listened to Mr. Gourlay enunciate his views of business and public service, it seemed as though the gradual evolution of a disorderly piano into an instrument capable of doing justice to Beethoven and Chopin was a good deal like the slow working-out of a man's life.

The career of the newly-elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association is a case of gradual, patient and pleasing evolution—just like the piano he makes and his tuners tune. At the age of just sixty Robert S. Gourlay has come to a condition of just about perfect harmony between his business, his public activities, his home life and his social connections. At least to the onlooker it seems so. Though every man knows where the little kinks and discords are in his life that seem so much like good music to the other fellow; just as every singer knows how nervous he may be when to the audience he seems as calm as a cloudless sunrise.

R. S. Gourlay is one of the most successful men in Canada. But he has never seen his way clear to buying an automobile. He is official head of an association representing hundreds of millions in investment and turning out of Canadian factories every year almost a thousand million dollars worth of goods for the markets of Canada. But he lives in a plain, comfortable home without ostentation. He is by no means a wealthy man and perhaps does not expect to be. But he is as happy in his work as the day is long. And the main reason is—that Robert S. Gourlay has learned the art of mixing up personal business with public service. His personal business is making high-grade pianos. His public service programme includes just as many different kinds of activities as he can discharge with a clear head, effectively in the interests of the public to which he reckons he belongs. That's why, though rubbing shoulder every day with men of wealth, he has no hankering to be wealthy; and why he is one of the most contented men in Canada.

JUST because it is getting out of date, old-fashioned and therefore odd, it is here set down—that Robert S. Gourlay, newly-elected President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, got his first impetus to public service from a Presbyterian Sunday-School. The Sunday-School, the Epworth League and the lodge used to be the training-ground for a lot of very useful men. Methodist class-meetings and revival services have helped to make

many a public speaker. The need for being even a church usher or a member of session has caused a good many men to nibble off a little time from business which might have led them to take a notion for the school board or the city council.

Some say the church is losing its grip on young men.

But if Robert Gourlay had his way there would probably be a lot of men keeping up their interest

in church work, because it is a contribution to public service. A few days ago Mr. Gourlay was asked by some of his friends to come out as a candidate for the Mayoralty of Toronto. He declined. He had his reasons. They are set forth in another part of this article. In 1911 he was President of the Toronto Board of Trade. Before that he was Vice-President. He is a member of the Toronto Harbour Commission, which is a new concern hitched up to a lot of work for the good of Toronto. He is a Vice-President of the Associated Charities of Toronto and an honorary governor of the General Hospital; a member of the Civic Guild and an ex-President of the Presbyterian Church Extension Union.

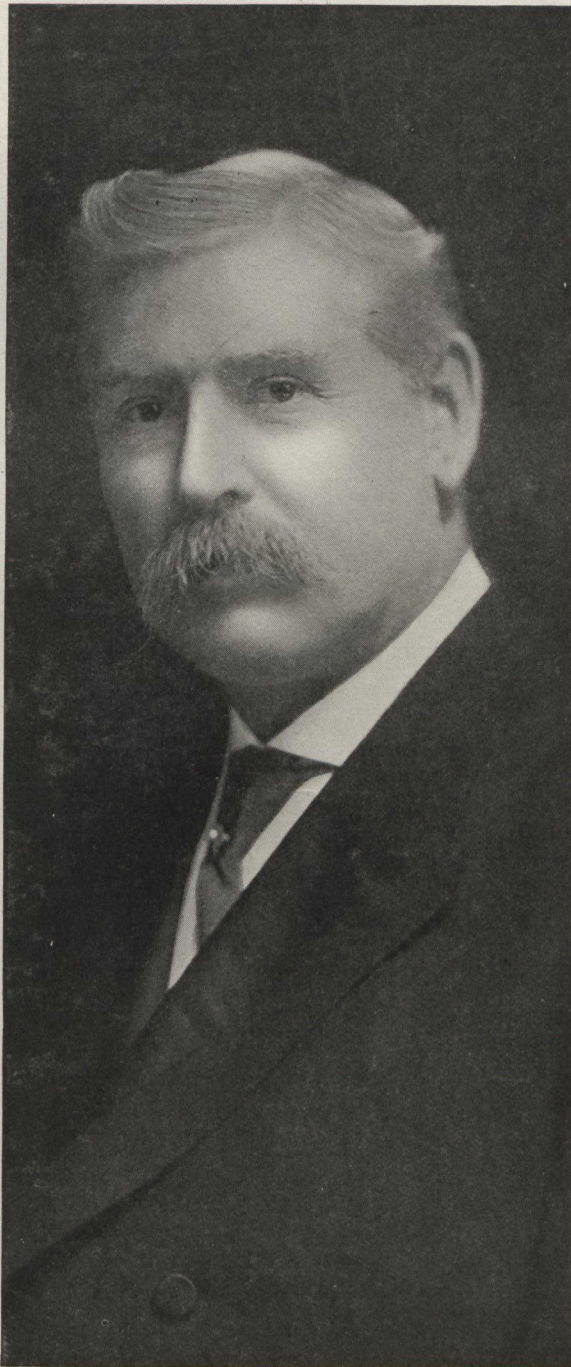
In fact Mr. Gourlay's activities outside of his regular business—which is making high-grade pianos—are about as diversified as those of Mr. J. W. Flavelle. And he has never got to the point where he considers business one thing and public service another. In fact he began to be a public servant when he combined the two. Being a Scotchman in all but the accident of a birthplace, which was New York, he has always managed to work away without much noise, shrewdly and patiently building himself into his business—which at first was that of cabinet-making. Had he been like a good many other Scotchmen in Canada he might have been a near-millionaire. But when a man sets out to give a large part of his time and talent to public affairs, and at the same time makes a life business of selling and making pianos, the odds are all against his becoming very wealthy.

Mr. Gourlay's first connection with the piano business was as book-keeper for Mason, Risch and Newcombe. He then became a salesman; went on the road; in 1877 became general manager for the firm; in '79 became general manager for the newly organized firm Mason and Risch. Eleven years later the firm Gourlay, Winter and Leeming was organized for dealing in pianos and organs. In 1903 the firm began to make pianos.

THE progress of Mr. Gourlay as a maker of pianos is part of the development of a very remarkable industry in Canada. A few weeks ago, when the Duke was at the Canadian National Exhibition, he was astounded to find that the tremendous display of high-grade pianos he saw there were the product of Canadian factories. And how this industry developed—as set forth in last week's music number of THE CANADIAN COURIER—is a story which Mr. Gourlay takes some pride in telling; because like most other piano-makers in Canada he has kept himself in close touch with the people who use and criticize pianos and want the best.

"You know," he said, as he finished signing a pack of letters and took half an hour before a session of the Harbour Commission, "when you know that Smith your musical friend is going to try out your piano you naturally want to make a piano that will suit Smith. If it's good enough for him and his critical friends it's good enough for the market. And it's because the piano-makers of Canada have kept in close touch with the people who want the best in piano-making, that we have come to the point where Canada produces a higher average grade of piano than any other country in the world. That is quite true. But I remember—"

And with a smile he recalled the days when as a



"He has learned the art of mixing up personal business with public service."

salesman he had to give a five-year guarantee to a customer with a Canadian piano.

"And if the customer was unsatisfied at the end of that time he could have his payments commuted on the purchase of—an American piano," he added.

"Then aside from the mere making of pianos—there is the question of public service, Mr. Gourlay."

Again he became reminiscent. In most of what he says there is the element of Scotch caution whereby he never over-estimates. For instance there was the matter of his being asked to run for Mayor.

"I declined," he said. "And I had good reasons."

"But not on account of incapacity—?"

"For three reasons," he almost interrupted. "Why? Because if I were to run for the Mayoralty of Toronto I should have to be sure of three things which at present are very much in doubt."

"Which are—?"

"First, I should have to be thoroughly acquainted with the problems of civic government. But I'm not. I am a business man. I study my business. What time I have taken for public affairs in the Manufacturers' Association and the Board of Trade and other concerns, has not been along the line of civic problems."

"Is there no connection?"

"Well, people have said to me— 'Now you made a very good President of the Board of Trade; why can't you make good equally as a Mayor?' My reply was and is—'My being President of the Board of Trade was in no way the reason why that year the Board had so successful a programme.' The success was due to the organization; to the capable committee work; and I was but part of the machinery—which I had been studying for years before I became even Vice-President. When I became President the organization was able to do the work—but not because of me."

"And in regard to civic preparation?"

"Clearly—I should have to become part of the regular organization of civic government and ac-

quainted with its problems before I could presume to be a candidate for the Mayoralty. That is—I should have to know first the problems; second, the civic machinery by which problems are solved and civic business done; and third—the organization would have to know me. None of these things are true now. Therefore I could not think of becoming a candidate."

"Then you don't believe in merely personal selection for Mayoralty nominees?"

"I do not. I believe the wise selection should begin with the City Council and extend through the Board of Control till it culminates in the Mayor who should be thoroughly and respectably familiar with all the details of civic business and machinery before he stands for election. I think that's perfectly clear."

"But how did you get your first impulse towards public service?"

For often how a man got his start along any line is an aid to knowing why he takes so radical a position as that enunciated by Mr. Gourlay. As a rule men who stand for public office don't have such rigorous scruples.

"I'LL tell you. Perhaps it's interesting; perhaps not. Many years ago when I was general manager for a piano company I got the notion that a good busy little branch store might be started out Queen St. West where so many people were promenading. I opened a branch store to handle the firm's goods. After working all day in the general office I spent evenings at the branch. We worked up quite a business, just because we put ourselves where the people could get at us and tried to cater to their needs. And—"

But as yet there was no public service involved. Mr. Gourlay went on to explain.

"While I was so busy with business, the pastor of the little Presbyterian church which I attended came to me and said, 'Mr. Gourlay, you seem to have plenty of energy for that little branch store.

Couldn't you spare some of it for the needs of our Sunday-School?'"

"Well perhaps I could," said I.

"I took first a class of small boys and later a Bible Class. I was interested in that school, in the little church and the rather obscure parson who never became what the world calls a great man, but who was responsible for starting me effectively off along a line of direct public service. I became assistant superintendent; afterwards superintendent—just as regularly as though I were making progress in a business; and I took just as much interest in that progress as I ever did in the hours of business. It was to me a great stimulus and a great joy. And work of that kind is still to me one of the happiest and biggest things in life."

"Do you think that young men nowadays have the opportunity you had to go into that kind of work?"

"Quite as much. Perhaps more. I don't say a young man should necessarily teach in a Sunday-School. Neither is it absolutely necessary that he do church work. To every man his talent. The church offers plenty of opportunities. But there are plenty of other channels. No young man need complain that he can find nothing to do outside his business. He can! He owes it to himself to find something."

"On a basis of enjoyment?"

"Precisely. I wouldn't exchange the friendships and the associations I have formed and the joy I've had in doing public work for any chance of making more money. We can all make a living and progress in our business keeping it up with the times without spending all our time on business. That's the only school of public service I know anything about—doing the thing for the general good that lies closest to hand, doing it as well as possible, without ambition more than to do it well and to make it possible for other men to do likewise."

The piano-tuner in the next room jiggled up his scale a notch or two and played a rambling pre-

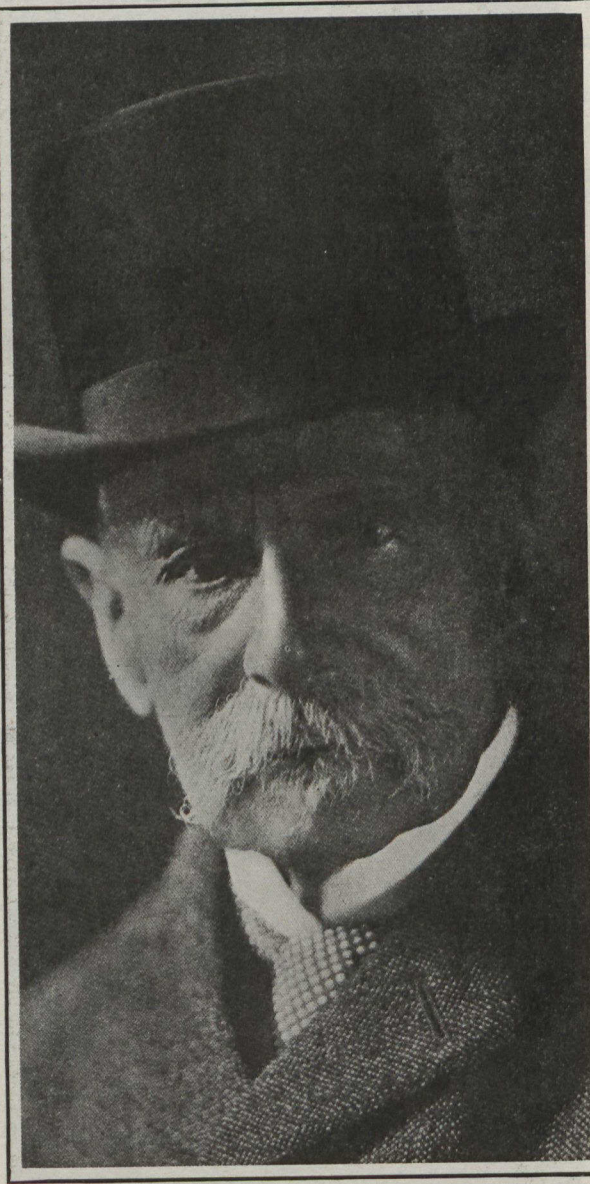
(Concluded on page 34.)

Three Imperial Figures



THE WELSH SCHOOLMASTER.

Rt. Hon. Lloyd George with his Shoemaker Uncle, Mr. Richard George, who Undertook to Give the Barefooted Boy an Education. The Story is Told in the First Volume of "The Life of David Lloyd George," Just off the Press.



'BOBS.'

Lord Roberts Celebrated his Eightieth Birthday on September 30th. He Entered the Army in 1851, and has Seen Much Service Since the Days of the Indian Mutiny. He is Now a Keen Advocate of Universal Training as They Have it in Australia.



HIS MAJESTY SMILES.

This Snapshot of the King was Taken During the Recent Army Manoeuvres. He is Here Seen Chatting with General Foch of the French Army, who was a Visitor to these Annual Exercises of the British Forces.

A Wager on the Wistassining

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

WE had never been to Williamson's Brook, and although Matt protested that it was only some eleven miles, new ways have ever been long ways, and we were ready enough to rest when we had reached the Stone Road. And that Stone Road crossing offered us a place of much, if melancholy, interest to rest at. For there, eight years before, when both the new railroad and canal were still under construction, two dynamite carters met at the four corners, refused to turn out for each other—and left behind them considerably more of moral lesson than of souvenir.

It was the memory of such painful episodes as these which commonly moved our old Algonian fishing guide and keeper of "The Forks" to the recounting of other events of like sadness and edification. He was now reminded of the case of two ill-fated sporting gentlemen, "Slimmy" Sparks and his brother-in-law, "Willie" Hotchkiss.

"You see," he explained, "from the very start-off I didn't take to them. I won't tell ye who was so plum crazy as to steer them up here—they came on passes—and I won't hurt a good Ontario town by tellin' where they came from. But anyways they came *early*, and early they showed what size of fishin' sports they were!

"Before I'd much more'n got them into the democrat at the Junction, they were askin' me about rates. I told them, of course, that outside of the fixed price for board, I charged by the room, half for the single ones what it was for the double. And you boys know that the single rooms I've got are pretty shameful shelf-and-cupboard accommodation *even* for one; but I had to make the partitionin' so, if I wasn't to turn some mighty nice people away. Well, these two said they guessed they'd just take a single room between them. And that *rattled* me. But there was nothin' I could do only double my boat and 'personal guide' prices to them, and as they couldn't *know* I'd done it, there was mighty little satisfaction in that.

"But soon enough I was wishin' I'd made it a hundred dollars an hour. I reckon the pair saw that they ticketed theirselves for a couple of 98-cent hand-me-downs, and they immediately started in to save their faces by givin' me to understand what a brace of bold, bad men they were. When they weren't spoilin' good fishin' with a run of the cheapest kind of drummer's yarns, they were remindin' each other of how much money they'd lost on that sellin'-plater, or this particular jack-pot, or how drunk they'd been at some other time. Or else it was how, that day at the Woodbine, they'd just made every bookie lay right down!

"And then the time they'd had with the money afterwards! Sparks'd nudge Hotchkiss, and then they couldn't sit up in the boat at rememberin' of it.

"But *that* wasn't a patch on the time they'd had after they'd made the killin' in 'Porcupine.' And Hotchkiss'd give it back to Sparks in the ribs, and say: 'Oh, you're a *nice* boy, "Slimmy," you are!

"And 'Slimmy'd say: 'Oh, I don't know, my Willie-out-of-Sunday-school, I'm not the only grease-spot on the collar!' and then they'd both roll around some more.

"Now, like most people, I don't know but what I might be made to confess to a sneakin' fondness for a *real* bad man. But you can always tell a real bad man by the fact that he don't talk about it none; and it's generally the case, too, that he don't even show it.

"But I tell ye they got a heap of pleasure out of all that remissin' they done in my behoof; for it ain't every day, now, that you get a good, green old moss-back who's just a-gapin' open-mouthed to swallow all you can chuck into him. However, by the end of the second day, when they'd probably

figgered it out that by then I'd likely showed them all the best fishin' places, they told me they wouldn't need me any longer. Durin' the next few days I could only enjoy their society from a distance. And, before the week that followed, the only case where I had to do with them was on Sunday.

"For, of course, they had to get playin' poker right under the wife's nose in the side porch. Well, she being raised Methodist, and old-style Methodist, too, that maddened her in a minute worse than two weeks of rain with the clothes undried. And I had a time, I tell ye, to keep her from streakin' straight out to them with the broom, upsettin' their table, and sweepin' their whole outfit of chips and cards off into the knot-grass. But by remindin' her that they were strangers within our gates, I got her to let me do a little reasonin' with them first. Well, gentlemen, when I saw the size of their stakes, I

and Sparks down. And, as it chanced, that night Hotchkiss came in with a pretty good string—for *his* speed, anyway; and Sparks, on his part, had only one or two less. But Sparks must have really lit on a good place that day, for he plainly wanted to get Hotchkiss to bet his money in earnest now. And to everything Hotchkiss said about how he'd coaxed 'em on, and fetched 'em out, and had throwed back all but the biggest, Sparks just kept repeatin': 'Put up or shut up!' 'Put up or shut up!' Which is about the most exasperatin' and the most generally dam'-fool sentence in the English language. And Hotchkiss, what with havin' it rammed into his gullet every time he opened his mouth, was gettin' steadily madder and madder, till, all of a sudden he comes out: 'All right, then—all right! I *will* put up!'

"'But *what'll* you put up?' sneers Sparks, 'post-stamps or nickels? He, he! That's about his *size*,' he says to me.

"'No,' bellers Hotchkiss, 'it won't be for post-stamps or nickels, either! It'll be for twenty-five dollars; that's what it'll be for! *Now* are you so brash? *Now* are you so hot for me to put up or shut up?'

"And certainly that did seem to take all the heat out of Sparks. For a while it was too much for him to talk about, and when he did get words he was half indignant and half incredulous. 'Huh!' he says, 'I suppose there'd turn out to be a ketch, somehow, in the way you've worded it?'

"'No there wouldn't turn out to be no ketch in the way I've worded it, neither.'

"'Then I bet your game would be to follow me whenever I went and chance winnin' out by just fishin' in beside me—or else you'd use both your rods or something.'

"'No, I wouldn't fish beside you, neither. I'd fish down the river where I was to-day. Nor I wouldn't use two rods. Ah-h, *now*,' he shouts to me—'*now*, who's the dead game sport? Look at him tryin' to crawl out leery there, now that I've made it some-*thin'* worth while! Ah-h, put up or shut up, Slimmy! Put up or shut up!'

"Slimmy stood there bitin' at his nails, and no doubt wishin' to heaven that I hadn't been there to hear the dare. 'Gee,' he says, plaintive-like. 'Gee, but you must want to risk a lot of money at once!'

"'Put up, or shut up!' repeats Hotchkiss again.

"'Very *well*,' says Sparks, and it was the most desperate, tear-stained voice you'd hear in a ten years. 'Very *well*, I *will* put up, then. But mind you, Willie, you'll be sorry yet that you put it up to me!'

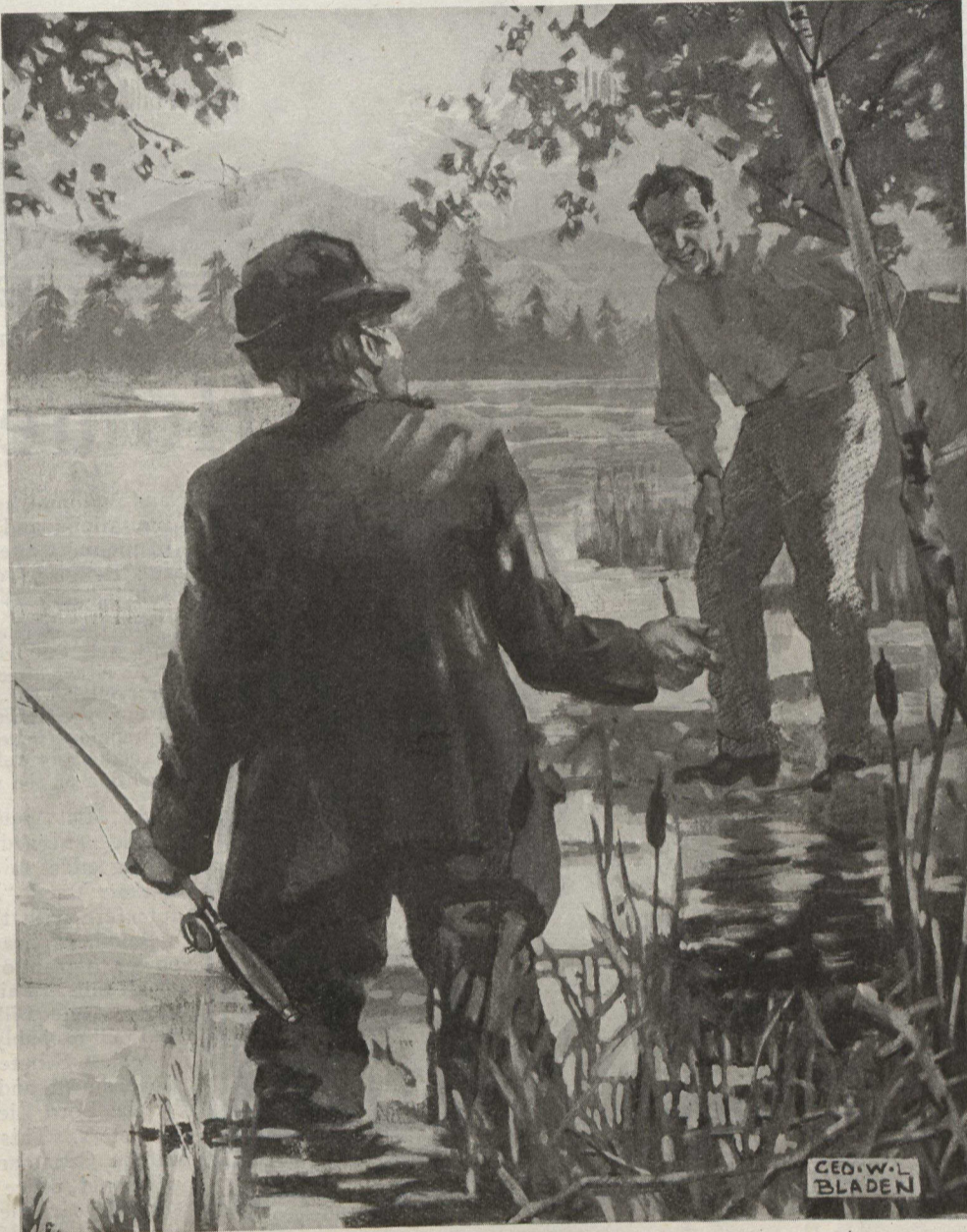
"And through half that night I could hear them relievin' their minds on each other. I reckon that single bed they had was a heap

sight narrower than that it was in the beginnin'!

"Well, they both came down to breakfast mighty well sobered. And of the two I believe Hotchkiss felt the sicker over it now, him havin' give' the challenge. I asked them if their bet was still on, and they said of course it was. But they kept lookin' at each other like two fellers that had let themselves in for a duel in their liquor the night before, and had only then awakened to it. They'd locked horns and one of them was bound to lose an antler before they got away again, and both felt mortally certain it was goin' to be *him*, and both blamed the other for it. But there was no gettin' out of it. And off they struck, Sparks upstream like a martyr with a bilin' bad temper, and Hotchkiss down, tryin' to carry it through ja'nty and free-and-easy.

"And Sparks wasn't well out of sight in the bush before Hotchkiss came slidin' back up the hill again—runnin' low like a fox under a fence. I knowed in two *shakes* what he was after!

(Continued on page 30.)



"Eleven! Holy Cripes! So I've caught eleven in the first hour, have I!"

Drawn by George W. L. Bladen.

tell ye I knowed that the Lord couldn't—inside His dignity—let Himself be caught watchin' a game like that at all, and they were safe as far as He was concerned. However, that wasn't speakin' for the wife, and I thought it wise to get them to go out to the straw barn. And even then, when Hotchkiss lost a dollar and a half in one jack-pot, the shoutin' and fierce talk and excitement came right in to us.

"They fished ahead pretty steadily. But they'd brought some cheap whiskey along with them, and that puffed them up into even more thunderin' big sports than ever. There soon wasn't anything around The Forks that they weren't darin' each other to put up their money on. Every night they'd have more hot disputin' over the size and weight of their two ketches than would start the shotgun work over a line fence up here. And they were always goin' to make a most *mighty* big bet on who'd show up the strongest *next* day. But they never seemed to quite get that far!

"Well, by Wednesday, they'd just got raw enough on each other for it to send Hotchkiss up the river



The Ulster-Unionist Council Dined at Belfast During the Recent Week of Stirring Events. Left to right, standing—Earl of Erne, Lord Londonderry, and Sir Edward Carson.

Will There Be Irish Home Rule?

MR. GLADSTONE appealed to the British electorate in 1896 on a Home-Rule-For-Ireland platform and was defeated. In 1893 the House of Lords rejected Mr. Gladstone's second attempt to get this measure through the House. He wanted to go to the country, but his party was unwilling. So he resigned and was succeeded by Lord Rosebery. In 1895 Lord Rosebery and his party went out of office. Some say they were defeated on Home Rule but John Redmond says this "cannot with any measure of truth be regarded as a defeat for Home Rule."

In his recent book entitled "The Home Rule Bill," Mr. Redmond makes the claim that since 1895 Home Rule has been adopted by overwhelming majorities by the electors of the United Kingdom three times in succession. That during every election since that time Home Rule has been one of the chief points of discussion and that in every case Home Rule won out. The dates for these victories are 1906, 1909 and 1910.

The third Home Rule Bill is now before the British Parliament and is creating much trouble for both its supporters and its opponents. The Bill provides that there shall be an Irish Parliament comprising an Irish Senate and an Irish House of Commons. This body "shall have power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland," but the supreme power of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain "unaffected



Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., Addressing a Gathering at Ballyrooney at the Last Meeting of the Campaign.

and undiminished." There are certain other specific limitations and some temporary limitations. One of the most interesting of the former is that relating to "Religious equality." This may be quoted in full as follows:—

"In the exercise of their power to make laws under this Act, the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage."

As Mr. Asquith has pointed out this is a new clause designed to prevent the Irish Parliament giving effect to either of the decrees known as "Ne Temere" and "Motu Proprio," or in any way to interfere with the validity of mixed marriages.

Another paragraph gives the Lord Lieutenant power to grant or withhold the assent of His Majesty to all bills. This provision is similar to that in the Home Rule Bills of the self-governing dominions and will probably be used to the same limited extent.

A first Senate will be nominated by the Imperial Government and later denominations will be made by the Lord Lieutenant on the advice of the Irish Ministers. This system is the same as in the case of the Canadian Senate, except that the senators will hold office for eight years only. In every second year one-fourth of the senators are to re-



The Ulster Protestants May or May Not be in Earnest, but this Picture Would Indicate that there is More than Talk in their Agitation. This is a Gun Brigade at Portadown. The Rifles are Real, but the Gun is a Dummy for Training Purposes.

Some Big Events of Recent Days

tire, the decisions being made at first by lot and then automatically.

It is provided that after Home Rule is established the Irish representation in the House of Commons at Westminster shall be reduced to forty-two or less than one-half of the present representation.

Canadians have taken a very considerable interest in this subject and strangely enough nearly all the leading Home Rulers in Canada are Irish Roman Catholics and almost all the leading anti-Home Rulers are Irish Protestants. Both sides are assisting their respective partisans in Ireland by expressions of sympathy and a certain amount of cash.

Most Canadians will agree, however, with the principle laid down by Mr. Asquith at Ladybank, Scotland, last week, when he stated that if the Irish people were granted Home Rule it would not be possible for its opponents to say "we will take the law into our own hands," since such action would be "a deadly blow at the foundations of democratic government." However much the anti-Home Rulers may object to the measure it is difficult to see how the Ulster people could actively object without setting a new precedent in British Constitutional history. While this is undoubtedly the constitutional situation, there is little probability that the House of Lords will pass the Bill and thus give Ulster a chance to make good its outspoken threats.

The British-Born Vote

SOME speculation is occurring in political circles as to the disposition of the British-born vote in Ontario if a general election should occur next year. At the meeting of the General Reform Association of the Province, held last week in Toronto, Sir Wilfrid Laurier touched the fringe of the subject in the following words:

"We suffered during the last election by what is called the British-born vote. Most of the British immigrants are generally Radicals in England, but strange to say when they come here they often become Tories. At the last election we had that vote very generally against us. There was no reason for that, except that these men, coming to a country with which they were not familiar, and finding a French-Canadian at the head of affairs, were turned against us on that account by a somewhat insidious campaign. At all events I think we can now make the English Radicals understand that the Liberal party, even though it be headed by one of French origin, is a party based upon the principles of true English Liberalism."

There seems at present no basis for deciding the question as to which way the British-born vote would swing. The man who had most to do with its direction in the last election was Mr. Arthur Hawkes, editor of *British News of Canada*. It is generally known that although Mr. Hawkes was appointed by the Borden administration to prepare a special report on immigration, he is not wholly satisfied with the treatment which he has received. Mr. Hawkes is historically a Liberal of the Manchester school and much would depend upon his attitude. If the Liberals were to offer him a nomination in an Ontario constituency and Mr. Hawkes were to accept the result would be interesting. Even if Mr. Hawkes were to run as an Independent candidate in an Ontario constituency the Conservatives would be hard put to find a leader of equal ability to direct the British-born vote. It is hardly possible that Mr. Hawkes would accept a Conservative nomination if all the rumours are true.

The Macdonald Election

MR. R. L. RICHARDSON, ex-M.P. and editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, was defeated in a by-election in Macdonald on Saturday last. The constituency was thrown open by the resignation of Mr. W. D. Staples, M.P., to take a place on the Grain Commission. The Conservative candidate was a farmer, Mr. Alex. Morrison, and he increased the majority from 161 in September, 1911, to nearly 800. This contest is said to have been one of the keenest ever fought in Canada. Members of parliament, cabinet ministers and even provincial premiers—to the total of more than a score—helped in the merriment. The *Globe* correspondent explains it thus:

"The Government forces were able to consolidate the 'British-born' of the divisions near Winnipeg in favour of Mr. Morrison, and were able also to induce the French vote in St. Francis Xavier, Ste. Eustache, Elie, Baie St. Paul, Notre Dame de Lourdes and St. Laurent to vote against Mr. Richardson. In September, 1911, these French quarters of the constituency gave Mr. Wood, the Liberal candidate against Mr. Staples, a majority of 77 as compared with a majority of 172 for Mr. Morrison to-day. St. James, St. Charles, Weston, Brooklands



This Wonderful Crowd Picture was Taken in Belfast on "The Day of the Covenant." The Congestion at the Corner of Royal Avenue and Donegal Square was an Indication of the Excitement of the Occasion.

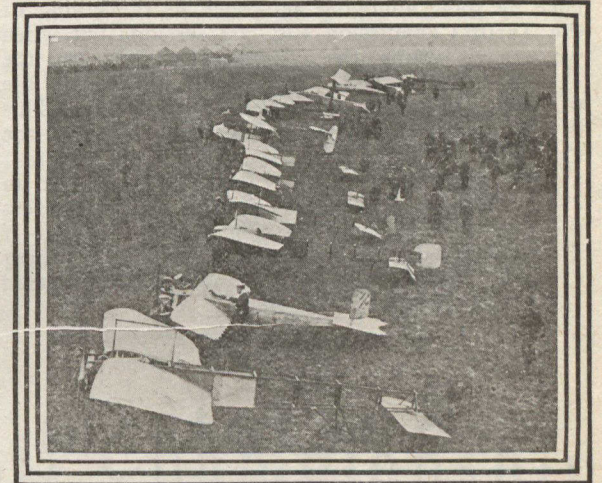
and Headingly, the suburban polls, gave Mr. Staples a majority last year of 152 out of his total majority of 161, but to-day they increased that majority for Mr. Morrison to 286.

"The English-speaking farmers of the constituency voted very nearly in the same strength for freer trade as they did last September. The urgency of their work just now, however, militated against a large total vote."

The *Winnipeg Telegram* (Conservative) says that it is "a warning to the Liberal party that it must retire from the reciprocity platform, and rebuild upon nationally constructive lines and abandon its stand on those which are anti-national and disintegrative."

"Canada," continues the *Telegram*, "is done with this whining policy of being dependent upon a foreign nation for the right to live. It rejects the theory that Canada's resources were placed on earth for American trusts to exploit."

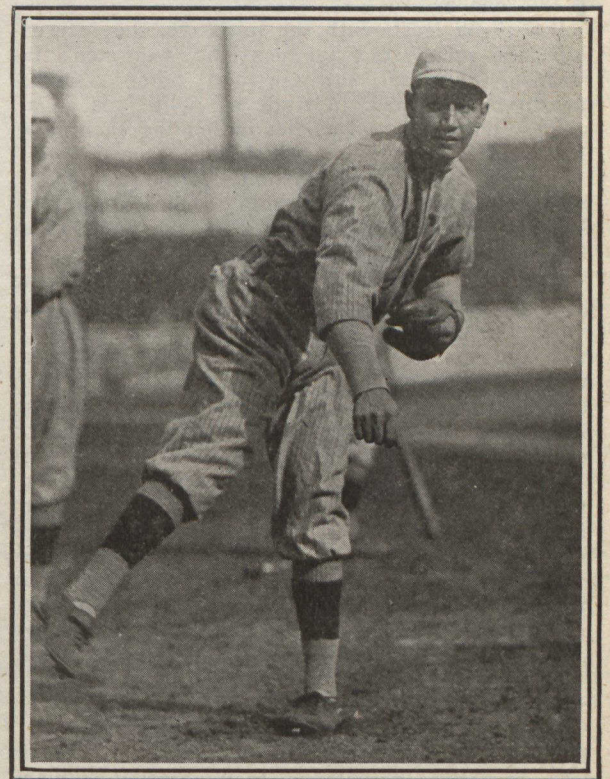
The *Telegram* calls the bye-election the most critical ever held in the Dominion and says Macdonald gave a decisive answer to the disruptionists.



Britain's new Arm. Review of Naval and Military Aeroplanes by Major A. D. Carden of the Royal Flying Corps.



The Reporters' Box at the World Series of Baseball Games Between Boston and New York.



Pitcher Wood of the Boston Team in Practice. Wood has Probably the Best Pitching Record in America for 1912.

—Photos by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

Through a Monocle

The Pending Senatorial Appointments

By THE MONOCLE MAN.

THE Dominion Government has the privilege and the responsibility of naming an unusual number of new Senators before Parliament meets. I think the appetizing total is sixteen, including the additional "seigniors" who are expected to come down from the West. Sixteen will make quite an appreciable contribution to the ranks of a House whose proportion of active members is not large; and the Government has thus a chance to win the admiration and applause of the country by making this "sweet sixteen" something remarkable and record-breaking in the way of mental stature and public service. Usually Senators are named singly or in dribblets. This makes it difficult for the best-intentioned Government to carry through any definite plan of Senate Reform. Their area of contact with the problem at any given time is so small that they cannot produce an appreciable effect; and to maintain a policy of high-class non-partisan appointments over a term of years, in the teeth of all the "cadging" and coaxing and coercion of the alleged "friends" who gather about every Government, would be a titanic task.

BUT to-day the Government can launch a genuine measure of Senate Reform by appointing none but statesmen of Senatorial stature to the Chamber we call—more in hope than in confidence—the Upper House. By this one act, the relations of our two Houses of Parliament might be instantly and materially affected. At present, the Commons is so entirely dominant that we hardly consider the Senate at all. At times, it reminds us of its existence by some annoying act—such as the killing of the Tariff Commission Bill last session; but when we are reckoning the course of politics or the chances of any policy, we think always of the Commons and practically never of the Senate. This is to a considerable extent due to the fact that the Commons is elected while the Senate is appointed; and, to this extent, it is incurable until we get an elective Senate. But much might be done to redress the balance and give the Senate more weight if the appointive power were used to seat in the Upper Chamber the sort of men who would be elected from large Senatorial districts.

THIS sort of man is easily defined. He is big enough to be seen by the people over a large area—an area much larger than the Commons constituency. He is a man who commands public respect and confidence. He is a man who can serve the country effectively in its Senate. There occasionally arise kid-gloved councillors who appear to have the notion that what is wanted in the Senate is a collection of College Presidents or be-spectacled book-worms or "superior persons" of some sort who could not be elected to the smallest office which the people control. They are "too good" to be appreciated by the common herd. With this top-lofty idea—though it may go in some minds with the wearing of a "Monocle"—I wholly disagree. We should never put to rule over the people any set of men whom the people would not themselves choose. It is only as the Government succeed in appointing to the Senate the sort of men whom the great majority of the people would like to elect there—and whom they would elect there under an elective system if they were not ham-strung and tied down by party—that the Government will succeed in giving the Senate popular power.

A SENATE of "high-brows" would be no more effective than the House we now possess. The people would think that it was very cultured and intellectual; but they would pay no attention to its opinions touching practical matters. When it took an attitude hostile to the majority of the Commons, the plain citizen would usually be impatient—that is all. If the issue were important, he might be angry and talk of wiping out the Chamber altogether. Yet a Senate will never be worth its salt until its challenge of the opinion of the majority of the House of Commons is taken seriously by the country, and will immediately put the House of Commons on the defensive. There should be so much general confidence in the judgment of the Senate—given additional "kudos" by its freedom from party fanaticism and its patriotic disinterestedness—that a rejection of a Government bill by that body would make people ask—"What is wrong with

the Bill?" Now they say—"The Old Ladies of the Senate are playing politics."

OF course, my policy is an elective Senate from large constituencies. But, pending that, what we have to deal with is an appointive Senate; and I feel that the Government have to-day an unrivalled chance to immensely augment the prestige of the Upper House. They have a chance, indeed, that they may value more than that. They can practically get a majority in the Senate by these sixteen appointments, though they would still be in a minority so far as the mere counting of noses went. They could get this "majority" by naming Senators of such weight in the country that their united opinion in support of any measure would make it politically unprofitable for the mechanical majority of their opponents to exercise their right to reject that measure. And the moment it becomes politically unprofitable for a party majority to do a thing it will not do it—if it has its eyes open. Of course, such a body of weighty Senators might embarrass certain mercenary politicians of the "baser sort" even on the Government side. These Senators would reject their bad measures, even if they had passed the Commons. But this would be quite as good a thing for the Government as it would be to have its worthy measures carried through the Senate in spite of numerical weakness.

I SHOULD think that this suggestion of mine would appeal to all practical politicians. It would save the Senate for them. At present, they are in great danger of losing it; and it amounts to a tidy bit of "patronage." They will lose it forever if it once becomes an elective body; and an elective body it will become if Governments continue to make the sort of appointments they have been all too prone to make in the past. But its life as an appointive body can be lengthened by conspicuously good appointments. "But"—the politicians will say—"what benefit will it be for us to keep it if we must always make good appointments?" Ah-h. I had not thought of that. Perhaps, it wouldn't. But it would rejoice any statesman, who may be in sight, to see the Senate raised to real Senatorial dignity.

Socialism in United States Politics

An Estimate of "Bill" Haywood of the I. W. W.

By A NEW-YORK-CANADIAN

says, "I fear the equal opportunity which those seek who proclaim the coming of so called social

A Socialistic Agitator



William D. Haywood, who has been arrested for threatening a general strike in the United States if Ettor and Giovannitti are not released from prison.

POLITICS make strange bed-fellows. Socialism goes one better and puts all politicians into one bed.

At least, with the initiative, the referendum, the recall; old age pensions, workmen's insurance, universal suffrage and other Socialist measures—the stock in trade of politicians of all stripes; with two real parties outbidding each other in schemes for the improvement of social conditions and a fairer division of the profits of labour, we have come upon a fellowship of political interests that suggests nothing so much as the homely but hospitable four-poster of the proverb.

But let no gibing cynic underestimate the strength or sincerity of the social undercurrents which the politicians have been so quick to recognize and so eager to turn to their own political account. The movement is something more than a spasm of reform—moral or economic; something more than mere jetsam and flotsam on the tides of human progress. It represents the aspirations of the masses for a larger participation in government and a larger control of the sources of wealth and production. It is a movement for higher national purity, of course, but in contrast to similar reform movements, it goes to the root of our national debauchery—capitalistic control of the channels of legislation. It challenges our entire social and industrial system. It involves our whole theory of government. In a word it is—SOCIALISM.

NO less an authority than President Taft, in his speech of acceptance, took occasion to warn the nation, in language altogether innocent of subtlety, that both his political opponents were heading in this direction. "In the ultimate analysis," he

justice, involves a forced division of property, and that means, Socialism." In the present whereabouts of public sentiment, this already sounds like a voice from the past. Who "those" are, the President leaves us in no doubt, although with characteristic fairness, he accuses neither of "consciously embracing Socialism." But if not actually professed, Socialism is widely confessed, and Socialist ideals brought prominently into the realm of practical politics.

What is it that has so suddenly quickened Socialism into this activity? Made the Democratic and Bull Moose platforms competitors for Socialist planks and struck such terror into the heart of the nation's President? What has brought on the social revolution?

AMERICA is not revolutionary. Socialism is not new. Evils of capitalist combinations have been exposed in muck-raking articles until we have wearied of the repetition. The social blight of poverty and disease we have accepted as by-products of a civilization in which we gloried. Capitalist control of the channels of legislation and of the courts we have contemplated with cynical indifference. We have seen public domain exploited for private greed; white slavery protected; news throttled in the interest of guilty trusts and facetiously called it graft. Child labour and woman labour have become the commonplaces of our industrial life. We have seen the church, if not in open alliance with capital, silent upon its crimes. It has even had the blasphemy to quote the Founder's "The poor ye have with you always" in justification. In a word we have calmly confessed our helplessness in the face of conditions that should be a stench in the nostrils of decent men.

Truly this slow moving, optimistic beast, the American people, is not revolutionary.

NOR is Socialism new. Socialism is primarily a movement of education and propaganda. Its first task to convert the people to its creed. The dissemination of Socialist literature and information has been going on steadily and systematically year in and year out. We have long known something of its theories of government and ideals of citizenship. Socialism has always insisted on government control of the industries as the only cure for industrial ills. It puts the responsibility for social conditions squarely up to the people. It has striven to make government by the people a fact as well as a theory. Its efforts to socialize the government have also met with some success. The modern principle of control and regulation of industries, the supervision of slaughter houses and bakeries, railroads and steamships, banking and insurance, at least indicate the collapse of the purely capitalistic ideal of non-interference and pave the way for the social ideal. Yet in spite of this work of enlightenment, carried on by three hundred regular periodicals, daily and weekly newspapers and monthly magazines; in spite of its success, Socialism has remained the least understood, the most abused and the most enlightened theory of government ever proposed.

What, then, has now set the whole country drifting toward Socialism? Whence the great national awakening?

To fix accurately the psychological moment in a tide of public sentiment is always difficult. It is doubly difficult when the current owes its force to a combination of remote and conflicting circumstances. Moreover, every Socialist has a different answer.

I PUT the question the other day to William D. Haywood—"Big Bill" Haywood, as he is affectionately known among the rank and file, because he is "big" in body, big in mind and big in heart. Haywood, as everyone knows, is the real organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World—(Syndicalism as it is known on the Continent)—the most comprehensive labour movement ever attempted.

This is the same Haywood who, as Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, was, in 1906, taken to Idaho, and together with Moyer and Pettibone, tried for the assassination of Gov. Steunenberg. That season of bloodshed, rioting and martial rule in the mining towns of Colorado, will never be forgotten. The imprisoning of an entire town in the bull pen of Coeur d'Alene under guard of troops; the government's suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, the Judge Advocate's famous "To hell with the constitution," and the equally famous phrase of the military commander, "To hell with habeas corpus, we'll give them post mortems," were answered by the blowing up of mills and other acts intended to "strike terror to the heart of capitalists." After eighteen months in jail Haywood was tried and acquitted. A year prior to his arrest, he was chairman of a conference assembled in Chicago to organize the Industrial Workers of the World. To-day, according to Haywood, the organization numbers eighty thousand. From these antecedents of the organizer, the mission of the I. W. W. might be readily guessed, even if it were not already a matter of common knowledge. The I. W. W. teaches that the working class and the employing class have nothing in common. That between the two a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class and take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. Its method of accomplishing this is action.

Haywood's own definition of action is just a laying down of tools. A simultaneous strike in all the industries of the country would, in twenty hours, put the workers in control. That is Haywood's dream. That is the goal and purpose of the I. W. W. The Lawrence strike gave Haywood and the I. W. W. their first opportunity. The story of that strike may be retold in these columns shortly. Its outcome everyone knows. But, what is not so well known or appreciated, is the impetus it gave to Unionism and to Socialism.

Lawrence was exposed to all the world as an industrial blot on the map; a pestiferous city where human beings were crushed and starved to produce vast wealth for mill owners; a city of hunger and destitution; a city whose mothers must desert newly-born babes to go into the mills to help the head of the family support the household. The smug New England town became the background of a drama so moving in its appeal, so tragic in its significance, so revolting in its details, that a tremor swept through the entire nation.

With the exposure of Lawrence were also ex-

posed the evils of the capitalist system as they had never before been exposed. But more important than anything else, the Lawrence strike made Unionism socialist. In all its struggles for higher wages and improved conditions, bitter as some have been, the Union has tacitly recognized the capitalist system, has even made political compact with the party whose alliance with monied interests is traditional. The high tariff wall that has made

Innocent or Guilty?



Etto and Giovannitti, the men arrested last January at Lawrence, Mass., as accessory to the death of a woman shot during the famous woollen mill strike.

possible "the tyranny of capital," has repeatedly rallied the wage-earner to its defense. Imagine if you can a rally for schedule K in the forthcoming elections!

The Lawrence strike, led by the I. W. W., has taught Unionism to dissect the anatomy of a system whereby government assumes the protection of capital and leaves the worker helpless in his struggles. It has exposed the myth of the sacredness of property, taught the worker to see that in the last analysis, the only property is labour. It has made the Union see what socialism has been trying to teach, that the only cure for industrial evils is a change in the ownership of the industries.

World's Baseball Championship

By W. F. WIGGINS

THE great grip that baseball has on this continent was never more strikingly shown than during the world's series between Boston and New York. Here were two groups of men—a score or so in each team—tossing a ball about with speed and skill, and on the issue of this series of seven battles was centred the intense attention of many millions of men, women and children, hundreds of thousands of whom had never seen either team in actual play, but yet knew something about each player on the field, his personality, his peculiarities, his hitting ability or his fielding skill. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were wagered on the result. Hundreds of thousands of people stood on the streets in front of the newspaper bulletin boards and watched the scores chalked up, inning by inning.

The games were watched by crowds ranging from 30,000 to 36,000 in number.

In the big cities of the continent Paragon score boards in theatres and halls showed "every little movement" of the ball a moment after each play was made on the diamond. These Paragon boards drew an attendance for the series that it would be quite impossible to estimate. It would easily run away up into the millions.

Probably never in the history of sport has a larger number of people followed so keenly any contest of skill and strength.

Why is baseball so strong in the affections of the sport-loving public? There are a variety of reasons. It has the element of "human interest," as the newspaper men put it. Every player has his turn in the centre of the stage. The spot-light is trained on him in some moment of crisis. On the fate of one pitched ball may hang the championship of the world. The crack of the bat—the flying figure

MAKING due allowance for the enthusiasm of a leader for his own organization, the Haywood theory of the present situation has a basis in fact and is sound in its psychology. The temper of the American people would also seem to support it. All great reforms have had their being in the masses—the workers, and the creation of a class consciousness among the workers is the invariable first step. This class consciousness which has been slowly creating, the I. W. W. is galvanizing into a living, vital force, ready at the proper moment to strike at the foundations of our social system.

But notwithstanding all that threatens our present system, Socialism is far from accomplished. Many Socialist writers indeed scent danger to the cause in the very success it is achieving. That danger is populism. The introduction of the Socialist regime depends on two main conditions: the economic conditions of the country must be ripe for the change; the people of the country must be ready for it. Both conditions presuppose an ideal and defer any hope of a Socialist state at present. Populism, on the other hand, is exactly the kind of thing that appeals to America and the kind of thing Socialism deprecates. As one writer expresses it, Socialism faces the danger of "becoming a bombastic, petty-fogging, ministerialized, superficial, gaseous third political third party."

AS a party the Socialists will be an insignificant factor in the November elections. A million votes is a sanguine estimate of their strength. But the strength and sincerity of their Socialist leanings will nevertheless be the test of parties at the polls. Taft, whom we have seen struggling bravely but hopelessly against the tide, must at least be credited with the courage of his convictions. Wilson is esteemed as a graceful speaker and a man of very high intelligence. His sympathies with the toiling masses, however, are at best intellectual. He has lived in a rarified atmosphere, away from the suffering world. His pursuit of the nomination also lost him considerable prestige and was in striking contrast to the attitude of Justice Hughes, whom he was thought to parallel in many ways. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is an opportunist, standing on a platform that proves nothing more than his genius for interpreting the popular mood. Liberal in promises, his record of performance is extremely meagre. He is not a Socialist in spite of his wide sympathies and public professions. He states the conclusions but is very vague about means. He cannot be trusted to lead a fight until he becomes more explicit. Both candidates, however, will do much in the way of breaking down fences and clearing the way for Socialist ideals. They have already done it.

circling the bases—the sensational catch at the bleacher fence—the smoky speed of the pitcher as he serves up the ball with a "hop" on it as it nears the plate and fools the batter for the last strike-out with the bases full—these are the elements of the game that make it so tremendously popular with so many millions of people.

BUT the financial side of the matter is important. To figure in a world's series is the ambition of every ball player. It means a nice little nest-egg added to his bank account. This year it means enough to the winners to buy each of them a comfortable little home. Even the losers get an amount triple the salary of the average man. These are figures worth pausing over. The star players on the Boston and New York teams have incomes this year that equal the salaries of the Canadian Cabinet Ministers or His Majesty's High Court judges. Tris Speaker, the Red Sox slugger, and Larry Doyle, the captain-pivot of the Giants, get as much money for six months ball playing as Hon. W. T. White does for handling Canadian finances for a whole year. Incidentally, Doyle and Speaker, being adjudged the most valuable players on their respective teams, were presented with automobiles at the end of the season.

Last year the players' share of the receipts was \$127,910 from the series. This season the players divide \$147,572, the winners getting \$88,543 of this.

Some of the star players add a few pennies to this by their journalistic efforts. Ty Cobb, the greatest player of them all, wrote up the series for a syndicate, and Joe Wood, the Boston box artist, got a big price for his own story of how he won his

(Concluded on page 26.)

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Brock Centenary.

CANADA has had many heroes. Each crisis produces the necessary leader in every progressive race. Some of Canada's heroes have been native-born; some have been British-born; some have been French-born. That they have served Canada faithfully and well is the test—not the accident of birth.

Sir Isaac Brock, whose deeds and daring were celebrated on his centenary day last week, was a British soldier and administrator planted against his will at the then British outpost of York, Upper Canada. He was an ambitious soldier, and chafed somewhat because he was not with the British army in Europe where great campaigns were in progress. But little as he expected it, his great opportunity came. He seized it as became a true soldier and a Britisher, and won undying fame.

One hundred years afterwards, a crowd of Canadians gathered at the foot of his magnificent monument on Queenston Heights, on the shore of the Niagara River, to do honour to his memory and to seek inspiration from a recital of his deeds, achievement and honourable death. His heroic efforts to defend a little population of 320,000 people scattered along a 1,300-mile frontier against invading armies which outnumbered his five to one, is one of the bright pages in Canadian history. It is right that it should not be forgotten.

The British Parliament.

LAST week, the British Parliament re-assembled for the continuation of a most interesting session. The Home Rule Bill will be the chief item on the menu, and a merry struggle is in sight. The Unionists are determined to oppose it to the bitter end. The Liberals have a huge majority in the House, so long as the Labour party and the Irish Nationalists stand by them, and they propose to fight the Bill through as Gladstone did in 1886 and 1893. That they will be more successful than he was is hardly likely.

The Home Rule Bill may not even get through the House. The Unionists will delay it by every artifice known to modern parliamentarians. It may be talked out. The Labour party is restive, and certain smaller sections of the Liberal party are not any too keen on the Bill. Mr. Redmond thinks it will be carried by an overwhelming majority, but he may be wrong. If it does carry, it will be delayed by the House of Lords. It may be defeated, probably will be defeated there. After that there will be a general election.

It is too early to say what a general election will decide. At present it looks as if the results of 1886 and 1895 would be duplicated and the Home Rule defeated. Ulster's repugnance to the measure is shared by a large number of Scotch and English people who, while favouring local control, are not willing to establish an independent Irish Parliament with power to levy taxes and impose customs and excise duties.

Missions at Home and Abroad.

ON several occasions it has been pointed out on this page that our domestic missions were in need of greater attention and support. The argument has been advanced that if this could be done only by retrenching in the foreign mission field, then retrench. Foreign missions are less important than home missions at this stage of Canada's development.

Some of my friends have been displeased with this line of argument. They believe in foreign missions and that it is good for any country to engage in foreign mission work. They also argue that cutting out foreign missions would not increase the funds available for home missions. Some rather angry letters have reached the editor's table, and some hard knocks have appeared in the religious weeklies. But I am still unconvinced and unconverted.

Therefore it is with considerable satisfaction that I note that the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church have come over to my side—the *Christian Guardian* has not been able to stay the logic of things-as-they-ought-to-be. The Board has decided to send no more missionaries to Japan and China just now. Good; this is a step in the right

direction. It fully justifies everything I have ever written on the subject.

Now as to the Home Mission field, the salaries are to be as usual: \$800 a year for married men in the East, and \$475 for single men; \$850 and \$500 in the West. Truly, it must demand the highest form of self-sacrifice when a young man agrees to go out to Western Canada and labour in that field at \$500 a year. It is not a stenographer's pay. There are women working in Western kitchens that earn more. It is small wonder that the men are hard to find and harder to keep.

The winners of the world's series of baseball matches in New York and Boston receive \$4,000 each, and the losers, \$2,800, as a bonus to their regular salaries. Besides, they are real heroes in the eyes of the public.

Why not go a step further in the logical route and cut out all contributions to the foreign mis-

Brock's Centenary



The Old Ferry Road and Monument Inn at Queenston—Brock's Monument on the Heights.

From an Etching by W. W. Alexander.

sion field for a decade or two? This would enable the churches to put more men in the domestic field and to give them more than starvation wages.

While the Lamp Holds Out to Burn.

THERE is still some hope that the leaders of the two Parties may come together and discuss Canada's future naval policy in a friendly way. The lamp is burning dimly, but it is burning. So long as the Borden policy is neither settled nor announced, those of us who are optimists will continue to hope that something of this kind may occur.

If such a conference were held in the proper spirit the decision would probably be that Canada should begin at once and build a Canadian navy of substantial size. I do not believe that such a conference could agree upon a cash contribution to the navy. It would be hard to convince all the present Conservative and Liberal leaders that Great Britain is in such a financial strait that she needs a contribution from any one of the Dominions. The Canadian navy which would meet with general approval would necessarily be much larger than that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposed to build two years ago. It would undoubtedly contain Dreadnoughts and it would not all be built and equipped in Canada. It would be a grander and greater Canadian fleet than any one in authority has hitherto proposed to create. Of it both Canada and Great Britain could speak with pride and satisfaction.

The really difficult point for such a conference

would be that relating to control and disposition. A Canadian fleet which is not at the disposal of the Imperial authorities when the need is urgent could hardly be called a part of the Imperial Navy. Nevertheless, that Imperial control must be modified by the necessity for safeguarding Canada's autonomy. Further, the question of control is inextricably mixed up with the question of Canada's share in the discussion of matters of Imperial defense and foreign policy. With what measure Canada metes to the Imperial authorities it must be meted to her again.

What Canada needs is a permanent policy both in naval matters and questions of Imperial consultation. The framing of such a permanent policy is the largest question, with the possible exception of reciprocity, which has come before the Canadian people in twenty-five years. Only by such a permanent policy can Canada be of increasing value and importance within the Empire. Such a policy should be framed by the leaders on both sides of politics and such a policy should receive the united support of all classes of Canadians. It is with these ideas in their minds that a considerable number of fairly prominent citizens have memorialized the Premier and the Leader of the Opposition, urging them to make some attempt to secure unanimity on these great issues.

Universal Training.

AUSTRALIA adopted universal military training of its citizens. Every young man between sixteen and twenty-four years of age must spend a certain number of days each year in physical training. New Zealand has just decided to introduce the same system. Lord Roberts advocates it as the greatest need in Great Britain. Will Canada follow the example of the other British peoples?

Compulsory service or universal training has much to commend it. It takes the young man at a period when his time is least valuable and the physical result most effective. It not only benefits the individual in giving him discipline and in making him well "set up," but it ensures his ability to defend his country if ever called upon to do so. It does this with the least expense to the State and the least possible burden on the individual. In several ways, it seems vastly superior to our present volunteer militia system, which is both expensive and haphazard.

A Bilingual Disagreement.

THOSE who disapprove of Ulster's proposed resistance to a possible Home Rule Act must also disapprove of the action of those in charge of the bilingual schools in Eastern Ontario, who are refusing to obey the regulations of the Department of Education. These regulations may be unwise and unfair, but they are part of the law of the Province and must be obeyed until they are repealed. They are based on a resolution passed in the last session of the Legislature and unanimously approved by its members, including the French-Canadian members of that body. That resolution must remain in force and be obeyed, until such time as the Legislature takes a different view.

If the French-Canadians are opposed to that resolution, they should instruct their representatives in the Legislature to ask for its repeal and to withdraw the assent to it given at the last Session. To vote for it in the Legislature and oppose its effect in the constituencies is not in accordance with the spirit of our constitutional system. Even the representatives of recalcitrant Ulster are not making that error. We are all justified in fighting legislative wrong, but we must observe the usual rules.

Macdonald's Verdict.

THERE will be differences of opinion as to the victory of the Conservatives in Macdonald. The constituency contains a portion of the city of Winnipeg, and hence was not an ideal one for the advocates of reciprocity. Nevertheless so far as that bit of public policy was tested out, the verdict was adverse.

Perhaps it would be safe to say that the election of Mr. Morrison is a personal victory for the Hon. Robert Rogers and Sir Rodmond Roblin. These two Conservative leaders made it a personal fight in the constituency, and they should feel amply rewarded for their efforts. It will bring considerable consolation to the Conservative administration at Ottawa, which had been somewhat worried by the Liberal sweep in Saskatchewan. If the Conservatives can carry Richelieu, the next constituency to be opened, they will face Parliament with renewed confidence.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Early Victorian Age.

IN these days of much writing on topics alleged to be of interest to women, one thing is evident to a painful and wearisome degree—and that is the condescension shown to those of a former generation. In England, the woman who wishes to be considered ultra-modern and advanced, refers lightly and scornfully to "Early Victorian" women and their views. In this country, we merely fall back on such hackneyed expressions as "old fogeyish" and "out-of-date."

Now, all this talk is foolish and mistaken, and merely betrays the ignorance of the would-be critics. In order to praise modern progress and estimate scientific advancement, it is not necessary to refer to our forefathers as poor creatures whose chief importance lies in the fact that they produced such remarkable offspring. So far as the Victorian age was concerned, it is only necessary to glance at the names of those who were prominent in artistic, literary, religious and scientific circles, in the year 1840, to be assured that the celebrities of that day were not destitute of grey matter, and were even capable of expressing their views in very tolerable English. Gladstone, Darwin and Tennyson, all born in that *annus mirabilis*, 1809, were then in the early vigour of manhood and formed a trio which it will not be easy for 1940 to surpass. Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot are hardly to be described as feeble-minded representatives of their sex. If the women writers of 1940 can produce an "Aurora Leigh," a "Shirley" or a "Middlemarch," they will not need votes to prove their possession of brains.

Condescending Daughters.

WHEN this spirit of belittling the past is carried into the discussion of the general unsatisfactoriness of our parents, the discussion becomes obnoxious, and, in some instances, disgusting. One magazine devoted to women's interests has published a series of articles in which mothers are addressed as if they were rather lacking in ordinary intelligence and sadly in need of such instruction as only the journalist or "special article" writer can supply.

An instance of this extremely tiresome condescension, characteristic of the popular feminine publication of to-day is at hand, in a plaintive article, entitled, "My Mother Didn't Tell Me," published in the October number of a magazine devoted chiefly to domestic affairs. The writer of this wailing production declares: "I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that the average mother in this country—the average, educated, intelligent mother—avoids participating in the intellectual development of her daughters."

Well, really, isn't that too bad? Are you not sorry for the writer of this screed who, by the way, does not sign her name to her "indictment" of the older generation. She says plaintively: "There is not one single question of vital importance that I can discuss freely with my mother. I have never been able to get her advice or counsel—it seems to me that she rarely ever gave these matters her serious consideration. . . . It is time for the older women to meet the problems that the life of this country puts to the young people at every turn of the road."

The writer of this most "superior" article does not tell us just what it was that her mother failed to tell her, nor does she specify the questions of vital importance which she may not discuss with that sadly inferior parent. Judging from the complaining author's egotistic absorption and belief in her own amazing advancement, one would guess that she is a high-school girl about sixteen years of age. However, she informs us that she is twenty-seven, and

we consequently wonder that she is yet so juvenile in attitude.

Our Libelled Grandmothers.

AS a matter of fact, it is only the very young girl who thinks that she has any new problems to meet—anything which her mother does not understand. The woman knows—and knows more fully every day—that her mother is possessed of world-old wisdom and that her mother's precepts are worth all the problem novels that the nastiest-minded modern fiction-mongers can produce. As for our grandmothers—well, is there anything sweeter or wiser than the face of the woman who has told fairy tales to her children's children, and has repeated to them the sage advice which she gave to their fathers and mothers a generation ago? One grievance of this magazine contributor is that her mother does not take her religious doubts with great seriousness. The daughter seems to have become deeply learned, quite early in life, as she says: "Everything we learned made the exact

religious beliefs of our infancy impossible to us"—and the mother merely treated her many wild questions with a "certain indulgence." The ordinary mature reader will come to the conclusion that this was a wise and patient mother, who must have been sadly bored at times by her excessively conceited daughter. Every sophomore is very doubtful of religious teaching and has a theory, all his very own, of the origin of evil. Youth is exceedingly sceptical of what the "Law and the Prophets have said," but learns, as the years go by, that the mother's teaching is among the things which are eternal.

What rubbish such articles are and how is it that a patient public has tolerated them so long? Our mothers and grandmothers met the same "problems" as we do—and Heaven send that we meet them as sturdily and bravely! They are referred to by the modern scribbler for the magazine as if they were illiterate and narrow in their intellectual interests. This is the most impertinent perversion of the facts regarding the training given to our "foremothers." I have a small Greek grammar, bound as the modern school-book is *not* bound, with faded inscription in Italian hand, which my grandmother knew by heart many years ago—and I, alas! know only the Greek roots which grew in the old red-backed spelling-book. Let us make confession regarding our own shortcomings and leave our grandmothers' educational failings alone. As for what we need to be "told," our mothers generally do their duty in spite of what the modern man editor of feminine publications has to say on the

subject. It may be that our mothers and grandmothers believed in reserve, reticence and other old-fashioned qualities which the modern paragrapher may see fit to ridicule and decry. The chief lack in the early training of this writer of complaints about mothers would appear to be a dearth of such chastisement as would have made her a more bearable companion.

The Lass Who Loves a Soldier.

ENGLISH society naturally takes a deep interest in the approaching marriage of Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the "Hero of Mafeking," who has won the hand and heart of Miss Olive Soames, a charming English girl more than thirty years his junior. But Cupid laughs at disparity in years, and gallant "B.-P." is an officer who might well take a maiden's fancy.

JEAN GRAHAM.



Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, President of the Canadian Suffrage Association, who was Spokeswoman for the Deputation Which Waited on Mr. Borden, when the Premier Visited Toronto Recently.

Matrimonial Chances in the West

By A. M. ROSS

RECENTLY an interesting editorial appeared in an eastern newspaper pointing out the disproportion existing between the sexes throughout the west, particularly in the cities of British Columbia, and painting a most glowing picture of the matrimonial opportunities awaiting the young woman with pluck enough to go out and appropriate one of the possible husbands of which there seems a plethora in the region. Unfortunately the man who wrote the article does not appear to have been studying local conditions as closely as he might, otherwise he would have noticed that in Vancouver city, at least, the marriage crop during the past summer has been somewhat light. This the writer can testify on account of having been twice asked by an eastern magazine to prepare an article on the brides of Vancouver—an article, by the way, which is not, as yet, written; for, peculiar as it may seem in a thriving young city of some 150,000 population, there were not enough brides among the well-known families to really provide the necessary facts.

In June the writer cajoled the editor with the assurance that September was the popular month for weddings there, but as summer drew to a close the number of these happy events scheduled for that month were discouragingly few. For this there are several reasons.

In the first place, a peculiar situation exists. The city at the present time is about a quarter of a century old. Most of the men who are now her prominent citizens arrived there as young, unattached men. In due time they married and their daughters, in a great many cases, are now finishing their education abroad, and are not yet eligible as brides. "But there is going to be a crop of peaches in a year or two," was the enthusiastic assurance of one young man.

Of course a good many weddings have taken place during the past summer, but a notable feature about these was that the bridegroom either went east and was married, or the ceremony took place immediately on the arrival of the bride from the east or from the Old Country, the match evidently having been made before the groom left home.

Which last sentence seems almost to contain a hint that the match would not have been made had the young man known just what he was doing beforehand. That was not intended, and yet one sometimes does distinguish, on the part of Vancouver young men, a tendency to regard as either a very brave man, or a very reckless one, the young fellow of moderate means who assumes the responsibility of a wife.

"What is the matter anyway?" the writer asked a group of young men when endeavouring to ascertain the cause of the shortage of brides. "Surely you should know something about it."

A number of flippant answers were given and then one more seriously inclined than the others exclaimed: "How many of us could afford to get married? Where would we live when it is impossible, almost, to get a flat under \$45 per month?" (They were men with salaries averaging from \$25 to \$30 per week.)

AND sure enough that seemed a sufficient reason. For a man or woman to live alone in Vancouver on a salary of \$20 or \$25 a week is a sufficient problem, and as for trying to spread this amount over two—well, a man must needs love a girl very fondly to try it.

And so despite the facts that there are several times as many men as women in the city and that there appears to be no disinclination on the part of the young men to marry when they can afford it, the matrimonial chances of a girl there are not nearly so good, when it comes down to actual fact, as a casual glance at statistics, and a perusal of the writings of optimistic editors would lead one to believe.

Strange as it may seem in a young western city where women are so far in the minority, Vancouver at times has almost more girls than it knows what to do with, and the competition for employment is so keen that salaries are brought down to a figure which, in face of the high cost of living, makes it hard, indeed, for a girl to live with any degree of comfort.

Says the recent editorial, referred to already: "We are prone to laugh at the girl who goes out west to increase her matrimonial chances. Stories of Ontario school teachers who average something less than three years of spinsterhood in the west, and whose matrimonial ventures force the western school boards regularly to replenish the supply, are

Then, on account of the intelligent class of people, on the average, engaged in this industry, life for the farmer's wife is not nearly so hard and distasteful as one might expect. As soon as it can be obtained, drainage, running water in the houses, domestic machinery, where possible, make the housewife's work comparatively light. Books, music, the companionship of friends are only some of her factors of good cheer.

It is in the prairie provinces of the middle west that matrimonial chances for the enterprising girl are brightest; and there does not seem to be any reason why a girl should not come out and look over the ground for herself. If she must make her own career, it is a more normal life to be a homemaker than to spend her days in the monotonous rounds of any office work.

If she is a teacher, it is usually easy to secure a position. Information as to the location of schools, number of pupils, distance from town, post office, boarding house, etc., may be had for nothing, or next to nothing, from a teachers' agency in connection with the education departments of the various provinces. Many a girl who comes out ostensibly to teach, or to visit relatives, returns to prepare her trousseau.

Almost everywhere in the farming districts and in the smaller towns there is almost an instant demand for all the marriageable young women that arrive; nor is that chivalry lacking in the west which looks up to, respects, and protects women. Therefore let the young girl who is striking out for herself beware of the larger cities, and, if possible, by the agency of her own reliable friends, be fairly sure of her ground before she arrives.

Van Dyke and others give us a deal of estimable talk about women being shrines and men the pilgrims, and so forth. That is the proper idea under normal conditions—that meaning an approach to a balance in numbers between the sexes in the district. So small blame attaches to the woman un-advantageously placed in the east who goes west frankly to create those normal conditions.

Dan Cupid's Testimony

IN the west, however discussion may wage over matrimonial questions, there still seems plenty of business for young Dan Cupid. One recent brilliant affair he at present is chuckling over was the marriage, at St. John's Cathedral, Winnipeg, of Miss Maude Elizabeth Matheson, second daughter of the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Primate of All Canada, and Mrs. Matheson, to Mr. Harold Wynne Trenholme, third son of Mr. Justice Trenholme, of the Supreme Court, Montreal.

The bride was lovely in white. Her bridesmaids, in yellow, were Miss Adele Matheson, Miss Norah Matheson, and Miss Emily Sherwood, and her flower girls, little Miss Margaret and Miss Mary Matheson. The groom was supported by Mr. C. A. Richardson. Mr. Harold Keene, Mr. Crawford Gordon, Mr. G. M. Patterson and Mr. Rowan Sims acted as ushers. The ceremony was performed by the bride's uncle, Venerable Archdeacon Fortin, assisted by Reverend Dean Coombes. Mr. Hamber presided at the organ and Mr. W. D. Love—named appropriately—sang.

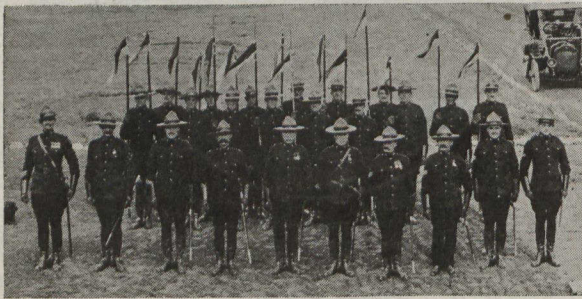
Mr. and Mrs. Trenholme took train for a six weeks' honeymoon through Eastern Canada. Returning, they will reside on Wellington Crescent.

Another Winnipeg triumph for the little blind god—who is not so blind as he's painted, in our opinion—was the recent wedding in Augustine Church, when the principals were Miss Hazel Gwendoline Richardson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Richardson, and Mr. Kenneth Clark Macpherson. The bridesmaids were the Misses Richardson—Guinivere, Sharmion and Mabel; best man, Mr. Herbert Gemmill. The pair left on a trip to the south. They will, subsequently, live in Ottawa.

"WHAT WE HAVE WE HOLD"—UP-TO-DATE.



The Recent Wedding of Miss Jessie Perry, Daughter of Commissioner and Mrs. Perry, Regina, to Mr. Gordon Tillyard Campbell, Son of G. A. Campbell, Esq., of Vancouver, was the Second Such Event Within the Year to Take Place at the Chapel of Royal North-West Mounted Police Barracks. Our Picture Shows the Bride, her Sister, Mrs. Jennings, as Matron-of-Honour, and her Three Bridesmaids, Miss Campbell of Vancouver, Miss Jennings of Toronto, and Miss Madge Rimmer of Arcola, the Latter Dressed as Watteau Shepherdesses.



The Military Escort at the Campbell-Perry Nuptials.

told at many an Ontario tea table." And this is indeed the case. It is true that the school boards of the middle west are frequently discouraged by the regularity with which capable teachers, one after another, send in their resignations in order to assume the management of rising young farmers' domestic establishments.

Nor is it usually a bad move on the part of the school ma'am. On account of the rapidity with which money can be made in the wheat belt, many fine, interesting, well-educated young fellows take to farming there, and if a man attends to his business he in a few years attains to very comfortable circumstances. He will be able, in all probability, to indulge in occasional travel. When his children grow up he can afford to give them the best possible education. For farm life in Western Canada is made bright by hope, and by the comforting knowledge that a man can make more in one single year from his fields than many a professional man is able to scrape together by years of patient industry.

The Romances of Margaret Anglin

By MARGARET BELL

THERE was a little girl who used to spend her time wandering about the corridors of the great Dominion Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. Parliamentary affairs had little interest for her, and she would ramble off through the park and listen to the river tumbling over the stones. A sprite of the special Thespian order appeared to her one day and she never forgot the



The Actress From Parliament Hill as "Helena Ritchie."

words whispered in her ear. But she went obediently off to school at Loretto Abbey in Toronto, and later to the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal. And always before her she could hear the voice of the sprite, whose policy of caprice toppled over suddenly into a maze of real sincerity in her case.

Social life at the Capital did not very strongly appeal, yet the girl made her bow in the regulation way, and was called a successful debutante.

Suitors were many, frequent and persistent, but the young girl from Parliament Hill slipped away from them all—slipped down to her favourite nook by the river and told her sprite she had decided to follow him. Her parents were displeased at the decision, firmly declared, but listened, as wise parents should, to the young girl's plans.

In a very short time the drama and all its adjuncts constituted the young girl's study course in the Nelson Wheatcroft School, New York. Then she sought out a hall bedroom and real work began.

Now a hall bedroom is not a particularly inviting place of abode after a life in the gay capital. But the student was happy in spite of her surroundings. She would sit at her desk, before a bit of worn manuscript, looking out now and then across the rows of smoky buildings, in fancy seeing her name blaze before some theatre entrance. And the sprite would appear from behind the desk and whisper words of cheer. So she studied, hoped and waited. And then, one day, she walked right in through

the doors of Opportunity. She took a small part in "Shenandoah." And that night in dreams she saw a long, rough road, circuitous, too, in places, but leading to a goal where Fame stood waiting with the laurel in her hand, to proclaim Margaret Anglin the greatest Canadian actress living and one of the greatest actresses of the world. For the young girl was Margaret Anglin.

After the hall bedroom, the first floor front and then a room—and a maid—in a new apartment. She was happy, but not content. One night, she drove along Broadway to the theatre, the invisible sprite, still constant, by her side. Suddenly her secret musings were interrupted. She felt prompted to look up at the great white light above her head. And her heart seemed to leap into her throat. She read above her the legend, "Margaret Anglin in Zira." She had arrived, by the route of the hall bedroom and the first floor front, at the great, wide banquet-hall of achievement.

Then came the tour of the country; and the actress saw, on Tuesday mornings, extravagant epithets and phrases in bold type. She was glad, but still unsatisfied. She had a long run at the Garrick Theatre in Chicago, where she spent her spare time in reading manuscripts. One roll sent her looked more interesting than the rest. After the play, one night, she four times read it over, during the cold, dark hours of early morning. The name of the play was "The Sabine Woman." It contained great parts for Miss Anglin, and for her producing manager, Henry Miller. Mr. Miller was wired for, but unable to come; so Miss Anglin rehearsed the play, herself, with her own company, and put it on in three days—three sleepless nights and days of steady work. The title of the play was changed to "The Great Divide," the most typical American play yet written. It provided a wonderful vehicle to express emotional powers and the part of Ruth Jordan, which this actress originated, has taken an honoured place in theatrical annals. The one-time child of the Dominion Parliament corridors had become now a factor in artistic interpretation. And the sprite who had first whispered walked exultantly by her side.

It was just at this time that there stirred within Miss Anglin the desire to wander the earth. Egypt, Australia and the tourist-tramped countries of Europe saw her in the role of traveller, and Sydney saw her in the name part of "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." Another season of tears and sighs in America, in this new play. But the young actress had a desire trump up her sleeve. She had run the whole gamut of tragedy and serious drama, she had wept gallons of tears for the pleasure of matinee girls, she had satisfied, and more, the most critical highbrows. So she went to the other extreme, namely, the comic.

BUT here comes in the greatest of all Miss Anglin's romances. She was chosen to act the part of Antigone in the Greek Theatre, San Francisco. The producing manager was a stranger to her. They spent many hours together, constructing parts and slaughtering manuscripts. The moonlights in California are alluring and the motor drives are most fascinating. So the Thespian sprite, somehow, slipped away unheeded and another young god, arrayed in a meagre bow and quiver, tiptoed in and took his place. And all the artist's fine views on single blessedness were scattered to the seventeen winds of Nowhere. That season, she appeared in a new play, "Green Stockings," with touches by the manager she had met in the sunny south. She showed her American audiences the real meaning of humour and scored successes in comedy as great as in her previous serious work. The close of the season in "Green Stockings" brought a binding ceremony in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, and a motor honeymoon through the beauties of sunny France. The motor had been responsible for a great deal. The whimsical sprite and Dan Cupid had made a compromise and the world had laughed with the happiness of the lovers.

Nowadays, one thinks things over, repeats the name two or three times. "Mrs. Howard Hull," then finally decides, "I don't know her by that name, even if she has been married a whole year. I much prefer Margaret Anglin."

This year, the favourite has said "Au Revoir" to comedy, for a time, and is starring in the serious play called "Egypt." Nor is the saying applicable

in this case, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." The world will weep if Miss Anglin weeps—and be glad; such, it would seem, is whim of her humorous sprite.

Brutus' Portia

I HAD seen her the night before, Miss Julie Opp, when the whole exceptional galaxy of William Faversham's players was so brilliant that no star outdid the others. But that night I peeped at her through the doors, just a moment, and it was then that her beauty and talent most impressed. It was the street scene which presents Portia and Lucius. "Fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky." So did appear the white-robed, chestnut-haired woman. But the greatest pleasure in beholding the apparition was that brains imparted to the beauty, significance. Mrs. Faversham did not seem to be acting; she simply was, for the moment, Brutus' Portia.

M. J. T.



The Always Truthful Photographer and the Occasionally Truthful Critics Are Agreed in Their Records of Miss Anglin's Consummate Art in the Impersonation of the Classic "Antigone."



As Sarony, Often Called the Maker of Actresses, Depicted This Favourite Artist in a Favourite Role.

The Mirror and the Web

Spirits Abroad.

OCTOBER goes, as you like it, in a shroud or in a marotte. And, personally, I much prefer the motley.

Indeed, if I took it upon me to depict the soul of the present month, I would do him as round and rubicund as the father of Humpty-Dumpties, fully as red and yellow as the original Pied Piper and as merry, altogether, as Old King Cole. I would plant him in front of a barn door—clamps on the corners to keep the place from bursting—and supply him a lantern, a pumpkin one, to hunt up an honest soul with—one, me, who would paint him, if crudely, in his proper colours.

Tennyson, on the other hand, takes the melancholy view and expresses his needless sadness most exquisitely in the lines:

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours,

Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers:

To himself he talks.

For at eventide, listening earnestly,

At his work you may hear him sob and sigh,

In the walks;

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks

Of the mouldering flowers:

Heavily hangs the broad sun-flower

Over its grave in the earth so chilly;

Heavily hangs the hollyhock,

Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

That is lovely. But then this month, October, is sorrowful only in spots—spots that are but the design on the cloak of the jester. Divers spirits are abroad, one must admit; but most are, thanks be for it, *high* spirits!

Championship Golf in Toronto.

WHAT more apropos than "the links" in this connection? Five days last week, at the Rosedale grounds, at Toronto, was heard the driver's—now was that the stick, or was it the brassie, or the putter?—crack on the balls in the championship golf matches. (I would learn golf if I thought I could learn the language.)

On Oct. 8th, Miss Dorothy Campbell, champion for two years, won from Miss Henry Anderson, of Montreal, by five and four to play; on the 9th, from Miss Mackenzie, of Mississauga, after a nineteen-hole struggle. Excitement reached a pitch on the 10th, when the title-holder beat Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, at the twentieth hole. On the 11th, Miss Campbell, for the third time, became champion woman golfer of all Canada by defeating Mrs. Howard Blight, the Rosedale player, in the record match of the week. By the way, it is high time "The Campbell's Are Coming" was altered—so many of that same bannocky name have "come."

Mrs. Colin Campbell's "Girls."

BUT the name of Campbell stands for triumphs in other fields as well as golf—the name as it is borne by that great-hearted helper of girls, Mrs. Colin Campbell, of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Campbell has just been welcomed home from an extended trip to the coast, undertaken not only for pleasure, but also in the interests of the Daughters of the Empire—she being Regent of the Fort Garry Chapter. It is characteristic of the lady that when written to, to tell of the reception her addresses in various Western cities had met with, she abstained from speaking of herself—though newspapers are prodigal in their praises—and sent us the following, simply entitled "Girls": "The problem of girls, who can solve? I have

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

met many women this past month who are working on it. They all agree that girls are the most precious things in the world.

"There are two kinds of girls, namely, the girls at home and the girls away from home. And the latter class, as the former, must be surrounded by a healthy, wholesome atmosphere. There must be variety in it; there must be some one to care when they go, where they go, with whom they go and when they return. Girls must be kept track of for their own sake, for their mother's sake and for the sake of the state. They are the nation's most valuable asset.

"What opportunities have our girls to-day to make

year, I am sure."

That is optimistic, but optimism is the spirit that wins, mostly. Hopefulness, in the speaker's case, at least, is a factor already fruitful of big rewards.

Police and Mother in One.

SPEAKING of girls, those girls of Edmonton who come under the class described as "wayward" are to have a mother, from now on, in the person of Miss Annie Jackson, who has been appointed a probation officer in that city. The idea that police are to be feared rather than regarded as protectors is one that Miss Jackson's discharge of her office will do very much toward correcting. She is said to have infinite tact and great personal magnetism and to be a thorough disciplinarian withal. She has had a year of experience already in connection with the department of neglected and delinquent children. Miss Jackson considers that most of the girls who come under the attention of the department go wrong because of financial difficulties. So her chief efforts will be to teach them better methods of living and to find, for them, right kinds of amusement. The lady will be held responsible, legally, for her wards.

Miss Head in Canada.

MISS HEAD, daughter of Sir Edmund Head, who was Governor-General of British North America in the middle of the nineteenth century, is at present the guest of old family friends, in Quebec. The viceregal household, during her father's time, resided in that city, in Montreal and in Toronto. A story exists that Lady Head, the present visitor's mother, selected the site of the Dominion Parliament Buildings. So none need wonder at the lady's delighted interest in the Capital, which she visited lately—and especially in the Archives. Dr. Doughty, Dominion archivist, has been promised by her certain pictures to add to his fine historical collection.

B.-P. Girl Guides.

AN interesting, though minor, feature in Toronto of the national Brock centennial celebration was the demonstration, of a patriotic nature, given by the local Baden-Powell Girl Guides in the Guild Hall.

Canon Jarvis opened the exercises, remarking in his speech that it was his father, then only fifteen years of age, who was next behind the hero, Brock, when he fell.

The laws of the organization were presented by the girls themselves, of whom there were more than one hundred present, by an interesting series of dialogues, speeches, and tableaux. The laws as set forth were usefulness, kindness, courtesy, thrift, honour, and more too numerous to mention. The Hastings cat had again a public appearance in the "kindness to animals" part of the exhibition—the same cat which the boy scouts found at Hastings when the Canadian lads were in England for the King's coronation.

Lady Pellatt, who was present, expressed her pleasure in the evening and declared her intention, as Dominion Commissioner of the Girl Guides' movement, to write to Miss Baden-Powell of the event. She commended very highly Captain Jarvis and her various colleagues.

There are eight companies of Girl Guides in Toronto, all of which eight participated.

The girls seem to have splendid times and were certainly eager in their patriotic expressions. Only more captains are needed to extend the movement.

In Rain and Shine at Toronto



Watching—and Not Watching—the Golf at the Rosedale Links When Miss Campbell, of Hamilton, won the Disputed Canadian Title for the Third Time.



Miss Henry Anderson, of Montreal (Centre), and Her Thorn in the Flesh—Thistle, Rather—Miss Campbell (on the Left), in their Championship Match at Rosedale, Toronto.

the most of themselves and to help other girls? To-day every avocation of life is open to them. The girl in domestic service is quickly placed and has, as a rule, some one interested in her; but what of the shop girl, the office girl, the school girl and the teacher?

"Every train daily brings girls from the East and from over sea to the great new West. Medicine Hat and Prince Albert are facing this serious problem, 'What shall we do with our girls?' Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria have just touched the problem—in their Y. W. C. A.'s, where more room is needed and that at once. There *must* be expansion!

"To safeguard our girls, I consider the highest and best patriotism. 'Here's to our girls—the best is not too good for them!' I hear our large-hearted patrons, our good men, say. They will give us for the asking enough to open an additional home a



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Bring Gentlewomen to Canada

An Interview With Mrs. Faversham

DURING the much occupied weeks when Mrs. Faversham was in Toronto, absorbed as she was in her husband's great production of Julius Caesar, she yet found time to interest a number of Canadians in a project which has her enthusiastic support. The League for assisting in the Emigration of Educated Gentlewomen to Canada has one of its most active branches in Surrey, and in Surrey is Mr. Faversham's English home. Madame O'Gorman, whose husband is head of the O'Gorman clan, and who therefore is known as The O'Gorman, is President of the Surrey branch of the League. Through Madame O'Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. Faversham have become greatly interested in the work of the League, and are kept closely in touch with the progress. It will be remembered that the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor visited Canada in the interests of the League a little more than a year ago and estab-

lished a Canadian centre in Vancouver. Miss Alice Ravenhill, a very well-known social worker from England, is now at the head of the Vancouver centre of the League. In an interview with Mrs. Faversham last Friday night she spoke of having read many of the letters from Englishwomen of the better class who have been helped to emigrate to Canada by the League. Their passages are paid, and when a good start has been made in Canada, as a rule, the money is refunded to the League by the woman who has been assisted. Mrs. Faversham spoke of the number of women in Great Britain capable of doing good work and of becoming successful Canadian settlers who are compelled to remain unemployed and in poverty as long as they stay in Great Britain. It is this class of educated gentlewoman in whom Mr. and Mrs. Faversham are specially interested. They have seen the women at home in England. They have visited Canada, and are familiar with Western conditions, and are convinced that the League is doing good work. The object of the League is first to select its proteges carefully—the candidates are examined by a committee; to assist with passage money and equipment; and to establish rest and training homes in Canada where the women may remain for a short time until they become familiar with the life and conditions which they must meet. So convinced are Mr. and Mrs. Faversham of the great practical good which will result from this scheme that they propose giving a benefit for the League when they return from New York to go on their Canadian tour: The tour will extend as far west as Vancouver. It is expected that they will visit Ottawa, and at present the manager of the Royal Alexandra is trying to arrange for a return engagement of Julius Caesar in Toronto. Mrs. Faversham told the interviewer to be sure to say that Madame O'Gorman is

coming out to Canada at the beginning of the year to lecture in the interests of the League.

Mrs. Faversham has been charmed with the success of her husband's great Shakespearian production in Toronto. Everyone has been so good to them, she says; practically every seat was sold during the whole week and the players found the audiences most responsive. When Mrs. Faversham spoke of playing in Julius Caesar in Ottawa she recalled the fact that she had played before His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, once at Osborne. It was on her first visit to England; and when Queen Victoria commanded that the one-act play in which Miss Julie Opp was playing with George Alexander should be performed at Osborne, it was the most delightful thing in the world that could have happened to the American girl. The play was by John Oliver Hobbes. It was called "Repentance." The scene



Julie Opp (Mrs. Faversham), who impersonates "Portia" in the Faversham "Julius Caesar," on the Boards This Season. Her Arm, in This Picture was the Special Study of the Artist.

lished a Canadian centre in Vancouver. Miss Alice Ravenhill, a very well-known social worker from England, is now at the head of the Vancouver centre of the League. In an interview with Mrs. Faversham last Friday night she spoke of having read many of the letters from Englishwomen of the better class who have been helped to emigrate to Canada by the League. Their passages are paid, and when a good start has been made in Canada, as a rule, the money is refunded to the League by the woman who has been assisted. Mrs. Faversham spoke of the number of women in Great Britain capable of doing good work and of becoming successful Canadian settlers who are compelled to remain unemployed and in poverty as long as they stay in Great Britain. It is this class of educated gentlewoman in whom Mr. and Mrs. Faversham are specially interested. They have seen the women at home in England. They have visited Canada, and are familiar with Western conditions, and are convinced that the League is doing good work. The object of the League is first to select its proteges carefully—the candidates are examined by a committee; to assist with passage money and equipment; and to establish rest and training homes in Canada where the women may remain for a short time until they become familiar with the life and conditions which they must meet. So convinced are Mr. and Mrs. Faversham of the great practical good which will result from this scheme that they propose giving a benefit for the League when they return from New York to go on their Canadian tour: The tour will extend as far west as Vancouver. It is expected that they will visit Ottawa, and at present the manager of the Royal Alexandra is trying to arrange for a return engagement of Julius Caesar in Toronto. Mrs. Faversham told the interviewer to be sure to say that Madame O'Gorman is

Spanish, and Miss Opp was a Spanish lady. After the performance she changed into ordinary costume as quickly as possible. The room in which she was had high windows, and so that she might miss nothing that she could possibly help, the young actress climbed up to one of the windows to look out. She heard a voice behind her, saying, "Miss Opp"; and climbing down she found herself being presented to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, by Mr. Alexander. Being an American she shook hands and could not imagine why Mr. Alexander kept pinching her arm during the interview. After the Duke had gone away Mr. Alexander asked her why in the world she had not made a bow? Miss Opp replied, Was that what he had meant; but he should have coached her. Mrs. Faversham remembers that she had recited one of Ella Wheeler Willcox's poems, "The Birth of the Opal," and that His Royal Highness asked particularly who had written it.

MARJORY MACMURCHY.

Englishwomen in Canada

ON preponderance of women, in England, a practical writer said lately: "I know four women who have gone to Canada within the last two years. The first left England with no more money than was enough for the journey and a few months' support, but yet, with a sound knowledge of cooking and all household arts. Within two days of arriving in Canada she found work in a household at £60 a year, and has remained in it for over a year, saying she has every comfort and consideration. Of the remaining three two were trained nurses, and are now living in a charming flat which they maintain by their work in one of the biggest Canadian cities. And the fourth of the group is about to be very happily wedded."



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The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT honoured Miss Pauline Johnson by visiting her in the Vancouver hospital where she is lying ill. This gracious act has been noted with pleasure by Miss Johnson's friends all over Canada.

THE new clubroom of the Toronto Women's Press Club was used for the first time by the club at its monthly meeting in September. Mrs. Murphy, of Edmonton, was the guest of the club and delivered a most inspiring address. Since then the Toronto branch has had as its guests at the weekly club teas on Tuesday afternoons, Miss Sara MacNaughtan, author of "The Lamé Dog's Diary," "The Fortunes of Christina MacNab," "The Andersons," etc.; and Miss Julie Opp, who is associated with her husband, Mr. Wm. Faversham, in the splendid production of Julius Caesar first put on in Toronto. The new clubroom is up among the chimney tops, looks to the east through a big circular window towards St. James' Cathedral, and to the west has a door leading to the roof where some day the club hopes to have a roof garden with a view of the skyscrapers of Toronto. The clubroom is Room 76 in the Yonge Street Arcade, and is most conveniently

East Aurora, and afterwards to Montreal and Quebec. Among well-known journalists invited to the wedding were: Mrs. Coleman, Mr. George Ham, Mr. Allan McGiffin, Mr. B. B. Cooke, and Mr. Vanderhoof, of the Canada Monthly. Miss Love was for some time assistant editor of the Canada Monthly, and lately has acted as special writer for the C.P.R.

MRS. MURPHY and her daughter have returned to Edmonton, leaving behind them very pleasant memories of their visit to Ontario.

MISS SARA MACNAUGHTAN brought with her a letter of introduction to the C.W.P.C. from Mrs. Cotes, who is one of our honorary members. Miss MacNaughtan, after spending ten days in Toronto, has left for the West of Canada, where she intends travelling for some months before returning to England.

MRS. JACOBS, President of the Calgary branch, has recovered from a somewhat serious illness, and after a brief visit in Ottawa came to Toronto for two days with her husband, Mr. Jacobs, editor of the Farm and Ranch Review. A few members of the Toronto



The Charming New Quarters of the Toronto Women's Press Club, the First of its Class in Canada.

reached by the Victoria Street entrance and elevator. The room is charming, quaint and restful, and with much gratitude to the furnishing committee for its hard work the club has taken possession of a home which bids fair to add much to the happiness of its members, to be useful as a rest room, for lunches, teas, and for the entertainment of the friends of the club.

MRS. McCLUNG'S very successful story, "The Second Chance," has been dramatized, the stage version has been accepted by one of the leading American companies, and the play will be put on the stage at an early date. The members of the C.W.P.C. will have an opportunity to see Mrs. McClung's play since the company is to travel through Canada.

MISS E. CORA HIND entertained at tea in the club room of the Winnipeg Women's Press Club a number of guests to meet Mrs. Coleleugh, a writer and lecturer from Providence, R.I., and Miss Mabel Burkholder, a member of the C.W.P.C. from Hamilton. Mrs. Lipssett Skinner and Miss Kenneth Haig were both present and were welcomed by the Winnipeg members after their travels in the Old Country.

THE Calgary branch of the C.W.P.C. presented Miss Irene Currie Love with a box of sterling silver coffee spoons on the occasion of her leaving Calgary. Miss Love was married at her home in London early in September to Mr. Eldred Archibald, Ottawa correspondent of the Toronto Star. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald for their wedding journey went to

branch had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Jacobs at tea in the new clubroom when the President of the Calgary club won the friendship of everyone by her charm and sincerity.

MRS. HOLT MURISON, formerly vice-president of the Vancouver branch, and more recently a resident of Winnipeg, was in Toronto for a short time in September. Mrs. Murison's residence for the future will be in Montreal where, it is felt, she will be of much strength to the interests of the club membership. Mrs. Murison spoke with much feeling and in a very interesting way of the work and personality of Miss Pauline Johnson. It is likely that Mrs. Murison shortly will have published a volume of her collected poems.

MRS. SHAW, a member of the Society of Women Journalists, who was associated with newspaper work in London, England, for a number of years, has been appointed to a woman's department on British News in Canada, of which Mr. Arthur Hawkes is editor. Mrs. Shaw is now an affiliated member of the Toronto branch.

THE sincere sympathy of the C.W.P.C. is extended to Mrs. Blewett, whose friends are to be found in every part of the Dominion, in the loss which she has sustained through the death of her mother.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Winnipeg branch in September took the form of a farewell tea to Miss Mary S. Mantle, who is leaving Winnipeg to reside in Calgary.

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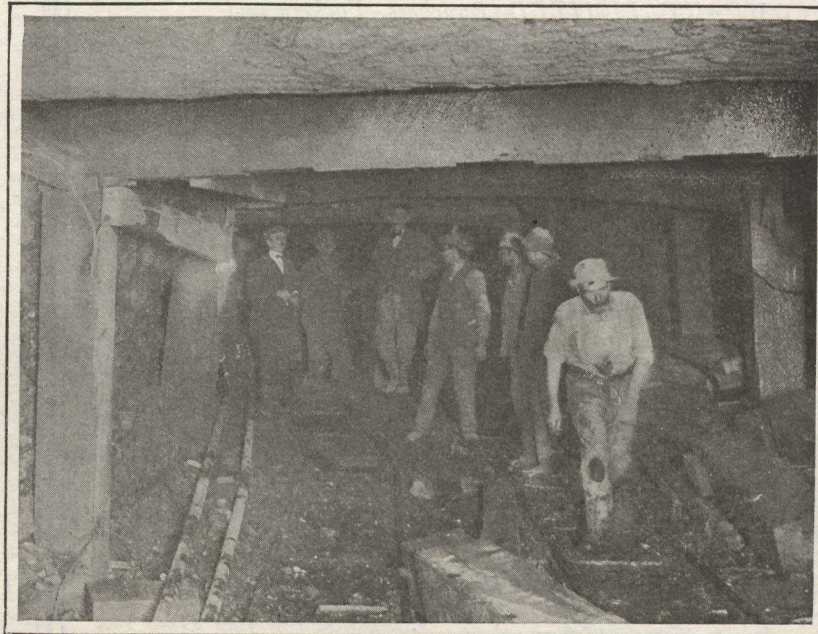
HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Piercing Mount Royal.

THE story is told of a Scotchman who, several years ago, after having seen much of Canada, said, "This is no country for railways; you have no place to run tunnels." Probably that man would revise his somewhat funny opinion if he could get an idea of the work which the accompanying pictures illustrate—the boring of a great hole through Mount Royal, Montreal.

Like many other Canadian cities, Montreal is experiencing a growth which



View in the New C. N. R. Tunnel at Montreal, from the City Side.

goes to prove that this is indeed "Canada's century." Mount Royal in a sense stands in the way of Montreal's expansion. So the Canadian Northern Railway decided to tunnel it. Now the connecting of the heart of Montreal with the suburbs on the other side of the mountain is a big project financially as well as physically. But the tunnel of some three and one-third miles will bring the far side of the mountain within eight minutes of the centre of Montreal. That modern miracle the heads of the Canadian Northern are



Entrance to the New C. N. R. Tunnel from the North. In the Distance is the Mountain, and Beyond that the City.

capitalizing. They bought a considerable area of farm lands which the tunnel will tap, and they said to Frederick G. Todd, expert city planner, "Make for us the best model town in the world." The projects of tunnel and model town have made those former farm lands very valuable. High prices were placed upon the lots in the model town, but when they were offered to the public a few weeks ago they found ready sale. Investors who know that at its present rate of growth Montreal will have a population of a million in ten years from now believe that, even at high figures, those lots are a good buy. And so the wise handling of the opportunity made possible by the tunnel has gone far to solve the financing of this big undertaking.

Stephen Pearson Brown, of New York, is the man who is directing the big job of getting through Mount Royal. He is an expert on making underground routes for railways. He helped pierce the hole under New York City from the Hudson to the East River, and he hopes to complete the tunnel under the hump of Canada's greatest city in two years.

A Comic Opera War—Its Effect.

THE Canadian Exchanges got a little taste last week of the acute influence a war scare may have on a bull market. For weeks domestic and international issues have been boosted high because of hectic exhilaration over the unusual prosperity which exists all over the world just now. Nothing

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could daunt London, Paris or Berlin this summer. For weeks diplomatists have been talking admonishingly about the situation in the Balkans, and no one heeded.

And if Europe did not take the Eastern troubles seriously, how much concerned may one suppose speculators in Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg felt about the prospect of a real war in the far-off George Barr McCutcheon country? Certainly, if among them some acute followers of political events realized that there must be a war, they were not prepared for one which could effect the landslide on the Montreal and Toronto markets which occurred on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Here are a few speed records of the toboggan which show what a depressed week-end the market has had in sympathy with London, Paris and Berlin:

Thursday, C. P. R., the "Bull" leader, was at 273; at Saturday's close it had declined to 255—18 points. On Thursday also Brazilian Traction was at 97; Saturday its price was 85. Richelieu and Ontario slumped Saturday five points, Montreal Power four.

The general feeling is that the semi-panic will not have any permanent consequences on the price of the above stocks. It may have a beneficent influence in keeping the recent bull movement within bounds. The securities most affected were, of course, C. P. R. and Brazilian Traction. The fall of the first, to the average man, is but an incident in a rich man's stock, but the drop in Brazilian must be a disappointment to those who were confident that the new merger stock would cross par over Sunday, and who put up their margins with that shattered hope.

Cobalt, Glorious Cobalt.

COBALT has produced 72 million dollars worth of silver since 1904, and yet of the twenty-four Cobalt stocks listed only four are selling at a premium. The public are not getting the profits, and the question arises "Where are they going?" Most of the profit went to the promoters and the men who manage the companies. The promoters capitalized the mines profusely and got out with what they could gather up. The managers then took hold of them and appropriated the rest. The public who stayed at home and bought the shares got very little. Indeed, most of them got nothing except a pain in the cardinal region, and some nicely printed stock certificates.

It has been the same and will be the same in Poreupine. The whole system of stock flotation is wrong. Only two of the seventeen listed stocks are selling above par. There is ore there, but the system of getting it out is as unbusinesslike as the financing has been unfair.

The man who invests his money in mining stocks has about one chance in twenty, and only a fool or a gambler would take it.

Western Real Estate.

A WESTERN dealer in real estate thus sums up the situation in a letter: "Farm lands good; inside city property fair; outside city lots bad." It is to be hoped that this is true and that the public has got tired of losing its money in new sub-divisions.

During the next three years a hundred thousand town lots in the West will be sold for taxes, and thus pass again into the hands of farmers where they should have remained. If there is any purchaser who wants town lots, let him attend the tax sales and he can get all he wants at bargain prices.

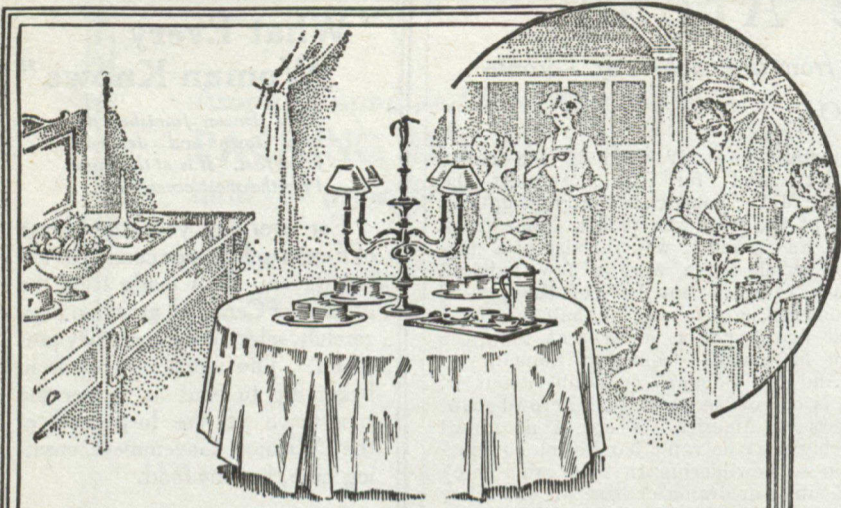
Not that the West is going back—it is going forward. But the sub-division is over-done. For example, the Edmonton town-site is now 64 square miles, as against Toronto's 40 or 45 square miles. And Edmonton is not as bad as some of the others.

No Change in Directorate.

THE other day, a story got into print that four new directors were due to appear in the board room of the Merchants Bank. An official denial came from Sir Montagu Allan, president of the bank. Since the death of Mr. C. M. Hayes, last spring, the board has been short one man. Sir Montagu said that no changes could be made without the consent of the shareholders, who meet in annual convocation on the 18th of December.

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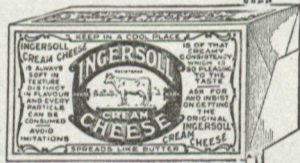


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opposite; something of a ranting character, and in his voice not pleasing, but withal a first-rate "lean and hungry Cassius." Mellish as Caesar was much bigger than is usually seen in that part. He made the role of the great Julius stick out with fine Caesarean prominence. At his best in the senate chamber scene, he was almost as good in his own house under the sway of Calpurnia his wife, less convincing in the street—and rather too melodramatic in the ghost scene in Brutus' tent which might have been cut out altogether.

Faversham was at his best delivering the funeral oration on Caesar in the Forum. Here also the mob was at its height. The mob at first swayed by Brutus came under the spell of Antony in a way that covered both William Faversham and Lionel Belmore first citizen with glory. The oration, great as it may be to read, is much greater when acted; which cannot be said of the memorable scene between Brutus and Cassius on the plains of Philippi.

Mainly a man's play there was comparatively little for Julie Opp to do as the wife of Brutus, except the very fine and ennobling dialogue in the garden—which also comes down to date with its stately reflections on the problem of woman suffrage.

In fact, Julius Caesar is a peculiarly modern play. It enunciates principles that will always be fresh in the human race because they are so eternally old. Because it contains lines that are a joy to remember in the Stock Exchange or the railway smoker or the cafe. Because it is simple enough for any school boy to appreciate and great enough to satisfy the mind of a philosopher; ancient enough for the professor and modern enough for the twentieth-century politician.

Canada has thousands of people today, as it had in the beginning of Confederation, who love some Caesar much but Rome more. Perhaps there are many more thousands who would love this northern Rome better if they felt sure what some of the Caesars really mean or stand for when they speak, or who among those on Parliament Hill may be enrolled in the ranks of Brutus.

And it would be a very good first session for the Canadian Parliament when it assembles again to devote the first day to a reading of Julius Caesar—this with particular reference to the love which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, our once Mark Antony, says he bears to the State. It's of merely newspaper interest how this play fits the United States. It's of personal citizenship interest how it illuminates the words and the deeds of the Romans on Parliament Hill.

The Faversham company went from Toronto to Buffalo where they play this week. Next week "Julius Caesar" will be further tried on a Canadian audience in Montreal, before the company make their descent upon New York.

Baseball Championship

(Concluded from page 13.)

games. Jeff Tesreau, who was with the Toronto Club last year, also "drew down" considerable cash for his explanation of his defeats.

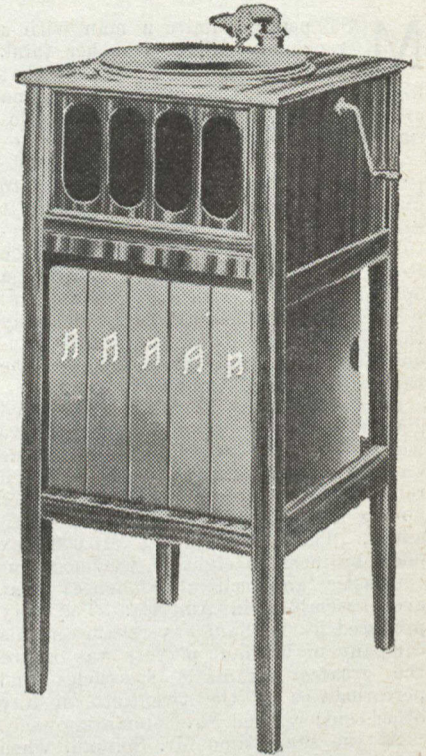
A feature of the series has been the downfall of "Muggsy" McGraw, the Giants' manager. He was reputed to be one of the greatest baseball generals in the history of the game, but the experts who saw this series criticize his judgment severely, and hold his errors on the coaching lines to be largely responsible for the defeat of his team.

Hugh Bedient's great pitching duel with Christy Matthewson in the crucial game of the series last Saturday was as fine an example of the twirling art as has been seen in many a long day. The youngster who has seen but a single season in big league company held the New York hitters to four safeties, and mastered "Matty"—probably the greatest pitcher of all time.

Collins, another Boston youngster, who was taken out of the box in the second game when it was feared that the Giants were "getting to him," cried like a boy as he went to the bench.

From the standpoint of the average fan, the outstanding features of the 1912 series were the fine pitching of Wood (nick-named "Smoky Joe" because of his tremendous speed), the sensational fielding stunts of Heinie Wagner, the Boston shortstop, and the duel between Bedient and Matthewson.

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His Little Girl

By L. G. MOBERLY

CHAPTER XX.

SITTING back in the railway carriage as the express rattled up from Dover, Giles Tredman looked out at the blossoming orchards, and let his thoughts wander back over the six years that had passed since he had last seen the green fields and flowering loveliness of an English spring. Four years of military duty in India had been followed by another two of wandering over the globe, his wanderings prompted by a shrinking dislike to coming back to England, and taking up life as a country squire, now that his dream of sharing that life with Grace was for ever shattered. And now, at last, after six years of absence, conscience had spurred him on to return to Birdbrook and settle down to the duties entailed by the big property he had inherited.

"Sylvia and Miss Stansdale must keep home for me," he reflected, as his eyes rested gratefully on the vivid green of wood and hedgerow, and the white glory of fruit blossom against the May sky, "and although I have no intention of ever putting my heart into a woman's hands again, one can contrive to get a good deal of contentment out of life without a woman's help." He was alone in the carriage, and he laughed a low laugh, that had in it a ring of bitterness. "Grace killed my faith in woman-kind," his thoughts ran on, "before it was dead, I believed in a good woman, as I believed in God! Now—" he shrugged his shoulders significantly, and the smile on his face was very unlike the old, frank smile that had formerly lent him such charm. "And Grace went into a convent after her husband's death. Grace—and a convent—they seem as incongruous as two things can well be, and yet—what right have I to judge her? Perhaps—the other man awakened her heart. God forgive me for being hard either upon her or him." The softened thought brought a softer look into his eyes, and from these tragic memories of the past, he turned to more happy remembrances.

"Little Sylvia," so his thoughts ran next, "will she be at the station to meet me? And will she fling her arms round my neck as she did when I came away? Is she still the same impulsive loving child? Or has she reached a gawky school girl age, when she will be self-conscious and uninteresting," an amused smile hovered over his lips, "she is confoundedly rich, and by and by when she is grown up, I shall have to ward off fortune hunters—play stern father."

The picture of Sylvia—his little girl, Sylvia, surrounded by fortune hunters, with himself in the role of defender and protector, drew from him a chuckle of amusement. But he thought of it all as something quite in the remote future; he still pictured Sylvia as the child he had left, or at any rate very little changed, and he conjured up pleasant visions of taking her on his knee in the twilight, just as he used to do, and telling her stories of fairy legends he had diligently collected for her in various parts of the globe.

"I wish I had kept myself more in touch with her during the last two years," he muttered, as he remembered, with self-reproach, how few and far between had been his letters to Sylvia, and how very long it was since he had received any letter from her, because in his constant travellings he had never given her any address to which to write. Why, when he came to think of it, it must be nearly two years since he had sanctioned Miss Stansdale taking the child to London regularly, to allow of her having masters and attending dancing classes. Sylvia's money affairs he had relegated to his solicitor, and he had given Miss Stansdale a free hand as to the little girl's education, but his conscience pricked him nevertheless, when he recollected how long—how very long—it was since he had taken any personal part in the direction of his ward's affairs.

Those rather reproachful thoughts occupied him throughout the greater part of his journey to London, and haunted

him at intervals during the night he spent in town before proceeding home. And they were uppermost in his mind next day, when his train slowed into Birdbrook station, and he leant from the carriage window, eagerly scanning the figures on the platform in search of Sylvia. But no sign of the child was to be seen, and the footman who advanced to meet him was a stranger.

"Miss Sylvia has not come to the station?" he asked, with an odd feeling of disappointment, then, noticing a look of surprise on the man's face, he added: "Miss Stansdale and the young lady are at home, aren't they?"

"Oh! yes sir, Miss Damansky" (Giles started involuntarily), "has sent the brougham for you. She said she thought you might find the evening chilly, after being so long in warm parts."

Sylvia giving orders about the carriage? His little girl arranging things for his comfort? He smiled as he stepped into the carriage, thinking tenderly of the child's thoughtfulness, looking forward with an eagerness that surprised himself to seeing her small sweet face and its cloud of dusky hair. The drive through the lanes, full of the promise of summer, was refreshing to the man coming straight from the East, and his eyes feasted on the delicate green of the hawthorn leaves, and the pure whiteness of its flowers; feasted, too, on the sheets of bluebells that made a carpet for the hazel copses, and on the pale primroses that starred the hedgerows.

The air was sweet with the fragrance of growing things: the sky was blue as a May sky can be, larks were singing on the uplands, and on the pear tree by the lodge gate a thrush sat and trilled forth his song of summer and of joy. His liquid vibrating notes brought a smile to Giles' face, and the old lodge keeper, having curtsied to him and shut the gate again, said to her crippled daughter—

"'Twas good to see his smile again. He looked so stern and old when he drove up to the gate, he seemed like a changed man, but when he smiled he was himself again."

"Maybe he hasn't forgotten that lady who played him false," her daughter answered sagely, "some people never forget, and she played him a shabby trick."

"They do say she was paid out for it," the other woman answered, "some say the lady was wild with grief when the other gentleman died, the one she ran away with. Some say she would get Sir Giles back now if she could."

"Wherever did you hear such nonsense as that, mother?" questioned her daughter derisively, and Mrs. Budd shook her head solemnly, and answered—

"Well, my dear, I hears what I hears, and I sees what I sees, and Miss Nash, Miss Sylvia's new maid, she told me as she had heard from a friend of hers that the lady Sir Giles was going to marry shut herself up for a bit, but she didn't stay shut up for long, not being that sort, as Miss Nash said, she having known her once upon a time."

MRS. BUDD'S daughter smiled at her mother's rambling dissertation, and knowing the worthy old lady's marvellous faculty for picking up every stray crumb of gossip, put very little faith in her statements; only wishing in her kindly and romantic soul that Sir Giles' false love might after all, come back to him, and atone for her past misdoings. And meanwhile, Sir Giles himself was being driven swiftly along the drive, his glances falling with satisfaction on the smooth stretches of grass and the spreading trees which make an English park so lovely and restful a place to the eyes. The western sky shone full upon the front of the old Elizabethan house as the carriage drove up to the front door, and the light glowed golden on the diamond paned windows and on the warm red of its bricks, and round the gables outlined against a daffodil sky, rooks wheeled, cawing softly, on their way to their nests in the tall elm trees across the meadows. The front door was set wide open, and on the topmost step stood an elderly lady in black whom

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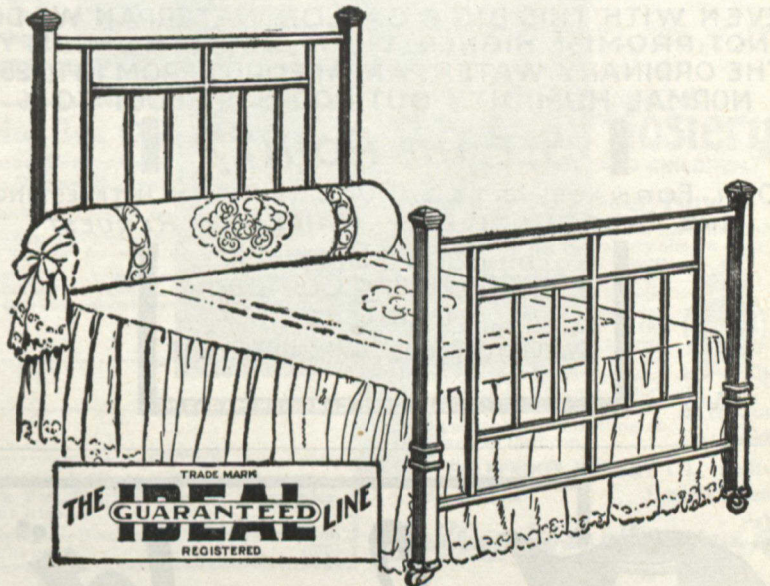
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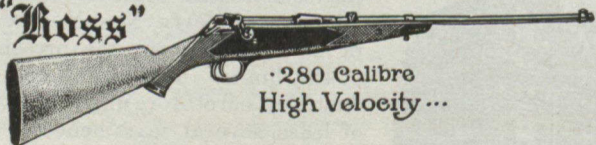
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Giles recognized at once as Miss Stansdale. But beside her was a girl—slim, tall, erect—a girl with shining eyes and flushing face, at sight of whom, Giles, as he descended from the carriage stared in unfeigned amazement. She wore a white gown, and in her waist belt she had thrust a great bunch of crimson hothouse roses, whose warm sweetness was wafted to Giles as he mounted the steps. For a moment he stared at her with bewildered eyes, feeling that he must be the victim of some extraordinary delusion.

"Where is——" he began, and at the same instant, the girl in her white gown came quickly down the steps, both hands outstretched, a world of loving welcome in her face.

"Monsieur! Why, monsieur," she cried. "I do believe you didn't know me." Her hands seized his hands, she lifted her face with all the impulsive eagerness of her childhood, then drew back, her colour deepening, a certain shy dignity all at once taking the place of the child-like impetuosity.

"I was just going to say, 'Where is Sylvia?'" he answered, looking at her with a smile, that still held bewilderment. "I had been picturing you as still a little child, and—" he broke off abruptly, as he turned to shake hands with Miss Stansdale, but the puzzled look was still in his eyes, and he was conscious of feeling an odd sense of loss.

It was perfectly absurd to feel anything of the sort, nevertheless, he did feel as though his little girl Sylvia had left him, as though this new Sylvia was a stranger, somebody quite different from the child of whom he had been dreaming, the child who would have flung her arms about his neck and kissed his cheek. This Sylvia had lifted her face, as if her first instinct had been to treat him as she had treated him in those days of childhood. But she had drawn back at once with the shy, sweet dignity, that sat so well upon her, and he—looking at her—whilst she poured out the tea in the sunlit drawing-room, found himself wondering what it would have been like to kiss those cheeks of hers that made him think of the delicately tinted petals of a white rose. He thrust the thought away immediately, reminding himself sternly that Sylvia was his ward, and he merely her guardian, in her eyes probably a middle-aged guardian, and she must be treated now as the grown-up young lady she actually was. And he, in his folly, had forgotten the flight of years, had been imagining her as still a child, and even dreamt day dreams of taking her on his knee and telling her Eastern fairy stories. The thoughts beat backwards and forwards in his brain whilst he drank tea, and ate bread and butter, and answered Sylvia's eager questions, and Miss Stansdale's more sedate ones: and his observant glance took more of the details of his ward's appearance. Her dusky hair no longer fell in a torrent down her back, it was arranged about her shapely head in that admirable disorder which can only be achieved by a first-rate maid. Giles noticed how well she carried her head, and with what grace she moved; noticed, too, the depth and softness of her eyes, the sweetness of her smile, which brought back the child Sylvia so vividly to his mind. Her voice was very gentle, with a vibrant note in it which gave it added charm, and her laugh was deliciously spontaneous.

"Sylvia always sees the humorous in everything," Miss Stansdale said, when the girl laughed over some story that Giles told them of his homeward journey, "I call her a happy soul."

"Haven't I got everything to make me happy?" she answered, "a perfect home, and all any reasonable being could want, and the kindest guardian in the world," she added, with a fleeting glance at the bronzed face and grey eyes that were watching her so intently.

"A guardian who has no notion how to manage a young lady ward," he answered, with a laugh, half ruefully, half amused. "Oughtn't she to have a season, or something?" he said, looking helplessly at Miss Stansdale. That gentle little lady smiled.

"I am afraid we ventured to have a season last year," she answered, "you see Sylvia was nearly eighteen, and Lady Ferndale, our nearest neighbour, urged me to take her to town, and as we could not get at you to ask your leave, we

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thought we had better risk doing without it. I do hope we were not wrong?" she added deprecatingly, "but Lady Ferndale assured me it was the wisest and best thing to do."

"Quite right," Giles answered, with an increasing sensation of bewilderment; it was so very strange to find himself the arbiter of this lovely young woman's fate. "I ought not to have been out of your reach. I am afraid I forgot my responsibilities. I never realized that Sylvia was grown up at all, much less that she would have to do all things that are proper for a grown-up young lady to do. I must try to make amends now for my neglect."

In the days that followed, he did his utmost to carry out this resolve, escorting Sylvia to garden parties and other social functions, riding with her, driving with her, and giving her—as she herself expressed it—"a perfectly heavenly time."

"She must go to town again, yes, certainly," he had said to Miss Stansdale soon after his arrival, "we had better take a house for a few weeks. She must have all the fun she likes."

"It isn't only that," the little lady answered nervously. She and Giles were having their talk alone together in the library, "but you see, as Lady Ferndale said, 'Sylvia is a great heiress, and she ought to marry well.' And we have no right to keep her down here out of sight. She ought to meet nice people, and have a chance of marrying quite suitably."

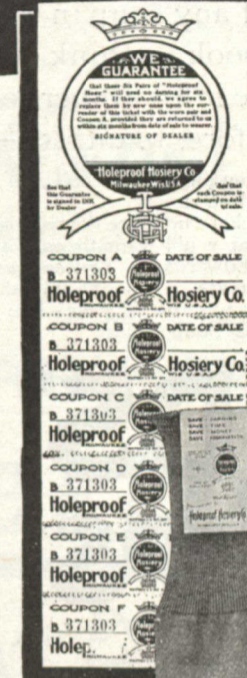
"She ought to meet nice people, and have a chance of marrying suitably," the words haunted Giles long after they were uttered, and he fell into the habit of glancing round the groups of young men at garden parties and other gatherings, and wondering which of the "silly young asses" would be likely to attract Sylvia's fancy. Youth would naturally draw to youth, he thought, one of these young fellows in his twenties would be a fitting mate for the girl who was just entering into womanhood. She must naturally regard her guardian—a man eighteen years her senior—as bordering on the elderly; in fact, the person who stood to her in the place of her father.

Her father! That reflection never failed to bring a grim smile to his face, whilst his pulses quickened their beat, as a vision of the girl swept before his mind, in all her slender young loveliness. What would the man feel who some day held her in his arms, and looked deep into her eyes. What would those eyes themselves be like when they were alight with love? And how would the man feel who had the right to touch those lips of hers with his lips, who might kiss her rose-tinted cheek, and the dusky crown of her hair? He put the thoughts from him almost as soon as they came, but they forced themselves upon him nevertheless, and the result of the struggle with his own heart showed itself in a certain distance and stiffness of manner towards his ward. Sylvia noticed the difference in him, without being able to understand or account for it, and it was with a sensation of actual relief that she left the Court early in June, and took up her quarters in London with Miss Stansdale.

Giles had promised to join them as often as possible, but Sylvia acknowledged to herself with an aching heart that she would rather not have her guardian with her at all, than have a guardian so changed, so cold, so different. And when day after day passed and Giles did not come, when the season drifted on, and Giles sent repeated excuses for his non-appearance, the girl began to be convinced that something in her must have disappointed or disgusted her guardian. And yet she cared so very much to stand well in his eyes. All the other men she met had to run the gauntlet of comparison with Giles, and not one of them came within measurable distance of him in Sylvia's estimation. Since the day when he had first taken her under his care, the long-ago day of her mother's tragic death, adoration for monsieur had been the dominating feeling in her heart. But this aloof and changed monsieur had made her heart ache, gave her the miserable certainty that she was no longer his little girl, but merely a burden and a weariness to him, from which he was only too anxious to escape. Once or twice she had a wild thought of marrying one of the many

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men who courted her; if she married she would relieve her guardian of her presence, he would no longer be hampered by her. But further reflection invariably made such a step seem impossible, altogether out of the question: she shrank from the very idea of closer contact with the men who were pleasant acquaintances—even friends, and Giles' image always rose up in her mind and effectually swamped the images of all the rest of mankind.

And monsieur only looks on me as a little girl. I believe he is vexed because I am grown up, and more trouble now than I was when I was really small, she thought sadly, and still he doesn't feel about me as if I was grown up, he feels I am a little girl still—just a little girl.

This conviction of hers infused into her manner to Giles when they next met a certain want of ease, a self-consciousness never before observable in her demeanour. Her naturally spontaneous manner became restrained and stiff. She no longer showed the impulsiveness which had formed so large a part of her charm; and she was quiet, almost cold, to her guardian. He had come to London to spend the last week of their sojourn there with them, but to him, as to Sylvia, it was not a time of pleasure but of strain and discomfort, and to both of them it was a relief when they returned to Manderby Court, where each one secretly hoped that the old life would be resumed on its old lines. But in this hope they were both disappointed. The barrier that seemed to have grown up between them, the indefinable barrier which neither could have wholly explained, did not vanish when they were back in the familiar home surroundings. On the contrary, it seemed to Sylvia that in some inexplicable way the barrier grew and grew, until it became like a wall of ice between them, a wall over or through which it was impossible to penetrate.

(To be concluded.)

A Wager on the Wistassining

(Continued from page 9.)

"Say," he says, stretchin' the sickliest kind of gun-shy grin—"Say, don't you want to help me get a good one on Slimmy?"

"I said I didn't rightly know what he meant by that.

"Why," he says, 'can't you see that that low-down sharp has found some place where he can just scoop them out, and he think he's got my money up against a sure thing. Now what we want to do is to fool him, see?'—and he tries to make his grin a little more natural—"What we want to do is just get together and fool him bad!"

"I stopped and thought awhile, and I tell ye now, at the first I shied at it—'You want me to help ye, eh?' I says.

"Sure!—And we'll go hunkers—I'll give you ten per cent. on the rake-off!"

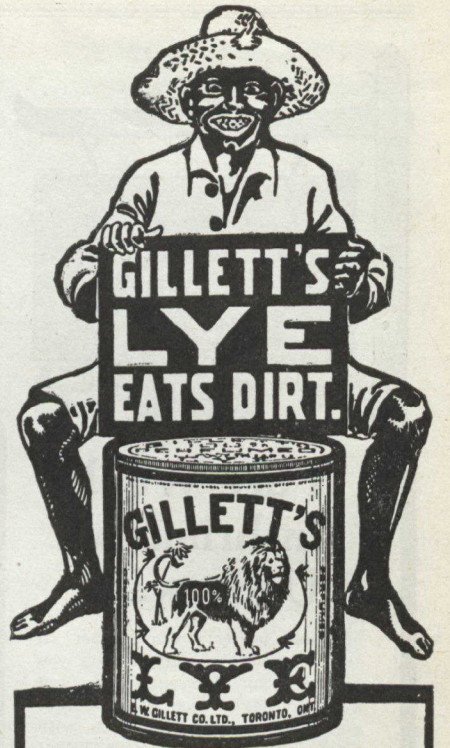
"Oh, no," I says, 'Oh, no! We won't work it that way at all! If you want me to help you,' I says—'after thinkin' about it some time longer—'why, all well and good. I heard your bet, and there was nothin' in it against your hirin' guidin' assistance. And I suppose if you don't hire me, you'll go and hire somebody else that knows a mighty sight less about the river. But if I take a contract like this, I take it by the number of bass I ketch for ye. And I'd want somebody else, say grandad—the wife's father, you know—to help me on the job.'

"We-ell," he says, 'of course I want to do the right thing by you, Mr. McCutcheon, and I guess that's a pretty fair proposition. I thought, though, I'd just hire you for the day. But—what would you want a fish?"

"I'd want twenty-five cents a bass," I says, 'takin' 'em as they come. And even then, I'll most likely be breakin' the Ontario game laws for ye into the bargain. For you're pretty sure to need more than the legal dozen.'

"Oh, sure!" he says, 'I'll have to have a lot more'n a dozen. Slimmy caught eleven yesterday—but, Holy Cripes, now, you know, twenty-five cents is a mighty stiff price. I'd be willin' to stand it at two for a quarter, but twenty-five cents—Oh, Lord, now, you know—'

"All right," I says, reachin' my hoe down from the veranda—"if you don't



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want me, I've got my potatoes to look after.'

"Oh, let her go, then!" He caved in right away—"But, mind you, I've got to have a sure thing on it!"

"Grandad was out in the field already. He's always been a famous old boy for fishin', you know, and he's likewise got a county reputation for bein' fond of the silver."

"Well, he's a lot too deaf to get long explanations into; but after unendin' shoutin' I made him understand that Mr. Hotchkiss wanted us to ketch bass for him that day at twenty-five cents a-piece. And when he got hold of that, he just dropped his hoe and started back over them potato drills on the hobblin' jump. Nor he didn't open his lips to answer me anything more. He wasn't wastin' time that way. He lit out for where his rod and line lay in the tool-house, and then started turnin' up worms by the barn, his spade just a-shakin'."

"We'd been makin' head-cheese the night before, and there was a good half-bushel of waste meat scraps around. And I knowed that for ground-baitin' I couldn't want anything better. By nine o'clock the wife had it ready and lunch put up, and with Grandad snarlin' that we was takin' it dretful easy, we started off."

"I've told ye that when this here Hotchkiss and Sparks had had me for a couple of days, they probably figured that by that time I showed them all the good places on the Wistass. Well, I hadn't now, not by one or two, anyways, or mebee even by three or four. And as Grandad and me lined off with Hotchkiss down the river, it was for one of them places I'd previously over-looked that I was leadin' the procession."

"That was the summer after William-son built his dam up above there, at the Falls; and it wasn't till well on to October that we got him lawed into openin' his sluices. So just at that particular time the River was a good two foot lower than it had ever been before or is ever likely to be again. You know that island with the big elms on it down below the Chute?—well, you could wade over to it that Spring, for all the current. And from it, by goin' in waist deep you could work your way from stone to stone clear out to the middle of the river. And right there there was a big, flat rock, hardly ankle deep, that commanded a bass hole that I reckon can't be beat between here and Moose Factory. The main plunge of the rapids pitches right into it—(you can see where it lies, now!)—and at the foot of it the big eddies came up flat and white-edged and boilin'. For side walls, four or five foot down there's a dozen of them hulkin', yalla-green boulders that small-mouth bass is so fond of keepin' their tails under. And on that table of rock which overlooks the pool there's just comfortable standin' room for two people."

"For that reason—and also because I didn't choose that he should learn the way out to that particular hole—I give Hotchkiss to understand that he'd have to fish from shore. And he agreed to it ready enough. Indeed, the only thing that seemed to be worryin' him was the fear that we weren't goin' to get him his 'sure thing.' And he was even more nervous lest Sparks should come down the river and surprise us. You see he had in him that guilty conscience which gives a man no peace. And after awhile he dropped his rod altogether and climbed up on that wooded hill there, to keep a watch out."

"Well, Grandad and I went at it systematic. I didn't hurry to get down to rod work, myself; but I did start in to sow the pool good and thick with them head-cheese scraps. And after that I was willin'—if Grandad wasn't—to wait till half the bass below the Chute got their noses towards us. And when at last I did begin to give them the steel to cut their teeth on, they were there in millions. Oh, you couldn't be in doubt about that! They didn't give your lead time to plumb the bottom. They had the line a-rippin' off yon, and a sawin' back hither, before you could balance yourself after makin' your cast. Grandad had got his seventh, and—although I'd only been fishin' about ten minutes—I'd got my fourth, when I heard a callin'. It was Hotchkiss beckonin' out on the edge of the hill, and though nothin' seemed to of alarmed him, I went in to see what he wanted. "Well," he says, pretty anxious—

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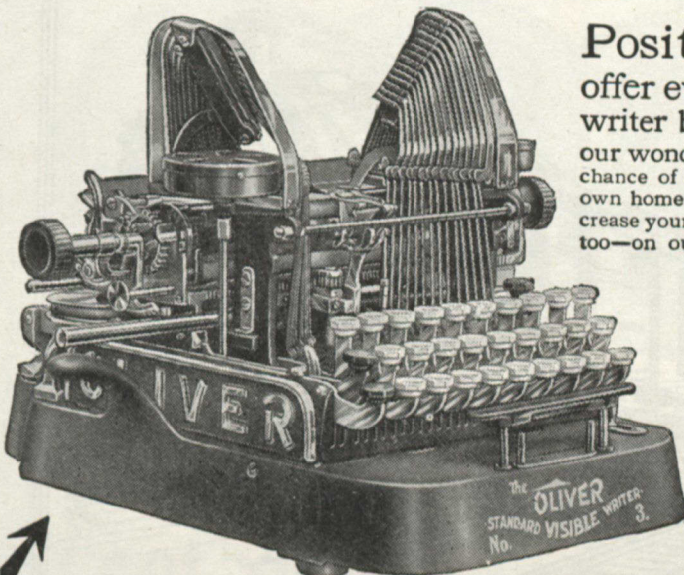
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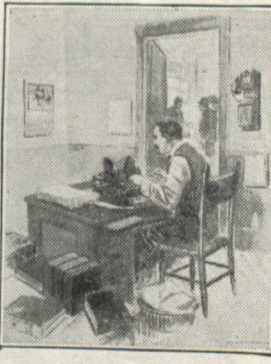


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Any leader in business will tell you that a typewriter will start the young man upon a successful business career more surely than any other investment. Look up the records of successful business men in our large cities, you will find that 80 per cent started their careers with the use of a typewriter. **The Oliver will give you a start in business.** The ability to use a typewriter makes your services more valuable in any line of business. **It means more money for you.** Begin now on our great offer!

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We will ship to you for an absolutely free trial a genuine Standard Oliver Typewriter No. 3. Send us no money—no, not a cent! We want you to use this superb machine in your own home and office absolutely free. And then, if you are not convinced that the Oliver will pay for itself over and over again, just tell us that you don't want it and return the machine to us at our expense. If after the free trial you decide that you do want it, send us only \$2.50 and you keep the machine, paying the balance in small monthly payments. But send for the full particulars of this great free trial offer today. Let us tell you all about it.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

“how’s she goin’? Do you think you’re goin’ to get them?”

“I told him we had eleven so far.

“And that seemed just to dazzle him. It filled his face plum full of sunshine—‘Eleven!—Holy Cripes!—So I’ve caught eleven in the first hour, have I!—Well, Slimmy, I see your finish! Eleven in the first hour! Oh, say!’—And he curls up like a kid full of green apples—‘Oh, Slimmy, I’m sorry for you! You’re all right, only you’ve got your money on the wrong horse! Say, I can see you passin’ it out already—five long, green, crinkly ‘V’s!’—”

“At that he just went right off into silent yoops—‘Oh, I don’t know, I’m not so slow! You may be Slimmy, but I guess it’s me that’s slim! Five long, green—Oh, say!’—Uncle,’ he says—‘See that tree over there?—It’s cool, and soft, and quiet, and shady under it, ain’t it?—Well, I’m just goin’ to lay right down there, and keep an eye on up river and fish till I’ve caught enough, see? And I’ve just got the right sort of bait with me for it, too.’ He pulls out a pocket flask already about a third empty. ‘Say, he says—this is it!’—And he takes another swig—‘This is the way to fish all right! This is the particular bait to fetch them in with!’—And he takes another—‘Well, now, I’ll have to let you go,’ he says, breakin’ off at last—‘I’ll leave the rest to you—givin’ me the ‘uncle’ again, consarn him!’—”

“Lord, anyone might of thought I was in sympathy with the job he was puttin’ up, or even had started him into it from the beginnin’! I tell you I was feelin’ mighty indignant when I went out to Grandad again—in the meantime Grandad had ketched five more.

“Well, another hour went by, and we’d run it up to twenty-nine—with no call from Hotchkiss. And although five minutes later I snapped my line on a big feller, by noon we had forty-two—and no Hotchkiss showin’. And by one we’d added seventeen more—and still nobody to call us in!—And by that time I didn’t need to be told what was the matter. ‘Now,’ I says to myself, ‘I’ll just warrant that while we’re doin’ his work for him in the bri’lin’ sun out here, I’ll just warrant that that pin-head of misery is layin’ up there in the shade alongside his flask sleepin’ like a mud puppy, and not even doin’ his part by keepin’ a safe watchout!’

“Well, I don’t believe in meddlin’ in another man’s business. But when I see a feller puttin’ up a mean game, and even then shirkin’ his share of the burden, I tell you, I always feel that it’s a good service to the race to give him a lesson. Grandad and me had our chance that afternoon to give a lesson like no two men ever give before. And I could see it, just like a leadin’, that the more bass we ketched, the more of a lesson it was bound to be!

“Sport it wasn’t, but duty it was! And that day saw the smashin’ of all fishin’ records on the Wistass for speed and number!—And Grandad—well, now, I’m compelled to say the old lad acted mighty near about it. He not only kept the strictest kind of track of what he caught himself; but when his pole smashed he got me to fix it for him, and in the meantime jerked ‘em out with mine, and counted them to his credit, too! Nor the old scamp wouldn’t stop to carry his own fish in to shore neither. And he e’t his lunch with one hand while he gripped to his rod with the other!

“But we both got them in a-plenty, and so it went on for hour after hour, until by four o’clock they begun to come thinner; and then I decided to go in shore and total up. We had ninety-six altogether. And although rapids bass don’t run big, of course, when I’d got them into an oat-bag and over my shoulder, I tell you they made a load like a dozen of grin’-stone. But I worked my way up the hill with it, and into the bush to Hotchkiss.

“Apparently he’d only that minute wakened, and he was just lookin’, pretty batty, at his watch—I been takin’ a little snooze,’ he says. And then his eyes begun to get focussed onto the bag—‘What’s that?’ he asks, grinnin’ silly-like.

“‘Your bass,’ I says.

“‘You, you got a lot, ain’t you?’ he says,

“‘Oh, a fair to middlin’ ketch,’ I says—‘ninety-six altogether. . . .’

“Now just from the style of lad he



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was I'd knowed pretty well that he'd make a kick. But, my Lord, the size of the holler he sent up was something nobody could 'a' looked for!

"He wouldn't take them, no, sir, he wouldn't, and there was no law in this God-forsaken country that could make him!"—And, dad fetch him, he ended up by as much as callin' me a swindler!—I shouldered the bag and came next thing to leavin' him where he stood.

"But he stopped me and offered to take five dollars' worth—then a third of them—then half the bag-full—But, 'no, sir,' I said—'You'll take all, or you'll take none, and mighty lucky you are to get another chance at them at all!' He decided that there was nothin' for it, and take them bass he'd have to—And we lugged them up the bush-road to the house.

"Well, just as such things happen, there in the lane stood the wife with a letter for me which Alf Johnston had just left in on his way back from town. It had been lyin' in the Post Office for three days, and had been sent to let me know that that New York crowd was comin' on a week earlier that year; and they expected to hit the Junction the afternoon of Thursday the Twentieth. Well, that was the afternoon of Thursday the Twentieth! And, as I calculated it out while I was flingin' the harness on the team—they must 'a' been sittin' on their traps on the station platform lookin' for my democrat, for a good hour then!—

"And when I come peltin' in, sure enough, there they sat. And what with apologizin' for keepin' them waitin' and the solid satisfaction of renewin' old friendship, on the drive back to The Forks I'd pretty well forgot all about Hotchkiss and Sparks and that mighty fishin' wager of theirs.

"But when we got in it was the first thing that we were made to think of. It seemed that Hotchkiss, figgerin' that he had a few bass too many to be convincin', had put about half that bag-full away in the ice-house. But when Sparks had come home with seventeen and had got sight of only that other half of Hotchkiss's showin', he'd stopped in his tracks and sent up his howl right there. And all through supper their yappin' came in to us like from two yellow dogs with a fence between them. For a while I kept silent and pretended not to hear it. And then at last for the life of me I couldn't hold in any longer, and I let that crowd into the whole story.

"And it did seem to fill them about as full of natural delight as anything they'd ever heard. That old jelly-bag, Judge Morris, had just to be laid out on the sofa at last. But when he got the use of himself again, the grey-headed old sinner sat up, began to pull his solemnity around him like puttin' on his gown—(I tell you it's made me mighty dubious of the judgin' business ever since!)—and says to young Morris: 'William, my son, let us have no more of this unseemly levity. This is plainly a case where the bench must do its duty. Gentlemen,' he says, 'we will adjourn for an outside session.'

"Yes, sir, he led the whole party out there and introduced himself with as much side and gravity as if he'd come all the way to The Forks just to hold assizes on that one particular case in disputation. And, as it happened, it was the easier for him to introduce himself because he recognized Sparks as the gentleman who for years had been sellin' him collars when he was on circuit duty in his town; and Hotchkiss, he was on hats in the same store. Indeed, too, though they both seemed fairly willin' to leave their case with him, this meetin' with the judge up there for awhile made them pretty awed and subdued.

"But the Judge, he didn't stand on any ceremony. He just let himself down onto one of them old hives, settled his glasses, cleared his throat with a noise that would have straightened out a French horn, and called for the case for the plaintiff. And when Sparks was jogged into understandin' that that meant him, he started in with a sort of whimper to tell what a natural skin his brother-in-law was, anyway; how he'd once done him out of a watch, and another time give' him away in a private matter which should have been kept quiet between friends, and had lied to him any amount of times before—'And he's lyin' now,' he says, 'when he tries to make out he caught them forty-seven

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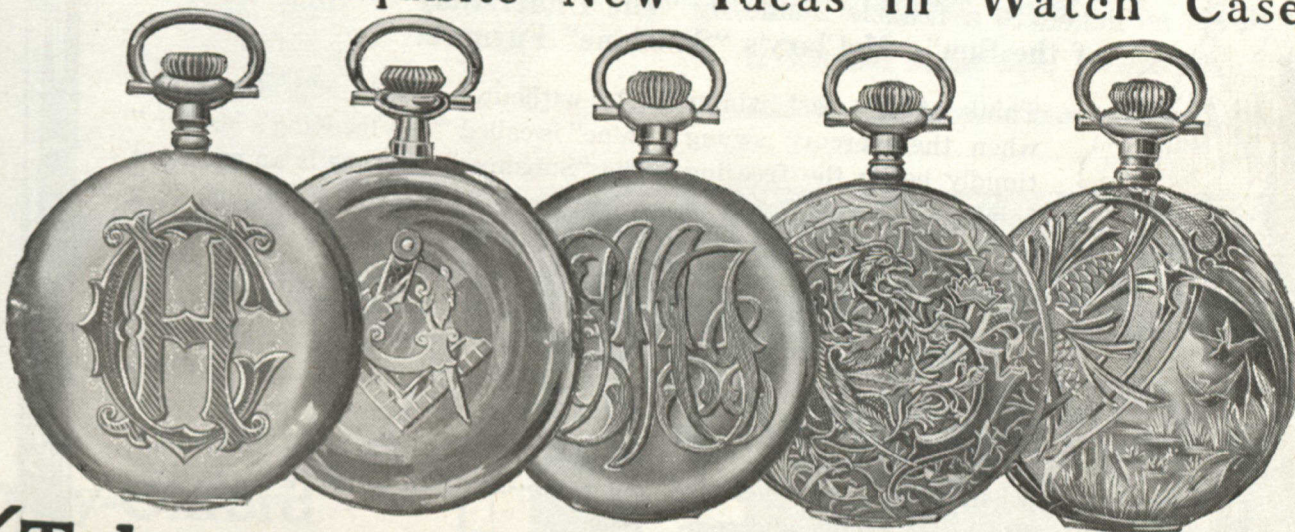
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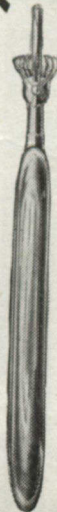
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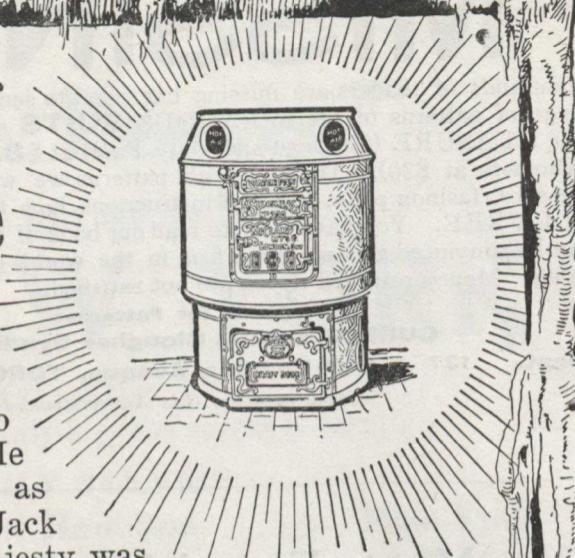
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Think of the past winter when the mercury swung timidly below the freezing point—not for a day or a week, but for months at a time. How you shovelled coal, and how you talked about the appetite of that poor old furnace in the cellar. It simply ate up coal and then fell down when it came to heating the house evenly and comfortably.

McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace makes the most of very little fuel, and distributes a much greater percentage of heat throughout house than the ordinary furnace.

Ashes cannot bank up between the active fire and the walls of the Fire-pot in the "Sunshine" Furnace. It is an absolute guarantee of balmy June weather in the home, when Jack Frost's icy garments are jingling in the Arctic

cold without. That's why the "Sunshine" is called "The Ice King's Master." The "Sunshine" Furnace is an excellent investment—It will last a life-time with ordinary care—and return you a handsome interest on the investment every year by the actual saving it effects.

Now, we want you to do us a favor—we want you to call on the McClary agent and ask him to prove every claim we make for the "Sunshine" Furnace—ask him to prove every claim true.

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bass himself—"You're lyin', Willie,' he says—"You're lyin', and you know mighty well you are!"

"And Hotchkiss, well he came back at him with a'is dignity, now I tell you—"No, I'm no' now, Slimmy,' he says—"And what do you want to go callin' me a liar like this for, too, before the Judge and all these gents, when you know you can't prove it?" And then he began again circumstantial to tell just what holes he'd caught them bass in, and how many in each place, and how much bait he'd had to feed out—when we heard someone come up the lane.

"It was Grandad—with his face a-beamin' like a full moon—"Well, Mr. Hotchkiss, heh heh!' he cackles out, 'I've ketched another thirty-four for ye!'"

"I don't know exactly how they settled it between them finally; but—did I get the money for that hundred and thirty?—well, I sh'd say I did!—Good Lord, if I hadn't I might as well 'a' moved out and left the house to Grandad for the rest of time!—Hotchkiss had to borrow half the coin from Sparks. But, seein' that he made him guarantee him half the fish for security—and seein', too, that Hotchkiss gave Sparks to understand that if he didn't pay up that bet-money, when they got home there was another private matter between friends that wasn't goin' to be kept quiet any longer—I'd no doubt that in the end they'd come to a lovely and amicable conclusion—somehow—if only they had time enough!"

The old fellow gazed long and earnestly again at that hollow in the other bank of the Stone Road, and slowly got his corn-cob lit up once more—"Well, boys, there you have it. You see what comes of playin' a game that's underhand."

We arose, took one final look at the place where the two dynamite carters had re-enacted the fable of "The Unkind Goats," and continued our way to Williamson's trout brook.

Robert S. Gourlay

(Concluded from page 8.)

lude. The piano was coming to tune. So was Robert S. Gourlay.

"But how would you get the machinery necessary to produce the right kind of men for public positions?" he was asked.

On this point he was cannily non-committal.

"I can't say off-hand," he said. "But I think young men should study public affairs. I don't believe in spot-light methods. I believe in work. I don't believe in merely personal nominations for positions of public trust. I believe in organization; in men working together; in finding out what the problems are to be solved—no matter how small or how big they may be; in developing human machinery for the grappling with those problems. Precisely how we are to revolutionize our public machinery I am not prepared to say. But any movement must begin at the bottom—and it must extend all the way up."

"Couldn't you form a Civic Association for the purpose of putting good men in the field?"

He smiled. "But what of the newspapers?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"Well for example—that there's no use in one newspaper putting a man up for the other newspaper to oppose him no matter how good a man he may be, just because it's the particular business of one newspaper to oppose another."

"Why not make every managing editor a member of the Civic Association and make them agree to support good men independent of newspaper antagonisms?"

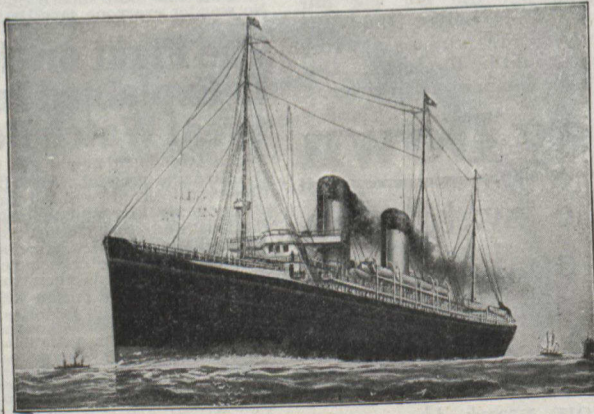
"Well—that sounds very well; but—is it possible?"

He rose to attend the meeting of the Harbour Commission. Of some things he was quite sure; of others not so sure. And Robert S. Gourlay is as sure of the things he doesn't know as of the things that he does. He knew what that tuner was doing with the piano. He knew that in half an hour it would be ready for Chopin or Beethoven.

And I guess the way that tuner worked at the piano from the bass strings up to the highest notes in the treble—was the way Robert S. Gourlay would like to see public business and civic affairs tuned up; till the right big man comes out of them for good public service just as effectively as the piano gets ready for Beethoven or Chopin.

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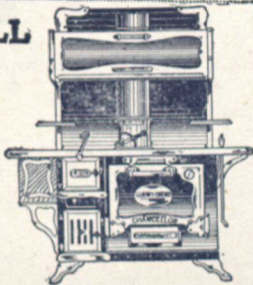
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