

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

*The Case of the  
 Working Girl*

*Beginning Three Articles*

*By MARJORY MACMURCHY*

*Delineations by W. SMITHSON BROADHEAD*



*Garden Work for May*

*By E. T. COOK*



*A Country Home  
 Worth While*

*By A. G. SCLATER*



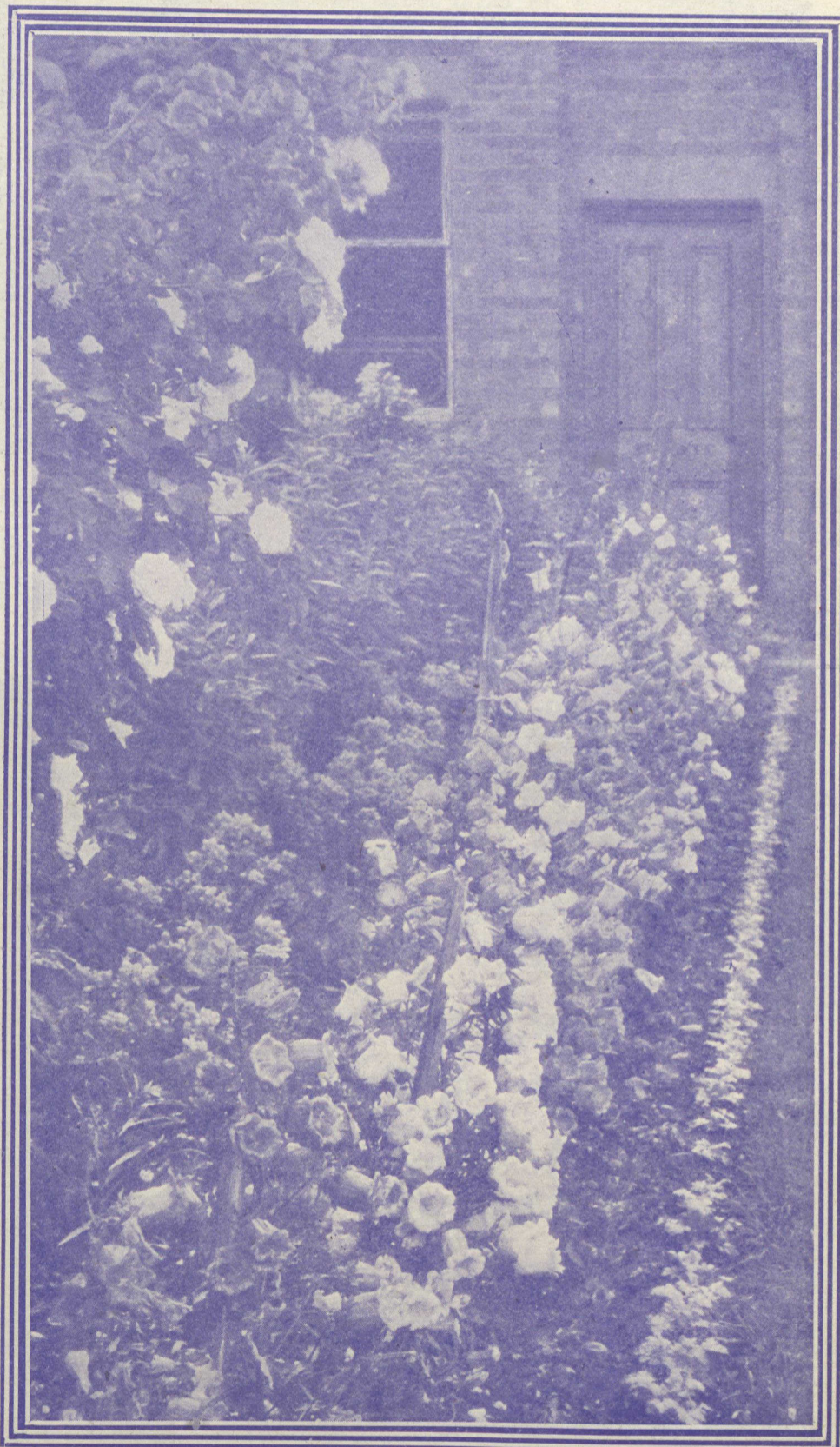
*Booming New Birmingham*

*Story by H. N. MOORE*



*Arthur Nikisch and  
 the London Symphony*

*By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE*



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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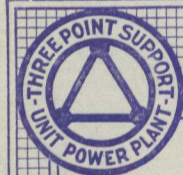
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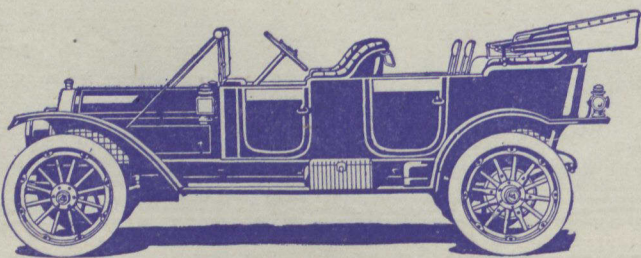
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# The Canadian Courier

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## Editor's Talk

**M**R. R. S. NEVILLE'S third article on the "Wherefore of Good Roads" has been crowded out of this issue, which we much regret, as the good roads question is a very important phase of country and suburban life. Moreover, spring is absolutely here, after a most exasperating delay, at least two weeks beyond her schedule time. The spirit of spring we have pretty well reflected in the features to be found in this instalment of country life articles and pictures. Spring poetry we have quite decided not to tolerate. Most of it is intolerable.

Much more practical is "The Case of the Working Girl," beginning in this issue a series of three able articles by Miss Marjory MacMurchy. Rarely is it possible to find more illuminative and conscientiously sympathetic detail than Miss MacMurchy has crowded into the terse delineations of the downtown women whom she has studied for this series of articles. It is a good many years now since the character of downtown began to be changed in America by the invasion of the women. The change has been so gradual that if suddenly women were to decide not to come down town except to shop, the world that lives in cities would find itself confronted by a peculiarly unromantic day's work. Where romance leaves off and practical problems begin is the especial province of Miss MacMurchy's articles so ably illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead.

But it is also the time for gathering wild flowers. Hepaticas are out. Soon the violets and the trilliums will be in bloom. It is time to resurrect the rake. Thrifty husband decides with frugal wife that both together are equal to one good job of painting woodwork or alabastining. Perhaps you have a hankering for more winter. Hush! The voice of baseball will soon be loud and long in the land.

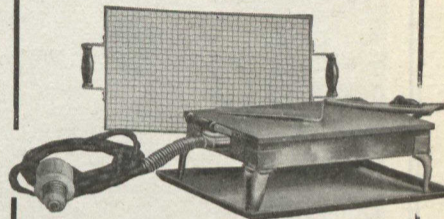


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## IN LIGHTER VEIN

Caught.—Wife—"Did you post that letter I gave you?"

Hubby—"Yes, dear, I carried it in my hand so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first mail-box. I remember, because—"

Wife—"There, dear, that will do. I didn't give you any letter to post."—Topeka Capital.

A New Idea.—"How'll you get off for the opening game? You killed your grandmother off last season."

"I'll ask to get off for grandfather's wedding. What's the matter with the old gentleman getting married again?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Practical Girl.—Her Father—"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Suitor—"No, sir; but she says she can accustom herself to the style in which I can support her."—Boston Transcript.

An Early Progressive.—First Egyptian—"I see they finished the Great Pyramid last week. What do you think of it?"

Second Ditto—"Somebody got a big graft. You take it from me, fifty years from now the whole thing will have crumbled."—Puck.

Needed Hiding.—Dudley Hardy, the celebrated artist, was recently taken by an architect friend to see a huge costly country house that the latter had designed for a wealthy client. As the architect stood with Mr. Hardy on the terrace of the new property, he looked at the mansion's showy facade, and said thoughtfully: "Stupendous! But I haven't decided yet what kind of creeper to have in front."

"The Virginia creeper," said Mr. Hardy, "would cover it up quickest."—London Opinion.

She Won.—First Little Girl—"Your papa and mama are not your real parents. They only adopted you."

Second Little Girl—"All the better. My parents picked me out; yours had to take you just as you came."—Denver News.

Extra Attraction.—Tommy Deagen, soldier of fortune and distinctive character, worked for the trolley company in the old days—"the good old days," he called them, but that is largely his point of view. He had worked five or six days, and he had worked hard, as conductor. He liked the work and he found it worth while. One day as he hopped off his car at the division office he saw a crowd of conductors standing around.

"What's this, boys? A strike?" he asked in surprise.

"Nope," was the reply; "this is pay day. Didn't you know it?"

"What?" said Deagen; "do they pay you, too?"—The Argonaut.

Easily Answered.—Wife—"The doctor has advised me to go South for a month's rest. The question now is, where to go."

Hubband—"Go to another doctor."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Come-Back.—A famous criminal lawyer had won a shockingly bad case by eloquence and trickery, and a rival lawyer said to him bitterly: "Is there any case so low, so foul, so vilely crooked and shameful that you'd refuse it?"

"Well, I don't know," the other answered, with a smile. "What have you been doing now?"—The Argonaut.

He Insisted.

There was a young lady of Siam,  
Who said to her fond lover, Kiam,

"I refuse to be kissed,

But if you insist,

Heaven knows you are stronger than I am."

—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

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together, beat with whip

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unwhipped cream enough milk

to make one pint in all, scald

and cook in it yolks of eggs

beaten with sugar. When

thickened slightly, add gela-

tine, strain into pan standing

in ice water. When mixture

begins to set, add vanilla and

fold in cream, then turn into

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**CANADIAN  
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*The National Weekly*

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Vol. XI.

May 4, 1912

No. 23

"THE" WEDDING OF THE LONDON SEASON



The Stafford-Butler Wedding Was the Event of the London Season. The Bridegroom is the Marquis of Stafford, Heir to the Duke of Sutherland, Who is a Large Owner of Canadian Lands. The Bride, Lady Eileen Butler, is a Daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. This Picture of the Bride, Bridegroom and Fourteen Bridesmaids Was Taken at Grosvenor House Immediately After the Wedding.

Copyright Photograph by Topical Press



# Booming New Birmingham

With a Moral for Those Who Live in "New" Towns

By H. N. MOORE

Sketches by J. L. Sheard



"This sure is a rummy burg," he remarked.

"MAC, you haven't said a word. I believe that you have an idea."

"Guilty," replied Mac, with a little nervous smile, which seemed to lift his trim moustache until his nose began to disappear.

There were three of them, each one absolutely of a different type, yet all carrying that air of easy assurance and almost obtrusive self-confidence which always marks the man who lives by his wits and finds the living fairly good.

"Mac" had been the leader, since he took command three years before in San Francisco, when the trio had first been thrown together. They worked together well, their grafts, legitimate or otherwise, bore a finished touch. They separated only when it was necessary, and their only place of meeting was in the private room of a well-known cafe not far from Broadway.

Three months had passed since they had worked. The exchequer was getting low. A council of war had been called. Seattle and Phil had been discussing possibilities, feeling sure that even their rosiest self-promises could not make them approach the probable. Mac had said nothing, until he admitted that he had an idea.

"Do you remember Billy Schwab?" he asked.

"Sure," said Seattle. "He took a trip to Canada after that Marvin deal. Is he back?"

"He's still up there, living very quietly and enjoying his money. I had a letter from him yesterday and he's fallen over something that looks rather good. Billy didn't seem to be wise to it himself, or it may have been a hint. He can't afford to be prominent for a while yet."

"Billy's work was always a little raw," commented Phil.

"I think Seattle had better take a trip up there at once," said Mac, ignoring the criticism. "You'll remember that we once talked of getting in on this habit that the baby towns in the West had, of giving bonuses for industries. I've got a hunch that the time has come to work it. According to Billy's letter, up in Canada they're beginning to have growing pains. We've got the cure. How would you like to scout around a little?" turning to Seattle.

"I'm the willing goat," said Seattle. "When do we start?"

"To-morrow," replied Mac, "and here's the plant."

WITH his chair tilted against the verandah post of the Queen's Hotel, where he could catch the vagrant breeze, Seattle looked across the main street of New Birmingham, Ontario. It was a well-paved street, wide, and lined with every type of building from a wooden shack with a high false front, to the new Victoria Block, three stories, solidly built, the latest thing the city could show to prove progress. A puff of wind that promised well died down. Seattle yawned.

"This sure is a rummy burg," he remarked.

The chair tilted beside his own came down with a crash. Seattle turned and saw the elderly man who had occupied the seat, gazing at him in indignant surprise. "Do you mean to say, sir, that you have been in this city for twenty-four hours and have not yet seen the future that stretches before it? Have you not seen the possibilities for growth? New Birmingham will be the Chicago of Canada. Ten years from now the centre of the city will be two miles to the north. With our three railways,

and another surveyed into the city; with our harbour, which the last government promised faithfully before its defeat to dredge; with our situation, which makes us the distributing point for the whole of Canada, this city cannot help but grow. Industries will be attracted as the steel is to the magnet, people will flock in. Our fertile lands, lying all about, will be opened up. It must come true. In ten years our population will have grown from twelve thousand to one hundred thousand. Nothing can stop us."

"The town orator," thought Seattle and took advantage of the old man's pause for breath to hold forth an invitation which led them to a quiet corner of the bar. "Now, tell me all about it," commanded Seattle, as he put down his glass, "and if I like the words as well as the music, I might be persuaded to leave a little money here, in exchange for a stretch of real estate."

Two days later, Seattle rode up Main street from the hotel to the station. He had been made a member of the Kiskisink Club, he had been shown a royal time. He knew the history of the town and in his pocket rested an option on ten acres of land situated just below the reservoir. In his heart there was a gladsome feeling. He could hardly wait to break the news to Mac and Phil.

THE re-union occurred in Chicago, which was nearer New Birmingham, in a private room in a cafe. They all had a fondness for private rooms in cafes. Seattle was ready to report.

"Mac, you had the dope right," said he, drawing a few papers from his pocket. "The city fathers of New Birmingham are so anxious to give us oodles of it, that they'll raise the tax-rate to the roof. They are the original reckless little plungers. But you missed out on one point. The reason why, for the generosity is that every Willie Wisenheimer of the bunch usurped his bundle by buying town lots when the moose ran down the main street. They all kept on buying and sub-dividing and now they are loaded up and everything has a speculative value. They're afraid of a slump. Sure they want to see the town grow. If it doesn't it will cost them a big hefty bunch of taxes, and a lot of money that they would gather in if the town grew. They are willing to give away the city to save their own little rolls."

"These piker grafters are the biggest suckers of the bunch," said Phil. "But come on with the plant. If they're that wise, they'll fall for the rawest ever."

"This isn't raw. It's good business," replied



He was long and rangy, and was considered shrewd.

Seattle, and he winked at Mac, who nodded solemnly.

"The New Birmingham Power Company," he continued, "controls the only available water power in the district, except one. The town is sore on this old company because they are being held up. The Council made an agreement with the company to buy power from them and re-sell it to the consumers for domestic purposes. They can also sell to manufacturers, but only five horse power and that wouldn't run a massage machine in a barber shop. The city buys on the peak load basis, which to the ignorant means nothing, but to the enlightened means that if the city uses fifteen hundred horse power at any time during the year, they pay for that amount throughout the entire twelve months. That means that during the day when the lights are all turned off, the city is paying for about a thousand horse power which they cannot use. The company sells this over again to the manufacturers and the street railway company, and makes a double rake-off."

"You haven't found any better graft than that," said Mac.

"Don't interrupt," commanded Seattle. "I've been rehearsing this all the way down on the train."

"The city went up in the air about five years ago over a typhoid scare, and built a big pipe line from a lake in the mountains behind the city. The pipe line runs down to a reservoir which is about two hundred feet above the town level. From the reservoir a regular flume—they built the plant for a city of two hundred thousand—carries the water down. That's the other water power. I have an option on the property just below the reservoir."

"It doesn't look good to me," said Phil. "If it's that simple why didn't one of the natives think of it before?"

"If you ever go up there you'll find out," replied Seattle. "They think in fifty-foot lots and they eat real estate. If they hadn't been blowing about their fine water works I never would have fallen over it. It looks practicable, and that's enough. They'll fall for it, guarantee bonds, give you a site and exempt you from taxes and any liability you might incur. Honest, the only way to cure their growing pains is to amputate."

"This bonusing business looks to me like a sort of municipal cocaine habit. Every bonus is a sniff and it helps for the moment. But in the end—it'll get 'em."

A MONTH had passed. William Riley lurched against the doorway of his one-storey office, which in turn lurched against the New Birmingham branch of the Bank of Canada with its heavy ornate facade, supported by classic pillars. In the office the telephone rang.

William had been Bill, and was still Bill among the old-timers who had arrived with the construction gangs that built the first transcontinental. He was long and rangy, and was considered shrewd. He had arrived in the city with a team; it was a village then, when a team was about the most profitable investment a man could make. He had saved his money and had bought real estate. He only sold to buy more. To buy, to sell, to save, became a habit. He complained against the high taxes and stumped for every proposition that would seem to be an aid to city development. But he fought all local improvements on streets where he held property. His opposition to single tax was so strong that he endeavoured to have Henry George banished from the shelves of the Public Library. He loved his city. His money was invested there.

Having answered the telephone he started for the city hall. A meeting of the Industrial Bureau had been called. The Industrial Bureau was a committee, half the members elected from the Board of Trade and half from the City Council, which invited promoters to come and help themselves. So, at least, the critics said.

Every member of the committee had been aware that something was brewing and there was no difficulty in securing a quorum. The Mayor was encouraged to explain by the perfunctory "mornings" of each newcomer.

"Gentlemen," he began, in his official tone which portended an important announcement, "there is no need my telling you that the people of this city are heavily taxed. We are all well aware that the



development of the city is being hampered, that real estate sales are almost at an end and that business is dull, all of which is due, to some degree, to the weight of the yearly levy. We have all agreed that something must be done. The opportunity has come to mitigate conditions.

"I have managed to land a proposition," he continued, lapsing after a slight pause into a more unconventional and confidential tone, "which should relieve the situation to some extent. Every year the deficit in our light department grows. The chance has now come for the establishment in our city of a plant which will be able to furnish power at a much cheaper rate, which will sell us on a meter basis, rather than by the peak load and which will be a boon to our industrial future. If the deal goes through we can lower the price of light to the consumers and we can wipe out that deficit."

"And what will the present company say to this?" asked Alderman Deavitt.

"Not a word," replied the Mayor. "There is nothing in our agreement with them which will prevent us buying all but one horse power from the proposed company. When the agreement was made, they thought they had all the water power in the district controlled. They missed one bet."

The committee waited. They all knew that the Mayor was just as anxious to tell as they were to learn. "The bet they missed," said he, "is at the water works. Power can be generated just below the reservoir. Energy is being wasted there every minute. I had thought of going into this matter, but until now I have never had the time. But others have been busy and this afternoon there will be another meeting at which Mr. McDermott and Mr. Jamieson, a capitalist and an engineer from the east, will attend. They are behind the project and will be able to furnish full details. I'll expect you back at three."

Had any doubts, any suspicions, any fears been aroused by the Mayor's brief outline of the Consumers' Power Company proposition, as it came to be called, they were dispelled at the afternoon meeting. McDermott the quick, the witty, the affable,

the affluent was not to be denied. They all liked him. And Jamieson, Phillip Jamieson, a little taciturn, rather technical, fulfilled their idea of an expert electrical engineer. He had the situation at his finger ends. The difficulties which must be overcome he compared to those he had met in Mexico and Japan.

As the two talked, the members of the Industrial Committee saw their fondest dreams realized. They saw the sub-divisions they had not dared place on the market yet opened, and bright with electric lights. The city solicitor was instructed to draw up an agreement to be submitted to the people for ratification as soon as possible. By this agreement the city was to exempt the property of the company from taxation, the company was to be given a site, not to cost more than fifty thousand dollars, the first bond issue of \$100,000 was to be guaranteed by the city and the city was to have first claim on all power generated at a price not exceeding twenty-one dollars a horse power. The company was to be incorporated with one-half the capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars paid up.

"It seems to me," said Mac, carefully eliding any easy expressions, "that the agreement if consummated can only result in mutual benefit. The city is amply protected. Although you give us the site, it is yours until our plant is erected. By issuing debentures to cover the cost of the site, you spread the expenditure over a long term of years, and what you save in your light department should create the sinking fund to meet these debentures ten years from now. With cheaper power the city might easily install an ornamental lighting system on a local improvement basis in the business district on the down-town streets would become avenues of brightness at night. This alone would give an impetus to the retail trade. It is merely a matter of conservation of natural resources; more than that, of turning these resources to useful ends. Had the Council been narrow there would have been little chance of this going through, but broad-minded men see farther and fare better than those who are unable to grasp the complexities of such problems as this.

The agreement went through the Council without a dissenting voice. The day for the vote of the people was set.

The result was sure. The newspapers carried on a brisk campaign with "Cheaper Light, Cheaper Power and a Greater New Birmingham" as the slogan. The city was removed from the east just far enough to have caught the western spirit of progress at any cost. Yet on the eve of polling day there came a feeling of unrest. The by-law seemed all right, but who were these men behind it, the promoters? No one knew. No one had enquired. The feeling began to spread.

Having felt the suspicious attitude, Mac and Phil were a trifle uneasy as they sat in their sitting-room at the hotel, awaiting the result. Jimmie Barr, of the *Times*, had promised to telephone as soon as the ballots were counted. The polls had been closed for two hours. The vote had not been heavy according to earlier reports. Occasionally they each glanced anxiously at the telephone.

"Mac, you don't suppose that any of these trusting aldermen have turned sour on us and have had the wires hot? It wouldn't do us any good to have the gilt scraped off this little brick. You have the time right on all these trains out of here?"

"It's too late now for them to start anything," replied Mac, reassuringly, and then with a touch of irritation in his voice, he added, "I wish you'd get off the idea, Phil, that we are putting something across on this bunch. This is good business. The more I think of it, the more I feel that we have fallen over something just a little bigger and a little better than we thought, and along lines that are more than legitimate. They're legal. I think, that properly handled, the Consumers' Power Company will pay."

Phil sat up in alarm. "You don't mean that you are thinking of sticking up in this lonely burg to push that thing through? You'll be joining the Board of Trade next and the Boost New Birmingham Club."

He laughed, but it was a nervous laugh and under

(Continued on page 30.)

## Toronto—"My Own Town"

Something About the City Where He Spent Part of His Boyhood Affords Pleasant Memories to a Leading Character in the Oriental Play "Kismet."

By VIRNA SHEARD

CANADIANS who have been fortunate enough to see the wonderful Oriental play, "Kismet," staged by that master of stage-craft, Harrison Grey Fisk, and running to crowded houses at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, since Christmas, will recall vividly the beautiful though fearsome figure of the "Wazir Mansur"

that so stimulates the imagination from the first scene in the Bagdad bazaar. They may not have recognized the player who took that role, or have gone so far as to look his name up on their programmes; yet something may have struck them as vaguely familiar in his voice, face or personality.

Hamilton Revelle, who has become celebrated as the "Wazir" of the ancient city conjured for us from a thousand and one years ago, spent a long period of his boyhood in Toronto; and in those "high and far-off times," as Kipling would call them, was well known to many, at least by sight. Although he be-



Hamilton Revelle.

longed to England, quite recently I heard him refer to Toronto as "my own town."

Mr. Revelle—sometime leading man for England's beloved actors, Sir John Hare, Sir Herbert Beer-bohm Tree, Cyril Mancee and the late Augustus Harris, has played during several winters in New York. No matter what the role for which he is cast, Broadway audiences greet him with enthusiasm, for they delight in the quality of his speaking voice and the charm of his presence.

It is said that in "Kismet" Otis Skinner, the star, may play the Bagdad beggar for as many years as Joe Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle, and be assured of success. If this be so it is equally true that

Hamilton Revelle, Mr. Skinner's leading man, could continue to play the "Wazir Mansur" for a like period.

Adolph Klauber, the critic, has written, "Mr. Revelle never looked more magnificent or played with greater skill and ease" than in "Kismet." At least he made an unforgettable picture as he passed through the strange kaleidoscopic dream-city, with the two weird and sinister attendants ever in his wake—the ebony sword-bearer clothed only in the dappled golden leopard-skin that made his gleaming body more deeply black, and the glittering grotesque figure of the mis-shapen one on whose face was written malevolence towards all who walked upright. Truly in those olden days, seemingly brought so near, men knew how to value the force of contrast, and to use it.

We can hardly hope to see these two great actors together in the play of "Kismet" for very long, neither is it likely to be taken upon the road in all its original strength and wonder of setting.

Mr. Revelle returns each summer to England and his home is an historic house called "Elm Grove," at Hampton-on-Thames. His mother, who was a noted beauty and is still very lovely to look at, lives most of the year at Elm Grove and is always there when her son returns. There is a rose garden near the old house and an elm woods where the nightingales sing in April. The house where David Garrick lived and died is almost opposite, and the present drawing-room of Mr. Revelle's home was a room where Garrick often sat and smoked with players from London.

Almost a year ago when England was *en fete*, Hamilton Revelle was Sir George Alexander's star guest at the St. James' Theatre, London, and was selected by him to play the part of John Worthing in "The Importance of being Earnest," a role particularly belonging to Sir George himself. Mr. Revelle assured me that he played it with many misgivings and much fear and trembling, and he will not admit that at any moment he was satisfied with his own performance. However, I prefer to take the verdict of the English papers and critics. One and all gave him the highest praise for his render-

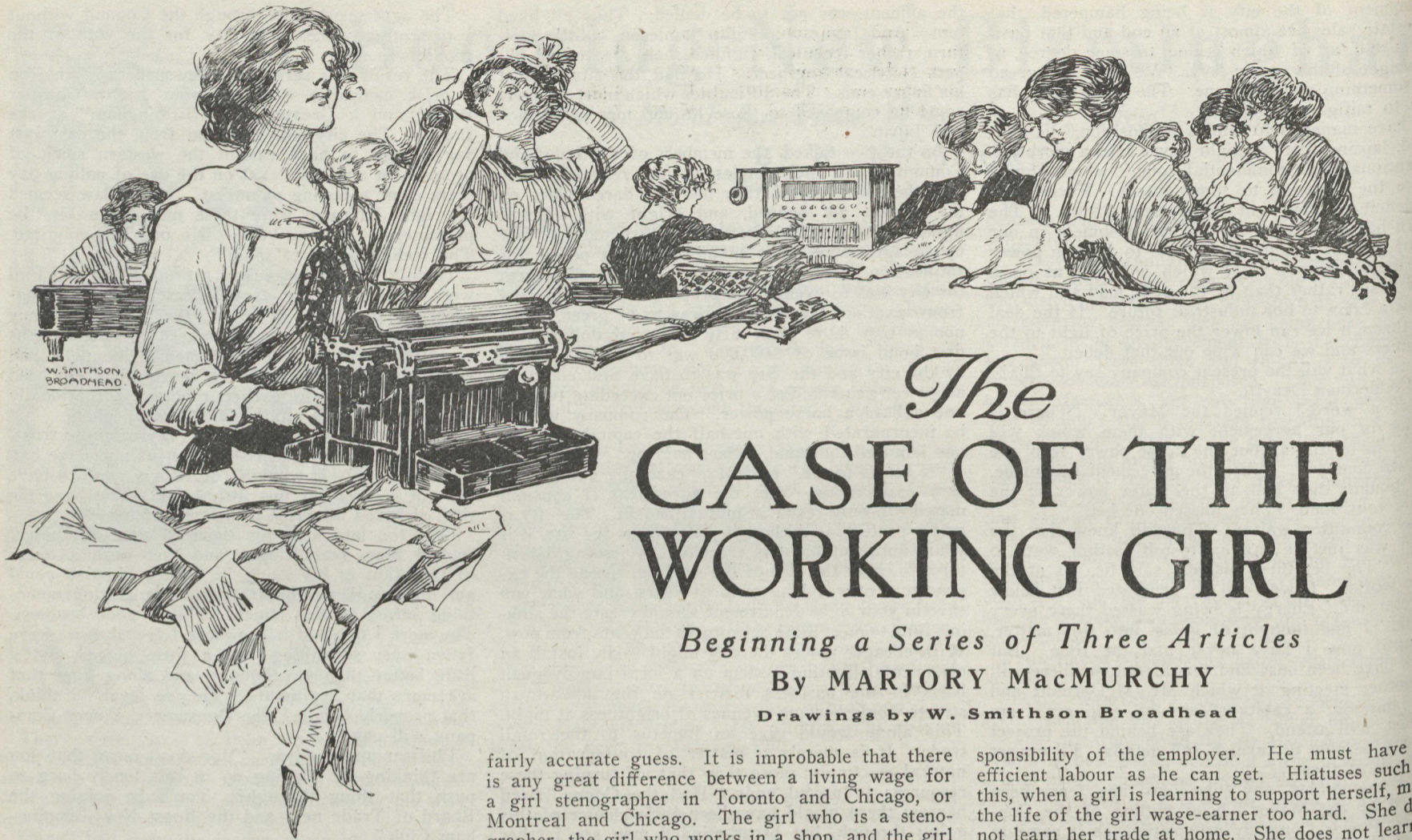
ing of a part that, while apparently light and easy, is most difficult and exacting and requires a versatility and charm of voice and manner that are direct gifts of the gods.

Hamilton Revelle is—like most successful men—an indefatigable worker, even during so-called holidays. He is a water colour artist of a high order and understands photography to such a degree that, as he laughingly says, he could make a very good living with his camera if all else failed. It is certain that Toronto people will welcome Mr. Revelle gladly whenever he returns to what he has so tenderly called "my own town."



Elm Grove at Hampton-on-Thames Where Hamilton Revelle Spends His Summer Vacations; Almost Opposite the House Where David Garrick Lived.





# The CASE OF THE WORKING GIRL

Beginning a Series of Three Articles

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

Drawings by W. Smithson Broadhead

**T**HE writer has been asked to state some of the facts in the case of the Canadian working girl. The problem of the girl wage-earner is one of the most difficult in city life. For the girl, it is the most difficult. To men and women of good will, the problem is perplexing because economically a perfect solution seems to be impossible. A girl is worth a good deal. We have reason for saying that life is too hard for the girl who earns wages. This is true in our Canadian cities. There are several reasonable ways in which the girl can be helped, without making her dependent when she ought to be independent, and without interfering with the freedom which we all want for ourselves. These ways are not charitable, but of economic betterment. It is greatly desired to obtain the interest of the Canadian public in the case of the Canadian girl at work. First, her case has to be studied. The stories of Canadian working girls which follow here are true stories. Features in one story have been interchanged with features from other stories to make identification impossible.

**A.** X. is a stenographer. Her father, a farmer, died soon after A. X. came to the city. Her mother is old and lives with a married daughter. There are several brothers and sisters. As a child, A. X. had a good deal of the care of a feeble-minded sister who is now in an institution. This fact has something to do with making A. X. more nervous and timid than she ought to be. She is a competent worker, but not strong enough physically, and not up to the average in energy. She shares a room with one or another of her girl friends, wage-earners like herself. After five or six years of employment, she is now earning ten dollars a week. Her present situation demands more intelligence than is required from the ordinary stenographer. She must be nicely dressed, and she must be agreeable and tactful in dealing with the people who come into her employer's office. Her employer says that her hours are short, her work agreeable, and that her salary is all the position is worth. The girl, who is entirely on her own resources and who receives assistance from no one, has difficulty in making both ends meet and saves nothing. She might have less difficulty if she knew more of food values and if she denied herself all pleasure, including journeys two or three times a year to see her mother. Can any Canadian girl who is full of life, who wants a good time, who appreciates what is fine and delightful in life, who is sensitive and rather clever, be expected to satisfy herself with just living and no more? Girl stenographers in Chicago recently made a statement that it is impossible to live on less than twelve dollars a week. We have no statistics as to what a living wage is for a girl wage-earner in any Canadian city. One may make a

fairly accurate guess. It is improbable that there is any great difference between a living wage for a girl stenographer in Toronto and Chicago, or Montreal and Chicago. The girl who is a stenographer, the girl who works in a shop, and the girl who works in a factory, do not have equal expenses. It costs a stenographer more to be ready for her work. Many girl stenographers in Canadian cities get six, seven and eight dollars a week.

B. Y. is newly come from the country to the city. She is strong and determined to succeed. She has what comparatively few girl wage-earners have, a plan for the future. When she knows enough, she is going back to the town near her old home to establish a model restaurant. This fact alone makes B. Y. an exceptional working girl. She had saved some money, which she had earned herself, before coming to the city. Her first position was as a bookkeeper. She gave it up because she could not live on six dollars a week. This was before she found out on how little a girl can live when she must. B. Y.'s resources were exhausted before she got another position. In her present employment she gets four dollars a week. But she is learning the catering business, and her wages will be increased if she is a successful worker. She is not yet certain that she can make good in the city. B. Y.'s case brings us nearer to the lower levels of comfort and safety in the life of a girl who is earning wages. At first when she came to the city, B. Y. paid one-seventy-five a week for her room, and three dollars a week for her meals. This left her one-twenty-five per week for all other expenses, which is an impossible margin. She finds that by sharing a room with another girl, or with two or three other girls, that it is possible to rent a room for one dollar a week. If a girl pays less than a dollar the locality is undesirable. B. Y. is given her lunch where she works. The lowest sum which a girl wage-earner pays for three meals a day is two-twenty-five a week. With a room at a dollar a week and meals at two-twenty-five, both sums the lowest possible expenditure out of six dollars, two-seventy-five a week is left for other expenses. Many working girls in Canadian cities have to live on six dollars a week. They cannot live well. It is not exactly known whether they can remain in good health if they live on six dollars a week. But it does not seem likely.

**T**HERE are working girls, mainly beginners, who get less than six dollars a week. Three and a half, four, four and a half, and five dollars are wages paid in some instances. These figures, which are clearly below a living wage, bring in another question. The working girl has to learn the trade by which she supports herself. It is folly to suppose that an employer of labour can pay a girl, whose work is of no value to him, sufficient wages to support her in comfort. How the girl is to live while she learns her trade is another story. It is partly the responsibility of the Canadian public, partly the responsibility of the girl's own people, partly the girl's own responsibility, and it is partly the re-

sponsibility of the employer. He must have as efficient labour as he can get. Hiatuses such as this, when a girl is learning to support herself, make the life of the girl wage-earner too hard. She does not learn her trade at home. She does not learn it at school. This difficulty applies particularly to shop girls and girls in factories. There is the business college for the stenographer and bookkeeper.

**I**T will be noted that the cases taken so far are of girls who do not live at home. Theirs is the hardest case. It is made hard by the fact that working girls who live at home, and perhaps do not have to pay for washing, and possibly even do not pay board, can live comfortably on a wage which means starvation to the girl who does not live at home. This is part of the problem of the girl wage-earner. There are no Canadian statistics to show what proportion of women workers live at home. The United States census report on Women at Work, compiling data taken from the 1900 census schedules, shows 65,186 women employed as saleswomen in one city. Of this number, 60,062 were single women, and of the single women, 86.1 per cent. lived at home. But 2,547 of these women lived in homes where the woman worker was the only breadwinner. These are not Canadian statistics. It seems fair to say, however, that probably about 86 per cent. of the working girls in Canada live at home. The effect of saying this is to leave the reader with an easy mind. But it is not plain from what we can find out of the case of the working girl that the easy mind is justified. It is conceded that the case of the working girl who does not live at home, is made almost impossible by the fact that she has to enter into competition with the girl living at home. The girl at home has to live, in the same way that the girl who is not at home has to live. It cannot be admitted that girls who live at home work for pocket money and showier clothes. There is probably a small percentage who work for this reason. It is so small as to be practically negligible. The great majority work for a living, whether they live at home or not. Ask any woman inspector of factories, ask anyone who has intimate knowledge of the girl wage-earner, and the statement will be made that a girl goes into a wage-earning life from necessity. Work is good for everyone. The girl who has no work in her life is much worse off than the working girl, unless the conditions under which the girl wage-earner lives are very hard indeed. No objection is raised to the girl being at work.

The fact remains, and this is known by actual investigation, that thousands of girls in Canadian cities like Toronto are paid less than three hundred dollars a year. What percentage of these girls earning less than three hundred dollars a year live at home? How many of them are entirely on their own resources? How do they live? These are questions to which every community which is socially alive, and particularly the non-wage earning women of the community, must find a reply.

C. X. is a factory employee, a native of the city



where she works. She lives some distance from the factory and starts from home at a quarter to seven. She reaches home again at half past six. Her father is a labourer. There are six children besides C. X., all younger than she is. She is a good worker and makes a good wage, about twelve dollars a week. She has been working ten years and she is tired. She looks it. One reason she is tired is that she does the family washing. She also contributes largely to the up-keep of the family. C. X. is a good girl. No girl of her character is willing to let her mother do all the work at home if she can help her. This is why C. X. does the family washing. One would hardly like to advise her not to do it. But extra work at home is generally overtiring for the woman who earns wages.

D. W. is an only child. The mother was left a widow when D. W. was four or five. D. W. and her mother are accustomed to living on the narrowest margin. Their hardest time was when D. W. was at the public schools. Now she is earning eight dollars a week as a stenographer. It is to be supposed that D. W. and her mother feel affluent at times when they think of the old days. They still live in one room and are careful of their clothing, which costs as little as possible. Lately D. W., who is a good stenographer, has been complaining of indigestion and of being always so tired. On being asked the reason, she explains that the other stenographer in the office where she works is a new girl. The head of the firm will not have the new girl take any of his dictation because she does not know her work well. D. W. does most of two stenographers' work and frequently stays till half past six. She has half an hour for lunch and goes out for it. But she has to hurry so much that she would rather not eat at all. How long will D. W. be able to stand this kind of thing, little D. W., whom one can remember a few years ago dancing because she and her mother were asked to a house to help on Christmas Day, and that would mean turkey for dinner?

E. V.'s case is not typical of many Canadian working girls, except in one particular. She wants a good time. E. V. can work well. She is long past the place where there is any question of making good. She has a little left her by her mother. She has household furniture. She is a competent business woman. Above all, she knows how to live in great poverty. She has been in a house where life has been kept for two people on two or three dol-

lars a week. This is possible. People who have to do it learn how. But it cannot be done unless the person spending the two or three dollars has a store of clothes, a store of furniture and bed clothes, and the knowledge of how to buy and cook food that better-off people do not know much about. E. V. is re-inforced at all these points against the exigencies of life. There are plenty of other people who want a good time as much as E. V. does. But E. V. means to have it at all costs. She has no relatives except some cousins living in the country. She was born in the city. Her mother and she were too poor to have friends like themselves. E. V. rooms in a house where three or four other girls have rooms. There are two directions in which

matter of that, everyone wants a good time. But the girl wage-earner has fewer opportunities to enjoy life without taking greater risks than other people.

One criticism can be made against all these cases. The case of the altogether successful working girl has been left out. The girl who has some money to start with, who is a good worker, who works for a while and marries happily, is all right, especially if she has had any training in house work. The girl wage-earner who lives in a good, sensible, prosperous home with her own people, where she has not too much housework to do when she gets home after her day's work, where she can meet friends and have a good time socially, this girl has every chance to be successful and happy. It would be difficult to estimate what per cent. of Canadian girls who work for wages belong to the class of whom too much is not expected. But whatever estimate is made, the underpaid, overworked, unhappy remnant is not mythical. It exists.

Taking the cases given above and writing down the difficulties of each case, the points presented are:

Underpayment.  
The inefficient worker.  
The untrained worker.  
Competition by the girl who lives at home.

The employer (including foremen and forewomen) who does not know how to treat the girl worker.

Absence of home life and comfort.

Lack of necessary wholesome amusement and social companionship.

Unreasonable demands made on the girl worker by her own home people.

To this list of difficulties may be added a constant tax on the girl's physical strength outside her hours of employment. The girl wage-earner generally has to make some of her clothes, such as blouses, etc. She often mends her own clothes and does some of her own washing and ironing. This condition is practically universal. It is a greater tax on the vitality of the working girl than is commonly supposed. To make a good appearance is a business necessity for the girl at work. She has to keep up her appearance by extra work because she cannot afford to pay for it. Generally speaking, it costs her more in vitality than the money she saves—if she had the money.

(The next article continues the case of the Canadian working girl and contains some suggested remedies.)



Sharing a room with two other girls, each at a dollar a week.

a wage-earning girl of this type can look for some social life. One is to become an active church worker. The other is to become a member of a small club of girls and boys. E. V. has no inclination to become an active church worker. The trouble with many of these small social clubs is that they break up through quarrels among the members. The quieter girls do not approve of some of the other girls nor of some of the young men. One does not expect the world to be made over at once and made better for the girl wage-earner in Canada. But E. V.'s case will be found by the thousand in every large city. She is the representative of the working girl who wants a good time. For the

of her clothes, such as blouses, etc. She often mends her own clothes and does some of her own washing and ironing. This condition is practically universal. It is a greater tax on the vitality of the working girl than is commonly supposed. To make a good appearance is a business necessity for the girl at work. She has to keep up her appearance by extra work because she cannot afford to pay for it. Generally speaking, it costs her more in vitality than the money she saves—if she had the money.

## The Chivalry of the Sea

By CANADIENNE

MANY, many centuries ago a prophet of Israel wrote: "There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet." Whatever may be its tragedy, the ocean remains an eternal allurements to human adventure. From Ulysses to the most modern mariner, the story of those who "go down to the sea in ships" has been marked by a courage in time of stress which comes to those who are associated with Nature's greatest forces. The men of the hills and the men of the sea are all undaunted by the sternness of their environment and love, with a passion the plainsman and the inland never know, the heights which they have climbed, the storms they have weathered. Yet the sea remains to us a symbol of sorrow and separation, with tragedy ever lurking beneath its gentlest tides.

The merriest jest does not come from those whose lives are sheltered and guarded, the lightest hearts are not those which never face the ordeals of tempest and hardship. So, the sailor lad, with his jovial ways, has become a synonym for all that is free and true-hearted. The man who is all frolic and fun on a holiday is the very lad who will face the storm with a song on his lips.

Proverbial philosophy is crammed with depressing maxims about the force of bad example and the easy corruption of evil communications. The other side of the truth is sometimes forgotten, that the good or the heroic is as strong in stimulating appeal and will often meet with an overwhelming response.

In time of sudden test or trial, it is necessary only that the leaders are of the right metal—the rest will respond to the touch. Whatever may be the faults of Anglo-Saxon civilization—and this is an age when they are being exposed by searching critics—the men of the race have the virile strength to meet an emergency which demands the supreme sacrifice. Behind the chivalrous unselfishness which protects and saves the woman and the child, is the recognition of the claims of motherhood, the woman's sacrifice that means the life of the nation. The race which possesses the keenest fighting instinct is also ready in protection of the weak or the dependent. As the poet recognized long ago—"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

The traditions of Great Britain, whether in the navy or the merchant marine, mean service to the weak or the helpless in time of stress. Self-preservation, so often called the first law of Nature, is superseded by the higher law of civilization, which calls for sacrifice. Great Britain has reason for pride in the sailor-soldiers who in the days of past wars fought and fell that she might be Mistress of the Seas. They are great names on her navy-roll which, from Blake to Nelson, tell the story of the struggle for naval supremacy.

"Admirals all, they said their say  
(The echoes are ringing still);  
Admirals all, they went their way  
To the haven under the hill."

It is not to the navy alone that Britain has looked for those qualities which betoken a disciplined manhood. Those in her service at sea have been true through hours of tempest and peril to the finer training of civilization, until the crew of a ship of the British lines is expected to live up to the most exacting standard of discipline. Throughout the centuries, the examples of pluck and sturdy heroism have been so many that, by the very law of suggestion, this exercise of self-control in time of danger has become characteristic of the sailors of Anglo-Saxon blood. The training which sent the men of the *Birkenhead* to their death with British cheers on their lips was the outcome of many a national struggle—of many a long war in defence of the "silver-coasted isle." Such unquestioning courage is not won in a day—it is the attainment of those who have learned through many a painful lesson that to lose cheerfully is the inexorable rule of the Game.

Could the world have received a more convincing proof of the efficacy of the long years of discipline than the self-sacrifice of the men of the *Titanic*, crew and passengers, who sent women and children forth in safety and remained on the sinking ship? The men on the *Titanic*, from the plutocrat in the first cabin to the humblest toiler in the stokehold, answered to the call of the chivalry of the sea—

"Which of you looks for a service free?  
(Hear what the sea-wind saith)  
The rules o' the service are but three  
When ye sail with Admiral Death.  
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,  
Stand to the last by him that falls,  
And answer clear to the voice that calls,  
'Ay, Ay! Admiral Death!'"





## Through A Monocle

### STICK TO YOUR TRADE.

IT is an old saying that he is a wise man who knows his limitations. It is all very well for us to take the world for our parish, and to boast that nothing human is indifferent to us; but when it comes to achievement—and not merely taking a spectator's interest in the thing—we had better confine ourselves to doing what we can do well. Of course, I fancy that we are all agreed on this; but the thing is to know where our capacity stops. This line of reflection has been started to my mind by wasting an evening at Richard Carle's musical comedy—"Jumping Jupiter." Now Richard Carle is an unusually delicate and compelling comedian. He has given me some of the heartiest laughs of my life. I would have said, off-hand, that he must have a very keen sense of humour—moreover, a discriminating and selective sense. Yet he is accused of writing "Jumping Jupiter," an alleged musical comedy which gives neither himself nor anybody else much chance to be either musical or comic, and which is—worse still—packed full of the stalest "chestnuts" ever found outside of a patent medicine almanac. And if there can be a still worse worse still, it is suffered in the awkward and "malice-afore-thought" manner in which these worn witticisms are introduced.

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EVEN if Carle cannot create humour, one would have expected that his critical sense would have rejected most of this stolen junk. But it didn't. Can it be that he doesn't know a good joke from a bad one? Still when he gave himself a chance to be genuinely funny without saying a word, Richard was quite himself again. He can act a funny situation with his long, serious face, and his long, comic legs, in such a way that you wonder how long one can be helpless from laughter without danger to the diaphragm. And you say to your neighbour when you recover—"What a funny man he must be in private life. I'll wager he thinks up half the jokes in the libretto." Then when he frankly admits on the programme that he thought up all the jokes in the libretto you are being tortured with, you revise your opinion. He must, you think, be a great bore in private life. He is surely the kind of man who reads the clipped jokes in the morning paper, and then retails them at dinner as his own.

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NOW this sort of disappointment has happened me twice this year. Last autumn, the advance notices told us that Francis Wilson was coming in a play he had written for himself. Francis Wilson! No comedian could be funnier than Francis Wilson; and, if he could, it ought to be against the law. You always felt that he, at least, must certainly have contributed a whole lot of the humour of the comic operas in which he usually appeared. You imagined him taking the rather ordinary libretto of the writer, and polishing it up here, and adding a quaint quip there, and putting some deliciously original matter in another place, and so converting it into a roaring success. So when he would take time to write the whole play himself, you were sure that it would be a "scream" from start to finish; and you looked to the buttons on your vest before you went. Well, it wasn't. It was a succession of hackneyed situations, worn threadbare, where they were not torn violently apart to let in a most improbable comic "stunt." The "characters" changed their character several times during the evening, and did things in the last act which they would have gone to jail rather than do in the first. The thing kept you in a state of mental "jumps," never knowing—so to speak—when the "hero" would turn into the "villain" or the tragic soprano into the "singing chambermaid." Of course, being a comedy, there was no hero in the piece, except droll Francis Wilson, who actually tried to be a hero in spots.

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NOW what I want to say is this—why cannot these men, who are superb comedians, be content to stay comedians and let someone else write their plays? There are lots of better playwrights in the business; and I dare say not one of the latter could pretend to play his own comic creations with a tenth part of the skill of these men. The playwright's "metier" is to think of comic situations and witty comment; that of the comedian is to send

these situations and comments over the footlights. Every man to his trade. Did you ever—by the way—hear an author try to read his own works? It is usually one of the most pitiable exhibitions possible—especially for an auditor who had greatly admired the author previously. Some people like authors to read their own works even when they butcher them in the process, so that they will be able to say that they have heard So-and-So reading his or her own writings. They like it, as we like to see monstrosities in a museum. But usually—not always—an author had better let a professional reader do his reading for him. It is surely a mistake for any man, author or otherwise, having secured public recognition as one of the ablest men in the country because of your supreme ability in one field, to insist on calling public attention to yourself in another field where you rank with the poorest. However unjust it may be, it mightily



Ottawa, April 29th.  
THE Great West is radical, democratic, sure of itself, assertive of its rights. Even in Parliament the Prairie Provinces reveal their sentiments in their representatives—thorough-going, sturdy, vigorous, down-thumping fellows, most of them. They have enhaled the atmosphere of the big out-of-doors; they have fought their way among



J. A. M. AIKINS,  
M. P. for Brandon.

fighters. None of the subtleties of the more delicate circuitous diplomacy for them. They "want what they want when they want it." They speak in strong, strident tones. They talk in italics and capitals—all emphases. They force, rather than win, their trail-blazing way.

All but one. Yonder, about half-way up the Government benches the man in the gallery notes a quiet, scholarly, usually bespectacled and altogether kindly face. It is the leaven of the western parliamentary lump. It belongs to J. A. M. Aikins, King's Counsel, the successor to Hon. Clifford Sifton in the representation of Brandon, and the man who wrested the home of the Manitoba grain growers to the cause of Conservatism and anti-reciprocity last September. That he did this—and did it by a substantial majority—marks him as one of the distinctive personalities of the present Parliament.

discounts your standing in the field where you shine.

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OF course, there is a somewhat kindred question to which the answer is quite different. We will admit that you ought to take an interest in everything you can, and avoid being tied to your "hobby," when you are thinking of the development of your own character. But it is not necessary to impose this "interest" on the public. You need not insist upon appearing on the concert stage, just because you go in for a little singing at home and desire to cultivate a taste for good music. You may be as catholic in your interests and occupations as you like; and undoubtedly the more the happier. But that does not mean that you must "star" in them all. When you step before the footlights, you should appear in the character surely which becomes you best. Adventures into other characters are not, of course, always as fatal as those of comedians trying to write their own comedies. The secondary role may not so cruelly interlock with and destroy the first. This instance is as if a painter made his own paints, and made them poorly; whereas, in most cases, it would be as if the painter only thought he could also play the 'cello, when he couldn't. But I rather fancy that, if you look around you, you will find that the most successful people are those whom you know only through their successes.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

managed to save that company many expenses which the Westerner thinks it should legitimately have paid. Yet, withal, Mr. Aikins is close to the people of the West. He has much of its confidence. He has seen its vision.

The West is no respecter of persons. It is, perhaps, a tribute to the member for Brandon that early in his Western career he irretrievably lost the "Mister." It was characteristic of the West that it adopted his initials. "Jam" Aikins isn't a particularly euphonic or classical designation, but it gets a man close to the people, and that's where Mr. Aikins has landed. It helped him considerably in getting into Parliament. "Jam" Aikins, you know, is a much more likeable and approachable fellow than the austere and forensic Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, K.C. And when the latter, in conjunction with his old friend, Mr. James Ashdown—"Jimmie Ashdown," of hardware fame, if you please—erected the splendid Broadway Methodist Church in Winnipeg, the irreverent proletariat promptly designated it the "Jim-Jam" church. But they think none the less of it on that account.

And just here is where Mr. Aikins gets a good deal of his "grip." He is a lover of humanity and a doer of good deeds in an unobtrusive way. He is, moreover, a pulpit orator of some note, a strong supporter of Wesley College, and a member of the University Board of Manitoba. The West shrewdly suspects he was dragged into politics on the "pro patria mori" plea. In the House he has more than made good. His speaking shows thought, and he has the happy habit of putting his points in a most effective and telling way. He has a touch of the divine spark and can raise the tone of a debate with a few deft sentences. The habit of a lifetime, however, still envelopes him, and, ever and anon, he persists in addressing Honourable Members as his "learned friends." Already he has won for himself an unusual place in the affection and confidence of his parliamentary associates.

Mr. Aikins left Ottawa on the prorogation of the Parliamentary session with a characteristic resolve. He has developed a worthy sense of public service, and has been considerably perturbed by the serious economic problems which have been confronting the producers on the prairies during the past four months. While travelling the West this summer he will be engaged in seeking a solution of the great unrest of the new Western Canada, and it is an open secret that the Government will look to him with considerable confidence for guidance when Parliament reassembles.

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IT has fallen to the lot of the ill-fated Newmarket canal to be the "goat" of many a cynical corridor anecdote. But the tale credited to Captain Tom Wallace, the member for Centre York, takes the



palm. According to the story a prominent agriculturist asked to lease the bed of the canal for pasture purposes! Captain Tom named a rental.

"Too much," quoth the cattleman.

"The figure quoted is reasonable," said Tom.

"You forget," supplemented the cattleman, "that I would have to draw water for the cattle."

FOR true Chesterfieldian courtesy it would appear that Mr. Speaker Sproule has something yet to learn from Mr. Speaker Hoyle, of the Ontario Legislature. Parliament is very jealous of what it

regards as its rights and privileges, and visitors to the public galleries are rigorously commanded to conduct themselves with due decorum. Last Parliament, it will be remembered, an enthusiast in the gallery undertook to applaud a particularly brilliant passage in the anti-reciprocity speech of Hon. Clifford Sifton, and was promptly ejected. On another occasion a party of visiting ladies and gentlemen, carried away by the eloquence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, commenced clapping their hands, and, on a nod from the Speaker, the gallery was cleared. In Ontario, however, if the tale which has reached

the Capital be true, a much more elastic courtesy is displayed. The story goes that certain enthusiastic single-taxers in the Speaker's Gallery of the Legislature undertook to applaud the utterances of Opposition Leader Rowell in support of their propaganda. Instead of ruthlessly commanding their ejection, Mr. Speaker Sproule is reported to have solemnly addressed them in some such words as these: "Applause from the galleries is prohibited. But we are glad to have you with us, and hope you will enjoy yourselves." Thus democracy grows apace!

H. W. A.

# Nikisch the Necromancer

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

ONLY a dead man could fail to realize the necromancy of Nikisch. Even a deaf man could have got some of it. The great Gewandhaus conductor with the London Symphony Orchestra as a creator of sensation was as obvious as Ty. Cobb making a home run with enough men on bases to win the game.

If ever a conductor communed with the spirits of the mighty musical dead—Beethoven, Wagner, Tschaikovski, Liszt, all but one of whom he knew in the flesh—it was Nikisch. The man from Leipsic made visions and wove spells for the living by an interpretation of great works, that amounted to almost creative omniscience.

On Thursday, April 25th, this great British orchestra, with its incomparable Hungarian conductor, played the first engagement in Canada—after a tour of more than twenty performances in cities of the eastern and middle States. The engagement was followed by a concert in Ottawa and one in Montreal, after which the unprecedented aggregation wound up its tour with repeat concerts in New York and Boston.

The reason that Arthur Nikisch and the London Symphony Orchestra made such a tremendous tour was that Nikisch, twenty years ago conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has a passion for America; and Warren P. Fales, a wealthy music-lover of Providence, R.I., has a passion for Nikisch—to the extent of paying a hundred thousand dollars or so deficit on the tour. But it didn't really matter who was responsible.



It was a matter of no colossal moment whether Nikisch had the London Symphony or the Boston Symphony, or the Thomas Orchestra, or the Gewandhaus Band, which he regularly conducts in Leipsic. The man at the desk was the main thing. The desk was a dummy; it held no score. The man was a musical Titan; in physique impressively big, leonine black hair, lily-white hands, huge cuffs; slowly stalking upon the stage—when his men rose as though a king had come in. He bowed smilelessly to thousands of people who for years had been hearing of the world's greatest conductor, now seeing him for the first.

There have been great American orchestras in Canada. The Boston Symphony, as great as any, has been here; but it was conducted by a human metronome Gericke, just as now it is by an impersonal organism Fiedler. Thomas in his day was a great general of music, and his Chicago Orchestra has been a trail-blazer on to somewhere near the dizzy heights of Parnassus. Agreeable and popular Damrosch of the New York Symphony; Safonoff, the Russian, without a baton conducting the New York Philharmonic; Seidl, the dynamic force of twenty years ago in New York; Emil Paul—Admitting that Thomas was the greatest of all drillmasters and Seidl one of the most powerful emotional conductors—it must be conceded that Paur, who was a music-student with Nikisch in Vienna, had now and then his big episodes with the Pittsburg Orchestra, as Nikisch has. But Nikisch epitomizes Paur and is still Nikisch the incomparable. Some New York critics have called this London Band that Nikisch has a "scratch band." There are provincials in New York. Nikisch knew better. Even at \$1,000 a night he would not conduct a "scratch" aggregation.

And with this allegedly impromptu orchestra the leonine Hungarian with the Beethovenian brows

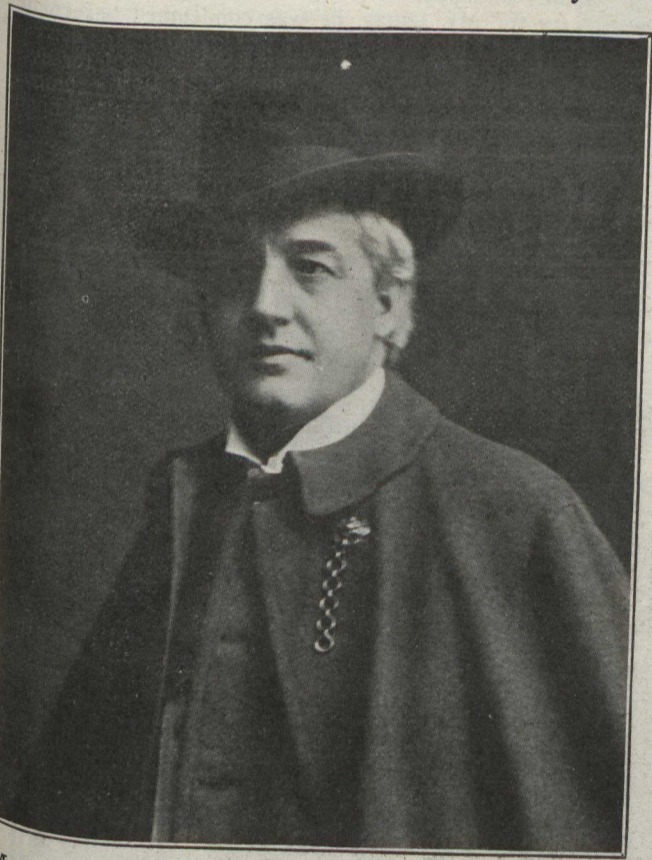
and the smileless visage, got effects such as were never heard in America. His men played old pieces: Tschaikovski's "Pathetic" Symphony, Beethoven's Leonora Overture No. 3, the Tannhauser overture, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1—all as familiar to many music-lovers as an old song. The effects were almost revelationally novel. Nikisch knows his music in a sub-conscious way. The things he got his men to do were somehow got from the world that they originally came from in the composer's mind, before he put a pen to a score. Nikisch used no score. He read the great pieces as though he were making them up as he went along, and imparting to his men each his own particular score for the first time. You were conscious of no previous rehearsals. The men themselves played—what time and again they had played before—as though it was some new experience.

Under his baton the old things became new. He was himself a sudden, overwhelming and prodigious fact. The orchestra under him could have played "Alexander's Ragtime Band" or "Whistling Rufus" with a discovery in every bar. One eminent Canadian conductor predicted that the triumph of Nikisch would be largely a matter of rhythm. It was rhythm—plus just about everything else. There is no technical basis by which to judge Nikisch. He does not merely do. He supremely and superbly is. Egotist as much as Wagner ever was; high liver and profound musical thinker; a colossal interpreter of great works, equipped with a brain that seizes intuitively what other men study laboriously to get—he is no man to be dissected with a knife or regarded through a microscope.

The tone field over which Nikisch traveled with his orchestra ranged from the shuddering toneless zephyr just born in the tips of the grass to the screaming thunderstorm that rips the roofs from the Rockies. The colours ran through all the spectral permutations of the rainbow—oh, yes,

(Continued on page 26.)

## A Family of Distinction Before the Footlights



Mr. H. McD. Walters, Head of the Walters Dramatic Company, Tied With the Winner of the J. E. Dodson Ring for the Best Individual Acting at the Earl Grey Competition in Ottawa.



Miss Clare Walters, Who Cleverly Took the Role of "Varvara" in Calderone's Tragedy.

AMONG the many unusually interesting episodes at the dramatic tourney in the Earl Grey Competition a few days ago, the brilliant success of Mr. and Mrs. H. McD. Walters and Miss Clare Walters was one of the most popularly delightful. This talented family of non-professional actors are residents of Ottawa. They won their laurels in a real gripping Russian tragedy of Calderone, in which Mr. Walters, actor-manager of the company, had a leading role. Mrs. Walters, who has been only a couple of years in dramatic work, was well entitled to the Margaret Anglin bracelet. Miss Walters was immensely popular as "Varvara."



Mrs. H. McD. Walters by Her Splendid Success in Calderone's Russian Tragedy, "The Little Stone House," Fairly Won the Margaret Anglin Bracelet for Best Individual Work as an Actress.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## The Babylonian Tendency.

CAN it be that the sins of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar have been reproduced in a new form by the builders and users of the luxurious passenger ships of these days? Is our punishment the same as theirs, because we too have run contrary to natural and divine laws?

Nebuchadnezzar the King made an image of gold and commanded all to worship it. Belshazzar gave an impious feast to a thousand of his lords. They thought their human desires and human ambitions were of supreme importance. So we who build big ships have substituted card rooms, wine rooms and titivating parlours for life-boats because we thought our pleasures of supreme importance.

This is not a sermon, but underlying the history of the Jewish race as told in the Old Testament there is much eulogy of common-sense and humility and much condemnation of vain-glory and self-indulgence. The Jewish peoples learned their lessons slowly and painfully, and every succeeding generation of Jew or Gentile has made a similar blotted record. Even to-day the theatre exits and fire-escapes only came after several theatre holocausts which shocked us into sensibility for a few moments. So, safe ships upon the ocean will now come after one of the greatest punishments ever inflicted upon pleasure-seekers.

Who, then, is to blame? The man who designed and built the Titanic, the man who ordered the most inviting and expensive meal ever served aboard an ocean liner, or we the public who blindly follow where pleasure and excitement lead? We are to blame, we who mourn the brave men who went so nobly to an unnecessary and untimely death, we who gather up their bodies from the crests of the waves and bury them again with great lamentations.

We should not blame Captain Smith, nor President Ismay, nor the designer, nor the builder, nor the bankers who financed the leviathan. It is our own ignorance, our own selfishness, our own desire to spend the easily-gained wealth of the North American continent. It is our own selfishness, our own failure to realize that we have a greater destiny than that of pursuing our own happiness and our own delights.

"They drank wine and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of wood, and of stone."

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## Madness of Bigness.

AGAIN we have proof of the folly of our madness for bigness. The world is building big cities—and big cities are a curse. The world is building high buildings, and high buildings are a curse. The world is erecting huge combines and the combines are too often a curse. And so we may run down the list from the greatest to the smallest feature of our madness for bigness.

Every man is judged by the size of his business, the size of his bank account, and even the size of his automobile. It is not so much the question of his character, of his unselfishness, of his honesty, as it is the size of his worldly success.

As we judge men, so we judge our "creations"—railway systems, banks, circuses and steamships. This is an age of superlatives in speech, in industry and in commerce. Haven't I read somewhere of a Canadian factory which advertises "The greatest floor-cloth factory in the British Empire." Could anything be more absurd?

Why blame the White Star Line for building such big steamboats? They only did what the rest of us are doing. Even the newspapers who criticize are sacrificing their virtue and their nobility in a mad rush for circulation and notoriety.

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## Progress and Reason.

ONE may protest against the mad rush for bigness and yet have an optimistic belief in the progress of the human race. The world is making progress, but in some parts of the world the progress is modest and reasonable and in others immoderate and rash.

For example, Toronto has been making steady progress for ten years without any signs of a boom. Now the town is being over-run with real estate agents who are buying up all the farms within ten miles of the city limits and sub-dividing them for the "benefit" of the public. That these people are appealing to the middle and lower class people, whose investment knowledge is limited, is shown by the fact that the biggest advertisements of this kind appear in Friday evening's and Saturday morning's papers in order to catch Saturday afternoon investors. The same might be said of several other Canadian cities whose future progress is assured, but whose present progress is being discounted by men who cannot wait.

Again, Canadian chartered banks are all doing well. Their profits have grown steadily. Yet that is no reason why one bank should buy another bank's stock at an extraordinarily high figure; nor that two banks should combine in order to advance the price of their stocks on the security market. Further, there is no just reason why a bank should erect a hundred thousand dollar building in a small city when a twenty-five thousand dollar building would be adequate and reasonable.

The truth is that Canada's success has almost turned our heads, just as the success of big steamers threatened to turn the heads of the steamship owners and builders. This country is sure to grow rapidly during the next ten years, but that is no reason why real estate on Yonge St., Toronto, or St. Catherine St., Montreal, or Main St., Winnipeg, should double in price every six months.

Canada will avoid "bad times" only by keeping

prices normal and reasonable. If the present game keeps up, there will be some lamentations a few years hence.

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## Just a Few Facts.

NOW for a few facts of our head-turning progress. During the year ending March 31st, there arrived in Canada 354,237 immigrants. This was a gain of 14 per cent., as compared with 1910-11. If we continue to gain citizens at this accelerated pace, we shall get 400,000 during the next twelve months, 456,000 in the next and over 500,000 in the year ending March 21st, 1915.

During the twelve months ending February 29th, Canada imported goods valued at \$537,000,000, an increase of twenty per cent. over the previous twelve months. This is a new record, but one which will probably be broken again this year. We are still in the railway building era and we are big importers. We are duplicating the fancy feats which the United States performed when passing through a similar period of construction. During the same period, we exported only \$285,000,000 worth of goods, showing that we paid in cash or credit for a balance of trade against us of \$250,000,000. It will take some profit to pay that sort of bill every year.

But while we were paying this little quarter billion item, we managed to put one hundred and six million dollars in the banks. In other words, deposits in the chartered banks were \$937,000,000 on March 31st, 1912, as against \$831,000,000 on March 31st, 1911. No wonder we are getting inflated with the notion that we are the most wonderful people on earth.

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## That Ye Be Not Judged.

THE case of Major Peuchen, J. Bruce Ismay, and others saved from the Titanic, has stirred up conflicting feelings and sentiments in Canada. Some of these sentiments are not creditable to the good sense of the people. Because Major Peuchen is an officer and a yachtsman, his critics think he might have had less to say when the newspapers secured an interview with him. The public attitude towards Mr. Ismay is much more critical.

Personally, I think the public are not justified in their criticism. Major Peuchen's conduct seems to have been quite natural. He realized, as few people on the Titanic realized, that the vessel was mortally wounded. As a yachtsman he was well acquainted with the use of a small boat and when ordered to take his place in one he naturally accepted the opportunity without fear. Perhaps he did say some things which were better left unsaid, but the experience was unusual and Major Peuchen was talking to friends. Nothing that he did justifies the cruel brutality of the attacks to which he has been subjected. Even if he had done wrong, there is something inhuman in the means which evil-minded and ungenerous persons have taken to make him and his family unhappy.

As for Mr. Ismay, he was condemned before he was heard both by the Senate Committee of Investigation and a portion of the public. The later evidence has revealed the exceptional circumstances under which all those concerned were called upon to think and to act.

## The "Inland" Senators' Inquisitorial Court at Washington



A Session of the U. S. Senate Investigating Committee on the Titanic Wreck. No.1, Senator Perkins; 2, Senator Smith; 3, Senator Newlands; 4, Senator Fletcher; 5, J. Bruce Ismay. Between Senators Newlands and Fletcher are Major and Mrs. Peuchen, of Toronto.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.



# SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

## A Year in the Garden

Work in the Month of May—The Planting Season

By E. T. COOK

**M**AY, the month of sunshine and early flowers, the month of soft fragrances and warm winds that send the life-blood of Nature coursing through every living thing. A long winter has passed, a cold, tiresome spring just hurried away, and now the rosy cheeks of bright-eyed May, who walks in our gardens and touches the not-long-since cold earth with a joyous, throbbing life. It is my wish, and I hope this wish is fulfilled month by month, to make these notes as simple as possible, to make them a living reality. A garden is surely a beautiful book, writ, as Douglas Jerrold tells us, by the finger of God. Every flower and every leaf is a letter; you have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will, do that—to learn them and join them, and then to go on reading and reading, and you will find yourself carried from the earth by the beautiful story you are going through. . . . And then there are some flowers that seem like dutiful children: tend them but ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.

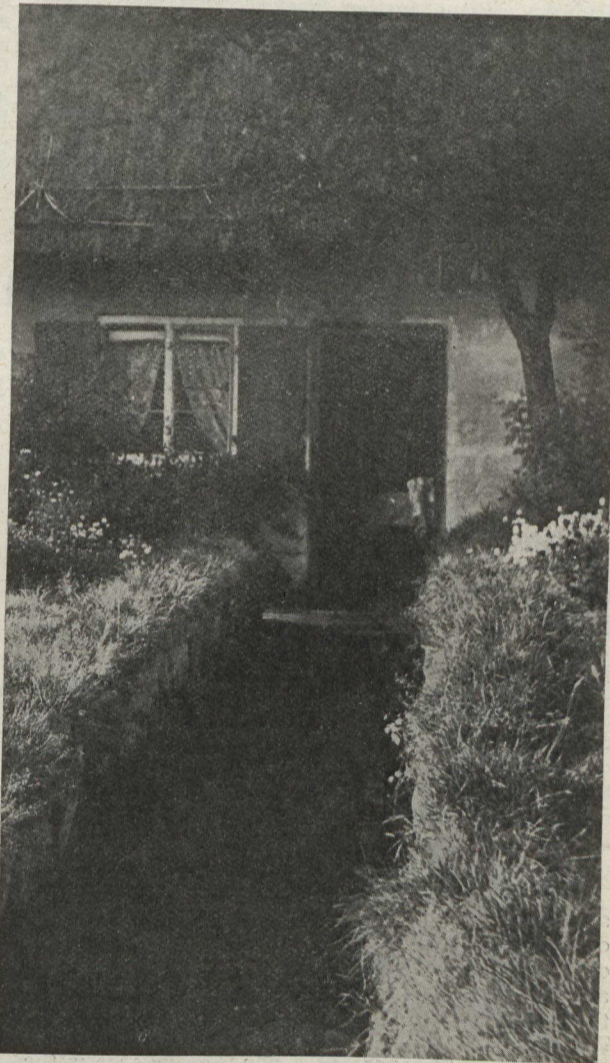
### Colour in the Garden.

A pleasant and profitable hour the writer spent lately in the rooms of the Public Library, College Street, where the exhibition of the Canadian Art Society was being held. One picture appealed to me—a patch in which China Roses and other flowers were intermingled, just a natural bit of planting that taught a lesson in the beauty and colour relationship in the flower garden. Is it not true that Nature is the great artist and distributes her flower gifts in abundant masses or groups, flinging them down to colour and drench with scent the brown earth on which we live? Schopenhauer the pessimist, thought of that in memorable words—"Nature the Artist." It is surprising how beautifully and picturesquely trees and plants, even the commonest, will group themselves the moment they are freed from man's control. We see this in any spot that has been thrown off, or never taken into cultivation, even though it bear only Thistles, Briers, and the commonest flowers. In cornfields and market gardens, on the contrary, the æsthetic effect of the plant-world sinks to a minimum." If we would have beautiful gardens this question of colour must be considered, and a few rules of guidance are given herewith. Do not plant in lines or patterns, but arrange the flowers in informal groups, varying in size and shape and therefore giving a natural effect—tall at the back, lowly in front, never dotting single plants about promiscuously, with the too often result, an unwelcome spottiness.

### Colours that Harmonize.

The question of colour is one that should be considered at planting time, care being taken to associate only such plants as are harmonious in their tints. Scarlet must be kept away from rose-purple, but scarlet and crimson blend well with orange and yellow, while purple and blue merge into pale lavender and white. Plants that flower early in the summer, such as the Oriental Poppy, and afterwards become unsightly, should be planted behind later-growing kinds, one of which is all-important, the blue, or Michaelmas, daisy, or Aster. The choice of kinds having been decided on, the way in which they are arranged then becomes the matter of chief importance. It seems a natural arrangement to use the creeping and short-growing plants in front and the rest behind them and the tall ones at the back. This is obviously, as I have

pointed out before, a good general rule, but if not varied with judicious exceptions, the result will be monotonous. Now and then some of the tall, backward groups should break forward. Try and get hold of some definite scheme of colouring in order to achieve richness and brilliancy with dignity. It saves much trouble and puzzling to have a regular



The thatched roof on this English cottage may be as old as the tree at the door. The garden, representing more than one generation of care, is probably older than either.

scheme of simple progression of colour from end to end, so that if you have a yellow-flowered thing to plant you put it in the yellow place all in proper gradation. In no way can you obtain so much power of colour, by which is intended strength, richness and brilliancy, as by beginning very quietly at the ends of the borders with bluish foliage, such as the Pink gives, and flowers of tender colouring, white, pale blue, and palest sulphur-yellow, and even with these palest pink, beginning with the softest shades, then gradually to strongest yellows, rich orange, scarlets and deep blood-crimsons, again descending to the pale colourings. This may seem somewhat advanced to information, but is really very simple.

One of the most important gardening duties in May is, when all fear of frost is over, the bedding out, that is, filling beds and other places with Geraniums and plants that are not proof against our winters. Many mistakes are committed in the planting and a few principles may well be set forth, these being much the same as those that govern the border. A combination of colour conceived without forethought or good taste will displease, "no matter how fine the varieties of plants," as a well-known writer once said—true words. No one who has studied colour or thinks anything about it, would mingle scarlet and magenta, but one sees smaller mistakes. Flowers described as pink are grouped, but salmon pink is pale or diluted scarlet and rose pink belongs to the magenta or carmine colourings.

### Effect of Colour.

When planting or planning beds put rose-pink only with crimson, purple, lemon, cream, white, lavender or mauve, except when the pink is very pale, when it may go with royal blue or blue-violet. Salmon is a beautiful colour for terra cotta brown, which is the tint of the Coreopsis, with indigo blue, such as is painted on the beautiful flowers of the Salpiglossis, with lemon, orange, grey-blue, that recall the tint of Ageratum or blue Aster, and also with maroon-purple and cream and white. Scarlet is gaudy; yet may be placed with orange or yellow, indeed a bed leading up from white through cream, lemon, amber, orange, vermilion, to a warm scarlet centre is a rare colour picture. Bright blue, blue-violet, or blue-lavender are best with cream or lemon, blush-pink, or apricot, but may go with orange-scarlet or rose-pink—a summer effect, as gay as the brightest butterfly. Red, purple, mauve and lemon are agreeable and the harsh tint of magenta is softened by cream shades. Fully as important is the juxtaposition of the beds. Suppose, for illustration, a lawn is set out with beds—the whole is seen probably at a glance. If the colours clash the flowers have lost much of their value. Magenta Petunias in the near neighbourhood of Scarlet Verbenas form a deplorable association, but there is safety in keeping strong colours apart by the use wholly of white. The arrangement of beds and borders with regard to colour is somewhat difficult to understand at first. A bed of deep crimson Phlox Drummondii, a flower happily of the sun, rejoicing in it with as keen a zest as the Petunia, is more appealing than a medley of hues crashed together without thought of appropriate blending—I hope my meaning is clear—and the same precious principle applies to Art generally and Wordsworth's words of wisdom and truthfulness occur to mind when writing these notes for May. Bedding out, as it is popularly called, is only a form of "laying out" grounds which the great poet declares, "may be considered as a liberal art, in some sort like poetry and painting; and its object, like that of all the liberal arts, is, or ought to be, to move the affections under the control of good sense. If this be so when we are merely putting together words or colours, how much ought the feeling to prevail when we are in the midst of the realities of things; of the beauty and harmony, of the joy and happiness of living creatures; of men and children; of birds and beasts; of hills and streams, and trees and flowers, with the changes of night and day, evening and morning, summer and winter, and all their unwearyed actions and energies."

### Some Beautiful Perennial Flowers.

About the middle of May, before the weather is suitable, is the season to plant hardy perennials,





This Border of Pansies Between a Footpath and a Garden is the Creation of an English Farm-labourer's Wife and Daughter.

and in doing so remember the advice already given on colour and grouping. A selection of excellent flowers, for the reason that they seem happy almost anywhere, consists among the *dwarf*, that is, those for the front of the border, Achillea, white, blue Gentian—the colour indicated by the name, Candytuft, also known as Iberis, Catchfly or Silene, pink, White Pinks, Violas (Pansies), Gypsophila, white, Heuchera, crimson, Pyrethrums, colours various,

the lilac-tinted Thyme, Wallflowers, Funkias, Gladiolus (plant further back), Saxifrage, rosy purple and red shades, Stachys lanata, called Woolly Lambs-ear, because of the silkiness and shape of the leaves, *Medium* Canterbury Belts, Aquilegia or Columbine, Pentstemons, Gaillardias (Blanket-flowers), Campanula (Bell-flower), the Cardinal-flower (Lobelia), Coreopsis, Cornflower (Centaurea), Day-lily (Hemerocallis), Doronicum, Fun-

kia, the red Geum, Gladiolus, Golden Glow, also known as Rudbeckia, bright crimson Heuchera, Carnations, German Irises, Lilies, especially speciosum and tigrinum, scarlet Lychnis, Oswego Tea (Monarda), Paeonies, Tradescantia, and for the back big groups of the beautiful grass Arundo Donax, Cannas, Dahlias, Larkspurs (Delphiniums), Phloxes, the appropriately named grass Eulalia gracillima, Flame-flower (Tritoma), Hollyhocks, Oriental Poppy, the soft lilac Scabiosa caucasica, and at the ends of the borders Yuccas. There may be, of course, bulbs for spring, Daffodils, Tulips, Crocuses, Hyacinths and the other things that gladden the garden in the opening flower season of the year.

#### At Work.

Plant all trees and shrubs, whether evergreen, flowering, or otherwise, at once, and also the exotics, purchasing, if they have not been raised at home, the white scented Tobacco (Nicotiana affinis) which is pleasant in the warm summer evenings near the house; its flowers seem to gleam in the darkening day, and remember the annuals that have been already written of, the Shirley poppies, whose seed should be sown in a little shade, to prevent the seedlings from drying up in the fierce sun, Sweet Peas, Mignonette, Virginian Stock, Foxgloves, in shade, Nasturtiums, both the climbing and other kinds, the brilliant little Portulacca, a flower gem of glistening colours, Sunflowers, and the Cosmos, which flowers late in the year—a tall annual of exquisite grace. Thinking of good effects from colour association reminds me of the beauty of that glorious spiraea, Van Houttei, with its white plumes, and the smaller, intense crimson-flowered S. Anthony Waterer, in front. I hope in the fall to give a list of such happy plantings. Remember above all things to plant with great care. Do so as if one loved these living things of the earth. Gardening must result in failure unless the flowers are loved for their own sakes. Careless or ignorant handling of plants, whether of the garden or the park, means that healthy growth cannot come. Money and patience are wasted.

## Planting Lake and Pond Sides

### By A LANDSCAPE GARDENER

AT this season of planting—and there is no time to be lost—various phases of garden and country life present themselves. It may be the herbaceous or mixed border, the glory of many a garden, the orchard, or—unfortunately of too rare occurrence—the lake and pond sides which offer opportunities of enjoying a flower life not possible where only ordinary conditions exist.

Moisture-loving flowers and trees and shrubs are some of the most fascinating that deck this fair world of ours and I shall have much to write from time to time of water flowers and the plants that may be used with picturesque effect in moist soils. One of the greatest authorities on this subject is Mr. William Robinson, whose name is known wherever a love of gardening exists. He has made some pertinent remarks on the actual formation of the garden.

Fortunate indeed are those through whose grounds runs a brook or streamlet. Even where natural ponds exist it frequently happens that the banks of the pond, as well as the water itself, are either perfectly bare or are covered only by the rankest weeds.

The ponds chiefly considered here are those mostly formed without cement, by natural flooding from a brook, streamlet, or river. If the water supply is abundant and continuous, it matters little whether a portion of the water is wasted by percolating the sides of the pond, but when only a small supply can be had, the bottom and sides of the pond must be either concreted or puddled with clay.

It often happens that when the excavations for a pond are completed, the bottom is found to consist of impervious clay, but the sides of ordinary soil, which would allow a large portion of the water to waste. In such cases the best way out of the difficulty is the cutting of a narrow trench, say 18 inches wide, to a depth a little beyond the surface of the natural clay subsoil. The trench, which should skirt the whole pond at some little distance from the actual edge of the water, is then filled with clay "puddle," that is, clay made by pressure quite hard, till just above the water-line and forms an effective remedy against waste, while the water-soaked soil between the trench and the actual outline of the pond forms an excellent home for all the more vigorous marsh plants.

The outline of a pond is of the utmost importance. Regular curves or circles or ovals are utterly out

of place and look ridiculous in a landscape with irregular and naturally undulating ground. In order to be effective, the outline of the pond must not only be irregular, but it must be also in accordance with the laws of nature, and as in most cases the natural pond or lake is merely an expanded stream or river, we must look to the shore-lines of the latter for guidance in the forming of artificial ponds.

In a natural stream the curves are mostly due to the water meeting with some obstacle which caused a deviation in its course. We find invariably that where prominent, a projecting rock, or some other obstacle caused an alteration in the course of the water, the latter is thrown against the opposite bank with greater force, and unless the ground be very hard a good portion of it is washed away by the force, and an extended recess is the natural result.

In the same way an irregular pond to look natural should have the largest and boldest recesses opposite or nearly opposite the largest prominent on the other side. The shore-line should not terminate abruptly, but should form a slope continued below the water level.

IN planting the shore of a pond, or lake, it is the ground which projects into the water which should be furnished with the largest and boldest plants. This is not only perfectly natural, but has also the effect of partially concealing some of the recesses of the water. A pond thus treated will appear larger than it really is, and a walk around the shore-line will reveal fresh surprises with every step.

The great principle of grouping trees or flowers must not be overlooked; it is the only principle that means a cloud of simple colouring. Look at the willows now yellowing in the sun, a group of them, and there is a shimmer of gold, a picture in itself for the true artist to paint. The artist who paints natural effects has not far to seek for subjects, and perhaps with all the great beauty set out by nature, some Corot will arise to bring everlasting fame to Canadian art. Group them, and the number of plants used will depend of course upon the extent of the water-line.

There is an evil in overcrowding, but let every-

thing used tell its own story of flower or bark colouring. Of shrubs or trees there are the Red (Siberian Dogwood), with deep crimson stems which glow with colour at the close of day. A mass of this by the water-edge with dark plummy Pines behind is a rare effect, the sun sinking fast and low sends shafts of light through the wood and couches the Dogwood, an effect that if transferred to canvas would be regarded as an example of mental exaggeration. The silvery-leaved Rosemary Willow recalls the Rosemary with perfumed leaf "that's for remembrance," the Golden Willow, companion to the Siberian, and the common weeping willow are all endowed with characteristic charm.

OF flowers, plant in quantity and together German and Japanese Irises, which have a strong appreciation of moist soil, the Scarlet Perennial Phlox, Oswego Tea or Bee Balm (Monarda didyma), which is easily known by the strong perfume of the newly-born leaves, the Cardinal flower (Lobelia cardinalis), the Marsh Marigold (Caltha), a true water flower, and the tall Swamp Lily of North America (Lilium superbum). These are a few beautiful things to use. It is wise to plant those known to do well generally than, unless one wishes to do so, try experiments. If these are a failure the gardening pastime is not encouraged.

### A Word About Boathouses.

THE writer brought these few hints from "The English Flower Garden," adaptable to this country of great waters. "Among the things which are least beautiful in many gardens and pleasure grounds in the boathouse. Our (meaning of course in England—Ed.), builders are not simple in their ways, and are seldom satisfied with any one good colour to make a house with, or even a boathouse, but every kind of ugly variation is tried, so that harshness in effect is the usual result, where all should be simple and quiet in colour, as it is in boathouses on the Norfolk Broads made of reeds and rough posts. The simpler the better in all such work. . . . The place, too, should be carefully chosen and the building not conspicuous. It is best to use materials of the estate or country. Living creepers may help to protect the sides of the airy sheds. Larch comes in well where Oak is not to be spared, and Larch shingling for the roof."



# Homes and Gardens of Canada

## 5.—The Country Residence of Mr. Mortimer B. Davis in the Laurentians

By A. G. SCLATER

**P**ERCHED on a man-made plateau eleven hundred feet above sea level, a hundred feet above a horseshoe-shaped lake that lies like a splash of blue in a sea of green, Mr. Mortimer B. Davis' country home in the Laurentians, near Ste. Agathe des Monts, commands a panorama of mountain scenery that is probably unsurpassed in Eastern Canada.

The house—a greyish, low, long structure of wood and rough-hewn stone with gabled roof and a long, wide verandah, built in a style which is apparently an adaptation of the native architecture of the province of Quebec—stands in the centre of an estate of three or four hundred acres, on a steep hillside opposite the little village of Ste. Agathe.

High up on the hillside among the firs and pines the house seems to stand on the side of a gigantic amphitheatre, wherein the ranges of hills like tiers of seats, roll away to meet the sky in the blue distance. It is estimated that on a clear summer's day one can see mountain ranges fully forty miles away from Mr. Davis' front windows.

In summer, when all these rolling, round-topped hills are covered with green, and the lake below is a sparkling blue, but a shade darker than the vivid blue of the sky above, one could not ask a more appropriate picture for the caption "Canada in Summer." Here is peace and coolness, the delicious peace and coolness for which most city people yearn, when the sun is high and the days are warm. Mountains and mountain air seem to have a singularly soothing effect on jangled nerves. The mountains are so big and still and man in comparison is so small, that no matter how important our worries may seem in the market places of the cities, in among the mountains there seems to occur a rapid readjustment of our sense of perspective, that occurs in no other part of that non-citified region known by the generic name of "the country."

### No Jarring Sense of Newness.

Standing on Mr. Davis' verandah, in midsummer, looking over the rolling hills and down on the blue lake below, dotted perhaps with darting motor boats, and slow-moving canoes, one can understand why in the olden times sages and saints fled to the hills for peace and why to-day the modern business man and city dweller grown wise with the increasing age of the world, seek the hills to place themselves again in that state of mind from which they can gaze upon the busy affairs of mankind, from the outside and from above.

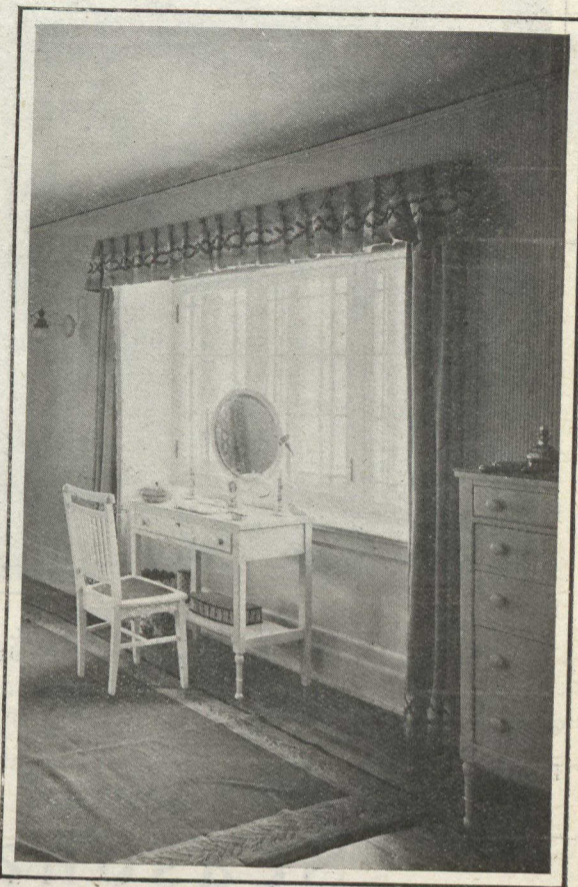
Mr. Davis' home on the mountain side is but slightly over a year old, but owing to the skill with which the architect has adopted his style of archi-

ture to the landscape in which the house stands, there is none of that jarring sense of newness which one experiences in coming upon a new house built in the country. The stone from which the house is built—limestone cut in that zigzag style that is peculiar to the stone work of old French-Canadian manor houses—looks old and grey and weather-beaten and might easily have been in position a hundred years. Although the grounds and terraces about the house are still uncompleted and in the early stages of an evolution from a rocky hillside, which will end finally in the velvet lawns and luxurious flower beds which the skill and art of the landscape gardener makes possible, they are, however, far enough advanced to give one some idea of the beauty of the estate which will surround the house when they are completed.

### House and Furnishings.

At present the interest of a visitor to Mr. Davis' home in the country is confined principally to the house itself and the beautiful scenery in the midst of which it stands. One enters the house from the north through a sun parlour, and comes at once into the living-room, in this, as in most country houses, the most important room in the house. As was the custom in the old French-Canadian manor houses, the house is built one room deep and the living-room occupies the full breadth of the house from east to west, overlooking a panorama of lake and mountain on the one side and looking up the mountain side on the other. The furnishings of the living-room, and the manner which the architect has decorated it, form a singularly attractive combination of the ultra-modern and the Old English.

The room, conforming as it does to the general shape of the house, is long and wide, with rather high ceilings, raftered in dark oak, with a floor of light oak, white walls and the high, narrow windows buried very deep in the thick walls, that are so characteristic of the sturdily-built Canadian houses after which the house is partly patterned. At either end of the room are built from ceiling to floor, stone fireplaces of rough, rounded boulders, with dark, very heavy andirons, which harmonize marvellously well with the heavy proportions of the fireplaces. The walls and the spaces between the oak rafters are white and unornamented in keeping with the scheme of decoration which holds good throughout the house. There are no pictures on the walls, although at first owing to the skilful way in which the wall space is cut up, the omission is not at first noticed. The absence of the usual rows of pictures



This Bedroom Window of Generous Light Affords a Splendid View of the Distant Laurentian Hills.

on the walls is appreciated as being essential, after one has seen the rest of the house as to the carrying out of the motives which animated the architect in designing the interior of this lovely home. Down the centre of the room runs a long oaken table of antique design, with bench-like seats of a similarly antique design with rattan seats on either side. Before the fireplaces are drawn up old-fashioned winged-back chairs, covered with gaily-coloured cretonne.

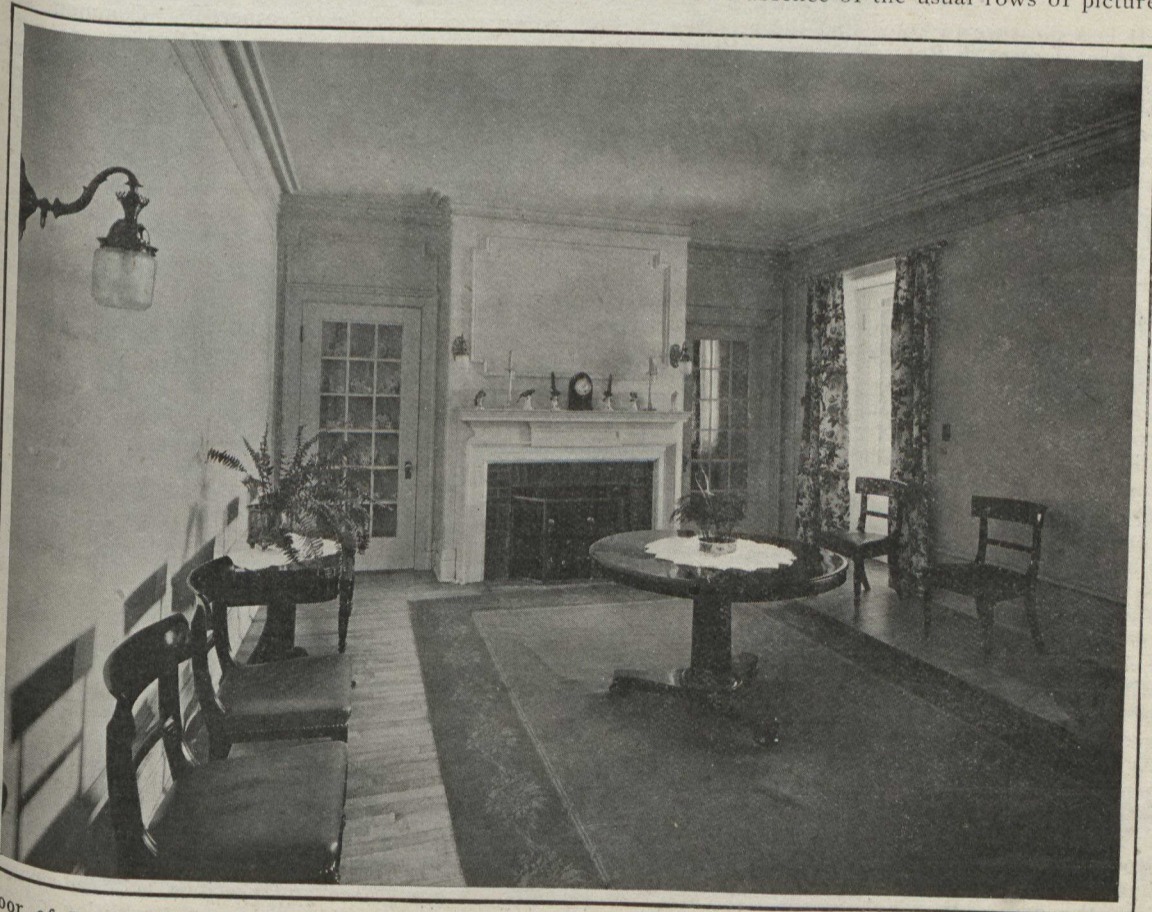
The carpet is of green, with a border of conventional flowers in dull red, and the window curtains are of a quaint pattern that somehow or other helps to heighten the antique-modern atmosphere of the room. All the furniture is antique, time-blackened and of oak, and the most of it has been brought from England by Mrs. Davis herself.

As in a good picture, every detail is put in for a definite purpose and heightens the effect which the whole room is intended to convey. Everything seems to fit into a definite place in the whole scheme of decoration and one gains the impression on entering the room that the designer of the decorations and the buyer of the furniture, the carpets, and the window curtains, had a definite idea as to how the room was to look long before its different parts had been brought together. There is a clearness, a brightness, a cheerfulness, and an art about it all that is wholly satisfying.

### A Home in the Truest Sense.

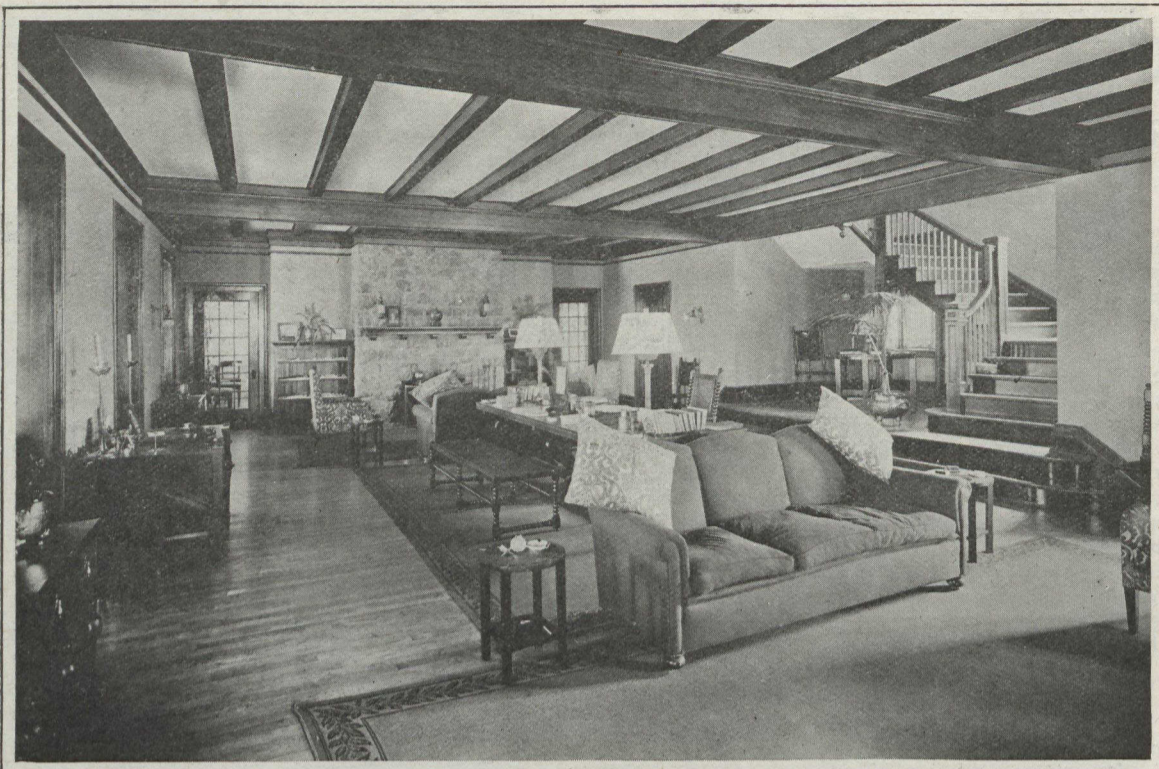
The interior of the house is the same, and the coldness and stiffness of the "monochrome" system of decoration, which forms the basis apparently of the scheme of decoration adopted, is relieved and brightened by the dark, warm colours of the oak, mahogany and rosewood furniture, which is used in most of the rooms. Without exaggeration the interior of Mr. Davis' house can be said to be a work of art, and the designing of it is credited to Mrs. Davis, who is regarded to be, among those who know in Montreal, one of the most tasteful women in matters that have to do with the interior fittings of a modern house. If Mr. Mortimer Davis' house at Ste. Agathe does not bear out this contention, his Montreal house most certainly will.

Of course, besides being a work of art, Mr. Davis' house is a home in the truest sense. It is lighted by electricity from Ste. Agathe and by "blaugas," a liquified illuminating gas that is brought from the haunts of civilization in tanks. Incidentally this gas is used for the cooking. Then there is spring water to drink, brought from a mountain spring far up on the hillside, and water for



Floor of Light Oak, Rosewood Furniture and Decorations of White and Blue Constitute an almost Perfect Dining-room.





General Living-Room in the Country Home of Mr. Mortimer Davis in the Laurentian Hills: in Style Early English, with Furniture Imported from England.

other purposes that is pumped from the lake below. Although Mr. Davis is not himself interested in farming, the estate possesses a well-stocked farm

that provides most of the supplies used the year around by this house on the hill.

Winter and summer, Mr. Davis visits his house



The Country House of Mr. Mortimer Davis Seen in Winter.

at Ste. Agathe, at least once or twice a month, oftener in the summer than in the winter, although the house remains open and ready for its owner's arrival at any time the year round. During the summer, more particularly, Mr. and Mrs. Davis entertain parties from Montreal almost every weekend, when Mr. Davis spends the time he can snatch from business either with his horses or darting around on the surface of the lake in front of his house in a powerful little motor boat.

Like a number of Montreal's wealthy men, Mr. Davis has learned to appreciate the virtues of Ste. Agathe and Ste. Agathe air as a place wherein to recover in a few hours from the wear and tear incident to the rush of modern business; and his charming home on the hillside is now one in a little settlement of Montreal business men which was lately formed into a municipality under the name of Ivry-on-the-Lake.

## Seasonable Thoughts on Roses

By E. T. COOK

THE delicious fragrance of Pot-pourri is welcome in the home and the season of the queen of flowers, the Rose, will soon be ushered in. The following recipe is from Ellwanger, the well-known American horticulturist, and writer. It is taken from Mrs. Earle's "Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden," a book that has had a very wide circulation. "Mrs. Earle," writes Mr. Ellwanger, "gives us a most luxurious and opulent recipe for the old favourite mixture called all the world over, *Pot-pourri*. The roses used should be just flowers of the sweetest smelling kinds, gathered in as dry a state as possible. After each gathering, spread out the petals on a sheet of paper and leave until free from all moisture; then place a layer of petals and salt, alternating until the jar is full. Leave for a few days or until a broth is formed; then incorporate thoroughly, and add more petals and salt, mixing daily for a week, when fragrant gums and spices should be added, such as benzoin, storax, cassia-buds, cinnamon, cardamon, and vanilla bean. Mix again and leave for a few days, when add essential oil of jasmine, violet, tuberose and attar of roses, together with a hint of ambergris, or musk, in mixture with the flower ottos, to fix the odour. Spices, such as cloves, should be sparingly used. A Rose Pot-pourri thus combined, without parsimony in supplying the flower ottos, will be found in the fullest sense a joy for ever."

### Hiawatha.

The first occasion on which the writer saw this brilliant rose was at one of the Temple Exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society, in England. As the name suggests, it is of American origin, raised by M. H. Walsh, a seedling from the famous Crimson Rambler, though its wealth of glistening green foliage points to the Wichuraiana blood. Whatever its parentage, and that is of little concern to most people, there is no doubt that Hiawatha will be long in our gardens. The trails of flowers are a full crimson intensified by a white centre and golden anthers—and they hang in graceful profusion from the leafy stems. Hiawatha is a rose, too, for the Dominion; there is no question of its adaptability to this climate.

### Juliet.

Juliet—a regal beauty—raised by the great rosarians of Waltham Cross, Messrs. Wm. Paul and ranks with Hugo Rollo, is one of the most astonishing creations of the hybridist of recent years. There is no question that wide-spread popularity in all continents where flowers are loved, awaits the Juliet Rose, not only for its wonderful colouring, but vigorous growth, adapting it for either a short pillar or a shrub. It is a garden and exhibition

rose combined, and by "garden" one means a plant that gives bountifully of its flowers, not merely to adorn the show tent, in which too often mere form is the standard of idealism set up. It may be interesting to the enthusiastic rosarian to know that the seed parent is the hybrid perpetual Captain Hayward, and the pollen parent Soleil d'or. The scarlet crimson and orange gold colourings of the two parents have been fused in the offspring, a mixture of shades almost impossible to describe in words, but the exquisite buds open out into large scented flowers that seem to have caught a little of the summer sunshine itself. Juliet should be welcomed in the Dominion. The rose garden needs her presence.

### Fragrance in Roses.

It is a pleasure to know that the remarks on the absence of scent in Roses have created interest, but notes to publish under this heading will be welcomed, not only expressions of opinion, for which we are grateful. "Fragrance" should be the very breath of the garden. A man who makes a garden, as the great authority, Mr. William Robinson, says, should have a heart for plants that have the gift of sweetness as well as beauty of form and colour. And what a mystery as well as charm—wild Roses, sweet as the breath of heaven, and wild Roses of repulsive odour, all born of the earth-mother, and it may be springing from the same spot. Flowers sweet at night and scentless in the day; flowers of evil odour at one hour, and fragrant at another; plants sweet in health of blossom, but deadly in leaf and sap; lilies sweet as they are fair, and lilies that must not be let into the house; with bushes in which all that is delightful in odour permeates to every March-daring bud. Every fertile country has its fragrant flowers and trees; alpine meadows with Orchids and mountain Violets; the Primrose-scented woods, Honeysuckle-wreathed and May-frosted hedgerows of Britain; the cedars of India and of the mountains of Asia Minor, with Lebanon; trees of the same stately order, perhaps still more fragrant in the warmer Pacific breezes of the Rocky Mountains and Oregon, where the great Pines often spring from a carpet of fragrant Evergreens, and a thousand flowers which fade away after their early bloom, and stand withered in the heat, while the tall Pines overhead distil for ever their grateful odour in the sunny air. Myrtle, Rosemary, and Lavender, and all the aromatic bushes and herbs clothing the little capes that jut into the great sea which washes the shores of Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Corsica, garden islands scattered through vast Pacific seas, as stars are

scattered in the heavens; enormous tropical forests, little entered by man, but from which he gathers on the outskirts treasures for the garden; great island gardens like Java and Ceylon and Borneo, rich in spices and lovely plant life; Australia bush, with plants strange as if from another world. During the summer months "fragrance" will have a place in our thoughts.

### Putting Flowers in Water

THE season of flowers, not those from hot-houses and conservatories, is approaching, and certain thoughts occur to mind. Miss Jekyll, whose works on gardens and home life are world-famous, gives, in "Home and Garden," some useful advice, and the following hints should be adopted by all who wish flowers to last as long as possible after they have been gathered. Common sense points out that the sooner cut flowers are put in water the better, but there are some kinds of flowers and some kinds of foliage that require special care or preparation. Everything hard-wooded, such as Lilac, Spiraea, in fact, the flowers of shrubs in general, should have the stems slit up or the bark peeled up, leaving it on in ribbons, or the end of the stem should be crushed—anything to expose as large a surface as possible of woody fibre and inner or outer bark to the action of the water. Reeds, or anything that has a hollow, jointed stem, should have a notch cut in the upper part of each joint that will be under water, so that the stem becomes filled. Some plants have a milky juice that flows out of the cut stalk and quickly dries, sealing up the cut so that it cannot imbibe water. That is why many people think that the great Oriental Poppy will not live indoors. The way with these is to cut the end afresh and also to slit up the stem and to plunge it instantly in the water, when the milky juice is washed away, and the flower lives as well as any other. Some flowers and foliage whose stalks are of a rather fleshy nature should have the stalks slit up and have a preparatory bath right up to their necks either for a whole night or some hours before they are set up. Flowers that come from a long distance should have the stalks freshly cut, and have the same deep bath, of tepid water for preference. Many people advise the mixture of drugs and chemicals in the water in which the flowers are put. Charcoal undoubtedly absorbs impurities and tends to keep the water fresh. But the fresh water is cheap—cheaper than charcoal, and a little attention in changing it, especially when flowers are scarce and precious, will be rewarded by their longer life without the addition of acids or alkalis.



## The Planting Month

AT this time of sowing flower seeds one thought has occurred to me, why not sow more flowers of the night? those that open only when the sun has set or is setting, round the house, flowers that distil a sweet fragrance into the warm air. This surely is one point in our gardening that is too little heeded, and one flower, far too rare, is the evening primrose, which that fine old poet, little known except to the scholar, Bernard Barton, writes of:

"Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening's hues of silver grey  
Thy cup of paly gold."

I would sow this primrose of evening, which, however, is not a primrose, but an *Oenothera*, three feet or four feet high, in waste places where it will sow itself, that is, reproduce itself from its own seed. It has cool grey leaves, and the large yellow flowers, pale as the primrose of the woodland and with as subtle a perfume, open out wide when the day passes into the night. Somewhere in the garden it is possible to plant a group, near, perhaps, the drawing-room, from which the little cloud of yellow may be seen, wafting its incense to the house. This is, I believe, the true spirit of good gardening, to see in each flower its real significance and take advantage of it.

The night-scented stock is another uncommon flower of the evening, an uninteresting during the day as a wisp of hay, but darkness opens the dull-coloured flowers and outpours a warm fragrance, sufficiently strong to reach the open windows. Mingle this with the *mignonette* and in a border near plant the night-scented tobacco (*nicotiana*). The pearly white flowers hang their heads in the sunshine and towards evening open out to flood the garden with perfume. Sow seed now of everything except the *nicotiana*, but plants of it are not costly.

How true it is that of the many things that should be thought of in the making of garden to live in, this of fragrance should be the first. And, happily, among every class of flowers which

may adorn our open-air gardens there are fragrant things to be found. Apart from the groups of plants in which all, or nearly all, are fragrant, as in roses, the annual and biennial (those that bloom the year after the seed is sown), flowers of our gardens are rich in fragrance—stocks, *mignonette*, sweet peas, sweet Sultan, wallflowers, and many others.

The garden borders of hardy flowers bear for us odours as precious as any breath of tropical orchid, from the Lily-of-the-Valley to the carnation, this yielding, perhaps, the most grateful fragrance of all the flowering host in the garden.

### A Flower of the Mist.

A FLOWER of the mist, a flower as blue as the lakes on summer days is the *Nigella*, which is as appealing in colour as the sweet-eyed *Speedwell* or *Veronica* and the *Gentian* of Alpine meadows. Certain flowers known to the writer and quite successful in all parts of the Dominion are seldom seen, the *Nigella* amongst the still unhonoured throng. *Nigella damascena*, of which the form or variety *Miss Jekyll* is the most beautiful, grows wild in the south of Europe and spreads out into a little bushy plant from twelve inches to eighteen inches high, covered over for many weeks with deep blue flowers veiled in a misty cloud of thin leaves or "involucre" of the botanist.

But this fairy flower has many strange names. It is called "Devil in a Bush," from the horned carpels or seed-vessels peeping through the leaf-mist, "Fennel-flower," its foliage suggestive of the fennel; *St. Catherine's Wheel*, and *Bishops-wort*, but "Love in a Mist" is the prettiest, a blue-eyed little fairy maid hiding in the tiny forest of sea-green.

Sow the seed just beneath the soil and very thinly, for the good reason the *Nigella* does not transplant well, and choose some place on which the sun does not beat the whole day, with some dark-leaved shrub in the background to make bluer still those veiled flowers that one lingers over, whether in a mass in the garden or gathered together in a bowl in the house.

VIATOR.

### FANCY FOWL FOR COUNTRY HOMES.



White Yokohama Cock, Bred and Exhibited by Mrs. L. C. Pridham, Lingfield, Sussex, England.

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# COQUITLAM--The New Pacific City on the C.P.R.

## At this point on Pitt River, twenty miles from the Pacific Ocean, the C.P.R. will have large freight terminals.

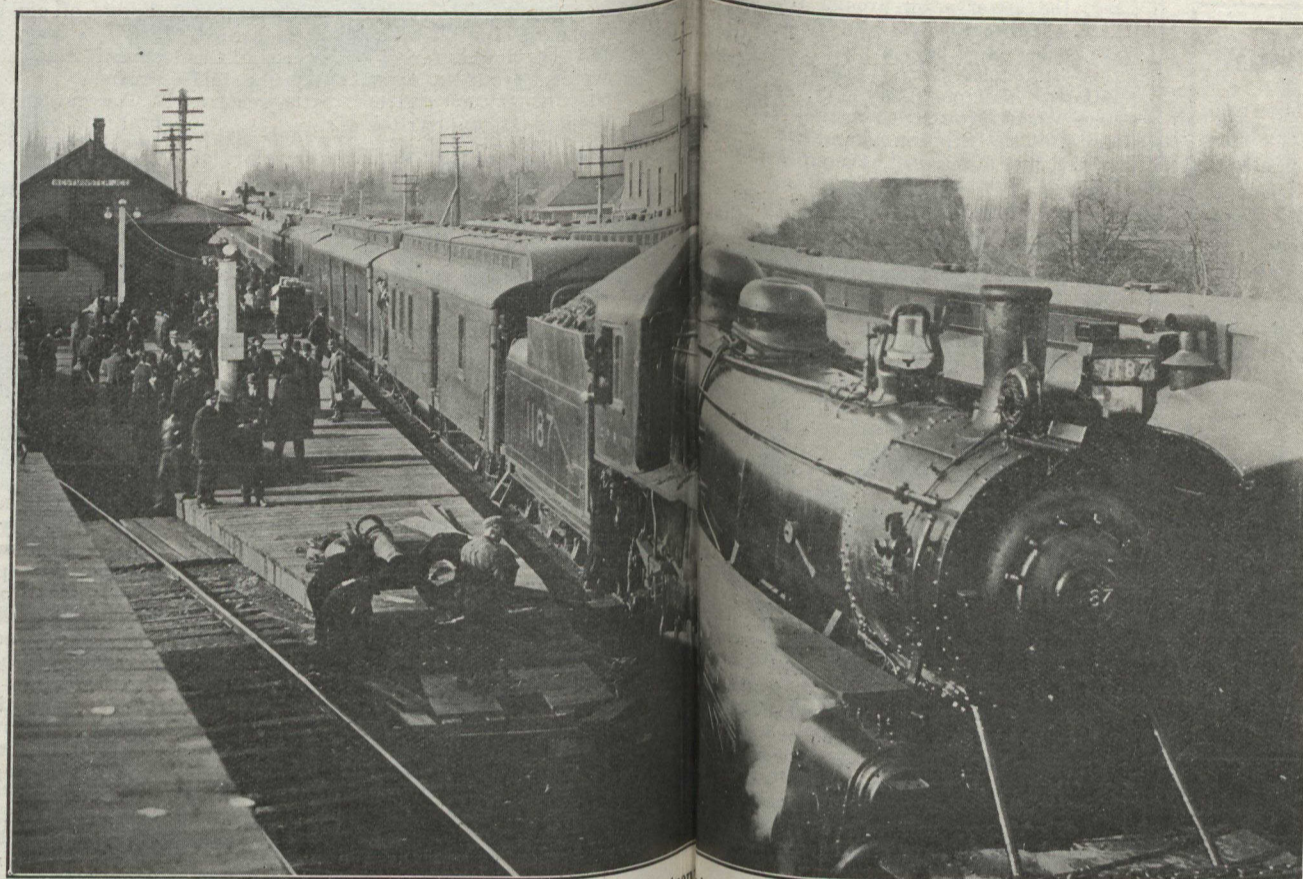
As youth is the Best of Life, so are the Beginning Days of a City the Best for Investments for Increase.

In the early days of a community real estate prices are low and the terms of purchase easy. In later days prices run into big money and terms are stiff. Yet the history of all cities shows that relatively larger profits are made on the low prices of the early days than on the higher prices of maturer years.

Lots in Vancouver that sold for \$250 when the city was founded have since sold for \$100,000. The man who paid \$100,000 has no such opportunity as the man who paid \$250. But the West is still young, and there are still foundation opportunities.

### Coquitlam, the New Terminal City

renews the Vancouver opportunity of twenty years ago. Vancouver, like all great world cities, is beginning to buttress and support itself with outlying cities, the greatest of which will be Coquitlam, the new base of the C.P.R. Crowded out of Vancouver, the railway has sought more room by establishing its freight terminals and Pacific coast shops on the level plain of Coquitlam--seventeen miles from Vancouver. It has there acquired a strip of land more than two miles long and more than half a mile wide. This land was acquired from or through the Coquitlam Terminal Company, and is for railway purposes only. The surrounding townsite belongs to the Coquitlam Terminal Company.



A C. P. R. Train stopping at Coquitlam.

THE terminal plant and shops of the railway will probably mean the ultimate investment of many millions of dollars and the employment of an army of workmen. Expenditures already made or in sight run well over a million dollars. An immense amount of preliminary work has been done and from now until fall nearly a thousand men will be busied on the first unit of the terminals, for which work alone \$660,000 has been set aside. The municipality is spending \$200,000 on streets and sidewalks and the Terminal Company is spending \$30,000 on an industrial railway and is making other improvements.

But in the long run the activities of the railway will be eclipsed by those of other industries. Coquitlam is an ideal place for the location of the industries that must come to the Vancouver metropolitan district.

It has level land--a condition highly prized in a mountainous country. It has an abundance of hydro-electric power--not sometime, but now--at about \$20 per horse-power per year. It has a deep water harbor--the Pitt and Fraser rivers, tidal but fresh. It is only twenty miles from ocean waters. It has vast quantities of timber tributary to it. It will have an abundant car supply. It has extensive trackage and water frontage at nominal prices. It has cheap lots for workmen's homes. It does not tax improvements. It already has good schools, many business houses, several industries and many miles of good streets and sidewalks. It will soon have electric railway communication with Vancouver and the fertile Fraser Valley. It is surrounded by a good agricultural country.



Pitt River Harbor Front, Coquitlam.

Coquitlam is on the main line of the C.P.R. and has daily passenger trains. It enjoys the blessings of the Pacific Coast climate. It is largely owned and controlled by a big company whose prosperity depends on its prosperity. This company--our company--has charged with more than a lot-selling campaign. We are vigorously promoting growth and welfare of the community. We especially desire to communicate with manufacturers seeking coast locations.

But the whole story is too long to tell here. Call on our representatives or write for information or use the attached coupon. They will send you will repay the trouble even if you invest a cent.



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### How Have Roses Fared?

MRS. BAINES writes: The wrappings are off our roses, and we know the best and the worst about our favourites, and have learned a lesson or two. The Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas can be dismissed with a word—they have wintered very well, and were in fine condition for pruning. Not so is it with the arches. I have never taken my arch roses down, but have wrapped them in straw and sack-ing, the latter sewn around the whole arch. It has always been enough, and the arches have been a glory, but, alas! this winter has nearly killed two pink Ramblers and one Lady Gay, and they have their growth to make all over again. The Crimson Ramblers, however, have fared well, therefore choose Crimson Ramblers for arches.

I had to make a steep grade into a lower garden, and I planted it with trailing roses such as Hiawatha, Tausendschon, Philadelphia Rambler, Lady Gay and Dorothy Perkins. All these and many more of their kind would rather trail than climb. I planted them in beds with grass paths between, and they run riot over the slope, a veritable fountain of colour and fragrance. They have all wintered splendidly, the most vigorous being Hiawatha (which bears huge trusses of single flowers with scarlet petals, white centres and golden anthers), and Tausendschon, a semi-double pink cluster rose of greater size than most of its kind. A slope guards them from draught, and they make a beautiful picture in June.

There is a lot of work among the roses in May. Spraying the branches before the leaves are out will disappoint the rose caterpillar and frustrate his house-building plans. Prevention is always better than cure, and one spraying when branches are bare is worth six when the leaves are on. Sow the ground thinly with Tonks manure, at once, and you will rejoice when June comes. If you have studied our editor's numerous books on roses, you will know the formula—if not, here it is:

Superphosphate of lime.....	12 parts
Nitrate of potash.....	10 "
Sulphate of magnesia.....	2 "
Sulphate of iron.....	1 "
Sulphate of lime.....	8 "

Any chemist will make this. It is cheap, only requires one application and adds strength and colour. Nourish constantly with bone flour, to strengthen the constitutions impaired by the winter fight.

### A Palace of Flowers

IT may interest readers of The Courier, and especially those who are contemplating a trip to England, to know that in the Royal Gardens, Kew, near London, England, the most famous botanical establishment in the world. It occupies a superficial area of about two acres, its length is 628 feet, height 60 feet, and the width of the central portion 140 feet. Most of the plants are in wide borders, and here are gathered together glorious bushes of rare rhododendrons, and shrubs from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the Southern United States. It is pleasant to walk in this palace of flowers on wintry days when the wind shivers the tree tops, and sit perhaps by the side of a giant araucaria.

This great conservatory, or "Temperate" house as it is called, because its flower population is drawn from temperate climes, is one of the proudest possessions of the old country and cost a million dollars.

#### Open Season for Fans.

NOW doth the busy baseball "bug" The sporting pages scan,  
To give us later all the "dope"  
About each "hired man."

An Imperial Name.—Mr. J. Norton Griffiths, a member of the British Parliament, is an Imperialist. He hopes to see the day dawn soon when what we call Empire will be one not only politically and socially—but commercially. His constituents call him Empire Jack. Mr. J. A. M. Aikens, M.P. for Brandon, in referring to Mr. Griffiths, at a dinner in St. John, N. B., given in honour of the English Imperialist, said that we might aptly refer to Mr. Griffiths as the Union Jack.

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# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY  
FOR WOMEN

## The Canadian Handicrafts Guild

By MADGE MACBETH

THE Dominion of Canada in establishing the Canadian Handicrafts Guild is following in the footsteps of older countries

which seek to keep alive those old and interesting industries of past ages which would die out unless protected and encouraged. But the work of the Guild in this country is of especial fascination, because the Dominion is daily becoming the home of settlers from many nations, so that the industries dealt with are of a most varied kind. The Canadian organization encourages, retains, revives and develops foreign and home handicrafts and art industries, which include such a wide field as basketry, bead work, leather work, embroideries, homespun, portieres, couvre-pieds, motor rugs, linens, table covers, blankets, tweeds, ceintures-fleches, laces, pottery, metal work, furniture, etc., and are the work of Indian, English, Irish, French, Scotch, Italian, Doukhobor, Scandinavian, and Syrian Canadians. The objects of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, of which Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are the patrons, are: To prevent the loss and deterioration of these crafts, to preserve knowledge and skill possessed by new settlers; to aid newcomers during the trying early days of their settlement in a new country, by providing them with a market for good handwork; to encourage industry and thrift in the homes of the people, making their work profitable and honourable by means of exhibitions of the products of their skill, thereby increasing contentment in their homes, and augmenting the assets of the Dominion! Also to educate the public to the value of good handwork by holding and taking part in exhibitions at home and abroad, and by other means thought desirable; to send out among the workers, teachers and supervisors so as to keep up the standard of excellence; to keep records in order to prevent the extinction of any arts or crafts.

As a result of the efforts of the Guild, which has a very strong council made up of prominent people in Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, U. S. A., and Australia, some \$25,000 has been paid to workers from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. The Guild has lately arranged to aid Dr. Grenfell in his practical mission work, by becoming a distributing centre for the industrial work in his Labrador school, and otherwise encouraging the workers. To do this it is proposed to pay a small sum for a chance purchaser, so that those anxious to learn weaving, pottery and other suitable industries, may be able to lodge near the school where instruction is given free, and also to supply them with wool for weaving until such time as they are able to raise their own sheep.

The Guild has its headquarters at Montreal, and has branches at Ottawa, Edmonton and Prince Edward Island. During the summer months branches are opened at Metis and other summer resorts, so that the work may be brought to the notice of holiday visitors. Educational exhibits are sent to county fairs to arouse the ambition and cultivate taste of other workers, who, in many instances, communicate with the Guild and are thus encouraged to produce better work. A room was assigned to the Guild in the Canadian building at the Dublin Exhibition of 1907, to display the many interesting crafts to be found in Canada. Their Majesties the King and Queen both visited this room, and evinced the greatest pleasure in the many beautiful things shown, Her Majesty making many purchases. So successful was the display made that when it was decided to erect a Canadian pavilion at the Franco-British Exhibition, the Canadian Government again reserved space for the Guild.

The Guild makes an especial effort to keep alive Indian and Eskimo work in an up-to-date and practical form. Indian bead and porcupine-quill embroideries are

adapted to articles of present-day use, such as electric light shades in transparent bead work; characteristics of racial and tribal design, colour and workmanship are also preserved.

IN the "tufted" weaves of the French-Canadian may be found quaint designs decorating portieres and couvre-pieds, showing the influence of *L'ancien regime* in the *fleur de lys*; of the Church, in the conventional figure of the Blessed Virgin Mary; of Nature, in the fir-tree and snow-crystals. These things come in artistic shades of blues, greens, browns, etc., dyed with vegetable dyes, though the women were fast forgetting how to extract the lovely permanent colours from the plants surrounding them, a work so well known to their grandmothers. The ceinture flechee, the long sash of many colours that every voyageur bound around him, is still being made by an old weaver. Anyone who has fingered the hard, close texture will understand that so fine is the work that a weaver can rarely do more than four inches a day!

Those who are familiar with the conditions of life in the farming districts will realize the importance of ready cash coming into the home life, even in comparatively small amounts. Any work which tends to keep intelligent young men and women contented on the farms by supplying them with an interesting means of earning extra money, through the exercise and development of their own individual taste and skill in spare hours, is a benefit to the individual workers and to the country at large.

The Handicraft shops are the depots for the receipt, sale and distribution of the crafts encouraged by the Guild. Their object is not to make money, but to put money in the hands of the workers, while the work must be made to pay for its own costs and give the worker a fair return for labour and skill (but without personal profit for the members of the Guild). The shop committee meets once a week to receive the manager's report and discuss affairs in connection with the work. The work of the Extension Committee is carried on largely by correspondence; its members are scattered over the Dominion and thus enable the Guild to carry out its aim of helping all in the development of characteristic skill and raising the standard of excellence. The work of the Lecture, and Press, and Literature Committees requires no explanation, but it may be said that several courses of lectures have been given on simple, artistic and inexpensive house decorations and furnishing, with gratifying results. The Guild is under the control of a General Committee elected at the annual meeting; this Committee meets quarterly to determine all matters relating to general policy; it elects the Executive Committee, the Life Members, Hon. Council and Council Members.

THOSE who are in sympathy with this work can aid it by becoming members; the annual subscription is only one dollar. Wherever they live their services will be acceptable, for the Guild is a national organization—of no party, no creed, and no caste—its policy is one of development, its hope to see the fame of Canadian Craftsmen spread abroad.

### Roman Roguery.

AN American bought a "Raphael" in Rome some years ago. The Italian law prohibits the exportation of masterpieces, and the American had the happy idea of getting the "Raphael" painted over. This was accordingly done. The rare old painting reached New York in the guise of a modern snow scene. Then a restorer, under the watchful owner's eye, set to work on it. With a sponge dipped in turpentine he proceeded to sponge the snow scene off. He sponged it off readily, but he sponged a bit of the "Raphael" off, too—and, behold, underneath the Raphael, a portrait of Marconi was revealed.



A Ruthenian embroidered table cover; a porcupine quill box; strips embroidered by the Doukhobor; Indian pottery; a rosary, the beads of which are made of rose leaves treated in such a manner with rust that they become hard without losing their fragrance. A table cover of old Canterbury weave, and a brass bell, showing the figure of Champlain complete this exhibit.



An Eskimo boat hangs above the case which contains beautiful samples of Irish crochet. On the chair, made by French-Canadians, are strips of embroidery done by Doukhobors. This work shows an attractive blending of colours, Turkish or Persian in shade, but the design is quite different.



The background and table cover shows "tufted" work of French-Canadians; the boat hanging above the table is one of a pair Dr. Grenfell sent from his mission; Indian baskets and moccasins can be recognized; also a table cover made of old English tatting; some leather and hammered brass is also exhibited.



# LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

## CHAPTER IX.

WHEN luncheon was over, Edna, knowing that she would not be wanted at the organ in the hall until after the cup of tea which she had been promised at four o'clock, went back to her own sitting-room for another practice. But she had scarcely sat down to the piano when the door opened, and Revesby came in with an enormous silver salver, on which was a parcel of considerable size done up loosely and amateurishly in sheets of crumpled and discoloured tissue paper.

"His Lordship, ma'am, desired me to bring you this," he said, as he offered Edna the parcel and at the same time looked at a letter which lay beside it on the salver. "And the letter, ma'am, from his Lordship will tell you all about it."

"Oh, thank you—thank you very much," said Edna, in a great flutter of excitement over this, the very first personal communication which Lord Lockington had made to her.

With a trembling hand she took the letter, and placed the parcel on a little table. The paper coverings came off on one side as she did so, and she saw that it contained a piece of cream-coloured satin, richly adorned with raised embroidery in pale tints of cream and green and pink and blue, and with gold thread.

A cry broke from her at the beauty of the material, and, as she dived further into the parcel, after the departure of the butler, she discovered that the whole consisted of an unmade gown with bodice pieces all complete, rich and handsome and soft to the touch beyond anything of the kind she had ever seen. With a little trouble and perplexity she examined the magnificent folds of the satin, and then opened the letter. It was written in a hand which seemed like that of an old man, and it consisted of the following words:

"Lord Lockington is very deeply obliged to Miss Bellamy for the kindness she showed him in playing and singing for him immediately after her arrival, at a time when she must have been fatigued after her journey. He is further grateful for the trouble Miss Bellamy took in singing to him this morning in the bad light of the lower room in the old wing.

"In consideration of this graceful indulgence of his caprices, Lord Lockington desires to make some return to Miss Bellamy, and will be obliged if she will accept a small present which he is having prepared for her, and which he hopes to send her in the course of a few days.

"Lord Lockington hopes that Miss Bellamy will be indulgent in granting another small request of his, and that she will accept, have 'made up' (he believes it is called) and wear while playing and singing, the gown which he sends her herewith. It was purchased by him at an exhibition, and is supposed to be a fine example of modern Italian embroidery.

"Miss Bellamy would further oblige Lord Lockington if she would consent to have it made in the style of the dress worn by the lady in the picture that hangs in the Blue Saloon, which Revesby will show Miss Bellamy if she wishes.

"The housekeeper will, if Miss Bellamy grants Lord Lockington's request, have a dressmaker sent for, who will take Miss Bellamy's measure, and have the gown made up for her at his expense."

Edna put down the letter with a slight feeling of uneasiness.

She did not at all like the idea of being what she called "dressed up," neither did she like having to wear clothes of so magnificent a sort, provided by a stranger. She was looking at the rich satin with doubtful eyes when Mrs. Holland came in and smiled, seeing how she was engaged.

"Oh, Mrs. Holland, good-morning. I'm so glad to see you. I want to speak to you. Come and sit here, and look at this. Or have you seen it before?"

The housekeeper shook her head as she looked with admiration at the rich stuff.

"Ah!" she said, "I know by the look of it that is one of those things his Lordship used to be so fond of bringing back with him when he went abroad, or to London on a shopping expedition. Drawers and chests full of beautiful things, he has,

that are never opened or looked at. It does seem a pity, though one can't say anything, of course. Has his Lordship made you a present of this?"

"Yes, and he wants me to have it made up and to wear it," replied Edna, in a troubled tone. "I shall have to, I suppose. But I don't like to have to do it, and I wish Lord Lockington would excuse me. But I suppose it is of no use to ask him?"

The housekeeper smiled with conviction. "Not the least in the world," she said. "When his Lordship takes anything into his head, if it's only the smallest fancy or fad, the thing has to be looked upon as law. It is because you were so submissive, and so ready to comply with his whim of making you play and sing before you had time to take your hat off, that he is so pleased with you. I strongly advise you to do as he wishes, and to have the dress made up and to wear it."

Edna looked down at the letter with a sigh. "And he says he's having a present prepared," said she, dolefully. "I would much rather not have any presents."

"There's no need to worry your head about that," she said. "Whatever he sends you will come, just as this dress has done, with a letter and without your having to see or to thank him. Believe me, I've known his Lordship these many years, and I know his odd ways. And I believe it is just his way of expressing real pleasure with you, for having satisfied him with your pretty playing and your pleasant voice, after all the trouble he's had to get a musician to suit him."

EDNA heaved a great sigh. "I shall look a peacock!" she said, with a distasteful glance at the beautiful material that lay spread out upon the table.

"Oh, I daresay you won't look as bad as you think," said Mrs. Holland, rather stiffly, for she considered that the young lady was probably "fishing" for a compliment. "Anyhow, I'm glad you've decided to do as he wishes. You see, ma'am, I have to look upon myself as in some sort responsible for having brought you here, and therefore I am anxious that you shall please his Lordship, as well as for your happiness and comfort here."

"Thank you," said Edna, rather reassured by the housekeeper's words, though still unwilling to wear the too handsome dress.

Then, as Mrs. Holland assured her that there was no need to send any answer to the note she had received, that her obedience was all his Lordship desired, she sighed, put away the satin, and taking her hat and jacket went out for another walk in the ever delightful park.

This time she explored in the direction of the back of the mansion, and passed long rows of handsome stables, some new, some old, in which, as she was able to see by the life and bustle there was about the place, some horses were still kept.

Going further in the same direction, she reached the outskirts of the park, and came to an odd little square building of massive stone, with a heavy wooded door studded and barred with iron. The door was fastened, but there was no padlock and no lock visible on the outer side; only a rough key-hole without any key in it.

She supposed that this was a water-conduit, and strolled past in the direction of the wall of the park, beyond which, at this point, she saw the gables of a very pretty old house, with barns and outbuildings, sheds and sheep-pens behind it, which she knew must be the home farm, where the eccentric and dissipated Mr. Thomas Kage lived.

There were people moving about in the house, which Edna could see well from the knoll, inside the park-wall, on which she stood.

It looked, she thought, as if the master of the house had returned suddenly, for she saw much bustle and movement in and about the house, and a boy was carrying a small portmanteau up to the front door which was open, showing people moving about in the narrow hall and running up and down stairs.

Edna, after having taken a long look at the house, which was singularly picturesque, and which compared favourably in her mind with the too vast and therefore somewhat dreary Lockington Hall, retreated towards the mansion, and got indoors just in time to be served with her cup of tea and a dainty little savoury sandwich and piece of cake which, with the vigorous appetite of nineteen, of which

she was somewhat ashamed, she partook hungrily.

Then, subdued and very much frightened as to the result of her amateurish efforts, she went downstairs and seated herself at the organ, the key of which hung on a little ornamental peg close at hand.

The lights were full on in the hall, and a glance showed her that the blind of the smaller gallery had not yet been pulled down.

Timorously she began her task, not playing from sight, but from some simple organ music which she had brought down with her.

She was fully conscious that she was by no means strong in this accomplishment, but she knew it was vain to expect to receive spoken praise or blame for her efforts. When, however, she contrived, while searching for some more music, to look round, she saw that the blind had been pulled down, and she guessed that Lord Lockington was behind it, listening to her.

This knowledge gave her confidence. Surely, if he had been much disgusted, he would have gone away, especially if it was he whom she had heard playing the smaller organ so well that morning!

When she had played for some time, the butler appeared, with the compliments of Lord Lockington, and the request that Miss Bellamy would exchange the organ for the piano, and would sing to him.

"And his Lordship said I was to tell you, ma'am, to sing anything you liked, either old songs or new, and that you were not to sing any more after you'd begun to feel tired."

"Will you tell his Lordship," returned Edna, trying to speak very clearly, in the belief that she was heard by the person for whom her message was intended, "that I am very much ashamed to have had to play the organ in his hearing, after the much better playing I heard this morning. But that I will find a way of getting some practice, and that I hope to improve and to play much better soon."

The words were uttered so simply, so earnestly and with so much modesty, that even the wooden, sulien face of the butler softened a little as he received the message, and said he would take it to his Lordship.

Then Edna went to the piano, and, sitting down with her own songs beside her, poured out her very heart in melody, every note showing, unconsciously, that effect which the kindness and the mysterious generosity of her unseen benefactor had had upon her.

And presently, whether it was fancy or not she could not be quite sure—but there seemed to come to her the faint sound of a subdued and dainty clapping of the hands.

Flushed with the possibility that she had succeeded in pleasing Lord Lockington to the extent of winning from him some slight applause, the girl turned her lovely young face towards the drawn blind in the gallery, and smiled her unspoken thanks for the encouragement.

And then, quite certainly, she did hear a quiet little clapping of hands from behind the drawn blind.

She did not quite know whether she was to sing again after that, but her uncertainty was put an end to by the appearance of the butler, who appeared to be miraculously inspired when to intervene. He informed her that his Lordship was afraid of tiring her, and that he was much obliged by her readiness to do whatever she was asked to do. As before, Edna answered in a very clear voice:

"Please tell his Lordship that it is a great pleasure to me to do anything to please him, and that I am very proud of being able to do so."

## CHAPTER X.

THE rest of the day and the evening passed much as before, with one exception.

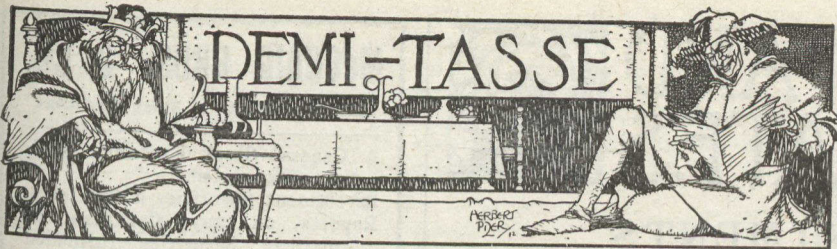
Mrs. Holland came into the White Saloon, after dinner, and producing a key, asked Miss Bellamy if she would come and see the portrait concerning which Lord Lockington had written to her. Edna was delighted to satisfy her curiosity about one of the unseen rooms, and when she followed the housekeeper into the Blue Saloon, which was the locked-up room next to the White one, she looked with much interest at the portrait of the lovely Venetian lady, with a rich dress, a stomacher and many jewels, which the housekeeper showed her, raising for her inspection the heavy baize curtain which hung over it.

Edna glanced round her at the apartment, and saw that, unlike the White Saloon, it had been left in its early nineteenth century state, with crystal chandeliers, white and gold walls, console tables, and gilded girandoles on the walls.

The furniture was invisible, being stacked up in the centre and swathed in brown holland. But there was something so ghostly in the effect of the

(Continued on page 27.)





**Courierettes.**

"LAURIER, with a reduced majority," was the guess of many people as to how last September's election would go, and one forecast of the outcome of the strenuous campaign across the line is "Taft, with a reduced waist measurement."

Women are to be barred from the general work of Canada's civil service, and naturally they consider that that's not civil treatment.

At their banquet in New York, the members of the Associated Press heard speeches over the telephone from Canada's Premier at Hot Springs, Va., and President Taft at Boston. At such distances neither of the speakers would know whether their hearers were wearing cut-it-short looks.

Ontario Liberals want to abolish the bar, and already a Toronto firm has started work on a huge drydock.

A man who robbed a Windsor house was traced by means of a postcard which he dropped in the house. If all thieves were as thoughtful as that the work of the police would be much simplified.

**Oh, You Chicago!**—Canadian young men will no doubt be properly peeved when they learn how the Toronto school ma'ams who went to Chicago on the Easter excursion rhapsodized over the natty and neatly dressed young man of the Windy City.

Chicago is the young man's city, and the teachers give expert testimony on this point. In fact one of the latter went so far as to write some rather ecstatic verses about the classy young men of Chicago.

Here they are:  
 "Chicago men are dreams,  
 Of this earth they're the creams—  
 So long on stocks, so short on rocks,  
 These lords, whom fortune never mocks,  
 Such millions do acquire  
 That women must admire.

"Chicago men have eyes  
 That look so very wise:  
 To talk with them is such delight,  
 They are so handsome and so bright  
 That Paradise seems tame—  
 But they are not to blame.

"Chicago men have charm;  
 In them doth dwell no harm;  
 Distinguished, courteous and kind  
 These gentlemen you'll always find.  
 Then raise the goblet high—  
 To them we'll drain it dry."

The wonder is that the young lady escaped to return to Toronto—and still single in Leap Year!

**Agreement.**—At an election in Nova Scotia, a coloured voter, who was strongly suspected of taking a bribe, and who really was guilty, was being very severely cross-examined by the defeated member's attorney.

He stoutly maintained his innocence, stuck to an improbable story, and cunningly baffled the cross-examiner who in disgust dismissed him from the box with the customary "That will do."  
 "Dat's got to do," said the negro.

**Development of a Dunce.**—That E. J. Lennox, the architect who planned Toronto's \$2,500,000 City Hall, was once known as the "dunce" of his class in school is not generally known, yet it is the sober fact.

Chief Inspector James L. Hughes is a firm believer in developing the individuality of boys, and he uses the career of Mr. Lennox to prove his theory.

Mr. Hughes had Mr. Lennox as a pupil about forty years ago. Lennox was known as the dunce of the class. He always trailed behind the other boys in every subject. The class was rather

backward in drawing, and Mr. Hughes noted this. The then system of teaching drawing did not give any scope for individuality, so Mr. Hughes decided to branch out on new lines and invited the class to come outside school hours for a drawing lesson along more free and easy lines. Only one boy came. He was the dunce. The teacher saw that he was interested and had latent talent for drawing and designing. Under the skillful tuition of Mr. Hughes the boy's talent developed rapidly and soon he was a most promising pupil.

To-day there is no better known architect in Canada than E. J. Lennox, and a few such buildings as Toronto City Hall, the new Western Hospital, and the new St. Paul's Cathedral will be his monuments.

**Men and Women.**

LEAP year is so named because the poor men are kept on the jump.

If the diaries kept by some married couples were truthful they would be properly classified as scrap books.

A woman can drive two men crazy by refusing to marry one and by marrying the other.

When a man behaves "like a fish out of water" it's a sure sign that he's hooked.

When your wife kisses you twice and tells you at length how much she thinks of you get ready for the information that a new hat is coming C. O. D.

**A Reporter's Strategy.**—A young Toronto newspaper reporter cleverly brushed aside a seemingly insurmountable obstacle a few evenings ago.

At one of the larger hotels the clerk had refused to tell him the number of the room occupied by one of the Titanic wreck survivors. However, the clerk promised to have a note from the reporter delivered to the man whom the reporter was seeking to interview.

Noticing that the clerk was writing something on the envelope in which the note had been put, the reporter said, "Will you have a boy deliver that right away and wait for an answer?"

"I will not," declared the clerk. "I've strict orders not to disturb Mr. ———, and so this will go to him later."  
 "Then give me back my letter, quick!" said the reporter, somewhat sharply.

The clerk at once handed back the letter, and the reporter found that his guess was correct—the clerk had written on the envelope the number of the room. It was a battle of wits, and the reporter won.

**A Peculiar Spring.**

HOW doth the happy householder  
 Each morning throw the dice  
 In order to decide if he  
 Should order coal or ice.

**Dignity of Judges.**—Some Ontario High Court judges evidently like to imagine themselves clothed with "the divinity that doth hedge a king" if their pompous entrance to Toronto City Hall, where their courts are held, may be taken as a proper indication.

Nobody may ride in the elevator with those judges when any one of them is ascending to the court floor. The elevator man has been properly trained, and he knows the hour at which the judge is expected. He holds his elevator in waiting for his Lordship's coming and other mere human beings may take to the stairways. The judge is met by the sheriff's officer, sword and cocked hat in hand, and escorted to his chamber. County Court judges have less dignity, and anybody may ride in the civic elevators when they are in them.

Once a stenographer in one of the municipal offices entered the elevator when the elevator man was every moment expecting a judge. She refused to leave it, and the elevator man in desperation made a record trip to the top

floor, hustled her out and then broke another record descending to the ground floor, only to wait ten minutes more for the dignified judge.

**Summed Up.**—The New Brunswick Legislative Assembly, during its sessions at the time of the Boer War, rose and sang "God Save the Queen" on every occasion that a British victory was announced.

Towards the close of the war the members were at all times prepared to sing. About this time the Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Premier of the Province, was called to a Cabinet position at Ottawa. Mr. Tweedie fell heir to the Premiership, and Dr. Pugsley was to contest Mr. Emmerson's seat.

A French-Canadian member—now out of politics—a sharp-tongued wit, summed up the shift in speaking to the court stenographer:

"I hear dat Hemmerson goes on de Cabinet hat Hottawa, and dat Tweedie hees de new Premier, and dat Pugsley gets Hemmerson's seat—God save de Queen."

**A Safe Bet.**—He was showing his friends his new watch, made of the new metal, unbreakable—cost him six hundred dollars.

His seven friends were dubious of its tensile strength.

"Tell you what we do, boys," he said. "You put up five dollars each against my six hundred dollar watch. I'll put it to the test. If it breaks I'll lose the watch. All you'll lose is the thirty-five."

They didn't think it out quite clearly, but the wager was made.

He hurled the watch against a brick wall. It broke into a thousand pieces.

"Well, boys, I lose the six hundred dollar watch," he said with a long face as he gathered up the money; dumb-founded they saw him do it. Knowing that all was not right they examined what was left of the watch; it wasn't even nickel-plated.

T. Ambrose Woods, Toronto, whose horse Kelvin won the King's plate, tells the story; he was one of the contributors.

**Getting in Wrong.**—Mr. J. J. Ward, for many years Alderman, and for as many years Controller in the City Council of Toronto, was one of the few Roman Catholics to be elected in that Orange city. Many funny experiences have befallen him in his election campaigns.

He had an appointment to address an A. O. H. meeting at a local hall. The building had several lodge rooms.

Knocking at a door he was instantly admitted, but not to a Hibernian meeting. Instead, a roar of laughter greeted him as the tyler opened the door.

Mr. Ward had stumbled by mistake into an Orange lodge, which had just concluded its meeting. They asked him to make a speech, which he did, and they all promised to vote for him, too.

Another night he officiated at the opening of a poultry show, hastening from there to attend a lodge meeting of the Catholic Order of Foresters. Again he made a mistake, and found himself at another meeting of poultry lovers—a "coon" club.

The next Sunday he started out to attend a meeting of the Knights of St. John; on looking around the lodge room he discovered that they were all foreigners, but recognized an Italian tailor, a friend of his, in the chair. This time he had gotten into a tailors' union strike meeting. He made an election speech at the request of the president who interpreted it, as few of those present knew English.

All these mistakes made him votes.

**Comparison in Cost.**—"Newsy" Lalonde is to manage the Toronto lacrosse team and play lacrosse at a salary of \$4,500 for the season. We—the public—pay his \$4,500 indirectly.

A teacher in our public schools educates our youngsters for \$500 per year. We pay her \$500 directly.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES



## SANE INVESTMENTS

### Strength of Railroad Bonds.

LEAVING government bonds for the ultra-conservative and municipals for the cautious investor satisfied with an income of anything up to 5 per cent., the next important class is railroad bonds. While they are included in the circle of corporation securities, they form a distinct class by themselves. This is because the majority of the better known systems have been in business sufficiently long that their future earning capacity, on which money for the payment of bonds depends, can be determined accurately. This, in turn, has a bearing upon the safety of the bonds, which are usually issued to provide funds for building, extensions, or equipment. They are secured by the revenues and properties of the road issuing them.

An enormous sum has been borrowed by the Canadian railroads for these purposes. Since 1905 the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific have obtained for construction, equipment, etc., more than \$360,000,000, the money being raised largely on bond issues. At first glance, this may seem too large a sum for legitimate railroad building, but a close examination of the situation shows that we have borrowed only what we have needed. The Dominion is growing on its lines of communication, and during the next few years much more money will be required for railroad building. Last year more than \$100,000,000 of Canadian railroad bond issues were made. This is a record for Canada in that class. Most of our railroad bond issues are purchased by British and European investors, who bought in 1911, 95.24 per cent. of the entire Canadian issues. Canada's investors purchased only 0.54 per cent. This fact is due largely because the investment absorption powers of Canada are comparatively small and because the British investor, who is placing his money in every part of the world, has great faith in railroad and equipment bond issues which return an income of 4 or 5 per cent. and which do not require a great deal of watching, however far distant.

In railroad securities, particularly bonds, more than in any other form of corporate issue, are to be found elements of stability and value. We have previously noted the chief considerations which make a bond attractive, viz., the security of principal and income, the qualities of convertibility, a good rate of interest, and to which we might add, a reasonable chance of appreciation in value. The railroads are necessary to the growth of the country. The operating companies are employers of thousands, and railroad prosperity has, therefore, a mutual interest. One of the greatest safeguards in the protection of railroad securities is the actual cost of their construction and what amounts to the practical impossibility of replacing the road. The success of the railroads means prosperity for the nation, and we are, therefore, assured that legislation affecting the railroads will not be such as will hurt the road, the investor and the country.

The selling price is a good guide in selecting a railroad bond. If it is and has been for a considerable time, quoted at a premium, and can show a good record for dividends paid, it argues for safety in the bonded capitalization.

One very important fact to ascertain in investigating any railroad company with a view to purchasing its bonds is emphasized by Mr. Montgomery Rollins, an American bond expert. This is the question, as to whether or not it is keeping up its physical condition and making proper expenditures for the same directly from earnings. The tendency of recent years is to run much heavier rolling stock and larger train loads, calling for heavier rails, more substantial bridges, and a reduction of sharp grades and curves, all of which many of our better roads have accomplished. The statement has been made that an old road which has not spent at least \$10,000 per mile for such purpose within the past ten years is behind the times. Roads which have been able to accomplish this without increasing their indebtedness on account thereof should be considered, everything else being equal, sound financially.

Compare cost of operating any road under consideration with that of other companies similarly located, and form, thereby, an opinion as to whether or not the particular road is being economically managed.

The management of a railroad property, its control, class of business tributary to it, its competition, or the likelihood of competition, the importance of its terminals, must all be carefully investigated.

There has been a desirable tendency on the part of most of our railroads not to pay or increase dividends until the permanency of the rate is reasonably insured. The Canadian roads usually finance improvements out of earnings and this is a good feature, as it means that railroad mileage earns twice what it disburses in the way of dividends.

Some investors prefer the bonds of the larger railroads, notwithstanding that the earning power of the smaller ones may be greater. The transcontinental or large railroad derives its traffic from a wide territory, and that traffic does not depend so greatly upon local conditions in various directions. Damages arising from accidents are more easily met also by the big railroads. Despite these advantages there are many good bonds of the smaller transportation companies. In selecting a railroad bond, the Canadian investor may again use common sense. There is little mystery in investment and finance. Its understanding is enhanced by the application of sound sense and an analytical examination rather than by relegating those assets to the background and floundering in the dark.

### On and Off the Exchange.

#### New and Old Banks.

MANY and diverse are the remedies proposed to prevent further banking amalgamations. The opinion of the man on the street is summed up in the familiar sentence: "What we want in this country is more new banks." Whatever wisdom there may be in this familiar remark it remains that the one thing Canada is likely not to get is many more new banks. Accompanying the ascent of everything else the cost of banking has gone up to a level which makes the paying of dividends and the provision for inevitable losses a task

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which capital is not anxious to undertake. Vulgarly speaking, the big banks "have got their feet in." They have established themselves in every centre of trade throughout the country at a cost which to them was relatively insignificant but which if attempted to-day would be appalling. When a new town that has any promise at all is plotted out usually the best and first lots are bought upon behalf of some of the older banks. The bank may never go into the town but it never loses by being prepared.

\*\*\*

**The "Inside" Reserves**

THEN as to the matter of losses. Business has been so good in this country and for so long that the old banks have their vaults all cluttered up with various varieties of nest eggs and when a big loan goes bad the executive committee can reach in and get plenty to fill up the hole. The ratio of losses to the banking capital invested in late years has been considerably below the average, but it is sure to come up some day. The first duty of a new bank is to make provision for losses, to which it is particularly susceptible from the very fact that it is soliciting business while its strong, old rivals are picking and choosing from the accounts offered them. But in a country where the investor like everybody else, wants quick action the general manager of a young bank is generally asked to find dividends too early in the game and the general experience has been that it is hard to do both. A new bank would have a great deal better chance if those who provided the capital were able to wait five years at least for their first profits.

\*\*\*

**The Law and Mergers.**

IN the matter of the bank mergers, however, it is just possible that Parliament may find it difficult to say that two business institutions are forbidden to unite. So long as banks are allowed to increase their capital it will be hard to frame a law which will prevent them making investments in the assets of other banks. The danger of a banking monopoly is not yet acute. Bankers as a rule get along with each other much worse than they do with the public, and it is not every business where the same competition exists, although it would be hard to convince the prospective borrower on doubtful securities of this. He would rather trust himself to the Mafia than the Bankers' Association.

\*\*\*

**Bouquets for Drummond.**

WHILE the news that a brighter day has dawned for the Lake Superior Corporation at the Soo will be welcomed by all Canadians, it may be that some people in Philadelphia will feel deeper heart-throb than any of us here. A lot of Philadelphia money has been in imminent jeopardy up on Lake Superior for some years back. Some Ontario Government money has also rushed there. Since, however, T. J. Drummond, of Montreal, with his genius for administration and his knowledge of the steel business, took hold of the corporation there have been some changes at the Soo, and it is beginning to be talked about. Some time ago the president of a large American railroad having some considerable mileage in Canada told an assembly of American steel makers and railroad chiefs that the Soo Corporation was making the best rails on the continent. That is a big compliment when one remembers how much capital and brains and experience have gone into the rail business in New England. The Soo Corporation, therefore, is now selling the entire output of its rail mill a long way ahead. The plant is now producing 1,400 tons of finished steel per day, and when the enlargements which are at present in progress, are completed, the output will be further increased to 1,800 tons a day. Necessarily in an undertaking so large and left in so precarious a condition the loose ends of the financing of the Lake Superior Corporation had not been arranged as nicely as they might have been, but it is now said that its affairs will be placed upon a permanent basis. Moreover, the company is getting good results from its mine and the only branch of its activities which financiers continue to regard with doubt is the railway.

\*\*\*

**A Fashionable Debut.**

THE listing of Tramways Debentures—Montreal Tramway & Power common stock, and Canadian power bonds—on the Montreal Stock Exchange will add new life to the large Canadian market. The people behind the newly-listed securities are able and resourceful operators. There is no intention of allowing the new lights to be hidden under a bushel.

\*\*\*

**Sale, Not Merger.**

LATE last week the branch managers of the Royal and Traders Banks received official confirmation of the absorption of the Traders Bank by the Royal, which was hinted at in these columns a week ago. Although the newspapers are continuing to refer to the deal as a merger it was hardly that. In reality the Royal Bank purchased the assets and good will of the Traders Bank and according to street valuations gave a good price for them, the bargain as it was finally struck being three shares of Royal for four shares of Traders stock. The Traders Bank will absolutely disappear as a banking entity, but the Traders staff in its hundred odd branches will rank upon the Royal Bank pension fund, which next to the fund maintained by the Canadian Bank of Commerce is on a better actuarial basis than any other banking insurance scheme in the country. The acquisition of the Traders' business will give the Royal a great sweep from the extreme north-western peak of the country right down to the West Indies, where the Royal is the dominating institution.

Considering the magnitude of the deal it is surprising how well the secret was kept. To prevent leaks, the small body of directors who conducted the negotiations on each side took only one outside person into their confidence. He was Albert E. Dymont, of the stock exchange firm of Dymont, Cassels & Company, who conducted the negotiations single-handed. It is now remembered on the stock exchange that Mr. Dymont and his partner were on some occasions the most insistent in demanding explanations as to the conduct of Traders' Bank stock. It is said that for the three weeks preceding the final ratification of the bargain, Mr. Dymont spent almost every night in a sleeping-car as the scene of the negotiations changed daily from Toronto to Montreal, then to New York and back again. It was a big transaction and as both

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"How are you going to spend your vacation this summer, Jim?"

"Oh, I'm going on a fishing cruise up North."

"Indeed that will be fine, but consider what it will cost you for a guide or oarsman."

"I have foreseen that obstacle and have provided for it by buying a thoroughly equipped Gidley launch for only \$190. There is installed a very effective, but simple, 2 1/2 h. p. engine which any one can operate."

"I have often thought this would be a pleasant way to fill in vacation, but considered an oarsman to be too expensive. Now that a good launch can be bought at so reasonable a price I think I will be able to take the trip. Who are the makers of this boat?"

"You will receive a prompt reply if you send a line to

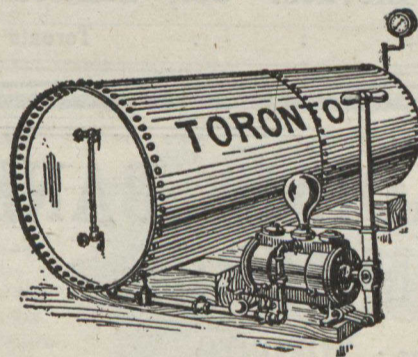


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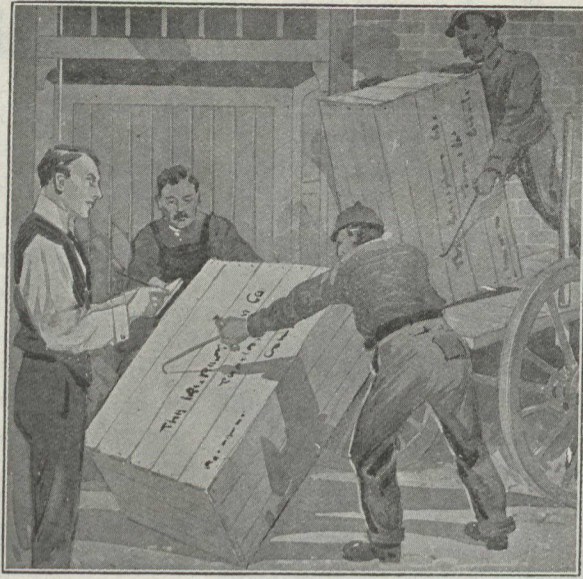
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sides appear to be satisfied, it may be assumed that the price was a fair one.

### Western Real Estate.

ON several occasions the Canadian Courier has pointed out that some Western real estate was over-boomed. The Canadian West has spoiled many good farms by turning them into very bad town lots. While this is true there are some new town sites and subdivisions which are worthy of the investors' attention. One of these is advertised in this issue. The Courier's policy in respect to real estate and mining has been very conservative, and it has steadily refused to accept propositions which it could not fully recommend. Indeed, mining advertisements are absolutely excluded, and real estate advertisements accepted only after thorough investigation. Of course, mistakes may be made, and The Courier cannot guarantee that it is always right either in the advertisements it accepts or those which it excludes.

Coquitlam townsite is not the property of the C. P. R., although that railway has over eight hundred acres at that point. This land cost the C. P. R. about half a million, and by the end of the year it will have spent more than another half million on its terminals at that point. Coquitlam is seventeen miles from Vancouver, on the river front, and if Western traffic grows during the next ten years as it has grown in the past ten years there should be a very considerable town at this point.

### Nikisch the Necromancer

(Continued from page 11.)

tones have colours; James G. Huneker says they have associated smells, but that's putting it on pretty thick. The clear white of the piccolo and the flute, the greens and blues of the violins; the violets of the violas; the purples and indigos of the 'cellos, and the deep reds and sheer blacks of the nine double-bass fiddles; all the low browns and tans and sepias of the clarionets, the bassoons and the oboes; the fine golden and orange hues of the seven French horns; the blatant yellows of the trombones and the trumpets; the thorough black of the tympani, and the pinks of the harp—oh, of course these have been lurking in the palette of the modern orchestra for a good many years; but once in a while to the limit, and make the beholder forget that anybody else ever did it before.

It was largely a matter of the single dominant perception in one man, treating his orchestra as a single vast instrument with which to get all the expressional variations of tone in accord with ideas or passion, or stage setting, or whatever the symphonist or music-dramatist had in his mind. Nikisch seemed to get it all. If he had a "scratch band" he didn't seem to know it. He brought his instruments by the hyper-refinement of humanism in tone, almost to the point where they spoke words. It was then that his left hand seemed to detach itself from the arm under the white cuff, and like a white goldfish go swimming up and up until by a sudden swift shoot up of his baton like a long finger, he brought the whole north-east section of the band into the headlong accumulation of a climax. Up went both arms vertical—and the crash came. The thunders died, and the rain ceased, a sparkle of sunlight played through the wet leaves, a low gurgle of a brook in a clarinet or an oboe came trickling through the peaceful woods—and you wondered on what mountain peaks or on what open sea the storm had spent itself.

Fanciful? Of course. Which is what a great orchestra playing a sublime composition is first and last for—to kindle the imagination and make work-weary people as colossally and superbly absurd as when a grandstand crowd rises with a howl at a star play in baseball.

Nikisch has all the poetic conceptions that reveal the inner meaning of a piece and transmute it into a paroxysm of sensation. He has the virility of a great physique and a big brain. He has the fancy of a spring poet. And he does all that he does with the perfect grace of a man to whom tremendously hard work is a perfect joy.

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Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911) 63,494,580  
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Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.



# Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 20.)

whole room, which was not even fitted with electric light, that she was glad to get into the warmth and light, and at the same time sorry that she had raised ghosts she could not lay by her peep into the dim vastness behind the locked doors.

She heard no singing that night but her own, though again she had the feeling of being watched, and again, when she was in bed, she heard the measured footsteps up and down the corridor.

But next day there came a piece of startling news by the mouth of Susan, who artlessly expressed her delight that Miss Bellamy was to have "a new, smart gown, like those the other ladies wear when they come here."

"Oh, miss, and what do you think? Mr. Kage has come back sudden, and last night he was out a-riding over the country like mad, and jumping ditches and fences and gates so the boys and men what saw him took him for the devil, miss, begging your pardon. And his horse was found in his stable in the early morning, miss, dead of overriding."

Edna shuddered. The story seemed to her a shocking one, and it was uncanny to find herself so close to two mysterious life-stories, instead of only one.

"And what's more, miss, they can't rouse him to-day, no more than the dead," went on the girl. "They think it's drink, miss, or else a sort of torpor—I think they call it—that comes upon mad folk."

EDNA would not hear any more. But, in spite of her efforts not to be too curious, she went that evening, after a wearisome day during which she had not had to play, as she was told that Lord Lockington scarcely felt well enough to listen to music, into the park and wandered in the direction of the Home Farm.

She had just got to the knoll from which she could survey the pretty gables of the old farmhouse when she was startled to see, lying on the ground just under the wall of the park and half-hidden by the bracken, the motionless body of a man. He was lying face downwards, with his arms outstretched, and whether he was alive or dead she did not know.

For a moment Edna stood absolutely dumb and immovable, frozen into a state of horror and dismay such as she had never experienced before. Was the man dead?

She could not doubt that this was the man of whom she had heard so much that morning, the neighbour of Lockington at the Home Farm, the Thomas Kage whose exploits on the preceding night were in the mouths of all his neighbours.

Susan had said that he could not be roused to-day, but that he was lying in a state of stupor, some said as the effect of drink, others of madness. It was an amazing thing that he should be left like this by his servants, to lie in the park among the decaying leaves, without attention of any kind; and Edna, disgusted though she felt, could not but ask herself whether there were really nothing more the matter with him than they had said—whether, indeed, he was alive at all.

It was already growing dark, for it was five o'clock, and under the trees the shadows were deep. She had been about twenty feet away when she first caught sight of the prostrate body, but when she had recovered from her first stupefaction and horror she came gradually nearer, very slowly, and with her eyes fixed all the time upon the motionless object before her, hoping against hope that, before she could come quite near, the man would give some sign of life, so that she could run away.

But, carefully as she watched, she could see no movement in the man, and she came near enough to note some particulars about his appearance before she could be sure whether he was alive or dead.

He seemed to be a tall man, and he was dressed in riding clothes, with breeches and gaiters, and spurs to his boots. Close to his right arm, indeed,

she saw a hunting-stock, which must have fallen from his hand, she thought, when the man himself fell. She could see nothing whatever of his face, and very little of his head; for the soft cap he wore had shifted a little, so that it covered his hair, while his face was buried in the grass, which was rather long on the knoll.

A spasm of intense terror and dismay seized her as she told herself that she was bound to discover for herself whether he was indeed alive, and that she must try to move him, to speak to him.

As her terror increased with this knowledge of what she was bound to do, Edna, who had approached with so much caution that she had made no sound whatever, uttered a little faint moan.

At that sound, weak as it was, there was an instant change in the position of the man on the ground, and Edna saw him draw towards him, with a quick, jerky movement, the outstretched arm which was the nearest to herself.

The sight of the arm thus suddenly drawn back startled her so much that, uttering a much louder cry than before, Edna sprang backwards for some distance, and stood, panting and trembling, watching with unspeakable terror for the man's next movement.

For so great was her consternation that she could not even run away. She thought that she would see him rise, and that he would then perhaps give some indication as to whether he was ill or not.

But instead of that the man lay as still as before, and she decided that, as he certainly was not dead, the best thing she could do was to go in search of some person better qualified than she was to deal with a difficult case of this kind.

The gabled farmhouse was, of course, the place to which she must direct her steps. But there was no gate or door in the stone wall surrounding the park to be seen from where she stood, and she doubted whether she could climb over into the road outside without assistance.

In the meantime, feeling now confident that the man was not really very ill, as in that case he would have spoken or have made some sign or uttered some sound when she involuntarily betrayed her presence, she began to feel doubtful as to whether it were necessary to call anybody's attention to him.

If Mr. Thomas Kage was in the habit of indulging in these strange freaks, and in falling into a heavy stupor afterwards, it might well be that she would only get laughed at for her pains if she were to make known at the farm where he was lying.

On the other hand, supposing, by any possibility, this should prove not to be Mr. Kage at all, but somebody else, and supposing he were really so ill that he was on the point of death and unable to speak, what would her feelings be when she was informed that she had been neglecting a dying man?

On the whole Edna felt so undecided and miserable with her doubts and fears that she resolved to be on the right side, and at least to call somebody's attention to him.

She thought she would go close to the wall, and call out, in the hope of being heard by someone.

In the meantime she gave one look round, to see whether there was any hope of help within the park walls.

Nothing was to be seen, however, on that side but grass and trees, and, near at hand, the queer little stone building with the heavy iron-bound door.

So she walked quickly towards the wall, passing close, as she did so, to the man once more.

Then she noticed for the first time that, at a little distance from him, there was a long cloak lying, looking as if it had been flung aside into the long grass and dead bracken where she found it.

Though with some misgivings as to what she was doing, Edna approached the cloak, and, stooping down, stretched out her hand and picked it daintily out of the tangle of weed and dead leaves

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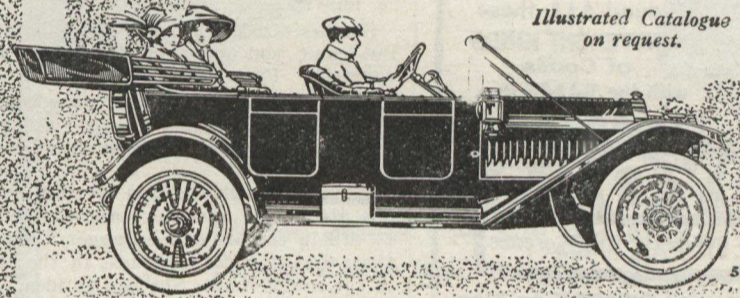
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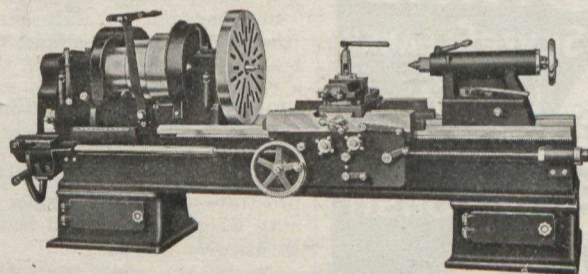
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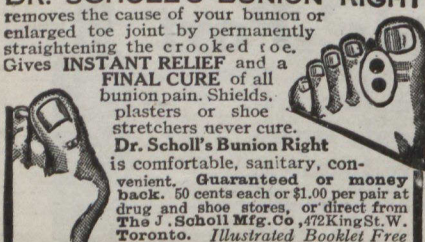
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into which it had fallen. It was a long cloak of dark cloth, wet with the dew, but not torn or otherwise soiled. It bore no marks of having been dragged off a wearer, or of having been damaged in a struggle. To the girl it seemed as if it had been flung where it had been lying when she saw it first, and she supposed that it belonged to the prostrate man, and that he himself had flung it away from him as he walked.

The incident of the cloak, and of the way she had found it, seemed to her, however, just sufficiently strange for her to wonder once more whether the unfortunate man had been attacked and struck down, and whether the cloak had been thrown where she found it by his assailant.

She left the cloak near the spot where she had found it, and went down the side of the knoll towards the park wall.

Just as she reached it she heard footsteps, heavy and slow, which she took to be those of a labourer going home from work, in the road outside.

"Is anyone there?" she called.

THE footsteps stopped, and a man's voice, speaking in the broadest Lancashire accent, answered her.

"Ay, my lass. What is it you're wantin'?"

"There's a man lying on the grass in the park quite near here. I don't think he's dead, and I don't know whether he's hurt. But he's lying on his face, and his whip is lying near him, and there's a cloak a little way off."

An exclamation from the unseen man made her pause. "Do you know anything about it?" she asked, innocently.

There was another pause, and then the voice asked, in what she thought was a rather dubious tone: "What like was he, miss?"

She hesitated. "I couldn't see his face. But can't you get in and see him for yourself? I'm—I'm a little afraid—"

"Ay, to be sure. Well, I can get over t' wall a bit further along. Do you wait, missie, and I'll coom and see what's amiss."

Edna, although she was horribly nervous about this adventure and at having to call in the aid of a stranger, thought there was something honest in the tone of the rough voice. She had an idea, too, that, when once he had got a notion into his head concerning the man whom she described her unseen knight was growing suddenly quite anxious to learn more about him.

Very anxious, very shy, wishing she dared run away to the house, on the one hand, but not liking to do so until she should have seen the prostrate man either helped to his feet or declared to be in no need of help, on the other, Edna kept close to the wall, in a corner near a clump of thorn-bushes, and listened for the sound of the footsteps of her new friend within the park wall.

She had not to wait very long before she heard a slight cracking of branches, and saw dimly in the gloaming a rustic figure making its way over the wall, some twenty yards from where she stood.

She hesitated whether to conduct him to the spot where she had left the prostrate man, or whether she should stay where she was and leave it to him to discover the body.

As he at once turned in the right direction, however, guided, no doubt, by the point at which he had heard her voice, she remained quietly where she was, and let him tramp stolidly, and at no very rapid pace, towards the knoll near the stone building.

From where she stood, down in a narrow hollow between the knoll and the wall, she could no longer see any glimpse either of the cloak or of the prostrate man. Thick tufts and stretches of dying bracken, brambles, and long grass stood in the way.

She watched the labourer approach, saw him go nearer and nearer to the spot where the stranger had been lying, and waited anxiously for a word or a cry from him.

She knew when he must have reached the man, and expected to see him stop suddenly. But he did not; he went past the spot, and disappeared behind the stone building, and came out again from behind it and disappeared behind it again.

And all the while he uttered no sound at all.

At last the truth dawned upon her, and she became convinced that the man whose plight, as he lay face downwards on the wet grass, had attracted her attention and excited her fears, must have had enough life in him to get up and drag himself a little further in one direction or another.

For a few seconds longer she watched of the labourer as he alternately appeared and disappeared, his head showing from time to time above the bracken and the brambles, and then being seen no more for some moments. Then, curiosity and excitement getting the better of her timidity, she went towards the knoll, and, reaching the open ground at the top where she had seen the body lying, uttered an exclamation in her turn.

The man had disappeared. So had the whip. So had the cloak.

The labourer, a man of thirty or so, in his working dress, saluted her in the graceful Lancashire fashion, and said:

"Where was it, miss, as you see t' man a-lyin'?"

She pointed to the ground at her feet. "Here," she said, pointing with absolute conviction to a spot where it was easy to see that the grass had been flattened somewhat by the burden laid upon it: "It was just here, I'm quite, quite sure."

The man nodded mysteriously. "Ay, miss," said he, "'twas as I thought. Ye see there's nobody a-lyin' there now."

"There was, though," said she.

The man nodded. "Ay, miss, I've no doubt on it. But he's gone now, and if I was you I'd not trouble more about him. There's many a queer sight to be seen hereabouts, and many a queer thing gets done. But we get used to it, and we just near, and see, and say nowt."

"Who was it, then?" asked she, quickly.

But the man declined to commit himself to an opinion.

"Oh, maybe it were one, and maybe it were another," he replied with vagueness, which did not make Edna think he had much doubt himself upon the subject.

"I suppose," she hazarded, "it was this Mr. Kage who lives at the Home Farm?" The man appeared to be interested in the suggestion, but gave still no indication of his own opinion.

"Oh, indeed, miss?" he said, politely.

"Thank you very much for coming," she said, after a short pause, during which the man had looked about him with keen eyes, as if anxious, in spite of his assumed carelessness, to make sure of the entire disappearance of the mysterious body. "I'm sorry to have given you the trouble to come, but I couldn't help being frightened, as I couldn't be sure whether the man had been hurt. I suppose he was quite well all the time, and wanted to play me a trick when he saw I was frightened."

"Ay, miss, most like," replied the man, laconically. "It warn't no trouble, and you're very welcome. But, miss," and the man hesitated and looked kindly at the beautiful girl before him, "if you'll take my advice, you'll not wander no more in the park late o' evenings, for it's a wild place like, and you might maybe get frightened again. Keep to the side by the house, and near the gardens where the gardeners be a-workin' most always, and you'll be safe. But don't-ee wander so fur when dusk falls. Doan't-ee, my lass."

Edna was impressed by the man's kindly gravity, and she said: "Thank you."

Then he saluted her as before, and went away, climbing over the wall at the spot where he had got over before.

IN spite of the good-natured and kindly warning she had just received, Edna found it impossible to resist the temptation of making one more search in the neighbourhood of the spot where she had seen the man lying.

Carefully she searched, by the now fast-fading twilight, the ground in all directions round the place where the grass had been flattened down by the pressure of the man's form.

She fancied at last that she could discern the direction in which he had gone, when he left the spot; and, following

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the marks, real or imaginary, of muddy boots on the grass, not too easy to make out even in a better light, she came suddenly, without expecting it, close up to the wooden door of the little stone building which had excited her curiosity on her first visit to this part of the park.

It seemed to her that the footsteps, the impression of the muddy boots, finished just there, before the iron-bound door.

Rather struck by the suggestive fact that the man had disappeared so quickly, and that the locked door might offer a possible solution to the mystery of his hiding-place, Edna, much perturbed by the result of her curiosity, uttered a little "Oh!" and ran away in the direction of the house.

The run across the grass under the trees, which had been interesting and pleasant when she came out of the house, was by no means so agreeable on her return thither.

Indeed, Edna began to see shadowy forms behind each tree and each bush, to hear fancied footsteps behind her as she ran under the shadow of the oaks and beeches; and it was with a thankful feeling that she found herself inside the flower-garden at the back of the house, and closed behind her the little gate in the wire fence, as if that frail barrier were strong enough to keep out bogeys.

She wondered whether any remark would be made to her, when she got indoors, about her walk in the park. But nobody seemed to know anything about it, and Mrs. Holland, whom she met presently, as she went down-stairs at the sound of the gong, smiled at her and asked her merely whether she had found the time hang very heavy on her hands without any playing or singing to do.

"I have, rather," said Edna, with a smile. "But I went for a walk in the park, and it was nice there till it began to grow cold."

She wanted to see whether the house-keeper would ask her any questions, or give her any warning similar to that given her by her labouring friend.

But the only question the house-keeper put was one as to the time when she would be ready to see the dress-maker who was coming on the following day to make up the dress Lord Lockington had given her; and that matter settled, Mrs. Holland smilingly let her go down to dinner.

Edna felt ashamed of the neglectfulness she had shown in failing to ask after her employer's health again. But she had been so much perturbed by her adventure that this little requirement of courtesy had been forgotten. She now, therefore, turned to Revesby before she sat down, and asked him how Lord Lockington was that evening.

"He's not been well enough to leave his room to-day, ma'am," said the butler; "but the doctor thinks he'll be able to get up to-morrow; and he desired me to say that he will work you very hard at the organ and the piano, ma'am, after having had to do without any music for a whole day."

Edna smiled, and said she would be quite ready for as much music as Lord Lockington wanted.

And then the state function of dinner began. But she was getting used to ceremony by this time, and was no longer so much ashamed of her appetite as she had been at first.

NOTHING unusual disturbed the course of the dinner, or of the quiet evening which she always spent in the White Saloon, until Edna had looked at the illustrated papers and magazines which, according to Revesby's promise, had been provided for her, and until she had seated herself at the piano, played one of her pieces, and sung one or two ballads.

Then something—she scarcely knew herself whether it was only a fancy that someone was in the room with her, or whether it was a faint sound she heard—made her look round.

Even then she was not absolutely sure that she saw or heard anything. But she had an idea that she saw a figure disappear, through the doorway which led into an adjoining room.

Starting to her feet, she ran across the floor in the direction of this door, which was usually kept locked, as she knew.

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Madam, get a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet and you'll actually be surprised to see how greatly it will improve the appearance of your kitchen, and how easy your work will seem (compared with what it was before).

The Knechtel is the one really useful, up-to-date kitchen cabinet. It saves money, patience, health—and allows more time for other duties by keeping everything just where you can lay your hand on it in a moment.



### Finished in Oak

and several other woods. Five handsome styles to choose from. Has flour, sugar and meal bins; spice jars, air-tight canisters, bread and cake boxes; plate racks; sliding shelves, and other practical conveniences.

Any good dealer will be pleased to show you the different styles. Booklet "E" mailed on request.

Look for the Trade-Mark.

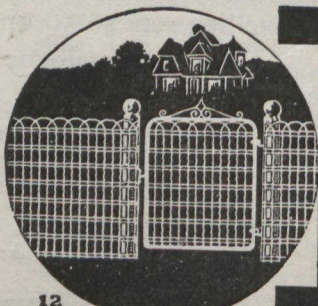
Extension top of bright aluminum



Will neither tarnish nor rust!

Registered.  
**KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET CO., LIMITED**

Hanover - - - Ontario



## IDEAL Lawn Fences and Gates

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

**HANDSOME GATES TO MATCH** in lengths from 3 to 14 ft., single or double, with self-acting latch.

Drop a card and get Booklet 134  
**MCGREGOR BANWELL FENCE CO., Ltd.**  
WALKERVILLE, - - - ONT.

had seen a figure go through into the next room, it is probable that she would not have had courage enough to do as she now did. But being under the impression that she was the victim rather of fancy than of fact, she resolved on the instant to ascertain whether this was really the case.

Long before she had reached the door she knew that it was shut, but even then, with this proof before her eyes, she was not quite sure whether some one had not gone through.

So she still ran on, and, seizing the handle, turned it, expecting that it would resist her touch and so prove conclusively—or almost conclusively—that she was the victim of a delusion.

But it did not resist.

On the contrary, the door flew open at her touch so quickly that she was almost thrown forward, face downwards, on to the floor of the dark room beyond.

Recovering herself with a little cry, Edna, now fully persuaded that what she had seen was really a living, breathing creature and no mere fancy, stood still just within the threshold of the dark and cold Blue Saloon, and, shading her eyes with her hand, peered into the gloom.

And as she stood thus quite still, listening and straining her eyes, she heard, unmistakably this time, the sound of an opening door.

(To be continued.)

## Booming New Birmingham

(Continued from page 7.)

cover of it he looked closely at the little man with the trim moustache who sat hunched up in the big chair, tapping the shabby arm with the eye-glasses he had purchased as an aid in the illusion of ultra-respectability.

Mac glanced around shortly. "Maybe," he replied, also smiling ever so little.

"Now look here, Mac," the other protested. "I don't know just what the game is, and I doubt if Seattle does. He came up here and scouted around. We followed him and I've been going it blind to some extent, just waiting until you choose to let me in on the entire plan. I can see that it will be simple to clear out with a bunch of coin, but I never thought that you were planning to acquire a ready-made house and take out naturalization papers. Don't you think it would be only square to wise us up to the whole plant now? If I don't like it I can drop out."

Mac smiled again. "You've been a good boy, Phil. You've followed every lead and caught the cue at each turn. To tell the truth I hardly—"

The telephone rang. Mac lifted it from the table at his elbow. A moment later he turned to his companion.

"The majority in favour of the by-law is 504," said he. "You might ring for Louis. What shall we celebrate with?"

"Make it something with bubbles in it," suggested Phil.

Jimmie Barr, following his telephone message, arrived just in time to aid in the little celebration. After the congratulations he intimated that the others would be required at a public meeting which was being called by Mayor Clarke at the City Hall. "I'll have to beat it up there myself in a few minutes," said he, "but I'd like to find out one or two things before I go. What will be the next step, now that the by-law has been passed?"

"We shall at once begin the organization of the company. Our application for a charter is in, and practically all the details are arranged. Tenders for the erection of the plant and buildings will be received as soon as the city purchases the site."

"I understand," said Jimmie, "that there is some difficulty about obtaining that site. The owner, who lives somewhere in the States, won't let go for under sixty thousand."

"I know nothing of that," replied Mac. "We are prepared to do our share and the people to-day showed that they favoured the project. I am prepared to state, however, that if the owner will not sell for fifty thousand or less, the company will put up the difference."



"Great stuff," exulted Jimmie. "Say, Mr. McDermott, if the News man comes around, would it be too much to ask you to keep that under your hat? I'd like to pull it as a scoop."

"That will be all right, you can have it for your very own," and Mac guided the reporter to the door.

"By the way, there's just one other question. Will any of the stock be placed locally?"

"Except that held by Mr. Jamieson and myself, I do not see how we can let any of it go here. I have several business associates in the east who have been watching our progress, and they want to get in on this. The fifty thousand necessary by the agreement will be held by Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Beattie, my partner in the east, and myself. I would like to see some of my friends in New Birmingham associated with us, but we are a selfish crowd. When we see a good thing we want all we can get of it."

"Mac, you're a wonder," Phil ejaculated, when the door had finally closed on Barr.

"Seattle has made the same remark," and Mac glanced at his watch. "By the way, we should wire Seattle."

"That's right. He'll be anxious to know the result."

"Yes, and we should instruct him to let that property go at fifty thousand. You haven't forgot that we hold an option on it?"

"At twenty thousand. That's right, and we clean up thirty thousand on the deal. Mac, I used to know a song that the New Yorkers were supposed to sing when they were far from home. 'Take me back to New York town,' it was. It was real pathetic, Mac."

There was a pause. Phil had expected some response. He asked almost timidly, "When do we get out?"

"Five thousand of the profits will go towards our immediate expenses. The remainder will be invested in the company. We will purchase the necessary fifty thousand shares, which the agreement demands at fifty cents. The agreement says nothing as to the price."

"What?" Phil almost exploded. "With our own money, real, honest, hard-earned money?"

"Phil, muh boy, we're only started. Wait until you see that little old McDermott horse coming down the stretch. The colours are green and gold."

"Well, it's good to hear you talking like yourself, instead of using moth-eaten words that were banished from Broadway about the time Hearst got out his first extra," was the consolation Phil drew from the decision.

The first meeting of the shareholders of the Consumers' Power Company was held a week later, in the office which had been taken in the new Victoria Block. The proceedings were formal and occupied only a few moments. Mr. James McDermott was elected President. Mr. Phillip Jamieson became vice-president and general manager, and Mr. George Hilton, clerk in the hotel, was given a share of stock and the office of secretary.

Other than the elections but one motion was put through. The president was awarded fifty thousand dollars as a bonus for the successful promotion and organization of the company.

Mr. William Riley was very sorry, not to say extremely peeved. It was he who had parted with the ten acres below the reservoir. The fact that he had made a straight profit of ten thousand dollars was forgotten in the fact that another had tripled that in a few weeks. But he spent little time brooding over the fact. A more important matter awaited his decision. He had twenty thousand dollars waiting for reinvestment.

Real estate, he felt, was a poor buy. He had bought and sold real estate all his life, and he was never sure of a definite income. He could not afford to pay taxes. Values were high. They could not go higher for a long time. And as he revolved these reasons for turning to some new field, in his mind, he knew that he had already made his decision.

He entered the office of the Consumers' Power Company. "Ah, Mr. Riley," said Mac, rising. "Glad to see you. I want all the friends who helped



Seam-in-front stockings would seem absurd! Then why any seam?

You have kept on wearing stockings with a seam up the back—shapeless, uncomfortable things! because you probably didn't realize the perfection reached by Pen-Angle Seamless Full-Fashioned Hosiery. These are hose *without the sign of a seam*—look for the sign of the trademark. As they are being knit they are shaped lastingly to the curves of the foot and leg. *They fit*—they wear better—and the utter absence of any seam at all makes them ever so much more comfortable. No difference in cost—but much in quality, in economy and in comfort when you buy

# Pen-Angle

## Full-Fashioned Seamless Hosiery

Next time you go shopping ask for the hosiery with the trademark that insures you foot-ease.

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Made by  
**Penmans Limited**  
Paris, Canada



Makers of  
**Underwear  
Sweaters  
and  
Hosiery**

## That Corn Will Go for Good



It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

The pain ends instantly when you apply it. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

### Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (152)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

discomfort. Nothing else known does what Blue-jay does.

That's why millions use it. You will never let corns disturb you when you find this out.

Nor will you ever pare them. Paring takes off just the top of the corn. And a slip of the blade means infection—sometimes a dangerous one.

The right way—the easy way—is to end them completely with this famous Blue-jay plaster. Prove it today.

## COSGRAVE BREWS

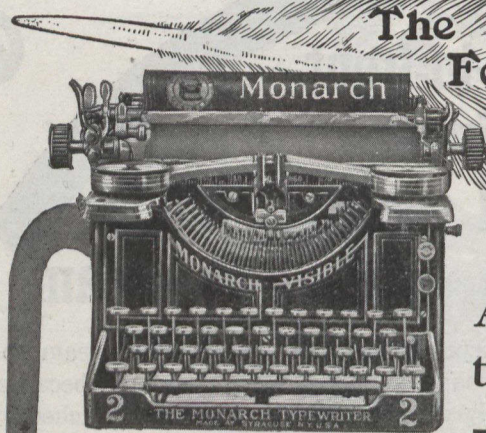


**PALE ALE  
XXX PORTER  
HALF AND HALF**

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

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





The Featherweight touch lessens the work and the cost, per folio

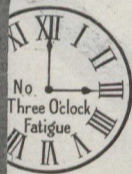
A Typewriter Test that Means Something —Blindfold Yourself,

have ten typewriters of different makes placed in a row, a Monarch somewhere among them. Try each keyboard in turn. The machine with the lightest touch will be the

## Monarch Light Touch

and you can locate it every time, no matter how its position be changed. Just as the proper tools produce the best work, so does a responsive key-action increase the efficiency of a stenographer. It saves her strength. Therefore she has a better grip on her work, is more accurate, more rapid, gets a greater quantity of work done.

There is no *three o'clock fatigue* where the Monarch is used, and a few days' trial will convince you of this fact.



### Send for Monarch Literature

Learn the reasons for Monarch's superiority. Then try the Monarch to the end that you may know that Monarch merit rests in the machine itself, not merely in what we tell you about it.

### Representatives Wanted

Local representatives wanted everywhere. Also a few more dealers for large territories. Write for details and attractive terms.

**The Monarch Typewriter Company Limited.**

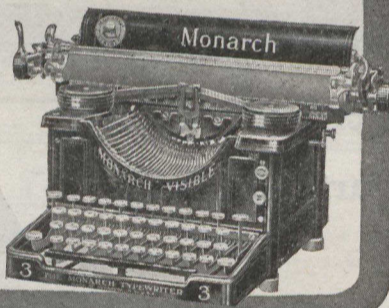
46 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada

Branches: Montreal, 229 Notre Dame St. West; Ottawa, 143 Sparks St.; London, 112 Masonic Temple; Hamilton, 177 King St. East.

### Monarch Wide Carriage Models

Seven different sizes from Model 3, taking paper 10.6 inches wide, to Model 3-F, taking paper 32.6 inches wide. Its decimal tabulator and other special features makes railroad billing, invoices and statement work of all kinds—simple, easy, accurate and rapid.

"It's all in the Carriage"



along the by-law to be at home here. If I'm not in, remember that the cigars are kept in the top drawer on the left," and just to prove his words, Mac produced a box.

Riley bit the end from his cigar, accepted a match, and enquired, "Everything going all right?"

"Better than we expected. My partner has come across a new dynamo, which seems to be just the thing that is needed here. I don't know anything about machinery myself, but it is said to generate a third more power than the standard type, using an equal amount of energy. Jamieson has gone down to Philadelphia to examine it."

Mac could see that the old man had something on his mind, and he believed that he was touching the right spring when he added, "And the stock has been selling like the town lots in a new trans-continental terminal. Only one man disappointed me, Johnson, of the United States Electrical Supply Company. He was to take a big block but the trust got his concern, and he hasn't a cent to spare. I'm not exactly sorry. The stock is likely to boom, and I think it probable that in a few days I should be able to get a little above par for it."

"I've got twenty thousand dollars to put in at par." The offer was somewhat sudden, but Mac was not disturbed.

"Are you perfectly certain about this?" said he. "I have no qualms about selling to the men who know me, and my business record in the east. But up here, though I consider the project among the best I have ever touched, I would not like to disappoint anyone."

"I'll take it," Riley persisted. His action to himself was astounding. He felt that it was almost heresy. But there was no turning back.

Seattle and Phil were waiting in the New York cafe. Mac had not yet arrived, and neither had seen him since his return from New Birmingham, the previous day. Phil was lazily turning over the pages of a magazine.

"We sure are the busy little boomsters," he laughed. "Can you beat it?" and he shoved the open magazine across the table.

Seattle glanced at the page. It bore a flaring advertisement of the city of New Birmingham. The attractions of the city as an industrial centre were not unduly exaggerated, but the fact which was featured was the organization of the Consumers' Power Company. The Publicity Commissioner had found a new title. "The Niagara of the North" was the latest label for the city.

"I guess that dream is over," said Seattle. At that moment Mac entered. "Who's talking about dreams?" he asked. "The last three days in that burg were a night-mare. I didn't know what minute our luck might break."

"I've been waiting to hear the squeal when they find they've been stuck," said Seattle, shaking Mac by the hand.

"They'll be ashamed to whimper," replied Mac. "They wouldn't dare let those other towns know they had been stung."

"And, even at that," he added, "I'm not so sure that they have lost out, altogether."

"But you unloaded on them, didn't you?"

"To the last nickle, son, but between the three of us, I really believe that if they can take hold and run things, the company might be made pay."

Then for several minutes they busied themselves over the statements which Mac had prepared. "And now you see," said he, "what we made on the sale of the site to the city we put into the company, getting fifty thousand shares at fifty. It wasn't exactly necessary, but it gave the thing the semblance of steadiness. I sold the fifty thousand at par and above. Then there was the fifty thousand you kindly voted me for my services in promoting the company. That came out of the treasury after I had unloaded the last of the one hundred thousand shares."

Just at this moment he noticed the advertisement. Smiling slightly, he opened the little bag which he had brought with him, and drew forth three parcels. "Thirty-five thousand for you, Phil. A like amount for Seattle. No more and no less for little me. Now, ask me, 'Isn't booming New Birmingham the pleasant little parlor game?'"





## The Scrap Book

**The Weather.**—As to the weather for the next "Signal Year," the weather bird refused to commit himself. He O.K.'d the following, however:  
 "Expect the worst weather, and you won't be disappointed."  
 "It's likely to be a cold day when you get another raise."  
 "Better take a raincoat and umbrella with you on your vacation."  
 "The nicest days will be the ones you see through the window."  
 "The best day in each month will be—pay day."  
 "You can avoid the big storms by getting home early nights."  
 "The hardest day to live through will be—the day before pay day."  
 "The home team will always win on rainy days."—The Signalman's Almanac.

**Shocked.**—One hostess who lacked tact at dinner placed a learned and somewhat deaf college professor beside a debutante. The girl found the professor very unresponsive, but finally she noticed a dish of fruit, and in desperation asked if he liked bananas. After being asked several times to repeat the question, her voice being raised each time, attracting the attention of the whole table, she was horrified when the learned man riveted her with a disapproving look, and remarked very distinctly: "My dear young woman, I had hoped that I had misunderstood your question; but, since you persist, I must say that I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt."—The Argonaut.

**Protecting Themselves.**—An Arkansas preacher pawned his watch and the following Sunday preached four hours because he had no timepiece. At the conclusion of the sermon there was a special collection raised and sent to the pawnbroker.—New Orleans Picayune.

**End of Friendship.**—She—"How did they ever come to marry?"  
 He—"Oh, it's the same old story. Started out to be good friends, you know, and later on changed their minds."  
 —Puck.

**Another Definition.**—"Pa, what is an optimist?"  
 "An optimist, my boy, is a woman who thinks that everything is for the best, and that she is the best."—Judge.

**An Old Hand.**—"Have you had any experience as an office-boy?"  
 "I should say I had, mister; why, I'm a dummy director in three mining companies now."—Brooklyn Life.

**Had His.**—"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked the travelling man of his companion, as the train stopped.

"What place is it?" inquired the other.  
 "Chicago."  
 "No, I had one leg stretched here once!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**That Settled It.**—Two men were hotly discussing the merits of a book. Finally one of them, himself an author, said to the other: "No, John, you can't appreciate it. You never wrote a book yourself."

"No," retorted John, "and I never laid an egg, but I'm a better judge of an omelet than any hen in the state."—The Argonaut.

**Irresistible.**—"However did you reconcile Adele and Mary?"  
 "I gave them a choice bit of gossip and asked them not to repeat it to each other."—Fliegende Blaetter.

**A Mean Man.**—"Kindly return my lock of hair."  
 "All right. Do you want the dark lock or the one you gave me when you were a blonde?"—Washington Herald.

**Excellent.**—Friend—"How are you getting on with your play?"  
 Dramatist—"Almost finished; I have only two more people to kill off."  
 —Fliegende Blaetter.



## BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

**PRESERVES THE SKIN** and beautifies the Complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after **MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.**

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, ENG.



By Appointment.

## WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

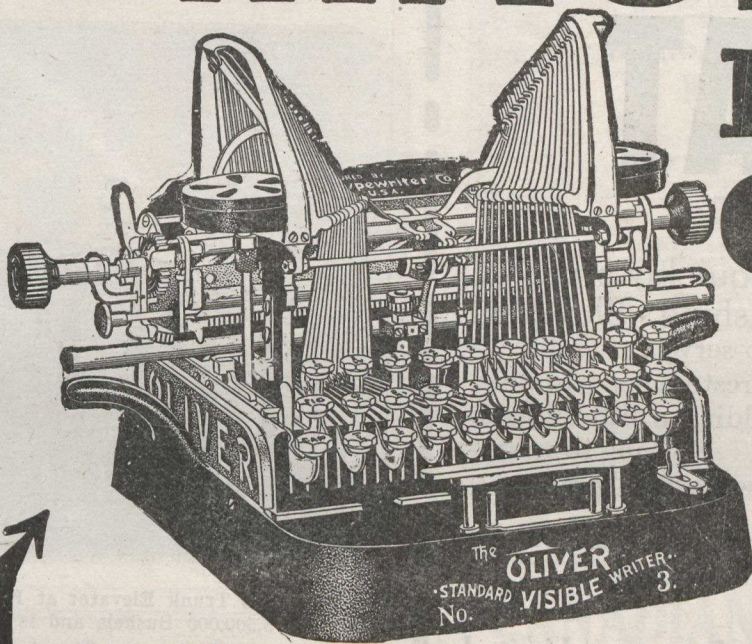
Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

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

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.

# SMASHING

## Free Trial OFFER



This is positively the most astounding—the most amazing offer ever made in the history of the typewriter business. Dealers everywhere baffled by our wonderful offer!

**Genuine Oliver No. 3**  
 The King of Typewriters!  
 Send no money with coupon

**\$250 and You Keep This Machine**

If you know typewriters you know the Oliver—if you do not, just ask any typewriter operator about the Standard Oliver No. 3. Then you will realize what a simply tremendous opportunity this is to get the world's greatest typewriter on our amazing Free Trial Offer. No matter what your business is or even if you are not in business at all—you need an up-to-date typewriter. Helps your standing in the business and professional world—saves time and money. Don't write long hand another day when you can get this superb Standard Oliver No. 3, the king of typewriters on our astounding free trial offer.

## Here is Our Free Trial Offer

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

**FREE** With Every Machine  
 1000 Business Letter  
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These business letter heads will contain your own name and address, the name of your firm or the name of any other business you may have. We give them to you absolutely free just as soon as you decide you want to keep the Oliver. Send today for our free offer. Just mail the coupon or a postal card. Don't delay.

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**"Breakfast is Ready!"**



You don't believe it—but it must be true, for the house is filled with the pleasant aroma of something good to eat. You don't believe any one could prepare breakfast in so short a time. Of course it's a

# SHREDDED WHEAT

## BREAKFAST

the kind that's so easily and quickly prepared and so appetizing and nourishing. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. For breakfast heat the biscuit in oven to restore its crispness, then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Nothing so warming and satisfying and nothing so easy to prepare.

**Made of Choicest Selected Canadian Wheat**  
A Canadian Food for Canadians

Made by  
**The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited**  
Niagara Falls, Ontario  
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East I-77

**Lounge Collars and Shirts**  
are the correct thing for business or pleasure.

W. G. R. Lounge Collars,  
25c each.

Elk Brand Lounge Collars,  
2 for 25c

Look for the Trade Mark



TRADE MARK  
**W.G.R.**

31

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Elevator Capacity.

DESPITE the fact that Canada's elevator capacity at Fort William and Port Arthur has been increasing rapidly during the past ten years, it was found to be inadequate during the past season. A considerable quantity of wheat had to be shipped to Duluth and stored there in bond to await the opening of navigation. Probably ten million bushels of Canadian grain went there. The elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur number more than a dozen, and have a total storage capacity of twenty-four million bushels. The largest is that of the Canadian Northern, with a capacity of three and a half millions. The Grand Trunk elevator at Fort William is about the same size and has about the same capacity. The Grand Trunk people propose to enlarge their elevator as occasion warrants, and have built with this idea in mind.

The grain shipments passing through Fort William and Port Arthur this sea-

son were larger than in any previous year. Up to March 1 the Canadian Pacific had transported more than sixty-six million bushels, the Canadian Northern nearly forty million bushels, and the Grand Trunk Pacific about ten million bushels. This makes a total of a hundred and sixteen million bushels handled at the Canadian head of navigation in seven months. In spite of this enormous movement the farmers of the West have complained most bitterly that the railways had not sufficient facilities for handling the bumper crop of last season.

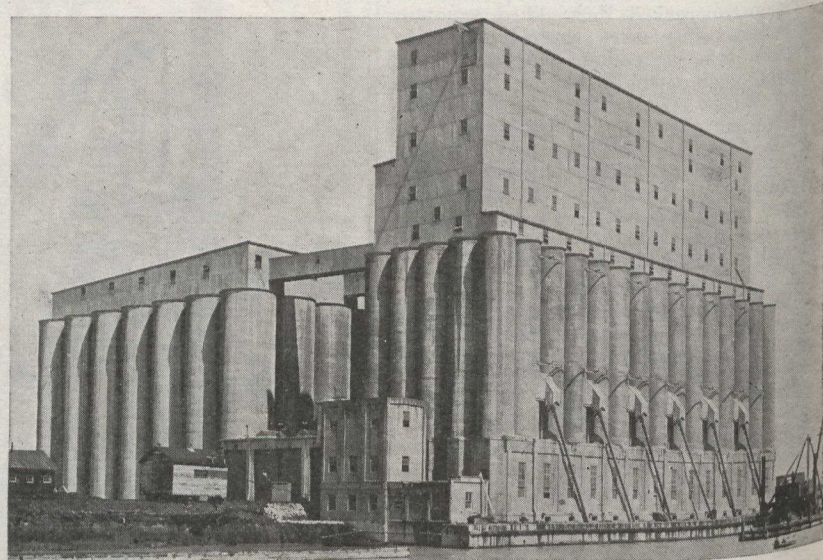
tember their Royal Highnesses will visit Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Edmonton (September 3 and 4), reaching Calgary on the 5th.

### A Lay Sermon.

Subsequently they will visit Kamloops, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Prince Rupert, thence going to various points in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, staying for two weeks' shooting at Poplar Point, Lake Manitoba, and returning to Ottawa at the end of October.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Sackville, N.B., Tribune, in dealing with the boy problem of that place, claims that the parents cast too much responsibility upon "the church, the town council, the police and the teacher."

"No wonder the parents and children grow apart and we have no influence over them when we let them have the freedom of the streets, day and night, almost as soon as they can walk," says



The Grand Trunk Elevator at Fort William. It Has a Present Capacity of 3,500,000 Bushels and is the First Unit of a 20,000,000-bushel Elevator.

son were larger than in any previous year. Up to March 1 the Canadian Pacific had transported more than sixty-six million bushels, the Canadian Northern nearly forty million bushels, and the Grand Trunk Pacific about ten million bushels. This makes a total of a hundred and sixteen million bushels handled at the Canadian head of navigation in seven months. In spite of this enormous movement the farmers of the West have complained most bitterly that the railways had not sufficient facilities for handling the bumper crop of last season.

### Royal Party to See Canada.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Governor-General and the Duchess of Connaught evidently are going to have a busy summer and fall. The following information concerning their movements has been sent out from Ottawa:

May 6—Arrive at Montreal.  
May 13—Arrive at Ottawa.  
May 16—Arrive at Toronto.  
May 29-30—Visit London and Guelph.

Leave by water for Montreal on May 31. June 2 to 17 will be spent at Quebec, after which their Royal Highnesses will spend two weeks on the Tobique River fishing. Arrive about July 7 at Winnipeg for the opening of the Exhibition, returning towards the end of the month to the east.

Leave Montreal by steamer for the Maritime Provinces on August 1, visiting Gaspe, Summerside, Charlottetown, Pictou, Hawkesbury, Sydney, Halifax, Truro, Windsor, St. John, Fredericton and other places.

After opening the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, in the last days of August, their Royal Highnesses will leave for the West, visiting Sault Ste. Marie, Sudbury, Port Arthur, Fort William.

Leaving Winnipeg on the 1st of Sep-

this correspondent. "Home to them means a place where there is something to eat and wear and then back on the street as soon as possible. They do not respect their parents properly or appreciate their homes, because they have not been trained to share the cares and responsibility of their homes."

"And we think we are too respectable to be converted to the fact that our boys and perhaps girls are going straight to perdition by our criminal neglect. We have set the town a tremendous task if we expect them to overcome all the evils we have allowed to grow in our children unrestrained."

### Old-time Gold Rush.

CLIPPING from its files of fifty years ago, the Victoria Colonist found this interesting item:

The Enterprise on Sunday night was crowded with freight and passengers. Standing room could hardly be obtained by many persons, and they consequently came ashore with their baggage and expressed their intention of taking the next boat. From 11 o'clock until midnight the company's wharf was crowded. The departing gold-hunters seemed generally in a very jovial humour and cheers for almost every conceivable object were asked for and given with great heartiness. Cheers for "Old England," "The Jeff Davis," "Abe Lincoln," "The South," "The North," the "Union," the "Canadas," etc., were freely shouted forth, in many instances the same pair of lungs responding.

### Formed Beef Ring.

THE spirit of co-operation has seized the farmers of Cupar, Sask. A short time ago they decided to join together to handle the meat business, and so they formed a beef ring. It is divided into sixteen shares and is to commence operations on May 17.



## Good Coffee Needs More Than a Recipe

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