

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Alderman and the Clique

By B. B. COOKE

The Real Boss of Montreal

No. 31 in a Series of Character Studies

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

The Millionaire Incog

STORY BY MADGE MACBETH

Woman's Supplement

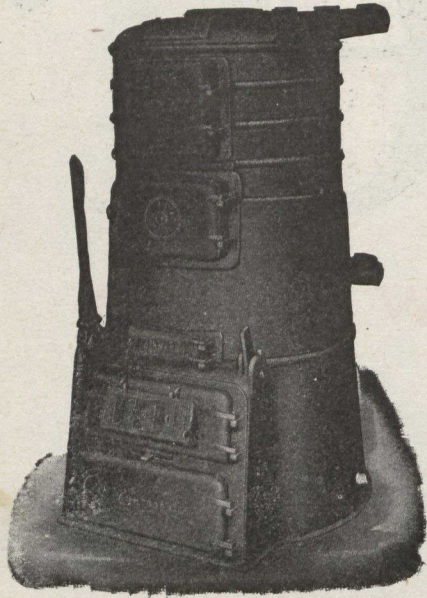


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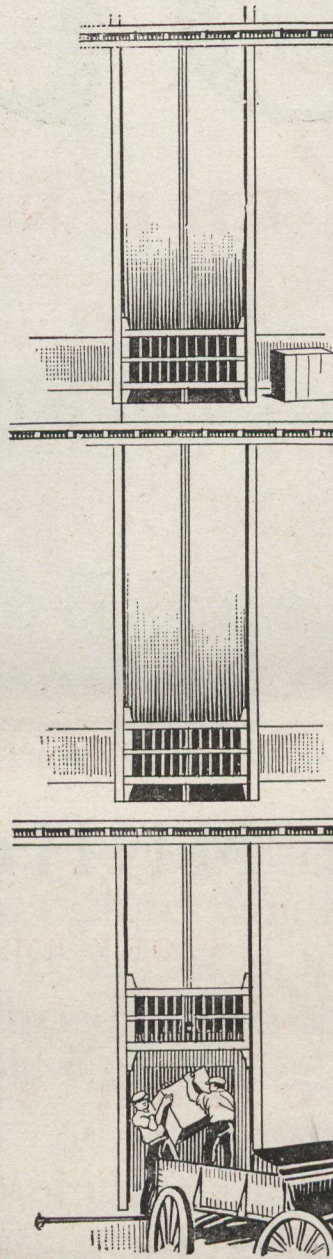
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 24

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

Almost the year's capsheaf in the abundance of good features: Erin's opinions on "School Hygiene" and a number of other equally uppermost questions; an illustrated sketch by Mary Josephine Trotter of the aristocratic business woman, "Evelyn," of Toronto; a special article, profusely illustrated, on "Agriculture for Girls," by Eve S. Dropper; to say nothing of abbreviated news in picture and text which sufficiently speaks for itself.

- London Letter By "Caledonian."
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Editor's Talk

NOT forgetting the eternal feminine, the Christmas Number of the "Canadian Courier" will contain a special Christmas Supplement for women. The great shopping season has begun its yearly crescendo. In spite of the minor plaint concerning what used to be known in this country as "hard times," the shopping season this year promises to be as brilliant as ever. There will be a difference. Shoppers will mix more brains with their money and more time with both, in order to secure the results that make for the happiness of other people.

The Christmas Supplement will deal intimately from a woman's standpoint, with the human side of this. It will be a document worthy of perusal also by any mere man. It will reflect the side of commercialism which is brightest and most optimistic, and it will blaze a trail of good cheer all through the Christmas season.

The number will contain, also, considerable music, which is even more characteristic of Christmas than shopping. And—we have saved the best wine till the last—there will be throughout the Christmas spirit. "Good cheer" abounds in the cover, the stories, the articles, the poems, in everything inside the special Christmas Number. It will be the latest of a line of successful Yuletide productions—and the best.



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In Lighter Vein

Another Triumph for the Sex.—In-dignant Wife (whose repeated assurances as to her husband's sobriety and general respectability have been totally ignored by the police, comforting herself with a parting shot). "Mind yer purse, Bill!"—Punch.

The Lesser Evil.—Briggs—"You must have a lot of trouble keeping your wife drest up in the height of style."

Griggs—"Yes, but it's nothing to the trouble I'd have if I didn't."—Boston Transcript.

Welcomed.—"I'll have to arrest you," said the policeman.

The man who was having trouble with his wife threw both arms around the officer and exclaimed:

"This isn't any arrest. This is a rescue."—Washington Star.

Trained.—Lawyer: "The cross-examination did not seem to worry you. Have you had any previous experience?"

Client: "Six children."—Kansas City Star.

Not so Classy.—First Old Friend.—"Hullo, old chap, how are you?"

Second O. F.—"First class; how are you?"

F. O. F.—"Steerage."—Harvard Lampoon.

A Reform School.

WISH that I could make a rule
That every Moth must go to school.
And learn from some experienced
Mole
To make a less conspicuous hole.—
Harper's Magazine.

Thoughtful Harold.—First Fond Mother—"My Reginald has to have a new set of school-books every year."

Second F. M.—"He should take Harold for a model. My Harold always stays in the same books for three years."—New York Evening Post.

Mere Foliage.—Baron Sans Dough—"What do you think of my family tree?"

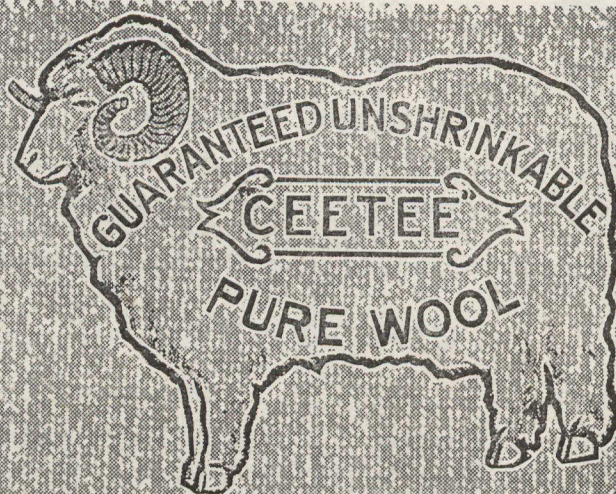
Mr. Muchgold—"The tree may be a good one, all right, but looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Judge.

Resource.—Motor Cyclist: "Quick! Evangeline—Pinch baby; the horn won't work!"—Punch.

Poor But Honest.—"But," she objected, "you must remember that one of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower. I am afraid my people would object to you on the ground that your grandfather was an immigrant. We descendants of the Pilgrims are very proud of our stock, you know." "Well, I suppose you have a right to be. I've got three or four descendants of Pilgrims working for me, and they seem to be good, honest fellows."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Another Victim of the War.—An old negro went into a drug store in Richmond and said: "Boss, will you please, suh, call de colonel on de telephone?" This was done, and the old darky said: "Colonel, dat ar mule done stall right in de main street right out here in front of de store. Yaas, suh; I don tied strings round his ears, but he didn't budge. What's dat? What's dat? Yaas, suh, I build a fire under him, but it didn't do nuthin' but scorch de harness. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh; I took de things out, but he wouldn't budge. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh. What's dat? No, suh; no, suh, colonel, I didn't twist his tail. Yaas, suh; yaas, suh, another german twis' his tail; he look like a Northern gemman. What's dat, colonel? Yaas, suh, dey tuk him to de hospital."—The Argonaut.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
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Vol. XIV.

November 15, 1913

No. 24

Men of To-Day

The Strenuous Minister

METHODIST ministers used to have a reputation for traveling in the old saddle-bag and camp-meeting days. But Cabinet ministers in the present Government hold the record for mileage. Since the present Cabinet came into office the members of it have traveled far enough to go several times round the earth at the equator and then have enough mileage left to go considerable of the journey on a trip to Mars. This latter journey is mentioned here because it's really one that Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes may take, when he discovers that what Europe doesn't know about war is altogether too much. The Colonel will then go to headquarters in an airship.

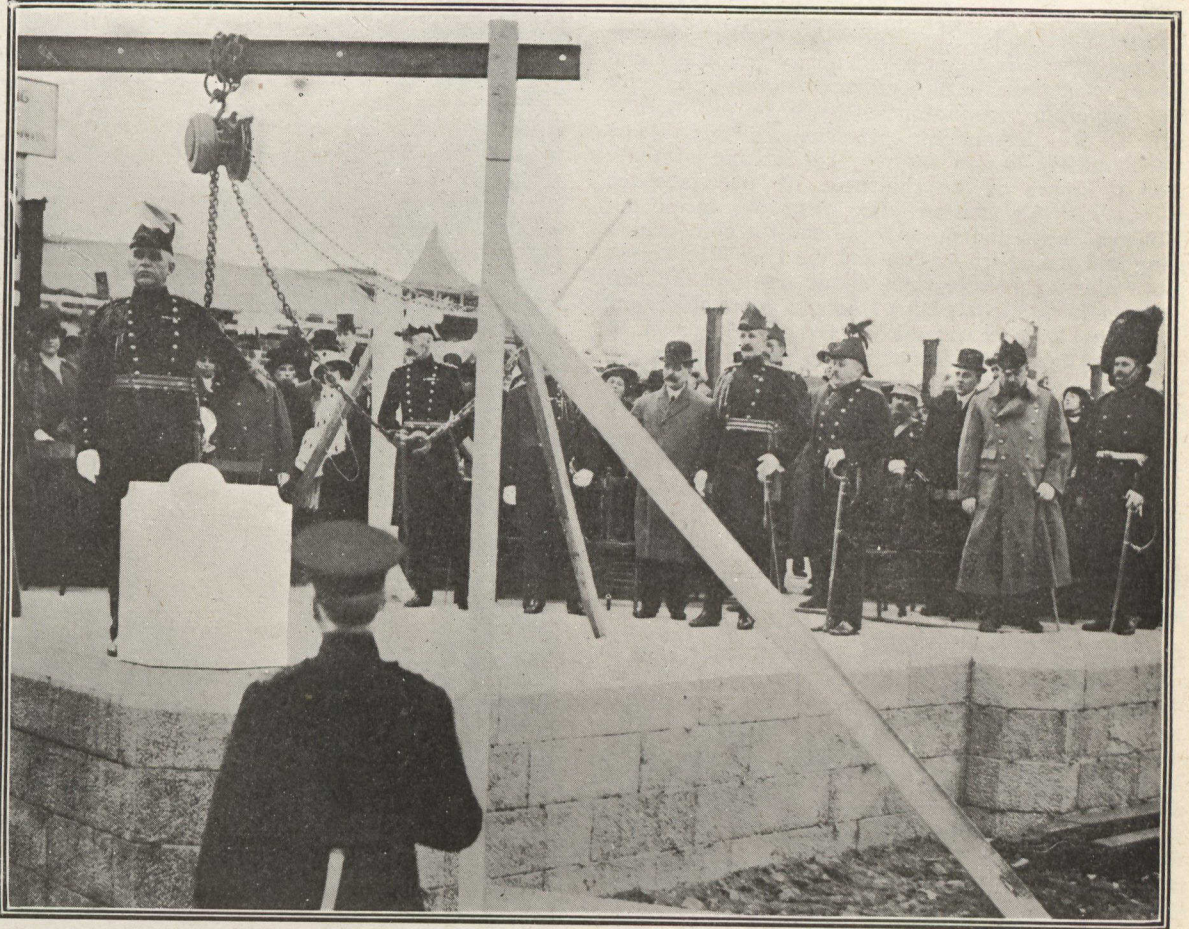
He has returned from a military entourage that, according to Liberal mathematicians, is worth 110,000 bushels of good wheat. The same calculators do not seem to remember the famous de luxe expedition of Captain Bernier in the *Arctic*, when champagne empties were left drifting in the ice floes. Col. Hughes does not travel on champagne. He is a temperance man. But when it comes to traveling abroad the Colonel cuts loose. The mileage books of the Militia Department hold the record. Trade and Commerce ran up several thousand miles when Mr. Foster went to Australia and the Orient this year. Last year the Premier and three of his Ministers, including Mr. Pelletier and Mr. Hazen, went to England with side trips to the continent. Other Ministers have traveled, too.

ALL these itineraries were necessary in the interests of Canada. Nobody objects. The fact that Col. Hughes had twenty-three officers and several lady secretaries on the trip to Europe seems to bother some of the Liberal calculators. Twenty-three is a hoodoo number. But the Colonel was never perturbed by a hoodoo. He defies conventions and mere averages. He wears a red tie in the Royal box at the Russell Theatre. The red tie is symbolical of Mars, the red god of war. He sees Europe as a vast camp of armies. Canada also must be an armed camp. New drill halls are being built from coast to coast. The picture on this page shows the corner-stone laying of what is supposed to be the biggest in Canada, when completed, the great drill hall in Montreal. At the same time the Colonel reviewed a brand-new regiment in Montreal. If you build drill-halls you must have regiments to occupy them. If you keep on enlarging and creating regiments, you need more drill halls.

Why not? The Colonel is a soldier. He does not believe in armchair tactics. He wants realities. Either this country is in a potential state of war or it is not. If it is, then we must have the men and the munitions of war. The cost is altogether incidental. War is known to be the costliest pastime or business of the human race. Its purpose is to destroy. It produces nothing, except labour for those who produce the raw material and the munitions and regalia of war. It is quite absurd that the Minister of Militia should take any stock in the country's revenues. Critics say that we can't afford to lavish our substance upon war. The Colonel believes that we can't afford the insecurity of being unprepared for war.

Mr. Borden at Golf

THE Premier has gone away for a month's vacation. Parliament is not likely to assemble until January. No Canadian Premier ever tackled quite the first-two-years-of-office programme bequeathed to Mr. Borden. Sir Wilfrid did not finish



A NEW REGIMENT AND A NEW ARMOURIES AT MONTREAL.
 Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes Speaks at the Corner-stone Laying of the New Drill Hall for the Grenadier Guards, Montreal's New Regiment.

his work. Mr. Borden has been finishing some of it, with a few alterations. He has also tackled several new tasks. His Cabinet, less a galaxy of stars than the Cabinet of 1896, has been considerably shuffled since 1911. Several other changes are forecasted by the Opposition newspapers. Distinguished for practical business and not for imagination, the Cabinet had its solidarity severely tested by the Naval Aid Bill deadlock.

Mr. Borden has had many advisers. A plain, outspoken man by nature, he is not essentially fond of the atmosphere of inside diplomacy. He wears no velvet glove. Always taking his high office with great seriousness, he has felt its burdens more constantly than Sir Wilfrid or Sir John Macdonald, both of whom had the faculty of extracting casual amusement out of the cares of office. The recent bye-elections have not shaken the Premier's confidence in himself and his cause; neither have they been the source of unalloyed ministerial jubilation. The victory at Chateauguay was offset by the turnover in South Bruce.

Mr. Borden's vacation on the eve of another session will give him an opportunity to get a personal focus on the lines of force which are bound to confront him at the assembling of Parliament. He needs the retirement. He is a golf enthusiast; no mere imitation of Arthur Balfour and Lloyd George. The game probably helps to give him the humorous outlook upon life somewhat denied him by endowment. And the grand game is just about strenuous and precarious enough to take a man's mind off the worries of State, and to keep him in good physical condition, which is as necessary to a Premier as to an athlete. The Premier has had a strenuous time these last two years. And he has a strenuous time ahead. He needs to conserve his health.



AS MADAME BORDEN SEES HIM.
 This Play Picture of Mr. Borden was Taken on the Grounds of the Premier's Home, "Glensmere," at Ottawa, by Madame Borden, who has Made a Delightful Hobby of the Camera.

The Real Boss of Montreal

Alderman Louis Audet Lapointe, Chairman of Caucus and the Impersonation of Council

No. 31 in the Series, "Personalities and Problems"

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

TO have the sensation of running a big city as a locomotive engineer runs a train is reserved to but a few favoured mortals. The real operator of Montreal is not the Mayor, nor the Board of Control; nor the president of the C. P. R.; nor the Archbishop; nor the chairman of the Harbour Commissioners; nor the general manager of the Bank of Montreal—no, not even Sir Hugh Graham or Mr. E. A. Robert, president of the Tramways Co.

The man who really runs Montreal is Alderman Louis Audet Lapointe. Officially neither he nor any one else may think so. Nobody would pretend to say that as a public citizen of our chief city Ald. Lapointe is any more to be looked up to than any of the personages catalogued above. The world outside knows far more about any of these than it knows of the chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. But from the inside out Montreal in the tenement house and the contractor's gang and the police station and the City Hall knows more about Lapointe than about most of the rest put together. He has been fourteen years alderman. Just how long he intends to remain alderman he does not know and is not concerned to count up; but from what he knows of the temperament of Montreal, probably a very good while because Montreal will constantly need him.

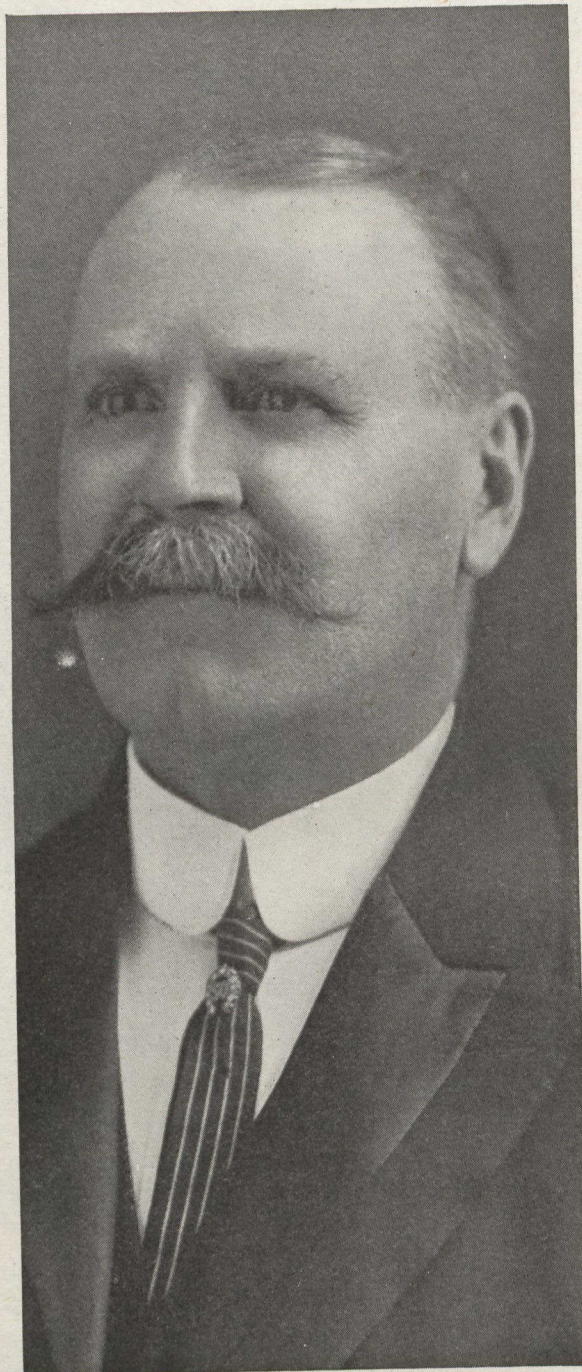
And it does. The big city has such a lot of temperament that a temperamental but very discreetly controlled man like Lapointe acts as the key log in the jam. And it is all because Lapointe knows Montreal very much as a girl of sixteen knows her stepmother. He has been brought up with the old lady.

TO understand Lapointe's peculiar leadership in Montreal you first confess that you are perfectly ignorant of both. The alderman manufactures no mystery. In his spacious offices of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, at 60 St. James, he is the most obvious man of affairs in Montreal. Lapointe believes in open doors. His three offices are all *en suite*. When I saw him he was sitting alone on a very wet morning at a huge, open window, gazing with the eye of a philosopher into an immense quadrangle of dead, ancient, stone walls. He was smoking a plethoric cigar as he listened to the rain. He wore the same hefty, gold chain, comfortable overlay collar and luminous tie that he has worn at council meetings these fourteen years. Now and again a sociable sparrow hopped on to the stone ledge and took a squint at the glaring red rugs and the large, self-evident man that leaned so opulently back in his large chair. Otherwise he was all alone; which he enjoys one way as much as a man can, but otherwise is as fond of company as any man that ever lived, and the more the merrier.

"I am—Lapointe," he admitted. "Will you sit down? Yes, it is a wet morning. Oh, the rain will do good to somebody."

As it sometimes seems to rain five days a week in Montreal the Alderman's optimism is probably habitual. In that silent, fresh-air back room, with the wide-swung window and the ancient walls, he was clean away from the turbulence of Craig and Notre Dame and St. James. He may have been thinking of a hundred things that come to a man in solitude, when a man imagines himself a citizen of the whole world with no particular obligation to any other men or machine. But without doubt the Alderman's mind was not far from Montreal, which is to him more interesting than all the rest of the world, and is big enough and changing enough to furnish an outlet to any man's imagination.

PERHAPS dreaming. Not of eternal reform. No, to Lapointe the big city is no place for merely business machinery. It is the big town that rips down the old stone walls and shoots up new steel structures, but always seems to leave the bulwarks of old Montreal untouched. Progress goes ramping on its rambunctious way all about the eternal stone-set, fat old foundations of the historic city. Reform goes philandering over the City Hall down yonder past the old Nelson Monument. The Harbour Commissioners are building a city of wharves and ships along the big, blue river, and they think less of Montreal than of the world at large. One railway has the greatest castle of administration in the



"He looks that council square in the eyes."

world down on Windsor St.; another at Bonaventure is ready to link up this fall a second chain across Canada; a third is ripping a human highway through the Laurentian ribs of the mountain from which Montreal got its name; and the Archbishop in his palace next to the big, solemn dome of St. James is busy day and night holding together the forces of ecclesiasticism in Montreal.

But the river and the mountain and the same old Montreal are there as they were when Lapointe was born. And Lapointe is also the same. He admits that the big city is changing; but he is not disturbed. Since he was born the population has trebled. But it is—well, essentially, the same population. The problems are the same, but more of them; that is all.

In fact, some things can never be changed. The waves of revolution may splash; but the rocks are Laurentian. From that open window in the Licensed Victuallers' offices Lapointe can see in imagination the City Hall. He knows what that means to the conservation of old Montreal and the assimilation of the new. There is one controller—not mentioned here—who year by year ticks off on his chart the powers that the Commissioners, through the Quebec Legislature have twisted away from the Council. All that has happened since 1910. But the Council is still the same as it was. And if you would know how eternally identical it is, ask Lapointe.

"The Council—is the House of Lords," he says, with a very cocksure shrug of urbanity.

At once you understand that some one has dared to hint that it isn't. Before-mentioned grand controller, as French as Lapointe, up at the City Hall has said that he is in favour of gradual extinction of Council.

But first he must extinguish Lapointe. For if Council is the Lords, then Lapointe is the seigneur of the Lords, for he is boss of the Council. How? Not by juntas or cabals; not by corridor caucuses. Not by lobbying. By no sinister, dark method does the genial, dominating alderman sway that elective body chosen by ward votes. No, he is as open as a sunflower and as conspicuous. He looks that Council in the eyes and they look square into his. They understand. So does he.

Lapointe is—the Impersonation of Council. And he does it because he is the perennial chairman of caucus. This is a recognized institution in Montreal. No session of council is probable without the preliminary caucus. It is here that the proposals of the commissioners are gone over *seriatim* before the meeting of council in the Chambre. Commissioners say they want thus and so much for this and that. Caucus probes the estimates. If too much—pruning is decided upon; if too little—augmentation; if unjudiciously distributed—re-adjustment.

Of all which Lapointe is the natural instrument. Caucus and he must see the thing at the same angle. Always in the caucus there is a Lapointe majority. Why? Because Lapointe is the one natural voice of the council as it was and is and as far as possible expects to be. All clipping of council's wings is derogatory to Lapointe. There is no possible argument about this. Lapointe forces nothing upon the caucus. He only sizes up the assembly; a roll of his fat cigar and a twinkle of his eyes, and like a shrewd teacher from a class he has begun to formulate the line of action along which it is easiest for council to fling the weight of its united influence. When the voice of Lapointe has ceased the caucus is of practically one mind, and it is over.

HOW does Lapointe turn the trick? By being a ward candidate? No, by being an unelected candidate from all wards. Lapointe knows all there is to know about the ward system. But in his kaleidoscopic brain there is a human map of all wards in Montreal. He knows them all, French, Irish, English, Scotch, Yiddish, Latin, and generally miscellaneous, as he knows his own ward; just as he knows the personal force of every councilman. And when the caucus assembles under the baton of Lapointe it is to him the mostly unanimous voice of all Montreal, rehearsing in the vestry the hymn that council sings in the Chambre under the formal baton of the Mayor.

In that stately red chamber, with its luxurious desks and high ceiling and its semblance of throne, it is the desk of the cigar-smoking Lapointe that marks the centre of force. No mayor in fourteen years was ever able to ignore that desk. About the round table in the midst the faces of twenty-three are all a blur; but that one sunlit, dead-certain face of Lapointe is a sort of inevitable spot-light that reflects luminosity upon the chief magistrate.

Happy is the mayor who can perceive the almost unanimity of council and without waste of debate take his cue from Lapointe. Not absolutely. Once in the good old days that may have been, when council was the sole administration of Montreal and no one took the trouble to inquire what was going forward in civic business so long as life and limb were safe and police and cabmen and contractors and heads of departments interfered with the liberty and rights and pockets of no private citizens.

But since the revolution of 1910, council has been getting some teeth pulled by the commissioners. Not Lapointe's. He is personally stronger than ever. In the face of reform methods by commissioners he is able to focus with a small minority exception the lines of influence in the council. What was said in caucus is repeated in council, and the chairman of the caucus is the popular voice of the council. The Mayor, no longer the real chairman of council as he might have been in the pre-revolution days, comes down to the Chambre, not so much as the chief magistrate of the people in the wards, but as the chairman of a cabinet of five who are gradually getting an administrative cinch upon Montreal. It is an axiom that what

the commissioners send down to council must be vigorously readjusted as far as possible by this "house of lords." These experts, chosen by the whole people at large and given a four-year salary of \$7,000 a year each, may be efficient men. None doubts that. Lapointe will not deny it. But—they represent a foreign way. That is not the way it used to be.

AND the council of 1913 is not much different from the council of 1910 or the years before that. So long as Lapointe is the boss of council by being chairman of caucus, it never voluntarily will be. The legislatures may confer upon commissioners certain administrative rights in the direction of greater departmental efficiency. Every change so made only unifies the majority of council the more. Every ounce of authority vested in the commissioners is a pound of influence added to Lapointe. He is the champion resister; the prime conservator; the voice of the essential and characteristic Montreal.

The cynic living in Montreal may say:

"Well, there's no use trying to administrate Montreal as you would Toronto or Winnipeg or Vancouver. Conditions are different. The Britisher has made the money. He is the commercialist. He runs most of the big businesses. Yet the French are the great majority—and by the birth-rate intend so to continue, no matter what walls go down and up and what suburbs are annexed and what lines of tramways are extended. To even up in the score, why should not the civic business of Montreal go to the majority? Why should not the Frenchmen get the fat contracts?"

Lapointe never sums it up that way. That is too complicated. To him it is much more simple to accept conditions as they are. He admits that Montreal has a different civic character from all other cities in America. Racially so. He views with no alarm the rapid growth of the foreign element, especially the Jews. The sole Jew in the council—Blumenthal—he recognizes as a necessity. The few Britishers cause him no disquiet. They are necessary also. To him an alderman must represent; not always by race, however—for in some wards the lines cross.

"And I am glad to say," he declared, with an exuberant whiff from a cigar stump, "that Montreal has taken hold of civic matters under peculiar conditions that other cities are glad to study us."

Himself he has studied other communities; always back gladly to old Montreal, which he knows like an old book. The ward system, so immediately effective in voicing the people's personal will, do you think he ever would favour abolishing that? Not so long as he is Lapointe.

"It may have some limitations," he says. "But we are not looking for perfection. We look for practical results. If you are to spread the vote for aldermen over this whole city—bah! what chance is there for a candidate to be known so well that he can get an intelligent majority? It is better to have a man elected by a vote of acquaintance upon his merits; and when he is in council then he may study to get bigger than his own ward. That is the way. It is easier for a good alderman to do so than to get fairly and sensibly elected by thousands of people who never can come to know what he is able to do."

So Lapointe would let well enough very much alone; so long as council is tackling civic problems vigorously and not letting commissioners "commish" without having their estimates and appropriations walk the carpet. No somnolency for him. Council must sit up and assert its ancient rights as the proper house of veto. Suppose the commissioners have taken away the patronage lists and the fat contracts; council still has the right to challenge the estimates. And there is still the power of making civic appointments. The City Hall is no picnic for the commissioners to rejuvenate. Ancient rights and the comfortable old pipe-dream abuses that may have grown up along with them are ingrown and ramified far too bewilderingly for five commissioners to tear up root and branch. Besides, what is the sense of being merely a radical? This is no French revolution. Council is not a tyranny. It is an elective hierarchy and the people who put the aldermen in by the ward vote, surely they are the same people who elect the commissioners by a popular vote.

So if you grant that the ward system is the most practically effective instrument of selection, then council is a better body of selection than five highly paid commissioners who are not able to become familiar with all the people.

Obvious as full moon in a summer sky Lapointe may be, and he conceals nothing of his philosophy; chucks it out in the open field as glibly as a baseball. But he has the intuitive finesse that works

best when the manoeuvres are obvious. He is the expert pitcher of ball. In full view of the grandstand he plays to the gallery of all Montreal; but there are times when even to the bleachers the quickness of the hand deceives the eye.

There never will be another Lapointe, because never again will civic conditions be such as to produce a Lapointe. His horoscope should read:

"Mid-career in civic affairs interrupted by a revolution said to be popular and to record the will of the people. You are to demonstrate futility of this in so far as you are concerned. You are to continue alderman for as many years as you are wise to be useful to your associates. Much depends upon your own wish. But never tempt ambition. Look not upon the Board of Control. It was your natural intention to be an alderman. Many are called, but few are chosen."

Probably Lapointe has no faith in fortune-tellings. But this one at least he will read whether he believes it or not. As the representative of ward government, not in one ward only, but all wards rolled into one, there might have been a day when Lapointe would naturally become Mayor. But the day is gone. Perhaps he never cared for the job. I don't think he does at present or is ever likely to do again. For the Mayor of Montreal as the chairman of the Board of Control is the constitutional opposi-

tion to the chairman of aldermanic caucus and the real boss of the "house of lords." At the same time the Mayor and the Boss may be the best of personal friends.

Anyway, down in Montreal—you never can quite tell. Which is one of the reasons why Montreal is once in a while so fascinating.

Some day there may be in the City Hall plot or back on the Champ de Mars to the rear a fine, tall monument of granite. Looking towards the indigo ridges of the green-topped mountain the entablature may read:

"IN MEMORIAM—"THE OLD 23,"

"Erected in memory of the City Council of Montreal, which departed this sphere of activity in the year — owing to the encroachments of the Board of Control, at whose expense and for the sake of all Montreal this monument is hereby set up."

On the side looking to the City Hall the inscription will be in French. On the tiptop, serenely impressive, sitting at a desk and smoking a fine, fat cigar, will be the bronze similitude of Ald. L. A. Lapointe, chairman of caucus and boss of the "house of lords."

But of course the date in the inscription may be 2323.

Reuben Truax, Saw-Miller and M.P.-Elect

By SID H. HOWARD

REUBEN TRUAX is, as his name would indicate, a lumberman. He's been in the lumber milling business ever since the Saugeen River floated square timber, which it has not done now for a long time. He's in the lumber-mill, planing-mill, sash-and-door-mill business yet, however, though he has to import his raw material a long way from Walkerton, where



Reuben E. Truax.

the road from his mill, owns a big concrete dam and the water power of the Saugeen River at Walkerton, and runs the largest mill, employing the most hands of any similar combination of saw-mill, planing-mill and sash factory in this country. Moreover, he claims the oldest saw-mill and planing-mill combination in Canada in continual operation. His son has been his partner for the last seven years, and trade has been such in this growing country that they have employed no travellers.

When in its wisdom the present Government saw fit to elevate Mr. Donnelly to the Senatorship which represents the Roman Catholic influence of North Western Ontario, Mr. Truax accepted the Liberal nomination for the bye-election thus rendered necessary, and with characteristic Teutonic industry, went immediately to work. This was away back in the early part of last June, the very day after his nomination. It was his intention to canvass every vote in the riding, except, as he says, in those cases where he knew that owing to settled Tory conviction his reception would be such as would result in his being thrown out of house or ordered off the farm at the mouth of a shot gun. Every day, just as deliberately and as systematically as a man goes down town to business, Reuben Truax got into his motor car and was driven over the country roads to the place where he left off the night before. His mill he left in charge of his son, who, being a Truax, and a chip off the old block, is a worker like himself. At night he came home, had his supper, and consulted with his son about the lumber business, if necessary, before he smoked out his pipe and went to bed. For four months and a half that was his programme, until up to the very day before the election.

MR. REUBEN TRUAX is a "plain" man and his course was the natural and effective one to take. Public speaking doesn't win votes like personal contact and direct canvass for the most brilliant of candidates. When the candidate has the inestimable advantage of being a "plain" man, in an habitual and unaffected slouch hat, he is foolish not to "mix" with the plain people, who have the votes, and mix for all he's worth. Let the other fellow make the platform speeches. Rube appeared at some meetings, too, but he didn't rely on them. He had been in too many elections before. Votes are not won in that way—not in South Bruce. It's the heart-to-heart handshake, the plain, honest appeal, and the personal eye-to-eye impression that do the real business. The grand hurrah on the platform advertises the election and gets out the vote. It's the canvass that wins the fellow in doubt.

Having been a member of Parliament in the long session of 1891, Sir Wilfrid Laurier only, of those on the Liberal side, can claim priority in the House of Commons to Mr. Reuben Truax, of South Bruce. Reuben will be a good man in committee, down there at Ottawa, and in caucus he will be better still. In the House, his vote will count. There are plenty of others to make orations to the press gallery.

his mills are. For South Bruce, within the space of Reuben Truax's residence therein, has ceased to be a forest. When he came there as a boy fifty-six years ago, Bruce was still the Queen's Bush, which had only been thrown open to settlement in 1850. Reuben himself was born in Montreal in 1847. Before he was more than two years older his father died, and he went to work. Work, in fact, became his specialty almost from the start. He went first to a neighbouring farm, and later to a farm at some distance away, where, besides farming, Mr. William Hall, the boss, ran a saw-mill and cut lumber for the neighbouring settlers. Reuben's mother's father had been a saw miller in Holland, and also in Bruce, while his own father had also been in the saw-mill business. "Rube" went into the mill out at Maple Hill and learned the lumber business from the stump to the skidways, from the log dump at the river bank to the piling ground in the mill yard. Mr. Hall's mill was the first in the country to install a circular saw. At the end of seven years he knew it so well he got a partner, helped buy a boiler, an engine and a shingle mill with his savings, and went into business for himself. Later he went into the contracting builder business for three years.

Thirty-five years ago he rented the saw and planing mills at Walkerton and developed with the country, buying the property outright in 1885. He is comfortably off now, owns a stone house across

The Millionaire Incog

A Modern Exemplification of "All is Not Gold that Glitters"

By MADGE MACBETH

JORDAN looked up from the book he was reading, and laid it V-shaped across his knee.

"This thing says," he addressed any one who chose to listen, "that women can be induced more easily to take hold of a piece of red-hot iron than part with an opinion formed by what they call, largely, instinct." He thought a moment. "Maybe! But I don't know that they have anything on men in that line; I've seen a whole houseful of dubs cling to an opinion like a barnacle to a rotten log," and the president of the Rising Sun Kimono Manufacturing Company smiled reminiscently.

Several of the youngsters hitched their chairs closer, hoping to hear how Jordan got his start, perhaps. But he was not the man to tell a When-I-got-to-the-city-I-only-had-ten-cents-in-my-pocket yarn, and they were disappointed.

"Were you one of the dubs?" asked some one, laughing.

"Never a greater," said he.

"Well, out with it, man! Don't sit there with a corner in chuckles!"

THE STORY TOLD BY JORDAN.

THERE were nine of us in the house, all pretty late of some jay town, way back east. The house was in—well, never mind, but you know it; FURNISHED ROOMS in one window, and TABLE BOARD in the other. When you opened the front door, darkness, the lingering reminder of day before yesterday's dinner and the landlady's rasping voice in the middle distance, greeted you. As you passed up the oil-cloth-covered stairs stumbling where worn spots had developed into veritable traps in which to catch your toes, half a dozen heads were poked out of doors to see what was wrong. You turned your cuffs and descended to the dining-room; it was underground.

The people? Well, I reckon you will recognize most of 'em, too. There was Henderson, a stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested chap, who wore black-rimmed spectacles and peered out from behind 'em, like a mole; I forget what he did to keep his integral parts from resolving into clay. Then I remember Hawkins, one of those appallingly brisk young persons, "the-life-of-the-party" sort of boy, whose jollity was often forced, believe me, for things did not always go velvet-smooth down at *The Times*, where he was something between a doormat and messenger boy—although he would have had us believe he was part owner or at least sub-editor. There were Barnett and McQueen, just the ordinary fellows who nag you to death with insurance papers, or roll out yards of carpet for people who don't like the ground work, or some other soul sickening starve-a-day work, and old Simpkins, poor devil! the Alpha and Omega of struggle and failure. Then there were three girls.

Our landlady—there was plenty of land, but the lady was sunk deep and hard to get at—we called Old Jane. She had to help the servant and hadn't much time for fol-de-rolling, not the sort who dressed for dinner and sat at the head of her table. She used to bring in our soup with her thumb immersed in it, and poisoning it over our heads, would ask,

"Sup?"

"If you can lower it safely," Hawkins would reply. "Dear, dear, I thought I noted a succulent vegetable in its watery depths," he would complain, then as Old Jane moved back to the kitchen, add, "But 'twas only a thumb!"

Old Jane was the sort who talked a good deal with her arms akimbo, seeming to derive inspiration and strength of purpose from that attitude where lagging board bills were concerned. And in case remarks of a critical nature were made at the table, she had a stereotyped reply, "I gives you the best—fer eight-a-week!"

I got in late for dinner one night and found the dining-room a-flutter with excitement. Old Jane had hooked a new sucker. "Mister Jordan," she commanded, in her most official voice and attitude, "shake hands with Mister Smith. . . . Be seated, sir," she continued, grandly, "and perceed with your meal. Sup?" and she turned to me.

You could feel the tension like a tangible thing stringing us all. I can't explain it better than by saying that Smith brought in such "an air." We all sat up straight and looked to our table manners. Just what etiquette demands from a boarding house introduction, I had never stopped to inquire, but certainly I never in all my life had seen it acknow-

ledged in a style that a Louis Fourteenth aristocrat might have envied. Even Hawkins was impressed into silence.

Smith sipped his soup daintily, noiselessly. Old Jane snatched the plate away—she prided herself on her quick service—and asked,

"Vegetables?"

"Fish, please," answered Smith, with utmost politeness, and as though she had forgotten something.

"This ain't Friday," she told him, with no venom, but merely to set him right in the path of days.

One of the girls giggled, and that told Smith he was in wrong.

"How stupid!" he murmured. "Of course not; I was dreaming!" He reassured Old Jane with a smile, and decided on vegetables. But several of us noticed that he ate of them very sparingly, as though they and our eight-a-week fare did not greatly tempt his palate.

After dinner—he punctiliously excused himself as he laid a crumpled napkin beside his plate—he went to his room, and we fell noisily up the steps to the parlour to discuss him.

"What do you make of it?" asked Hawkins, as curious as a girl.

"Right church, but wrong pew, seems to me. He ought to be on the Avenue, with his orders for fish."

"Um-hum! And yet—say, did you notice that was a rotten outfit he was wearing? Bran new, but holy smoke! Even his tie—"

"Say, you boys," chirped Helene Girrard, "did you see that he flung down his napkin all in a muss and Old Jane never said a word? He must be used to eatin' in hotels and restaurants!"

IN those days our set wasn't so free with hotel life as it is to-day. Hotel life—suppers and luncheons and afternoon tea—for fifteen and twenty a week nobs is a thing of comparatively recent date. Then—a matter of twelve years ago—we were content with boarding houses in which we folded up our napkins and labelled 'em with a ring or a pin or a string.

"And," Helene giggled, "he didn't know, in the least, what she meant by 'vegetables.'"

Neither would any one else who has not lived in an eight-a-week boarding house, where the landlady, properly, does not wish to waste turnips and corn and pumpkin and beans. If you do not eat these valuable garden products you say sharply and distinctly, "Just meat."

Helene—she insisted on the accents, too—Girrard always lives in my mind as one of the city's tragedies. She had come from the country to chase a career, which, after leading her upon many and devious paths, had thrust her into the modest post of a stenographer—although this is not what she called herself when writing her Sunday letter home. She bore her heart-aches and disillusionments with a right brave front, however, finding indescribable comfort in a never-failing ability "to pretend."

"I had a talk with Mr. Devendorf, to-day," she would tell us at the table. "He has taken *such* an interest in me and is *so* encouraging!"

Mr. Devendorf was the senior member of Devendorf and Morley, publishers, and he indirectly employed nineteen other stenographers. The talk may have been dictated or it may have referred to a typographical error, but Helene "pretended" it was something different. She used to hold purely imaginary conversations with half the contributors to the fame of that well-established publishing house; sometimes they even asked her advice! But she was perfectly harmless and really a nice little girl.

Her interest in Smith was almost morbid. She watched his every move with a keenness which would have done Pinkerton credit, and it was she who discovered a certain peculiar handling of his dollar Ingersoll, which plainly argued he had been accustomed to opening and closing a hunting case.

"Depend upon it," she said to the millinery apprentices, whose hats looked as though they should have been building aeroplanes, instead, "depend upon it that man has a history. Romance is not dead."

We all agreed that he had a history, but it might have been buried in an Egyptian sarcophagus as far as we were concerned. And he soon became an obsession with all of us; we had never known any

one who was not eager to talk about themselves, their business and their prospects.

"Why did Smith leave home?" Hawkins would put the baffling query.

Old Simpkins advanced the opinion—it was a sort of instinct, he told us, that he had failed, that he had been affluent and prosperous and had come a cropper, and that now he had turned over the mangled remains of his fortune to his family, preferring to live in penury, alone. Henderson pulled out an instinct by the roots and said he imagined Smith something like Tolstoy, voluntarily renouncing pomp and vanity and wealth. We were skeptical, but he stuck to it.

None of the others had much imagination, but they recognized him as a foreign species and one to be cultivated.

The man, himself, seemed oblivious to our greedy interest. Or, rather, he returned it in kind, having the air of one who was studying us, our conditions of living, and speculating as to our ultimate place in the world. He was forty-five or so, and fairly good-looking, with a faintly bored expression which captivated the female contingent. He listened to our conversation as though trying to be one of us, but with obvious effort; when, however, financial topics were mentioned, he was right in his element, and would leap into the talk like a hunter being held back too tight, telling us all sorts of intimate stories about deals between copper and oil kings, railroad and steamship magnates, until seeing us gaping at him and catching an unwary eye which plainly said, "I told you so!" he would bring himself up short with a sort of apology.

"The financial world has always interested me, perhaps too much!"

"What is your line?" I asked him, one night.

He looked at me puzzled a moment.

"Ah, yes, of course," he answered, hastily. "My line—er, just so. Well, I am not—er, doing anything at present. I—er—am just looking about."

"Yes, but what's your line—what business are you in—what are you looking for?" Hawkins insisted, following which there was an embarrassing silence. This was the closest touch upon personalities we had dared.

"Any sort of clerical work," stammered Smith, excusing himself and bolting upstairs.

"Anything to live nearer the people," said Henderson, in an explanatory way.

"He won't ask anything of his family," asserted Simpkins, following his opinion.

"Well, if he is really looking for a job, our book-keeper is going to leave," said one of the milliners. "He told me so."

"Don't you lose no sleep over Mister Smith," advised Old Jane, running in with an instinct of her own. "He pays his board reg'lar, *an'* in advance, which ain't too bad a sign. That is to say—what's to-day?" she asked, sharply, wiping her thumb on her apron. "Thursday? Humph! Oh, well, I reckon it's all right." And she smiled a smile prompted by a dark instinct and left us.

He hadn't the look of a jaded job-hunter; in fact I never thought he even so much as looked at the Ad. column. But his linen began to look dingy and his suit broke in queer places, making him look foreshortened and deformed. He was always serene and cheerful, if a bit formal, getting his bearings gradually, learning our slang and shop talk and attacking his food more heartily. The close of the first week was, by the way, not without incident.

WE were dallying a little over dinner; this, as any one knows, is quite out of place at an eight-a-week boarding house, but Smith set the fashion and Old Jane let it pass. As she whisked the pie plates from under our noses on one side of the table, Belle, the servant, imitated her on the other side. She was not on Smith's side, but opposite him. He beckoned her, with the gesture of one accustomed to command, and slipped a fifty cent piece into her paralyzed palm. Even Old Jane gaped at him.

Instantly, he saw his mistake, and looked as though he would like to snatch the money back, but Belle fled hysterically to the recesses of the kitchen and our landlady recovered herself so far as to ask, satirically,

"Have you got some idee of sittin' there till I gets breakfast, or do you mind goin' upstairs?"

Smith went shamefacedly, and locked himself in

(Concluded on page 24.)

The Alderman and the Clique

Third in a Series of Four Articles on Phases of Municipal Life

By BRITTON B. COOKE

CIVIC election day draws near many Canadian towns, especially Ontario towns. The patient public smiles to itself wisely as it hears the aldermen-to-be-and-would-be-furnishing their arguments for election, and thinking up plausible schemes that will make the public think they are really interested in public weal instead of being just naturally hungry to get an office of some kind so that they may write back to the folks about being an alderman, and so also that it may go down in the family traditions for several generations. The public knows it is being fooled and doesn't mind in the least. With genial cynicism it lets amiable incompetents get into the city hall—or some of them—and so long as the city hall keeps up an appearance of being decent, the said public says little. "They are good fellows," it may remark, smiling. "They don't mean any harm. Some of them need the coin. They think they are fooling us! Well, why enlighten them? It amuses them and we are busy. If they run the tax-rate up too high we'll throw 'em out, but somebody must work in the town hall. The law says so. We don't want to do it. We have other work to do, such as reading reports of murder trials and American divorce details copied from American papers, and keeping track of the rugby games in the fall and the batting averages in summer. Incompetent aldermen? Of course! We expect them! And they, so to speak, expect us. It's an agreeable compromise between them and us. We want to do what we want to do as we want to do it. They need the indemnity, let them have it!"

So the amiable candidates are left in peace to ingratiate themselves with corner-store idlers and try to escape the intelligence of the so-called "high-brows"—which is by no means as ticklish a matter as it looks. The election will come and will go. There will be hacks and taxis hurrying back and forth from the polling booths, and sad, silent, reproachful saloons doing a thriving trade by the family entrance. At night there'll be bulletins in front of the newspaper offices and fagged rows of office help adding up returns for the magic-lantern slides. There will be the new mayor with new gloves and new resolutions, and there will be old speeches in new mouths. There'll be some petty bets made and collected, and prophecies issued about the town's approaching doom. In a day or two the stores will be advertising their annual whitewear sales, and the City Hall will pass from sight and mind for another year.

Of course there are occasional exceptions to the rule, such as when municipal Roosevelts rise suddenly and set everybody by the ear, with royal commissions and court investigations; charges and counter-charges. The newspapers thrive on the excitement—sell like hot cakes, and the righteous ones among them stand forth and utter solemn ebullitions on Democracy and Reform and the divine rights of citizenship! And then—it all blows over. Somewhere there is a goat: he has been caught nibbling and is cast into the outer-darkness of those-who-have-been-found-out, to die and leave a tradition which will hound his family for three generations. The City Hall, which has had a fairly uneasy time recently, crawls limply back into an easier pillow, and swears it will never, never, not so long as it lives, etc. The wave of reform vanishes as quickly as it came. It is gone! The very word "reform" is a stench in the public's nostrils! For one month's enthusiastic reform movement there ensue six of quiet, happy, indifference.

BUT occasionally a good man gets into municipal politics. It is very seldom, and even then the public will probably not recognize him. And for every good man who gets in on election day, there are a dozen who might have offered themselves and might, for the honour of the city, have run had they not found out in time the way the game is played—the price they must pay for the privilege of serving their community. The price is a big one. The first thing that happens to the man who offers himself as a candidate for municipal honours is to be set down by his friends and the public as a seeker after small honours and small emoluments. The public is so accustomed to a certain class of aldermanic candidate that it sets down all candidates as amateur burglars who haven't the brains to succeed in business, nor nerve enough to run for the House of Commons, or at least the Pro-

vincial Legislature. For a man to offer himself as a candidate for any municipal honour is, in most Canadian cities, to brand himself as a chump—unless he poses as a reformer! Be a reformer, make charges and shout, and the city lays its heart at your feet, but to offer it plain, honest service is to court its good-natured contempt.

But consider the case of a citizen who is willing to be misunderstood. He pays this small entry fee, but see what else he has to pay. He is now permitted to see the glorious workings of Democracy—with the hood lifted. He may find it a pleasing spectacle: each citizen impressed with the duty he owes the community; everything, clear, clean and efficient. He may find Democracy controlled by a "machine" or divided between two rival machines; to such machines he may be forced to pay some sort of tribute in order to get his nomination, or he may indeed be forced to start a hot campaign of reform, stirring the community to its very depths in order that it may purge itself of evil. But in Canada, I venture to believe, there are only

went into the campaign and won, is to-day an alderman, and has had a little success in promoting his ideas.

His ward was a long, narrow strip, running clear through various strata of city life; the wholesale district, the down-town retailers, the slums, the middle class residents, the up-town retailers, a fashionable suburb, and a sparsely settled, newly-annexed region. He had all classes to deal with, and in all those classes, save only for the down-town business area and the one fashionable suburb, he found a curious municipal organization. He had no name, no common meeting place, no head, no tail. It was not a grafting organization. It had crude principles of right and wrong. It kept no books and had no enemies. The candidate bumped into it half a dozen times before he recognized that it had any coherence. It took him a week to find that it had no head, and another week to find its ear and its mind.

It had many "ears," located in strange places; in barber shops, in bar-rooms, in the living quarters of a public school care-taker, in fire-halls, in lodge-rooms, in a grocery store, in a police-station. In



The Public Knows it is Being Fooled and Doesn't Mind in the Least.

a few examples of organized municipal corruption, one in the far west, one in the near east; what the candidate is most likely to find is something altogether different, less repugnant, but infinitely more dangerous.

FOR example: a certain man in a well-known eastern Canadian city, having established his manufacturing business so that he had spare time to devote to other things, and having studied municipal government, conceived the idea of working for his city, not as a reformer, nor for any honours that might follow, nor for the pecuniary reward there might be in it. He was not a man to be picked out among a gathering of good citizens; he was not "distinguished" in appearance, and he had not what is called a "personality." People liked him well enough; his mind was perhaps just a trifle too academic to please average men. But he was a good enough sort. When he said he would run as alderman the papers were vaguely interested, and all but forgot him two minutes later.

This man knew nothing about political organizations, had never mixed with the rougher folk in his city, knew nothing of the hand-shake-and-kiss-the-baby game; hated beer and loved books. Those who knew him thought him a fool to consider any kind of public life. But he persisted. He had four qualifications: common tact, a memory that could be made to do what he wanted it to do, a sound working brain, and money to keep him going. He trained the memory methodically, to remember names and places. He set the brain to reasoning out a way by which he could be honestly elected and could put into practice certain ideas he had fostered concerning city government. He was wise enough to know that it is not just plain, outshining merit that elects a man to office. He knew, too, that as a speech-maker he did not qualify, and that his brilliant record as a university man might even handicap him in some respects. At all events he

each of these places he found some one man of influence—the patriarch or the intellectual (save the word) leader of a little clique of men whose ramifications extended in the most casual way so as to touch and, as it were, interlock, with the ramifications of the other cliques. A word spoken in one of these "ears" travelled like wind through all the branches of that clique and out through all the other cliques in a twinkling. There was only one thing in common among the cliques—politics; they were of one brand, not vehemently nor with any parade of loyalty, but just with a sober steadfastness that had long made this ward—and the entire city in the same way—a stronghold for that one party. The candidate proceeded to address himself to the "ears" of the organization.

He found that his political abstinence of the past allowed him to get an unbiased hearing. His slightly cultivated accent was against him. His use of long words instead of colloquialisms was against him. The fact that his father had once made a strong protest against something or other in public was against him. The "ears" had a quiet dread of noise, sensationalism, and radicalism, that was almost painful. They obviously objected to his carrying a cane. But they had heard he was a good T—y and treated the men of his factory well. They ignored his "ideas" and passed the word along from barber-shop to fire-hall and fire-hall to barber-shop, that So-and-so would "do." His nearest competitor was the retiring alderman and was a bit too sure of himself. The "ears," aided by the man's friends in the fashionable suburb, who made the "ears" just a trifle afraid of a reduced majority for any other man they might choose elected him, not on his merits as a thoughtful citizen, or because he was a man of purpose or ideas, nor yet because they hoped to get "graft" through him. He was seldom approached after his election, for any return to the patriarchs for their trouble. Once a humble and honest enough elector

sought a position as an elevator man in the City Hall. Another, in time, wanted an appointment on the garbage collecting force. One he helped, the other he refused. There was no trouble about it. But once, he inadvertently criticized a head of a small department. That night he had warning from the "ears": that department was to be left alone; no interfering with its head; he was himself one of the "ears" in another ward. The alderman turned his attention to this head, looked for graft—and found none of any account. The man was honest but only fifty per cent. efficient. He spent most of his time cultivating the other "ears"; his work counted for little; he did it methodically, without spirit, without interest. Bue he was a good story-teller round the Domino Board, or the box stove in so-and-so's back sittin' room.

THE alderman to whom this article refers was not by nature a reformer. He started no campaign against the petty abuses he saw going on

around him, but sought by quieter methods to remove them. He is still so engaged and has even made some headway. But that is not the subject of this article. Much more interesting was the story this man told of how he cultivated the "ears," the things that pleased and the things that displeased the "ears," and how he had secured his election. He told of how other men failed to gain the approval of these strange makers of public opinion, and how other men by becoming expert in the art of being "one of the boys," a good hand-shaker and baby-kisser, had made himself practically sure of being at least an alderman for life.

What was, what is, the harm of a system such as this existing in your city? It means inefficiency, incompetence, indifference. It helps keep good men from entering the municipal government, because not all of them are as flexible—in no dishonourable sense—as the alderman to whom I refer, nor as willing, for the sake of a greater object, to compromise with such a system.

there is if the Editor is right. The more men bribed, the purer the election.

WE might go on and consider the cause of a lot of other people who vote for definite objects. There is the man to whom you refer—as the victim of "the worst kind of corruption"—the man who votes to get a new post office in his town or to have his river dyked against floods. He votes for something he would pay money for—so his vote is identical with the vote which puts money in a man's pocket. It also brings value of the same sort to a lot of other people. Is he bought? I infer that you think he is, Mr. Editor. Well, if so, what about the man who votes for free trade or protection because they will put money in his pocket—and in the pockets of thousands of others? And what about the man who votes against Reciprocity to "save his country"? Wouldn't he pay down good money to save it? Of course he would. And what about the villain who votes for Civil Service Reform? Isn't it simply to get a better Civil Service for less money? Is he bought?

THESE are all puzzling questions; and I apologize to everybody concerned for bringing them up. Let us talk about something we can all agree on. That is much pleasanter. Let us get on big brogans with hob-nails in the thick soles, and all jump together on the poor devil who doesn't know protection from a revenue tariff, who does not know whether "ad valorem" is a duty or a chewing tobacco, who thinks that "the incidence of taxation" refers to free fights with the revenue officers, who has never found the Civil Service civil and would like to see it reformed with an axe, but who knows that "the cost of living" has gone up, and that dollars are mighty scarce, and that digging them out of the ground is "blamed hard work," and that a five-dollar bill in exchange for a ballot (which he doesn't know enough to mark so as to put money in his pocket in a kid-gloved way) would buy shoes this cold weather for the kids and a "nip" of whisky for himself. Let us jump on him unanimously and self-righteously; for he surely is a purchasable voter. We are all agreed on that. He has cut the "union rate"—he sells his vote too cheap. He gets money for himself out of his ballot in the only way he knows how to. The direct method is the only one he understands. So we "view him with alarm"—we who know a hundred better ways of doing the same thing in which our fingers are not soiled by physical contact with "filthy lucre."

It is a great thing—isn't it?—that the Pharisees all died out about the time of Christ.
THE MONOCLE MAN.



Through A Monocle

When is a Voter "Bought"?

NOTICE, Mr. Editor, that there is a real, rude, rap-on-the-knuckles dispute between your august self and an un-named "Methodist minister" over the flattering question whether seventy per cent. of the people are corruptible or only ten per cent. As a rank outsider touching the question of corruption—an innocent bystander, as it were—I would not dream of venturing a definite opinion in the face of two gentlemen who seem to be so fully and accurately informed. You have both brought the matter down to a fixed and clear-cut percentage. The "Methodist minister" puts it—I understand—at seventy per cent., neither more nor less. He knows it doesn't run to seventy-five or even seventy-three, nor does it fall off occasionally to sixty-eight. Seventy is the figure—seven men out of every ten. Well, we are better than Sodom anyway. And I am pleased to see, Sir, for the honour of the journalistic profession, that you do not allow this clergyman to beat you when it comes to definiteness and certainty of knowledge. You are so certain that it is less than ten per cent. that you call the reverend gentleman a liar.

WHEN you two possessors of inside information on this subject get disentangled from each other, and are at leisure to pay attention to the "peacemakers" who have been enjoying the fun, I hope you will get together again and tell us just what you mean by a purchasable voter. I might collect some statistics myself if I had any way of recognizing him. What does he look like?—does he wear horns?—or does he only drink them? I have a friend, for example, who voted against Reciprocity at the last elections because he honestly believed that it meant the political extinction of Canada. Was that man "bought"? If not, why not? He gave his vote to get something that he wanted—i.e., the continued preservation of Canada as a political entity. Whether he got it or not is beside the question. I have another friend who voted for Reciprocity on the same occasion because he wanted to get more money for his wheat. Was that man bought? Did I hear you say he wasn't? Well, his purpose in voting as he did was to get money to put into his own pocket.

THEN there were men who voted in that election—not so much on the Reciprocity proposals immediately before them—as on what they believed these proposals would lead to in the future. They saw in them the death-knell to Protection in Canada. Now, it doesn't make any difference whether you take the selfish view of the Protectionist, or the patriotic view—whether you think he votes for his own pocket or for the good of the nation. In either case, he votes for Protection because he believes that it will put money in his own pocket as well as in the pockets of his fellow Canadians. Whether your man is a protected manufacturer, or an employee in a protected industry, or a merchant feeding or clothing workmen paid by Protection, or a farmer or a professional man or what not who profits through the general prosperity of the community, he votes for Protection because it is a money-maker. Is he bought? At

any rate, he expects his vote to "make him richer."

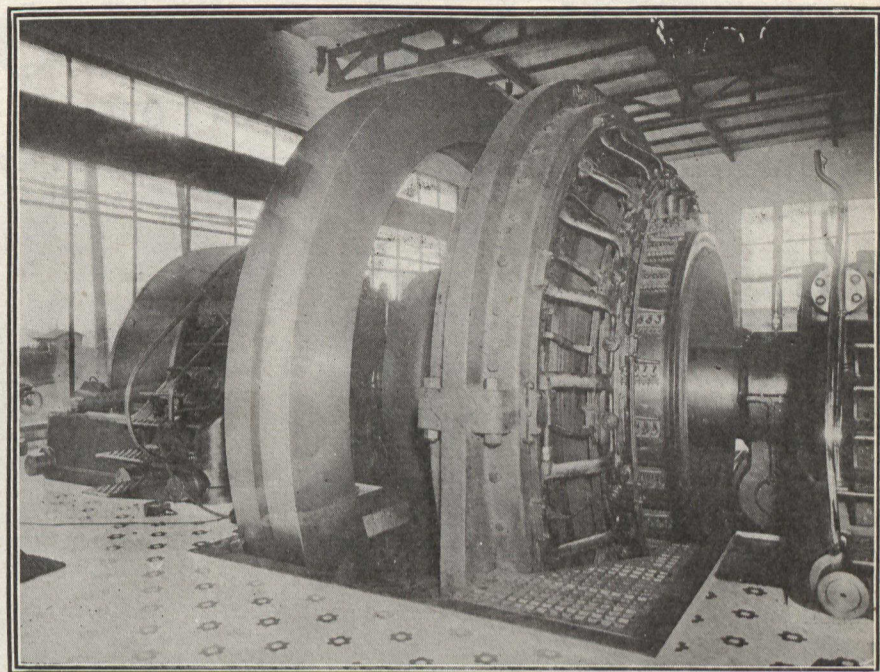
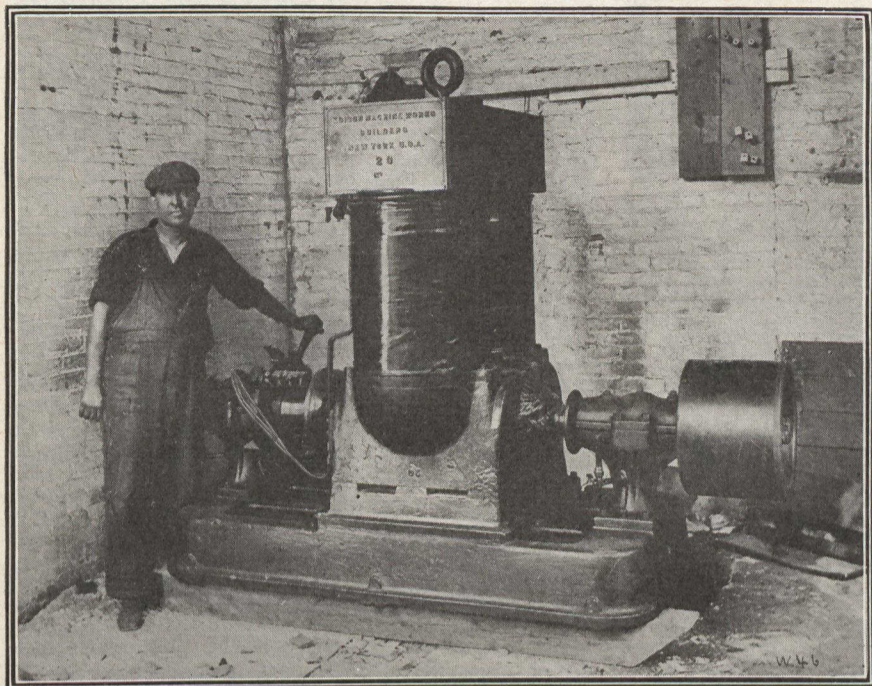
THEN I have free trade friends who vote against protection in all its forms because they believe that its removal would reduce the cost of living to "the ultimate consumer"—of which they are it. They are not interested in any protected industry—they wouldn't be—they think that they earn their incomes outside of protection—and they want to buy in the cheapest market. I am not going into the question here whether they are right or wrong in their reasoning; but they do most sincerely believe that it will put money in their own pockets if they can manage to vote protection into the discard. Are they bought? They vote to put money into their own pockets. Ah, but, you say, they vote to put money into a lot of other people's pockets, too. I see. Then you argue that if a man gets money for his vote, he is quite justified if a lot of other people get money, too, for their votes at the same time and in the same way. "There's safety in numbers." The only inference I feel safe in drawing from this is that there is actually less corruption if the "Methodist minister" is right than

REVERSING CONSERVATIVE TRADITIONS



Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden—"Sir John Macdonald's footprints, plain and clear! And, bless my soul, they're going in the opposite direction."
DRAWN BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

IMPLEMENTS OF PEACE AND WAR



To show the wonderful development electric generators for use in large factories, nothing could be more convincing than these two pictures. The first is the old 100 h.p. belt-driven generator used by the Ford Motor Car Company, at Walkerville, and the second shows the new 2,500 k.w. generator now running at the Detroit plant, and to be duplicated at Walkerville.

Slums in the West

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Kindly allow me a few words of appreciation of the "Monocle Man's" article on the slum question in last week's issue. His articles are always well worth careful reading, but in my opinion this is the best yet, his candid discussion of the question being in marked contrast to the Pharasaical attitude usually taken up by the great majority of our writers and preachers on this and other discreditable features of our national life.

The "Monocle Man" doubtless had Eastern cities in mind in writing his article, but the Western cities are quite as bad, perhaps worse, when the smaller population is taken into consideration, land speculation run riot, and the absence of any attempt at rational town planning being largely responsible. It is not particularly creditable to us, that while we have been bragging of our "immense distances" and golden opportunities for all, we should have fallen into a condition that the other cities of Europe have been striving for two centuries to get out of. Land nationalization is the only remedy, but this, of course, is rank socialism, and not to be considered for a moment by respectable people and prominent citizens.

Yours very truly,

T. H. CLARK.

Edmonton, Alta., Oct. 20th, 1913.

A Basis of Agreement

(From the Toronto Star.)

THE conversion of New Zealand from contributions to a local fleet is not more remarkable than the cordial reception of that change in Imperialistic quarters in London. The London Times and the London Morning Post are delighted.

If Canadians could agree upon a similar policy, it would probably be received with equal approval. Unfortunately the agreement once arrived at was broken and has never been restored. Is a restoration or a new agreement possible?

The present ground of attack upon the Liberal policy is that it is too large and expensive. Perhaps that criticism is not unfounded. Could the parties agree upon some programme that would be a fair beginning for a fleet suited to our own requirements and at the same time adding to general British strength upon the ocean. Suppose that something less than the two fleet units were accepted and placed under Canadian control, under the Canadian Naval Service Act.

If a general policy and course of action were agreed upon, it would not be necessary to be stiff and pedantic about three Dreadnoughts such as Mr. Borden proposes, or two fleet units such as Sir Wilfrid Laurier proposes. The size of the fleet is a detail which could be worked out in practice. Conditions will change, and the necessities of naval defence will change from year to year. As we are not naval experts in this country, it is absurd to be arguing like naval experts about the size of vessels and fleets. And if Mr. Borden really does not approve of regular contributions, why not eliminate the contribution idea, and get to work at once on a policy which has in it the elements of permanency? In other words, is there any bar to the parties getting together and agreeing on a permanent policy, to be worked out and developed as conditions may require?

THE LAUNCHING OF A DESTROYER-DESTROYER



Canadians who are thinking that possibly this country may some day have a fleet of its own, must be careful to keep in touch with the latest developments. The information available when Canada first discussed the question is rapidly becoming out of date. This picture shows one of the newest types of naval fighting machines. It is a Destroyer-Destroyer, H.M.S. Arethusa, an oil-driven, light armoured cruiser, which was launched at the Chatham Dockyard a fortnight ago. The photo was taken just as the ship was "floating out" after Mrs. Macnamara, wife of the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, had released the hawser after the christening.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Brave Mr. Crothers

WHILE we may all regret that it should ever be necessary to call out the militia to preserve law and order during a local labour strike, most thinking people will support Hon. Mr. Crothers in his Montreal declaration. He told the delegates of the labour unions, whom he met there last week, that the Government was determined to maintain law and order and to punish severely the authors of disorders such as occurred recently in Vancouver Island. The Government is willing to help the working people, but the laws must be obeyed whether the people like it or not.

Canada needs more public men who are willing to be frank and honest in their public statements as Mr. Crothers has been. Even the labour men themselves will appreciate such frankness, even though they may not wholly approve of the decision.

Civic Public Opinion

MOST municipal reformers put too much stress upon the "form" of municipal government and too little upon the "spirit" of the electors. A system which works poorly in a city where there is no civic spirit may work well in a town where the civic spirit is alert, active and well informed. It really does not matter so much whether the city is governed by aldermen only, as in the smaller Canadian cities; by aldermen and a board of control, as in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg; or by aldermen and permanent commissioners, as in Calgary, Edmonton, Regina and Saskatoon; or by commission only, as in St. John and Lethbridge—what really matters is the alertness of civic public opinion.

Nearly four years ago, the citizens of Montreal revolted against "clique" rule and elected four prominent business men as controllers for a period of four years. That was done by alert public opinion. Last year, Ottawa's civic administration was in a bad way, and Mr. John R. Booth came out and told his fellow-citizens that Mr. Ellis was the man needed in the mayor's chair to set civic affairs to rights; and Mr. Ellis was elected. That was the result of alert civic spirit among the electors. So wherever reform has come, it has usually found its origin in the self-sacrifice and civic spirit of a body of important citizens.

Almost any form of civic government can be made effective if the people will vote for good men. In Toronto, last year, only 37,232 people went to the polls, out of 75,000 on the list. Only half the electors took enough interest in civic affairs to cast a ballot. Less than twenty-five per cent. of the women entitled to vote took the trouble to go to the polling booths. If the live electors can poll over ninety per cent. of the total vote in a political bye-election in Chateaugay or South Bruce, surely more than fifty per cent. should vote in civic elections. On the non-voter rests most of the responsibility for the weaknesses in civic government throughout the Dominion.

Misrepresenting Britain

ON Saturday last, the Toronto Daily Star had a despatch from London with regard to the navy question which it headed, "Great Britain Backs Laurier's Naval Policy." This is absolutely untrue. Similarly, if a Conservative paper were to quote the opinions of Lord Charles Beresford and other prominent publicists and put above them, "Great Britain Opposes Laurier's Naval Policy," it would be equally untrue. The real situation is that opinion in that country is as divided upon the Laurier policy as it is in this country.

Moreover, even Mr. Richard Jebb, Admiral Henderson and Admiral Freemantle, who have approved the idea of Dominion naval units for Canada, Australia and New Zealand, are not necessarily supporters of the Laurier policy. They would probably consider that part of it foolish which provides for building the larger ships in Canada, and might possibly be satisfied with a fleet unit on the Pacific rather than two fleet units, one on the Pacific and one on the Atlantic, as provided by the Laurier policy.

Let us not drag the people of Great Britain into this controversy, but rather decide for ourselves what is best for Canadian and best for the British

alliance. Let us not be cowardly and try to hide behind British opinion. Rather should we display the spirit of Charles G. D. Roberts' poem on "Canada," written forty years ago, in which he said:

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

Houses for the Newcomers

NEARLY five hundred thousand new settlers will come into Canada during this year, and probably not more than fifty thousand will leave. This tremendous gain in population means many new houses. To supply these at a reasonable price is a national problem, and one to which the

WHY?



Voter—"May I ask you a question, please?"
City Father—"My dear sir, certainly. I am entirely at your disposal."

Voter—"Then why are you so solicitous for my comfort, welfare and happiness for only a month or two before elections every two years, and at no other time?"

—Montreal Star.

Conservation Commission might reasonably turn its attention. If it would draft a general law, suitable for adoption in each of the provinces, it would be of great assistance.

Hon. W. J. Hanna is the author of such a law for Ontario, and several cities are moving forward under the scheme laid down by him. Toronto has made a start, and last week, Mr. Hanna laid the corner-stone of a group of houses which are to be erected by the Toronto Housing Company, a semi-public body. These houses will be two-roomed and four-roomed, with a common heating plant and a common play-ground. The rental will run from three to five dollars a week and will thus be a boon to families whose earnings are from \$15 to \$20 a week.

Other Ontario towns are working under Mr. Hanna's plan, but there should be similar acts in the other provinces. The newcomer needs our sympathy and assistance. This practical means of helping him to house himself economically and satisfactorily is much to be preferred to idle vapourings about the high cost of living and the duty we owe the Empire.

Bossism in Cities

CANADIANS are apt to look down upon the United States cities because of the "Boss Rule" which has vitiated their city government. Much sympathy has been expressed here because on November 4th New York beat the Boss. Yet there is much Bossism in Canadian cities also. Any Montreal citizen can tell you the names of the Bosses who control or try to control civic elections and civic expenditures there. In Toronto

there are cliques rather than Bosses, but the result is the same. Toronto has a mild Tammany which consists of a lot of representatives of various secret societies who try to control the appointments to civic positions. One school trustee is getting after the employees of the Board of Education, several of whom occupy official positions in the political ward associations. It is not unknown to find firemen and city hall employees quite active in the distribution of civic offices and civic contracts. Indeed, it is considered dangerous for an alderman to fall out with the civic employees. Let it not be forgotten, however, that our clique rule is of a more "gentlemanly" type than that of our friends to the south, and less highly specialized.

What is true of Montreal and Toronto is probably true, more or less, of nearly every Canadian city. Mr. Cooke's four articles now running in this journal is perhaps the first notable attempt to show how Bossism in Canadian cities thrives by reason of the municipal indifference of the money-making, pleasure-loving citizens.

The National Gallery

THOSE who have charge of the National Art Gallery at Ottawa are likely to have a trying time in keeping out of the collection gift pictures which are valueless. The following paragraph appeared in a Toronto paper last week:

Picture for Ottawa Gallery.

A number of distinguished Canadian artists have agreed to purchase one of A. G. Jackson's oil sketches, for the purpose of presenting it to the National Gallery at Ottawa.

Mr. A. G. Jackson is a good artist, even if unknown to many people, and his friends' ambition to have a canvas by him in the National Gallery is laudable, yet it is easy to imagine that cases will arise in which the trustees may be in quite a predicament when such gifts arrive. Every art gallery in the world has a cellar-full of worthless gifts, and it is not likely that the Ottawa Gallery will have a better experience. It is to be hoped that the trustees have provided plenty of basement room for the debris of the art world which is sure to be showered upon them.

Our Amusing Knights

WHEN a Canadian public man, especially if he be one of His Majesty's Knights, really cuts loose with His Majesty's English, the result is usually amusing. King George will have quite a laugh when he hears that Sir Rodmond Roblin has termed one of his ministers "meddlesome, impudent and slanderous," and "this jelly-bag of an Englishman." Postmaster-General Samuel may also laugh over the incident.

Of course, the people in London will no doubt recall the fact that our public men were not educated at Eton and Oxford, and have never come in contact with the finesse of international diplomacy. The only public man we have who was educated at one of the great universities of England is quite unpopular. Canada is still in the stage when it appreciates the straight, firm language of the lumber-woods and the mining-camp.

Maintaining Roads

THERE are only two faults in Canada's policy with regard to its roads: first, the roads are not properly built, and second, they are not properly maintained after they are built. Otherwise we are doing fairly well. The roads seem to run in fairly straight lines except where they curve. There are fairly good culverts and bridges except where they are bad. Indeed, we seem to have about the same amount of knowledge about good roads as we had a hundred years ago.

A number of new roads have been built around Toronto in the last two or three years, but no attempt has been made to ensure permanency. The builders seem to think that if they put five or six inches of stone or gravel on top of an old mud road they have produced "a good road," which will last a lifetime. As a matter of practical working out, these roads usually last until the first rainy season and no longer.

Canada must learn what the New England States have learned. A good road can only be built by going down to frost level and building about four feet of solid masonry. We must also learn that repairs to the best of roads must not be spasmodic, but continuous. There must be a repair gang at work all the time. That a stitch in time saves nine is as true of good roads as it is of the household mending department. If Canada is to have good roads which will equal those of New York State or Europe, there must be less bluff and more genuine engineering skill.

Hunters Gave School Pupils Full Holiday

(Ottawa Free Press.)

WITH the hunters all home after a two weeks' sojourn in the woods the time for the usual grist of stories which at any other time of the year would be hard to digest is at hand. Several good ones were going the round in Hull recently and one particularly implicated a party of Ottawa men.

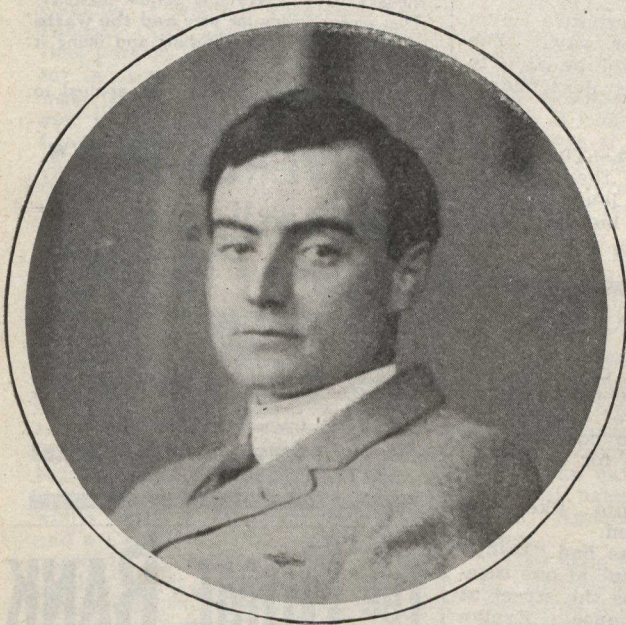
The party left a couple of weeks ago for the Gatineau district and after the city was a good distance behind them they threw cares and business worries off their shoulders and acted like boys again. Unfortunately the first thing to strike their gaze was a little country school house and they decided to commence skylarking there, so the story goes.

Putting on as serious and studious a look as possible the party went into the school. When the young lady teacher was told that they were inspectors from the Quebec government she was graciousness itself. The children were immediately on their best behaviour and were put through several exercises by the pretty young teacher.

Being well pleased with the work of the children the supposed inspectors told the children they would give them a holiday. This news was received by the youngsters with cheers. The inspectors told them they could take the afternoon and the next morning, and after complimenting the teacher on her good work, left.

The next morning the suspicious parents found out they had been duped by a party of hunters and they got in communication with the police. A bailiff was sent out to arrest the party for impersonation

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL,



Who was the successful Fusion candidate for the Mayoralty in New York, and who defeated Edward E. McCall, the Tammany candidate. Mitchel is thirty-four years of age, and recently was Collector of the Port of New York, to which position he was appointed by President Wilson. Before that he was in the Municipal Council of the city, and this picture of him was taken by the Canadian Courier photographer three years ago, when he was Acting Mayor at the time Mayor Gaynor had been injured by an assassin's bullet.

of the government officials, but when he returned a couple of days later he reported his inability to find the party. The story told this morning, however, says that the bailiff was accepted by the party as a brother and given the time of his life, and that nothing in the camp was too good for him.

No names or places were mentioned in the story which is being told, but the teller, who is a well-known court official, stated that one of the party was a school trustee from Ottawa East, so this may account for this particular sort of a lark.

Two French-Canadian Novels

M. HECTOR J. BERNIER, a young litterateur in the city of Quebec, last year published a novel entitled "Au Large de l'Ecueil." It had a purpose behind it. It was intended to cultivate and develop a greater love of the race among French-Canadians. It was, however, a rather broader appeal than that made by Messrs. Bourassa and Lavergne. The same author has issued another volume entitled "Ce que Disait la Flamme," which has a similar purpose. This volume contains a splendid introduction by M. Alfred Duclos De Celles, Parliamentary librarian at Ottawa, and himself a very distinguished author. These two volumes should receive very careful attention from the students of Canadian literature, and also from those who desire to know the spirit which animates the French-Canadians of to-day. They furnish a notable contribution to Canadian literature as a whole, and to French-Canadian literature in particular. The books are published by "L'Evenement Press," Quebec City.



Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has never had much experience fighting on land, but he declares that he will help to lead an army of revolt when Ulster fights Home Rule. He is here shown getting a little practice on horse-back at a review of cadets at Sheffield recently.



MAKING CONGESTION IN TORONTO.

Toronto is busy building sky-scrapers so as to add to the congestion of its narrow streets and increase the danger to life and property. This picture shows the four corners of King and Yonge Streets where two sky-scrapers are in course of erection. The Dominion Bank is building on the south-west corner (left) and a twenty storey office building is going up on the north-east corner. Already the C. P. R. has the highest building in the Empire on the south-east corner. Note the stone cutting on an elevated platform above the street on the left-hand side.



Courierettes.

MAN was born to trouble, and woman born to make it for him.

Lord Charles Beresford is keen to help Ulster fight. Even if there isn't any scrap he will get some front page publicity out of his keenness.

Toronto is using green coloured lights at the street intersections. Just lending reality to the illusions of the inebriate.

Galt has been beautified, it is reported, by the conversion of a swamp into a lily pond. We merely wish to remark that it is evident Galt flatters itself.

King George dined 500 workmen who fixed up his palace for him. We are willing to do as much for any gang that does a similar chore for us.

President Huerta is said to be hard up. Hard luck, old chap. We know how it feels.

Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill has been aviating again. Other politicians can go up in the air without using machines.

The Duke of Argyll has evaded his income tax. Which goes to show that dukes are merely human.

People will persist in talking of "a friend in need," when in reality they want friends who are flush.

Toronto News could see no significance in the South Bruce election. In fact The News had a hard time convincing itself that there was an election at all.

A French aviator will try to fly from Paris to Pekin. What a chance for the pert paragraphers on this one!

Price of gas may be raised in Toronto. Strange, with the supply so abundant.

An Ohio woman is coach of a football team. Chances are that there'll be too many candidates for places on that team.

Because he had not taken a bath in four years an American is being sued by his wife for divorce. She should get the decree and he should be charged 100 per cent. on his water rates.

"Lloyd George is most popular man in Italy," reads a headline in a Toronto paper. Peculiar, too, in view of the fact that Lloyd George isn't in Italy.

C. S. Need Not Apply.—There's one thing we note about this craze for tango dancing and turkey trotting—nobody seems to want to learn it by the correspondence school method.

Musings on Mexico.—The recent elections in the troubled republic seem to have been featured by the large number of also rans.

Mexico is surely hot enough now without getting itself under a Blanquet.

The Diaz family is doing most of its talking to Huerta over the wires. Wherein the Diazes are wise.

Huerta seems to be in financial straits. Nowadays a ruler last about as long as his coin—or his ability to get it.

"Home, Sweet Home" is not exactly the favourite melody of a few Mexicans not now at home.

Would Huerta Huert-a chap? O Mader-o.

Ralph Connor and Barrie.—Ralph Connor, the Canadian novelist, known in his Winnipeg pulpit as Rev. C. W. Gordon, has just returned from a

visit to Great Britain and tells a little incident, amusing in itself, and quite illustrative of the retiring nature of another noted author, Sir J. M. Barrie.

Barrie is very averse to "playing to the gallery." He abhors publicity. He is rarely, if ever, interviewed.

The Canadian author relates how he once attended a reception at an Edinburgh church, given by the young people of the church in honour of the rising Scotch novelist. Connor was a bit late arriving. Near the door he met the late Henry Drummond.

"Have you met Barrie?" asked Drummond.

"No, but I would like to see him."

"Well, then," laughed Drummond, "just look around until you find a hole, look down the hole, and there you will find Barrie."

A little later on Connor found Barrie in a quiet corner, looking for all the world as if he had searched in vain for that hole, and did not know what to do with himself.

The Way of a Woman.—A Brantford man tells of an experience he had recently with a suffragette—the wife of one of his friends.

With their wives, the two men went out for a spin in the friend's car. The suffragette had been vigorously expounding the doctrine of the equality of the sexes for some time. Suddenly the car came to a stop. The owner turned to his wife.

"Mary, do you really believe all that stuff you have been talking about the equality of the sexes?"

"Certainly, George."

"Then get out and crank the car."

She did not move. He did. When the car started again she smilingly remarked: "I didn't believe it for just that minute, George."

The Prince's Nickname.—"Did you hear the new nickname they have



OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.

Small Boy: "Mother says you are a self-made man. Is that right?"
Visitor: "Yes; but why do you ask?"
Small Boy: "I wondered why you gave yourself such a funny face."

given Prince Arthur of Connaught?"
"No—what is it?"
"Drum."
"What do they mean by that?"
"Didn't he marry a Fife?"

Anybody Object?—Gabriel D'Annunzio, the erratic Italian poet, announces that two years hence he will commit suicide, and will do it in a strange

and mysterious fashion that will startle the world.

The world seems to be waiting without any protest.

Anybody Take This Wager?—A Toronto humourist announces his brave resolve to get out a volume of his Collected Poems and to charge a dollar for it.

We are willing to wage that the poems will be more easily collected than the dollars.

The Mills Grind Slowly—at Times.—It took only two months to impeach and remove the Governor of New York State. But it takes two years or more to try the average murder case across the line.

The speed of the mills of justice seems to be regulated with due care.

Taking Big Chances.—A New York millinery firm has failed because of the rapid changes in women's hat styles.

It seems a lot safer to take a flyer on Wall Street than to tackle the millinery business.

Mary, the Modern.

MARY had a motor car
And it was misdirected—
The doctor says that Mary is
As well's can be expected.

Of the Kin of Job.—Toronto's Union Station is at last under way. The people of Toronto should be able to prove themselves lineal descendants of Job.

The Humour Of It.—The thing that makes us smile is the fact that some women who dress loudly profess to be peeved if men look at them loudly.

Ever Notice This?—Women daintily powder their faces.
Men boldly face the powder.

A Winning Campaign Cry.—"A free dinner table," cries the Ottawa Free Press in its advocacy of abolition of food taxes. Put it so coaxingly as that and we'll all vote for it.

The Contrast.—Toronto likes its entertainment diversified.

This past week it has had "Joseph and His Brethren" at one theatre, while across the street at another playhouse Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was starred in a dancing show. But then, perhaps, one was sent by a merciful management as an antidote to the other.

Not Just Yet.—Toronto Star gleefully announces that it has reached its majority. That's more than can be said for its party—as yet.

What the World Wants.—Dr. Cook, now in vaudeville, puts up the plea that he wants Peary probed. What the world would prefer is to have both of them gagged.

Just a Query.—Jim Thorpe, the big Indian athlete and rugby champion, says that football is no fun for him.

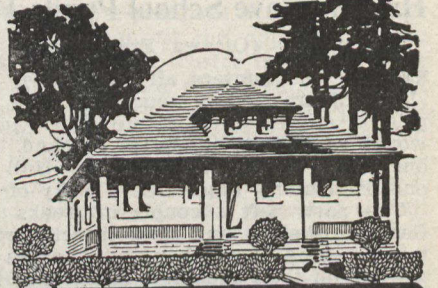
What must it be for the fellow that tries to "get" him when he makes a run up field?

You've Heard Them.

OF all the sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—"Can you lend me ten?"

Reverse the Conditions.—English actress expresses the opinion that the theatres should charge a fee of only eight cents. That's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. We have seen some shows that made us feel as if the theatre owed us money.

THE melancholy days have come,
When furnace fires we kindle,
And daily watch, with sorrow dumb,
Our high-priced coal pile dwindle.



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THE CANADIAN LEAGUE

PEOPLE find it difficult to believe that the Canadian League is not working for either the Conservative or the Liberal party on the naval question. Yet it is true. The aim of the League is a "non-partisan" settlement of this question. It supports neither the policy of the Conservatives nor the policy of the Liberals.

The following letters from the daily papers will help the members of the League to understand the situation:

From the Brantford Courier.

Editor Brantford Courier:

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to an editorial which appeared in your issue of Oct. 28, and I desire to set you right on one point. I did not say to the Liberal Club of Brantford that I was opposed to the Borden contribution of thirty-five million dollars. On the contrary, I told them that I had no objection to it, if Mr. Borden intended to work for a Canadian navy ultimately. I also said to them that I did not agree with that feature of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's policy which stated that the larger Canadian vessels should be built in Canada. I made it very clear to the Liberal Club that I disagreed with that portion of the Liberal naval policy as at present outlined. Moreover, when the matter was before the Senate, the Canadian Courier, of which I am editor, advised the Senate to pass the bill. You are therefore misrepresenting my views in your editorial columns. I am sure you are not doing so intentionally, but the result is the same.

Perhaps you will allow me this opportunity of making my views clear for the benefit of your readers. I am a firm believer in a Canadian navy, and am quite confident that ultimately Mr. Borden will adopt the Canadian naval policy. In the meantime, I am one of those who are advocating that the two parties should get together and settle the big question in a national way. If the two leaders would agree to both the contribution and a Canadian navy, I am quite prepared to accept it. I am not supporting either the present Liberal or the present Conservative attitude, but simply suggesting to both parties that Canada should do as Australia and New Zealand have done, viz., treat the naval question as something too serious to be made the football of partisan politics.

I trust you will give this letter a prominent place in an early issue of your paper.

JOHN A. COOPER.

[This paper willingly makes room for the above. If there was misrepresentation with regard to what Mr. Cooper said, the fault rests with the Expositor and not with the Courier, as the editorial in this paper was based on the report of Mr. Cooper's address before the Liberal Club, as published in the local Liberal organ. We are willing to admit that this journal was perhaps to blame in not going to a better or more accurate authority.—Editor Brantford Courier.]

From the Brantford Courier.

A few days later the Brantford Courier had another editorial note as follows:

"It appears that The Expositor did report Mr. Cooper of Toronto as saying what he says he said, when he addressed the local Liberal Club on the naval question. A cursory reading of his address led the Courier to think otherwise, and for that herewith an apology. Meanwhile, this paper does not regard Mr. Cooper, excellent man though he is, as a heaven-sent messenger to teach Johnny Canuck what to do with reference to navy aid for John Bull."

From Toronto Globe.

To the Editor of the Globe,—No observer of public affairs of ordinary

astuteness will ever be surprised at any development that may occur in connection with Canadian politics. But if such a thing were possible the course of the Globe and other Liberal journals in furthering the campaign of Messrs. Hawkes and Cooper for a non-partisan or "bi-partisan" settlement of the navy question might well excite amazement. These emissaries of the capitalists who expect to constitute the armament trust of the future coolly propose that the opposing party leaders should get together and formulate some scheme for the construction of a Canadian navy, either in addition to or in place of the proposed emergency contribution. Of course, the proposition involves the carrying out of the plan by the existing Borden Administration. This would be very nice for Hawkes and Cooper and their financial backers, but do the Liberal journals which lend their columns to forward the proposal realize what it means? Nothing less than the creation of a huge scheme of graft, with possibilities of plunder, exceeding even those of the construction of the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk Pacific Railways, sufficient to enable the party in power to hold office for a generation. Now one could easily understand the Liberal press and politicians eagerly supporting a non-partisan proposal of this kind if their party were to have the spending of the money, but why they should seem to favor a plan to put their adversaries in possession of a perpetual fund passes my comprehension.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Oakville, Nov. 3.

From Toronto Globe.

To the Editor of the Globe,—Mr. Phillips Thompson intimates that Liberal newspapers' recognition in their news columns of the advocacy of a Canadian navy by citizens outside the Liberal party passes his comprehension. Apparently there is no cure for that.

One does not seriously object when a suspicious, slanderous partisan measures other people with the only yardstick he knows; but Mr. Thompson links his quarrel with you to false statements, which, if they are not refuted, may be heeded by those who read with respect what the Globe deems worthy of print.

Mr. Thompson says Mr. Cooper and I are "emissaries of the capitalists, who expect to constitute the armament trust of the future," and that we are furthering "a huge scheme of graft" and "a perpetual corruption fund."

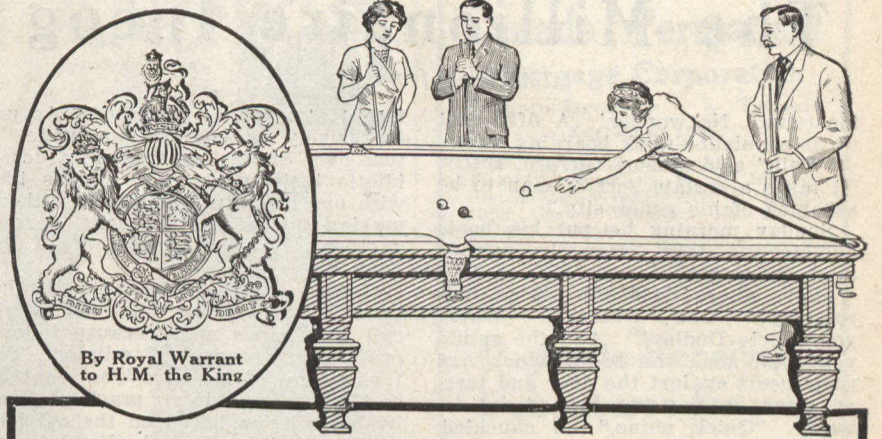
Nothing that has been published in connection with the Canadian League propaganda has enabled Mr. Thompson to adduce a tittle of evidence to support his libels. Nothing that could be published would justify them or anything like them. I venture to submit that the Globe's self-respect should induce it to say exactly what significance belongs to the use of its columns as a vehicle of palpable untruths.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

The Canadian, Toronto.

The Objects of the League Are:

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



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mathematical water level by special electrical machinery. The best West of England billiard cloth is used, which, besides being extremely durable, has a remarkably fast surface.

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The Millionaire Incog

(Concluded from page 8.)

his room. No wonder! A fifty cent tip in an eight-a-week boarding house. "Well," said Helene Girard, softly, "it takes a certain sort of man to be ashamed of his generosity."

Sunday morning he put his boots outside the door. Hawkins pointed them out to me.

"Say, where does he think he's roosting? The Waldorf? Watch your uncle Dudley!" And the astute youngster took the boots which had their heels against the door and turned them so that the toes faced inward. "Quick shine," he chuckled, "and no one the wiser. Well, me for the surf. Be sure you don't put S— on! He'll think they have been done."

After a bit, he grew friendly enough to spend a few minutes with us in the parlor; he gave as an excuse for not joining us sooner that he did not know our landlady allowed smoking in the draw-parlor. "And were the ladies sure they didn't mind?" They said they just loved the smell of smoke and we got out our pipes and cigarettes as usual. Smith, however, with a little hesitation pulled out a handful of cigars. He offered them round. Henderson and Simpkins bit off the ends without even looking at the weed. Barnett and McQueen preferred their accustomed coffin nails, but Hawkins took a cigar, sniffed it with the air of a connoisseur, looked at the label and gasped. We were being offered twenty-five cent smokes!

IT was about this time Helene Girard took hold of her career and began her life work, "The Romance of Gideon Galbraith, Cotton King." She used to speak of it reverently, in a hushed voice, and she began to look like a person who saw visions. Smith was the only one of us who took her at all seriously; he did not joke or tease her like Hawkins, who never allowed an opportunity slip to ask.

"Well, Mrs. Hump! How goes the yarn, and has the lover declared himself?"

Smith "understood," whatever that was, so Helene told us, and I do believe at a word from him, she would have given up her job, lived in an attic and spent twenty-four hours a day working at her novel.

On the strength of the life's work or something Smith grew more friendly; he would drop into our rooms now and then, always prefacing his entrance with:

"Sure I won't be intruding?"

He seemed to take it for granted that we did not consider him one of us, and to fear that his presence might put a restraint upon us, which often happened. In trying to encourage him to talk about himself, I remember we all handed out autobiographies without a comma omitted, we hunted out dark and mysterious deeds in our pitifully respectable pasts and poured them into his ears. He drank it all in and said nothing.

During the third week, he persuaded Helene to give us a reading in the parlor, and when she feebly demurred, we heard him tell her that as an authoress she would have to accustom herself to audiences!

She got through something like five chapters of Smith—or Gideon Galbraith, I should say, and was verging upon a love scene with him—a man of vast wealth who, disguised as a humble clerk, sought at one and the same time, a practical philanthropy and a woman of pure and noble soul who loved him for himself alone, one who was divinely tender—I remember she got as far as that, when Smith called a halt.

"Don't go into that part now," he advised. "Let them digest what you have already read. Isn't it fine—and true—and human?" he asked.

While we were muttering something, Helene, greatly uplifted and Smith humbly following, left the room. There was a crushing silence and we looked at one another furtively. The same thought had struck us all between the eyes.

The following night at dinner a dif-

ferent atmosphere prevailed. As unobtrusively as possible we made a fuss over Smith; we tried in a dozen idiotic little ways to impress him with our individual existence without making this effort apparent to one another. He was without doubt the King Pin.

"I don't exactly attend any church," he said. "I am not what you would call a religious man because I don't profess any recognized religion. But I have one of my own," he went on hastily, "a working, practical and livable religion based on the old idea of Universal Service—the Brotherhood of Man, you know. I believe in a commonwealth community, in my innermost heart, but my practical sense tells me it is not yet feasible. I think every one should have a chance," he raised his voice a little, forgetting himself in his eloquence, "not one indeed, but several chances—until they find themselves. I think each man should personally take a less fortunate brother by the hand and help him climb a step higher. How men of enormous wealth can be content to do abstract charity, I cannot understand! To devote millions to work one only knows of through voluminous reports would be, to me, a penance, not a pleasure. As a boy, I used to tell myself that when I became a man I would share my money with people I knew—people I knew had lacked a chance, and people who in turn would carry on my idea of Universal Service to those less fortunate than themselves." "I have never quite realized my dream," he said in his usual tone, "but that is my religion—" he emphasized slightly his concluding remarks—"I believe that we should all share of our abundance, comparatively speaking."

Well, that sounded like a good enough religion for us, too. We began to press of our abundance on Smith; magazines, collar buttons, an extra razor, tobacco and even clothing. He had some trouble with his laundry and was short of linen. His manner in accepting these things was what I might call tentative—as though he said to himself, "I will try out my theory just one step further, before—" Once in a while he borrowed things, and he was never tired of listening to us talk of our failures, our ambitions, our prospects. He encouraged us to show him with paper and pencil just how the chance had slipped by, and how eagerly we were watching for it to reappear. He was so interested, so sympathetic.

"AND the girls," he would say. "Fancy the girls looking into a miserable vista of ten dollars a week for life! Of course they may marry but their portion is still about ten dollars for the seven days. Why, it's appalling! It's fundamentally wrong! Something ought to be done," he cried, and we looked expectantly at him.

We were playing cards one night, all except Helene and Smith. The latter was out and the former writing.

Smith came in a few minutes after she had gone to the corner to post her letter. With a polite wish that we sleep well he went to his room. We had frequently invited him to come out with us, but he had refused, never returning the compliment.

Helen came back, visibly excited. "What do you think?" she asked breathlessly. "As I was going to the box, a cab drove up to the curb and Mr. Smith and another man got out. Such a swell! Evening clothes, opera hat and all. I couldn't help hearing what they said and they didn't notice me."

"Well, what did they say?" Hawkins wanted to know.

The other man asked, "Can you square it for Saturday?" and Mr. Smith said he thought so. "All right, I'll be there," said the other and drove away. "I bet—" she stopped and her eyes shone. We all bet, too.

Up to that minute whatever private instinct we may have had as to Smith's incog, we sat pretty tight with our eyes skinned for No. 1. We were eagerly looking for that chance which

played so prominent a part in his practical religion. But this night we put our ideas, ambitions and hopes through a clearing house, voicing the questions:

"What is he going to do?"

"Which of us is it going to be?"

Every one looked at Helene Girard. She ran through all the known shades of scarlet, crimson, rose and pale pink, finishing with a rather greenish white. She felt very deeply. That is the worst of the artistic temperament.

"All of us, I trust," she whispered with noble generosity.

The next day but one was Saturday. Smith came down to breakfast first and stayed until the bitter end. He invited us to a little theatre-and-supper-party that night, making a graceful speech of gratitude for our having taken a lonely stranger into our midst and helping 'to tide him over a trying month.' Old Jane was the only one who refused; poor thing, to my certain knowledge she was in exactly the same predicament as many of her wealthier sisters in that she had nothing to wear.

Saturday was pay-day, too. I got mine and rushed home wondering if we would do Smith credit in our undress clothes. With some trepidation I rapped at his door and entered. There he was, as I had expected, a study in black and white, swallow tails, starched bosom and all. Nothing was lacking.

"Don't mind me," he said in a kindly manner, seeing my crestfallen face. "I simply couldn't go in that"—he pointed to the three dollars worth of brown patch work, he had been wearing—"and I had nothing else, but this—with me. You are quite all right, quite."

WITH a deal of fuss we started; so early we had plenty of time to walk, though I believe that Helene had hoped to see a row of cabs, wedding-wise or funeral-wise, at the door. Mr. Smith marshalled us grandly into the theatre seating himself on the aisle with the authoress next and me third. Good seats, too, about ten rows from the front. He held some mysterious parley with an usher and slipped a tip into his crooked palm. We nudged each other and felt like the nobility.

I think it was just as the curtain rose on the last act that the boy touched Smith and whispered to him. He looked politely annoyed, undecided and finally resigned.

"Some one wants to speak to me," he whispered. "I may be a few minutes."

You know how a Clyde Fitch drama can get hold of you especially in the last act when things happen every second. I fear we forgot all about Smith until the lights flared up and we found he had not come back. We waited as long as we could inside then hung about the lobby until they put us out.

"I have it!" cried Helene. "He has gone home to see about supper and surprise Old Jane."

She was partially correct; he had certainly surprised—and tied—and gagged her. We found her bound securely to the last trading stamp rocker with the curtain cords. The house had been thoroughly vacuum cleaned as far as anything valuable or saleable was concerned.

"He came in a cab," gasped our landlady, "him an' another man. They knowed just where to go fer everything an' had cleared out inside o' fifteen minutes, leavin' me like this." She rubbed her wrists. "He was two weeks overdue," she tearfully complained, "an' me thinkin' he was goin' to set me on my feet!"

Lumping our loss, he had taken about a hundred dollars in cash, watches, odd bits of jewelry and silver, overcoats—and several pages of Gideon Galbraith!

The only person to benefit by the raid was Hawkins, who wrote a bully yarn about it and was given a desk of his own, I believe. As usual, he was the first to revive.

"Oh, well," he said philosophically, "we got singed all right, all right, but at least he took us to the theatre."

"That is literally correct," I said, sourly. "But he took the precaution to borrow the money from me!"

Two Special NUMBERS

BOOK NUMBER

The annual Book Number of the Canadian Courier will be issued on November 29th. A writer in a Canadian weekly recently stated that popular opinion among Britishers is that Canadians are not a book-reading people. At the same time a large number of books are produced in Canada by Canadian writers for Canadian readers.

The Book Number will not confine itself to Canadian books. It will be a comprehensive review of the books of the year, done by people who have especial qualifications for knowing why a good book is a good book, what makes a bad book, and why a best seller is not necessarily the best book of the year.

Canadians probably read as much as any other people. We believe that the book-reading age has not gone by, but is probably yet to come. Only by an impartial review of what has been already done in this country, and a comparison of our own writers with the best writers of other countries, can we get any clear conception of what is likely to happen in the future. The cover for this issue has been specially designed by an expert.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

We have had a series of good Christmas Numbers. We believe that in the main our Christmas Numbers have been more representative of Canadian talent than those of any other publication. Not only in stories and articles, but in the pictorial art and in illustration.

The Christmas Number of 1913 will be worthy of a high place in the series. One of the best features in the issue will be a group of

FOUR SHORT STORIES

These are by writers already well known to readers of The Courier. We have tried these writers and have found them able to deliver the kind of thing that people like to read. We can think of no better place to set forth their best short works in conjunction than the Christmas Number. Christmas is a time of fiction and of pictures. The stories are:

"The Hunger Chance," by Samuel Alexander White.

"His Last Angel," by Mabel Burkholder.

"The Changed Letters," by H. A. Cody.

"An Original Christmas Gift," by Ethelwyn Wetherald.

These will all be handsomely illustrated by Canadian artists.

There will be a beautiful Christmas cover done by a man who sits up nights thinking about such things. Special Christmas features in pictures and articles will be incorporated into this volume which, when completed, will represent the spirit of Christmas as well as we have ever done this in the Canadian Courier. The date of this number will be December 6th which puts you into the Christmas feeling almost three weeks before Christmas and will be an effective aid to Christmas shopping.

THE CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto.

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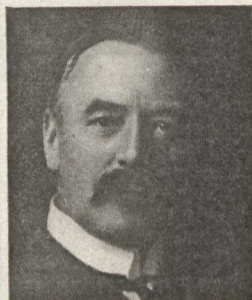
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Mr. H. V. Meredith, Former Vice-President and General Manager, is Now President of the Bank.



Sir Frederick Williams Taylor, Who Leaves the Position of London, England, Manager to be General Manager at Montreal.

A Shuffle Among Bankers

DESPITE the fact that the newspapers of Montreal gave out that Sir Frederick Williams Taylor would return to England in a week, he will stay in Montreal altogether now, for he has been appointed general manager of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. H. V. Meredith, who previously held this position, is now President of the Bank, in succession to Mr. R. B. Angus. Mr. Angus still remains on the board of directors. The other move in the shuffle concerns Mr. A. D. Braithwaite. He leaves the managership of the Bank in Toronto, to become assistant general manager in Montreal. His successor is not yet appointed.

Henry Vincent Meredith, the new president of the Bank, is a distinguished member of a distinguished family. His father was John Cook Meredith, of London, Ont. His two uncles, the late Sir William Meredith, and Mr. Edward A. Meredith, were respectively Chief Justice, and Principal of McGill University. His brothers are Sir William Meredith, Chief Justice of Ontario, and Richard Meredith, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. So that the name of Meredith has come to stand for a good deal in Canada.

Mr. H. V. Meredith, after graduating at Hellmuth College, began his financial career with the Bank of Montreal. He has spent his entire business life in its service, having risen to Montreal Manager in 1889, Director in 1910, General Manager in 1911, and Vice-President in 1912. As President he is a worthy successor to the men who have gone before:—Sir Edward Clouston, Mr. C. F. Smithers, Mr. R. B. Angus and others. Montreal and Meredith are more than ever in happy association.

Sir Frederick Williams Taylor hails from the Maritime Provinces. He was born at Moncton, N. B., of Irish parents. He, too, has spent all his business life in the Bank of Montreal, for he has been successively at Moncton, St. John, N. B., Halifax, Montreal, Picton, Peterborough, Deseronto and Chicago. At the last two places he was Manager. In 1905, he went to London as Manager of the bank's English branch. He was a power in the financial world in Montreal and in London, and now that he is back again in the Canadian metropolis, he will be much missed in the British. For a good many years, his views on financial affairs have been as eagerly sought as they have been studiously considered.

And Sir Frederick has gained other laurels. He is a silver medalist of the Royal Society of Arts. His paper on "The Resources of Canada" created important and far-reaching interest. His latest mot on the financial situation is that "The craze in Britain for Canada and Canadians is in suspense," implying that Canada will do well to go slowly.

Mr. Arthur Douglas Braithwaite, who is made assistant general manager at Montreal, has long been associated with the Bank of Montreal. He was stationed at Regina, Calgary, and Hamilton, either as manager or acting manager, before he came to occupy the position of manager at Toronto. He was prominent in the winding up of the Ontario Bank. He carried a large part of the burden of liquidation.

He is fond of music, and did a good deal to develop it in the West.

Solidly Prosperous

PREMIER SIFTON was in Toronto the other day, on his way back to Edmonton, after the Council of Premiers at Ottawa. He said several things to the "Courier" about the West which were of interest and importance. "The West," said he, "is more solidly prosperous than ever before in its history. Building, throughout the summer and early fall, has been brisk. I see no reason why it should not continue so. Real estate of the right sort is booming. The speculative element is almost entirely eliminated. Land which is bought is, in the majority of cases, built upon almost immediately. Business houses, warehouses, manufacturing plants, homes for the people are rising on all hands." So far as labour conditions are concerned, Premier Sifton said that they had been better this year than last. The work was there to do, and the men were there to do it.

In connection with the question of the Government controlling or supervising municipal issues, he said that in his Province at any rate, supervision was already exercised to some extent. A municipality, when it wanted to issue debentures, had to apply to the Minister of Municipal Affairs, who, if the issue was in order and was justified, gave the applicant a certificate to that effect.

Premier Sifton's words on the situation in the West are reassuring. They needed to be said, and the Premier of Alberta is in a position to say them, and say them authoritatively. The West is all right. It has been passing through the fire, but it is coming out all right, and furnishing more reasons than ever why it will have a splendid future.

Regarding the Market

TAKING it altogether, the market during the past week has been fairly inactive, and subject to wide fluctuations on a comparatively small value of trading. So far as the bond market is concerned, activity is shown in municipal issues, though bond issues are a negligible quantity.

On the question of the general trend of prices, the less prophesied the better. The money markets are the prime factor in the case, and as they depend upon the presence or absence of international difficulties and complications, the money markets are not very hopeful. Trouble in Brazil and disturbance in Mexico equal if they do not overshadow Balkan complexities. Canada is

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only indirectly affected, but even that is not encouraging. It seems only just, however, to look at the other side of the mirror. The situation in the near East is indefinite; it is not foreboding. Real trouble in Brazil threatens, but it is not an actual fact. Mexico is disturbed it is true, but diplomacy can do much, and of the three catastrophes outlined, war in Mexico would be least disconcerting to Canada. Moreover, commerce in every country is booming. Canada's crop and the world's crop have turned out exceedingly well, and the effect, when we do feel it, will be all to the good.

The feature of the market is that this is a time for investment. It is not a time for speculation. The market cannot very well go up for some months, or at any rate, if it goes up it is only a flash in the pan. There will be a turn in the tide, but it would be foolish to hail it now. Caution and patience are necessary.

Russell Motor Situation

RUSSELL MOTOR COMPANY seems to have got nicely through all its troubles, and the directors are said to be breathing easily. There was some small criticism at the meeting, but it was overwhelmed by contrary opinions. The cause of the trouble at the factory was due to some miscalculations and unexpected difficulties in the mechanical department. The Knight engines which have been used in the Russell car were made in England up to this season. Under the patent laws it was necessary to manufacture them in Canada, and in doing this the difficulties arose. These have now been overcome, and the new engines are giving every satisfaction. A new superintendent has been placed in charge, and the factory is said to be working more smoothly than at any time in its history. Cars of the 1914 model are now being delivered, and are winning favourable opinions from the users. With any reasonable amount of luck Russell Motor stock will be active on the exchanges before a year passes.

On and Off the Exchange

C. N. R. Successful Again

A DESPATCH from London states that sixty per cent. of the latest C. N. R. loan, amounting to a million and a half sterling five per cent. ten year debentures at 95, has been taken. One more evidence of Canada's popularity.

Canada Cannot Grumble

AN authentic press despatch from London, England, says that an enormous aggregate of European loans is under contemplation in the London market. It is computed that no less a sum than \$730,000,000 has got to be found for seven countries, who need it chiefly for carrying on wars in the future or paying for wars in the past. \$730,000,000 is considerable of a sum. If Norman Angell were writing this column he would stop right here and, forgetting all about the heading on this article, use the space in a magnificent tirade against war. And you couldn't blame him.

In view of the fact that London will have to take care of the large number of European wants so far as money is concerned, the news that Canada borrowed \$12,500,000 in October is distinctly good news. October was not a good month for borrowers. The figures for new issues were less than in the corresponding period of last year. Yet Canada got \$12,500,000.

Surely we cannot grumble! During the last nine months when the money stringency has been so acute, Canada has maintained an average amount of loaned money totalling eighteen million dollars. The pessimist has no cause for being. He has an unwholesome effect upon the would-be optimist. Once more the Courier preaches optimism—and lots of it!

Canada's Mineral Output

CANADA last year saw her best period of mineral production. The total value of last year's output was \$135,048,296, \$31,827,302 more than during the previous year, or an increase of over thirty per cent. Since 1886 this production has risen from \$2.23 to about \$19 per capita.

Ontario heads the list, with a production of \$51,485,000; British Columbia comes second, with \$30,000,000, and Nova Scotia third, with \$18,922,000.

A Ten Million Dollar Company

THE Canadian Northern Town Properties Company, Ltd., chartered under C. N. R. name, has been incorporated by letters patent with \$10,000,000 capital with head offices in Toronto. The company is empowered to hold and develop city lots, farm lands, mineral or fruit lands, townsites, grazing lands or other real estate or real property, to lay out streets, build houses, furnish gas and power and to lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company. It is one more addition to the already large list of concerns under C. N. R. operation.

Next Week's Annual

THE Dominion Park Company will hold its annual meeting next week.

Enquiries

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

I see there is some rumour of the U. S. Government taking hold of the long distance telephone in the States. Synchronising with this, there was a drop of ten points in American Telephone stock. Do you advise me to sell my holdings of MacKay Common?

H. F. W.
Toronto

No, the value of a security like the one you hold is higher than its market price. Probably the talk is mere rumour. It hasn't been authoritative so far. However, if even the U. S. Government did get hold of the long distance telephones, the value of the stock would not be less for that reason.

FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:

If the City of Toronto were to reject the offer of Sir William MacKenzie to sell the Street Railway, would the stock depreciate because of it?

ENQUIRER.
Montreal.

Don't let us talk about the rejection by the city, at all. It isn't a probability. If such a thing did happen, you would be foolish to sell, for the stock is not likely to slump. The only agent in effecting a lower price would be the man who bought as a speculator when the sale to the city was first broached. He might throw his stock on the market and become a seller, but this would only mean a temporary slump.

FINANCIAL EDITOR.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

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Travellers' Cheques

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

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

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THE choice of an Executor and Trustee is an important matter for consideration when drawing a will. Investigation will prove that this Company's experience and care in administering estates will make its selection for this position a wise one.

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Educational Fads

AS we grow older, I suppose we all become convinced that the way we were educated was the right one, and that modern frills are entirely superfluous. As we hear of one theory after another, tried upon the Small Person, we are rather rejoiced that we escaped certain experiments and had a comparatively unadorned path to the Fifth Proposition. There is this consolation that the child who is a born student will find his or her way to the heights, in spite of all attempts to make the progress too easy.

There is one subject which should not be forced upon the Small Person at too early an age—and that is hygiene. The attempt to instruct children in the various functions of the bodily organs has led to many ludicrous mistakes and has succeeded in bewildering many a well-meaning youngster. I heard recently of a small girl who was interrogated concerning the pancreas, and answered despairingly:

"I don't know what it's for, unless to digest pancakes."

There is nothing worse for us than to consider too elaborately and constantly just how we are and how our liver is behaving. Childhood can be given all that is necessary for its hygienic guidance, without being burdened with barbarous names and dreary details. As for the more "advanced" hygiene advocated by certain Chicago authorities, it is an unhealthy abomination and too absurd ever to be put into practical force by a sane instructor.

Our Correspondence

DO you remember, when you left school, what a long list of correspondents you had? You promised to write to ever so many girls, and for the first few months you wrote twelve-paged letters to a host of "friends for a lifetime." To-day you can hardly tell where all the friends are scattered and if you have retained two or three of them as once-a-year correspondents, you have been unusually faithful. Once in a while you meet a woman over thirty-five, who has kept up a correspondence with most of the friends of her girlhood, but she is probably a woman of much leisure. We have various excuses for the dropping of one after another of our letter friends, but "so little time" is usually the plea which is urged in extenuation.

There are a few women, even in these busy times, however, who seem to have been able to keep track by correspondence of nearly all the old friends, and who surprise more careless souls by the details stored in memory of the changing homes and fortunes of members of the old circle. There are some who have a positive gift for correspondence, whose letters sound just like themselves, and who write a letter as easily and gracefully as the ordinary person says "good morning." Such writers of happy epistles have friends who sit down and call them blessed when the postman drops an envelope with the familiar hand-writing.

Did you ever notice how dangerous it is to jest in a letter. The most trivial bit of pleasantry some way is different in the reading and the recipient is hurt by an apparent bit of satire or discourtesy which the tone or manner would have explained away in conversation. Letters, in fact, are the most perilous messages that can be sent and cause more trouble than any other form of communication. A signature, after all, is such a difficult matter to explain away. A cynical British statesman of the last century said that what we say is not of much importance, what we do is a very small matter, but what we write is the very mischief—or words to that effect. Certainly, the written word is likely to have a more lasting effect than any other form of expression, and, if we have anything really disagreeable to say, it will be better to use the tongue and the telephone, or leave it unsaid, rather than put the unpleasantness into the form of a neat little paragraph and use His Majesty's mails.

The Homemade Gift

NOW come the days when we may pick up the woman's magazine or the Saturday edition of the newspaper, to read of marvellous gifts which

we may manufacture for long-suffering friends of a few inches of ribbon, a square of cardboard and a sheet or two of tissue paper. A whole page will be devoted to "what may be done with a dollar," to say nothing of a few days of time. The pin-cushions, needle-books and other frail works of art which are ultimately produced are intended to rejoice the hearts of friends who have been languishing all these years for a receptacle to hold the needles and pins of the household and who will be simply overcome with joy at the sight of the beribboned manufacture over which we have spent so many anxious moments.

Is it not well to reflect over even a trivial present—as I remarked a fortnight ago? An opera bag or a silk work bag is almost sure to be welcome and



ROYAL HONEYMOONSTERS.

The Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught Walking Along the Jetty Prior to Leaving Dover for Paris on Board the Turbine Steamer, the "Queen."

useful, but the multitude of small articles sent through the mails during the third week of December means an accumulation of unmeaning trash, which results in what an impatient housewife calls "cluttering up the place." The personal Christmas card is a rather pleasing way of solving the difficulty of the small remembrance, and this is especially welcome when it takes the form of an amateur photograph or sketch of some well remembered scene. There is no kindness in sending silken souvenirs in the form of trifles which can hardly be considered beautiful, and with which, as articles of utility, the house is already abundantly supplied.

Cupid and Hymen

THEY were talking about a letter which had appeared in a Toronto paper, signed by a physician, discussing the perennially interesting subject of happy marriages. The writer had advised girls to marry for love—a pauper it might be—but in no event to marry without love.

"I don't agree with him," said a matron of fifty. "I think every woman is better in a home of her own, and if she is over twenty-five, she had better marry the very first respectable man who asks her."

"So that she may have 'Mrs.' on her tombstone?" queried a frivolous spinster.

"Every woman is happier in a home of her own," reiterated the matron, stubbornly. "It doesn't do to wait too long for some wonderful ideal person to come along. Men aren't ideal, in the least."

"They're hard facts, the most of them," sighed a busy young married woman, "but I simply couldn't ever have earned my own living."

"That is honest at any rate," said the frivolous spinster. "Now, I have been earning my own living for so long and spending my money on my own sweet self for so many years, that it would be a dreadful shock to be obliged to ask for money and to be scowled at and questioned about the last quarter he gave me."

"You would get bravely over that," said the two married women, in duet.

"I think you're all just horrid," said the dark-eyed debutante. "Talking about money and marrying a respectable man. I wouldn't get married unless I met the most wonderful man in the world, who was quite different from everyone else, and I would not care whether he were lazy or extravagant or just a plain pauper."

"Then you'll be taking in washing or going out sewing by-the-day before many years have gone by," said the matron of fifty, with a stern nod.

ERIN.

When Hearth Backs Rostrum

THERE used to be an established idea that the hearth should be the antipodes of the rostrum; that the fireside woman should "stay put" and not bother her adorable head about the wicked world outside, with its polls and things which were only fit for husbands.

St. Paul may have been responsible for this who in his capacity of bachelor insisted that women should not be heard in public meetings—even in church. If that were held to now—conceive the silence! Or, again, it may have been Charles Kingsley, with his "men must work and women must weep"—which has long enough been true in political circles. St. Paul didn't know what Scotch "John" knew and Kingsley didn't know what every woman knows: that votes are a bit improved by means of a "Maggie."

Anyway, woman has stopped "feeling badly" and has sensibly set herself instead to "do things." The woman who posed for "Lacrimae" is rightly a painted thing in a large museum. I saw her there on a visit to New York.

I would like to have been in that city last week when the polling places were electrified by the forces that were to decide the mayoralty issue. Tammany was to defeat in the person of the candidate, Mr. McCall, and Tammany's victor, Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, the Fusion candidate, was to be elected. Women held the clothes, so to speak, of the fusionist workers—Republicans, Progressives and Independent Democrats—prominent members of the Women's Fusion League, headed by Mrs. J. Borden Harri-man and Dorothy Perkins, daughter of George W. Perkins. They served sandwiches to the watchers and drove about in automobiles bringing voters to the polls, both men and women.

So that it was significant, as well as satisfactory, to read the result of the New York municipal elections, that Mr. J. P. Mitchel is mayor, and that Mrs. Mitchel is going to insist on a "honeymoon-trip" by way of celebration.

There is no reason why women should not assist in such elections, by direct or even visible indirect effort. The American method appears, at any rate, a vast improvement on the methods of crazy militant women in England, who seem to be bent on out-guying Guy Fawkes in their little extravagant ways which involve gun-powder. Canada will, perhaps, be sensible enough to recognize that the participation of women in public affairs must be heralded first by a manifestation of interest. For instance, comparatively few women attend political meetings—which is one of the straws indicating the current that women who talk of votes are not in earnest, or are only half so.

M. J. T.

Miss Sanborn, of Toronto, who is in charge of Nasmith's restaurants, states that in Toronto the majority of girls coming in from the country seek work not as factory employees, but as waitresses in eating-houses and saleswomen in shops. For which cause, Miss Sanborn, as a member of the Business Women's Club, would advocate provision for courses for waitresses and clerks at the new building of the Toronto Technical School.

IN a fairy-tale book which I happen to possess, in which Dulac has signed the illustrations, there occurs a picture in which macaws are sitting about on hoops "in gilded dalliance." Perhaps it was because the birds in the picture were destined for the ravishment of ladies in the foreground, that I was rather forcibly reminded of it lately on my introduction to the "Maison Evelyn."

Toronto. Only, for birds there were hats on the perches—hats direct from Paris. And perhaps it was the way these imported hats were made to off-set one another which made one think of the said artistic, if frivolous, Edmund Dulac composition.

Be it known at once that the "Evelyn"—pronounce it in two syllables, please, thus: "Eve-lyn"—is an earl's daughter's millinery venture. Lady Evelyn Ward, who runs it, is one of the daughters of the Earl of Erne, of Crom Castle, Newton Butler, Ireland; whose perhaps even more familiar title is Imperial Grand Master of the Orangemen. The shift, as Lady Evelyn informs me, has become now quite a common one among the ladies of rank across the water.

Twice yearly this Irish lady, who recalled that



LADY EVELYN WARD

The Aristocratic Business Woman Who Exemplifies in Toronto, a Trend Increasingly Evident in Europe.

other—Meredith's "Diana"—for charm compounded of wit and grace and beauty, contrives to associate pleasure with business—to visit the beautiful home of her parents, and, incidentally, shop in London and Paris. A rare old coloured print, not unlike a Baxter, was loaned for the making of our illustration of the fine old baronial pile overlooking Loch Erne.

A visit to the Maison Evelyn reminds one that the term "milliner" now restricted to a connoisseur in headgear, was formerly "Milaner," with the broader signification of one at home with the manner in Milan—a student of vogue. Milan, as everyone knows, was the earlier Paris. For besides hats the establishment features the numerous elegances—perfumery, laces, embroideries, neckwear, nicknacks, and even as a latest innovation, antique furniture—affected by exquisite folk in the big beau monde. That she knows just where to buy her goods and just how to keep the same exclusive, are together the secret of Lady Evelyn's marked success at business.

THE perfumes, along with numerous other refinements of the toilet, were as diverse as ravishing in the delicacy of their odours, in their dainty packets inscribed with the Evelyn mark. Among them a face-cream was a compound of notable interest—the recipe of Lady Evelyn's mother-in-law, Georgina, Countess of Dudley. This same Lady Dudley, of Witley Court, in Worcestershire—a mansion set in a terraced, urn-set garden—is a famous beauty and conceded generally to be one of the century's grandes dames.

The source of many of the exquisite laces—Limerick, for instance, of a fineness of texture and creaminess of colour hard to rival—is the north of Ireland, where Lady Evelyn's mother has founded a number of philanthropic lace-schools. Many of the lovely embroideries, too, a fascinating profusion, are the handiwork of the cunning Irish fingers.

As for her "antiques," Lady Evelyn has "finds" which the practised eye acclaims at once for treasures. She knows the histories of them, moreover, before they were hers, by help of the auction hammer—histories which declare the "stuff" authentic. I was shown the store, and its enthusiastic owner pointed out casual pieces of special repute: a "delicate table with antelope legs"; carved oak

"Evelyn" of Bloor Street

The Earl's Daughter Milliner, Whose Establishment in Toronto is a Paris or London "House Shop" Transplanted

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

settles—I recall the designs of two; a Queen Anne bit; a chest of drawers, genuine Jacobean; a quaint flour-bin which would serve for ferns; and several even quaint Bible-boxes; a queer wine-cooler that locked like a safe; an Italian chest with inlay—treasure trove. A rather unusual use was suggested for two brass warming-pans as garniture in a mural adaptation.

Aside from her business, Lady Ward is a devotee of gardening. She is very well acquainted with the Countess Wolseley, of England, who conducts a school for girls in this outdoor art. She rides superbly; is fond of yachting, indeed, as she puts it herself, is "a water-wag"; and at fishing—witness the illustration—is absolutely at one with her sportsman husband. The pair recently spent a month at the River Alten, in Norway, in the course of which outing the said snapshot was taken. The larger of the two big salmon of this picture weighed forty pounds and the lesser thirty-nine. And these were but part of an evening's catch—needless to say, a long, long evening. To put it in brief, the lady is outdoorsome.

CERTAIN pictures in the upstairs hall, which were not for sale, held much of romantic interest. There was one of the Earl of Erne himself, a noble figure in robes for yards behind him. To the daughter, however, this picture was "dear old man." Another portrait was of the Earl of Enniskillen, grandfather to milady on her mother's side. A gallant soldier, full-length, was her great-grand-uncle, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, G.C.B., whose services in India were yet remembered when Lady Evelyn visited the Durbar. In an enlarged framed photograph I recognized the figures of the late King Edward and Consort, Queen Alexandra. Irish notabilities comprised the company, among them the beautiful Lady Londonderry. The host at the function was Lord Dudley, Ireland's viceroy, and Lady Evelyn's husband's eldest brother. It had devolved on Lady Evelyn to play the role of hostess owing to the illness, at the time, of her

sister-in-law.

In another room—and this is a digression—were a number of paintings of thorough-bred horses, favourites of Mr. Ward, an army man. It occurred to me to ask Lady Evelyn's opinion on the attitude of Queen Mary toward ladies riding astride. "It is

not in the least prudish of Her Majesty," she answered, "to forbid a habit at a royal Horse Show which may be all very well on the open prairie. It is just a queen's sense of the fitness of things, and my personal judgment wholly supports the verdict."

While not a fit subject

for the accusation "little Tommy dearly loves a lord," still I could never quite get the viewpoint, Tennyson notwithstanding, which sets "kind hearts" against "coronets" as though the two ideas were in contradiction. I heartily enjoyed the kind-eyed persons who looked from the Evelyn walls with distinguished aspect and was interested tracing their looks and lineaments in the features of the milliner of Bloor Street. (The horses were, I have said, a complete digression.)

What's in the Wind

TOO much smoke, for one thing, according to Mrs. Asa Gordon, who complained in Ottawa at a meeting of the Frances Willard W. C. T. U. that the habit among girls of smoking cigarettes is gaining a hold that is really quite alarming. She advocated an organization to pledge girls against smoking—in other words that posy-beds be "weeded."

A dubious rumour that the admittedly economical Queen Mary and the Queen Mother are having a royal squabble. A squabble differs, of course, from a battle, and the alleged squabble is quite a polite affair. It appears that the good Queen Mary is unwilling to let Queen Alexandra let her light shine. That she has caused to be removed from the altar at Sandringham Church the candles which Queen Alexandra presented, along with a pair of very handsome candle-sticks, and the wish that the lamps be kept always burning. Whether Queen Mary con-



SPARE THE ROD?

Wherefore, When You Are at the River Alten and the Sun Never Sets Upon the Fisher? During Their Recent Outing in Norway, Lady Evelyn Ward and Her Husband Manfully Fished Like One, "and She," to Judge by the Trophies, "Was the One."



CROM CASTLE, SEAT OF THE EARL OF ERNE.

Twice Yearly, "Evelyn" of Bloor Street Pays the Ancestral Home a Fleeting Visit. The Castle Commands a View of Loch Erne on Which the Visitors Spend Much Time in Sailing.

sidered the action pagan—a leaf from the ancient book of the vestal virgins—or whether merely her thrift got the better of her judgment is a matter which the Archbishop of Canterbury may settle to whom the delicate matter has been referred.

A GENERAL feeling that women members are needed on the school boards, expressive of which is the clipping which follows, recently taken from the Christian Science Monitor of Boston:

"Women are needed on the school boards. The woman's sense, the motherly sense, of children's needs is worth more to the community and the race than all the theories put forward by all the doctrinaires and experimentalists through all the ages." One wonders how mothers would deal with "sex hygiene."



"WHO MAKE THE SUN TO RISE."

Far From Being "Crowing Hens," However, Are the Girls of This Waggonful on Its Early Morning Start From the Lorne Park Summer Hostel for Girl Fruit-pickers. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Toronto, is the Originator and Head of This Growing Industrial Headquarters.

Agriculture for Girls

By EVE S. DROPPER

The Theory

THE first fruit-picker in the world was a woman, and there really appears no valid reason why Eve's ability to "show" Adam, in this particular business, should have languished. It isn't in the Bible, after all, that Eve should confine herself to spinning, and that Adam should have the monopoly of delving. At any rate, Eve is rather sick of spinning round and round in the old rotation: teaching, nursing, stenography, housework and occupation in shop or manufactory. So that Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Toronto, is to thank for rediscovering the fact that Eve was born with a gift for apple-picking.

Mrs. Hamilton, who is the able convener of the Committee on Agriculture for Women of the National Council of Women, has been educating Public Opinion, which is not, after all, a dullard, by means of sundry addresses and writings on fruit-farming for girls as a workable project. For instance, she has been asked to address on the nineteenth of this month the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, and on the twentieth instant, also, the Women's Institute. She has worked for a number of years with success—until the country has accepted her conviction that much health and happiness and a reasonable compensation in Canadian dollars lie for woman for but the appropriation in "the earth and the fulness thereof"—in open field work.

How to compass the appropriation has heretofore been accounted the

difficulty. But solution twins difficulty in the mind of this practical leader—out of which fact has arisen the Lorne Park Hostel.

An Experiment.

The Lorne Park Hostel is the theory put into practice—a head-

total of seventy girls was admitted, drawn from such sources as the Y. W. C. A., the Girls' Friendly Society, and the Church of England Deaconess' House. Of the number thirty-five were fruit-pickers and thirty-five were there for a holiday. The thirty-two beds were steadily taken, which constituted the sleeping accommodation, and during the summer Miss Madeley, the Matron, served a total of over four thousand appetizing meals to the hostelites.

A uniform charge of three dollars a week was made to working girls for board and lodging. So the workers were something in pocket even though pay for their work was meagre, averaging as yet six dollars a week. Girl pickers of tomatoes at Beamsville were among the few exceptions commanding more.

Of those girls to whom the hostel was also employment bureau, twenty-five found healthful occupation in outside districts at picking and packing fruit: apples, peaches, tomatoes and other sorts; two went into a large green-house; and places were found for three in domestic service.

This year use was made of a number of farm buildings instead of the rented cottages of last year. The conversion of a barn into dormitories made it possible to receive more applicants. Even so, it was necessary to deny entrance to several mothers with children. The head of the hostel regretted this, and hopes for some provision for such in the future.

Meeting the Girls.

A large percentage of girls at the hostel were British gentlewomen. The three at the pump in the illustration, for instance, were three trained nurses. They were seeking relief from the strain of



IN NATURE'S GYMNASIUM.

Girls at the Sleighton Reform School, Pennsylvania, While Required to Wear the Uniform at Work Which Adapts Itself Best to Their Manoeuvres, Are Encouraged to Be Individual as Regards Their Dress in Off-time, Also as Touches Ways of Wearing Their Hair.

quarters for girls who wished to summer in the country, defraying expenses by picking fruit on farms in the surrounding and more remote districts.

A second season's progress is reported this fall, the term opening on June 24th and closing September 2nd, 1913. During the season a



OVER-RIDING AN OBJECTION.

By Adapting the Equipment to the Strength of the Workers the Great Objection to Farm-work For Women Has Been Overcome by Authorities at the Sleighton Reform School, the Head of Which, Mrs. Falconer, Will Shortly Speak in Toronto Under the Auspices of the Equal Franchise League.

Practically a New Wardrobe is Yours For Just Ten Cents

DIAMOND DYES cost just ten cents.

Thousands upon thousands of women in all parts of the country have found that this inexpensive little package means the end of wondering what to wear.

They have found that DIAMOND DYES add to the pleasure of life by enabling them to have stylish, fresh clothes so dear to a woman's heart.

Mrs. L. R. Rose, of Winnipeg, writes:



Pale pink brocade dyed deep rose

"I can hardly begin to tell you what DIAMOND DYES mean to us.

"The ten cents which this little package costs me is multiplied many, many times by the stylish gowns I am enabled to have.

"DIAMOND DYES give new lustre to old clothes. They make it

possible for me to combine my old materials and out of date remnants into charming, stylish gowns.

"I enclose a photograph of a beautiful dress I made. It was a pale pink brocaded silk much soiled and worn. Dyeing it an old rose color with DIAMOND DYES it made an unusual, stylish dress."

Diamond Dyes

Mrs. S. R. Ruthen, of Montreal, writes:

"I enclose a photograph of a beautiful gown which, when first made, was a light plaid cloth, much worn, and I thought nearly hopeless.

"Knowing, however, the magic of DIAMOND DYES, I made it over into the latest style and dyed it a deep blue.

"The effect was really wonderful. This is just one of the many stylish gowns which DIAMOND DYES have made possible for me."



Light plaid dyed blue

Truth about Dyes for Home Use

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

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

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

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

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their profession—their nursing having been mental, in a large institution. I met these girls the other afternoon at the home of Mrs. Hamilton in Toronto, and had much pleasure in their personalities—a charming trio, English, Scotch and Irish. Present also was a fresh-cheeked music-teacher, in a halo of hair with the sunbeams in it, who also had been at the hostel—with her piano. All these delightful girls were most enthusiastic and much in admiration of their hostess. Still another held



HOSTELITES.

Who Declared "Pump-time" the Only Wretched Moment in All the Day.

champion honours for swimming and had been a popular soul at the lake-side hostel.

"We began at the pump," said Ryena, "at half-past five," in response to a question about the life at the hostel.

"You didn't," corrected the Scotch lass, quite naively.

Ryena ignored her as the Irish only can, "and then we started out for the day in the waggons. Have you ever assisted—she put the question very directly—now have you ever assisted at a sunrise?"

Politeness bade me promptly turn my attention to Miss Madeley, the matron, who was saying, "I packed their lunch-pails."

Work lasted from seven to six with always an hour off for lunch, and Saturday afternoons for sheer skylarking. On Sunday a short morning service was held at the hostel by Mrs. Hamilton, and the rest of the day was at the girls' disposal.

A number of the girls are anxious to take up farming as a career. And the hope of Mrs. Hamilton is that farm settlements will shortly spring up—market gardens, and fruit, bee and poultry undertakings—which will not only bring prosperity to women, who, as experiment proves, are qualified to run them, but which also will



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, The Canadian Actress, Who is Making a Tour of Canada This Winter, Playing in Shakespearean Repertoire.

be of inestimable value to communities as centres of thrift and culture. Two girls at present are remaining at Lorne Park and are rapidly "making good" in a baking business.

A Possible Application.

A very practical application of agriculture for women is the industry in relation to women prisoners. On this subject, Mrs. Falconer, of the Sleighton Reform School for Girls, Pennsylvania, has been asked to address in the near future the members and friends of the Equal Franchise League, Toronto, of which Mrs. Hamilton is President.



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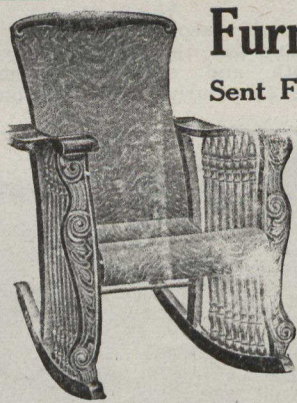
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MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

The Canadian Women's Press Club

LAST month at the time of her marriage to Mr. W. M. Davidson, of Calgary, Miss Ethel Heydon, much to the regret of the executive, withdrew from the office of treasurer of the Canadian Women's Press Club. The executive have elected Mrs. Reginald G. J. Smith, Sunshine editor of the Edmonton Journal, to the vacant post. At the triennial con-

reading of Miss Marjorie Pickthall's new book of poems by Professor Pelham Edgar.

ON Sept. 29th, Miss Clare Battle, of the Colonist, Victoria, was married at Christ Church Cathedral by the Bishop of Columbia, to the Rev. Canon Silva-White, rector of St. Paul's Church, Nanaimo, B. C.

THE Winnipeg Club reports thirty-six members, four of whom are non-residents.

A BOOK of northern sketches by Mrs. Arthur Murphy (Janey Canuck) of Edmonton, will be published in the spring. The title, "Seeds of Pine," is taken from a sentence of Fiona Macleod's: "A handful of pine-seed will cover the mountains with the green majesty of the forest, and I, too, will set my face to the wind and throw my handful of seeds on high."

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have secured the copyrights for Great Britain and the colonies, and George H. Doran for the United States.

MISS AGNES MAULE MACHAR, of Kingston, read a paper recently before the New York Historical Society at Oswego, her subject being "Two Typical U. E. Loyalists and Their Work in Canada."

AT the annual meeting of the Fort William and Port Arthur Press Club, held last month, the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Mrs. J. M. Sherk; President, Mrs. J. M. Barrie; Vice-President, Miss Belle Dobie; Sec.-Treas., Miss Elsie Wells.

Mrs. Sherk has this excellent suggestion to make: "If the annual meetings of the branch clubs had a fixed, universal date, say April or May, the returns sent in immediately after that meeting, and the local treasurer held responsible for all tickets of



MRS. REGINALD G. J. SMITH, Of Edmonton, Who Succeeds Mrs. W. M. Davidson as Treasurer of the C.W.P.C.

vention held in Edmonton in June, Mrs. Smith, who was then Miss May Armitage, was favourably mentioned for the position but at that time had not been member for the full period required by the constitution. The address of the new treasurer is 574 Tenth Ave., N. E., Edmonton, Alta.

MRS. JOHN W. RYCKMAN, of Winnipeg, has gone abroad for three months.

MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER, of the Winnipeg Telegram, has been elected President of the Winnipeg Branch.

MRS. GARVIN, President of the Toronto Branch, gave a very charming tea at her new home on Farnham Avenue, when guests were invited to meet the members of the Toronto Woman's Press Club.

THE Mayor and Commissioners of the City of Edmonton have placed a splendid room in the new civic block at the disposal of the Edmonton Women's Press Club and the local officers of the C. W. P. C.

AT a recent meeting of the Calgary Branch, the resignation of the President, Mrs. A. Cummings, was accepted. Miss Eleanor MacLennan, Sunshine editor of the Calgary Herald, was elected for the remainder of the year, while Miss Evelyn Sinclair succeeded to the office of Vice-President.

ON Tuesday, Oct. 28th, Miss Margaret Fairlie, of Kingston, was married to Mr. G. B. O'Connor, K.C., of Edmonton. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, the Rev. John Fairlie, B.A.

MRS. ETHEL CODY STODDARD ("Lady Van"), of Vancouver, was entertained this month at luncheon by the Edmonton Branch.

THE Toronto Saturday Night of a recent date contains a well-worded and well-merited appreciation of Miss E. Cora Hind, the Vice-President of the C. W. P. C. for Manitoba.

THE prize of seventy-five dollars recently offered by the Women's Wentworth Historical Society for the best short history of the Battle of Stony Creek, was announced last week to be won by Miss Mabel Burkholder of Hamilton. The essay will be included in the book the Society is planning to publish at an early date.

MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY and Miss Edith MacDonald were the hostesses at the Tuesday Tea of the Toronto Club last week where a record number of guests had gathered to hear a most delightful



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MRS. G. B. O'CONNOR, Whose Marriage Took Place in Kingston Last Month. Mrs. O'Connor Was Miss Margaret Fairlie, and Met Her Husband During the Triennial Meeting at Edmonton.

membership, the Dominion treasurer would have less trouble. Most of us are so busy attending to the business of our employers that, unless there is some definite rule to be followed, we simply do not attend to the fees."

MRS. FLORENCE GRATIOT BALE, of the Winnipeg branch, is publishing for the benefit of the Press Club generally, a special souvenir edition of her Kodak Calendar of Canada. In this special edition, for the pictures of Dominion-wide interest, she is substituting photographs taken on the trip west, and one of the President, Mrs. Murphy. The handsomely mounted photographs and apt quotations from Canadian authors make Mrs. Bale's calendar a very attractive holiday offering.

MRS. K. S. HAYES, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. Boyce Sprague, of Winnipeg, for several weeks, left for London, England, to resume her immigration work.

THE firm of Messrs. J. M. Dent are publishing a volume of poems by Mrs. Virna Sheard.

LONDON LETTER

London, November 5, 1913.

SO far as the scheme for shortening the distance between the mother country and the Dominion, and also providing an express trans-Pacific service is concerned, I believe that satisfactory progress is being made with it. Negotiations are proceeding between the syndicate which has the matter in hand and the Canadian authorities for the laying down of another trans-continental railway and the creation of a port at Cape St. Charles, on the south-east coast of Labrador. Some well-known people are interested in the plan, to carry out which will, however, involve an enormous expenditure. The project is one more link towards the realization of the "All Red" route schemes.

I notice that our Chambers of Commerce throughout the United Kingdom, in considering the advisability of equipping trains with specimens of certain British manufactures, and sending over the principal Canadian railways, have decided that the first of these exhibitions is to be a "Made-in-Ireland" train. Specimens of Irish manufactures will be transported from Belfast to Quebec by way of the Empress steamers from Liverpool. At Quebec a train of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be fitted up with the exhibits, and sent for a trip over three trans-continental railways of about 6,600 miles as far as Calgary, returning via Montreal and St. John, N. B. At the latter port the exhibits will be reshipped for Liverpool and Belfast. The round trip will cover about 12,000 miles, and will take up from 75 to 80 days. The train will consist of ten sample cars, two sleeping cars, and one dining car. Arrangements have been made with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company that the cost of each car shall include all the expenses of the entire trip from and to Belfast, including the maintenance charges for four attendants allowed to each car.

By the announcement of the dissolution of the famous engineering firm of John Aird & Co. many episodes are recalled of its wonderful achievements and of its most prominent figure, Sir John Aird, who passed away a couple of years ago. Modern engineering is on a scale of unsurpassed greatness, and though probably the completion of the Panama Canal is the most ambitious work ever undertaken, the damming of the Nile by the Aird firm, which has enormously increased the resources of Egypt, will long rank as an accomplishment of which any nation might be proud. The operations of the company have been world-wide, involving an immense amount of capital, and, of course, an appreciable element of risk. In some cases the financial responsibility for carrying out big contracts is so great that no firm, however powerful, can undertake it unaided, and State help becomes necessary. The Assouan Dam, fortunately, was financed by Sir Ernest Cassel, who is one of the great international financiers wielding enormous power in a quiet, unassuming way. Although John Aird & Co. will be missed, there are no reasons for fearing that British engineering interests will suffer permanently by their disappearance.

THE "passing" of George Tinworth, the well-known modeller in terracotta, removes a notable man from the art world. He had not been much before the public of late years, his chief work having been accomplished during the Gothic revival and while the influence of Ruskin and the encouragement of George Edmund Street lasted. For this latter architect he modelled the large "Crucifixion" in the reredos at York Minster and a series of 29 panels in the Guards Chapel, St. James's Park, and similar productions for British and Continental churches. The Church of the Mediator, New York, quite recently received two panels, the last large work to leave Mr. Tinworth's studio. After passing through the

Royal Academy Schools, Tinworth developed a vivid style of his own in the numerous reliefs and statuettes, which quickly followed each other, and it was in relation to some small panels, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, that Ruskin described the artist as "full of fire and zealous faculty breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive; able also to conceive far more than can rightly be expressed on this scale." His smaller works are his best, yet he did better than many much more ambitious sculptors, because he was a craftsman set definite tasks by his employers and because he was content to perform those tasks with consummate devotion.

I remember a delightful conversation I had some years past with this gifted artist, in the course of which he told me that in limning Biblical subjects he was always haunted with the fear of violating the command, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

OUR famous novelist and playwright Sir James Barrie, whose play, "The Adored One," at the Duke of York's Theatre has aroused diverse comment is likely, it appears, to be seen less in London in the near future than formerly. He has recently taken Killiecrankie Cottage, overlooking the famous Pass, a delightful villa which was occupied for a time by Miss Marie Corelli. Although he is "lionized" wherever he goes, Barrie is indifferent to society, and he is never so happy as when he is away in the country or wielding the rod over the burn. He is a man of most simple tastes, and though the possessor of enormous wealth, no one would imagine it from his mode of living. Barrie belongs to very few clubs, but is a member of the Athenaeum, to which he was elected for literary merit without taking his turn on the waiting list, a distinction paid to rare "stars."

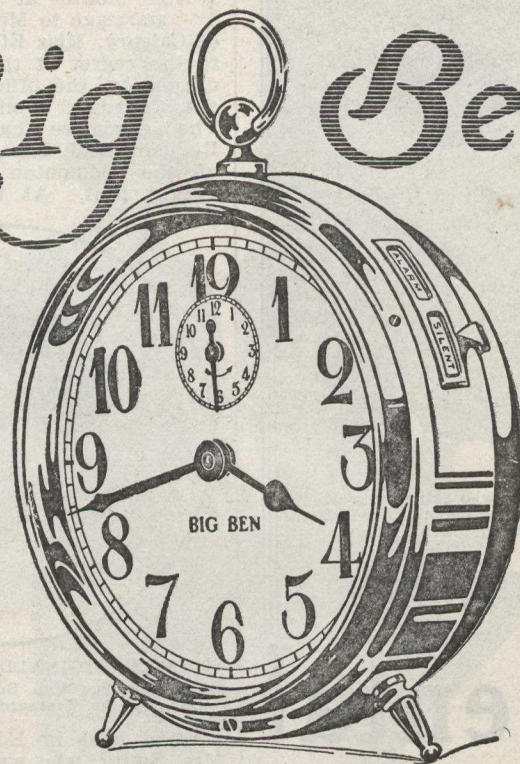
When Principal Whyte, of Edinburgh, was preaching on a recent Sabbath morning at the parish church of Tenantry, a quaint little church on a height above the south side of the famed pass of Killiecrankie, Sir James Barrie was one of the congregation. After the service Sir James, who must have listened with interest to his senior townsman from Thrums, from his pew at the back of one of the side galleries, slipped with characteristic modesty down the private path leading from the church to his beautifully situated residence at Killiecrankie Cottage.

NOTICING the honours done to the donor of the Peace Palace at the Hague has inspired a French writer to raise a parallel between money and rank. M. Clement Vautel says that the railway "kings," the petrol "kings," the pork "kings," or the rubber heel "kings," are no longer content to marry their daughter to mere noblemen. They now aim at marrying their sons to Royal Princesses. The millionaire is on the way to become the equal of the holder of "right divine." Mr. Andrew Carnegie has voyaged through Europe, he exclaims, "like a monarch in partibus." He dined the other day with Queen Wilhelmina; he is invited to the table of the King of the Belgians, he had an interview with the Kaiser as one on equal terms, a month ago he was received officially at the Elysee, and the next time he will be received with a guard of honour.

"His Majesty the Millionaire!" and it is possible to argue "Why not?" Mr. Carnegie is richer than many kings. He rules more men and has no Parliament to call him to account. He has ministers whom he makes and unmakes, and his bankers are his ambassadors abroad, while he has no lack of courtiers. A millionaire, equally with a king, has his victories, makes his bold strokes of policy, and without doubt, like a monarch, also, in his history may be found "tears, dirt, and blood."

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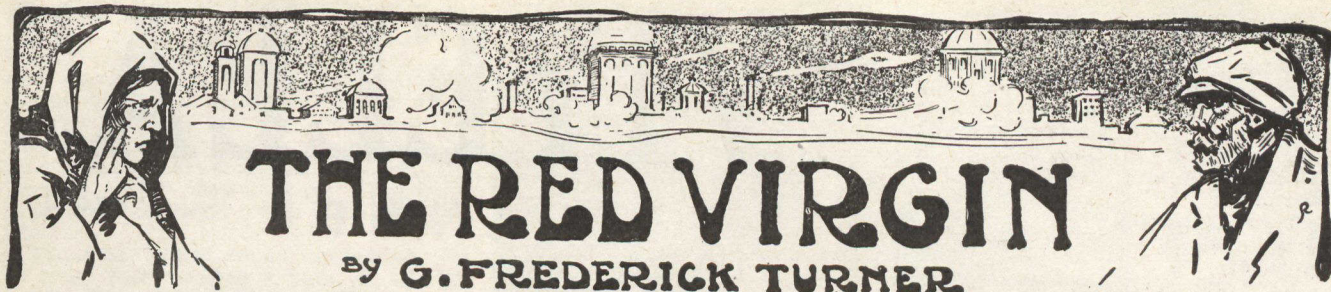
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."



CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

“YIELDING is not a habit of mine. Your friends can do their worst.”

Such utter inflexibility, such insane disregard of consequence, was criminal perhaps, but Saunders accorded it a meed of admiration. A man who never yields is an uncomfortable opponent, and the Englishman who knew the value of stubbornness even when divorced from intelligence, realized that the Rathsherren were not a body to be lightly esteemed in the imminent clash of forces. It did just occur to him that the present was an excellent opportunity for removing a powerful enemy from the political arena. He had but to leave the Freiherr to his fate, and the aristocrats' insolence and the crowd's frenzy would precipitate a struggle which could have but one ending. But Saunders hated mob-violence with the loathing of one born and bred in a land of stable government, and he had no intention of allowing this arrogant, but fearless, old nobleman to be violently mishandled by a throng of turbulent malcontents. Turning his back on the Freiherr he called up a big coarse-featured man from the crowd, who seemed to be a person of some influence with his fellows.

“Not to-night,” he said authoritatively. “Give the Rathsherren two days to repent, and then—”

“Better not throw away a chance,” said the man. “We may not get another.”

“I say ‘not to-night,’” said Saunders firmly, “and what I say I mean. We must have discipline if we are to prevail, and the order is ‘not to-night.’”

The man looked hard at Saunders, as if debating the wisdom of defying his dictum.

“We have a fine gathering here,” he said regretfully after a brief pause, “and a fine temper for a big deed.”

“Then go to Neumann's brewery in the Morast,” whispered Saunders. “Neumann is a traitor to the people. Pass the word round—Neumann's brewery, and down with the traitor!”

The man nodded agreement. Something told him that the big man on the box of the motor-sleigh was not a person whose commands could be questioned with impunity, and he merged himself in the watching throng and passed the message round: “Neumann's brewery in the Morast. Down with the traitor!”

In an incredibly short time the crowd thinned away from the neighbourhood of the two sleighs, streaming noisily down the narrow streets leading to the quarter of the Morast.

“Drive on, Fleischer,” called the Freiherr calmly to his coachman, and then as his sleigh resumed its progress down the almost empty thoroughfare he raised his hat with the same formal salute that had greeted Saunders' timely arrival.

Saunders vacated the driving-seat to his chauffeur, and once more took his seat with the ladies.

“Stop at the first telephone office, Adolf,” he commanded. Then to his wife—“I don't mind their pulverizing old Neumann's brewery, but I don't want the poor little worm's blood on my conscience.”

AT a call-office he dismounted, entering a small tobacconist's rang up 84 Morast.”

“Hallo!” came the answer.

“Is that you, Neumann?”

“Yes.”

“Are you at your house in the brewery?”

“Yes.”

“Then go somewhere else.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere.”

“Who are you?”

“That does not matter. What is

important is that I am telling you to quit your house.”

“Why?”

“Because if you don't you will be torn into two thousand and twenty-four pieces. Do you want any more reasons?”

The last question was never destined to be answered. Saunders gathered that the pusillanimous brewer had hurriedly disappeared without troubling to replace the receiver.

Saunders emerged from the tobacconist's smiling.

“That is off my mind,” he said. “I have returned good for evil, a foolish proceeding in a primitive country, but eminently sound from a doctrinal point of view.”

“Adolf, drive us to the tavern of the ‘Three Cats.’”

The sleigh turned to the left and progressed at a lowered speed down a series of exceedingly narrow and gloomy thoroughfares. The change from the broad, well-lit spaces of the Konigstrasse was remarkable. A tangibly different atmosphere enveloped them—they were in the Morast!

Some of the buildings gave evidence of bygone grandeur, of the days when the Morast was a fashionable and aristocratic quarter of the town. But there was no mistaking the present poverty and general seediness that overlay the district like a coating of dirt over an old picture. Finely carved balconies were rotten and insecure, beautifully moulded cornices were broken and badly patched; doors were painless, windows glassless, chimney-stacks dangerously askant and ripe for ruin.

PHOEBE PEROWNE'S interest visibly awakened. It seemed as if she had entered a city of dreams—of bad dreams, for the incredibly gloomy alleys, the pinched, malignant features of the passers-by, even the strange pungent odours that infected the ice-cold air, all emanated from a world whereof she had no waking cognizance. And her interest was doubled in intensity by the brief explanations accorded from time to time by her calm compatriot, Saunders.

“That is the police-station,” he said, as they passed a great stone mansion, with a handsomely carved portal adorned with flanking lamps of crudest red. “It was once the town house of the Barons of Grauburg, but the Grauburgs have moved westward, and the people who now spend the night in the old house are anything but fashionable. Opposite,” he went on, pointing to a half-timbered house that presented an array of closely shuttered windows to the street, “is a notorious gambling hell. It is very conveniently situated for the Prefect of Police, who likes a little baccara now and again to diversify his duties.”

On they went, over the dirty snow, and the farther they penetrated into the quarter the narrower grew the alleys, the viler the lineaments of those who used them. Saunders made the place live before their eyes. Here was a house where a celebrated murder had taken place, too revolting in its circumstances to be more than hinted at. Here was an anarchist's house that had been besieged for three days by an army of police. Here was a hospital, and there an infamous cafe, here a tenement of religion elbowing one of vice. Here a respectable bakery, and there the favourite pawn-shop of the criminal class. Presently the sleigh pulled up in a small triangular space lighted by a central lamp. Each side was occupied by a tavern, and the largest and most imposing bore the painted sign of three gigantic black cats.

Saunders assisted the ladies to alight, dismissed the chauffeur, and

then marched boldly to the door and pushed it open. A gust of hot, tainted air greeted them. Inside was a large room very low of pitch, incredibly stuffy, and closely occupied by groups of men and women at small tables. The sanded floor was wet and mottled with the melted snow that each customer brought in from the outside world; and the rough timbers of the ceiling swam in acrid fog of tobacco fumes. A number of serving-girls with thin, rouged faces, tired, leering eyes, and garments that would have been gay had they been reasonably new, moved ceaselessly from table to table, carrying beer, absinthe, and curiously coloured sirops in long glasses.

Saunders conducted his party to an empty table half-way down the long room. Their advent occasioned but little interest, and no hostility or suspicion. They were not police, and obviously they were not spies. Also Saunders was known, and his confident manner as well as his reputation were as a shield and buckler to him. The Perownes as soon as they realized that they themselves were not objects of notice began to scrutinize the clientele of the “Three Cats.” It needed no student of human nature to read the open book of poverty and vice writ large before their gaze. Shaggy coats of pony-skins, not discarded even in that mephitic atmosphere, formed the staple garment of the men, and the type of feature was as consistent as the uniformity of attire. Narrow foreheads, ill-kempt shocks of hair, unnaturally bright eyes, and a marked deficiency in chest measurement gave a spectacle of humanity in its most distorted and unlovely aspect.

These men knew too much and too little: too much of crime and violence and disease, too little of comfort, decency, and solid food. Because government meant to them oppression, they hated all authority and law with a deadly hatred bordering on insanity. To them the police were a class of beings morally inferior to wolves, and more noxious than vermin. Religion, which failed to ameliorate their lives, they rejected all the more bitterly because its exponents never wearied of advancing its claims. Their intelligences, preternaturally acute to the physical side of life, pur-blind to the spiritual, spurned a creed that offered future happiness instead of bread, and whispered “love” when their own hearts cried “hate.”

Misery had made them what they were: heredity, squalid environment, an education that developed the mind without training it, had bred a race in whom there was reverence neither for God nor man—in a word, anarchists!

The result of her inspection on Mrs. Perowne was a distinct feeling of insecurity.

“WHAT terrible-looking people!” she whispered.

“The submerged tenth are not beautiful either in mind or body,” said Saunders sententiously. “They are the sore of the body politic.”

“I should like to feel there was a policeman or two present,” said Mrs. Perowne.

“I should not,” laughed Mrs. Saunders. “If there were, there would be trouble, and the clientele of the ‘Three Cats’ does not fight according to Queensbury rules.”

“But they seem scarcely human,” Mrs. Perowne persisted.

“They are human enough to know that the revolver in my side-pocket has six chambers,” said Saunders, “and that each chamber holds a man's life.”

The words rather shocked Phoebe.



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"Then they fear and hate you," she said.

Saunders shrugged his shoulders. "They fear and hate a good many things," he said. "They fear hunger and disease. They hate the upper and middle classes. If they believed in the Almighty they would hate Him most of all."

Phoebe shuddered. "And they love nothing—no one?" she asked.

"No," said Saunders; then added after a pause: "At least no one except perhaps the 'Red Virgin.'"

"The Red Virgin," repeated Phoebe. "Who is she?"

Saunders did not answer, because someone brushing by him had tapped him lightly on the shoulder. Looking quickly round he saw Meyer's white-haired butler, Langli, passing down the room, and the fellow made an unmistakable motion of his head towards the far left-hand corner of the room.

Saunders never quite understood Langli. The man moved like a shadow; his face was always an absolute mask, he never smiled, and he never spoke a superfluous word. He had a bad record, and Saunders was not particularly disposed to trust him, but he was General Meyer's servant, and that in itself was a fairly strong argument against his being untrustworthy. Anyway he half rose from his seat and followed the direction indicated by the butler.

"Major Lacherberg," he said, resuming his seat.

"What is he doing here?" asked Mrs. Saunders.

"He is standing drinks freely. Also he is laughing very loudly, which is a suspicious circumstance in an habitually taciturn man."

"But his presence in this quarter," persisted Mrs. Saunders, "what does it mean?"

"It means that the Arch-duke Cyril does not intend fighting, in your own felicitous phrase, according to Queensbury rules. I do not blame him, for we are not a whit more scrupulous."

"You mean that Major Lacherberg is seeking assistance from the scum of the Morast?"

"His friends are drinking absinthe," said Saunders. "When you pour absinthe down the throat of an anarchist you are sousing match-wood with petroleum. Add a couple of kronen per head and you have all the materials of a conflagration."

For the first time a look of anxiety came over Mrs. Saunders' countenance. She leant across the table, and sinking her voice to the lowest possible whisper, asked, "Had we not better clear out? Von Lacherberg knows you are against his Master Cyril. We have no right to risk our guests' safety."

"Von Lacherberg knows that at the first sign of trouble he is a dead man," returned Saunders, with his habitual confidence. "Nevertheless, I think we should be wise to leave in a minute or two, but not hurriedly."

Mrs. Saunders nodded unconcernedly, and addressed some common-place remarks to Mrs. Perowne.

"You were asking me who the 'Red Virgin' was," said Saunders to Phoebe Perowne. "There she is." He pointed to a woman who was standing by a neighbouring table, but who differed in many respects from the waiting-girls who thronged the hall. For one thing, there was no rouge on her face; for another, her garments were of subfusc hue. But the difference was deeper and more essential than the absence of paint or gaudy trappings. She was very tall, and her height was intensified by the thinness of her frame and the smallness of her head. Her features, which sinned against all codes of beauty, held nevertheless a weird comeliness, due either to youth or the strange spirit that burned in her gaunt frame. Her hair was red, abundant, and rather fine. Her eyes were too wide apart and of a greenish hue. Her nose was too short, her mouth too large. Her colouring was a pale translucent yellow, modified by numberless freckles.

A young man, white as a sheet and lethargic of attitude, was conveying tremblingly a glass of green viscous liquid to his lips.

With a sudden movement the woman dashed the fluid from his hand,

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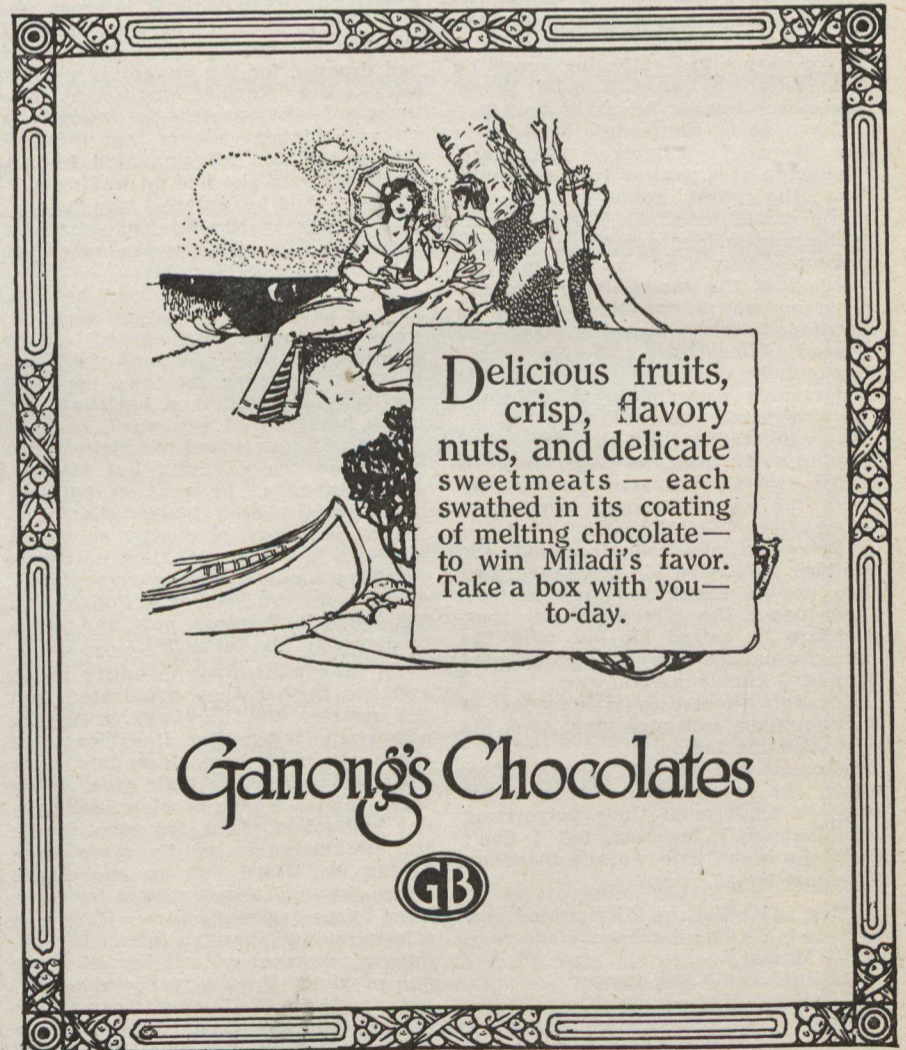
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with the result that the glass was broken, and the liquor spilt over his pony-skin coat.

For a moment the fellow looked dazed. Then suddenly his lethargy gave way to rage and fury, and he rose to his feet with uplifted arm and a horrible oath on his lips. The Red Virgin never moved, but there went up a savage growl from his boon companions: "Sit down, Max! Don't touch the Red Virgin if you value your life."

The man looked round confusedly, as if he had received a blow on the head. Then he sank down into his seat again, and began to whimper. The woman passed her hand lightly, tenderly, almost maternally, through his rough hair, and passed along to where Saunders and his party were seated.

There was a vacant seat at their table, and the Red Virgin occupied it unconcernedly. Her presence infected Mrs. Perowne with terror, and her daughter with fascinated interest.

"What are you doing here, Herr Saunders?" she asked. Her voice was authoritative but not unpleasant. It was not the voice of a lady, nor yet the voice of a common woman. It was the voice of a woman who belonged to no definite grade of society.

"I AM showing friends of mine the 'sights,'" Saunders answered.

The Red Virgin's gaze wandered over the expensive furs that clad Saunders' women-folk, and her glacier-green eyes glinted with bitterness.

"When the angels of Heaven are bored, which must be very often," she said, "I suppose they organize excursions to hell, to gloat over the torments of the damned."

The savage thought produced on Phoebe Perowne a distinct sense of shame. The woman was right. What justification had they for bringing their well-fed, well-clothed persons to that abominable nest of misery? She glanced at Saunders to see if he too had felt the blow go home. But Saunders never gave evidence of feeling shame—perhaps never felt it.

"I dare say you are right," he said coolly. "But when one is enduring torments it does not much matter whether one is gloated over or not. Your friends here do not pay us the compliment of noticing our presence."

"And yet," said the woman, "if I lifted my finger, those fine birds of yours would be featherless in a twinkling, and you—"

"Quite so," interrupted Saunders, "I should be an unlovely corpse. Still, as I happen to possess a revolver and a hand not unsteadied by absinthe, there would be quite a lot of dead people in the 'Three Cats' to keep me company."

"I do not wish my poor children killed," she said simply, "and therefore I do not propose to inaugurate a brawl. But it is for their sakes I refrain, not for yours—or these," and she made a gesture of contempt towards the three ladies.

"You dislike us?" said Saunders. "I do not dislike you," she said, with a terrible calmness, "I hate you."

Saunders nodded, smiling tolerantly. "Of course, of course," he said, "you hate us all, which ever side we belong to: the Arch-duke, myself, Fritz of Friedrichsheim—"

"I hate the Baron Fritz," she said, "because he is rich and uses his money for base pleasures while the poor starve. I hate the Arch-duke, because he will be Regent and perhaps more than Regent. But most of all I hate you, Herr Saunders, because you keep kings in power, make authority popular, and perpetuate a tyranny which the tide of anarchism has so far failed to sweep away."

"I am afraid I can only sympathize with you on one point," said Saunders, "and that is in your objection to the Arch-duke."

"I mind him least of all," she retorted. "He is openly vile, and if he makes himself King the forces of anarchism will swell to an irresistible flood."

"It seems we are not destined to agree very closely, laughed Saunders softly. "Have you been in prison lately, Red Virgin?"

The question was not intended as an insult, nor was it accepted as such. The



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answer was most dispassionately delivered.

"Yes, I was in for the affair of the bomb in the Central Market. They found me guilty, though half the anarchists of the Morast perjured themselves on my behalf."

"And yet you only did three weeks?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"Because I was instrumental in getting the late King to sign the order for your release."

The Red Virgin betrayed astonishment, then anger.

"Why did you do that?" she asked fiercely after a pause.

"Because Grimland prisons are not good places for young women. Also I happened to know you were wanted elsewhere."

The woman shifted uneasily on her seat. "What do you mean, Englander?" she demanded.

"I mean that while you were Karl's guest in the new Model Prison in the outer Ring-strasse a certain Max Holt was drinking a great deal too much of the green poison called 'wormwood.' The family of the Munsters were starving in an attic in the Geier-gasse, and a couple of babies in the Schlaweg were getting ridiculously thin on cabbage strainings and cheese-rind."

The weird green eyes were opened in bewilderment.

"The babies are less thin now," she said in a broken voice. "Poor wretches! they will live."

"They will live," said Saunders, "because the Red Virgin begged, borrowed and stole enough pennies to buy the good white milk that Nature gives gratis to mothers, except those who happen to live in the Morast. Look here, Red Virgin," Saunders went on, diving into his pocket and producing a ten-krone piece, "turn that little bit of gold into bread and milk and coals, and other things more beneficial to human existence than nitro-glycerine bombs."

The woman snatched the coin greedily.

"I can save ten lives with this," she cried excitedly.

Phoebe, who had been listening with riveted attention, produced a twenty-krone piece from a gold chain purse.

"Save twenty more with this," she said, putting the coin on the table.

The Red Virgin bestowed a penetrating look on Phoebe which thrilled that young lady to the marrow. No word passed her trembling lips, but it was as if her strange soul spoke many things through the medium of her glaucous eyes. The wild anarchist woman seemed for the first time to take in the other's exceptional beauty, her ineffable air of daintiness, her atmosphere of delicately tended fragrance. There was scorn for the beauty, hatred for the wealth, but in some incomprehensible by-way of her spirit there was a flame of love for the heart under the exquisite sables, the woman's heart that gave, even of its abundance, that others might live.

"You see," said Saunders softly, "the angels do not always come to hell to gloat."

The Red Virgin made no reply. Her face was buried in her arms, and her thin, starved body was shaken with deep, tearless sobs.

Saunders rose to leave. Looking round, he perceived that the long chamber was almost empty. Major Lacherberg had gone, taking the bulk of the anarchists with him. He put his hand lightly on the woman's shoulders.

"Hate and Love are things wide apart to most of us," he said, "to you, perhaps, in some inscrutable way, they are the same thing."

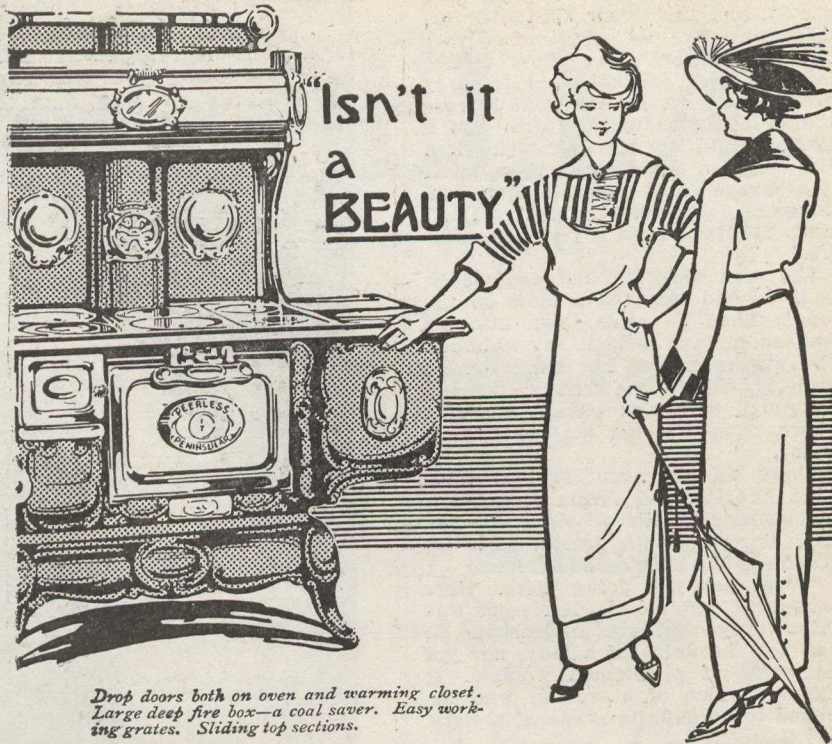
CHAPTER XV.

The "Persian Vaults."

OUTSIDE the "Three Cats" the triangular open space presented a deserted and desolate appearance. The stars had vanished from the heavens, and a whirl of icy particles was descending and gyrating with silent and bitter persistence. After the unwholesome heat of the tavern the sleety whistlings of the night wind struck with an especially penetrating venom.

"A nice climate, Weidenbruck, isn't it?" said Saunders cheerfully.

No one answered him. The



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thoughts of the three women were elsewhere. Mrs. Perowne voiced them.

"What a strange woman!" she said. "Strange!" echoed Phoebe. "She is magnificent."

"Strange, yes," said Saunders, "the Red Virgin is certainly strange. Magnificent, too, perhaps. She has the gifts of charity, chastity, and fearlessness. Had she lived in the Middle Ages she would have been a saint and a martyr. As a twentieth-century anarchist of the Morast she has less claims to canonisation. But she is a force, an influence, and I thought it wise to conciliate her."

"Then you spoke as you did, you gave her money, from purely political motives?" asked Phoebe, in some disillusionment.

Saunders made no reply, but his wife, who was walking beside the girl, pressed her hand. The action conveyed a hint. Saunders posed as a hard man of action, a cynic, a Machiavelli. He could be all these three things, but he was something more. But few men, especially men like Saunders, like to be thought sentimentalists, and Phoebe, comprehending that her massively complacent compatriot was a sound combination of sense and sensibility, relapsed into a silence of profound admiration.

"Where are you taking us now?" asked Mrs. Saunders, as they threaded their way down a network of mean alleys, almost more disreputable and dilapidated than the thoroughfares they had already explored.

"The Ghetto," Saunders answered. "We need a little comic relief, and the folk of the Jews' quarters are distinctly a quaint crew."

A cul-de-sac, bounded by high, gabled houses, brought them to a standstill. The end house, a stone structure with fine iron balconies and a handsomely carved escutcheon over the doorway, was the one Saunders attacked.

"THE Juden-haus," he said, lifting the quaint old knocker on the oak door. "The ancestor of a great banking family was born here. It is still used by people of his stock, but not the kind that consume half-crown cigars and the best brands of champagne."

The door was opened by a man who, as far as his outward appearance went, certainly fulfilled the promise of comic relief anticipated by Saunders. He was exceedingly tall and enormously fat, and his weight must have been prodigious. His nose was so grotesquely developed that it must be dignified with the title of proboscis. The fat hung in folds about the short neck. In fact, he closely resembled that extraordinary beast known to natural historians as the "sea-elephant."

Phoebe thought she had never seen anything so fantastic even in her absurdest dreams.

"Good evening, Jacob," said Saunders.

"Good evening, Herr Saunders," replied a suetty voice, while a pair of small eyes rapidly took stock of his visitors. "Do you wish to come inside?"

"If we may."

For answer the portentous Jacob admitted them to a stone-flagged hall, and waddling before them down a corridor halted before a pair of paintless doors.

"Do you wish to play, mein Herr?" "No; but I wish my lady friends to see the play." Saunders lowered his voice. "And I wish a word with you in private."

The mighty head was nodded in understanding.

"I will take the ladies to the gallery," said Jacob. "Wait here for a minute."

The proprietor conducted the ladies up an oak staircase that would have been magnificent had not at least half the banisters been missing. The treads creaked under his weight, but the oak was sound if old, and they arrived safely at the level of the first floor. Jacob opened a door giving on to a gallery overlooking a large room. Here were chairs and a small table,

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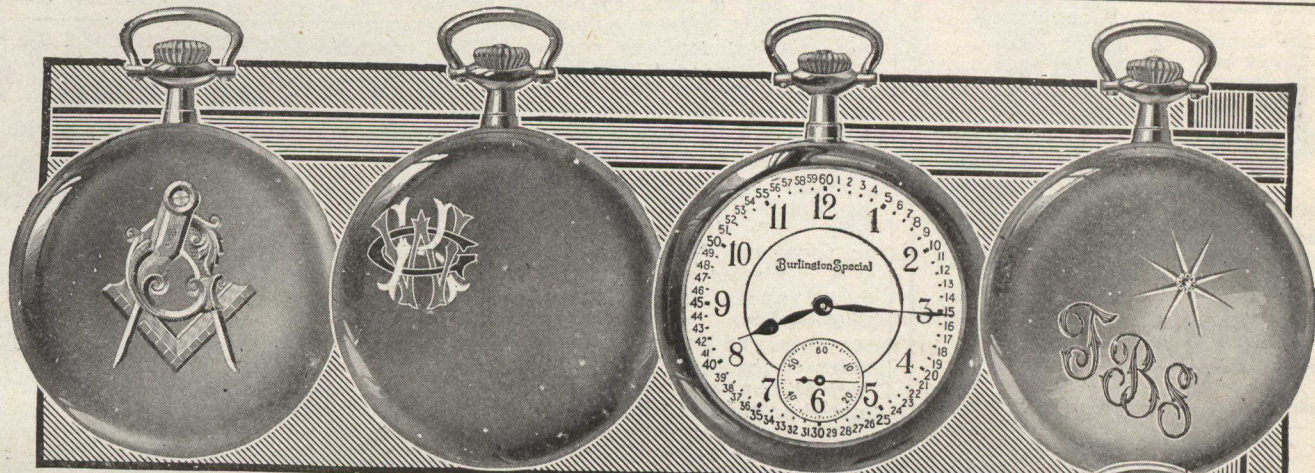
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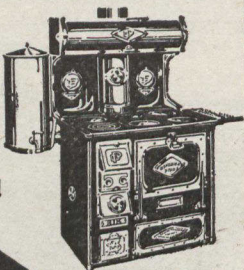
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the latter soon bearing a blue syphon of lemonade and some glasses.

"Is there anything else I can do for you, gracious ladies?"

"No, thank you, Herr Jacob," replied Mrs. Saunders. "We are most comfortable."

The man of many kilos bowed and withdrew, and the groaning staircase proclaimed that he was redescending to the ground floor.

Gazing down from their gallery the ladies found themselves looking at a decent-sized room filled, like the "Three Cats," with groups of people seated round small tables. But whereas the attraction of the "Three Cats" had been beer and vermuth and differently coloured sirops, the source of attraction in the Juden-haus was cards. At every table gambling was taking place, and practically every gambler was a Jew. They were mostly small men with big noses and scrubby beards, and if the keynote of the "Three Cats" was a sullen apathy, that of the Juden-haus was an alert craftiness tempered by dirt. The cards were dirty. The clothes of the players were filthy and disreputable; but the men themselves were keenly alive and almost tremulous with excitement. While the cards were being shuffled, while they were being dealt, while they were being played, an unnatural silence took possession of a particular group. Then at the hands' conclusion Babel was let loose. Explanations, expostulations, reproaches, and gesticulations were the order of the day. Violent measures seemed imminent, but tranquility returned as suddenly as it had departed, and a few filthy coins were transferred from one filthy pocket to another. Money was never left on the table. Mutual distrust was the code of the establishment. Honour, which is proverbial among thieves, was conspicuously lacking in the gamblers of the Juden-haus. While these scenes were proving highly diverting to the occupants of the gallery, Saunders was holding converse with the "sea-elephant" below.

"Your rooms are full," the former was saying.

"They are generally full of an evening. Excellency."

"Quite so. But you realise that a word from me in a certain quarter—and, well, they would not be full."

Jacob shrugged his huge shoulders. It was as great a display of emotion as he ever permitted himself.

"I HELP the police all I can," he said, "and they allow me to break the law. It is a mutually advantageous arrangement, and I do not think they are anxious to terminate it."

"Not if you help them all you can," said Saunders meaningly.

"I put them on to Solomon Wolf," he said in a low voice, "the man who knifed the woman in the Brod-strasse. I told them where the three coiners worked in the old bakery in the Krippe-Thor. If my friends inside realised that there would be an end to the proprietor of the Juden-haus."

"You are a public-spirited citizen, Jacob," said Saunders, smiling sarcastically, "and I was wrong to doubt you. Now tell me, has anyone of importance been here to-night?"

Jacob stared at Saunders with small, shrewd eyes.

"Yes," he said, after a momentary pause.

"A distinguished member of the Israelitish persuasion?" persisted Saunders.

"Certainly. A very rich and charitable patron of the Jewish Hospital."

"Charitable, eh?" said Saunders. "One lives and learns; I never knew that General Meyer was fond of giving money away."

"He is not fond of it. He hates it; but does it. Just as on certain occasions he has brought himself to fight strenuously for his King."

"Jacob," laughed Saunders, "you are an admirable student of character. You have described the Commander-in-Chief perfectly. He is by nature mean and a coward, but in the recesses of his complex being there is a conscience which makes him do violence to his feelings in acts of alms-

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giving and bravery. Never allow your conscience to get the better of you, Jacob."

The "sea-elephant" did not see the necessity of refuting so absurd a suggestion.

"You know what General Meyer came for," Saunders resumed. "Was he successful?"

"No."

"Why not?"
"Because the Jews of the Morast do not like fighting any more than the Commander-in-Chief does."

"But to sack a brewery—" said Saunders.

"Might mean a collision with the police."

"But the police are out of the way to-night."

"Even so, Neumann and his friends might defend themselves with fire-arms," said Jacob. "We Jews sometimes break the law, but we rarely commit crimes of violence. Also we are temperate folk, and the inducement of unlimited beer is inadequate."

"But surely General Meyer offered money," said Saunders in surprise.

"A little, but not enough."

"How much did he offer?"

"Three kronen per head."

"I will double it," said Saunders.

Jacob weighed the proposition carefully.

"Six kronen per head," he said; "that ought to do it."

"I will pass the word round, Excellency. In five minutes my room will be empty."

"Good," said Saunders, producing a note. "That is to pay for the ladies' lemonade. The other matter General Meyer and I will settle up later. Now kindly go and fetch the ladies and let us out by the back way. I want to take them to the 'Persian Vaults.'"

The place where Saunders now conducted his party was situated on the extreme east of the Morast, at a point where the close-built town was thinning out into a disreputable suburb. The houses were small, frequently of one story only, and mean without being picturesque. There were gaps in the alignment: desolate spaces, weed-grown deserts in the summer, snowy solitudes in the winter. They crossed an iron bridge over a frozen canal holding prisoner a few derelict barges on its grassy bosom. Here and there a factory chimney reared its ghostly height into the fog of whirling snowflakes. Vast heaps of earth, miniature snow-mountains, marked the lines of the old fortifications, now rendered superfluous by more modern redoubts on a wider enceinte. Dark forms slunk about, two by two, or three by three, prowling "night-wolves" in search of diversion or villainy. They were in the most dangerous area of the town. More crimes against the person were committed in this semi-oppidan district than in all the other parts of Weidenbruck put together. Saunders did not mention the fact to his companions for obvious reasons. He was confident in his power to afford them complete protection, but he had no desire to harass their nerves with tales of outrage and garrotting.

Presently they came to a long viaduct which carried the main line from Weidenbruck to Vienna, a structure of huge stone arches spanning the low marshland which gave this quarter the title of the Morast.

The arches were nearly all boarded in. Some were used as depositories for tiles or timber or other building materials. Some were converted into doss-houses for the very poor; incredibly damp dormitories whose beds were wooden benches; comfortless caverns warmed only by the unwholesome heat of accumulated humanity; and yet a veritable Paradise to ill-clad poverty compared with the ice-cold venom of the unprotected street.

Into these Saunders did not venture,

*The Weidenbruck equivalent to the Parisian "apaches."

though they formed one of the usual attractions for the fashionable slummer. He was combining business with pleasure, and a peep into those insanitary infernos he considered neither profitable nor amusing.

PRESENTLY they came to an arch, which happened somehow to be much larger than its neighbours, and had therefore been selected for that refined home of entertainment entitled the "Persian Vaults." Three brilliant arc lamps illuminated the gaudily painted facade, which proclaimed its attractions to the outside world, and the words "Persian Vaults"—Perser Gewolbe—were delineated in red globes of light which lit themselves, extinguished themselves, and re-lit themselves at regular intervals with remorseless iteration. Huge paintings of beautiful ladies with amazingly yellow hair and bewildering limbs danced an inspiring measure on the huge tympanum that filled the curve of the great archway.

The necessary oriental touch was given by the doorway, a Moorish arch, cusped and fatted, and painted with a pleasing blending of the seven primary colours. Saunders paid the small sum necessary for admission and led the way into the hall of many delights. It was impossible for the most jaded to be disappointed with the first impression of the interior. There was light and there was music, and both were shrill and assertive. A scheme of red and yellow draperies veiled the walls and the great arc of the roof. Down each side were refreshment bars and side-shows, and in the centre was dancing. Such dancing! Abandon of the wildest description, yet subservient to certain laws of heat and cadence. Slow, stealthy steps suggestive of a beast of prey tracking its victim, then wild rotary movements, savage postures, menacing gestures, the whole a rhythmic mimodrame of primary instincts and barbaric passions.

And the dancers—thick-set, scowling "night-wolves" with low brows, short necks, and greedy eyes; young Jews from the Ghetto, who preferred the siren pleasures of music and female society to the less joyous attractions of the Juden-haus; anarchists, sullen and terrifying even in their diversion. Here and there a well-dressed figure and a clean-shaven cheek showed that the gilded youth did not scorn to travel East in search of full-blooded enjoyment. And the women—drabs from the Goose Market, painted Jewesses, respectable little shop-girls, and seamstresses. Virtue was neither a qualification nor a disqualification. The "Persian Vault" was neither moral nor immoral; it was merely pagan.

Now and again a great train rumbled overhead, and its thunder added a fiercer diapason to the din of the band and the cries and laughter of the revellers.

(To be continued.)

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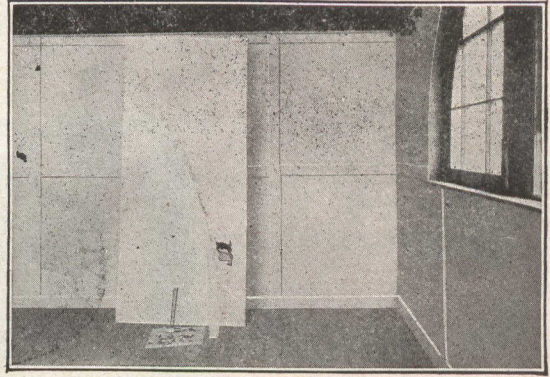
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