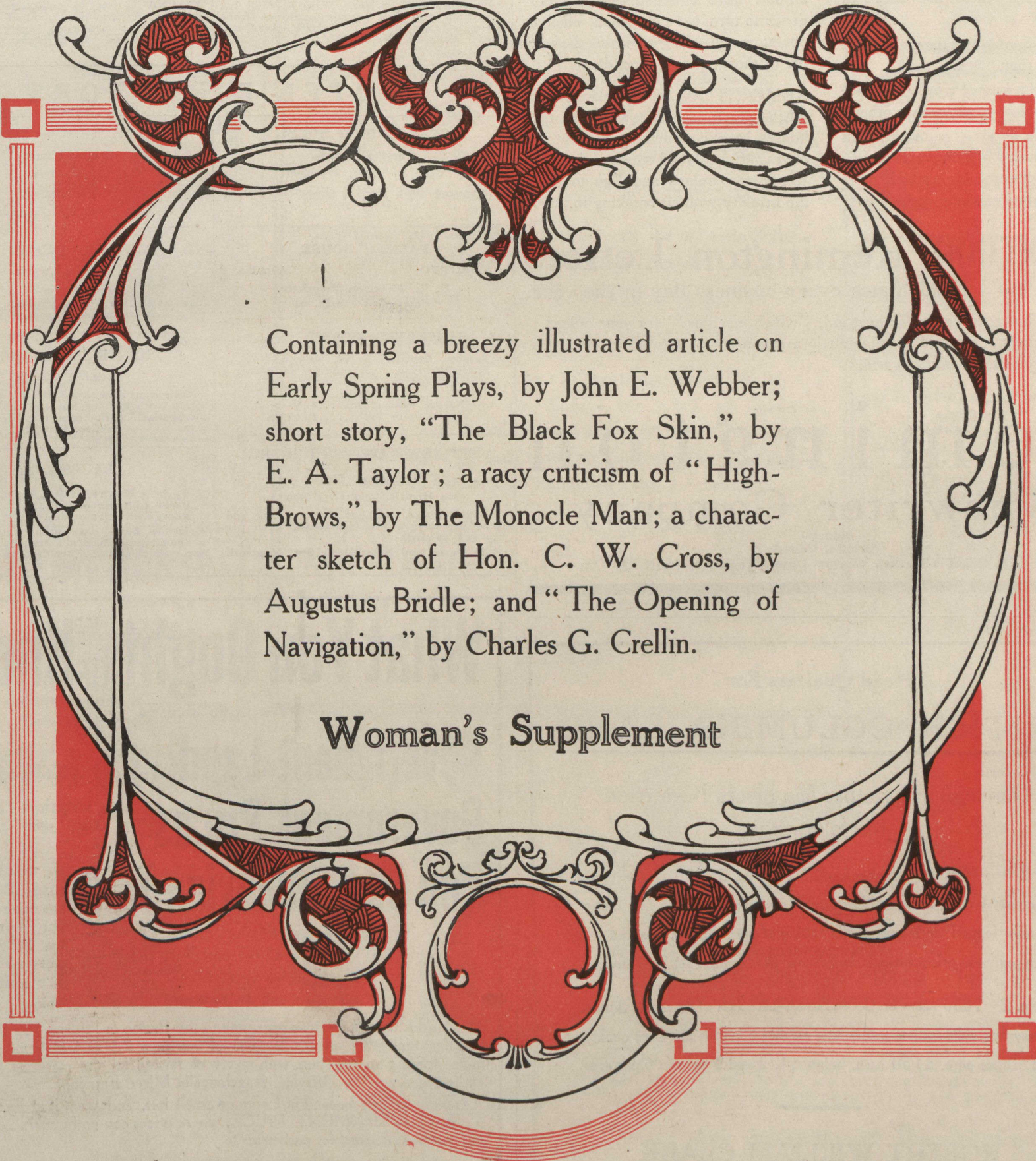


# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Containing a breezy illustrated article on Early Spring Plays, by John E. Webber; short story, "The Black Fox Skin," by E. A. Taylor; a racy criticism of "High-Brows," by The Monocle Man; a character sketch of Hon. C. W. Cross, by Augustus Bridle; and "The Opening of Navigation," by Charles G. Crellin.

Woman's Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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This land is located in close proximity to the Pacific & Hudson Bay Railway, in a beautiful valley, at an elevation of less than 2,500 feet, semi-coast climate, needing no irrigation, with plenty of rainfall for the maturing of crops, and an ideal spot for Dairying, Ranching, or Mixed Farming.

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## Jaeger Underwear has Health Qualities

*Safety in Changing to "Jaeger" Summer Underwear*

Pure wool, no matter how light, prevents chills and cold, because it does not become saturated with moisture as cotton or linen does.

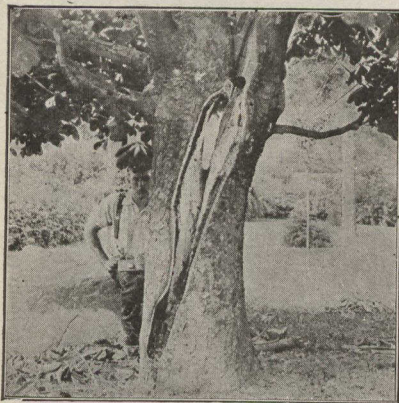
There is no danger changing from Jaeger Pure Wool heavy weight to pure wool light weight.

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In all sizes for men, women and children.

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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 20

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Modern Comfort—Elevators,  
Baths, Hot and Cold Water  
in every room.

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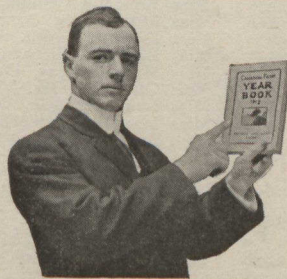
leads them all

AND you never grow indifferent to its inimitable flavor—so inviting, tasty, irresistible! With your down-town lunch, or home week-ends, or for suppers—everytime and everywhere—White Label Ale stands the acid test of discriminating people. Try it.

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TORONTO



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How to guard against and protect your vegetables from insects.

How to build a modern hen house.

When and how to spray.

How to increase your crop by the use of fertilizers.

Almost anything you want to know about farming.

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A book prepared for the up-to-date farmer, but essentially valuable to the city man who is farming on a small scale in his back yard or country home. Every branch of farming is included and a general summary of contents will be mailed on request. The price of this book is purely nominal—one dollar—post paid to any address in Canada or the United States. In order to secure a wide distribution of this Year Book we have decided to send it

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ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE  
MONTREAL TO BRISTOL

HERE is an opportunity to see some of the most famous places of the Old World at a modest outlay. A health-bringing trip and a liberal education combined. You take the "Royal Edward" at Montreal on July the ninth for Bristol. Special arrangements have been made for the balance of the tour which includes a visit to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, the Isle of Marken, Bruges and historic city of Ghent.

Special—Rovers' Travel Club Tour

This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great Exposition, with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this Exhibition is "A Thousand and One attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

Familiar as you are with Paris and London, the programme which has been arranged will include many points of interest you probably have not seen before. This will also hold true of Bruges, Amsterdam, Brussels and the other cities on the list. A day and a night in Bristol may be profitably spent by the traveller because some of the most intensely interesting and historic scenes in all England, may be visited there or nearby.

By all means ask or send for the illustrated booklet which contains the complete itinerary and gives the cost in detail. In it is described in chatty and informal style the various places to be visited with pic-



tured account of their most interesting features. Simply write your name and address on the coupon, and you will receive booklet by return mail.

Please send me your Rovers' Travel Club Booklet.

Apply to the nearest Steamship Agent or to any of these General Agencies of the Company: Toronto, Ont., 52 King Street East; Montreal, Que., 226-30 St. James Street; Winnipeg, Man., 254 Union Station; Halifax, N.S., 123 Wolliis Street.

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The Shaving Stick de Luxe, the latest and greatest achievement in shaving comfort and convenience.

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not only combines all the other good qualities that have made Williams' Soaps famous, but it is the most convenient, economical and sanitary form of shaving stick.

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- Williams' Shaving Stick (in the Hinged-cover Nickeled Box)
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Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A., Glastonbury, Conn.

MANY GAINS IN VOTING CONTEST

Decided changes have taken place in the standing of the candidates in the Canadian Courier contest since last week. A new leader has appeared in the race, Miss M. Augusta McLeod, of Wroxeter, Ont., who comes to the front with the splendid total of 66,780 votes. Miss McLeod is comparatively a new candidate, and her success is most encouraging to herself and her friends. She is really the candidate of a large number of small but thriving towns in her district, and will be a contestant who will be heard from very often during the race.

Miss Blanche F. Bourque, of Sydney, N. S., drops back to second place, the first time that Miss Bourque has lost the leadership for several weeks. The Sydney candidate is receiving splendid support, and that aggressive city will see to it that its candidate finishes among the leading winners. Miss Bourque has not been idle during the week, her gain being nearly 20,000.

The next largest advance for the week has been that made by Miss M. G. White, of Spy Hill, Sask., who has increased her total vote from 18,200 to 30,850. When the western towns really get started there will be some exciting changes in the standing. Another encouraging gain has been that of Miss Margaret Campbell of New Waterford, N. S., who increased her vote over 10,000.

Miss Annie Huestis, of Sussex, N. B., is a new candidate who has started very successfully, having sent in some 2,350 votes as a good beginning for the race. Another candidate from the same town, Miss Adah A. Morrison, has started in an encouraging manner.

Other new candidates are Miss Estella M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.; Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.; Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N. S.; Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury, Ont.

In the ballot last week, Ballot No. 7, the figure one had been accidentally dropped from the expiry date, and it read May 3, instead of May 31. No. 7 ballots will be accepted any time during the month of May, and will count for the candidate for whom they are made out.

The standing follows:

Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont. ....	66,750	Miss Mabelle Carter, London, Ont. ....	11,750	Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta. ....	10,300
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S. ....	60,050	Miss Etheline Schleihauf, Iona P.O., Ont. ....	11,100	Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	10,300
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont. ....	32,900	Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont. ....	10,800	Miss Esther Dewney, Camex P.O., B.C. ....	10,250
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask. ....	30,850	Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B. ....	10,650	Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont. ....	10,250
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont. ....	26,800	Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C. ....	10,600	Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont. ....	10,250
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I. ....	21,450	Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal ....	10,550	Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask. ....	10,250
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S. ....	21,150	Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B. ....	10,550	Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S. ....	10,250
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	20,200	Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont. ....	10,500	Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont. ....	10,200
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man. ....	17,850	Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont. ....	10,500	Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal ....	10,200
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baidon P.O., Sask. ....	14,800	Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont. ....	10,500	Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B. ....	10,200
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B. ....	13,850	Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont. ....	10,450	Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont. ....	10,200
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S. ....	13,500	Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont. ....	10,450	Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask. ....	10,200
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C. ....	13,300	Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B. ....	10,400	Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont. ....	10,200
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont. ....	13,200	Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont. ....	10,400	Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont. ....	10,200
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto ....	12,800	Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont. ....	10,400	Miss Adah A. Morrison, Sussex, N.B. ....	10,200
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	12,800	Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto ....	10,350	Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que. ....	10,000
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B. ....	12,350	Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont. ....	10,350	Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	11,000
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que. ....	12,100	Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont. ....	10,350	Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury ....	10,000
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto ....	11,950	Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta. ....	10,300		

Ballot No. 8

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

For .....  
Address .....

if forwarded to The Canadian Courier to be credited in the official standing on or before June 7, 1913.

NOMINATION BLANK

I Hereby Nominate.....

Address.....

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

Signed ..... Countersigned by .....  
Address ..... Pastor of .....  
Church or Parish

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

**FACING BIG GAME**

YOU NEED A

**"Ross" Rifle**



Experience in the field has proven that testing ground experiments were right and that no rifle will "anchor the heaviest game as effectively as the "Ross." Its low trajectory makes sighting easy, and its rapid straight pull action enables a second, third, or more shots to be fired in rapid sequence.

The "Ross" 280 High Velocity sells at \$70.00, and is the best of all sporting weapons, but any "Ross" model can be relied upon for accuracy and range.

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**Editor's Talk**

**W**E should like our readers to take a definite interest in our Educational Voting Contest. Every person who will collect the coupons printed each week and mail them to a particular candidate will help that candidate's standing in the competition. Or the reader may go farther; he may give the candidate a number of names of prospective subscribers and allow the candidate to use his name when calling on these people. Every candidate who gets a certain number of subscriptions will be sent to college for a year or given a trip to Europe.

These young girls are all worthy of support. No candidate is accepted without a recommendation from a clergyman who knows her and her family. Every girl is trying to help herself educationally and as such is deserving of encouragement.

No candidate works in vain. Every one will get something for her work, and every one knows just what she has to do to get one of the larger prizes. The trip to Europe has been extended from five to six weeks and will take in the Mediterranean, Italy, Switzerland, France and England.

Should any reader fail to find a candidate from his town, in the published list, he is free to nominate some young lady whom he knows to be anxious for a year at college. Then he and his friends should get together and boost her candidature. We think our offer is sufficiently generous to justify this appeal to the public to support it generously. A fuller explanation of the contest will be found elsewhere in the issue, or descriptive circulars will be sent to enquirers. It is not too late for a girl to enter as the contest does not close until June first. There are several well-populated districts in which there are no candidates working, and in these even a late contestant will have an easy task in meeting the minimum requirements for one of the major prizes.



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**Howard's Extra Quality**

**OLD RYE WHISKY**



Mild, Mellow, Matured.

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Toronto, Ont.

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These facts will explain just why Victoria's real estate is steadily advancing; our 30 years' experience and standing will safeguard your interests. Let us invest some of your ready cash.

Large lots on car line from \$500 to \$800, 25 per cent. cash and \$10 per month.

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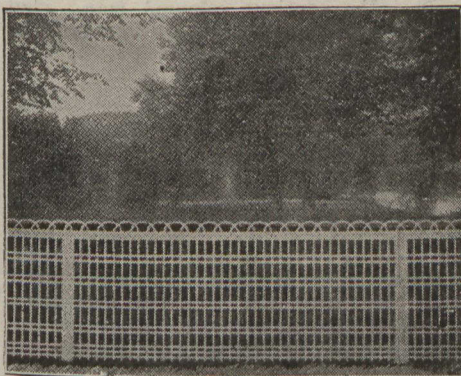
Members of the Victoria Real Estate Exchange

Reference: The Dominion Bank.

Agents wanted all over Canada.

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FOR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, PARKS, CEMETERIES, TOWN LOTS AND LAWNS



Not only afford protection but add greatly to the appearance and value of the properties on which they are erected. Ideal Lawn Fence is not expensive.

It can be put up at a small cost by anyone. Will accomplish the same results in efficiency and appearance as an iron fence costing many times as much. A postal card will bring our catalogue 134 which shows and describes each Ideal Ornamental Product.

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WALKERVILLE - ONTARIO

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Interest payable (by coupons) half-yearly.

Debentures issued in sums of \$100.00 and multiples thereof for terms of three to ten years, or shorter periods if desired.

**Security to Debenture Holders**

Paid-up Capital and Reserve, nearly \$3,000,000. Total Assets, over \$6,000,000

**To Trustees and Executors**

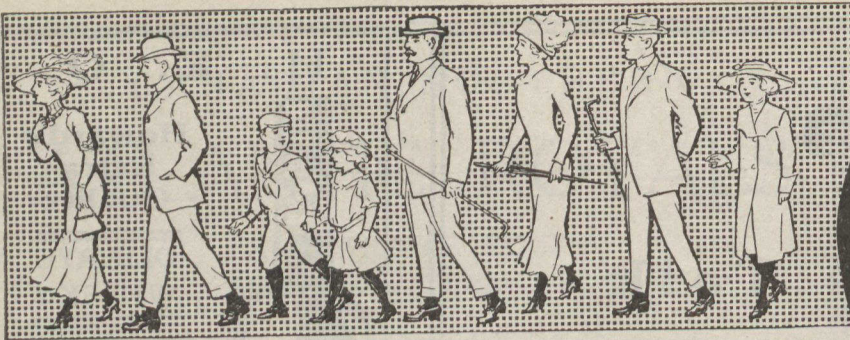
The deposits and debentures of this Company are especially authorized by an Order-in-Council, Province of Ontario, as an investment for trust funds.

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Let your next hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy, troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been *knit* into them---not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat their fit---how shape-retaining their method of manufacture---how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be---once you cease casual buying and demand only

71



**WARRANTED HIGH PENMAN'S GRADE HOSIERY**

# Pen-Angle

Full-Fashioned Seamless **Hosiery**

Made by Penmans Limited, Paris, Canada  
UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, HOSIERY

## In Lighter Vein

**Compensation.**—First Chicago Dame—"People take shorter wedding trips than they did formerly."  
Second Chicago Dame—"Perhaps—but they take them more often."—Life.

**Too Long.**—Brown—"I wonder if Smith would indorse my note?"  
Jones—"How long has he known you?"  
Brown—"A month."  
Jones—"I'm afraid that's too long."  
—Chicago News.

**True Chivalry.**—The Earl of Balcarres had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal. He once surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favourites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated courtesies, he was walking away, when the woman called after him: "Eh, my lord, the bag's unco' heavy. Would ye be sae kind as to help me on to my back wi' it?"—which he did forthwith, when the culprit decamped with profuse thanks.

**Too Imaginative.**—Magistrate—"And what was the prisoner doing?"  
Constable—"E were 'aving a very 'eated argument with a cab driver, yer worship."  
Magistrate—"But that doesn't prove he was drunk."  
Constable—"Ah! But there weren't no cab driver there, yer worship."—London Opinion.

**Just That Bad.**—Bookseller (having taken an order for notepaper)—"Have you read 'Pebbles,' sir? Had a wonderful sale."  
The Author of "Pebbles"—"Has it? I think I could write as good a book myself."  
Bookseller (always prepared to agree with a customer)—"Do you? Well, I really believe our boy could, sir."—Punch.

**Well Said, Mr. Allen!**—A metropolitan matron once ventured to interrogate James Lane Allen as to the *raison d'être* of his state of celibacy.  
"Are you a bachelor from choice?" she queried.  
"Yes," came the answer with disconcerting promptness from the famous author.  
"But isn't that—er—rather ungracious and ungallant?" protested the fair inquisitor.  
The novelist smiled.  
"You must ask the ladies," he suggested gently; "it was their choice, not mine."—Woman's Home Companion.

**The Easiest.**—"So you claim to be a literary man, eh?"  
"Yes, sir. I wrote that book: 'A Dozen Ways to Make a Living.'"  
"And yet you are begging!"  
"Yes, sir; that's one of the ways."—Houston Post.

**The Horrible Uncertainty.**—"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."  
"Sure, boss, ah knows dat," replied the cautious coloured man, "but ah don't know how soon he's going to stop barkin'."—Success Magazine.

**Rushed.**—"Why did you break into the house in the middle of the day?" asked the magistrate.  
"Well," said the accused, "I had several others to cover that evening."—London Evening Standard.

**Over Conscientious.**—Dumpleton—"You're sending your daughter to a fashionable school, aren't you?"  
Von Blumer—"Yes."  
"How does she like it?"  
"Fairly well, but she complains that she has no time to study."—Life.

**A Modern Proposal.**—Frost—"Darling, when in the course of human events I become a divorced man, how would you like to be the girl who receives my alimony?"—Life.

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Vol. XIII.

April 19, 1913

No. 20

# Personalities and Problems

No. 25—Hon. Charles Wilson Cross

*The Suave and Silent Director-General of Liberal Forces in the Alberta General Elections on April 17th*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ON a summer's evening, in 1900, there was a little caucus of young men in a small room back of Tom Hourston's fur store in Edmonton. The writer of this article was one of them. The rest were young Liberals. Most of the plain talking at that meeting to organize the young Liberals of Edmonton was done by a slim, silent young man who stood with one foot on a chair and in a slow, hesitant style told the audience the tremendous importance of getting into the game of politics in an organized way. It was a poor speech. But it made a good impression. "Charlie" Cross was a comparatively unknown man in that little town of 1,500 people on the Saskatchewan. The most that anybody knew of him then was that he was W. B. Short's partner in the firm "Short and Cross," that he was a university graduate and a Liberal up to the hilt.

Calling on Mr. Cross one day—he had little to do, for most of the polyglot clients were being handled by Mr. Short—I found him calculating chances. He said that he was waiting. Something would happen in that part of the world that never happened anywhere else in Canada.

"There will be a city of twenty thousand people here before long," he said, slowly, over a big pipe. "Don't you think so?"

I looked out of the window at the dog-leg street where a pack of half-breeds went rollicking by on lean cayuses and a gang of sheepskinned Galicians swirled into Block X on the river bank. It was an hour of sunshine between spasms of rain that for three months had been swamping the scanty crops on the hills round about the furpost town with no railway and one cable ferry and an iron bridge. Edmonton was beautiful. But Edmonton was down in the mouth. Everybody was poor—except John McDougall and Dick Secord, whose three-storey store up the street was regarded with the same awe as the Pyramids of Egypt. The Ross Bros. were coming along pretty well in hardware. Nobody else seemed to have any money. The town was wallowing in mud and the little poplars along the main street were drenched with rain. But Edmonton was amazingly beautiful. And as Charlie Cross gazed out of his dingy, mean, little office he admitted that.

But he wasn't exuberant over the scenery. He was far more interested in half-breeds and Galicians. "All the half-breeds vote for Oliver," he said, in his odd, crisp manner. "I don't know what we'll do with the Galicians yet."

HE was thinking politics, a young lawyer in a land of almost no politics. It was time to organize. Other men might be absorbed in mere crops and buildings and population and the new gospel of learning to live in a new country. C. W. Cross had his eye on the growth of government. He very probably had it on a Cabinet position. But at that time Alberta had no Cabinet, for it was not yet a province. He could wait. But he worked while he waited.

"I've told Frank Oliver," he repeated, "that we must organize to get the vote out. Here's an election coming on this fall. There's no machinery for handling it. He says he doesn't need any. Well, so far as getting him in is concerned he doesn't. He's bound to win. He's got everybody. But—"

Then he got lost in the future. There was a

time coming when merely personal politics would be out of date. There would be real party politics. Alberta would become a province. The old no-party Legislature at Regina would be effete. Either Edmonton or Calgary must be the capital of a new province with the boundary line running north and south.

And Charlie Cross intended to be a big factor in the politics of Alberta, because he was the first young Liberal in Edmonton that ever took hold of the business of organization with a real grip.

His going to Edmonton may have been something of an accident. He was born in Madoc, Ont., not far from a talc quarry; reared in a community where politics were the breath of life. He was educated at Toronto University and became somewhat famous on lacrosse teams as the "Slugger." He was a good student; and he played lacrosse like a real hard game. Afterwards he attended Osgoode Hall and became a barrister-at-law. Then he looked about for a practice. Just at that time Edmonton had become famous to the world as the outfitting town for the overland route to the Yukon. Cross may have intended to reach the Yukon; and he may not. Anyway, he went. When he got to the furpost town some of the Klondikers were trailing back; some were still on the way. Edmonton was still the gateway to a fabulous land, beginning to be the rendezvous of derelicts and of hundreds who came into the big valley to find homes under

the Sifton regime of immigration.

And in that muddy but splendid little town of much hope on the high banks of the big river Charlie Cross saw visions and dreamed dreams. He worked early and late—at politics. He was in politics as a game. In the election campaign of November, 1900, he was one of Oliver's organizers. Oliver won by a huge majority. Cross chuckled. This one-man majority could not last forever.

Meanwhile he had his way to make in law. There was no money in politics. There was mighty little in law—or in anything else. Edmonton hadn't even begun to take an interest in real estate. It was a land of poor men; and Charlie Cross had no objections to being poor. He never seemed to have any particular regard for money, except as a means to an end. He thought much more of his reputation as a lawyer which was yet to make. If he failed at law he might as well keep out of politics.

His first chance came when some boy was arrested on a charge of stealing a registered letter. Cross undertook to defend him. There was little or no money in the case even though he should win it. And that looked doubtful. Cross haled a host of witnesses. He got the sender of the letter, the clerk that registered it, the mail clerks who handled it—clear down to the man in whose hands the letter was last seen. With an ordinary lawyer the case might have been finished and the lad sent to jail in a single day. With Cross on the defence the case lasted ten days—and he got the boy off.

That was organization. Cross winning that case was the same Cross who wins elections in the game of politics. Very likely he has had scores of cases since that time of immensely more importance. But he will forget most of them when he remembers the boy and the registered letter.

IT was five years after the election of 1900 when Alberta became a province and held its first election. Mr. A. C. Rutherford, the amiable and much-respected lawyer of Strathcona, was asked to take the leadership of the Liberal party—and there was yet no Conservative party worth noticing. Charlie Cross went into the campaign as first lieutenant. The result was a sweeping walkover for the Liberals, who had all the prestige of Frank Oliver behind them and the organizing genius of Cross right in the camp. They still banked heavily on Oliver at Ottawa. But they were beginning to find out that Cross at Edmonton was a bigger force in the politics of Alberta than even a Dominion cabinet minister. C. W. Cross was taken into the Rutherford cabinet as Attorney-General. He has been there ever since—except for one year when he got out over the Alberta and Great Waterways deal.

Whenever a Dominion election came round there was Cross in the thick of it working tooth and nail to elect Frank Oliver, whose motto was, "For heaven's sake don't!" Cross believed in Liberalism. He never believed that you could cut off provincial politics from Ottawa. Does anybody as practical politics believe it? He believed in the Liberal ascendancy in the prairie provinces. He would extend it to British Columbia and Richard McBride; even to Manitoba and Sir Rodmond Roblin.

And the game must always be played. As in 1899, when he began to weave the web of organization, so in 1905, when he was regarded as the



The man who, born with political instincts, is in politics as a game, first, last and all the time.

supreme organizer and most astute counsellor of the Liberal party in Alberta; as the casual adviser of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Ottawa; as the alert, resourceful and aggressive winner of elections and the seductive maker of promises which his opponents accuse him of carrying out as seldom as possible. From Macleod in the cow-hills to the confines of Athabasca, and from the boundary of Saskatchewan in the main street of Lloydminster to the edge of the Rockies and beyond; in cow camps and mining camps; in new towns and old ones; in furposts and in farm settlements—Charlie Cross, the Attorney-General, was known and is still recognized as the most everlastingly live wire in Alberta politics. When Edmonton became a city and the capital and the home of many strange people that had to be taught how to vote, Charlie Cross was just as much known to the crowd as in the day when he stood with one foot on a chair to organize the young Liberals in the fur-store.

SINCE that day Alberta politics has changed faster than the population of Calgary or Edmonton. Politicians have changed with it. Cross has changed; yet he is still the same astute Charlie that he was in the year 1900—and more. He has been in the forefront of every move made by the Liberals. He has anticipated every attack from the Conservatives. He knows the rules of the game. And he can make an occasional rule to suit himself if the old ones are ineffective.

Nobody at this distance pretends to know all that is either right or wrong about the Liberals of Alberta. In seven years of power they have had all the chance to be wrong that there possibly could be, because the Conservatives, always in phantom Opposition, have had nothing to do but shoot up the Government. No one doubts that the Liberals have done a great deal to keep Alberta in the line of progress. There is no doubt that in the matter of railways and telephones and roads and bridges and the extension of courts and the claims of the farmers and the rights of the workingman and the needs of the miners, the Government under both Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Sifton has been tremendously busy. There was nothing else to do.

And it may be said that with such a majority

and such an organization and such an active personnel—much of it thanks to C. W. Cross—the Government of Alberta would have been set down as a poor "outfit" if it had not made advances along with the country that was bound to go ahead even with the worst of administration. In seven years the railway mileage of Alberta has grown from 1,600 miles to 3,055 miles. Railway bonds have been guaranteed up to \$25,000,000. The province now has 17,000 miles of government-owned telephone system, representing an increase of 4,000 miles in 1912. The north has been opened up. Edmonton is now linked up with Athabasca Landing 100 miles north and with Tete Jaune Cache to the far west. Three transcontinental lines now converge upon Edmonton, the first to strike there in 1905 being the Canadian Northern. The river has been spanned by great railway bridges belonging to two corporations. One of them has made it possible to unite Edmonton and Strathcona. Street railways have been built. A university has been established at South Edmonton. The new Legislature has been built. Government House has been completed. Naturally more of the progress has been reflected at the Capital than anywhere else; in spite of which Calgary has passed Edmonton in population and trade—though how long it will continue so to do is pretty well figured out by Charlie Cross, who still has his eye on the ultimate north and the Peace River country now being edged by railway lines.

And it is in the railway programme that the Government and C. W. Cross have been most in the limelight. It was bound to be. The west has always clamoured for more railways. It never has enough. When all other utilities are fairly well administered there is always the basic demand from people, people everywhere—for more roads and highways.

Hence the Alberta and Great Waterways deal of 1909. The transcontinental systems of this country had all they could do to look after the country already tapped by their lines. They were building with feverish haste in competition, east and west and south and north and all directions between to stake off their respective territories and to give the people service. They were willing to let the north

country wait awhile; which so far as the rest of Canada—in fact so far as the welfare of the west is concerned—it might very well afford to do.

But people were trailing in; over the route broken first by the furpacks and in 1898 by the Klondike overland brigade. No government could keep them out. Alberta was the highway. People were raising cattle and crops without a railway to get their cattle and crops out. Alberta needed a new railway. The Government proposed to give it. The A. and G. W. was organized. Bonds were sold by the Alberta Government. The money was in the bank—millions of it.

THEN came a split in the Liberal ranks organized by C. W. Cross. It was one of those involved family affairs that the country at large knows very little about. It began in a dispute over the use of the union label. It ended in accusations by enemies of the Attorney-General both in the party and the Opposition that the Alberta and Great Waterways road was designed to enrich the Minister and his friends by the acquisition of prospective townships along the route which in time they would unload at a huge profit. The Government contended that this was absurd; for under the Dominion homestead law no land in the Peace River country could be bought by anybody.

However, the ruction was big enough to smash the Government. Premier Rutherford retired and Mr. Justice Sifton, of Calgary, was called to form a new government. In the new cabinet C. W. Cross—was an absentee. The only member of the old cabinet left was Duncan Marshall, still Minister of Agriculture. The Attorney-General retired to the ranks. His critics said that he was probably done for.

But Charlie knew better. He had only been getting his wind. He knew how to retire as gracefully as any man. He kept quiet—and studied the game and worked at law. Meanwhile a Royal Commission investigated the charges against the Rutherford cabinet. The cabinet was exonerated. The money was still in the bank for the bonds that were sold. Premier Sifton decided to apply the money for other expenditures. The former Attorney-General

(Continued on page 22.)

## A Black Fox Skin

*Tale of a Land in Which it Was a Capital Crime to Rob Either a Cache or a Trap*

By E. A. TAYLOR

THE slender little body lay on the snow, frozen stiff, and held in a steel trap. It was a black fox, whose skin, undressed, is worth one thousand dollars. The trap was set by Snow Creek, in one of the world's silent places, the sub-Arctic of Canada in the great Mackenzie River district. It is mainly a flat land with many rivers, little and big, emptying into the Mackenzie. Between them a dense, swampy forest of stunted trees covers the land, chiefly birch and willow, with long stretches of the dark foliated pine and spruce.

It is a land without roads or trails, except the rivers, which, during the eight months' winter are travelled by the dog trains, while in the short summer they are waterways for the Indian's canoe and the white man's steamer, which comes down the eight hundred miles of lonely river and lake that part the lower Mackenzie from the outposts of civilization to collect the furs from the Hudson Bay posts, and bring supplies to the few white men who live there.

The black fox's trail had marked the snow across the creek and up a smaller stream that entered it; here were more traps, all empty, though round several the tiny footprints showed how the fox had circled them, tempted, yet hesitating, and then gone on to meet his death by Snow Creek.

The snow crunched sharply as a man came down the little creek on snowshoes. He wore the dress of the country, a long skirted, hooded grey coat, with a bright woollen sash, and deerskin leggings and moccasins, but the eager eyes that noted the fox's trail were those of a white man. Roy Leed had left Winnipeg, a headstrong boy of seventeen, two years before, because he was weary of the routine of school and the mild restraints of his home. He had come north in a reckless seeking for adventures, as clerk to an agent of the Hudson Bay Company, and there he had resented reproof for some slight neglect of duty so bitterly, that he found himself adrift, eight hundred miles from a white man's world. He had started work as a trapper, being supplied with an outfit and a winter's provisions by the factor at Fort Gray River. This was

the usual custom, for there were few free trappers, that is, men who were not in debt to the Hudson Bay Company or its smaller rivals, and so could take their furs where they pleased, often getting more for them. This perpetual credit system suited the Indians, an improvident race with a high sense of honour, but Roy found it intolerable. For the first time in his life he worked hard and steadily, and now he recognized the black fox's trail near his traps with a hope that half-choked him. One thousand dollars! Even if he did not get near that, there would be enough to buy his freedom, and take him home, far wiser than when he left it. So from trap to trap he hurried, almost sick with alternate hope and fear—and found the last one empty. And just beyond his trapping line, he followed the trail to where the black fox lay dead in Brown Moose's trap. Brown Moose, the best trapper and richest Indian in his band, to-night his traps held a treasure of fur that would quite satisfy him even if the black fox were not there. Need he know that it had ever been there? A few flakes of snow were falling, would they be enough to cover the trail of a thief? In a moment of madness Roy freed the fox from the trap, and fled, the stiff body held tightly in his arms.

IN his heart he knew his detection was certain, and the native law on the Mackenzie gave death to a man who robbed another's trap. Still Roy fled with long strides, down Snow Creek, and on to broad Snow River, three miles up it he went, until he passed the mouth of gloomy Ghost River, and stopped at his lonely little hut. It was built like all houses in the region, Indian or white, of small logs chinked with mud. It had two rooms, dog stable and dwelling room, the last furnished with an old box, a stove, and bunk with blankets. Roy hitched his dogs to the sledge, packed his scanty stores on it—he had lived for months on the fish he speared through a hole in the ice of the river, and the smallest ration of potatoes and unsweetened

tea, until he had all the longing for something sweet that comes to civilized men away from all sweets, and in a land where drink is absolutely forbidden—a wise law which accounted much for the peace among the Indians.

ROY hid the stolen skin on the sledge, and started. He could not go down Snow River, with the fort at its mouth where McPhail, the factor, who had dismissed him, ruled, for by the fort were the Snow River Mission building, and the village where Brown Moose's band lived. So he meant to go, as he had gone before, up Ghost River, tabooed by Indian superstition. This would bring him to Fort Gray River after a twenty-mile journey—and other way meant forty—and give him time to dispose of his plunder, buy stores, and get a good start before his pursuers arrived.

As he started the sound of shoutings broke the stillness, and two sledges came down Snow River with a fir tree lashed between them, and a score of Indian boys pulling, while as many girls guided the load with poles, and a crowd of very little children climbed on the tree and fell off with shrieks of laughter. Roy knew they were scholars at the Mission school, whom something had evidently made forget the dignity which Indian children rarely lose even in their play. Now they stopped to tell him that they were taking home a Christmas tree, something that had never been seen in the district before. It was to be set up in the school-house with a tinsel star and glittering wonders that had come from the far-off south in big boxes the last summer. Then they rushed on, too excited to notice his odd silence. He followed, to find them in a fear-silenced, huddled group at the mouth of Ghost River, staring up its pine-shadowed ice-way, where, they thought, their dead walked.

From Little Fox, Brown Moose's son, Roy heard that a tiny girl of four, playing wild tag round the sledges, had suddenly darted up the haunted river. "She never come back," said the boy, fearfully. "They who are under the ice will pull her down to them through it."



"Wait here till I come back," said Roy, who had all the contempt of his white blood for Indian superstitions. He left his dogs and hurried up the river, soon overtaking the runaway, who laughed and prattled of Christmas as he picked her up in his arms, a cuddling bundle of grey cloth and fur. He remembered a little sister he had left at home, and suddenly he knew that he could never go back to her and his mother, never face his father—a thief. Dazed by the thought of his madness, he came back to the big river and found his dogs alone there; the children had been afraid to wait.

HE wrapped the child in his sleeping robe and tied her on his sledge, trying to plan some way to undo his crime. He could not think of escaping to Gray River now, for he could neither leave the child nor risk taking her so long a journey through the cold, which was now beginning to grow more bitter every minute. Down the river he ran beside his dogs, till they reached Snow Creek. It was quite dark and fifty below zero, as Roy stopped. He meant to replace the black fox in the trap, then take the child on to the village. But as he sought the hidden fur the intense cold and the deep sleep the child had fallen into frightened him. Little children were very easily killed, he thought, vaguely, and afraid to delay by going up the creek, he hurried on down the river, forgetting for the moment that he was a thief and in danger of detection.

Before Snow Fort he saw a grey mass of men. They came swiftly towards him, Brown Moose leading with his musket levelled.

"Don't shoot!" cried Roy, stopping and holding up his hands, "I've got a kid here."

A boy, Little Fox, darted out of the shadows. Roy gave him the wrapped-up child as the men came round him. They were all Indians except one white man, Texas Jack, a lean, soft-speaking American, who had married Brown Moose's sister and was McPhail's assistant at the fort. But McPhail himself was evidently away, and Roy realized with a sick fear at his heart that he was entirely at the mercy of the man he had robbed.

Without speaking the Indians searched the sledge, and Brown Moose soon pounced on the black fox, and glared threateningly at Roy.

"Oh, yes, I took it," said the boy, with sullen indifference. "Go ahead and do what you like, I have nothing to say."

An Indian drew his arms behind him, and tied them fast with a thong. Roy's soul was cowed with the fear of death so near, but he walked steadily on with his captors, for Brown Moose was watching him, longing to see him falter and show himself afraid.

Then he was at the fort standing with his back to a blank wall, and Texas Jack was saying, "If you've anything to say, you had better say it mighty quick, for I guess you know we're going to shoot you in half an hour."

Roy held his voice carefully steady as he answered, "The dogs and everything I have belong to the factor at Fort Gray River. See that he gets them, that's all."

Someone tied a bandage tightly round his eyes, and he choked back the longing to struggle and beg for a minute more of sight. Memories of the Indian belief that the man who dies owing money or service to anyone is shut from all honour hereafter, came to him. Suddenly he knew how much had been done for him, and how little he had done for those who loved him best, at home. And it was too late to pay anything now, he could hear the firing party making ready, and his heart sobbed brokenly, "God, I'm sorry, I'm sorry; but I can't pay now; and don't, please don't ever let mother know how I died."

Then a sharp voice with a Scotch burr in it spoke, "Preserve us all, what does this mean? Ye

all know very well that I'll have no law-breaking among the folk who trap for the Company. Jock, man, I'm fair ashamed of you, lending a hand to such doings, and ye a white man. And I'm thinking, Brown Moose, my laddie, that ye had better keep out where I can see ye, with that gun. Pete, man, ye can bring the prisoner on to my office, and we'll have everything done decently and in order."

Pete, a big, sullen half-breed, uncovered Roy's eyes and led him to the factor's office. McPhail was the magistrate for the district, a precise-mannered man who was nevertheless very capable in dealing with the rough world he lived in. Roy answered "guilty" to his charge, and listened wearily to his careful examination of the witnesses. He was too unnerved by the ordeal of those minutes when he had waited blindfolded for death, and too sick with the shame of his position, to be able to say anything in his own defence when McPhail questioned him.

"I took the black fox," he said, at last, in what sounded a sullen voice. "You found it where I hid it, and what more's wanted?"

"Weel, I'd like to know why ye didn't go down Ghost River instead of coming this way?"

Roy felt he had been standing there a very long time, for men to look at and call a thief. He had forgotten the child, so he only said, indifferently,

his education and chances in life, all wasted on a thief. Yet his dungeon-prison, with its dark solitude and irons, seemed a part payment for his crime.

On the fifth morning he heard a rapid musket firing, and knew it must be Christmas Day, for the fort and village were answering each other's salutes. Then his prison door was partly opened and Pete spoke to Texas Jack outside. "Every soul for a hundred miles will be at that there Christmas tree," he growled, "and you can bet your life I'm not going to miss everything staying here a-guarding a skunk thief."

"He'll be the only creature left in the fort if you go," said Jack; "but a grizzly bear couldn't break out of his prison."

"I'll fix that he can't," muttered Pete, as he went in.

Dazzled by the light of the lantern in his eyes, Roy obeyed the gruff orders without realizing what they meant until his hands were locked to the floor beside his feet, and Pete had gone. The prisoner looked round him helplessly. Had there been a show of justice in this additional punishment, he could have endured it, he thought, but as it was, his new-born repentance was swept away in a raging hate.

Fourteen hours' later he lay huddled on the floor.

He had suffered a good deal that long Christmas Day in his cruelly-cramped position, but cold, fasting, and weakness had brought a merciful numbness, and he lay still, watching with dull eyes a hook in the logs overhead. A sea of black despair had flooded his soul, and he meant to make a noose of his sash and die, when they set him free.

A MAN came into the prison with a light, Texas Jack. "This is a sure skunk trick of Pete's," he said, as he freed the prisoner.

Roy neither moved nor spoke and Jack frowned. "A nip of whisky would just fit in here," he said; "but as we can't get a drop, I'll see what I can do."

He went out and Roy crawled painfully to where the lantern stood and hugged it to him, for he felt starving for warmth. Then, as he heard Jack returning, pride gave him strength to struggle to his feet, and he leant heavily against the wall, his muscles aching fiercely at being forced into action.

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

"You're smart all right, kid," said Jack, cheerfully, as he came in with a steaming can. "Here's some tea with ginger and sugar, too."

Ginger takes the place of alcohol as a universal panacea in northern Mackenzie, and sugar is the greatest luxury there. But Roy made no movement, and Jack added, impatiently: "Don't you hear me?"

Roy looked at him, with madness in his eyes. "I hear you," he answered; "but I've obeyed the last order I shall here. You can flog me or do anything you like. See if you can break me."

"That's fool talk," said Jack. "You've got education and some sense, and you must know you don't mean a word you say. Here, drink this, and I'll get you something to eat, and you'll feel better."

Roy took the can and deliberately flung its contents in Jack's face. Jack stumbled back, then left the prison without a word. Roy laughed weakly as he sat down to knot his sash. After his outbreak he thought it would be wise to die as quickly as he could. Then he heard someone coming to the door, and moving forward with the insane idea of attacking them, he stood still suddenly, for his visitor was a woman. She brought a realization of civilization and Christmas as she stood in that prison door, her parted furs showing her white waist with red ribbons at her throat, and neat dark skirt. Roy knew her, El-Soo, Jack's Indian wife. She had been educated in the mission school, and usually

(Concluded on page 34.)



"What does this mean?"

"I don't remember. What does it matter?"

"Hum, ye don't seem to realize the seriousness of your position. Seeing ye have no one else to defend ye, I'm trying to find some extenuating circumstances." He paused, then, as Roy said nothing, he added: "I'll find ye guilty because that's the only thing I can do, but I won't give sentence for a week; the police patrols can't be here for three, so there's no hurry, and I want to investigate your case a little. You're as wrong-headed a lad as I ever met, but ye live decent and are a good worker."

Roy heard him without interest; he did not know in the least what was the legal penalty of his crime, and as he felt he could never hold up his head among men again, he did not care if he was sent to prison for one year or twenty.

THEN he went with Pete to the fort lockup, a dark hutch almost underground, which kept anyone from freezing there, though it was very cold. Its main furniture was a heap of heavy chains fastened to staples in the floor. Pete locked the shackles on his prisoner's ankles, and left him, while Roy looked almost gratefully at the frosty walls; at least they would hide him from the sight of men.

For four days he saw no one but Pete, who brought him his food, fish and water. Yet he was not given up to despair, though he marked on the floor with fish bones the words, "How much owest thou?" reckoning up the love and care of his home,



On March 29, the Remains of the Late Lord Wolseley Arrived at Victoria Station, London, and Were Conveyed to the War Office on a Gun Carriage. Later They Were Buried at St. Paul's Cathedral, Where Rest Many of the Empire's Great Soldiers and Sailors.

## A Recollection of Lord Wolseley

*How the Great Soldier's Men Were Held Up by a Red River Farmer*

ON the last day of March the Governor-General of Canada, representing his nephew, King George, attended the funeral of a soldier who more than forty years ago was better known in Canada than he was in England. The late Viscount Wolseley was buried in St. Paul's. From the War Office to the cathedral the funeral cortege of the late Field-Marshal threaded its way up the Strand, on to Fleet St., and up Ludgate Hill in the gloom of a yellow fog. Hundreds of military bandsmen played the Dead March in Saul. Twelve of the most distinguished Field Marshals, Admirals and Generals were the pall-bearers. The body was buried alongside the tombs of Nelson and Wellington. No greater honour has ever been conferred upon a British soldier since Tennyson wrote:

"Bury the Great Duke  
Mid an empire's lamentations."

Lord Wolseley was as famous in the military annals of the Empire as either Lord Roberts or Lord Kitchener. He saw distinguished service in India and China before he was sent to Canada the year of Confederation, and three years later commanded the Red River expedition in the first Riel Rebellion. In 1873 he commanded British troops on the Gold Coast of Africa against the Ashantees, for which he received the thanks of Parliament, a grant of \$125,000 for "courage, energy and perseverance," and the freedom of the city of London. He was Governor of Natal in 1879; Adjutant-General in 1882; Commander-in-Chief of expeditionary force to Egypt, and of the Gordon Relief expedition in 1884, when he was raised to the Peerage; Commander of the Forces in Ireland 1890-95; Field Marshal in 1894; Commander-in-Chief of the Army from 1895 till 1900.

It was a mere coincidence that the Governor-General of Canada was there to represent the King at the funeral of the great soldier who, as Sir Garnet Wolseley, was the commander of forces in the Riel Rebellion of 1870.

THE following reminiscence of the deceased soldier was given the writer by Captain L—, a grizzled, tough old woodsman, capable of turning his hand to anything, and who, in spite of his nearly seventy years, runs a summer steamer on the Georgian Bay, and so is "Captain" to the whole countryside.

"So Sir Garnet Wolseley's gone," he said. "Lord Wolseley, did you say? Well, he was Sir Garnet in 1870, when I met him. It was the time of the Red River Rebellion, when Thomas Scott was murdered by the rebels at Fort Garry—that's Winnipeg city now—Sir Garnet Wolseley went with twelve hundred men to restore order, and as the C. P. R. wasn't built then, beyond Fort William, they had four hundred miles of wilderness to get themselves and their stores through. They took a hundred and fifty men from round here, lumbermen and trappers, to find roads or make them, and I was one of them.

"I tell you, you people who go round in steam-boats and Pullman cars don't know what travelling means. We went by way of Rainy Lake and River, which meant we had to carry the big, heavy boats, as well as everything else, over everlasting portages, most of them miles long, and as steep and rough as

you could make them, for we were away off all the regular trails.

"No, I can't give you any poetry descriptions of that trip. You can buy lots of books that have got the thing down fine. It was my work, I was paid to do it, and of course I did do it. But I was going to tell you the thing I remember best of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"There was eight of us boys looking to see if we couldn't get across some country without carrying everything up some rocks that looked as high as a skyscraper, and steep as a house, and then we came on a lane of land, most a mile long, cleared of bush, and leading right to the river we were trying to get at. But it was all cultivated like a garden, and out of a log cabin in it came an old man and two young ones, all great, tall fellows, with fair hair and blue eyes. We spoke to them in English, which they did not understand, so one of our crowd, who was from Quebec, tried him in French. He answered that all right, though his French was some European kind that rather stuck our man sometimes.

"It seemed the old man hadn't got on with his government in Europe, and he had come out in the woods to be away from all kings and warring. I was real sorry that we had to bring an army on to him when he was fixed up so nice and peaceful, for his farm was a picture, and he was friendly—asked us all in to dinner, saying his boys would like to hear some news of the world. Just fancy, they were two fine young fellows, Canadian-born, yet they didn't know the first thing about their own country, and not much about the European ones—only what the old man had told them, and what they had read—he had a whole shelf of books.

"Of course, before we went in for dinner, we had to explain, and you should have seen the old man's face change. He and the boys were in the house like a flash, the door and windows were made fast. They all three had their rifles through shot-holes, and the old man was swearing that he'd shoot the entire detachment before they should make a road of his place.

"Well, we didn't feel called on to die just then, so we went back and told the English officers the kind of proposition they were up against. And Sir Garnet went with some of them to talk the old man round. They knew his European French, so could make him understand better, but it took half an hour to make him see it was a fool thing to try and fight a country like Canada. No, I can't tell you what they said, for I didn't understand the language. You'll have to get a regular story-writer to write it out, they can always tell you what anybody said, whether they were there or not. Our Quebec man just told me the old man's language was real picturesque and plentiful, and Sir Garnet's officer was very patient and had lots of what you call diplomacy. So after we had sat around for half an hour, grinning to think of an English army being held up by an old farmer and two boys with guns, the boys came round, and they coaxed the old man to undo the door and come out, and let us pass.

"There wasn't anything of that farm left when we had marched through, dragging the boats and stuff. Of course they had compensation for it all, but it seemed a shame all the same to have to do it. The two boys didn't mind, they went on with us quite a piece, talking about the expedition and everything. But the old man looked broken-hearted as he stood there afterwards, looking at the ruin we had left."

A LETTER OF WOLSELEY'S.

The following letter, still preserved as the relic of a man who was always courteous, was received nearly forty years ago by Mr. George Roden Kingsmill, who represented the *Toronto Globe* on the Red River Expedition and was afterwards Canadian Commissioner in London, Eng.:

Dijon, France, April 8th, 1876.

Dear Mr. Kingsmill:

I was so occupied during my short stay at home that I had not time to answer the letters received from my friends, so I took them all abroad with me, and I now write to thank you most sincerely for your very kind letter, and the many nice things you said in it. I always consider myself quite as good a Canadian as many living in the Dominion, and I shall ever look back with the greatest pride and pleasure to my connections with it. I wrote to Colonel Denison's brother, who was my A. D. C. at Fort Garry, very lately, and I am looking forward to the pleasure of seeing the former, as I hear he intends coming to England this year.

I am now on my way south in search of the sun as I found the cold April winds very trying in England after the grilling I had lately had near the Equator.

Again thanking you for the very kind way in which you wrote me, I remain,

Very faithfully yours,

G. T. WOLSELEY.

## The High Cost of Living

*Some Local Causes Therefor*

By HUGH S. EAYRS

EVERYBODY is talking about the high cost of living. And the talk is universal because the grievance is common. Rich and poor alike are awake to the fact of an unusually high tariff. According to a recent pronouncement of the Labour Department at Ottawa, a still further advance took place during 1912, though in the year 1911 prices reached an exceedingly high level. Taking the 287 representative articles included in the record of the Department of Labour, the rise in 1912 over 1911 amounted to 6.5 per cent. Information collected each year from 1890 to the present time shows that in no year, not even excepting the very difficult year of 1907, were prices so high as in 1912. So that the phrase, "high cost of living," is no mere bogey. It is a very stern reality. How to deal with it is the question. We are all casting about for reasons for its existence, and we end by comfortably fixing the blame upon agents beyond our control. But, in the main, the causes are local. Some of them we would not obviate if we could, but others, if they cannot be

nullified, can and must be grappled with.

One of the primary reasons for the excessive cost of living is our ever-increasing immigration. That is one of the things we do not blame, for we would not be without it. Last year's gathering in, from nearly every nation in the world, was roughly 390,000. The chances are that this year's figure will be near the half million. Such an influx of people, more than half of whom are coming to live in conditions that are entirely novel, means—if it is not to have any influence upon the cost of commodities—that all those incoming people must produce what they consume. It is apparent and logical that they do not. Therefore the number of consumers is increasing by leaps and bounds, while the increase in producers is conspicuously slower. Result, a greater demand, and consequent upon that, increased prices. So much for a cause and effect that is beyond the control of the man in the street.

As a corollary to this there is the fact of increasing consumption, which is responsible for in-

creased imports. We provide, throughout the Dominion, everything that is necessary for living. But we do not provide in large enough quantity, or high enough quality to satisfy our needs. The total of our foreign trade for the eleven months ending February, 1913, was \$923,277,061. When March is added, the billion mark will be exceeded. Of the \$923,277,061, our imports were \$602,397,203, while our exports were only \$320,879,848.

It requires no political economist to see that it is highly desirable we should manufacture instead of importing, since home industries will lower the schedule of prices. To the extent of many million of dollars business and living necessities could and should be produced in the Dominion. They will when the means for their production are provided for the workers of Canada. Hence, every penny expended upon new steel for our railroads, and new facilities for our towns and cities is money well spent, inasmuch as it is productive, ultimately, of a lower tariff. This fact is intimately relevant to the question of Canadian securities, purchased by the foreign investor. In a way we are at the mercy of the man who purchases Canadian securities. We are, but we ought not to be. For if someone in Canada had saved a like amount to that invested by an outsider in the municipal debentures of a city, say, and himself invested it, the home investor and not a foreigner would be able to determine the progress of that city. And the summation of a city's enterprise means a decrease in the cost of living.

A SECOND important factor is the evil state of our country roads. This is a string that has been harped on by the many for a long time. From the man of millions to the man of the single dollar bills, the people recognize that the state of our roads is as disgraceful as it is inexcusable. What is its significance? Just this, that the farmer who has to bring his produce to the city over ten or twenty miles of ploughed mud—and even worse—whose horse and waggon suffers undue wear and tear in consequence, and whose delay in getting to market is assured, must put up the price of the article he has for sale. And the public suffers. But would it not be better to get right down to acknowledging the facts, and then try to remedy the evil? Our provincial and federal governments cheerfully guarantee to any amount the bonds of the railroads. Surely the state of our other and equally important means of transportation demands the like attention? The public is suffering because it will not spend money to provide good roads. There is a growing section that wants to spend its money in such providing. Something has been done along this line. One million dollars, it is estimated, will be spent in older Ontario this year. But this is not enough, considering the value of the traffic entering the larger Ontario cities. Other provinces are even more backward. When we discuss the matter we say, "Why doesn't the farmer get busy?" But he cannot be expected to construct good roads, alone and unaided.

An equally important factor in the situation is that of inefficient labour. The enormous demand, consequent upon the increasing need for manufactures, which, in its turn results from the ceaseless flow of immigration, necessitates the engagement of men who are new to their work. The facts of such newness and inefficiency are responsible for the employment of three men where two would suffice, were they competent. In no country, unless it be Australia, is this evil so manifest as in Canada. The haphazard engagement by the man who needs help, of the first man who applies, is based upon a wrong principle, for while it is true that skilled or unskilled, the applicant must earn and live, it is equally true that to go on engaging inefficient labour, and, consequently, surplus labour, means to the master a padded salary list, and a resultant general stringency of money.

THERE is another phase of this. We aver, in Canada, that we have so far Americanized, and systematized—the two terms are here synonymous—our business methods, that time-saving has been brought to a supreme point of excellence. The Canadian business man proudly boasts that he gets through as much business in one hour as the Britisher does in four. There is much truth in that statement. But are our business methods absolutely efficient and irremediably perfect? Why is it that you may go into an office and be kept waiting, wasting time, until it is the pleasure of some minor dignity to come and attend to you, what time Tom, Dick and Harry are discussing the chances of their pet hockey team for the Stanley Cup? Why is it that there are always so many people standing around exceedingly busy doing nothing? Time is money. If you kill time, you kill the goose that

lays the golden eggs.

Then, again, the high cost of living is in part sponsored by the undoubted extravagance of people in private life. Waste is a sign of the times. If it occurs in a large hotel, or a political banquet, the man in the street comments very forcibly thereupon—another example of our anxiety to place the blame anywhere but in the right place. It never occurs to us that there is an enormous waste going on right at our own table, and in our own house. But it is reasonable to suppose that if three animals are paid for instead of two, the demand for and the price of meat will go up in consequence. True, it does the butcher good. But Canada is not made up of butchers.

THE much-talked-of mixed farming is intimately connected with the cost of living. I believe that this principle is at last being taken up by our farmers. If it is not, it will be a very powerful agent in raising the tariff. It is very necessary that the wheat crop should be abundant. It is growingly more abundant. But there are other phases of the situation to consider besides the immediate present. *Nobis curae posteris.* You can farm some

wheat all the time. You can farm all the wheat some of the time. But you cannot farm all the wheat all the time. For two reasons. Because, first, it is impairing the soil. And secondly, because it means neglect of cattle farming. The cattle industry in North America is in a parlous condition. Both the United States and Canada will soon cease to export beef, unless there is a general adoption of mixed farming principles. At present our annual consumption is depleting the herds, and unless we increase the number of cattle, sheep and swine very materially, this depletion will become more and more pronounced. There has been a steady and serious decrease in the number of milch cows, beef cattle, sheep and swine. Instead, there should have been a large increase. A continuance of this state of affairs means that food of this class will grow steadily dearer in price.

That is my indictment against the people, against you and I. I do not apologize for mentioning facts so obvious. It is because they are so obvious that we shrug our shoulders at them. But the fact remains that many of the reasons for the high cost of living are local. As such they are our concern, your business and mine.



FOR a dramatic hour the veneer was rubbed off Canada's Parliament. After all, secular civilization is as near to barbarism as the most polished steel is to rust. Nations like metals have only superficial brilliancy. A few drops of the corroding acid—and the glitter is gone. Men cast aside the cloak of custom, and suddenly stand forth naked and human.

Parliament is divided on an issue worth while. Members have battled for principle rather than for party. They have aligned themselves on this naval programme conflict in accord with their aspirations for Canada and their conception of Empire.

Canadian Liberalism and Canadian Conservatism have never before since Confederation been engaged in fiercer conflict. It may be that Conservatism, in the flush of long-deferred victory, has become arbitrary. It may be that Liberalism has not yet learned that the business of an Opposition is to fight and be downed. Whatever it may be, it has engendered great party bitterness and passion. And, weary from the attenuated struggle, unable to reach compromise or decision, the Government has finally introduced closure. It was a tense dramatic scene—one that will live in the annals of Canadian history. The lessons of the past month were learned. At any moment temper might burst its bonds. The issue had been shorn of ethical considerations. It had settled down to sheer fight. Premier Borden recognized what was at stake. Denied by Nature the consummate skill and delicate diplomacy of a Macdonald or a Laurier, he moved, perhaps somewhat awkwardly, yet with exceeding care. Almost every phrase of his resolution was mollified with soft words, detailed explanations and courteous assurances. For the moment success seemed likely to crown his efforts. Opponents listened attentively—even respectfully—to his case. It was, at least, plausible, even from their standpoint.

THEN, like a bolt from the blue, unexpectedly, the storm broke in mad unrestrained fury. The crowded public galleries tightened and strained with the significance and suddenness of the shock. Passion unleashed swept over the two hundred men below with reckless abandon. Epithets and taunts were thrown across the floor in strident tones which rose above the ugly ominous roar of vocal sound. In vain the Speaker, white-faced and trembling, bade both sides come to order. In vain the Sergeant-at-Arms glanced nervously to right and left. The little pages, clustered in a group near the bar of the House, gazed ecstatically around them. Big men were boys again—and bad boys, too!

It was impossible to see, much less to describe, the details of the spectacle presented in Canada's Parliament. As well seek to follow the events transpiring concurrently in the four rings of a huge circus tent. But it produced a remarkable ensemble. When Premier Borden sat down, Sir Wilfrid Laurier arose. The veteran parliamentarian of the House was greeted with acclaim by his followers.

His face was flushed. He was poised to begin. But before the echoes of the cheers with which he was greeted had died away, they were suddenly enveloped in an upburst of counter-cheering from the other side of the Chamber. Then it was seen that Hon. Mr. Hazen, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was also on his feet, his usually benign countenance drawn into hard tense lines. For just a moment the two gladiators gazed full at one another. Mr. Hazen's eyes fell, but he held his ground. Sir Wilfrid's face was a study of calm expectancy. He knew he had his opponent beaten by a fraction of a second, and looked him long and steadily in the face. Then he turned to the Speaker and slowly inclined his head for recognition.

He was successful. In the lull which seemed to fall momentarily the Speaker spoke, according to the Liberal Chief the floor. With growing intensity the Liberal cheering broke out afresh. With mouth pursed for his opening sentence Sir Wilfrid raised his hand for silence. He was about to begin.

But it was the voice of Mr. Northrup that the House first heard. The member for East Hastings was holding a rule book above his head and extracting a manuscript from his breast pocket. "I rise to a point of order," he exclaimed. "I appeal from the ruling of the chair."

Then pandemonium broke. Sir Wilfrid, still standing at his desk, turned upon his latest contestant and slowly extended his arm toward him. "Shame!" he said, with tense emphasis. "Sit down," retorted the Premier and the Ministerial benches. The roar of angry sound was deafening. Wild and angry expletives were hurled to and fro across the floor. Men rose to their feet and shouted and screamed their anathemas. Nothing could be heard above the roar of two hundred throats shouting at once, each the bitterest exclamations which came to his lips. The air was surcharged with acrimonious clamour.

AMID it all Mr. Speaker rose and read the motion that Mr. Hazen be heard. "He never shall be," shouted the Liberals. "Take your medicine," screamed the Conservatives. Each individual fancy on either side chose its own word of opprobrium to blurt out. It was only the sound of the division bell which finally stopped the uproar. Then both sides recognized they had something to do. Party Whips raced up and down the corridors rounding up the faithful. Meantime an ominous silence had fallen upon the Chamber, broken only by the portentous murmur of thoroughly angry men gathered in groups on either side. Mr. Borden sat at his desk making a gallant effort to appear absorbed in a Government return. Sir Wilfrid was leaning forward over his desk, his fingers tapping the cover insistently. Not a few eyes were centered upon Hon. Dr. Pugsley, seated immediately to the right of his leader. From what they saw several Liberals seemed to gather hope.

They felt that they were never completely routed while the Napoleon of constitutional and forensic technique was in the House. They perceived that the member for St. John, apparently undisturbed and unruffled, was bent deep among the musty pages of some constitutional authority. So they hoped against hope.

The vote was taken. As was anticipated the Government carried its point with the party majority. But it had its incidents. Probably for the first time in parliamentary history the Prime Minister was greeted with a storm of hissing and cries of "Shame" when he rose to cast his vote. His face was flushed and his hands trembled. But his followers sought to atone for the indignities cast upon him and succeeded them with hearty cheering. Sir Wilfrid Laurier also met with a mingled reception. His face was white and set as he voted. "Let the hero come now," shouted the Liberals derisively when the vote was announced. Mr. Hazen rose, his lips moved, but he could not be heard. The Liberal benches were a cauldron of seething sound. In vain the Minister tried to raise his voice. Every effort only caused a steady crescendo in the roar of angry sound. Finally the Speaker sought to stay the tumult. Out of respect for the chair Sir Wilfrid signalled to his supporters to subside, and it was just possible for Mr. Hazen to move "that the previous question be now put."

Then rose Dr. Pugsley. The tumult now transferred itself across the chamber. Indignation and apprehension flitted from left to right. Dr. Pugsley waited—and smiled. Bye-and-bye came the lull he was waiting for. His visage was rubicund, but his voice was slow and suave. He had found an ancient rule which decreed that such a motion as Mr. Hazen had sponsored could not be put while the Commons were engaged upon a motion relating to the transaction of public business. Alas for

momentary Liberal hope! The Speaker promptly ruled him out. Thereupon Dr. Pugsley, still undismayed, expressed his readiness to submit authorities upon the point, but the Speaker gave assurance that he needed none. But even with his back to the wall the member for St. John is not to be sneered at. In unruffled tones he moved the adjournment of the House, a resolution always in order, and proceeded to speak upon it.

The sublime resourcefulness and daring of his subaltern brought back to the face of Sir Wilfrid the smile which had flitted when he was prevented from speaking. That smile spread into a broad grin as the speaker proceeded, but Dr. Pugsley's serious visage changed not one whit. With calm serenity he talked for half an hour till the six o'clock recess was reached. For the moment the situation had been saved. Liberalism had a breathing spell in which to figure out its changed course.

With wildly enthusiastic acclaim the Liberals now gathered on the floor of the chamber and cheered their leader, cheered Dr. Pugsley and chanted the strains of "O Canada." The galleries, still crowded and excited, stayed till the end. Many eyes scanned them—and stopped suddenly at the significant spectacle presented in the Senate gallery. Here were a coterie of white-haired, white-whiskered veterans waving their handkerchiefs and cheering like school boys!

A new feature to the situation suddenly loomed forth. What of the Senate? The Senate is usually a peaceful place, a preliminary paradise for profitable patriotism. Men become philosophical there and achieve attitudes of aloofness which are impossible in the combative House. But the Senate has demonstrated that it still has teeth. It barked in the gallery the other day. Will it bite?

Ottawa, April 12th.

H. W. A.



## Highbrows and "Best Sellers"

IT has become the habit, if not the "hall-mark," of literary high-brows to pour scorn upon the taste of the people. Their working maxim is—What the people like, is bad. All they want to know about a book, is that it "sells well." That finishes it. The great common people have put the impress of their approval upon it—they are willing to part with their hard-earned or easily-stolen "dough," as the case may be, in order to get the reading of it—the boiler-maker and the broker lie down alike on the Sabbath-afternoon sofa to wile away a pleasant hour or two with this latest "literary cigar," to quote the late Goldwin Smith. It must be poor stuff, concludes the highbrow. If it were good, they wouldn't appreciate it. Anyway any literature that is "liter-a-chu-ah" must be read in a sitting posture. It is not to be dozed over. It is to be studied and comprehended and worked out and divined and appreciated and understood and "read between the lines" and debated and "clubbed." Usually, if it can be grasped at one reading, it is "suspect."

I KNOW all about it; for I once felt that way myself. That was when I was about mid-way through my University course. "Popular fiction." That was my last word of contempt. Then I went one summer holiday on a visit; and they were reading Rider Haggard's "She." Of course, I pished and tushed and pooh-pooh-ed, and politely declined the loan of the book. I looked out of the window and far away, while they were telling how "thrilling" it was. Then it rained. And I got hold of the thing. And presently it stopped raining; but I did not stop reading. And I took little interest in anything until that compelling figure of fascination—She who must be obeyed—passed into the alternating flames that pulsed through the centre of the world—and connected with the wrong number. You remember. Since then I have followed the public taste in literature, and dipped into most things which it commends. I will not say that it has always been my taste. The public is a many-headed beast. It has a wide variety of tastes. No "popular" thing is popular with everybody. I am not the whole spirit—I am merely a member of a part of it. But I could fill this page with the names of popular books which I have read with avidity and whose impressions are with me yet. The books

which have entranced me may have been dull to others—their heroes may not have been mine.

WHY, the great Robert Louis Stevenson was a popular author. That is the way I first got acquainted with him, being attracted by the furore over "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Yet is there any high-brow of them all who will shoot out the lip of scorn at the style of "R. L. S.?" No; but the high-brow will tell you that the people loved Stevenson in spite of his style. They read him for "the story." This is like saying that the people love Murillo in spite of his style—they look at him for the picture. Or that they love Wagner in spite of his style—they listen to him for the music. Of course, the people are not technical painters or composers or writers. They do not know much about "brush-work" or harmonies or the polishing of sentences. They judge by results. That is the way I judge a pudding. Yet I think I am a fair judge of puddings. I couldn't make one; but I can tell a good pudding from a bad one. I do not know what ingredient has been left out or whether the cooking has been too rapid or too slow; and I don't want to know.

I am content to eat my pudding for the flavour.

NOW, of course, I know that a painter, a musician and a writer get a keen pleasure out of a perfect piece of work which the unprofessional consumer loses. It is just as a civil engineer said to me one day—"There is nothing I like to look at better than a perfect curve on a railway track." He had been making curves, more or less perfect, all his life; and he loved to see a good piece of work. I am a frequent enough writer myself to enjoy an effective style. A page of Goldwin Smith was always a delight to me, no matter what he might be saying. Largely for that reason to-day, I love Maurice Hewlett and hate Hall Caine. Yet Hall Caine is popular, you will say. He is. He is one of the popular idols which is not worshipped by my particular corner of the market-place. Yet I did like his Manx stories. Their rude force and realism made you forget his turgid and hackneyed style. In the same way, I enjoyed "The Garden of Allah" for what was in it, though I did long to use my "blue pencil" on its endless descriptions. But when Hichens gets out of plot-making and writes nothing but description—as in his magazine sketches—then there is nothing to enjoy.

TAKE this superior talk about Robert Service, whose books have suffered the shame of selling. I think that if even the high-brows were sincere, they would admit that they read those Klondyke poems with feelings of unholy delight. They were not polished. I think that I could have smoothed them up a bit myself. But they opened for me a magic door into a new world—a world of adventure and daring and vicarious hardship—and I hope that I shall never become so thin-blooded that I can no longer relish such fare. That is what makes the difference between Jack London and Jane Austen. Jack is all strength and Jane is all style. I like them both; but my mood in each case is very different. London seems to take you out into the red-blooded, surf-beaten, hard-hitting world, where you can fight with drawn knives and starve for weeks and feel biting cold and face imminent danger and miss death by a hair—and yet never leave your arm-chair and be pleasantly aware that the digestive processes which follow a good dinner are all the time going on! But when you call on the sedate Miss Austen, and she courts you into her tea-room, you know that absolutely nothing is going to happen which an English sninster could not talk about.

LONDON is popular and Miss Austen is not. Which merely goes to show that we people of hum-drum lives like adventure better than we do another variety of hum-drum. And what do the high-brows like? Are their lives so full of adventure that they seek the hum-drum? I would never think it myself. A cynical theory I am sometimes tempted to indulge in is that they like especially to prove that they can like something which we ordinary people cannot like. That establishes their superiority. But I do not really think this of them. That is only temper. I know they like what they say; for I like much of it myself. But where I quarrel with them is that they will not see the genuine likeableness of the other things—things a bit rough, things badly done, things careless of style—but things which have that in them which attracts the love of the people.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## OTTAWA ON THE WATER WAGGON



The City of Ottawa Some Time Ago Had a Serious Epidemic of Typhoid, and the Health Authorities Ordered That No More Drinking Water Should be Taken from the River. The City is Now Trying to Get an Adequate Supply from Artesian Wells. Meanwhile, the Ottawa Dairy Are Being Paid \$25.00 a Day for a Drinking-water Service, and the Bottled Water Concerns Are Coining Money. The Two Pictures Show the Water-waggon in Operation —on a Scale Never Before Known in Ottawa.



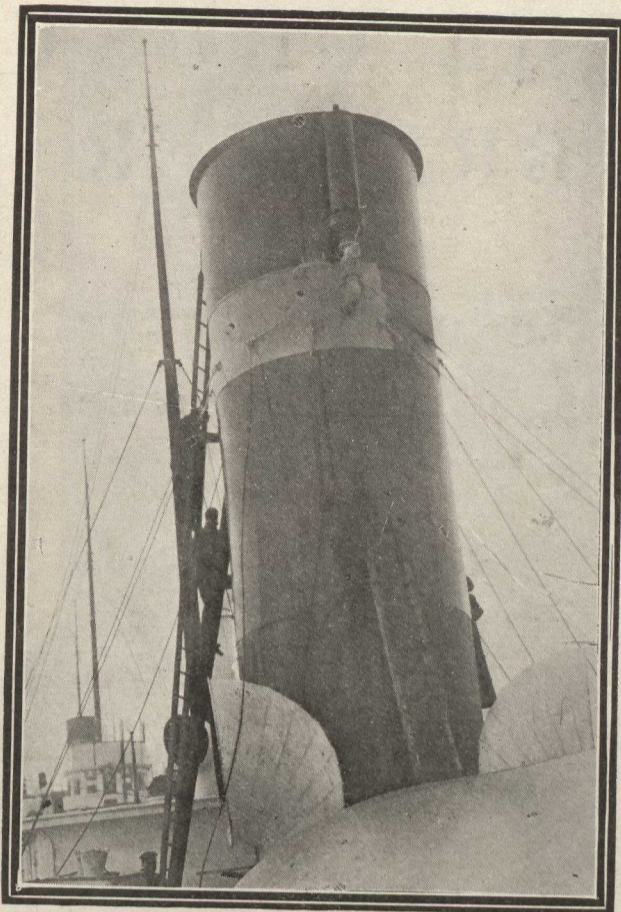
Sarnia Waterfront, Prior to the Opening of Navigation.

# Opening

**E**SCORTED by two puffing and panting little tugs, a mighty steel leviathan, one of the stately fresh-water passenger steamers, is swung from its winter moorings, amid much shouting of orders from anxious mates, sharp-whistled signals, handling of lines, and to the land-lubber's eye, confusion in general. Underneath the apparent chaos, however, there is a system. Slowly but surely the big boat swings majestically around, with the tugs snorting like terriers at the end of a leash. Up on the bridge the captain, spick and span in his gold and braid, grasps the whistle cord, a cloud of steam issues from the big whistle, a deep, resonant roar echoes over the river, answered by shrill blasts from the assembled shipping, the tugs cast off, and gathering headway every minute the huge monster forges steadily upstream on the maiden voyage of the season.

Navigation has opened on the Inland Waterways; at every port on the lakes vessels are casting off cable and line, government buoys have been placed in position, life-saving stations are open, and at night lighthouse and lightship cast over the darkened water guiding beams of yellow light. All winter long in ice-locked harbour, and snow-swept wharf the vast fleets of the inland marine have tugged somnolently at anchor and line, apparently forgotten by the busy world around them. Came a time, not long ago, when the geese started their northward flight; when every day the sun approached nearer and nearer the line, and from cities near and far, from sleepy little villages, and isolated rural districts, dunnage bag in hand, the sailors began to return.

**S**PRING was nearly here, and a hint of growing things in the air; from up at Mackinac and the Soo, from Duluth and Port Arthur, reports of ice conditions became daily more favourable, and it was time to fit out the transports of the lakes for that reddest of red letter days on the mariner's calendar, the Opening of Navigation. The engineers arrived first, donned overalls and canvas gloves, and descended into the bowels of the ship where, like old Vulcan himself, they hammered, sweated, and did all manner of strange technical things as they overhauled and repaired the big engines that had slept for three long months. Day after day the hold of the vessel resounded to the blow of the sledge, and all manner of metallic sounds, intermingled with an occasional hearty oath, for the crew of the after end were aboard, and the whole riverfront rejoiced accordingly. A week or so later the mates and the boys of the forward end came straggling along, tossed suitcase and "turkey" into convenient bunks, and began to make sougee. Now, sougee is washing powder and hot water, and it's great stuff to scrub with. Everywhere they made the stuff, in bath-tubs, caldron, in fact anything that would hold it, and they carted it off in pails, grabbed up brooms and scrub brushes, and attacked with grim determination the layers of dirt and soot that had accumulated on deck and cabin during the winter months. A good deal of the whitework happens either with malicious intention or otherwise to have been placed overhead, and to apply a brush or broom to such an elevated position means that the wielder will receive more of the soapy water than the whitework, as a general rule. Sougee has a most annoying habit of trickling down a broom-handle and

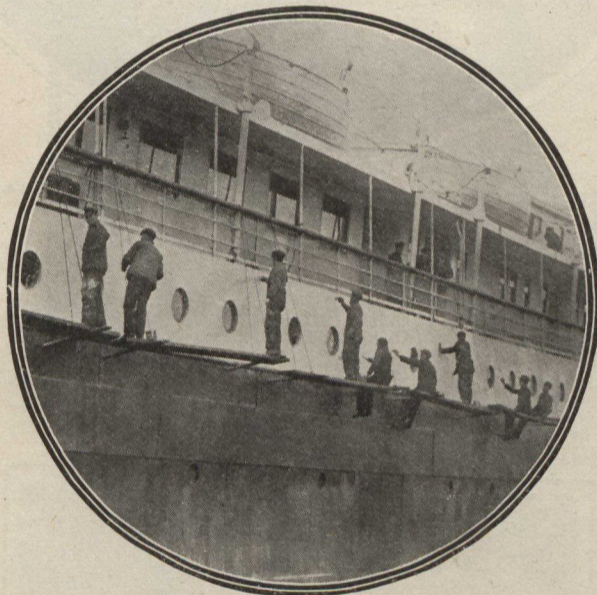


Painting the Big Stack—More of a Job Than it Looks to be.

By CHARLES G. CRELLIN

worming its way under a shirt, where it trickles blissfully down a pair of pant legs much to the joy of the owner.

Following close on the heels of the scrubbing gang came others with paint and brush, and rapidly, steadily, the metamorphosis took place, the ship fairly radiated an atmosphere of cleanliness and



A Gang of Broadside Artists in Full Swing.



Life-boats are Always Carefully Overhauled, Scrubbed With "Sougee" and Painted.



Scrubbing Decks—Known to Sailormen as Sougee-Mougee.

# Navigation

brightness. Brass work was polished, rails sandpapered and revarnished, the interior of cabins cleaned and decorated anew, supplies taken aboard, the hold swept out, until finally the big vessel lay, groomed and ready for another season's work, on the scattered reaches of the Inland Seas.

The day of the sulphur-speeched, hell-roaring, deckaroo and drunken sailor is gone, and with it has vanished, to a considerable extent, the dives and habitats that he frequented, such places as made Lorain, Cleveland, Canal Street in Buffalo, and the water-front in Duluth, miniature Infernos. True it is that vice still flourishes in the fresh-water ports, but it is in a more restricted, less emphatic form. The old regime is passing away, and the men who man the lake vessels to-day are ambitious, healthy young fellows, brimful of animal spirits, no doubt, but possessed of a degree of education.

**I**T is two hundred and thirty-four years since the intrepid La Salle built and launched the historic Griffin on the banks of the Niagara. Nearly two centuries and a half have elapsed since this little cockleshell, the first boat to be constructed on the Great Lakes by white men, and the first to navigate these wondrous Inland Seas, set out on its adventurous voyage through pine-flanked river, and over storm-tossed lake. To-day, fully one-third of the total tonnage of North America is contained in the vessels that ply among the lake ports. Along about the first of June one can secure no better illustration of the marvelous evolution of the fresh-water marine than by standing on the banks of the River St. Clair and beholding the never-ending line of vessels that steam steadily up and down the broad surface of this stream from early spring until late in the fall. Four hundred and eighty of them every twenty-four hours, of every size and description, from the modern steel leviathans, with a capacity of eleven hundred tons and over, to the quaint old sailing schooner of a decade ago. The old-fashioned wind-jamming schooner was well enough in its way as a transport of lumber, but with the development of the rich ore industries of Lake Superior the era of the steamboat began. The marine engine made its appearance on the lakes as far back as the year 1818, when the "Walk in the Water" was launched at Buffalo, and ran between that port and Detroit. It was well on into the middle of the nineteenth century, however, before the steamboat began to gradually usurp the sailing vessel. The growth of the ore industry, the cultivation of farm lands, and the numerous thriving cities which sprang up, all contributed to increase enormously the volume of yearly tonnage. To-day one may stand on the river docks and gaze upon every type of ship that the designer and builder have contrived to cope with constantly changing conditions.

Our shrewd neighbours across the line foresaw the possibilities of lake transportation long before we did, and to-day their merchant marine ranks far in excess of ours. But with the development of our great North-west, the demand for more Canadian ships, to transport the grain, pouring into the bins of Port Arthur and Fort William, increases yearly. Our maritime personnel will increase correspondingly. In Toronto, Amherstburg, Sarnia, Goderich, at the Soo, Port Arthur and Fort William, constant and costly changes are necessary annually to cope adequately with the expansion of marine shipping.

# THE GHOST BREAKER

AND OTHER

Plays of the Early Spring

By JOHN E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent



H. B. Warner, a Young English Actor, Starring in "The Ghost Breaker."



Katherine Emmett, With H. B. Warner, in "The Ghost Breaker."

**A** GROANING table does not always proclaim a feast. Otherwise the Easter theatrical table, spread with not less than half a dozen new dramatic dishes, the revival of a brace of comic opera delights of former days—"The Beggar Student" and "The Geisha"—and spiced with the prospect of a new theatre devoted to *variete*, would have proved a feast well calculated to break the longest lenten fast. Beyond the musical comedy revivals, however, which proved an unmixed delight, the repast was rather meagre. And Easter is practically the season's last opportunity to lay the golden egg!!!

"The Beggar Student," by Carl Millöcker, had its first presentation in America in 1885, and in the lapse of years seems to have lost nothing of its freshness and charm. The still sparkling score is beautifully sung in the present production, and an excellent cast, headed by Blanche Duffield and George Macfarlane, do justice to the rich duos. De Wolf Hopper, in his old role of the snuff-thirsty old Ollendorf, is the same funmaker of other days.

"The Geisha," although of the period when comic opera was still an art, is modern by comparison. The oriental piece had its first performance in London in 1896, under the direction of George Edwardes, and a few months later appeared at Daly's Theatre, New York, under the direction of the late Augustin Daly. An all-star cast has been provided for the revival, with Lina Abarbanell in the role of *Molly Seamore*.

The simultaneous appearance of these two old favourites at this time provides a luminous comment on the public attitude toward contemporary musical comedy offerings. Even the least critical seem to have grown weary of their tinkling monotony, and of the score or more offerings of this class presented, or prepared for presentation, this season, only two or three—"Oh Oh Delphine," "The Merry Countess," "The Sunshine Girl"—have survived with any distinction.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING reverses, an operatic romance, "The Purple Road," by Heinrich Reinhart, composer of "The Spring Maid," fortified by the presence of Victor Maurel, formerly leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera, comes to try its fortunes, and with good chances for success. In this operetta, written about the love of Napoleon for an Austrian peasant girl, Maurel appears in the character of the famous Corsican, a role which he is said to have long aspired to create. Valli Valli portrays the peasant girl, and Janet Beecher steps down from a fairly comfortable throne on the dramatic stage, to mount the throne of the Empress.

The first act takes place in the court-yard of the Cloister Inn, in Schonbrun, Austria, where Napoleon, flushed with victory, first sees Wanda, the peasant girl. Masquerading as a captain of the Imperial Guards, he makes love to her and bids her come to the Tuileries. Still believing he is a subordinate, Wanda goes to the palace and becomes the tool of a clique, plotting to overthrow the Emperor. Just as the plot is on the point of succeeding, Napoleon discovers Wanda, and through her learns of the treachery of Fouché and Talleyrand.



Lily Cahill as Helen Vance, and Katherine Grey as Kate McLeod, in "A Man's Friend," a New Political Play by Ernest Poole.

Turning to dramatic offerings the limelight of public attention has played most strongly on Ernest Poole's "A Man's Friends," a play in which we glimpse another phase of the old conflict between public duty and the personal welfare of oneself or his friends. The leading characters are a political boss, Whalen, high priest of the System—of which we have been hearing so much—with its

unwritten code of loyalty to friends and devil-take-the-public attitude; and an honest District Attorney, McCloud, a political reformer bent on the public good and relentless in his attack on the system. Whalen is made to say in the first act: "It's human nature, Chief—every man for himself and his friends. I don't believe there's a man in the country who won't put himself or someone he loves above the whole nation if he's put to a hard test. I'm not sure what you'd do yourself if the thing struck home."

The thing strikes home. A situation is developed wherein the reformer must choose between an ideal of public duty and a prison sentence for his son-in-law with the consequent disgrace to his own daughter. What will he do? What would ninety-nine men out of a hundred do? Himself or his friends or the whole nation? The opening was made a gala night, politically, with personal representatives of both the System and Reform present. And ex-President Roosevelt, conspicuously staged in one of the boxes, pronounced the play "bully." So, what more is to be said!

"The Spiritualist" is a new play written by Francis Wilson, with himself cast for the part of a natural medium, who, however, abhors his mediumistic powers, but courageously submits to a seance in the interest of a woman he loves. In spite of the popularity of the star the piece is not likely to last until this gets to print.

**"WHAT HAPPENED TO MARY"** is a dramatization of a long series of adventures appearing for several months in a popular magazine under this caption. The play disclaims any pretensions to complex thought or to problem-settling. It carries no message to Garcia. It is intended to entertain people of parochial tastes in art, who like to see plain, wholesome fun and who enjoy love-stories of the old-fashioned kind. The first and last acts are placed on a little island in Chesapeake Bay. Mary lives there with an old skinflint who calls himself her uncle and refuses her any information about her real parents. Her only friend on the island is an old, retired sea-captain, who helps her to acquire an education. She runs away at last in search of a livelihood and in the hope of finding her parents. The second act shows her adventures in a New York boarding-house in which she encounters the dishonest designs of a young profligate who had met her on the island during a yachting trip. After several adventures she returns to the island to find that she is the daughter of a rich woman whose money she had been accused of stealing and that her uncle had kidnapped her and hidden her on the island so that his wastrel son should inherit her money. Olive Wyndham, a young actress of some promise, plays the heroine.

The new theatre, already mentioned, is the Palace, and its aim is to provide entertainment along the lines of an English music hall, staging short musical comedies, pantomimes and novelties. Napierkowska, a Polish dancer and pantomimist, heads the opening bill in an Arabian pantomime called "The Captive." "The Eternal Waltz" fur-



George MacFarlane, De Wolf Hopper, and Viola Gillette, in "The Beggar Student."

nishes a satire on a popular Viennese waltz, and other acts are a playlet by George Ade, "Speaking to Father," and "The King's Jester," a farcical skit. Smoking is permitted in the balcony.

Much more entertaining than any of these is "The Ghost Breaker," a romantic melodrama written in the mood of comedy, which appeared at the end of the lenten season. This is quite the best of the recent offerings. The hero, *Warren Jarvis*, lured to a fashionable hotel by a Kentucky feudist, has turned the tables on his enemy in a shooting duel, only to find himself a refugee from the law. His attempts to escape from the hotel lands him in the rooms of a lady guest at five o'clock in the morning. The lady proves to be a Spanish Princess, travelling incog, who offers him protection on condition that he will accompany her to Spain and solve the mystery of a haunted castle which has already swallowed in mystery the fate of her father and brother. The story of treasure hidden somewhere in the castle furnishes the remaining touch of romance.

Mr. H. B. Warner, a young English actor who has been steadily advancing in fame on the American stage, and Miss Katherine Emmett, recently seen in "The Affairs of Anatol," play the chief parts.

"The Five Frankforters," a German comedy already popular in London and on the continent, has also reached the New York stage in Basil Hood's version. The play is written around an incident in the career of a famous family of bankers whom the curious have identified as the family of the original Rothschild. The identification, however, is not necessary to the interest of the play, nor is the leading incident characteristic of any particular family.

The founder of the house is survived by four sons and his widow. Solomon, supposed to be the force and brains of the business, has just called his brothers home from various European centres to explain his plans for the elevation of the family. He has contrived to have each of them made barons and presents them with their patents. But more important still, he has arranged to bestow his beautiful daughter, Charlotte, on an impoverished nobleman, who, for the pressing need of ready cash, is willing to overlook her inferiority in social rank. The emotional situation is further complicated by the fact that the girl is a Hebrew and the nobleman a Gentile. This well-worn dramatic expedient is cleverly employed in a frankly domestic drama, with German sentiment and German character as the basis of the interest.

This past week we have had presented a revival of "Divorcons," with Grace George again in the role of the heroine; "Ann Boyd," adapted from the novel of that name, by Lucille La Verne; and "The Lady from Oklahoma," by Elizabeth Jordan.

The scenes of "Ann Boyd" are laid in Georgia, the first act taking place in 1869 and the following acts in 1875. Ann Boyd is the young wife of Joe Boyd, a farmer in comfortable circumstances. Their home life is peaceful and uneventful until Jane Heminway comes upon the scene and spreads unfounded gossip which leads to a separation between the Boyds. The play develops the method by which Ann, grown bitter and revengeful, gains the tardy justice due her. Nance O'Neil heads the cast.

"The Lady from Oklahoma" concerns itself with the domestic adventures of the wife of a self-made millionaire from Oklahoma who has been elected to the United States Senate. The "Lady" remains at home and stands still while her husband progresses and broadens, until she suddenly realizes that she is losing him. At the same time she learns that another woman, a lobbyist, is supplanting her in his affections. Her method of coping with the situation furnishes the remaining incidents of the dramatic narrative.

## Criticizing Stephen Leacock

New Westminster, B. C., March 9th, 1913.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

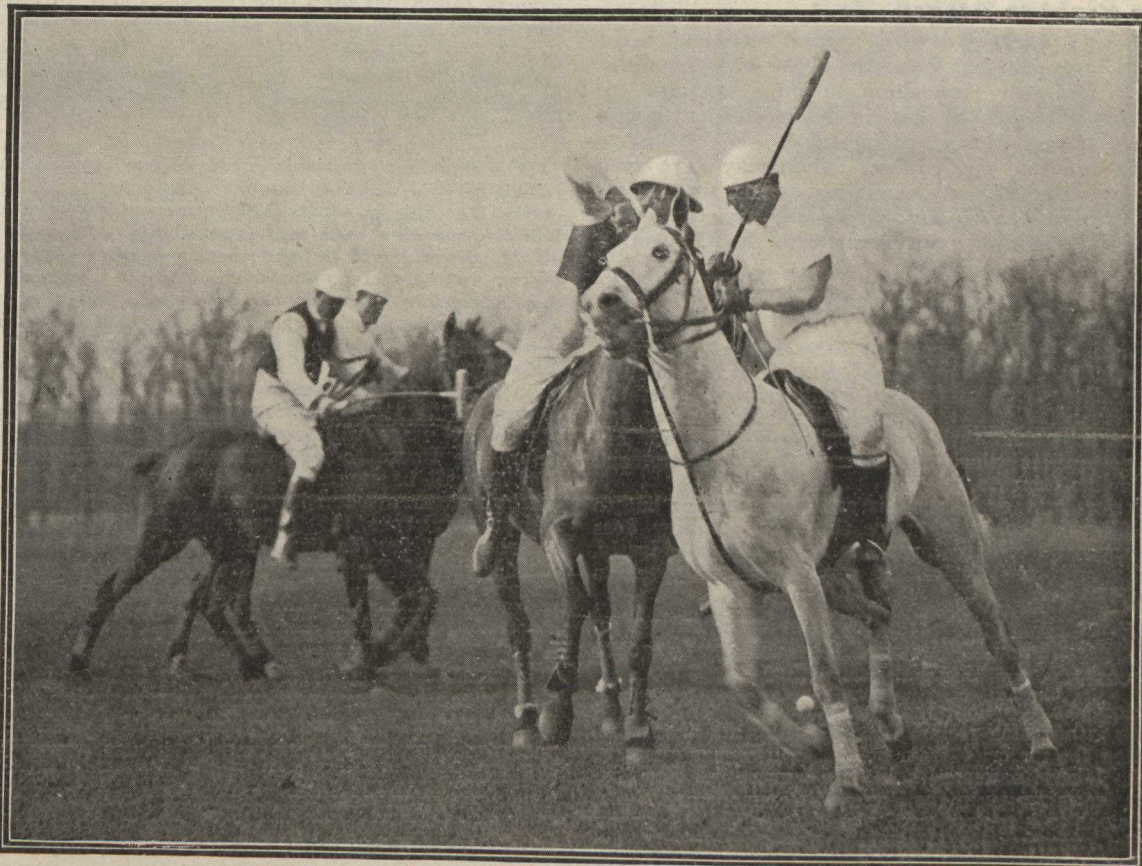
Sir:—Your issue of Nov. 30th last was devoted to the output of Canadian books for 1912, and it must have served to stimulate the interest of your readers in Canadian literature. In my own case it induced the purchase of Stephen Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches," and other books.

In that issue Mr. Leacock is featured as an authority on the high cost of living. He is said to be "a humourist who can change his material into any shape he will." The "sketches" constitute his "best work so far." "The humour is inimitable." They are "true, masterly, and irresistible," and are to go out to the world "as an undeniable bit of Canada." "There are few humorous books of this quality written anywhere."

Mr. Leacock, in his preface, with a modesty that is charmingly reticent, tells us he was educated at U. C. College, and at the Universities of Toronto, Chicago



This is the Latest Photograph of the Duchess of Connaught, Taken With the Duke and the Princess Patricia on Their Arrival at Liverpool on Sunday, April 6. On Thursday, April 10, the Duchess Underwent a Critical Operation and is Now Progressing Favourably.



A Temporary Mix-up in the Polo Manoeuvres at Lakewood, N.J., in Preparation for an International Match With England In June.

and McGill, and that he has become head of the department of Economics and Political Science at McGill.

After all this it is somewhat disconcerting to find him misusing English in a manner that would be discreditable to a school boy, and making misstatements of fact which are inexplicable in the case of one having even a rudimentary idea of Canadian economics. The steady iteration of the phrases "I say," "as I say," "I have said," "as I have said," and "that sort of thing," is annoying. "No mean order" is a cheap phrase that might be looked for in the columns of the "Mariposa Newspacket." "Then there was Mr. Diston, the High School teacher, commonly known as the 'one who drank.'" By this we are to understand that references to the convivial proclivities of this gentleman were always made in the past tense by the good people of Mariposa, though Mr. Diston "was known to drink beer on occasions" at the time of the story. The explanation of the origin of the word logarithm received by Dean Drone at college, seemed "amply sufficient." And here is a sentence that McGill should be proud of: "You mean merely because on the night when the Mariposa Belle sank with every soul on board, Pupkin put off from the town in a skiff to rescue Miss

Lawson." "People who never seen a Conservative convention at Tecumseh Corners" are surely to be commiserated, but "in true reality" is perhaps the gem of the collection.

Mr. Leacock introduces a linen duster with "inside pockets"; his license commissioners renew a liquor license for three years, something, I will venture to say, that has never been done in Canada; and when Dean Drone's church burns, his insurance companies pay more than double the value of the building at the behest of the local judge, which goes to show that the head of the department of Economics at McGill is totally ignorant of the legal basis of insurance settlements, or else assumes his readers to be, also that he must have been hard put to it to extricate himself and Dean Drone from the mess he had got both into.

Mr. Leacock further tells us he has written two books called respectively "Literary Lapses" and "Non-sense Novels." These I have not read, but I can well believe him to be an eminent authority upon the subject of the first, and fully qualified to write the second. If he is to be taken as representing the best product of our universities, it is little to be wondered at if Canadian literature goes a-begging. A. E. WHITE.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## The Political Game

FOR some weeks the Liberals had the best of the game on Parliament Hill, but last week the Conservatives discovered a new rule and used it to discomfit the erstwhile victors. In the game of wits, the honours are even. Both sides have shown themselves good students of May and Bourinot, skilful evaders of authority and splendid destroyers of time.

When the Liberals were blocking the Tories, the Liberal partisans all over the country were rubbing their hands with glee, and smiling knowing smiles at each other. The Tory partisans were disconsolate, fearing that their parliamentary heroes were coming out second best in the struggle. Now the situation is reversed. The Tory partisans are jubilant and the Liberal partisans much less confident. In one splendid (or cursed) moment the scene changed. In the twinkling of an eye, the victors became the vanquished and the vanquished assumed the role of victors.

It is a great game and it seems to interest the people. As the baseball season has not yet opened, the newspapers find accounts of this Ottawa game supplies the sensation which the period between hockey and baseball usually lacks. Two hundred and twenty-one of the leading citizens of Canada, drawing salaries varying from \$2,500 to \$10,000, ought to be spectacular when they struggle for a pennant—and they are. But let us remember that, after all, it is only a game.

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## The Right to Attack

MANY readers of this journal have expressed astonishment that we seem to sympathize with the Opposition in their attempt to obstruct the passage of the Naval Bill, though ostensibly advocating compromise. We have no desire to evade any charges which may have been made or might be made against us in this connection. Therefore we frankly confess that our sympathy is not wholly antagonistic to the Opposition to-day as it was in 1911.

On June 10th, 1911, when the Conservatives were blocking Reciprocity, we said:

"Some Liberal newspapers in Ontario and elsewhere are printing a lot of indignant talk about the iniquity of the Opposition at Ottawa which refuses to let the majority rule. . . . Why shouldn't Mr. Borden and his minority fold their arms and show that they are the nonentities which the Liberals say they are, and would like them to be?"

"Seriously, though, what is an Opposition for but to block legislation which they think the country does not approve? If an Opposition cannot do this justly, legally and constitutionally, why have an Opposition at all?"

Again, on August 5th, 1911, in commenting on the decision of the Laurier Government to go to the country, we said:

"Similarly the Conservatives were quite within their rights in opposing reciprocity. All this talk about preventing the majority from ruling, such as has appeared in the Liberal newspapers, is pure bumcombe. The Conservative minority in the House of Commons had a perfect right to block reciprocity and to demand an appeal to the country. . . . That the Government has yielded so promptly to the demand of the Opposition indicates that the Liberal leaders are not prepared to exercise the rights of the majority in the House beyond a reasonable point."

Having taken that position in 1911, we can see no good and sufficient reason for taking a different attitude in 1913. We have always stood for the rights of the minority. Whether the minority was wise in either case is a matter of judgment; but there can be no question of their right in either instance.

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## The Closure

THOSE who have advocated a compromise on the naval question have been moved to do so largely for two reasons. The reputation of Canada among the Britannic peoples was at stake and the closure was a possibility. There is no doubt that Canada has grievously disappointed the people of Great Britain. A compromise would have prevented that. The closure has been introduced and a compromise would have saved us from that disgrace.

The closure is an obnoxious measure, because it

indicates a lack of self-restraint and fairness in the deliberative body which finds it necessary; and because it is an instrument which may be used to cover up iniquity or to frustrate the public will. That it has been adopted in Great Britain and the United States is nothing in its favour, but simply indicates that men have not yet learned in these countries to properly and fairly use the rights conferred upon them by our democratic systems of government.

The men who are crying out now against closure will some day use it for their own benefit, and those who are now introducing it into Canada will some day feel its iron heel. For example, suppose the Liberals should be returned to power at the next election and the Liberal delegation to Ottawa be composed largely of men pledged to negotiate another reciprocity treaty. President Wilson will still be in power at Washington, and such a treaty would be possible—yea, invited. The Liberals would then use the closure to put reciprocity through the House. What they failed to do in 1911 may be done in 1915 or 1916. Will the Conservatives then be glad or sorry that they created this dangerous weapon?

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## Getting Together

DURING the past week, the two parties have really come closer together, although it may seem that they are fighting harder than ever. The ground taken by each is more nearly alike than it was in November last. We may pass over Mr. Rogers' taunt that the Conservatives stand for effective naval assistance and the Liberals for ineffective naval assistance, and take up Mr. Borden's statement on Monday, 7th. In the course of his speech on the naval question, his first for some time, the Premier remarked:

"The right hon. gentleman (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) has reiterated over and over again in the course of his remarks that this is a policy of permanent contribution. I desire, speaking upon my responsibility as a member of this Government, to take the strongest possible exception to the statements which the right hon. gentleman has made. I say, in the first place, that it is not a policy of contribution at all, and I say, in the second place, that it is not a permanent policy. That was stated on the 5th day of December last. I have stated it on more than one occasion since, and I state it again to-day in the strongest form of expression that parliamentary usage will permit. What is the proposal before the House to-day? The proposal is that \$35,000,000 shall be expended for the purpose of building battleships, or armoured cruisers of the most modern and powerful type, that these ships shall be owned by the people of Canada but that they shall be placed at the disposal of His Majesty the King for the common defence of this Empire. That is the proposal and that is all the proposal we have made to the Parliament of Canada up to the present time."—Hansard, p. 7411.

If the Right Hon. Mr. Borden had made that clear when he first introduced his naval resolutions in November last, and had omitted the misleading paragraph saying a Canadian navy was impossible, the Liberal members would have been forced to vote for the proposition. But it was not clear then that this was not the first of a series of contributions. This explanation is four months overdue.

Late as Mr. Borden's explanation is, many people will be willing to accept it who otherwise would have been utterly opposed to it. By this statement Mr. Borden has for the first time repudiated the permanent contribution plan so persistently advocated by the *Montreal Star* and those who, like Sir Hugh Graham, were influenced by thoughts of social prestige in certain quarters.

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## Mr. White in Line

HON. MR. WHITE has swung almost into line on the navy question. It was natural to suppose that this ex-Liberal would be somewhat sympathetic with the Canadian navy idea, even if he is now member of a Conservative cabinet which is credited with "centralist" tendencies. In his speech in the House on Tuesday of last week he admitted the necessity of local defence forces. This is his language:

"That being the case, it is our duty to contribute our quota with a view of making Great Britain invincible upon the sea; and these other things of which we have been speaking—the fortification of ports, the establish-

ment of flotillas and local navies—can be added as people may deem proper."—Hansard, p. 7490.

Mr. White also dealt directly with the question of periodical contributions or regular contributions, and said:

"That has been repudiated on many occasions by the Prime Minister himself. Why honourable gentlemen, in view of what has been said by the Prime Minister and other members of the Government and their supporters on this side of the House, should persist in saying that this is a permanent policy and not a temporary policy passes my comprehension."—Hansard, p. 7470.

This is not as strong as the newspaper correspondents led us to think by their despatches, but it indicates that Mr. White is against periodical contributions and that he believes the Premier is against them. It is to be regretted that Mr. White's declaration, like Mr. Borden's, was not clearly made three months ago. Had these declarations been made frankly and definitely, in November last, we venture to believe that the three Dreadnoughts over which we have struggled so long would be now on order.

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## A Champion

LOUIS BLAKE DUFF, editor *Welland Telegraph*, is a champion. In his estimable weekly he attacks Mr. Craik's prize article in the *CANADIAN COURIER* awarding the palm to Oshawa as "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City." He says that Mr. Craik overlooked Welland, and quotes figures to prove his case. Where he got his figures goodness only knows.

Mr. Craik's article is based on the government returns as contained in Census Bulletin No. 1. Taking these figures the following comparison results:

1. Production of manufactured goods per unit of population.	
Oshawa .....	\$843
Welland .....	260
2. Wages per unit of population.	
Oshawa .....	\$168
Welland .....	54
3. Growth in population 1900-1910.	
Oshawa .....	69 per cent.
Welland .....	185 "

Mr. Duff says that Welland is producing \$875 per unit of population; the census returns say \$260. Mr. Duff says the wages per unit of population is \$175; the census returns say \$54. Mr. Duff says Welland has increased over 400 per cent. in population in five years; the census returns say 185 per cent. in ten years.

Welland is a good town and a growing town. Unfortunately for it, some large industries are located outside its borders and hence were not included in the census returns. But admitting this, Mr. Duff is proved to be a champion bluffer—to use parliamentary language.

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## Mending Liquor Regulation

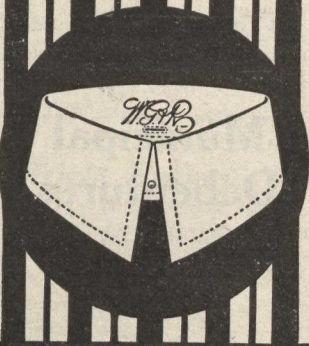
MENDING, amending, changing and altering the liquor laws of the Province is now as much the penchant of the Legislature of Ontario as was the changing of the ditches and watercourses act some years ago.

This year, the government has decided to prevent the hotels from selling liquors in bottles over the bar, to prevent the opening of the bars before eight o'clock in the morning, to make shops pay the same license fee as taverns and to prevent livery stables from having liquor on the premises. There is nothing very startling about these changes. They will move some trade from the taverns to the liquor stores, for which the liquor stores must pay extra. They will prevent a few "soaks" having an appetizer before breakfast—a worthy if insignificant reform.

But the real reforms in temperance are never touched. These are: (1) The selling of bad whiskey by unscrupulous liquor vendors; (2) the selling to drunken men, to minors and to women; and (3) the appointment of license commissioners who are not subject to party influence. The first of these is the most important. If all the whiskey sold in Ontario were pure whiskey, two-thirds of the objections to whiskey-drinking would be eliminated. Indeed, the prohibition of whiskey-selling by the glass would be the greatest reform Ontario could adopt.


Here, then, we take direct issue with the Ontario Legislature. They prohibit the selling of whiskey in bottles over the bar; whereas that is sometimes the only way in which a man can get unadulterated whiskey. Some day some wise man will enact that all whiskey should be sold in sealed bottles, over the bar and elsewhere. This is now done on the railway trains and in some clubs. The smallest bottles contain just enough for one drink. This ensures purity and prevents adulteration.





**"ALGOMA"**  
A new stylish and comfortable shape with long points  
2 for 25c.

**"Bristol"**  
same shape in Castle Brand  
3 for 50c.



52



**Courierettes.**

**R**USSIA forbids aviators to cross her borders. Russia probably wants to save funeral expenses.

Ex-King Manuel says he "foresees" his return to the throne of Portugal. It was lack of foresight that lost it for him.

The Ontario Government's proposal to prohibit the sale of liquor before 8 a.m. may make some people of that province a lot of late risers.

Driver arrested for theft of money he collected, says he had a hole in his pocket. Common complaint.

Toronto "Globe" is getting giddy. It describes the voice of a preacher as being "like an autumnal wind sweeping the leaves before it," and holding the audience "in a tension steel-like in its grip." Pardon the phrase, but that's "some voice."

Now comes the season when to a large section of the population a wild heave by the home club catcher in the ninth inning with a man on third is a greater disaster than fire and flood.

China drives its lepers into pits filled with wood soaked in kerosene, kills them and then burns them. What civilization is doing for China!

A divorce, with sealed papers, is now the seventh heaven of delight for some society women.

Kansas City is to try to increase its natural gas supply. In Ottawa such an effort would be waste energy.

Now the medical men are saying that farm wells are unsanitary. Another knock for local option in rural districts.

**A Lost Adjective.**—It was David who wrote that "all men are liars," but some people suspect that the word "weather" should have been inserted just before "men." It may have been dropped.

**A Reflection.**—Chaps who brag that they have only one fault should reflect that one little hole sends a quarter to the scrap heap.

**Poetical vs. Practical.**—"What's in a name?" asked some poet or philosopher long ago.

And the cynic answered: "If it's a wife name, I guess that it's the husband's house and lot."

**Was It a Hint?**—Binks—"Hello, old chap, how's the world treating you?" Banks—"Very seldom."

**It Probably Would.**—Fond Father—"Not until my daughter's education is completed will I consent to her marriage."

Candid Suitor—"Let her marry me and that will finish her education."

**Now You Know.**—"Why do we see so many trapeze artists on the stage nowadays?"

"Because so many folks find strap hanging in the cars fits them so well for it."

**Getting His Money's Worth.**—We have just heard of a man who is so determined to get the worth of his money that he rarely goes out because he pays \$10 per week for his apartment.

**Should Make Lively Debate.**—We beg to humbly suggest a new subject for debating clubs:

"Should a night-cap be worn on the head or in the stomach?"

**Which Will You Do?**—Some men buy talking machines. Then again, some poor men marry them.

**Easy Money.**

**Y**OU cannot buy a heavenly harp, But, for ten dollars down, Most any dentist will supply A little golden crown.

**Rev. John McNeill's Wit.**—Rev. John McNeill, the famous Scotch Presbyterian preacher, who recently took the pastorate of Cooke's church, Toronto, is the subject of many stories which serve to show his wit and his ready resource in repartee. His friends say that he was never stumped while making a public address, and they tell of an occasion when Mr. McNeill was holding revival services in Cardiff, Wales. A young man, thinking to perplex the preacher, sent a note up to the platform with the request that the following question be publicly answered:

"Dear Mr. McNeill, if you are seeking to enlighten young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

The great preacher read the note and, while the audience hung breathlessly on his words, answered slowly and emphatically:

"I love young men—inquirers for truth especially—and should like to give this young man a word of advice. It is this: 'Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives.'"

**One On Sir William.**—In Canadian legal circles they are telling a little story of how Mr. I. F. Hellmuth, K.C., the well-known counsel, "put one over," so to speak, on Sir William Meredith, the Ontario Chief Justice.

The jest is relished all the more because Sir William and Mr. Hellmuth are mutual fathers-in-law—the lawyer's daughter having wedded the son of the Knight.

It was during a rather tedious argument on a case which Sir William was hearing. Mr. Hellmuth was one of the counsel in the case, and he was proceeding to elaborate his argument on a certain point of law which he thought had an important bearing on the issue.

But the Chief Justice thought otherwise. He was impatient. For a while he listened to the lawyer's argument, then he leaned back with an air of boredom, and interrupted with: "Mr. Hellmuth, it seems to me that this is not relevant. What reason is there why I should be compelled to listen to all this?"

Mr. Hellmuth's mouth had just a suspicion of a smile around its corners as he answered:

"Reason, my lord—why, \$8,000 per year."

**The Practical Poet.**

**I**N the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of how He can stay away from home throughout that long house-cleaning row.

**Changed His Mind.**—Mr. John H. Fisher, M.P. for Brant, tells a rather good story of a Liberal in his constituency. On that famous night in September, 1911, when the country learned that the Laurier Government and reciprocity had both been defeated, this staunch old Liberal partisan went home and told his wife to pack up.

"Brant has gone Tory and elected that villain Fisher. I won't live in the constituency any longer," said he in explanation.

"Where shall we go?" she asked. "Oh, we'll find some decent place to live, all right," he answered.

Next morning he got the Toronto "Globe" and perused it sadly. He found that the Tories had almost swept Ontario. Finally he turned to his wife: "You need not pack up, dear," he sadly explained, "there is no decent place to go to."

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

The Empire's Highest Building

THE new C. P. R. building at the corner of King and Yonge Streets, Toronto, is now partially occupied. It is imposing in its splendour, and it is pleasing that the highest building in His Majesty's Dominions should be right here in Toronto, one of the finest cities of the new world.

The giant structure, towering 237 feet above the pavement, has a steel framework, strengthened by columns of reinforced concrete. The outside covering, with the exception of the two lower stories, is of glazed white terra cotta, and the lower portion is of granite. The building is entirely fire proof. Access to the fifteen floors above the level ground is facilitated by a battery of four hydraulic elevators. These are propelled by water pressure of 180 lbs. to the square inch, acting on pistons six and a half inches in diameter, which work in cylinders extending far down into the ground beneath the building.



The New C. P. R. Building.

The artificial light for the building is provided for by three generators driven by steam engines, in the portion of the structure under the ground floor. The exhaust steam is put through radiators, which make about nineteen thousand square feet of heating surface, to counteract the cold breezes of winter time. This is accomplished by a vacuum system, in connection with a condenser. Fans situated in the central tower provide for the ventilation by drawing the used air from the building, and discharging it into space. More fans in the basement suck in the fresh air from outside.

The building has a frontage of 82 feet on King Street and 99 feet on Yonge Street. The entrance, giving access to the elevators and stairs, opens off Yonge Street at the extreme end of the building. The balance of the ground floor is a vast

chamber with a ceiling 25 feet high. The entire space on the ground floor will be occupied by the C. P. R. ticket office, steamship office, and Dominion Express office. Other parts of the building are to be occupied by various C. P. R. officials, and their staffs. The fourteenth and fifteenth floors are reserved for the headquarters of the C. P. R. telegraph department. It is expected that the C. P. R. staff will be able to enter their new quarters about the middle of May. Most of the remainder of the marbled, corridor space is for rent. This is charged, of course, according to location. The general schedule fixes the price for space with street frontage at \$2.60 a foot, and that at the back at 50 cents a foot cheaper.

**London's Practical Interest in Canada**

THE new issues of capital in London, after beginning the year exceedingly well, fell off in March. This is not surprising, inasmuch as the delay to peace in the Balkans, and the consequent stringency of the Continental money markets, and also the large amount of new capital issued in January and February, are adequate reasons for it. The amount raised during March was \$70,000,000, and while this is a little improvement upon March of last year, it is away behind March, 1911, and March, 1910, when the issues were, respectively, just under and just over \$135,000,000.

Of the seventy millions, Canada had the largest share, namely, twenty million dollars. New South Wales had fifteen million, and other countries, notably the United States and Brazil, \$17,500,000.

But despite the small issue in March, the returns for the quarter are particularly encouraging, when the disturbed state of the market is taken into account. For the first quarter of the year, new issues in London total \$400,000,000, as against \$300,000,000 for the first three months of 1912, and \$315,000,000 for the corresponding period of 1911. In the figure, \$400,000,000, is included the issue of the C. P. R., which will be paid up gradually during the year. London has done exceedingly well to raise such a sum, having regard to the international, political and financial situation for the last half year.

Of the \$400,000,000 subscribed for the quarter, nearly \$215,000,000 went to British possessions. Canada's share was about \$60,000,000, as nearly as can be gathered, which is an average of about twenty million dollars per month. The popular securities in which this sum is invested are, of course, municipal debentures, perhaps the safest buy for the investor.

**On and Off the Exchange**

**More Colonial Issues Successful**  
THE marked success of two recent Canadian loans, that of the City of Montreal, and that of the Province of Manitoba, was due, in large degree, probably, to the careful observance of the many technical conditions governing flotations during a period of uncertainty. It has encouraged

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new offerings, and news is to hand that the City of Prince Albert issue of \$513,500, at 5½ per cent. interest has been fully subscribed. The City of Hobart, in Tasmania, has also been successful in floating a loan of \$1,250,000. This yields less than 4½ per cent., but the State Government guarantees the interest. The City of Port Arthur, also, has issued debentures to the amount of \$2,075,000, five per cents., at 99, the issue being over-subscribed.

\*\*\*

### A Bright Augury

WITH the spring, there come many signs of another year of busy and stable progress. Immigration seems likely to be heavier than ever, and it is certain that, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, we are having a growingly useful type of emigrant. In the western cities, building promises to be brisk; industrial and commercial enterprises are being projected right and left.

The best feature of this development is that it is upon the right lines. It is based upon a solid foundation, the best foundation of all, the need for expansion. The "wild-cat" element has been eliminated, and a prosperity that is real, and not imaginary, exists.

\*\*\*

### The Latest Industrial Merger

THE Dominion Steel Castings Company and the Hamilton Malleable Castings Company are no more, but in their place there has been formed the Dominion Steel Foundry Company, Limited. The head office will be in Hamilton and the company will have a capital of \$1,000,000 preferred, and \$1,000,000 common stock. There will be no new issue of securities, the necessary financing having been privately arranged.

\*\*\*

### London Listing of Dominion Steel

DOMINION STEEL CORPORATION stock is now listed in London. The application was made some months ago, but the necessary papers have just been passed. In addition to improving the technical position of the stock in the London market, listing will be useful in providing the local market with accurate quotations.

\*\*\*

### Western Assurance Company's Year

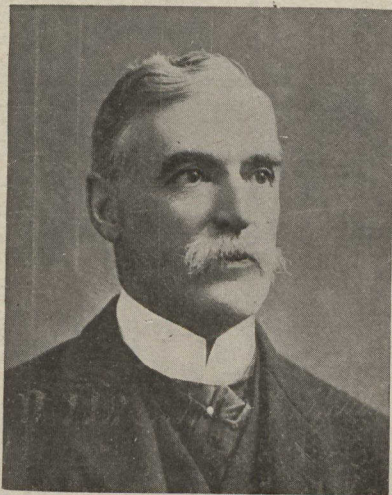
THE annual report of the Western Assurance Company, Toronto, shows that fire-premiums, less re-insurances, for the past year amounted to \$2,064,363. The losses for the year, after deducting recoveries under re-insurances, were \$1,065,495, being a ratio of 51.61 per cent., so that this department gave a profit for the year of \$150,280. Marine premiums, less re-insurances, amounted to \$821,464. A loss of \$8,824 is reported in this department, due to the abnormal number of casualties on the Atlantic Coast and the St. Lawrence.

Total profits for the year are given as \$225,309. From this, \$23,532 has been written off for depreciation in the market values of securities and of maps and plans.

\*\*\*

### A Noteworthy Expansion

THE report of the Steel Company of Canada, of Hamilton, shows net profits of 16.64 per cent. on preferred stock, and 5.45 per cent. on common, as against 13.73 per cent. on preferred, and 3.80 per cent. on common for the previous year. Net profits for the year, after spending \$464,162 on repairs, maintenance and improvement, were \$1,154,039, an increase over 1911 of \$173,516. Of this million odd, interest on bonds and mortgage, amounting to \$465,326, was paid; preferred stock dividend was \$454,741, depreciation, etc., \$150,000, leaving a surplus credited to profit and loss account of \$476,971. The total profit and loss surplus is now \$1,060,571.



R. S. Hobson, General Manager.

The increase in earnings is partly due to trade conditions, which improved in the latter part of the year, and partly to reduced cost of production, resultant from better facilities and increased efficiency. All Canada's steel companies are showing progress, but the industry might easily double in size without fully meeting Canada's tremendous demand for steel products of all kinds. Little

structural steel is yet rolled in this country.

\*\*\*

### Toronto's Municipal Electric Enterprise

TORONTO is the largest city in Ontario using electricity supplied under the auspices of the Hydro-Electric Commission for the Province. It therefore has the largest problem to work out in connection with this enterprise. If Toronto can make a success of a municipally owned and municipally operated electric system, then municipal enterprises of this kind should be a success almost anywhere in Canada.

One of the chief features of the management of the Toronto Hydro-Electric is the attention which the commissioners have paid to the cost of operating each class of service. The cost of street-lighting differs from that of household-lighting; and the cost of direct current power service differs from that of the alternating current. They have aimed to make each service absolutely self-sustaining, in order to prevent either the city or private customers from being overcharged, or undercharged. It is, perhaps, too early to say that the commissioners have been entirely successful, but it is gratifying to know that they are working towards this point. Their recently-published statement of last year's business shows that, so far, the venture has been successful, financially. If neither the city nor the private customers are being overcharged, the balance sheet should be satisfactory to the people generally. The system is being rapidly extended, and if equal results are obtained in 1913, the commissioners and executive officers will probably be credited with having scored a great success in their administration.

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Legal opinion of Messrs. Blake, Lash, Anglin & Cassels, Toronto.

Land:	ASSETS
Packing house sites, branch real estate and ranch lands	\$1,298,413
(not including the Company's interest in approximately 600,000 acres of leased lands)	
Buildings, machinery and equipment	606,146
Investments	494,150
Current assets, in excess of current liabilities	1,622,278
Total assets	\$4,020,988
Bonds issued	1,250,000
Average annual net earnings for three years ending February 28, 1912	278,189
Annual bond interest charge	75,000

Gordon, Ironside & Fares Company, Limited, conducts a wholesale packing and produce business throughout New Ontario and the Middle West as far as Central Alberta, with packing houses located at Winnipeg and Moose Jaw; storage and distributing plants at Kenora, Fort William, Port Arthur, Rainy River, Sault Ste. Marie, Sudbury, Regina and Saskatoon.

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Dr. Albert Ham

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561 Jarvis Street - Toronto



### Hon. Charles Wilson Cross

(Concluded from page 8.)

ney-General came to life. He contended that this was unconstitutional. The matter was taken before the Privy Council, who took the view represented by C. W. Cross.

When the row was all over there was a Cross revival. The Premier could not overlook it. Here was the strongest political personality in Alberta—on the outside. What would he do? What might he—not do? Party lines have been broken up in other countries; why not in Alberta? Would this once corraled deputy—himself take the leadership of enough Liberals to split the vote? Might it not be in the mind of C. W. Cross that some day Alberta would need a new personal party as once it had nothing but a personal party dominated by Frank Oliver? Might he not, with his dreaming of dreams and his working behind the scenes—

## Music of a Week

A THREE-DAYS festival of music in Winnipeg; and already citizens of that ambitious city are whacking themselves on the back.

"Well, now, did anybody hear of Toronto having six home-produced concerts in one series?" asks J. J. Moncrieff, the "Tribune" basso and critic, who probably regards the Toronto Festival in the Arena last fall as a musical circus. Whereas the six-programme festival in the Walker Theatre last week was under the auspices of the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Emil Oberhoffer—as well known in Winnipeg as the Duke of Connaught in Montreal. Music advances in Winnipeg at about the same tempo accelerating as the price of real estate. This six-concert festival by the Winnipeg Oratorio Society, the Children's Chorus and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, cost thousands of dollars. But no deficit; at least nothing for newspaper notice. And Winnipeg appreciates good music with the same enthusiastic sincerity that it does good hockey and fine wheat weather and liberal-minded bank managers. No doubt there were two women to every man in the six audiences. That's about the eastern ratio. But it won't be always so. The Oratorio Society has been in the field for a number of years. The Minneapolis Orchestra has been elevating musical standards in Winnipeg for most of this century. Oberhoffer is a fine conductor; deservedly popular in the West. In fact it would take a hair-splitting critic to detect the difference between his band and the Theodore Thomas of Chicago—but with Winnipeg odds on Oberhoffer as a conductor.

SASKATOON has been trying experiments with Sunday concerts. The editor of the Saskatoon "Saturday Press" has his own opinions about the result. He has been listening to the programme put on by the 29th Light Horse Band; also reading the "Canadian Courier's" notice of Arthur Farwell, the man who taught the masses of New York to like good music; and he says:

"Vaudeville, or rag-time accompaniment, interspersed with cat-calls and barn-yard cries, and a suggestion of all that the lowest in music can offer—this was one of the contributions by the 29th Light Horse Band to the programme at last Sunday evening's 'sacred' concert. The piece, which was described as a 'descriptive' one and said to be given 'by request,' was 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll.' It was 'a paraphrase on Brown and Ayers' popular song, introducing the wonderful automatic doll.' As everyone knows, this rag-time specialty is one which is in great demand for the Turkey Trot, about the last thing in coarse expression. The dance is vulgar in conception, but far more so in the matter of suggestion when allied to music of this type.

"Now, the 'Saturday Press' cannot, on its record under the present ownership, be charged with prudery, and as a matter of fact has been a consistent and steady advocate of Sunday concerts, provided these are conducted on a proper basis.

No, that would be too much. None of this may have been in the Premier's mind. But something was—when early last year C. W. Cross was taken back into the cabinet, even though at the bye-election in Edmonton he was returned by a majority of only 500 as against 1,700 in the general election previous: Cross went back. He prepared for a general election. When in doubt—go to the people. On Thursday of this week Alberta went to the people. At this time of writing the result is not known. But it may be surmised—that whatever happens to the old-line Liberal party, C. W. Cross, with his pre-election and post-election smile, is where he wants to be. And it may be taken for granted that the man who in 1900 stood with one foot on a chair speaking to organize the young Liberals, and from his office window saw the Edmonton and the Alberta to be—expects still to grow up with the country.

"There is a limit in all things, and if Sunday's programme is an average sample of what the 29th Light Horse Band put on at the Empire Theatre and consider to be fit and proper for Sunday entertainment, then let us see the official guillotine put into commission at once. Mr. Jackson and his Symphony Orchestra of last season led the way in providing suitable Sunday music, and for a time the Light Horse Band attempted, with some considerable measure of success, to copy it, but last Sunday's performance has effectually killed whatever credit formerly attached to these concerts.

"As pointed out by Professor Crotchet in last week's issue of the 'Saturday Press,' the 'Canadian Courier' recently told of the successful efforts of the superintendent of public music in New York to raise the tone of the people in musical matters by the substitution of standard music for rag-time. We need the counsel of such a man in Saskatoon, and we need it badly. Viewed solely from the standpoint of public morality, the inclusion on the programme of any such rag-time as the one under discussion is wholly reprehensible. In addition, it presents the opponents of Sunday concerts with an unanswerable argument."

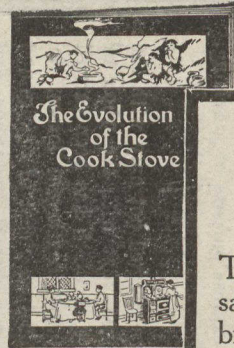
AN admirable union of musical art and philanthropy is being presented all this week at the Royal Alexandra Theatre in Toronto. In aid of the Preventorium for Consumptive Children, the Canadian Academy of Music have undertaken to put on seven performances of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera "Yeoman of the Guard." There will be a singing and acting company of 100 and an orchestra of 30. All the talent is drawn from local ranks. For several months, under the direction of Mr. Stanley Adams, producer, and Mr. Alfred Bruce, musical director, rehearsals have been under way. The event promises to be the best presentation of local opera ever given in Canada. Thousands of dollars have been spent to give the opera the setting it deserves. The general idea followed is that in common practice in British cities and provincial towns where light opera gets a local outing with a charitable object, and much really good native talent in singing and acting is developed. Col. Albert Gooderham and Mrs. Gooderham are the able and enthusiastic backers of the festival.

Trouble Enough.—An untimely biting frost effectually completed the mischief done earlier by the insect enemies of Mr. Barden's potatoes. The tops of the plants, which had served as pasturage for the pests, were entirely destroyed, and with them Mr. Barden's hopes of a crop.

He was not selfish, however, and could think of others in the hour of adversity. Going to town in the afternoon, he was accosted at the post office by James Hayes, an intimate acquaintance.

"Hello, Giles! How's everything up to the corners?"

"Trouble enough, Jim, trouble enough!" was the gloomy response. "Ten million 'tater-bugs, and nothing for 'em to eat!"



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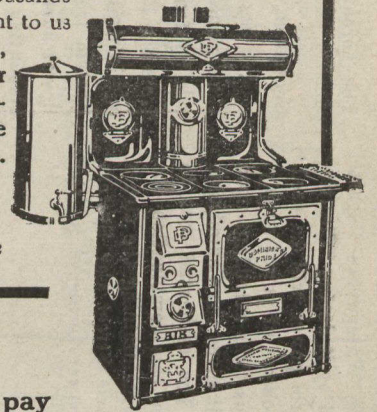
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## WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(à la Quina du Pérou)

"A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world." Locke.

### OPTIMISM!

The Result of a Sound Mind in a Sound Body

Wilson's Invalids' Port Wine, a big bracing tonic, will renew your flagging optimism because it clears away yesterday's cobwebs from the brain, conquers nerve exhaustion, corrects and strengthens weak digestion and assimilation, and permanently energizes and invigorates the flaccid muscles. Doctors know!

165

ASK YOUR DOCTOR BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

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That Bacon furnishes the most tasty and delicious breakfast. It is at the same time the most economical.

For over fifty years the House of Fearman has been curing Breakfast Bacon. It is made from the product of Canadian grain fed pigs, carefully selected and carefully prepared. The whole process from beginning to end is under the supervision of the Inspectors of the Dominion Government, ensuring pure, healthy food.

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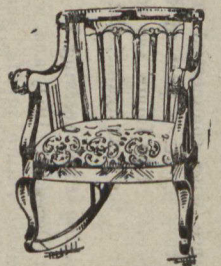
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No. 17

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The CANADIAN COURIER commends for the perusal of its readers the advertisements in the classified directory. Many of our readers will find these little business announcements to be of interest to them.

# WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

## The Editorial Table

### Sprightly Old Ladies

DO you ever notice how many sprightly old ladies manage to turn the century mark in Ireland? The papers have just informed us of the death of a Mrs. Elizabeth McWilliams, at Colehill, in Ireland, at about one-hundred-and-fourteen years of age. County Antrim boasts many cheerful and girlish centenarians who keep a lively interest in domestic and social life and who are even said to indulge in a dance on festive occasions.

What is the secret of longevity? Reports are occasionally given of interviews with those who have passed eighty years, with the object of discovering how they have managed to avoid the attention of the Reaper. The late Goldwin Smith attributed his serene old age to "moderation in all things." Lord Strathcona, that hearty High Commissioner for the Dominion in the Old Country, has informed the inquiring young writer for the morning paper that a simple and slim diet is one of the secrets of long life. Two meals a day, and "no fixings," are the rules for this sturdy Scottish-Canadian, who has lived to see our Big West grow up.

Now we are told that these wonderful old ladies in Ireland owe their fresh complexions and their good spirits to the daily consumption of sour milk and "potatoes boiled with their jackets on." The centenarians of Bulgaria are also pointed out as instances of the benefits of a sour milk diet. This longevity appears to support the contention of the famous scientist, Metchnikoff, who declares that sour milk contains a germ which is the deadly enemy of the old-age microbe. Of course, Metchnikoff says it more scientifically, in ever so many syllables, but he means simply that the drinking of sour milk will keep you young and rosy for many moons.

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### Is it Worth While?

DOES anyone, I wonder, ever deliberately plan to live long and temperately? Is it not largely a matter of condition or environment? There are two very important considerations for most of us—human relationships and intellectual or occupational interests. To many women, the ties of love and kinship mean more than work, and lonely, indeed, is the woman who lingers after her "ain folk" have gone. There are some strenuous souls who can enjoy the day's work or the sunrise and the music of the "late lark twittering in the skies," with little thought for personal cares or sorrows. Such a nature enjoys life to the very last moment, finds a delight in all simple pleasure and goes away, a happy child, to some eternal play-ground.

However, most of us regard extreme old age as a time of bleak loneliness, and shrink from the prospect. What would be the use of living on sour milk, in order to delay those malicious old-age germs in their work (I forget how to spell their real name), if one's friends were to have vanished from the scene, leaving one to a lonesome ninetieth birthday among those who care nothing at all for the reminiscences of "Toronto, as it was in the days of Geary and Hocken, before the viaduct was built." Would we not repent the days of abstinence and sour milk and wish that we had lived recklessly on lobster salad and pineapple frappe and disappeared from the scene before boredom had any chance to set in? It may be that solitary old age has a charm of its own and that there is a comforting sense of superiority in having out-lived so many friends which balances anything of loss or loneliness. The oldest inhabitant has certain indisputable privileges, including all comparisons of manners or meteorology, and is always able to conclude a discussion with a decisive reference to the dignity and decorum of the time before the telegraph.

### Canadian Bards and Irish Reviewers

DR. J. D. LOGAN has aroused wide discussion by his articles on modern Canadian poetry in the *Canadian Magazine*. They have been both scholarly and discriminating and have had a stimulating effect on Canadian reviewers. Dr. Logan is not one of those who lift supercilious eyebrows at the mention of Canadian literature; nor is he of the unthinking band who consider it patriotic to praise everything produced in the Dominion, whether it be cheese or sonnets. He has the courage to protest against the over-praise bestowed upon the verse of Mr. Robert Service—which he describes as "the vaudeville school of Canadian poetry." The vogue of the Service songs and ballads is easily

"UNCONQUERED—THOUGH IN CHAINS"



The as Much as Pilloried, so Much Applauded, Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, Who Was Sentenced in England Recently to Three Years' Imprisonment With Hard Labour. The Slight Woman, Who is Head and Heart of the Women's Revolution, Declared That She Would Come Out Again at the Earliest Possible Moment—Dead or Alive. She Came Out Alive. Destruction of Property Was Her Crime.

understood in this age of materialistic development in a new country. Such a protest as that of Dr. Logan in behalf of true poetry and "the things which are more excellent" is apt and suggestive.

There is a stupid confounding, in these days, of strength with sordidness, of vulgarity with virility. For a passionate and profound condemnation of much that passes for literature in the productions of late years, we might turn to Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," in which the aged laureate censures those who "paint the mortal shame of nature with the living hues of Art." There are certain essayists and critics who seem to consider that "real life" means all that is debasing and vicious, forgetting that the noble and the true characterize human nature more vividly than do the darker phases of our activities.

In the meantime, Canada is not without singers of a higher note. It is comforting to reflect that three of these happier bards are to be found among Canadian women. Virna Sheard, Isabel MacKay and Marjorie Pickthall have written much that will not lightly die. To the poet we must look for the ideal, for the vision which sees and reveals the divine in "the primrose by the river's brim." The youngest of these poets, Miss Pickthall, has not yet been represented by a published volume of collected verse. Hence, we welcome the announcement that

the *University Magazine* (Montreal) will publish the first book of her poems in the coming summer under the title, "Drift of Opinions."

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### Hardly a Heroine

THERE used to be albums of an interrogatory nature in which you were asked to register your preferences in life and literature. One of these questions was, of course: "Who is your favourite heroine?" It was rather amusing to see what a variety of heroines would be gathered between the blue-and-gold covers of one little album. Do we keep our heroines as we travel along the every-day paths, or do we change our minds and hearts regarding the charms of these fair ladies of fiction? In our 'teens, we all loved Jo of "Little Women" and were disgusted when she did not marry Laurie; but have we not forgotten Jo for later loves?

In "The Judgment House," Sir Gilbert Parker's latest novel, we are given a heroine who is decidedly unlovely, save in features, and who is so utterly selfish and unfaithful that one is rather sceptical of her ultimate rising to higher things. "Jasmine" is no fragrant blossom of womanhood, although she may be fairly typical of the ultra-smart set of London to which she belongs. The other woman, Al'mab, is not much better—an animal, with the voice of a prima donna. One turns from such specimens of femininity to the memory of another of Sir Gilbert's heroines of very different race—Guida Landresse, the exquisite girl who lived on that lonely island of the English Channel and who was so proud and loyal through days of stress, yet so capable of womanly resentment when her trust was betrayed. Guida was worth a wilderness of Jasmynes.

ERIN.

### That Taste For Ancestry

"AUTOCRACY must yield to democracy!" Canadian lips keep saying—feminine lips, in particular—from platforms. And, subsequently (say over the teacups) the lips as glibly manipulate talk to include Sir Ancestor as though to exhume him were not a contradiction.

Thackeray's Mrs. Hobson Newcome was English; but she was type. And the "Heraldry" on her drawing-room table, with casualness aforethought, was the certain result of a British—including Canadian—characteristic.

There has been much criticism latterly, notably in the dailies, discriminating against the Canadian men who clutch at titles and implicating their wives as the operating Bunties, which latter may be. The days, however, are not the days of the limitless crinoline and attempts to hide men behind feminine forms are abortive—ridiculously. The evidence is, that the family is one, in respect of ambition to ply the spurs of knighthood—though She, as occasionally happens, be the one.

The critics strike one funnily (not being humorous critics). Pots calling kettles black are always amusing, more or less. To quote an instance: My friend who railed (de-railed, if you like), and gave the motoring autocrat precedence, more than occasionally, at crossings, has lately acquired an auto himself—a recognized hall-mark—and, ensconced, appears to thoroughly relish my skipping, likewise yours. And so it goes. "Equality" is a rostrum word; "Precedence" engages drawing-rooms, more largely.

Why should Canadians, anyway, depreciate "the doughty"? Spurs have a use and the knight who applies them "gets on," naturally; his wife occupying the saddle behind (to put it figuratively) on the same steed, "gets on" also—naturally. A magnate, spurred, will strive to conform, in the elegance of his conduct, to his title. Unspurred, he has what but rotundity to conform to, poor old soul! Honours beget manners; rotundity, on the other hand, begets pomposity. So, obviously, the bestowing of styles is a factor, not to be sniffed at, in race-improvement.

M. J. T.

# Ontario Shelves Woman's Suffrage

Measures to Enfranchise Women Now Consistently Voted Down—on April Fool's Day

RECENTLY "something fell" in the Ontario Legislature, as one daily oracularly puts it. No, certainly not a bomb. It was nothing at all like that—for all the women, 'gists not 'gettes, in the gallery on April the first. You heard it, the pin that traditionally drops (no matter how it may incommode the dropper), when a company waits a discussion with bated breath, that is to say, with breath bottled for spending later on.

Women's interests were triply under discussion on April Fool's Day by three bills, all of which had to do with extending the female franchise. The first bill, introduced by Mr. William MacDonald, member for Centre Bruce, aimed at giving the right to vote in provincial elections to widows and spinsters who now vote in municipal elections. An ardent supporter was Dr. James A. McQueen, of North Wentworth, who appraised women as factors in raising the standard of public life by the high status they socially occupy. He referred to the splendid work of women in solving social problems; to the legislation brought into effect through women's influence mainly, benefiting women and children workers in factories, offices and shops, to women's instrumentality in abolishing the bars in communities where local option holds. He also refuted the criticism that women, if they did obtain it, would largely neglect the vote, by facts and figures borrowed from several American States and New Zealand.

In which connection, Miss Anderson Hughes, of New Zealand, may be quoted, who lately addressed a large assembly of women in Winnipeg: "It was said that women of the colony (New Zealand) did not want the vote, yet the largest petition ever sent in contained only thirty thousand names, and the first enrolment numbered one hundred and nine thousand. And the number has steadily climbed. Of these, eighty-five per cent. voted. Enrolment is optional in New Zealand."

THE second proposal had to do with the interests of married women property-holders. A bill brought forward by Mr. J. C. Elliott, one of the leading members of the Opposition, was to give married women the right to vote as joint-owners of property with their husbands. A measure introduced by Mr. F. G. Macdiarmid, of West Elgin, aimed at giving wives the right to represent property instead of their husbands. But the Government, like the oyster of the old, old school, refused to have its mouth pried open in favour of the measure, despite the fact that Hon. W. J. Hanna, only a few weeks previously, had hazarded a whisper that it might.

Mr. Rowell, leader of the Opposition, who moved

Mr. Elliott's bill in the absence of that member, felt that the bill would relieve wives of an unfair handicap; it would place married women on the same basis as male persons, widows and spinsters in respect to the right to vote in provincial elections.

The third measure, the most far-reaching, which incidentally started applause in the gallery, was presented by Mr. Allan Studholme, the Labour member, and advocated the general enfranchisement of women in the province. Certain members of the Opposition were chafed at the Government's silence. Mr. Proudfoot, of Centre Huron, charged the Government with it; taxed it further with sloth and prejudice. It finally answered and, it is to be regretted, side-stepped certain issues.

The Government objected to giving women the parliamentary vote, which did not rest, it said, on a property basis. And why *should* property, only, be the basis in woman's case? Moreover, the Government did not explain its indifference to the bill with the property basis.

MR. STUDHOLME ably strove for his measure as one which would make for industrial and social betterment. The minimum wage was instanced, as was also the welfare of children. He showed the absurdity of the contention that "Woman's place is the home!" until progress made in social reform would render "home" not a banality to the eight million shop and factory girls in Canada and the United States. This, he contended, votes for women would sooner or later accomplish.

The platitude was again delivered that the time was not yet ripe. Women must show that they really want the vote, the Government said. This when all Canada palpitates with the equal franchise movement! Petitions proclaim it and deputations in every province, including progressive women. But the deputations, the many petitions, have proved consistently futile—in British Columbia, in Manitoba, and in New Brunswick, all in February. This, though scores of the sanest and ablest of public-spirited women have constituted those deputations and presented those petitions, the clauses conveying the opinions also of countless private women, in homes, in churches and in charitable organizations.

Women's clubs are springing up everywhere for the study of social science; several such exist right here in Toronto. A sanguine and sane preparation surely for intelligent use of the ballot when it is won. One such club has existed fifteen years. In Quebec that hypothetical faculty, "reason," was lately appealed to by means of a very ably-conducted woman's suffrage exhibit. And so one might go on multiplying examples. One must, indeed, be blind to conditions not only in Ontario, but in every



Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, the Famous Canadian Artist, whose Exhibition of Paintings in Victoria, B.C., Recently Provoked a Deal of Admiring Comment.

Canadian quarter, who cannot see that women want the vote, and want it at once.

The desire is not to snatch men's torch, politically speaking; but to kindle a woman's, for use concomitantly. Here are the words of a suffragette—none other than Olive Shreiner—with a moral:

"When man and woman shine together then is the most perfect light." Why, anyway, should the light be the spark that flies when flint meets flint in opposition? There should be no war called "The War of the Sexes" in England nor anywhere. Nor too much April Fooling in Canada.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Flora MacDonald Denison, President of the Canadian Woman's Suffrage Association, is divided from her colleagues in the opinion which she holds that partial measures would retard "the cause," rather than advance it. Personally, she declares against any legislative action which would fall short of the general enfranchisement of women, in Ontario, on equal terms with men.

## To Protect the Birds

THAT English woods should come to Vancouver was just about as unlikely as that Burnham wood should come to Dunsinane, which it did in Shakespeare. Yet 500 English birds are abroad in the trees of the Island, with cats and children predicted their only menace.

And, therefore, the little Sauls of Tarsus, the school-boys, who "breathe out threatenings and slaughter" on Nature's highways, are setting preventive homilies in the schools.

Sermons of a like nature are seasonable all over now when nests are in making in woods adjacent to all cities and also in parks. Songs natural to Canadian trees are as worthy conservation as music from the imported feathered throats. To know about birds is to love bird life and the sinister tendency to kill can be overcome largely by teaching.



Residence Bequeathed to the Local Council of Women, Halifax, by the Late George Wright, who Perished with the "Titanic." Portrait is of Mrs. William Dennis, wife of the Honourable Senator Dennis, and President of the Council.

The Inset

# The Magpie Tells Me

CANADIAN women are taking the bull by the horns in the art arena. The magpie dotes upon metaphor, poor thing! You notice the dotage.

Miss Helen McNicoll, daughter of the Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has recently achieved the coveted election to membership in the Royal Society of British Artists. The year has enlisted only eight new members—Miss McNicoll significantly one. For three of her pictures (the maximum number) are hung in the exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery in London.

Miss McNicoll has shown successful work for years in Montreal. Her early tuition was in that city, under Mr. William Brymer. She attended, in London, the famous Slade School and later pursued her studies in France. The charming London studio she at present occupies is a source of enlarged fame for Canadian brushwork.

PATIENTS are already being received at the Jordan Memorial Sanitarium, at River Glade, New Brunswick. Three pavilions, completely equipped, will accommodate a total of thirty patients. Incipient tuberculosis, exclusively, will be treated.

The accommodation at present is all for paying patients; but the intention is to provide an erection for the treatment of free patients, shortly.

The administration building, a three storey structure, was formerly the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, the widow generously donating the property, for the present purpose, in memory of her husband. The formal opening will probably be in July.

SOON the "Dutch Cleanser" woman will be a shadowed figure, and some trim possible friend of your own, a typical Edmonton housewife, will pose for the mark on the latest packages guaranteed to scour. For Edmonton, apparently, is imbued with the conviction that godliness begins with cleaning up—and "beating the Dutch."

The second health talk, arranged by the Committee on Public Health of the local Council of Women, had for its subject, "Cleanliness and Ventilation." Resident doctors addressed five different schools—parents attending. The occasion was seized for distributing health leaflets among the children, defining clearly the



Miss Dickie, Teacher of History and English at the New Provincial Normal School, Alberta. Her Pupils Write Miss Dickie Was Omitted in Our Article Lately on Western Women Educators.

Ten Health Commandments, and these were the ten:

- (1) Open the windows day and night (weather permitting).
- (2) Drink plenty of pure water.
- (3) Breathe through the nose by keeping the mouth shut.
- (4) Do not spit. If there is chest trouble use a spit cup, or cheap destroyable handkerchief.
- (5) Eat slowly, take well-cooked meals, and cultivate regular habits.
- (6) Wear loose clothing of seasonable material.
- (7) Take regular open air exercise, if possible, in the sunshine.
- (8) Wash the whole body at least once or twice a week, and the teeth once or twice a day.
- (9) Work, but do not worry. Look on the bright side of things.
- (10) Use your OWN towel, toothbrush, comb and brush, wash-cloth, etc.

CERTAINLY woman's place is the home. Even the actress who acts that it isn't, confesses to covert lankings for the hearth-stone. May Irwin confesses:



A Public Woman in a Private Role, Being Mrs. Kennerley Rumford (Madame Clara Butt), With Her Children. The Pacific Coast is at Present Applauding the Singer.

"Were I not on the stage I would settle down into the most domesticated person in the world. I love to fuss around and shoo flies and boil cabbage and bait mouse-traps and enter into the true spirit of the fireside."

May was born at Whitby, Ontario—always a humorous town. Besides, May can afford to be flippant when she apparently doesn't know that the man of the house monopolizes the diversion of baiting the mouse-traps. It seems to be their primitive, sporting instinct, don't you know? A wife can't look for bigger game than the house fly.

WOMAN is man's great mystery, of course, so when a man writes a book about women and women read the book they are bound to behold their sex as in a glass, darkly.

Wherefore, Floyd Dell's new book (Forbes and Company, Publishers), called "Women as World Builders" is interesting. "Studies in Modern Feminism" is the frank and modest subtitle which supplements the ambitious super-title. The only highly-coloured portion of the book is the outside paper wrapper. Yellow, that is, announcing, in red, that the book professes to answer the question: "What will the world be like if women become the dominant force in it?"—the answer being based on a study of the leaders in the feminist movement to-day.

Among the representative women the



Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Wedded This Month to Dr. Richard Derby, of New York. The Bride Has Numerous Friends in Ottawa.

valiant author discusses are: Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Emmeline Pankhurst, Jane Addams, Olive Shreiner, Isadora Duncan, Beatrice Webb, Emma Goldman, Margaret Dreier Robins, Ellen Key and Dora Marsden.

THE Edmonton Amateur Operatic Society recently staged "The Gondoliers" at the Empire Theatre—with success. Women's names that figured in the cast were: Miss Seymour, the Duchess of Plaza-Toro; Miss Stiles, Casilda; Miss Strachan, Gianetta; and Miss Spencer, Tessa.

Another successful amateur performance was the presentation at Hamilton lately of "The Runaway Girl" by players of that city. Bouquets were presented for services to Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Croy and Mrs. Witherspoon.

Canadians seem to be naturally gifted with histrionic verve. The above are only two among many examples.

MISS LEATHES, addressing the membership of the Women's Canadian Club, Toronto, pointed out recently the profound interest of women in the bills at the time before the Legislature. She dwelt more particularly on the bill affecting toilers. That bill has had its fruition in a Parliamentary Act for the protection of workers in factories, offices and shops. Many of the clauses benefit women and children. No child, young girl or woman, for one thing, shall have more than a ten-hour work day—unless in anticipation of special off-time. For another, not less than one hour must be allowed at the noon break for lunch.

## Love, Fame and the Youth

BY M. J. T.

"I give thee a rose," said the maid with the melting eyes;  
 "And a diadem I," she orbled like the basilisk.  
 "My hand shall clasp thy hand when the mountains rise."  
 "And mine shall beckon thee follow, durst thou risk."  
 The youth looked long at the young bud, dropping dew,  
 And long at the gem aflash in the eye o' the sun;  
 "Perish the flower will—winds the petals strew;  
 Last will the crown I choose," and the choice was done.  
 Love's arm fell sad; then hid the rose in her breast,  
 And it lived! A Heav'n-wrought miracle of Trust!  
 Fame's hand late yielded her guerdon for the crest  
 Of youth grown old. And the clutching palm closed—Dust!

# Diamond Dyes Spell Economy For These Women



Made over from a tan broadcloth dyed black

"I am sending you photographs of my sister and myself to show you what we have been able to do with Diamond Dyes. The gown that I have on I made over from material we had in a tan broadcloth Russian Blouse that we never liked. We dyed this black. My sister's suit we made according to a pattern, from a grey homespun suit which we dyed navy blue. I think you can see from these photographs of my sister and myself how much Diamond Dyes mean to us."

Mrs. J. R. Raymond

You, too, can solve dress problems with Diamond Dyes. You need not hesitate to dye your most costly garments.

There is no knack or secret about using Diamond Dyes. They are as easy to use as soap.

Diamond Dyes are the wonder-workers of the home. Rugs, portieres, curtains and feathers, etc., can be made as bright and fresh as new.

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

## Diamond Dyes

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

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

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

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

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

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



Made over from grey homespun dyed navy blue

### Do Not Be Deceived

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

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

Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c. per package. The WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Limited 200 Mountain St., MONTREAL, CANADA



## Canadian Women's Press Club

A WIDESPREAD tribute of affection and sorrow was paid throughout Canada at the time of Pauline Johnson's death. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, of Vancouver, was asked by the C.W.P.C. to send flowers and to represent the club at the ceremonies connected with the Indian poet's funeral. An extract from Mrs. MacKay's letter to the President is given below:

"It has been a long day and a sad one—although the simple service was beautiful and not oppressive, and one can't be sorry to think of Pauline happy and

wishes her as great success in her new position as she has had on the "Record."

MISS GINA FAIRLIE, formerly of the staff of "The Westminster," was married in Kingston on March 22nd, to Mr. Herbert Wood, of Fort Frances. Mr. Wood is a son of the late Hon. S. C. Wood.

ON March 13, the Winnipeg branch held a meeting in memory of Pauline Johnson. Professor Allison, of Wesley College, was the guest of the club and gave a short address on Miss Johnson's work.

"THE Golden Road," by Miss L. M. Montgomery, a sequel to "The Story Girl," will be published by L. C. Page and Company this autumn. Nearly half a million copies have been sold of Miss Montgomery's previous stories.

MRS. BYRTHA STAVERT, a Winnipeg member of the C.W.P.C., who last year was President of the Women's Congress in connection with the Dry Farming Conference, has removed from Winnipeg to Alberta. Mrs. Stavert has recently suffered a heavy bereavement in the death of a little daughter.

MISS JEAN GRAHAM wrote for a recent number of Toronto "Saturday Night" an admirable account of the work of Miss Edith Macdonald, who is the foremost exponent in Canada of the new advertising, a modern feature in woman's journalism.

THE Toronto Women's Press Club joined on the evening of March 31st, in a successful, cheerful and happy annual dinner. The officers for next year are: President, Mrs. Garvin; Vice-President, Miss Doyle; Secretary, Miss Coxwell; Treasurer, Miss Hart; Executive Committee, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Elliott.

PREPARATIONS for the General Meeting are going on apace. Provisional dates have been fixed. The C.W.P.C. will probably meet in Edmonton on June 9 and 10. The Edmonton branch are making admirable and kind preparations and the officers of the C.W.P.C. will endeavour to send out detailed information



MRS. CUMMING  
President of the Calgary Branch  
C.W.P.C.

free. She suffered much at the last and was conscious up till ten minutes of the end. If ever anyone bore suffering bravely, she did, and it is good to know that she will sleep to-night.

"The quotation I chose for our Press Club card was from Kipling's Life's Handicap:

"One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread temple of Thy worth—  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

"That is very true of Pauline—everything was brimful of interest and value to her. She loved life and everything that lived.

"The Women's Canadian Club took charge of the church service and everything was done beautifully. Many societies were represented and the Press Club were given precedence, as it was the only society here of which she herself was a member. Our branch was there in good numbers, and Miss McLean and I accompanied the Canadian Club President and other officers to the cemetery. She wished to be cremated, as you know, and on Friday next her ashes are to be deposited in Stanley Park.

"I may add that the city honoured her funeral services by closing the civic offices and requesting that the school flags be half masted. It also sent a magnificent wreath.

"Quite a number of Indians attended the service, and Chief Matthias made a picturesque figure in his Indian dress."

MRS. WEBBER, of Port Haney, a member of the Vancouver branch, has recently been elected a school trustee for the Maple Ridge district.

MISS SEEBER, who has been assistant editor of the Rideau "Record," has resigned her position and joined the staff of the Ottawa "Citizen." The editor of the "Record" writes of Miss Seeber's work in the following laudatory terms: "Those who are associated with the publishing business never get much space themselves, but at the present time the 'Record' is going to speak of Miss Seeber's exceptional ability and many lovely qualities which made her most valuable as a co-worker and endeared her to all who knew her. She was as much interested in the 'Record' as the proprietor and did her work in a most cheerful and acceptable manner." The C.W.P.C. congratulates Miss Seeber and



MRS. BENNETT  
President of the Regina Branch C.W.P.C.

to each member of the Club as soon as possible.

MRS. NELLES, of Ottawa, and Miss Wrenshall, of Owen Sound, were guests at the annual dinner of the Toronto Women's Press Club.

THE Calgary Women's Press Club entertained in March, Madame Marta Sandal, who spoke of journalism in Norway, and Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton, the Canadian artist, who had been holding an exhibition of her paintings in that city.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, President of the Edmonton branch, is at present with her sister in Rochester, Minnesota. Miss Anne Merrill has retired from the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the local club on account of ill-health. Mrs. Dickens was elected Secretary, and Miss Nunan, Treasurer.

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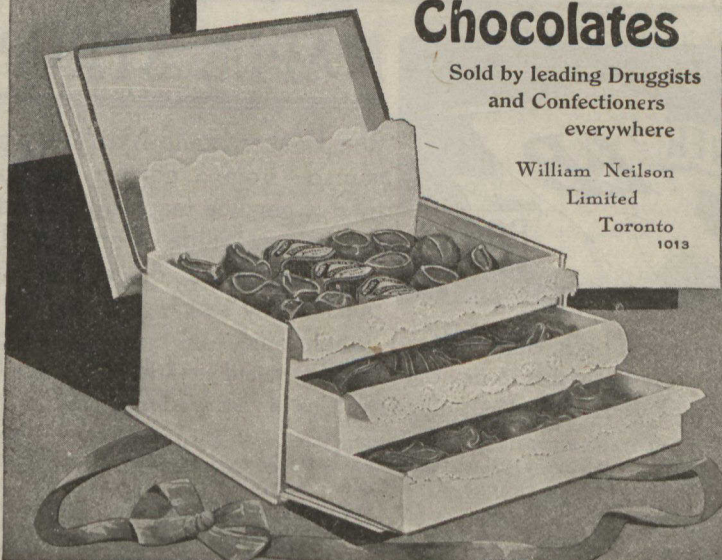
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FURNACE CATALOGUE MAILED ON REQUEST

### Women's Residence For Queen's

SOME two years ago the Alumnae Association of Queen's University, Kingston, undertook to raise a fund of fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a Women's Residence, to be a memorial to the late Mrs. Gordon. The scheme is now well on the way and the proposed building will be large enough to accommodate seventy-five or eighty resident students, with dining-room accommodation for one hundred and fifty. This will be sufficient for immediate needs, as about twenty-five per cent. of the women students are residents of Kingston, and the building will be constructed in such a way that dormitories may be added at any time.

The Trustees of the University have recognized the need of such a residence, as a regulation has recently been passed which forbids men and women students lodging in the same house, and it is most difficult for women students to find suitable accommodation. The trustees have, therefore, set apart a fine site for the proposed residence.

At the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association recently held in Kingston, encouraging reports were made by the various Residence Committees and the Treasurer reported ten thousand dollars actually banked and about five thousand dollars more subscribed. Since that date, March 21st, Lord Stratheona has sent a contribution of two thousand dollars, and this, with sundry other subscriptions and Mrs. R. W. Leonard's contribution of ten per cent. of all subscriptions paid up by March 31st, 1913, has made a total of fifteen thousand dollars cash in the bank.

This is most encouraging, but not a sufficient warrant to start the building. So the Alumnae Association, with Mrs. John Macgillivray, Kingston, as President, and Miss A. E. Marty, Ottawa, as Convener of the Residence Committee, and Miss Marion Redden, Kingston, Treasurer, have started on a new campaign with renewed energy.

### Recent Events

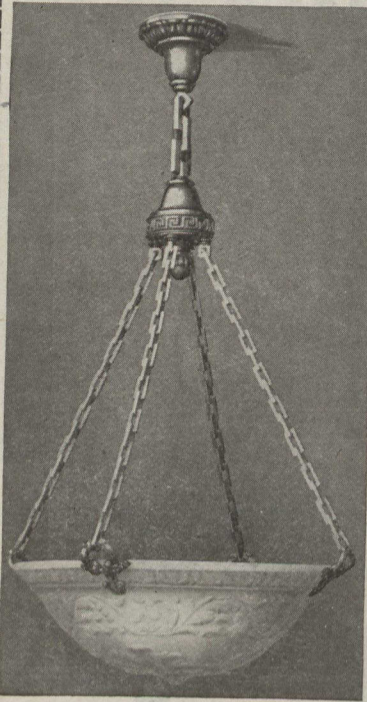
THE Hamilton Board of Control has decided that woman's help is invaluable in relief work. Which is to say it is worth, exactly, the handsome sum of six hundred dollars in salary. The same will be drawn by a qualified nurse, Miss Isabel Ramsay, formerly of the Health Department, and now newly appointed assistant of the local relief officer, Mr. McMenemy. Office work is included in the position.

THE number of students enrolled this year in the Home Economics Course of the Manitoba Agricultural College was the largest in the history (brief yet) of the institution. The second year class has a list of seventeen members. St. Vital's new college has a splendid provision for girls. The residence meant an expenditure of \$200,000 and the details of equipment correspond.

VICTORIA, B. C., recently opened a school of arts and crafts. As a commencement it is proposed to teach wood-carving, metal work, modelling (including plaster work), jewelry and book-binding, with, twice weekly, lessons in design. Classes will be conducted in the evening. Six handicrafts specialists will constitute a staff—Miss Hendy (wood-carving), Miss Lang (book-binding), Mr. Bergvelt (practical design), Mr. Mold (clay-modelling and metal work), Miss Olive Meadows (jewelry), and Miss L. M. Mills (artistic design).

The teachers are giving their services largely gratuitously and the funds required to equip the school have been voluntarily subscribed. The hope of the promoters is to ultimately develop a school of art which shall be to the West what the schools of South Kensington are to England.

MISS L. S. WALTON is a visitor in Vancouver, who owns, probably, more placer and quartz claims in Alaska than any other mining operator. Miss Walton has placer tin mines at Cape York and a quartz tin group at Cape Prince of Wales.



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When the soup is served you'll find it better and thicker and more nourishing; in short, you'll like your favourite soup so much better that you'll want to improve every Soup-recipe in the book by adding "A little Edwards.'" You can use Edwards' Soup as a basis for practically any soup you make. Although splendid by itself, Edwards' Soup blends so naturally with other soups that it seems like a part of the original recipe. Get a few packets of Edwards' Soup to-day.

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is consequently both delicate and wholesome—in fact, the most delicious Maple Syrup that money can buy. Try it, and you will be convinced.

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# THE IMPOSTOR



BY  
HAROLD  
BINDLOSS

## CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

SHE did not hear them, but at last the door swung open, and carrying a load of birch branches Witham staggered in. He dropped them, strove to close the door, and failed, then leaned against it, gasping, with a livid face, for there are few men who can withstand the cold of a snow-laden gale at forty degrees below.

How Maud Barrington closed the door she did not know; but it was with a little imperious gesture she turned to the man.

"Shake those furs at once," she said; and drawing him towards the stove held up the steaming cup. "Now sit there and drink it."

Witham stooped and reached out for the can, but the girl swept it off the stove. "Oh, I know the silver was for me," she said. "Still, is this a time for trifles such as that?"

Worn out by a very grim struggle, Witham did as he was bidden, and looked up with a twinkle in his eyes, when with the faintest trace of colour in her cheeks the girl sat down close to him and drew part of the fur robe about him.

"I really believe you were a little pleased to see me come back just now," he said.

"Was that quite necessary?" asked Maud Barrington. "Still, I was."

Witham made a little deprecatory gesture. "Of course," he said. "Now we can resume our former footing tomorrow, but in the meanwhile I would like to know why you are so hard upon me, Miss Barrington, because I really have not done much harm to any one at Silverdale. Your aunt—and he made a little respectful inclination of his head which pleased the girl—"is at least giving me a fair trial."

"It is difficult to tell you—but it was your own doing," said Maud Barrington. "At the beginning you prejudiced us when you told us you could only play cards indifferently. It was so unnecessary, and we knew a good deal about you!"

"Well," said Witham quietly, "I have only my word to offer, and I wonder if you will believe me now, but I don't think I ever won five dollars at cards in my life."

Maud Barrington watched him closely, but his tone carried conviction, and again she was glad that he attempted no explanation. "I am quite willing to take it," she said. "Still, you can understand—"

"Yes," said Witham. "It puts a strain upon your faith, but some day I may be able to make a good deal that puzzles you quite clear."

Maud Barrington glanced at the flask. "I wonder if that is connected with the explanation, but I will wait. Now, you have not lighted your cigar."

Witham understood that the topic was dismissed, and sat thoughtfully still while the girl nestled against the birch logs close beside him under the same furs; for the wind went through the building and the cold was unbearable a few feet from the stove. The birch rafters shook above their heads, and every now and then it seemed that a roaring gust would lift the roof from them. Still the stove glowed and snapped, and close in about it there was a drowsy heat, while presently the girl's eyes grew heavy. Finally—for there are few who can resist the desire for sleep in the cold of the Northwest—her head sank back, and Witham, rising very slowly, held his breath as he piled the furs about her. That done, he

stooped and looked down upon her while the blood crept to his face. Maud Barrington lay very still, the long, dark lashes resting on her cold-tinted cheeks, and the patrician serenity of her face was even more marked in her sleep. Then he turned away, feeling like one who had committed a desecration, knowing that he had looked too long already upon the sleeping girl who believed he had been an outcast and yet had taken his word; for it was borne in upon him that a time would come when he would try her faith even more severely. Moving softly, he paced up and down the room.

Witham afterwards wondered how many miles he walked that night, for though the loghouse was not longer than thirty feet, the cold bit deep; but at last he heard a sigh as he glanced towards the stove, and immediately swung round again. When he next turned, Miss Barrington stood upright, a little flushed in face, but otherwise very calm; and the man stood still, shivering in spite of his efforts, and blue with cold. The wind had fallen, but the sting of the frost that followed it made itself felt beside the stove.

"You had only your deerskin jacket—and you let me sleep under all the furs," she said.

Witham shook his head, and hoped he did not look as guilty as he felt, when he remembered that it must have been evident to his companion that the furs did not get into the position they had occupied themselves.

"I only fancied you were a trifle drowsy and not inclined to talk," he said, with an absence of concern, for which Miss Barrington, who did not believe him, felt grateful. "You see"—and the inspiration was a trifle too evident—"I was too sleepy to notice anything myself. Still, I am glad you are awake now, because I must make my way to the Grange."

"But the snow will be ever so deep, and I could not come," said Maud Barrington.

Witham shook his head. "I'm afraid you must stay here; but I will be back with Colonel Barrington in a few hours at latest."

The girl deemed it advisable to hide her consternation. "But you might not find the trail," she said. "The ravine would lead you to Graham's homestead."

"Still," said Witham slowly, "I am going to the Grange."

Then Maud Barrington remembered, and glanced aside from him. It was evident this man thought of everything; and she made no answer when Witham, who thrust more billets into the stove, turned to her with a little smile.

"I think we need remember nothing when we meet again, beyond the fact that you will give me a chance of showing that the Lance Courthorne, whose fame you know, has ceased to exist."

Then he went out, and the girl stood with flushed cheeks looking down at the furs he had left behind him.

## CHAPTER X.

### Maud Barrington's Promise.

DAYLIGHT had not broken across the prairie, when, floundering through a foot of dusty snow, Witham reached the Grange. He was aching from fatigue and cold, and the deerskin jacket stood out from his numbed body, stiff with frost, when, leaning heavily on a table, he awaited Colonel Barrington. The latter, on entering, stared at him and then flung open a cupboard and poured out a glass of wine.

"Drink that before you talk. You look half dead," he said.

Witham shook his head. "Perhaps you had better hear me first."

Barrington thrust the glass upon him. "I could make nothing of what you told me while you speak like that. Drink it, and then sit still until you get used to the different temperature."

Witham drained the glass and sank limply into a chair. As yet his face was colourless, though his chilled flesh tingled horribly as the blood once more crept into the surface tissues. Then he fixed his eyes upon his host as he told his story. Barrington stood very straight watching his visitor, but his face was drawn, for the resolution which supported him through the day was less noticeable in the early morning, and it was evident now at least that he was an old man carrying a heavy load of anxiety. Still, as the story proceeded, a little blood crept into his cheeks, while Witham guessed that he found it difficult to retain his grim immobility.

"I am to understand that an attempt to reach the Grange through the snow would have been perilous?" he said.

"Yes," said Witham quietly.

The older man stood very still regarding him intently, until he said, "I don't mind admitting that it was distinctly regrettable!"

Witham stopped him with a gesture. "It was at least unavoidable, sir. The team would not face the snow, and no one could have reached the Grange alive."

"No doubt you did your best—and, as a connexion of the family, I am glad it was you. Still—and there are cases in which it is desirable to speak plainly—the affair, which you will, of course, dismiss from your recollection, is to be considered as closed now."

Witham smiled, and a trace of irony he could not quite repress was just discernible in his voice. "I scarcely think that was necessary, sir. It is, of course, sufficient for me to have rendered a small service to the distinguished family which has given me an opportunity of proving my right to recognition, and neither you, nor Miss Barrington, need have any apprehension that I will presume upon it!"

Barrington wheeled round. "You have the Courthorne temper, at least, and perhaps I deserved this display of it. You acted with commendable discretion in coming straight to me—and the astonishment I got drove the other aspect of the question out of my head. If it hadn't been for you, my niece would have frozen."

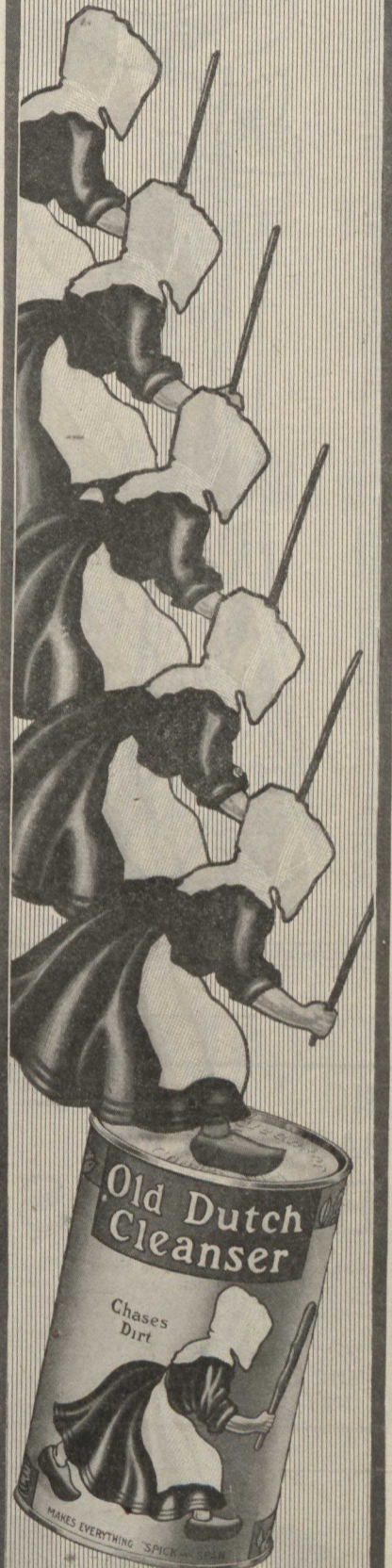
"I'm afraid I spoke unguardedly, sir; but I am very tired. Still, if you will wait a few minutes, I will get the horses out without troubling the hired man."

Barrington made a little gesture of comprehension, and then shook his head. "You are fit for nothing further, and need rest and sleep."

"You will want somebody, sir," said Witham. "The snow is very loose and deep."

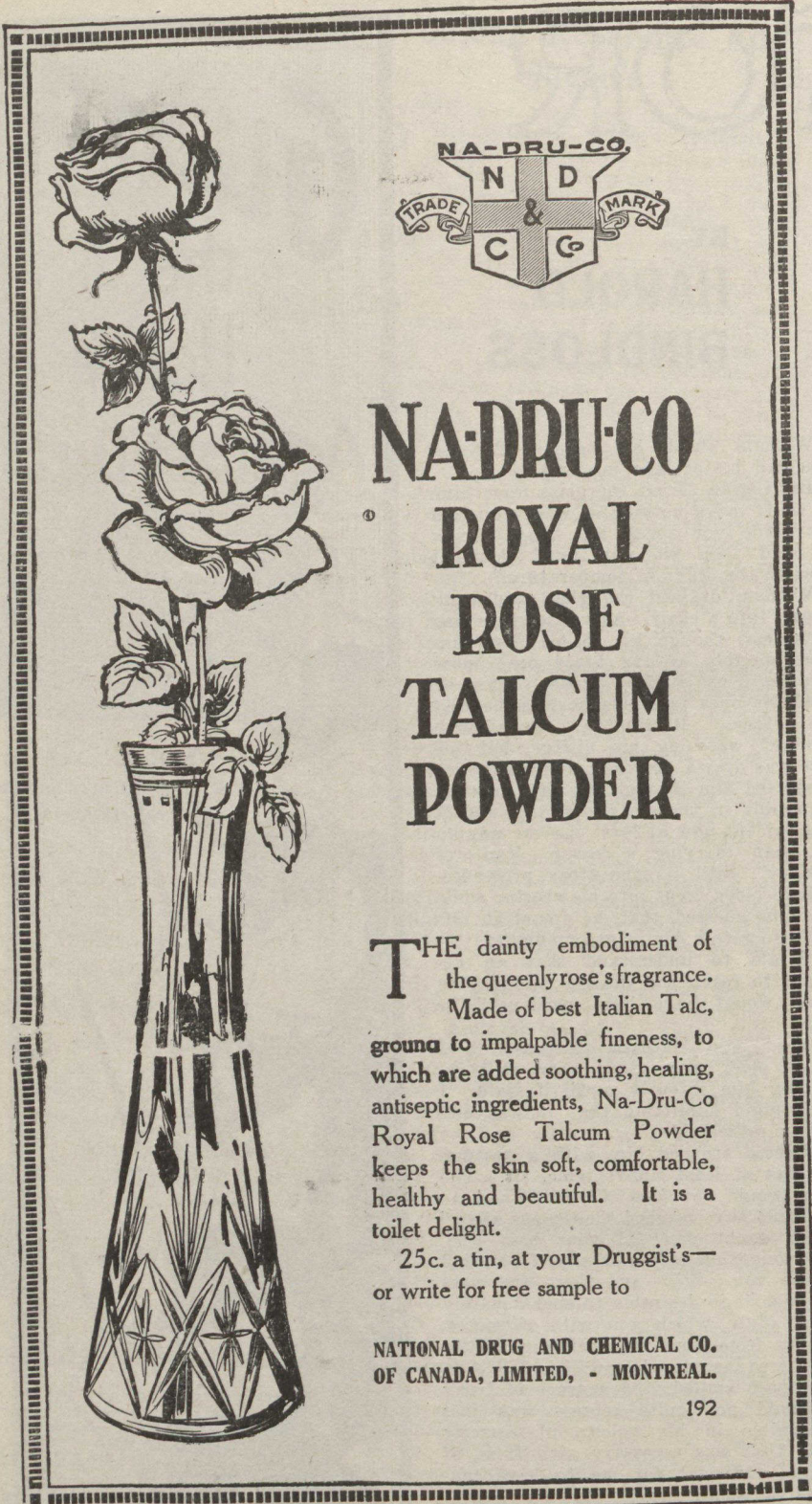
He went out, and Barrington, who looked after him with a curious expression in his face, nodded twice as if in approval. Twenty minutes later he took his place in the sleigh that slid away from the Grange, which lay a league behind it when the sunrise flamed across the prairie. The wind had gone, and there was only a pitiless brightness and a devastating cold, while the snow lay blown in wisps, dried dusty and fine as flour by the frost. It had no cohesion, the runners sank in it, and Witham was almost waist deep when he dragged the floundering team through the drifts. A day had passed since he had eaten anything worth mention, but he held on

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with an endurance which his companion, who was incapable of rendering him assistance, wondered at. There were belts of deep snow the almost buried sleigh must be dragged through, and tracts from which the wind had swept the dusty covering, leaving bare the grasses the runners would not slide over, where the team came to a standstill, and could scarcely be urged to continue the struggle.

At last, however, the loghouse rose, a lonely mound of whiteness, out of the prairie, and Witham drew in a deep breath of contentment when a dusky figure appeared for a moment in the doorway. His weariness seemed to fall from him, and once more his companion wondered at the tirelessness of the man, as, floundering on foot beside them, he urged the team through the powdery drifts beneath the big birch bluff. Witham did not go in, however, when they reached the house; and when, five minutes later, Maud Barrington came out, she saw him leaning with a drawn face against the sleigh. He straightened himself suddenly at the sight of her, but she had seen sufficient, and her heart softened towards him. Whatever the man's history had been he had borne a good deal for her.

The return journey was even more arduous, and now and then Maud Barrington felt a curious throb of pity for the worn-out man, who during most of it walked beside the team; but it was accomplished at last, and she contrived to find means of thanking him alone when they reached the Grange.

Witham shook his head, and then smiled a little. "It isn't nice to make a bargain," he said. "Still, it is less pleasant now and then to feel under an obligation, though there is no reason why you should."

Maud Barrington was not altogether pleased, but she could not blind herself to facts, and it was plain that there was an obligation. "I am afraid I cannot quite believe that, but I do not see what you are leading to."

Witham's eyes twinkled. "Well," he said reflectively, "I don't want you to fancy that last night commits you to any line of conduct in regard to me. I only asked for a truce, you see."

Maud Barrington was a trifle nettled. "Yes?" she said.

"Then, I want to show you how you can discharge any trifling obligation you may fancy you may owe me, which of course would be more pleasant to you. Do not allow your uncle to sell any wheat forward for you, and persuade him to sow every acre that belongs to you this spring."

"But however would this benefit you?" asked the girl.

Witham laughed. "I have a fancy that I can straighten up things at Silverdale, if I can get my way. It would please me, and I believe they want it. Of course, a desire to improve anything appears curious to me!"

Maud Barrington was relieved of the necessity of answering, for the Colonel came up just then; but, moved by some sudden impulse, she nodded as if in agreement.

It was afternoon when she awakened from a refreshing sleep, and descending to the room set apart for herself and her aunt, sat thoughtfully still awhile in a chair beside the stove. Then, stretching out her hand, she took up a little case of photographs and slipped out one of them. It was a portrait of a boy and pony, but there was a significance in the fact that she knew just where to find it. The picture was a good one, and once more Maud Barrington noticed the arrogance, which did not, however, seem out of place there, in the lad's face. It was also a comely face, but there was a hint of sensuality in it that marred its beauty. Then with a growing perplexity she compared it with that of the weary man who had plodded beside the team. Witham was not arrogant but resolute, and there was no stamp of indulgence in his face. Indeed, the girl had from the beginning recognized the virility in it that was tinged with asceticism and sprang from a simple, strenuous life of toil in the wind and sun.

Just then there was a rustle of fabric, and she laid down the photograph a moment too late, as her aunt came in. As it happened, the elder lady's eyes rested on the picture, and a faint flush of annoyance crept into the face of the girl. It was scarcely perceptible, but Miss

Barrington saw it, and though she felt tempted, did not smile.

"I did not know you were down," she said. "Lance is still asleep. He seemed very tired."

"Yes," said the girl. "That is very probable. He left the railroad before daylight, and had driven round to several farms before he came to Macdonald's, and he was very considerate. He had made me take all the furs, and, I fancy, walked up and down with nothing but his indoor clothing on all night long, though the wind went through the building, and one could scarcely keep alive a few feet from the stove."

Again the flicker of colour crept into the girl's cheeks, and the eyes that were keen, as well as gentle, noticed it.

"I think you owe him a good deal," said Miss Barrington.

"Yes," said her niece, with a little laugh which appeared to imply a trace of resentment. "I believe I do, but he seemed unusually anxious to relieve me of that impression. He was also good enough to hint that nothing he might have done need prevent me being—the right word is a trifle difficult to find—but I fancy he meant unpleasant to him if I wished it."

There was a little twinkle in Miss Barrington's eyes. "Are you not a trifle hard to please, my dear? Now, if he had attempted to insist on a claim to your gratitude, you would have resented it."

"Of course," said the girl reflectively. "Still, it is annoying to be debarred from offering it. There are times, aunt, when I can't help wishing that Lance Courthorne had never come to Silverdale. There are men who leave nothing just as they found it, and whom one can't ignore."

Miss Barrington shook her head. "I fancy you are wrong. He has offended after all?"

She was pleased to see her niece's face relax into a smile that expressed unconcern. "We are all exacting now and then," said the girl. "Still, he made me promise to give him a fair trial, which was not flattering, because it suggested that I had been unnecessarily harsh, and then hinted this morning that he had no intention of holding me to it. It really was not gratifying to find he held the concession he asked for of so small account. You are, however, as easily swayed by trifles as I am, because Lance can do no wrong since he kissed your hand."

"I really think I liked him the better for it," said the little silver-haired lady. "The respect was not assumed, but wholly genuine, you see; and whether I was entitled to it or not, it was a good deal in Lance's favour that he should offer it to me. There must be some good in the man who can be moved to reverence anything, even if he is mistaken."

"No man with any sense could help adoring you," said Maud Barrington. "Still, I wonder why you believe I was wrong in wishing he had not come to Silverdale?"

Miss Barrington looked thoughtful. "I will tell you, my dear. There are few better men than my brother; but his thoughts, and the traditions he is bound by, are those of fifty years ago, while the restless life of the prairie is a thing of to-day. We have fallen too far behind it at Silverdale, and a crisis is coming that none of us are prepared for. Even Dane is scarcely fitted to help my brother to face it, and the rest are either over-fond of their pleasure or untrained boys. Brave lads they are, but none of them have been taught that it is only by mental strain, or the ceaseless toil of his body, the man without an inheritance can win himself a competence now. This is why they want a leader who has known hardship and hunger, instead of ease, and won what he holds with his own hand in place of having it given him."

"You fancy we could find one in such a man as Lance has been?"

Miss Barrington looked grave. "I believe the prodigal was afterwards a better, as well as a wiser, man than the one who stayed at home, and I am not quite sure that Lance's history is so nearly like that of the son in the parable as we have believed it to be. A residence in the sty is apt to leave a stain, which I have not, though I have looked for it, found on him."

The eyes of the two women met, and, though nothing more was said, each

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realized that the other was perplexed by the same question, while the girl was astonished to find her vague suspicions shared. While they sat silent, Colonel Barrington came in.

"I am glad to see you looking so much better, Maud," he said, with a trace of embarrassment. "Courthorne is resting still. Now, I can't help feeling that we have been a trifle more distant than was needful with him. The man has really behaved very discreetly. I mean in everything."

This was a great admission, and Miss Barrington smiled. "Did it hurt you very much to tell us that?" she asked.

The Colonel laughed. "I know what you mean, and if you put me on my mettle I'll retract. After all, it was no great credit to him, because blood will tell, and he is, of course, a Courthorne."

Almost without her intention, Maud Barrington's eyes wandered towards the photograph, and then looking up she met those of her aunt, and once more saw the thought that troubled her in them.

"The Courthorne blood is responsible for a good deal more than discretion," said Miss Barrington, who went out quietly.

Her brother appeared a trifle perplexed. "Now, I fancied your aunt had taken him under her wing, and when I was about to suggest that, considering the connection between the families, we might ask him over to dinner occasionally, she goes away," he said.

The girl looked down a moment, for, realizing that her uncle recognized the obligation he was under to the man he did not like, she remembered that she herself owed him considerably more and he had asked for something in return. It was not altogether easy to grant, but she had tacitly pledged herself, and turning suddenly she laid a hand on Barrington's arm.

"Of course; but I want to talk of something else just now," she said. "You know I have very seldom asked you questions about my affairs, but I wish to take a little practical interest in them this year."

"Yes?" said Barrington, with a smile. "Well, I am at your service, my dear, and quite ready to account for my stewardship. You are no longer my ward, except by your own wishes."

"I am still your niece," said the girl, patting his arm. "Now, there is, of course, nobody who could manage the farming better than you do, but I would like to raise a large crop of wheat this season."

"It wouldn't pay," and the Colonel grew suddenly grave. "Very few men in the district are going to sow all their holding. Wheat is steadily going down."

"Then if nobody sows there will be very little, and shouldn't that put up the prices?"

Barrington's eyes twinkled. "Who has been teaching you commercial economy? You are too pretty to understand such things, and the argument is fallacious, because the wheat is consumed in Europe—and even if we have not much to offer, they can get plenty from California, Chile, India, and Australia."

"Oh, yes—and Russia," said the girl. "Still, you see, the big mills in Winnipeg and Minneapolis depend upon the prairie. They couldn't very well bring wheat in from Australia."

Barrington was still smiling with his eyes, but his lips were set. "A little knowledge is dangerous, my dear, and if you could understand me better, I could show you where you were wrong. As it is, I can only tell you that I have decided to sell wheat forward and plough very little."

"But that was a policy you condemned with your usual vigour. You really know you did."

"My dear," said the Colonel, with a little impatient gesture, "one can never argue with a lady. You see—circumstances alter cases considerably."

He nodded with an air of wisdom as though that decided it; but the girl persisted. "Uncle," she said, drawing closer to him with lithe gracefulness, "I want you to let me have my own way just for once, and if I am wrong I will never do anything you do not approve of again. After all, it is a very little thing, and you would like to please me."

"It is a trifle that is likely to cost you a good deal of money," said the Colonel dryly.

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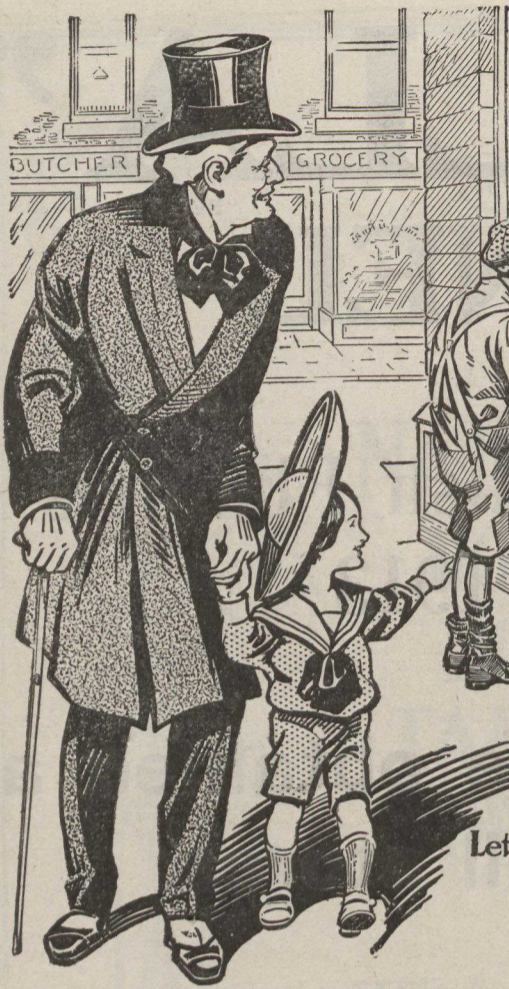
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"I think I could afford it, and you could not refuse me."  
"As I am only your uncle, and no longer a trustee, I could not," said Barrington. "Still, you would not act against my wishes?"  
His eyes were gentle, unusually so, for he was not as a rule very patient when any one questioned his will; but there was a reproach in them that hurt the girl. Still, because she had promised, she persisted.  
"No," she said. "That is why it would be ever so much nicer if you would just think as I did."  
Barrington looked at her steadily. "If you insist, I can at least hope for the best," he said, with a gravity that brought a faint colour to the listener's cheek.  
It was next day when Witham took his leave, and Maud Barrington stood beside him as he put on his driving furs.  
"You told me there was something you wished me to do, and, though it was difficult, it is done," she said. "My holding will be sown with wheat this spring."  
Witham turned his head aside a moment and apparently found it needful to fumble at the fastenings of the furs, while there was a curious expression in his eyes when he looked round again.  
"Then," he said with a little smile, "we are quits. That cancels any little obligation which may have existed."  
He had gone in another minute, and Maud Barrington turned back into the stove-warmed room very quietly. Her lips were, however, somewhat closely set.

CHAPTER XI.  
Speed the Plough.

WINTER had fled back beyond the barrens to the lonely North at last, and though here and there a little slushy snow still lay soaking the black loam in a hollow, a warm wind swept the vast levels when one morning Colonel Barrington rode with his niece and sister across the prairie. Spring comes suddenly in that region, and the frost-bleached sod was steaming under an effulgent sun, while in places a hardy flower peeped through. It was six hundred miles to the forests of the Rockies' eastern slope, and as far to the Athabaskan pines, but it seemed to Maud Barrington that their resinous sweetness was in the glorious western wind, which awoke a musical sighing from the sea of rippling grass. It rolled away before her in billows of lustrous silver-grey, and had for sole boundary the first upward spring of the arch of cloudless blue, across which the vanguard of the feathered host pressed on, company by company, towards the Pole.

The freshness of it all stirred her blood like wine, and the brightness that flooded the prairie had crept into her eyes; for those who bear the iron winter of that lonely land realize the wonder of the reawakening, which in a little space of day, dresses the waste which has lain for long months white and silent as the dead, in living green. It also has its subtle significance that the grimmest toiler feels, and the essence of it is hope eternal and triumphant life. The girl felt the thrill of it, and gave thanks by an answering brightness, as the murmuring grasses and peeping flowerets did; but there was behind her instinctive gladness a vague wonder and expectancy. She had read widely, and seen the life of the cities with understanding eyes, and now she was to be provided with the edifying spectacle of the gambler and outcast turned farmer.

Had she been asked a few months earlier whether the man who had, as Courthorne had done, cast away his honour and wallowed in the mire, could come forth again and purge himself from the stain, her answer would have been coldly sceptical; but now, with the old familiar miracle and what it symbolized before her eyes, the thing looked less improbable. Why this should give her pleasure she did not know, or would not admit that she did, but the fact remained that it was so.

Trotting down the slope of the next rise, they came upon him, and he stood with very little sign of dissolute living upon him by a great breaker plough. In front of him, the quarter-mile furrow led on beyond the tall sighting poles on the crest of the next rise, and four splendid horses, of a kind not very usual on the prairie, were stamping the steam-

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ing clods at his side. Bronzed by frost and sun, with his brick-red neck and arch of chest revealed by the coarse blue shirt that, belted at the waist, enhanced his slenderness of flank, the repentant prodigal was at least a passable specimen of the animal man; but it was the strength and patience in his face that struck the girl, as he turned towards her, bareheaded, with a little smile in his eyes. She also noticed the difference he presented with his ingrained hands and the stain of the soil upon him to her uncle, who sat his horse, immaculate as usual, with gloved hand on the bridle, for the Englishmen at Silverdale usually hired other men to do their coarser work for them.

"So you are commencing in earnest in face of my opinion?" said Barrington. "Of course, I wish you success, but that consummation appears distinctly doubtful."

Witham laughed as he pointed to a great machine which, hauled by four horses, rolled towards them, scattering the black clods in its wake. "I'm doing what I can to achieve it, sir," he said. "In fact, I'm staking somewhat heavily. That team with the gang ploughs and cultivators cost me more dollars than I care to remember."

"No doubt," said Barrington dryly. "Still, we have always considered oxen good enough for breaking prairie at Silverdale."

Witham nodded. "I used to do so, sir, when I could get nothing better, but after driving oxen for eight years one finds out their disadvantages."

Barrington's face grew a trifle stern. "There are times when you tax our patience, Lance," he said. "Still, there is nothing to be gained by questioning your assertion. What I fail to see is where your reward for all this will come from, because I am still convinced that the soil will, so to speak, give you back eighty cents for every dollar you put into it. I would, however, like to look at those implements. I have never seen better ones."

He dismounted and helped his companion down, for Witham made no answer. The farmer was never sure what actuated him, but, save in an occasional fit of irony, he had not attempted by any reference to make his past fall into line with Courthorne's since he had first been accepted as the latter at Silverdale. He had taken the dead man's inheritance, for a while, but he would stoop no further, and to speak the truth, which he saw was not credited, brought him a grim amusement as well as flung a sop to his pride. Presently, however, Miss Barrington turned to him, and there was a kindly gleam in her eyes as she glanced at the splendid horses and widening strip of ploughing.

"You have the hope of youth, Lance, to make this venture when all looks black—and it pleases me," she said. "Sometimes I fancy that men had braver hearts than they have now when I was young."

Witham flushed a trifle, and stretching out an arm swept his hand round the horizon. "All that looked dead a very little while ago, and now you can see the creeping greenness in the sod," he said. "The lean years cannot last for ever, and even if one is beaten again, there is a consolation in knowing that one has made a struggle. Now, I am quite aware that you are fancying a speech of this kind does not come well from me."

Maud Barrington had seen his gesture, and something in the thought that impelled it, as well as the almost statuesque pose of his thinly-clad figure, appealed to her. Courthorne as farmer, with the damp of clean effort on his forehead and the stain of the good soil that would faithfully repay it on his garments, had very little in common with the profligate and gambler. Vaguely she wondered whether he was not working out his own redemption by every wheat furrow torn from the virgin prairie, and then again the doubt crept in. Could this man have ever found pleasure in the mire?

"You will plough all your holding, Lance?" asked the elder lady, who had not answered his last speech yet, but meant to do.

"Yes," said the man. "All I can. It's a big venture, and if it fails will cripple me; but I seem to feel, apart from any reason I can discern, that wheat is going up again, and I must go through

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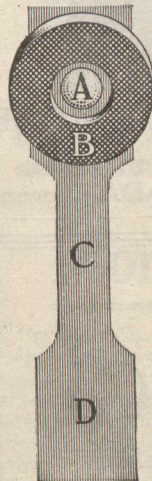
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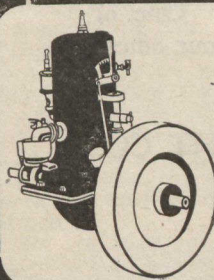


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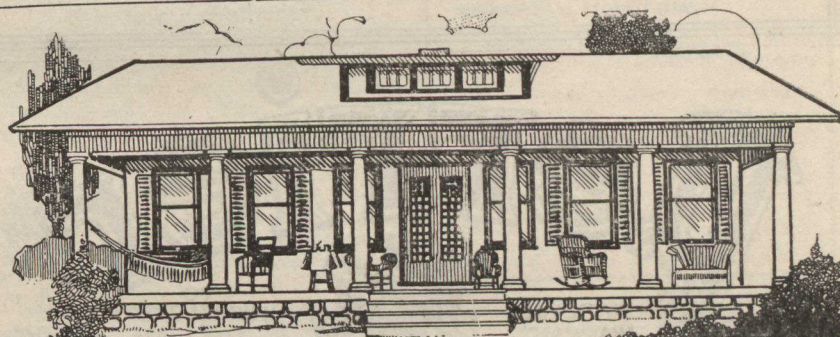
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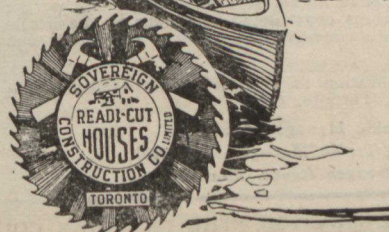
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with this ploughing. Of course, it does not sound very sensible."

Miss Barrington looked at him gravely, for there was a curious and steadily-tightening bond between the two. "It depends upon what you mean by sense. Can we reason out all we feel, and is there nothing intangible but real behind the impulses which may be sent to us?"

"Well," said Witham, with a little smile, "that is a trifle too deep for me, and it's difficult to think of anything but the work I have to do. But you were the first at Silverdale to hold out a hand to me—and I have a feeling that your good wishes would go a long way now. Is it altogether fantastic to believe that the good-will of my first friend would help to bring me prosperity?"

The white-haired lady's eyes grew momentarily soft, and, with a gravity that did not seem out of place, she moved forward and laid her hand on a big horse's neck, and smiled when the dumb beast responded to her gentle touch.

"It is a good work," she said. "Lance, there is more than dollars, or the bread that somebody is needing, behind what you are doing, and because I loved your mother I know how her approval would have followed you. And now sow in hope, and God speed your plough!"

She turned away almost abruptly, and Witham stood still, with one hand closed tightly and a little deeper tint in the bronze of his face, sensible at once of an unchanged resolution and a horrible degradation. Then he saw that the Colonel had helped Miss Barrington into the saddle and her niece was speaking.

"I have something to ask Mr. Courthorne, and will overtake you," she said. The others rode on, and the girl turned to Witham. "I made you a promise and did my best to keep it, but

I find it harder than I fancied it would be," she said. "I want you to release me."

"I should like to hear your reasons," said Witham.

The girl made a faint gesture of impatience. "Of course, if you, insist!"

"I do," said Witham quietly.

"Then I promised you to have all my holding sown this year, and I am still willing to do so; but, though my uncle makes no protests I know he feels my opposition very keenly, and it hurts me horribly. Unspoken reproaches are the worst to bear, you know, and now Dane and some of the others are following your lead, it is painful to feel that I am taking part with them against the man who has always been kind to me."

"And you would prefer to be loyal to Colonel Barrington even if it cost you a good deal?"

"Of course!" said Maud Barrington. "Can you ask me?"

Witham saw the sparkle in her eyes and the half-contemptuous pride in the poise of the shapely head. Loyalty, it was evident, was not a figure of speech with her, but he felt that he had seen enough and turned his face aside.

"I knew it would be difficult when I asked," he said. "Still, I cannot give you back that promise. We are going to see a great change this year, and I have set my heart on making all I can for you."

"But why should you?" asked Maud Barrington, somewhat astonished that she did not feel more angry.

"Well," said Witham gravely, "I may tell you by and by, and in the meanwhile you can set it down to vanity. This may be my last venture at Silverdale, and I want to make it a big success." (To be continued.)

## A Black Fox Skin

(Concluded from page 9.)

dressed as a white girl.

Now she walked into the prison calmly. "You are a good man, Roy," she said in a business-like manner. "And I have brought you back your sleeping robe, that you wrapped our little girl, Dolly, in, when you sent her home."

Roy found his voice. "El-Soo, you must go away directly. What would the factor say? How did you get in, anyway? Jack would be very angry if he knew."

As El-Soo knew her husband was at the prison door seeing and hearing everything she was unimpressed by this. "We did not know till to-day," she said in her precise English. "The boys were afraid of being punished for running away when you told them to wait. But Dolly told us, and then we asked Little Fox. Brown Moose is very angry with him. And I have come to thank you."

She held out her hand to him gravely, but Roy drew back, his face crimsoning. "I'm not fit for a woman like you to touch," he said.

"I don't think you are a thief all through, any more than Little Fox is a coward," she said reflectively. "You could be good if you liked. Real thieves don't know how to be anything else."

"In other words I am rather worse than what they call a moral degenerate," said Roy grimly, his tired eyes seeking the hook again and wishing El-Soo would go, but she had brought him a Christmas present, a basket with meat and potatoes, hot tea and Christmas pudding. This last was rather an achievement in a land where flour, plums and spices were not. It had potatoes for flour, frozen cranberries for fruit, and was flavored with much ginger and molasses. Roy drank the tea thirstily, but in spite of his long fast he was too nervous to eat, much to El-Soo's disappointment. However, in answer to her questions he told her of his journey back with the stolen black fox. Then he started up as Jack came in.

El-Soo passed out, quick and noiseless as a shadow, and the two men faced each other, Roy rather white.

"You don't look exactly fit, kid," was all Jack said.

Roy glanced again at the hook overhead. "I know I must pay for what I did to you," he said steadily, "and I'm fit enough for that whatever it is."

"Pay your grandmother," retorted Jack. "I don't count what a crazy man does any more than I would a girl. But I owe you a life, Dolly's life. I'll settle your account at Fort Gray River, and there's a dog team outside with three weeks' supplies. I guess if you like there's nothing to hinder you getting clear away. Brown Moose is satisfied, he's got the black fox back, and if we're all willing you should get off now, we needn't worry about the law."

"You mean you think I'm not a thief all through," said Roy after a long pause. "You think I've had enough for what I did. I wonder if you would mind shaking hands with me?"

Jack held out his hand instantly.

"Are you going to run, kid?"

"You know I'm not," Roy answered with an uncertain smile. "When Pete gave you his keys it meant you would have to answer for it if I escaped."

"You can cut that out, kid," said Jack drily.

Roy hesitated and flushed. "See here, Jack, I've been getting things all my life without paying for them. I don't mean what the law calls stealing, but I owe my folks to live a lot different than I have—if I'd been what I should I would never have been crazy enough to steal the black fox. So I won't run away from paying for everything, and then being able to start again clear."

"Paying includes Pete, kid."

Roy flushed again. "If El-Soo and then you had not come here I should have killed myself to-night, Jack. But now you've shaken hands with me, and I know you believe I can pick myself up again, you needn't be afraid that all the Pete's I may meet while I'm paying will send me off my head again."

Jack left him then, to eat, and sleep warmly in his fur robe, the Mackenzie substitute for the Yukon sleeping bag, with something like Christmas peace in his heart.

Two days later he was brought before McPhail again. That gentleman looked at him severely. "Jock's told me of the most unlawful and improper proposal he made ye on Christmas night," he said. "And I told him I was fair scandalized at him. But I have decided that ye can go on suspended sentence, and as Jock has paid your debt to the company, ye are free to return home, and, I trust, do your duty there."

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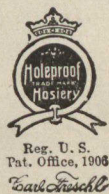
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