

The Canadian
COURIER
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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376

Will Ontario Abolish the Bar ?

By NORMAN PATTERSON



The High Commissioner at Home

By KATE SIMPSON HAYES



A Trip on Thin Ice

STORY By JACK HOLDEN



The Race Track Picture Gallery

Notables Caught by the Camera



Woman's Supplement

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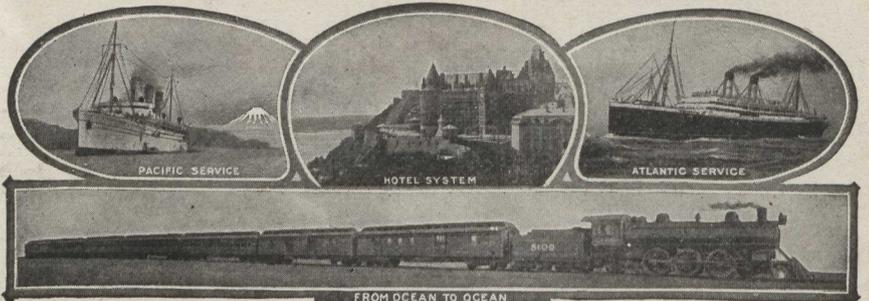
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 1

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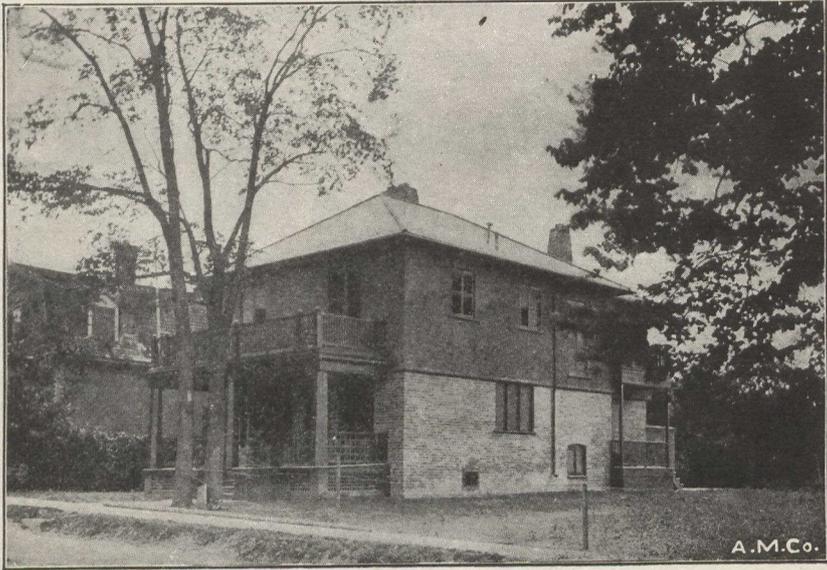
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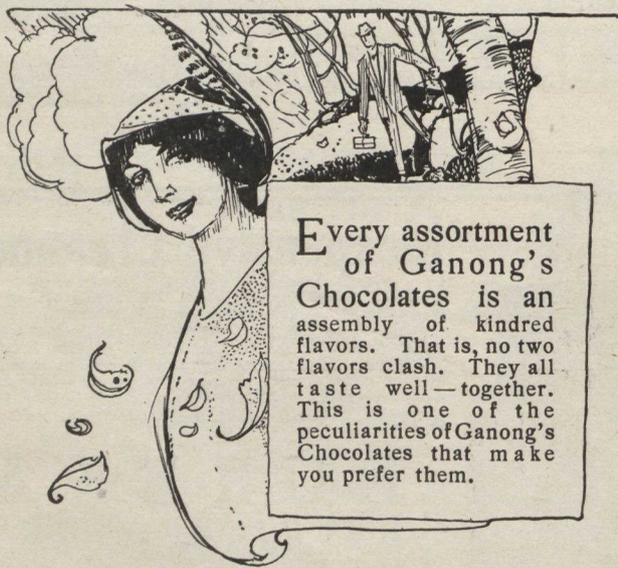
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His Noble Aim.—The Young Man—"I understand your father speaks very highly of me."

The Young Lady—"Yes; but he only does that for fun."

The Young Man—"Are you sure?"

The Young Lady—"Positive. He just does it to torment mother."—Lippincott's.

✻ ✻

Identifying Himself.—One of the guests at a wedding, seeing a dismal-looking young man who appeared to be on terms of familiarity with the principals, asked:

"Are you related to the bride or to the bridegroom-elect?"

"No," was the gloomy reply.

"Then," said the guest, "what interest have you in the ceremony?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I'm the defeated candidate."—Ladies' Home Journal.

✻ ✻

Improving.—"My daughter Susie is getting quite an excellent Latin scholar," said the proud father to a visitor. "Here is one of her exercise books, and you can look for yourself."

Susie blushed scarlet, and made a wild grab at the book. She was too late, and the delighted visitor read aloud to the company:

"Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girlorium;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti somorum."

—Tit-Bits.

✻ ✻

Suspicious of the Name.—The London Daily Mail publishes the following anecdote as throwing a little light on the feelings of the Irish people at the present crisis:

There was a horse and cart standing in the street, and a policeman thought, maybe, the man's name would not be on it. Anyway, it was worth trying, so he walks round and, sure enough there's no name on it at all. So says he to the man that was driving it, "How is it," says he, "that there's no name on it?" And the man says it is his cart, and everyone knows it is his cart, so what would he be wanting his name on it for? Anyway, when he comes home he will paint the name on to-morrow.

"I would advise you to do that," says the policeman, "but in the meantime," says he, "I will be summoning you," he says, "for not having the name legibly displayed this afternoon. But for your future guidance," says he, "I will acquaint you with the law relating to carts, which requires that your name shall be painted either upon the body of the cart or upon a board thereto affixed, and that the said name shall be legibly painted in Roman letters."

"Roman letters, is it?" says the Ulsterman, "and me, the president of an Orange lodge, to have Roman letters on a Presbyterian cart," says he. "Law or no law," says he, "I'll be shot before I do it."

✻ ✻

Too Speedy for Him.—A German farmer was in search of a driving horse.

"I've got just the horse for you," said the liveryman. "He's five years old, sound as a dollar, and goes ten miles without stopping."

The German threw his head skyward.

"Not for me," he said, "not for me I lif eight miles from town, and mit dot horse I haf to walk back two miles."—National Monthly.

✻ ✻

A Sad Awakening.—A foreman on one of the large lines of railway has a keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The "boss" looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute and then remarked: "Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, fur as long as you slape you've got a job, but whin you wake up you ain't got none."



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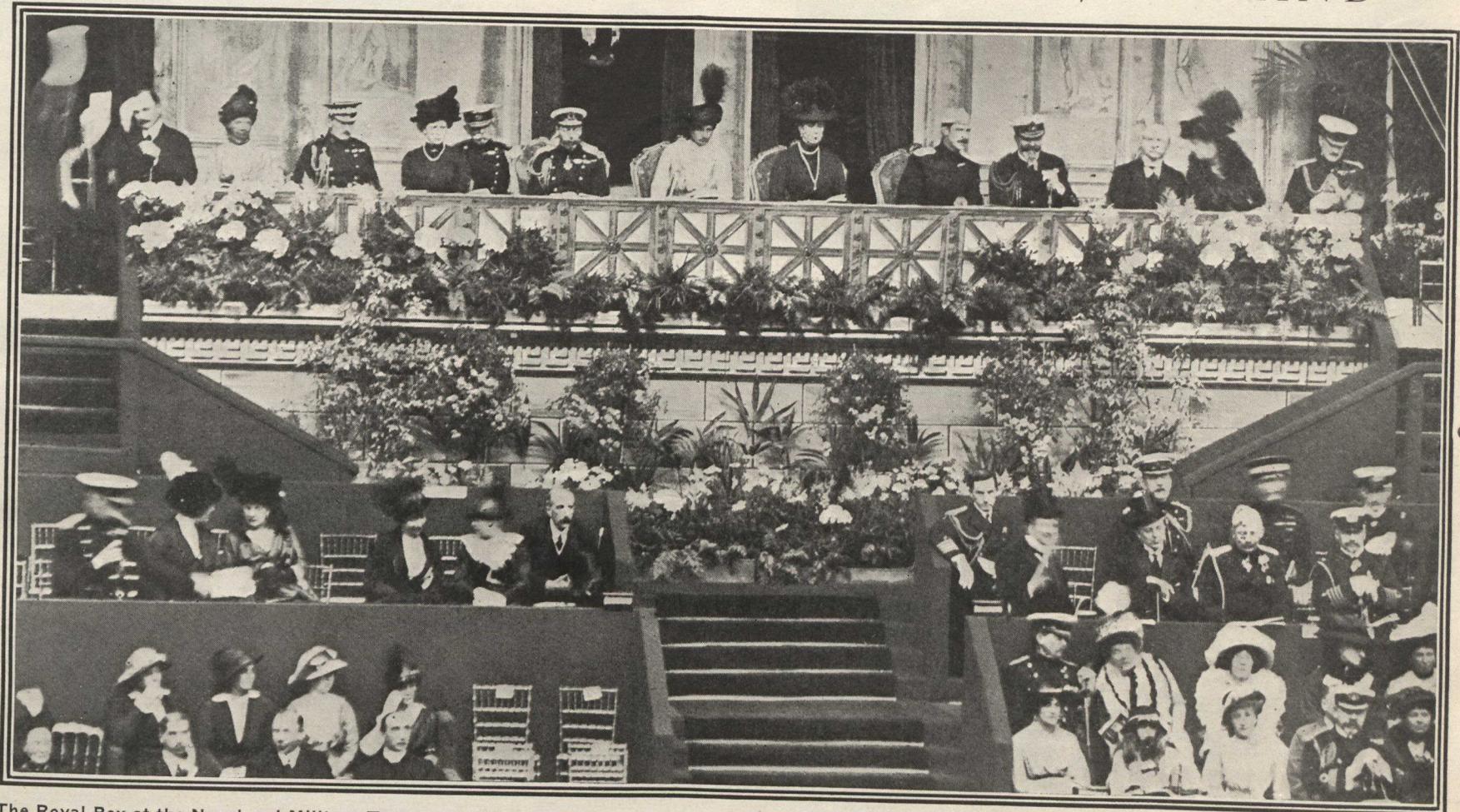
HERBERT
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June 6, 1914

No. 1

DANISH ROYALTIES VISIT LONDON, ENGLAND



The Royal Box at the Naval and Military Tournament in which are seen Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Mary, King George, the Queen of Denmark, Queen Mary, the King of Denmark, Prince Louis of Battenberg and others.

DURING the early part of May the most spectacular event in London society was the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark to London. The present King is Christian Tenth, who is now in his forty-fourth year, and who succeeded to the throne of this small European country in May, 1912. His wife was Princess Alexandrine of Micklenburg-Schwerin. King Christian is a nephew of Queen Alexandra and a first cousin of King George. The first photograph on this page shows the Queen of Denmark sitting between Prince George and Queen Mary, and the King of Denmark between Queen Mary and the Duke of Battenberg. The Royal box was a feature at the Naval and Military Tournament and also other entertainments given in honour of the visiting royalties. The lower picture shows the King and Queen of Denmark leaving the Royal yacht, "Dannesbrog," upon their arrival at Port Victoria. Here they were met and officially welcomed by the Prince of Wales, who is seen in the picture. On their arrival in London there was the customary procession to the Guild Hall, where the visitors were received by the Mayor and Corporation.



The King and Queen of Denmark and the Prince of Wales leaving the Royal yacht "Dannesbrog," on its arrival at Port Victoria, England, on May 9th.

Christian. Princess Victoria made a very effective appearance in a gown of gold and crystal, with a rope of pearls, and Princess Alexander of Teck looked very charming in white and blue. The youthful Princess Arthur of Connaught attracted a great deal of admiration and wore a pretty blue gown, with a tall, blue aigrette and diamond bandeau in her hair. Her sister, Princess Maud, chose a gown of Saxe blue, and both Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and the Duchess of Teck appeared in pastel shades. There was a wonderful display of rank and beauty among the audience. The Duchess of Portland, who is considered the handsomest lady of her rank, was all in white with a large tiara of diamonds and a necklace to match. Lady Curzon, who, it will be remembered, was chosen as Queen of Beauty at the famous tournament, looked very lovely in white chiffon. Mr. Bonar Law was the first to arrive in the government box, and later in the front row Lord Haldane and Mr. Harcourt were to be seen. Madame Edvina (the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwards) had an immense success as Tosca.

OUR London correspondent sends the following description of the performance at the Royal Opera:

Since the Coronation year there has not been such a splendid scene in any theatre as the gala performance given at the Royal Opera in honour of the King and Queen of Denmark, nor such a happy gathering of Royalties. Our Queen, in a lovely gold and blue dress, with the twin stars of Africa on her corsage, looked most stately and imperial. Queen Alexandra, who sat between them and King Christian, was lovely in a gown of grey crystal embroidered in black. The Danish Queen was a blaze of diamonds. The Princess Royal wore black over white, which was also worn by the Duchess of Albany and Princess

DENMARK is the smallest of the Northern States with an area of about fifteen thousand square miles. Its population is slightly less than three millions. The country is closely cultivated; perhaps most famous for its cattle, especially its milch cows, of which it has about half as many as Canada. Its exports of butter to the British market are valued at over \$50,000,000, of eggs to the United Kingdom, \$10,000,000, and of bacon, \$30,000,000. In these three items alone it sells Great Britain produce to the value of ninety million dollars, compared to Canada's total exports of "animals and their produce" to the same country of \$37,000,000 in 1912.

It will interest Canadians to know that this little nation of less than 3,000,000 people maintains a navy consisting of 37 steam vessels, mounting 227 guns with 1,270 officers and men.

Will Ontario Abolish the Bar?

A Condensed Outline of How the Picturesque Liberal Slogan Came Into Vogue

By NORMAN PATTERSON

TWO years ago the Liberal party in Ontario got a new leader and a new slogan. Newton Wesley Rowell was the former and "Abolish the Bar" the latter. The aforesaid party did not have these two wished on them in one day, but their appearances on the scene were nearly simultaneous.

Rowell came first, in October, 1911. In the elections which followed in 1912, there was not so much about the slogan. It was in the session of 1913 that it was carried into the Legislature as a full-blown rose. It so startled the House with its fragrance that the Conservatives introduced a new scent called "Abolish Treating." But the rose-scent remained and the counter perfume is almost forgotten.

For some years now, the temperance agitators have been hard at work in Ontario. At first the Scott Act was tried out, but in a few years found wanting.

Then came the Local Option Act. This was passed in its present form by the Legislature in 1890, but for many years was only moderately successful. When the present Conservative administration came into power, it was in force in only twenty municipalities.

At first the majority required to bring the Act into force in any municipality was fifty per cent. When the Conservatives, under Sir James Whitney, came into power, in 1905, they changed the majority necessary from fifty to sixty per cent. This caused much dissatisfaction in the temperance ranks and led to wordy cross-firing and argument between the temperance organizations and the Government. Sir James said that in order to ensure a proper enforcement of the law, sixty per cent. of the people must be in favour of it. Sir James was probably right. The old Scott Act failed in many places because public sentiment was against its enforcement. Moreover, Sir James placed the majority required for repeal at sixty per cent., and this, he declared, equalized matters. But the temperance people never believed in the sixty per cent. and their continuous grumble against it helped to convince the Liberals that "Abolish the Bar" might be a good plank in an Opposition platform.

More and more the Local Option Act got under way. The yearly contests grew in number. The number of towns, villages and townships which placed themselves under its benign rule was growing steadily. This led to a keener enforcement of the license law. The Conservatives had to do something to show that they favoured temperance, and the best they could do was to enforce the license regulations. Bars were closed promptly at eleven o'clock. Under the Mowat-Ross regime, the closing hour was a farce in many of the towns and cities. The outside door was locked and the blinds down, but well-known customers were able to get in the round-about way up to one or two o'clock in the morning. The hotel men were also forced to improve their premises. Saloons practically vanished. "Make them keep hotel" was a common phrase which meant that if a hotel-keeper had not plenty of rooms and good accommodation for transient guests, he had trouble in having his license renewed. If there was a doubtful point—a place where the Provincial Secretary might favour the temperance people or the licensees, the decision was always in favour of the former. Mr. Hanna, the minister in charge under Sir James Whitney, never gave the temperance cranks a chance to say he was biased in favour of those who had licenses.

Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Rowell appeared on the scene. Mr. MacKay, the former Liberal leader, had been what is known as "a drinking man," and any advanced temperance platform was impossible during his short regime. With the party working under Rowell, it was different. Rowell was a temperance man and a Methodist. Sir George Ross, former Liberal leader and a Premier, had been a temperance man and a Presbyterian. It was the change from Presbyterian to Methodist that made all the difference. The Methodists of Ontario are made of different stuff to those Presbyterians. They are more puritanical, more talkative, and have many of the qualities which made John Wesley famous. Hence Rowell, the Methodist, was a whole-hearted, not a half-hearted, temperance reformer.

Rowell began quietly. He did not rush the Presbyterian Grit into a temperance flurry. He did not say much about the subject at first, and even the Toronto Globe went on printing beer advertisements. But all the time Rowell was trying out the idea, sounding the men under him, weeding out the "personal liberty" element and bringing in the non-compromisers. When he had got far enough with his reconstruction of the inside elements in his party, he

made the plunge. "Abolish the Bar" became the slogan.

There has been no general election in the Province since Rowell nailed his colours to the mast. There have been bye-elections, and the results were not



"Men who sit in their clubs and drink a glass of whiskey or beer may be heard discussing the situation and declaring themselves against 'the Bar.'"

such as to encourage him. But he did not falter. He kept right on with the work of making his followers familiar with the new cry. Some of them found it mighty hard to say "Abolish the Bar." The words stuck in their throats. But most of them have learned it now. Nearly every Liberal editorial pencil can write the words backwards, upside down and in the dark. The stump speakers have learned how to use it so as not to hurt the feelings of sensitive electors and yet make it effective with others who like it.

Of course, the inevitable has happened. The Liberal party, for many years dominated by the Presbyterians, has become a Methodist party. The Methodist preachers think they own it. The Christian Guardian is a sort of official Liberal organ. A body of preachers down Kingston way got so bold a few days ago that they decided that no preacher should subscribe for any newspaper or periodical which carries liquor advertisements. It is a new sensation for the Methodists. For fifty years or more they have been ruled by Anglicans and Presbyterians. They see a new day dawning, when they will have control of the political machinery. And when they get it, as they surely will, next day they will use it just as the Labour men or the Socialists would if they could capture the reins of government. Newton Wesley Rowell will do to Ontario what Lloyd George has done to Great Britain in a rather broader way.

A general election is approaching and "Abolish the Bar" will have its first trial in any province, except Prince Edward Island. There it fought a provincial election and won. Will it win in Ontario?

That depends on what you mean by "win." If a win means that Newton Wesley Rowell shall take the seat now occupied by Sir James Whitney, the answer is "no." If a win means that Mr. Rowell will have, say, twenty-five followers in the Legislature instead of seventeen or eighteen, the answer may be "yes."

Mr. Rowell will not sweep the Province. He does not expect to do that. He will increase his following. That would be inevitable under almost any circumstances. The present legislature had 106 members, and of these the Conservatives had some 86 and the Liberals eighteen, with one vacant and one independent. Sir James Whitney could scarcely expect a second victory like that of December, 1911. It was a sort of aftermath of the big Conservative victory in the Dominion elections of September, 1911. The Liberal party was disorganized and discouraged. It was hopelessly beaten before it started. Sir James hit them when they were down, a habit all politicians

have, and he blew them to smithereens. Only seventeen or eighteen survived in a Province which was historically Liberal in provincial affairs. On that day, the Conservatives avenged themselves for thirty-three years of Liberal rule. Rowell suffered for the sins of commission of his ancestors, as well as for the sins of omission of his fellow Liberals at Ottawa.

That he should do better in July, 1914, than he did in December, 1911, is a foregone conclusion, even though some of his best seats have been "readjusted" or "gerrymandered." The Liberal vote has recovered something of its other day tone and should give a better account of itself.

Another reason there is why Rowell should gain some seats and the Conservatives lose. The temperance sentiment in Canada is growing fast. When "local option" could not be carried there has been "license reduction." The number of hotels in Canada has decreased tremendously in the past fifteen years. Toronto has only 110 licenses for a city of 450,000 people as against 150 licenses when it was a city of 300,000 people. Quebec is cutting off licenses this year in a decided way. So are all the other provinces, except the very newest of them, where hotels are absolutely necessary to their extraordinary development.

Men who sit in their clubs and drink a glass of whiskey or beer may be heard discussing the situation and declaring themselves against "The Bar." There was never a time in this country when "The Bar" was less popular than it is to-day, and never a time in which the people consumed so much liquor, or smoked as many cigars and cigarettes. It is a curious anomaly that. The well-to-do serve liquor at meals and talk about the harm "The Bar" does. Moderate drinking is on the increase, and drunkenness less tolerated than at any period in the country's history. In other words, to a large number of people, the term "Bar" means that dirty American institution which includes a long counter on which men lean while they take the liquor they do not want very badly, the bottle-studded mirrors behind, and the sawdust cuspidors before. The aesthetic taste of the people demands that a man shall sit in a chair and drink his liquor decently, or not drink at all. The liquor-counter must be reformed. Sir Lomer Gouin saw the point when, a few weeks ago, he passed a law providing that tables and chairs shall be supplied in all saloons in the Province of Quebec.

On the other hand, in regard to temperance legislation, the Liberal party's record is not as good as that of the Conservatives. There was a referendum in favour of prohibition in 1892, and another in 1902, yet the Liberals did little or nothing to improve the laws. Between 1898 and 1904 not a single amendment was made. On the other hand, the Conservatives have made the license laws more strict in almost every year they have been in power. For example:

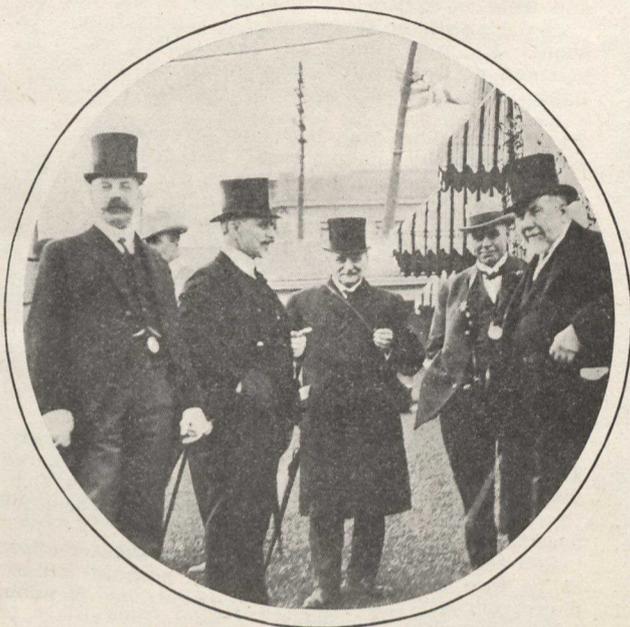
- 1905—No child to get liquor even with order.
 - 1906—Made a first offence a first offence, a second a second, and a third a third. Local option by-laws obligatory on a petition of twenty-five per cent. of the electors. Clubs must procure licenses.
 - 1908—When local option quashed, licenses revive only on direct order of Minister.
 - 1909—Heavier fines on unlicensed persons; and constables empowered to seize without a warrant.
 - 1910—Bars closed on Christmas Day.
 - 1911—Percentage of bar receipts to go to Government. Local option petitions reduced from twenty-five to ten per cent.
 - 1912—Many amendments. No tavern-keeper to cash pay cheques. Brewers cannot store in local option districts. Intoxication in a local option district made an offence.
 - 1913—Tavern-keepers prohibited from selling bottles. Selling hours changed from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m.
 - 1914—Bars closed on Good Friday.
- These are not all, but merely samples. The laws of Ontario are now very strict, as well as being strictly enforced. Indeed, they are probably the severest set of laws in any country in the world where licenses are in force. That this excess of legislation has not begotten gratitude and thankfulness in the minds of the zealous temperance reformers, shows them to be in much the same temper as the militant suffragettes of Great Britain.

Listen! Here is a possibility. Supposing Mr. Rowell should come back from the country with twenty-five followers instead of seventeen, what will happen? Is it not within the realm of the possible that the Conservative Government will bow to the rising storm and introduce tables and chairs? Is it not reasonable to expect that they will thus take the

(Concluded on page 20.)

A Picture Gallery of Important People

King's Plate Day at the Woodbine Racetrack is a Series of Stage Impromptus



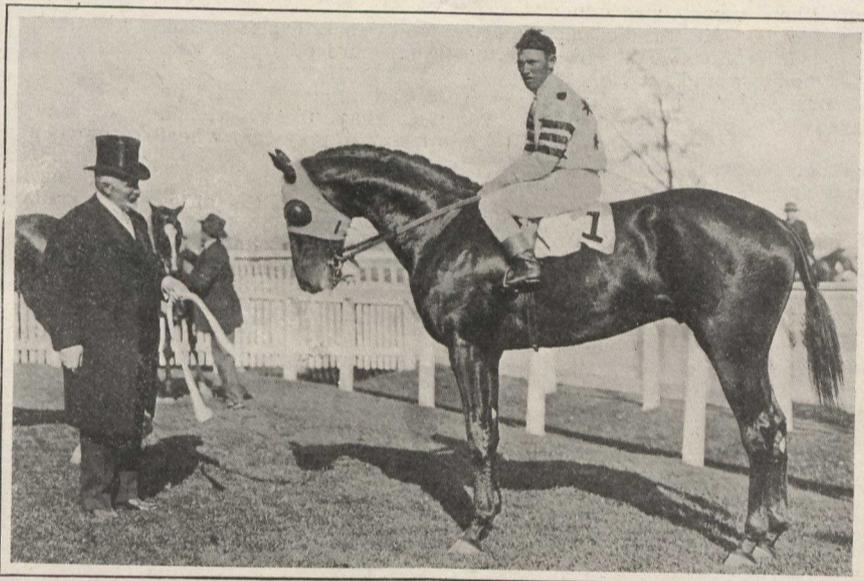
In this camera-caught group may be seen Sir William Mackenzie face to face with Public Ownership W. F. Maclean and John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto Telegram, the organ of "the people." Noel Marshall, annual generalissimo of the open-air Horse Show on Dominion Day, stands at the left.

In the common interest over the Winners at the Post, many of the Winners in the Big Race of Business, Politics and Society find themselves unexpectedly in a state of hobnob. Some of the stage scenes are quite casual. Others are more or less rehearsed. But between races the people who are not personally busy with the Pari-Mutuels forget their differences and agree to have a general good time.



This picture is not a profile of Mr. N. W. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Liberals—which it very much resembles. Mr. Rowell does not attend the races. His side-face fac-simile in this case is Sir Montagu Allan, of Montreal, one of the magnates in the world of Canadian money, and a son of Sir Hugh Allan, one of the founders of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Co.

THE Woodbine racetrack in Toronto was once declared by a veteran Yankee occupant of the judges' stand to be the finest fashion parade in America. King's Plate Day, on May 23rd, may also be regarded as the greatest cosmopolitan congress of prominent people ever brought together in this country. The pictures on this page are only a few of the many stage impromptus more or less rehearsed on that occasion. If the camera man could have caught Sir William Mackenzie, for instance, having a confab with Mr. John Ross Robertson in the offices of the Toronto Evening Telegram, the picture would have been worth framing as a family institution. Down at the Woodbine Sir William talks to John Ross and to "Billy" Maclean, proprietor of the Toronto World, as though the three of them were members of the same firm. Sir James Whitney, who a few months ago was declared a dead man by at least one newspaper in Toronto, is seen to be as much interested in the passing show of 1914 at the races as he will be a few weeks hence in a general election for the Legislature of Ontario. There are



Mr. Harry Giddings, of Oakville, Ont., looks as though even he was surprised when "Beehive" got the King's Guineas for his stables. This is the third time in succession that the Duke of Connaught has congratulated him on this victory. "Beehive" won six races in six starts last year. He has never been beaten.

and Sea Lord, that it seemed to some people with long sporting memories a good deal like the old-fashioned sculling wins of Ned Hanlan. For a time it looked as though the Seagram Dark Rosaleen would be a very close second if not more; although Beehive kept his lead almost from the start, and it was only after a spell of ambling by Beehive several lengths ahead that Jockey Burns decided it was time to let the leader out a bit. The finish was both magnificent and easy. Beehive won by three lengths, and there was only a brief moment or so when the Seagramites among the Pari-Mutuels felt their hopes rising on Rosaleen.

BEEHIVE is a Canadian-bred horse with both European and American fibre in his makeup. He was bred at Cedar Grove Farm, near Oakville. His sire is Basset-law and his dam, My Honey, comes of a good old American family. The family tree reads like the genealogy of the House of Lords. Beehive, who has already won eight races in eight starts, and has therefore never been beaten, is easily a blue-blooded member of the great family of horse aristocrats.

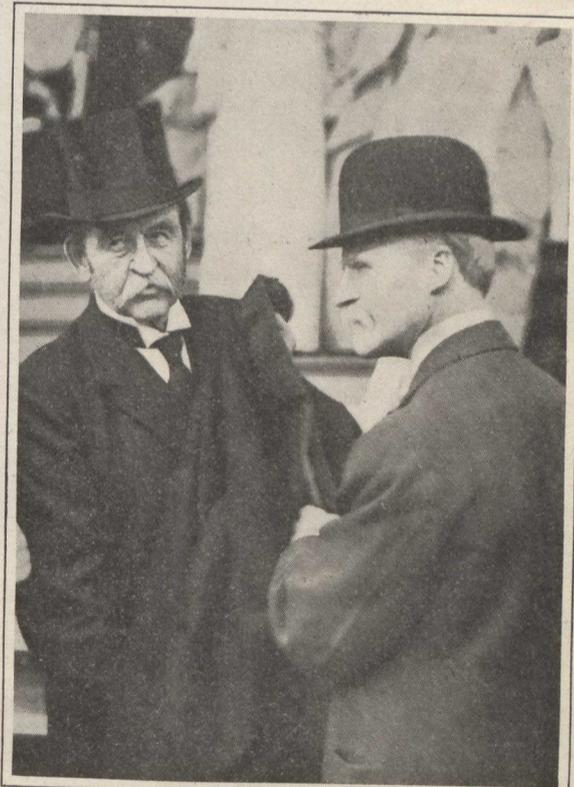


Nobody knows what joke the humorous Col. Hugh Clark, M.P. from North Bruce, has just worked off on Sir Donald Mann, who knows how to forget C. N. R. complications when a race is on.

no politics at the racetrack. And though superficial observers may pretend to see some resemblance between a horse-race and a general election, Sir James knows better. A heavy track or a stupid jockey or a bad start may put a popular favourite back among the dust clouds at the rear. But in the races managed every four years or so by the Premier or Ontario there are no such chances.

Premier and railway magnate and opposing editors were all as much concerned in the race that won the King's Plate for Mr. Harry Giddings, of Oakville, as though each was himself the owner of a horse in the string. The Duke, who was the natural apex of the occasion, as he is of every other event where he is the King's representative, takes as much interest in a race as he does in a State concert or a corner-stone laying or a political banquet. It is the function of the Royal Family in Great Britain to reaffirm democracy by being active in all matters affecting the work and the play of common people. The Duke congratulating the winner of the King's Plate is in its way just as much an Imperialistic stroke as the King taking part in the Durbar. And as this is probably the last appearance of the Duke at the greatest race meet in Canada, the occasion is all the more to be remembered.

SEVEN or eight years ago the King's Plate was regularly the possession time and again of Mr. Joseph Seagram, of Waterloo, Ont., who may be considered the dean of the Canadian racetrack. With the third yearly capture of the guineas by Oakville, the present maker of traditions is Mr. Giddings, who has never owned perhaps quite so good a horse as Beehive. Last year his Hearts of Oak got to the post in rather less time than Beehive took; but that was because the 1914 winner had apparently so much to spare on the course in competition with the Seagram next two, Dark Rosaleen



And if any favourite picked for a winner by Sir James Whitney comes dawdling in among the also-rans—well, the Premier of Ontario may have a word to say to the Jockey in the paddock.

An Involuntary Trip on Thin Ice

A Roulette Game, an Opened Safe, a Race With a Police Patrol, and Homesteading for a Haven

By JACK HOLDEN

LIVES there a clerk with soul so dead that he does not thrill with secret satisfaction when his employer says: "I'm off for a few days, Henry. Here's the safe combination; just look after the business like I would, will you?"

Under such circumstances even the meekest human calculating machine may assume for the nonce an easy air of opulence and leisure; may elevate his feet to the proprietorial desk; may delve with impunity into the lower left-hand drawer where the boss's cigar-box reposes; may even swap unbusiness-like yarns with a casual friend during office hours.

Bob Spencer's boss was out of town; but even that lazy oasis in a desert of hard work did not wholly assuage the resentment that surged beneath his polka-dotted vest.

"A man like me punching a typewriter like a sissy little girl! It's enough to drive a fellow to selling lots on the curb. If I could only get a few dollars ahead the way I'd jump this rotten job wouldn't be slow; but what can a fellow save on a measly sixty dollars a month?"

He glowered at the hated contrivance like a puppy that has scampered a mile without ridding himself of the motivating can.

Presently his gloomy cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a flashily dressed, newly-found friend.

"Howdy Spencer, old scout! Old man's gone, huh? You don't look so darned happy. Got a grouch?"

"Guess you'd have one, too, if you had a job like this," replied the discontented one. "Ordered around from morning till night by a rough-neck that can hardly write his name! Why say, Dick, if I didn't know more than old Brady—"

"Aw, forget it. If you could cop the mazuma like he does you wouldn't have to punch a typewriter, would you?"

"Mm-m; sounds reasonable—but you bet he had some capital to start on. Edmonton's a slow burg, anyhow; nothing ever doing. Wish I'd stayed in Toronto."

"Come off; you're talking at random. Look here, Bob!" The visitor peered cautiously around as though he suspected the filing-cabinet and wastebasket of eavesdropping tendencies. "If it's excitement you want, I'm the lad that can put you next. See this?" He flashed a wad of green-and-yellow-backs that resembled a roll of carpet. "Roulette—last night!"

"That so? Where?"

"That'd be telling." A patronizing grin spoke volumes for Dick's superior sophistication. "But if you're looking for action, old top, say the word. I'm sure the boy that can lead you to it."

"Well, I'm tired enough of shows, and that's about all there is to do in this man's town. Going there to-night?"

"Yep."

Bob Spencer hesitated. Back East he had never felt a need for questionable excitement; there had been wholesome friendships and legitimate pleasures aplenty; and the lack of them in the city to which he had lately come left him bobbing like a cork in a sea of new desires and dislikes. Suddenly he realized that he had always wanted to gamble—just a little bit, to see what it was like. Acquaintances much younger than he seemed to know all about such things—a fellow ought to be a man of the world.

"Count me in, old chap," he decided.

At ten o'clock that evening Bob and his "sporty" friend presented themselves at a narrow passage beside a small frame structure on Edmonton's main street. A whispered word from Dick to a man stationed at the entrance and the outpost was passed. Bob noticed a thick cord hanging close to the sentry's hand.

"If the cops show up he signals the bunch to beat it," explained Dick.

"Cops?" Cold doubt chilled Bob's feet for the first time. "You don't think we'll get pinched, do you?"

"Never can tell," was the nonchalant reply. "Come on—be a sport."

IN a court back of the building that faced the street a tall warehouse loomed, dark and forbidding.

The adventurers ascended a pitch-dark stairway and made their way to where a thin crack of light showed on the floor, bumping occasionally and painfully into piled-up boxes that obstructed the passageway. At the portal of the inner shrine Dick knocked and repeated the countersign. The door swung open and they were ushered into a medium-sized room, heavy with a blue smoke-haze, where perhaps two dozen dyed-in-the-wool sports were congregated.

Several card-games were in progress; but the centre of attraction was a roulette-wheel, the first that Bobby had ever seen.

"Simple as A B C when you get on to it," and Dick proceeded to initiate the novice into the mysteries of that most fascinating of gambling devices. "Here, try a dollar on the black."

Bobby placed his money as directed.

"Aw-ll down, gentlemen?"

The dealer filiped the little sphere on its signifi-

cant journey. Around and around it circled, Bobby's eyes following it in a fascinated stare. It left its groove as momentum ebbed, clicked against the metals that formed the oppositely revolving compartments, rebounded almost to the groove, flirted with half a dozen numbers, hung for a breathless instant between two and three, and finally rattled into number two, which was black.

"You win!" exclaimed Dick. "Try something bigger."

At midnight Bobby was forty dollars ahead of the game and gripped tight in the thrall of Chance. An hour later he was broke.

"Gimme the pass-word, Dick," he whispered, hoarsely. "I've got some money at the office I want to get. My luck's got to swing around again."

Out in the street, the cool night air sobered Bob somewhat, but still the gambling fever raged like a consuming fire in his breast.

"I'd have got my pay-cheque this afternoon if the boss had been here," he reasoned. "Why couldn't I take ten dollars? It's mine. Of course it's all right. The old man can't kick on me taking what's mine, now can he? I'll just step in and take a ten-spot."

The proposition sounded reasonable enough, but nevertheless Bobby felt like a thief as he approached the office and glimpsed through the window into its dark recesses.

"I c-can't do it. It's—just—like—stealing." He shook as with the ague as he glanced fearfully up and down the street, his hand on the office door. "No—no—I'd be a thief!" He released the knob. "If a policeman saw me how could I explain that the money was mine?"

He directed slow and reluctant footsteps from the office. Hang it all, the streets were clear; no one would see him.

"I've just got to get back that money I lost," he rebuked his timidity. "My luck'd have to swing back. I'd go slow and easy. I know how to play that wheel next time."

SUDDENLY resolute, he swung back to the office and entered, sneakingly, like a sure-enough thief.

A pale moon lighted dimly the safe dial. He threw the tumblers in a fever of excitement and slipped a ten-dollar bill into his pocket.

"It's mine—I've earned it—I've got a right to take it," he defended.

He closed the door of the safe and noted, with a little tang of surprise, a small, forgotten package lying on top of it.

"It's that fancy spice the landlady asked me to get," he muttered. He slipped the package in his overcoat pocket, slid through the street door, locked it, and glanced triumphantly up and down the street. "Cinch!—but if anyone had seen me!"

As Bob stepped from the office door a nocturnal trolley came grinding to a standstill, and a hurrying pedestrian, evidently bent on boarding it, dashed around the street-corner, crashed into Bob, caromed off like a billiard-ball, and continued his discourteous course without even the customary hollow mockery of "S'cuse me!"

Bob did terpsichorean gymnastics for a moment, lost what the stranger had left of his balance, and hit the gutter with a slushy thud.

A strong arm jerked him to his feet—and his soul sickened as he found himself in the iron grasp of a policeman.

"Thought you'd get away with ut, huh? As if I wasn't watchin' y' all the time. I'll larn y' to rob safes, y' sneakin' divil. Come along!"

"I—I didn't—"

"Shut up!" The officer fanned the prisoner for weapons, grasped his coat-collar and marched him down the street.

Bob took his medicine like a man.

"No use talking to this ignorant flat-foot," he reflected. "Guess I'll have to spend the night in the coop, but to-morrow—"

A terrible apprehension smote him like a blow in the face. How could he convince the judge that he was not a robber in fact as well as in appearance? How could he convince his employer?

He quailed beneath the dread thought, and, panic-stricken, tried to reason a method of escape.

As he neared the police-station he noticed a motor-cycle standing outside and in an instant his mind was made up. His free hand slipped into his overcoat pocket and his landlady's paper bag of fancy spice burst in the policeman's eyes. A lightning-like sliding out of his overcoat and he was beside the motor-cycle.

Thank Heaven! It was the make he had had some experience with. He pushed it off its stand, turned on the gasoline with a twist of the left hand, pushed it half a dozen paces—while the blinded officer belted like a bull moose—threw on the spark and sprang to the seat. The machine leaped to velocity like a bullet from a cartridge, and, with the roar of a machine gun, thundered up the quiet street.

Steady in his seat, his feet just right on the pedals,

and frenzied excitement lashing his brain, Bob permitted himself the luxury of a disdainful laugh—too soon! A glance behind and the laugh froze to the grimace of desperation as pursuing twin search-lights indicated swift action by the police patrol.

BOB'S machine was built for overhauling recklessly driven motor cars. Its speed astounded him—frightened him—but he dare not slacken.

Thump! Thu-u-ump! His lightning steed bucked like a broncho and nearly unseated him as it leaped from the pavement to the open road. Gripping tight with his knees the gasoline tank, like a jockey grips his saddle, he lowered his head on a line with the handle-bars and dove into the night at sixty miles an hour—a daredevil pace in broad daylight—and Bob had extinguished his light, too, so his pursuers would not be guided by it. Fortunately, the road was smooth, straight and moon-lighted, or he would have been wrecked at the first turn.

The police machine was gaining, slowly, surely. The long glare from its powerful lights that flickered dimly along the road beside and in front of the fugitive was brighter—or did it merely seem brighter because street lights were left behind?

Bob coaxed the flying steed to even greater effort as he tore a ragged streak in the peaceful atmosphere; but still the baleful eyes of outraged Nemesis followed hard on his wheels.

Back in the police machine a spiteful automatic commenced to bark and the flying bullets whined an ominous death message to Bob's crazed senses.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three reports, sharp and clear above the crackling thunder of exploding gasoline and the staccato of the gun, and the chase was ended as abruptly as it was begun. The pursuing five-thousand-dollar beauty lay stalled and useless, outstripped by a mere three-hundred-dollar motor-cycle.

Bob slackened speed somewhat when the disappearing lights indicated temporary safety, but continued, nevertheless, to fling dusty miles behind at a pace that threatened heart failure to somnolent Dobbins in adjacent pastures.

A radiant sun was touching up the landscape with high lights of golden glory when a small town rose up to greet the record-breaking rider.

He halted his faithful steed at the railway tracks, where a fussy little engine was making ready to pull out with a long string of empties.

"I've never stolen anything in my life and I won't start now," he resolved. He picked up a scrap of paper, scribbled on it: "Return to Police, Edmonton," tied it to the handle-bars, wheeled the motor-cycle to the station door, and swung into a box car.

Thirty miles down the line he made a flying leap to a bit of solid earth that masqueraded as a soft spot, and, after assuring himself that no bones were broken, headed due north into a sparsely-settled country.

Across a trackless, and, for all he knew, a foodless prairie, the repentant borrower made his way. An escaped safe-robber! Icy chills played tag along his spine as he visioned mounted vengeance in a red coat running him down, as a wolf does a rabbit, and dragging him to a probable ten years of penal servitude.

His stomach craved sustenance; but his fear-stricken brain drove him stealthily past the infrequent homesteaders' shacks, farther and farther into a waste of smiling but unproducing prairie. That night he courted sleep under a tree, cuddled in a shivering lump like an outcast dog.

LATE in the afternoon of the next day, so hungry, foot-sore and disheartened that a mounted policeman would have been a welcome sight, Bob stumbled on an inhabited shack hidden behind a clump of trees. The occupant, a sturdy young pioneer, greeted him cordially.

"Better come in and have some supper, stranger. Suppose you got the craze like the rest of us and filed on a homestead?"

Bobby had to account for his presence somehow; besides, he would have to keep under cover for a time.

"Yes," he replied, with a twinge of conscience at the deliberate lie.

"Near here?"

"Not far off."

"That's good. Don't want a job, do you? I'm needin' a man for a while."

"You'll help me get my shack up first?" stipulated Bob, after some thought.

"You bet—we'll commence in the morning."

And so Bob Spencer became a homesteader without a homestead. With the able assistance of Alex. Walker, he erected a rough pole-cabin on a quarter-section near. Explaining his lack of an outfit taxed his ingenuity, but he got away with it—to all appearances at any rate—and his generous, new-found friend brought him a big boxful of necessities the first time he went to town.

But what a life! Every morning, after some two

(Concluded on page 19.)

Through a Monocle

For and Against "Tipping"

SEE that the waiters are quoted on both sides of the "tipping controversy" launched by the proposal before the Canadian Senate to create for us a new crime—the crime of "tipping"—as if we had not now more crimes than we could well suppress. This division of opinion among the "tipped" is exactly what I would expect. My guess would be that the good waiters would favour the continuance of the practice, while the bad waiters would like to see it abolished—and salaries raised. You may have noticed that the good worker prefers "piece-work," while the poor worker prefers a uniform wage. I know this, because I am one of the fellows who prefer "piece-work." We are all selfish; and we all want things to be run in the way that best suits our own personal "book." The waiter who is good at getting "tips" makes more money from that source than the "average tip" on which the pay of waiters is calculated; while the surly or stupid waiter gets less "tip"-money than the average. Hence if wages were brought up to a figure found by adding the average weekly "tip" to the present weekly wage, the good waiter would lose and the poor waiter would gain.

AND that, of course, is exactly what would happen if "tipping" were genuinely abolished. Just as the pay of waiters is fixed to-day by subtracting the "average tip"—that is, the average receipts from "tips" for a week—from the amount for which these waiters would work for a week; so their pay, if "tipping" were abolished, would be re-established by simply reversing the process, and adding this "average tip" to their present wage. The result would be that all waiters of the same grade would be paid alike—the affable and the grumpy, the alert and the aloof, the attentive and the absent-minded. Moreover, as affability, alertness and attention had ceased to command higher pay, these engaging quali-

ties would tend to disappear. If anyone imagines that the great army of waiters are born affable and attentive, and simply cannot help radiating these pleasing virtues, that individual has made but a superficial study of human nature. Some there may be, who would be affable, whether or no. I have even seen affable hotel clerks and railway ticket-sellers. But these are rare exceptions; and the day that "tipping" disappears, there is going to be a great slump in the affability market among "tip"-expecting workers.

DID you ever notice the marked difference between the "bell-hop" and the hotel clerk? The "bell-hop" welcomes you like a kid at Christmas-time who knows that you have got his "Santa Claus" in your valise; and then, when he leads you up to the hotel desk to register, the temperature drops right through the bottom of the thermometer before you can ask for a room with a bath. Yet the hotel clerk has nothing against you. But he knows that there is only about one chance in a hundred that you will "tip" him. Whereas the "bell-hop" is quite confident that he has only to carry your valise to your room, open the window, pull up the blind, see if there are towels, and stand about a moment, to collect a small coin of the country. Still I don't suppose that "bell-hops," as a class, are naturally better natured than hotel clerks. There is nothing especially to sour a hotel clerk's disposition. In fact, compare the hotel clerk with his counterpart in Europe—the Portier—and you get the key to the mystery. The European Portier does ten times as much for you as the Canadian clerk; and he does it ten times as affably and attentively. But then he confidently expects to be generously "tipped."

BUT—says some one—I don't want affability; I want service. Very well. Then what you have to do is to encourage the Senate to pass its anti-tipping law. I do not deny that, in a restaurant where "tips" are not expected, you will get food. The

waiters are paid a salary by another man to wait on you. They are working for the other man. They are not working for you. They have only an indirect interest in whether you enjoy your meal or not. That is, their interest in your satisfaction rests wholly upon their desire to please the proprietor; but if it should so happen that they know that the proprietor wants to work off quickly a dish which may not last for another meal, they will try to induce you to take that dish whether you will like it or not. That is a matter of indifference to them. They will have pleased the proprietor by getting rid of his ephemeral goods; and, even if you do grouch a bit, you will come back again—for you do so "hate to tip."

THE funniest part of it is that you will be convinced that you are saving money by not "tipping." And this delusion is favoured by the fact that it is usually the cheap restaurants where no "tips" are expected. You save money, undoubtedly, when you eat at a cheap restaurant; but you don't save it on the "tips." What you usually save it on, I'd hate to tell you. Unfortunately, the converse is also true—you lose money, heavily, when you eat at a dear restaurant. But, again, you do not lose it on the "tips." You lose it on a peculiarity of modern life on this continent, which is that, when a man has a little better article than anybody else, he can commonly charge what he likes for it. There are so many people in America, to whom a few dollars more do not matter, that a man who leads the procession in any department can translate a ten-cent lead into a dollar charge. And we will pay it. Notice the jump in charges between a second-best restaurant with a number of equal competitors, and the best. The best is not so very much better than the next in grade; but it is admittedly the best. And it can charge twice as much as the next-best. That is what makes these dear restaurants look like a "hold-up" game.

BUT never imagine for a moment that if "tipping" were forbidden in them, they would not charge you more—in order to pay their waiters. They would charge you the additional fee without blushing—and then charge you a commission for collecting it and passing it on to the waiters.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



N. McCONNELL

GOING TO THE COUNTRY

DR. SIR JAMES WHITNEY DRIVES OUT TO SEE HOW MR. ONTARIO FEELS AFTER THREE YEARS' TREATMENT

(Provincial Elections are to be held in Ontario on June 29th.)

They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships



Recent Picture of the Salvation Army band from Toronto, most of whom perished on the Empress of Ireland. This band was famous for its Sunday evening performances in Toronto, and was regarded as one of the best bands in Canada.



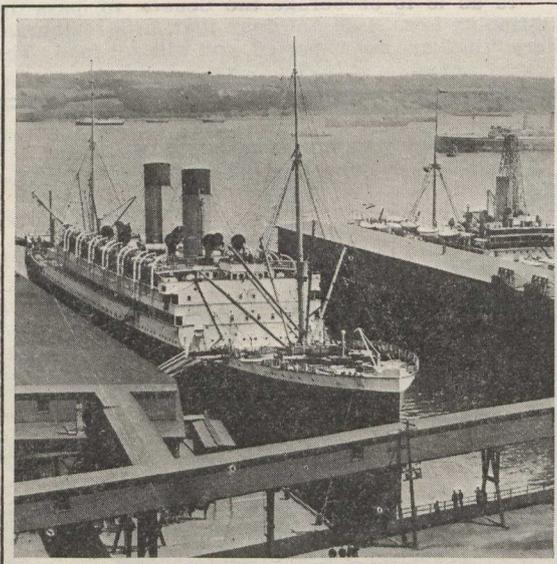
Captain Kendall, R.N.R., the gallant skipper of the Empress of Ireland.

THE greatest tragedy in the history of the St. Lawrence or of any other river route in the world is still too near in time to get a clear focus on what it means. The progress of a people is sometimes grimly measured by the extent of its calamities, from which this country, with all its tremendous march ahead in civilization for the past ten years has been singularly free. There never has been in the history of Canada a national tragedy enacted on either Canadian land or water that could measure up to the fearful dimensions of world-tragedies in other parts of the globe. The Titanic disaster of two years ago, when more than 1,400 people, including a large number of Canadians, were sent to the bottom of the Atlantic, happened so close to this country that it became almost a chapter in the history of our navigation. There never was any other marine catastrophe affecting Canada of any such character, until the seventeen-minute horror on the St. Lawrence thirty miles below Father Point, on Friday, May 29th, 1914. The most hazardous river route for ocean liners in the world had been so safeguarded by our marine department that in spite of the heavy discrimination made against it by insurance companies we believed that its greatest drawback was the comparative risk to ocean freight. We had never believed that the St. Lawrence route could ever be the scene of a world-tragedy that in a few minutes drowned out the lives of nearly a thousand people—caused by the impact in the fog of the night of eleven thousand tons of coal.

Thirteen hundred people, including the crew of the Empress of Ireland, were on their way to Liverpool by one of the long lanes of the river lights that make the St. Lawrence one of the best-lighted river routes in the world for ocean liners. The Norwegian collier, Storstadt, with crew of 39 and cargo of 11,000 tons, was bound up the Gulf from Nova Scotia.

On Thursday, May 28th, at 4.30 p.m., the Empress had steamed out of Quebec. It was the beginning of the flood tide for ocean traffic. Outgoing ships were crowded. The Empress carried almost a full list of passengers, hundreds of whom were members of the Salvation Army of Canada on their way to attend the great International Congress in London, hundreds of others were Canadian citizens from many walks of life, and at least two were distinguished actors known to many thousands of people in this country. Steaming out of the harbour on the route that the Empresses almost know without captain or pilot, the band of the Army played a hymn that has since been much used by the newspapers on account of its tremendous irony.

THE hymn was intended as a religious message to the people on the docks at Quebec, where the tug and the dory and the indolent batteau with its sleepy sails always become part of a brave spectacle along with the bulkheaded kings of the sea that swing in and out under the walls of the old citadel. It was a beautiful and soul-stirring sight. Laurence Irving, namesake of the river, accustomed to his great father's tremendous stage spectacles, stood with his wife on the upper deck and watched that splendid background fade into a beautiful curtain such as no stage artist ever painted; and he probably said to himself that a country with such a



The Empress of Ireland in her slip at Halifax harbour, whence she sailed during the winter months. She left Quebec at 4.30 p.m. May 28, on her last voyage.

painting for an inner gateway must some day crystallize its history and its sublime scenery into some sort of national drama.

THE evening was foggy and the night came none too soon when a thousand people slept. Those who did not stay awake because of the fog-horns. At Father Point, when the pilot left the ship just at the edge of the safety zone, there were some who turned in their berths, took a glance out into the fog and went to sleep again. Then the ship crawling cautiously down the Gulf was for a while the only craft that seemed to have much to do with the right of way. The channel was charted and lighted. The look-out man in his crow's-nest knew them all. So did the captain then on the bridge. So did all the officers and many of the crew. There was no danger from rocks. The passengers knew that the Empress with her six bulkheads and seven compartments and her superb life-boat equipment was the equal of any craft in the world for taking care of them that go down to the sea in ships.

A few minutes before 1.45, in the thick of the fog, the look-out man sighted a ship's lights and reported to the bridge. Captain Kendall signalled with three blasts to the ship ahead—who or what she might be nobody could tell—"I am continuing my course." He had his side of the channel to keep. So had the collier. There was some answer; just what is not known as yet. The sleeping passengers probably heard it in dreams. They knew that since the Titanic disaster, caused by lack of caution, the ocean liners on the St. Lawrence had brought safety first to a maximum. The crew of the Empress knew safety first in their sleep. The Captain had it at his finger ends. It was part of his mental makeup. So he

signalled again to the oncoming vessel, whatever she was, two blasts—"I am stopping." So far as can be learned now the lights of the collier kept coming closer, in a part of the course that looked to be dangerous. But safety first had been taught by the Titanic. The Captain of the Royal Edward learned that almost the very next day, when on his way into the iceberg zone where the Titanic came to grief, in 1912, he turned his bows head on into a huge floe and rammed her, giving her submerged ledges no chance to scuttle his hold with a broadside; and he went on his course to Liverpool with a crushed bow when every bulkhead was in good working order.

But before Captain Kendall knew how safely he was playing the game, the lights of the collier glared out of the fog over the decks of the Empress. In the dark below her snout rammed into the vitals of the engine-rooms.

The Empress signalled to the collier to keep her place; not to back up—but to keep right where she was and do her best to hold up the ship she had rammed, to keep the water out of her below.

What happened after that between the one S. O. S. from wireless caught at Father Point was what for all next day as the sun blazed over the fields and cities of Canada, no one in authority, or out of it, newspaper man, telegraph operator or wireless or anybody seemed able to determine.

Chief Engineer Sampson, whose son is an artist in Toronto, had perhaps the most remarkable escape from the Empress, and his story of the sunken ship, as related to the Canadian Courier, by his son, is the most dramatically convincing account of just how it seems to have happened. The chief engineer was not on duty when the crash came, so that he was able to give a lucid story of what happened both above and below. To the question—How did the Storstadt come to ram the Empress broadside amidships, he explained, that on leaving Father Point Captain Kendall steered a natural course.

The collier should have passed in her course without any mishap. As it was, she deliberately veered at an angle towards Father Point and in a direction always at right angles to the Empress; probably for the purpose of taking on a pilot. Capt. Kendall gave the signal to reverse, thinking that the collier would thereby cross his bows. But the collier tacked again and struck the Empress broadside when she was backing up.

THE chief engineer went below, taking several of his men. He got to the engines. The captain signalled to send her ahead and beach her. The beach was but two miles distant. The boat was then listed almost 45 degrees. The chief held up by two of his men, clambered to the throttle above his head just about to open her up, when the lights went out and the ship began to go almost broadside. He clambered out on to the ship's side and was swept off. A lifeboat was slung at him with never a man in it. He clung to it and was picked up. He says that the sinking of the Empress took only five minutes after she was struck; that the collier rammed her right on the boiler room, making it impossible to work the bulkheads from the engines, and that not a single lifeboat of the Empress

could be put into commission.

Three days passed with more contradictory reports of a great disaster than had ever been given to the world about anything; until it was definitely known that almost a thousand of the Empress of Ireland's passengers and crew had been drowned out and that 402 had been saved. The collier having done her work, both of destruction and rescue, crawled up river with her cargo to Montreal. Her 11,000 tons of coal had given 1,000 victims to the deep; one human life for every eleven tons of coal at seven dollars a ton. The death ship went up to the docks of Quebec from which a few days before the Empress had steamed out to the strains of Salvation music and a prayer; and she grimly landed nearly 200 corpses. Most of the Salvationists had gone down with the ship. The actors Laurence Irving and his wife, who had watched the great stage spectacle on the evening of Wednesday, May 27th, went down with the ship. And the second act in the great tragedy of a thousand lives, the first act of which occupied less than half an hour was almost over.

The Lost and the Saved

	Saved.			Lost.		
	Men.	W'm'n.	Ch'n.	Men.	W'm'n.	Ch'n.
1st Class ..	21	8	1	31	26	0
2nd Class ..	15	5	1	52	63	10
3rd Class ..	146	4	0	564	0	0
Crew	202	211
	384	17	2	858	89	10
Total Saved, 403.				Total Lost, 957.		

Although these are the official figures issued by the C.P.R., a later estimate is 1,002 lost and 465 saved.



The "Lady Grey" arriving at Quebec, with the recovered bodies. The dock sheds became improvised mortuaries, and the coffins lay there awaiting identification by horror-stricken relatives and friends.

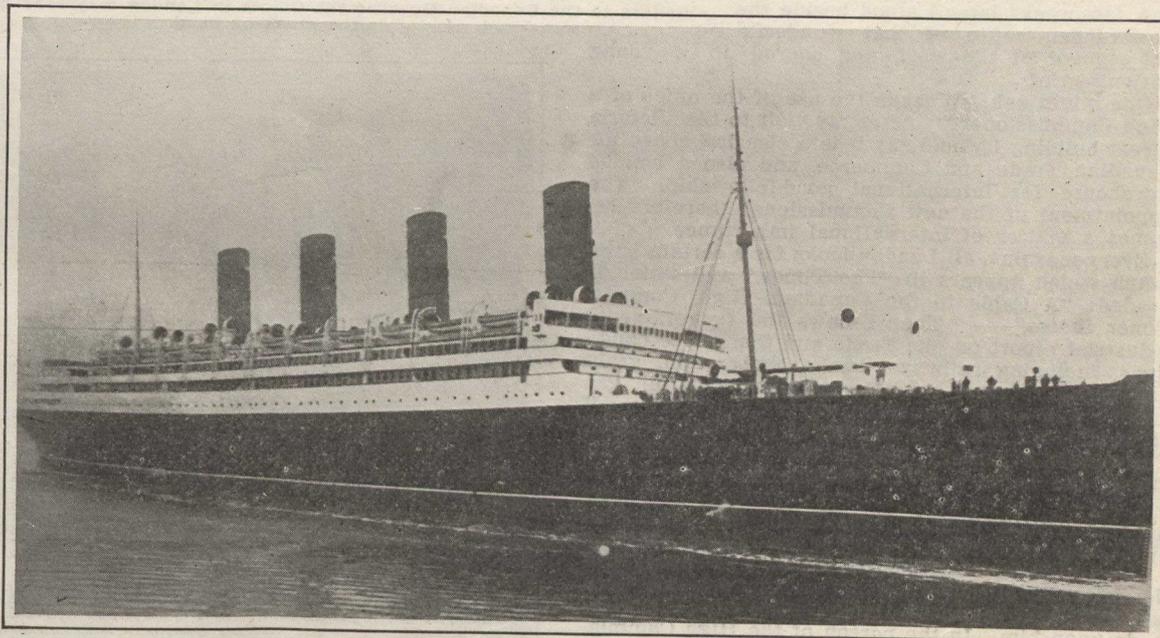
The Two Greatest Ocean Liners Afloat

The Greatest of these has a Tonnage 9000 Greater than that of Three Empresses

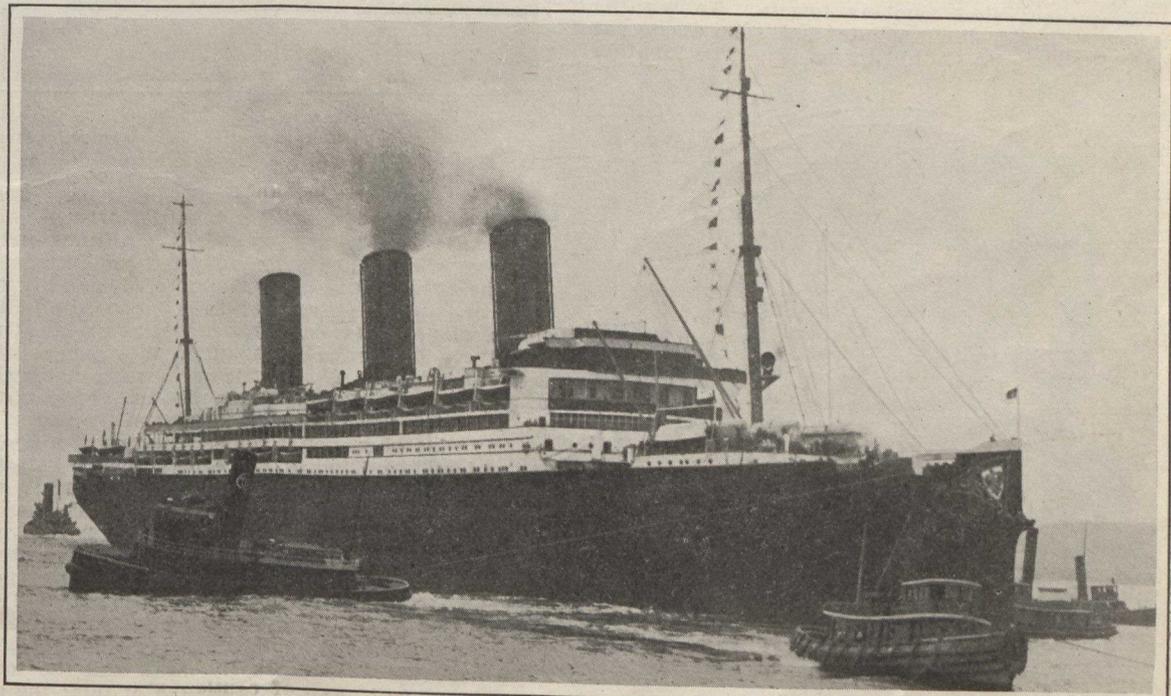
BUILDING ocean liners is as much a matter of feverish competition as floating warships. Two years ago, when the Titanic came to grief, it was predicted that there would be a reaction in favour of smaller, more compact vessels. But already a year before that the plans were finished and actual construction commenced on the keels of three greater than the Titanic; the sister ships Vaterland and Imperator, of the Hamburg-American fleet, and the Aquitania, of the Cunard line. The Titanic was 46,000 tons. The Vaterland is 6,000 tons greater; the Aquitania 1,000 tons greater than the Titanic. The Empresses of the C. P. R. fleet are each 14,500 tons, less than one-third the tonnage of either the Vaterland or the Aquitania. The Vaterland averaged twenty-four knots an hour during the last twenty-four hours of her first voyage to New York a few days ago. The Aquitania is scheduled at 23.1-2 knots. The Vaterland was launched April 13th, 1913; so that between launching and sailing under her own steam she took within a few days of the same time to finish as the Aquitania. She carries a complement of one commodore and four captains, seven navigating officers, one chief engineer, 35 assistant engineers and electricians, 12 chief firemen, 187 stokers, 15 oilers and 180 trimmers—with a total crew, including all helpers, both men and women, of 1,234. She is the first transatlantic liner to be equipped with wireless telephones.

The Aquitania is 902 feet in length, 117 feet longer than the Lusitania, which is one of the two fastest vessels afloat, with a tonnage of only 32,000. Her tow journey down the Clyde on Sunday, May 10th, was witnessed by 100,000 good Glasgowites, many of whom should have been at church, but preferred to see "them that go down to the sea in ships." When she was launched the bed of the Clyde was known to be too shallow to permit of her reaching the sea. The Clyde therefore must be deepened. A special dock had to be built to accommodate her. Six tugs, four ahead and two astern, were needed to tow her down, after which she went on a trial cruise under her own steam before making for Liverpool, from where she sailed on May 30th for New York.

Twenty-one years ago the Cunard line had no vessel larger than 13,000 tons. In 1905 the Caronia and Carmania of this fleet were launched each at 20,000 tons. Two years later the Lusitania and the Mauretania were set afloat each with 32,000 tons. Since that time tonnage and length and beam and machinery have all been increased, until the building and manning and operating of a great ocean liner to keep pace with the age of millionaires, becomes as complicated as doing the civic and individual citizen's work of a good-sized town. For all practical purposes the sea may be said to be conquered. It is only when some simple calamity happens, as in the case of the Titanic two years ago, when it seems that not even such vessels as the Vaterland and the Aquitania can absolutely be relied upon to cope with all conditions known and unknown in the work of navigating an ocean which Columbus and Jacques Cartier crossed fearlessly in wooden tubs navigated by sails. And those who favour a reversion to a smaller type of vessel with an increased margin of safety have only to recall the disaster that happened to the Empress of Ireland.



GREATEST OF ALL BRITISH OCEAN LINERS, THE AQUITANIA. Launched at Clydebank, Glasgow, a year ago, this magnificent Cunarder was towed down the Clyde to the sea by six tugs on Sunday, May 10th.



BUT IN ACTUAL DIMENSIONS THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN VATERLAND LEADS THE AQUITANIA. It took twenty-one tugs to warp this leviathan into the New York docks after her first voyage. She is 52,000 tons, about 5,000 tons greater than the Aquitania.

The High Commissioner at Home

A Description of the Canadian Offices in London for which a Chief is Soon to be Chosen

By KATE SIMPSON HAYES

THE office of the High Commissioner of Canada, in London, is commonplace, dull and even grimy in outward semblance. But within those arid walls in blank and unresponsive, grey be-smoked stone, a tremendous mental activity is observable. Nothing outside denotes the importance of the work; even the brass plate itself commanding no passer-by to pause, at the words:

"Office of the High Commissioner for Canada."

The shining brass plate attracts no special attention, being itself a quite ordinary stone-front feature, and dozens of like plates surround it; but once you cross the threshold, you get the Canadian air of "hustle." My visit to the High Commissioner's office was made Nov. 4th last, when I was permitted to meet the late lamented High Commissioner, Lord Strathcona, with whom I chatted for some twenty minutes. I found him busy at a paper-bestrewn desk; letters and telegrams piled high about him; and, during our pleasant chat—on emigration subjects—I observed that the wonderful old gentleman kept on with his work, making marginal notes on letters he took up, glanced over, tossed aside or laid in carefully serried lines to one side. It was one of the last interviews Lord Strathcona gave.

A few weeks later I stood beside the flower-laden coffin of that wonderful old pioneer of the west, and shared in a young nation's grief.

One might ask, "What is the use of the office of a High Commissioner?" After my visit to the Victoria Street building I would say it is a clearing house for Canadian Trade and Commerce, and also a bonded warehouse for international good-fellowship. The appointment of the new Commissioner therefore becomes a matter of international importance.

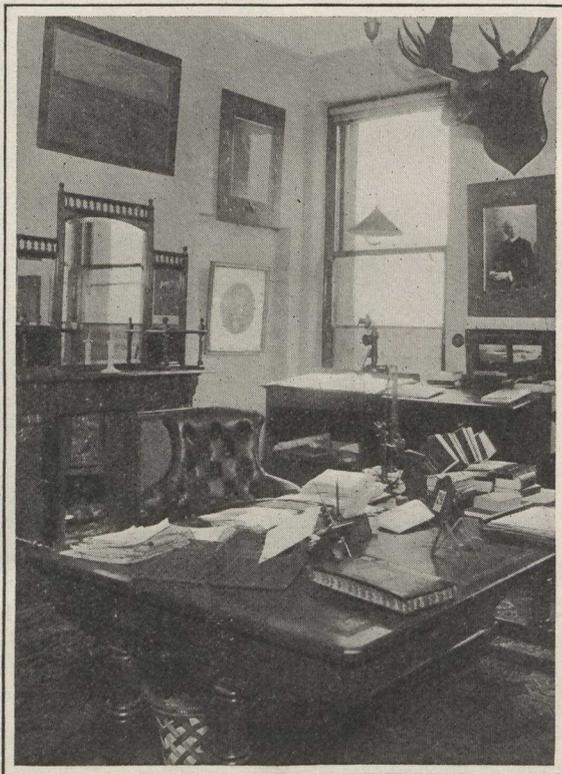
Every morning, all London looks for a certain paragraph which appears in "The Times," and which is headed: "A Cable to the Canadian High Commissioner States"—Then follows the (government) industrial report on our Trade and Commerce conditions, including railways, banks, emigration, grain and cattle returns, stocks, securities, with oil, gas "finds" and other Canadian corporation facts; all of which acts upon the temper of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," just as the weight of a hair affects the balance of the jeweller's scales.

WHATEVER Canada expends in the upkeep of this representative office in London, the returns certainly justify all that is spent; and the salary of \$10,000 allowed the Commissioner does not begin to cover the demands, social and otherwise, made upon him. In the person of the High Commissioner there is shown personality with which must combine thorough and painstaking endeavour, and in the office itself there is great usefulness and dignity combined.

The present staff numbers twenty. To see the various officials, intermediate and subordinate, at work, is to see an ant-hill in motion. The fountain



Visitors to the Canadian Government Offices in London may read quietly here under the musk-ox head.



In the Secretary's Office, observe that three prominent decorations are a bull moose, a western wheat field, and a portrait of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

head, the High Commissioner, has his private office on the ground floor, off which is the private office of his official secretary, Mr. W. L. Griffith, through whose capable, if, at times, somewhat exacting hands must be sifted every call, enquiry or demand of the press and public. Personal calls upon the High Commissioner must be arranged through Mr. Griffith, whose knowledge of Canadian matters is as wide as it is profound. One particular feature noticeable in Mr. Griffith's official attitude—as between the enquirer and the High Commissioner—is shown in the fact that whenever it comes to granting a favour to visiting Canadians, if there be a choice between influential persons or less influential ones, the "under dog" always gets the benefit! Asked as to this unusual course, Mr. Griffith said: "Well, perhaps it is owing to the fact that I, myself, have been a toiler and a pioneer of the west, I having spent my youth on an Assiniboia farm as a 'hand,' and did 'chores' at \$15 per. And whenever it is possible, or whenever a choice in applications must be made, my mind harks back to the early days, and the toiler gets first place." As an illustration of this: the day I called to get my facts for this article, while engaged in conversation with Mr. Griffith, his secretary brought in the card of the Belgian Minister. "Tell him I'll see him in fifteen minutes," said Mr.

Griffith. Noting the name and official standing borne by the "carte de visite," I at once said I would retire and await the Belgian official's pleasure. "Not at all," said Mr. Griffith. "He can wait." And wait he did, for we met in the doorway as I went out.

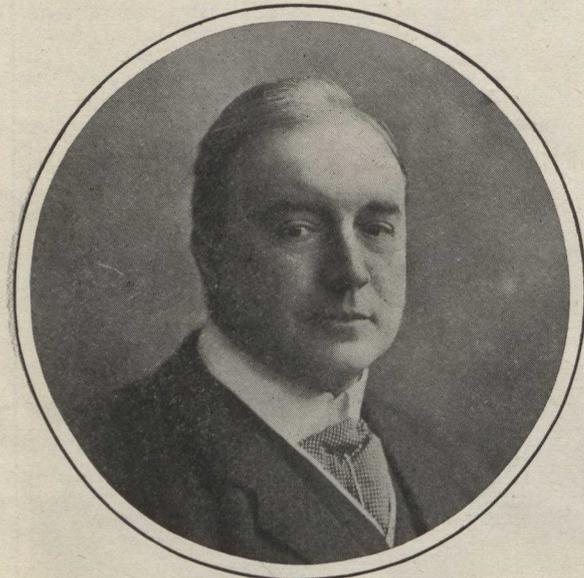
It will interest Canadians to be told that all applications for presentation at Court—that is, to Their Majesties' presence—must be first submitted to the resident High Commissioner, by whom applications, as far as Court etiquette allows, are "put through"; but here the Lord Chamberlain is privileged to use his blue pencil, and unless a lady can claim distinction through a father or a husband, the chances are slim indeed for courtesying to Queens and Kings. Poor old Lord Strathcona used (it is said) to take it much to heart when his appeal on behalf of some (wholesome though artlessly unimportant) Canadian was turned down.

Another official act of the High Commissioner is that of examining and "uttering" passports. This means assuming the responsibility of the bearer going into foreign countries; and, as may be understood in these days of socialistic and anarchistic thought, a passport carries with it something of international obligation. To obtain a passport into, let us say, Russia, the High Commissioner must ascertain all facts concerning the integrity of the applicant. This entails time, patience and a tact beyond telling.

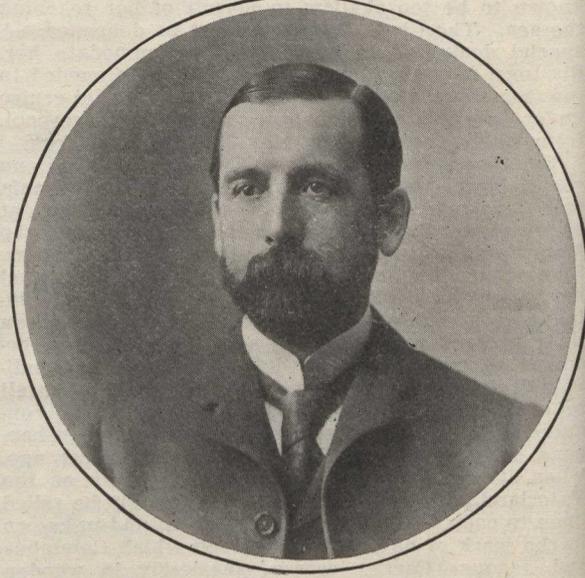
Unofficial acts, yet acts attached to this high and responsible office, are the constant, and I believe harassing importunities of people claiming to be Canadians, and who, through some mischance become floating human derelicts. All such find their way to the ever open doors of the High Commissioner's office, and a hard luck tale is always listened to. In the time of the late High Commissioner no case was ever turned away unhelped. Assistance was first given, then an investigation of the facts was made; and many a poor devil went home feeling that, but for Canada's "Lighthouse," i.e., the High Commissioner's office, one more frail barque might have gone down. One case of particular pathos was told me: that of a Canadian inventor, a young fellow who came to England with some forlorn inventive hope. When he had failed—when his last dime was gone, he went to Lord Strathcona, and got, not only assistance, but encouragement. Back he came again—more pecuniary help was given—once more he returned, this time the agony of despair in his eyes, and again he was helped. Then he found his invention was useless and next morning he took the short route to Eternity! "That case grieved Lord Strathcona greatly!" said Mr. Griffith.

THERE is a huge book kept in which every individual case of assistance asked and given is kept. The list is a long one, and, in Mr. Griffith's words: "One class of applicant proves particularly painful"; namely, young people who came over from Canada full of hope, in order to train in Art! The enormous percentage of failures, compared

(Concluded on page 20.)



Mr. W. L. Griffith, Official Secretary of the Dominion Government Offices in London, has probably his own shrewd opinion of who should succeed the late Lord Strathcona. Mr. Griffith is a Welshman who for several years was a farmer in Manitoba. He has been Secretary to the High Commissioner since 1903.



After newspaper editors have picked five other candidates for the High Commissioner it looks as though Hon. George Perley, Minister without portfolio at Ottawa, will be the choice. Mr. Perley is not yet a British subject, which he will be when the Imperial Naturalization Bill becomes law.

Saving the Daylight

By CHARLES H. HALE

THE Daylight Saving discussion now comes back as regularly every spring as the first robin. The movement makes surprisingly slow progress, considering its simplicity; but still it does make progress, and it is probably only a question of educating a great public.

The principle of daylight saving is simply that an hour of daylight which most people lose on summer mornings because they are in bed, should be transferred to the evening, when every person could enjoy it. This is to be accomplished by moving the clocks forward an hour for the summer time, thus setting up a different standard for winter and summer.

The movement had its genesis in England, where Mr. William Willett, of London, is its chief apostle. In the old land it has had the approval of many of the leading public men of all parties and of no party, including Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Avebury, Lord Milner, Lord Charles Beresford, the Bishop of London, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Will Crooks. It has the support of labour unions, chambers of commerce and sporting organizations. A bill embodying the principle was actually passed through its second reading in the British House of Commons in 1909, but was prevented from going farther by the opposition of several of the large railways and of the principal stock exchanges.

IN Canada, also, daylight saving received considerable attention. A bill was introduced in the House of Commons in 1909, and was reported upon favourably by a special committee which investigated the probable working of the measure, and tested public opinion. But in this country, too, the opposition of the railways proved fatal. Mr. E. N. Lewis, M.P. for West Huron, was the foster father of this bill, but since the Tories came into power at Ottawa he has forgotten or neglected the adopted child of his Opposition days.

The legislators having failed them, people and communities have been endeavouring to get the benefits of daylight saving for themselves. The late King Edward set the example by putting the clock half an hour forward during the summer months on his estate at Sandringham. In Canada the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William experimented with putting the clocks forward an hour, and found it so satisfactory that they made it permanent by substituting Eastern for Central Standard time. Moose Jaw's electric light plant was out of business two years ago, and to relieve the situation the clocks of the town were put forward an hour. The citizens of the city enjoyed the extra hour of daylight thus afforded, but again railway opposition, this city being a C. P. R. centre, has prevented the change being made a regular practice. The same year, the town of Orillia attempted to lead the way in this horological reform in Ontario. Unfortunately, a section of the working people became convinced that the movement, instead of being designed for their benefit, was a scheme of the employers for getting ahead of them. There was, therefore, a split in the community, and after two weeks the "daylight bill," as it was called locally, had to be rescinded by the town council. It lasted just long enough to demonstrate

two things—first, that if generally acted upon by the citizens, any community could "save the daylight" with very little inconvenience; and secondly, that without general acquiescence and co-operation over the area covered by the change of time, whether it be one town, a district or a province, the movement will only cause confusion and chaos, particularly in connection with boarding houses and similar institutions. Unanimity, or practical unanimity, is essential, unless the measure has the force of law. But while daylight time lasted, they were able to play a seven-innings game of baseball in Orillia after tea.

ANOTHER Western city, Regina, is trying daylight saving this year. A by-law for putting the clocks forward an hour was passed by the "burgesses" on April 23rd by a large majority, and came into force two days later. "Vote for sunshine and recreation" was the slogan of its advocates, who included almost the whole business community and the sporting organizations. The merchants of Prince Albert are petitioning the city council to submit a similar by-law to the ratepayers of that city. Out in British Columbia, daylight saving is quite commonly practised in the lumbering communities, the men simply petitioning the foreman to put the clocks forward from a certain date, when it is done without more ado. The Chamber of Commerce of the city of Vancouver has asked the Government to bring in a general measure for securing the added hour of daylight for the whole Province. In some sections of the West, from Edmonton north, for instance, and in the Yukon, daylight saving is not much of a consideration, as they have all the daylight they need at present. But in other portions of the Western provinces, where new ideas do not cause so much alarm as they do in the more conservative East, it is probably only a question of a short time till they will be enjoying the extra hour of daylight in the summer months.

In the United States, daylight saving has many influential advocates. Cleveland is following the example of Port Arthur and Fort William, and gains its object by substituting Eastern for Central time.

One of the chief obstacles in the way of daylight saving is the prejudices against interfering with the clocks. "It seems rather childish to propose to fool ourselves by altering the clocks," was the reply of one prominent newspaper editor who was appealed to for support for the movement—and he called himself a Liberal and a Progressive at that. But does not the real absurdity lie in stubbornly sticking to a horological system which is not suited to our conditions? We show our wisdom by lying in bed during an hour or two of the brightest and pleasantest hours of the day, remaining out of bed vainly trying to amuse ourselves for an hour or two after dark, and then complaining that there is not more daylight in the evening. We let the clocks become our masters, instead of being our servants. That great astronomer, Sir Robert Ball, was not troubled with scruples on this point. "There are no difficulties connected with the scheme," he said, "which could

weigh for a moment against the advantages of its adoption. Meridians were made for man, not man for meridians. Time must be regulated in spite of meridians to suit man's convenience."

Royal Society of Canada

AFTER twenty-four years' absence the Royal Society of Canada held its annual meeting in Montreal. For three days of last week that city was the Mecca of the learned men who comprise that body. Mr. H. V. Meredith, chairman of the Civic Reception Committee, welcomed the members at McGill University. Among other things he said: "The Royal Society of Canada, in promoting art and literature, and stimulating not only a love of letters and science, but also a desire for historical as well as general knowledge on subjects relating to our country has done much, and must continue to exert a great influence in advancing Canada's welfare by inducing a national sentiment, and a pride in the Empire of which we have the privilege of being an important part."

Dr. Frank D. Adams, of McGill, in his presidential address, said: "God made Canada and its bountiful resources, but it will take all the Canadians at their best to save it." His topic was "Conservation." Doctor Shortt also dealt with the subject in an address, and intimated that Canadian resources were in danger of being squandered by capitalists in their haste to grow rich in a multi-millionaire way.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Sir Adolphe B. Routhier, Quebec; Vice-President, Dr. Alfred Baker, head of the department of physics in Toronto University; Honorary Secretary, Duncan Campbell Scott, Deputy Minister of Indian Affairs, Ottawa (re-elected); Honorary Treasurer, Dr. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, Ottawa. Dr. Hewitt succeeds Mr. Lawrence Lambe, who resigned owing to pressure of other duties. Mr. D. B. Dowling, Ottawa, was re-elected Honorary Librarian.

Officers of the various sections were also elected. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux is the new President of Section 1, which deals with French literature and history. Monsignor Gosselin, rector of Laval University, is Vice-President, and Mr. L. T. De Montigny, Secretary.

The officers of Section 2 (English Literature and History) are: President, R. W. McLachlan, Montreal; Vice-President, Dr. Adam Shortt, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, Ottawa; Secretary, W. D. Lighthall, K.C., Montreal.

Dr. E. Deville, Surveyor-General, Ottawa, was chosen as President of the section dealing with mathematical, physical, and chemical sciences, with Dr. F. T. Shutt, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Vice-President; and Dr. J. S. Plaskett, of the Dominion Observatory, Secretary.

The fourth section on geological and biological sciences will have for officers during the coming year Dr. A. H. R. Buller, of Winnipeg, as President; J. B. Tyrrell, Toronto, as Vice-President; and J. J. McKenzie, of Toronto, as Secretary.

Three foreign corresponding members of the Royal Society were also elected.



The 42nd Annual Meeting of the Royal Society of Canada was held in Montreal, May 24-27, 1914. This photo shows the Fellows and Members who answered the roll-call at the new Medical Building of McGill University on the morning of the 25th. Dr. F. D. Adams, D.Sc., President of R. S. C., stands the second to the left of the centre lamp post; on his right is Dr. Girdwood, a veteran member of the Society, and to his left Dr. T. G. Roddick, who had just been made a Fellow of the Society.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Life's Heroisms

LIFE has its heroisms, but none is greater than that of the man or woman suddenly called upon to face death as were the passengers on the ill-fated Empress of Ireland. Most of us imagine what we would do, but all would act pretty much the same. Our training is to be cool and calm. For generations that doctrine has been ingrained into our mental and moral fibre. It is part of the British heritage. The Canadians who faced that fearful ordeal in the darkness of last Thursday night acquitted themselves as Britishers should. There was little passionate wailing; there was practically no cowardice. They died as they had lived—calm in their belief in a Majestic Providence which ruled their lives and determined its course.

A Question of Arithmetic

SASKATCHEWAN has 600,000 people—at the last census it was 492,432. Of these 600,000 people, about 210,000 are males twenty-one years of age or over—the census figures are 177,493. Allowing for the growth in 1912 and 1913, the increase should justify the higher estimate. Of these 210,000 males over twenty-one, about 50,000 live in the cities and towns and do not own any land. Thus there are 160,000 men left to own and till the land. Of this 160,000, probably 100,000 are owners.

Now see what has happened. Saskatchewan has 70,000,000 acres of land patented or under patent, homesteaded or sold for cash. This seventy million acres was once owned by Canada; it is now owned by private individuals. How many individuals?

If there are 100,000 farmers in Saskatchewan and each owns 160 acres, their ownership would total 16,000,000 acres. But let us be generous and give them 320 acres—160 homestead and 160 purchase. Their holdings thus run up to 32,000,000. Who owns the other 38,000,000 acres?

The only answer can be that thirty-eight million acres of Saskatchewan land is in the hands of speculators living outside the province. Talk about non-resident landlords in Ireland—Saskatchewan is ten times worse than Ireland ever was.

What a heart-burning problem this will be twenty years hence! Think of the struggle that is ahead of us, when the people of Saskatchewan try to get that land back for "the people."

If Hon. Mr. Sifton or the Hon. Mr. Oliver expect monuments to be erected to them in the West for their glorious disposal of Saskatchewan's crown domain, let them be erected quickly. Ten years hence the people will have discovered something—and it will be too late for Sifton and Oliver monuments.

Protecting the Public

MANITOBA has the proud distinction of being the only province in the Dominion in which the Calgary wild-cat oil stocks cannot legally be sold. Under the "Sales of Shares" Act, every company selling shares, stocks or bonds must first get a certificate from Judge Robson. He has refused to grant any certificates except to companies that have genuine wells and are sound financially.

This is a splendid safeguard for the Manitoba investor. There should be a similar law in every province to protect the innocent purchaser of stocks. If there had been such legislation in Ontario, the British Columbia mining boom many years ago and other mining booms of more recent date would not have left so much ruin in their trail.

The government that incorporates a company, of which the stock is to be sold to the public, has an inherent duty imposed upon it to see that the public is not robbed. This will not limit investment. It will increase it by eliminating wild-cat speculation.

The Ontario Elections

ON June 29th, there will be a general election in the Province of Ontario. The previous election was in December, 1911, and three sessions of the Legislature have been held. Sir James Whitney might have held office until December, 1915, but he has chosen to go to the country just now. Whether Sir James contemplates retirement or not is not explained, but the general feeling is that within a year or so he will retire into private life—or the Senate.

The record of the Whitney Government is fairly good. The hydro-electric policy, the new Workmen's Compensation Act, the prison farms introduced by Mr. Hanna, and the same gentleman's Housing Bill are the strong features of that record. The administration of the license laws has also been exemplary. On the other hand, there is some criticism of the policy of the Government with regard to rural schools; there is no text-book on agriculture and no

attempt to keep the boys on the farm. There is also a feeling that in regard to taxation reform, the Government has not been progressive.

There are two new policies to be discussed, a hydro-radial railway scheme, which is in the minds of the Government, and an "Abolish the Bar" policy, which is fathered by the Opposition. Both policies are dangerous, but it is well that they should be discussed freely.

The results of the elections depend to some extent on the attitude of the Hon. Adam Beck, Minister of Power. Rumour says he is not satisfied with the course of events and may refuse to run again in the city of London. If this were to occur, the Opposition might make considerable gains.

Sir Wilfrid's Record

LAST week, the Liberal senators and members of the House made a presentation to Sir Wilfrid Laurier to mark the completion of his forty years as a member of parliament. For two years, Sir Wilfrid was a member of the Quebec Legislature, before Dorion asked him to contest a Dominion seat. He has therefore had forty-two years of unbroken parliamentary service, a record which is equalled by no other man in the House of to-day. Next to him, is Speaker Sproule, who entered the House in 1878, four years later than Sir Wilfrid. Sir Mackenzie Bowell was first elected in 1867, and served in the House for an unbroken period of twenty-five years, when he was called to the Senate. He has therefore a longer parliamentary record than Sir Wilfrid, but not in the popular House.

Sir Wilfrid at seventy-three is one of the most active men in the House. No one could be more assiduous in his duties than the leader of the Opposition. If he has lost the zest for battle and strife, he has gained in his sense of public duty. Twenty-six years of active leadership of a party would, one would think, be sufficient to wear out the enthusiasm of even the greatest of men, but Sir Wilfrid still reigns the undisputed and greatly beloved Liberal leader. His followers are unwilling to give him up and he has loyally and generously acceded to their wishes.

When his party was defeated, in 1911, it was freely said that Sir Wilfrid had too much spirit to serve again as leader of an Opposition. But the prophets were wrong. He has shown that his sense of service is the greatest motive in his life. His unselfishness in this respect has been the crowning glory of a great career.

British Defence on the Pacific

CANADA is vitally interested in the British naval forces on the Pacific Ocean. So are Australia, New Zealand and India. The opinion is growing that the British Admiralty should formulate some plan whereby the Canadian, Australian and New Zealand naval forces should be developed on a comprehensive plan which would provide for Pacific cooperation.

There are some British ships on the China station and some in other parts of the Pacific. There is an Australian fleet in Australian waters. New Zealand is developing a naval force of her own under an act passed last December. Canada is talking of a Pacific fleet which will have its headquarters at Esquimalt or Vancouver. All these fragments of a Greater Britannic Navy should be developed along a well-defined plan which would look towards ultimate unity in that ocean.

The Britannic peoples on the Pacific are as much entitled to naval protection as Britannic peoples on the Atlantic. The Britannic prestige of the Pacific is of as much importance as the Britannic prestige in the North Sea and the Mediterranean. Hence the Admiralty should formulate some scheme which will satisfy all the peoples who have an interest in the Pacific and who are willing to contribute to the protection of Britannic trade and commerce on the great western ocean.

This is a subject for the next Imperial Conference, and it is to be hoped that when it meets the Admiralty will be prepared with a plan which will appeal to the combined patriotism of Australia, New Zealand, India, and Canada. At present there is some divergence of view, and although Australia and New Zealand have asked for a special conference on the subject, nothing has been done. It is time that a settlement of this great problem was sought.

The British Indian

GREAT BRITAIN was supposed to be guarding India until the day when the people of that country would have sufficient training and experience to govern themselves. Now the doctrine seems to be gaining ground that a man who was born in India is a British subject, with all the rights which

appertain thereto. In brief, there is a British India and a British Indian.

Some of these dusky residents of India are just now knocking at the door of Canada, seeking admission to a sister Dominion. When three or four thousand of them arrived some years ago, the immigration authorities said "Enough," but the Hindu would not agree. Hence the ship-load now at Victoria, clamouring for admission.

The question is more Imperial than Canadian and should be decided in London rather than in Ottawa. If the Imperial authorities cannot deal with this matter to the satisfaction of Australia and Canada and India, then there is not much hope for the growth of a United Empire under one Council or Parliament. In any Canadian decision which may be made, it should be frankly stated that the decision is subject to revision at the next Imperial Conference. Canada should and must avoid the full responsibility.

Spending in the Wrong Quarter

THE city authorities of Toronto go merrily on spending money with the carefulness of a multi-millionaire. They gave ten thousand dollars towards sending the Mendelssohn Choir to England, ten thousand dollars towards entertaining the convention of Ad. Clubs, and are now planning a civic observatory. All these are worthy objects, but should not be supported out of the poor man's taxes. They should be paid for by those who are rich enough to encourage music, science and public entertainment.

The City Council have also raised the minimum wage of civic employees to \$15 a week, and increased the minimum pay on all private city contracts to twenty-five cents an hour. While all this money is being tossed in the air, no attempt is being made to take the unearned increment from the land, no attempt to tax the holders of vacant lots who are holding for a rise, and no attempt to provide decent houses for the thousands of citizens who need them.

To tax the poor man's home and squander the money seems to be the aim of Toronto's Council of intelligent "representatives of the people."

Steamship Rates

WHETHER the world is going too fast in ocean transportation is a large question. Not many years ago, a first-class ticket across the Atlantic cost seventy-five dollars. Now a first-class passage costs from \$75 to \$1,000, or even more. The "big" ship means "big" charges.

Even the steerage passengers must pay a higher rate. The vessels coming into the St. Lawrence have recently charged twenty-two dollars either way. Last week the rate was increased to \$31.50, with a rate of \$34 on the better ships. For the present this will apply only to west-bound traffic.

All classes are getting better accommodation, better ventilation, more wholesome food and greater privileges. The ships are larger and there is less overcrowding. For these advantages the public must pay. All progress is costly, and steamship accommodation is no exception.

An Inside Story

"Insidious Lobby"

MR. W. F. NICKLE, M.P. for Kingston, is being lauded to the skies by the Liberal papers. They say he is a hero. "Billy" is entitled to a better fate. To be praised by his enemies and hammered by his friends is the unhappiest experience any member may have.

The Conservatives are now whispering that "Billy's" condemnation of the Canadian Northern lobby will not hold water. It appears that there is only one real vigorous lobby put up in the House of Commons this year, and that was for a Bill which stood in the name of Mr. W. F. Nickle, M.P. It provided for the Dominion incorporation of a life insurance company operating under provincial charter in Winnipeg, and when it came before the Committee of the House, which deals with such matters in detail, the members heard from several quarters that the company was not worthy of the privilege being extended to it. Hence the Bill was thrown out and so reported to the House. A Toronto weekly newspaper was largely responsible for the opposition.

But Mr. Nickle was not content with that result. He, so the story goes, interviewed cabinet ministers and button-holed members, and the Bill was again referred to the Committee—a most unusual proceeding. Curiously enough, though the Opposition was still as strong as ever, the Bill went through, with the proviso that the charter would not issue unless Mr. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, should say so. This was a peculiar decision. Any one can see at a glance that the situation is decidedly unusual and, one might add, unparliamentary.

Of course, his fellow-members do not desire to be unkind to "Billy" Nickle, who is generous and considerate ninety-nine times out of one hundred. But this "holier than thou" attitude got on their nerves a bit, and they are quietly coming to their own defence.



Courierettes.

WHEN you come to think of it, the Duke of Connaught has one of the toughest jobs in Canada. He has to listen to long addresses everywhere he goes.

Magistrate Denison, of Toronto, refuses to convict Chinese who sell Chinese medicines with alcohol in them. Is it because Britain once forced opium on China that the Colonel takes this attitude?

Recent administration of justice in Ontario seems to indicate that the bigger the crime is the easier is it for the criminal to get away.

Even the waiters condemn the tipping system. It's almost unanimous.

They have a play called "The Tongues of Men." No playwright has attempted to write a drama on the tongues of the other sex.

Daughters of the Empire have offered a prize of \$100 for the best Imperial poem. Is that courage—or just carelessness?

Ontario's peach crop is predicted to be a failure. But Ontario's crop of human peaches is always good.

The King has to quit theatre-going because of the unpleasant attentions of suffragettes. There isn't much fun in this king business.

A player named Sullivan is leading the Toronto ball team in batting. His hard hitting is perhaps explained by his name.

That little scrap that Uncle Sam had in Mexico wasn't a patch to what John Bull has been enjoying with his "wild women."

A German policeman prevented the delivery of sausage to the Kaiser on a Sunday. The court upheld him, saying that the Kaiser had no special rights in trade. What's Germany coming to?

N. W. Rowell is well pleased, he says, with the Liberals of Ontario. And he might have added "what there are of them."

The politician's idea of political economy is the getting of as many votes as possible for the least possible expenditure.

Self Praise.—The candidate was just winding up his eloquent peroration.

"Now, my friends," said he, "when you vote, you don't want to vote for a pig in a poke; you should vote for me and get the genuine article."

And then he wondered why they laughed.

The New Soul Cure.—In Paris there is a great doctor who is said to be healing people by the soul cure. He tells them to repose on a bed and think of nothing. That sort of treatment should have a wide appeal.

Quite Right.—The man who snores loudly is wrapped in slumber—and he should be also rapped in slumber.

Lovers' Repartee.—An Ottawa clubman tells of a lovers' scrap he over-

heard while at a dance party one evening recently.

The two were at supper and had been quietly quarreling under the watchful eyes of the clubman.

As a climax, the youth asked his fiancée, in a most exasperating tone: "Let me see, was it you that I kissed in the conservatory?"

The girl gaily laughed, and was ready with her retort.

"About what time?" she asked.

A Writer's Rhyme.

Of pens and pencils there is quite
A lot that can be said;
To drive a pen may be all right,
But pencils must be lead.

Ten Terse Truths.

Marry in haste and give the divorce courts something to do.

Spring fever by any other name is mere laziness, after all.

It's impossible to guess what a woman or a balky horse will do next.

It's useless for a man to wear a white vest in an effort to cover up a dark past.

One prize fighter seldom strikes another in a favourable way.

The supreme test of religion is for a man to really love his enemies.

Many a man who is always shooting off his mouth would be better employed blowing out his brains.

There's a wide difference between being prudent and being a prude.

It is said that widows are generally found to be quite talkative. That may account for them being widows.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse



Sergeant (doubtful as to whether he has distributed rifles to all the men)—"You without arms 'old up yer 'ands!"

for the man that lacks a pull with the powers that be.

The Modern Ishmael.—He is hated and hunted, roasted and reviled.

The hand of every man seems raised in wrath against him.

He lives alone. No man desires to be seen in his company. He lives like an outcast.

Some men curse him because of his power and the manner in which he uses it. He pleases none. At times, in their bitter anger, men hurl missiles at him. He is heart-hardened, and the jeers of the multitude do not seem to affect him. But they curse him, call him "robber" and other epithets, and as he passes they throw pop-bottles at him.

He is a baseball umpire, and in the ninth inning, with the bases full, he

called the home team's best batter out on strikes.

Scaring the Terrier.—This is an ad. from a Toronto evening paper:

"Lost—Young Irish terrier. If not returned to 730 Yonge Street will be prosecuted."

That should be sufficient to scare any runaway canine into returning home.

Isn't It Odd?—They are making a fuss in the papers about a society woman who rode a horse bare back.

Yet they dance that way and nothing is said about it.

Another Lesson.—We read in the papers about a clerk who was shot "between the dictaphone and the filing cabinet."

Every day we are learning something new and startling about anatomy.

A Nasty One.—"What a beautiful gown!"

"Like it?"

"I certainly do."

"That lace is 40 years old."

"Really? Did you make it yourself?"

Ever Think of This?—Woman was made from a rib taken from the side of man, and she has been a thorn in his side ever since.

Modern Version.

He who'll kiss and run away
May live to kiss another day,
But he who falls for matrimony
Must have the coin for alimony.

Defined. — Beauty Culture — The greatest skin game in the world.

The Indian's Opinion.—Rev. Dr. S. D. Chown, well known all over Canada as associate Superintendent of the Methodist Church in the Dominion, was in the east recently, and as he has for some years past made his headquarters in Western Canada, he had some interesting tales to relate to his Eastern friends.

Dr. Chown has a high opinion of the Indians, and regrets that they have not been as well looked after as they should have been. He thinks trouble is brewing, and that the Indian problem will never be solved until the red men get the ballot, with some sort of educational test as a condition of granting them the franchise.

But the most amusing of his stories related to the Indian's sense of humour. In some cases the red man is funny without knowing it. This was particularly the case in one story Dr. Chown told concerning a Methodist hospital in British Columbia, conducted by Rev. Dr. Large, formerly of Toronto.

An Indian had sent his sick wife to this hospital, without knowing much about it, other than the fact that it was a place to send sick folks.

He visited the hospital occasionally, but there was little change in the condition of his squaw. At last he called on Dr. Large.

"Your hospital no good," he said to the superintendent. "My squaw here now three months and not dead yet."

Too Cruel. — The Philosopher—"Marriage is a lottery."

The Cynic—"No, the man who gets a lottery ticket has a chance."

Thrift.—"Chief," said the assistant manager, "I want you to cut my salary."

"What do you mean?"
"Yes, that's what I mean. You see, my salary is \$4,000, and the income tax will cost me \$40 per year. I can avoid that and save \$35 by having a \$5 cut made in my income."

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Keeping Track of the West

Five years have done wonders for Canada's West. Every Canadian knows it in a general way. But occasionally there is brought to one's attention some remarkable fact that epitomizes western growth in startling fashion. In the May issue of "Canada Life Echoes" appears a group photograph of this nature illustrating one of Regina's business blocks as it now appears, and as it was five or six years ago. The difference is almost unbelievable. This particular number of "Canada Life Echoes" is devoted to the Northwest. It deals in a concise and comprehensive manner with western conditions as they now are and it presents a tabulation of interesting statistics showing the grain production, etc., of each of the four western provinces. The little book is illustrated throughout, and is designed to present the most interesting information about the West in a way that will make it worth while keeping where it can at any time be easily reached.

The illustrations of western life and scenery, of which there are a great number, are unusually fine and possess great interest for all Canadians. The book also includes an interesting article on irrigation in Alberta. It is published by The Canada Life Assurance Company, Toronto, and while they last, a copy will be sent on request.



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The drawing on this page was one of the last drawn by "Teddy" Gray, the cartoonist, who so far as is known, went down in the "Empress of Ireland" disaster.

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Utilize the Back Yard

Commit Murder on Insects

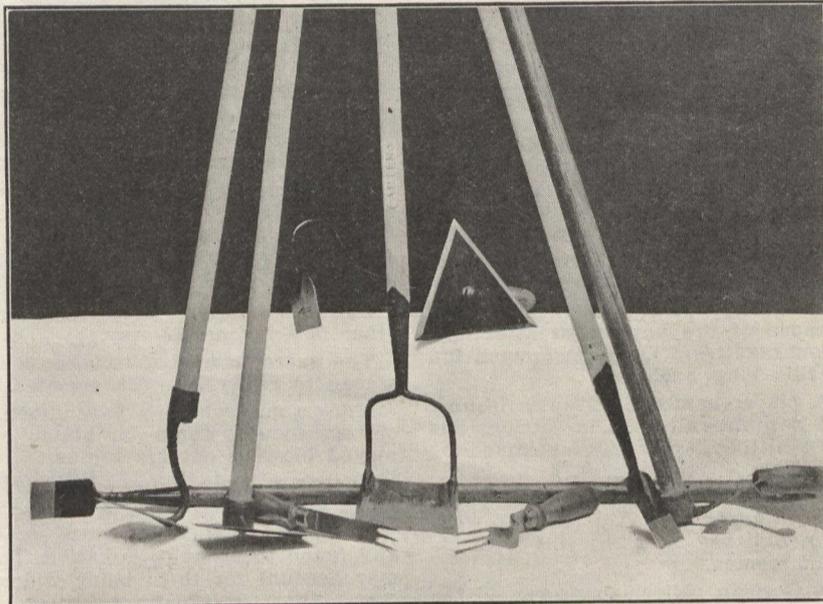
By HUGH S. EAYRS

LAST week emphasis was laid on the importance of lots of hoeing, if the back yard garden was to be a success. But this is not all. In the case of the back yard garden, man proposes but insects dispose, and it is necessary to counteract the ravages which insects make. The seeds planted three or four weeks ago are now beginning to have results, and consequently, this is a time when insects begin to get busy. A stitch in time often saves nine, and professional market gardeners will tell you that it is procrastinating to start fighting the insect pest when it has already got its campaign under weigh. The wise man starts his spray pump before the beetle and bug make their presence felt. In short—to use Mr. Micawber's burst-of-confidence phrase—prevention is better than cure.

These insects have different ways

Keep on rotating your crops. This is another reason why crops of the same nature should not follow each other. For example, when a crop of potatoes is followed by a crop of tomatoes the insects which ravage either of these vegetables thrive, but if a totally different vegetable, say corn, is sown, the tomato worm or the potato beetle or the flea beetle doesn't get the same chance. Naturally, the truth of this principle is shown better in connection with a large garden than a small one, but it applies equally well to the garden of a few square yards.

The back yard gardener will probably be wanting to know how to tell the presence of the insect. Of course, careful watch must be kept. The beetle and bug are not obliging enough



The hoe is the sheet anchor of gardening and is complementary to a vigorous anti-insect campaign.

of accomplishing the destruction of vegetables and flowers. Some of them bite. For instance, the potato bug bites the leaves. Biting insects are usually best dealt with by poison and Paris green is a good remedy. For potatoes about two ounces to ten gallons of water is the right proportion. This is perhaps the most general insecticide and can be relied on to work effectively and quickly. If a combined insecticide and fungicide is needed Paris green is usually added to Bordeaux mixture. In addition to the potato beetle the codling worm and cabbage worm destroy plants by biting. In the case of the cabbage worm, Paris green is applicable.

Some insects, however, kill the leaves and the vegetables by sucking. As examples, we can name plant lice, squash bug and scale insects. For them Paris green is not effective. Something heavier is needed. Kerosene emulsion, which kills by contact, is the most popular remedy. Dissolve half a pound of hard soap and a gallon of water, and while boiling, add two gallons of kerosene (coal oil), and mix vigorously for five minutes. For tender plants the mixture should then be diluted about fifteen times. There are various other remedies, all more or less useful, but for insects that bite and for insects that suck Paris green and kerosene, respectively, will do the trick.

It is easy to see why the first appearance of insects should be noticed. Their life is so short that they breed quickly and each single beetle and bug, if its action be not counteracted, will manage to crowd a whole lot of devastation into the short time it lives. Thus by killing one insect you prevent fifty more. Digging at intervals very often checks insects. Then again, alternation in crops is a good thing. In a previous article in this series the wisdom of this method of back yard gardening was shown.

always to show themselves. Very often they attack the underleaf, as well as the top of it. Sometimes, they get at the roots. Some of the signs for the different vegetables may be noted, so that action can be taken.

In the case of radishes, maggots on the roots and aphids on the leaves cause the trouble. A carbolic wash and dusting with Paris green should be effective. For onions, carbolic wash is used, too, for the pest is the same, maggots on the roots. This carbolic wash may be mixed as follows: dissolve one pound of hard soap in a gallon of hot water, then add half a pound of crude carbolic acid. Boil for five minutes. For use, mix one quart with a hundred gallons of water. Apply it by spraying on the plants, and sprinkling along the rows of the vegetables.

Squash is attacked by the squash bug. Leaves are seen to wilt, and the best cure in this case is hand-picking, morning and evening. Shingle or board placed near the plant is a good hiding place for the pest, and a good trap for destroying him.

The flea beetle attacks the tomato. Poison, generally Paris green, should be effective. There is also the tomato worm, and the best way to deal with it is by hand-picking. Turnips suffer a good deal from the flea beetle too. Dust with Paris green as soon as the plant appears above the ground. Late turnips are not so liable to the pest, but those planted early in May are attacked a good deal.

Cabbage and cauliflower are very liable to the insect pest. The cabbage worm or cabbage fly picks holes in the leaves. Paris green first, and later, hellebore should be effective.

But more valuable than all cures is constant watching. Vegetables and flowers, just like children, need careful training. Weeds and insects are the two obstacles to conquer. And, in both cases, prevention is better than cure. A stitch in time saves nine.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Two Strong Men for Imperial Bank

THE shareholders of the Imperial Bank of Canada had an excellent report submitted to them at their annual meeting. Despite the financial and political troubles which marked the year just ended, the net profits were \$1,236,984.76. This is at the rate of 8.90 per cent. on the average paid-up capital and reserve fund combined, which is the Imperial Bank's way of figuring its profits. Under the old style, that is, calculating on the capital alone, the rate would be nearly double, or 17.80 per cent., a satisfactory year's work. Total available surplus is nearly two millions and a half.

The President paid a tribute to the yeoman service rendered the bank by the late Sir William Whyte, and announced the appointments of Mr. E. W. Cox and Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, K.C., M.P., as directors, thus increasing the numerical strength of the board from eleven to twelve.

Mr. Edward W. Cox is a son of the late Senator George A. Cox, and was born in Peterborough fifty years ago. For many years he was



Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, K.C., M.P.



Mr. E. W. Cox, of Toronto.

associated with his father in the management of the Canada Life, and when the latter died recently he became president, as well as general manager. He is also president of the Imperial Guarantee and Accident, Toronto Savings and Loan and Provident Investment, as well as director of many large institutions. There are people in Toronto who believe that Mr. Cox has no superior in that great city in regard to financial judgment. In his management of the Canada Life he has exhibited a prudence and a sense of responsibility which has won for him unstinted praise. He is not given to taking a very keen interest in public affairs, and has therefore not come greatly into contact with the people outside of financial circles. Nevertheless, he has a host of friends, who regard him as a broadminded and unselfish citizen. He recently left on a trip to England for the good of his health.

Mr. J. A. M. Aikins is as typical of the Canadian West as Mr. E. W. Cox is of the Canadian East. Up to September, 1911, when he was elected to the House of Commons from Brandon, in succession to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, he was almost wholly concerned with Western affairs. Although born in Ontario, he went to Winnipeg immediately after his graduation from the University of Toronto (1875), and Osgoode Hall (1878). In a short time he became one of the leading counsel in the rapidly growing city on the banks of the Red River, and eventually counsel for the Canadian Pacific Railway and solicitor for several banks. Outside the law office he was prominent in the building up of the University of Manitoba, and in all work connected with the Methodist Church. When he came to Ottawa, in 1911, it was thought that he would at once take a very prominent place in the Conservative party. But while his record is by no means insignificant, he has been surpassed by one or two younger members of the Western contingent. It is probable that he is more interested in legal and financial matters than in the details of politics. Hence his election as first president of the newly formed Dominion Bar Association, and his selection as a director of the Imperial Bank.

The First Robins of Prosperity

JUST a few days ago the Toronto manager of "Old Dutch Cleanser" returned from the West with "more orders than ever." He was the first eastern traveller to report a return to normal trade conditions in Western Canada. Mr. McKenzie may thus claim to be the first spring robin of prosperity.

Then, last week, the first flotation of the year was announced in the newspapers by the Canadian Securities Corporation of Toronto and Montreal. This was an issue of half a million of six per cent. bonds for the Pacific Coast Collieries. The price was 98, not too high, and the "sugar" was liberal—thirty-five per cent. of common stock. As the subscription books were open only for three days, the proposition must have been well underwritten.

The "third" robin of prosperity is the ease with which the Calgary oil-promoters, with the dizziest propositions ever offered to the Canadian people, got the public's cash. This is the easiest money that has been made in Canada in several years, excepting a small barrel of golden coin picked up by two or three fox farmers. Further, the money for these two classes of heart-breaking speculations came from the middle classes, not from the regular investors. No man experienced in stocks or bonds would be bothered with them. It indicates that the people with "savings" in the banks are almost ready to break out again.

No Longer the Idle Rich

A PROMINENT financial man who has recently returned from Great Britain, tells an interesting story of the disappearance of the idle rich.

These people were accustomed to put their money into consols and other safe investments, paying from 2½ to 3½ per cent. These were so absolutely safe, that the people who owned them had neither fear nor worry. Their income was not large, but the feeling of security made up for that.

So, much is changed now. Lloyd George came along and taxed these incomes an average of one per cent. and there was trouble. When you have all your money locked up in bonds paying three per cent., and this is suddenly reduced to two, something must happen. These idle rich found they could not live on the amounts Lloyd George left them, so they began to think

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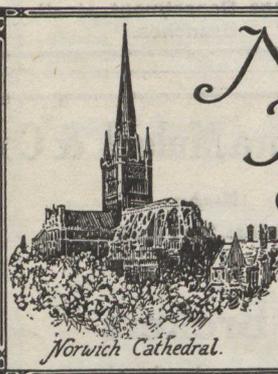
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and to act. They began studying the newer investments and to change over. But the chief point is that it made them THINK, and thus they have become more intelligent investors. Lloyd George has dispelled their carelessness.

According to this theory, a tax on incomes from investments is a good scheme. It forces people to put their money into real enterprises rather than "dead stocks" such as consols and other trustee investments. This is one of the influences which is forcing Britishers to invest their money in Canada, Australia and Argentina, rather than in government securities.

Here then is a suggestion for Hon. Mr. White. Tax all the savings bank deposits one per cent. and the banks will be forced to raise the rate one per cent. or lose the deposits. Great scheme this, Mr. White. The banks cannot afford to lose the deposits, and therefore they will pay four per cent. You get the money from the banks, and no one is the loser—except the banks' "reserve accounts." You have the endorsement of Sir George Paish, the great financial authority of the Empire—therefore you cannot go wrong. He believes that income taxes are transforming some of the idle rich into the useful rich—then why not try it here on those who put their money into a savings bank account rather than into first-class bonds and mortgages?

Gratifying Increase in Bank Deposits

THE April statement of the chartered banks is, in the main, a gratifying one. An increase in savings deposits amounting to seven millions and a half, and a gain in demand deposits of nearly five millions, show that people are putting more money by. This increase of twelve millions for the month brings the amount entrusted to the banks up to seven and a half millions more than the first four months of last year, and indicates that the falling off in deposits which was a repeated feature of the monthly statements toward the end of last year is now being made up.

Call loans in Canada during April were very slightly reduced, but there were heavy reductions in foreign call loans, as well as a drop in deposits outside the country, amounting to something over a million dollars. Current loans in the Dominion are twelve millions ahead of last month, but sixty-three millions less than last year. Note circulation and the circulation of Dominion bills have decreased about three and a half millions.

Total liabilities are up twelve million dollars for the month, but this is offset by a gain of a like amount in assets.

	April 30, 1914.	Change during Mar., 1914.	Change during year ending April 30th, 1914.
Circulation	\$ 93,064,460	—\$ 3,783,924	—\$ 4,035,651
Demand deposits	350,515,993	+ 4,925,351	+ 14,824,009
Savings deposits	653,679,223	+ 7,535,619	+ 22,518,943
Total deposits in Canada	1,004,195,216	+ 12,460,970	+ 7,694,934
Deposits elsewhere	113,403,809	— 1,119,927	+ 9,478,448
Call loans in Canada	68,523,774	— 654,446	— 1,234,138
Call loans elsewhere	139,937,027	— 5,281,196	+ 36,724,842
Current loans in Canada	835,705,064	+ 12,214,642	— 63,259,117
Current loans elsewhere	54,362,513	+ 1,083,102	+ 18,052,480
Total assets	\$1,557,828,425	+\$11,205,785	+\$30,740,179
Total liabilities	1,311,668,638	+ 12,651,052	+ 26,597,579

Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

STOCKS were not remarkably active last week, and the variations were not notable. If there was any change it was for the better. Canadian Pacific was the leader with a gain of 4 points. Both Dominion Steel and Nova Scotia Steel were lower. The closing bids for the last day of the week compare as follows:—

	April 25	2	9	May 16	23	30
Barcelona	26¾	26¾	25	26	26	27
Brazilian	75¾	78½	xd76¼	73¼	76¼	78¾
Bell Telephone	145	144½	144½	145	146	146
Canada Bread	27	27¾	28	28¾	31½	31½
Canada Cement	30	29	28½	28½	28½	28¾
Can. Gen. Electric	104	105	102	103	103½	104
C. P. R.	189	193½	190¾	193	193½	xd195
Dom. Steel Cor.	26	25½	21¾	22	22¾	21½
Lake of Woods	129½	128½	127½	128¾	127	127
Laurentide	176	181	175	179	177½	178
Mackay	80	79¾	78½	81	80¾	82
Montreal Power	217½	219¾	218¾	220½	220¼	221
R. and O.	100	103½	99½	99¾	97	97
Toronto Railway	134½	136¼	132	xr133	131¾	131½

The outlook for June is good. Peace seems to hover over Niagara Falls, if not over Mexico, and financial affairs are gradually righting themselves in Paris. Money rates in London are booked for a rise.

Looking After the Dimes

THE F. W. Woolworth Company, whose business is in ten cent purchases, produced some astonishing results in 1913, when total sales of over sixty-six million dollars created a new high record for the annual turnover. In connection with this the Wall Street Journal points some interesting comparisons. It says the gross earnings of the Erie Railroad, amounting to \$62,647,359, were \$3,580,713 less than Woolworth's; the New Haven road, with \$68,613,503, was only \$2,385,431 ahead, while the Adams Express Company, with approximately \$35,000,000 gross, showed earnings slightly more than 50 per cent. of Woolworth's. Sales of jewelry of the 5 and 10 cent variety amounted to \$2,500,000, a gross business which few jewelers can boast of. The country is now musically inclined and in furnishing its supply of the demand the Woolworth Company sold \$1,500,000 worth of sheet music. The candy counters were the Mecca for sweet-tooths and resulted in sales of \$8,500,000 worth of confections.

Na-Dru-Co.'s Year

THE National Drug and Chemical Company of Toronto does not favour the public with a detailed statement of the year's business, but an official of the company states that after provision for the payment of dividends, bad debts, depreciation and all other obligations had been made, there is a balance of \$100,337 brought forward to the credit of profit and loss. The gross earnings of the company were the largest in its history, but as operating expenses increased the net is about the same as last year.

Two new, large and up-to-date warehouses, one at Toronto and one at Vancouver, have now been completed and are in use. The first office of the company in the United States will shortly be opened at Buffalo, N.Y., where the company will conduct an active selling campaign in one of its specialties. The American branch will do business under name of Na-Dru-Co., Incorporated.

Expert Tips on Tennis

IV—THE BACK-HAND STROKE

By A. E. BEAMISH

A GREAT wit once said that originality is only a new way of stating old truths.

So one feels, in writing about the game of lawn tennis, that there are very many things which can be said, very few things that can be really original, and nothing to-day that is absolutely new. Hence my remarks on the subject of this article will be confined to drawing attention to many of the simpler things that are so easily neglected by players, as well as to repeating some of the more quickly forgotten truisms on this subject of the back-hand stroke.

Therefore, I can begin with the obvious statement that the sense of "anticipation," and the promptitude with which such alertness of mind is put into action are the two essentials of lawn tennis, for the resultant of these two qualities, which is called "foot-work," is necessary for success in the game generally, and is especially valuable in the making of the back-hand stroke which "comes" less naturally to the beginner, and which in consequence is apt to be correspondingly neglected by him, as its difficulties are realized. There are many difficulties in the execution of this stroke, such as swing back, follow through of the racket, recovery of the balance, and ability to start quickly, after the stroke has been made, many of which are frequently shirked, or only incompletely mastered by the beginner at the game.

If the lawn tennis tyro would only consider the many advantages which follow from the possession of a strong back-hand stroke, he would devote far more time and trouble to learning such a shot, and so save himself many miles of running in the future, besides adding vastly to his pleasure in the practice of the game itself, quite apart from his increased powers as a match-winner, when he can play every stroke with the minimum of movement and the maximum of effect. For it is obvious that a sure back-hand stroke is as deadly in attack as it is useful in defence. In attack, and when directed across the court to the opponent's back-hand corner (its best objective), it gives its user, for the time being at any rate, all the sinister qualities of a left-handed player; saves him the necessity of running round his shots, and so losing time and position in the rallies, and finally doubles his length of reach at the net, and about the court generally.

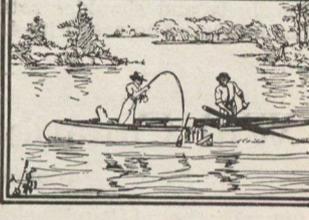
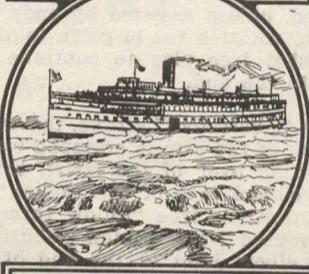
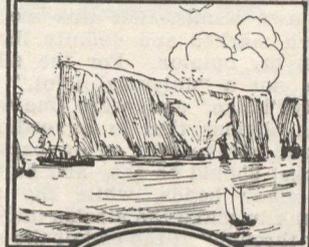
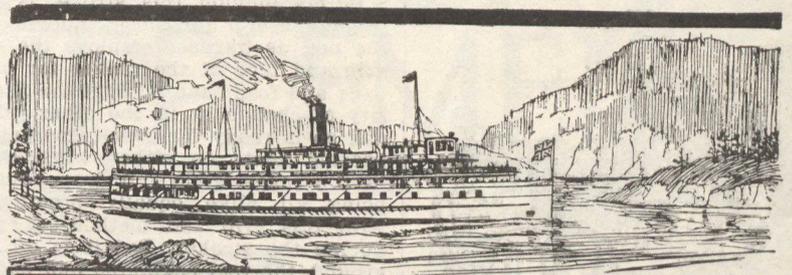
AS a defensive stroke, it enables the player hard pressed by a deep drive to lob from his own left court to the back-hand of his opponent, whose killing powers on that wing may rightly be expected to be inferior to those on fore-hand, and thus to gain time to recover position. Now since the production of this stroke, owing to lack of use and habit, is less easy and more complicated than the making of the fore-hand shot, one finds few players, other than those professionally taught, or those who have learned their game on hard or wood courts, possessed of a back-hand stroke at all to be compared with their fore-hand variety. And this can be explained for two reasons: In the first place, would-be players always want to "play the ball over the net," and hardly ever care to practise the correct method of producing their strokes (e.g., against a wall), whereby they are enabled to gauge the correct distance away from the ball they should stand for the stroke, learn where to place their feet, and generally attempt the shot over and over again until use and the repetition of the correct movements of arm, racket and body have given them some kind of mechanical accuracy in stroke production. In the second place, there is the apparent impossibility, in all but the very best lawn tennis clubs, of having grass courts where the turf is reliable and true, so that the inconsistencies of surface and weather combined do not prevent the production in the best style of a stroke which is difficult in itself,

but almost unattainable through the vagaries of the ball on tricky and uncertain courts.

The player brought up against these difficulties naturally chooses the line of least resistance, runs round as many balls as possible, and relies upon a quick stab, or a hurried scrape, to do duty for the real back-hand stroke, which he has never learned, and trusts to tournament play to complete what he has never begun to possess, the ability to play a back-hand shot with some regard for the correct timing of the stroke, and the value of swing back and follow through of the racket.

BUT if the player can get a fast, true surface, and is determined to learn a forceful and punishing shot on his back-hand, then first of all (after he has settled how he intends to grasp his racket, for different grips are productive of dissimilar stances for the strokes) let him look to his feet, taking care that they are correctly placed for the different strokes. This is very necessary, for of all games played with a moving ball lawn tennis is most dependent upon, and suffers most (at the hands of beginners) from the neglect of "correct foot-work." And since the back-hand stroke is not a "natural stroke, since in its execution swing and rotation of the body are more necessary to gain power than in the fore-hand, proportionately greater care must be used in taking up position for the stroke, and the "foot-work" must be correspondingly correct, "before" and "after," the stroke has been attempted, and also "while" it is being played. "Before" in order to enable the player to get into the correct position for the stroke without hurry, and without having to readjust his distance from the ball at the last moment. "During" so that he may be able by a small variation of stance to change the direction of his stroke at the last moment, and so deceive his opponent as to the ball's direction. And "after," so that he may not be left "planted," and like the golfer, keep the position after the completion of the stroke to give full effect to the follow through, but be ready at once to move in any direction for his opponent's return.

There are a number of different methods of producing the stroke, and each differs more or less from the other. Some players employ a great deal of swing and rotation of the body to enable them to get pace on the ball, in addition to the help of the wrist and forearm in making the stroke. Others again play the shot with the whole of the arm and wrist and with no body rotation whatever. Amongst those employing the first method was the late R. F. Doherty, whose style is a model for all time. And to-day F. G. Lowe plays the stroke in a very similar manner, using rotation of the body, and the head of the racket supported above the level of the wrist, to give accuracy in driving down the lines, but employing less top spin on the stroke than the famous, late ex-champion, used in his back-hand shot. The second variety which may be said to be played by the "light of nature" is common to the largest number of players. For the striker makes his shot as best he can, and with the minimum of preparation; and imparts pace and force to the stroke by wrist work and accurate timing, and with a total disregard of such fussy aids to speed as body rotation and follow through of the racket, which, although they give strength to the stroke, take up time and make the player slower and more deliberate in his execution. The third variety of this stroke may be called the "Australian" back-hand, because of its frequent use among players in that country. In this case the ball is struck with the same face of the racket as is used for the fore-hand shot, with the finger nails of the hand holding the handle turned towards the net, and the elbow pointing outwards, while the body is turned sideways to almost as great an extent as in the "Doherty stroke," for shots off the ground at the back of the court.



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In my opinion this stroke is extremely useful for close volleying at the net, as its user employs the one grip and face of the racket for both back and fore hand without the necessity of change as in the other grips, and so is ready for every emergency, passing shots on either wing, overhead strokes, glide and drop volleys, being all alike equally practicable with this grip and method of producing the stroke. But it is off the ground, the real beginning and end of sound lawn tennis, that this method has such marked and definite limitations in my opinion. For the elbow joint is not a "universal joint," and can only "hinge," as it were, one way; so it is obvious that in an ordinary back-hand stroke, the swing back of the racket should be easy and natural as the elbow bends, while the arm goes back to make the stroke, and the "follow through" at the end of the shot cramped, unless assisted by body and shoulder rotation (as in golf), to allow the racket free play to continue the swing to the end.

IN the "Australian" stroke, the swing back of the arm is cramped by the turning over of the wrist, to use the fore-hand face of the racket, and in addition the free "follow through" is prevented by a similar "shutting" of the elbow joint at the end of the stroke, as body and shoulder rotation cannot be employed to assist its finish,

owing to this cramping grip of the racket, which closes both elbow and wrist joints, and brings the arm into a rigid position at the completion of the movements which have made the stroke. Hence freedom of the arm is not a distinguishing mark of this stroke, which, undoubtedly possessed of very many advantages for quick, close volleying, yet is awkward and ungainly for dealing with ground strokes and low-bounding balls at the back of the court, owing to the method and manner of its production. It is through the aid of freedom of stroke that the racket gives speed to the ball, and an almost automatic accuracy of control, which are so valuable to the base liner, and all but the most inveterate volleyer.

But, after all, while correct style and studied methods of stroke production in the back-hand stroke are dependent upon true courts, and are in consequence adversely affected by varying conditions, "anticipation" and "foot-work" (whatever the style) should be acquired and practised always. For these two qualities, which are no more or less than an accurate forecast of the direction of the opponent's shot, and the prompt readiness to receive it before it has arrived, are the beginning and end of every stroke at tennis, be it the fore-hand drive, the volley, or lastly, the back-hand stroke itself, which the would-be player wishes to master.

Will Ontario Abolish the Bar?

(Concluded from page 6.)

sting out of the Liberal slogan? "Abolish the Table and Chairs" would not have half the charm of "Abolish the Bar." "The Boy or the Table and Chairs" would not sound nearly so well as "The Boy or the Bar."

With this thought in mind, do not run away with the idea that the Liberals are going to get back into power in Ontario with that slogan. It would be a crime if they did. They should come in on a broader platform—an agricultural revival, the teaching of agriculture in rural schools and country schools, taxation reform, colonization of New Ontario, a proper system of good roads, Civil Service Reform, a municipal board to regulate the bond issues of municipalities, a public service commissioner to regulate stock issues of private companies and the stock issues and rates of public utility companies, and other improvements in the public service. There are a score of reforms quite equal in importance to "Abolish the Bar."

True, Mr. Rowell is in favour of some of these. But he is not working them as hard as "Abolish the Bar," because they are not so spectacular. They do not appeal so strongly to unreasoning people. They will not sway the mob. They appeal to the intelligence rather than the passions.

If Mr. Rowell, and the Liberal editors, force the issue solely on "Abolish

the Bar," they will commit a great crime against the Province and against humanity. Abolish the bar if you will, but do not force every other reform into the back-ground for the sake of a fetish. A campaign waged wholly as an "Abolish the Bar" fight is inconceivable, and the Methodist minister who urges it will do harm to the cause of the Master whom he claims to serve. Intolerance and bigotry are vices quite the equal of drunkenness, and drunkenness is not the chief vice of Ontario.

Further, a body of men who ride into power on intolerance and bigotry would not be the kind of men whom Ontario needs just now. This beautiful province, in years past when whiskey was drunk more intemperately than it is to-day, produced men and women than whom Old Scotia, the mother of great men and great women, never surpassed. There are thousands of crooks and imbeciles who have never tasted liquor, nor entered a bar, and there are great men who have frequented bars when they felt like it. Eliminate the evils of intemperance by all means in our power, but while doing it let us remember that it is only one of a hundred pressing tasks all making for the uplift of humanity, for the improvement of the race, and for the welfare of generations of Canadians who are yet unborn.

The High Commissioner at Home

(Concluded from page 12.)

with the very few successful ones, he never ceased to express regret for. He used to say: "I blame blinded friends of these young people who encourage them in attempting careers they have no ghost of a show of succeeding in. It is positively wicked to encourage them!" he used to say, at the same time writing out his personal cheque.

A fine reference library belongs to this office of the Canadian Government in London. It contains, in a well protected vault, official papers connected with every great Canadian historical movement; and these are to be found nowhere else in England. During the Behring Sea dispute, as the Alaska Boundaries case, the Commissioners appointed found in this collection long disused documents which threw light on many dark places in the disputes. Legal and official records are kept there, and some day the Canadian historian will

find there all the facts needed for a tome of exceeding value.

Here every Canadian newspaper of any importance is filed, and open to the public. A large, comfortable waiting room and writing room are open for the use of all Canadians visiting London, and the records show that about six thousand persons register each year.

There it is quite usual to daily run up against Canadian friends abroad, and a "post-office" keeps, and delivers on enquiry, all letters consigned to the care of the Canadian High Commissioner.

A Progressive.—Speeder—"Think of it! Here's this old earth making one rotation in twenty-four hours, the same as it did six thousand years ago."

Jinks—"Well, what of it?"
"Great Scott, man! Can't we devise some way to speed her up a little?"—Life.

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TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Being Somebody Else

IT has been said that every woman is an actress, has the power to be someone else and to enter into the emotions of a Juliet, a Portia or a Lady Macbeth. Even in their childhood, small girls enjoy "dressing up," rather as a dramatic variation to existence, than as an anticipation of maturity. Most girls have been "stage-struck" at some time in their careers, but the fever has passed away harmlessly, in the form of reciting "Aux Italiens" and "Evelyn Hope." A boy, as a rule, detests amateur theatricals, unless he may be a pirate, but a girl had rather play the part of the little slavey than be left out of the cast.

This fondness for playing a part is sometimes counted unto woman for deceit, but it is not, at all, so unimaginative a fault. Woman enjoys more fully than her brother the joy of being somebody else, and enters the world of unreality with a joyous sense of freedom, which she seldom knows in the realm of dish-washing and hose-mending. Some kind friend will remark here that the "daily round and common task" are the noblest things in the world, and that the woman who grumbles thereat is all wrong. But you know very well that too much daily round renders us dizzy with monotony and that the common task makes us long to "lie down for an aeon or two." Man, when he wears of being a broker, a school-teacher or a real estate agent, goes to a hockey match or a baseball game. Woman betakes herself to a matinee or a novel in which the heroine is almost certain to become the wife of a multi-millionaire, and the owner of motor cars and a dazzling array of crepe de Chine gowns with priceless lace trimming. It is quite understandable that woman should be in the vast majority in theatre audiences. She takes an interest in the drama, far more personal than that which is known by the man who watches the passing show with a personal detachment seldom attained by his wife.

It is this capacity for being somebody else which makes woman more flexible in her sympathy, more vivid in her resentments than man. While there have been few great creative artists among women, there has always been a host of women, ready to respond to the achievements of poet, artist or dramatist. To appreciate the art is to come very close to the artist, and as Tennyson assures us—

"To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame."

Food With Frills

A WRITER in a United States weekly protested, some time ago, against the excessive "decoration" of the various dishes which go to make up the day's meals. In the good old days, oatmeal porridge meant what it said, but in these startling times we are almost afraid to risk the various preparations of which the oat is capable. Salads are, perhaps, the dishes which show most bewildering and disheartening variety. A man who likes just tomatoes and lettuce, with mayonnaise dressing, is set down to a "creation" which includes bananas, olives, radishes, tomatoes and endive, not to mention a dash of cayenne and a touch of hard-boiled egg.

"When will women stop putting fuss and feathers in the food?" asked a masculine yearner for the simple life. "You can hardly get plain pancakes and syrup any more. I remember that all this trouble started years ago, when women first tied pink and lilac ribbons on the sandwiches. Let women have these fancy affairs at their own five o'clock teas and give men something more substantial. There's nothing appeals to a man more surely than a broiled steak, with mashed potatoes and lots of gravy."

"But one reason that women are going to so much trouble nowadays," explained a woman friend, "is that they think men like variety."

"They may like a variety in fare," replied the gentleman with a gastric grievance. "But they don't like variety in the one dish. When I order a veal cutlet, I don't want it all trimmed up with bits of

vegetables as well as bread crumbs. As for the modern pudding, it seems to have a little bit of everything in it, from macaroni to whipped cream. Two or three dishes which are quite straightforward in construction are much better than all this experimenting."

Merely Mary Ann

THE domestic problem is discussed wherever you go, and various solutions are presenting themselves as communities differ in condition and environment. A housewife who lives in one of our



A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR IN TORONTO.
The Countess Grey who, as the guest of Lady Gibson, was present on opening day at the Woodbine, is here seen in chat with the Duke of Connaught. The races, always a brilliant event, were this year marked by a heightened enthusiasm. The weather permitted.

smaller Canadian cities told me that most of her acquaintances are endeavouring to dispense with domestic help, except for the "rough work."

"It is so difficult to secure a good servant, and the cost of living is so high, that most housekeepers in B— manage very nicely with only occasional help. Of course, where there are little children, a servant in the house is almost necessary. But, ever since my youngest child was seven years old, I have managed to do without a servant and would not be bothered with the modern maid. She does not know how to do anything."

"But don't you find it dreadful drudgery?" asked another woman who has had ten servants (general) in two years.

"Not at all," laughed the rosy-cheeked lady, who looked like anything but a household drudge. "We live simply, and yet I think we don't miss any of the things worth having. We go to all the good concerts, I belong to a reading club, and the girls, of course, have a good deal of social gayety. But they are both fond of domestic life, each does her share, and no one is a burden-bearer. We make a business of house-keeping. Ruth looks after upstairs, and keeps all the linen. Dorothy is a splendid cook and, of course, when she marries, next year, Ruth and I will have more to look after."

"They can't be modern young women," said the lady of the ten servants. "Or they'd be out every

night and quite unwilling to have anything to do with housework."

"They're just as modern as anyone else," replied the mother of Ruth and Dorothy, with becoming warmth. "Ruth talks Ibsen, and Dorothy thinks Debussy is a greater composer than Chopin. But they have been brought up to consider idleness a crime and they consequently never think of trying to get out of their share of household responsibility. I know there is the inevitable conflict of the old with the young, but I've tried to see things from their point of view, too, and when Ruth wants the wall-paper taken off and the walls tinted in dull greys and greens, I let her have her own way, for I, too, have come to see that the simplest colour scheme is best. And when Dorothy wants an after-theatre supper, I do my best to make the dining-room inviting for a crowd of jolly young people—and so we manage without a 'Mary Ann.' I have a horror of a servant in the house again, for such an inferior class of girls form the only available material in the city."

"But how about the new domestic science?" I asked. "Won't that make a difference in the household help?"

"Why shouldn't a woman and her daughters look after the house?" said the rosy-cheeked lady. "Most women have not enough to do and are trying to do a little bit of this, that and the other. I think every woman should have efficient training in some one subject or art, so that she can earn her own livelihood. But happy is the home without a Mary Ann!"

ERIN.

Our Visitor—Countess Grey

LADY GREY, who, with the Earl, her husband and two of their daughters, Lady Evelyn (Mrs. Lawrence Jones) and Lady Sybil, is now in Canada after a season in California, has been renewing the warmth of Canadian feeling from Vancouver eastward, toward the former hostess of Rideau Hall and wife of the Duke of Connaught's predecessor. She was Lady Gibson's guest in Toronto and was present at the races on opening day and at other brilliant if less universal functions.

Previous to her marriage with Earl Grey, in 1877, Lady Grey and her two sisters, daughters of Mr. R. S. Holford, the millionaire member of parliament and owner of the palatial mansion, Dorchester House, in Park Lane, London, were conspicuous there in the social world for their beauty, accomplishments and wealth.

London has not seen much of the Countess, however, since her marriage. She has followed the fortunes of her able husband and has been his comrade in his various positions in widely diverse parts of this interesting globe. She was with him when he made his splendid record in South Africa in the administration of Rhodesia after it had been taken over by the Crown from the South African Chartered Company. And her philanthropy and hospitality as the mistress of Rideau Hall are matters which Canadians remember.

Lady Grey has regular features, the characteristic English complexion, and a kindly smile, which strikes one as spontaneous. Her keen mind and instinctive tact, her sincere cordiality and dignified reserve, her charm of manner and her ease in conversation combine to make her a personality and a visitor whom we are happy to re-welcome.

The Swimming Tank and the Deep

A GAIN the cry of perishing humanity has rent the air and a ship gone down in darkness. There were women aboard and some were saved when "The Empress of Ireland" struck and foundered in the disaster of which a survivor has stated, "It was a case where only swimmers had any chance."

And what if swimming had never been one's habit? There are swimming facilities in all our cities. There are tanks and instructors in schools and clubs, and neglect of them may, indeed, prove suicidal. For precious as life is, not all women could have done as did one woman survivor, swim, having never beforehand had the knowledge. That case had the nature of isolation: among the lost are the women who were not swimmers.

The Babes in the Wood

A Version Wherein a Municipal School Board Has Assumed the Avuncular Title With Happy Results

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

HAVING taken the King Street (Toronto) car as far east "as God has any ground," in the words of Gobbo—as far east, at any rate, as the Street Railway is willing to recognize it, and having walked some blocks beyond that and made the inquiries proper to the occasion of a bill-sticker, a corner grocer, a butcher's boy and a nurse-maid, all of whom with craft concealed the knowledge, one happened at last on the Forest School—already a famous title—and the hundred babes-in-the-wood who constitute it.

They are highly fortunate babes in this case, as touches their acquaintance with the forest—the pro-

and judged by the readiness with which the children submitted to the investigation of their mouths, their ears, their locks, their necks and their arms that they had long since accepted the nurse as a friend who cured their colds and stopped their tooth-aches. The examination was part of a routine and the individuals who underwent it were conscious of no indignity in the process. Indeed, none was.

At noon a whistle shrilled as a summons and the school marched down to the beach for a general wash-up. Monitors, despatched beforehand for the purpose, had set out basins on a long stand, soap and towels were amply provided and the wrists of the school took on a sudden whiteness.

Dinner followed immediately, served in the long pavilion, and the children partook of the wholesome food—tomato soup, meat and potatoes, rice pudding, and mugs of milk—in a way which was altogether reassuring. Leaving the table, each child took his cup, rinsed it and fell into place in the ranks for the daily post-prandial "tooth-brush drill."

AND then came the most unique of the manoeuvres. In a sheltered hollow under the trees a hundred beds were set in nest-like closeness. These the children themselves uncovered and crept into with the orderliness of clock-work and shut their eyes. Two hours of utter drowse beneath the pine-trees! Robins to cover the babes in the wood? No need of that when their uncle is the School Board. The robins shook down a needle or two, but the grey blankets and the soft pillows had been supplied by the enterprising city. At three o'clock, at a given signal, two hundred eyes popped open wide and in a twinkling all the covers and pillows were stowed in the blanket-room beneath their numbers.

A mug of milk followed this operation, the mugs being individual like the bed-clothes. And one who watched the children im-

bibe, some of the eyes still dreamy above the mugs, began to see life in the dry-bones quotation, "Come out into the light of things, let Nature be your teacher," and to understand how in half a twelvemonth the outdoor weaklings increase in weight at an average rate of a good six pounds the child. The gain in weight, by last year's figures, varied from two and a half to fifteen pounds.

The children in attendance at the Forest School are between the ages of six and thirteen years. They are gathered from many grades in the city, but as a staff of three teachers is sufficient to handle a school

The "tucking up" is not left to the robins in the case of the Willies and Janes of the Forest Schoolhouse, but precisely at 3 p.m. each day they sleep in the cots bestowed by Uncle School Board.

teges of a fatherly school board instead of the traditional cruel uncle. However, misfortune in the shapes of anaemia, under-nourishment, arrested development, ptomaine poisoning and other ailments had previously hurt and hampered their lives before the trees stretched out their leaves of healing. For the Forest School is for physical weaklings pronounced unfit for the regular school life in the course of scientific examination. Medical inspection in the city schools has done this for the children: that they are required first to be healthy, and second to learn.

One stood on the sidewalk deliberating. The road-dust was yellow in the sunshine, and over the fence on this side and that there was bracken visibly uncoiling and, above, a fretting of small, transparent leaves. The breeze reminded one that the lake was only a stone's throw off to the south and there came on it the cheerful noise of school-boys.

The Forest School!

One turned back and in at a gate and along a path that dipped and wavered according to vales and hills and their convolutions. And there in a glade was a class a-hum, and beyond another with black-boards, teachers, tables, pupils and class-rooms complete, except for the door a visitor should knock at. You were in the room before you knew it somehow. There were robins and beetles and squirrels in it, too, and a lady-bug, which one little girl was secretly "scooting" back to its perishing children. The pupils stared at the human intruder, who answered the look by the explanation, addressed, however, to the teacher, that she couldn't be treated in lady-bug fashion, for lack of the given domestic obligations, and would like to remain if she gained the Head's permission.

"THE HEAD" was discovered in an airy pavilion where his special division was undergoing the process of inspection at the hands of a school nurse whose experience in the work has been extensive. He looked altogether a wholesome "head," with a sunburnt nose and a chest below it which spoke of regimentals and the drill-hall, and he gave the permission with the pleasant intimation that visitors were not an interruption, as guests were trained along with the other pupils. One observed that this was exactly the case, for when two New Zealand visitors arrived, who had heard of this school and desired to see it, the children, after the first look allowed for an apparition, went busily on with their own immediate business.

One watched with interest the medical inspection,



Nature in the form of a good-sized beetle is here seen busy at being teacher (assisted by the regulation school-ma'am) to a responsive group of pupils at the Forest School.

of a hundred children, there are just three grades at the Forest School. The schedule of meals for the day is as follows: Breakfast at 8.30, dinner at 12, supper at 5.30, with a glass of milk at 10.30 and 3.30. The intervals are devoted to classes at 9 to 11.30 a.m., and at 3.30 to 4.30 p.m., to sleep as we have seen from 1 to 3, to physical training from 4.30 to 5.30.

The school is feeling the need of expansion. The present accommodation is taxed and the most rigid rules of attendance are adhered to, as the pupils needing admission are so many. The children reach the place by car, providing their own carfare, and are greatly in love with their silvan seat of learning. Truancy lacks the piquancy of contrast and ceases to be alluring, and the school nurse who orders the provisions may count on a steady circle around the board.

THE school has been open for a fortnight now and the babes in the wood are finding themselves, instead of losing themselves, among the tree-trunks.

The one great drawback to the undertaking is this: that when the autumnal winds have denuded the woods and left the schoolhouse vacant of frequenters, the pupils lose in their winter quarters much of the good that was gained by their summer out doors. The home is not the field of the School Board—unfortunately, in many, many cases. Nevertheless school nurses in doubtful neighbourhoods are doing much to correct conditions without arousing hostility or resentment. They will yet do more. A half loaf is better than no loaf, meanwhile; and six months spent in God's fresh air is good whatever there be in the other half-year.



An outdoor sewing class is one which must frequently meet the difficulty of looking for its needle in a haystack, at least, in hay. The ring was snapped in a glade at the Forest School.



Bustles in front of them, bustles at side of them, bustles behind them—yet nobody wondered. One meets La Mode at the races in Toronto.



A Woodbine trio in tailored effects which revealed a gradation from mannish plainness to draperies exclusive to the fair sex. A random shot.

The Fortnight in the Feminine Realm

A Condensed Account of Events From Coast to Coast

THE presence of Royalty in Toronto has made the fortnight a brilliant one for society in that city and lent to the great event of the season, the races at the Woodbine, a flavour more piquant than the ordinary. Bright weather favoured opening day, and society, fashionably attired, out-coloured the weather and shifted about kaleidoscopically, or posed and invited the diligent kodaks which were everywhere on hand to get the picture. Among the notabilities present upon whom the attention was focused were their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia and Countess Grey and her two daughters, Lady Evelyn Jones and Lady Sybil Grey.

"The Duchess' garden party" in Toronto was a Wonderland happening, more or less, although croquet with a crane for mallet and a hedgehog ball was not upon the programme. The wonder consisted in glorious weather and in the splendour of the lawn at "Craighleigh" over which the guests dispersed themselves to enjoy the various forms of entertainment. Thousands responded to the invitations of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and gay Toronto, both man and woman, did justice to the event in point of costume.

At the recently held annual meeting of the May Court Club in Ottawa, the principal officers were re-elected, being: President, Miss Edith Macpherson; treasurer, Miss Agnes Baskerville; and secretary, Miss Mary Davies. As her councillors for the coming year the May Queen chose Miss Hilda Murphy and Miss Sarah Sparks.

Elizabeth Roberts McDonald, a Canadian writer, who is a sister also of Charles G. D. Roberts and Theodore Roberts, and a cousin of Bliss Carman, has arrived in Winnipeg from Nelson, B.C., with her husband. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald intend making their home in Winnipeg.

A despatch from London, England, announces that Miss Edna Sutherland, recently gave a Canadian recital there under the distinguished auspices of the Institute of

Lecturers. Miss Sutherland was further honoured by being made a member of the Institute. The recital was held in the Richelieu room of the Hotel Cecil.

Interest in the work of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire in

Hotel. They were much in demand socially, and were entertained by the local Women's Press Club.

At the recently held annual meeting of the University Women's Club of Toronto, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. John C. Saul; first vice-president, Mrs. John A. Cooper; second vice-president, Mrs. J. R. L. Starr; third vice-president, Miss Marion Wood; recording secretary, Mrs. John Y. Small; corresponding secretary, Mrs. J. P. MacGregor; assistant corresponding secretary, Mrs. Paul Rochat; and treasurer, Miss Gertrude Morley.

A despatch from Edmonton makes the announcement that a new log cabin on the Saskatchewan River, fifty miles from a railroad, is to be the summer home of Sir Conan Doyle and Lady Doyle. The Doyles sailed for Canada on May 26.

Vancouver is busy with the preparations for a "Pageant Masque" to be held shortly in the Horse Show Building, which will depict the historical episodes of that city. Chairman of the ladies' committee, which is working to make this artistic event of annual recurrence, is Mrs. E. Blygh.

The Women's Canadian Club of Hamilton recently held its annual meeting at which the following officers were elected for the coming year: Honorary president, Mrs. John Crerar; president, Mrs. C. R. McCullough; first vice-president, Mrs. William Hendrie; second vice-president, Mrs. Sidney Dunn; third vice-president, Mrs. T. H. Whitton; secretary, Mrs. Harry Carpenter; and treasurer, Miss MacDonald.

A recital was recently given in Toronto at which the songs of Gena Branscombe, otherwise Mrs. Tenney, were sung by the pupils of Dr. Broome, the composer herself at the piano. Mrs. Tenney, whose home is in New York, is spending the summer in Picton with her mother. During her brief stay in Toronto, a number of musicians and journalists, and the artist, Mrs. Knowles, were invited to meet this personality at the home of Mrs. Garvin (Katherine Hale). One of the hostess' best-known lyrics, "The Piper Spring," has been set to



The ubiquity of the modish in gowns again was demonstrated in a graceful group, more or less unconscious before the eye of the camera at the races, Toronto Woodbine.

Halifax is rapidly growing. There were recently presented, with great success, under the auspices of the Chebucto Chapter, of which Mrs.



Not a case of "putting the best foot first," but a walk which revealed much daintiness of footwear and exemplified the well-shod concourse at the races.

Jamieson is regent, some delightful theatricals, which resulted in a gratifying addition to the treasury of the Chapter. Major Wood had matters under his direction.

Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, of London, England, was recently in Edmonton in behalf of a movement to bring educated immigrants to Canada. Mrs. Grosvenor and her niece, Miss Wortley, were guests at the King Edward



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will render that youthful appearance free from skin blemishes, giving that clear, soft complexion so much desired by a particular woman.

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Yours truly,
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The secret of keeping the hair clean, bright and fluffy by simple home shampoos is told in these letters from women who know:

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"For a dry shampoo Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is just the thing; sprinkle it plentifully in the hair and let it remain for half an hour; then shake and brush it out and all the grease and dirt will be removed from the hair, leaving it not only clean, but with a delicate, fragrant odor."

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"If the hair is especially oily and dusty, I sift Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder well into the hair and on the scalp, then brush con-



stantly and thoroughly for half an hour, shaking the hair out and brushing each strand well. After this process the hair is light and fluffy, and the scalp cool and refreshed. There is also such a dainty odor to the hair that no other perfume need be used."

Because of its medicated, borated properties, Mennen's is soothing, allays itching and irritation and leaves the scalp in a fine, healthy condition.

Follow these simple directions and watch the effect on *your* hair. Use either the Borated or the Violet Scented—the latter gives the hair a more pronounced fragrance.

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For sale everywhere, 25c, or by mail postpaid. Sample postpaid for 4c. State whether you wish the Borated or Violet Scented. Address Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.



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Either class will benefit by eating less meat and more Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

It gives much more nourishment than its cost in meat, is infinitely more easy to digest—consequently better for you.

Ask for

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES

It's the original. 10 cents per package.

Branscombe music. Meeting Mrs. Tenney and noting her face, one felt she had verified Wordsworth's notion

and possessed a mind like "a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies."

"A Voice That is Still"

Being that of Lillian Nordica, Prima Donna

By KATHERINE HALE

LILLIAN NORDICA has always been the Rose-of-Song. Other singers remind one of bird or instrument. Sembrich, for instance, is a nightingale, quite free and disembodied at times of any particular individuality. Melba is a flute. Schuman-Heink is a 'cello. But Nordica

Nordica's violet eyes. "It is a wonderful way, my child," she said, "but the way is very long."

Three years ago I met her again after having heard her in the interval in many different places. This evening she had sung most gloriously at one of the Schubert Choir concerts here. Never had the magnificence of her voice (always a bit uneven as supreme things usually are) more completely dominated the negative side. That open, radiant quality, and almost clarion-like clearness into which her own magnetic self seemed to simply pour at times, was never more strongly felt than on that particular evening, and one ventured to express something of the feeling. She bent forward, still the same goddess—only the viewpoint had changed. "Ah," she exclaimed, with her radiant look, "it is good to sing these days! My voice is more responsive than ever. But life is so short and I sometimes feel that I am only beginning. I am fifty-five—and I am just beginning."



LILLIAN NORDICA,

The world-wept American prima donna, whose death in Batavia recently in the maturity of her prime, spared her the dreaded pangs of retrogression.

has been the very flower of song in this day and generation, a great rose whose art has root in the deep human passions whose radiance is that of supreme colour, strength and endurance.

It is many years since a small school girl heard her, and determined to sing or die. Then the prima donna was probably thirty-five—in the full glory of her triumphs in Wagnerian opera under Anton Seidel in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in the golden days of German opera. She had just returned from Bayreuth, after three months' study with Cosima Wagner, where she had sung Elsa to the supreme satisfaction of the European critics. It was decidedly awe-ful but very thrilling to hear, and then meet, this being from another world: a young goddess standing among her heaped-up tributes in the dingy dressing-room of a Toronto hall. A friend who knew her well spoke of this little girl who wanted to sing, and, as if it were yesterday, I recall her smile and the sudden shadowed look that crept across

AND this beautiful flower has been cut off at noon-day—with so much left unsung. It came to all of us who loved her with a bitter pang that we could not spare her yet.

I wish that she had left more, in writing, to young singers.

She was perhaps the first of the great group that arose in the eighties, and included Albani, Melba, Calve and Sembrich, to announce that the day of the brainless prima donna was over, that a perfectly placed voice was only one of many possessions that must be acquired by the great singer. Twenty years ago she wrote an article to American girls in the Ladies' Home Journal on "What It Means to Sing" that must have persuaded thousands of them to reconsider their hopes.

Lillian Norton (her real name) was the child of an American blacksmith, and his probably strenuous American wife, and I think the high gods intended those ancestral muscles, "like iron bands," to sing. Muscle in any art means so much, and there was never anything "nice" or imitative in Nordica. Like her favourite Brunnhilde, she must die conquering, for she was of the splendid "new" heroic type of woman, who has come to life again after the sleep of more than a century. Our parents loved Patti and the amiable Jenny Lind, and some people to-day love Tetrzazzini and other nightingales, but I believe it is the impulse of a soul like Nordica's, always working, striving, and growing, recognizing the intense mentality of



GUESTS AT ROYALTY'S GARDEN PARTY.

Part of the vivid incessant procession which wended in at "Craigleigh," the beautiful Osler residence, Toronto, to participate in the entertainment extended by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on May 27th. The list of guests included thousands, not, however, the boy in the background, who seems convinced, despite the rule, that over the fence is in upon occasion.

Try this recipe



Strawberry Supreme

Soak 1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1/4 cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to 1 pint cream and 1/2 cup sugar and stir in beaten white of egg. When cold add 1 cup pineapple and strawberries which have been chopped in small pieces; also the 1 cup chopped nuts. Serve ice cold, decorating with whole strawberries that have been rolled in sugar.

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the art of song as well as its more sensuous side, that will be passed on as a tradition to be worked upon, as well as honoured, by the long line of singers and music lovers everywhere who to-day mourn her passing out.

Royalty's Visit to Georgina House

Described by One of the Girls in Residence

FRIDAY morning, May 22, the residents of Georgina House, a Church of England boarding house for self-supporting girls of Toronto, were astir early. One could feel the



AN OTTAWA BRIDE.

Mrs. Charles Read, nee Miss Mildred van Cortlandt McLachlin, a well-known society girl in the Capital.

pleasurable excitement of an anticipated notable event. The Duke of Connaught was coming to unveil a memorial tablet to Mrs. Osler, wife of Sir Edmund Osler, and to formally open the new Osler wing. Unfortunately, the weather, which early had every promise of being fine, began to show signs of breaking, and many were the anxious glances when the rain came down heavily, to be followed by a continual downpour. This did not prevent enthusiastic citizens and the committee from attending in large numbers.

A perfect hubbub of voices prevailed, which hushed at the arrival of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, with Col. Farquhar and Capt. Buller in attendance. He was met in the hall by Mr. Kammerer, President of the Board of Directors, and Mrs. Broughall, President of Committee. Immediately the whole company sang the National Anthem and, preceded by Bishop Sweeny, his Chaplain, Rev. Canon Dixon, and the Venerable Archdeacon Ingles, the Duke arrived at that part of the house dividing the Osler wing from the older part of the building, where Mr. Kammerer read an address describing the purpose and object of the Georgina House Association.

His Royal Highness, after his wont, replied in gracious phrases, concluding his speech by declaring the new wing open. The dedication of the chapel followed, the service being conducted by Bishop Sweeny.

By the express wish of the Duke he was escorted over the whole building by the superintendent, Miss Hepper, who had been presented to him, and visited the infirmary, several bedrooms, reading room, and the kitchen.

The Georgina House is by no means a charity institution, as every resident pays the just equivalent for board and lodging. The special comforts and privileges, however, set it apart from the ordinary hostel. It was Mrs. Broughall who began the movement. When opened in 1909 the house afforded accommodation for about forty inmates, and it became evident a larger house was needed. The present one meets the requirements of sixty-six residents with an adequate staff. The substantially furnished dining-room makes ample provision for many regular boarders and also transients. The monthly statements show a balance sufficient to encourage the formation of similar houses throughout the Dominion—and truly they are needed.



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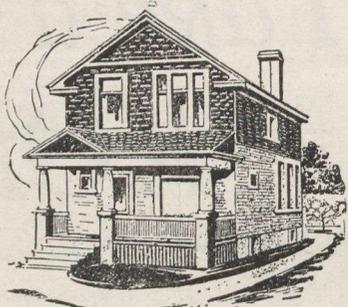
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An Involuntary Trip on Thin Ice

(Concluded from page 8.)

hours of animal toil, he would reflect that, about that time, he used to open the office, seat himself in the boss's easy chair and spend a leisurely ten minutes over the morning paper. At noon, a hurry-up dinner of soggy boiled potatoes, fried bacon, and soda biscuits, washed down with a muddy imitation of coffee, brought wistful memories of a certain clean little cafeteria.

During the long afternoon, when it seemed that outraged muscles must presently collapse, he sustained himself with the thought that soon, perhaps, his body would sink into the oxlike semi-coma of the continual labourer, which renders toil, at least, endurable. Fortunately, when a greasy supper was despatched, exhausted nature quickly brought the sleep of oblivion.

The working weeks were bad enough, but worse came when the numbing grip of winter settled on the land and made outdoor labour unprofitable. No books were available, no amusements, no companionship save that of a neighbour as lonesome and cheerless as himself, no theatre, no dances, unless one wished to travel fifteen miles, no decent meals, no animal comfort, even, more than three feet from a roaring stove.

However, regrets availed him nothing. His business was to escape to the States as soon as winter loosened its frigid grasp sufficiently to permit of a walking trip. Meanwhile he was an escaped criminal, with a price on his head, very likely, and, any day, his wretched condition might change to one infinitely worse.

Savage winter was slowly retreating, with farewell flings of nasty temper, before the timid advance of spring, when this sadder, wiser and penniless ex-clerk stumbled on a glittering chance.

He was leisurely fetching water from a creek one evening when a small black animal attracted his attention. Having nothing better to do, he chased it, and, finally, as it was a mere baby, caught it. His first glance at his prize brought a low whistle of astonishment and thankfulness to his lips; for he had stumbled on a small fortune—a black fox, worth anywhere from a thousand dollars up in these days of successful fox farming.

He took his treasure into the cabin, petted it, gave it condensed milk, finally placing it on a soft bed in a box, with a secure cover over it, being careful to see that the little furry fortune had plenty of fresh air. He placed the box under his bed and went out into the open to plan the quick flight to the States that the baby fox made possible.

He was innocent of robbery—true enough. Surely his employer could and would clear him of that charge. But what of the real crime that his panicky brain had driven him to? Assaulting an officer and making an escape are serious offences, as he well knew. Were it not for that he would gladly return and face the music; would, in fact, rejoice in an opportunity to clear himself in the eyes of his really kind-hearted employer. But the assault and escape? No, he could not return. Flight was imperative.

He was roused from his reverie by the approach of his friend:

"Haven't seen a little black animal, have you Bob?" Then, without waiting for a reply: "God, it's hard luck! A black fox—my last dollar spent for it—and now it's gone! Seven hundred dollars gone in one swoop!"

Craven silence spoke the lie.

For an hour or more they hunted high and low, Bob skilfully turning the search in the general direction of his friend's shack. They parted, and Bob betook himself homeward, shamed head sunk low on his breast.

For a long time he sat in front of the dying embers in the open stove, pondering his vanished honour. Had it vanished? No—his denial of his friend's property was by no means final. Should he make it final and escape a jail sentence? Could he escape from the province without the easy money the fox would bring him?

He doubted it. Could he escape with the money the fox would bring? Undoubtedly.

God! what a mess his first step from the righteous path—his visit to the gambling den—had got him into! Should he retain his honour and face the music?—or should he get the game along with the name and escape a prison sentence?

From beyond the veil of thickening gloom he fancied he could sense his devoted mother pleading with him to do the right. He listened, and was almost won. But sinister shapes peopled the phantom darkness, too—jeering, mocking, tempting emissaries of the Devil, that pictured in sickening horror the long, dismal, soul-searing years in prison that would be his did he not escape.

The glowing embers died away into brooding darkness; and still, hesitant at the parting of the ways, the thin ice of rectitude cracking ominously, the young man sat huddled in his chair; while the forces of Good and Evil locked again in age-old conflict for possession of a soul.

At last Bobby roused himself, placed the baby animal securely in a basket, and walked to his neighbour's.

"I found your fox," he said, simply.

"Don't go back. Stay with me the rest of the night," pleaded Alex., as he thanked his friend again and again, with tears of joy in his honest blue eyes.

Alex. was preparing a soft bed for the little fox in a corner of the cabin. He tossed into the middle of the room, casually, along with sundry old boots and bachelor's debris, a soiled and torn newspaper that had done duty as a wrapper.

Idly, Bob picked it up. A glaring headline proclaimed the fact that the burglar who had blown a safe in Edmonton the night of September 20 had been captured.

"Strange," thought Bob; "that's the night I lit out."

"Curiously enough," the paper continued, "the captured thief claims that he did not escape the night of the robbery by means of a motorcycle. He says that after turning a corner and bumping into some one, he gave the pursuing officer the slip by dodging into an alley.

Trembling fingers turned the ragged sheets as Bob's comprehending eyes grasped and rejected their contents. On the last page he found another item:

"Strange disappearance of clerk," he read in small capitals, then underneath: "Bob Spencer, confidential clerk of Patrick Brady, disappeared the night of September 20. He took \$10 of his employer's money, but his act could not have been an intentionally dishonest one, for that very day a month's salary was due him. Mr. Brady is of the opinion that his clerk, who, he states, was a bright young man and absolutely honourable, met with foul play."

Bob slowly folded the paper and put it in his pocket. He went out into the night, but the light of conquest was in his eyes and his face was turned toward the West.

Expecting Too Much.—Claude had been promised a motor ride with his father, and his mother had sent him upstairs to get ready. As he came down his mother asked:

"Have you washed your face, Claude?"

"Yes'm," answered the boy.

"And your hands?" queried the mother.

"Yep," said Claude.

"And your neck?" persisted the mother.

"Oh, see here, mother," said the boy, in disgust, "I ain't no angel!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Old Role.—A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before herself, wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitations: "Be sure and come, this is no amateur performance."



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"HIS PLACE in the WORLD"

By Mrs. Bilborough

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

THEN looking at the expectant Henry she added sharply, "Show the gentleman in here."

Henry retired with an ill-concealed grin, and beckoned to the waiting visitor. Ushering him into the room, he slowly closed the door, with very evident reluctance, and immediately applied his ear to the key-hole.

Dead silence reigned within for the space of a full minute, and unable to restrain his impatience any longer, Henry bolted precipitously to the basement, to relieve his overcharged feelings.

"None o' you wemming can't guess who's called, in that there motor," he panted to the astonished servants.

"We ain't all got your time to waste," was Mrs. Law's drastic reprimand.

"Well—who has called?" asked Bella, with more curiosity.

"John Grey! Orful toff too, steps out of 'is motor same as if 'e was King George himself—my eye! You orter seen 'im."

"Go h'on!" exclaimed a chorus of excited and incredulous women, crowding to the basement window to verify this audacious statement, "yer kiddin'!"

"Thought that would rile yer," grinned Henry, delighted at the sensation his words had produced, as he watched the craning necks of the women.

"Well—I never did," panted Mrs. Law, out of breath with her sudden sprint to the window.

"I don't 'old with people over-reaching of themselves in that way," said Bella indignantly. "E wasn't no better than h'us."

"No, there you're wrong Bella," said Mrs. Law impressively. "I allus did say Mr. Grey was quite the gentleman. You never did have no chanct from the first, Bella—I allus told you so."

"Well, no more didn't nobody else," said Bella tossing her head scornfully. "An' what's more, I couldn't abide 'im with 'is stand-offish airs."

"What price sour grapes now?" giggled Phebe.

"Shut up," retorted Bella crossly, frowning from the window.

"You orter to listen to yer own true love—wot's me!" interposed Henry insinuatingly, but seeing an ominous light in Bella's eye, he dodged the slap she tried to administer, and darted up to his neglected post of duty in the hall.

Hearing Miss Pragg's strident voice holding conversation, he nearly burst his ear-drums trying to catch such chance words as floated to him through the closed door.

Meanwhile, Arnold Bassingbroke, having entered into Miss Pragg's presence, stood very much as he had stood on a former occasion, and felt almost as nervous.

Miss Pragg, her back to him, was busy completing a sentence she had been wrestling with before the interruption. Having at length got it to her satisfaction, she wheeled round upon her visitor, and fixed him with her hawk-like eyes.

For the space of a second, she stared at him in silence, an expression of puzzled incredulity upon her face which caused him to say, "I have called to apologize and explain to you my abrupt disappearance, Miss Pragg."

"Then you are John Grey!" she exclaimed, taking up the card that had

been sent in, and reading it with marked attention.

"And Arnold Bassingbroke also," said the visitor in answer to her look of inquiry.

"A doctor?"

He bowed.

"Pray be seated and explain."

Miss Pragg, with sudden interest, waved him to a chair. She scented romance, and was not at all ill-pleased to have her previous surmises verified.

Arnold seated himself, and in a few quiet words explained the accident which had so abruptly ended his connection with the Maisonette. His reference to Sir Lawrence Goss, an old and valued friend and colleague, caused her to elevate her eyebrows.

"Perhaps I ought to have brought him with me, to verify my statements," said Arnold, whose quick eyes had noted the up-lifted brows. "No doubt they must appear extraordinary and difficult of belief."

"Not at all, not at all," replied Miss Pragg serenely. "I always knew you were not what you pretended to be. I never make mistakes," she spoke with her usual vigour.

Arnold bowed his acknowledgment to this statement, and rose to go, at the moment that Margaret Assitas walked into the room. She came to a dead stop when she saw him and the colour left her face as her grey eyes met his.

"Margaret, let me introduce you to Doctor Arnold Bassingbroke," said Miss Pragg with ill-concealed satisfaction.

MARGARET cast a bewildered look of inquiry from one to the other, then held out her hand.

"I am pleased to see you again—John Grey!"

"I came to tender my apologies, and offer such explanations to Miss Pragg as the circumstances demand."

His eyes were fixed upon the girl's face as he spoke.

"And you are going now," she said simply, "without telling me of these extraordinary happenings?"

"If I have your permission to come again," he said with a look of appeal, "I shall be glad to give you every particular."

"I shall be interested to hear them," said Margaret, the pink colour tinting her delicate face as she veiled her eyes from his too ardent gaze.

Not daring to trust himself any longer, Arnold Bassingbroke, having obtained permission to call again at an early date, left the two women to discuss this surprising development. Miss Pragg determining that before he could present himself again she would take the first opportunity of verifying the surprising statements he had made.

In a few moments after leaving the White Maisonette, the car was again at the Smilies'. Violet in hat and jacket, stood waiting at the open door. Arnold placed her carefully in the car, shook hands with Martha and Jacob, and the car glided away again.

For a few moments there was silence between the man and the girl, which Violet felt unable to break. Arnold had a difficult task before him. This trembling, agitated girl beside him must not see her sister until she knew the whole painful story, yet he dreaded to tell her. She must be prepared for a great shock,

for above all things it was necessary that she should exercise self-possession and be, outwardly at least, calm and composed before she saw Rose.

After a silence which was becoming oppressive, he gave the order for the car to turn into the Park and drive there for an hour. Violet looked at him in surprise, a question trembling on her lips.

"I want to talk to you, Violet," said Arnold gently, in reply to her unspoken question. "There is much that I must tell you about Rose—before you see her. You will need all your fortitude to support you—but if you love Rose, you must make a supreme effort to control yourself, otherwise I dare not take you to her."

HIS tone was so grave and authoritative that Violet turned a white and terrified face to him.

"Something dreadful has happened to Rose!" she whispered.

"Will you try to be brave while I tell you about it?"

She nodded, cramming her handkerchief into her mouth to stifle a rising sob, as he began slowly and quietly to tell her the whole painful story, from the moment of his late visit to Portman Square to the time when Rose was rescued and taken to the hospital.

Violet's face told of the strain she had passed through when he had finished.

"When you feel sufficiently composed, Violet—we will drive to the hospital," he said with kindly sympathy.

"I am ready now," said the girl in a strange, quiet voice. "I will not fail Rose."

Without another word he gave the order, and the big car slipped out of the Park and speeded to the hospital where the broken woman lay, waiting for the coming of a younger sister who had sought, but never dreamed of finding her in such sorrowful circumstances.

Violet, outwardly calm, but trembling like a leaf, was escorted to the big ward, where in a carefully screened bed apart from the others lay Rose.

Prepared as Violet was, and making desperate efforts to retain her self-control, she gave a stifled cry of dismay when her eyes fell upon the shattered wreck which represented the idolized and beautiful sister of her childhood.

"Violet! My little sister! Dear little sister!" said the feeble voice, "you would not have known me!"

"Darling Rose," gasped Violet, swallowing hard at a lump in her throat. "You—you—are ill—when you get well—you will look—you will look—more like yourself," she stammered.

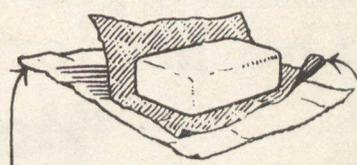
"It is good to see you—dear little sister," said the woman tenderly. "It is very good to see you."—Her wasted hand had wandered over the coverlet. Violet, glad of an excuse to hide the tears she could not keep back, bent down and kissed it.

"Little sister—you have grown," breathed the woman faintly, "I never expected—to see—you—again. Lift up your head, dear, let me see your face, Violet."

The girl hastily brushed away the tears, and smiled into her sister's face, bending over and kissing her.

"Dear Rose, make haste and get well—I have no one in the world—but you, dear." Violet choked and turned away her head.

"No one—but me," sighed the wo-



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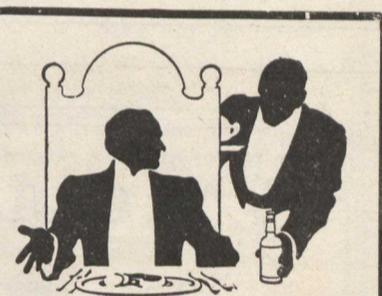
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man, "and I, Violet, have no one—but you."

"If we have each other, Rose—it won't—it won't be so lonely—then."

"Not so lonely—dear little sister—not so lonely—if we have each other," breathed the woman, closing her eyes, and lying so still that Violet looked wildly around for help, thinking she had fainted.

Arnold Bassingbroke had drawn on one side to leave the sisters together, and was talking in a low tone to the nurse in charge. His eyes were fixed on Violet, and at her look of appeal, he spoke to the nurse who stole up to the bedside.

"She is too weak to stand much at present, my dear," the nurse whispered. "You can come and see her for a few minutes every day if you wish—the doctor has just given special permission."

"Thank you," said Violet brokenly, as she stooped to kiss her sister's face. "Good-bye, Rose darling," she whispered, "I will come every day till you are better."

The sick woman lifted weary eyes and smiled tenderly at the younger girl, but did not speak. Violet turned away blinded by tears, and stumbled out of the ward in a dumb agony of grief.

Arnold Bassingbroke put her into his car, but did not enter himself.

"Drive this young lady to Knightsbridge, I shall walk home," he said.

He turned to Violet, holding out his hand.

"Good-bye Violet. Keep up your courage, Rose will get better—you can do more for her than anyone—it is you who will draw her back to life. Be a brave girl. Good-bye."

He lifted his hat and turned away as the car moved off.

Violet, shrinking into the far corner of the roomy motor, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed unrestrainedly. Perhaps the violent weeping relieved her, for by the time she reached Knightsbridge, she had regained her composure.

She walked into the mews with the firm resolve to devote the rest of her life to Rose.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Gathering up Broken Threads.

THE two prisoners, who were formerly caretakers of the empty house in Portman Square, maintained a very sullen and stubborn silence, until confronted by Doctor Arnold Bassingbroke, who went to identify them, and charge them on his own account with assault and attempted murder.

The terrified cabman, seeing what he evidently thought was a dead man come to life, collapsed completely. His nerve was gone, he saw that further denials were useless. His sullen silence suddenly broke down, and he made a full confession, which was supported by his wife, written down and signed before witnesses.

This document, with all its sordid and terrible details, implicated Lord Wallsend so seriously that his solicitors advised that nobleman to get out of the country as speedily as possible, before the law was put in motion.

The marriage of Rose Vernon to Archibald Robinson at the London registry office was very easily verified. It was perfectly legal, and supplied the motive for the dastardly crime which had been committed against the poor girl. Being legally his wife, it was a difficult matter for the young man to get clear of the entanglement in which his mad infatuation for her, when she was his aunt's companion, had involved him.

The passion for her had died out as suddenly as it had arisen, and he raged and chafed at the tie which hampered him and prevented him from choosing a wife in a higher station of life when he succeeded to the estates and title at his uncle's death.

He was inherently cruel and cowardly, and while not daring to show his hand openly, had paid others to detain and hold Rose a prisoner, making it plain without putting it into words that his desire was to get rid of her entirely.

The caretakers at Portman Square, whither she had fled in the hope of finding her old mistress, had been



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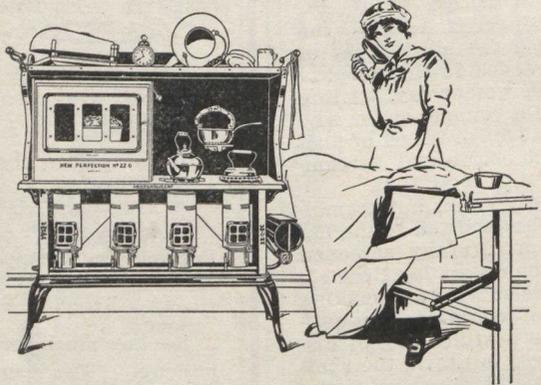


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warned to detain her should she take such a step, and as they expected to be well paid for doing so, were anxious to keep her alive as long as possible.

But as time went on drink and the fear of detection began to tell upon their nerves. Lord Wallsend had begun to grumble at the expense and threw out ugly hints—then the neighbors began to grow curious about the girl and the way she was treated.

So the precious pair, fearing the police might hear that something was going on, and in order to prevent Rose from escaping or appearing at the window, had kept her as far as possible under the influence of a drug. She was in a partly narcotized condition when she got out of the house on the night that she met James Kenway, and so could not explain herself to him.

Frightened by that accident and because they had once picked up scraps of paper which had fluttered down from the top window and were intended to reach any chance passer-by who might happen to pick them up, they had fastened her to the staple in the wall of the attic.

WITH nerves on the verge of delirium tremens, her drunken gaolers often forgot to supply the half-unconscious prisoner with water or food; at other times they were brutally cruel to her, especially if money ran short and there was a difficulty in procuring more.

Occasionally there were ugly scenes between the rough couple and his lordship, and they often threatened him with exposure; but this was mere bluff, for the cabman was cunning enough to know that if it came to a question of Courts, the tool would be the one to suffer most.

His lordship was top-dog, and would remain so—and while they fought and wrangled and drank, poor Rose was going down slowly and painfully the road which led to death, and in her moments of consciousness she prayed earnestly and unceasingly for deliverance—for death itself—anything to end the horror in which she dragged out her painful existence.

The two prisoners both received heavy sentences, which they well deserved, and it also rejoiced all honest folk to hear that Lord Wallsend, flying from justice to the jungles of Africa, did not escape retribution.

When he knew that all was over, that further concealment and lies would prove of no avail, his cowardly nature was filled with fear. Pressing further and further away from civilization he fell a prey to jungle fever, and, deserted by his native servants, was left to die alone, a prey to mad remorse, with none to minister to his needs, none to mourn his miserable end.

An arrangement was made, through the solicitors and trustees of the Wallsend estate, by which Rose received heavy compensation and a handsome allowance for the remainder of her life.

As Lady Wallsend she was never known. She never heard the name without a shudder, and refused to use a title which had cost her so much suffering; but as plain Mrs. Robinson, she returned to Clovelly as soon as she was strong enough to travel, and Violet went with her.

Buying a comfortable house some little way from Clovelly commanding an extensive view of the ocean, Rose in the quiet seclusion it afforded sought to regain once more some measure of health and peace of mind.

Violet was full of tender love and solicitude for the sister so miraculously restored to her, and she strove to forget the shadows of the great sorrows and disappointments which had fallen across their lives.

Often Violet would wander out alone, and lifting her eyes across the rolling breakers would murmur the song she had heard in other days:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

And the stately ships go by
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

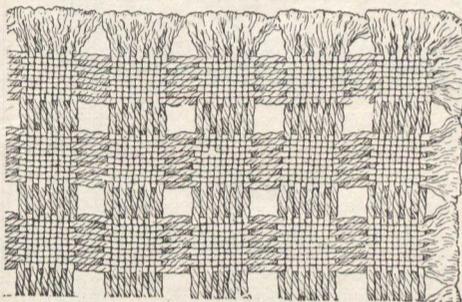
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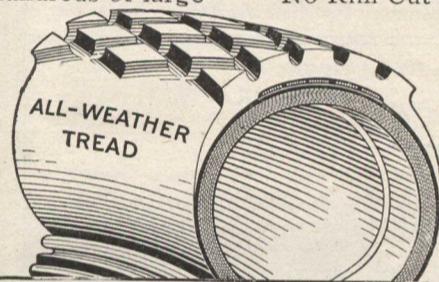
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Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me."

Then she would lift up her head bravely and try to smile through the tears that would come—for she knew that John Grey had gone for ever out of her life.

Arnold Bassingbroke, true to his resolve to place beyond the reach of want the two good souls who had befriended him in the hour of adversity, bought a comfortable annuity for Martha and Jacob Smillie.

Their gratitude and astonishment were unbounded. They intended still to live in the mews, but so closely did Violet cling to them that they yielded to her entreaties to join the quiet little household on the cliffs above Clovelly, and end their days in peaceful comfort far from the cares and sorrows of the Metropolis.

Martha in her simple way, took both the lonely girls to her big motherly heart, and poured out the fulness of her love upon them.

Rose slowly built up again some of the wasted energies of her youth, but though she once more gathered strength she could not entirely efface the terrible effects of those fearful years that followed her secret marriage, nor did she ever regain the brilliant beauty she had lost.

Martha, watching over her two charges with a brooding care, would sometimes shake her head and murmur solemnly: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

And Jacob would say: "Amen!—that's so, Martha—that's so."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Woman Thou Gavest To Me.

ARNOLD BASSINGBROKE was once more in the full swing of the professional career which had been so strangely interrupted. His active brain seemed all the more keen and alert for the enforced idleness it had undergone.

With added interest and vigour he renewed his researches into the more abstruse and obscure mental conditions of that most intricate and delicate organism the brain—those minute cells which hold the secrets of the human race.

He made some startling and wonderful discoveries in the course of his patient studies. In the world of medical science he could hold his own even with Sir Lawrence Goss—and there were many besides James Kenway who began to regard him as a mental healer with almost miraculous powers.

Without haste, yet with that delicate intuition which guided him in all his actions, he allowed himself time to establish upon a firm basis an intimate friendship with Margaret Assitas upon which to build an indestructible love, and now, believing the right moment had arrived, was about to put his fate to the test.

Spring had once more filled the green window boxes of the White Maisonette with crocuses and daffodils as Arnold Bassingbroke's big car one morning throbbed at the kerb. It had stood there so often of late that the neighbours on either side commenting upon the fact wondered who could be ill at the Maisonette to justify the doctor in calling so often. They were more puzzled, as apparently all the inmates of the dainty house looked in their usual health.

Henry had, after the great mental struggle, sorted out John Grey from Doctor Bassingbroke, and being by nature an astute youth, ushered the visitor with becoming dignity into the presence of Miss Margaret Assitas, without considering it necessary to disturb Miss Pragg from her literary labours. Margaret, for her part, looked sweetly disconcerted as Arnold, with a strange humility, drew close to her and, taking her hand, pleaded his cause in a low but eager voice.

"My darling—need we say 'a marriage has been arranged'—may we not say—'a marriage has taken place'?"

"Dearest," murmured Peggy, with a radiant look at the earnest face of the speaker, "was it not arranged from

the beginning of all things? See by what extraordinary happenings we were brought to know each other!"

For answer he caught her two white hands, and kissing both of them, held them to his breast.

"Tell me, my beloved—when did you first know you loved me?"

His eyes looking into hers, held the love-light she had once surprised in another man's when he had mistaken her for Madge.

She laid her fair head on his breast, and as he drew her into his arms, kissing her soft braids of hair, she whispered tenderly—

"I loved you—oh, my dear, my dear—I loved you, when you were—just—John Grey."

"My own darling—my own—my life—I have loved you from the—beginning."

She lifted up her face, and he immediately seized the opportunity to kiss her on the lips.

"Oh, Arnold, and to think I might have had a worse fate than even Madge or Louisa—if you had not left your place in the world."

Peggy gave a shuddering sigh as she clung closer to his protecting arm.

"Thank God, you escaped that inhuman scoundrel," said her lover in a low tense voice.

"Arnold," said Peggy, lifting grave eyes to his, "poor Madge was loved by a brave, true man—and married the wrong one; Louise too was loved by a brave true man—and married a—a beast; and I am loved, my dearest, by the best man in the whole world," she said this with a note of proud exultation in her voice—"and yet I might, oh! I might have married—him!"

"But you refused to marry him, Peggy, my darling," said the man, kissing her again.

"That was because—oh, my dear—because—I loved you," confessed the girl, her face glowing with blushes.

"Then it shall be—a marriage has taken place," said the young doctor, his dark eyes blazing down upon her, "I will not wait a day longer, beloved. I shall get a special license and we will be married as soon as possible."

"It will be the last straw for dear mamma," said Peggy demurely.

"Because the first girl of the family has had the courage to choose for herself and marry the man she loved, instead of having her life's happiness wrecked for her by ambition," chimed in Miss Pragg, who had entered unnoticed by the two who were so absorbed in each other.

"Margaret! I thought you were going to be an old maid? I'm astonished at you!" she added with a touch of malice.

"We are going to be married at once," cried Arnold with a happy laugh, "and you shall be the first to congratulate us."

"SO I do," said Miss Pragg heartily, "so I do, and Eliza can do what she likes."

Margaret laughed a shy, joyous laugh. "It will be the last straw for poor mamma."

"And a good thing too," retorted Miss Pragg unmercifully. "Eliza had her way with the other two girls—and I've had my way with you. If I hadn't taken this matter in hand, you young people would never have met. I take the credit of this match—you owe it entirely to me—and I never make mistakes!"

Miss Pragg sat down on a chair and looked at the laughing pair with a challenging eye.

"Auntie dear, you are a marvel," admitted Peggy, "and to show how I appreciate you, I insist on your being chief bridesmaid!"

Miss Pragg threw up her hands in horrified protest.

"And if I could find that little chap of five, in the white drill sailor suit, I'd have him for my best man," declared Arnold Bassingbroke. "I owe him a deep debt of gratitude for trying to stop that big car for me."

"Oh, Arnold—don't—darling—if it had killed you—I never—never should have loved anyone again."

"That's when the Pragg family lost its last chance of another old maid," commented Miss Pragg resignedly.

Thus it fell out that a week later,

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at a very quiet wedding, Margaret Assitas changed her name to Margaret Bassingbroke.

Miss Pragg's wedding present to the groom took the form of a very valuable set of silver fittings for his private car. She also gave to the radiantly happy bride a wonderful Mechlín lace veil and white corded silk gown to be wedded in, together with a set of magnificent jewels.

Lord Assitas gave the bride away, but Lady Assitas refused to countenance the proceedings with her presence, to the secret delight of Miss Pragg.

Looking like a beneficent eagle, Miss Pragg, robed in a gown of silver grey brocade, lent an air of dignity to the ceremony as she walked up the aisle behind the lovely bride, leaning on the arm of Sir Lawrence Goss.

Mildred, from whom Margaret would take no refusal, had been hastily summoned from Appletree, and was the second bridesmaid, supported by Doctor Wilson, an energetic man some ten years her senior.

Doctor Wilson, a busy man with a large practice of his own, was accustomed to make sudden and momentous decisions, and he had no sooner looked upon Mildred's sweet, womanly face, than he knew in his heart she was the woman for whom he had been waiting all his life.

It was a day—not soon to be forgotten at the White Maisonette. Henry, wearing a white satin favour and a broad grin, although nearly run off his feet during the course of the day, still found time to plump down on one knee at the feet of the obdurate Bella, and with his hand on his heart once more declare his hopeless passion.

"It's in the h'air, Bella—that's wot it is, an' I've got it bad," asserted the precocious youth.

Phebe, amid immoderate giggles, declared she would never get that there confetti out of the house in a month of Sundays, while Mrs. Law was so overcome by the sight of the bride, that she subsided in an emotional state of exhaustion into the easy-chair and for the remainder of the day, "toasted" herself so repeatedly and copiously, that she had to retire to bed early in the afternoon in a state of blissful uncertainty as to whether it was her own or some one else's wedding that had been celebrated.

Thus to the sound of wedding bells, did Arnold Bassingbroke lead his happy bride to her home in Harley Street, where she ably supported him in filling once more his place in the world.

[The End.]

A Navy's Story

MR. PATRICK MacGILL is librarian at Windsor Castle. Until a short time ago he was a navy, and had always been a navy every since late childhood. Therefore, he knows his subject when he writes the autobiography of a navy, published as "Children of the Dead End." Of course, he is a socialist. And if atheism is an actual state of mind, and not a pose, then he is an atheist. It follows that he is an extremist.

In his book he portrays with vivid simplicity and plain talk the conditions of the down-and-out workers in England. There is a love element wedged in between exaggeration that is patent and word painting that is masterly. But the book is a history more than anything else. The characters are drain blasters and drillers and tramps and drunkards: the latter class is the largest, since it includes most of the characters. They tell their tale in a rough, uncouth way, and their outcry against the church, sometimes made, sometimes implied, has much that is true in it. It must be very hard to believe in Christianity if this picture of working England be painted in its real colours.

Of necessity the story is very sordid. It never minces matters, and for that reason it might be better that some people shouldn't read it. But it is only fair to say that if it is sordid its sordidness is not the thing that makes it sell. (Hodder and Stoughton. \$1.50 net.)

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