



# The Canadian COURIER

The National Weekly

## THE PROBLEM OF NATIONALITY

HALF the world exists for the sake of supplying people to the other half. North America, including Canada, is the greatest area in the world for human transplantation from other countries that have any degree of civilization. The United States set the pace in this peculiarly American process of assimilating races and languages into a more or less homogeneous people. The process is still going on, and looks as though it might last out the century before that country, from the miner to the man who signs checks in five figures, produces a national character as distinct as England, Germany or France.

In the process of building a new nation out of several old ones, Canada follows along fifty years behind the United States. The attitude of this country towards this problem is an interesting subject for discussion. Shall the Ruthenian and his log shack be assimilated and the Hindu with his turban be kept out? What limit shall be placed on Oriental immigration and what encouragement shall be given to the agricultural worker from Europe? What system of assimilation can be adopted that will make real Canadians of people who speak a score of languages and are steeped in foreign customs?

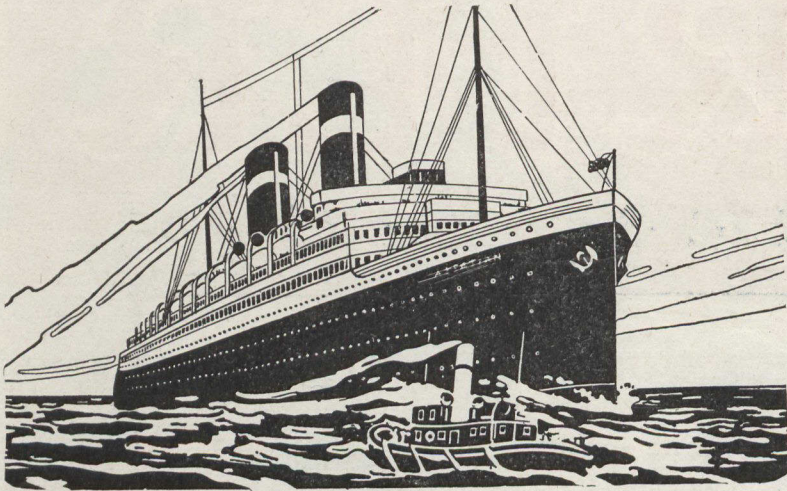
Writers in this journal are trying to get Canadians to answer these questions. A leading article in this issue deals with people we got and lost again when we should have kept them. In subsequent issues other writers will contribute ideas concerning people we have got and do not know what to do with, and people who desire to settle in Canada when we do not want them.

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MISSING MEN, A MILLION—By BRITTON B. COOKE

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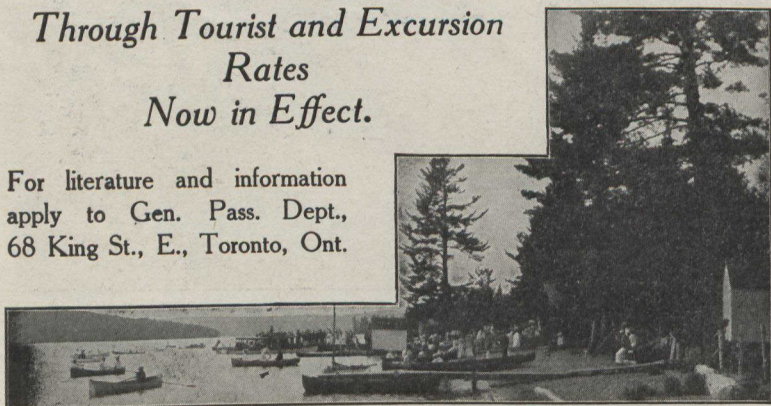
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 8

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## Editor's Talk

THE United States is a great congress of diverse peoples somewhat loosely welded into a nation by adopting the Declaration of Independence and then not observing it. Democracy and the dollar and the Fourth of July have made this international congress of ninety millions into a great people without beginning to make them a nation in the sense that France, Germany and Russia are nations.

In Canada we are taking up the white man's burden fifty years later than the United States began to do it. From present indications we are not doing it much better. For several years we have been getting people from Europe at the rate of 400,000 a year. At the present time we have somewhere near a quarter of a million whom, in spite of rigid immigration tests, we do not seem to have assimilated into citizens. At the same time we are letting sift through our national net a million in ten years that we should have kept as citizens of Canada. We are beginning to deport Europeans. In Vancouver the courts have upheld the order-in-council that prevents hundreds of Hindus, "British subjects," from landing. We intend to see that Canada is not a dumping-ground for surplus and undesirable people whom we can't assimilate. An article in this paper two weeks ago depicted the experiences of a willing-to-work man who failed to get work in Canada. An article in this issue deals with the missing million whom for three reasons we have been unable to keep in this country after paying the cost of getting them here. Another writer takes up the case of the willing-to-workers whom we must somehow assimilate into citizens. Beginning next week, a journalistic resident of British Columbia will contribute two articles on the bad national business of Orientizing our Pacific Province.

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TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

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## In Lighter Vein

The Idea.—The Caddie Master (to a greenkeeper, who has had a mishap with a load of mold): "Ere, stow that langwidge. Wot d'yer mean by it, be'vin' yerself as if yer was a full-blown member of the club?"—Sketch.

### The Last Straw.

Wayward Traveller—"Pardon, but what do you have your mattresses stuffed with?"

Tavernkeeper—"With the best straw in the hull country, b'gosh!"

Wayward Traveller—"Now, that accounts for it! I know where the straw came from that broke the camel's back!"—Judge.

Close.—"An' you were at MacDougal's last night—what kind o' mahn is he?"

"Leebral wi' his whisky—but the quality o' it's that indeffrent I verra near left some!"—Boston Transcript.

Carrying it to an Extreme.—The late Captain Charles Barr, the famous yachtsman, was almost as famous for his neatness as for his seamanship. As the story goes, Captain Barr one summer took a cottage in the country. It was a marvel of neatness—velvet lawns, bright flower beds, red fences—and the cottage was snow-white, with green shutters. An old shipmate was invited down in August over Sunday. On Saturday night, after their wholesome supper of hot brown bread and baked beans, the two friends sat on green wicker chairs on the tidy piazza, smoking good cigars. The visitor, on finishing his cigar, tossed the butt down on the grass. "What did you do that for, George?" said Captain Barr. "Look at it smouldering down there. Don't it look nasty on the nice green grass?" George turned red. "I don't think anybody would notice a little thing like that," said he. "George," said Captain Barr, "it's just these little things that make neatness and order, and neatness and order are a big part of success." George, who had never been a very successful man, smiled sarcastically. He said nothing. But a little later he got up and hurried down the neat white path and out of the gate. He was gone over a quarter of an hour. "Where the dickens have you been?" said Captain Barr uneasily, on his return. "Only just down to the hollow," said George, "to spit in the river."

The Sporting Instinct.—The room was full of little girls in pigtailed and pink pinnies. They sat in rows at wooden desks as quiet as mice. Over them presided a damsel sweet-faced, but stern withal. The lesson concerned coins of the realm, and they had been through the entire range, from farthings to sovereigns. One little miss, however, was singularly inattentive. Her gaze was fixed upon a playful sparrow on the window sill, and she had no thought for coins. Suddenly the teacher pounced upon her. Placing half-a-crown on the pupil's desk, she demanded: "What's that?" "Eads!" came the instantaneous reply.—Pearson's Magazine.

The Only Damage.—Two negro men were employed in tearing down a three-story brick building. One negro was on top of the building taking off the bricks and sliding them down a narrow wooden chute to the ground, some thirty feet below, where the other was picking them up and piling them. When this latter negro was stooping over to pick up a brick the former accidentally let one fall, striking him directly on the head. Instead of its killing him, he merely looked up, without rising, and said, "What you doin' thar, nigger? You make me bite my tongue."—The Argonaut.

Surgery in Cannibal Land.—"Good gracious, man," the doctor said to the cannibal king, "you're in a dreadful state. What have you been eating?" "Nothing," groaned the sick man, "except a slice of that multi-millionaire whose yacht was wrecked on Cocoonut Reef."

"Merciful powers! And I told you under no circumstances to eat anything rich. George, get the saws and axes. We must operate at once."—Judge.

A New One.—Mrs. Proudman: "Our Willy got meritorious commendation at school last week."

Mrs. O'Bull: "Well, well! Ain't it awful the number of strange diseases that's ketched by school children?"—Tit-Bits.

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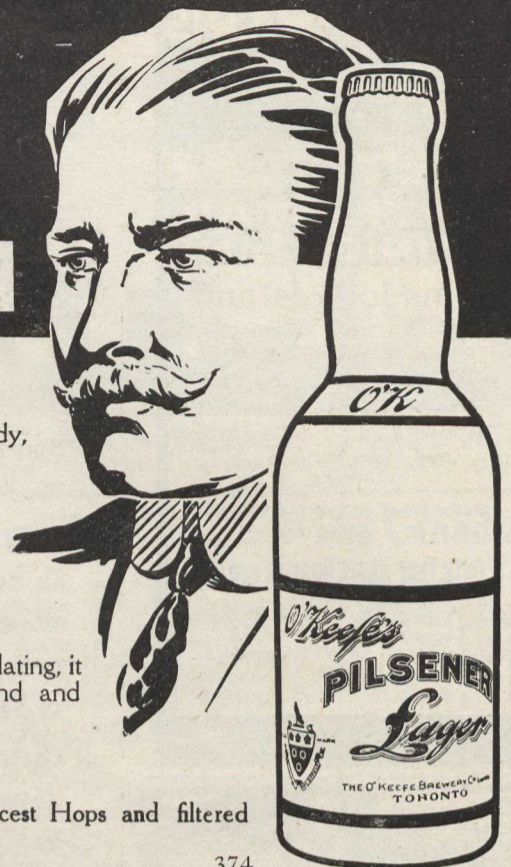
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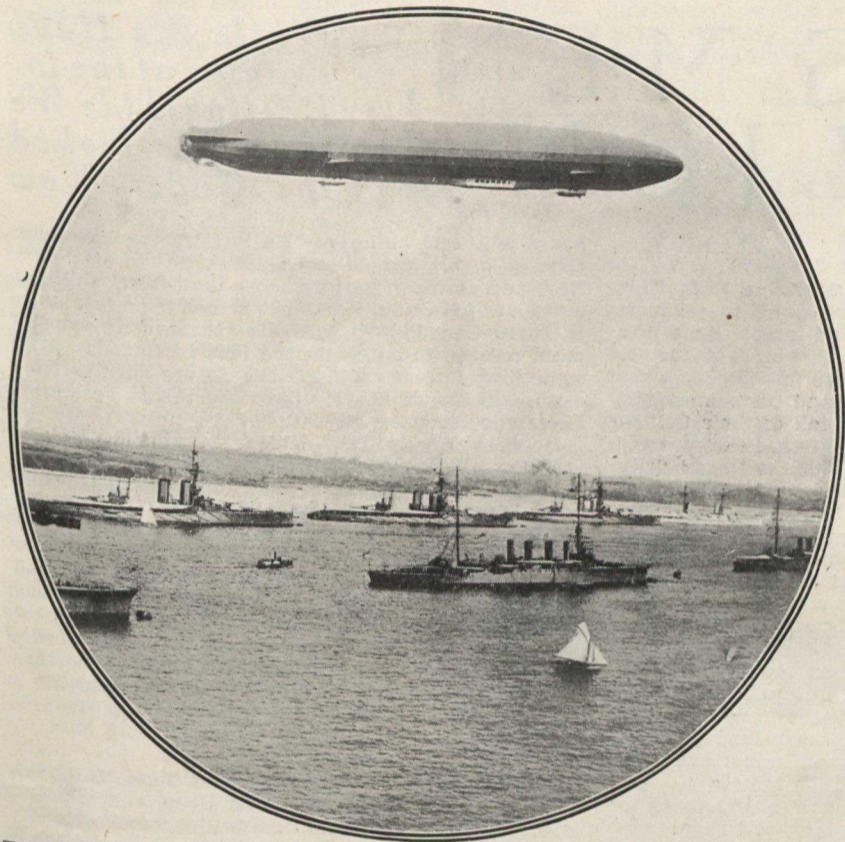
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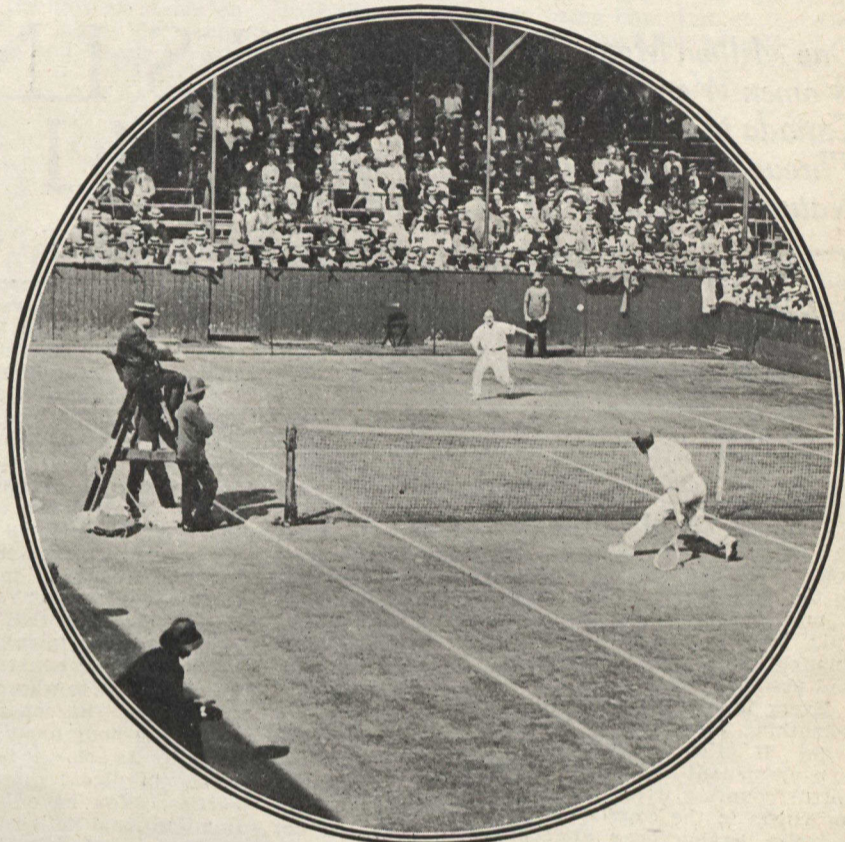
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No. 8

SPORT ON LAND, WATER AND AIR



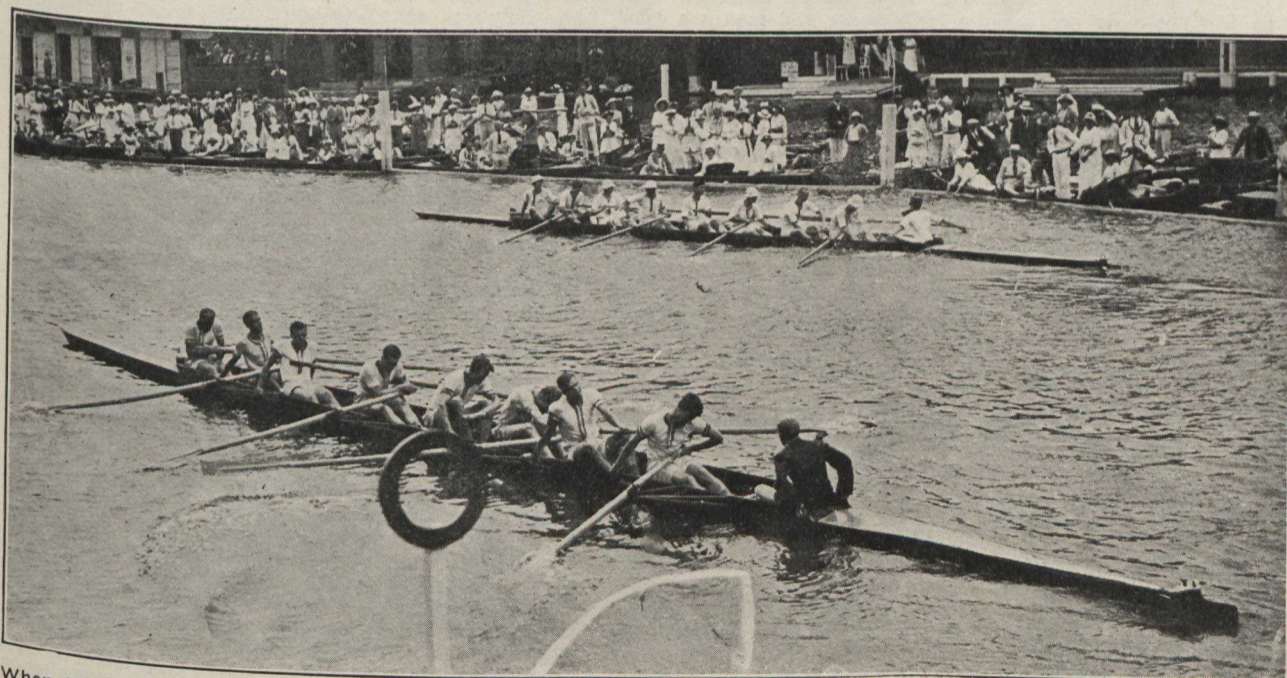
The airship Zeppelin L. III, hovering a mile high over the imperial yacht when the Kaiser inspected a flotilla of warships at the Kiel Regatta.



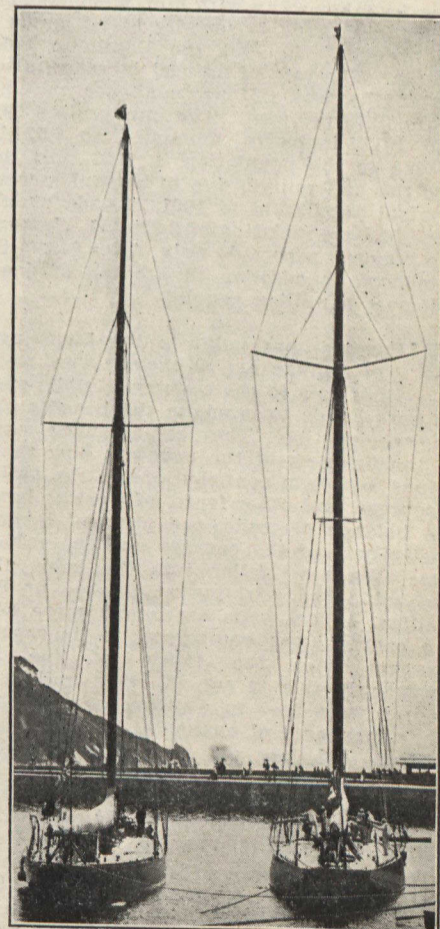
An important tennis match at Wimbledon in which Norman Brookes (nearest the camera) beat A. W. Gore. Brookes is an Australian.

**B**ECAUSE the weather is hot and the Home Rule duel seems to have simmered down in the newspapers, there is no necessity for reviving the German scare. But Germany is keeping up her preparations for possible war, with whatever European power she may be compelled to fight. She is determined to have a navy too big to be challenged. A third squadron has been formed. Before the end of the year three squadrons will be in full commission at Kiel. And 15,000 men, according to the Naval Act of 1912, will be added to the force as soon as possible. The use of the airship, in spite of the many

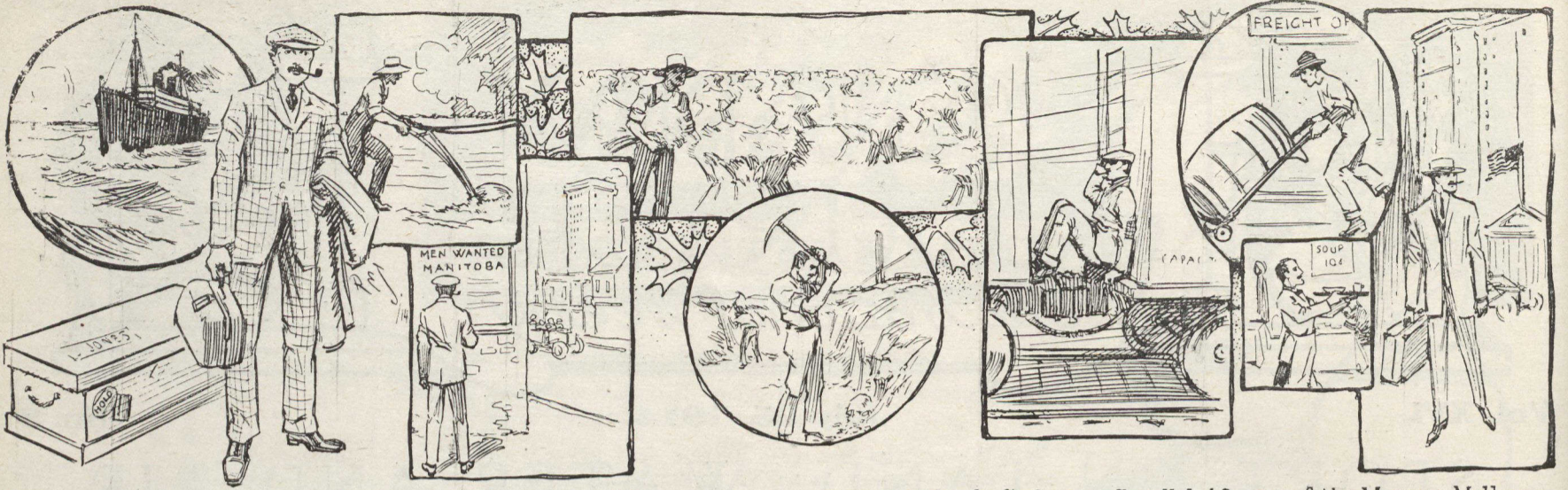
recent disasters to that branch of the service, is a suggestive element. Various theories are advanced as to how the airship will be effective in war. But in the picture above the airship surely adds a touch of impressive spectacle. A great deal has been made out of the theory that an aeroplane loaded with explosives could work deadly havoc with a fleet below or with a city. The trouble with this is that so far aeroplanists have been unable to drop anything accurately enough to hit what they aimed at. They must go high enough to be out of range of artillery.



When the Leanders lost to Harvard in the race at Henley for the Grand Challenge Cup, they were a badly wilted crew. Harvard also beat the Winnipeg Eight—but not easily.



The two Shamrocks at Torquay. The 1914 challenger has the higher mast, 140 feet.



Jones came here to grow up with the country, but after he had learned Canadian citizenship, he drifted across Parallel 49, one of the Missing Million—

*One Million Men and Women Were Lost to Canada in Ten Years Through Other Than Natural Causes*

# MISSING MEN, A MILLION

*While We Have Pointed at the In-Rolling Tide We Have Overlooked the Under-Tow*

By BRITTON B. COOKE

FOR centuries historical scholars have been puzzled over what happened to the ten lost tribes of Israel. There were originally twelve, each derived from a son of Jacob. Only two remained in the records of history. A Canadian preacher of considerable note some years ago used to contend that the Anglo-Saxon people were the ten lost tribes. Nobody believed him. It doesn't very largely matter in present-day economics.

But it does matter, vitally and permanently to this country, as to what has become of a million people which Canada should have to-day and has not got; the million who came but went away somewhere; the more than one-tenth of our population that we lost somewhere between 1901 and 1911 after going to the expense of getting them here, just as we lost a million native-born in the decades before 1901-1911, because we hadn't work and visible wealth enough in the country to keep them here after we had produced them.

Every immigrant costs the Canadian Government something like \$1.23 to procure.\* It is a mere trifle. If, after he reaches Canada, he settles down to a permanent and useful citizenship the sum is not worth counting except as an excellent investment; he brings to the country many times his cost. But if, after having been attracted here, he does not remain, goes to some other country or returns to the land from which he came, then Canada not only loses what it cost to coax him here, but also, whatever he takes away with him, which should be, if our belief in Canada is soundly based, much more than he brought. In 1901 the Dominion held 5,371,315 people. The rate of natural increase, after allowing for deaths, was 1.27 per cent. per annum, or in ten years 10.79 per cent. The immigration between 1901 and 1911, inclusive, amounted to 2,521,144. Thus, adding to the population in 1901, this immigration, and the half million due to natural increases on the original population in 1901, Canada should, in 1911, have had a population of 8,392,459. Instead of which the Census reported only 7,206,643. Somewhere, somehow, in addition to the toll of death, Canada lost over a million people!

WE sometimes point to the incoming ship-loads of immigrants as though they were so much net gain to the country. Public speakers hold up both hands to proclaim the benefits of this great in-sweeping tide. They enlarge upon what it means to the business of the country; how the immigrant brings with him contributions to the nation's money resources, and other forms of wealth; how he affects the balance of trade, the price of labour, the productiveness of the country and the value of corner lots. We have fallen into the habit of regarding each ship-load, arriving at Quebec or St. John or Halifax, as net gain, as though mere admission to the country was equivalent to incorporating the stranger into the fabric of the community. Apparently this is not so. One million men and women were lost to Canada in ten years through other than natural channels.

Where did they go? In the statistical records of the United States it is written that in 1912, 55,990 Canadians took up residence in the United States. Yet our immigration records claim a gain from the United States of 133,710. In 1913 the United States took from us 73,802, while we prided ourselves on capturing 139,009—as though our gain was a net gain. In other words, against our so-called gains were losses in one year equal to the population of Edmonton (in 1911), and in the next year another

loss, equal to the population of Medicine Hat. This has not been all. Every outward-bound vessel from the St. Lawrence to Europe, and many American vessels as well, carried one, or two, or a dozen, or fifty souls leaving Canadian homes for homes on the other side of the sea, there to spend the competence they had acquired in Canada, or tell of their failure. Although between 1901 and 1911 Canada drew from the British Isles 973,840 immigrants, the British Isles drew from her over-seas possessions 1,422,571 emigrants, of whom not less than half came from Canada. While we have pointed at the in-rolling tide we have overlooked the under-tow.

"You have been making this mistake," said an English observer. "You have to a large extent overlooked the fact that an immigration policy must have two departments. You must not only attract people to your country and make rough and ready calculation as to where they will fit into your arrangements, but you must see that they are fitted in. While the body must, of course, have food procured for it by its arms, it is of paramount importance that it should digest that food and assimilate its properties. You have been having a slight touch of immigrational indigestion—that is what I should call it. The people who have returned from Canada to their original homes, or who have wandered to the United States or to the Australasian colonies, have not been assimilated, and the fact that they have not advertises itself. It does you no credit."

"No one knows that better than we do," retorted a Dominion Government immigration official, to whom the remark was addressed. "But no one is more helpless than we are. We can promote immigration by lectures and by other advertising means. We can give information and can encourage or discourage various classes of immigrant according to the needs of the Dominion, as we know them. But when the immigrant of the right class has been brought to Canada, then it is chiefly up to the provinces to see that he stays there and makes a good citizen. We may even give him free land and books of advice piled as high as your head, but the provinces must bring other influences to bear to hold him in place and to Canadianize the man."

THE three chief reasons for the loss of Canadian population by emigration, as shown by investigation, are: First, disappointment on the part of the immigrant. He fails to find the work or the fortune which he had expected to find and quits the country in disgust. There are not so many of this type since the Government took steps to restrict the immigration of mechanics and artisans, for whom there was not a large demand. The majority of those who now leave because of disappointment or discontent are of an inferior type, usually lacking in the qualities which lead toward success. The second cause of Canadian emigration is sudden wealth, or comparative wealth; the labourer from the south of Europe or northern Europe often accumulates what is to him a small fortune in a few years of work on Canadian railways or other public works. Instead of remaining in Canada to spend it he goes "home," where he may make a show before his friends and where the cost of living is not so high. This accounts for the return of Bulgarians, Italians, and others of the type of railroad navvies. The third cause is the most serious. It is, as an immigration expert called it, the "wandering disease," and it is this "ailment" which has to be dealt with by those who seek to make Canadian immigration effective.

Jones has lived for thirty years in Manchester and

has a wife and children. He is fairly well content. Used to a very simple and pinched sort of existence. Never dreaming of earning more than thirty shillings a week at his trade. To Jones comes the opportunity to go to Canada. At first his conservative type of mind refuses to entertain the idea of Canada. It is something foreign to him. His nature shrinks from change of any kind. He likes the things he knows. He is "no blooming adventurer."

He goes, finally. He decides to work on a farm so as to learn farming methods, then send home for his "missus" and bring her out to a sort of paradise where they will raise vegetables and cattle, milk and chickens—ad infinitum. The departure is heart-breaking, but once it is over life takes on a sudden new interest to Jones. He finds that he likes adventure. It stirs some last remnant of Viking blood in his veins to be on board a ship, sailing into an empty horizon. He makes friends as he never had made them before. He has cast off his moorings. He is cruising ad lib. You have to put yourself in Jones's place to appreciate this feeling. It is a positive sensation to Jones.

NOW if, on this side of the water, Jones is quickly given a place to work and sleep, and a setting of faces which in time will become friendly, he is in little danger from the wandering disease. But if his first attempt at work is a failure, and his second is unsatisfactory, or if, on the other hand, his money comes to him with such comparative ease that he thinks, with each move, he is going to find it still easier and easier—then he enters the first stage of the disease. He wanders from a farm near Toronto, for example, to Toronto. The tide of a Harvesters' excursion catches him and he reaches the West. He works with one man and then with another. He finds work he likes, but it is not permanent. He moves from one place to another, not a tramp, but a man who is getting accustomed to moving about. It is just possible that he forgets to write home and so loses his home ties. One by one he casts off his social connections. Home, he begins to believe, in popular parlance, is "any old place I can hang my hat." The churches lose track of him. The lodges lose him. He even forgets his old trade and forgets to brag about the British flag.

This man is a respectable derelict. Not a bad man, perhaps not even poor—maybe he makes quite an amount of money in his wanderings. He gets in a land rush, secures a good place—and sells it out to a man who really wants the land. He reaches a town where work is suddenly plentiful and men scarce, and he takes advantage of the special circumstances to make a rate of pay higher than normal. He browses through the country looking out for "opportunities." He learns the gentle art of riding the bumpers when necessary. One day, having accumulated a little ready money, he hears of big doings in such and such a quarter. He boards a freight train and disappears over the American boundary. He is a potential citizen lost.

The wandering disease does not affect only single men, or men of small resources. An American immigrant with a shrewd wife, and perhaps a baby or two, takes up store-keeping in a new town. They make just enough money to keep comfortably alive and then they sell out the good-will and flit to another new town, where they repeat the performance. They get the habit of flitting. They lose all sense of identity with the land or community of interest. They are exploiters. They wander where they think money is to be made. If by accident they are attracted back again over the American border, they do not notice the difference. They are cosmopolitans. The prairie,

\*Based upon the departmental expenses and the immigration. Approximate only.

American or Canadian, is their home. As with them and as with Jones, so even with established farmers. They sell out their farms, reaping the increment, unearned or otherwise. They go to another new part of the country and grow up with it, again to reap the increment. They repeat this time and again. They are really not farmers at all, but exploiters of the soil. They, too, lose their sense of nationality and may by accident slip over into Montana.

AGAINST this disease the provinces have to fight. They feel that they must make the people realize a sense of "home" in the land where they live. A western grain grower told the writer that in his experience every western farming community changed every fifteen years. The question was, he said, how to prevent that, how to identify families with localities and make them build up homes in the country so that affection for the home would act as a barrier against the temptation to wander. Yet it was a curious thing, he remarked, that the foreign settlers and the French-Canadians were the ones least given to wandering. Their communities, as a rule, were the most nearly permanent. They founded real homes and stood by them.

Churches, mechanics' institutes, lodges, schools, and even rinks and places of amusement have come to be looked upon now as part of the machinery for "anchoring" men and women to the soil of Canada. Two other factors are named by those who study

the question: one the cultivation of patriotic feeling in schools and in churches, and the other, hard times. A period of depression will do more to stop the wandering disease than anything else, according to western bank managers, and while it may for the time being stop immigration and even cause some to leave Canada for other parts, it will in the end prove to have been a steadying and refining influence.

ONTARIO, like most of the eastern provinces, has had to deal with the loss of immigrants, not to the United States or to other countries, but to the West. Its problem has therefore been a peculiar one in one sense, and yet, like the problem of the West in another sense. It has set about preventing immigrants from getting the "wandering disease," by seeing to it that the farm labourers which reach Ontario are properly placed in the service of the farmers. In other times great dissatisfaction arose from the fact that the volunteering labourers were disappointed in the wages offered, or in the conditions of labour, or the length of contract.

The farmers complicated matters by keeping men for only part of a year and throwing them upon the general labour market at the end of the harvest. Under the Bureau of Colonization, Ontario has established a system by which the farmer states on a printed form just what sort of labour he wants, wages, conditions, sort of work, and length of con-

tract. Before the intending immigrant leaves England he is given a choice of these positions, and upon his arrival in Toronto is given a card of introduction to the farmer, while at the same time the farmer is twice notified to meet, or to be on the look-out for the man. If in the meantime the farmer has filled the position, he is required to inform the Bureau under penalty of having to pay the immigrant's expenses from Toronto. If he misrepresents conditions or fails to carry out his promises, he loses the good offices of the Bureau in obtaining other men for his farm.

Meantime an immigrant, arriving at a farm where he finds he is not wanted, or where conditions are unsatisfactory, is authorized to telephone or wire, collect, to the Bureau. For less important communications he is equipped with an addressed and stamped post-card. If the first position does not suit him, the Bureau guarantees him another. It is only the exceptional man who does not finally find, through the Bureau, a satisfactory position. Meantime, through the influence of the Bureau, farmers are offering twelve-month instead of six-month contracts. Thus, the system is satisfactory to employer and employee alike.

This is what one province is doing to hold its immigrants. Others have their own systems. Little by little these systems are being improved, so that the leakage of immigration will some day be reduced to a minimum.

## A Dish of French-Fried Onions

*Over Which an Englishman Exchanges Reminiscences with Butterfield, the Waiter*

By ED. CAHN

THE little lame Dutchman who played the bass viol up in the pink and mauve shell wherein the orchestra was wont to make sweet sounds to soothe the ear and aid the digestion of the patrons of Maxmum's Cafe, finished his interminable fixings and fussings by clasping the last clasp on the bag holding his precious means to a living, and exchanged his indoor spectacles for his outdoor eye-glasses. Then he peered around him like a cautious snail, reclaimed his fuzzy hat from the floor, where it had been reposing concealed by a dusty but authentic palm, and taking his bass under his arm, shuffled through the low door leading out of the shell, and so, disappeared.

Watching him, Butterfield remarked to Gobo, of the next station, "Heinie, the slowest of them slow musicians has went and the middle watch is now began. Just as soon as them pokey eaters over there get through with their dinners, this place will be slower than a turtle race meet with every race scratched. Why the boss don't shut up the joint between this time and when the theatre crowds comes in, I couldn't tell you."

"All right, I ain't angry at you that you can't, Butterscotch. I got the head waiter to let me off from now until 'leven o'clock. I'm going—"

Gobo interrupted himself to stare at the doings of the gentleman whom the captain had just seated at a small table not far away. "Well, will you locket that Butterchips!" he exclaimed, in a wrathful whisper. "The crazy gink is changing his seat all by hisself. He thinks he's got a right to set anywhere he takes a notion to. Murder, he's taking a table of mine!"

"Cheer up, Gobo; it's probably better for you to work than to loaf. Skate along and see what he wants."

"Can't you take him for me? I've got a date and I want to get off so bad that I will give him to you for a quarter. I've had him before an' he never comes up with less'n a half."

"Yes, I'd take him to 'commodate you, Gobo, but he's not worth no two bits to me, ten cents is my best price. He looks like the kind that is fussy about their feed—gives a waiter seventy-seven different troubles and then springs a mended cigar on him."

"That feller's a prince!" protested Gobo, earnestly.

"You will see, he will order a nineteen jointed dinner. A quarter is dirt cheap for him, and if I didn't have to go I wouldn't take a dollar for him, that's right."

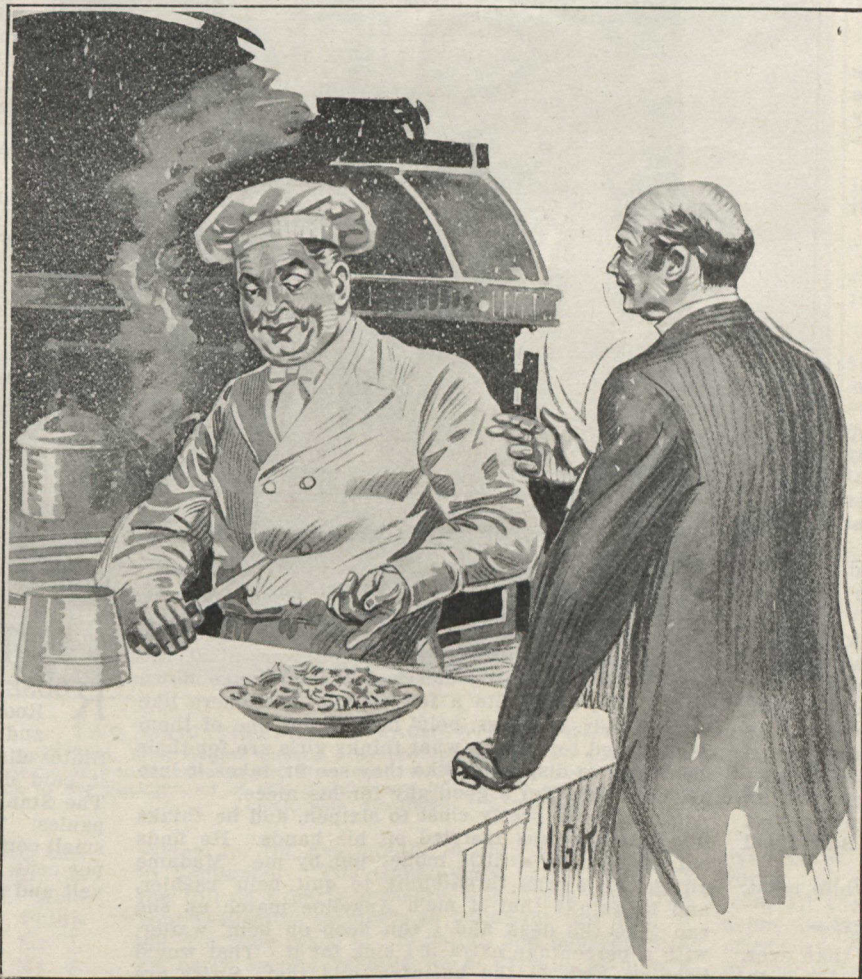
"I ain't goin' to stan' for you robbin' yourself," said Butterfield, turning away.

The guest was looking around enquiringly for a waiter and the captain was coming down the long room with angry decision in every step of his heavy tread; Gobo saw that he must surrender or remain to serve the customer, and all things considered, defeat did not seem too dear. He sprang after Butterfield. "Gimme the dime, then, advantage taker!"

The coin changed hands instantly, for the wily old

waiter had it ready, and he departed to inquire the wants of the new guest on the run.

The captain veered in his course, since now that a minion was bowing before the hungry one all purposes were served, and Gobo, warned by this narrow escape, tacked in the least devious manner possible for the exit and freedom.



"Butterfield succeeded in having the onions fried after his own heart."

The order for the dinner was given and the waiter six steps en route to fetch it when he was called back.

"I say, my good fellow, do you suppose that you could get me some French-fried onions?"

"Yes, sir; French-fried onions, sir." Butterfield scribbled the addition on the order pad and again turned to depart.

"Just a moment, waiter; I want to impress it upon your mind that I wish them French-fried, not sauted in the abominable manner of most of your American cooks, swimming in grease and altogether objectionable. If your chef cannot have them as crisp as a new Bank of England note, brown and appetizing, you

need not trouble to bring them. Do you understand?"

Butterfield glanced at his particular customer and then answered, "I do, perfectly, sir."

"Ah, well, very good." The gentleman elevated his nose preparatory to sniffing at the saffron methods of our American journalism, and opened the newspaper, which was to help while away the interval of waiting.

Since business was slack and there was time to approach the matter delicately and diplomatically, Butterfield succeeded in having the onions fried after his own heart; even managing to himself attend to the draining of them, upon which so much depends; and he contrived to set them before his guest at the precise instant when they were at their most delicious best.

They were in a generous-sized salad bowl, not a niggardly side-dish; they were crisp and golden, as proper French-fried onions should be, and their perfume was not vulgarly strong, but faintly delicious, while, marvel of ten thousand marvels, the wizard waiter had sifted salt over them during process of draining and just enough had clung to their now dry surfaces to flavour them perfectly. But all this was as nothing in the face of the greatest marvel of all, for from northeast to southwest and from northwest to southeast of the heaping dish was flung two wide ribbons of paprika—no mere stingy sprinkles emerged from the shaker when it was in Butterfield's capable hands, that was plain.

HE stood back and watched the newspaper fall from the unheeding hand of a man too surprised for words. He watched him lean forward and scowl at the dish as though daring it to trifle with his solemnity by vanishing into thin air; watched him put out a tentative finger and thumb and testingly crumble one of the delicate rings into powder; watched him pull up his chair in a businesslike way and breathlessly watched him taste of the onions and then relax his face in the satisfied smile of the utterly content.

Then, and then only, did Butterfield smile also, one of those large, complete, all-enveloping smiles that threaten to swallow every feature and remain photographed upon space indefinitely, like the smile of the famous cat of Cheshire.

"Most extraordinary, these two dashes of paprika," said the gentleman, between mouthfuls.

"Pardon me, sir; not so extraordinary; I have not forgotten how you like them, sir. Lucerne may be German, sir, as I think you used to say, but the cuisine is French, and the French invented the art of frying them there little things called onions."

"My word! As I'm alive it is Butterfield, the ungrammatical! The man who used to serve me so admirably at the little restaurant not two throws from the Schweizerhof. How in heaven's name did you ever get here, Butterfield? Strange that we should meet this way, deuced strange. If you had

not spoken I should not have recognized you; you have changed so; for one thing, where have you left your hair?"

"My hair, sir? Well, I s'pect I been and left a hair or two in every place I've been waitin' between here and Lucerne, where I seen you last, sir, and being so many places, I've kind of sort of run out of hair."

"You have been roaming, then?"

"Yes, sir, I have. Shall I carve the bird, sir?"

"Please; and Butterfield, I know so little about your Yankee cellars. Is there such a thing to be had as a decent light wine at this place?"

"There are dozens on the wine list, but only one fit to drink, sir. A small bottle?"

The Englishman nodded. Butterfield carved the bird with extra care and fetched and opened the wine.

"Your taste is still good," was the verdict after the first half glassful.

"Great country, this. I suppose you are making your fortune like all the rest?" The conversation drifted from one thing to another, jerkily, with respectful interruptions from Butterfield as to the serving details.

BY the time dessert was finished the garish room was almost empty. Buss-boys were flitting here and there in the background, and one of the waiters in the middle distance was dozing against the wall. An economical management had reduced the number of flaring electric lights, so that the offensive brilliancy of the place was mercifully subdued and all within it mellowed. The corner where Butterfield's guest sat was half shut away from the rest of the room by well-placed bay-trees upon the one side and a large gilt pillar on the other. There was a branched candlestick at the far edge of the table and it gave forth just enough light to reveal the banquet and the face of the diner, but the waiter's was in semi-obscurity. They talked of London, Budapest, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, San Francisco, but no more of Lucerne until the black coffee was upon the table.

"How long is it since you last saw Pilatus wearing his cap and helped old Gustave settle the weather for the day by the look of the mountain, Butterfield?"

"Aw, er—a light for your cigarette, sir?"

The Englishman closed one eye while the match was being held to the tip of the cigarette, but he fixed the open one sharply upon Butterfield, and after the first puff repeated his question.

The waiter was suddenly conscious that he was tired. He leaned against the gilt pillar and answered, "eleven years, sir."

"Time enough to shear you and silver me." The gentleman sighed. "Lovely Lucerne, eh, Butterfield?" There was friendly banter in his voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever curious as to how it looks now? But you keep track of somebody there, doubtless."

"No, waiters never does, sir. It'd keep 'em busy and busted buying stamps if they kep' track of folks in every place they went to. Waiters is hoboos, and hoboos never write no letters." He flipped his napkin at a non-existent fly.

"The Rigi is still enchanting, cloud draped, towering, ever dominating—but you have probably forgotten the bally peak."

"No, sir. Nor I ain't forgotten them quays. Say! Ain't they the great places for promenadin'? Do they still clip the trees along 'em, sir? And play the searchlights from the mountain over the lake—an' all?" His usually listless tones were eager. He seemed hungry to hear of the old environment, and so the Englishman whimsically related the history of each change in Lucerne itself, its environs and its ever-shifting crowds of tourists, but not a word of the restaurant where they had met until Butterfield asked hesitatingly if it still existed.

"Oh, yes; same as ever; a little more white paint, perhaps, but otherwise the same."

"Is Gustave, the porter, on earth still, sir?"

"He was last spring, and redder-cheeked than ever. Madame is growing almost too deaf to take the cash, but still sits at the desk, nevertheless. All the waiters are new to you except Alphonse, as naturally they would be in eleven years. Alphonse was there the day they opened for business and until they close the doors forever or until Alphonse dies, there is where he is to be found, it appears. The Cafe Lilli would not be itself without him."

"And Angeline?" asked Butterfield, at last, seeing that he must ask of her or go unenlightened.

THE Englishman smiled. "Angeline, eh? Why do you think of her particularly?" Then he laughed. "Bah, my good Butterfield; I, in company with all the world, knew that she was the one woman ever created as far as you were concerned." He leaned forward, his face full of kindly curiosity. "Why did you leave Lucerne and Angeline between

night and morning, too, by gad? Oh, I had the story from Madame, who shed tears all over me and gave me too much change."

"I betcha Angeline never shed no brine," remarked Butterfield, challengingly.

"Not in my presence, at any rate."

"Could I get you anything else, sir—a liqueur, maybe? That's one good thing about this here Maxmum's, the liqueurs ain't to be beat."

"Forget the liqueur. I want that story."

"There ain't much of a story to it, sir. You see, I was workin' at the Cafe Lilli and I just got tired of it suddenly, as a fool waiter is always doin'; so I just up and blew, and I been blowin' from one place to another ever since. That's all, sir." He poured water in a fingerbowl and pushed it suggestively forward.

"Fiddlesticks! You can't get rid of me even if you hand me my hat, coat and stick, but if it is any



"He arose and allowed himself to be helped into his coat."

comfort for you to know it, Butterfield, I shall be going soon. Now then!"

"Oh, will you, sir? I'm sorry to hear it. Well, sir, it was like this, arter I'd been workin' at the Cafe Lilli for a year, and had the language down pretty fine, and quite a few regular customers like yourself, sir, the boss, bein' nuthin' but one of them fish-blooded foreigners what thinks girls are for their men folks to dispose of like they see fit, takes it into his head that I'm a good guy for his niece."

"Angeline is pretty clost to sixteen, and he thinks it's time she was married off his hands. He finds out that I have a little money put by me. Madame all the time was threatening to quit bein' cashier, and he thinks that if me'n Angeline match up she can take the desk and I can keep on bein' waiter, with a percentage extra if I kick for it. That would keep us both in the business, and them Swiss are great for family affairs."

"Well, he sighed, and then grinned, as he reflectively rubbed his bald head, "I had plenty of nerve them days, sir. I knowed I was pretty near twenty years older'n Angeline, and homely as a order of clams, even if I did have hair then, but I thought sure she must have loved me, and I never had no idee but what she was tickled to death to go walkin' an' talkin' with me along the quay after workin' hours. Lord! the conceit of some folks, sir! Angeline, she smiled at me, but what sense can you expect of a kid of sixteen?"

"I usta see her talkin' to Alphonse sometimes, but I never paid no attention. And every evening we walked on the quay an' I was perfect'y satisfied. Say, them big, brown eyes of hers would satisfy the most particularest gink ever borned. Then an

aunt of Alphonse's leaves him a little money and he suggests it to me that we pool our capital and take a little place for rent not far from the Kursaal and go in the cafe business for ourselves. I said all right, kid, I'm on, and Angeline she said she would be cashier and everything looks fine."

"We got an option on the place, and one afternoon I go alone and look at it, leavin' Alphonse and Angeline laughing and cuttin' up together at the Cafe Lilli, they havin' got to be the best kind of friends since it's known me and Angeline are going to get spliced pretty soon. Sometimes we even took him along to promenade with us, and onct, me bein' fierce tired, he took Angeline to the kiosque to hear the band concert. Madame started out with them for chaperon, but they soon shook her."

"This afternoon I'm tellin' about I looked over that dinky little place and I got the blues proper. I could see myself toilin' and slavin' there all my life to make a livin'. Onct we got into it I knew I'd have to stick, and good-bye to seein' any of the rest of the worl' or anything. I could 'magine Angeline an' Alphonse a joshin' an' laughin' while I'd be workin', and to put it plain, I got cold feet. "I found a old chair in the kitchen of the place and I set down and figured it all out. Matrimony didn't look good to me. I knowed I'd have to explain to everybody and to Angeline, and I knew I'd sure make a mess of it, so I just took the quickest way out of it. That night I flew the coop without hiring no band to take me to the train, and here I be, sir. Do you wonder I ain't crazy to spin the yarn?"

THE Englishman, after a prolonged stare, shrugged and asked for his check. He paid it and put down a good tip for Butterfield. Meditatively, he arose and allowed himself to be helped into his coat. Then he took his stick and started for the door, but retraced his steps.

"My word, Butterfield, you're an infernal liar! Angeline told me all about it. You saw that she and Alphonse were in love with each other and so you stepped out, and left them your savings for a wedding present, by Jove! Your pedal extremities may have been cold, but your heart was warm."

Butterfield looked ashamed of his utter failure as a romancer. "What I want to know," he grumbled, "is why Madame still takes the cash and why Alphonse is working at the old place, instead of bossing a new one for himself."

"Simple enough," said the Englishman. "Alphonse has inherited the place and is now proprietor, and since Angeline has quite enough to do at home with four kiddies about, it befalls Madame to remain cashier. Well, good-night."

"Good-night, sir. Four, did you say, sir?"

"Yes, four, the oldest of whom is named Butterfield Alphonse."

"No! The devil you say!"

"I said nothing of the kind. I said Butterfield Alphonse, precisely, and I ought to know, for I stood sponsor for the precious infant and he yelled like mad all through the ceremony, to pay me for my pains."

"Jiminy!" said Butterfield, dazedly. "I must be respectable all right with kids named after me. Now I gotta save up to buy him a mug, I s'pose."

"Quite right," said the Englishman, departing at last.

## Beating the Trusts

ROOSEVELT and Taft whacked the trusts. Roosevelt and Taft are great men. Roosevelt and Taft and the Supreme Court of the United States dissolved the Standard Oil Company because it paid dividends of fifty per cent. a year. Fine! The Standard broke up into a number of small companies. The gross dividends paid in 1913 by these small companies was equal to more than one hundred per cent. on the old Standard Oil stock. Yes, Roosevelt and Taft whacked the trusts.

## Public Lawyers

(The Edmonton Journal.)

THE JOURNAL has already suggested that methods like those insisted on by Lord Mersey and by the late Judge Maybee, of the railway commission, could with advantage be applied to the ordinary courts. The Canadian Courier follows this up by pointing out that recently the Jews of Toronto decided to establish a tribunal of their own, so as to settle all disputes between themselves cheaply and quickly. They find the Canadian civil courts wholly unsatisfactory. This must be the case, so long as a lawyer is paid according to the number of letters he writes, the length of the brief which he prepares, and the number of hours he appears in court. The Courier thinks that some day we shall see public lawyers as well as public doctors, such as Lloyd George has succeeded in establishing in Britain.



# In League With Old King Sol

*Saving the Daylight Has Been Endorsed by Prominent People, Great Corporations, and the British Navy*

By WILLIAM WILLETT

**A** FEW weeks ago Mr. Charles H. Hale wrote an article for the Canadian Courier on "Saving the Daylight." It was a brief story of the progress made in shifting clocks one hour ahead in various parts of this country, especially the West, and in the United States. And it was a compliment to the bill introduced into the British House of Commons, and given a second reading in 1909, known as the Daylight Saving Bill. The bill to save daylight for the benefit of mankind has made considerable progress in the laudable effort to get people to bed and up again earlier, so that in most of the latitudes occupied by civilization the natural light of the sun may be used instead of artificial light, and so that people may have more of the daylight to live by and more of the darkness to sleep by. It has made at least more practical impression on the working part of the world than the movement to universalize the metric system, or to reform spelling, or to spread a simple language common to all people.

In tracing the effect of daylight saving upon Canada and the United States, where several communities have been experimenting with the new timetable, Mr. Hale made a statement to which the apostle of daylight saving, Mr. Wm. Willett, took some exception. Mr. Willett therefore writes to the Courier, somewhat to enlighten Mr. Hale on the daylight problem and also to show that remarkable progress has been made by the measure to save daylight. Mr. Willett's letter follows:

Editor, The Canadian Courier,  
Toronto, Canada.

Sir,—While, as the author of this movement, I have found the article published in your issue of the 6th June interesting reading, I ask leave to appeal against the statement that "the movement makes surprisingly slow progress, considering its simplicity," and to show that, not only is the movement making progress in the United Kingdom, but in the over-seas dominions, the continent of Europe, and in all commercial countries throughout the world, where daylight saving during the summer months is practicable.

In favour of the Daylight Saving Bill in Great Britain and Ireland, resolutions have been passed by:

Eighty-six Chambers of Commerce; the Associated Chambers of Commerce; and the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire.

Fifty-nine Trade Unions, representing almost all classes of workers in the United Kingdom.

Four hundred and thirty-eight societies and associations, including the National Chamber of Trade.

Seven hundred and thirty-three city corporations and county, town and district councils, representing more than half the population of the United Kingdom.

The Bill is also supported by leading members of each of the four political parties in the House of Commons. Among them are:

Liberals—Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. D. Lloyd George, Mr. A. Birrell, Mr. T. J. Macnamara, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Mr. H. L. Samuel, and Sir Henry Norman. Conservatives—Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. J. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. F. E. Smith, and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford. Labour—Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. W. Crooks, Mr. J. Keir Hardie, Mr. T. Burt, Mr. W. Abraham, and Mr. Philip Snowden. Nationalists—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. J. Devlin, Mr. W. Redmond, Mr. J. P. Hayden, Mr. S. Gwynn, and Sir Walter Nugent.

LAST autumn I received a letter from the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, informing me that the daylight saving principle was, last summer, introduced throughout one of the Battle Squadrons of the Home Fleet by the Admiral in command. The ordinary clocks on the Squadron were advanced in such a way that all possible use of daylight was made. There was no consciousness of getting up earlier than usual, the customary Fleet routine was not altered, and the experiment was a success.

On the 24th March last, the Home Secretary received a large and influential deputation, consisting of the Lord Mayor of London, and the Lord Mayors, Maysors, or other representatives of Westminster, Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff, York, and Sheffield,

and well-known representatives of chambers of commerce, chambers of trade, railway companies, banks, manufactories, stores, etc.

The Home Secretary, in the course of his reply to the deputation, said:

"I do not think in my whole experience I have ever had the honour of receiving a deputation with the speakers of which I so entirely concur. Public opinion in the Home Office, I may tell you, is quite ripe for the Bill. We have adopted the

made to return to the old hours it would meet with strong opposition."

In Victoria (Australia) a Parliamentary Select Committee reported in favour of a Daylight Saving bill, and recommended its adoption throughout the Commonwealth, adding that "if the other (Australian) states should not agree to adopt the Bill, the advantages arising from its adoption in this state (Victoria) would so greatly outweigh any disadvantages that it should be passed into law in this state (Victoria), as they were convinced that it would give their industrial population such an advantage that the other states would necessarily have to fall into line.

The Prime Minister of Victoria has expressed, in Parliament, his approval of the Bill, and has stated that he would bring the subject before the next Conference of State Premiers with a view to concerted action by all the states of the Commonwealth.

In New South Wales a Parliamentary Select Committee has been appointed.

**A** DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL for New Zealand, after having been favourably reported on by a Parliamentary Select Committee, has passed a second reading in the House.

In British Columbia, the Royal Commission on Labour, appointed in 1912, in the report, published last March, say:

"We are in accord with the proposal to take more advantage of the daylight hours at our disposal. Your Commissioners, therefore, recommend that legislation be enacted to advance the Standard Time one hour from existing Pacific Coast time throughout British Columbia, excepting the eastern portions of the Province, where the time in use is already one hour ahead of that at the Coast."

On the 10th inst. a resolution in favour of an international adoption of the principle of "daylight saving" was passed unanimously by the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at their meeting in Paris, at which nearly every commercial country on the face of the globe was represented. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this pronounced opinion of the World of Commerce, and I submit that not only has as much support as could reasonably be expected been obtained for this movement, but that the volume of that support is now so great that the already dwindling opposition will, before long, be overwhelmed.

WM. WILLETT.

## Destroying a Relic

**W**HEN a cigarette stump got in its work recently under the plank walk of Dufferin Terrace, in Quebec, the most famous promenade in America was more than half destroyed. Dufferin Terrace, on the second heights of Quebec, just below the Citadel and next to the Chateau Frontenac, has become familiar to many thousands. As a popular rendezvous for folk of many sorts, it was a naive compromise between a village street in Quebec and a Parisian boulevard. Once a day in summer weather, just before the bells of nine parish churches changed vespers over the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles River the young folk of our most picturesque city swirled in from all the streets, except those of Lower Town, about the Sous le Cap. They mingled with hundreds of tourists registered at the Chateau and waited for by long lines of lumbering, quaint caleches. The big hostelry, with the Citadel above it, the Champlain statue at the western end, and the bandstand midway to the Citadel, became a scene of good-humoured and popular bonhomie unknown anywhere else in America.

The plank walk of the promenade was a distinct relic of the wooden age, when Quebec was a place for building wooden ships. It was far better for the soles of mankind than cement or gravel. The absence of flower gardens and playing fountains was never noticed, because the eyes of the pleasure-makers were constantly turned upon the triple drama of great scenery provided by the lordly St. Lawrence, the St. Charles, with the blue-domed Laurentian hills beyond, and the archaic panorama of Lower Town, whose quaint markets and mediaeval churches blended so bewitchingly into the foreground of fishing villages and steamship funnels in the harbour.



TWO CIVIC TIMEPIECES, EACH WITH A DIFFERENT TIME.

On April 23rd, 1914, Regina passed a by-law for putting all clocks forward one hour. In order to remind the public that such a change had been made the post office clock in the background of this picture was left at the old time, while the City Hall clock was advanced one hour.

system for the five months in the year from April to September. The Government cannot take up the Bill as a party measure, but if you will urge your respective members to ballot for this Bill, to get it a good place in the ballot, and consequently an early second reading as a Private Member's Bill, I have little doubt that the movement in support of it has made so much progress in the country that you will be able to secure a majority in the House of Commons in favour of it."

In Cape Town, clocks are 46 minutes in advance of the sun. The beneficial effect of the change is testified to by Lord Gladstone, who confirms the opinion of the late Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, the former Governor of Cape Colony, who wrote me as follows:

"I can bear testimony to the benefit conferred on the community of Cape Town, especially to employees and to artisans. It gives them three-quarters of an hour daylight extra every day. There were some complaints at the time the change was made, but it was soon recognized that the drawbacks were outweighed by the advantages, and I feel confident that if a proposal were now



## Through A Monocle

### Better Times Next Year ?

EVERYBODY is discussing the question—"Will times be better next year?" Mostly the discussion hovers about the hope of all of us that we will find it easier to make a dollar next year than at present; but sometimes it has relation to another vexed question, viz., "Will the Borden Government take the plunge this autumn?" The first thing that those, who think that it will not, say to you is that the Ministers will wait for the passing of the present depression. And this leads you to ask—"But will it pass in time?" Next year is the date which is generally set for the elections in the ordinary run of things; and next year the optimists hope that the depression will have lifted and times will be better.

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BUT will they? Don't you think something depends upon what has caused the present bad times? Which brings us to the crux of the matter—What has caused them? It certainly has not been any failure of crops in this country. We have had at least our usual crops for years, and we ought to have made quite as much money in that way as was expected. Other pessimists tell you that our depression came from a too rapid elevation in the immediate past. They say that "we were going too fast." Now what, precisely, do they mean by that? Do they mean that settlers were pouring into this country so rapidly, and we were providing the framework to carry them so promptly, that "hard times" came? If so, I cannot see the connection. Surely we cannot get settlers too rapidly if we can take care of them! That would mean prosperity—not depression. Nor are we likely to suffer from lack of money because too much is being spent in the country. Free spending means lots of money in circulation; and every municipality or enterprise which went to the London money-market and brought a few millions home to pour into our financial "veins," must have made money easier for the rest of us to get—not

harder. To say that building, borrowing and "booming" plunged this country into a depression is like saying that a merchant failed because he had too much trade. And that sounds like the veriest nonsense to me.

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WHAT was the very first evidence of the coming of our depression in this country? Wasn't it "the high price of money"? Our borrowers found that they had to pay more for fluid capital than had been asked for some time; and the natural consequence was that certain works which could wait, or which could only pay at the old rates of interest, were postponed or abandoned. The "full steam ahead" of progress was thus checked. Men found fewer jobs competing for their services. There was a reduced purchasing power which affected every industry. Things began to slow down. Then capital grew even scarcer. The rush ahead was stopped almost in mid-career; and the depression was on us. It was caused by nothing that we had done; but only because we could no longer borrow capital on easy terms in Europe. The outside coal that we had been shovelling into our furnace gave out; and our fires failed. To blame it on the "real estate boom"—as some do—is like saying that the inability of a coal-less engine to pull its train is the result of the high fares charged for seats in the Pullmans attached.

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NO; the drying-up of the easy-money fountain was the whole thing. Well, what dried it up? Simply that it sprang a leak lower down. And the leak was visible and even painfully plain to all mankind. It might have been labelled "war and preparation for war." Germany began to borrow money to build a navy. Britain began to tax capital to compete with it. Russia received a rebuff over the Bosnian affair, and immediately began to spend money like water on augmented regiments, military railways in the "Polish triangle," and now the re-

building of her fleets. The Balkan War broke out; and they might just as well have been blowing gold dollars out of their guns. Austria took alarm at the Balkan Alliance, and voted money for army and navy equipment till her people fairly groaned. Then Germany took the drastic step of taxing capital as capital to meet the Russian advance; and France decided to increase her military hitting power by one-third—and has just floated a loan of enormous proportions. Two-three-four hundred million dollars is nothing for these European powers to vote for the totally unproductive expenditures of war. But probably the biggest "leak" in the fountain was caused by Fear. The belief in Europe that a great catastrophic war was coming, frightened millions of gold into hiding; and the gross amount of fluid capital, available for investment in far-away Canada, was tremendously reduced.

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THAT is really all that happened. If the super-abundance of capital, hungry for opportunities to earn interest, which overflowed from Europe six or seven years ago, were still available, we would have heard little or nothing about "unfortunate ventures" in Canada making the British money-lender apprehensive about our securities. We have always had "unfortunate ventures" out here; and yet our good securities have always sold well when there was plenty of capital seeking investment outside of Europe. That chatter is poppy-cock. The trouble is—"No funds."

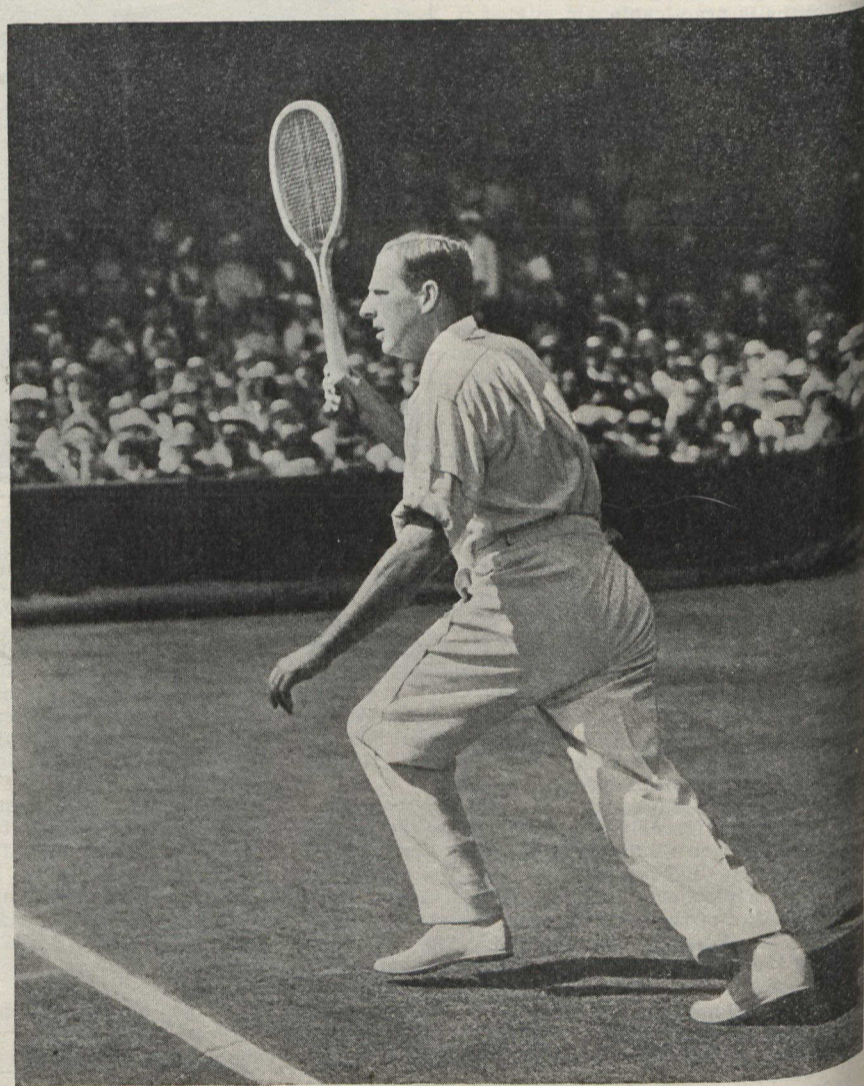
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WILL that trouble be all over next year? Well, figure it out for yourself. Next year, for the first time, the one-third additional trained soldiers will be kept with the French colours. Next year, the new Russian military equipment will be just reaching its completion. If there is reason for uneasiness in Germany now, there will be at least twice as much next year. I notice that the German Crown Prince—a brash but frank youth—has just endorsed a book in which 1915 is fixed as the date when "the revenge of France" and "the hate of Russia" will reach their climax together. All Europe looks forward to 1915 as the climax of the gigantic and heart-breaking preparations for war which have been going on now for about four years. They know that they cannot keep up the pace. It will soon mean bankruptcy or revolution for somebody. Any one of the Great Powers may decide that it can better afford to risk all on the cast of an armed conflict rather than continue this grinding rivalry in competitive

## PLAYING AGAINST THE CANADIANS THIS WEEK

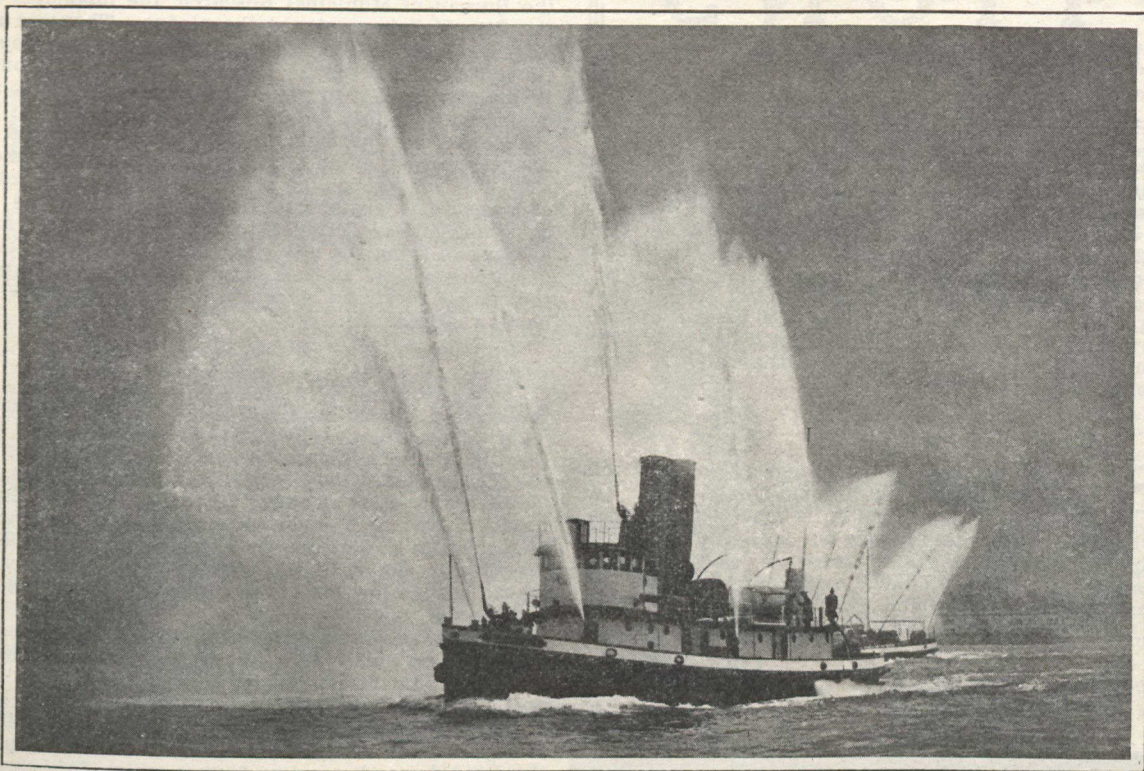


Norman E. Brookes, captain of the Australian team which is playing the Canadians at Chicago this week. Brookes won the Gentleman's Single Championship of England.



A. F. Wilding, the great Australasian tennis player, who beat all the English and American cracks last year, but who lost this year to his friend Brookes. He will also play against the Canadians, of whom Powell and Schwengers are the leaders.

# A NEW FIRE-BOAT; CHAMBERLAIN FUNERAL



New York, with its great shipping area and its miles of wharves, must be well protected by fire-boats. This picture shows one in action and was taken on the occasion of the trial trip of the latest addition to the fleet.



The latest turret nozzle—the most up-to-date feature of the newest fire boats. Mayor Mitchel on right.

taxation. Next year is the date when this is most likely to happen—with a possible wait for a year longer. Next year, Europe will be worse frightened than to-day.

That being so, where will we then get the golden stimulus to revive our drooping prosperity in this country?

## THE MONOCLE MAN.

### New York's New Fire-Boat

SOMETHING too little known in this country is the fire-boat. New York has a fleet of them.

The latest addition is the "William J. Gaynor," named after Mayor Mitchel's predecessor. When she was making her trial trip up the Hudson it was found that though a smaller boat than any of the other units of the fire fleet, she is the most powerful. The contract called for a speed of twelve miles an hour, but with the tide the "William J. Gaynor" was capable of nearly sixteen miles an hour. Against the tide she makes twelve.

The boat was tested at every point. The pumps worked well, manoeuvres were gone through showing that the boat could turn in very small space, and steam-throwing was practised. Mayor Mitchel himself was present on the trial trip, and helped to work the nozzle and assist in the trials generally.

### Social Workers to Confer

A PROGRAMME is announced for the forthcoming meetings of the Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections, to be held in Toronto for three days in September, which reflects the greatest credit upon the committee. Distributed over the three days' sessions, to begin at 9 o'clock on Wednesday, September the seventeenth, is a combination of profit and pleasure in the form of discussions and social relaxations which should mean the pronounced success of a well-planned schedule.

Prominent workers who will give addresses include: Dr. Cooley, of the Cooley Farms, Cleveland; Dr. P. H. Bryce, Chief Medical Officer Department of Interior; Dr. C. A. Hodgetts, Medical Adviser to the Commission of Conservation; Dr. E. T. Divine, doctor of the New York School of Philanthropy; and President R. A. Falconer, of the University of Toronto. An address on "The Wider Use of Our School Buildings" will be given by Mr. Lorne W. Barclay, Director of the Social Centre Bureau of the People's Institute, New York City. And Miss Adah Hopkins, of the Carnegie Institute, is expected to speak on "The Social Organization of a Rural Community."

In addition to reports from the provinces by the various secretaries, a report on the recent conferences at Rome will be given by Mrs. L. A. Hamilton.

A visit by motor to the Industrial Farm, where lunch will be served, and addresses given by Dr. Gilmour and Mr. W. B. Findlay, a tour of the social institutions of the city, a civic dinner, and an evening reception, to be held at the Royal Museum, are other interests designed for the delegation.

The third day's sessions will be concluded by the adoption of the new constitution and the election of officers.



On July 6th the greatest British commoner since Gladstone was buried in Birmingham from the Church of the Messiah, Unitarian, where he once taught Sunday-school. Iron manufacturer, remarkable debater, and administrator in high office; in touch with every phase of Imperial progress in peace and war; the first colonial secretary who treated the colonies as potential nations; honorary head of two great universities; once a Radical, afterwards an exponent of tariff reform; popularizer of the orchid—the Rt. Hon. Jos. Chamberlain was above all a man of simple faith. He might have been buried in the Abbey. He preferred Highbury Cemetery.

# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

## Starving the Country Clergyman

NO greater charge can be made against Protestantism than that it neglects to support its country clergymen and its home missionaries. The latest appeal against this state of affairs comes from Mr. James Ryrie, of Toronto, on behalf of the Baptist Home Mission fund, which has a deficit of \$20,000. Mr. Ryrie has been a strong supporter of foreign missions and his writings on their behalf have appeared in the Canadian Courier and other journals. But Mr. Ryrie has come to recognize, apparently, that Protestantism's first and greatest duty is to the home mission and the rural parish.

This journal has been severely criticized at times because of its attitude on this question. Subscribers occasionally write to say, "I do not like your position on the missionary question." These people have assumed that the Canadian Courier is opposed to foreign missions as such, which is not the case. Our position is the same as Mr. Ryrie's—Canada's first duty is to the foreigners and new settlers within our own borders.

The question is most important in these days of "tight money." The country circuits and home mission fields are full of people who have little cash to give to the home missionary, and hence the Home Mission fund must supply the deficit. If the Home Mission funds are low, because of our large gifts to foreign missions, then the Canadian mission field must suffer.

Let the Laymen's Mission Association take Mr. Ryrie's appeal to heart and face the issue squarely. The Christian Church which is starving its home missions, neglects its primary duty. Every intelligent patriot will surely accept that as axiomatic.

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## Independence in Elections

BOTH in Ontario and Manitoba there is evidence that in the recent elections there was less than the usual adherence to party lines. Had the Ontario Liberals voted to a man for Mr. Rowell, he would have had more than twenty-five followers in the Legislature. Had the Manitoba Conservatives voted to a man for Premier Roblin, he would have more than a nominal majority of three. In both cases, the electors exhibited a discrimination and an independent spirit which is highly creditable. Whether they were right or wrong matters less than the fact that partisan affiliation was not allowed to interfere with their convictions.

Politicians should take notice of these conditions. They are the first signs that Canadians have grown out of their political swaddling clothes, and are no longer responsive to the crack of the party whip. Their term of political slavery is ended and they are free men. Not all, of course—but enough to make a change in nearly every constituency if a change is necessary.

In this growing spirit of independence, Canadians are approaching more nearly to the British ideals of democracy, than which there are none higher. The British people have clung closer to the party system than the Germans or the French, and hence there has been more stability in British governments. At the same time, there has been a never-failing spirit of independence in elections which has kept party government clean and progressive. Bye-elections do not always go with the government, nor do the majority of general elections. So mote it be in Canada!

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## Will Roblin Resign?

RUMOUR says that if the postponed election in the Pas go against the government, Sir Rodmond Roblin will resign as Premier of Manitoba. This would be a wise course of conduct, but hardly that which one would expect. Canadian public men have never shown great wisdom in deciding when to give up office. When they resign, they do it with a hang-dog air, rather than in a spirit of exultation.

Looking back over the precedents, one would expect Premier Roblin to try to carry at least two of three postponed elections, wiggle through another session, and then go to the people again, hoping that the Orangemen will have forgotten their resentment against him. That was the tenor of his speech on the night of the election. "We will gather our forces. We will consolidate them again, and we ask our Orange friends to forget the distrust that has been created in their minds."

Should he not succeed in rallying his forces, and should the three deferred elections go against him, he must resign. If this seems advisable, it is to be hoped that he will do it gracefully, recognizing that a fourteen-years' term in office is as much as even a statesman of the highest type should expect. When

the term is longer than that, the party which goes into opposition is usually so honeycombed by decay that it makes a poor opposition. This was the case with the Liberal party in Ontario. This was the case with the Conservatives after their defeat in 1896 in Dominion affairs.

The Conservatives in Manitoba will be stronger in the years to come, if there is a change of government in the future. Yet, admittedly, it is difficult for politicians to recognize the value of such self-abnegation.

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## The Irish Question

SO much has been written and spoken on this question, that it has become thread-bare. Yet it is still with us, and in its most crucial stage. The one lesson which stands out is the failure of the British Parliament, as at present constituted, to handle perfectly the domestic affairs of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland. Each country should have its local legislature, with a Federal Parliament for

## The Masons and Peace



Last week, at Niagara, the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M. held its annual meeting. There was an international banquet on Wednesday evening, and a celebration of the Centenary of Peace on Thursday, at which prominent Masons from the United States and Canada made addresses. This photograph shows Rev. Z. B. Phillips, of St. Louis, one of the speakers; R. W. William D. McPherson, M.P.P., re-elected Grand Master for Ontario; and Mr. Jacobs.

federal affairs, as in Canada and Australia. The more the question is discussed, the clearer the necessity for this radical remedy.

Irish Home Rule, in whatever form it comes, is likely to be only a step towards federalism. This is the point which appeals to those who reside in the Dominions. A Federal Parliament at Westminster, relieved of local affairs in the British Isles, would be a more suitable Imperial legislative body than the present parliament. If the Empire is to develop unity, there must be some definite development along this line. There must be decentralization in London, if the newer and broader centralization is to be worked out.

A writer in "The Round Table" says, "Because it is a domestic body and must always be so, the Parliament at Westminster is unfitted for permanent Imperial responsibility." With this most of us will agree. Indeed, we would go farther and say that the British Empire will break up into separate units in the near future, unless the British Government devises some method of giving more attention to the affairs which concern all parts of "that Empire on which the sun never sets."

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## Signing the Pledge

LAST year the city of Toronto was quite intemperate in the handling of its bonds. It sold forty-four lots, varying in size from five hundred dollars to five million, while Winnipeg and Montreal sold only three lots. Toronto sold a bond

issue once a week, nearly; while other cities with shrewd moderation and definite financial policies sold one issue every four months.

Through the influence of the financial critics and the Bureau of Municipal Research, the financiers at the City Hall have signed the pledge. They are no longer acting like tipsy sailors. They will make only three issues this year. As a consequence, Toronto will save about two hundred thousand dollars as compared with last year.

Toronto may go even farther. It may appoint a financial expert or an advisory financial commission who will reorganize the whole finances of the city and ensure it against future intemperance. As in all other cities, Toronto's officials are willing and anxious to bring the city government to a high state of efficiency, just as soon as public opinion demands reform. Everything depends upon the attitude of leading citizens.

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## Tariffs and Prices

WHEN the United States took the duty off wool the price was expected to go down. On the contrary, domestic wool is selling higher in the United States than it has done in many years.

When the same country admitted Canadian food products free or at a lower rate of duty, the price of foodstuffs in Canada was expected to go up. The dream was not realized. Butter, eggs, meat and wheat are as low, or lower, than they were before the change.

Tariffs have been credited with too much influence. There are so many other circumstances which affect prices that tariffs really play a small part. Our imports, for example, go up and down without the slightest reference to the tariff. The people's ability to buy, and the local manufacturers' ability to supply the local demand, are two factors which defy tariffs or the lack of them. Protection and free trade are bug-bears which politicians use to frighten the ignorant.

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## Taxes and Public Utilities

UNFAIR is the word to apply to some of the comparisons between publicly and privately owned utilities. For example, when the civic car lines are compared with the private car lines in the city of Toronto, no one allows for the fact that the latter pay taxes, while the former do not. Similarly, when the city's hydro-electric is compared with the Toronto Electric Light Company, no allowance is made for the taxes paid by the latter. Indeed, the city's hydro-electric uses a considerable portion of the city's real estate for which it pays no rental.

This is not intended to be an argument against civic ownership of its utilities. That is a matter for the people to decide. But when supposedly fair-minded people make comparisons, they should make fair and honest comparisons. Indeed, it would be a good plan to assess all such utilities owned by a city and charge them with taxes just as if they were privately owned. It would be a mere book-keeping entry, but it would prevent unfair comparisons and give a truer idea of the real profit or loss.

For example, the city treasurer of Toronto figures that the city loses thirty or forty thousand dollars a year on the Toronto Exhibition. He charges up the interest on the city's investment and deducts the surplus turned over by the Exhibition Association. But if he were to add taxes, equal to what would be paid by a private corporation, the deficit would be doubled. It would make no difference, but the public would know what their Exhibition, the best in the world, is costing them.

## Current Sport

ON the last three days of this week, the Canadian tennis team, which is competing for the Davis Cup, now held by the United States, have been against the Australian four. The Canadians have been practising at the Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Illinois. The Australians reached New York from England on the 17th, and proceeded to Chicago. It consists of Norman E. Brookes, captain and recent winner of the English championship; A. F. Wilding, former English champion; A. W. Dunlop and S. N. Doust.

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Freddy Welsh, who became lightweight boxing champion of the world by defeating Willie Ritchie on July 7th in London, has boxed in Canada on several occasions. In 1913 he defeated O'Brien in Vancouver and Saylor in Winnipeg. Early this year he defeated Barrie in a fifteen round bout in Vancouver.

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Georges Carpentier, French heavyweight boxer, got the decision over "Gunboat" Smith, the American heavyweight, in London on July 16th. The contest lasted only six rounds, when Carpentier won on an unintentional foul. The decision, while unimpeachable, was not satisfactory, and the men must meet again to get a decisive result. The "Times" thinks Carpentier, who has already defeated the best English heavyweights, is almost the equal of "Jim" Corbett at his best—and Corbett was perhaps the most scientific boxer the world ever saw.

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Shamrock IV, has sailed from Falmouth, under command of the Erin. She will go to New York via the Azores. The crews of the sailing yacht and the steam yacht will exchange at the half-way house. The voyage will be slow and tedious.

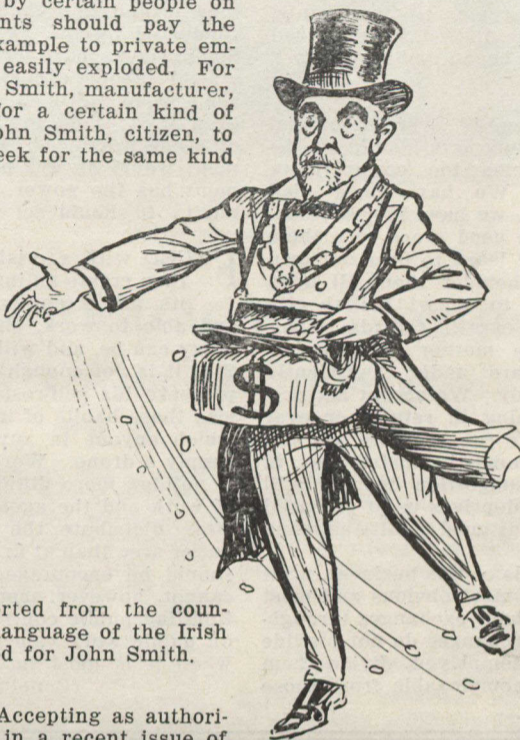
# Waste at the City Hall

*A Present Day Characteristic of Canada and How it Might be Remedied*

By JOHN A. COOPER

**M**OST Canadian cities are enjoying a reign of extravagance at the City Hall. It seems to be epidemic all over Canada. Perhaps the contagion came from the governments of the country, all of which have been more or less extravagant since they were born. No provincial or federal government in Canada ever expects to get a dollar's worth of labour for a dollar paid. This same tolerant spirit is now reigning at the City Hall.

The paying of unnecessarily high wages by a government or a city is justified by certain people on the ground that all governments should pay the highest rate of wages as an example to private employers. This is a fallacy and easily exploded. For example, if it is right for John Smith, manufacturer, to pay eight dollars a week for a certain kind of labour, why is it unjust for John Smith, citizen, to pay the same eight dollars a week for the same kind of labour? If John Smith is dealing fairly with his fellow men in the first case, he must be dealing fairly with his fellow men in the second case. Yet we find that certain so-called reformers think that it is quite right for John Smith, manufacturer, to pay eight dollars a week, but that John Smith, citizen, should pay twelve or fifteen dollars a week for the same class of labour. In their blindness they cannot see that this proves that John Smith, manufacturer, is a robber and despoiler of the innocent. If their claim were true, John Smith, manufacturer, should be tarred and feathered and deported from the country as an undesirable. In the language of the Irish juryman, hanging is far too good for John Smith.



classes of labour now employed by these contractors are paid as low as 18 cents an hour. The controller also has certain other stipulations to make with regard to union wages which still further aggravates the situation.

Here you have the curious spectacle of a city increasing wages 25 per cent. in a year in which private employers of unskilled labour have reduced wages 10 to 20 per cent. If labour were scarce and if the city found it difficult to get good men for its scavenger carts and for street sweeping, an increase in the rate of wages might be justifiable. Yet in Toronto the increase is made in a season when the public can ill afford to pay the extra taxes and when everybody except the Corporation is economizing.

The head of one civic department in Toronto recently tried to introduce the rule that no man should be absent on sick leave unless he were really sick. In order to insure this, he decided that the men on sick leave should be paid only one-half their wages. Such a row was raised that he was forced to withdraw his order. He was told quite plainly by the aldermen that heads of the departments should spend the city's money freely in order that the aldermen could be re-elected without difficulty.

Toronto is also as extravagant as other cities in the payment of salaries. Here it is not a question of the amount of money paid, but of the quality of men employed. Toronto has men drawing from \$3,000 to \$9,000 a year, who could not earn half that salary from any other employer in the city. Indeed, much more capable men working for private corporations and other employers are not getting salaries equal to those paid by the city. This is due to the fact that these high salaries are got by lobbying, and only a certain type of man is willing to lobby aldermen for an increase in salary. Therefore, too often, only those men remain in the city employ who are so constructed that they can see no harm in lobbying the council for a yearly increase in stipend. Of course, there are exceptions—men who get high salaries and earn them, but the exceptions in Toronto and other cities merely prove the rule.

Taking it all in all, Toronto is probably just as extravagant in the payment of salaries as Montreal. Further, the hours of labour are shorter in Toronto and the payments for sick leave are greater.

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**T**HERE is only one remedy, and that is the establishment of a civil service commission. In a model charter recently prepared by a state commission for the city of Cincinnati, the provisions for controlling the Civil Service of that city are as follows:

The Civil Service of the city is divided into the unclassified and the classified service.

The "unclassified" service included—

- All elective officers.
- All heads of departments and commissioners.
- The Mayor's secretary and one stenographer for each department.
- The medical staff of the city hospitals.

The "classified" service comprises all persons in the employ of the city not specifically included in the unclassified.

The unclassified are appointed by council or by the heads of the departments. The classified service is appointed by the heads of departments under the supervision of the civil service commission. It is divided into three classes.

- The competitive class, which included all positions and employments for which it is practicable to determine the merit and fitness of applicants by competitive examinations.
- The non-competitive class, which consists of all positions requiring peculiar qualifications, scientific, professional, or educational.
- The labour class, which included all ordinary unskilled labour.

The Civil Service Commission is composed of three members appointed for terms of six years, one retiring each two years. Each commissioner received a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. All rules regarding the classification of offices, positions, and employment in the service are made by the Com-

mission. They regulate all appointments, promotions, transfers, lay-offs, suspensions, reductions, reinstatements, and removals. They keep records of the efficiency of all employees. They grade and classify all positions as to titles and qualifications so that like service and qualifications shall receive like pay.

It is also provided that no person in the classified service of the city shall be an officer in any political organization or take part in politics other than to vote as he pleases and to express freely his political opinions.

The Civil Service Commission fixes the compensation for the various grades of positions in the classified service, subject to the approval of council. Thus the commission stands between the aldermen and extravagance.

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**W**ASTEFULNESS is the national sin, and if the cities of Canada desire to prevent wastefulness at the City Hall they must adopt some such scheme as that outlined above. Practically every large city in the United States now has a Civil Service Commission. The Cincinnati law is quoted simply because it embodies all the latest ideas and much of the experience of the older cities.

Civil service reform is nothing more or less than a scheme for relieving the elected representatives of the people from being importuned by men who want jobs. At the same time, a civil service commission brings other benefits to civic or national government. It benefits both the government and the civil servant. It benefits the government by providing that it shall get better service for the money spent, that it shall have fewer misfits, and that it will have the highest form of efficiency throughout the service. It benefits the employee of the government by guaranteeing his employment so long as he does his work, by giving him an opportunity to earn promotion by becoming efficient and by assuring him that no other man with "a pull" shall be advanced over his head.

A civil service commission is as much a necessity in city government as it is in a provincial or national government.

## CANADA'S SECOND CARDINAL



This portrait of His Eminence Cardinal Begin was taken on his arrival at Quebec from Rome recently. He is the second native of Canada to be elevated to this rank. The first was His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, created in 1886. Cardinal Begin was made coadjutor at Quebec to Cardinal Taschereau in 1891, and became Archbishop of Quebec seven years later.

**N**OW to get down to cases. Accepting as authoritative a leading editorial in a recent issue of Montreal "Evening News," the city of Montreal is wasting from \$40,000 to \$50,000 a week in wages paid to unskilled labour. In its various departments the city of Montreal employs, during the season, from May to November, an average of 11,000 labourers on road and paving work. They are unskilled workers of the lowest grade. These labourers are paid by the city of Montreal at the rate of \$2.25 a day, or \$12.50 a week. For the same class of work the Canadian Pacific Railway and other large employers of general labour in Montreal are paying \$1.50 a day or \$8.25 a week. The better class of workmen get \$1.80 to \$2.25, but ordinary pick and shovel men only get the lower rate. The editor of the "News" figures out that by paying \$2.25 a day to men who should get not more than \$1.75 the city is losing \$30,250 a week. Allowing seven months as the outdoor working year, the city will lose a matter of \$847,000.

The editor of the "News" goes farther and points out that other grades of labour are paid unnecessarily high rates. The Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk pay \$50 to \$60 a month for ordinary clerical labour; for the same class of work the city of Montreal pays an average of \$75 or \$80 a month, and does not get as good a class of clerks. This additional loss brings the total amount of unnecessary wages paid by the city of Montreal away up over the million mark.

No wonder the people of Montreal have no money to spend on keeping the streets clean or in providing parks and playgrounds for the thousands of children who crowd the tenements of that city. No wonder also that the unemployed of a whole province should flock to the city of Montreal in the hope of getting a job on city work. No wonder the farmer finds it difficult to keep his hired man.

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**M**UCH the same sort of policy is pursued at the City Hall in Toronto. Indeed, if anything, Toronto is more extravagant than Montreal. It not only pays higher wages than Montreal, but it gives the city employees more holidays and a liberal allowance of sick leave. Conditions have been made much worse this year than they were before, owing to the fact that at the last municipal elections a socialist-labour man was elected as controller. He succeeded in getting through the city council a by-law whereby all civic employees are paid a minimum of \$15 a week. Last year the minimum was about \$12 a week, and even then the rate was higher than the then prevailing rate throughout the city.

The labour representative is not satisfied with increasing the wages of these men to the extent of \$180,000 a year. He desires to go farther. He has been fathering another by-law whereby all contractors working for the city in any capacity shall pay their men a minimum of 25 cents an hour. On a forty-eight hour week this would amount to about \$12. In some cases this would be low, but certain

# Work for the Willing-to-Work

*The Known Cause and Possible Cure of the Current Indigestion of Labour*

By EDWARD KYLIE

WITHOUT a doubt it is possible that the Canadian people can, if they will, do much to relieve the present temporary overplus of labour in this country. We have now a good-sized army of unemployed, most noticeable in large centres of population, but confined to no particular area. The cause of unemployment is country-wide and depends upon national conditions. The cure is likewise national, and must be undertaken by the co-operation of both Dominion and Provincial Governments.

There is no doubt as to the malady; though there are still a few people to whom Canada is still the land of unlimited employment, where anyone ready to work can find his opportunity. Unfortunately, they are still living in an earlier Canada. Twenty or thirty years ago, before the country entered upon the recent period of remarkable growth, there were none too many openings. Still, the population to fill them was not large, and, though many Canadians went across the line, the man of courage and energy could usually make his way. During the years which followed, no one could avoid a job. Industries and railways and enterprises of every kind grew so rapidly that, notwithstanding the vast immigration, plants seemed to be looking for men. The inevitable reaction has now set in. We cannot recall the old days by closing our eyes to the present situation. The railways, the industrial and commercial establishments which needed them, need them no longer. The demand for labour is not as great as it was three or four years ago. A surplus remains, for which no room can be found.

OLDER Canada was safe from such experience, for it had built up no such complex industrial and commercial system. In the interval we have become a modern community, and every modern community is afflicted with unemployment, as a kind of periodical disease. The elaborate industrial machine can be kept running, only by a vast supply of labour. When for any reason it is compelled to

slow down, men and women are automatically laid off. In some cases they live on their savings until work is renewed. In most cases their savings are inadequate, for the margin between their wages and their necessary expenditure has always been small. On this account, several countries are now providing insurance against unemployment, to which the State makes a contribution. In Canada the reserve wealth in the possession of the unemployed is even smaller than usual, because many of them are immigrants, not long in the country. Some, indeed, have arrived since the business depression began and when work was already difficult to find.

THE suggestion has been made even in official quarters that recent immigrants should be deported. The policy seems too cowardly to deserve serious attention. We have been glad enough to secure immigrants, we have invited them here. Surely we cannot with good grace turn them out of the country. We must learn to bear our own troubles, and not hope to shoulder them all upon other people. The proposal to deport British citizens who are not yet three years in Canada is particularly objectionable. The mother country has difficulties enough, and we are under sufficiently large obligations to her already. We accept her protection, without doing anything in return, or ever showing much gratitude. We can scarcely ask her to carry the burden of our domestic misfortunes, in addition to her own. The suggestion has the still further disadvantage, that it deprives us of potential citizens, who are probably of as good quality as many among their predecessors.

If we cannot wash our hands of this business, what are we to do? The first and most obvious and most important thing is to erect labour exchanges throughout the Dominion. Labour exchanges do not provide work. They register the unemployed, divide them into classes, separate the unemployable from those

able and willing to work. In short, they secure gradually the statistics and general information without which it is impossible to make any real study of this problem, or to attempt its solution. Where work is available, they send workmen to it. They may thus even in very bad times afford some relief, for work and workmen often get into different pockets and some connection is needed between them. It is obvious that if the exchanges are to serve their best purpose, they must cover the whole country and be under one management. For this reason they should in Canada be federal, established and conducted by the Federal Department of Labour. Some voices have been raised in favour of a provincial labour exchange. It would, of course, do some good. Still it would always be limited, and even if relations were formed with the exchanges of other provinces, the lack of a common management would always be felt. The Dominion Government has the power, it contains the proper department. It should act at once.

FACED with a crisis we must, however, do more than create an institution which cannot put forth its full strength for years. For those willing and able to work, employment must be provided. Many can be, and will be fed by charitable agencies. Still it is not enough to give a man food. We must preserve his self-respect, and we must not let him lose those habits of industry and application without which anyone in any section of society becomes simply a drone. Work must be provided. Yet there is nothing more difficult than to determine the kind of work and the agent to supply it. Employers can often distribute the available employment over a larger area than at first sight seems possible, and they should be encouraged to make the attempt. They cannot, however, meet the whole need. Companies fulfilling public contracts and public bodies carrying on public work can often take on labour at seasons when it is most in need of remuneration. Still a  
(Concluded on page 19.)

GO TO  
CANADA  
THE LAND OF  
PROMISE,  
FREE LAND,  
GOOD WAGES,  
STEADY WORK,



LOOKING BACKWARD

YESTERDAY THE IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT BADE HIM HOPE; TO-DAY IT BIDS HIM DESPAIR.



A summer garden in Bronte—the home of Mr. E. F. Osler. Baby Dorothy Rose—a blaze of crimson—is in the narrow bed.

## A Summer Garden in an Exquisite Setting On the Threshold of Picturesque Bronte

By E. T. COOK

**T**WO distinct attributes of country life gladden the home of Mr. E. F. Osler, which is in the making on the threshold of the picturesque village of Bronte, by the shore of Lake Ontario, the flower and vegetable gardens and the famous farm of prize cattle that have been and will be the pride of many of our great fall fairs. Bronte is set in a country of exquisite pastoral beauty. Wandering by the winding highway, the beacon light and blue waters of the lake are a framework to the old-world picture. Many scenes in the old land pass through one's mind, most vivid of all, perhaps, the steep stone stepped Coombemartin sprinkled with the salt spray of Britain's seas. Tree and lake, lush flower-fringed streams, cherry orchards bending beneath a crimson harvest, and flowers in the gardens belong to the little Ontario town, and through the farm "Lakeview" is reached, the home thrown into relief with a woodland gemmed over from spring to fall with hosts of nature's wildings.

This meeting of farm, garden and woodland is pleasant to think about. The soft summer wind is drenched with a pot-pourri of fragrance, the incense of hay, rose and fresh green grass, from the sweeps of lawn in front of the house. The illustrations reveal more clearly than words the characteristics of "Lakeview" and its surroundings. One is the bold grouping of flowers, a lesson to be heeded in contemplating the planting of expanses of garden in which anything mean is destructive to all charm. Beds of one kind of Rose are by the drive and approach to the house; Baby Rambler, so called from its dwarf, bushy stature, a blaze of crimson, more satisfying and more brilliant than any Geranium and a thousand times more interesting; and let it be noted that this Rose, as well as the richly perfumed Gruss au Teplitz, the "Greeting to Teplitz" Rose of the Germans, in the bed that follows the curve of the drive, are perfectly winter-proof. When evening approaches the whole air is saturated with fragrance, and the big, white clusters of Shaasta Daisies gleam in the moonlight. Sweet Williams and many a hardy perennial of childhood days are there in welcome clusterings. I was glad when Mr. Osler pointed to a medley of "Sweet Williams" and said, "I like the old-fashioned kinds of many colourings; they are the real thing." And such a remark was refreshing to one not wanting in admiration of the "self" or one colours, the salmons, scarlets, and so forth, of recent introduction.

### Recognition for Horticulture

**M**ANY people will be glad to know that horticulture is to be more fully recognized than heretofore at the Canadian National Exhibition this year, and a wonderful display showing the many phases of this now important industry is promised in the huge building devoted to that purpose. There are to be no side-shows. Horticulture is the watchword, and when this is so, an impetus will be given to this handmaiden of the farm that will leave an indelible mark on its history in Canada. There are some still who have not yet grasped the great, undeniable fact that horticulture is a serious business and its progress tremendous. It is entering, thank God, into the very lives of the people, and if there were more talk of the sweetening influence of outdoor life, the tending of flowers and the filling of the vegetable patch, and less of much used beverages, homes would be more healthy and therefore more prosperous. Horticulture is a fierce enemy to

wantonness, and therefore we are grateful to the Exhibition authorities for the determined efforts that are being made to bring this great horticultural business into stronger prominence. It is a national and popular undertaking. We anticipate a display of rare beauty and economic interest.

### Japanese Iris at the Caledon Club.

**S**EVERAL questions have been asked the writer recently about the Japanese Iris, or Flag, called in books and catalogues *I. Koempferi*, or *toevigata*, and there is apparently a deepening interest in this flower of moist places and watersides. A little while ago a series of sturdy clusters by a pond in the gardens of the Caledon Trout Club were in bloom and had been entirely unprotected during the last protracted winter—sufficient test, surely, of any plant's power of resistance to cold. Few cultivated plants are in a more perfect setting than this flower of sunny Japan at the Caledon Club, and the quaint variations in colourings, the petals sometimes painted with mottled hues, and sometimes a deep lustrous self, that recall the Sweet William, of our borders, shed a very Japanese-like radiance over their surroundings. Typical Iris-like leaves and big, broad, flattened flowers make a beautiful early summer picture, and it is something, indeed, to know that the plant is proof against our long winters, even those of exceptional severity. That should be remembered.

### Vacant Lot Gardens

By EDITH LANG

**G**ARDEN crops to the value of 28,000 dollars' worth were produced in one year (1913) on the vacant lots of Philadelphia. It seems impossible, but that such are the facts is recorded in the report of the Philadelphia Vacant Lots Cultivation Society. And the total cost of producing this

return is \$7,261. From a monetary point of view alone, it has been worth while, but when one considers the far greater advantages to those who have cultivated the land, and their friends—the cheaper and fresher supply of fruits and vegetables, the health, education and recreation for thousands of men, women and children, the joy of living in contact with mother earth, and the incalculable benefit to be derived from such a hobby as gardening—when these are all considered one might well ask—Why does not every city and township set to work to cultivate its vacant lots?

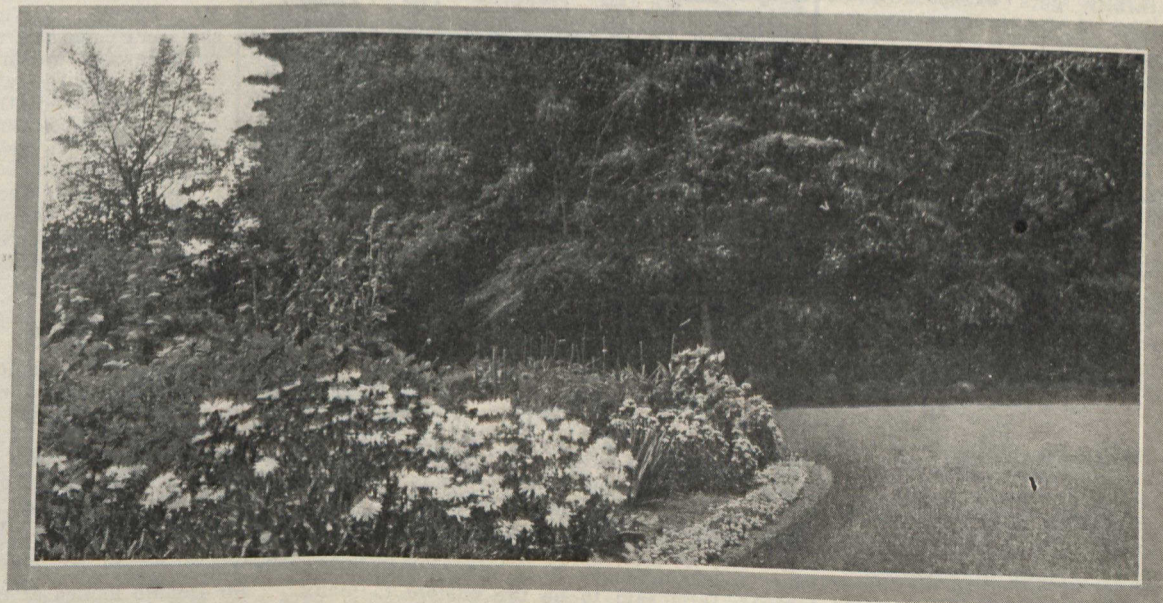
How does Philadelphia do this thing? The owners of idle land loan it to the Association. It has a small permanent staff and heavy tools, and prepares the land by ploughing, harrowing, etc., and then divides it into gardens about one-sixth of an acre in size and assigns them to the families who have applied for them. Fertilizer and good seed are furnished to the beginners in order that the encouragement of success may be theirs. Improved methods of gardening are also demonstrated. Nothing is charged for the use of the land; the ploughing, seeds, etc., cost the Association about \$5 per year per garden, and of this the family working it is charged \$1 the first year, \$2 the second season, and so on, so that by the time the occupant is an experienced gardener of four or five years' standing, he is repaying the Association in full for what it disburses for him.

The families spread the fertilizer, plant the seeds, cultivate the growing crops and gather the matured produce. After supplying their own needs, they are entitled to sell the surplus. They are thus materially assisted, but as the result depends on their own work and interest, they are not pauperized, but are, on the other hand, encouraged to be more industrious and self-dependent, and to acquire greater skill and self-respect.

**O**NE delightful result which vacant lots gardens have had is the fulfilling of many a man's innate desire to live in the country with a small market garden or farm property of their own. The workers have learned what can be got out of even a small piece of ground by honest toil, and they gain an experience without which they could not have risked their little all in setting up for themselves. One of Canada's greatest needs to-day is for farmers, and more particularly in the neighbourhood of the big cities for market gardeners, and without doubt there is a good living to be made out of such a business for many a man who is now toiling at uncongenial work in the city itself. If a vacant lots association did no other good than to assist such an one to find his proper sphere, it would have justified its existence, both from the point of view of the man himself and from that of the community.

There is in England a so-called Allotments Act, which enables municipal councils to rent or buy land for the purpose of subdividing it and letting it to working men in small allotments (usually about one-eighth acre in extent). The Act also empowers the citizens to call upon an indifferent council to provide allotments if they can prove that vacant land is obtainable at a reasonable price. The delightful sight of industrious men, women and children occupying, and at the same time amusing themselves and gaining health and strength, to be seen on the outskirts of even the smallest towns in England, is a proof that the framers of the Allotments Act were on the right road. But whether vacant lots are rented by a public authority or a private association matters little, so long as the spirit of co-operation is there and enables the working man to rent and work to advantage a portion of the otherwise wasted land at a reasonable distance of his own home.

A similar act might be a good thing in Canada, though conditions are different inasmuch as nearly everybody could make a small garden, if they liked, in their back yard. But such an Act might furnish more tangible encouragement to would-be gardeners.



A border of hardy flowers at Bronte. This garden is only in course of formation; the fine effect already gained is suggestive.





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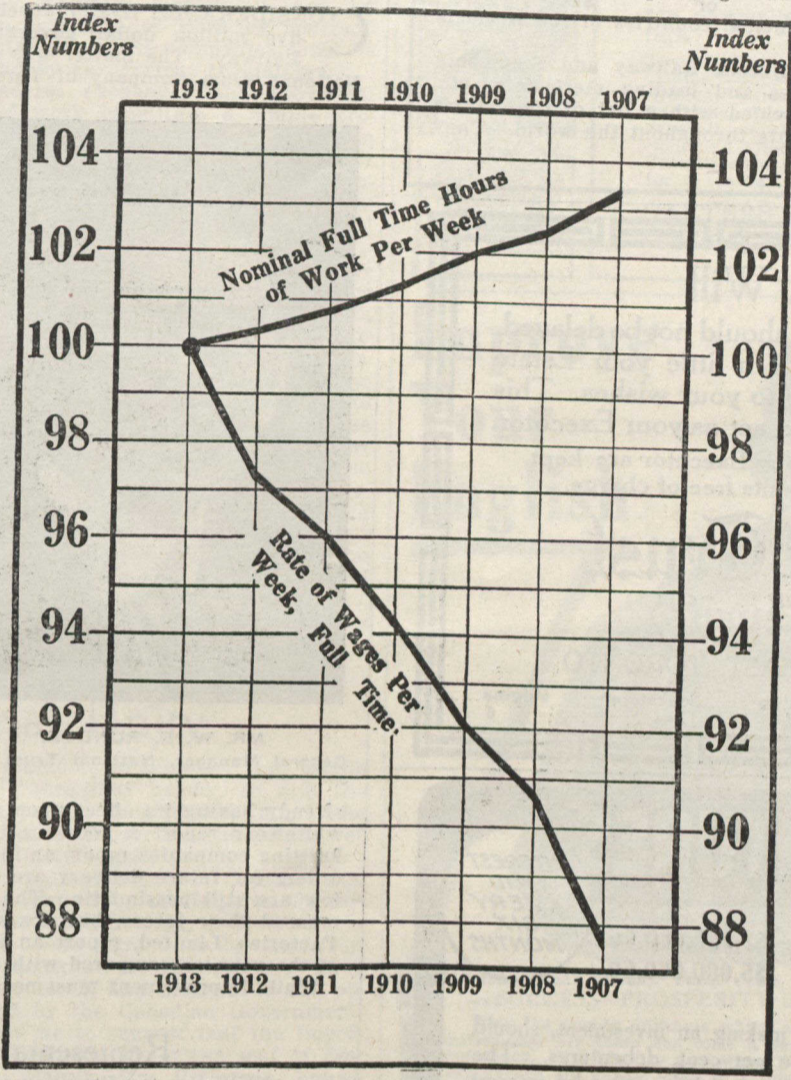
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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**More Pay for Less Work**

**Y**EARS ago, many people on this continent declared that as the United States and Canada developed wages would drop. They ascribed the prevailing high rate of wages to the scarcity of labour. The prophecy was wrong, and wages are higher to-day than at any previous time in the history of the North American continent. The truth seems to be, as pointed out by the New York "Annalist," that a high wage rate once established can seldom or never be reduced. Commodity prices go down violently in times of industrial depression, but wages do not.

Further, while wages show an upward trend during the past six years, the hours of labour are growing continually shorter. The following chart shows the decrease in the number of hours per week since 1907, and the increase in the rate of union wages during the period. The forty-nine occupations covered by the chart include the bakery, building, metal and printing trades.



**Shrinkage in Canadian Pacific**

**F**RENCHMEN who have lost four billion francs by the decline in value of French "threes" and Britishers who have lost nearly as much by the decline in consols, might think the shrinkage in C. P. R. stock a mere bagatelle. But it is a big sum.

There is now outstanding two hundred and sixty million dollars of C. P. R. common, or 2,600,000 shares of \$100 each. Figuring these at the 1912 top price and the present price, the following result appears:—

August, 1912—2,600,000 shares at \$280 .....	= \$728,000,000
July, 1914—2,600,000 shares at \$190 .....	= 494,000,000
Shrinkage in 2 years .....	\$234,000,000
Less "Rights" 2,600,000 shares at \$30 (say) ..	78,000,000
Net shrinkage .....	\$156,000,000

Thus the shareholders of our premier security have suffered a loss of one hundred and fifty-six million dollars in two years. Is it any wonder that they are careful about new investments, even admitting that part of the loss is a paper loss?

For anything like a similar shrinkage in one stock, the case of New York, New Haven and Hartford must be taken. Its capital stock is \$180,000,000. The high point in 1912 was 142, and its price on Friday last was 52. This is a drop of \$90 a share. The total shrinkage in that time is thus \$162,000,000. N.Y., N.H. and H. has paid no dividend since Sept. 30th, 1913, but formerly paid eight per cent.

**The Paris Disappointment**

**M**UCH disappointment is felt throughout the world over the failure of the success of the French loan. It was supposed that as soon as the national loan was taken up all securities listed in Paris would rise in price. But they didn't. Hence the paradox.

In the first place, the high rate of interest paid in the new loan, or the part of the new loan which was offered, was higher than usual. Therefore, people sold old securities to buy the new. French government bonds usually pay three per cent; but this new issue pays three and a half. The old threes, like British consols, are now at a great discount. Their price was 98.38 on Dec., 31st, 1909; 97.24 on the same date in 1910; 94.31 in 1911; 89.72 in 1912,

**Safety of Principal, Certainty of Interest**

A writer in one of our financial journals recently said that real estate mortgages combine the two great essentials of a conservative investment—safety of principal and certainty of interest.

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and 85.78 on Dec. 31st last. They are even lower now. The total decline is four billion francs!

Again, it has become more evident than ever that the deep-seated trouble in Paris is the numerous loans to the Balkan states. Huge sums were diverted from channels of industry to support armies in Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Rumania and Servia. These loans bear high rates of interest, and they put industrial stocks in the background. Thus Paris has been financing war, instead of helping industry and commerce.

Finally, the French purse-strings are still tightly held because European confidence has not been restored. There is still a belief that the Balkan troubles are not settled.

There are other minor contributory causes for the great disappointment. Mexican troubles are still in existence, and Brazil needs a huge loan. The French budget is oppressively large and a general income tax law is before the French parliaments. Therefore, Paris has disappointed the financial world and will probably continue to be a disappointment for another year.

Add to this the fear of an Irish revolt in Great Britain, and it is not difficult to see that the situation in the two great money markets of the world is such as to make the period of "tight money" look like a permanency for some time yet.

### A Big Trusteeship

**C**ONSIDERABLE rivalry developed over the trusteeship of the new forty-five million dollar government guarantee to the Canadian Northern Railway. The matter was settled last week by the appointment of the National Trust Company of Toronto as trustees for Canada and the British Empire Trust Company of London to act in England. This is a considerable compliment to Mr. W. E. Rundle, general manager of the National Trust Company.



MR. W. E. RUNDLE,  
 General Manager, National Trust Co.

### The Crop Outlook

**D**URING the past fortnight there have been various rumours that Canada's crop would not be as large as usual, but it is thought that these rumours originated largely with those who were interested in the Chicago wheat market. The best information available seems to indicate that both Eastern and Western Canada will have a record production. The three Prairie Provinces will probably have about two hundred million bushels of wheat, which should net the farmers \$140,000,000. As the farmers owe the implement men many millions less than they did last year, the prairie farmer should have a considerable surplus. The price of October wheat in Winnipeg has risen over a point during the week.

The outlook in Eastern Canada is equally good and the production of hay, butter, eggs, pork and beef will probably be greater than last year. The fruit crop also promises well.

The improved harvesting outlook is already having its effect upon general business. While the manufacturers of whitewear report a decrease in orders for winter and spring delivery, the knitting companies report an increase. Many manufacturers declare that their orders for future delivery are larger in volume than a year ago, although a few are still pessimistic. The manufacturers of railway equipment have increased their forces, but are still much below the record of 1912. Carriage Factories, Limited, report an increase of business for the first seven months of the year, as compared with the same period in 1913.

While improvement must necessarily be slow, it seems to be certain.

### Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

**A** NEW low for Brazilian and C. P. R. was the feature of last week's market. In April last C. P. R. touched 186½; on Wednesday of last week it touched 184½. Brazilian fell as low as 70%. Both stocks recovered before the week closed. The average price on Saturday last was practically the same as for the previous Saturday, and is exactly the same as that of June 27th, as will be seen from the following table:—

	13	June 20	27	4	July 11	18
Barcelona	25¼	26	24¾	23	17¾	18¾
Brazilian	77½	78¾	77½	77½	73¾	74¾
Bell Telephone	145½	146½	145	144	146	147
Canada Bread	30¾	30¾	30½	30½	30	30
Canada Cement	29½	29	28½	28½	30¾	30
Can. Gen. Electric	101¾	99	98¼	97½	95	96
C. P. R.	193½	194¾	194	194¼	190½	187
Dom. Steel Cor.	22¾	23¾	22½	23	22½	23
Lake of Woods	127	128	129	128	129½	130½
Laurentide	175	179	175	179	182	180½
Mackay	81¼	80¾	79½	80	x.d.80%	80½
Montreal Power	224	227¾	225½	231¼	232	230¼
R. & O.	83½	87	84	88	85	86½
Toronto Railway	129	130½	127½	127½	126½	124½
Average	103.3	103.9	102.8	103.2	102.9	102.8

### Huge United States Crop

**A**CCORDING to the government's estimate, the United States will have a crop in 1914 of over five billion bushels—a new world's record. This is made up as follows:—

	1914.	1913.
Winter Wheat	655,000,000	523,000,000
Spring Wheat	275,000,000	230,000,000
Corn	2,868,000,000	2,447,000,000
Oats	1,201,000,000	1,121,000,000
Barley	211,000,000	178,000,000
Rye, Flax, Rice and Potatoes	500,000,000	500,000,000
Total	5,710,000,000	4,999,000,000

The Republic is certainly an agricultural country of some importance.

# Work for the Willing-to-Work

(Concluded from page 14.)

large number will still remain unemployed. The responsibility of finding these places must rest with the Government.

Government relief works bear a bad name. They have not been well managed, or remunerative. Those employed upon them are not spurred to energetic effort by the fear of dismissal. We must not be led, therefore, by a mistaken philanthropy into numerous forms of government enterprise. There are at most one or two undertakings which the government can enter upon with some hope of success. It can begin to reforest parts of Ontario, and especially of older Ontario. No private individual is likely to enter this field. Hence the government will not be checking private initiative, or competing unfairly with private capital. It must use its own land, or purchase land for the purpose, and undertake all the expense. Its reward will come many years hence a hundred fold. If it begins now, it will preserve soil which is constantly being destroyed. The longer it delays, the more costly will the work become, and the slower the returns. Afforestation or reforestation is, therefore, one sort of government enterprise which can be recommended in the present emergency.

Another may well be the opening up of the clay belt. Farms can be cleared there by the unemployed and houses built for them to which their families can be moved from the towns and cities. Experimental farms can be established in the settlements, and some employment found upon them for those who should receive instruction in farming. The sale of the timber from the land will go far to recoup the government. The majority of the settlers once given a start in the way

of houses and machinery can be relied upon to discharge their obligations. Experts like Dr. Ware, of the University Settlement, assure us that among the unemployed are many immigrants who have been accustomed to farming in their own countries and would be glad of such an opportunity here.

Both these enterprises, and there may be others of a similar nature, fall within the sphere of the provincial administration. Hence the government to which we must look, if not for labour exchanges, but for relief works, is the government in Queen's Park. We shall expect some courageous and statesmanlike policy on its part. Should it shrink from engaging so many workmen directly, it can let even this type of work by contract. In hiring men the companies could be bound by government regulations.

Federal exchanges and provincial relief work constitute a simple programme which there is still time to carry out. They are not a panacea for unemployment, and must not be considered as such. Next winter will see among the idle skilled workers of all kinds, for whom it is almost impossible to make provision. Ultimately some form of unemployment insurance may be elaborated for them. The task of initiating it can be left to the experts in charge of the labour exchanges. Every season discovers the unemployable and the gentleman to whom all work is a bore. To these the modern state may eventually offer the labour colony or some other place of rest or punishment. For the moment we are not concerned with such possibilities. We have to get through a difficult season, to preserve the credit of Canada with workmen and women no less than with capitalists, and to keep as many good citizens as possible within our borders.

## Blocking Imperial Unity

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Mr. Norman Patterson, in his article last week on "Blocking Imperial Unity," seems to employ some of the methods of the militant suffragette. Here he goes hacking and slashing at this nice sentimental picture of the Empire as though he wanted it to get off the wall and do something. He seems not to understand the first principles of Empire; which are that you may place red splotches on the map of the world and link them all up in a globe-trotting expedition without once setting foot on a train or a ship belonging to a foreign power. The Empire is the nearest approach to heaven we can get on this earth. Why? Because on the British Empire the sun never sets; and in heaven there is no night; which are one and the same thing. I think Mr. Patterson should not treat a great Empire so flippantly. Let him at least respect some of our native Imperialists, none of whose names he has ever mentioned in his article, when he should have consulted half a dozen of them before presuming to write a word about the British Empire.

Just to mention three: Col. George Denison, Sir Hugh Graham and Castell Hopkins. Permit me to say that these three alone, if put together, know more about the Empire than Mr. Patterson. They are a few of our real experts in Empire and should be called in consultation every time a man presumes to criticize the Empire. I venture to affirm that none of these will say Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Sir Robert Borden ever went back on the Empire. And if they had, there are surely enough Imperialists in the Empire Club to keep Canada where she belongs.

Mr. Patterson declares that we olive-oil British visitors and then refuse admission to the Sikhs. But he surely understands that the very existence of the Empire depends upon keeping all its various races intact where they belong, so that the British globe-trotter may visit each and all of them in their native haunts. Sikhs do not look well in British Columbia. Neither does a

real Canadian in Bombay. Let people stay where they belong, so that the cosmopolitan Englishman may take his friends all over it as he would over a fine picture gallery.

Mr. Patterson judges Canada's Imperial conduct by the Imperial Conference at which he says, in 1909, certain things were agreed to by the overseas delegates respecting the navy and so forth, and afterwards not observed by the Canadian Government. Permit me to suggest that the Imperial Conference is not the seat of Empire. Surely Mr. Patterson knows that it exists for the sake of the press photographer. We should become neglectful of our vast spectacle of Empire if every now and then we failed to have a sentimental congress of great Imperialists. But because we love to glorify these gentlemen by giving them a conference, we are in no way as true Canadians bound to respect their deliberations as though they were clauses in the British North America Act. Why, the very status of the Imperial Council derives its sanction from the fact that overseas delegates represent self-governing parts of the Empire. And if between two Imperial Conferences we happen to have a general election in Canada run on an Imperial ticket, surely the party that comes to power has a right to draft a new programme to suit that ticket without waiting for another session of the Imperial Council.

Let Mr. Patterson remember that in Canada we respect the Empire too much to regard the Imperial Conference as an autocracy; that the very essence of a modern democratic Empire is that every part of it capable of self-government changes its opinions often enough to keep the Imperial Government guessing as to mere obligations, pacts and agreements—until some real crisis arises when we either send Canadian contingents to fight Empire battles or argue our Parliamentary heads off at Ottawa to prove that in case of an "emergency" we are capable of sublimely doing nothing.

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## EXPERT TIPS ON TENNIS

VII—THINGS THAT COUNT

By W. BURTON BALDRY

Editor of "Fry's Magazine of Sport"

THERE can be no doubt that lawn tennis is on the eve of the greatest boom in the history of the game. The enormous crowds that have flocked to Wimbledon recently to watch the first-class play are witness to the fact that, from the spectacular point of view, the game has revealed possibilities that were undreamed of previously.

It is a matter of interest to observe the type of spectators one sees nowadays at first-class lawn tennis tournaments, and to compare them with the fashionable throngs at Varsity matches or at polo. The comparison clearly shows that, at Wimbledon and other tennis centres, the majority of spectators have some real interest in the game. They have paid their money to watch the lawn tennis, not because it is the right and proper thing to do, but because they want to learn something from watching the methods and the style of the first-class players.

It is this point that I wish to deal with in the course of this article. There are thousands of people in this country who play lawn tennis; there are thousands of people who have played the game for, perhaps, years. And yet they never appear to make any advance, either in their knowledge of the theory of the game, or in practice. The causes of this are twofold. In the first place the ordinary lawn tennis player participates in the game purely for the enjoyment to be gained from it. The utmost endeavour of the majority of players is to get the ball over the net, and a successful chance to get in with a smash becomes a joy for ever. These players have no ultimate idea beyond that of keeping the ball somewhere within the prescribed area, and a consideration of the question of "brains and lawn tennis" is something utterly beyond them. In the second place, first-class exponents of the game are rare, and thus the spirit of emulation, which is responsible for so much in the way of increased proficiency at golf, cricket and football, is entirely absent.

There are no lawn tennis professionals in the sense that there are golf professionals; lawn tennis clubs either cannot afford them, or they do not think such a person is necessary. The result is, that the man or woman who takes up the game is inspired only with the idea of hitting the ball so that it successfully clears the net, and keeps within the court. The right and wrong methods of hitting the ball are never considered, simply because the fundamental basis of success at lawn tennis is something of a mystery to the ordinary player. The wrong method of holding the racket is deemed of no importance, except that it happens to suit the particular player's convenience.

THIS attitude of regarding the game purely in the light of an afternoon's amusement is to be deprecated, if only for the reason that proficiency can be attained by everyone who has ambition and a little perseverance.

I venture to assert that eighty per cent. of those who at present play "pat-ball" under the name of lawn tennis could, by acquiring a knowledge of the fundamental basis of the game (that is, by learning to hold the racket and hit the ball properly), and by careful practice, develop into quite good players, up to tournament level in the course of one season.

I will admit at once that there is such a thing as a natural aptitude for lawn tennis, and it is therefore quite true to say of certain first-class exponents of the game that they are "born lawn tennis players," but such players are greatly in the minority. From the point of view of the player who has no aptitude for the game, the shining example for everyone wishing to improve, is Mr. Wilding, the brilliant champion on grass, covered courts and hard courts. Anthony F. Wilding has made himself, by dint of

determination and practice, the finest player in the world. When he was up at Cambridge he was quite an ordinary player, of the plodding type. There was practically nothing distinctive about his play, beyond the fact that it was impossible to tire him. That was but a few years ago. To-day he excels in practically every department of the game. Recently I asked Mr. Wilding how he accounted for his wonderful success.

His reasons were simple, and they can be mastered by everyone. He placed "practice" first, "confidence" second, and his final word of advice was, "keep your eye on the ball," and really these three rules can be applied to success at practically every ball game.

The most important side of the actual game is, perhaps, the service, but, among ordinary players it is a department of the game to which they pay little or no attention. The main object of the ordinary player appears to be to hit the first service tremendously hard, leaving out of the question any idea as to how the ball is hit, or where it is to fall, with the result that it is generally intercepted by the net, or else flies outside the service court. The second service is then tapped quietly over the net in order that the point may not be thrown away. The present trend of lawn tennis legislation is to do away with the second service, and if this becomes a "fait accompli," then we shall see a general all round improvement in the game.

SPEED in service is not everything. It must be remembered that though a fast service which occasionally lands within the service court will demoralize a young lady at a garden party, it is of no practical use (without some brains behind it) in a good tournament.

There are points regarding the service which are essential, and yet seldom considered; they are "variety" and "placing." It seems to me quite obvious that if a player perfects a certain type of service, even to the extent that McLoughlin did, it is certain to be mastered. I am only speaking of McLoughlin's fast service, for he had six entirely different services, though the fast one was considered to be the most deadly. Once your service becomes familiar to your opponent, he always knows where the ball will fall, and how it will bound, and so he can always place himself in a position to return it. Therefore, cultivate variety in the service, and practise until you possess the ability to place the ball in any part of the service court. This will improve the game of the ordinary player fifty per cent. in the course of a few weeks.

Apart from the service are two fundamental strokes to be mastered, viz., the forehand and the backhand. The majority of players are lamentably weak on their backhand, and this results in the fatal habit of "running round" the ball in order to get in position for the orthodox forehand stroke. Every player anxious to improve should cultivate the habit of taking the ball from whatever position it comes to him, and though this will result in disaster for some time, the benefits accruing from such a procedure will eventuate sooner or later.

Both for the forehand and the backhand strokes the majority of players stand too close to the ball, with the result that, though the ball is often returned, there is no scope for placing it, and it is hit with an absolute lack of power. This can be remedied (and it is a point insisted upon by Mr. Wilding) by always standing a full arm's length away from the ball. By this means the ball can be hit hard and accurately, and with due regard to your opponent's position on the other side of the net.

One further word of advice, and one which opens up enormous possibilities

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ties in lawn tennis—"keep your eye on the ball." Follow its flight from the moment it leaves your opponent's racket until it meets your own; keep your eye on it when it is returned by your opponent—follow it for every second during the rally, and then begin all over again.

The above suggestions seem absurdly simple, but I know they form the basis of the game of every first-class player in the world. The technicalities of Wilding's forward spin, McLoughlin's kick service, Froitzheim's straight drive, and Doust's one-faced volley, cannot be mastered by the ordinary player in a week, and such strokes cannot be explained without the aid of diagrams. But the essentials of lawn tennis are not encompassed by shots which have taken their possessors many years of practice to master. Ability to grip the racket properly, vary and place the service, and hit the ball properly on forehand and backhand, is everything; a little attention and practice devoted to these points will be amply repaid in the improvement that will follow.

THE question of nerve is one that besets the beginner, and it is an important factor regarding improvement. Beginners get an idea that so-and-so's service is very fast, and therefore unplayable; with this idea in their mind they prepare to receive such a service with the absolute conviction that it is going to beat them. If the beginner could only realize that a fast service is really as easy to return as a slow one, all would be well; but such is far from being the case.

The beginner, and even the ordinary player who has been following the game for years, generally lacks just

that amount of confidence that is so necessary to achieve success. Even as a fairly good first service means a certain amount of confidence during the rally, so does a bad first service mean, in the minds of some players, that the second service will be intercepted by the net. This nervousness, which besets such a vast majority of lawn tennis players, is a difficult thing to explain. To a certain extent it is a matter of temperament; but it is mainly due to a lack of knowledge of the game.

When Mr. McLoughlin's first service falls outside the service court, he does not diminish the speed of his second service, except on the score of variety. Indeed, sometimes his second service is faster than the first. If the failure of his first service made him nervous we should never have heard of him.

Confidence can be gained by practice, and practice can be gained by everyone. The player who goes to the courts three evenings a week, playing two or more hours each evening, never thinks of practising. But if, instead of obtaining a mediocre opponent to play in a match, he found someone anxious to improve his game, he would not merely get all the tennis he needed, but both players would derive considerable benefit from the two hours' play.

Every player anxious to progress should find an opponent with the same ambitions. Let one practise service strokes for half an hour, while the other practises taking the service on both backhand and forehand. That is the antidote for nervousness. If you practise service strokes you will gain confidence when playing a match, and if you practise taking the service you will gain a confidence that will enable you to stand up to anyone. Practice begets confidence, and overcomes the disabilities of temperament.

## Federalize Technical Education

TECHNICAL education is no longer a fad of isolated school boards, the pet project of civic corporations, or even the legitimate enterprise of a community so extensive as a Province. It is coming to be regarded as a Federal idea. The problems and needs of factory workers and agricultural and domestic workers are the same all over Canada. Languages and religions may separate peoples: industries and practical pursuits unite them. In the countries where technical education has reached its height of practical development the nation itself has taken hold of the work as a national measure.

Gradually we are beginning to regard technical instruction as being of the same national scope in 1914 as the National Policy was regarded by politicians in 1878. The great hindrance to federalizing technical instruction to meet the uniform demand of industrial conditions all over the country is the clause of the B. N. A. Act which gives each Province jurisdiction over its own schools. This was a safeguard granted in at that time for religious and racial purposes, largely on account of Quebec. But the industrial worker of Quebec has to meet precisely the same problems as the worker in Ontario or Nova Scotia or Manitoba. There are no provincial limitations to efficiency, which is the great need of workers in all parts of the country. It is the lack of individual efficiency which has put twentieth century England in second place to Germany for technical pursuits. It will be technical efficiency in the individual that must put Canada in the place that she aspires to fill as a great industrial nation.

OUR old academic system cultivated young men to a point where they found it necessary to leave the country for jobs. The new practical culture system must train them so that when they are turned loose upon the world they will find places in their own country, helping to build up the industrial and commercial fabric of Canada. We have been used to importing a large percentage of our industrial workers. Most of our big factories have a large

enrollment of workers imported from countries where technical education has been carried to a point of great efficiency. It is time we produced most if not all of our own workers, both in factory and field. This will not be until the Government of Canada so far improves upon the B. N. A. Act, in practice if not in theory, that technical education will be carried on in every province with the aid and co-operation of all kinds of government, civic, provincial and federal.

NEED for the Dominion of Canada undertaking technical education as a phase of national development, and as a distinctly national issue was well set forth by Prof. J. A. Dale, of McGill University, in a recent address to the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He said:

"There is no surer way for a man to gain popularity in this Dominion than to take up a Dominion scheme of education and discuss it with foresight, courage, and statesmanship. He will give a gift to the nation much more valuable than if he presented any number of Dreadnoughts to the Empire. There are thousands of children in Montreal not going to any school at all. Many of them of necessity will become a burden on the community. We need protection, and the protection we need is the protection of the brains of our children, which is going to be our best policy in the long run. We waste our national product in the people we allow to go out uneducated, we lower the standard of efficiency by every boy and girl we allow to go out in life improperly prepared for it, and I believe that the greatness of Canada depends on the way in which the Dominion deals with this problem of technical education."

Professor Dale maintained that there should be a place at Ottawa, where advice could be obtained by school authorities, as to the best way of running technical schools, continuation classes and other things, maintaining that if that had been possible in the past, many of the mistakes of the last few years would have been avoided.

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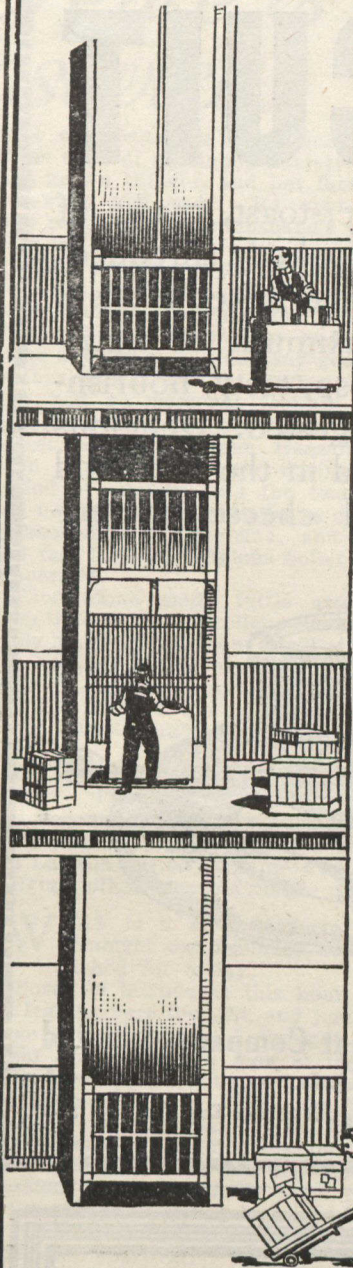
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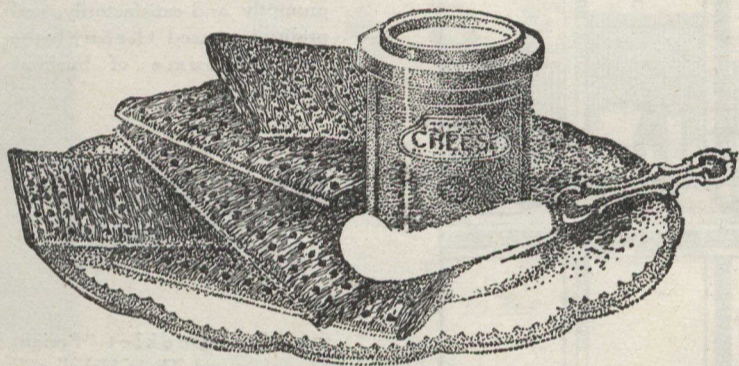


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## FOR THE JUNIORS

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WHEN a little child is naughty,  
And is cross with everything,  
All his thoughts are changed  
to hornets  
That go flying off to sting.

When a little child is happy,  
Then his loving thoughts, I think,  
Are turned to floating butterflies,  
All white, and gold, and pink.  
—St. Nicholas.

### THE WISE SON.

A MAN who owned £5,000 made up his mind to leave the money to whichever of his two sons had the most sense, and as he lay on his deathbed he called the lads to him, and, giving to each a shilling, said: "I will leave my money to the one who can best fill this room with what he buys with the shilling."

The boys went out, and after a time came back with their purchases. The eldest had brought straw, and he pro-

ceded to spread it about the floor, but so far from filling the room, it did not even cover the floor.

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Summer by the sea.

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### SEEN IN SQUIRREL-TOWN.

ON a very pleasant night in April, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, two or three ladies were walking in the streets of Omaha, Nebraska, when they noticed a very interesting conversation going on between two gray squirrels, one on the top of a three-story house, the other in the branches of a large maple tree in front of it. The trees were just budding out so the branches were quite bare, and the movements of the squirrels were very plainly to be seen.

The large squirrel, evidently the mother, was trying to train up the baby "in the way it should go," giving it a lesson in athletics. It would chatter and sputter as squirrels do, saying so plainly to the baby, "Now see me jump"; and it would straightway give a flying leap from the house to the tree and back again. The baby squirrel would say, "Oh, I want to do that too!" Then it would go out to the end of a branch, try a little trapeze work on a bough of the tree, get an attack of heart failure, and run back again. The mother continued giving examples in flying leaps. (These were not flying squirrels, but the or-

when she took it in her mouth, got a good start, and jumped from the tree to the house again, with the baby in her mouth. Though the roofs of the house on the side were slanting and much lower than in front, it was a very remarkable performance and a very unusual illustration of the mother's instinct and love and care of her little one.

—"Our Dumb Animals."

### NAUGHTY, HAUGHTY NEIGHBOUR CROW.

(By Minnie Leona Upton.)

NAUGHTY, haughty, Neighbour Crow

Sailed across the farmer's field;  
Very solemn, very slow,  
Round and round he curved and wheeled.

And a curious tune he chanted,  
For the corn was being planted.

Early in the morning light  
Came this haughty Neighbour Crow,

Ate, and ate, with all his might,  
All the seed-corn from a row.  
Then he fed, a queer tune humming,  
For he saw the farmer coming!

But the farmer had grown wise,  
And he knew that Neighbour Crow

Ate up many worms, and flies,  
Bugs, and grubs, that bother so.  
And he said: "O queer old neighbour,  
I'll not harm you at your labour."

"I can spare a bit of corn,  
I can plant the row again,  
Since you help, each summer morn,  
Eating things that harm the grain.  
Neighbour, we will work together  
Through the sunny summer weather!"

# The FIFTH WHEEL

By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence & Eastwick*

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"THANK you, Inspector Lawson. To cut a long story short, I traced Miss Fenella Leach to the place where her friend, Miss Janet Speer was living, near Chelsea. She took up her abode there, and a few days later was visited by Mr. Maul-everer, who had also gone to town."

Mr. Pridham was genuinely taken aback by this piece of intelligence. He swung round in his chair as if he had been shot.

"Visited by Mr. Mauleverer . . . you astound me!"

The inspector beamed. "You've taken the wind out of my sails, Mr. Merry. I was not aware of that."

"Nor perhaps that Mr. Mauleverer and Miss Leach left England this morning, for America, in each other's company!"

"Disgraceful!" ejaculated Mr. Pridham. "That girl's at the bottom of all this mischief. I should not be surprised to hear anything about her now. It was she who admitted some man to this house on the night of the murder. She is a young minx, and no mistake."

"I thought you ought to know about her proceedings, so I came straight off here, to ask whether you will authorize me to follow up the case. You have been caused a great deal of annoyance—"

"Annoyance does not express it. I've been almost driven out of my senses—and my wife, too, has suffered terribly."

"Under the circumstances, you might wish me to keep the young lady under my supervision when she reaches New York. If so, I will advise my correspondent there accordingly."

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Theo came in with a rush. "Father, you were out before I came down to breakfast—" She stopped, looking from one to the other of the three men. "Oh, you're busy—I'm so sorry—but I wanted to remind you it's my birthday, and you've forgotten all about it, I'm sure." Her voice broke a little on the last words.

Mr. Pridham went over to his little girl. He bent and kissed her solemnly, then patted her on the shoulder. "I'm sorry, dear, but I have so much to think about these days, even your birthday has slipped my memory."

Frank Merry bowed gallantly to the pretty young girl. "A birthday is an important event when one is sixteen," he declared.

"Seventeen!" corrected Theo with a sudden access of dignity.

"We're getting old, aren't we?" her father said indulgently. Like most men of the middle class, he was very fond of his children, especially of his youngest born, the baby of the family. "I won't forget your birthday gift, Theo, although I have been so remiss about the event itself. Now we're occupied with business."

Theo took the hint and disappeared again. Inspector Lawson, who had moved to the window during this little interlude, now intimated that he had pressing work on hand which required immediate attention, and Frank Merry suggested walking with him part of the way.

"I'll keep you informed, Mr. Pridham, of any further developments," were his last words.

The two men were silent until they were quite clear of the house.

"Gone to America, with this girl Fenella Leach?" Lawson queried tersely.

"Yes, both of them under assumed

names; he travels as 'Broke,' and she as 'Miss Frances Lorrimer.'"

"H'm—very fishy! Now, Mr. Merry, what do you think of this in connection with it?" and the inspector gave Merry details of the finding of an envelope in Lisbeth's cottage, addressed to her by Theodor Mauleverer. He ended with: "The Coroner's Inquiry gave an open verdict of 'Murder' against 'some person or persons unknown.' There was a sailor mentioned as having sold a peculiar knife to Mr. Pridham, but there was no trace of evidence to connect him with the dead girl, and the police must have come across him if he had stayed in the place. They always make a point of asking anyone who lodges in the neighbourhood what his business may be. This man was evidently a stranger passing through. There was no possible motive for his killing the girl. Besides, he had parted beforehand with the weapon which did the murder. No! Mr. Merry, the man who committed the crime was no stranger in these parts, nor was he a common man."

Merry nodded his head in confirmation of this opinion.

"If you take the advice of a mere outsider, you'll act at once—get out a warrant and follow them up. Any chance of identification?"

"Yes, there's a boy here would know his voice, and knows him by sight."

"Why not take the boy with you? They've gone by the Spartan, a slow boat, but it's got the wireless, so you can send her a message, and if you travel by the White Star, you'd pass her in mid-ocean and reach New York first."

The inspector rubbed his hands together. "Seems as if I were going to have a bit of a spree!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The eighteenth day . . . Waterloo! It comes in every life. To one man it means a splendid victory, to another it brings irreparable defeat!

LATE in the afternoon of the same day of his meeting with Frank Merry, Inspector Lawson had made all his preparations for departure, but he had one piece of work to finish before quitting the neighbourhood of Spinney Chase.

He stood by the window of his office, holding a couple of photographs in one hand, and in the other a magnifying glass, while before him, on a table, lay the Chinese knife. He was examining the photographs carefully. They portrayed the enlarged copy of a man's thumb and forefinger, with the lines and marks intensified, for identification.

"Not a working-man's hand. The fine lines would be marred or have disappeared altogether. This hand has never done hard labour. I'd better settle the Pridham clue once for all."

With these thoughts in his mind, he put the knife, with the photograph and magnifying glass, in his pocket, then took up a small package from the table and set forth for Spinney Chase. Mr. and Mrs. Pridham were having tea, with their two daughters, under the trees. This was a concession to Theo on her birthday. The cook had been mindful of the occasion, although Theo's father had forgotten it. On the table, a large cake, covered with iced sugar and almond paste, was inscribed in pink letters with the little lady's name and age, and was in truth the sole token of conviviality.

Mrs. Pridham had lost the appear-

ance of prosperous self-sufficiency in these days of continued anxiety. She had grown thinner, and her face was careworn and sad. Its expression was reflected in her husband's countenance.

Agnes poured out the tea in silence. She was abstracted, thinking over a letter received that morning from the Vicar, who was going away, and asked to be allowed to call and say good-bye to her family before leaving home. She had no personal feeling about him, but she knew her father would regret his loss. John Hassall had been a frequent visitor during this period of anxiety, and the two men had much in common, so far as certain stubbornness of doctrine, and hard and fast lines of religious belief were concerned.

Theo alone made futile attempts from time to time to relieve the melancholy hanging over them all. "Bother!" she exclaimed suddenly; "there's that tiresome inspector coming up the drive again. It's a bit too bad that even on my birthday I can't have father to myself."

Mr. Pridham pinched her cheek softly. "I'll go and get rid of him—he's becoming a distinct nuisance."

He went heavily across the grass, and Lawson waited for him—a soldierly figure, albeit wearing muff.

"WHAT is it now, inspector? I thought our business was finished for to-day?"

"Sorry to intrude at this hour, sir. I'm leaving here to-night, and just got these photographs. I thought you might like to have a look at them."

He drew the packet out. "That is the knife you were kind enough to place at my disposal. The finger-marks were wonderfully distinct. The hand must have been hot, and the impression was very easily transferred, and very clear. I have a proposition to make now which I hope may meet with your approval!"

They were sauntering slowly towards the house, and the inspector's eyes travelled to the three ladies seated under the trees.

"What I have to suggest would set Mrs. Pridham's mind at rest completely—with regard to your son's unexpected return that night, which has never been fully explained."

He paused, and Mr. Pridham looked at him keenly. "Anything that would allay my wife's anxiety would be certain to meet with my approval. What is it you want?"

"I wish to make an impression of Mr. Laurence Pridham's hand—" He broke off, for his companion had stood still, and an ominous flush appeared on his cheeks.

"Do you realize that my son is unconscious, lying there sick unto death?" He pointed dramatically towards the house, and there was a ring of genuine feeling and indignation in his voice.

"I beg of you not to take it amiss. It will be a sure way of proving that your son is exonerated from all connection with this horrible affair. It would set your mind completely at rest; it would restore Mrs. Pridham's peace of mind. There would be no need to disturb the poor young gentleman. Nobody feels for him more than I do, and as he lies there unconscious, he will not be aware of what is taking place. I shall enter his room noiselessly and, with the nurse's assistance, take the impression in a few seconds' time. We can compare it immediately, before I leave the house. You will know the result,

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and so shall I before quitting this  
neighbourhood. It will put an end,  
once for all, to gossip, and doubtless  
it will prove that the last person who  
had possession of the knife was not  
Mr. Laurence Pridham."

His arguments prevailed and, with-  
out further protest, Mr. Pridham led  
the way into the house and upstairs,  
to Laurie's room.

"Wait a minute here," he told Law-  
son, and went in alone. The nurse  
was sitting by the window, reading.  
She put down her book and came to-  
wards him. Neither of them spoke  
for some seconds, but stood by the  
bedside, looking down at the thin,  
white face, chiselled by suffering into  
the appearance of a beautiful Grecian  
cameo. Laurie's eyes were closed,  
but he sighed occasionally, and some-  
times his fingers moved over the  
counterpane as if seeking for some-  
thing.

Mr. Pridham signed to the nurse to  
follow him towards the door, and she  
saw the tall man standing outside.

"Another doctor?" she murmured;  
and Mr. Pridham answered low, "He  
only wants to make a test; it would  
not disturb the boy?"

She shook her head. "Oh, no! he  
would notice nothing of that sort. But  
there is improvement; I am certain of  
it—a sort of awakening. I am long-  
ing for Dr. Fraser to come again."

Pridham beckoned to the inspector  
to enter, and they crossed the room to-  
gether. The inspector produced a  
long, narrow, flat tablet of rubber, one  
side of which he covered with printers'  
ink, which he squeezed from a col-  
apsible tube on to it, afterwards roll-  
ing the ink quite smooth. Then, after  
carefully wiping Laurie's thumb and  
forefinger with a handkerchief on  
which he had sprinkled benzoline, he  
rolled them lightly on the tablet until  
they were covered with ink, and then  
repeated the rolling process on a finger-  
print form. The impression was  
taken, and particularly clear.

"That will do," said Lawson, as he  
laid Laurie's hand in the nurse's and  
directed her how to remove the ink.

At this moment it seemed as if some  
strange telepathic message reached  
Laurie's brain, for he opened his eyes  
and looked at them fixedly.

"Tubby!" he said quite loudly, "Tub-  
by, old man, I don't mean to give you  
away, whatever happens"—there was  
a pause, and Lawson moved quietly  
towards the door, then stood looking  
back, and listening.

Laurie spoke again. "Is it fair to  
the girl? You ought not to let her  
think—" He broke off into a long  
sigh. "Too tired—but did he take  
the knife, or was it my—?"

His eyes closed. He had relapsed  
into the land of dreams again.

"You see he is beginning to think  
and speculate about things now—he  
is better," the nurse told Mr. Pridham  
earnestly, out in the corridor.

He made no reply, but with bowed  
head and slow step went after Lawson  
downstairs to the library below.

### CHAPTER XIX.

When you say "nineteen to the  
dozen," you may imply that someone  
has been taken at a disadvantage—  
or perchance you may mean that  
someone has gone just a bit too fast  
and over-reached himself.

THE inspector had crossed to  
the big bay window when  
Mr. Pridham entered his  
library, and he was intent  
on examining the imprint of Laurie's  
fingers on the paper, and comparing  
it, by the aid of his magnifying glass,  
with the photographs he had brought  
to the house. He frowned and push-  
ed out his underlip as if what he saw  
was not altogether satisfactory, and  
contrary to his expectation.

Mr. Pridham sank down heavily in-  
to his customary seat by the bureau  
and moved the papers about im-  
patiently. At last he could bear the  
suspense no longer.

"Well! what's the result? or is  
there none?"

Still Lawson remained silent, with  
eyes fixed upon the evidence beneath  
them.

At last his companion sprang up  
from his chair and went over to him,  
stretching out his hands to seize

those convincing bits of testimony.  
Lawson jerked himself slightly  
aside, and by this manoeuvre still re-  
tained possession of the prizes.

"Perhaps it would be as well, sir, if  
you did not see the result. We have  
to make very sure in these cases—it  
does not do to go by one or two  
similarities. I'll apprise you later on."

Mr. Pridham felt he was being put  
off. Either the inspector did not trust  
him to handle the precious things, or  
else, with professional jealousy, he  
wanted to protect this special piece  
of information from the eyes of  
an outsider.

"I wish to see it now," Mr. Prid-  
ham announced firmly, and the set of  
his jaw and the hard gleam of his  
eyes showed him very much in  
earnest.

"I don't know that I have exactly  
the right to show it to you." Lawson  
was trying to gain time, but the other  
man was not to be thwarted.

"You undertook to let me know im-  
mediately what was the result, when  
I permitted you to go into my son's  
room. That was the primary induc-  
ement you offered, to relieve Mrs.  
Pridham's anxiety and my own. You  
won't dare to tell me, to my face, that  
you have been playing with me and  
making capital out of my trouble  
about my son, to gain your point! It's  
inhuman! It's devilish!"

The inspector was manifestly at a  
loss what to say or do. The unexpect-  
ed had happened, and for the moment  
he was nonplussed.

"Don't take it that way, sir. I beg  
of you not to think me capable of  
planning to carry my point by work-  
ing on your feelings as a father. That  
would be inhuman, indeed, under the  
circumstances, and no mistake. When  
I asked your permission to let me take  
the impression of Mr. Laurence's  
hand, I never thought for a moment  
that this was in store for us—never,  
on my sacred word of honour."

THE man was genuinely concerned.  
He looked and spoke as if he  
were sorry.

"What are you driving at? I don't  
take your meaning."

They confronted each other silently  
for a moment, then Lawson answered  
deliberately: "Can't you guess what  
I mean, Mr. Pridham?"

Horatio Pridham's face had turned  
to a sickly, waxy tint. He breathed  
hard and eyed his companion with  
almost savage intensity. His voice  
was thick when he spoke again.

"Show the damned things to me  
and have done with it."

Then the inspector put the photo-  
graph in his hand, gave him the  
magnifying glass, and held the paper  
beneath it. He did not part with this  
latter paper beneath it. He did not  
part with this latter—it was too valu-  
able an asset.

Mr. Pridham stared from one object  
to the other.

"You see, sir," said the inspector  
quietly, "what may seem to you  
absolutely conclusive in the similarity  
between the finger-marks on the knife  
and your son's impression on the  
paper, may be open to doubt. Here,  
for instance, is the same bifurcation  
with an upward line leading off—  
three lines away is an island, and  
beyond it an arch, just as in the  
photo; but we never go by one or  
two or several indications. We want  
twenty or more—the odds have to be  
thousands to one on before we take  
it as decisive. In any case it would  
not be considered evidence against  
your son if the finger-marks do tally.

You see, the knife is in his own  
house—he has a right to touch it. If  
they were a stranger's finger-marks  
that would be very different, and  
would constitute a strong and im-  
portant clue. But in your son's case  
it is no clue at all."

The inspector was talking purpose-  
ly at some length to give Mr. Prid-  
ham time to recover himself.

A curious sound came from Mr.  
Pridham's throat; it might have been  
a groan or a smothered curse.  
Finally he threw the glass and photo-  
graph on to a chair beside him and  
walked away towards the fire place.  
There, with his back to the other  
man, he remained, with working face

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and clenched hands, striving to conquer his overmastering passion. But rugged and courageous as he was, the blow had struck too hard. Suddenly he cried out loudly: "My God! My God! Laurie, my boy's, own hand on the knife!" Then he collapsed, and with arms outflung across the bureau, he sank down, hiding his face, while great sobs of anguish tore his breast and broke the silence in the room.

Lawson gathered up his possessions and put them carefully away in his coat. He was very grave, and his voice shook when he addressed Mr. Pridham.

"You must not take it too much to heart, sir. The finger-prints on the knife are your son's, I believe. But he may have handled it after the crime was committed. It has always been my belief that Mr. Laurence Pridham discovered the murderer. He knows who did it, and that knowledge has gone far towards driving him out of his mind. He must have been running like some demented person to fall over that wire, as we have every reason to believe he did. Possibly he was pursued, and, trying to make good his escape from some evil-disposed person. In any case, it is my duty to follow the two people who are implicated, and whose flight from this country is a token of their guilt. I have your word that Mr. Laurence Pridham will remain here, under your supervision. I hope, when I return to this part of the world, I may bring with me certain proofs that he has been the dupe of another and a cleverer person. I wish you good-day, sir!"

It was the longest speech on record ever made by Inspector Lawson. He was a man of few words as a rule. Mr. Pridham stood up, before Lawson quitted the room and, with uplifted arm, swore he would not only prove his son's innocence but bring to book the dastard who had tried to escape by fixing his guilt on Laurence Pridham.

CHAPTER XX.

"Nineteen—twenty—maids in plenty."

THE S.S. Spartan was half-way across the Atlantic, a small liner in these days of Titans, and comparatively slow, but none the less sure, and comfortable. Harry Sutor's Company (Blue) was enjoying itself tremendously, for the weather was obliging and the remainder of the saloon passengers, being neither millionaires nor patricians of the exclusive order, welcomed the theatrical contingent as a lively addition to their numbers.

The days and nights passed merrily. Deck games and sweeps on the run filled the daylight hours with unflagging activity and excitement, while dancing and sing-songs gave wings to the night.

On the fourth day out, a gymkhana proved an enormous success. Janet Speer took a leading part, as organizer of the four-in-hand teams of girls and men which were driven along the promenade deck by one or other at break-neck speed and resulted in a grand win by Tubby (Stoney Broke) with Lottie Connaught, Tottie Frere, Daisy Meagins and Cleo d'Alroy in harness. These girls adored Tubby, "the careless," his lazy manner and drawly way of talking being their ideal of manly perfection. They gauged the position accurately and were not deceived by the non-de-guerre under which they knew him. "Stoney-Broke indeed!" said Cleo, the exquisite; "you bet he's all that, poor darling—but none the less he's got a good handle to his name or class me among the duffers."

So Tubby was popular on board and, with his usual habit of putting aside all things unpleasant—a habit inherited from Lord Brismain—he forgot the evening spent at the South Western Club and his tragic resolutions on the Embankment; only some-times a passing regret came, for Theo, in England, and with it the little girl would miss him, some day everything would come right again. His debts troubled him no longer, for an unexpected rencontre with Captain Carbine—his neighbour at

the roulette table—had saved the situation. They met outside the office of the Transatlantic, where Tubby had booked a passage for S. Broke, Esquire.

The Captain stopped with a smile of recognition.

"I'm afraid you were down on your luck the other night," quoth he.

Tubby assented with the remark that he couldn't well have been downer.

The Captain's shrewd eyes pierced the envelope of reserve; possibly he was better acquainted with Theodor Mauleverer's circumstances than that youthful scion of a noble house suspected.

"If you should ever find yourself in a tight corner—I've been there myself—you can easily extricate yourself by a call on Mr. Athol Baring in Jermyn Street. He's a deuced obliging chap to any one with reversionary prospects—you'll excuse my mentioning it, I'm sure, as we're mutual friends of Lord Brismain's (that was his delicate way of showing he knew Tubby's name) but Baring is quite straight and can be trusted, if you ever care to deal with him."

AS a result of this small piece of information, Tubby did call on Mr. Athol Baring and was relieved temporarily of his load of care. He left Liverpool with a light heart and a modest roll of bank-notes in his pocket, besides the assurance that his I O U's would be redeemed and his honour saved.

So now he considered he was at liberty to seize on the best life had to offer. Janet Speer's influence, employed through the leading lady, had worked the miracle and the name of "Stoney Broke" was to be included in the forthcoming bill as taking the walking on part of the Duke of Never-say-dye. The modest honorarium of thirty shillings per week, offered by the manager, was a recognition that America does not disdain nobility under a cloud. Tubby's secret would be an open one when he reached the States, for the manager was a business man and did not intend to pay for nothing. Lord Brismain's heir as one of his company was a small trump-card—still a trump often scores the trick.

So Tubby drove his four-in-hand of pretty girls along the deck in masterly style and received a crown of laurel from Janet's friend, Miss Beryl Leicester, which he wore with great distinction for the rest of the afternoon.

"Why don't you say 'Ave Caesar!'" he inquired of Fenella, who took no part in the races except as an on-looker. These two had become closer friends since common calamity had drawn them together. Fenella was known as "the quiet Miss Lorrimer" with the addenda from Cleo d'Alroy that "those quiet ones are deep. She'll cut us all out yet, girls!"

It was beginning to be common talk that Broke and the little Lorrimer girl were hand and glove together, and if not engaged, then on the brink of it.

"Joining in the Obstacle Race?" asked Mussels, whose long lean limbs encased in green tights, made him look like an overgrown grass-hopper.

Tubby replied that he meant to rest on his laurels, and Mussels said over his shoulder, as he strode forward, "Wish me good luck, Miss Lorrimer!" He admired the quiet girl and would have enjoyed cutting out the victorious Tubby by beating him in high-jumping.

Tubby and Fenella leant on the rail and chatted together.

"I wonder what's going on in England. It seems such years since we heard anything of them all—four days, four centuries!"

Tubby made an impatient click with his tongue, in reply. "Personally I don't want to hear. The absence of news is a positive treat."

"Why?"

"Because I've started a new era—and I don't want to be reminded of the past."

Fenella stared at him. She had always noticed that he shied away from any reference to their "Spinney Chase" surroundings—except Theo. About her he would talk enthusiasti-

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cally at times—the dearest little girl and the jolliest—and then he would recite at length some wild prank or clever bit of sportsmanship on the part of the madcap he loved. Now he turned to gaze moodily across the tranquil ocean; a big steamer showed on the horizon and crept nearer.

"Got the wireless," Tubby muttered. "I suppose we shall exchange greetings, and if anything out of the common has happened, such as London swallowed up in an earthquake, we shall have the news transmitted."

Fen scarcely paid attention to his words. She was still wondering why any mention of home made him sulky and silent. In spite of his apparent good nature there was always a reserve, the hall-mark of his class, which acted as a barrier to prevent any intrusion into his private concerns. Actually she knew nothing of Theodor Mauleverer beyond the fact that he was calmly and unobtrusively in love with Theo Pridham.

They remained silent and abstracted, each face wearing a slightly anxious expression. The first officer passed them quickly on his way to the bridge, he scrutinized them with hard disapproval. He had a message to convey to the Captain respecting them, and he felt incensed that two people who appeared quite an ordinary and everyday sort should have been clever enough to hoodwink him. He had taken rather a fancy to the young fellow he knew as Stoney-Broke and the girl had seemed such a simple, quiet piece of goods!

Captain Harvey talked for some moments with his first officer. He gave a low whistle of surprise and then laughed. "An artful pair of lambkins! but we'll keep them carefully under observation and no mistake about it."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Vingt-et-un! Are you playing for "natural" or "imaginary ten?" In either case, the holder of the right card wins.

"WE'RE close in now. Hurry up, Fen!" Janet put her head in at the cabin-door and then disappeared again. Fenella did not look around, but went on with her methodical packing.

"There's heaps of time. The stewardess told me we—oh! she's gone again!"

She folded up the last garment, closed and locked her trunk with the reflection that she would not like her belongings to present the appearance which Janet's must when opened by the Customs for inspection. She had watched with amusement that young woman's flinging-in of sundry and all, pell-mell, while inveighing against her intense dislike of "packing."

Fenella put on her hat, with calm precision, before the glass, glanced round the cabin to make sure that nothing was forgotten, then with a last thought of farewell to the confined space which, during the days spent in it, had been less a prison than a retreat for meditation and the study of self-control and resignation, she took her way to the promenade deck.

A Customs boat had come alongside and the passengers crowded to the side of the ship to inspect the visitors, while discussing the reason of this slight delay.

"Some humbug with the Customs, I expect," Tubby explained to Fen.

A tall, military-looking man, followed by a fair-haired boy, was coming on board, with two or three officials.

There was nothing to attract comment, and people began to move away, laughing at the poor return for their momentary excitement. Presently a steward passed through the various groups, saying a word here and there, and several members of Harry Sutor's Company detached themselves and went off in the direction of the Captain's saloon, with an air of self-importance, evidently believing themselves selected for some special honour.

The steward came last to Tubby and Fenella, where they stood apart, talking in low voices of this, their venture in a strange land.

"Anyway, if we don't like it, we can always go back again," Tubby remarked with airy philosophy, and

Fenella smiled, thinking how easy everything was made for this young man. For her it meant exile, without any possible hope of return for many a long day. The die was cast. She had separated herself voluntarily from her own people, her friends, the man she loved!

"The Captain's compliments, sir, and will you kindly go to his cabin. You also, Madam." The steward's eyes examined them with inquisitive attention. He knew Tubby only in the light of a free-handed young actor named Broke, who gave tips of unexpected generosity.

"The ship evidently wishes to present us all with a testimonial, in recognition of our histrionic ability, after last night's tableaux," Tubby confided laughingly to Fenella as he opened the door and stood aside for her to pass in.

EIGHT young men belonging to Harry Sutor's Company were grouped in a line before the Captain, who sat at his table, very grave and stern, with the tall stranger and the boy beside him. Mr. Hudson, the first officer, was close to the door when Tubby and Fenella entered, and he now moved in front of it, interposing his burly form between them and retreat.

"Mr. Broke, I must ask you to stand there with those other gentlemen. Miss Lorrimer, will you sit over there?" The Captain indicated a chair close to Mr. Hudson, and Fenella sat down, wondering what it all could mean. There was something impressive and threatening about the ship's officers which made her heart begin to beat quickly, she did not know why. Her perceptions were peculiarly quick, and she had been credited sometimes with the gift of clairvoyance in consequence of the swift and sure intuition which informed her of immediate events.

Tubby joined the long line of his fellow-actors. The tall man then cleared his throat. "I must ask you, gentlemen, to repeat, each in turn, these words: 'This is final and I mean to make an end of it.'" As he spoke, intuition became absolute certainty to Fenella. She recognized the inspector whom she had seen at Spinney Chase, on that miserable day when she brought poor Laurie home.

Lawson's eyes were on Mussels, who stood nearest to him, so possibly he may not have noticed the quick motion of Tubby's head towards him, nor the fading colour under the seaman of his face.

Mussels repeated the words with elaborate earnestness and was followed by Lancaster, a chubby-faced youth, who elected to speak them in a high falsetto, evidently much to his companions' delight.

"This is a serious matter, sir, and I would beg of you to treat it seriously," the tall man told him with severity, and the man next Tubby murmured, behind the screen of an upheld hand: "A 'tec, by Jove! or I'm a Russian!"

Two more of the young men repeated the prescribed words in varied accents, while Tubby listened with tight-drawn lips and a scornful raising of the eye-brows. Then he stepped forward and enunciated with an exaggeration of his usual drawl, "For God's sake, stop this wretched travesty—"

"That's the voice and that's the man!" a clear, boyish voice announced.

"Are you quite sure, Teddie?" Inspector Lawson asked the fair-haired lad.

"Yes, certain sure, sir, it's the gentleman who was with Liz. Just his height and figure and smooth hair, rather long at the back by his coat collar. I didn't see his face—but he dragged his words out in the same way exactly."

Lawson looked hard at Tubby. "Mr. Mauleverer, I am here to place you under arrest. These other gentlemen are at liberty to go now."

They filed out, in startled surprise, staring at Tubby. Some of them shook him by the hand in passing and Mussels smote him on the shoulder. "Buck up, old chap! If it's a money matter, you may rely on us to try and help a pal."

(To be Continued.)

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