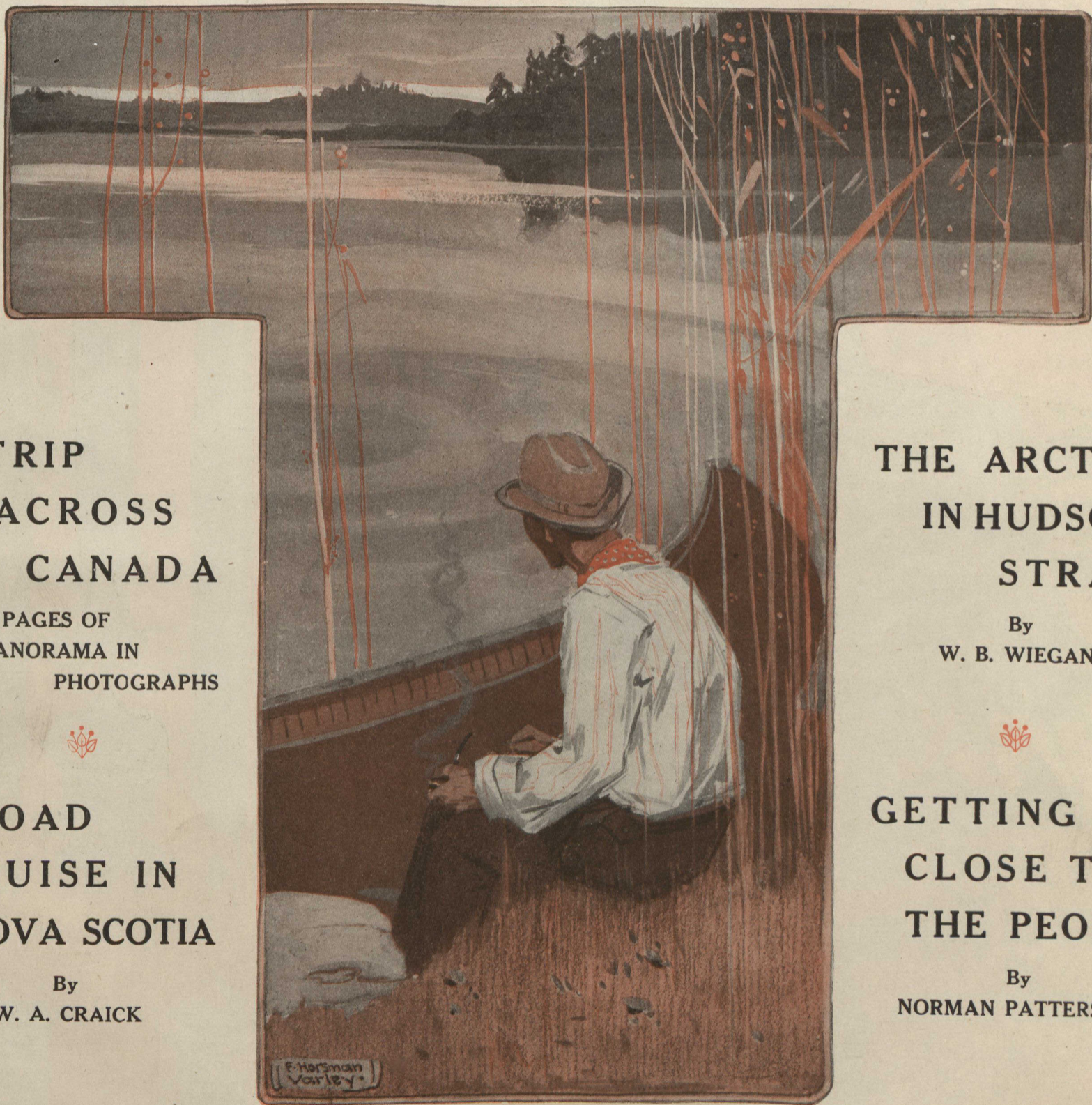


The Canadian  
**Courier**  
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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By  
 W. A. CRAICK

**THE ARCTIC  
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By  
 W. B. WIEGAND



**GETTING  
 CLOSE TO  
 THE PEOPLE**

By  
 NORMAN PATTERSON

**TOURIST NUMBER**

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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# CHAMPAGNE

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII

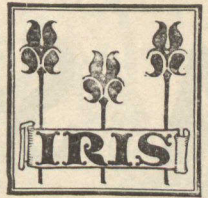
TORONTO

NO. 26

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# A Splendid Special Offer

## Plan Whereby Every Candidate in the Race Can Get a College Course or a Trip

**T**HERE is no change in the leadership in the contest this week. Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, has retained and considerably increased her lead with a gain of over 20,000 votes.

The big gains for the week have been made by the following: Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask., over 26,000; Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C., 25,000; Miss Esther Downey, Comox, B.C., over 20,000; Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont., over 10,000; Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S., over 12,000; and a number of very encouraging smaller gains.

Miss Esther Downey moves up into third place, while Miss Beatrice Booth advances from 60th position in the race to 12th place. This shows what a tremendous change can be brought about in a few days. Twenty new subscriptions would take any girl from the bottom of the list to a place among the very leaders in the race. If a dozen friends of any candidate should band together to give their friend a big advance they should do it by each securing only two or three new subscriptions, and the aggregate would perhaps place their candidate right at the top.

Almost every mail brings a number of packages of ballots from readers of The Canadian Courier, accompanied by a request that the votes be credited to some particular candidate in the contest. Other readers of The Canadian Courier have written asking when their subscription expires, so that they can take out a renewal and credit the 2,000 votes allowed for each renewal to some candidate.

Still others have sent in subscriptions which some friend or acquaintance has given them that the 2,500 votes allowed for new subscriptions be credited to a particular candidate.

In each case where there are any number of votes, notification is sent the candidate, and the latter deeply appreciate the thoughtfulness of The Canadian Courier readers in adding to their votes. **IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT TO FIND ANY SIMPLE LITTLE ACT WHICH CAN BRING MORE PLEASURE TO THE RECIPIENT THAN A NEW AND UNEXPECTED SUBSCRIPTION SENT IN FOR A CANDIDATE WHO IS WORKING SO DILIGENTLY TO WIN A COLLEGE COURSE.**

The awards in this contest are: A year in a leading ladies' college, either Alma college or some other college to be selected by the winners, or a trip to Europe, which will take in the Mediterranean, Italy, Switzerland, France and England. Most of the girls are working for the college education. Some are located in very sparsely settled districts, where the work is discouraging, and where no nearby educational facilities are available. One new yearly subscription from some friend of each present subscriber to The Canadian Courier would mean that every candidate in the list would be awarded the college course.

The Canadian Courier makes this proposition to its readers: If each present subscriber to The Canadian Courier will get just one friend or acquaintance to take out a new yearly subscription The Canadian Courier will award the college course or the trip to every candidate in the list without further work or risk on their part. It would be a very easy matter for every reader to interest only one friend. No one has such a limited circle of acquaintances that he or she cannot think of one friend

who would take a subscription to the National Weekly of Canada, providing that subscription meant a year in college for some splendid, deserving young woman.

In order to test this proposition the order blank below is published. If you are willing to assist the candidates in winning the college course, get some friend to give the subscription, and then forward it to the Contest Department, Canadian Courier, marking the votes to count for any candidate you may choose to assist. Even if you do not know any of the candidates personally, do not let that fact deter in this magnificent undertaking. Every candidate has been vouched for by the pastor of the church she attends, and is worthy of the college course. Why not pick out the candidate who resides nearest to your district and give the votes to her?

It is also a part of the offer that if one-half the readers of The Canadian Courier accept this offer that one-half the candidates will be rewarded, or if one-quarter of the readers comply, one-quarter will be given the awards. The candidates will be rewarded in exact proportion to the extent that this special offer is taken advantage of.

### SPECIAL OFFER FORM

TO THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN COURIER,  
TORONTO

Enclosed please find a new yearly subscription to The Canadian Courier.

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.....St. ....City.

.....Prov.

Credit the 2,500 votes to Miss .....

This subscription, secured by a present subscriber from a friend, is sent in under the condition that if each present subscriber to the "Canadian Courier" secures one new yearly subscription that the college course or the trip will be awarded to every candidate in the contest.

(Signed) .....  
Present Subscriber.

#### The standing follows:

Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont. ....	149,150
Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont. ....	119,250
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S. ....	101,500
Miss Esther Downey, Comox P.O., B.C. ....	97,100
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B. ....	92,200
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask. ....	66,600
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S. ....	57,600
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask. ....	52,850
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I. ....	47,400
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont. ....	43,600
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont. ....	42,100
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont. ....	36,750
Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C. ....	35,000
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	32,500
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	31,950
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C. ....	31,200
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont. ....	23,200
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man. ....	20,050
Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S. ....	19,700
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S. ....	19,150
Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont. ....	19,150
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que. ....	17,500
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont. ....	17,400
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto ....	17,150
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask. ....	16,600
Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S. ....	16,200
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B. ....	16,050
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	15,300
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto ....	15,000
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont. ....	14,650
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B. ....	13,750
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask. ....	13,700
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto ....	13,500
Miss Elizabeth Swallow, Edmonton, Alta. ....	13,250
Miss Etheline Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont. ....	12,850
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B. ....	12,800
Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man. ....	12,750
Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont. ....	12,700
Miss Mary Dorsey, Ottawa, Ont. ....	12,450
Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont. ....	12,250
Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont. ....	12,000
Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury ....	11,850
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que. ....	11,850

Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B. ....	11,600
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C. ....	11,500
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont. ....	11,500
Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal ....	11,450
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont. ....	11,400
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont. ....	11,150
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont. ....	11,000
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont. ....	10,950
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont. ....	10,950
Miss Emily Harett, Edmonton, Alta. ....	10,800
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	10,800
Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B. ....	10,800
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont. ....	10,750
Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont. ....	10,550
Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal ....	10,450
Miss Alice Guilford, Ottawa, Ont. ....	10,400
Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont. ....	10,400
Miss Kathleen Platt, Toronto ....	10,100
Miss Muriel Boulton, Quebec ....	10,100
Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont. ....	10,000

### Ballot No. 14

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

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**Editor's Talk**

CANADA has all the varieties of scenery in Europe on a scale measured by the extent of Siberia or South America. No other country, we believe, has so vast and prodigal a charm for the tourist and the observant traveler. After centuries of explorations and discoveries this country has still new lands for modern Robinson Crusoes. Railways and steamship routes and outpost travelers have opened up new territories with every conceivable variety of landscape charm and abounding with strange people—many of them transplanted from older countries to a tremendous new world.

The Tourist Number of the "Canadian Courier" is designed to give some faint pictorial description of this remarkable panorama of landscapes. It is merely an outline. But it suggests what has been so far merely sketched by the artist, more or less caught by the camera, and only casually delineated by the writer. We believe that this Tourist Number is the only attempt ever made to give such an outline view of all Canada in one issue. And it is possible only because we have accumulated a great variety of hitherto unpublished photographs.

\*\*\*

Some excellent articles on civic government will appear in June. Dr. J. O. Miller, principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, will contribute three articles on the municipal system of German cities. He will show how they get the same results from a mark as we in Canada get from a dollar, how a thousand German towns collect no taxes, and how some of them even pay a dividend. Other articles on this broad subject will appear from time to time during the year.



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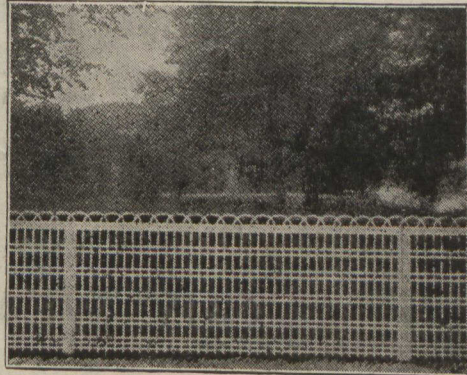
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The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*



Vol. XIII

May 31, 1913

No. 26

# Getting Close to the People

By **NORMAN PATTERSON**

**A** WIDE gulf separates the methods of the Conservative party from those of the Liberal party. The difference was well illustrated by the two recent visits made by Borden and Laurier to Toronto. Sir Wilfrid came up from Ottawa and had a meeting; Mr. Borden came up and had a demonstration.

Sir Wilfrid spent the day at the Ontario Club meeting the men high and mighty in the party, and the wives of the aforesaid. There were black coats, silk hats and imported gowns aplenty. In the evening he drove decorously over to a decorous gathering, as properly as the Governor-General did in the days when Major Maude managed Rideau Hall and its patronage.

Premier Borden spent the day quietly at Sir Edmund Osler's residence. The Albany Club saw him not. The frock-coated members of the Conservative party were ignored and so were their wives. He was waiting, for other friends, and at 6.30 p.m. he went out to meet them. They had had just an hour and a half to go home and wash their hands and take off their overalls. By 6.30, they were marching past him four-deep and he was doffing his hat and smiling upon them. Having reviewed some three thousand of them with their banners and floats, his carriage fell in behind and headed for the Arena. Along the way, there were thousands upon thousands of them lining the sidewalks—errand-boys, shop-girls, dry-goods clerks, mechanics, with their wives, sweethearts and young men. More hat-doffing, more smiles. By 8.15 the procession was all within the great building and the Premier started for the platform—grand demonstration—wonderful—inspiring.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was received by a few hundreds in the day-time and by seven thousand at night. Mr. Borden was greeted by a half dozen during the day, and by twenty-five thousand at night. There you have the difference—a difference in method, a difference in mental attitude, and a difference in result—perhaps.

**H**AD the fire-alarm rung at this point and had the meeting ended just after those first cheers, the Borden demonstration would have been a success. Happily the fire-alarm was not requisitioned. The chairman silenced the band, quelled the ten thousand flag-wavers, and began the talking. Sir James Whitney followed with what was intended to be an ice-breaker, but was really the opposite. Then came the Big Chief. The applause was terrific and long sustained. "The Maple Leaf" and "Rule Britannia." Then the Premier got his opportunity.

What Mr. Borden said has been told in all the daily papers. It was a defence of his policy of immediate and effective aid to the navy. The audience listened attentively, though hearing was difficult for some people. But this was a mere trifle. They knew that what he was saying was right, for was he not the Big Chief, the Field-Marshal, the King by Divine Right? When he mentioned the "Empire" they cheered and waved their flags if they heard him—because the Empire belongs to the Conservative party and so does the Union Jack. For more than a century it has been theirs—therefore let us cheer. Finally, the peroration—read from a manuscript, and the great speech was ended amid again tremendous applause. On the whole, it was a masterly performance, by a man whose sincerity always appeals. In places it was brilliant. Throughout it was intensely British and Imperial

**T**HEN came Pelletier—the once-Nationalist. A thousand or two who could not hear Mr. Borden and who were hungry and tired got up and went

out. Those who stayed were soon listening intently. Here was an orator—an actor—a man who understood declamation—a man who waited properly at the proper time for the applause which he demanded and got. In five minutes he was master of the audience and for nearly half an hour they swung and swayed and laughed and cheered at his sweet will. His French accent charmed them. His sallies pleased them. His clear-cut statements convinced them. And three times they said "Go on" before he finally satisfied them.

Of all the French-Canadian orators, only two are known to Torontonians favourably, Pelletier and Laurier. And Tory, Orange Toronto likes them well and listens with pleasure. They can put their feet on the mantel-shelf and make themselves at home any old time they wish. And when Pelletier concluded, the audience was assured that "the unholy alliance" of Conservatives and Nationalists was a figment of the imagination, a cloak to cover the subterfuges of designing Liberal politicians.

\*\*\*

**L**ASTLY came Hazen, the unknown. As he rose, several thousand more left the hall and before he concluded scarcely one-half of the audience

remained. But the Minister of Marine spoke well. He did not arouse the audience as Graham and Red Michael did a fortnight previous, but it was a different audience and the two Liberal orators have no peers in the Big Chief's Band. Hazen is big and handsome, but he is no cowboy in a frock-coat, to borrow the expression of an Ottawa correspondent.

There were those who sighed for one George Eulas Foster. Had he been on that platform, itching for an opportunity to pour his cassiusian oratory upon that gathering, there had been fewer empty seats, and the night cars had done a larger cash business. Perhaps Bennett, of Calgary, or Meighen, of Portage, might have stayed the throng—but Foster is over the unguarded, unpatrolled Pacific and Bennett and Meighen were side-tracked.

Mr. Hazen went on amid the unrest and made his arguments. His misfortune stayed not his flow of oratory, nor dimmed his courage. Those who heard him said, "a fine speech," and made a note to read it in the morning paper.

Finally, the National Anthem, which gave those two great loyalists, Mr. Borden and Sir James Whitney, a chance to put on their top coats, and the chairman an opportunity to stand stiffly at attention as a Sam Hughes soldier is wont to do.

\*\*\*

**N**O, not finally. Outside was a great crowd of torch-bearers, ready to escort the Big Chief to the train. Had these men been bare-chested and black-faced and had they borne assegais instead of coal-oil torches, the scene might have reminded one of the discipline and fidelity of a Zulu army under Cetewayo. But at least there was discipline and fidelity. Up the long street they marched bravely and at the North Toronto Station they refused to leave until the train had got under way—at midnight.

\*\*\*

**T**HAT is what I would term a real demonstration. The Liberals of Toronto or any other city could not put on anything like it. The Conservatives of no other city—and all Canadian cities are Conservative—could equal it. Whatever else the Toronto Tories know or don't know, they know how to get close to the people, the real people; and how to secure and maintain their allegiance.

Those who try to reason with the real people of this or any other country make a mistake. That is the least of political artifices. Mr. Borden is surrounded by men who know better methods than dosing with cold logic. They also know that in the political game a demonstration is several times more effective than a mere political meeting.

\*\*\*

**A**ND over all hovered a great spirit. You remember how Maeterlinck makes the Fairy say to the Children regarding their grandparents:

"How can they be dead when they live in your memory? Men do not know this secret, because they know so little; whereas you, thanks to the diamond, are about to see that the dead who are remembered live as happily as though they were not dead."

Sir John A. Macdonald is not dead, because he lives in the memory of every true Tory. Sir James Whitney and Mr. Borden and Mr. Pelletier all believe that, and therefore they talked about him as if he were with them, guiding and inspiring them. They may not have been reading "The Blue Bird" recently, but they have the same philosophy as Maeterlinck. The Great Chief was invoked to help the work of the Big Chief. The Elements may try to fight against them—but if so it will be the worse for the Elements, and also for the Dog and the Cat.



"The Senate may have outlived its Usefulness."

# ACROSS CANADA

Coast to Coast in a Land of Tremendous Panoramas

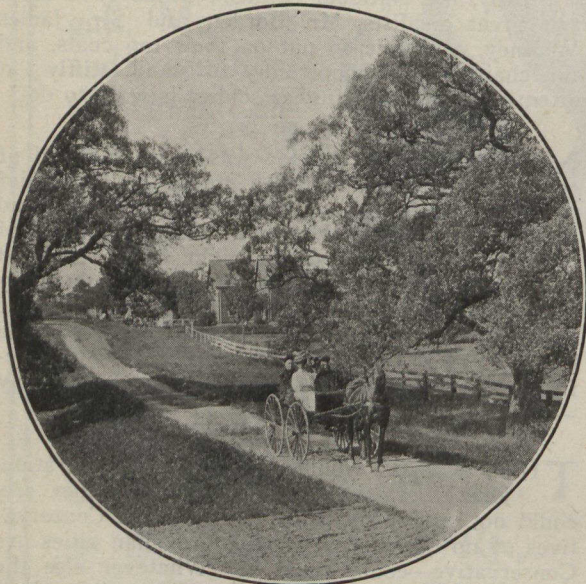
*From the Home of the Digby Willow to the Haunt of the Douglas Fir; a New Tourist World of Great Rivers, Quaint Villages, Bustling Cities, Shady Nooks, Fishing Haunts, Rocky Woodlands, Immense Prairies, Sublime Mountains and Enchanted Islands*



Old Yarmouth Harbour, Drowsy with Dream-haunted Landscapes and Bustling with Steamers That Ply up from Boston.

## A Road Cruise in Nova Scotia By W. A. CRAICK

*Splendid Roads, Rustic Scenery, Marvelous Seascapes and Quiet Villages*



The Grand Old Willows of Digby.



The American Tourist Admits That the Annapolis Valley is —"Marvellous!"

THESE are sections of Canada's easternmost province which afford exceptionally attractive features for the motorist. In the excellence of their roads and the beauty of their scenery, such counties as Yarmouth, Digby and Annapolis, at the western extremity of the peninsula, and Pictou, Colchester and Cumberland in the centre, are the equal of any other parts of Canada east of the Rockies. These districts are being visited each summer by an increasing number of tourists, who come principally from the New England States, while the Nova Scotians themselves are indulging in the joys of motoring to an ever greater extent.

Usually access to the western portion of Nova Scotia is obtained by means of the daily line of steamers which ply between Boston and Yarmouth, aboard which it is possible to make satisfactory arrangements for the conveyance of automobiles. The trip consumes about seventeen hours, the vessels sailing from Boston at two in the afternoon, arriving in Yarmouth about seven in the morning.

YARMOUTH is still one of the most interesting places on the Atlantic, as it was once one of the most prosperous. Viewed from the deck of the steamer, as, having passed Cape Forchu it threads its way slowly up the harbour to its dock, the place presents quite an imposing appearance. It is spread out for a considerable distance along gently sloping ground, and what with its church towers and the masts of the shipping, it seems a much larger city than it really is. There is still a good deal of business transacted in its warehouses, still a large volume of merchandise handled over its docks, but the palmy days of the sixties and seventies, when more shipping tonnage per capita was owned in Yarmouth than in any other port in the world, are long since over.

The town's pre-eminence to-day does not rest in its shipping, but in the number of automobiles possessed by its inhabitants. It is probable that more motors are owned in Yarmouth for its size than in any other Canadian town. This circumstance is due in large measure to the excellence of the roads which radiate from it, affording splendid opportunities for trips both long and short. Two conditions tend to keep the roads of the surrounding country in good shape. One of these is the character of the material used which gives a smooth, hard surface. The other is the amount of dampness in the atmosphere which prevents an accumulation of dust and thereby preserves the solidity of the top surface.

While there are many interesting routes leading from the town, all of which are well worth investigating, the favourite road will always be that extending to Digby, Annapolis and so on through the Land of Evangeline to Halifax. This is, generally speaking, the route of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, but travellers by rail lose much of the beauty of the country by reason of the fact that the track strikes inland much of the way, while the highway follows the coast and is in full view of the sea as far as Digby.

Leaving Yarmouth in the morning after the arrival of the Boston steamer, one passes up its long main street as far as the lower end of a small chain of lakes, where the road divides. Two main routes are now available for the first stage of the journey. One may continue straight ahead following the right bank of the lakes or, skirting to the left and ascending a hill from which a splendid view of the town, the harbour and the distant sea may be had, proceed by a route which presently comes out on the coast itself.

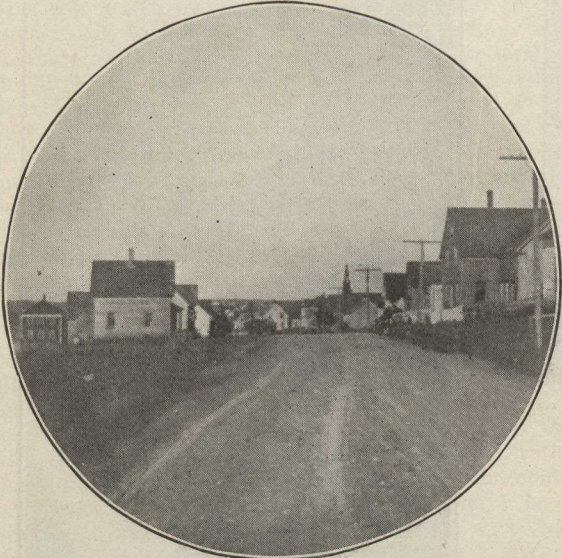
The first road, after passing the Milton Lakes, reaches the village of Hebron at their head. From the high ground here another beautiful view is to be enjoyed down the valley of the little lakes towards the distant spires of Yarmouth and the blue sea beyond. While it is true that the Nova Scotian coast is subject to considerable fog and dampness, dull days and cloudy skies, it is equally true that the intervals of fine weather are exceptionally enjoyable. It is as if the landscape were being perpetually washed and polished by nature, so that on a clear day the outline and colouring of every object on land and sea is as near perfection as it is possible to conceive it.

THE road now cuts across country towards the fishing village of Port Maitland. It follows no air line, but twists and turns, rises and falls, runs through woods and beside fields, swings past little azure lakes and crosses small streams. There are numerous farm houses along the route, immaculate in clean paint, with white-washed barns, well-trimmed lawns and flower-beds. It is usual to see crimson ramblers trained over the doorways, which bloom profusely in season and lend an added charm to the picture. Of fields and pastures, such as one sees stretching along the roads in Ontario, there is little sign, for the country is rugged and stony, and such cultivation as is carried on is of limited extent.

Port Maitland, a clean, white village straggling down a long slope to a glorious sand beach, is right



on the open sea. A summer hotel attracts a certain number of tourists here each season, and it is rare that one or more motors are not to be seen before its door. It is a fishing village, and a small harbour has been built about the mouth of a tiny stream that trickles down to the sea. The houses of the villagers are neat and well-kept, indicating



On the Road from Yarmouth to Digby, Many Such Fishermen's Cottages as These.

the prosperous conditions among their owners.

From Port Maitland almost to Digby, the road is in full view of the water, first overlooking the unbroken expanse of the Bay of Fundy and then sighting the more contracted waters of St. Mary's Bay with the long, high shore line of Digby Neck beyond. As one's car whirls along the smooth surface of the shore road, the prospect affords a constant succession of interesting features. There is first the astonishing continuity of human habitation. All along the landward side of the road are a succession of cottages, now assembled in villages, now straggling apart, but never out of sight of each other. They are the homes of the Acadian fishermen, of whom there is a large population in Yarmouth county.

Village succeeds village; harbour follows harbour. Here the road dips to cross a stream; here it swings inland to avoid a valley. For the most part it is running on a high level, from which the land drops off to the sea. At Church Point one pauses to view the big church and the neighbouring college buildings. The college, a large, Catholic institution, has degree-conferring powers and ranks as one of the universities of the province. It looks rather pathetic, standing there in its loneliness on a somewhat bare, bleak portion of the coast, but it doubtless plays an important part in the lives of the Catholic peasants of western Nova Scotia.

ON the landward side of the road, back of the narrow fringe of settlement, population is sparse and the country wild and inhospitable. A

few miles inland the railway traverses a rough, wooded district, in which some lumbering is carried on, but beyond that there is little development. Only along the shore, where fishing is vigorously prosecuted, is there much indication of activity.

After passing Church Point, the road presently leaves the coast and curves inland in order to cross the valley of the Sissiboo River at Weymouth. A fair prospect unfolds as the car emerges at the top of the valley. Below, the village spreads out in picturesque fashion on either side of the river, which flows through a broad, deep valley. A high trestle carries the railway across, while the road curves down among the houses and passes over on a smaller bridge. If the journey from Yarmouth has been made in leisurely fashion, it will be time to stop here for luncheon. Otherwise the run may be continued to Digby, which is not many miles distant and where there is greater variety of accommodation.

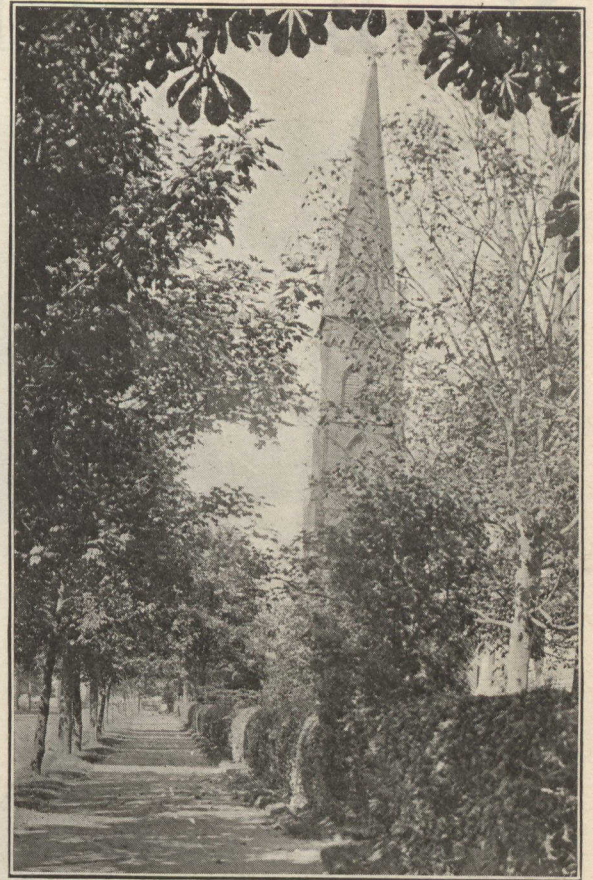
Out of Weymouth comes one of the choicest stretches of road on the whole run. It follows the right bank of the Sissiboo almost to its mouth, running along on a high level, well shaded by trees and overlooking the broad expanse of water, which soon broadens out into St. Mary's Bay. The road then curves parallel to the shore of the Bay once more and continues in a fairly straight line towards Digby.

THE character of the country now begins to change. The landscape bears a more hospitable appearance; the soil is richer and the farms look more prosperous. There are occasional orchards. In fact the rugged country of the fishermen is past and the beginning of the fruitful valleys of the province is at hand. If so be that the tide is out, the distant shore of the Bay discloses red clay, a sure sign that the soil possesses good agricultural possibilities.

Presently St. Mary's Bay narrows towards its head, and the high ground, which imposes a barrier between it and Digby Basin closes in. It takes but a short time to traverse the height of land and come within sight of this superb stretch of water. Entered through a narrow channel between high promontories, Digby Basin is undoubtedly one of the finest harbours in the world. Even blase globe-trotters will breathe a little quicker as they first look on its broad land-locked expanse.

The town of Digby, sheltered under the high ground at the western end of the Basin, has become a very popular summer resort, and its numerous hotels, the Pines, the Manhattan, the Myrtle, etc., are patronized each summer by large numbers of American tourists. This is its main distinction, though fishing is also carried on extensively by some of its inhabitants. To reach the town, the traveller by motor must leave the main Halifax road and turn to the left, but a system of sign-posts will prevent any mistake.

From Digby on to Annapolis the trip is one of great beauty and attractiveness. The road is excellent for the most part. The country is well populated and there are several very charming



English Enough as You Pass It. A Hedge-rowed Street in Yarmouth.

prospects on the way. Returning to the main road after visiting Digby, it is found that the highway follows the shore of Digby Basin, now retreating inland to escape an indentation, now climbing up to round a promontory and all the time playing hide-and-seek with the railway track, which runs along in the same direction. Deep river valleys, crossed by long bridges, interpose charming variations in the route and provide the motorist with opportunities for testing the coasting and hill-climbing capabilities of his car.

Nor is this portion of the journey without its historical interest. Digby Basin was the scene of many important incidents in the history of this section of Canada. It witnessed the establishment of Port Royal, now Annapolis Royal, early in the seventeenth century, by the Sieur de Monts and Champlain, and saw the country pass back and forth from French to English and from English to French during many years. Anyone to whom the stirring events of the past appeal will derive much satisfaction from a visit to this historic ground.

ON a jutting neck of land commanding the upper stretches of the Basin stands the famous old (Concluded on page 28.)



Silver Poplars and Pretty Women. The North River on Prince Edward Island.

## Picturesque Prince Edward

### Random Remarks for the Tourist

THE total area of Prince Edward Island is 1,400,000 acres. A good motor car could travel round it in three days; and the occupants would see more cultivated land to the square mile than in most of England. The population of the Island is 93,728; just about equal to that of the other Island—several times as big as the western outpost of Canada. Prince Edward raises the best oats in Canada, some of the best potatoes, excellent fruit, and a great deal of hay. But in 1913 the black fox industry of the Island is worth millions of dollars; and the first commercial fox-raising in Canada was established there by two farmers, Dalton, of Tignish, and Oulton, of Alberton. A good percentage of the 50,000,000 lobsters taken every year from Eastern Canada waters comes from the traps of Prince Edward. Oysters are even more celebrated. The oyster beds in Richmond Bay alone cover 30,000 acres.

Prince Edward has splendid scenery, a seductive climate and a contented, prosperous people, with the lowest cost of living anywhere in civilized Canada. The capital is Charlottetown, as prettily characteristic a town as many of the famous towns of England. The Government is Liberal. The Premier, Hon. J. A. Matheson, is a popular, patriotic and able man, and a member of the committee on fisheries, game and fur-bearing animals in the Commission of Conservation. The only real grievance in Prince Edward is that she has never been able to get a tunnel to the main land.

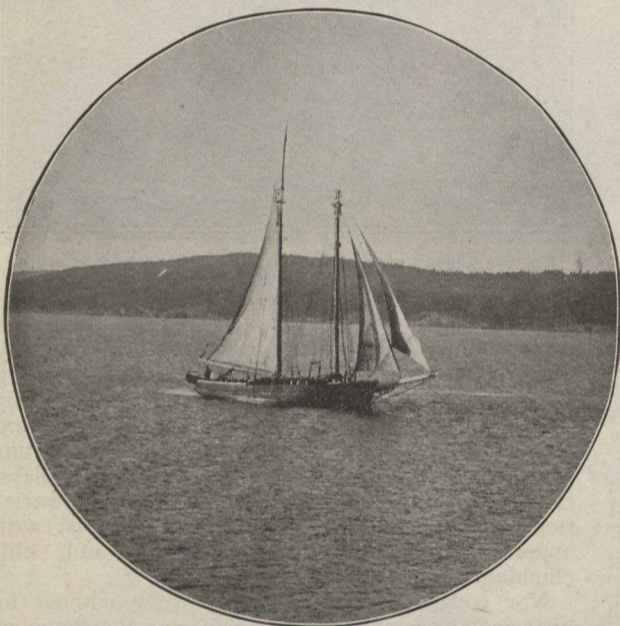


Lobsters and Easy-going men; a Hatchery on the Island.

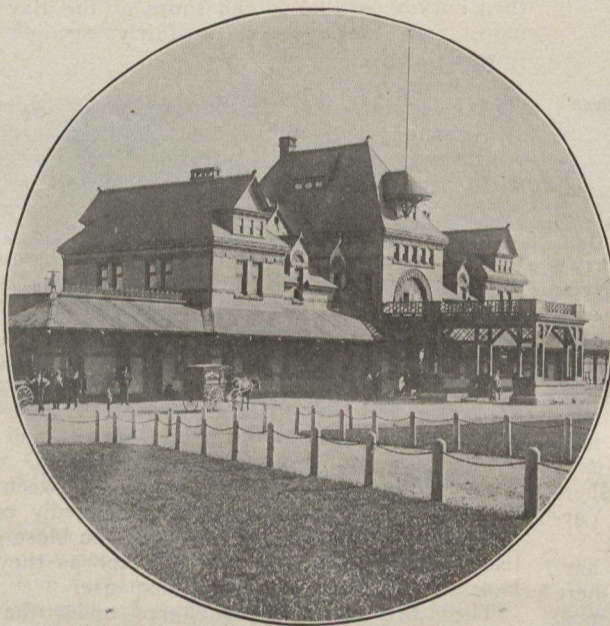
# New Brunswick Has Tourist Charms



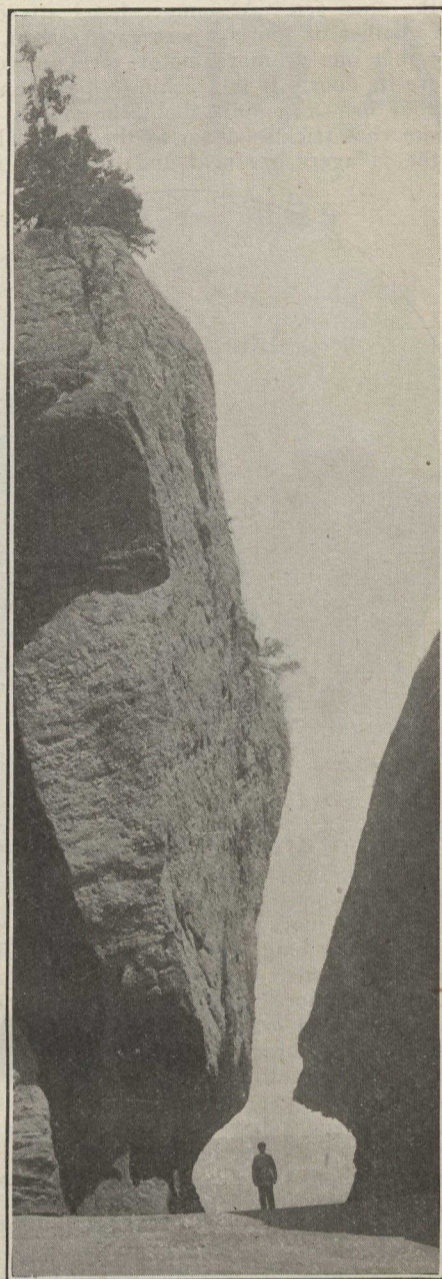
A Famous Resort of Wealth and Fashion is the C.P.R. Algonquin Hotel at St. Andrew's by the Sea.



Off the Coast at Hopewell Cape.



Intercolonial Station at Moncton.



MAN AND SUPERMAN  
Rocks at Hopewell Cape, N.B.

## The Arctic in Hudson Strait

*How Ships Fare in the Ice Floes of the Near North*

By W. B. WIEGAND

**N**OW that the government has committed itself definitely to the establishment of a port or ports in Hudson Bay, has already made considerable progress in the hydrographic and magnetic survey of both Bay and Strait, and has even sent up buoys and other aids to navigation preliminary to the opening up of a trade route, it becomes a matter of some interest to the general public to know something at least

of the conditions under which navigation in that region will have to be carried on. That these conditions differ markedly from those attending navigation by the regular trans-Atlantic routes does not appear to be generally recognized.

Probably the most interesting, certainly the most important, of these new conditions is the presence of *field ice*. By field ice is meant cakes or pans of ice from four to forty feet in thickness and from a few feet to half a mile or more, in diameter. Enormous fields, or areas, of this ice are common enough phenomena, as well along the Labrador coast as in Hudson Strait and Bay, during almost every month of the year. The importance to the navigator of this state of affairs can hardly be over-estimated. Unless he be provided with a vessel especially designed and reinforced for this work, he will require to exercise the utmost caution even in passing through "slack" ice, and if by any one of a number of causes the ice should "tighten" he will be in imminent danger of destruction. It will be well, therefore, to consider briefly the origin and movements of the field ice in the region of Hudson Bay and Strait, in order that some estimate may be formed both of the possibilities and of the limitations to the future navigator.

**I**T has already been intimated that ice floes may vary greatly in thickness. This is due to the fact that the field ice commonly encountered in Hudson Strait is of two distinct varieties. The first, often called "ordinary" field ice, is the product of a single winter and is found along the shores of Hudson Bay and in the Strait. Its thickness rarely reaches ten feet. The second, known as "old" ice, may be formed by the piling up, or "rafting," by gales, of ordinary ice, or it may be the product of

several winters' freezing and be blown down into the Bay and Strait from Fox Channel. This ice is often discoloured, is hummocky, and may attain a thickness of fifty feet.

The movements of field ice, as also its tightness or slackness, may be attributed to the action either



The Steamship Arctic Coaling Up for a Long Voyage to the Land of No Coal.



This Eskimo Aboard the Arctic Would be More at Home in His Native Kyak Spearing a Walrus.

of wind, or current, or of both combined. It is in fact extraordinarily sensitive to these two agents. A pack of ice, for example, which when viewed from the crow's nest extends on all sides to the horizon, and which is so tightly run together as completely to block any advance, may in the course of a few hours, owing to a turn of tide, run abroad sufficiently to allow of the ship's proceeding with scarcely any delay. Hudson Strait is unfortunately the home of tidal currents and races which while nearly always rapid are so uncertain both as to set and velocity as to render difficult if not impossible any precise determination of general ice movements. This, however, is certain that along the north shore of the Strait there are extremely rapid tidal currents which, judging by the observed motion of ice-bergs, show a resultant set to westward. On the south shore, on the other hand, the resultant set of the tidal currents is to the eastward. As is quite to be expected, when the Strait is completely covered by field ice the latter is found to be slackest in mid-channel, since there the current is least. The disposition of the ice when the Strait is not completely covered, and therefore also the direction of its motion, depends largely upon the prevailing winds—the ice being found on the south or north shore according as the winds have been northerly or southerly. The well-known fact that the field ice as a whole has a resultant eastward drift and ultimately finds its way into the Atlantic, may therefore be readily ascribed to the marked preponderance, in that region, of northerly winds.

TO these currents in the Strait itself must be added another, the *Arctic* current—of prime importance in the discussion of ice movements. This current, which sweeps continually across the eastern entrance to the Strait with a southerly set of about a mile an hour, carries with it during the summer months enormous quantities of pack ice, as well as ice-bergs, which it draws for the most part from Davis Strait, but which may be considerably augmented by the east Greenland pack—the latter sweeping round Cape Farewell up the southwestern shore of Greenland and then joining the Baffins Bay ice which is carried south by the Arctic current.

The presence during June and July of the Arctic field ice off the entrance to Hudson Strait, adds very materially to the complexity of the ice movements in the Strait itself. Owing, namely, to the prevalence in that neighbourhood of eddies and tidal races there are nearly always present between the Button Islands and Resolution Island large areas of this Arctic current ice. If an easterly gale has been blowing this condition is greatly aggravated, and the ice may be tightly run together for thirty or forty miles off the entrance. The significance to navigation of this state of affairs lies not only in the danger of a vessel's being crushed by the rafting and impact of this heavy ice, but also in its effect upon the field ice in the Strait itself. This effect consists in the *blocking up* of the only exit for the ice which was formed in Hudson Bay and Strait, and which would otherwise have been clear of the Strait in June or July. The Strait is in consequence bottled up, as it were, and the date at which navigation becomes feasible proportionately delayed.

THIS date, indeed, cannot be fixed with precision. The conditions by which it is determined—prevailing winds, severity of the preceding winter, extent of the Davis Strait ice, etc.—are all variable and cannot be predicted with even approximate accuracy. As a general rule it may be assumed that the Strait will not be even moderately free from ice until early in August. Steamers, it is true, have pushed through the Strait early in July, but the delays in most cases have been so serious as to render a passage at this time unprofitable if not dangerous.

The experience of the *Arctic* during the summer of 1912 may be referred to in illustration of this point. Arriving off the Button Islands on the fifteenth of July she was immediately beset in heavy field ice. A slacking of the ice at turn of tide enabled her commander to push on a short distance into the Strait, but pack ice was again met in large quantity and it was only at rare intervals that the ship could be worked to westward. This condition prevailed right to the western entrance of the Strait, where she arrived on July 28th—having taken nearly a fortnight to cover a distance which would have been an easy two days' run on open water.

Nevertheless, during July, which is the warmest month in the year, the ice melts rapidly and by the middle of August has as a rule nearly all disappeared. That this disappearance is not by any means certain, however, may be made clear by a

few examples. In August, 1884, the *Neptune*, a steamer especially reinforced for ice work, was passing through Hudson Strait. Lieut. A. R. Gordon, who was in command, states in his official report that he met field ice on the eleventh, off the Lower Savage Islands, and from that date to the end of August was working his way toward Nottingham Island at the western end of the Strait through heavy field ice. This ice, he adds, would have compelled an iron freighter to go dead slow. On arriving at the island he found the ice quite impassable. Looking from the top of a high hill he could see nothing but a vast ice field extending in every direction. This he found to be from fifteen to forty feet in thickness. On attempting to work through it he broke the propeller of his ship and was forced to wait until the ice slackened before continuing his voyage. This was the condition of the Strait on August 30th, the time of the year when navigation in Hudson Strait is to be regarded as least dangerous. Ice such as this would, of course, be disastrous to an iron ship built on the lines of a modern freighter.

Again, in 1885, Lieut. Gordon fared no better. Meeting the ice at the western entrance to the Strait he drifted about helpless from June 15th to July 6th, the ice on one occasion jamming so tightly as to break the iron stem-plate of his ship, with the result that when set free he was compelled to put back to St. John's for repairs. Returning on August 4th he found the Strait still full of ice, and had barely passed the entrance when he was beset and unable to make any advance. This continued from August 5th to August 11th, after which he was able to work his way to Ashe Inlet. On approaching the inlet, however, he again broke the propeller, and although this was repaired in a few hours he was held hard and fast in the ice from the 12th to the 21st of August, and finally gave up the attempt to enter the inlet. Here again it should be noted that navigation, in August, was practically impossible for a wooden steam ship built especially for ice work. What it would have been to an iron freighter, which is, of course, vastly inferior for this work, it is left to the reader to imagine.

These examples are of interest by way of illustrating the uncertainty of ice conditions in Hudson Strait, and more particularly of showing that the month of August, albeit in lesser degree than that of July, must be regarded as by no means exempt from dangers and delays to navigation.

IN September the ice conditions in Hudson Strait are as a rule decidedly less discouraging than those in July and August. The Straits and Bay ice can in general be expected to have nearly all disappeared—the presence of ice-bergs having always, of course, to be counted upon. Nevertheless, even in this month heavy "old" ice has been encountered at the western end of the Strait, Lieut. Gordon, for example, meeting loose ice in large quantity on September 7th, 1886. For the explanation of the presence of this ice we must turn for a moment to the consideration of the conditions obtaining in Fox Channel. Here the ice attains a much greater thickness than does the Strait and Bay ice, this being due, of course, to the additions of successive winters. Each summer some of this ice drifts southward, and can at almost all times be observed in greater or less quantities in or near the western end of the Strait. It usually begins to come down in force some time in September or October, being driven by the northerly and north-westerly gales which at that time become very frequent in the region of Hudson Strait. It is this ice which may be encountered early in September and which, in fact, has been met in large quantity as far east as Ashe Inlet during the month of August.

Not being the product of a single winter like that which forms in Hudson Bay and Strait and



FAR FROM THE BEATEN TRACKS OF TRAVEL.  
Moravian Mission Village at Port Burwell, Ungava.



STEAMSHIP STANLEY IN SLACK ICE.  
Until Ice Conditions Are Better Understood Steamship Tourist Traffic in Hudson Strait Will Not be Heavy.

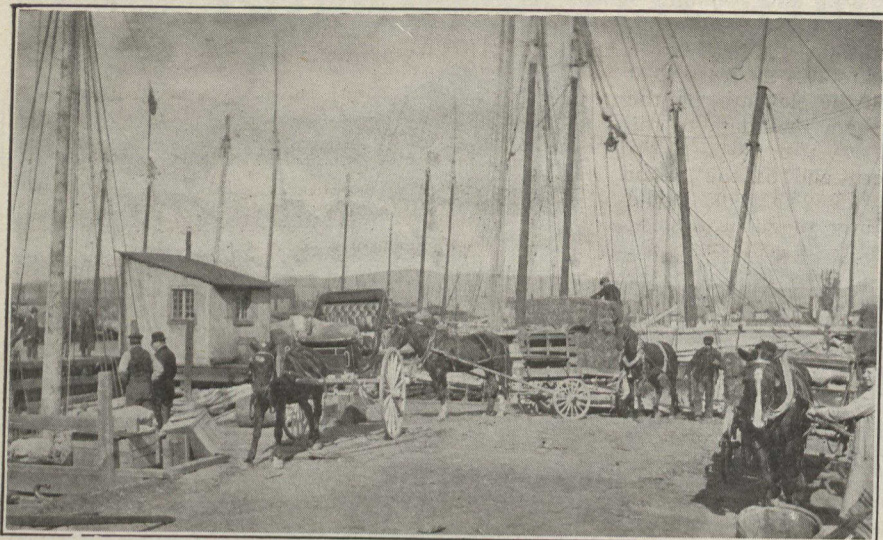
which under ordinary circumstances presents no serious dangers to a reinforced vessel, this ice is made up of huge floes sometimes half a mile in diameter and ranging from ten to forty feet in thickness. It goes without saying that this ice offers at all times grave perils to navigation; the tidal currents off the Digges Islands, especially if combined with the northerly gales which prevail during the autumn months, rendering inevitable the tightening up and even rafting of the pans, with consequences disastrous to any vessel, no matter how strongly constructed, which is built on the lines of a modern freighter. The only type of vessel, in fact, which might be expected to survive being nipped by this ice would be one like the *Arctic*, the under-water lines of which are such as to transmit a lateral thrust upwards and thus to cause the ship to be lifted bodily out of the water.

Although even in September there is the probability of incursions of Fox Channel ice, it is more especially in October that this danger becomes imminent. To the risk of being crushed in the manner just described there is added a new danger—the likelihood of being *frozen in*. The mean temperature in October is considerably below the freezing point of salt water and in consequence young ice is constantly being formed. While this in itself offers no serious obstacles to a powerful steamer there is always the probability that the heavy Fox Channel ice will be cemented together by the formation of new ice between the pans. When thus rendered rigid by this natural cement the field is quite impassable, even by the most powerful ice-

(Concluded on page 21.)



WHERE MAN IS BUT A CASUAL DECORATION ON THE GREAT FACE OF NATURE.  
Indian Hunters at Fort Churchill, One of the Possible Terminals for a Railway to Hudson's Bay. The Peculiar Head-cloths Are Veils to Screen Off Black Flies and Mosquitoes.



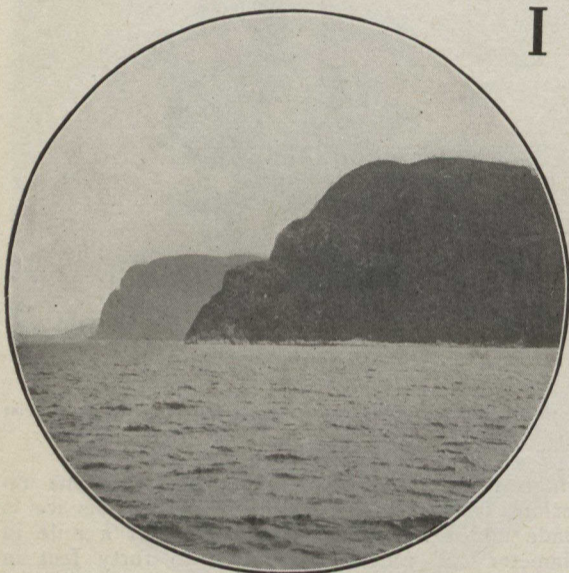
Lazy Market Schooners at the River Docks of Old Quebec.



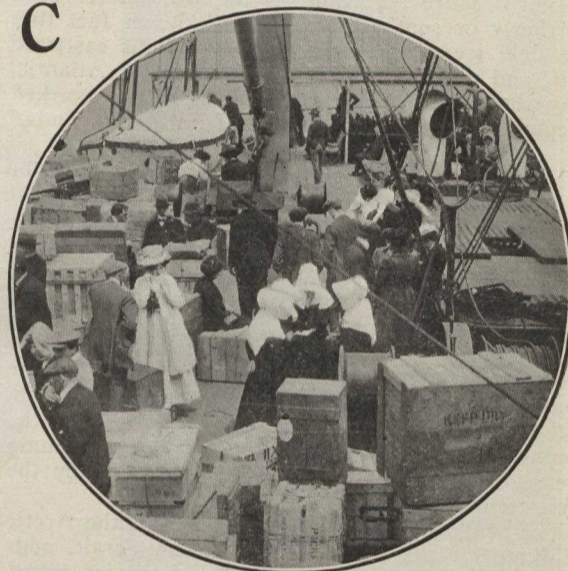
Quebec Timber for a 4,000-mile Drift to Manchester.

## IN OLD QUEBEC AND BEYOND

QUEBEC has been a world resort for tourists since the days of Champlain. The traveller in the St. Lawrence Valley sees enough to convince him that Canada is a land not merely of "magnificent distances," but of magnificent sight-seeing. The Maritime Provinces are the front door. Quebec is the vestibule. There is none other like it. Behind the St. Lawrence the blue mountains, the solitudes of Saguenay and the wilds of Ungava. Blase Englishmen, who have travelled on all the seas, keep their field-glasses trained on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It is the thousand-mile highway of history and of war, of commerce and scenery. And the foreigner who reaches the prairie by the St. Lawrence route—will he ever forget Quebec?



THE SPLENDID AND SOMBRE SAGUENAY.  
One of the Finest Tourist Rivers in America.



UNLOADING BAGGAGE AT QUEBEC.  
The Incoming Tourist's First Real Excitement.

## BY-WAY HAUNTS IN ONTARIO

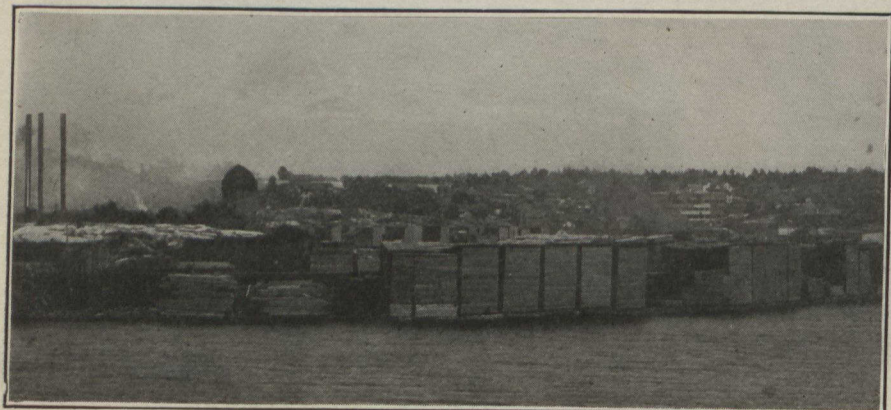
LEAVING Montreal by train, travelling northwest through Ottawa to Kenora as fast as modern rail-ways can carry him, the tourist spends about thirty-six hours in Ontario. If he goes from Toronto to Sarnia or Owen Sound, thence by lake steamer to Port Arthur and on by train again to the borders of Manitoba, he is more than two days—still in the Province of Ontario. Or he may go from Windsor to Moose Factory by the fastest routes available, and spend most of a week getting to the northward limit. Ontario is a wonderful land. Its scenery contains everything except real mountains—though some of her great rock hills would be counted as mountains in Europe.



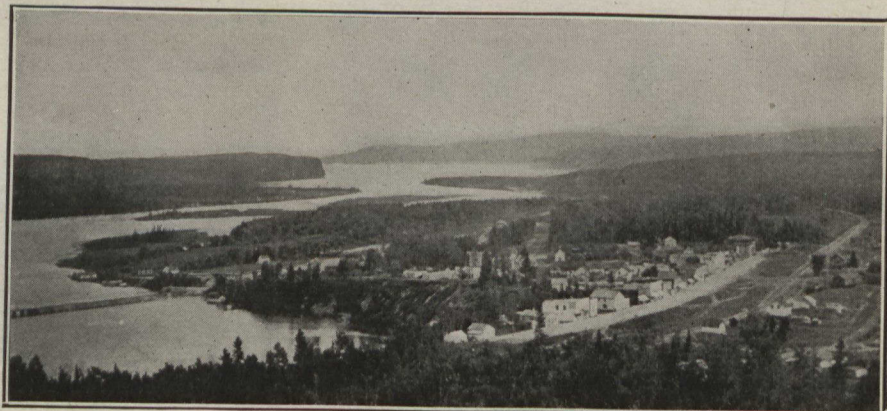
A Woodland Glimpse of the Chateau Laurier.



"Fry'm good and crisp, Dad."



Not Long Since Parry Sound Began to Eat Up the Trees in Northern Ontario.



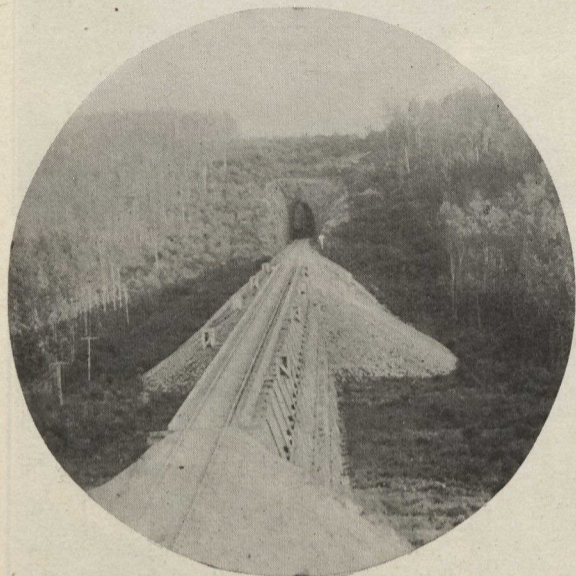
The Best Trout Fishing in America is Up at Nepigon.

# On to the West

**M**USKOKA has long been famous all over America. It was somewhat rediscovered by wealthy American tourists attracted by good fishing, big game, splendid scenery and grand summer weather. It is the Highlands of Ontario. Algonquin Park is its most celebrated national preserve and has become not only a summer but a winter resort. Nominigan Camp, on Smoke Lake, illustrated on this page, is the beginning of a new enterprise for accommodating



A Log Camp Hotel, "Nominigan Camp" (Ojibway for "Balsam"), in Algonquin Park, Ontario.



A NEW ROAD FOR TOURIST TRAVEL.  
Lake Superior Branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific, Fifty Miles North of Fort William.



A Tidy House, a Few Poplars, and a Long Black Road, at Langham, Sask., Along the Canadian Northern.

tourists, similar to the log-camp hotels in Maine, with a central lodge and a series of cabins all fitted up with modern conveniences.

But the restless traveler heading across Canada finds himself soon in a land of new railway construction reaching out by new routes to the great inland areas of grain and people. Leaving the rock-bound highlands of Algoma, and the colossal headlands of Thunder Bay, he sees the rocks dwindle to casual boulders and the boulders whizz away into the great grain sweeps of Manitoba, the busy streets of excited, expanding Winnipeg; on into the fourth travel sensation where for two days he traverses a continent of prairies. He may go by the old C. P. R. short-cut route to Calgary, by the Canadian Northern that pioneered the Saskatchewan Valley, or by the Grand Trunk Pacific, that followed suit in a new territory.

**T**HIS two-days cross-prairie tour is an experience no traveller ever forgets. Some people weary of the distances. The real observant traveler will find something new in every one of the ten-mile stops in the best of a thousand miles. The new town is always a tonic. Young cities like Saskatoon; older ones young again like Prince Albert, Regina, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Battleford and Edmonton all seem to be working modern miracles in a fertile land to make the traveler forget that there ever was a tepee, a buffalo or a Red River cart. But a twisted trail, a scattering of bleached bones and a sleepy Indian on a cayuse, remind him that it was only yesterday when these two great provinces were invaded by railways.

And the great Saskatchewan—what railway ever can spoil its primeval charm? It is the same now as it was centuries ago, clear up to Edmonton that stands at the gateway to the great north as Calgary does to the overhanging Rockies.

The St. Lawrence may be more imposing and up to the present more humanly interesting. But the Saskatchewan, once dotted by nothing but Indian camps and half-breed villages, is rapidly taking on a fresh interest in the prosperous communities along its banks. The Mackenzie may be a grander river; but at present only the tourist with much leisure and considerable money is able to see the Mackenzie. The Saskatchewan is along the line of regular travel. It has never developed much steamboat traffic owing to the many crooks, the prevalent sand-bars, and the numerous islands and channels that once kept three steamers on long voyages up from the Grand Rapids to Edmonton. Much of the trade traffic was afterwards done by scows, built and loaded at Edmonton and floated down, never to return. These scows are still going to the trading posts and make a peculiarly picturesque feature of indolent travel on the Saskatchewan.



From Saskatchewan Crescent Hill This is the View of Saskatoon on the South Branch.



BUFFALOES AT WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA.

A Small Section of the Herd Bought by the Dominion Government.

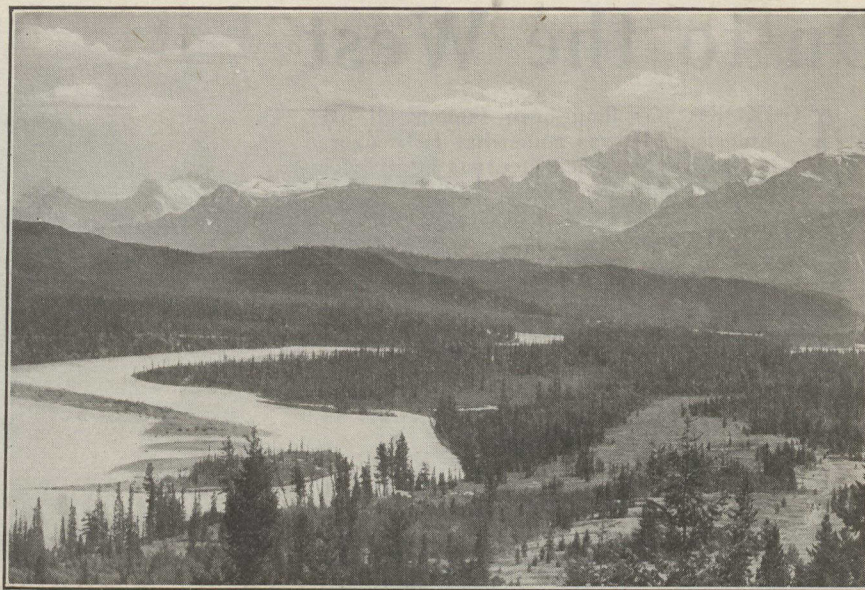


AN OLD TRAIL.

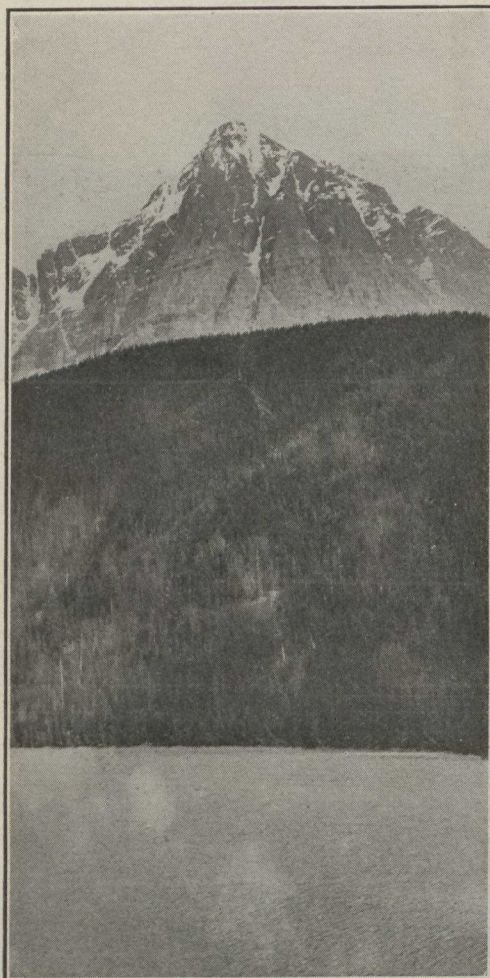
Portage Avenue, Chief Retail Street of Winnipeg.



There Are No Longer Any Cayuses on Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.



Where the Athabasca Loses Itself in the Rockies.



LAKE, HILL AND MOUNTAIN  
Mt. Pelee and Yellowhead Lake in the Rockies.

## TO THE ROCKIES AND THE PACIFIC

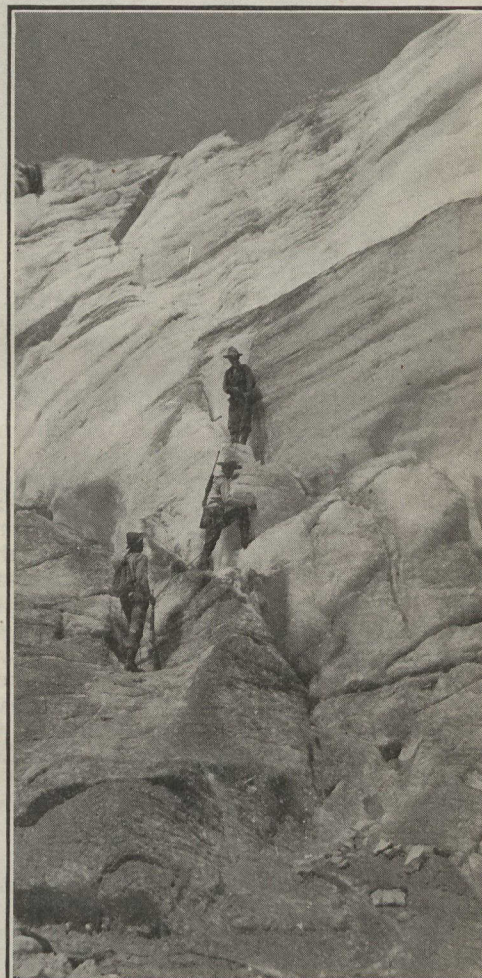
**I**T was the late Goldwin Smith who said of the Canadian Rockies: "They are surely not comparable to the Alps. . . . They lack what Switzerland and Tyrol have in their old towns and castles, the piquant conjunction of human interest with the lonely grandeurs of nature."

This is a compliment to the Rockies, which, as the home of Krag the goat and the mountain lion, the silent, manless lake and the ponderous glaciers, the cathedral towers and the colossal peaks that no man has ever adequately painted, seem to rejoice that they are incomparable—to anything. There are three ways to judge the Rockies. You may spend a summer on a foot-hills ranch and get acquainted with fifty peaks day by day, seeing the storms brew and the clouds dance over the crags. You may go and camp among them and crumple yourself like a mannikin at the feet of nature. Or you may take the alpenstock along with the wings of the morning and climb Mt. Robson. And you will get three views of the Rockies all different from one another.

Critics differ as to the best observation point to study the Rockies at long range. The most familiar place is Calgary. Here after hours in the Cypress Hills the impatient traveler—on a clear day—gets his first real glimpse of the mountains. Sunset on those peaks is an indescribable beauty. He leaves the Bow River and begins to climb the hills that are now like the seven hills of Rome, built over by the aggressive city. For an hour he toils up the staircase, looking down on the busy city in the basin and up to the sun-gilded peaks that look as though they might belong to the town, when by the hills they are sixty or seventy miles distant. So the tourist concludes that he will buy a ticket on to Banff.

**O**R he may stop off at a ranch in the foot-hills, where, if he has time to spend, he may learn enough about the individual character of the Rockies to get acquainted with the Devil's Head and its legends. Or he may take a run down to old Macleod, the once cow-town on the Old Man River. Here, if he has an eye to proportion and variety of scenic effect, he may conclude that the human eye has at last got as much as it is possible for the eye to take in. Here, to the eastward, are the interminable plains of the prairies, without even a tree to break the monotony. West of the town, up the gorge of the Old Man, are the galleried foot-hills where the spruces begin. Beyond them he may count on a clear day scores of individual peaks in all the colours of the rainbow.

No part of the world attracts more adventurous tourists than the Rockies, now being burrowed and threaded and staircased by two transcontinental railways. And beyond them, beyond the valleys of the fruit and the mining camps and the coughing little towns that grow like warts at the feet of the Rockies lies the last stage on the grand tour across Canada; the Selkirks bathed in the chinooks, the breath of the sea, the giant Douglas firs, and then the tumbling Pacific. Here, on the outpost, lies Vancouver Island, and the capital, Victoria, "with pretty cottages amid bowers of roses, free from the racket of commerce," as it was once described.



SLOWEST TOURING IN THE WORLD.  
Alpine Climbers on a Mount Robson Glacier.



THE LAST BIG RENDEZVOUS.  
C.P.R. Empress Hotel at Victoria, B.C.



"SOCIETY WHERE NONE INTRUDES"  
Cameron Lake on Vancouver Island.

# The House of the Twin Dragons

*A Romance of Adventure in the Time of the Boxer Uprisings in China*

By E. A. TAYLOR

IN the background the mountains of Shan-si were piled like blue and purple clouds. In front the plain was a sea of warm yellow-hued grain, barley, wheat and maize; and scored by the straight line of the canal, whose waters flashed blue between the vivid green of its banks.

An island in its fields of grain, the village of the Tien clan rose—Taso-peng, Straw-Hut, so named because the ancestor of the Tiens had some time in the days of the Vikings founded the settlement by building a straw hut, where now his descendants lived in their houses of sun-dried brick and stone, a community of very prosperous Chinese farmers.

Max Lee, young, Canadian, and the surveyor of a projected Chinese railway, lounged in front of the Taso-peng inn, watching lazily the beauty of the large, fair land before him. One thing he missed in Taso-peng that had given a touch of eastern gorgeousness to other farm lands he had passed—the fields of flame-coloured poppies, flower of fire dreams and magic, of shame and death. For the Tiens were Christians, and in Shan-si a Christian must never grow a poppie on his land, and if he works out as a labourer, it must be in the grain fields where the work is heavier, and the pay only one-third as much as for gathering the opium crop.

"Christianity is evidently more patriotic than profitable here," thought Max. Then he forgot questions of faiths as a girl came up the street. She was young, and her purple-black hair was piled high to show her maidenhood. She was probably a Christian, for she stepped lightly on her unbound feet. Her dress was the usual dark-blue robes with bright embroidery, but Max only noticed the oval, perfect face, with soft, cream-tinted skin, scarlet lips, and lustrous dark eyes, gravely innocent as a child's, yet with the smouldering passion of the East in their depths.

Out of the corn a young man rode on horseback, Tien Lein Fang, or Fan, as they nicknamed him in the western college, where he had been Max's classmate; they were working together now in Tien's clan village.

Tien was a good-looking young man, and rode superbly, yet as the girl saw him, her face seemed to grow hard and yellow, and her eyes narrowed. He cantered by as if he did not see her, but as the two surveyors sat at supper, eating long strips of dough boiled in water flavoured with pepper and onions, from dark-blue china bowls with white dragons coiling round them, Max, who was curious, asked Tien who the girl was.

"Miss Kwang Huai," answered Tien; "she is visiting here with her mother. Her family have their root at Erhlung, the house of the Twin Dragons, near Tien-Tsin."

"Huai is your name for the locust tree, isn't it?"

"Yes, they were in bloom when she was born." Tien paused, then went on in his careful English, "The Kwangs are very anti-foreign, but Miss Kwang Huai's father was interested in Christianity, and at his death his widow was baptized, and given employment by the missionaries in Peking. Her daughter was educated at their girls' school, where she now teaches, though she is not a Christian, and is very friendly with her grandmother, Kwang T'ai-t'ai, Lady Kwang, as they call her, she being the eldest of the clan at Erhlung."

"THE man who pays us our wages is a Kwang, too, his excellency, Kwang Fuh Siang. Is he a relation of Miss Huai's? He was in to-day."

"He is her second cousin," replied Tien. "Did he leave any instructions?"

"No, he only talked about the spur line he wants run into the mountains, to reach his coal mines. I showed him the plans of our survey, the line can only go through the Quanyi Pass, and that is already



"Tien rushed out from the tall stalks."

—Drawn by Arthur Lismer.

occupied by a graveyard. So for your 'feng-shui,' which I take it means always consider the dead before the living, the pass is closed."

"What did he say then?" asked Tien, rather gravely.

"Oh, he asked what would be done in such a case in the West, and I told him, move the dead with all proper ceremony, and run the line through. He seemed to think it might be managed here, and took the plans away with him. What is it, Fan? You look as if you had caught me in a forgery."

Tien hesitated, his inborn Chinese ideas of politeness making him unwilling to tell a friend anything unpleasant, then he said, slowly: "Nothing, I hope; but there is a growing unrest in these northern provinces. Men like Kwang Fuh Siang, in their haste to develop the country's resources, and make themselves rich, are pushing railways on too quick, I fear. In China we obey our elders and fear the dead, and old people dislike change, and ignorant ones are easily made afraid. If this fear really takes hold of the country, the elders at Erhlung will call our official to account, and he to save himself with them, will repudiate us and all our work."

Max did not take his friend very seriously; it was not the first time he had thought him prejudiced against their employer, and now he wondered if Huai's dark beauty could possibly be a factor in the situation.

After supper Tien started out to call on Mrs. Kwang. He had made many calls there since she came to the village, really to show him her daughter and arrange for the many preliminaries to a Chinese marriage. And Huai would listen to her suitor with red lips pouting, and eyes cast down. She showed very plainly her dislike to him, yet the more distant she seemed, the more he desired her, and he was half temp'ed to force her into marriage with him. He could do it, as the bride's consent is not asked at any point in the ceremony. The first preliminary, to send a go-between from his family to Huai's, to formally ask her name and the date

of her birth, had been duly observed. Then all his relations had been punctiliously asked to give their consent, and had promptly done so. Next, armed with their permission, he needed to ask that of the bride's family, and he was sure they would not reject him. Certainly they hated everything foreign, including Christianity, but they were, like all respectable clans, very jealous of the honour of their women. And beautiful Huai had always been sensitive, most to the charms of nature reflected in the strange, weird land of her birth. She knew as yet little of western customs and ideas, though she was beginning to learn.

SO Tien sat with the two women that evening, and after a polite talk to gentle Mrs. Kwang, he said to Huai, in English, "Miss Kwang, I have here the letters in which my relations give their consent to our marriage. Are you willing that I should send them to Erhlung?"

Huai's eyes blazed. "Why do you ask me?" she said, scornfully. "You do not need to. But you may know this, I hate you, and if I am given to you I will kill myself before I will let you touch me."

"In that case," Tien answered, calmly, "I will leave you the papers, it may amuse you to destroy them. But I would like to know if it is anything I have done, or that you have heard of me, that causes your hate."

"I should hate any man who wanted to marry me," said Huai, crossly. The new wine of western ideas was fermenting in her brain, threatening to burst the old vessels of reverence for customs. She felt at war with herself, yet insisted in her thoughts that she hated everything foreign, including her handsome lover, who also was a Christian.

Max was asleep that night, and his friend very wide awake, when a villager hurried into the inn, and a few minutes later Tien called Max—"Feng-Fai station has been burnt by a mob," he said, "all the tracks torn up, and Davis and Markham murdered. And they will be at Taso-peng by dawn to look for us."

A moment Max looked at him stupefied, then sprang up, alert, and ready to meet the danger. And it was very real that terrible June of 1900, when murder, mad and blind, swept through north China. "Feng-shui," fear of the dead—of everything they could not understand, had taken hold of the people, and from their fear and hate the Boxer rising was born. The empress, and men like Kwang Fuh Siang, had moved too quickly, though they knew the greater East is like dynamite, liable to wreck the world if it is subjected to shock. And it was against them that the Boxers had first plotted, but by adroit management they had turned the tide of fury against the foreigners who served them. Traps had been set, and men like Max Lee had walked fearlessly into them. The plan of the pass, with its blue line through Quanyi cemetery was the death warrant of many a man.

THE wave of insanity and murder rose higher, it engulfed missionaries and native Christians. And now in July the red storm raged round the Legations in Peking, with thunderous cannon and thousands of frenzied fighting men. At Tien-Tsin, eighty miles from Peking, great guns were crashing, too. The allied forces of the white men were bombarding the forts there, so that they could land and march inland to the relief of the Legations.

Max Lee, crouching among the corn beside a canal near Tien-Tsin, listened and felt afraid. For a month Tien and he had lived like hunted beasts, hiding, or fleeing this way and that, knowing that death would be something to be prayed for if they fell alive into the hands of their foes. Now Tien had gone to buy food, promising to be back at dusk,

(Concluded on page 25.)



## SELLING OUR BIRTHRIGHT

WE all know in America that we think too much of money on this continent. We couldn't avoid knowing it unless we were both blind and deaf. Every other day some prophet arises and tells us so; and, on the intervening days some scribbler—like yours truly—sits down and tells us so. I have made a lot of money myself writing pieces for the papers in which I have implored my fellow-countrymen to think of something beside money. They ought to, you know; and I am willing to write articles urging them most vehemently to do so—as long as I get paid for them. Equally true is it that in Europe people think less of money—relatively—and have other standards of success and excellence. And this makes European life much rounder and fuller than ours. Youth is not chained to money-grubbing—it turns with radiant face toward art and literature, and music and public service, and all the things which seem to lift mankind into a rarer atmosphere.

NOW, it is all very well to tell us that we have this disease; but what we really want is a cure. How are we going to get over it? That is the interesting item of news for which we wait. We admit the deplorable condition into which we have fallen; and, what we want now is for somebody to put down a ladder. I should think that one of the first steps toward this "rescue work" would be to find out why it is that we have made of Midas our one god. Personally, I think it is—Opportunity. I never noticed that any European was less fond of money than I was. When he gets out here, he runs me hard in my chase for the nimble dollar. But in Europe he recognizes, as a rule, that he cannot possibly get much richer than he is, no matter how hard he works. Conditions are

pretty well petrified over there. There are a few exceptions, of course—the exceptions always created by genius—yet the ordinary individual thinks that he does pretty well if he gets his father's job and keeps it. But on this continent, every private soldier has a potential marshal's baton in his knap-sack. Any young man may become a millionaire.

THAT is what makes us money-mad. Under the same conditions, the moneyless section of the people of Europe—that is nine-tenths of them—would, in my opinion, be quite as mad. The more enterprising of this moneyless section prove my charge by coming out here in search of precisely this money of ours. Don't make any mistake about it. They do not come out for anything else. It is not our superior "moral standard," of which we are so immorally proud, or our self-praised school system, or our freedom from "militarism," or any of the other things which are sometimes credited with the job, which bring them. In practically every case, they would stay at home—if they could get as much money there. They face the dangers of the unknown and the discomforts of a new life and all sorts of imaginary perils and privations of which they hear at home, but which they find out here not to exist, when they boldly venture forth upon the shoreless sea and seek the new El Dorado. And they do it for the same reason that our people rushed to the Klondike—not to live there—but to get the means to live here.

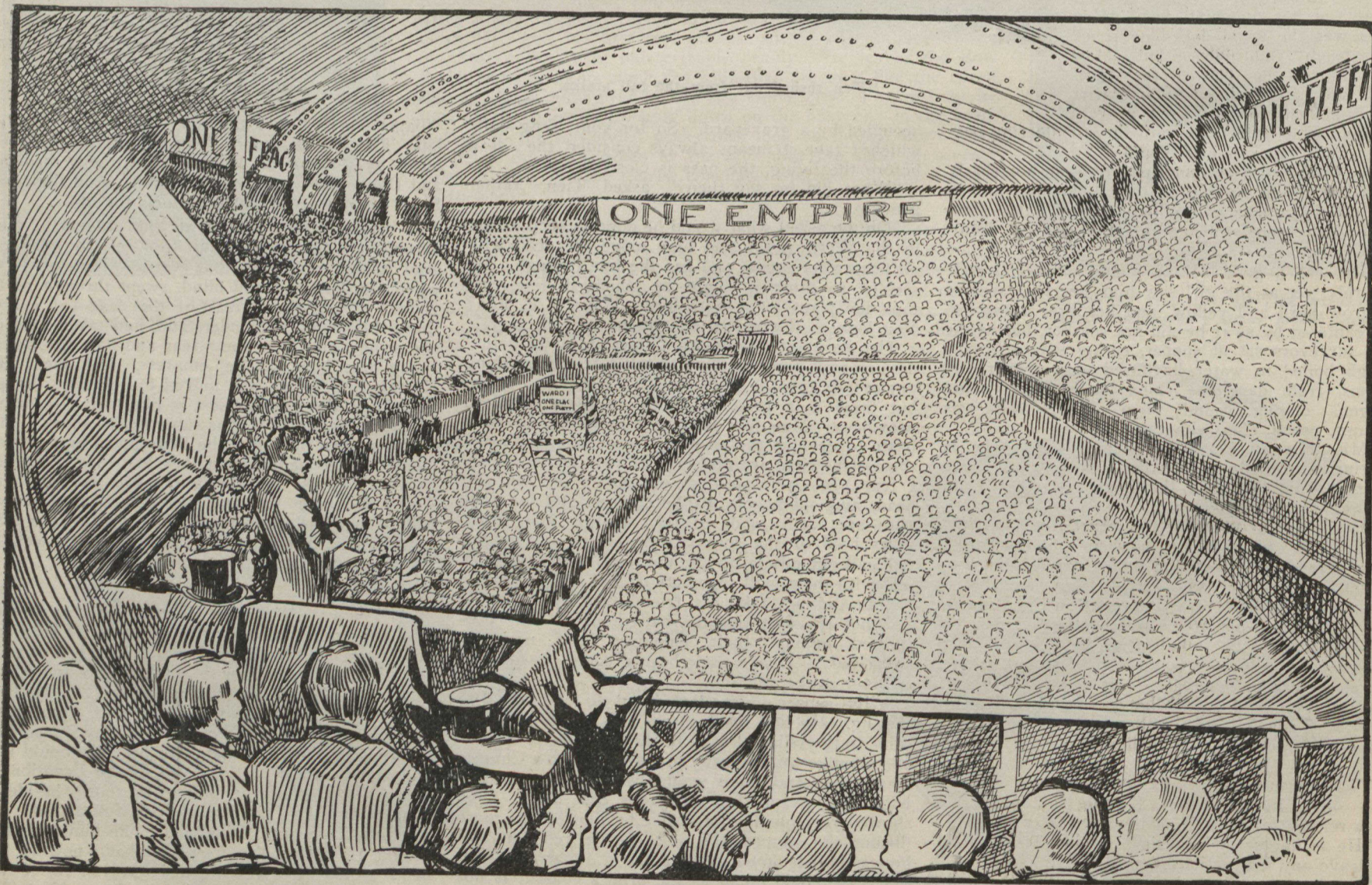
THIS is a quite sufficient comment on the European superiority to the lust for gold. But the fact remains that they are not governed by that lust in Europe. When a man of spirit and vivacity finds himself sentenced to a financial treadmill for life—knows that he will never be very much better off than he is now—he naturally turns to some other

outlet for his activities. He may take to gardening—he may try water-colours—he may play the cornet—he may become a modest collector of this, that or the other thing. He has time to spare for art exhibitions; and there are plenty of them to see. Thus he gets a nice taste in art. He goes in for music. All this affects, not only him, but his children. His children hear talk at the dinner-table—not of how C. P. R. is fluctuating, or how real estate is booming, or some other money topic—but of what these new painters are trying to do, and how the latest composer is conquering a new province in music. Other heroes are shown to them, beside big financiers. The little French lad hears of Rodin and Monet quite as often as he hears of the Parisian replica of Rockefeller.

AND the glorious instinct of youth is against the sordid, and in favour of "the true, the beautiful and the good." It is ten times as easy to make a boy covet the artistic gift as to induce him to sell dry-goods. All his impulses run that way. Money-grubbing is abhorrent to him naturally. We, on this continent, so often drive our children against the grain. Of course, we can do it. When we talk of nothing but money, money, money, day and night, they easily come in their susceptible years to realize that that is the test of true manhood. All the other standards set up in their school text-books and the romantic classics become so much "book stuff" to be ignored and despised. The learned professor who teaches them all this twaddle has a shabby coat and gets far less money than a good salesman. What does he know about life? He cannot even live himself. So money comes to be King. But it is an acquired taste.

WE will recover, of course, from this money-madness when Society solidifies, and opportunities become rare, and it is no longer possible for every lad to make a million. But isn't it a great pity that we must await that petrification of our productive activities before we widen our interest in life? We have a glorious chance on this continent to lift humanity to a distinctly higher level than it has ever reached before; and we are throwing it away. That is, if, instead of using the easy-money opportunities out here to heap together fabulous fortunes and inaugurate a carnival of wasteful living amongst the millions who miss a

## Premier Borden's First Visit to Toronto Since September, 1911



Ten Thousand People Gathered in the Arena, Toronto, on May 19th, to Hear Premier Borden Defend his "Emergency" Naval Policy. The Platform was at One End, and Behind the Speakers was a Sounding Board. Nevertheless it was Difficult for Some of the Vast Audience to Hear the Addresses.

—Drawing by "Evening Telegram" Artist.



# Princess Mary Visits the Aldershot Manoeuvres



Princess Mary is Apparently not so Devoted to Dolls and Fancy Work as Some May Think. She has Begun to Take on the Special Duties of a British Princess. Here she is Riding with her Royal Parent and Staff on Their Way to the Cavalry Barracks.  
—Copyright Photograph by "Topical Agency."

fortune but make money with a gambler's irresponsibility and ease, we had contented ourselves with "enough" and given our abundant leisure to the better things in life, what a matchless people we could have launched on this favoured continent! But we are under the curse of Circe. Our very abundance has tempted us to wallow in it, when our foreheads might have struck the stars.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Fifty-Fourth King's Plate

ON Saturday last the fifty-fourth King's Plate was run. The first twenty-one of these races were run at provincial points, but since 1881 the Woodbine, Toronto, has had the honour. In 1881, the purse was \$340; it has grown steadily until now it is worth \$6,000. J. E. Seagram, of Waterloo, has won it thirteen times, the Hendrie stable, of Hamilton, several times and Dymont, of Barrie, three times.

The horses eligible are three-year-olds and upwards,

the property of a British subject resident in Ontario, foaled, raised and trained in Ontario, never won a race except for two-year-olds, and have never left Canada. This makes it a purely Canadian competition.

The horses entered this year, and their owners, are as follows:

- Crystawoga—Brookdale Stable (Barrie).
- Elfain—Brookdale Stable (Barrie).
- Gold Bud—Robert Davies (Toronto).
- Hearts of Oak—Harry Giddings (Oakville).
- Ondramida—Harry Giddings (Oakville).
- Porcupine—J. L. Hamilton (Toronto).
- Rockspring—Hon. J. S. Hendrie (Hamilton).
- Mausolus—H. H. Roberts (Simcoe).
- Voivode—J. E. Seagram (Waterloo).
- Maid of Frome—J. E. Seagram (Waterloo).

Saturday was nearly an ideal day, a few clouds and much sunshine. The crowd was as large as ever, though the Governor-General was absent. Hearts of Oak went to the post a favourite, with Gold Bud and Ondramida as probable contenders.

Mausolus was regarded as a dark horse, who, if he could last, would prove a formidable opponent. The favourite got away and passed the post the first time three lengths ahead. Round the bend, however, his rider slackened and Maid of Frome, Mausolus and Voivode all gained. But at the ne mile post, Hearts of Oak spurted and so easily did he win that the photographer's picture of the finish only contained one horse. The competition for second and third was exciting. Mausolus—as forecasted—could not last, and Maid of Frome came in second, closely followed by Gold Bud.

Thus, for the second time, Mr. Harry Giddings won the plate. It was a foregone conclusion that he would. The win, although expected, was none the less popular. When Mr. Giddings led his horse into the judges' enclosure the picture bore a striking resemblance to that formed by the late King Edward, when, in 1909, he led his horse, Minoru, into the paddock, the winner of the Derby. Mr. Giddings, though taller, is not at all unlike the late King, and many were reminded of Epsom, 1909, the occasion of the greatest spontaneous reception ever accorded a monarch.

## Baseball Results

International League.

TORONTO has been winning in the International and has climbed definitely out of last place. Montreal has been coming down. The results on Saturday night

last were as follows:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Buffalo	19	12	.613
Newark	20	15	.556
Baltimore	17	16	.515
Rochester	17	16	.515
Providence	15	16	.484
Toronto	14	16	.467
Montreal	12	16	.429
Jersey City	12	19	.387

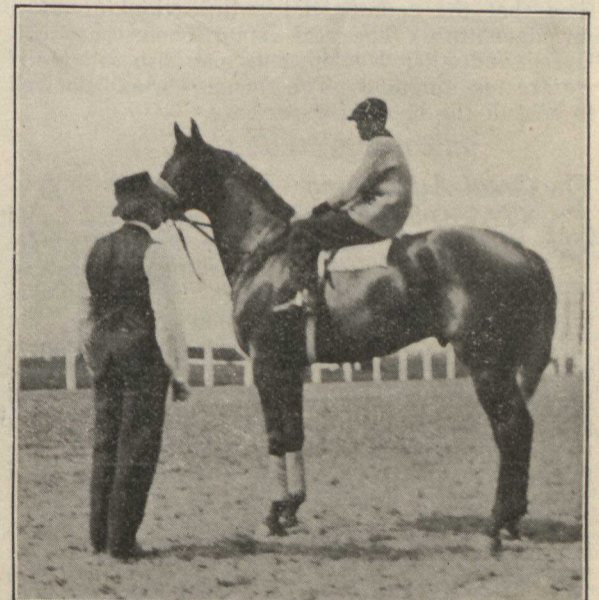
### Canadian League.

In the Canadian League, St. Thomas is still at the top, with Ottawa, the pennant winners of last year, as close contenders. Results to Saturday night last are:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
St. Thomas	11	5	.688
Hamilton	10	6	.625
Ottawa	9	6	.600
London	8	7	.533
Brantford	7	8	.467
Guelph	6	9	.400
Peterboro	6	10	.375
Berlin	5	11	.313



Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Gibson Presenting the Plate to the Winner, Mr. Harry Giddings, on the Extreme Right.



"Hearts of Oak," Winner of the King's Plate, Owned by Mr. Harry Giddings, of Oakville.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Canada and Japan

CANADA'S relations with Japan are not entirely of our own making, nor are they fully in our own keeping. On the one hand, Canada is an assenting party to the British treaties with Japan. If Japan went to war, Canada's position would be much the same as that of Great Britain. Indeed, it is an open question, whether or not Canada might not be forced to actively support Japan if that Empire got into serious trouble.

On the other hand, Canada is equally interested with the United States, in preventing Japan from getting a foot-hold on the Pacific Coast of America. If Japan declared war against the United States, it would be to our interest to see the United States win. Our whole sympathy would be with our neighbour. Our interests would be at stake as well as United States interests.

Thus by sympathy and interest we are tied to the United States in a struggle with Japan, while at the same time we would be tied to Great Britain by a Japanese treaty. Just what would happen if a war occurred before the expiry of the treaty in 1915, it would be difficult to predict.

There is no doubt of this, however. The British treaty with Japan will not be renewed so far as Canada, Australia and New Zealand are concerned. After 1915, the three Dominions will undoubtedly keep themselves free for an alliance with the United States for the control of the Pacific. Such an alliance is, in the minds of many people, more advisable than imperial federation. As Canada's interests in the Pacific grow, there will be more and more a tendency to ally ourselves with the United States and with Australia and New Zealand in all matters affecting the future of the Pacific hemisphere.

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## With the Spenders

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY has returned from London to tell us that Canada's credit still stands high and that we can have all the money we want if we will but pay the price.

Last year, the aggregate of companies incorporated at Ottawa numbered 835, with an aggregate capitalization of 625 million. With capital increases, the total is 680 million, or an increase of 190 million over the previous year.

Montreal floated seven millions of bonds in London at 4½ early in the year. A few days ago it repeated the feat. It has still two more flotations to make this year, one for eleven million and one for two and a half millions.

Canada's federal government spent \$145,000,000 last year and has a surplus of \$23,000,000. This year it will spend about \$200,000,000 and will probably have no deficit. In other words, during recent years the federal authorities have paid all expenditures, ordinary and capital, out of current revenue, and have reduced the national debt.

This is all satisfactory, yet full of warning. This country has been going ahead at an almost dangerous pace. We have struck no rocks yet, but the pace is too fast to be maintained indefinitely. It is about time that the country did a little thinking of a serious nature. The real estate boom has collapsed, and other developments may also collapse if we are too sanguine. The spenders would do well to consult the book of experience.

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## The Great Awakening

ONTARIO has at last opened its eyes and found that an agricultural college does not wholly supply the need for agricultural education. A farm education train is to go through Ontario this summer bringing information right to the farmers' doors. The Department of Education is trying to impress upon every rural school teacher that more stress must be laid on farm topics and practical gardening. The farm papers are taking up the subject of consolidated schools with a view to educating the children "for" the farm instead of "off" the farm. All this shows a great awakening.

Agricultural colleges are useful and necessary, but they merely educate teachers and specialists. The work of educating the farmer and the farm children in the newest methods of agriculture must be done outside the college. Further, this work must radiate from the college, not into the college. The

university and the normal school do not make public and high schools less necessary; so the agricultural college does not make the teaching of agriculture less necessary in rural graded and ungraded schools. And of these two, the graded or "consolidated" rural school is much to be preferred to the ungraded or "one teacher" school. Massachusetts, Iowa, Manitoba and other agricultural states and provinces have proved that. Canada must give this point greater consideration than it has yet received.

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## A Magistrate's Error

POLICE MAGISTRATE DENISON has fined several actors and actresses for participating in a play, named *Deborah*. On the testimony of one clergyman he decided that it was immoral, though hundreds of leading citizens were willing to go in the box and testify the opposite. By this decision, he has done an injustice to Miss Carlotta Nilsson, Mr. Frank Gillmore and the other members of the troupe. Moreover, Colonel Denison did not himself see the play, which had been approved by the two censors recently appointed by the city.

*Deborah* is a play which aims to teach that motherhood is the natural ambition and goal of every woman. That the suppression of this womanly instinct is physically and mentally disastrous, leading to nervous breakdown, consumption, or insanity. The evil results may be mitigated if women have some other great work in life such as art, music or business. But the woman who has no object upon which to expend her sympathy, ambition, natural energy and brain-power, must inevitably come a cropper physically and mentally.

*Deborah* is a young girl, living with two spinster aunts in a small village, and is denied any opportunity to enjoy "frivolity" or, what is more important, an opportunity to fulfil her natural destiny. She goes to New York, and in her anxiety for that destiny commits a sin which brings her a child, but which also brings other trouble on herself and her friends. Sixteen years after she confesses this sin and is taken in marriage by the doctor, whose advice given sixteen years before had perhaps accentuated her anxiety for motherhood. This is the theme which the author of the play has handled nobly, if not altogether artistically.

As compared with some of the shows seen in Toronto this winter, and even with some here at the same time, *Deborah* is a rare moral treat and an inspiration. How Colonel Denison could permit a play where young girls appear on the stage in bare legs and feet, clad in one small garment only, and yet condemn *Deborah* is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary citizen.

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## Lest We Forget

LET it not be forgotten that Premier Borden took office pledged to a further measure of civil service reform. So far he has been unable to give any attention to this pledge. The Customs Department has resurrected an order of the Treasury Board issued in 1879, entitled, "Civil Servants and Political Influence," and reprinted it for distribution among collectors. This order states that any servant who uses political influence in order to get an increase in salary or a larger retiring allowance will be treated as if he has "a bad case." From this action it would appear that the same evils exist in 1913 as existed in 1879. In other words, we are no farther forward in civil service matters than we were thirty-four years ago—in so far as the service outside Ottawa is concerned.

The Customs Department may be fighting bravely against these evils, but customs officers are still being chosen from among the faithful. For example, Mr. W. W. Cliff, formerly owner of the *Central Canadian*, at Carleton Place, was recently appointed customs officer for that town. Other cases might be quoted. So, in the other departments, the faithful members of the party are being put into office as rapidly as possible.

Matters are no better and no worse than they were under the Laurier administration. The Dominion cabinet ministers at Ottawa are no worse than provincial cabinet ministers, whether Liberal or Conservative. One of the most active politicians in Toronto is an employee of the Ontario Govern-

ment. The indifference of the people permits this. Indeed it would seem as if the majority of people do not care a hang whether the business of the country is well managed or not. They accept the "spoils" systems without a murmur.

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## Fairness in Politics

HAS fairness disappeared entirely from our public life? Are our journalists and public men seeking to be fair in even the slightest degree? These are questions which are arising constantly in the minds of fair-minded people. Unfortunately many of them are answering in the negative.

For example, the *Montreal Star* has a cartoon portraying the Senate in the act of dropping the Naval Aid Bill into their "Partisanship Waste Paper Basket." Now, this may or may not be true. But what strikes one is this: If Partisanship kills a bill, may it be equally true that Partisanship passes a bill? If the Liberals are to be accused of Partisanship for opposing the Naval Aid Bill, why should they not be accused of Partisanship for bringing in the Reciprocity measure? Arguing similarly, if the Conservatives were accused of Partisanship in opposing the Reciprocity Bill—which they were—why should they not be accused of Partisanship in supporting the Naval Bill?

Is the man who opposes anything to be called a partisan, and the man who supports the same thing to be free of this charge? If so, it necessarily follows that we are only partisans when in opposition. When we are the "government" for the time being, we are just and noble patriots. Which is absurd.

It would be more agreeable if we should cease calling each other partisans and assume that the majority of citizens and members of parliament are fair-minded. While the *CANADIAN COURIER* has advocated that the Senate pass the Navy Bill, we are not prepared to join with those journals which accuse the Senate of partisanship. Partisanship is the measure of a man, not of an action. There are partisans at Ottawa in both houses, but they are not all Liberals. There are partisans outside of parliament but they are not all Conservatives.

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## Reasons for the Senate

EVERY sign indicates that the Senate will not pass the Naval Bill, though the country would be glad to have that piece of legislation out of the way. The strongest argument, other than those already presented in the *COURIER*, in favour of the Senate's passing the Bill is contained in an editorial published recently in the *Toronto Star*, a paper which is consistently Liberal. This is headed, "A Canadian Fleet?" and runs thus:

"In his last speech on the naval question in Parliament, Mr. Borden went farther than on any previous occasion in outlining his future policy. He said that the Government would proceed with the construction of dry-docks on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and would establish naval bases on those coasts, 'entirely within our own control,' fortify the necessary harbours and ports, and provide for their defence by torpedo boats and other similar craft. He also intimated that Canada might have shipbuilding and other repair plants, capable of building small cruisers and other auxiliary craft, as well as vessels for commercial purposes. The training of officers in the naval college at Halifax and on training ships would also be continued.

"This announcement is undoubtedly the result of the influence brought to bear upon Mr. Borden's mind by the strong expressions of Canadian feeling which have been evoked during the controversy of the last few months. He has adopted, so far as the future is concerned, some of the leading features of the Laurier policy. That, at least, appears to be his present intention, and we can only hope that he will be strong enough to resist the pressure which will be brought to bear upon him to prevent the development of a distinctly Canadian naval service. If he really engages seriously in the development of such a service, we are confident that all the difficulties which have been conjured up by timidity and lack of confidence in Canada will disappear."

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## Slashing the Tariff

THE Minister of Finance certainly refused to slash the tariff. He put ditching machines and type-setting machines on the free list, because these are not made in Canada. He lowered the sugar duties slightly. As for the Cement Merger, he slapped it sternly on the wrist. The duty on United States cement is now 35 cents a barrel instead of 43¾ cents.

Speaking of cement, the *Winnipeg Telegram* says: "The reduction will be welcomed by consumers." So it should. Any purchaser of cement in the West who imports a hundred barrels will save \$8.75. We hope the cement users will not all take their savings and buy automobiles with the money; the automobile factories might not be able to fill all the orders without creating a famine.

# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Journalists' Meeting in June

IF sighing deep, laughing free, starving, feasting, despairing and being happy make ideal living—Browning, not known to have starved, gave out that opinion—then newspaper women are leading the life Elysian, beyond a doubt. Just at the moment the needle points to a journalists' joy season.

Plans are complete, or near-complete, for the entertainment in Edmonton, on June 9th and 10th, of the general meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Members, contemplating the trip, are hoping that the "What is so rare?" month will have the grace to stick to its reputation for "perfect days."

The programme promises to be varied and interesting. Practical papers on different aspects of professional journalism will be given by women who are leaders in their own lines of newspaper work. Some of the subjects to be discussed are: The Woman Journalist and the Farm Paper; New Lines of Work for Newspaper Women; The Newspaper Woman's Equipment and How She Keeps Up with Her Work; The New Advertising; and The Art of Book Reviewing. Among the speakers who have been asked to address the members are: Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. McClung, Miss Marshall Saunders, Mrs. F. S. Jacobs, Mrs. Parker, Miss Cora Hind, Miss Edith MacDonald, and Mrs. Isobel Ecclestone Mackay. Each of the papers will open a field for discussion.

June 9th, in Edmonton, will be devoted to the meeting of the executive committee and to the first session of the general meeting of the C. W. P. C. The 10th will see the completion of the general convention and that night the members will leave, by the kindness of the G. T. P., for Jasper Park and will spend June 11th and part of June 12th along the line of railway. On June 13th, in Calgary, members are to be entertained by the Calgary Women's Press Club and the C. P. R.; June 14th—Banff, by the kindness of the C. P. R.; on June 15th, Banff left for Regina, or according to the destination of the members. On June 16th, in Regina, the party is to be entertained by the Regina Women's Press Club. June 17th, Winnipeg. Whence home, if you live in Toronto, arriving on June 19th. Now, "Is that well managed or is it not?" as Mr. Puff would put it. To the writer it looks a delightful itinerary.

The Women's Press Club, of Edmonton, has made the most comprehensive arrangements for the entertainment of the visitors; with the assistance of the Women's Canadian Club, of Edmonton, they have arranged to billet the guests. The Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina, Port Arthur, and Fort William branches of the C. W. P. C. have all kindly offered entertainment to the members, and it is hoped that every member will arrange to stay over in these cities and so receive the full benefit of this opportunity to see thousands of miles of Canada under the best possible auspices.

## About Beatrice Webb

TO the deglutition of most humans a diet of statistics would present about as pleasant a prospect of living as would sawdust. The latter makes very good filling for dolls. The former, the meat and drink for years, of an outstanding Englishwoman, Mrs. Sidney Webb, born Beatrice Potter, has succeeded in providing for—no, *not* "a graven image." Whoever said that was many points wide of the bull's eye.

Mrs. Webb has often been criticized as cold, sometimes, as inhuman; which is only a seeming, the fact being that she is selfless. Her life pre-

sents a unique scheme of devotion to public service. She is an ascetic. Emerson has said we are never tired as long as we can see far enough. Conversely, this never-resting woman must be seeing a never-ending distance. The vision she sees is social reform; or, as *Everyman* for May expresses it: "Her aim is to make of the State a great and finely adjusted engine for achieving the purposes of civilization, of humanity, or, if you will, of God."

To which end, Mrs. Webb has become a gatherer of statistics. Her social theories have each its solid basis. An aptitude for fact-getting derived from her comrade-father, Richard Potter, at one time President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and training as the friend and favourite pupil of that famous collector of data, Herbert Spencer, have stood this practical woman in good stead. "The

apparently thinks the lyrics as well in limbo. Perhaps they are. She simply notes dispassionately they have got there and hints a cause. The same is contained in the paragraph here quoted:

"One wonders if the modern woman is responsible for the decline and decadence of the romantic love lyric. No doubt her accessibility, the fact that she is no longer carefully guarded and chaperoned, has much to do with the decrease of her inspiring power. Inaccessibility and remoteness have always tended to idealization; nearness and familiarity to the contrary. The woman of to-day works side by side with man in offices, she golfs with him, she sits on committees with him. She scuffles with him in suffragette scrimmages. Has no one ever written a sonnet to 'Belinda Breaking Windows' or to 'Priscilla in Prison'? Moreover, the modern woman is very businesslike and matter of fact. There would be no need for a poet to sing 'Come into the garden, Maud' in a dozen impassioned stanzas. The Maud of to-day is probably a very punctual person who keeps a diary of engagements. She would no doubt be there before him.

"After all, a Dante needs a Beatrice and a Petrarch a Laura. Both these ladies were remote and proud and extremely inaccessible—quite different from the heroines of modern novels."

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## Nurses' Convention

"SHOULD the curriculum be uniform for Canadian training schools?" was a question that called forth a lengthy debate at the recent annual meeting, in Berlin, of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses.

No two schools, it came to light, have at present the same curriculum of studies. Varying standards of efficiency must inevitably result from any but a common system of preparation. To formulate such a curriculum a committee has been appointed, due to report its work at the next convention. The Hospital Association will be asked to co-operate.

Interesting papers were read at the meeting by Miss Neeland, of Fergus; Miss Bruce, of Toronto; Miss M. U. Watson, of Guelph; and Miss Dickson, of Weston.

The offices of the Association were filled as follows: President, Miss V. L. Kirke, Halifax; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. H. M. Bowman, Berlin; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Hersey, Montreal; Secretary, Miss L. C. Phillips, Montreal; Treasurer, Miss A. J. Scott, Toronto; Council: Miss Snively, Toronto; Miss Tedford, Toronto; Miss R. Stewart, Toronto; Miss Johns, Fort William; Miss Bowman, Portage la Prairie; Miss Young, Montreal; Auditors: Miss Flaws, Toronto; Miss Frazer, Halifax.

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## Held Old English Fair

AN Old English Fair was the elaborate undertaking of the Victoria Daughters of the Empire last week. The proceedings, formally opened by His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Paterson, were astonishingly varied and entertaining. The skating arena provided accommodation.

A delightful simulation was a woodland scene with queen, fairies, goblins, nymphs—the world of the storybooks—and the whole a changeable maze of pretty dancing. A shooting-gallery proved a principal attraction, under the conduct of Mrs. (Col.) Hall, Mrs. Macdonald, wife of Senator Macdonald, arranged a very striking imperial tableau. Other interests were: A camp of fortune-telling gypsies, boy scout and cadet manoeuvres, and the orchestra in intermittent performance.

Refreshments were served in charming bowers—children in attendance. The scene, on the whole, was exceedingly pretty and varied.

## PRINCESS PATRICIA IS STILL SHY



This Photograph, Taken in Hyde Park, London, Recently, Shows All the Younger Members of the Connaught Family. (Left to Right)—Princess of Sweden, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Princess Patricia, and the Crown Prince of Sweden.

Poor Law Commission, of which Mrs. Webb was a member, based its momentous report," so reads the record, "on such exhaustive investigations as no Royal Commission had ever made before, investigations pushed into every nook and cranny of the kingdom."

The energy of Beatrice Potter was doubled, for practical purposes, by her marriage to Sidney Webb. Their united work, the pride of their friends and despair of their imitators, is such as expresses implacable taste for foundation. Sublime in optimism and ruthless in execution, they conduct their lectures, write their books and lay the bases of future superstructures, counting the labour not as sacrifice but as "reasonable service."

Mrs. Sidney Webb, in the opinion of G. M. Lloyd, is the greatest living proof of the truth in the Emersonian dictum:—"the world belongs to the energetic man. His will gives him eyes. He sees expedients and means where we saw none." The difference is that the man this time is a woman.

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## Love Lyric in Limbo—Why?

THAT the love lyric is rapidly going to limbo, indeed, is extinct, is the observation of a woman writer in the London *Daily News* of recent issue. The writer, who signs herself M. M. B., cites in support of her allegation a volume of "Georgian Poetry," just out of the Poetry Bookshop. The book she declares to be typical of the work of the present day poets, sterile as it is of so much as one love lyric.

M. M. B. is a modern woman and writes with a careless sang-froid, even with humour. She



### Courierettes.

**T**ORONTO Globe offers \$100 for a historical poem. Most editors would rather pay a policeman \$100 to keep the poets away.

The Globe further states that "blank verse is not positively barred." How could the work of any bard be barred?

A German firm has been awarded a big contract to build bridges in England. Now, what have the patriots got to say about the German menace? Will the bridges be shaky?

Princess Patricia is reported to be telling tales of Canada which keep her English listeners in roars of laughter. Are they laughing at us or with us?

Labour men object to Walter H. Page as American ambassador to Britain. They would prefer to turn over a new leaf.

Alfred Noyes, the English poet, is making a big noise in this country, chiefly by reason of the fact that he makes a good living by writing poetry.

Most people fear the Black Hand, but Jack Johnson has come to realize that the White Hand has a pretty good grip when it tightens.

England wants France to send Christabel Pankhurst back to British domains. One would naturally suppose that England has had enough of the Pankhursts.

King George's secret telephone number has been betrayed to the suffragettes. What rollicking fun it must be to call up his Majesty and say "Good morning, King. Votes for women!"

Some Canadian M.P.'s are complaining of long sessions and want their sessional indemnity increased. Nothing doing. Talk is cheap, and they do the talking.

**A Puzzling Point.**—We confess that we are puzzled over one point in regard to Mrs. Pankhurst.

Cables say that Englishmen admired her for her persistence in fasting during her term in jail.

Can you imagine any normal Englishman admiring anybody who refused to eat?

**A Notable Fact.**—Have you ever remarked the fact that it is the weakest men who have the strongest habits?

**Shocked the City Clerk.**—William A. Littlejohn, City Clerk of Toronto, is a hater of slang phrases and a stickler for form and propriety in all things. He is precise and particular in every little thing he does. But once in a while some civic official does something that sends a cold shiver down the Littlejohn spine. One of these incidents took place in the City Clerk's office the other day when Mr. Littlejohn was busy in the important ceremony of swearing in a man who had just been appointed to an important civic office.

It happens that the new official is somewhat careless about forms and frills attached to official life, and he figures that much of it is so much red tape.

Therefore, after Mr. Littlejohn had most impressively read out to him the oath of office, that he was to truly and faithfully serve his

city and King, etc., the new appointee gave the City Clerk a severe jar when he smilingly and nonchalantly replied, "Sure, Mike."

The City Clerk, with due dignity, insisted that he take the oath properly with the words prescribed.

**No Doubt About It.**—John L. Sullivan asserts that money is a curse.

He may be right, but it is remarkable how many people we meet nowadays who show a great preference for that particular kind of profanity.

**The Rivals.**—Toronto's militia regiments paraded to church on a recent Sunday and tens of thousands of people saw them march.

But the Bulgarian brigade of women along the line of march was a counter attraction that more than held its own.

### Domestic Tragedy in a Nutshell.

They were married.

In a few months there was trouble. Soon they were divorced.

The reason was that neither of them tried half as hard to please each other as they did before marriage.

**"A Duty"—No Less.**—The other day three Canadian society women were on the car going home from an afternoon bridge party, and one remarked that it was getting rather late in the season for such social affairs.

"Yes, indeed," said another woman, "and at this time of the year one has so many other duties to attend to, you know."

**The Decline of the Drama.**—After a season of more or less regular attendance at the theatre, the Incurable Cynic is moved to remark that the women seem to go to a play to see what the actresses wear and some men go to see how much they don't wear.

### The Tale of the Track.

AS the lambs that are led to the slaughter,

As the sheep 'fore their shearers are dumb,

Are the young men we know as "the talent"

When back from the races they come.

**Is This Not Logic?**—The Senate of Canada has been under discussion of late.

Some statistician has figured it out that the combined ages of the Senators totals something like 5,700 years. Nearly



Visitor to Lunatic Asylum—"Is that clock right?"  
The Crazy One—"Certainly not or it wouldn't be here."

all of them are very old men.

Now, the copy books and the philosophers tell us that "the good die young."

If that is the case—

"Mr. Speaker, I move we adjourn."

**A Crumb of Comfort.**—A society doctor sounds a note of warning to women that it is dangerous to kiss bearded men, who may have deadly germs lurking in their whiskers.

Cheer up, girls. There are quite a few of us left who are clean-shaven.

### Just One Word.

IT may be true that money talks—  
(Pardon me while I sigh)—  
The only word I ever heard  
It whisper was—Good-bye.

**Brief Essay on Mosquitoes.**—Some mosquitoes are like swans.

They sing their little songs just before they are due to die.

Then, again, there are other mosquitoes that sing before their victim dies.

**A Sure Sign.**—"Bings seems to be tired of life."

"Why do you think so?"

"He is trying to get a job as a baseball umpire."

**Baseball and Rounders.**—Mr. J. M. Dent, head of the well-known English publishing house, Dent & Sons, is now on a visit to Canada. Much interested, as all progressive Englishmen are, in the development of this country, he went to Hanlan's Point to see a game of baseball.

Now it was fondly anticipated by his introducteur that this optimistic English gentleman who finds so much interest in travel, would show symptoms of the sudden conversion that often seizes Englishmen when they see baseball for the first time. This revulsion of feeling has been a characteristic of Englishmen who almost in a miraculous moment, dazed with the dazzling performance of a home-run hit or a catch-out on a high fly, have suddenly chucked cricket and Rugby, and all that sort of thing, to become real "fans."

But Mr. Dent was not so easy. He watched the game with intent interest. Where he was not clear on points of etiquette he asked questions of his introducteur—who also was an Englishman suddenly and incurably addicted to baseball. No detail was lost upon Mr. Dent. He admired all the gallery performances. He kept his gaze fixed on the ins and the outs. He even went so far as to get a preliminary personal interest in some of the individual players. He observed the manoeuvres of team work, the excitable rushes and counter-rushes between bases, the baiting of the umpire, the uproaring of the fans, the peculiar chumminess between the players and the grandstand—and all the hundred and one things that in the fan's estimation make baseball the greatest game in the world.

When it was all over, and the huge crowd was gliding home by thousands to the city; when he had time to collect his thoughts and get a perspective view of his sensations, his introducteur asked the publisher cautiously:

"Well, Mr. Dent, what did you really think of the game?"

"Well," he replied, genially and kindly and quite firmly, speaking as one who had judiciously weighed the pros and cons, "I'm bound to say, it's a very interesting game. But what is it after all, but a glorification of our good old English game of rounders?"

**A Parson's Wit.**—At a certain church there were four old men who persisted in ejaculating, in chorus, "Amen!" to every other sentence uttered by the preacher. As they were slightly deaf, it followed that the ejaculation was not always suitable.

The new minister bore it, uncomplainingly, for some time, until he could stand it no longer. Next Sunday, he announced his text, from the book of Revelations: "And the four beasts said Amen"—the four old men managed to get that!

**A Fair Answer.**—When Miss Carlotta Nilsson was asked last week if the fine imposed on her for playing in "Deborah" by the Toronto police magistrate, would not be good advertising, she quickly replied, "Notoriety is not reputation."

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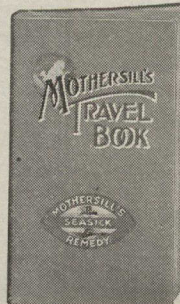
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# The Arctic in Hudson Strait

(Concluded from page 11.)

breaker. There is no give whatever to the pans and they are too thick to be broken even by the full impact of a rapidly-moving vessel.

The date of the closing of navigation at the western end of the Strait, from the causes just described, cannot be predicted with certainty, since both the mean monthly temperature and the time when the old ice comes down in force are variable. This, however, may be said in a general way: that a vessel runs serious risks by remaining near the western end of the Strait later than the first week in October. Seasons may occur when the Strait is open until November, but other seasons are bound to occur, as they have in the past, when the Strait is frozen up in September. It will be noticed that to all intents and purposes the date of the opening of navigation is determined by the conditions at the eastern end of the Strait, while the date of closing depends chiefly upon those at the western end.

We have briefly reviewed the obstacles to navigation arising from the presence of ice in Hudson Strait. Concerning the Bay little need be said since the latter is always navigable both earlier and later than is the Strait. Occasionally ice fields of large extent are met with, as for example during August, 1912, when, as I am informed by Captain Waite, of the Beothic, a field of heavy Arctic ice extended almost across the whole bottom of Hudson Bay—occupying an area of not less than 36,000 square miles.

While field ice is rightly regarded as the most formidable barrier to the navigation of Hudson Strait, much could be said about other impediments. Allusion has already been made to the tidal races and eddies at both the eastern and western entrances to the Strait. These currents, being both rapid and extremely variable in direction, make uncertain in the highest degree navigation in thick weather. The prevalence of fog, moreover, and of snow storms, the latter more especially in September and October, goes to make this thick weather only too common.

Last, but in some respects most in-

sidious of all—because it strikes at the very heart of navigation—the mariner's compass becomes next to useless in these regions. This is due to the circumstance that the proximity to the earth's magnetic pole causes so large a diminution in the directive force of the earth's magnetic field as to accentuate to an alarming extent any residual compass error. In the case of modern iron vessels the compass is in fact almost useless. When in addition such a vessel is rolling at all heavily, the compass-card is wont to spin about in complete circles. Nor can a table of compass deviations be made to serve, since these deviations change appreciably even as the vessel passes from one end of the Strait to the other. Magnetic storms, too, are frequent, when changes of as much as a point occur in the direction of the compass-needle. All these factors require that in thick weather masters of vessels proceed slowly and with the utmost caution, for it is only rarely that in this region of precipitous coasts soundings will be of any value to them.

It has already been mentioned that in order to be able to work through ice of any kind an iron vessel would require to be constructed much more strongly than is the modern ocean tramp. Heavier plating, transverse girders, and a strongly reinforced bow would be indispensable features. This, of course, means diminished carrying capacity and increased freight charges, the consequence being that a freighter built for the Hudson Bay route could not be made to pay when tramping on the regular routes in the winter time. In addition to this one must consider the higher insurance rates, and still more the frequent delays which cannot but attend navigation in Hudson Strait and Bay; both of which stand to raise freight charges to a prohibitive degree. Whether in view of these facts the Hudson Bay route will be able to compete successfully with the other routes is a moot question, and one the answering of which in the affirmative by the present Government will be regarded by many as a step fraught with the gravest consequences.

## Schools as Social Centres

THE movement towards using the schoolhouse as a social centre is gathering way. The New York view is well expressed by *Vogue* in a recent issue as follows:

### The Opportunity Around the Corner.

"The experiment of making the public schools in town and country social centres has been so successful that it is to be wondered that reformers have not long ago put it into more general practice. In educating the great, unassimilated mass of foreigners which composes so large a part of our population, it is indeed wise to begin with the younger generation. We can no longer blink the fact that a generation has arrived upon the scene of our national development which threatens to throw us back to an ethical plane which the enlightened peoples of the world have long since left behind. The criminals who throng our courts are not alone illiterates, but men and women who have passed through our public schools and under the direct influence of those we have placed over them. The educational authorities have failed to supplement weak parental control, the root of the trouble, so the community must now, for its very life's sake, take a hand in stemming this fearful moral waste of the young, not alone for the sake of the victims, but also for the coming generation whose progenitors these undisciplined young people are and for whom they will furnish vicious instincts and environments, and so pass on their own demoralization.

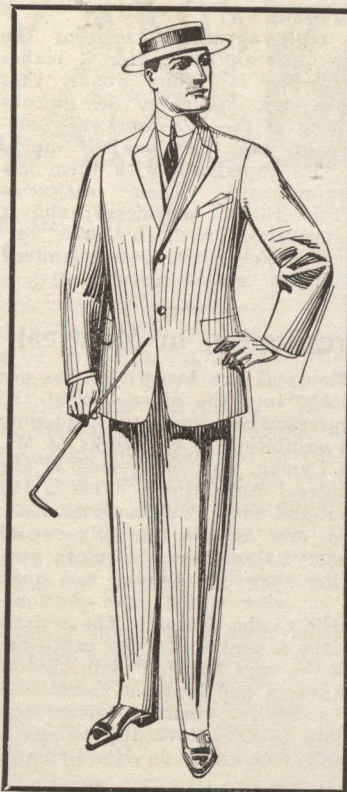
"The chief element of hope in the plan of using the school as a social centre is that it is based upon the idea of mutual helpfulness—of teacher co-operating with parent, of rich co-operating with poor, enlightened with illiterate. But this method of reform must fail unless the better class of women and men that there is in almost every neighbourhood

gives itself freely to the work. It is largely because parents have ignored the schoolhouse as completely as though it did not at all affect their own lives that the present conditions have come to pass.

"The first use of the schoolhouse as a social center is, of course, to make it a place where the children will like to spend their playtime, a place that offers all the joys of the street with none of its dangers. And here comes up the old question of supervised playgrounds, but however it be settled, there is work and to spare for every cultured young girl and woman in the neighbourhood of a public school in bringing wholesome, happy play and instruction into the out-of-school lives of the children.

"Another phase of the subject is the opportunity here offered of training the young voter in that direct and concrete fashion that all lovers of the practical crave. This should be a recognized part of the plan in every center. The training need not go beyond informal talks on civics delivered in a stimulating fashion, in rooms set apart where the young men of the neighbourhood may meet and thrash out their opinions. The little jeweler, caterer, baker, clerk, and small merchant in the side street, does really need and desire a quiet place where he can talk "politics" with his peers. The respectable men of this class will not go to saloons, and they are often so circumstanced that they cannot open their homes to their friends.

"To these men should go the well-informed men of the neighbourhood, and those who have no gift at speaking publicly can do much to educate this unformed public opinion by mingling with the men and talking with them as with their own kind. Thus, much of the sophistry and the untruth of editorial and platform demagogues could be exposed, as also the half-baked theories of those voluble leaders who propose to improve by revolution."



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If these coats are made double-breasted style, 75c extra.  
Duty Free and Carriage Paid.

**USE THIS COUPON NOW**

## Don't Buy Your Summer Suit

Until you have seen our Style Book. Send for it to-day.

Sign the coupon and we will send, absolutely free, 72 pattern pieces of the finest English suitings you ever saw. With these suitings will come proofs to convince you that you can buy your summer suit direct from us in London and get better materials, better fitting and better service than you could possibly get from your local tailor for double the cost.

When you receive these patterns you can make this test. Pick out the suiting you like, take it to your local tailor, ask him what he would charge to make you a suit of that quality of material. Then compare his price with that asked by us.

Surely one can't make a fairer offer than that. Sign the coupon and mail it now. The patterns will be sent by return mail. Or write us a postal, addressed to

**CATESBYS Limited Dept. 7**

119 West Wellington St., Toronto.  
Coronation Bldg., Montreal.  
160 Princess Street, Winnipeg.

Or CATESBY LTD., Tottenham Court Road, London, England.

The "reason why" of our values is that we save you the four middlemen's profits that your local tailor has to pay before he even gets the cloth.

Your suit is shipped five days after your order is received in London. We guarantee perfect satisfaction in every particular and detail of the transaction. The price includes the payment of all duty and carriage charges by us.

MESSRS. CATESBYS LIMITED,

119 West Wellington Street, Toronto;

Gentlemen,—Please send me your 1913 Style Book and 72 pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a suit.

Full Name .....

Full Address .....

Dept. Canadian Courier.

## Algonquin National Park

THE IDEAL SUMMER RESORT FOR CAMPER, FISHERMAN, CANOEIST.

200 miles north of Toronto, 175 miles west of Ottawa

Altitude, 2,000 feet above sea level

Good hotel accommodation



### THE NEW CAMP-HOTEL "CAMP NOMINIGAN"

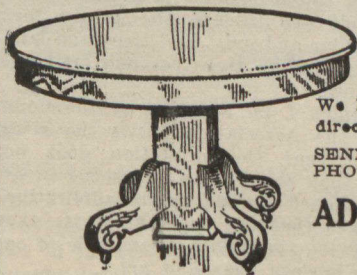
being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the hearts of the wilds, comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths, hot and cold water, always available.

Handsomely illustrated folder free on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

G. T. BELL, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.

H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

## FURNITURE From FACTORY to YOU Freight Free



We have cut out all unnecessary expense by shipping direct from our various factories to your home.

SEND FOR OUR LARGE PHOTO ILLUSTRATED Catalogue No 17

**ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited**

Canada's Largest Home Furnishers. Toronto, Ont.

**Fishermen and Flies**

THE first symptoms of spring fever, if malignant, take the form of an erratic examination of the fly book, the buying of all kinds of outrageous novelties advertised by the fishing tackle people and the general overhauling of rods, reels, leaders and lines. It is strange no one has any sympathy. People are sorry for the man with hay fever and prescribe a journey to the Highlands of Ontario. In the Quebec and Lake St. John country the Salvelines Fontenalis of the large variety are a splendid remedy. It is time now to think about flies. My selection for this spring will be Jock Scott, Parmachine Belle, Montreal Fly, Silver Doctor, and for the first week in June a Dun. The fish are very large down at Lake St. John, and the dry flies are too small for the large fish in Lake Edward.

But up to Maynooth, into those small lakes north, or back of L'Amable, dry flies are better. The fish there are very

**AN EARLY SALMON.**



The Fishing Season is on. Mr. Walker, of the Perth "Courier," Pulled This 20-pounder Out of Big Rideau Lake as a Beginning. Ontario Still Has Some Well-stocked Lakes.

numerous but not heavy. The dry flies come from England—all good flies do, but dry flies are made small and are not suited to our very heavy fish.

There are flies and "flies," the artificial flies are a joy, the others—well the least said about them the safer, unless your language be very moderate. For the benefit of those who may by chance find themselves in a district in early summer where the flies are too much for their comfort, a simple remedy is advised, which can be obtained at any good chemist's for a few cents. It is composed of: Bisulphite of carbon 1-4 oz., permanganate of potash 1-2 oz., Stockholm tar 2 oz., oil of cedar 1-2 oz., citronella 1-2 oz., carbolic acid 1-4 oz., oil of tar 1-2 oz.

This looks very bad on paper, but it is not as bad as it looks or sounds, the permanganate being a fine antiseptic and a deodorizer; as a matter of fact, the preparation is rather pleasant than otherwise. There is, however, no doubt about it keeping off the flies.

**The Dignity of the Press**

(From the Montreal Star, May 19th.)  
 "THE Toronto Globe, which only abandoned its principles when its friends were in office, has now abandoned in the bitterness of defeat the commonest courtesies of debate. Like the street bully, conscious of a paucity of ideas, it invokes a vulgar violence of language. Its latest descent into this brawling substitute for intelligent discussion, is to intimate that our belief that the fate of Canada would be at stake, in any great European war in which British prestige was seriously menaced, indicates a condition on our part of worse than a debauch of alcoholism! However, 'pot-house' methods of controversy have become its habit. The other day, it edged its light satire

with such terms as 'mental degeneracy' and 'paresis!'

"This reply apparently satisfies The Globe as quite sufficient; for it makes no other. Nor is it any wonder that The Globe seeks refuge in the raucous irrelevancies of the Hooligan when confronted with any questions of foreign politics. Its experience with them has been unfortunate. Their intricacies leave The Globe bewildered; and it makes suggestions with the naive aptness of a yokel advising a chauffeur how to start a 'stalled' motor-car."

**Impressionism in Montreal**

THE Montreal Art Association has got quickly into the procession of the Post-Impressionistic movement, judging from an exhibition of the works of Mr. John G. Lyman, now being held in the new Montreal Art Gallery. This is the first out-and-out Post-Impressionistic exhibition ever held in that city—or in this country; though at the recent general spring show Mr. Lyman had some pictures on view which gave premonitory thrills to the visitors. The artist's wife writes a preface to the catalogue in which she says flat and plain that if people want to find in art a narcotic to procure a gentle, dreamy, somnolence, or a dainty to delight vacuity of spirit, they won't find either in Mr. Lyman's pictures.

The Montreal newspaper man's impressions of these anti-narcotic canvases are set forth in a recent issue of the Montreal Star, which says:

"Colour schemes, perspective, composition—all are thrown overboard by Mr. Lyman, and art as art might possibly be, if painting were only just discovered, is presented. Mr. Lyman evidently thinks that traditions and methods and love of beauty have between them smothered art. Crudely drawn figures in which he is careful never to introduce the line of beauty, cold and garish colours, and impossible skies and trees and grass are what he gives us.

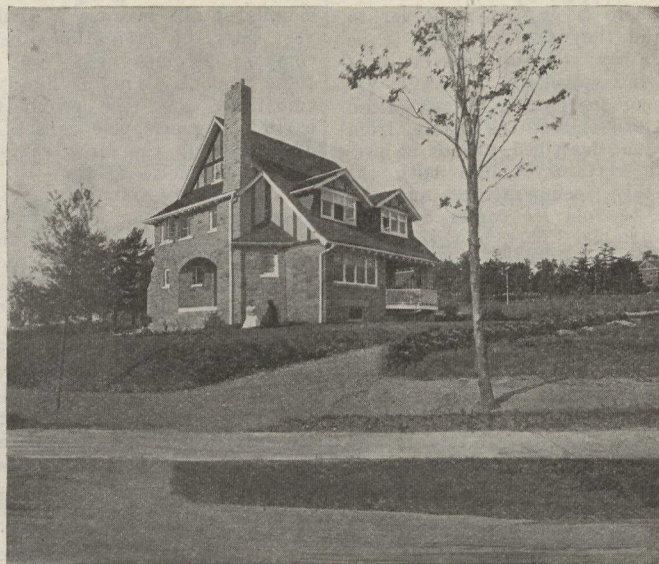
"The exhibition is divided into five periods, showing Mr. Lyman's pictures for each successive year, beginning with 1908. In 1908, Mr. Lyman, it is quite evident, was feeling after method. The influence of Morrice and Gagnon are clearly traceable in several charming little pictures. But then he breaks away. He gives what he called 'French Essay No. 1,' and follows this up with other French 'essays.' Then he begins Swiss 'essays.' Next we find him in 'An Adventure in Ocre.' Then 'floral caprices' captivate his imagination. 'Scherzos' and 'Largos' follow, till we get 'A Rural Sensation,' 'Wild Nature Impromptus,' 'A Golden Sensation.'

"Mr. Lyman is much given to drawing of the nude, and he is not more lifelike in this than in his renderings of landscape. Ugly women with still uglier limbs are shown in various contorted attitudes, and much emphasis is laid on what is generally regarded as the unessentials of a picture. Some pictures of bathing scenes and landscapes are like paintings of primitive tapestries, with lifeless figures, lifeless trees, and lifeless colour.

"That Mr. Lyman can draw, and that he can paint is quite evident; in fact, there are many evidences that he has extraordinary cleverness. His 'Golden Sensation' a picture of his wife might have made a really great picture. As it is he had not the heart to make it ugly and despite crudities of colour and drawing, the picture attracts and pleases one. The 'portrait' is a vision of golden smiles and filmy lace.

"All this shows that Mr. Lyman expects to shock the public; also that he is terribly in earnest, and believes he has a message to deliver. One would like to know what the message is. If, as one might gather, it is that he believes that only the personality of the painter should be expressed in paint; then it seems unfortunate that in the process colour should have to be made so crude and lifeless, the human form so angular and ugly, and trees and landscape so unlike the trees and landscape we know.

"Inquiry from members of the Council of the Association elicits the information that the exhibition does not mean that Mr. Lyman's methods in art are endorsed or held up for admiration; it means that the opportunity is taken of showing the public an example of one of the modern phases of art.



The above shows the class of residences that are being built in Lawrence Park. This beautiful private park is rapidly becoming Toronto's most aristocratic suburb. Many charming locations are still procurable by those who apply to the Dovercourt Land, Building and Savings Company, Limited. Their offices are at 84 King Street East, Toronto.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President  
 W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager  
 Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-  
 E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

**The Safety of Valuables**

VALUABLE papers—wills, deeds, contracts, insurance policies or treasured documents of any kind—should never be kept in the house or office. A safe deposit box will insure their safety and preservation. The rental is low.

**National Trust Company, Limited**

TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President.  
 ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager.  
 JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

**Travellers' Cheques**

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

\$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

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

We shall be pleased to forward upon request our list of selected Canadian

## Municipal Debentures

We offer the mos. desirable issues to yield from

5% to 6%

**Wood, Gundy & Co.**  
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BONDS AND STOCKS  
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Private wire connections with W. H.  
GOADBY & CO., Members New York  
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## THE HOME BANK

**OF CANADA** ORIGINAL CHARTER 1854

FULL COMPOUND  
INTEREST PAID ON  
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS  
OF ONE DOLLAR  
AND UPWARDS

(Eight Offices in Toronto)

## THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY

W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir.  
Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.  
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00  
Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

Write for information.

Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## A Record Issue of Capital

THERE have been several cables from London recently reporting the failure of certain flotations, municipal and otherwise. But these are only flashes in the pan. They look extremely small, when compared to the enormous amount of money subscribed for new issues since the beginning of the year. If capital continues to be issued throughout the year in the generous measure featured from January to April, the year of 1913 will stand out conspicuously as one in which a record issue was made. The amount subscribed for the first four months is no less a sum than \$545,000,000. For the corresponding period of last year it was \$375,000,000, and in 1911, \$425,000,000. Last month's figure was \$145,000,000, which is more than double the amount subscribed in March, and not quite double that subscribed in April of last year. In view of the stringency in the money market during the last six or eight months, these figures must be accepted as remarkable. They indicate in some measure the break-up of the difficulty which the Balkan war set up, and kept up.

Out of the \$545,000,000 subscribed during the first quarter of 1913, no less a sum than \$280,000,000 has been supplied to the Colonies. This is more than half. For the corresponding month of last year, the over-seas Dominions had only \$100,000,000, while in 1911 the amount was \$110,000,000. Canada's share is conservatively estimated at \$80,000,000 for the quarter, which is an average of \$20,000,000 per month. If this handsome average keeps up, we cannot complain if now and then we hear adverse news of our new flotations. Indeed, London has done exceedingly well to raise such a large amount, having regard to the fact that everything seemed to conspire against success in new ventures. But now that the air is cleared, and the European markets are again approaching normal, we may safely expect that London's practical interest in Canada will be sustained, and increased.

Reliable evidence of the fact of a better money outlook is furnished by two despatches from London. One reports that the new Chinese loan, \$37,500,000 of which is allotted to London, has been largely over-subscribed. The rush for the prospectus has only been paralleled in recent years by the scenes which attended the issue of the Japanese war loans. The issue was quoted at one per cent. premium. The second cable reports that sixty-six per cent. of the Montreal loan of \$7,000,000 has been left with the underwriters. This result is fairly satisfactory, considering the lukewarm reception lately accorded new flotations, and the fact that this is Montreal's second application to London within three months. The loan bears interest at four and a half per cent.

## Business Conditions in the West

THERE are signs of improvement in business conditions out West, though the change is more marked in the mercantile business than in speculation or development. At the time of writing the splendidly healthy conditions of last year have not been duplicated. It is still a little early for the reaction from the tight money period. There are, however, signs of a coming freeness in investment. A noteworthy and deplorable feature is the marking-time in building. No loans for building purposes would seem to be forthcoming, and the financing of such building as is in progress continues to be difficult. Such a lack of money is a decided check to the opening up and building up of new districts, and consequently the demand for housing accommodation far exceeds the demand. This seems to be the case throughout the cities west of Winnipeg, large and small. It is as difficult to buy a house as it is to rent one. Indeed, so acute has the problem become that many municipalities are planning to overcome the difficulty by building themselves.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and, of course, the landlords are reaping a harvest because of the dearth of accommodation. Once again we emphasize the necessity for more building. Buying land is all right, but unless there is more constructive development the problem of housing the people, at a justly moderate rental will rapidly get beyond the control even of the municipalities themselves.

## The Same Tale Again

THERE seems to be little variation in the periodical reports of the Labour Department at Ottawa, anent the condition of wholesale prices. The chapter for April, like most of its predecessors, reveals an increase. The index number for last month was 136.3, as compared with 135.8 for March, and 136.0 for April of last year. Rentals were strongly upward in several cities. In meats, western grains and fruits, the increase is very marked. Coal and dairy products showed a welcome decline.

## On and Off the Exchange

### Loan Companies Merger Ratified

THE merger of the Standard Loan Company and the Reliance Savings and Loan Company has been ratified by the shareholders of both companies. The new concern is to be known as the Reliance Mortgage Corporation. It has a capital of \$5,000,000, of which \$2,000,000 is paid up. Total assets are over \$5,000,000, which makes the company one of the five largest of its kind in the Dominion. Mr. W. S. Dinnick, formerly president of the Standard Loan, is president of the new concern.

### Merchants Bank Earned 18.9 Per Cent.

FOR the first time in the history of the Merchants Bank, the fiscal year ends on April 30th, instead of November 30th. The reason assigned for the change is that the business year in Montreal really begins with the opening of navigation in May, and that the late autumn is undesirable as a

## Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto St. - Toronto

Established 1855.

President—W. G. Gooderham.  
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.  
Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.  
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hudson, John Massey.  
Superintendent of Branches and Secretary—George H. Smith.  
Paid-up Capital ..... \$ 6,000,000.00  
Reserve Fund (earned) . . . 4,000,000.00  
Investments ..... 31,299,095.55

Deposits Received  
Debentures Issued

Associated with the above Corporation and under the same direction and management is the

CANADA PERMANENT TRUST COMPANY

lately incorporated by the Dominion Parliament. This Trust Company is now prepared to act as Executor, Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian, etc. Any branch of the business of a legitimate Trust Company will have careful and prompt attention.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,  
Chief Toronto Agents

DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BONDS

Capital Paid-up - \$1,000,000  
Reserve - - - 750,000

TORONTO MONTREAL  
VANCOUVER LONDON  
[ENG.]

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901  
TORONTO MONTREAL LONDON ENG

We offer:

Equipment Bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, due serially from 1916 to 1919, in denominations of \$500 and \$1,000.

Price and complete particulars upon request.

Canadian Government Municipal and Corporation Bonds

closing date, in view of the financial requirements of the business community at this season of the year.

The report for the past five months shows earnings at the rate of 18.9 per cent. on the paid-up capital. Actually they amount to \$538,653. There is a reduction of \$1,613,511 in call loans, and \$606,206 in current loans. Circulation and deposits show a respective falling off of \$1,220,655 and \$2,677,089.

\*\*\*

**The Sterling Bank's Splendid Year**

THE yearly statement of the Sterling Bank fully demonstrates the splendid position this institution now occupies among the banks of the country. The profits for the year, amounting to \$113,400, are equal to about 10.8 per cent. on the paid-up capital of the bank. Last year's profits amounted to \$107,876. After provision for dividend, there is the satisfactory balance of \$51,124. Thirty thousand dollars is set aside to provide for depreciation, and the balance is applied to profit and loss account, which now stands at \$97,660, compared with \$76,536 a year ago.



MR. G. T. SOMERS  
President of the Sterling Bank.

President G. T. Somers said: "In regard to the future of the bank, I feel that the present policy of conservatism should be rigidly maintained, as it is to this policy I attribute our successful position to-day. Monetary conditions have been greatly disturbed for some time and caution is most necessary, but the future of this country is assured and the present check on business will do no harm."

\*\*\*

**Important New Issues.**

AS was forecasted some little time ago, the Ottawa Heat, Light and Power Company is making a new issue of \$800,000 additional stock, thus increasing the capital stock from \$2,000,000 to \$2,800,000. The new stock will be issued at par to shareholders of record of June 20th. The extra capital will be used for building and equipping new plant.

The Canadian Car and Foundry Company, of Montreal, announce a further issue of \$900,000, seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock. The Royal Securities Corporation has purchased this for issue in London.

The Harvey Knitting Company, of Woodstock, will issue \$50,000 new preferred, bringing the total to \$150,000. Its net earnings for last year are reported to have been \$19,000.

\*\*\*

**Montreal Stock Exchange Meeting**

AT the annual meeting of the Montreal Stock Exchange, Mr. J. J. Pangman was again elected chairman. The vice-chairman is Mr. H. B. MacDougall, and the secretary-treasurer, Mr. J. Pitblado.

The only important resolution was one which proposed to add two extra members to the governing committee. This was carried and accordingly the committee has now nine members.

\*\*\*

**A Dollar a Day**

AS some indication of the remarkable cheapness of first-class bonds, just now, the Statistical Department of the Dominion Bond Company points out that an investment of five thousand dollars in high-class securities will earn for itself \$354 a year, or practically a dollar a day. Bonds have never been such bargains as in 1913, and the low prices are likely to continue yet awhile.

\*\*\*

**Increased Earnings of Banque Nationale**

NET profits for the year of \$302,304, as compared with \$295,564 in the previous year, are shown by the report of the Banque Nationale, of Quebec. These equal 15.1 per cent. on the paid-up capital. Deposits increased by nearly \$4,000,000. The bank has a reserve fund of \$1,550,000.

\*\*\*

**Dominion Steel's Financing**

A LONDON cable announces that Mr. J. H. Plummer, president of the Dominion Steel Corporation, has sold sufficient five per cent. bonds in London to provide for the company's immediate needs. If a preferred issue is to be made, it will be deferred for some little time. The present monetary situation is regarded by the company as unfavourable for an issue of preferred stock. When it is brought out it will be small. The news will be a considerable relief to the holders of Dominion Steel stock, some of whom may have been disturbed by the recent vacillating and unsettled condition of the stock.

\*\*\*

**A Fluctuating Market**

THE past week on the stock exchange reveals many fluctuations, and these are most noticeable in the more important securities. Dominion Canners, which stood a week ago at 77½, slumped to 70, and then rose again, opening the week at 73. Winnipeg Railway dropped from 205 to 200, and Spanish River from 60½ to 57½. Brazilian showed a slight downward movement, and reached 94. C. P. R. declined a point and opened at 235.

F. N. Burt preferred showed slight improvement, and is quoted at 97. Can. Gen. Electric rose from 112½ to 113½, and Mackay from 82 to 82¼. Maple Leaf opened at 96½. Toronto Rails rose to 145½, and Toronto Paper opened the week at par.

\*\*\*

**Next Week's Annual**

THE Canadian Niagara Power Company hold their annual meeting next week.

**The Sterling Bank of Canada**

Statement of the Results of the Business of the Bank for the Year Ending 30th April, 1913—Given at the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders Held at the Head Office, Toronto, on Tuesday, 20th of May, 1913.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Balance of Profit and Loss, April 30, 1912	\$ 76,536.24
Profits for the year ending April 30, 1913, after deducting charges of management, etc.	113,400.87
<b>Making a total of</b>	<b>\$189,937.11</b>
Appropriated as follows:—	
Dividend 1½%, Aug. 15, 1912	\$14,966.34
" 1½%, Nov. 15, 1912	15,167.72
" 1½%, Feb. 15, 1913	15,650.69
" 1½%, May 15, 1913	16,491.44
<b>Transferred to Contingent Account as appropriation for Bank Premises, Investments, etc.</b>	<b>\$ 62,276.19</b>
Balance carried forward	30,000.00
	97,660.92

RESERVE FUND.	
Balance brought forward	\$300,000.00
<b>RESERVE FUND AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.</b>	
Reserve Fund	\$300,000.00
Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account	97,660.92
<b>TOTAL REST AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS</b>	<b>\$397,660.92</b>

GENERAL STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES.	
Notes in Circulation	\$ 944,015.00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$1,650,296.42
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	4,855,437.31
<b>Due to other Banks in Canada</b>	<b>6,505,733.73</b>
	116,162.83
<b>Total Liabilities to the Public</b>	<b>\$7,565,911.56</b>
Capital Stock paid up	1,117,610.98
Reserve Fund	300,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward	97,660.92
Dividend No. 25, payable May 15	16,491.44
Former Dividends unclaimed	1,859.04
	1,533,622.38
<b>ASSETS.</b>	<b>\$9,099,533.94</b>

Specie	\$ 43,601.82
Dominion Government Demand Notes	818,156.00
Deposit with Dominion Government for Security of Note Circulation	48,752.00
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	695,283.07
Balances due from other Banks in Canada	10,000.00
Balances due from Agents in the United Kingdom	45,597.38
Balances due from other Banks elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	154,556.14
	\$1,815,946.41
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	683,951.15
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	931,595.34
	\$3,431,492.90
Bills Discounted and Advances Current	\$5,285,573.76
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	11,036.00
Bank Premises, Safes and Office Furniture	303,805.77
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	15,000.00
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads	52,625.51
	\$5,668,041.04
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$9,099,533.94</b>

Toronto, April 30, 1913.

F. W. BROUGHALL, General Manager.

I have examined the General Balance Sheet as at April 30, 1913, and compared it with the Head Office Books at Toronto, and the certified returns from the Branches, and, in my opinion, this is a correct and a conservative statement of the condition of the Bank as at that date.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND, Chartered Accountant.



**Cosgrave's Pale Ale**

☞ An enjoyable drink for those little suppers after the theatre. ☞ The healthfulness of good, pure beer like Cosgrave's is affirmed by scientists. ☞ See that the waiter always brings you Cosgrave's.

Brewed and bottled only at

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited



# The House of the Twin Dragons

(Concluded from page 15.)

and though it was nearing midnight he had not come.

Suddenly there was the noise of shouting men with lights, trampling through the corn. Max gripped his revolver, as Tien rushed out from the tall stalks, gasping breathlessly: "Kwang Wan Shun recognized me, they are after me now. Quick, into the canal, it is not guarded, and I heard a foreign ship is lying near its mouth, in the gulf."

"And you?" said Max quickly. "I may have a chance, this is your only one. Be quick."

For an instant the two men gripped hands, then Max slipped silently into the black water, and Tien set off again, running up the tow path. He had lied to Max, there was no chance of his escape, and he only ran to draw the pursuers up the canal while Max swam down. And so thinking only of his friend, he ran headlong among a second party of hunters.

Erhlung is an old Chinese fortress on the road to Peking, with massive walls, and gates above which stood the great stone twin dragons that gave it its name. At dawn the next morning the Kwang women were up and performing their toilets, often looking from their windows to a field outside the wall where the Kwang men were sitting eating their breakfasts, while in their midst a man was digging a long trench, beside a rough coffin that lay on the ground. Evidently the Kwangs had taken another prisoner, whom they meant to bury alive after he had dug his own grave.

Tien worked very slowly, for he had been savagely handled when he refused to tell where Max was until he knew he had time to escape. Now suddenly his strength failed, and he fainted, falling prone on the broken earth. The Kwangs looked at him indifferently, then started up, as a girl running lightly on her unbound feet, rushed passed them, and knelt by the unconscious man.

"This is my husband," she said. "If you kill him, I must kill myself." "Since when," roared Kwang Wan Shun, "has a woman been able to marry herself without her family's knowledge?"

There was an angry snarl of steel as Kwang tore his sword from its sheath, and strode forward. Resting the sword's point on Tien's neck, he spoke as a man of fury.

But Huai was on her feet, and her eyes were as savage as her cousin's, as holding her dagger against her own breast she screamed on the whole Kwang clan the most terrible of the curses of the dead—the curse of a wronged woman, who denied justice in this world, goes self-slain to the next, making her body the sacrifice that will wake the dark powers of the underworld to avenge her.

Kwang looked at her aghast, reflecting on the unreason of women.

"He would have mended his fault, it was only a little one," she flashed back at him. "He gave me the letters from his family arranging our marriage, but you drove him from Taso-peng, and now you have killed him."

Again she broke out in her curse, but on the wall above appeared a richly dressed, elderly woman, leaning on a staff and a young man's arm—Kwang T'ai-t'ai. "Is the man dead?" she called shrilly.

"No, T'ai-t'ai," answered Kwang. "Send the girl into the house," she ordered.

Huai went into the house very meekly, she knew she would be reviled, and unmercifully beaten by the women, but then a Chinese wedding is a matter of weeks, and Tien was safe until it was concluded.

When Tien came to himself he was heavily ironed and thrown into the Erhlung prison, where he lay for three days exceedingly mystified as to his reprieve, while the Kwangs, with ceremonial slowness, made out their written and sealed consent of Huai's marriage. This was the third of the wedding preliminaries, and as the fourth required the consent of the bridegroom,

they went to his prison carrying their swords drawn in their hands.

Tien stood up, expecting something unpleasant, and for an hour Kwang Wan Shun addressed him, accusing him of many crimes.

Then he was astounded by Kwang ordering him to make out a cheque for fifty dollars to Mrs. Kwang, as his wedding present to the mother of his bride.

"First I must hear from Miss Kwang herself that she is willing," he said firmly.

So Huai came to the prison, standing white faced but glad among the grim sworded men.

"Miss Kwang, do you wish to marry me?" asked Tien formally.

She looked at him with her soul in her eyes. "I love you," she said.

Horrified at her immodesty, her cousins sent her back. Tien signed the cheque, and was left alone more mystified than ever, but his chains felt lighter, and he almost forgot he was half-starved, thinking of Huai's eyes.

Meanwhile the Kwangs chose a lucky day for the wedding, and on it Huai was dressed in fine new robes, and had her hair arranged to show she was a wife. Then there was a feast, and all the time she wept, which was according to custom, but poor Huai's tears were real. At dusk the bridegroom came on horseback, in festal garments, but with Kwang armed beside him. Huai was put in a red sedan chair, and with noisy music the procession went round Erhlung, and back to the room which represented Tien's house. He stood at its door while Huai prostrated herself before him. Then they knelt together, and were legally man and wife.

As they rose Kwang said to Tien: "You have married our cousin, will you recant and join us against the foreigners, if we let you live?"

"I refuse to join with rebels," Tien answered coldly.

"The men of the clan will be here at dawn, you have till then to decide," said Kwang, as he left them alone together.

"What does it all mean, Huai?" asked Tien.

She flung herself from him weeping. "You will hate me forever when you know," she sobbed. "To save your life I stole your good name. I have blackened your honour, I can never, never tell you how."

She hid her face in her hands as bit by bit Tien coaxed a confession from her, and then explained his love was unchanged. He found the work of wooing and comforting a shy, shamed bride so pleasant, that dawn came before he thought an hour had passed.

"I will die with you," whispered Huai, but no death messenger came to them. Evidently the Kwang men had not returned. All day the lovers waited, and at sunset a cannon roared without, then their door was unbarred by the T'ai-t'ai, who stood there with her stick and crippled feet.

The Allies were marching on Peking, whither the Kwangs had fled, leaving their women to die self-slain, as is the law of war in the East. They were gathered by the deep well of Erhlung now, women with little children, and flower-like girls; all waiting the T'ai-t'ai's word to leap down and let the dark water save them from the violence they feared.

"Can you, will you, save them, Tien Lein Fang?" she asked. "You know the foreigners. Is it necessary that they die?"

Tien hesitated, then beyond the walls he saw a flag show above a ridge, and answered quickly: "I will answer for their safety, T'ai-t'ai."

Men were coming over the ridge towards Erhlung, but they did not fire again, for a white flag waved above the House of the Twin Dragons.

Strangers.—"I suppose you are well acquainted with the star of your company?"

"Never met him," replied the press agent. "A successful press agent must be an idealist, not a realist."—Washington Star.

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### Prince Edward Prohibits

VANCOUVER ISLAND has one peculiar interest in Prince Edward Island—as for example the following extract from the Victoria Daily News regarding the splendid advance made by the far eastern Province in dealing with the drink problem:

"In-so-far as legislation dealing with the liquor traffic is concerned, Prince Edward Island occupies the most advanced position of any Province in the Dominion, and during the recent session of the Legislature amendments were made to the prohibitory law which make it still more effective.

"Among the new amendments is one that makes it illegal hereafter to drink openly or publicly. Another is to the following effect: It shall hereafter be unlawful to give liquor or to treat anyone under 21 years of age anywhere in the Province without the consent of his parents or guardians.

"A further amendment places the burden of proof on the vendor, the druggist, or the doctor. Under the Act these persons are granted exceptional privileges, which are not always lived up to. In the past some of these persons, when proceeded against for any offence under the Act, were able to throw the burden of proof on the prosecution. The new amendments to the Act will reverse this position.

"The person charged must prove to the satisfaction of the court that his act was in accordance with the law, and if he fails in this a conviction is entered up against him. As the law provides him with the facilities necessary for his protection no injustice whatever is imposed upon him. If he fails to prove his innocence it is because he has not conformed to the requirements of the law.

"The reason assigned for the advanced position occupied by Prince Edward Island as a prohibition province is not that the legislators are more advanced than those of other provinces, but because the power of the liquor traffic is dead. In politics it counts for nothing. The Prohibitionists count in politics in Prince Edward Island. The Government of the Province is free to legislate for the benefit of the people, and not to legislate for the benefit of the liquor trade at the expense of the people, as is done so frequently in British Columbia. When the day comes that the legislators of this province will have to look to the prohibitionists for votes, as the legislators do in Prince Edward Island, then we shall have equally advanced legislation."

### Buys Gen. Wolfe's Home

A PATRIOTIC Montrealeur, Mr. J. B. Learmont, has bought the English home of General Wolfe at Westernham, Kent. The object in buying this historic home is not expressly set forth by the purchaser, except that he wishes the place to be kept in the name of Canada where General Wolfe trod "the paths of glory," and where he died at the battle of the Plains of Abraham. It might be a good thing if the Quebec Government could get a complete model of this home for museum purposes; otherwise only those Canadians who have money enough to tour England will be able to get any particular knowledge of it.

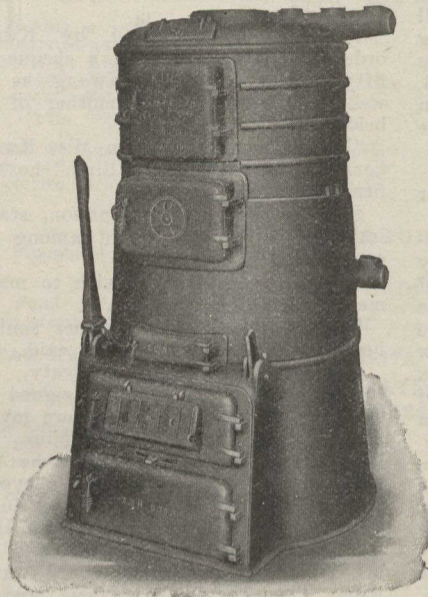
### Ottawa Canadian Club

THE annual volume of the Canadian Club of Ottawa has just been issued. It contains the text of twenty-three addresses delivered during the year. The speakers seem to have touched upon nearly every problem of modern life, although Imperial questions have received most attention. To take a few of the more striking problems we find "Thoughts on Imperial Problems," by Mr. Bryce, lately the British Ambassador at Washington; "Imperialism and Nationalism," by Henri Bourassa, the Canadian publicist; and "The Australian Commonwealth and Her Relation to the British Empire."

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, spoke on "The Cost of Living"; Sir Alexander Binnie, the eminent British engineer, on "The Pleasures of Travel," and Captain Roald Amundsen on "The South Pole."

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# FOR THE JUNIORS

## Children's Day in a Western City.

EACH year there is held in the city of New Westminster, in British Columbia, a May-day celebration in which hundreds of children take part. It is a very wonderful day for the boys and girls who live within travelling distance of that city, and this year nearly twenty thousand visitors came to pay homage to the youthful May-queen, and share in the festivities.

In the morning there was an automobile parade. Seventy-five cars, decorated with lovely spring flowers and filled with gayly-dressed children, passed through the streets on their way to the Queen's Park, where the celebrations were held. There the cars were judged and prizes were given for the loveliest.

Then came the crowning of the May-queen, Miss Jean McPhail, and the appointing of her maids of honour, Miss Eva Mosell and Miss Kathleen Drew. They, with the ex-Queen, Miss Annie Station, held court throughout the day



THE LADY WHO WROTE "BEAUTIFUL JOE."

Telling a Story About a Pussy Cat to Two Little Friends.

and were the centre of all attraction. A delightful little ceremony was their exchange of greeting with the May-queen of Kamloops, who had come to visit them.

During the day six thousand bags of chocolates were distributed to the children, and as many oranges. The dancing of the May-pole, in which three hundred children took part, prettily dressed in Old English costumes, was a lovely feature of the festivities. In the evening a grand children's ball was held in the Agricultural Building in Queen's Park. It must have been a happy day for the children of New Westminster, and one that will still linger in their memory until the next May-day comes around.

In a little town in rural England known as Knutsford, a "Royal" May-day festival is also held each year. It is the oldest, prettiest, and only "royal" May-day festival in all the kingdom. Years ago, when Queen Victoria was quite a young girl, she visited the town of Knutsford, and was so pleased with it that she granted the privilege of affixing "royal" to the name of the festival, and so it has been known ever since. Describing the events that take place on the first day of the summer season in the little English town, a writer in St. Nicholas says:

"The procession is now entering upon the heath, where some two thousand spectators are awaiting the arrival of the queen and the beginning of the revels. The shrill notes of the heralds announcing the appearance of the 'court' are all but drowned in the tumultuous applause which greets the 'royal' carriages. Preceded by court ladies and courtiers, pages and maids of honour, resplendent in velvet cloaks and coro-

nets, the royal carriage makes its slow approach, surrounded by the 'Royal May-day Foot-guards.' Her Highness is accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting and train-bearers. Having encircled the heath, the May-queen descends from her carriage, and, attended by her principal ladies and courtiers, is escorted to her richly decorated throne.

"Before one can tire of the charming picture—the youthful queen resting in simple dignity upon the throne, surrounded by her regally appareled 'court'—the crown-bearer, with all proper heralding and fanfares, slowly advances, and, with several obeisances, comes into the presence of her Royal Highness, and places the symbolic crown upon her head. The musicians greet the coronation ceremony with appropriate harmonies, and the crowds with uncovered heads cheer lustily as the crown-bearer gracefully bows himself from her Majesty's presence, and the sceptre-bearer proclaims, as he yields up the emblem of sovereignty, 'I hail thee Queen of the May.'

"The honours of the festival having been thus happily bestowed upon their chosen queen, the children abandon themselves to the full enjoyment of the sports, all the characters, to the number of some four hundred, opening the revels with a combined dance which proves one of the prettiest spectacles of the day. The tambourine dance, the sword-dance, and the horn-pipe dance follow in quick succession. The courtiers' coronation dance prefaces the plaiting of the May-pole by the flower dancers—

"Some crowned with bluebells, some with primroses,  
As if the rainbow's colours they'd unwove."

"Now follows the morris-dance, and now, to the strains of the national anthem, the queen retires from her throne, and thus ends the official programme of another 'Royal' May-day Festival in quaint old Knutsford."

### A Cat's Long Journey.

A FINE black cat of superior breed was received not long ago by express in the town of Thorold, Ontario. It had come from Trail, British Columbia, twenty-five hundred miles away. When its owner, a young lady, was about to travel and could no longer take care of her pet, she did not abandon it as so many have been known to do, but provided for its safe passage to friends at another home.

It was comfortably housed in a roomy box, on which was a placard with this inscription: "My name is Rastus. Please feed me good milk once a day, and beyond that I can nibble the crusts provided until I reach home." The way-bill accompanying it bore records of the feedings along the route, and showed that puss had not wanted for friends or food on his long journey.

The strange shipment created a great deal of interest along the way. Children by the score expressed their sympathy with the traveller, realizing that he had journeyed more miles than most of them had. Rastus arrived in the best of health, and climbed out of his box home as fresh as when he entered it.

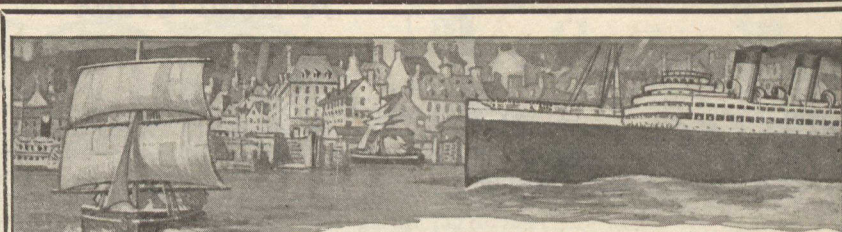
### The Porcupine and the Wolf.

A WOLF met a porcupine, and thought it would make a dainty morsel if only he could find some way of disarming it of its prickly quills.

"This is a time of peace," said the wolf, "and it ill becomes you to go about armed in this way, as though you were living in a time of war. Lay aside your prickles, and you can take them up again whenever you need them."

"Do you speak of the need of arms in time of war?" said the porcupine. "That is my present case, and so long as a wolf is near I will remain with my arms ready for immediate use."

We must always beware of the crafty.



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

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

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## A Road Cruise

(Concluded from page 9.)

fort of Annapolis, which is kept in a state of preservation by the Government. Approaching Annapolis along the Digby road, which crosses some low dyke land before it comes to the limits of the town, a good view of this interesting relic of bygone days is obtainable. The town itself is a quaint, old-fashioned place, nestling peacefully among its trees and pervaded by a restful atmosphere.

From this point to Kentville, the next stage of the journey, the road passes through the prosperous Annapolis Valley, where fruit-growers are to-day making small fortunes from the cultivation of orchards. There are numerous towns and villages along the route, while to north and south rise the protecting hills which render the valley so secure for the prosecution of the flourishing industry of apple-growing. It can scarcely be said, however, that the road is as good here as farther west. Lying inland, the climate is drier, and in consequence the surface is softer and dustier.

Of Kentville, the capital of the district, and of Wolfville, the seat of Acadia University and right on the confines of Evangeline's Land, it is hardly necessary to write in detail. They are in the midst of a pleasant country and the motorist will find much to interest and attract him within their limits. He may, if he choose, push on to Windsor, which marks the extremity of the apple region, may even attempt the remaining distance to Halifax, though the condition of the roads through this latter section cannot be commended, or he may strike across to Truro and follow the coast of the Bay of Fundy round to St. John. Enough has been written, however, to serve as an introduction to one of the most interesting motoring regions in Canada. In process of time, when an ocean to ocean highway becomes a reality, this by-way through the Annapolis Valley, along Digby Basin and on to Yarmouth will prove to be one of its most attractive supplementary features.

**Tantalizing.**—"There's a foreign couple living in the flat next to us, and they are simply a torment to my wife."

"Why so?"

"They quarrel incessantly, and she can't understand a word of it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**A Little Mixed.**—First Girl—"Do you like Mascagni?" Second Girl—"I adore him! Isn't his Cafeteria Rusticana just the sweetest thing?"—Boston Transcript.

### The Cow.

SO many poems have been writ  
About the gentle cow,  
It seems absurd, a little bit,  
For me to do it now.

I'm city-bred, and yet meseems  
The gentle cow must be  
One of the best-known, best-loved themes  
Of poets' minstrelsy.

So many bards of her have sung,  
So oft her virtues told,  
To leave my willing harp unstrung  
Bespeaks me somewhat cold.

But little of the cow I know.  
That's true. But anyhow,  
It is a noble theme, and so  
I sing about the cow.

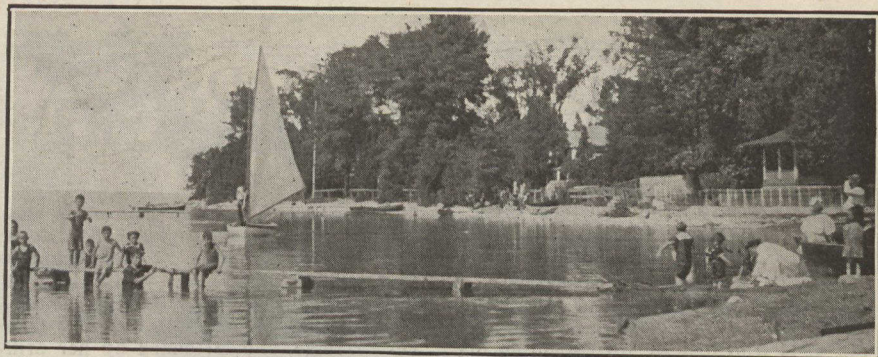
—Life.

**Embarrassed.**—"Didn't you feel pretty cheap there sitting with a young and innocent girl at such a shocking play?"  
"I did. She had to explain a good many of the innuendoes before I was able to get them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Strike Broken.**—Master of the house—"See here, Mary Ann, where's my dinner?"

Slavey—"Theer ain't agoin' to be no dinner, if you please, sir."

"What's that! No dinner?"  
"No, sir. The missus came 'ome from jail this afternoon, an' ate up hevery-think in th' 'ouse!"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.



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# THE IMPROVISOR



BY  
**HAROLD  
BINDLOSS**

## CHAPTER XIX.

### Courthorne Blunders.

LANCE COURTHORNE had lightly taken a good many risks in his time, for he usually found a spice of danger stimulating, and there was in him an irresponsible daring that not infrequently served him better than a well-laid plan. There are also men of his type who, for a time at least, appear immune from the disasters which follow the one rash venture the prudent make, and it was half in frolic and half in malice he rode to Silverdale dressed as a prairie farmer in the light of day, and forgot that their occupation sets a stamp he had never worn upon the tillers of the soil. The same spirit induced him to imitate one or two of Witham's gestures for the benefit of his cook, and afterwards wait for a police trooper, who apparently desired to overtake him when he had just left the homestead.

He pulled his horse up when the other man shouted to him, and trusting to the wide hat that hid most of his face, smiled out of half-closed eyes when he handed a packet.

"You have saved me a ride, Mr. Courthorne. I heard you were at the bridge," the trooper said. "If you'll sign for those documents I needn't keep you."

He brought out a pencil, and Courthorne scribbled on the paper handed him. He was quite aware that there was a risk attached to this, but if Witham had any communications with the police it appeared advisable to discover what they were about. Then he laughed, as riding on again he opened the packet.

"Agricultural Bureau documents," he said. "This lot to be returned filled in! Well, if I can remember, I'll give them to Witham."

As it happened, he did not remember; but he made a worse mistake just before his departure from the railroad settlement. He had spent two nights at a little wooden hotel, which was not the one where Witham put up when he drove into the place, and to pass the time commenced a flirtation with the proprietor's daughter. The girl was pretty, and Courthorne a man of different type from the wheat-growers she had been used to. When his horse was at the door, he strolled into the saloon where he found the girl alone in the bar.

"I'm a very sad man to-day, my dear," he said, and his melancholy became him.

THE girl blushed prettily. "Still," she said, "whenever you want to, you can come back again."

"If I did, would you be pleased to see me?"

"Of course!" said the girl. "Now, you wait a minute, and I'll give you something to remember me by. I don't mix this up for everybody."

She busied herself with certain decanters and essences, and Courthorne held the glass she handed him high.

"The brightest eyes and the reddest lips between Winnipeg and the Rockies!" he said. "This is nectar, but I would like to remember you by something sweeter still!"

Their heads were not far apart when he laid down his glass, and before the girl quite knew what was happening an arm was round her neck. Next moment she had flung the man backwards, and stood very straight, quivering with anger and crimson in face, for Courthorne, as occasionally happens with men of his type, assumed too much, and did not always know when to stop. Then she called sharply, "Jake."

There was a tramp of feet outside, and when a big, grim-faced man looked in at the door Courthorne decided it was time for him to effect his retreat while it could be done with safety. He knew already that there were two doors to the saloon, and his finger closed on the neck of a decanter. Next moment it smote the newcomer on the chest, and while he staggered backwards with the fluid trickling from him, Courthorne departed through the opposite entrance. Once outside, he mounted leisurely, but nobody came out from the hotel, and shaking the bridle with a little laugh he cantered out of the settlement.

In the meanwhile, the other man carefully wiped his garments, and then turned to his companion.

"Now what's all this about?" he said.

THE girl told him. The man ruminated for a minute. "Well," he's gone, and I don't know that I'm sorry there wasn't a circus here," he said. "I figured there was something not square about that fellow, anyway. Registered as Guyler from Minnesota, but I've seen somebody like him among the boys from Silverdale. Guess I'll find out when I ride over about the horse, and then I'll have a talk with him quietly."

In the meanwhile, the police trooper who had handed him the packet returned to the outpost, and, as it happened, found the grizzled Sergeant Stimson, who appeared astonished to see him back so soon there.

"I met Courthorne near his homestead, and gave him the papers, sir," he said.

"You did?" said the Sergeant. "Now that's kind of curious, because he's at the bridge."

"It couldn't have been anybody else, because he took the documents and signed for them," said the trooper. "Big bay horse?"

"No, sir," said the trooper. "It was a broncho, and a screw at that."

"Well," said Stimson dryly, "let me have your book. If Payne has come in, tell him I want him."

The trooper went out, and when his comrade came in Stimson laid a strip of paper before him. "You have seen Courthorne's writing," he said; "would you call it anything like that?"

"No, sir," said Trooper Payne. "I would not!"

Stimson nodded. "Take a good horse and ride round by the bridge. If you find Courthorne there, as you probably will, head for the settlement and see if you can come across a man who might pass for him. Ask your question as though the answer didn't count, and tell nobody what you hear but me."

Payne rode out, and when he returned three days later, Sergeant Stimson made a journey to confer with one of his superiors. The officer was a man who had risen in the service somewhat rapidly, and when he heard the tale said nothing, while he turned over a bundle of papers a trooper brought him. Then he glanced at Stimson thoughtfully.

"I have a report of the Shannon shooting case here," he said. "How did it strike you at the time?"

Stimson's answer was guarded. "As a curious affair. You see, it was quite easy to get at Witham's character from anybody down there, and he wasn't the kind of man to do the thing. There were one or two other trifles I couldn't quite figure out the meaning of."

"Witham was drowned?" said the officer.

"Well," said Stimson, "the trooper who rode after him heard him break through the ice, but nobody ever found

him, though a farmer came upon his horse."

The officer nodded. "I fancy you are right, and the point is this. There were two men, who apparently bore some resemblance to each other, engaged in an unlawful venture, and one of them commits a crime nobody believed him capable of, but which would have been less out of keeping with the other's character. Then the second man comes into an inheritance, and leads a life which seems to have astonished everybody who knows him. Now, have you ever seen these two men side by side?"

"No, sir," said Stimson. "Courthorne kept out of our sight when he could in Alberta, and I don't think I or any of the boys, except Shannon, ever saw him for more than a minute or two. Now and then we passed Witham on the prairie or saw him from the trail, but I think I only once spoke to him."

"Well," said the officer, "it seems to me I had better get you sent back to your old station, where you can quietly pick up the threads again. Would the trooper you mentioned be fit to keep an eye on things at Silverdale?"

"No one better, sir," said Stimson. "Then it shall be done," said the officer. "The quieter you keep the affair the better."

It was a week or two later when Witham returned to his homestead from the bridge, which was almost completed. Dusk was closing in, but as he rode down the rise he could see the wheat roll in slow ripples back into the distance. The steady beat of its rhythmic murmur told of heavy ears, and where the stalks stood waist-high on the rise, the last flush of saffron in the north-west was flung back in a dull bronze gleam. The rest swayed athwart the shadowy hollow, dusky indigo and green, but that flash of gold and red told that harvest was nigh again.

Witham had seen no crop to compare with it during the eight years he had spent in the Dominion. There had been neither drought nor hail that year, and now, when the warm western breezes kept sweet and wholesome the splendid ears they fanned, there was removed from him the terrors of the harvest frost, which not infrequently blights the fairest prospects in one bitter night. Fate, which had tried him hardly hitherto, denying the seed its due share of fertilizing rain, sweeping his stock from existence with icy blizzard, and mowing down the tall green corn with devastating hail, was now showering favours on him when it was too late. Still, though he felt the irony of it, he was glad, for others had followed his lead, and while the lean years had left a lamentable scarcity of dollars at Silverdale, wealth would now pour in to every man who had had the faith to sow.

HE dismounted beside the oats he would harvest first, and heard with a curious stirring of his pulses their musical patter. It was not the full-toned song of the wheat, but there was that in the quicker beat of it which told that each graceful tassel would redeem its promise. He could not see the end of them, but by the right of the producer they were all his. He knew that he could also hold them by right of conquest, too, for that year a knowledge of his strength had been forced upon him. Still, from something he had seen in the eyes of a girl and grasped at in the words of a white-haired lady, he realized that there is a limit beyond which man's ambition may not venture, and

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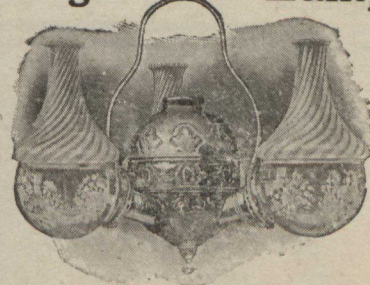
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a right before which even that of possession must bow.

It had been shown him plainly that no man of his own devices can make the wheat grow, and standing beside it in the creeping dusk he felt in a vague, half-pagan fashion that there was, somewhere behind what appeared the chaotic chances of life, a scheme of order and justice immutable, which would in due time crush the too presumptuous human atom who opposed himself to it. Regret and rebellion were, it seemed, equally futile, and he must go out from Silverdale before retribution overtook him. He had done wrong, and, though he had made what reparation he could, knew that he would carry his punishment with him.

The house was almost dark when he reached it, and as he went in his cook signed to him. "There's a man in here waiting for you," he said. "He doesn't seem in any way friendly or civil."

Witham nodded as he went on, wondering with a grim expectancy whether Courthorne had returned again. If he had, he felt in a mood for very direct speech with him. His visitor was, however, not Courthorne. Witham could see that at a glance, although the room was dim.

"I don't seem to know you, but I'll get a light in a minute," he said.

"I wouldn't waste time," said the other. "We can talk just as straight in the dark, and I guess this meeting will finish up outside on the prairie. You've given me a good deal of trouble to trail you, Mr. Guyler."

"Well," said Witham dryly, "it seems to me that you have found the wrong man."

The stranger laughed unpleasantly. "I was figuring you'd take it like that, but you can't bluff me. Well now, I've come round to take it out of you for slinging that decanter at me, and if there is another thing, we needn't mention it."

Witham stared at the man, and his astonishment was evident, but the fact that he still spoke with an English accentuation, as Courthorne did, was against him.

"To the best of my recollection, I have never suffered the unpleasantness of meeting you in my life," he said. "I certainly never threw a decanter or anything else at you, though I understand that one might feel tempted to."

The man rose up slowly, and appeared big and heavy-shouldered as he moved athwart the window. "I guess that is quite enough for me," he said. "What were you condemned Englishmen made for, anyway, but to take the best of what other men worked for, until the folks who've got grit enough run you out of the old country! Lord, why don't they drown you instead of dumping you and your wickedness on to us? Still, I'm going to show one of you, as I've longed to do, that you can't play your old tricks with the women of this country."

"I don't see the drift of a word of it," said Witham. "Hadn't you better come back when you've worked the vapours off to-morrow?"

"Come out!" said the other man grimly. "There's scarcely room in here. Well then, have it your own way, and the devil take care of you!"

"I think there's enough," said Witham, as the other swung forward, closed with him.

He felt sick and dizzy for a moment, for he had laid himself open and the first blow got home, but he had decided that if the grapple was inevitable, it was best to commence it and end it speedily. A few seconds later there was a crash against the table, and the stranger gasped as he felt the edge of it pressed into his backbone. Then he felt himself borne backwards until he groaned under the strain, and heard a hoarse voice say, "If you attempt to use that foot again, I'll make the leg useless all your life to you. Come right in here, Tom."

A man carrying a lantern came in, and stared at the pair as he set it down. "Do you want me to see a fair finish-up?" he said.

"No," said Witham. "I want you to see this gentleman out with me. Nip his arms behind his back; he can't hurt you."

It was done with a little difficulty, and there was a further scuffle in the

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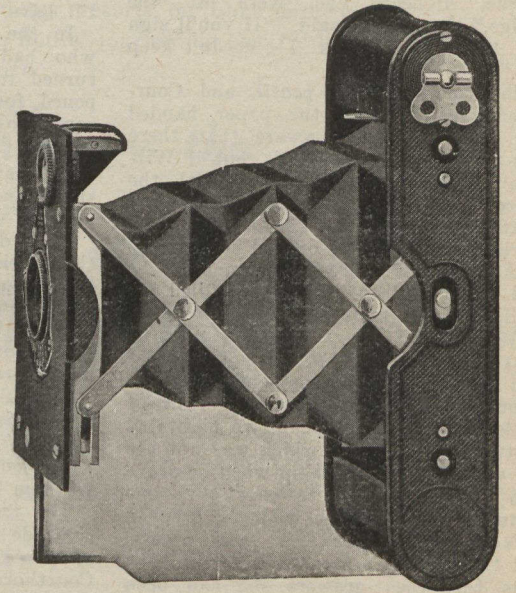
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hall, for the stranger resisted strenuously, but a minute later the trio reeled out of the door just as a buggy pulled up. Then, as the evicted man plunged forward alone, Witham, straightening himself suddenly, saw that Colonel Barrington was looking down on him, and that his niece was seated at his side. He stood still, flushed and breathless, with his jacket hanging rent half-way up about him, and the Colonel's voice was quietly ironical.

"I had a question or two to ask you, but can wait," he said. "No doubt I shall find you less engaged another time."

He flicked the horse, and as the buggy rolled away the other man walked up to Witham.

"While I only wanted to get rid of you before, I feel greatly tempted to give you your wish now," said the latter.

The stranger laughed dryly. "I guess you needn't worry. I don't fight because I'm fond of it, and you're not the man."

"Not the man?" said Witham.

"No, sir," said the other. "Not like him, now I can see you better. Well, I'm kind of sorry I started a circus here."

A suspicion of the truth flashed upon Witham. "What sort of a man was the one you mistook for me?"

"Usual British waster. Never done a day's work in his life, and never wanted to; too tired to open his eyes more than half-way when he looked at you, but if he ever fools round the saloon again, he'll know what he is before I'm through with him."

Witham laughed. "I wouldn't be rash or you may get another astonishment. We really know one or two useful things in the old country, but you can't fetch the settlement before morning, and we'll put you up if you like."

"No, sir," said the other dryly. "I'm not fond of Englishmen, and we might get arguing, while I've had 'bout enough of you for one night."

He rode away, and Witham went back into the house very thoughtfully, wondering whether he would be called upon to answer for more of Courthorne's doings.

It was two or three days later when Maud Barrington returned with her aunt from a visit to an outlying farm, where, because an account of what took place in the saloon had by some means been brought in from the settlement. It kept her silent during the return journey, and Miss Barrington said nothing, but when the Colonel met them in the hall he glanced at his niece.

"I see Mrs. Carndall has been telling you both a tale," he said. "It would have been more fitting if she had kept it to herself."

"Yes," said Maud Barrington. "Still, you do not credit it!"

Barrington smiled a trifle dryly. "I should very much prefer not to, my dear, but what we saw the other night appears to give it probability. The man Courthorne was dismissing somewhat summarily is, I believe, to marry the lady in question. You will remember I asked you once before whether the leopard can change his spots."

The girl laughed a little. "Still, are you not presuming when you take it for granted that there are spots to change?"

Colonel Barrington said nothing further, and it was late that night when the two women reopened the subject.

"Aunt," said Maud Barrington, "I want to know what you think about Mrs. Carndall's tale."

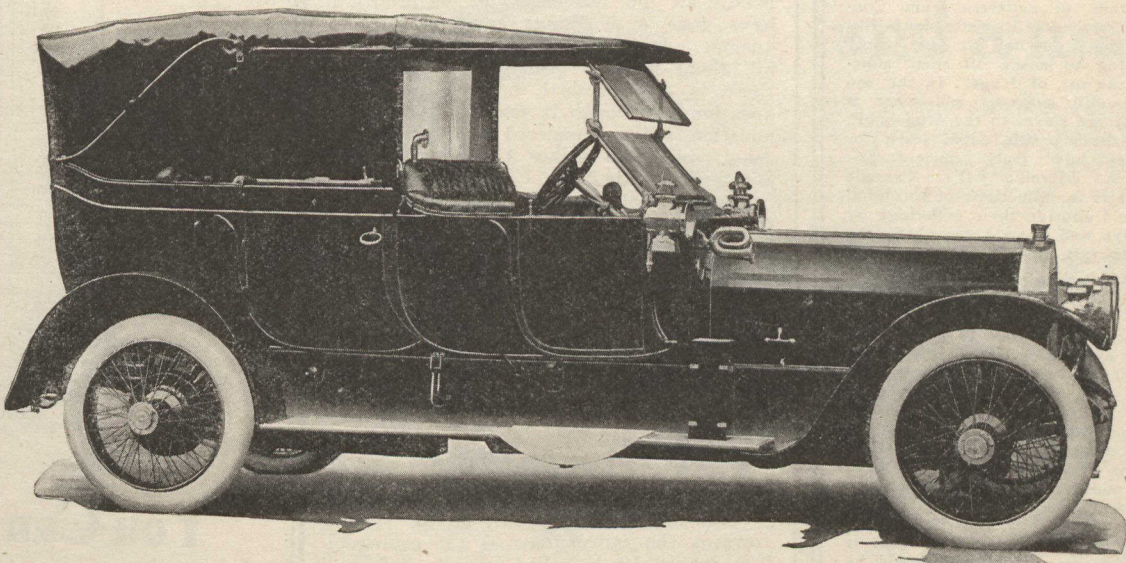
The little lady shook her head. "I should like to disbelieve it if I could."

"Then," said Maud Barrington, "why don't you?"

"Can you give me any reasons? One must not expect too much from human nature, my dear."

The girl sat silent awhile, remembering the man whom she had at first sight, and in the moonlight, fancied was like her companion at the time. It was not, however, the faint resemblance that had impressed her, but a vague something in his manner—his grace, his half-veiled insolence, his poise in the saddle. She had only seen Lance Courthorne on a few occasions when she was very young, but she had seen others of his race, and the man reminded her of them. Still, she felt half-instinctively that as yet it would be better that nobody should

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know this, and she stooped over some lace on the table as she answered the elder lady.

"I only know one, and it is convincing. That Lance should have done what he is credited with doing is quite impossible."

"Miss Barrington smiled. "I almost believe so, too, but others of his family have done such things somewhat frequently. Do you know that Lance has all along been a problem to me, for there is a good deal in my brother's question. Although it seems out of the question, I have wondered whether there could be two Lance Courthornes in Western Canada."

The girl looked at her aunt in silence for a space, but each hid a portion of her thoughts. Then Maud Barrington laughed.

"The Lance Courthorne now at Silverdale is as free from reproach as any man may be," she said. "I can't tell you why I am sure of it—but I know I am not mistaken."

### CHAPTER XX.

#### The Face at the Window.

IT was a hot morning when Sergeant Stimson and Corporal Payne rode towards the railroad across the prairie. The grassy levels rolled away before them, white and parched, into the blue distance, where willow grove and straggling bluff floated on the dazzling horizon, and the fibrous dust rose in little puffs beneath the horses' feet, until Stimson pulled his beast up in the shadow of the birches by the bridge, and looked back towards Silverdale. There, wooden homesteads girt about with barns and granaries rose from the whitened waste, and behind some of them stretched great belts of wheat. Then the Sergeant, understanding the faith of the men who had sown that splendid grain, nodded, for he was old and wise, and had seen many adverse seasons, and the slackness that comes, when hope has gone, to beaten men.

"They will reap this year—a handful of cents on every bushel," he said. "A fine gentleman is Colonel Barrington, but some of them will be thankful there's a better head than the one he has at Silverdale."

"Yes, sir," said Corporal Payne, who wore the double chevrons for the first time, and surmised that his companion's observations were not without their purpose.

Stimson glanced at the bridge. "Good work," he said. "It will save them dollars on every load they haul in. A gambler built it! Do they teach men to use the axe in Montana saloons?"

The corporal smiled and waited for what he felt would come. He was no longer the hot-blooded lad who had come out from the old country, for he had felt the bonds of discipline, and been taught restraint and silence on the lonely marches of the prairie.

"I have," he said tentatively, "fancied there was something a little unusual about the thing."

Stimson nodded, but his next observation was apparently quite unconnected with the topic. "You were a raw colt when I got you, Payne, and the bit galled you now and then, but you had good hands on a bridle, and somebody who knew his business had taught you to sit a horse in the old country. Still, you were not as handy with brush and fork at stable duty."

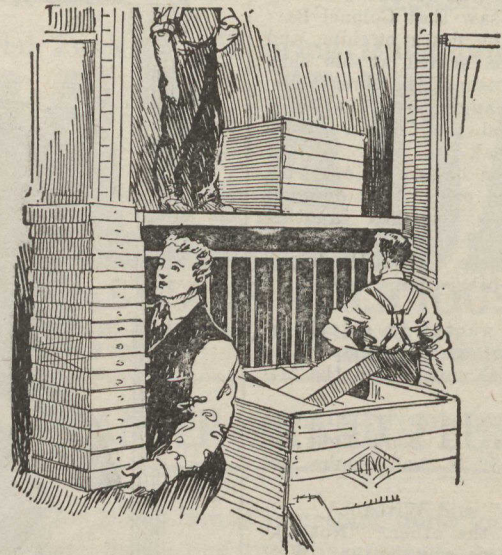
The bronze seemed to deepen in the corporal's face, but it was turned steadily toward his officer. "Sir," he said, "has that anything to do with what you were speaking of?"

Stimson laughed softly. "That depends, my lad. Now, I've taught you to ride straight and to hold your tongue. I've asked you no questions, but I've eyes in my head, and it's not without a purpose you've been made corporal. You're the kind they give commissions to now and then—and your folks in the old country never raised you for a police-trooper."

"Can you tell me how to win one?" asked the corporal, and Stimson noticed the little gleam in his eyes.

"There's one road to advancement, and you know where to find the trooper's duty laid down plain," he said with a dry smile. "Now, you saw Lance Courthorne once or twice back there in Alberta?"

"Yes, sir; but never close to."  
"And you knew Farmer Witham?"



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Payne appeared thoughtful. "Of course I met him a few times on the prairie, always on horseback, with his big hat on; but Witham is dead—that is, I heard him break through the ice." The men's eyes met for a moment, and Stimson smiled curiously. "There is," he said, "still a warrant out for him. Now, you know where I am going, and while I am away you will watch Courthorne and his homestead. If anything curious happens there you will let me know. The new man has instructions to find you any duty that will suit you."

The corporal looked at his officer steadily, and again there was comprehension in his eyes. Then he nodded. "Yes, sir. I have wondered whether, if Shannon could have spoken another word that night, it would have been Witham the warrant was issued for."

Stimson raised a restraining hand. "My lad," he said dryly, "the police trooper who gets advancement is the one that carries out his orders and never questions them until he can show that they are wrong. Then he uses a good deal of discretion. Now you know your duty?"

"Yes, sir," said Payne, and Stimson shaking his bridle cantered off across the prairie.

Then, seeing no need to waste time, the corporal rode towards Courthorne's homestead and found its owner stripping a binder. Pieces of the machine lay all around him, and from the fashion in which he handled them it was evident that he was capable of doing what the other men at Silverdale left to the mechanic at the settlement. Payne wondered, as he watched him, who had taught the gambler to use spanner and file.

"I will not trouble you if you are busy, Mr. Courthorne; but if you would give me the returns the Bureau asks for, it would save me riding round again," he said.

"I'm afraid I can't," said Witham. "You see, I haven't had the papers."

"Trooper Bacon told me he had given them to you."

"I don't seem to remember it," said Witham.

Payne laughed. "One forgets things when he is busy. Still, you had them—because you signed for them."

Witham looked up suddenly, and in another moment smiled; but he was a trifle too late, for Payne had seen his astonishment, and that he was now on guard.

"Well," he said, "I haven't got them now. Send me a duplicate. You have, no doubt, some extra forms at the outpost."

Payne decided that the man had never had the documents, but was too clever to ask any questions or offer explanations that might involve him. It was evident he knew that somebody had personated him, and the fact sent a little thrill through the corporal; he was at least on the trail.

"I'll bring you one round the next time I'm in the neighbourhood," he said; and Witham sat still with the spanner lying idle in his hand when he rode away.

He realized that Courthorne had taken the papers, and his face grew anxious as well as grim. The harvest was almost ready now, and a little while would see it in. Then his work would be over; but he had of late felt a growing fear lest something, that would prevent its accomplishment, might happen in the meanwhile. Then almost fiercely he resumed the stripping of the machine.

An hour or two later Dane rode up, and sat still in his saddle looking down on Witham with a curious smile in his face.

"I was down at the settlement and found a curious story going round," he said. "Of course, it had its humorous aspect, but I don't know that the thing was quite discreet. You see, Barrington has once or twice had to put a stern check on the indulgence in playfulness of that kind by some of the younger men, and you are becoming an influence at Silverdale."

"You naturally believed what you heard. It was in keeping with what you have seen of me?"

Dane's eyes twinkled. "I didn't want to, and I must admit that it isn't. Still, a good many of you quiet men are addicted to occasionally astonishing your friends, and I can't help a fancy that



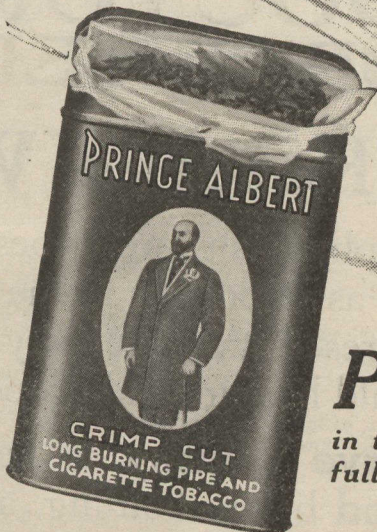
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you could do that kind of thing as well as most folks, if it pleased you. In fact, there was an artistic finish to the climax that suggested your usual thoroughness."

"It did?" said Witham grimly, remembering his recent visitor and one or two of Courthorne's Albertan escapades. "Still, as I'm afraid I haven't the dramatic instinct, do you mind telling me how?"

Dane laughed. "Well, it is probable there are other men who would have kissed the girl, but I don't know that it would have occurred to them to smash a decanter on the irate lover's head."

Witham felt his finger tingle for a grip on Courthorne's throat. "And that's what I've been doing lately? You, of course, concluded that after conducting myself in an exemplary fashion an astonishing time it was a trifling lapse?"

"Well" said Dane dryly. "As I admitted, it appeared somewhat out of your usual line; but when I heard that a man from the settlement had been ejected with violence from your homestead, what could one believe?"

"Colonel Barrington told you that!"

"No," said Dane; "you know he didn't. Still, he had a hired man riding a horse he'd bought, and I believe—though it is not my affair—Maud Barrington was there. Now, of course, one feels diffident about anything that may appear like preaching, but you see a good many of us are following you, and I wouldn't like you to have many little lapses of that kind while I am backing you. You and I have done with these frivolities some time ago, but there are lads here they might appeal to. I should be pleased if you could deny the story."

Witham's face was brim. "I'm afraid it would not suit me to do as much just now," he said. "Still, between you and me, do you believe it likely that I would fly at that kind of game?"

Dane laughed softly. "Well," he said, "tastes differ, and the girl is pretty, while, you know, after all they're very much the same. We have, however, got to look at the thing sensibly, and you admit you can't deny it."

"I told you it wouldn't suit me."

"Then there is a difference?"

Witham nodded. "You must make the best of that, but the others may believe exactly what they please. It will be a favour to me if you remember it."

Dane smiled curiously. "Then I think it is enough for me, and you will overlook my presumption. Courthorne, I wonder now and then when I shall altogether understand you!"

"The time will come," said Witham dryly, to hide what he felt; for his comrade's simple avowal had been wonderfully eloquent. Then Dane touched his horse with his heel and rode away.

It was two or three weeks later when Witham, being requested to do so, drove over to attend one of the assemblies at Silverdale Grange. It was dark when he reached the house, for the nights were drawing in; but because of the temperature, few of the great oil lamps were lighted, and the windows were open wide. Somebody had just finished singing when he walked into the big general room, and he would have preferred another moment to make his entrance, but disdained to wait. He, however, felt a momentary warmth in his face when Miss Barrington, stately as when he had first seen her in her rustling silk and ancient laces, came forward to greet him with her usual graciousness. He knew that every eye was upon them, and guessed why she had done so much.

What she said was of no moment, but the fact that she had received him without sign of coldness was eloquent, and the man bent very respectfully over the little white hand. Then he stood straight and square for a moment and met her eyes.

"Madam," he said, "I shall know who to come to when I want a friend."

Afterwards he drifted towards a group of married farmers and their wives, who, except for that open warranty, might have been less cordial to him; and presently, though he was never quite sure how it came about, found himself standing beside Maud Barrington. She smiled at him and then glanced towards one of the open win-



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dows, outside which one or two of the older men were sitting.

"The room is very hot," said Witham tentatively.

"Yes," said the girl, "I fancy it would be cooler in the hall."

They passed out together into the shadowy hall, but a little gleam of light from the doorway behind them rested on Maud Barrington as she sat down. She looked, inquiringly at the man as though in wait for something.

"It is distinctly cooler here," he said. Maud Barrington laughed impatiently. "It is," she said.

"Well," said Witham, with a little smile. "I will try again. Wheat has made another advance lately."

The girl turned towards him with a little sparkle in her eyes. Witham saw it, and the faint shimmer of the pearls upon the whiteness of her neck and then moved his head so that he looked out upon the dusky prairie.

"Pshaw!" she said. "You know why you were brought here to-night?"

Witham admired her courage, but did not turn round, for there were times when he feared his will might fail him. "I fancy I know why your aunt was so gracious to me. Do you know that her confidence almost hurts me?"

"Then why don't you vindicate it and yourself? Dane would be your mouthpiece, and two or three words would be sufficient."

Witham made no answer for a space. Somebody was singing in the room behind them, and through the open window he could see the stars in the soft indigo above the great sweep of prairie. He noticed them vacantly, and took a curious impersonal interest in the two dim figures standing close together outside the window. One was a young English lad, and the other a girl in a long white dress. What they were doing there was no concern of his, but any trifle that diverted his attention a moment was welcome in that time of strain, for he had felt of late that exposure was close at hand, and was fiercely anxious to finish his work before it came. Maud Barrington's finances must be made secure before he left Silverdale, and he must remain at any cost until the wheat was sold.

Then he turned slowly towards her. "It is not your aunt's confidence that hurts me the most."

The girl looked at him steadily, the colour a trifle plainer in her face, which she would not turn from the light, and a growing wonder in her eyes.

"Lance," she said, "we both know that it is not misplaced. Still, your impassiveness does not please us."

WITHAM groaned inwardly. The swollen veins showed on his brow. His companion had leaned forward a little, so that she could see him, and one white shoulder almost touched his own. The perfume of her hair was in his nostrils, and when he remembered how cold she had once been to him, a longing that was stronger than the humiliation that came with it grew almost overwhelming. Still, because of her very trust in him, there was a wrong he could not do, and it dawned on him that a means of placing himself beyond further temptation was opening to him. Maud Barrington, he knew, would have scanty sympathy with an intrigue of the kind Courthorne's recent adventure pointed to.

"You mean, why do I not deny what you have no doubt heard?" he said. "What could one gain by that if you had heard the truth?"

Maud Barrington laughed softly. "Isn't the question useless?"

"No," said Witham, a trifle hoarsely.

The girl touched his arm almost imperiously as he turned his head again. "Lance," she said, "men of your kind need not deal in subterfuge. The wheat and the bridge you built speak for you."

"Still——" persisted Witham, and the girl checked him with a smile.

"I fancy you are wasting time," she said. "Now, I wonder whether, when you were in England, you ever saw a play founded on an incident in the life of a once famous actor. At the time it rather appealed to me. The hero, with a chivalric purpose, assumed various shortcomings he had really no sympathy with—but while there is, of course, no similarity beyond the generous impulse between the cases, he did not do it clumsily. It is, however, a

trifle difficult to understand what purpose you could have, and one cannot help fancying that you owe a little to Silverdale and yourself."

It was a somewhat daring parallel; for Witham, who dare not look at his companion and saw that he had failed, knew the play.

"Isn't the subject a trifle difficult?" he asked.

"Then," said Maud Barrington, "we will end it. Still, you promised that I should understand—a good deal—when the time came."

Witham nodded gravely. "You shall," he said.

Then, somewhat to his embarrassment, the two figures moved further across the window, and as they were silhouetted against the blue duskiness, he saw that there was an arm about the waist of the girl's white dress. He became sensible that Maud Barrington saw it too, and then that, perhaps to save the situation, she was smiling. The two figures, however, vanished, and a minute later a young girl in a long white dress came in and stood still, apparently dismayed, when she saw Maud Barrington. She did not notice Witham, who sat further in the shadow. He, however, saw her face suddenly crimson.

"Have you been here long?" she asked.

"Yes," said Maud Barrington, with a significant glance towards the window. "At least ten minutes. I am sorry, but I really couldn't help it. It was very hot in the other room, and Allender was singing."

"Then," said the girl, with a little tremor in her voice, "you will not tell?"

"No," said Maud Barrington. "But you must not do it again."

The girl stooped swiftly and kissed her, then recoiled with a gasp when she saw the man, but Maud Barrington laughed.

"I think," she said, "I can answer for Mr. Courthorne's silence. Still, when I have an opportunity, I am going to lecture you."

Witham turned with a twinkle he could not repress in his eyes, and with a flutter of her dress the girl whisked away.

"I'm afraid this makes me an accessory, but I can only neglect my manifest duty, which would be to warn her mother," said Maud Barrington.

"Is it a duty?" asked Witham, feeling that the further he drifted away from the previous topic, the better it would be for him.

"Some people would fancy so," said his companion. "Lily will have a good deal of money by and by, and she is very young. Atterly has nothing but an unprofitable farm; but he is an honest lad, and I know she is very fond of him."

"And would that count against the dollars?"

Maud Barrington laughed a little. "Yes," she said quietly. "I think it would if the girl is wise. Even now such things do happen; but I fancy it is time I went back again."

She moved away, but Witham stayed where he was until the lad came in with a cigar in his hand.

"Hallo, Courthorne!" he said. "Did you notice anybody pass the window a little while ago?"

"You are the first come in through it," said Witham dryly. "The kind of things you wear admit of climbing."

The lad glanced at him with a trace of embarrassment.

"I don't quite understand you; but I meant a man," he said. "He was walking curiously, as if he was half asleep, but he slipped round the corner of the building, and I lost him."

Witham laughed. "There's a want of finish in the tale, but you needn't worry about me. I didn't see a man."

"There's rather less wisdom than usual in your remarks to-night; but I tell you I saw him," said the lad.

He passed on, and a minute later there was a cry from the inner room. "It's there again! Can't you see the face at the window?"

Witham was in the larger room next moment, and saw, as a startled girl had evidently done, a face that showed at the window?"

(To be continued.)

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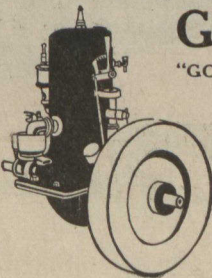
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