

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by F. Horsman Varley

Commission Government in
St. John - - - *By W. F. Burditt*

German and British Navies
Compared - - *By Capt. Neitzke*

Second of "Tall Timber
Tales" - - - *By Lloyd Roberts*

Feature Events in Recent
News - - - - - *Illustrated*

Woman's Supplement Number

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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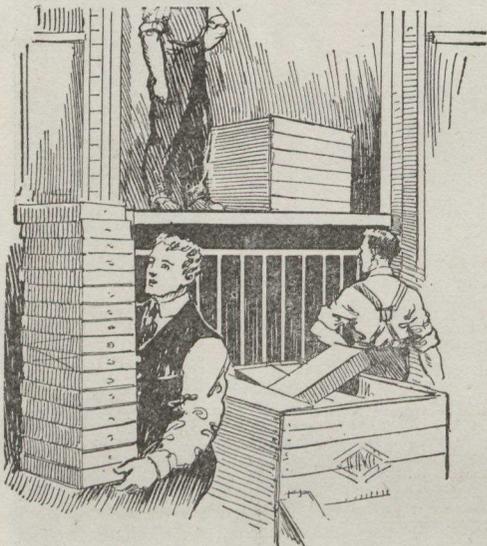
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A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 25



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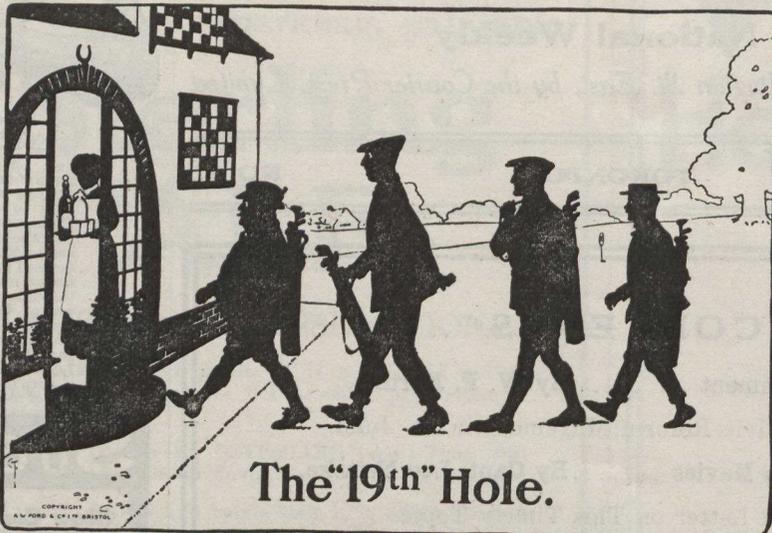
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In Lighter Vein

No Security.—"Hey, waiter, I want to order a steak; there's none on the bill of fare."

"We are not serving steak to-day, sir. You see, we have a new cook, and he has not as yet arranged for his bond."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Will Need More.—Mrs. Mary Austin, the novelist, was talking about the primitive woman. "The primitive woman," she said, "was the boss. Stronger, not weaker, than man, the primitive woman ruled the roost. In fact, she governed as the trusts govern—only she governed more wisely and more kindly. She wasn't like Gobsa Golde, the sardonic meat king.

"Don't you sympathize with the people who are complaining about the high cost of living?" a stranger once asked Gobsa.

"I do," the multimillionaire replied sardonically. "I sympathize with the people you mention most profoundly, and if things go on as I expect, in three or four months' time I hope to sympathize with them twice as much."

Realism.—Fair Worshipper—"What is that sad, sad air you're playing, professor?"

The Professor—"Dat iss Beethoven's 'Farewell to the Piano.' I see dose instalment people coming mit der van."
—Puck.

Rubber Consignments.—"I have always been interested," said little Jinks, "in the valuation of waste. Now, where do you suppose all these burst tires go to in the end?"

"I don't know," said the genial philosopher, "but if they go where most people consign 'em there must be a terrible smell of rubber in the hereafter."
—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Fear For Mamma.—A Lake-wood woman was recently reading to her little boy the story of a young lad whose father was taken ill and died, after which he set himself diligently to work to support himself and mother. When she had finished the story, she said:

"Dear Billy, if your papa were to die, would you work to support your dear mamma?"

"Naw!" said Billy, unexpectedly.

"But why not?"

"Ain't we got a good house to live in?"

"Yes, dearie—but we can't eat the house, you know."

"Ain't there a lot o' stuff in the pantry?"

"Yes, but that won't last forever."

"It'll last till you git another husband, won't it? You're a pretty good looker, ma!"

Mamma gave up, right there.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Time for Retiring.—Dr. W. A. Quayle, bishop of the Methodist Church and a popular lecturer, in the early days of his ministry, went back to preach one Sunday to a former congregation in Kansas, and was entertained by one of his old parishioners. After the evening services the family gathered round the hearth and exchanged reminiscences with their guest, apparently without any thought of retiring. Eleven o'clock came and midnight.

The conversation lagged and all showed unmistakable signs of weariness. Dr. Quayle yawned politely and rubbed his drooping eyelids. His host moved restlessly in his chair. His hostess eyed the timepiece with growing alarm. The very air was drowsy, but no one seemed able to end the awkward situation.

Finally, as the clock chimed half-past one o'clock his hostess asked deprecatingly, but with a note of desperation in her voice:

"Brother Quayle, when do you go to bed?"

"When I get a chance," replied Dr. Quayle meekly.—Kansas City Star.

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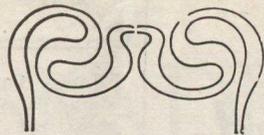
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Editor's Talk

DR. ARAM KALFIAN is the chief figure in our new serial story which begins next week. Aram Kalfian was the man selected to enforce an international decree which disturbs the lives of several British families. National decrees or judgments of the courts are enforced by policemen and sheriffs; international decrees are enforced by all sorts of people of whom Aram Kalfian was a type.

Of course there is a love story in this serial. Dick Emberson is engaged to Enid Anerley, and had it not been for Dr. Aram Kalfian that "love's young dream" had been less romantic. This dream is further disturbed by the peculiar conduct of "the other woman," whose name is Denise Aliston. On the whole the story is as interesting, as full of action, and as dramatic as any serial story which has yet appeared in the "Canadian Courier." The author is Effie Adelaide Rowlands, an English writer whose fiction is favourably known throughout Great Britain.

Our Christmas Number is taking form. It will contain short stories by Arthur E. McFarlane, Peter McArthur, Ethelwyn Wetherald, Alan Sullivan and J. J. Bell. Each of these stories will be embellished with illustrations by prominent Canadian illustrators. There will be several pages of special articles and pictures in colour. It will be the largest and most pretentious special number ever issued from this office, but will be a regular issue selling at the regular price.

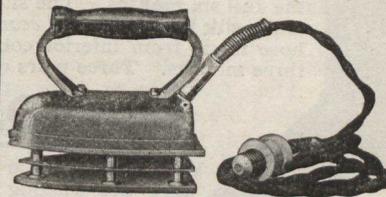


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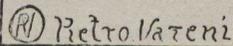
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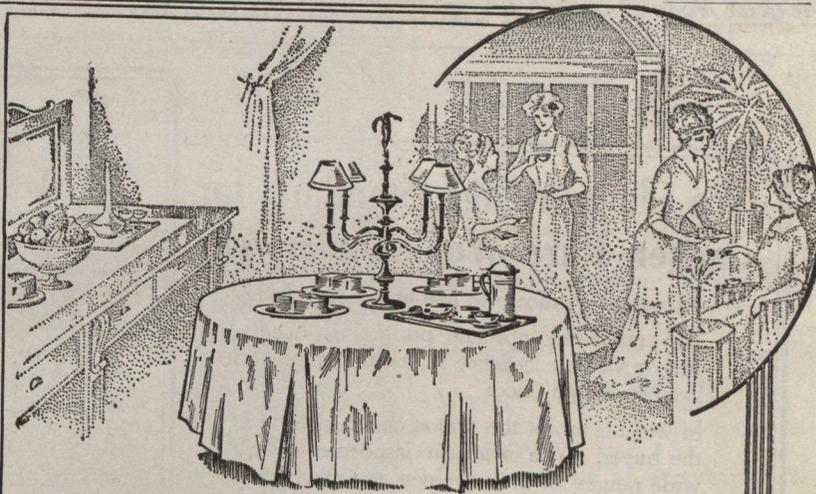
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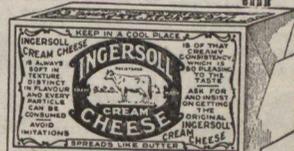
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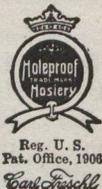
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You women who darn are wasting your time since there are hose like these. You men who are wearing darned hose are undergoing needless discomfort. Here are hose that are soft, lightweight and close-fitting, made with the costliest

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The Scrap Book

Name Counted.—"Still at Billson's lodging house, are you not?"

"No, at the Cholmondeley Apartments."

"When did you move?"

"Didn't move. They just changed the name and put up the rent."—Boston Transcript.

The Condition.—He—"I am a millionaire. Haven't I money enough for both of us?"

She—"Yes, if you are moderate in your tastes."—New York Sun.

Missing Many.—Rivalry amongst motor-car manufacturers is acute, if good-natured. At a dinner of manufacturers' representatives one guest dwelt at length on the remarkable popularity of his car and the wonderful organization of its selling force.

"Why, just think of it, gentlemen," said he, "last month our sales averaged a car every two minutes of each working day. There was never anything like it."

When he had concluded the representative of a rival factory arose and remarked: "With the last speaker's permission, I would like to offer my compliment on his statement that there's one of his cars sold every two minutes."

Permission was granted. "I understand you to say that you call that good salesmanship. Am I right?"

"I certainly do," affirmed the previous speaker.

"Well, I don't; that's all. I call it mighty poor salesmanship—there's no other name for it. The gentleman forgets the universally accepted truth that 'there's a sucker born every minute.'"

Well Defined.—Our notion of tact is keeping a friend after said friend has purchased an automobile.—Punch.

Or Both Talk At Once.—Peckham—"My wife talks, talks, talks all the time."

Underthum—"You're wrong. She must listen part of the time or my wife wouldn't be with her so much."—Boston Transcript.

Where They Do It.—"Oh, the ease with which some men can master great difficulties!" sighed the sweet maid. "Oh, yes, I read novels, too," commented the young man.—Brooklyn Life.

Discovered.—In Dublin a car driver was caught by a zealous policeman in the act of driving furiously. The policeman stopped him and said: "Ye must give me yer name."

"But I won't give ye me name," said the driver.

"Ye'll get yerself into trouble," said the policeman, "if ye don't give me yer name."

"I won't give ye me name," said the driver.

"Phat is yer name, now?" asked the angry policeman.

"Ye'd better find out," said the driver.

"Sure and I will," said the policeman.

He went round to the side of the car where the name ought to have been painted, but the letters had been rubbed off.

"Aha!" said the policeman, "now ye'll get yerself into worse disgrace than ever. Yer name appears to be obliterated."

"Ye're wrong!" roared the driver. "Tis O'Brien!"

The Reason.—"The trouble is that my boss has favourites. You can't deny it."

"I won't deny it. But have you noticed that his favourites do all the hard work about the place?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sized Up.—"That young Galey is a chip of the old block, isn't he?"

"Rather a tooth of the old rake."—Judge.

Where Her Mind Was.—Latin Teacher—"Now you may give me an example of the dative."

High-School Girl (with her mind elsewhere)—"I will meet you at eight o'clock."—Puck.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XII.

November 16, 1912

No. 25

Men of To-Day

Mighty Cause Has Triumphed,
 (So declares Woodrow Wilson).

Roosevelt Sends Wire to Wilson.
 Taft Goes Back to Law.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THREE laconic sentences taken from one page of a morning newspaper on November 6 sum up with the suddenness of a war bulletin the most remarkable political upheaval ever known in the world's greatest republic. The first college president who ever became President of the United States defeated overwhelmingly the only man of modern times who tried at the same time to get a third term and to be the uncrowned king of a republic. Theodore Roosevelt now becomes the most remarkable unelected person in America, if not in the whole world—barring the Kaiser, who is by birth the kind of personage that Roosevelt desired to be by election. Woodrow Wilson becomes the most unusual President ever elected in the United States. William Howard Taft becomes the most complete specimen of distinguished but amiable oblivion. At the same time William Jennings Bryan remains the most impressive unelected Democrat ever known in that country. He did much to help elect Wilson; being himself the man who never could be elected and, according to his own statement, the father of many of the reform ideas claimed by or credited to Roosevelt.

It was in 1896 that real revolutionary sentiment began in the United States. Grover Cleveland, the last Democratic President, who retired in that year, was as much of a political alien from Bryan as Taft to-day is from Roosevelt. The partial revolution, very largely of a personal character, which Bryan the Nebraskan headed against the old gold-bug and vested-interest forces was in many respects the progenitor of the Progressive Party idea headed by Roosevelt against Taft. The people who cheered the splendid but fatuous epigram of 1896—"You cannot crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," very much resembled the people who at the Bull Moose convention recited the 23rd Psalm and sang "Onward Christian Soldiers." A writer in a popular magazine characterized the Bull-Moosers as a remarkable moral force, because with almost the covenanting emphasis of the Pilgrim Fathers they were able to repeat by heart the 23rd Psalm. He intended to point out that the Progressive propaganda had the depth and intensity of a great religious movement—against everything that was in favour of the 10,000 owning two-thirds of the wealth in the United States, and in league with something or other on behalf of the 90,000,000 that own the other third. The Progressives were supposed to sum up all the best forces inherent in 1896 Bryanism, Debsism, Coxey's Army—and themselves. The man at the head of them, though twice President before, came to the Progressives with as much startling novelty as though he had been John the Baptist. He became almost a martyr-like Lin-

coln, Garfield and McKinley by assassination. He got the glamour of a popular hero. In his speeches just before the election he reverted to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, as though he had himself discovered these documents.

And on the night of November 5, Guy Fawkes' Day, he got a total of 78 votes in the electoral college as against the college president's 441 and Taft's 12. He was elected in six States, leaving Taft three and Wilson all the others.

WOODROW WILSON became President by virtue of a long party opposition, absolutely clean character, splendid ability and a split vote. The split vote was the least important. The idea probably got Wilson many votes before the election. The Republican party was as moribund as the old Canadian Conservative regime in '96. The people were weary of profuse promises to manacle predatory interests and a perpetual boost in the cost of

living. They were not likely to be soothed by oratorical rhapsodies or platform piety. It was no longer a case of appealing to the memory of Lincoln, the Pilgrim Fathers and the Sermon on the Mount—which both Taft and Roosevelt did with great gusto.

Perhaps the cure was in the man who had never been tried and a party somewhat purified by opposition. There was something in the Democratic party plus Wilson that might be expected to create just as much revolution—in a much saner way—as could be expected from Roosevelt, who might become a dangerous "Little Father." Woodrow Wilson stands out as an absolutely new man whose ideas are modern, whose personal ambition is nil, and whose allegiance to a party depends upon the party's efficiency. He is the making of a great man. Roosevelt was the revival of a hero-worship. Woodrow Wilson has nothing to live down. He has the rigid moral outlines of Lincoln or Garfield without the humour of one or the oratory of the other. And his election to the Presidency in spite of a popular upheaval of Bull-Mooseism has all the flavour of a modern romance. Ten years ago Woodrow Wilson became President of Princeton University. He was then no more like a President of the United States than a school-boy resembles a great railroad-builder. In the Rome of 1912 he is something between a lean Cassius and a noble Brutus. And since 1910 he is the biggest surprise package that ever dropped into the lap of the United States. Above the majority of 266 necessary to elect him in the electoral college, he had many more votes than the whole number given to Roosevelt and Taft. He is elected by a huge popular majority. He is also elected by the big minority of the sanest public opinion. With a Democratic Congress and a strongly Democratic Senate he has an instrument of government such as no President ever had; such an instrument as to any personally ambitious Caesar must have resulted in democratic despotism; and such a leverage as would be dangerous to any but a man with a conscience as fixed as the North star.

The election of Woodrow Wilson is of profound interest to Canadians. Part of this interest is personal; part of it political. The defeat of Taft is in line with the defeat of reciprocity last year. The defeat of Roosevelt is very largely a personal affair here as it is over there. One Canadian newspaper has taken a tremendous interest in the Progressive party—largely because it sees in Canada the symptoms of what caused the disruption of the old-line Republican party. But even the most sanguine supporters of Progressivism in Canada cannot fail to be deeply interested in the election of so big a Progressive as Woodrow Wilson. The protest of the United States against the big interests and the machine has its echo here. To have elected Woodrow Wilson on that protest with Roosevelt second and Taft nowhere, is the most emphatic declaration that could have been made. Canadians have not come to the day of big interests and the Big Stick as they have it over there. But the high cost of living so far as it relates to the tariff is with us late and soon.



Governor Wilson Voting for Himself on Tuesday, November 5.

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General View of the Harbour and Business Section of St. John.

Commission Government in St. John, N.B.

Comprehensive Sketch of a Civic Reform Movement

By W. F. BURDITT

ST. JOHN having been the first of Canadian cities to adopt the so-called "Commission" form of government, the experiment now on trial here will naturally attract the attention of all those throughout Canada who are interested in questions relating to civic government. Therefore, although it may be too soon as yet to form any safe conclusion as to the ultimate result, it will doubtless interest *COURIER* readers to learn something of the inception and promotion of the movement for better government—better management of civic affairs—in this city by the sea.

The former city council of St. John consisted of a Mayor and seventeen Aldermen, from which was formed a sub-organization of boards and committees—a treasury board, board of public works, water and sewerage board, board of public safety, and three or four committees of minor importance. The boards averaged about a dozen members each, from which it follows that most of the Aldermen served on more than one board. Thirteen of the Aldermen were supposed to represent one each of the thirteen city wards, the other four represented the city at large. All the Aldermen, however, were elected by the entire vote of the city; all were, therefore, representative of the city at large, and the status of the ward Alderman differed from that of the Alderman at large, only in the fact that he was required to be a resident of the ward he represented, and was supposed to have an especial oversight of its interests.

This anomaly in representative government was the result of one of the spasmodic efforts at civic reform, which have aroused the community from time to time during the last quarter of a century. At one time the Alderman representing each ward was separately elected by the people of the ward he represented, but, in St. John, as in other cities, it was complained that the most capable men would not offer their services to the city as Aldermen, and that, even if they did, they could not be elected. For want of any better reason, the ward system of electing was blamed for this state of affairs, and it was thought that if each aldermanic candidate had to appeal to the city at large, a better class of men would offer, and there would be a better chance of the right kind being elected. So after a little agitation, a plebiscite was taken, and the people voted for a change, introducing the system before mentioned, by which every elector could vote not only for the representative of his own ward, but, as well, for the representative of every other ward, and for the Aldermen at large. This change did not bring about the hoped-for improvement in the personnel of the city council. By a species of log-rolling and vote-swapping, a clique-formed ticket could always be elected, while the successful business man and the prominent citizen still preferred to discuss the management, or mismanagement, of civic affairs from outside the city council.

To enumerate all the drawbacks and disadvantages of the old system—the reasons for which it was condemned—would be but to narrate the experience of almost every city throughout Canada, and the United States, where that system is in operation. The policy with regard to almost every public question was uncertain and vacillating. A line of policy

adopted at one monthly meeting of the council would frequently be reversed at the next, and the cumbersome organization of council, boards and committees, impeded instead of accelerating the despatch of public business, rendering it, besides, almost impossible to fix the responsibility for things that were done, or left undone. City Hall, under the old regime, was a first-class circumlocution office.

It seems strange that a system, practically the same as that which has enlisted the services of the most capable men with such splendid results in the cities of the old country, should so signally fail on the continent of America. Social conditions are, of course, widely different. In a new and rapidly developing country, individualism is rampant, men are absorbed in personal gain, or, having amassed wealth, are absorbed in personal gratification; high ideals of public service are almost wholly wanting. Those who have the means, the leisure, and the opportunity to serve the community, have not the inclination, they would rather hire some one else to do public, as they can to do private, service, and reserve the right to scold if the service is not well performed.

IT is not the purpose of this article, however, to propound theories, or to attempt to solve the enigmas of civic-political economy, but merely to relate the recent experience of one city. From what has been said, it will be inferred that in St. John, as elsewhere, the mismanagement of civic affairs has been attributed mainly to the fact that the right class of men were not chosen to sit at the council board, and the occasional efforts at reform had always for their object the improvement of the personnel of the city council. Occasionally men were elected under these spasmodic reform movements, with a special mission to effect economies in administration, and secure more efficient service,



Prince William Street, the Wall Street of St. John.

but, the results were usually disappointing, and it was complained that the efforts of the reformers were thwarted by those who seemed to have an interest in maintaining the existing order of things. As a matter of fact, the council was usually fairly representative of the community; it almost always included a good proportion of men of at least average capability, but they were all, as a rule, men who had their own business affairs to attend to—the business of the city was only a matter of occasional and secondary concern.

Gradually it began to dawn upon some people that perhaps the system was at fault—that there might possibly be some other system of civic government better adapted to our needs and conditions. Just about that time, a number of the more progressive members of the Board of Trade organized what was termed a New Industries Committee—subsequently merged with the Advertising Committee—whose special object it was to make known the many natural advantages of the city of St. John as a location for manufacturing enterprise, and to induce new industries to locate here. As a result of their publicity propaganda, enquiries began to come in, but, it was discovered quite early in the campaign, that but little could be accomplished without the co-operation of the city authorities. Questions arose as to the availability of city lands for factory sites, as to tax rates and exemptions, water-supply, and kindred matters. The cumbersome paraphernalia of our city government, with its monthly meetings, and references from council to board, and board to council, was found to be ill adapted to the prompt and decisive consideration of a business proposition, and, as a consequence, the advertising committee came to the conclusion that the first step necessary in a movement for the city's advancement, was to effect some change in the system of managing the city's affairs.

THIS was in the Fall of 1910. About then articles with reference to city government by commission were frequently appearing in American periodicals. The system had been for ten years in successful operation in the city of Galveston, Texas, in Houston for a somewhat shorter period, and within a few years prior to 1910 had been adopted by nearly a hundred other American cities. The Board of Trade Advertising Committee began to look into it; the more they examined it, the better they liked it, and speedily came to the conclusion that the new system was well calculated to remove the difficulty they had encountered, of *getting things done*, under the system then in operation.

The Board of Trade as a whole, unwilling to advocate without due consideration, a change so momentous, decided to call a public meeting, to discuss the question. In the meantime the subject was taken up by the newspapers, and a very lively interest throughout the community immediately became apparent. There was a large attendance representative of every class at the mass meeting, held on January 18th, 1911. The commission plan of city government was outlined and explained. It was unanimously decided to apply to the Provincial Legislature for power to hold a plebiscite on the question, whether or not such form of government should be adopted in St. John, and a large citizens' committee was formed to conduct a campaign. A bill authorizing the plebiscite was passed on March 29th, 1911, and the question was put to the vote of the people at the annual civic election held in 1911. There was a majority of more than 2 to 1 in favour of commission government.

The campaign had been a lively one, for there was abundant opposition to the change. Many public meetings were held, some under the auspices of the Citizens' Committee, in favour of, others opposed to, the proposition. These meetings were as largely attended as those of an ordinary political campaign.

The daily newspapers took up opposite sides on the question; every imaginable argument, pro and con, was adduced, and no subject was ever more thoroughly discussed. While the Citizens' Committee imported lecturers from cities in the United States, where commission government was in operation, to explain its advantages, an enterprising daily paper, in opposition, sent its own commissioner to several of those cities to investigate, on its own account, and for the information of its readers, the workings of commission government on the spot. Of course it was not difficult to find evidence against as well as in favour of the new system.

The principal objections of those who opposed the change were:

That the proposal had been launched without due consideration.

That so far as Canadian conditions were concerned, it was an untried experiment. Conditions being entirely different in the United States, we

should not be guided by the experience of American cities, even if favourable.

That it was a departure from representative government, and undemocratic.

That the commissioners would be given a degree of autocratic power, such as it would be unwise to entrust to so few men, who would possibly be indiscreet.

On the other hand, it was objected that the fear of recall would make the commissioners too amenable to public opinion, and deprive them of the requisite independence.

Again, that the privilege of initiative, referendum, and recall, put too much power in the hands of the people—in short, was too democratic, and would keep the city in a constant turmoil of elections.

That five commissioners could not occupy their whole time with the affairs of the city without engaging in executive work that could be better per-

formed by the officials in the different departments. All these contentions were squarely opposed by the advocates of government by elective commission.

THE five months' discussion in the press, at public meetings, and throughout the city, prior to the plebiscite, it was contended, afforded ample time and opportunity for consideration of the proposals, after which there would be nearly a year in which to prepare the new charter.

That, while conditions here differed from those prevailing in the United States, and St. John was free from the rampant evils which afflicted many American cities, yet, we had much to complain of in the way of neglect and mismanagement of public business that could be remedied by a more business-like system of oversight and control.

So far from being undemocratic, and a departure from representative government, it was contended

that the new system was in many respects even more democratic than the old, and the conflicting arguments used against it supported the contention.

No doubt the use of the term "Commission," as applied to this form of government, has caused a good deal of misapprehension. Strictly speaking, a commission is an appointed body, as was the original Galveston commission, thus giving rise to the application of that term. But, when its appointed term expired, the Galveston commission became an elected council, though still called a "Commission." In reality commission is a misnomer, as applied to this form of government, which, in essentials, differs from the ordinary city council only in the reduced number of representatives, and in the fact that they are usually elected for a longer term, and devote all or a larger portion of their time to the city's business.

(Continued on page 32.)

British and German Navies

In the letter from a retired German naval officer appearing in last week's issue, the writer gave the following significant summaries concerning the British and German navies:--

Ships ready for service on May 15th, 1912:		
Germany	(By tonnage) 821,591	303
Great Britain	(By tonnage) 2,076,270	511
Ships actually in commission on May 15, 1912:		
Germany	(By tonnage) 593,274	161
Great Britain	(By tonnage) 1,804,590	470

These figures were taken from the "Nauticus," the German Year Book

of Marine Interests, and therefore cannot be suspected of magnifying British as compared to German tonnage.

In the letter below, the same writer shows the number of ships and tonnage in process of building, May 15, 1912, but not yet launched or in commission.

To estimate the real significance of these figures it must be borne in mind that the evolution of the German navy has taken place on a Dreadnought basis; that British naval experts argued that one Dreadnought is better than many smaller vessels; that the British invented the Dreadnought type which has been adopted by Germany; that on the basis of Dreadnought superiority a navy with high total tonnage and comparatively low tonnage of Dreadnoughts may be inferior to one of lower tonnage and a higher relative displacement of Dreadnoughts. It must also be remembered that in heavy ships Great Britain has the numerical superiority; of ships ready for service on a basis of 54 to 18 and of ships in commission of 35 to 18.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

SIR,—In my letter of Oct. 10th I gave two tables showing the comparative strengths of the German and British navies in ships ready for service and in ships commissioned with full or nucleus crews.

The following table shows the number and displacement of ships that were in process of building on May 15th, 1912. In so far as particulars about the newest constructions were not yet published, the displacement of the latest known type has been taken into calculation:

Ships in process of construction on May 15th, 1912.		
Germany.	Number of ships.	Displacement in tons.
Line of battle ships	9	222,300
Armoured cruisers	4	92,000
Protected cruisers	7	31,850
Large torpedo boats	12	7,644
Submarines		not published.
Total		353,794
Great Britain.		
Line of battle ships	12	296,680
Armoured cruisers	5	120,900
Protected cruisers	19	80,530
Large torpedo boats	45	42,710
Submarines	ca. 17	ca. 12,350
Total		*540,820

*Without submarines.

To find the number of large ships which will be finished in one year, you have to divide the total of each respective class by 3 for the German and by 2 for the British navy. For the average time for the construction of German large ships is three years, for the British two years. Torpedo boats and submarines are constructed in one to one and a half years in both navies.

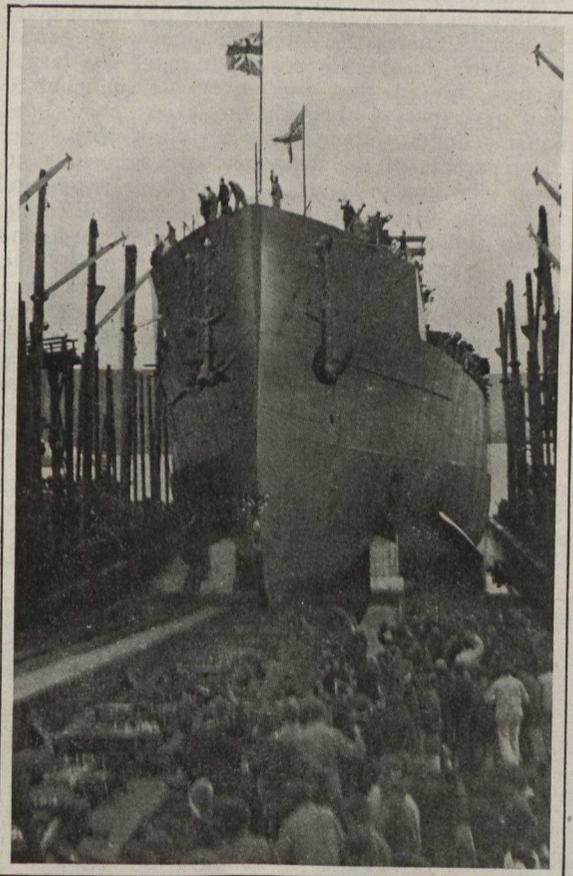
The German shipyards, with their excellent modern equipment, are able to build with the same speed as the British. But the German Admiralty, ordering the new constructions simply on the basis of the Naval Law of 1900, sees no reason for nervous haste and prefers good work at a reasonable cost to precipitated work, partly done at night at increased cost.

The German Naval Law of 1900 fixes all the main measures for the development and organization of the fleet, to be finished in 1917. Some insignificant amendments to the Naval Law have been caused by the dislocation of the British fleet with its front so pronouncedly directed against Germany.

The Naval Law of the German Empire enables everybody to see its shipbuilding programme, which

provides that the German fleet shall be composed of

41 line of battle ships	}for the home fleet.
12 armoured cruisers	
30 protected cruisers	
8 armoured cruisers	}for foreign service.
10 protected cruisers	



BRITAIN'S NEWEST DREADNOUGHT.
H.M.S. Marlborough, Which Was Launched a Few Days Ago by Lady Gwendoline Spencer-Churchill.

Photograph by Topical.

The last ships of this programme are to be laid down in the year 1917. In the meantime are still to be built

- 7 line of battle ships
- 5 armoured cruisers
- 12 protected cruisers.

The Naval Law does not provide for small craft. But in a memoir, attached to it, the number of torpedo boats is fixed at 144, that of submarines at 72.

If these moderate figures are calmly compared with those composing the mighty British fleet, it is obvious that there is no founded reason for the continual agitation against Germany. This agitation set in when the mentioned Naval Law was passed in 1900. It has increased to a dangerous extent, since the German navy also builds her ships on the Dreadnought type. Yet Germany needs a fleet, as provided by her Naval Law, for the protection of her extended commerce and of her marine interests. Her battleships, launched until 1906, were always smaller and carrying a lighter armament than the British and did not surpass a displacement of 13,200 tons, because larger ships could not have passed through the Kaiser-Wilhelm Canal, connecting the Baltic with the North Sea.

In 1906 the British battleship Dreadnought was launched. This ironclad, of about 20,000 tons displacement and 10 big guns instead of 4, became the markstone for the beginning of a new era in the shipbuilding policy of all sea powers. The British chauvinistic press had at first jubilated that now the German fleet was eliminated, on account of her weak ships. The greater was the astonishment and dismay in these circles, when the German Reichstag immediately voted the enormous sums necessary for the construction of ships after the Dreadnought type, for the building of docks to accommodate them and for the enlargement of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Canal. For the latter purpose alone \$62,500,000 were voted. Before the Dreadnought era the price of a battle ship was about \$6,000,000; now it is about double that sum.

The grave step taken by the British Admiralty in introducing the type of monster ships did not only burden heavily the naval budgets, but had another far more important consequence. As a Dreadnought has the fighting power of two or three ships of the preceding era, these latter became at once obsolete. The disadvantage resulting from this fact was of course the greatest for the British navy, with her preponderating number of vessels. The young German navy, on the contrary, could profit by it. As she had only few ships completed before the new era, and now constructed monster battle ships only, she could create more favourable proportions between the number of ships of the old and new type.

These explanations show that the responsibility for the enormous increase of the naval budgets belongs to the British Government. It is therefore unfair when part of the British press blames the Germans for it.

Yours respectfully,
CAPT. LEO NEITZKE,
T. G. N., retired.

Venice, October 14th, 1912.



The Juvenile Court Room to which Delinquent Children—and Their Parents—are Summoned.

Winnipeg's Juvenile Court

By KENNETH M. HAIG

“OF all the boys I have dealt with during the past seven years, both before the establishment of the Juvenile Court in 1909 and since that time, only two have 'gone bad,' that is, have followed a career of crime after they have turned eighteen and had to be sent to the Penitentiary—and I have great hopes of these two.” This is a statement made by the late Honourable T. Mayne Daly, first Judge of the Juvenile Court of Manitoba, the first of its kind in Canada. In it he expresses very clearly Manitoba's attitude towards delinquent children.



MR. F. J. BILLIARDE
Acting Judge of the Juvenile Court.

About five or six years ago W. L. Scott, of Ottawa, started an agitation for a law providing for the establishing of Juvenile Courts. F. J. Billiarde, now superintendent of neglected children for Manitoba, and the Honourable Mr. Daly, became interested in the

project. Honourable Colin H. Campbell, then Attorney-General for Manitoba, declared that as soon as the bill passed at Ottawa it would be proclaimed in Manitoba. The Juvenile Court became a reality and two years and a half ago on a quiet street in Winnipeg the detention home was opened. Since then it has been necessary to move into larger quarters, for in that time over eleven hundred cases have passed through the Court. All delinquents under sixteen years are dealt with here.

The parents of the delinquent are summoned to appear with him in Court, for everything is done to bring home to the parents their responsibility and to help and advise with them. “We are not concerned,” said Mr. Billiarde, “so much with the wrong the child has done as to why he has done the wrong.” The Probation Officers discover his environment, investigate his attendance at church and school, and as to whether it is the boy's own fault or that of companions. To quote again from Mr. Billiarde: “The Court looks upon the young offender not so much as one requiring reformation of character as one whose character requires formation; in short, the teachings and impressions of right habits, self-control and self-respect during the plastic stage of child-life. That is the aim and object of the Juvenile Court, and with this end in

view, it seeks, through its officers, to protect the child from evil influences. The child brought before the Court is dealt with as would be by a wise and large-hearted father, without false sentimentality or undue hardness of heart. If it is a first offence the child is released, but is kept under supervision. The school and home are visited and progress reported. Careless parents may be fined.”

But Manitoba does more than cure; it tries to prevent. Last year an Act was passed regulating the sale and hawking of articles in the street by children during school hours. All newsboys under sixteen years and over twelve, who sell papers during school hours, must obtain a badge. Boys under twelve are not allowed to sell at all, and boys under sixteen are not allowed to sell after nine o'clock at night. Winnipeg is divided into districts and each district is patrolled during school hours so that it behooves Winnipeg's children to attend school. Neither are adults allowed to corrupt children. A provision in the Act under which the Juvenile Court operates reads: “Any person who knowingly or wilfully encourages, aids, causes, abets or connives at the commission by a child of a delinquency, or who knowingly or wilfully does any act producing, promoting or contributing to a child's being or becoming a juvenile delinquent, whether or not such person is the parent or guardian of the child and being able to do so, wilfully neglects to do that which would directly tend to prevent a child's being or becoming a juvenile delinquent, or to remove the conditions which render a child a juvenile delinquent, shall be liable on summary conviction before a Juvenile Court or a justice, to a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars or to imprisonment for a period not exceeding one year or to both fine and imprisonment.”

“The Court or justice may impose conditions upon any person found guilty under this section and suspend sentence subject to such conditions; and on proof at any time that such conditions have been violated may pass sentence on such person.”

To return to the Detention Home. There is nothing remarkable about the building itself, for it is much like others on the street. Your ring is answered by a kindly-faced officer of the Salvation Army, for the home is under the care of that institution. The Court Room is, yes, an ordinary dining room. Everything is as far removed from your old ideas of gaols and criminality as possible. At the far end of the table sits the Judge, not at all an awesome individual, but a good man trying his human best to set little straying feet on the safe path again. There are geraniums in the windows. Above are the dormitories, the second floor for the girls, the third for the boys. No cells, these, but clean, quiet, individual rooms. There is a school room, too, in the building, for truant children. And such a big yard, with swings and slides and room for ball games.

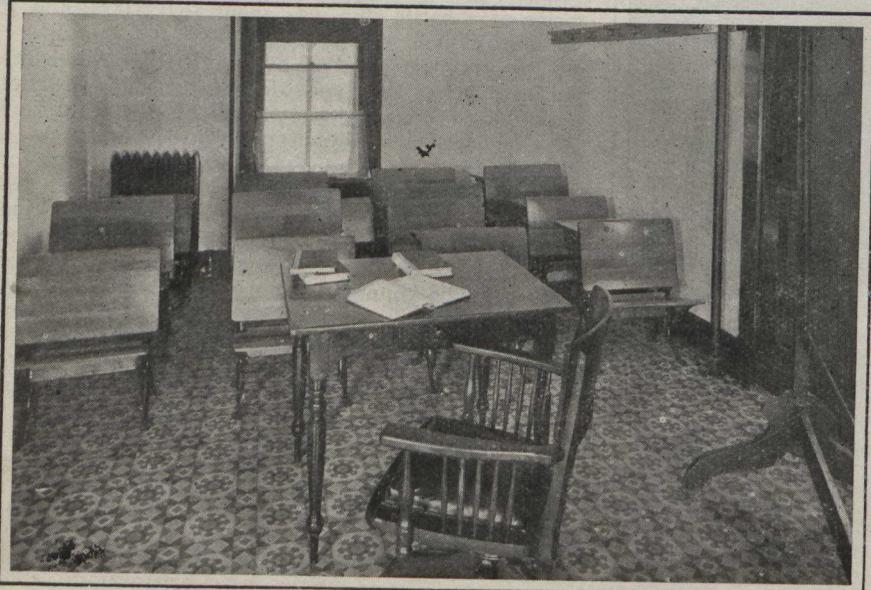
To sum up Manitoba's work since the institution of its Court:

Numerous cases of child neglect and destitution have been promptly investigated and provided for. Several cases of cruelty to children have been dealt with, the offender punished and the little ones protected.

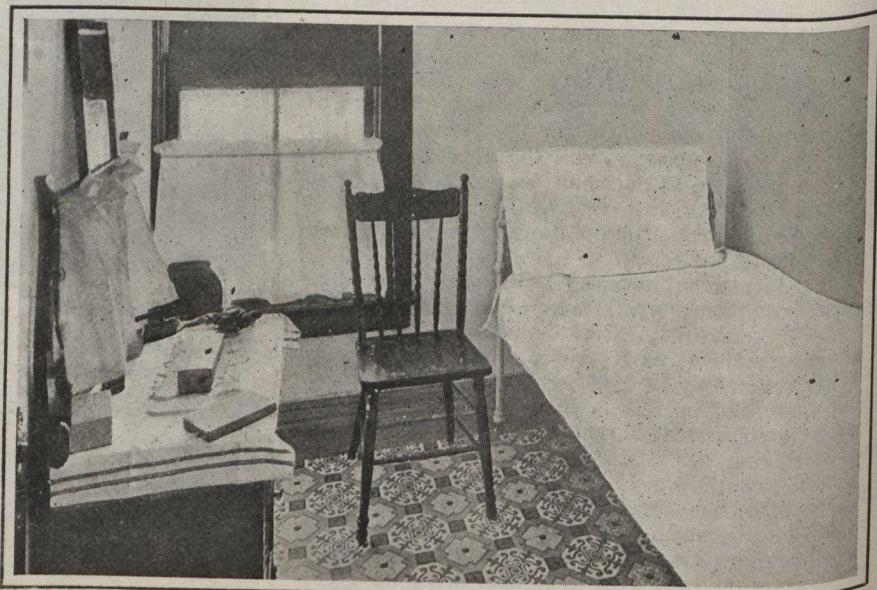
Careless parents have been warned and compelled to exercise a proper interest in their children's welfare.

Wayward boys and girls have been taken in hand and brought to see the folly of their conduct.

Parents have been helped and advised. The school attendance of truant children has been supervised and improved.



The School for Truants in the Juvenile Court.



One of the Bedrooms in the Juvenile Court.



THE UNITED STATES ELECTIONS.

WELL, the Americans have chosen a cultured collegian for their President. They have "advanced" from a rail-splitter to a man who would rather die than "split an infinitive"—a little literary device which I sometimes employ myself with the utmost deliberation. There are few better ways to clearly emphasize an adverb than to boldly stick it in the crotch of a split infinitive. However, Woodrow may learn now even to split infinitives. He proved during the campaign that he could learn—that he was not above worshipping the Mammon of Popularity. He may prove to be more teachable than teachers usually are. But he does not look like it. And, commonly, he does not act like it. If I were the owner of a great "Interest," dependent upon a public privilege, in the United States to-day, I would act as if the barometer were falling. The College man might take it in his mind, having worked it out by logarithms and differential calculus, and tested it with acids and noted the colour of the blow-pipe flame, to treat me as "a malefactor of great wealth"—to quote "Teddy"—and, if he did, I do not think that I would like the result.

OF course, I think that Wilson is going to play very cautiously. He has got the East; and he will try to keep it. He began edging away from Bryan as soon as he was nominated, and it was evident that Roosevelt would run. He took a dainty tap or two at the "bosses"—that was imperative with Roosevelt running his campaign on that issue—but he repudiated "free trade" and seemed quite willing that Bryan should devote himself largely to farming. He was not for Bryan with anything like the enthusiasm that Bryan was for him. Bryan had nominated him. If Bryan had wanted to, he could have prevented his election. But Bryan was caught in the swirl of his own propaganda at Baltimore; and the canny Wilson knew that he could not escape from it. So he played for the East; and he got it. And now he is independent of Bryan. If Bryan does not like the new Administration, he has four years in which to swallow disappointment.

AND "Teddy"! Alas, poor Yorick. He made a gallant fight—he decisively defeated his old friend, Taft—but his old friend, Taft, in the hands of his other old friend, Elihu Root, decisively defeated him. It was a game of "cut-throat," with Wilson as the winner. We now know that if Roosevelt had been nominated at Chicago, and had held anything like the regular Republican vote, he would probably have been elected. But the Republicans allowed themselves to be sacrificed on the funeral pyre of the Interests; and, if they are satisfied, who should grumble? Wilson may give the Republic all the Radicalism it can digest in one term; and he will have two very watchful critics to keep him up to his work—Bryan and Roosevelt. Still, as we have seen, he is independent of Bryan; and he must choose between Roosevelt and the great financial forces of the Union as his enemy four years hence. And he may choose Roosevelt. The big people of a country are a formidable foe.

ROOSEVELT will not retire. I am willing to give this out as confident—though not "confidential"—information. I know it on the best of grounds—viz., he couldn't, if he tried to. Retiring is the one thing a man of Roosevelt's temperament cannot accomplish. He had rather fight than eat. He has lost this election; but, if he had known while he still had his "hat" on his head just how it was all coming out, he would have gone into it. He has had more than enough fun to pay him for any disappointment; and it cannot be so very terrible a disappointment to have smashed Taft as flat as he is not physically, and to have proven himself the Samson who has brought down the House of the Republican Dagon. It is no little fame for a man to have wrecked a great party—that is, wrecked it deliberately and intentionally by outside attack, not unwillingly and by inadvertence as did Taft.

EVERYBODY now turns toward 1916. It is only four years away. Roosevelt announces that he will go on fighting. The Progressives will go

on fighting. Discontent will go on fighting. But Discontent is supposed to have won a victory in the election of Wilson. Wilson said, just prior to polling day, that now the common people would come into their own. This is all going to be a bit confusing for Discontent. They say that Bryan will be Wilson's Secretary of State—i.e., First Minister. Discontent will, in that case, watch Bryan's face to see how he likes it. The East, which has voted almost solidly—so far as electoral votes go—for Wilson, will also watch Bryan. Bryan has become mellowed with advancing years. He may easily be more satisfied now than he would have been when he talked eloquently about a "cross of gold." Still Bryan is a man whose sincerity is beyond question—though his knowledge is hardly so commanding—and, if he finds that Wilson is catering to the forces which have elected him, we may have his resignation some fine morning; and then the fat will be in the fire.

Music of a Week

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THERE is always something periodically the matter with the musical public when it comes to the appreciation of some big artists. At any rate when so admittedly big an artist as Arthur Friedheim, who for twenty years has been before the public as one of the most authoritative pianists in the world, plays to an audience of a few hundreds in a place like Massey Hall—something must be wrong with somebody. There is nothing particularly wrong with Friedheim. On a basis of real art in piano-playing he is just about all right. He is as good a man as he was last year, when he played to a big audience an all-Liszt programme in honour of the Liszt centenary. His programme as announced in the newspapers and played by him was truly magnificent in its variety and range of selection—covering Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Rosenthal and Balakireff. It was in fact a rather bigger programme than one is apt to hear from even the best of big players. The few hundreds who heard it were eminently enthusiastic. Those who missed it were unfortunate.

But why the big programme and the little audience? There may be many reasons. Undoubtedly one was the lack of effective advertising. But Friedheim is an old and honoured name in the piano world and the mere mention of the fact that he was billed to play in Massey Hall should have been enough to draw music-lovers by many hundreds more than came.

As a matter of fact, however, the audience of three thousand that comes to hear a big artist, whether in piano or violin or song, or to hear an orchestra, is not necessarily a musical audience. Many come for a sensation. Many come to hear technic glorified by a dash of poetry. Many prefer the pianist to wear long hair—surely an exploded fallacy. Mr. Friedheim wears his hair very short. He is not a man of the big noise, though he can make all that any one could possibly care to hear; and for that matter a colossal noise is the easiest thing possible to kick up on a modern concert grand piano. A great deal of the noise achieved by modern players was never intended by the composers. One sometimes suspects that much of it may be due to a desire to advertise the piano rather than to interpret the composer.

A great deal of it is due to the modern concert hall. Can any one prove that the piano was ever invented for a hall seating three thousand people? Did even Chopin, the greatest piano composer that ever lived, construct his big pieces for a huge auditorium; or Liszt, who modernized the dynamics of the piano, intend his rhapsodies for a hippodrome? Percussion has been the bane of many a piano-player. The dulcet instrument on which the early composers contrived their grateful melodies has become a tremendous machine by which powerfully equipped players convey orchestral thrills to large audiences, a great majority of whom are not necessarily musical, but who demand a huge tone, plenty of fireworks and a technic blazing with the passion

THE tariff will be the first battleground. Roosevelt is on record as not thinking much of tariff reform. He is a stout Protectionist. We may find him posing as the protector of industry and American labour when the Democrats begin to tear down the tariff. This may bring to him much of the present back-bone of the Republican party. That would be a curious development of the situation, and would probably weaken Roosevelt where he is now strong—in the Middle West. But it would indicate him as the heir of Republicanism, and tend toward a consolidation of the two minority parties of to-day. And we should never forget that Wilson, for all his resounding victory, will be a minority President. The majority of the American people voted against him. Tinkering with the tariff—especially as the Democrats generally manage to do it—will be very likely to disappoint those who expect it to reduce "the cost of living," and to exasperate those whom it hits; and it may easily result that a Progressive-Republican majority will be elected to Congress in 1914 on this issue. And, of this host, "Teddy" will be the one conspicuous leader if he is still alive. Then he can turn around and press his own remedies. He can say—"You have seen what the Democrats can do, and you have seen that it does not help you. Try us." If, in this way, he effects an alliance of the manufacturers and of Discontent in 1916, he will romp in at the head of a genuine majority.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

of the loud pedal and the slug-arm movement.

Adversely if a fascinating hobgoblin like de Pachmann comes along and to his delightful renderings of Chopin adds a variety show of agreeably comic caricatures, a large audience is pleased and demands encore after encore. Or if some sad soul like Paderewski, the performing poet of the piano and a matinee idol, sends his sorrows across the footlights with the prestige of a grandiose mop of hair, we are moved almost to tears.

And in all these pardonable obsessions we are forgetful—most of us—of the composer. We are conscious most of the performer or the piano—just as often Irving made us forget Shakespeare to remember the great actor. Sometimes we think this is quite legitimate. Quite possibly Beethoven, Chopin and Shakespeare lived in order to glorify modern pianists and actors by giving them grand vehicles of expression. But there are times when we would be thankful for a little less personalism in the performer, and more reverence for the composer. Of course even great artists differ in their interpretations of great composers. Sometimes an artist will read into a score potentialities undreamed of by the man who wrote it. Nevertheless, music is music. And the piano-player should be careful that he does not make "programme" material of what was intended to be "absolute" music.

I think Friedheim errs less in this direction than do a great many players. He represses his own personality in order that the genius of the composer may find expression. He is not a spectacle, a mannerist or a popular idol. He has been called "cold." In some respects he is: by being sometimes too impersonal. He does not seize all the possible dynamics of a piece in order to get a personal interpretation. He seems rather to be wondering how Chopin or Beethoven or Liszt would have this or that piece played.

And that is art. It may be too purely art to "get across" to the majority of people. But it is the art of the true music lover who succeeds better in a smaller auditorium at close range than in a huge amphitheatre where the audience yearn for the end of a piece that they may burst forth into a concert of applause. The day may come when we shall cease to glorify the performer and the piano and pay more respect to the composer. When that day comes all such players as Arthur Friedheim—and there are others—will discover that they have not worked without the real recompense of reward.

Friedheim is at his best—sometimes—when he is not on the platform. He may shrug when asked for a piece in a drawing room and say:

"Ah! It is too late for that now. But I will do for you—"

And he plays a bar or two to see if you want it; none of these fanciful preludes.

It is the Death of Siegfried. He plays it on an upright piano; solemnly, beautifully. Then he is

Building a Western City

obsessed by Wagner, which he seldom plays in public.

"Shall I give you—?" Again a few bars. It is the overture to Tannhauser; which few pianists care to tackle in public. And it is his own transcription, made fifteen years ago. With almost no show of great effort he portrays the big orchestral translation on the piano; which is a most exacting thing to do. He misses nothing. It is all there as it is in the orchestra; when only the pianist knows how he gets in the strings, the wood-winds, the kettle-drums and the brass, and the oboes. It is there in a big compelling style that challenges your attention because you are familiar with the themes and feel sure the piano can never deliver the orchestral message. Not a bar omitted. Not a mere transcription, but a real and almost literal translation from the polyglot language of the orchestra into the mother tongue of the piano.

"Ah! it is not so hard, when you play a piece—from the inside out," he says, puffing a cigarette at the close. "But I am not playing that in public—in competition with the orchestra. No! I have not played that in fifteen years."

The Music Drama "Elijah."

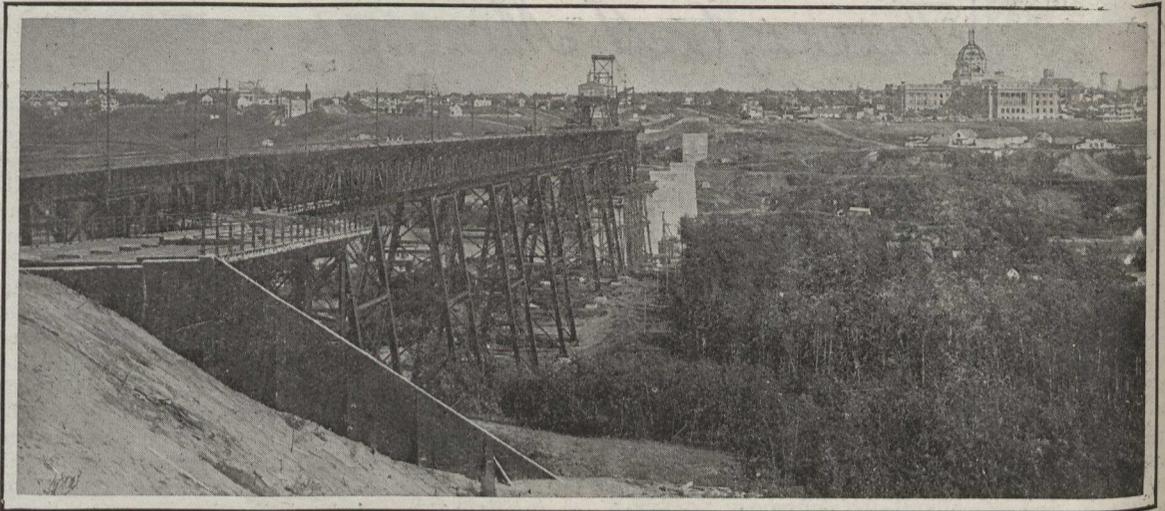
LAST week in three Canadian centres, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, Mendelssohn's great oratorio "Elijah" was given as a music drama on a modern stage, by the Majestic Grand Opera Company, of New York. One of the most sacred of all oratorios, second only to "The Messiah" for pure devotion and religious character, was "performed" before the footlights with an orchestra down below, stage carpenters behind, and the cast cutting up didos in the dressing-rooms. The great prophet "Elijah" came before the audience at the brook Cherith where he was fed by the ravens; at the altar scene where fire came down from heaven and licked up the water from his altar, after he had mocked the priests of Baal, whose image stood in the left wing; in the scene of raising to life the widow's son; in the dramatic spectacle of the long drouth and the bringing of the rain in answer to his prayers; in the deep sleep beneath the juniper tree, when the angel of the Lord called him to go to Mt. Horeb—for the day of his ministrations was over, and he had sung the great lamenting Nunc Dimittis "It is enough": Finally the chariot of fire, in which he was carried to heaven like that other man, Enoch, who walked with God and was carried up by a whirlwind.

All this was presented and portrayed by a large cast of fifty people, seven soloists, and an orchestra of thirty-five. The piece was dramatized from the oratorio by Mr. de Wagstaffe. The words, of course, were all taken from Holy Writ. The music was adapted from the oratorio and given as Mendelssohn wrote it. The costumes were all specially designed for the opera.

And in all probability a large number of church people who read the announcements in the press expected that it was a case for the Morality Department. But it wasn't. Those who remembered "Elijah" only as it had been given by the Philharmonic Society, of Montreal, under Prof. Couture, the choruses of Dr. Torrington, the Oratorio Society of Dr. Broome, and the Sheffield Choir, on tour under Dr. Coward, decidedly missed a real religious and musical treat if they thereby stayed at home, thinking the opera would be a burlesque. There are people in Toronto who were present at the first performance of "Elijah" under Torrington in 1873; many who heard Torrington's last rendering of it in 1911; and many who heard it last year by the new Oratorio Society under Dr. Edward Broome. If any of these were present at the opera they were well repaid for their time, trouble and money. Dr. Torrington was at the first performance of the opera in Toronto on Friday night. He had been scheduled to play the organ for the opera, but the old organ was out of tune and kilter and had to be abandoned.

In spite of the rather crude stage accessories in Massey Hall, the piece was a real success. All that could possibly jar anybody was the clumsy curtain that went up hippety-hop and the fiasco of the chariot of fire. All the rest was done religiously, reverently and artistically. A large number of Jews were in the audience. Most of the cast and the orchestra were Jews. The conductor was a Jew; and the composer—also a Jew. But there was

**NOT CASH—BUT
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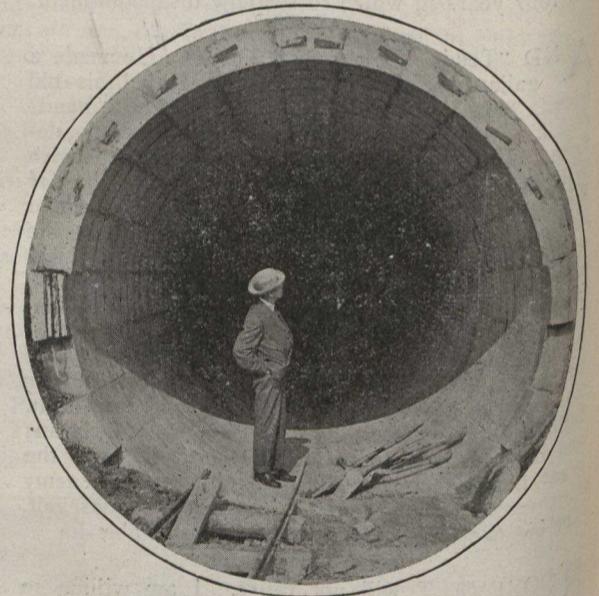


A Few Years Ago a Cable Ferry Ran Where This High-level C.P.R. Bridge Will Carry Trains, Street-cars and General Traffic Across the Saskatchewan.

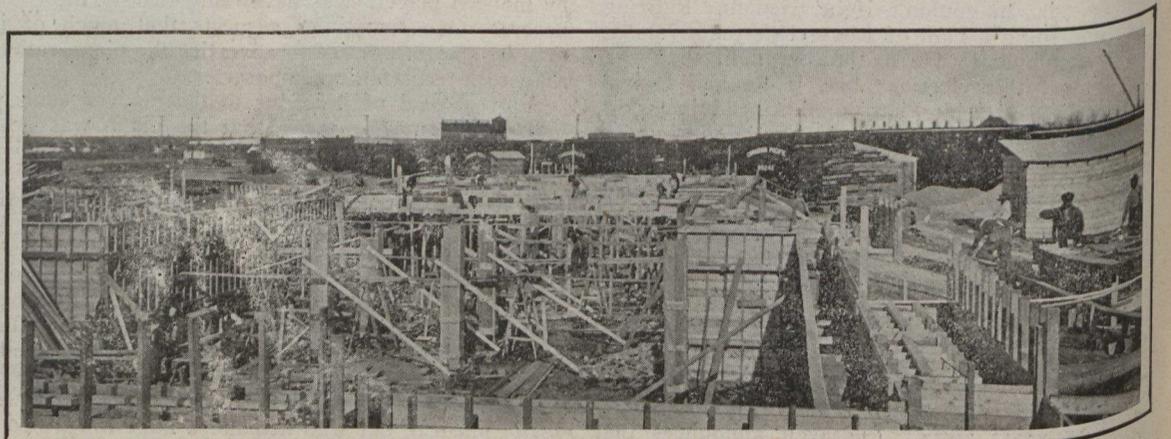


Ripping a Sewer Trench Through the Poplar Bush at a Thousand Feet a Day.

MORE money is spent according to population in building a western city than in any eastern city. Everything is new. Ten years ago cities like Edmonton and Calgary were without sewers, waterworks or bridges. Twelve years ago they got their first electric lights. In 1901 Edmonton had no railroad, and water was delivered in tanks. Calgary had no street cars. Prince Albert had all board sidewalks or none at all. Saskatoon hadn't a decent fire hall. Regina was just learning how to use the telephone. Things do move. The traffic highway between Edmonton and the east was a cable ferry run by the current and a wire cable. In 1899 the first iron bridge carried wagons. The upper ferry was still running. In winter transportation was across the ice. Now the new high-level bridge connects Edmonton and Strathcona—all Edmonton—to carry trains and street cars between the city on the north and the city on the south. Immense sums of money are spent by municipalities and railways to keep utilities up to the progress of population and modern ways of living. The value of public utilities in any western city now is more than the whole town was worth ten years ago. The value is quite independent of the price of real estate. It is solid investment in a plant that serves the public on a basis of absolute economic necessity. And the pictures herewith are a good illustration of the tremendous engineering enterprise that is transforming the west from a land of shacktowns into a land of modern cities and towns.



Trunk Sewer in Edmonton, 16 Feet in Diameter.



Foundations of the New Edmonton C.P.R. Station, Part of \$2,000,000 Worth of Terminal Facilities.

The Borderland of Armageddon?

nothing in the performance that could have failed to please any non-Jew, music-loving man or woman with a real reverence for the Bible and sacred history.

Mr. Gwilym Miles, who impersonated "Elijah," after over a hundred renderings of it as soloist to the oratorio, was almost magnificently fine in his treatment of the role; and his vocalization was superb. Mr. Sebastian Burnetti, who, as Mr. Burnetti used to be cantor in the Holy Blossom Synagogue in Toronto, was a splendid Obadiah. Mme. Hortense D'Arblay did the role of the widow almost beautifully throughout, with fine regard for the histrionic, and occasional throatiness in her voice. The chorus was good, especially in the heavier work with full orchestra, and weak only in the unaccompanied parts. The orchestra was as good for its size as almost any grand orchestra that ever appeared in Canada.

The Duty on Cement

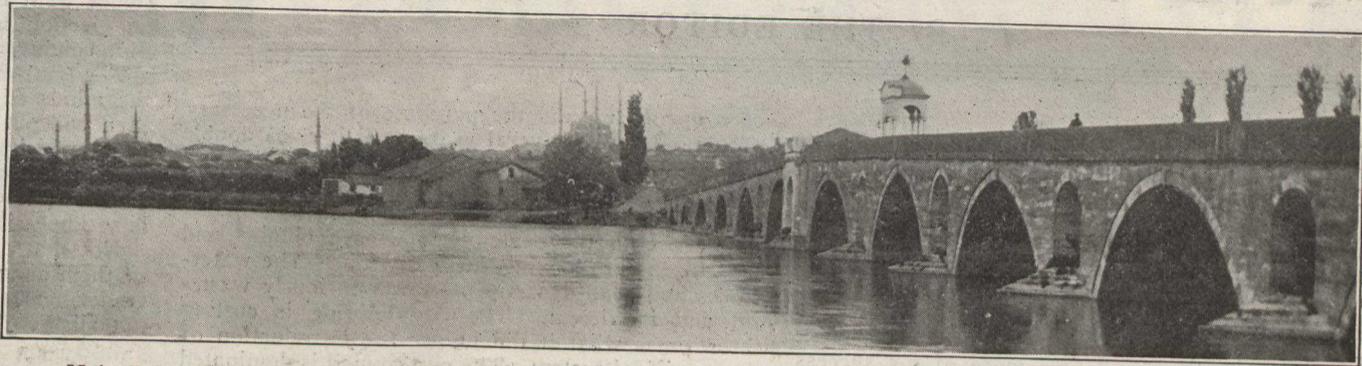
LAST spring when the duty on cement was cut in two the CANADIAN COURIER advanced the idea that the duty should have been left as it was in Eastern Canada and suspended entirely in Western Canada. This was the policy followed by the Laurier Government when there was a shortage of soft coal in Western Canada. The figures for the period June to September inclusive show that this would have been the proper policy. There was no very large increase in the importations into Eastern Canada. The total increase amounted to 366,000 barrels, and of this 300,000 barrels was the amount of the increase in Western Canada. In other words, the increase in the importations into Eastern Canada for four months was 66,000 barrels and the increase into Western Canada nearly five times that amount.

While these figures show that the Dominion Government was correct in stating that there was a shortage of cement in Western Canada they also show that the Government was wrong when they said there was a shortage in Eastern Canada. The truth seems to be that the members of the Borden Cabinet which had this matter in hand did not fully understand the situation and apparently had not time to discover just what was the best remedy to apply. It was a piece of hasty legislation which did considerable harm in Eastern Canada and did not do as much good in Western Canada as was necessary under the circumstances.

The tables of the imports as given out in Ottawa are as follows:

TOTAL IMPORTS.		
	1911	1912
	Barrels	Barrels
June	55,646	171,395
July	27,314	267,405
August	72,695	188,404
September	171,784	166,452
Totals	327,439	793,656
WESTERN IMPORTS.		
	1911	1912
June	263	50,434
July	514	140,084
August	187	62,166
September	2,227	49,766
Totals	3,191	302,450

It is also announced from Ottawa that the total consumption of cement in Canada in 1912 will probably reach eight million barrels, and that the total importation will not be more than one-tenth of the total consumption. There is a general feeling also that when the budget speech is made there will be a permanent reduction in the tariff on cement.



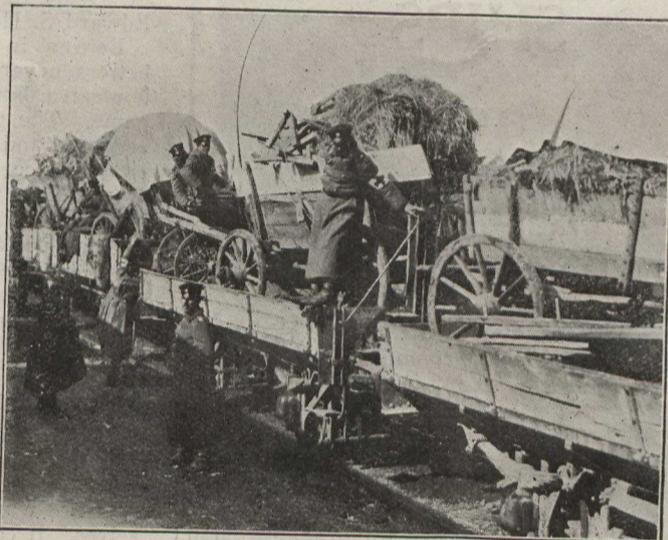
Main Bridge over the Aritza that Leads to Adrianople, Whose Mosques and Minarets are seen in the Background.



Turks Guarding a Railway Bridge.



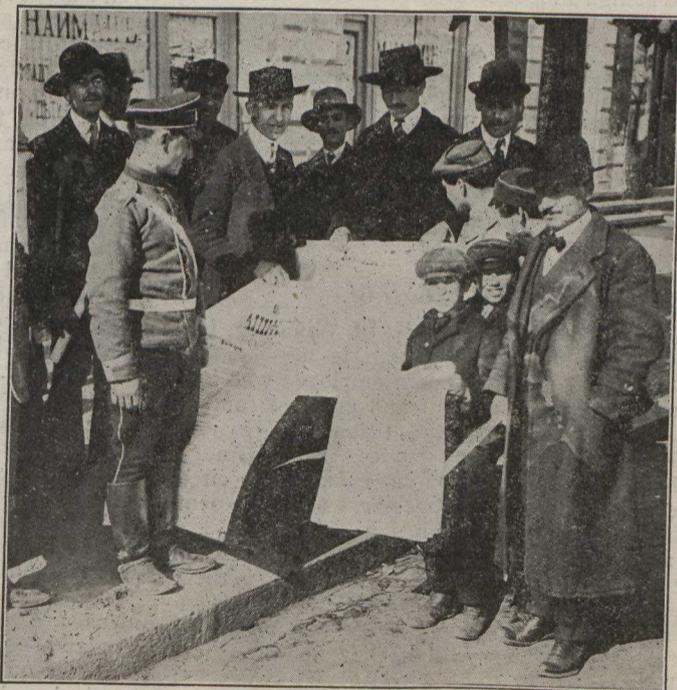
Balkan Belligerents Shoeing an Ox for Army Purposes.



Land Transports of the Red Cross Outside Stara Zagora.



Sea Transports of the Greeks Leaving Corfu.



War Posters Being Unfolded in the Streets of Sofia.



Bulgarian Women Questioning an Officer About the War.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Cherchez la Femme.

POLITICAL and other gossips have been busy trying to discover the reasons why Mr. Theodore Roosevelt fell out with Mr. William H. Taft after the latter had been placed in the presidency of the United States by the former. Some say that it was due to a letter which President Taft sent to ex-President Roosevelt when the latter was leaving for Africa, in which Mr. Taft said: "Next to my brother Charles I owe more of my success to you than to any other man," or words to that effect. Mr. Roosevelt did not like to be placed second to "brother Charles."

Others say that it is another case of *cherchez la femme*. The story goes that when President-elect Taft and Mrs. Taft went to Washington, before President Roosevelt had actually left the White House, they set up an establishment there which was known as the "Little White House." This conflict of social eminence affected the relations of the two families. Mrs. Taft made matters worse by an indiscreet remark to the effect that when the Tafts took possession of the White House they would reorganize the social regime and put it upon a basis of "dignity and good taste."

Neither of these stories may be exactly true, but there is a large element of truth in each. The main facts are as stated. Just how far these two little incidents affected the relations of Roosevelt and Taft it would be difficult for anyone to say with the exception of Roosevelt himself. In any case they are indicative of a social situation which is much the same as in all the other countries of the world. The governing of every country, whether it be the United States, Great Britain, Italy, or even a South American republic, is inextricably interwoven with the ambitions of men and women. For example, it is said that the helplessness of the British army, when it first went to South Africa, was due to appointments which were the result of "petticoat influence." It was only when Lord Kitchener, the non-petticoated man, arrived that the proper officers were placed in the proper positions.

Every Canadian who is acquainted with the gossip which comes from political circles in Ottawa knows that it is not extraordinary to find an explanation for a political situation only by dissecting the tea-table gossip. Woman's influence has made and unmade both statesmen and political measures in Canada's capital city.

Progress of Woman Suffrage.

AMERICA may not have any militant suffragettes and may have few non-militant suffragettes. Nevertheless, the movement to extend the franchise to women proceeds at a rapid pace. If the work is being done less quietly in Canada and the United States than in Great Britain it is certainly more effective. In the elections which took place in the United States last week woman suffrage was an important question in several States. Incomplete returns indicate that Michigan, Kansas, Oregon and Arizona voted favourably to amendments to the constitution permitting the change. Wisconsin voted against it. Even if later returns should show adverse votes in one or two states there is still plenty of evidence of progress.

In Canada the idea is gaining ground that a more or less limited franchise should be given to women and the question will probably be discussed by several legislatures during the winter. If Miss Wylie, our visitor, does not overstep the mark any more than she has done, it is just possible that her visit may not stop the progress which was being made before she arrived.

Civic Inspection.

EVIDENCE multiplies that our present system of yearly-elected aldermen is absurd and indefensible. Every large city where the system survives is restive, but they all hesitate at taking the plunge as St. John and some Western cities have done. They know that commission government is their only hope, but they are reluctant to give up hoary village systems.

Ottawa has sewer and water mismanagement which has cost the city a couple of million dollars. And now the *Free Press* points out that streets have

been opened up and the purchase of the necessary property left for several years until it costs double what it might have been bought for. This journal says "the civic administration of Ottawa is persistently unbusinesslike."

In Toronto the same incompetence obtains and the citizens are looking for a way out. The water-works and road departments are notoriously wasteful and inefficient. The city lighting is costing three times what it did before the introduction of the municipal system. The city council is dominated by incompetents elected because they are "joiners" of certain secret societies.

Montreal has improved under the plan of a Board of Control elected for four years, but the Council and the Board are in constant conflict. The *Montreal Star* says, "To-day affairs have come to such a pass that there is scarcely a pretence of co-operation between the Controllers and the reactionary wing of the Council. Naturally the city suffers. Equally naturally, the Reactionaries—to use an euphemism—are not greatly disturbed thereby. The traditions of their class call for no consideration of the city except that which is personally profitable."

The only remedy is that which St. John has adopted—commission government. And even that

**NOT CASH
BUT
SHIPS
and
MEN**

will be a success only when the citizens realize the necessity for electing as commissioners business men instead of politicians and joiners.

Montreal "Star" Turns Over.

ONE of the most striking features of the naval debate is the quiet turnover of the *Montreal Star*. A year ago this journal wouldn't spend a cent in Canada nor was it willing that any money should be spent in Great Britain by order of the Canadian Government. Gradually, however, under the benign influence of Sir Richard McBride, the *CANADIAN COURIER*, or general public opinion, it has changed its mind. Instead of shouting for cash relief for the down-trodden British taxpayer, it now says, "We do not propose a cash gift." We feel proud of any little part we may have played in this conversion, but expect neither a medal nor a monument. If the *Toronto Telegram* and the *Winnipeg Telegram* could also see the error of their ways, our cup of joy would be overflowing.

When Stealing Is Not Stealing.

MR. JUSTICE PATERSON, of Winnipeg, has made a new ruling which is most extraordinary. A government employee who had a railway pass travelled on it and charged for his mileage just as if he bought tickets. He was arrested for "stealing" these moneys, but the judge ruled that he had committed no crime. He cited as a precedent the fact that members of parliament ride on passes and collect mileage. The cases are not on all four. Members could not do this legally if there was not a parliamentary act enabling them to do so. There is no secret understanding, no fraud, no misrepresentation. With the *Winnipeg Telegram*, we must agree that the "finding is regrettable."

The story goes that one or two members of the

Dominion Technical Education Committee rode on passes and put in bills for railway tickets. When the Conservative Government came into power they discharged the commission because of these and other irregularities. It is said that one commissioner went five hundred miles or more to vote at an election and charged the government for his time coming and going and also for his expenses.

The truth is that in this country it is no crime, in the minds of most people, to cheat a government. Men will put charges in a government expense account which they would not think of putting in if they were working for a business institution. This is one of the reasons why government ownership is so impossible.

Not that all civil servants are dishonest. Many of them are as honourable in their bills as the most tender-hearted private company employee. But not all.

The Royal Recreation.

DESPITE the Miller Bill and moral reform associations, horse-racing continues to be a gentleman's game. There may be "outlaw" tracks in Toronto and elsewhere, which gentlemen refrain from attending, but the genuine jockey clubs still flourish with notable patronage.

Next year Ottawa will have a racing plant second to none in Canada. His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught is honorary president and the organization will be known as the Connaught Park Jockey Club. On the board of directors are such well known men as: H. B. McGiverin, Esq., Hon. Clifford Sifton, Edward S. Skead, Esq., Stewart McClenaghan, Esq., C. Ross, Esq., G. E. Fauquier, Esq., Albert Rohrback, Esq., Charles A. Irvin, Esq., Senator N. A. Belcourt, K.C., P.C., Lt.-Col. J. W. Woods, W. A. Gray, Esq., M.D., L. N. Bate, Esq., F. W. Carling, Esq., W. H. McAuliffe, Esq., James K. Paisley, Esq., Redmond Quain, Esq.

The advisory board is as follows: Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, G.C.M.G., T. C. Bate, Esq., Alexander McLaren, Esq., F. A. Gendron, Esq., M.P.P., John Gilmour, Esq., A. W. Harris, D.V.S., Sir Frederick Borden, K.C.M.G., W. H. Rowley, Esq., J.P., J. de St. Denis Lemoine, Esq., C. Jackson Booth, Esq., Edward S. Houston, Esq., Thomas Ahearn, Esq.

Betting in handbooks and on races which the bettors never see may be anathema with all good horsemen, but the "real thing" is still a gentleman's game. The governor-general, ex-cabinet ministers, senators, and chief justices lend it the light of their countenance. But if these gentlemen desire the sport to be perpetual, they should take a greater interest in the suppression of the outlaw track and the handbook man who takes bets on foreign races. They should also get after the newspapers that publish the entries and results through which the handbook men earn such an easy competence.

One Lesson of the War.

ONE striking lesson from the Balkans will be a new conception of the value of ambulance and army service corps. When the men in this war are wounded, they are left to shift for themselves. It could not be otherwise in a country with so little money to spend on "frills" as Bulgaria or Serbia or Montenegro. The "Red Cross" is doing excellent work, supported by contributions from all over Europe; but nothing is more valuable to fighting than an adequate hospital corps which fixes up minor injuries at once and sends these men back into the firing line within a few hours.

So an army service corps keeps the men and horses well fed, making speed and vim possible. The Bulgarians have done wonders in this respect, but had it not been for the captured supplies, their progress had been considerably slower.

Fewer staff officers and a well-equipped ambulance department and an efficient army service corps should be the aim of Canada's army. We have both these departments, but their efficiency is sadly impaired by complicated and burdensome equipment. The waggons used by both corps are a huge joke. These waggons should be of the ordinary, every-day commercial type, capable of being duplicated in every vehicle factory in Canada. Instead, they are the basis of a monopoly and only one company in the country may make them. Besides, they are known as horse-killers, being about double the weight of a similar commercial vehicle. So the harness costs twice as much as commercial harness and is harder on the animals than ordinary "dray" or "farmers'" harness. These antiquated ideas are not native; they are imported from England. It is time we adopted Canadian ideas in our military equipment, especially in the medical and transport corps.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

A Servant of the Old School.

IN these days of much discussion regarding domestic service, it is comforting to read in the columns of a New York paper such an obituary notice as this: "On Thursday, October 10, 1912, at No. 42 Fifth Avenue, Katharine Sheridan Stead, about eighty-two years of age. She was a devoted friend and faithful servant in the household of Gen. Rush C. Hawkins for nearly thirty-six years."

There is something of comfort in this announcement, when the departing servant has become a household tragedy, rather than a joke. We may be in a transitional era, so far as a supply of household help is concerned; certainly, a satisfactory condition seems indefinitely postponed. Yet, even in our day, we come across instances, where consideration from the mistress and faithfulness from the servant mingle to produce the happiest result. It is impossible to have good conditions unless each does her part to ensure peace and domestic progress.

An inconsiderate mistress means a sullen and deceitful servant, while a careless and neglectful servant means a discouraged mistress. We are quite a distance from the millennium, but such qualities as "Katharine Sheridan Stead" must have possessed will bring it much nearer—and, someday, I think she must have been Irish and that the children called her "Katy."

A Capable President.

THERE are captious critics who say that Canada has produced neither literature nor art. In replying to such critics, Canadians are in danger of either boasting too loudly of what has been achieved or apologizing in abject fashion for what books and pictures are of native origin. It is one matter to declare that Canada has produced neither a great writer nor a great artist, and quite another to assert that nothing from the Canadian library nor studio is worthy of consideration. Creation is the most splendid achievement, but appreciation is also to be desired. Whatever women may do in the future, it must be admitted that, so far, their work has been in the sphere of appreciation, rather than of creation. Nor need women feel unduly cast down when considering this fact. Tennyson has informed us that, "to have the great poetic heart is more than all poetic fame." To appreciate the beautiful in colour, form and sound is to have gained a whole world of enjoyment. At most art exhibitions, you will find women in the majority as spectators; at most concerts, you will find them in the majority in the audience. The Women's Art Association of Canada has done a great deal to foster aesthetic sentiment in our cities and towns and will doubtless exercise a marked influence over the next generation. It is essentially practical in its interest in homespun and other products of Canadian handicraft, and has been successful more than once in securing extensive foreign loan exhibitions.

The President, Mrs. J. S. Dignam, of Toronto, has been the head of this association since 1893, and has done more to stimulate interest in matters artistic than any other Canadian woman. She has travelled extensively and has made an especial study of Dutch art, having taken several parties of art students to Europe. Mrs. Dignam is a member of the New York Art Club and of the International Art Club of England. Mrs. Dignam's activities are by no means confined to the Association over which she presides so ably. She is a member of the Executive of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, and is also an official in the United Empire Loyalists' Association. Mrs. Dignam, in fact, is keenly interested in all feminine enterprises, and has done much for

native industries, as well as for the finer arts.

Mrs. Dignam was married in 1880 and has two sons and a daughter. The latter became the wife of Sir John Van Tulleken, an officer in the army of the Netherlands, and has resided in Queen Wilhelmina's kingdom since her marriage.

The Woodrow Wilson Household.

TWO or three months ago, we ventured to express on this page the hope that Governor Wilson would win. It really looks as if he had made a clean sweep of many Republican strongholds and has a vaster majority than has been. Canadians took a deep interest in the election and the sentiment of the Dominion was strongly in favour of the man who has won. And won't little New Jersey be proud? And Staunton, Virginia, must be the happiest town in the "solid South." Mr. Wilson is the first

Southerner elected to the presidency since the Civil War. He is a Virginian by birth and North-of-Ireland by descent. Of course, the United States may say "Scotch-Irish," but that is because it does not know what "Scot" meant in Anglo-Saxon days, nor how different Belfast is from Edinburgh.

If you have ever lived in the Land of Dixie, you cannot help being a Democrat ever after, so far as the political South is concerned. Now, if Mr. Champ Clark had carried the Baltimore convention, Canadians would have had a different feeling towards the Democrat candidate, since it was he who suggested the extreme advisability of appropriating our own cherished Dominion and making it the Arctic annex of the United States. However, Governor Wilson, being a scholarly gentleman, knows too much about history and geography to indulge in any such idle dreams.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, as has been remarked before, is a Southern woman—from the sunny State of Georgia. She is truly a Daughter of the Manse, as both her father and grandfather were Presbyterian divines. Mrs. Wilson is decidedly artistic in taste and has studied art in both New York and Philadelphia, being especially interested in landscapes. The three daughters of the household are very modern young women, being devoted to music, art and settlement work. Mrs. Wilson, it is stated by a woman's magazine in New York, will introduce "Southern"

cooking into the White House—and the menu of "way down in Georgia" is to be desired, as those who have ever partaken of it can avouch. Miss Helen Taft will have one more season as the Daughter of the White House, and in the month of March, 1913, the new regime will bring a trio of maidens, perhaps more serious than the ordinary society girl, to make the Executive Mansion joyous.

It is rather a curious circumstance that both Mr. Taft and Governor Wilson have regarded Canada as a desirable summer residence, although the latter has not seen fit to occupy the island near Juddhaven in Muskoka, which he bought some years ago. President Taft has chosen Quebec as his favourite resort and used to spend his summers at Murray Bay. Perhaps when his present term as President has expired, and he is free to seek a holiday in the Best Land on Earth, the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence may see him again, when he will forget all political strife and unsuccess in the pure joy of the royal game of golf.

It is stated that Mrs. Wilson was for two years a resident of Brockville in her girlhood days, and therefore must have but the pleasantest memories of Our Lady of the Sunshine.

JEAN GRAHAM.



AN ARTIST-PRESIDENT.

Mrs. Dignam, Recently Re-elected to Office as President of the Women's Art Association of Canada.

Land and The Woman

By GEORGINA BINNIE-CLARK

IN Britain outdoor occupation for women is the word of the hour, but the obstacle placed in their way by the Canadian Government in refusing women the right to take up homestead land, at present impedes the progress of women towards the place of independence, prosperity or wealth, at which they would undoubtedly arrive in working their own land on the Canadian prairie. It is true that we British women have the alternative of going to our free hundred and sixty acres in Australia or the United States; but Australia is too far off to permit the frequent pleasure of a visit to the old country; and the United States Government very naturally requests one to pass through a form of naturalization; and although in the bitterness of heart towards the narrow and selfish decisions so clearly seen in laws made by men for men, one is sometimes tempted to cut the cord that binds one to one's native land in favour of the country where women have certainly more consideration and a finer opportunity than in those countries where they have neither part nor lot in the franchise, the strength of the imperial and home tie is very strong; and British women, as a rule, refuse to take the severing step which so many of their countrymen have taken without hesitation and without regret.

To the argument that women are not strong enough to fulfill the demand of the homestead law in the matter of field-labour I can only repeat the words I spoke before the National Union of British Women four years ago: "If twenty dollars a month were offered me to do outdoor work on a farm, and twenty-five dollars for the indoor work, I should, without hesitation, accept the easier job at the smaller salary rather than the post sacred to women, entailing the long hours of that daily round which never seems to end." Men place land labour as the bottom degree of toil because it is the hardest they have experienced; had they performed household work for the briefest period they would know how much harder and more trying is the woman's task, which is seldom appreciated, and without standard recognition in the matter of remuneration.

One hour's honest work in a garden makes a greater demand on the body than half a day's work on an implement. Field work by the disc, the harrow, or the rake entails no physical fatigue whatever, and demands but a slender intelligence. Ploughing requires both intelligence and experience, but entails very little physical fatigue except in breaking with the hand plough, and it is more satisfactory in every way to get one's breaking done by outside labour at the local standard of cost per acre. If work on the implements were the sole test of the power of women to produce an income from the land, farming might honestly be recommended as the refuge of the destitute. But it is when one comes down to the chores of stable-cleaning, grooming, milking, wood-bucking, stoning the land, or shocking the sheaves at harvest time—all those tasks where a mind that can soar beyond the menace of monotony must still rely on its patient, splendid, enduring comrade—the body—that the real test is faced. It is to be remembered that to have the power to do all these trying and unfamiliar chores is not necessarily to do them. Given sufficient capital it is always cheaper to pay hire for these meaner tasks and reserve one's own force for development. But the strength of the chain is in its weakest link, and the standard of equipment for the woman farming in Canada must be that the wealthiest comer be able to perform all those duties which her poorest comrade has no choice but to personally perform or leave undone. No pupil is allowed the privilege of living the simple and strenuous life on my cottage

home farm and of learning by doing except on this distinct understanding—seven years' farming in good times and bad having taught me that absolute self-reliance at all times and seasons is an indispensable factor to man, or woman farming in the North West.

When I came to Canada I understood nothing whatever of farming, but I know as much as one can know of horses until they arrive at the place where the need of the horse is entirely dependent on the woman, from the newly-arrived foal to the ancient and honourable pensioner. Such women farmers as Miss Jack May, Miss May Whittrich and Mrs. Lavington doubtless own a balance sheet on which result has never been forced to the ignominious position of the wrong side. The two first named ladies I know went badly down on grain in their first and frozen season, but I remember marvelling at their good fortune with stock within the first six months of their experiment—their splendid horses, the generous milch-cows, which seemed to produce heifer calves, only,

NEW-FOUND "GENTLE ART"



Not a Chariot, Except in the Race of Feminine Independence, is this Four-in-Hand Equipage Used on the Land at "Binning." A Group of Pupils are Shown En Route for Work.



Miss Binnie-Clark With Her Property "Nanny"—an Animal Bought for Fifty Dollars in 1907 and Now the Mother of Four Farm Horses.



At Miss Binnie-Clark's Farm School at Fort Qu' Appelle, the Wealthiest, Like the Poorest, Pupil Must Learn to Perform, Personally, the Duties, Without Exception, Imposed by Simple but Strenuous Farm Life.

in a country which I had begun to think must be governed by the sign of "Taurus." And pigs! I forget their result, but it was simply great; they had already turned over the original outlay, and still possessed the sows plus the finer members of their families. Also, owing to the skill of Miss Whittrich, their dairy produced an income from the first month of their settlement.

I WORKED, and still work, within the fascination of the wheat clutch, but a visit to Southern Alberta this year has convinced me that at least one-half one's acres should be strongly fenced and dedicated to stock—poultry, pigs, calves and horses. On a 500-acre farm near Calgary was a hog-raiser, with 500 hogs ready for the market, and the Swift packing house ready for every head of his stock, which he placed at a low average, that netted, however, a consoling sum total of \$10,000.

In wheat, although tormented by that Judas Iscariot among weeds, wild oats, I have done fairly well. In 1910 I scored the clearest crop in my neighbourhood, which graded 1 Northern, and what I did not sell for seeds sold at a dollar a bushel in May, 1911. But that crop was raised on land I had broken, and the only original and beautiful wheat-field which I found ready-made has cost me hundreds of dollars in wild oats. But horse-breeding I consider to be the safest and most remunerative line for result. For one mare I bought in 1906 I now have four valuable mares and a colt, who is beautiful as a harness and saddle horse, and useful in a team of four on the land. For that mare I gave the very low emergency price of \$50, and to-day I place the family at a very low figure in the sum of \$1,000.

If wheat is raised, as a rule every side line is neglected; yet on 160 acres from poultry, pigs, and potatoes alone might be drawn an income which would guarantee to the woman independence within a few years, as well as a healthful and happy life. If only Canadian women would unite to insist on the removal of the present disability, which obstructs the woman farmer in the very land which the splendid pluck and endurance and patience of woman held for man in the hard day of the coming of Selkirk and the first agricultural colony in the North West, they would do more for the unity and strength of the Empire than has been done since that splendid and disinterested pioneer laid the great foundation-stone of the prosperity of the prairie—would close for ever the mean and contemptible denunciation of those noble women, who, however mistaken in their occasional method, have fought a painful and disinterested fight for the franchise, merely as a weapon to control with common fairness the rule of the road of labour, which, irrespective of sex, is without prejudice, privilege, or the insult of handicap—God's highway for humankind, whether they seek life or merely a living.

The Mirror and the Web

BY THE
LADY

OF SHA-
LOTT



At The Greene-Hughes Nuptials

The Marriage of Miss Roby Hughes, Daughter of the Hon. the Minister of Militia and Mrs. Sam Hughes, to Mr. Eyrone Greene, of New York, Was Celebrated at the Bride's Home, in Lindsay, on Oct. 19.

“WAR in the Balkans,” as a topic of conversation, would seem to be of periodic recurrence. And this in spite of the publication of Angell's “Great Illusion” and of Jame's suggestion of a “moral equivalent of war.”

So the same theme that enlivened the board of the genial Colonel Newcome is occupying the martial mind of the world at the present moment; and because of war's chivalry—which alone is its iridescence—it is fascinating the peaceable as well—fascinating even the gentlest.

Wherefore the well-known novelist, Miss Mac-naughton, of London, England, addressing the women of the Canadian Club, recently, in Winnipeg, made reference to the long-pent trouble in the Balkan States. She is reported as having stated that her visit to Macedonia had taught her that war there would be no worse than the existing conditions

In The West



Mrs. Bulyea, Wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Alberta, Was Recently a Hostess at the Delegates' Reception of the International Congress of Farm Women, Held at Lethbridge.

of peace, for the country was in a state of indescribable savagery. Murder and rapine were rife. Modern warfare, subject to rules, was more merciful than massacre which knew no such conditions. “The price of peace,” declared the speaker, by way of strong conclusion, “the price of peace in the troubled states, is war.”

And so the dread, the terrible, the iniquitous price has been paid. Yet even about the carnage flickers the chivalric iridescence—in no small measure attributable to women. Royal women have set aside the insignia of their rank and have served as nurses on the fire line—mere women. But the dying have blessed them for ministering angels. Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria, the Princess Helen of Greece, and the Princess Jutta of Montenegro have proved most dauntless bearers of the crimson cross.

At Clash of Crescent and Cross.

“HOMESICK for Syria?” I saluted the pretty figure of the missionary's daughter in the House. Her attitude struck me as singularly pensive.

“No,” the answer came at once, and a frank smile with the word. “Canada's quite good enough.” She adjusted a ringlet.

There were brown nuts on the balcony and the air was keen outside. That Canada *was* good enough was demonstrated.

But the missionary's daughter relapsed into graver mood. “I was thinking about Chris, a Bulgarian pupil of mine”—the missionary's daughter conducted a foreigners' night school. “He is going back to the war,” she intimated.

The tones were peculiarly “purring,” a quality no doubt derived from the Edinburgh education of a Syrian father.

“He has been my pupil for two years now,” the fascinating voice went on. It had somewhat the subtle effect of somniferous vapour. “He worked very hard to learn and was getting along nicely. I urged, and urged, to dissuade him from going home to be killed; but uselessly; for he turned to me and said in his simple way: ‘Bulgaria ish my Canada. I go.’”

A Canadian “ABC.”

THOSE who have read Victor Hugo's “Les Miserables” will call to remembrance an organization of so-called “under men,” the “ABC,” called, also, “Les Abaisses.” The other evening, I thought of that, when I went with the missionary's daughter to her night school. That Toronto has several is much to the city's credit.

Thrice weekly, there gather together some forty-five of the alien immigrant class. No doubt they have homes, but they seem to come out of the

darkness. They are mostly adults. All are grimy. Some of them are deformed with burdensome toil. Yet each member is dignified with a new-born sense of hope. Each hungers to learn. Each man of them carries a primer.

There were seven nationalities in that small company, with names to baffle the most ambitious speller, yet registered duly. I sat and watched the unkempt and painfully knitted brows and listened to the eager, struggling English utterance—observed horny finger-nails go snail-like down the pages. And gradually I had ceased to marvel at the patience of the teacher and found myself adoring my friend, just radiantly about her father's business.

Dry Farming Discussed.

DRY farming is getting to be less and less dry as a topic of national interest. Such at least is the testimony of the hundreds of farm women

In The East



Lady Drummond, Newly a Lady Grace of the Order of St. John, Has Recently Been Entertaining at Her Home in Montreal Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton and Miss Hermoine Lyttelton.

who met in the International Congress recently held in Lethbridge, Alberta. Many women of marked talent participated as speakers, among them, Mrs. Stevens, of Ottawa. Mrs. Bulyea was one of the hostesses at the delegates' reception; her picture is reproduced on the present page. The new president named is Mrs. Harbert, of Colorado.

Cupid in the Capital

By MILDRED LOW



A BELLE OF THE CAPITAL.

Miss Dorothy Browne, who was Married to Mr. Louis White, of her Home City, this Autumn, on October 9th.



FORMER WINNIPEG FAVOURITE.

Miss Hazel Gwendoline Richardson, to be Welcomed in Ottawa as the Recent Bride of Mr. Kenneth Clark MacPherson.



POPULAR DEBUTANTE-BRIDE.

Miss Dora Grant, Lately Wedded to Mr. Alan Timbrell. The Pair Quitted this Maple (and Confetti) Land for Europe.

THE matrimonial fever is raging this fall in Ottawa and many fashionable weddings have been the result. It is often said that the belles of the Capital seldom marry the men of their own town, and this is certainly borne out this year. Nearly all the season's brides will, in future, make their homes in different parts of the Dominion, and we can only console ourselves by the fact that their places will be taken by the brides that are being brought here from other places by Ottawa men.

One of the first weddings of the season was that of Miss Gladys Powell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Powell, who was married to Mr. Colborne Anderson, of Montreal, on September 14. The groom is well known in the Capital, being the son of Mr. W. J. Anderson, for many years the popular manager of the Bank of Montreal.

September 18th saw three weddings out-of-town, where the grooms were all Ottawa men. Mr. Kenneth MacPherson, youngest son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Pennington MacPherson, married Miss Hazel Gwendoline Richardson, in Winnipeg; Mr. Ernest Bliss, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss, was wedded in Montreal to Miss Matilda Beatrice Emo; while Mr. Sidney Bray and Miss Bessie Fox were married at Preston, Ontario. The last-named couple will make their home at Crossfield, Alberta, where the groom, who is a son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Bray, is manager of the Bank of Commerce. The bride is a niece of Mr. George A. Clare, M.P. for South Waterloo.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Pope and Miss Audrey Simpson took place on the 21st of September, and that of Miss Dora Grant and Mr. Alan Timbrell on the 26th. Miss Grant, who made her debut into society only last year at the first drawing-room held by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Grant, and a grand-daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Charles Stuart. The groom, who is on the staff of the Transcontinental Railway near Quebec, is a son of the late Captain Walter T. Timbrell, of the 54th Regiment (2nd Dorsets), and

has taken his bride to England for their honeymoon.

A pleasing exception to the usual rule is found in the marriage of Miss Dorothy Browne and Mr. Louis White, both of whom belong to old and well-known Ottawa families, the latter being a son of Col. Fred White, so long controller of the Royal North West Mounted Police Department, while his youthful bride is a grand-daughter of the late Edward Sherwood, Esq., and also of the Hon. George Browne. The wedding was celebrated on the 9th of October.

Other marriages transpiring last month were those of Miss Linda Selwyn and Mr. Victor Dawson, of Montreal, a grand-son of Sir William Dawson; Miss Norah McCullough and Mr. George Bryson, son of the Hon. George Bryson, of Fort Coulonge; and Miss Anna Oliver, daughter of the Hon. Frank Oliver, formerly Minister of the In-

Nantel, daughter of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue. The latter was married to an Ottawa man, Mr. Charles A. Seguin, the ceremony being performed at St. Jerome, and will make her home here; but Miss Hughes will reside in New York, where her fiance, Mr. Byron Malcolm Greene holds a responsible position on the staff of the Bank of Montreal. They were married at Lindsay on the 19th of last month.

By Dint of Bow and Dart



The Diligence of the Blind Archer got this Group Together Wherein the Bride Depicted was Miss Anna Oliver, an Ottawa Young Lady, and the Groom was Mr. Julian Garratt, of Edmonton. The Marriage was Solemnized on October 12th.

terior, who married Mr. Julian Garratt, of Edmonton, on October 12th.

October was also the month for two other weddings, neither of which took place in the Capital, yet which were of great interest in Ottawa, as both the brides were prominent and popular members of society here last winter, being daughters of two cabinet ministers, Miss Roby Hughes, daughter of Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes, and Miss Germaine

There is still another bride who is expected shortly to join the ranks of the young matrons in Ottawa, where she spent last winter visiting friends, Miss Edith Toft Smith, a pretty English girl, whose marriage to Mr. Robert Gormully, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gormully, took place in Liverpool, England, on the 2nd of October.

The Autumn Co-Ed

By MARGARET BELL

THE Co-ed picked up a volume of Marcus Aurelius, and ran down the path to the campus. It was the day after the annual paper chase and the scent of the autumn woods was still about her. She wondered vaguely if the brown and red leaves would dance around her as merrily as they did, the day before. They seemed to join in the chase so enthusiastically.

She saw the Professor of Bacteriology as she skirted along down the hill, past the Science Building. He carried a huge volume, the open pages of which reflected a long, thin nose holding a pair of spectacles, and a face the colour of ancient putty.

"Poor old thing! I wonder if you realize how near you are to the squirmy little things you read about? You are merely a germ of habit," the Co-ed thought, as she nibbled a bit of milk chocolate. It was early morning, and most of the teachers had not yet crossed the campus. She hummed a snatch of song, and threw her Marcus Aurelius high in the air. The spirit of her Indian ancestor seemed to be demanding something which lectures and lessons in deport-

(Continued on page 20.)

The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE annual meetings of four branch clubs of the C. W. P. C. have been held recently in Port Arthur and Fort William, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Edmonton. In the Port Arthur and Fort William Women's Press Club the officers for the next year are: Hon. Pres., Mrs. Seaman; Pres., Mrs. Sherk; Vice-Pres., Mrs. F. G. Knight; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Belle Dobie.

In Winnipeg the officers of the local branch elected at the annual meeting are: Pres., Mrs. Sharman; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Skinner; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Glendenning.

The officers of the Vancouver Women's Press Club for 1912-13 are: Pres., Miss Isabel Maclean; Vice-Pres., Miss Lily Laverock; Secretary, Mrs. Gordon Kaufmann; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Beatrice Nasymth.

The Edmonton Women's Press Club at

vice-president. Mrs. Stavert is a member of the Winnipeg branch of the C.W.P.C.

MRS. C. R. TOWNLEY, of Vancouver, author of "Opinions of Mary," is delivering a series of lectures for the British Columbia Government to the Women's Institutes of British Columbia. She is to speak on patriotic subjects such as "Empire Building" and "What Our Flag Means."

MRS. McCLUNG'S new book, a collection of short stories, called "The Black Creek Stopping House," which was published last week, is as full of humour and charm as Mrs. McClung's longer story, "A Second Chance."

MISS MacLEOD-MOORE, a member of the C.W.P.C. in London, England, and Honorary Secretary of the Journalists' section of the Lyceum Club, seconded a motion at the annual meeting of the Lyceum Club to raise the qualifications for journalist membership in the Lyceum.

THE Financial Section of Saturday Night recently contained an article on the work of Miss Cora Hind, with a portrait of the lady, who is "the greatest authority on agricultural conditions and tendencies in Western Canada." The article concludes with an interesting little biographical sketch of Miss Hind.

A SKETCH of the work Mrs. Kate Simpson Hayes is doing with the Canadian Pacific Railway in London, England, in advising women who mean to emigrate to Canada as to the kind of work they may expect, appears in World's Work and Play.

THE members of the Toronto Women's Press Club held a hallowe'en celebration in their clubroom on October 31st. High tea was served in the Dorothy Jane Tea Room to about thirty of the members. Miss Dyas, the president of the club, welcomed the guests of honour, and Miss Jean Graham proposed the health of Miss Warnock (Katherine Hale) of the Mail and Empire, and Miss Fairlie, The Westminster Magazine. When the members returned to the clubroom jack o' lanterns were shining in the windows and through the windows small packages containing various kinds of gifts were sent in showers on the two brides-to-be. This is the first practical use the club has been able to make of its roof garden. The clubroom itself is proving to be a much frequented meeting place. The evening's entertainment was concluded by a clever charade given by two of the members.

A DIGNIFIED and beautiful edition of the poems of Miss E. Pauline Johnson has been published by the Musson Book Company, of Toronto, acting with the committee which has undertaken to look after the publication of Miss Johnson's writings during her severe illness. The poetess has called this complete edition of her work "Flint and Feathers." "Flint suggests the Redman's weapons of war; it is the arrow-tip, the heart-quality of mine own people. . . . The lyrical verse herein is as a

Skyward floating feather,
Sailing on summer air."

Miss Johnson's verse will long endure because it represents her race as no other poetry does, and because of its passion and simplicity.

THE Vancouver branch has instituted a club autograph and photograph book in which are preserved the signatures and pictures of distinguished members of the journalistic profession whom it entertains from time to time. The book itself is beautifully hand bound and decorated by a local artist, and already it contains several interesting and valuable autographs, including those of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Miss Agnes Laut, Mr. W. E. Thomson and others who have been entertained during the year. The members are compiling in this book an album of which some day they will have undoubted reason to be proud.

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Mrs. Sherk, Newly-Elected President,
Port Arthur and Fort William
Branch C. W. P. C.

its annual meeting elected Mrs. Emily Ferguson Murphy, President; Miss Katherine Hughes, Vice-President, and Miss Anne Merrill, Secretary-Treasurer.

NEW members elected to the C.W.P.C. since the last publication of names added to the membership include Mrs. Bertram Nelles (Marion Dallas), Ottawa; Miss Mona Cleaver (Polly Peele), The Globe, Toronto; Miss Georgina G. Winkler, Stratford, and Mrs. Anne Anderson Perry, The Telegram, Winnipeg.

MISS ELIZABETH BAILEY, a member of the Calgary Women's Press Club, and on the staff of the Morning Albertan, has been married to Mr. Price, sporting editor of the same paper. Before her marriage Miss Bailey was given a teacup shower by the Calgary Women's Press Club. Mr. and Mrs. Price visited Edmonton on their wedding journey, and Mrs. Price was entertained by the Women's Press Club of that city.

MISS MINNIE JEAN NISBIT, of Hamilton, is to write special articles for the New York Dramatic Mirror on music and drama in Hamilton.

A RECENT issue of the New York Evening Post contained a short article on the work of Mrs. Byrtha L. Stavert, who manages and edits Country Life in Canada, said to be the only agricultural paper in North America edited by a woman. Mrs. Stavert began newspaper work as a correspondent at the age of seventeen, when she was attending school in Paris. Two years later she was a writer on a Minneapolis paper. Two years ago she came to Winnipeg to edit Country Life in Canada. Last autumn she was elected president of the International Congress of Farm Women which met in connection with the great convention on Dry Farming held at Lethbridge last month. The Congress was cosmopolitan and successful. A number of women engaged as writers on agricultural papers and magazines were present. The press women of Lethbridge acted as hostesses and were assisted by the Calgary branch of the Women's Press Club. Mrs. Jacobs, president, and a number of the members of the Calgary club attended the Congress in Lethbridge. Mrs. Stavert would not continue president of the International Congress of Farm Women, giving as her reason that "a real farm woman" should be in the chair. She was, however, elected

The Autumn Co-Ed.

(Concluded from page 18.)

ment failed to give. In a very few moments, she was away from the brick and stone of conventionality, and she breathed a great sigh of relief.

"Thank the gods and goddesses, I am out at last, amongst all my loves. Away from the white-capped impertinence of maids, and the nasal voice of discipline. Now, for a blissful hour, until that blessed breakfast bell rings, I am free, free to do as I please."

• She picked up an acorn and shied it at a squirrel who sat frisking a saucy tail, and chirping out a challenge to her. The nut flew past him and he hopped down to the next branch. There he sat, perched on his hind legs, talking boldly to her. And the Co-ed made a pretty little moue at him, and swung her hat round and round.

"Well, you are a saucy little Cheepie, sitting there making fun of me. Do you know, mister, if you were a man, I'd go right over there and slap your little face?"

But evidently he did not know it, for he perched himself a bit nearer to her and nibbled at an acorn. Whereupon, the rosy-cheeked Co-ed squatted down on the grass, and watched him. One might have imagined there were about to begin a duel of arguments.

"Do you know, you're sadly out of place, Cheepie. This is the campus of a University, where one is taught to restrain one's feelings, and to respect all the laws of conventionality. You're altogether too original for this place, and too daring."

But he nibbled away at his acorn, and frisked his saucy tail. Around the college girl there flew whole myriads of autumn leaves, brown and gold and red, mysterious in their wanderings. She leaned back against a stump and closed her eyes. She liked to imagine herself in the abode of the autumn fairies. The leaves played with her hair and the breeze whispering through the trees, brought a brighter carmine to her mouth and cheeks. The squirrel still nibbled at his acorn and chirped roguishly down at her. And over the whole campus came the droning sing-song of autumn, mysterious, fascinating. The Co-ed felt herself slip into its spell, and laughed from sheer enjoyment. With that the squirrel raced down the trunk of his maple, and skirted along through the leaves.

"I understand it perfectly, old Chap-pie. The laugh pleased you. I know who you are. You are the envoy from the whole big kingdom of Nature, sent in here where Convention rules, to try to establish your own reign. I'm with you, old man. I'll carry a hatchet wherever you like, just as long as your efforts are bent to unseat that reigning imp Superficiality."

And he found a beechnut, and ran up to his branch again. A bit of sunbeam filtered down through the trees, tinting the leaves a more gorgeous colouring. The Co-ed yawned deliciously and stretched her arms above her head.

"Oh, you glorious gods, you almost make me pagan in my faith. I swear I see no disloyalty in kneeling to worship before the autumn sun."

And the leaves seemed to whisper together, for a moment, then encircle her in a wild dance of invitation.

She jumped up, and walked quickly along between the rows of trees. She buried her feet in the leaves, and gathered whole armfuls to press against her face. There was a sensuousness in them which thrilled her, and brought a brightness to her eyes. She felt wondrously alive, and thought with dismay, of the lectures in the close room. For there seemed to be that without which rebelled against the stone walls which shut life within. She picked up her Marcus Aurelius, and mechanically turned the leaves. And bye-and-bye, she began to read. The words seemed to hold a different meaning for her. Words which were once so difficult to understand, were as clear as the blue sky above her, and pages which were said to teach dry philosophy, seemed to echo the language of the leaves. She read on and on, not noticing the red and gold fragments which blew across her page, or the sparrows which chirped beside her. It was as if they belonged to the

book, as if every little creature around was a part of what she was reading.

And then she began to understand why the teachers in the colleges wished the girls to go out for an early morning walk. She understood why the great institutions of learning always stood in beautiful grounds. All the forces without are the helpers of the forces within. The world seemed to take on a new aspect. Everything was so uniform there was nothing alien, nothing apart from the whole. The bees and birds and flowers were all members of the great brotherhood of the world. And she felt that nothing could induce her to miss a lecture, from that time on, for the professors might have some new truth to tell her, which they had learned from the stars or snow. Even the withering leaves had their story to unfold. They told of a beautiful new birth which was being nurtured, day by day, in the mother trees from which they had been cast off. And the Co-ed thought wondrous things, of an old form changing itself into a new, of the thing which humans call evolution—how it was nothing but the beautifying of the world by the hand of an Omnipotence in Nature.

And as the breakfast bell pealed out across the campus, she wandered back, with a new light in her eyes, the light of understanding within her.

Recent Events

"THE Metaphysical White Cat," by Mrs. Mary Morgan Dean, of Toronto, is a new playette of such daintiness of conception that the "Cat" will probably live the allotted nine lives. Christmas entertainments will mark the beginning. Amateur dramatists will be interested to know that this pretty play for children is presently to be published by the Upper Canada Tract Society.

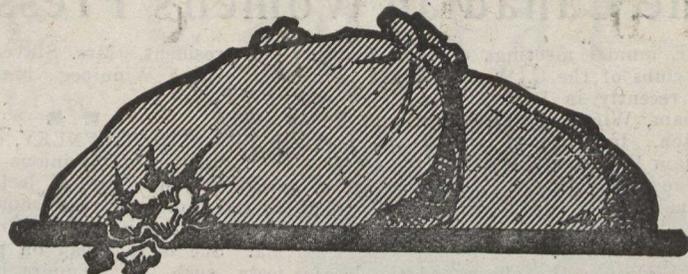
THE finals of the Ottawa ladies' championship golf were enthusiastically played off on October 31st at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club's splendid



MISS CONSTANCE FRASER
Ottawa's Champion Woman Golfer, by Proof of the Finals Played on Oct. 31.

grounds. Miss Constance Fraser, who made an excellent record some weeks previously in Toronto, distinguished herself by defeating the player, Miss Mary Scott, by three up and two to play.

RECENTLY the Ottawa Free Press differed from most journals in that it criticized as not quite fair the attitude of the women of the W. C. T. U., who frankly denied Miss Barbara Wylie a hearing. The suffragette is militant, and advocates militant measures, if such be required before women here get votes. The attitude is impeccable as lacking in courtesy, in open-mindedness and in hospitality, all of which are boasted Canadian virtues.



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Do you think a cheap range an economy? It may appear so when buying it.

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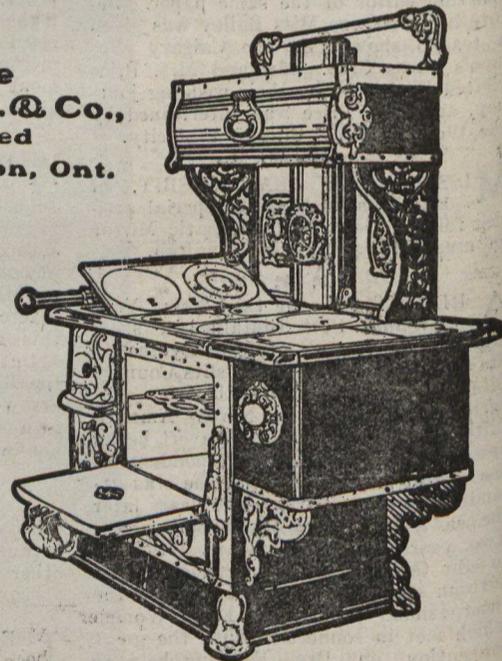
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The Matinee Girl

By MARGARET BELL

Beyond the Lights.

It was before the performance of "The Merry Widow." It was behind the stage on which "The Merry Widow" was to be performed. It was making-up time.

The members of the company were scattered to their different dressing rooms, the orchestra was waiting out different parts of the overture in seventeen different discords from their pit below the stage. And the custodian of the stage door sat nodding in his chair with a ready hand for any silver bits which might come from a stranger within their midst. I was the stranger.

Mabel Wilber, the merry widow, sat before her dressing table, dabbing a huge powder puff in a box, then on her face. The rouge was already in place. She had a soft "baby brush" which she used to blend the make-up more successfully. I learned that the more she rubbed her cheeks with it, the more velvety would appear the blush on them. Which seemed to me quite a good thing to learn.

"Fifteen minutes; fifteen minutes," went the voice of the call boy through the halls. And there was a perceptible stir in all the dressing rooms. A tall, dark girl, wrapped in a gold cloth cloak and several layers of self-esteem, came trailing into Miss Wilber's dressing room, to survey her reflection in the large mirror. She was what is known as the reigning beauty of the company. Even on the stage she carried her immersion of egotism with her, and refused to raise herself from its depths. Which is altogether too bad. For who knows, perhaps she might become a tolerably good actress some day, if she let her play-role claim her attention more than herself. But she is an excellent "lesser glory" for Miss Wilber's greater charms. So we shall let it rest at that.

Probably that night I realized more than ever before what a part the audience plays to the actors. One meek-looking fellow in a very insignificant part, came rushing up to the stage director after delivering his little part.

"I got a laff to-night, when I chucked Sandy in the ribs. Did you see?"

Pauvre petit! It seems such an unmanly occupation, doesn't it? And back

like the Alice Lloyd of "Splash Me" fame, as to costume. The rest was about the same; the rows of glistening, white teeth showing between the smile, the slight London accent, the acme of optimism—almost. For Alice was not pleased with a press report of her new play. That was the only marring effect to her morning.

"You look very domesticated sitting there in your kimono, sewing on shoe buttons," I said.

"Oh, I'm domesticated enough, when



Miss Alice Lloyd, the Coster Comedienne.

I get a chance to be. I haven't seen this kimono for two weeks, though. One night stands! Do you know what they are? That's when Alice lives in a little bag. So." And she struck a stage attitude, grasping a miniature travelling appurtenance from a corner somewhere.

The kimono in question was a beautiful Japanese affair, of maroon-coloured silk, with embroidered roses scattered all over it. She looked quite the part of a much pampered doll in it, and was quite as pretty.

Alice is going to stay in the "legit," which is a name theatrical folk give to straight comedy. The comedy she is in has bits of music scattered at incidental spots all through it. It is called a joyous musical gaiety on the programmes, much of the joyousness being due to the little English star who scintillates through it. She has an innumerable number of sisters on the music hall stage in London, one of whom is coming out to America soon.

By the way, Alice likes Montreal better than Toronto. There is more of that spirit of goodfellowship there which people in the "professh" look for and live on. And she has a liking for Hamilton also.

She is a good sort, with a heart as big as your head and a word of cheer for everyone.

A New Tryout.

OUR hopes have gone soaring again. We have found an operetta worthy of the name. And, best of all, the prima donna filling the stellar role is a real artist in the true sense of the word. This is Lina Abarbanell, best known perhaps for her work in "Madame Sherry," but now more happy in a part more deserving of her talent.

Toronto theatregoers, who saw the premiere of this performance, which, by the way, is called "Miss Princess," being so long accustomed to the artistic (?) jingle of popular ragtime, sat cold in the presence of excellent music and a charming star. But it takes a person a long time to appreciate true worth where popular fancy has so long held sway, and Miss Abarbanell thanked her Thespian gods when the Toronto week was ended.

After all, one must always remember that any kind of art has been so long removed from the musical comedy stage that it comes as a pronounced shock when it makes its appearance in the recent home of the afore-mentioned medley of jingles.

Madame Abarbanell will have many disappointments. They are the inevitable first result of the too conscientious artist. But persistent efforts along a line of worthiness must ultimately bring success, or what is the theatre-going public coming to?



Miss Mabel Wilber, of "Merry Widow" Fame.

and forth they flew, from stage to wings, and wings to stage. The only one who seemed utterly oblivious to the opinion of the audience was Charlie Meakins, the Hamiltonian, whose only fault this season is his overwhelming accumulation of avoirdupois. He is quite blase, is Charlie, due to the extravagant appreciation of feminines with the matinee habit.

I left after the first act, secure in my conviction that charm lies only in one's ability to appear to separate oneself from one's interests, when conversing with another. And in this Mabel Wilber is the embodiment of charm.

Coster Humour.

THE little woman who is best known for her coster songs and coquettish smiles, sat sewing a shoe-button on a diminutive shoe. She looked quite un-

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Tall Timber Tales

2.—Chumming Up With Varmints

Second of a Series of Three

By LLOYD ROBERTS

Drawings by T. M. Grover.

YES, sir, I don't see how there's any harm done in 'lowin' that I've had some mighty queer folk up this way one time or another, said Ben Niggs across the campfire one evening, but after all's said an' done the queerest sport o' the bunch was Professor Shadrack Humfrey Guy, S.P.C.A., W.C.T.U., and a lot more letters which weren't worth a row o' peas alongside o' the P.A. degree his old woman had give him.

For he'd fetched his darter with him—as smart a lookin' girl externally as I've ever saw—to take care he didn't sleep in wet socks or mislay his cash account, he bein' that absent-minded that he'd like as not put his pants on hinder-side foremost, if he got the chance. Then, to see that nothin' happened to her, there was a dough-face yearlin' with a squeaky tongue an' a complainin' liver who went by the name of Charlie Worttle.

They was the first bunch of folks that had come to the woods in the shootin' season that didn't figure on gittin' the record head. There weren't a gun or a fishin' pole among 'em, an' I couldn't make it out 'til I discovered that old Shadroe laid claim to bein' a sort of advance agent for a new society bent on raisin' a crop of human kindness atween the dumb varmints an' man. He looked the part, too: bald top, tattered grey mutton-chop whiskers, gold specs an' button boots, jest like a woman's.

'Fore I caught on to his cussedness—which was the first night out—I put my foot in it good an' hard by sayin' as how game was mighty plentiful that year an' I'd see he an' his didn't lack for fresh meat. There was an awful silence when I'd done, an' raisin' my eyes I seen Charlie coverin' his face with his hands, Rosey hangin' her head an' her pa starin' as mournful as if I'd been a corpse.

"Oh, Ben, how could yer take life?" says he. "Think o' the poor little critters runnin' happy an' carefree through this peaceful wilderness an' trustin' to us to let 'em be. It is such as you who bust their confidence an' drive 'em from our midst. Chuck away that cruel weapon of murder"—meanin' my gun, an' a brand new one, too, mind yer—"an' be a brother to everythin' that crawls on land an' water." That's the way he raved, 'til he got me so het up I had to sit on my hands to hold from shyin' the axe at him.

Then he started tellin' of the derndest doin's in outlandish places you ever blinked your eyes at; how he'd saunter up to the ragin' lions in the Great Sarah with a grin an' a "Howde, old pal," an' never git so much as a scratch; an' find b'ar cubs in the blueberries an' pet 'em as if they was kittens without bein' chawed by the old folks, an' a heap more such truck that maybe never fooled anyone but his Rosey.

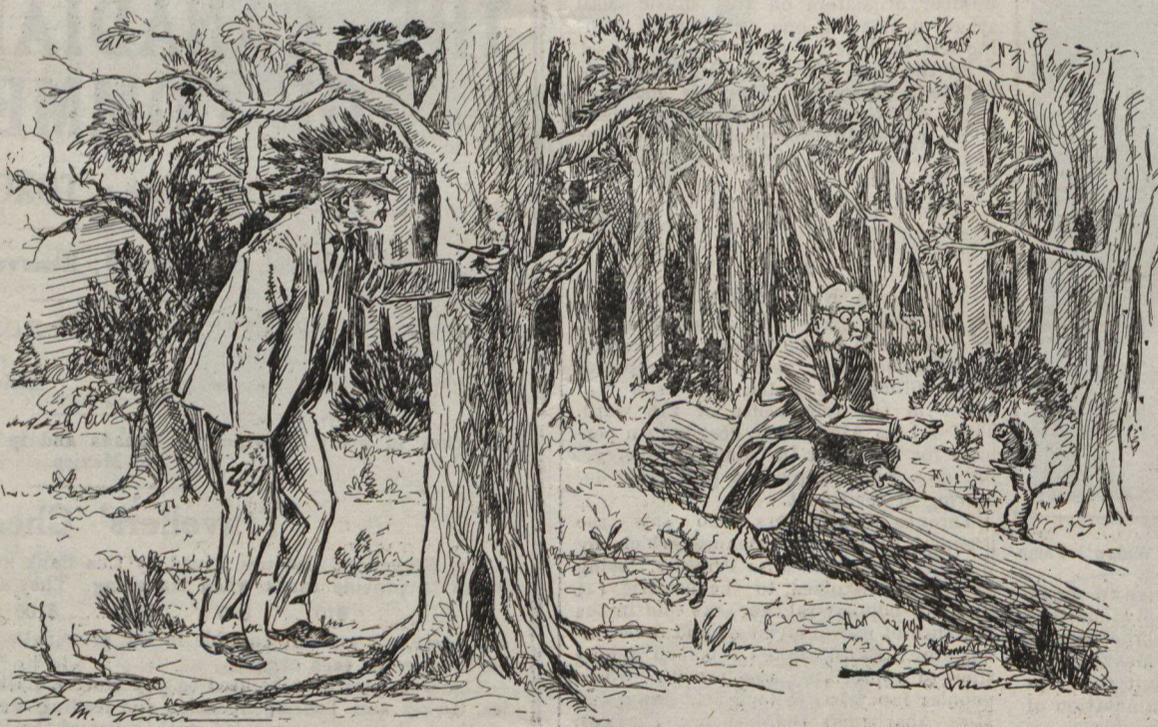
But she took it all in with her mouth an' eyes wide as they'd stretch, an' after it were past rushed round the fire an' threw her arms erbout his pipe-stem neck, gaspin', "Oh, Pa, how glorious!"

Of course I kep a straight face, same as if I'd been a-harkenin' to the gospel, an' asked him how he happened to do it, seein' as he didn't 'low to be Daniel, or Noah, or any o' those freak fellers, an' he come out with the same burnt mush:

"Ony human kindness, Ben; it'll tame the peskiest critter goin'. You love 'em an' they'll love you."

"I do a'ready," I says to myself, "when they're stewed or broiled with a pinch o' salt, but a tree for mine when the gun won't work, every time." I guess they didn't think over high of me at the start, which weren't strange seein' as I was mostly bein' held up as a warnin' an' a bad egg.

Well, sir, soon's we got inter camp on the Little Tobique the professor begun puttin' his guff inter practice. After the way he'd been talkin' I thought he'd be tryin' to rub up ag'inst b'ars, Injun-devils an' sech, but instead of keepin' to things his own size he took after the little no-account squirrels an' wood-mice, perchin' on a stump 'way off from the tent with a hunk o' bread an' a mug o' sugar. I'd crawl up close behind a log an' watch him by the hour. First he'd spread out the victuals on leaves an' stones all 'round, then squeak an' chatter an' scratch until maybe some chipmonk'd bounce out on a limb an' sauce back. The way he'd pow-wow with that poor mite o' fur was enough to make you split with laughin', especially if you daresent let it out. I must say, though, he certainly did have the trick o' gittin' into their confidence down mighty fine, 'cause 'fore we'd been in the woods the matter o' a week he knew a good dozen o' 'em by name an' could call 'em up to be fed. I don't mind jest what he christened 'em, exceptin' a red squirrel who was Phidas an' a porkypine named Romlouse an' a woodchuck what was—was—I clean forgit what, but somethin' awful strange. He got even the reptiles spoilt so that yer daren't enter his tent for fear o' squashin' a warty toad or a green garter snake that were special acquaintances o' his. The wasps an' hornets took to the habit o' huntin' for flies in there, too, an' though I were stung somethin' fierce it was as good as my job were worth to so much as let out a cuss. Somehow they didn't pay no attention to old Shadroe, probably realizin' he was harmless, an' I reckon that's erbout the way all the other critters felt towards him.



"I'd crawl up close an' watch him by the hour."

Poor Charlie! My days were clover alongside o' his. Bein' reared in a city, he couldn't have told the difference atween a woodchuck and a wood-horse when he first struck the wilds, an' though the professor 'peared to hold no grudge ag'in his game liver nor his pink ties, he wouldn't stand for Rosey hitchin' up with that kind o' ignorance.

"I've brung yer here, my son, ter introduce yer inter the habits of wild life," says he. "Yer stand-offishness toward nature's rustic inhabitants shows how bad yer edication has been neglected. The



Ben Niggs.

sermons in stones an' garglin' brooks ain't to be compared with what the greenest bull-frog can teach yer," an' he'd carry the youngster off ter the nearest bog an' start him croakin' like a tadpole. But somehow he couldn't no more take to the dumb critters than a hen can to water, an' they seemed to feel he was ony puttin' it on fer the sake of appearances an' treated him meaner'n dirt. One day old Shadroe came on him cussin' an' pawin' the air like a windmill an' asks politely, "What's ailin' yer, my son?"

THE dern brute bit me, sir," squeaked Charlie, sneakin' the flattened carcass of a hornet into his vest pocket.

"Shame on yer mindin' a blameless insect," says the professor. "Unless you git immune to such childish failin's I must forbid yer ever enterin' the bondage o' holy wedlock with darter o' mine. Fear is the handmaiden o' sin an' the survival of the dark ages. What guilt is on yer soul that yer shrink from these industrious little citizens of the sylvan glades? If yer speak them gently an' respect their simple rights you will find they will meet yer more'n half way."

"That's what I'm complainin' erbout, sir," whimpers Charlie. "That bee come clear across the clearin' ter meet me an' glued onto my nose 'fore I could explain my sentiments."

Though I didn't try out the old feller's teachin's myself, they seemed to work all right with him, exceptin' in one case when he come on a skunk sort o' sudden like. After I'd dragged him down to the edge o' the rapids, held him under to soak a while an' scrubbed him good an' hard with a bath-brick he thawed out an' give me the details.

"No, Ben," says he, windin' up, "yer mustn't blame the innocent polecat"—he was down on any-

one what called it plain skunk—"for it were my mistake comin' on him wrong end to without waitin' to be announced."

"Gosh!" says I, but he didn't catch it seein' as I shoved his head into the drink jest then.

Well, sir, you could have spanked me with a paddle when the professor intimated he'd like to introduce Charlie to a moose in its native hants.

"Blow your horn; I'll do the rest," says he.

(Concluded on page 34.)



Courierettes.

CANADA is seeking naval recruits in Britain. Why call it the Canadian navy?

By starting south earlier, geese are said to be foretelling a hard winter. They may be as wise as the geese that saved the Capitol or—just geese.

If Turkey is to be sliced up, there'll be trouble over trying to give each nation a leg.

A British expedition is to go to "No Man's Land," presumably to see if it will be suitable as a place of escape from suffragettes.

To the beavers this must seem a queer world. Many of them in Northern Ontario are being destroyed because they have been living up to their reputation for industry.

"Sassing" the Duke. — Innumerable little jokes have been related concerning the travels and doings of the Duke of Connaught in Canada, but the very latest remains to be told here.

When the Duke and his party were returning on their special train from the Canadian west, a halt was made at a small station.

His Royal Highness, clad in ordinary civilian attire, stepped down from his car to stretch his Royal limbs.

Down the platform came an Irish section hand, eager to get a peep at the uncle of the King, and seeing a man strolling toward him, the Irishman asked excitedly, "Where's the Duke?"

His Royal Highness said, with a smile, "I'm the Duke."

The Irishman glanced at the plain clothes, and decided that he was being "joshed."

"The deuce you are!" he exclaimed, "where is he, anyway?"

They say that His Royal Highness at that moment had the heartiest laugh he enjoyed since coming to Canada.

A moment later the Irishman discovered his mistake and was bowing blushing before the amused Duke.

The New Colonels.—Let the Minister of Militia keep on creating new colonels, and Canada will soon have a standing army of 'em. The Minister is himself a colonel, and colonels like company.

Truth's Triumph.—"Bryan won't talk," says a newspaper heading. Thus Truth takes another fall out of its old foe, Fiction.

The Pawest Deal.

THE boy stood on the burning deck, Displaying most praiseworthy pluck; But a later event shows he didn't receive

A half decent break in the luck. Poor "Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep" While steeped in sweet slumber sound, And can hardly be blamed for feeling that They may not be easily found.

Whether "Old Mother Hubbard" was careless or poor, Grub-staking had slipped a cog, And "When she got there the cupboard was bare"— 'Twas certainly rough on the dog.

In nursery rhymes and some things in our times

Many more such examples we find Of queer situations in which the blind fates Were not what you'd call very kind.

We'll not specify more, but we'd like to point out That fate made her far meanest play In making Bill Taft, bady beaten, proclaim A national Thanksgiving Day. W. A. C.

A Strange Creature.—For variety and depth of feeling and for a whole lot more things commend us to the man in the popular song.

"I care not for the stars that shine," he warbles, and we admire his spirit; but a little later he is complaining that he's "a first-class Jonah man."

"I want what I want when I want it," he declares emphatically, and then weakens to the extent of admitting that "I'd rather love what I cannot have than have what I cannot love."

"Just one girl"—Pearl by name—gets



A JOLT FOR DIGNITY.

Small Boy: "I sometimes play at Soldiers."

all his love when a particular mood strikes him, but to our certain knowledge he has raved about fifty others whose names struck his poetic fancy or came in handy to make a rhyme or a near-rhyme. Indeed, he sometimes admits that "any little girl that's a nice little girl is the right little girl" for him.

Undecided as he is about which girl suits his fancy, he is worse about places. To-day he raves about his "old Kentucky home"; to-morrow his "old New Hampshire home" is his choice. In this matter also, however, he admits that his preference is liable to change, for "any old place I can hang my hat is home, sweet home, to me."

He is always going away and vowing to come back. Disdaining to specify the time of his return in the way used by an ordinary man, he robs parting of much of its sting by the use of such neat touches as "when the roses bloom"

—or "when the robins nest"—"again." But he is going to be true to the girl he leaves behind him—you can safely bet all your bank account on that. Which-ever fair one he happens to be addressing he will love "as long as the world rolls on," "while the Nile flows to the sea" or as long as the continuance of anything else that looks good to last for—at the very least—a few thousand years.

He is—but no, we won't try any more to tag him down like an ordinary mortal. We give him up.

Her Comment.—In a certain big theatre in a Canadian city a few evenings ago a couple of women were making comments that could be heard by the people near them.

The last thing on the programme was a series of moving pictures, one of which showed a huge dirigible balloon moving about over an European city.

But the immense air craft seemed to impress one of the women very little. "I never had any use for those things," she said to the other.

Whereupon a man nearby whispered to a companion, "That woman says she hasn't any use for airships, and just fancy how handy they would come in when washing dishes."

Answered.—She—"Why is that Miss Plainleigh such a favourite? She is not accomplished. Can't sing and is a poor conversationalist."

He—"That's the reason."

Favourite Phrases.

THE statesman—"Nothing has been definitely decided on the matter as yet."

The candidate—"Only a strong sense of public duty influences me to sacrifice my personal interests in this crisis."

The actor—"When I played Hamlet back in the eighties—"

The wife—"Let me have \$25, dear. I saw a dream of a hat to-day."

The Turkish generals—"We regret to report—"

The war correspondents—"There are persistent rumors—"

A Proverb Amended.—"No news is good news"—when your correspondent is a son at college.

Hallowe'en Aftermath.

NO more do the witches ride Broomsticks in air— They're afraid of colliding with Airships up there.

Taking Chances.—The danger of not making one's meaning clear when using a foreign language was well illustrated recently in the case of a certain Canadian.

This man was acquainted with a Frenchman with whom he wanted to make an appointment by letter.

It seemed to the Canadian that it would be well to write the letter in French. So he wrote the letter in French and imagined that he had put on an appointment for "to-day or to-morrow." He hadn't. Translated into English, what the surprised Frenchman read was: "I'll meet you either to-day or yesterday."

Twisted Songs.—A number of people were amusing themselves a few days ago by running together snatches of popular songs to make a funny effect.

The following was declared to be the best: "For every boy who's lonely there's"—"a hot time in the old town to-night."

Sizing Him Up.—A certain man was being sized up by two "friends," one of whom described him at length.

The other spoke more briefly, but much to the point. "I'll tell you what kind of man he is," said this one. "He's the kind that won't do his share of shoving in a revolving door."

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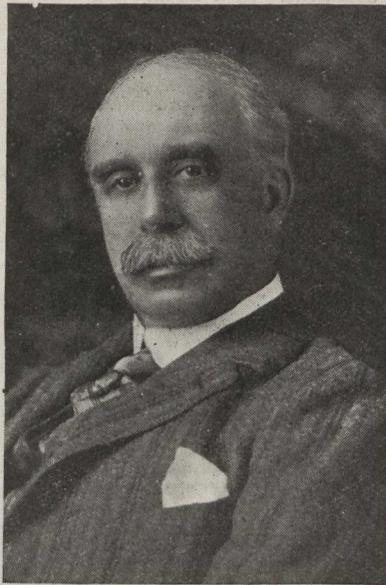


MONEY AND MAGNATES



A New General Manager for Bank of B.N.A.

RECENTLY it was announced that Mr. H. Stikeman, General Manager of the Bank of British North America, would retire on account of ill health. Mr. Stikeman has been forty-three years in the service of the bank. His career commenced at the offices in London, England. After spending nine years at the more important branches in Canada and New York he returned to London for a couple of years. Then he went back to New York for nine years and since 1892 has been in Montreal. Mr. Stikeman has done exceedingly well with the bank and retires with an excellent record. He hands over to his successor one of the best banking institutions in Canada.



MR. H. STIKEMAN
Who for 43 Years Has Been in the Service of the Bank of British North America.

Mr. Mackenzie's characteristic is his interest in athletics. In his early days he was a catcher on the Brantford baseball team. Later he took to tennis and the McGill Tennis Club. Still later he joined the band of golf enthusiasts and he is now president of the Outremont Golf Club. His residence at Brantford, where he started life with the Commerce, was sufficiently interesting to enable him, later on, to find a wife there. He has now two sons who will no doubt inherit the athletic tendencies of the father.



MR. H. B. MACKENZIE
Successor of Mr. H. Stikeman as General Manager of the Bank of British North America.

Those who know Mr. Mackenzie best name as his chief characteristic that wonderful quality, "thoroughness." He has always been as energetic and progressive in his banking duties as in his pleasures. In addition he has been a very considerable reader and a close student of all phases of banking and finance.

Governing the Banks.

IN a few days, the Canadian Bankers' Association holds its annual meeting. It will be an important gathering this year. Sir Edward Clouston, the president for several years, now is thinking seriously of retiring. The task of choosing his successor will devolve upon the bankers.

The Association is the most influential organization of monied men in Canada. It is the disciplinary power which controls Canadian banking practice and etiquette in the same way as the Dominion Medical Association regulates the medical profession, or the Upper Canada Law Society the legal men of Ontario. The presidency is the greatest prize a bank man may aspire to in his profession. The president must be a man familiar with every phase of Canadian development and of sound business sense and ideals. Such men were Sir Edward Clouston and Sir Byron Walker—oracles of Canadian commerce. Just now Mr. D. R. Wilkie, from 1895 to 1906 general manager, and since 1906 president of the Imperial Bank, is strongly supported by Montreal opinion for Sir Edward's position. At this distance, it looks as if he could have the presidency if he wants it. Mr. Wilkie is an energetic, clean type of man, a serious student of national business problems, and an oft-quoted authority.

The Canadian Bankers' Association has several big questions to face right away. There is that of bank inspection. Parliament, when it meets, will deal immediately with how the banks shall conduct themselves for the next decade. What shall be the attitude of the Bankers' Association to inspection, for instance? Mr. Wilkie does not believe in inspection either by the Association or Government, but by independent audit, if he has not changed his mind since his address at the last meeting of the shareholders of the Imperial Bank.

As to mergers, what? Consolidations have reduced Canadian chartered banks to a mere 25. The highly centralized Canadian banking system has a capital of \$110,000,000. What must be the future responsibility of the Association, the governing body, to Canadian depositors who have one thousand million dollars in those 25 banks?

Acute critics of our financial system recognize that banking in Canada is undergoing a transition. The country is bigger; it needs greater banking facilities as it does larger stores. There are dangers and pitfalls to be

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—the year in Coquitlam

and what should happen in the next five

By Theodore M. Knappen, manager of the Coquitlam Terminal Co. Ltd.

Probably no city, town or municipality in Western Canada has advanced so rapidly in the past twelve months—has evolved from a junction point with hardly any population or apparent prospects into a hustling city, like Coquitlam, the new supplementary operating terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

During this time the C. P. R., the road which will pour into Coquitlam freight and passengers from twelve thousand miles of lines, has made very substantial progress on the work which is now being rushed, on its immense, new, modern terminals.

Perhaps nobody knows how many millions their projects will eventually cost or how many men this railway will eventually employ at Coquitlam, but we do know that nearly two millions has been spent or appropriated, hundreds of men are now at work laying tracks and sidings and building the roundhouse and other buildings, and hundreds more are at work for the municipality, ourselves and others on roads, streets, stores, houses, etc.

We also know that the population of Coquitlam has increased from about 300 to 1,500 in the twelve months. We know that the assessed value of property in the municipality is now more than eight millions. We know that Coquitlam has by far the best roads and streets of any municipality of its kind in the country. We know that we ourselves are building twenty-five houses and stores and a \$30,000 industrial railway track through the industrial section of our townsite. We know that this is only the beginning of our building operations. We know that others are also building houses, stores, hotels, etc., all over the townsite. We know that several industries have already been started in Coquitlam, among them being three lumber mills, and that many others are

negotiating with us for sites. We know the big advantages Coquitlam has as the great industrial and manufacturing sub-city of Vancouver. And we know some other things about Coquitlam which we would like to tell anyone interested in an investment, no matter how small, anywhere.

What will happen in the next five years is rather hard to tell, but when we think of the C. P. R., the other six transcontinentals seeking entrance to the Vancouver Metropolitan District, the advantages Coquitlam possesses as a fresh-water port, as an industrial and manufacturing centre, the Asiatic awakening, the Panama Canal, and the hundred-and-one things which must make the Vancouver Metropolitan District on the Pacific what Greater New York is on the Atlantic, it does not seem at all improbable that Coquitlam will, by that time, eclipse the record of Gary, near Chicagó, or Oakland, Cal. In fact, Coquitlam occupies as good a position, geographically, as either of these two shining examples of quick modern city-building.

I have seen and observed many cities grow to what they are on this North American continent; I have seen Gary, Indiana, grow from a barren spot on the shores of Lake Michigan to a city of about 100,000 population in a few years after the Steel Trust established its enormous works there. I have seen the Twin City Transfer District between Minneapolis and St. Paul grow up till it practically makes those two great cities one. I have seen Edmonton, Saskatoon, Fort William,

Port Arthur, Calgary, Regina, and other cities in our own unparalleled Canadian West, the truly Last Great West, grow from villages on what was supposed to be a barren prairie, to the Duluths, the St. Pauls, to the Kansas Cities, the Denvers and the Omahas they are to-day. I had the opportunity to cast my lot in with any of these places, but I have never yet seen any young place which struck me so favorably as Coquitlam. I have seen and known many men and women who made fortunes out of real estate in these places, and I believe the same story will be told in five years hence about Coquitlam.

For remember this, Coquitlam's growth will be rapid. It has been rapid already, and the economic necessities of Western Canada, British Columbia and Greater Vancouver demand that it must be rapid in the future.

One thing of interest to the investor is that the prices of lots in the TOWNSITE OF COQUITLAM (not subdivisions) are extremely low when compared with other cities and towns in Western Canada.

Another thing of interest is the C. P. R.'s official announcement that the first unit of the gigantic Coquitlam terminals will be in use on December 15th, when all freight engines and train crews will take up their residence in Coquitlam. This announcement has added another impulse to the building boom at Coquitlam. Now is the time of all times to invest.

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avoided. The banks must not be allowed to become autocratic or entangled in alliances prejudicial to the interests of the country. The Association has a duty in seeing that farmer, manufacturer, and merchant—all classes of the community indiscriminately—shall have equal rights to credit before the teller's wicket.

The Professor and Business.

POLITICAL upheavals, war scares and other events of world-wide interest always have their influence on business. It is only a few weeks ago since the Canadian public saw a number of our leading securities take the toboggan at the news of an outbreak of hostilities in a far-off eastern country, whose petty brawls had heretofore only attracted attention in best sellers by Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, and tuneful musical comedies like "The Balkan Princess."

Last week in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and other Canadian cities, there was considerable apprehension over the big contest in the United States—the presidential election. If the Bull Moose ploughed home first, what would Wall Street do, and what would be the reflex influence on the exchanges of Canada and Europe? Professor Wilson was elected—and Wall Street preserved the outward decorum of a college faculty meeting.

The issues and the men in our neighbour's election were stupendous enough to have upset business—if the unexpected had happened. The attitude of the people to certain corporate interests and to the trade policy of the nation was the chief factor of the election. Had the voters been stampeded by the stump catchword of "commercial injustice" serious consequences might have resulted. The consensus of opinion in business circles here, in the United States, and abroad, is that the Republic has chosen a safe and satisfactory course to preserve the equilibrium of business. Those who blamed the conservatism of the Republican administration for the current of social unrest in the nation find new hope in the ascendancy of the Wilson star. Such conservatives as looked askance at Mr. Roosevelt's third term candidature and his radical policies, feel reassured that the people have turned away from the paths of irrationalism. No serious divisions have been made in the American people by the election. There is a general impression that with a brand new leader who, so far, has shown sanity of judgment and conscience, and no corporate shackles to handicap him, and with one of the great historical parties at his back, the United States is on the eve of a new era.

The president-elect is pledged to gentle revision of the tariff downward. Canada will have a deep interest in that; and will keep its eye on the professor at the White House.

Mr. McGibbon to Make Sugar.

THAT energetic Montreal magnate, Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, who made rubber one of the biggest industries in Canada, is creating another industry. He has turned his attention to sugar; proposes to erect at St. John, New Brunswick, one of the largest refineries on the continent. Mr. McGibbon will recall that sugar was one of the first things he dealt in long before he began to make overshoes and misses' rubbers. That was in the pioneer days of his business career, when he weighed out snowy sweetness behind the counter in a general store out West.

St. John and Eastern Canada are going to get a big thing in this new scheme of young Mr. McGibbon. Some of the leading financiers in Canada are interested—that is Mr. McGibbon's assurance. Arrangements have been made to deposit within thirty days \$100,000 with the civic authorities of St. John as pledge of good faith. The plant, it is said, will involve an expenditure of over a million in construction and will have a capacity of 2,000 barrels a day.

The new industry should be an incentive to trade with the West Indies and Canada. It is expected that a fortnightly service will be established between St. John and the tropics.

More Interest in Mexico.

CANADIAN financial genius has chiefly found employment at home for its money and enterprise. The Canadian investor is not an exporter yet of much capital, because the claims of the fast developing Dominion absorb all of his surplus resources. The Canadian capitalist and investor is not a timid or narrow person. He is running the street cars and lighting the streets of two of the largest cities in Brazil—twice as large as any city in Canada. He is doing the same kind of thing in Mexico. Brazilian Traction and the Mexican Companies are so far the chief foreign securities financed and controlled from Canada. This summer Brazilian Traction was a big figure in the market.

Now there are signs that Mexico is to get a share of attention and some money. The Mexico Tramways Company offers three millions and a half of new stock at par to shareholders recorded by November 16th. The terms are ten dollars per share by November 28th and \$90 by January 10th. Each shareholder has an option on seven-thirty-thirds of a new share for every share held by him. The Mexico Tramways Co. is capitalized at twenty millions with about seventeen millions outstanding. The new money is to be used in extensions and improvements. Toronto directors include Hon. Z. A. Lash and Mr. E. R. Wood. The leading Montreal member of the directorate is Sir William Van Horne.

Advice to Civic Authorities.

IN a striking article on "Municipal Economy," *The Monetary Times*, after telling of the difficulty which Canadian municipalities are experiencing in selling their securities, gives the following advice:

Civic authorities should confine local improvements to absolute necessities and with reasonable regard to future requirements. To proceed with municipal work merely to keep local labour in employment, must in time lead to financial inconvenience or disaster. The shouldering of burdens by comparatively small towns or cities, such as a municipal street railway, should be avoided. It is not fair to Canadian or municipal credit, to bondholders or to the ratepayers, to embark in such an enterprise simply to advertise the town. Proper estimates should be made of traffic and every consideration given to those who loan the funds. Our municipalities should not persist in raising money until brought to a sharp check by their bankers.

A Call From Macedonia

It is a story of the Balkan war, and how it came to pass in a Canadian firm. Two Macedonians employed by Steel & Radiation Limited, had been hearing all about the uprising of the Bulgarians and the Serbs. Maybe they had been able to read some of the head-lines in the newspapers. They had seen the pictures of the terrible Turk and they knew him. And they got their heads together in a spirited confab. Oh, the talks they had as they went home from the factory! when none of the other employees knew what they were saying, but only,

"Oh, I guess it's the war that's got them. They're patriots. Wonder what they'll do?"

No amount of quizzing could elicit from the Macedonian cronies in a strange land what they intended doing. Once in a while if they dropped into a shoe-shine shop they may have been understood. Day by day they became more and more excited. They nibbled their dry lunches at noon and jabbered furiously.

By-and-bye they became very quiet. Now and then as they passed the office they paused to glance at Mr. R. J. Cluff, the general manager. But when he looked at them they shuffled away—and said maybe they would think it over a day or two longer.

For they were getting pretty good wages, these two Macedonian labourers, and in a peaceful, industrious land where they had come to forget the Turk and the tyranny and the everlasting fear—why should the uprising of Bulgaria and Servia and Montenegro and Greece, be to them more than a thing to read about just like all other folks in Canada? Yet they knew more about the Balkans than they did about Canada. The old passion was smouldering. Soon there would be a flame.

"Now," said one to the other—sometimes folks couldn't tell them apart—"I'll go back if you will."

There was a cry from Macedonia. They heard it. They said—they would go back, to help the allies in the war.

And together they went to Mr. Cluff to ask if he would be good enough to let them go; and if they were not killed, maybe he would take them back to work when they came home to Canada again.

"Why, sure! Go ahead if you really want to," said the manager. "I guess you've got it all thought out. You've got no wives and families. Don't let me stop you."

So they got their pay envelopes and they went out to spend some money. They hadn't much to blow in, when the price of two tickets and outfits had to be considered.

Next morning they came down to the factory: but not to work. Each was dressed in his Sunday togs. Each had a pack on his back. Each had a parcel in his hand.

"Come to say good-bye, have you?" said the manager.

"Yes, Mr. Cluff."

"Well—"

But first each began to undo his parcel. With great gravity each took out the contents. One contained thirty fine big oranges, one for each member of the firm and the staff. The other—thirty packages of Turkish cigarettes. These were solemnly presented by the two Macedonians to their colleagues. Then, without a word, they went—packs on their backs, shuffling away to the street and the station; off to the war—which by the time they get there might be over; but, of course, they didn't know that.

It was the call from Macedonia.

SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

We want to remind all the young people who are readers of The Canadian Courier that it is time to send their photographs if they wish to see them in the Christmas Number. It is our intention to publish three hundred or more, and the first three hundred received will be used. Snapshots will do, and we prefer to have them unmounted. Address to "Editor, Canadian Courier, Toronto," and put your full name, address, and age on the back of each picture. No photograph will be returned.

A Man Misjudged

By MAUD MADDICK

"WHAT nonsense!" Diana cried, with the indignant blood rushing to her cheeks. "I simply don't and won't believe it, and what's more, I shall go and ask Sir Guy himself, so there!"

Before anyone could stop her she was crossing the spacious hall, where a laughing group was gathered round a noble log fire—and in another moment the rather scared guests of Sir Guy Blythe saw the handsome girl disappear into his writing sanctum, where few had license to enter.

Her host looked up with some surprise, and then with a really glad smile as he recognized the intruder. Diana Tudor was a general favourite, and deserved to be so, for a more kindly, loyal, brave-hearted girl never breathed.

Straight to the point she now went. "Sir Guy, I'm awfully rude to come in like this, but I can't rest a minute until you answer me. You do hunt, don't you?"

He became rather grave, but never removed his dark eyes from their scrutiny of the blooming, anxious young face. "No, Miss Tudor, I do not hunt."

Her brows met. "Why not?" and the tone was rude in its demand for a reason, but Sir Guy had no thought of offence, and he answered at once, "I am a nervous rider, and I can't stand being 'in at the death,' Miss Tudor. The whole sight sickens me! I——" but he got a shock then, for the girl's mobile face was a study of disappointment and disgust.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and that was all, but it was enough in its eloquence of scorn, and, with a slightly trembling mouth, she walked quickly from the room. From a low stool the other side of Sir Guy's desk a small figure rose, and touched his arm.

"Di can be angry, an' she's awful angry now with you! Won't you hunt, please, 'cause I don't like Di to be cross with my bestest friend?"

Sir Guy started, and drew the little figure very closely to him. "Why, Tim, I'd no idea you were in the room, but I'm so sorry, old chap, even to please my wee chum, I can't hunt."

For a moment there was silence, then Tim pushed back his curls, and said very simply: "All right, Sir Guy, if you can't, you can't, and, of course, you must know best! Only Di is such a oner for being brave, an' you mustn't expect she'll love you any more."

The colour flooded the man's brow. "Any more?" Ah, Tim, what did that imply? "Shall you?" he said, smiling, stroking the small face, that looked so like his sister Diana's.

"Most certainly I shall," replied Tim, "an' if you'll never tell Di, I'll tell you an awful secret of mine. Bend down, please, Sir Guy, an' I'll whisper it in your ear."

Still smiling, Sir Guy stooped, and the tiny mouth of his wee guest rested against his cheek.

"It's awful!" came the awed murmur. "An' Di, she would never forgive me. But—oh! I wish—I wish she wouldn't make me ride, 'cause, though she thinks me brave, I'm trembling with fright all the time—I am really. So you see, I can symp'thise with you being a coward."

Sir Guy was disturbed. Did Diana despise him as much as this child, with his knowledge of his sister, seemed to take for granted?

"Tim," he said, gravely, "don't you think it would be brave if you confessed the truth to your sister? It's bad for little boys to put a strain on themselves, and ride when they are so frightened."

Tim drew himself from the encircling arm, and looked straight into the eyes regarding him so earnestly.

"Di's a darling," he said, solemnly, "but I know her, and you don't, or I don't believe you'd ever have told her you couldn't hunt. She says she hates cowards."

"Do you think I'm a coward, too, little Tim?"

"No, 'cause you told her *that*," was the reply.

"May I tell her about you, Tim?"

Tim screamed, and Diana swept into the room again.

"Oh, you naughty boy, to be troubling Sir Guy?" she said, with an attempt at sternness, but her face dimpled at sight of her pet little brother, from whom she would never be separated, as their mother and father had died when he was a mere infant, and he had been her special charge ever since.

"Run away, and ask Parkins to put on your riding clothes," she said; and Tim raced off, but not without a warning glance at his "bestest friend" first.

Sir Guy fidgeted uneasily. His tender heart was sadly disturbed at the thought of that frail child suffering Spartan pangs in the hunting-field, just to satisfy a strong, athletic girl's ideas of what a boy should be fitted to do.

"Miss Tudor," he commenced, diffidently, "don't you think your small brother is rather young to, er—er—follow the hounds?"

Her eyes flashed. "Tim is a brave little horseman," she answered, hastily, "he has ridden ever since he was big enough to sit a pony with my arm round him. I am very proud of him, and I beg, yes, beg, Sir Guy, that you will not drop the slightest hint to Tim that such a thing as 'being afraid' can exist."

He bit his lips. She looked such a severe young judge, and so unapproachable in her disapproval.

"And you're not afraid for him?" he persisted, gravely.

But she laughed lightly. "Will you listen to me for a few minutes?" he said, earnestly. "I should like to warn——"

But he was stopped by quite an outburst of bitterness from his young guest. "Oh, please spare me, Sir Guy! I may seem rude to my host, but I—well, I can't talk about certain things, and of all the traits I most admire I think bravery and fearlessness are the highest in my esteem. I don't say I'm right, and I am sure I ought not to be so blunt in saying what I think, for after all I'm only a woman; but then, you see, you have encouraged me to say what I think to you, so there's the truth—I like bravery, and Tim, my darling little brother, must make a brave man, or I"—she hesitated—"shall despise him."

Sir Guy smiled rather sadly. "Yes, you are very blunt, but I like you for being outspoken with me; only, Miss Tudor, remember that the strong can afford to be merciful. You, fortunately, have never yet made the acquaintance of nerves—and long may it be before you do so—but you should never despise the 'unknown,' for how can you judge fairly?"

DIANA TUDOR'S beautiful features were drawn into lines of perplexity and misgiving. She hated to inflict pain, and she began to understand that, in spite of Sir Guy's calm smile, he was deeply wounded, but she was herself suffering a surprising amount of emotion in discovering that Sir Guy was what she mentally termed "unmanly and cowardly." Certainly she could not understand nerves. How could she—a country-bred, splendidly healthy girl, who had lived her life on the Yorkshire moors, and was at home in the saddle as completely as a London girl in her carriage? All other outdoor sports were also her delight, and she had never known a day's illness in all her life.

Sir Guy had only lately bought this lovely old estate, with its charming Elizabethan house and ideal hunting-ground in the surrounding country, and since his residence here had made the acquaintance of Diana's old uncle, with whom she and her little brother had lived since her parents' death. Mr. Tudor had taken a great fancy to the scholarly, quiet man, who, though by no means elderly, had passed his first youth, and seemed such a desirable friend and neighbour, for old Mr. Tudor's estate was the nearest one to Sir Guy's, and the latter man was soon quite on familiar terms with the Tudor family, who made him a very welcome



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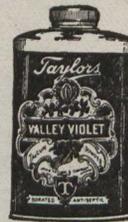
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guest whenever he could find time for an informal visit. Though so quiet and unassertive, Sir Guy had impressed Diana as a man of resource and strength of character, and when, to-day, the house party he had invited from London for shooting and hunting laughingly informed her their host would certainly not be with them for the first hunt of the season, or, indeed, any other, adding a joke about nerves not always being a petticoat affair, the girl was thoroughly annoyed and indignant as at a personal affront, for Sir Guy was already after a short acquaintance on very close terms of friendship with the girl, and, to her, lack of physical courage was an unforgivable weakness. She stood now with downcast eyes, after he had spoken, battling with her own sensations of disillusion, and angry for having so plainly shown her disappointment in her friend. What right had he ever given her to criticise him? His next words, however, made her forget everything but anger, for he repeated, "I think dear little Tim might be left with me. He is too young for reckless riding, and the sight of the finish is surely hardly fit for a sensitive child."

"I mean Tim to be a man," she retorted, with cruel emphasis on the last word. "I don't believe in nerves except in weak women or old folks."

Hardly glancing at his pale face, with the flush of repressed emotion staining his temples, Diana hurried from the room, for there were passionate tears in her splendid eyes.

Sir Guy watched all his guests depart on the hunting expedition with his usual genial smile, and with a cheery word for everyone, standing on his own threshold to wave a farewell. And it was he who had helped Diana into her seat on the noble animal, the finest hunter in his stables, and somehow, as he adjusted the stirrup, her heart had ached for the man who openly owned to nerves, and inability to enjoy a sport that Diana considered any man should.

"I suppose," she breathed, "I ought to beg your pardon. Well, forgive me, just because I wish my friend had not even one weakness at which I can cavil."

The tone implied more than the mere words of regret and liking, and Sir Guy managed unobserved to hold the firm young hand very tightly, as he murmured, "Some day, perhaps, I can convince my friend that nerves are not necessarily cowardice."

Then there was a cry, and the horses swept from his sight down the winding drive, while he walked slowly into the house, with a very tender smile on his pleasant mouth, although the man felt a deeper sense of humiliation than he had ever known before. Yet, how should this dear bonnie girl understand how the strongest nerves may be shattered, or, if not shattered, permanently shaken by some great shock, as he himself had received years ago? Hunt? No, never again! And he shuddered as he recalled the accident which he could never bring himself to mention, although so many years had elapsed, and the scene of the affair had been almost the other side of the world. Little did his friends, who joked about his want of courage on a horse, know how terribly had he been robbed of nerve and confidence on horseback. Ah, well, it had never troubled him much before, but to-day the look of scorn in a young girl's eyes lowered him in his own esteem, and made him wonder if he were not indeed a weakling, that he could not conquer himself in this one particular dread and horror. Then his thoughts flew to Tim, and his lips tightened. Ah! Diana was unconsciously cruel to the child, and he would risk her friendship even by telling her so. Sir Guy was no moral coward, as tiny Tim had divined. He was uneasy now, as he remembered Tim's face as the child rode off by his sister's side. It was strained and unnaturally flushed, although he had laughed and waved a gay farewell to his "bestest friend."

If Diana would not listen, then old Mr. Tudor should have his eyes opened now Sir Guy knew the boy's feelings. He was thankful when at last he heard the return of his guests, and hurried to greet them, his gaze seeking Tim's wee face first of all, and the sight sent a pang to his heart, for the flush was more hectic and the eyes far too brilliant, while the tiny mouth was compressed in a way that told the keen observer of an unnatural repression of



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self in so young a child. Diana caught his glance, and instantly a spirit of wilfulness made her say, lightly:

“Now, I won't have Tim coddled, Sir Guy, please, so don't look as though you wanted to fuss him. Tim is Di's brave man, and he was in at the death, Sir Guy—weren't you, my darling? Tim's a sportsman, and sister is ever and ever so proud of him.”

Sir Guy lifted the boy to the ground and patted his shoulder, while all the others loudly sang the child's praise, but Sir Guy was silent, and his brow knitted. Tim's eyes implored him, and he felt it would be difficult to betray Tim's confidence.

That night at dinner he resolved somehow to broach the subject to Diana before the evening was over, for Tim and she were leaving for their own home on the morrow, having only consented to come and join his guests for a couple of days. With this thought in his mind, he suggested a stroll on the terrace after dinner, as the night was a glorious one, and a magnificent moon was turning night into day. The proposal was met with pleasure by all, and the ladies, equipped with shawls, soon joined the men as they lounged about the picturesque old stone terrace which ran right round the big house, whose ivied front gleamed richly in the moonlight. Sir Guy rather adroitly drew Diana Tudor a little apart from the chattering group.

“Give me your opinion,” he said, guiding her along, “as to whether I should not have some of this splendid ivy cut down. They tell me it makes the house damp, and yet it seems sacrilege to prune even a leaf—the growth of ages. Besides,” laughing—“it would afford a veritable fire-escape in case of need, so powerful and strong is it all.”

“On the other hand,” smiled the girl, “as Tim said to-night, a burglar could find an easy ladder, were he brave enough for such an ascent, which I doubt.” And she shivered a little, as she lifted her sweet face to gaze up, and the moonlight showed the man every dainty curve and all the fair tints in the face he had grown to think the fairest, ever made to tantalise a man who was too old, too grave, and too unattractive to hope that he might ever win so sweet a thing.

“Dear Tim is fast asleep by now,” he said, rather absently, his gaze on her. Then instinctively turned his eyes towards the turret window, which Diana and Tim had chosen should be theirs during their short visit, as its height gave such a beautiful view of the country around.

THE next moment Diana had turned, and reeled against her host, cheeks livid, and eyes distended in an incredulous stare of horror. She was paralysed with fear, and incapable of speech or movement, but Sir Guy's quick whisper of “Hush,” in a voice entirely new to her, would, anyhow, have silenced the girl, for it rang, low as it was, with power and command, and even at that moment of agony she was obsessed with a sense of confidence and belief in the man at her side. She felt, rather than saw, how his whole form became imbued with a marvellous force of nervous energy, and Diana, like a person in some horrible nightmare, waited for developments—herself unable to move hand or foot.

In the brilliant moonlight, outlined, as it were, in silvery outlines, stood the little figure of Tim, balanced on a ledge of narrow stonework that ran round the building, and upon which the child lightly walked, as they—in terror—watched. The turret window was open, and Tim, in a somnambulist's trance, was stepping towards his death, for in a few minutes he would reach the point where the ledge abruptly terminated, and it seemed that nothing could save him from being hurled on to the stone at their very feet.

But as the little figure, in its fluttering gown of white, steadily but slowly advanced towards the fatal gap, Sir Guy leaped forward, and hand over hand, with all the skill of the trained gymnast, up, up he went, clinging to the sturdy trails of the grand old ivy like a sailor to the ropes. There was a quivering sigh from those beneath, for the situation had in that moment become clear to all, and the need of silence

intensified the horror which fell upon the group of men and women as they breathlessly watched the ascent of the man and the advance of the child. Every moment seemed an eternity, but higher and higher swung Sir Guy's slight form, his muscles tense, his features set. A little life was in the balance, and, Heaven willing, it must be saved. One more effort, and with torn palms and swollen veins he was beside the narrow ledge, just as the child reached the gap, and then Sir Guy had his arm round him, while with the other he grasped the ivy and steadied himself by planting his feet on the tiny ledge. To those looking up, it was a horribly precarious position. Should the child struggle, both must fall. But Tim was passive in the careful, tender hold of his “bestest friend,” and inch by inch Sir Guy made his way along the stone-work, with little Tim held in front of him.

It was not until the pair reached the open window that the spell of horror which had held the watchers motionless was broken, and a wild rush to the house followed. But the passages and winding staircases of the old place were not quickly traversed, and when the white-faced men and women reached the last flight, Sir Guy himself came down it, smiling rather tremulously at his guests, and holding up a warning hand.

“Tim is still asleep,” he whispered, his eyes seeking for Diana Tudor, “and he is safe in the charge of my dear old housekeeper. Pray do not let him be roused, or ever know about to-night.”

HE turned and led the way into an upstairs sitting-room, drawing the girl along, for she was trembling violently, and hardly able to stand. But Sir Guy soon placed her in a chair, while one of the men ran hastily for brandy, which they forced her to swallow. And as the stimulant restored her, great tears rolled down her white face, and she cried: “Oh, my little Tim! If I had lost him!”

All the women were crying, too, for the relief of the tension was immense, and even the men coughed huskily and cleared their throats in a suspicious way.

Sir Guy was the calmest of all; but he was looking very exhausted, and his poor hands were painful to see.

“By Jove!” said an elderly man, “it was the pluckiest thing I've ever seen!”

“Couldn't have done it myself for a million pounds,” muttered another, and his host smiled.

“But you could for a child, old fellow. There, there, don't say more. Poor Miss Tudor is so unstrong, and small wonder.”

“The kindest thing we can do,” put in one of the speaker's wives, strongly, and with decision, “is to leave Miss Tudor quiet for a while.”

The weeping girl nodded gratefully, and they all filed quietly out of the room. All but Sir Guy, I should say, and he remained, his eyes on the bent head, his heart aching for the pain she had suffered, and quite forgetful of his own part in the suffering.

She looked up after a while. “I can never thank you,” she said, faltering. “How can words thank one for such a deed, and—and—oh, I had dared to doubt your courage a few hours ago!”

A sudden resolution seized Sir Guy. “I will do a brave thing now, Miss Tudor,” he replied, “for I shall risk your anger and dislike by entreating you to promise me that Tim shall not go hunting—at any rate, for the present, until he is older. Please, please don't think I am presuming on to-night's affair, but I feel convinced that Tim was over-excited, and his brain so affected by an unnatural strain that it produced the somnambulist's trance in which the dear little fellow risked his life, and, thank Heaven, my old training stood me in good stead to help him.”

Diana Tudor stood up and held out her hand. “I would promise you anything,” she said, simply. “But I know you are right, although I would not own it even to myself. I felt just what you say when Tim was being so brave to-day, for he looked so strange. Sir Guy, can you forgive me for daring to criticise and judge one so much older and wiser than myself, and to refuse to listen to advice about my darling?”

Sir Guy took both her hands. “Ah! so much older, Miss Tudor. I wish he were not so. But if you could only

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know how deeply any word of yours can wound or please, and the thought of your despising me was hard. Though maybe I deserve it, for not having courage to open an old wound, and sorrow that you might understand my dread of the hunting field. Listen! Years ago, when I was abroad, I was hunting with my dearest friend and chum, one Conrad Dubois, a fearless horseman, and he was a few strides in advance of me when his horse rose to clear a hurdle. How or why, I shall never know, but it suddenly swerved, and rider and horse crashed down together, just as my horse cleared the hurdle and landed right on the fallen pair. I was thrown, but not before I saw my horse's front hoof stamp life out of the face I loved most on earth."

He shuddered, and beads of moisture broke out on his forehead.

"Not even to you can I bear to describe my feelings. But, will you believe—can you understand—I shall never hunt again?"

She lifted her tear-wet face to his, and what Sir Guy read there helped to drive away the memory of his sorrow.

Humidity in House Heating

By MARJORIE FIELD

BOB and I started to save for what we called our "building fund" almost from the day we were married, and even before we had a single hundred dollars laid aside we would plan and discuss just what a dear little home of our own we would have some day, but, after all we did not build, but bought a house just completed which the owner, through some business reverses, found himself compelled to dispose of without ever having the satisfaction of occupying it himself.

After living in rented houses for years, and having to move more than once by reason of the owner selling the property, the joy and satisfaction of at last getting under a roof which we could call our own can be better imagined than described, and, moreover, we had a house more complete in its appointments than we had ever hoped to build ourselves.

We moved in late in the fall, so it was not long before we had to light the furnace. We had furnaces in some of the other houses, but Bob remarked that this one was somewhat different in that on one of the doors it said something about the health of the household and keeping water in the pan.

We had never bothered about it in connection with the other furnaces we had used, but this set us thinking, and, as a result, we filled the pan often twice a day, and, just think of it, that pan, which, it appears, goes all the way around the firepot, actually holds over four gallons of water.

Well, the weather kept decidedly cold, but we were most comfortable, though Bob grumbled at, as he put it, this everlasting carrying of water. Finally, he rebelled, and said that he would write the furnace makers and ask them "what's the use of it."

In a few days he received a reply, and then I began to learn things about house heating. The furnace people wrote that they were pleased to have our inquiry, but that they were going to ask us to follow a few simple instructions, which, if carried out, would answer our inquiry more effectively than any arguments they might advance.

Please continue for a few days, they said, the supply of water in the Circle Waterpan, and note what degree of comfort you are enjoying under these conditions from the warmth supplied; observe the temperature you find most conducive to comfort; what tendency there is to drowsiness or lassitude among the members of the household during the evenings, and if any dryness of the skin is felt, and, finally, if you keep house plants, make note of their condition as at present. Do this for the period of a week, which will give you ample time to confirm observations from day to day.

Then we were to let the Waterpan stay dry for a week, or longer, if we could stand it.

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we could stand. We thought it imagination at first, but there was no getting away from the fact that conditions were most decidedly different.

There was very little change in the weather outside and Bob kept the fire going about as usual, but things were not the same. I complained of a kind of chilly feeling, but he, pointing to the thermometer, remarked that it stood at 70 degrees, and previously we had never found it necessary to have it warmer than 68.

However, to please me, he opened the dampers a little and we soon had the temperature to 72, and then it was like out of the frying pan and into the fire, for I experienced that stifling feeling which makes one long for a breath of the clear, cold out-door air. The children simply could not study their lessons, for, with heads nodding over their books, little was accomplished.

It was the plants which finally brought this water famine to an abrupt conclusion, for, if there is any one thing more than another that I do enjoy, it is their presence in the house in winter time.

I had never had such success with them as during this particular winter, and had watered and tended them faithfully every day. If only one or two had been affected I might have put it down to other causes, but by the end of a week of dry atmosphere I came to the most emphatic conclusion that what nature rebelled against must be so, and that if plant life could not thrive in an unnaturally dry air how could human beings expect to thrive or be comfortable or healthful in it, either.

That settled it, and for the balance of the winter we evaporated in our furnace from four to seven gallons of water every twenty-four hours. We wrote our thanks to the furnace makers for the way they had handled the matter. They did not reply that "we told you so," but instead sent us some literature, and I'm not yet through realizing the immense importance of humidity in artificially heated air.

Nature's air out doors has generally 70 per cent. humidity, and it simply takes gallons of water evaporated—not quarts—to maintain even 50 per cent. in the warmed air of the house in winter.

I've also learned why so many people have to continue to use cold cream and other toilet preparations to keep their skin soft and smooth, while I need it no more—they live in that hard dry furnace-heated atmosphere all winter.

I could tell you lots more, but if you find the maker of that Circle Waterpan Furnace—not circular pan, as some imitator advertises), ask them for literature—it's well worth reading, and you may perhaps realize, as we have by experience, that in house heating, water is quite as necessary as fuel.

Commission Government

(Continued from page 9.)

During the campaign in St. John there was a good deal of discussion as to whether or not the service of more capable men could be secured, under the new system, than under the old. It was argued that the proposed salaries—\$3,000 per annum—would afford no inducement to first-class men, and that in this respect there would be no improvement. This, however, was really a begging of the question, for, it was admitted by promoters of the new system, that many of the men who then or formerly sat at the Council Board, would be quite capable of managing the city's business efficiently, were they to devote sufficient time and attention to it. The main contention of the promoters was that five men, even of no greater average capability, devoting their time and thought daily and almost wholly to civic affairs, could accomplish better results than seventeen men meeting as a rule only once a month all together, and in various groups of about half that number, somewhat more frequently. The results so far seem to have abundantly justified this contention.

The plebiscite having pronounced in favour of commission, a new city charter was prepared by a sub-committee of the Citizens' Committee, which had conducted the campaign. The Charter Committee was composed of two or three lawyers, a like number of aldermen, or ex-aldermen, and a few business men. The chairman was Mr. J. A. Belyea, K.C.,

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Chumming Up With Varmints

(Concluded from page 22.)

So one cold moonlight night we all started down the trail to a fine bog where the deer an' moose most always fed. You bet your life I toted erlong the gun, though Shadroe scowled pretty bad, an' I let on that what with bein' so used to the weight I was apt to travel in circles if I left it behind. "Take care there's no blood-lettin' then," says he, an' on we plods.

We was the best part o' the night squattin' behind the alders, callin', harkenin' an' freezin', 'fore there come an answer from the other side the water an' I nudged the old gent to watch out.

I up an' grunted sweetly through the horn, an' at that the bull plunged into the bog an' come at us with the lily-pads an' mud flyin' every which way at once. When it gained the top o' the bank not three yards off it stopped an' sniffed the air, an' I misremember seein' a finer sight in all my life. Big? Why it couldn't have passed a barn door its antlers were that wide, an' the moonlight glistenin' on the slime an' trailin' roots was simply grand—there's no other word for it.

Now here's were old Shadroe got busy. He'd been peerin' an' peerin' through the twigs, his eyes poppin' from his head an' his whiskers standin' straight out on either side, 'til, without a word o' warnin', he sprung to his feet, clinches Charlie by the shoulder an' shoves him out into the patch o' light clean in front o' the brute.

"My land!" I shouts, jerkin' up the gun, but 'fore I could take aim that bloomin' gal o' his circles her arms erbout my neck an' hugs me like a b'ar. "Oh, save him! Save him!" she wails, but how I could do it with her gluein' the barrel to my chin was more'n I could see.

Well sir, the bull let out a snort like a freight engine, rared right up on its hind legs an' then, jest as I looked for somethin' mighty unpleasant to happen to the Professor, who was walkin' up with his paw stuck out an' a happy grin on his mouth, it shot into the air clean over his head an' streaked like greased lightenin' into the bushes.

Then I come nigh to cussin', Charlie to faintin' an' old Shadroe to blubberin'—he were that disappointed at it gittin' away. "I'm deeply grieved," says he mournful like, "that you should have scart the poor critter so," an' I couldn't hit on a word to say.

Maybe every feller has his weakness, I don't know; but it weren't later than the followin' Sunday that we bumped up good an' hard ag'in old Shadroe's. It begun when the four o' us were out huntin' up some o' his animal pals. He'd keep 'way to the lead an' out o' sight so's the rest o' us wouldn't spoil his tricks. I was only needed to show him the way home when he got tuckered out, for he were the derndest goat at mislayin' himself I ever knowed.

Anyhow this mornin' we was startled half to death by havin' him chargin' down on us under a full head o' steam an' his face the colour o' biled pork. We naturally got out o' his path an' watched him sail 'round the next bend an' out o' sight. Then Miss Rosey sent Charlie to investigate an' me after her pa to ask what it were all erbout. I didn't catch him up 'til he arrove at the tent without no more wind than a bust bladder.

"What's ailin' yer?" says I.
"Exereisin'," says he. "Runnin' on an empty stomach does one a world o' good. Try it, Ben."

Well sir, there's no denyin' I was pretty blame curious as to what'd worked him up, but Charlie wouldn't let on he knew. That same day the plot was revealed, I were down by the big pool hookin' in the trout in great shape an' makin' the most o' the chance when old Shadroe was snookin' off by himself—for he'd have put 'em all back fast as I'd ketch 'em if he knowed—when his darter galloped up screamin' an' tearin' her ravin' plumes.

"Quick, Ben, quick!" she shrieks, jerkin' my arm erbout as if it were a churn handle—jest when I had a whopper on the line, too.

"Is the bread burnin'?" asks I, realizin' it were somethin' real bad. But

she ony goes "Pa—Pa—Pa—," an' keeps it up as if she was an alarm clock at four in the mornin'.

Naturally thinkin' the old boy had fallen into the fire, I dropped the rod an' made a bee line for the tents, the gal close behind me. But everythin' 'peared snug an' quiet to me, an' the Professor was nowhere erbout.

"There he is—there—there!" an' she lays ahold o' my back hair an' yanks my head over so I got to look up.

"By gosh, that's him sure enough!" I admits. "Who put him there?" He was way out on the end o' a branch near the top o' a birch tree, sittin' astride.

"He was drove there," she wails. "Save him 'fore it's too late."

"Why don't he come down? I can't save him up there," says I, wonderin' more an' more.

Now Miss Rosey was a pretty husky gal, an' all at once 'fore I kin so much as argue with her she gits behind me an' runs me over to the foot o' the tree.

"Up yer go," says she, givin' me a boost an' up I clomb. The first part was plain shinnin', but after that it got easy as walkin' up stairs, an' 'fore long I reached the limb old Shadroe was ridin'. I stuck my head through the leaves an' there he were on the very tip, which was bendin' like a fishin' rod, an' rubbin' out farther every second.

"Mind the ground," I warns, "it's jest below yer," but he didn't so much as raise his eyes, an' went on starin' an' starin' at the limb in front o' his paws.

When I'd got pretty nigh an' was jest on the pint o' reachin' for him my fingers fell on somethin' soft an' mushy an' I seen a big fat green grub was walkin' out ahead o' me. "Scat," says I, shootin' it off with my thumb.

WELL, could yer believe it, but it were that little act that saved the Professor's life! Up he come like a monkey, fist over fist, squeezed past me so hard he all but shot me down an' threw his arms erbout the trunk as if it had been his grandma. I had to use the handle o' my sheath-knife to pry him loose, an' then not carin' to risk any more such goin's on chucked him over my shoulder an' toted him to the ground.

Miss Rosey carried on in a scandalous manner, smackin' first me an' then him an' hintin' that I'd done somethin' real big; an' jest as the rumpus was loudest up saunters Charlie Worttle with his hands in his pockets and a vile cigarette in his teeth.

"What's the picnic, Ben, old chap?" he squeaks.

"A thrillin' rescue," says I. "The Professor was treed by a 'furiated catopiller thirstin' for his blood."

"Where is a fat, green one with no clothes on?" he cries.

"I reckon it was, but yer can investigate for yerself. It's lyin' under the limb there."

The youngster pounces on it like an early bird and lifts it gently in his paw.

"Yes, yes, it's Zachariah!" says he tearful like.

Old Shadroe sidles off a piece farther. "Ah, a friend o' yours! I hope the poor little larva has come to no harm on my account."

"That cruel man shoved it off so hard it has clean bust its neck, sir," an' he shoots me a wink that shows me he ain't sech a dern fool after all.

"It was the varmint's neck or his," I growls. "You don't seem to have no sense o' gratitude."

"Desist, Mr. Niggs. I shall not have anyone casting aspersions on Mr. Worttle. He has profited by my teachin's beyond my fondest calations and has proved himself a son-in-law that any buggologist would be proud o' claimin'."

Of course Charlie had set the grub on the Professor's trail, as soon's he saw him go up the tree to visit a cat-bird, and he was no more acquainted with the insect then you be. But his future pa was so tickled over his chummin' up with somethin' he himself was scared ter death of that he forgave him his other awful failin's an' started right back for the settlements to see he got all that was comin' to him, in the shape o' the joyous Rosey.

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