

# The Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

A City and Its Pictures

BY MARY ADELAIDE SNIDER



Municipal Book-keeping

BY S. MORLEY WICKETT



Hon. John D. Hazen

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



The Pampas of the Peace

*With Photographs by C. F. W. Rochfort*



The Operation

*Short Story*

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO





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# The Canadian Courier

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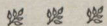
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## Editor's Talk

**S**ELDOM do we get a chance even in a paper so profusely illustrated as ours to present such a vivid contrast in feature pictures as appears in this issue. Mr. John Ross Robertson, most widely known as the proprietor of the Toronto Evening Telegram, and the founder of the Children's Hospital, has conferred on the country at large the benefit of a peculiarly constructive hobby in his public picture collection. The gallery of historic pictures, as described by Mary Adelaide Snider in this issue, represents both the passion of a collector and the news instinct of a newspaper man.

A few pages further over in the issue we come to a series of photographs illustrating the life of Canadians who for the most part have never heard of the Capture of Quebec or the War of 1812. Mr. C. F. W. Rochfort and his travelling companions used the camera among the northern plainsmen and the mountaineers at the head-waters of the Fraser and the Peace. The photographs are the record of a life that is vanishing from Canada much more rapidly than the life depicted in the John Ross Robertson collection passed away from Eastern Canada. It is an unusual coincidence of illustrated journalism that both are presented in one issue of the "Canadian Courier."



The leading personality depicted this week is Hon. John D. Hazen. Next week, as a feature of the Education Number, we shall have a pen-picture of the man who, in the Province of Quebec, has lately brought himself under the ban of his own church; Mr. Godfrey Langlois, whose political propaganda for free and compulsory education of French-Canadians, makes him for the present at least one of the most significant figures in the educational problems of this country.



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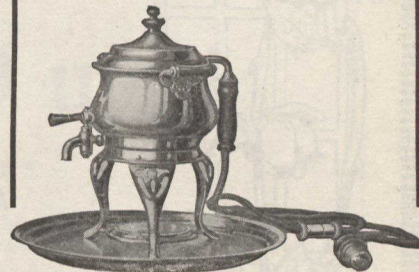
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IN LIGHTER VEIN

**A Good Retort.**—Cleveland once made a joke. An effusive Southerner burst in upon him and exclaimed loudly: "Mr. President, I owe you an apology."

"What for?" said Cleveland.  
"For not having called upon you earlier, sir."  
"Well," said Cleveland, curtly, "I haven't been lonesome."—The Argonaut.

**A Matter of Names.**—"What is the difference between pomme de terre and potato?"

"About two dollars."—Harvard Lampoon.

**"Absent-Minded Beggar."**—The Rev. Dr. George W. Field, of Bangor, is a very absent-minded man. When on the street, in the cars, or even at dinner, his mind is often so fully concentrated upon the subject of his next sermon that he appears to take no notice of surrounding circumstances.

At one time, travelling between Bangor and Boston, as the conductor of the train, passing through the car making collections of tickets, came to Dr. Field with hand outstretched, the reverend gentleman, glancing up quickly from a reverie, looked into his face a moment, then extended his hand and said, "Good-afternoon, sir; but I think you have a little advantage of me. What name?"

**Starting a Career.**—Visitor—"So you were acquainted with the great financier who was raised here? As usual, I suppose you gave him the first dollar he ever earned."

Native—"No; he took away from me the first dollar I ever earned."—Brooklyn Life.

**Getting Back at Him.**—This one is told about an East End dancing class. There was a young woman who thought a good deal about ancestry and descent, and there was a young man who thought that all such stuff was snobbish. The two sat out a dance together, and the girl mounted her hobby almost at once.

"What was your father?" interrupted the young man.

"Father was a gentleman."  
"But what did he do for a living?"  
The young man thought that smart, but the girl came right back.

"What was your father?" she asked.  
"My father raised hogs."  
"I see he did. But what did he do for a living?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Modern Maud.

Maud Muller, on a summer night,  
Turned down the only parlor light.

The judge, beside her, whispered things  
Of wedding bells and diamond rings.

He spoke his love in burning phrase,  
And acted foolish forty ways.

When he had gone Maud gave a laugh  
And then turned off the dictagraph.  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Changed for the Worse.**—"Don't you believe the level of human intelligence is gradually rising?"

"No, on the contrary. Never before were there as many writers of popular songs as there are to-day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Suitable.**—General Horace Porter was giving an illustration of every-day diplomacy after having compared it with world diplomacy.

"We will say, for instance," he observed, "that our every-day wiseacre is introduced to a man from Iowa. He talks corn with him. He meets a man from Boston and talks beans. Should he happen to be thrown in the combined company of a man from Iowa and of a man from Boston he would discuss succotash."—The Argonaut.

**Ever Meet One?**—"That get-rich-quick man is as busy as a bee."

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. He's one of those busy bees who can't manage to gather honey without incidentally stinging somebody."—Washington Star.



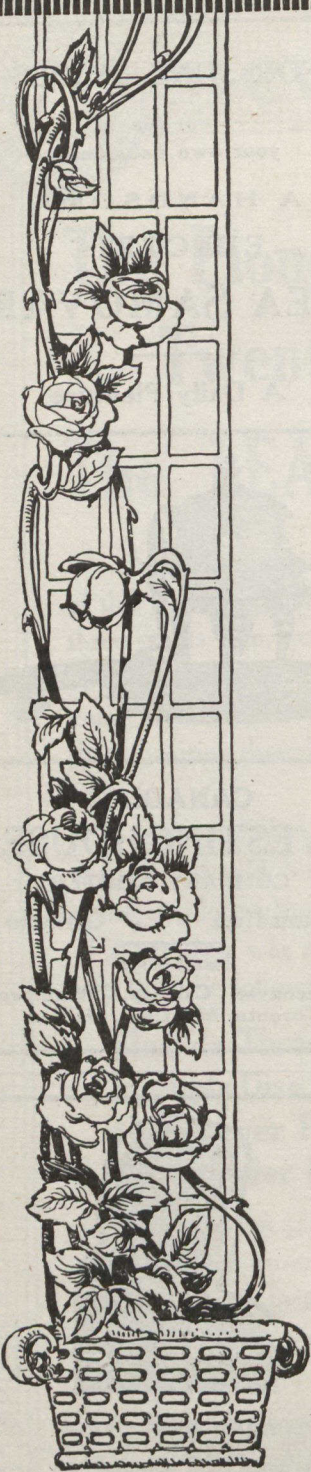
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The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*



Vol. XII.

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No. 4

# The Republican Duel

*Presidential Characteristics and Differences*

FOR the past two months, Canadians have been noting the spectacle of the President and an ex-President of the Republic abusing each other up and down the country from New York to Kansas. The campaign of Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Taft for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party has been rather warm, personalities having such local significance that Canada has been referred to as having been a possible "adjunct" of the United States. The Roosevelt and Taft forces have finished the last round. They have been in Chicago in convention assembled. The interest was intense. One thousand newspapermen, including the illustrious William Jennings Bryan, who was "doing" the Convention for a Chicago daily, tramped the streets, their noses keen for news. The situation is dramatic and it is historic. In the hotel lobbies and the environs of the convention hall followers of Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft snarled at each other. Four short years ago these same disputants locked arms and went to the polls like brothers.

Since that time economic, social and political causes have been at work making cataclysmic changes in that section of the American people which calls itself Republican. A Republican of yesterday may to-day be a Progressive or a Conservative. The party has split and its two chief sections are typified by the careers and personalities of their leaders, Roosevelt and Taft.

In 1908, when the Colonel closed his two terms of office as president, he appointed Mr. Taft the heir of his policies and scepter. His influence elected Mr. Taft President. Mr. Roosevelt went away lion hunting in Africa. He returned in a year and began to roar because he claimed that Mr. Taft had become retrogressive and was not furthering what the Colonel calls affectionately "my policies." He had allied himself with the old guard of Republicans and endorsed the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which action, critics claimed, was playing into the hands of the "Interests." Roosevelt had lashed with the "big stick." Roosevelt and Taft disagreed; they became political enemies. Hence the excitement in Chicago. Mr. Roosevelt went into the field for a third term as President. He wants to upset the traditional custom which prevents a man occupying more than twice the White House, that he may depose Mr. Taft. Ambitious autocrat, king-maker, or reformer—which is Roosevelt? On the other hand, everybody knows Mr. Taft's position. The big President is fighting for his political existence. While its leaders have made of the Republican party a divided house, the Democrats, who will soon be in session at Baltimore, have a chance of a lifetime to get their man elected President.

THE to-do between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft is not, as might be expected, mainly one of measures. It is a duel between two men brought up in the same political faith, but as far apart as the poles in their grasp of that faith, because of different training and outlook. The battle of the Republicans in New York and Cincinnati is the same as it is of the American people at large—the grapple of privilege, entrenched in the trusts, with the American democracy awakening to the clear consciousness that the evils of the feudal orders of the old world are being duplicated in the new under the guise of financial magnates and industrial barons. The American voters have risen in revolt against economic conditions which made millionaires

of a few and placed the many in their power. They have laid reforming hands on a constitution which in 1912 has outgrown the primitive days of Hamilton and Jefferson.

Something has to be done. The question is, who is going to do it? Those who shout Roosevelt

claim that he is the man at this crisis. Roosevelt appeals to those who want quick action. It is claimed that he more than any other American knows the American people, understands them, and can secure them relief. If he should not do the right thing, he would at least do something, is the thought of many of his supporters. Roosevelt has had long lease of the imagination of the American people. They have spoken of him in the same breath with Caesar and Napoleon, though his greatest military exploit was a charge up San Juan Hill to oust some Spanish musketeers. Roosevelt is revered because he personifies those qualities of aggressiveness, alertness, assertiveness, and resource, which have made the United States a first rate power. He is typically American in his mental make-up. His writings are inclined to be superficially clever. His set speeches contain such slang as "square deal." The important thing to remember about his career at the present time is its varied character. He has been President of the United States; head of the police board in New York; commander of a cavalry troop on active service; author of a score of books, and been a journalist and scientific investigator. These activities have helped him to understand the American people.

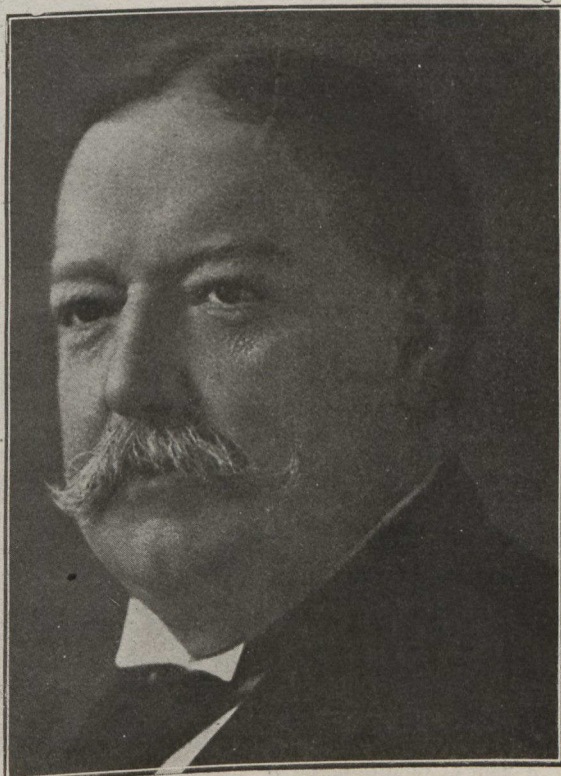
THE difference between Roosevelt, the Progressive, and Taft, the Conservative, is in their very training. Roosevelt's life has run in many channels; Taft, the lawyer and judge, has worked his way up to distinction in one of the most conservative of professions. His one groove has been the law since he left Yale. Compared with Roosevelt's, Taft's training has been narrow. He has not had the same opportunity to meet the people, except as their judge, as Roosevelt has had. Moreover his training has not been the kind which is essential to a high executive office like the Presidency. An executive officer must act by instinct and think afterwards. The judicial mind such as Mr. Taft's weighs carefully beforehand and then acts. The strenuous arena of politics is not the same place as the serene chamber of the judge. The difference in atmosphere has bothered Mr. Taft. Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, has proceeded from one executive office to another in his career. His genius is executive work. But while it may be conceded that Mr. Roosevelt is the better executive, there are a great many Republicans who think big Mr. Taft safer than he and will resist the Colonel's attempt to usurp the Cincinnati man's second term.

The whole Taft-Roosevelt episode is extremely interesting no matter how you look at it. It presents so many phases, which appeal to different people in different ways. A great many people in the United States watch the struggle between the Republican stalwarts anxiously, because they are concerned as to how the outcome will affect the prospect of relief from corporate tyranny and oppression. Some of the people see in the battle great political principles at stake. Britishers, Germans, and French read the accounts of the Presidential duel because it is of diplomatic importance whether a radical like Roosevelt or a conservative like Taft is elected President. But everybody on this continent and the world over with red blood in them who follow the strife of Roosevelt and Taft do so because they scent a battle. It is "Terrible Teddy" with the flashing eyes and panther tread, against "Big Bill" Taft, slow, unruffled, perpetually smiling when hit hardest.

D. B. S.



Theodore Roosevelt, the Radical.



William Howard Taft, the Conservative.



# Personalities and Problems

2---Hon. John Douglas Hazen

*The Man at the Head of the Naval Service in Canada*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

BEING Minister of Marine in Canada nowadays is about equivalent to being the Hon. Col. Sam Hughes if a war were on. There are some newspapers in Canada that are going to war with Germany, just as Mr. Hearst once went to war with Spain. They have settled beyond the phantom of a doubt that this is to be the most colossal and terrible battleship tournament that ever was. The fate of the Empire is to be settled in the North Sea. When that is all over German warships may be expected up the St. Lawrence. If they succeed in getting past the Citadel at Quebec without being raked fore and aft by the cannons of century before last, they will probably bombard the Nelson monument to smithereens in Montreal and blow the dome off St. James' Cathedral. German marines will eat weiners and drink beer on the Champ de Mars and bunk in the Armouries across Craig St. After which they will commandeer a C. P. R. train to Ottawa, dismiss the Government, and take Hons. Messrs. Borden and Hazen into the keeping of the Kaiser—on the principle that in the month of June, 1912, they had little or no business to go to England consorting with the Lords of the Admiralty.

SOME such terrifying series of adventures may have been confronting the Minister of the Naval Service when I went to see him in Ottawa a week or two ago. It was the logical inference from reading the newspapers. Building transcontinental railways had nothing to do with the case. In a couple of years, by the completion of the Panama Canal, the Dominion of Canada would be part of a huge island, just as much as either Australia or New Zealand. Now that somebody has discovered the North Pole there is nothing to prevent a marine expedition coming at us from that direction—except "Cap." Bernier and the Arctic. One sole gleam of encouragement is that Hon. Richard McBride has been telling England what ought to be done on the Pacific in case the Anglo-Japanese alliance is disrupted; at the same time putting our west naval station and fleet into direct communication with the fleets of New Zealand and Australia. Whence incidentally we become a world power—and so on.

There is never any end of ultimate possibilities when we come to contemplate the fate of Canada as the keystone of Imperial autonomy. To add to the uncertainty we have lately refused reciprocity, which has been the only clear issue between the two Republican rivals for the Presidency; and that makes it nakedly possible that the year 1912, being the centenary of the outbreak of the border war in 1812, will behold us embroiled in a very bad war with the United States.

On the whole I felt rather relieved that it was Hon. Mr. Hazen and not myself who had to shoulder the burdens of all these world complications. And the nearer I came to Parliament Hill the more I pondered on the kind of man this must be who had been assigned so tremendous a role by the newspapers, in addition to the ordinary business of administering the affairs of our waterways and fisheries.

To begin with, Mr. Hazen is one of three Maritimers in the Cabinet. The other two are Messrs. Borden and Foster. In the case of the two latter, personal character and political choice gave them the *entree*. Mr. Hazen was also designated by experience. The present Cabinet has at least four members chosen on that principle. The Minister of Militia is a soldier. The Minister of Finance is a financier. (Of course the Minister of Justice is always a lawyer.) And the Minister of Marine—well, he never was a sailor, but he came as near it as landsman could, being born in Fredericton, N.B., where he spent his youth, and a good deal of his life in St. John.

THE Hazen family date clearly back to old Northumberland, England. If we remember right it must have been twenty-eight years after the landing of the Mayflower on the "stern and rockbound coast" of New England, when some ancestor of Mr. Hazen landed in Massachusetts. But in the year before the Revolutionary War a descendant of that same John Hazen said, with thousands more, that he would have naught to do with a land that would throw down King George;

and he came to Portland, N.B. More recently Mr. J. D. Hazen's paternal grandfather was an officer in the British Army and sheriff of Sunbury Co. His other grandfather was Provincial Secretary and member of the N. B. Legislative Council.

In the course of time we come to John Douglas Hazen, who should be inordinately proud of such a line of ancestors; a youth working his way through the schools and colleges of Fredericton, into a law course, and at the end of it all getting almost as many initials after his name as Principal Peterson of McGill. Three years he was an alderman of Fredericton and for two years Mayor. In 1890 he moved to St. John, and the year of the last fight against Commercial Union he was elected member of the Commons for St. John city and county, his present seat.

In 1896, however, when the Liberals broomed the country from coast to coast, Mr. Hazen forcibly decided to stay at home. Three years later he entered the Legislature, member for Sunbury. Twice again he was elected; the second time when he himself used the broom that swept Premier Robinson's Liberals out of the Government benches at Fredericton. The score in that election was 31 to 12 in favour of Premier Hazen, who also became Attorney-General.

Whether the Capital or the chief city of the Province had more to do with his selection for the Naval Service portfolio is a matter for the psychological biographer. We may take the evidence of the poet. In Fredericton, Mr. Hazen was a fellow-

citizen of Bliss Carman, who, though he got his earliest poetic inspirations from his native town, surely immortalized the big Port long before the modern local bard did it in his ballad of Courtenay Bay. It was Bliss Carman, the school-mate of John Douglas Hazen, who wrote that almost famous poem, "The Ships of Grey St. John," which perhaps the Minister of Marine knows by heart; but in case he has missed it, we submit a few stanzas for his comfort amid the tremendous troubles assigned to him by the newspapers.

"Smile, you inland hills and rivers,  
Flush, you mountains in the dawn!  
But my roving heart is seaward  
With the ships of grey St. John.

Fair the land lies full of August,  
Meadow island, shingly bar,  
Open barns and breezy twilight,  
Peace and the mild evening star.

Once in your wide arms you held me,  
Till the man-child was a man,  
Canada, great nurse and mother  
Of the young sea-roving clan.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,  
Past the crimson rising sun,  
There are dreams go down the harbour  
With the ships of grey St. John.

But I sight the vaster skyline,  
Wider leeway, longer run,  
Whose discoverers return not  
With the ships of grey St. John."

That poem should be engrossed and hung in the office of the Minister of Marine. It is doubtful if any other Minister could lay his hands on a poem so expressive of his early environment. A copy might also be hung in the lobby and the ante-room for the perusal of those who have to wait their turn to see a very busy Minister and kill time by reading the Ottawa newspapers.

I knew Mr. Hazen would be engulfed in business, though Ottawa herself had a much neglected look. The city which has just opened the Chateau Laurier looked like an Ontario village the day of the Sunday-school picnic. The Parliament Buildings had the air of a huge High School in summer holidays. Wherever you saw a parliamentary policeman he was so dead lonesome he was glad of a chance to discuss the beastly weather with a stranger. It was Ottawa between sessions; when even the Duke was away—and even though the "hoarse booming" of Chaudiere with its computations of horse-power for a big industrial centre might be heard up the beautiful valley just breaking forth into the green garb of spring, Ottawa that day was surely a dull town.

The Minister of Marine's office is in the left hand block as you face the main Houses of Parliament. Whether it's the east block or the west block is a matter for hydrographic survey. Ottawa is famous for fooling the compass. Cabinet Council meetings are held in the opposite block. Other government offices are scattered here and there in the vicinity of Wellington boulevard; for Parliament Hill has developed a housing problem that ought to commend it to the care of the authorities interested in the cause and cure of overcrowding.

THE left block is quite handsome without and decidedly gloomy within. That day it was ten times busier than the Parliament Buildings. Members might be home or anywhere else they chose to spend their indemnities. Ministers were as busy as ever. West along a dark corridor about seventeen doors; south about fifteen more—at the end of the hall was a red splotch of curtain, within which was the ante-chamber that led by a much-guarded door to the office. At nearly three o'clock Mr. Hazen had gone to lunch at the Rideau Club. Two other "office-seekers"—I mean men seeking the office of the Minister—gathered along the patient bench outside.

In less than an hour he came. The first man took about nineteen minutes. The third man, who wanted to catch the same train to Montreal that I did, asked rather edgily:

"How long will you be?"



"A man of infinite poise; of almost instinctive aversion to the discussion of the merely excitable."



"Oh, about seven minutes and three-quarters—if I get off to a good start."

"Well, cut it as short as possible."

But once inside the headquarters of the Naval Service there was no such feverish haste. A comfortably elegant room, with a desk endwise towards the door, facing a fireplace over which was the model of a ship—Niobe or Arctic, it didn't matter which; rather heavy curtains with generic effect of dull red; and all as quiet as a church. I realized that from here the Arctic had officially gone on her grand tours of champagne; here had come the correspondence affecting the Niobe and the Rainbow; here in the session of 1909-10 had been the peaceful centre of the maelstrom of Commons debate on the Naval Bill; somewhere in Mr. Hazen's files were letters from Rear-Admiral Kingsmill on the Niobe and from the Rainbow at Esquimalt, and the reports of the Harbour Commissioners at Montreal. Here also after the sinking of the Titanic was the official bridge-room for the Mackay-Bennett and the Montmagny. Here in a few days no doubt would be the genial Pacific personality of Richard McBride.

**B**UT at present here was John D. Hazen, who I am bound to say is one of the most comfortable and cordial Ministers that ever took oath under the King. A trifle older in looks than I had fancied him, but in the prime of activity, with fuzzles of grey in his once black, somewhat curly hair, and a pronounced moustache. I reminded him that just before the New Brunswick elections of 1908 he had written a brief note to Toronto promising to beat the Liberals out of their long stronghold at Fredericton. He smiled to remember it.

"Yes, I've been a quarter of a century in politics," he said, with an affectionate accent. He likes politics, being born to it, as many Maritimers are. I knew that Ottawa, with all its under-currents and icebergs and contrary winds, had no chilly aspect to a man born and bred in the vicinity of old St. John.

"Though I must say I sometimes miss the sea," he said. "We're a long way inland here. Ottawa, however, is a most interesting place, most of the year. I like it."

"And is there any other portfolio you would sooner have taken than the Marine and Fisheries?"

"I can't think of one. The problems of the Naval Service are as interesting as any, and much more than most."

He admitted that living along the Atlantic had given him some instinctive feeling for naval matters. When he was a lad the ships of grey St. John had been most of them sails, and the fishermen then were as much of a factor in national and international politics as a few months ago some of them down New England way were to President Taft after the reciprocity pact got out.

**B**UT the main thing now was not fish; neither the hydrographic surveys, nor the Hudson's Bay ports, nor the St. Lawrence route, nor the grain routes on the great lakes—no, not even the Georgian Bay Canal and Sir Robert Perks. One overwhelming issue had faded all these to a haze.

"Well, we may as well be candid about it, Mr. Hazen. Most of us outside of politics nowadays are thinking about war with Germany."

He smiled, and did not say what he would say to the Lords of the Admiralty in July.

"Now, sir, if you will look back for a moment to last September—do you observe any logical connection between bucking reciprocity in the name of a majority of the Canadian people and mapping out a more strenuous programme for the Canadian end of the Imperial Navy?"

"Well, if you conclude that refusing reciprocity was tantamount to endorsing the Imperial idea, I daresay there is some connection," he said.

But he spoke guardedly.

"And did that vote mean that the people also endorsed what they knew about the naval programme of the Conservatives?"

"I don't think the naval programme was a clear-cut issue at all. The election was won on the anti-reciprocity-pact ticket. The navy was secondary."

One always thinks that a maritime man speaks with more practical emphasis about reciprocity matters; since for long before even the C. P. R. began to define the issue on the western plains, Maritimers were tussling about the advantages of better trade relations with the United States. And the Hazens were evidently all fighters for liberty of one kind or another.

Mr. Hazen remembered the Naval debate. He was then Conservative Premier of New Brunswick. No doubt he endorsed all that Mr. Borden said about the Navy; no doubt he still does. Quite surely



Old-Fashioned Home of Hon. J. D. Hazen, in St. John, N. B.

he credits even Liberals with a constructive desire in the matter of naval defence—though he did not say so; nor did I ask him what he now thought of the Nationalists, who think there should be—

But then what under heaven do Nationalists think anyway? It really didn't matter. Mr. Hazen has all he can ordinarily attend to, looking after the commercial end of Marine and Fisheries politics. But be sure—that at present he has no objections to taking his summer holidays over in the neighbourhood of the Admiralty in London. There is a glamour about Imperial navy problems that makes a fine brain massage for a Minister who may be temporarily weary of hydrographic reports, wireless stations, buoys and light-houses and canal tolls. In fact I expected Mr. Hazen would agree when I said:

"Don't you really think that Canadians have been rather too much engrossed in the merely commercial side of Imperialism? For instance our three great transcontinentals—"

"Well of course a transcontinental railway is a direct contribution to Imperial defence," he said. "Troops must be transported and an army must be fed."

No, I was not likely to catch Mr. Hazen handing out any Whitneysque criticisms of the Grand Trunk Pacific, or any other item in the programme of the late Government.

"However—look at New Zealand and Australia. The Zealand, for instance, is put at the disposal of the Home Government to be used where they most need her. And Australia—"

"Yes, but of course there is some difference between those two Dominions and Canada. Those who keep an attitude of unconcern, or pretend to, about the duty of Canada in Imperial defence, have as a stock argument that the island colonies are in direct need of ships for their own protection against the encroachments of the Orient; whereas our only close competitor is the United States, and a war with her would surely be a land war—as it was a hundred years ago this year."

**F**ROM one whose great-grandfather had gone back on George Washington this was a most guarded utterance. I wondered what Mr. Churchill would do to Mr. Hazen; if he had read any of the numerous books by German and English authors showing how Germany is lying in wait to make a meal of Britain; if he had even seen "An Englishman's Home" or read the—I won't say what paper in a certain big city, but it's bound to make a war minister of Mr. Hazen if possible.

"Really, though, don't you think it's significant—all these signs and symptoms and portents concurring?"

"Precisely what and which?"

"Well, look at Mr. Balfour's vision of an Imperial parliament. Doesn't that shed some light on the consolidated naval scheme?"

"Oh, I've no doubt that when we get an Imperial Parliament all the colonies will be as well represented in the navy of the Empire."

There, again, he contented himself with mere conjunction. He had omitted saying which was to be cause and which the effect; because if the colonies are game enough to go ahead and put millions into ships, taking chances on whatever "rep. by pop."

they get in the next thing to the "Parliament of Man," why—

However, there was no time for discussion; only for asking questions; and I observed that Bonar Law seemed also to be on the *qui vive* in this matter of Mr. Balfour's, besides looking for corroboration to a Canadian minister.

"Referring to that speech of Mr. White, when he said that whenever it came time for a Council of the Empire, Canada would be ready to take her part with other dominions for the transaction of empire business, I suppose you endorse both Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. White?"

**T**AKING it all in all Mr. Hazen did not deny the significance of all these signs and symptoms converging. But for a man who has lived all his life by the sea he seemed pretty thin on superstition. In fact he appeared to be a man of infinite poise, of orderly intellect, almost instinctive aversion to the discussion of the merely excitable or the hysterical. Inwardly he might be as much concerned as any editor about the imminence of war; he might be engrossed with the ever-present problem of deepening canals and improving harbours; with the St. Lawrence route and the Hudson's Bay route and the effect of the Panama Canal on the expansion of Vancouver; with the discovery of new territories in the far north, and the establishment of meteorological stations in Labrador and Baffin's Land.

But he had time to talk about the development of his own home city of St. John, where Hon. Messrs. Pugsley and Brodeur had left quite enough to keep the present Ministers of Marine and of Public Works busy on the development of new schemes commensurate with the expansion of the country. He spoke with immense enthusiasm of St. John. He eulogized the Province of New Brunswick. He believed that there were great potentialities in the Maritime Provinces that as yet had not begun to be developed. To him it was not all-important that immigrants and the native-born should go west according to custom. With great heartiness he approved the recent Farm Lands Act passed by the New Brunswick Legislature, to provide ways and means whereby immigrants and native Maritimers could acquire lands in that Province on terms almost as favourable as homesteading in the far west.

The conversation might have been prolonged. But the Minister had a sea of troubles ahead of him in the matter of work; other people were outside in the ante-chamber. Before June 28 there were heaps of matters to attend to in the Canadian Admiralty. Deputy-Minister Desbarats was away in England. Some of the Conservative and Independent newspapers were booming a war with Germany. Liberal editors and correspondents were playing tag with the movements and intentions of Premier Borden and the Minister of Marine.

Fortunately Mr. Hazen has the philosophy of politics so compacted in his brain that the vagaries of newspapers have largely ceased to bother him. When he comes back from England in the fall he will be able to say much more about what is really expected at the Admiralty in the way of a war. But it's doubtful if he will say more for publication than he did a few weeks ago.



# The Operation

*A Surgeon's Adventure, as Told by Nurse Mary Follet*

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THE dog growled at me that morning, as I came up the path from the front gate.

I had spoken to him civilly, as I always do to all well-disposed animals, great or small, being convinced that, like the rest of us, they resent impoliteness. Even if it was hot, I was annoyed that he should receive my courtesy so rudely, the more so as we had always been fairly good friends. I, who had so often, across hospital bed or operating table, stood up to and pushed back Death himself—I was not going to be growled at, for no reason, by any dog, even if he was as big as a calf. I spoke to him sharply.

"Get out! Get out of my way! How dare you growl at me?"

For a second or two he looked at me surlily out of his red, pocket-lidded eyes; then, heaving himself to his feet he marched off round the corner of the house, grumbling in his throat. I remember thinking to myself, as I went up the steps, that one never could be quite sure of the temper of those Mastiff-Great Dane crosses.

In the wide hall I found it deliciously cool, with sweet airs drawing softly through from the garden that surrounded the house on three sides. I was on the way to the dressing-room, to put on my white things for the operation, but I lingered a moment in the hall sniffing a jar of red roses, for I knew that I was looking cool and fresh myself, in my trim, new blue linen suit, and I hoped that the Doctor might see me before I changed it.

He did; for just as I lifted up my face from the roses he came into the hall, from his study. But I'm afraid he did not quite take in the full effect of the new blue linen suit. His strong face—boyish in its fresh colour, though the close-cut black hair was already greying about the temples—was unusually grave, and his grey eyes, which had sometimes seemed to rest on me appreciatively, were full of preoccupation. I realized for the first time how desperately serious was the task before us, and started hurriedly toward the dressing-room, ashamed of myself for having thought of the new suit at such a moment.

"I find there's really no time to lose, Miss Follet," said he in a low voice. "You might get the patient ready as soon as possible. Doctor Williams can't be with us before two o'clock—and then it would be too late."

As he was speaking little John, the Doctor's only child, came in from the dining-room, followed by the nurse maid, a stupid-looking country thing of sixteen or seventeen. The boy was the kind that makes an unmarried girl like me, however full her life, pity herself. With his sturdy little rosy legs, and frank little rosy face surrounded by fair curls, he made me fairly hungry. But I had no time to speak to him. He ran to his father, who snatched him up, kissed him a bit absent-mindedly, and set him down again.

"KITTY," said he somewhat peremptorily, "take him down to the bottom of the garden, under the apple-trees—and keep him there, do you understand? I am not to be disturbed on any account. Mrs. Barnes will answer the bell if necessary. You play with Boz, boy."

"Boz doesn't want to play. He looked cross at me this morning," said the child.

"Well, don't tease him then, dearie. Maybe he thinks it's too hot to play," answered the Doctor abstractedly.

I did as I was bidden, and lost no time in getting the patient ready. She was an insignificant-looking little soul, named Simpson, from a nearby village. Her face was drawn with pain, but I was pleased with her, she was so plucky—and her faith in the Doctor was touching. She knew quite clearly what she was to go through, but she was so cool and

still about it. Like everyone else who came in contact with him, she trusted Doctor Eliot.

And then I, seeing her so steady, realized that it was I, myself, who was nervous.

It was not for the life of the Simpson woman that I was nervous, it was for the Doctor.

The case\* was one of terrible responsibility, thrust upon him so suddenly that there was no time for him to wait and get a specialist from the city. I knew he was an expert general surgeon. I knew he was sure of eye, swift, and sure of hand. I knew that, as far as one man could be, he was equal to his task. Yet I found myself trembling for him—trembling because he must bear so great a responsibility alone—trembling indeed, because I could not bear some real share of the responsibility for him. Then I was angry with myself, as I thought—"but that's the way all women feel about him. He's so used to it. It's nothing to him."



"I dropped on my knees and flung my arms around the dog's neck. . . ."

Then I looked all round the room, minutely, to see that nothing had been forgotten.

The room had been made ready in haste, but all was as it should be. It was empty of everything we did not need—bare, clean, white, aired from the windows let down from the top, and antiseptic-smelling. The operating-table—a combination chair-and-table—had been wheeled in from the office, so that the patient could be lifted straight from it to the bed.

The Doctor came in. His face had no longer that air of stern abstraction which it had worn in the hall. It was so smiling and cheerful that the last trace of anxiety faded out of the patient's haggard eyes. He felt her pulse, said a few gentle words of encouragement and commendation for her bravery; and then the smell of iodoform began to be drowned out by the smell of mixed chloroform and ether.

For me that smell, though I should live within it for the rest of my natural life, will be associated forever with that room—the big shining brass bedstead, the gilt lines and festoons of tiny pink roses in the wallpaper, and that still, small, angular white form of the poor little Simpson woman stretched on the operating-table. It is cut, or rather I should

\* (It is not necessary to go into details which the non-technical reader would not understand. For those who do understand, I may say merely that it was a case of an abdominal tumour, hitherto unsuspected, becoming suddenly engorged. M. F.)

say eaten, into the very fibre of my memory.

The Doctor had not noticed my nervousness. He had paid me the compliment of taking my coolness and complete fitness for granted. And as I watched him—for I could not help glancing up at his face from time to time—all uncertainty vanished. His face had changed yet again. It was white, but hard and keen as steel, the eyes piercing and intent as if the whole brain and nerve and spirit of the man were concentrated in them—in them and in his firm, swift, unhesitating fingers, which seemed themselves to have eyes in their tips.

When the poor little body was opened up, the state of affairs inside proved to be even worse than we had feared; I saw that by a look of surprise, of disapproval even, in the Doctor's face. I realized that the operation must be a long one. I saw, indeed, by the little clock on the stand nearby that we had already been a long while at it. But the inspired precision of the knife in that busy hand seemed to hypnotize me, and I had no sense of time.

At last the dreadful thing was removed. I drew a sharp little breath of relief. But I saw the Doctor's forehead knit itself in tense lines as he gripped at the flooding artery which had fed the cruel growth. It was the critical moment, the supreme moment. And at that very moment of all moments, through the open top of the window,

over the peaceful green of shrubbery and lawn, from the far back of the garden, came a sudden confusion of sound, at which the hair rose on my scalp and my heart stood still.

It was a very explosion of savage growls and barking—pierced, an instant later, by shrill screams, one, two, three. They were a child's screams. I knew it was the voice of little John.

Then silence—so complete that the soft ticking of the clock on the table grew suddenly loud.

I saw it all, the scene at the foot of the garden, so clearly, in that awful instant. My knees gave way somewhat, so that, as I partly sank, I had to catch the leg of the table between them to brace myself. But I kept my hand steady, holding the ether cone to the patient's face.

I SAW the Doctor's hurrying hand stop for a second, contract, and grow rigid. For a second, only for a second, his eyes met mine, full. They seemed to sink right back into his head and grow dull, like bits of grey glass. The sweat jumped out in beads on his grey face and a groan forced itself from between his teeth. I felt myself praying for him—though I don't know what I said, or what I thought. I was horribly afraid. And in that second a jet of scarlet blood seemed fairly to spurt up between his motionless fingers.

But it was for a second only. Those terrible, lifeless eyes dropped their grip on mine, and fell back to their task. The fingers moved again, and the scarlet jet stopped. I heard, with a sort of surprise, my own breath come gaspingly, several times.

Then for fifteen minutes—the little clock was straight in front of me, so I knew it was only fifteen minutes, that awful lifetime—there was no sound. The Doctor went on with his work. The life that was his in trust—he left nothing undone for it. At last the bandages were all in place. The thin body was almost ready to be lifted to the bed. He turned to me swiftly and almost swept me away with a jerk of his left hand.

"Go! See!" he muttered with difficulty, out of a dry throat. I did not see how he could finish without me; but I ran.

For a moment I tore madly at the door, forgetting we had locked it. Then I controlled myself, opened it, and shut it quietly behind me.

In the hall I stopped to listen. The stillness was deathlike. I saw the walls wave for an instant, and had to steady myself at the table with the bowl of roses. For a few seconds my feet quite refused to move, as if they were glued to the floor. Then I got control of them again.

I ran out through the dining-room to the back verandah. I flew down the steps, down the long, long path between the roses. Their pink and red

(Continued on page 25.)



# A Saskatchewan Festgesang

THE yearly festival and competition of the Saskatchewan Musical Association was held in Moosejaw a few weeks ago. For three days Moosejaw was filled with music. The evening of the third day a chorus of 500, with three soloists and an orchestra, gave Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," which was inspiringly done. The competitions and concerts were given in Zion Methodist Church. The programme was carried out so well by the Moosejaw people that the executive for the song fest of 1913 adopted the whole system.

Music is progressing as fast as wheat acreage or real estate values, when every year in each of the western provinces can be held a festival such as for three days was given in Moosejaw. There is much musical talent in the West.

Just for instance, take Weyburn, known formerly for elevators and wheat. Weyburn filled fourteen of the hundred and thirty entries in the festival and captured half a dozen medals. Indian Head, of the experimental farms, is the home of the best 18-voice choir in Saskatchewan. And all the province knows that Spalding, Wolseley and Zealandia are on the musical map, and may become art centres, for their voices were heard at Moosejaw.

There seems to be no reason why the talent brought out by the yearly festivals could not be organized on a still more effective basis by an interprovincial league tournament which might assemble in one festival all the medalists in the three provincial contests. In this way larger works could be performed and the standard of music in the West put upon a more general developmental basis. Of course a scheme of this magnitude would require government assistance; of which as a phase of popular education in the most democratic of the arts it is well and highly worth. Besides this, such a scheme would be at least a very dignified and quite uncommercial form of publicity.

A great deal of the musical talent in the West came from Great Britain; much of it from Eastern Canada. In a country so remote from touring aggregations of music, the people must depend more upon local talent. The result has been very much more rapid musical progress in the West than ever took place in the East. The Provincial Festivals are a result; of that and of a very marked interest in music on the part of the public.

The Saskatchewan festival helps to prove that, wherever a worthy musical programme is given, the public will not be backward in supporting the venture.



The Jubal Choir of Children at the Provincial Music Festival in Moose Jaw.



Receiving Visitors to the Festgesang from all Over Saskatchewan.

## Better Municipal Book-Keeping

### *A Standardized, Uniform Classification Desired*

By S. MORLEY WICKETT

TO a great many people figures are distasteful things, which is not altogether surprising. From a literary point of view they have no style at all, and on top of that make hard reading. Figures are only symbols and always take for granted more or less special knowledge of the matters treated of.

But perhaps they are not such bad things after all. When they tell us what we wish to know, how our money is being spent, and what returns we are getting they are not to be despised. Imagine a business man, a banker for example, indifferent to his book-keeping and his balances. Yet in relation to municipal government we are all business men, all bankers. Municipal government is indeed one of our greatest business undertakings—though we can scarcely be accused of regarding it as such, judging by the way we neglect our municipal reports, and by our willingness to extend the franchise to a mass of non-ratepaying voters whose only interest is perhaps to get the aldermen to keep embarking on fresh public works.

#### What is the Aim of Municipal Book-keeping?

It will be agreed that the primary aim of satisfactory municipal book-keeping, apart from accounting for monies received and paid out, is to tell how much the various services cost. There lies the test. The people should know the actual cost of police, fire protection, water, street cleaning and other services; the costs of paving per yard, park administration, public libraries, etc. Not very long ago, even in Toronto, with its superior system of book-keeping, it took an accountant considerable time to determine the actual cost of city water. One might stop and ask what does our municipal book-keeping aim at, and what information do our

municipal statistics actually furnish the people? The question deserves an answer.

In many municipalities the simple practice is to report cash received and cash expended. It often happens that returns from sales of debentures are classed with regular cash from taxes, licenses and fines, and these again with the proceeds from sales of civic property. Under such circumstances the ordinary citizen is bewildered, and no wonder, if he be inclined to throw his municipal report in the dust heap to which, under these conditions, outside of the town hall, it rightly belongs.

#### Failure to Separate Services.

Almost equally confusing is the widespread custom of grouping receipts and expenditures by departments or by committees. But departments and committees usually have a miscellaneous range of duties. The Fire and Light Committee, for example, may have charge of the fire service, street lighting, lighting of municipal buildings, telephones, etc. What public information can be furnished by an unclassified summary of receipts and disbursements of such a committee? No one is greatly concerned with the budget of a given department or a given committee as such; but he is concerned with the net costs of each separate service. If he does not get them there is a case of maltreatment of municipal data somewhere. And if coal, gas, electric power, etc., are charged up against the municipality generally, what incentive to economy on these items is there to the various departmental managers, not to speak of safeguards on other grounds?

Sometimes monies received and expended are arranged in alphabetical order. Administration of

justice comes under A, cash in bank is followed by debentures, etc. Sometimes the amounts to be charged to the various services are discoverable only in accounts with the contractors doing the work. Such practices show entire disregard of the logical classification and inter-relation of municipal services. Yet it is this idea of system and inter-relation which should be in the mind of every municipal book-keeper for the proper instruction of the council and the public.

#### Uncertainty as to Assets and Liabilities.

As regards municipal debts, statements are frequently obscure and misleading; for example, at times school debentures are omitted or placed in separate reports, as are here and there local improvement and other special debts. A review of municipal assets is usually not attempted at all; and where given there is rarely any classification. Yet there is a great difference between a municipal debt created for a revenue-bearing investment, such as a telephone plant, and one, let us say, for a fire hall or a park. Without such information the figures on assets and liabilities are incomplete. The general neglect to assess municipal properties with any degree of accuracy is another index of official attitude towards certain municipal data.

Municipal reports covering a variety of activities and comparisons with other towns should occasion considerable comment at the time of publication. But the reverse is notoriously the case, and largely for the reason that they are presented in such a form as to be unintelligible to the layman. Some municipalities do not publish municipal statistics at all; some issue merely a summary in a local newspaper. The Provincial tabulation in Ontario is not completed for a couple of years after the end of the statistical year. British Columbia for many



years published no review of municipal statistics at all; while the summaries in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are childish.

More satisfactory municipal data do not necessarily call for revolutionary changes in municipal book-keeping. An average set of municipal books probably contains all the desired information. In this event all would be well if the classification were adequate. Otherwise additional information and right classification could readily be provided for if the Provincial authorities pointed out and called for just what is required.

#### Provincial Audit.

As regards the Province, provincial auditing needs extension and stiffening. A more thoroughgoing Provincial audit would lead where advisable to improved municipal book-keeping. A definite system and prescribed forms are necessary. There would then be uniformity throughout each Province, which would probably mean in the end uniformity throughout the Dominion.

In this way it would become possible to compare results of municipal activities, costs, etc., from town to town, and Province to Province. A given city may have a splendid system of book-keeping and classification of accounts, but unless it can compare its figures with those of other cities its information remains of slight service either to the council or to the public. In other words, without classification statistics have no tongue; without they admit of comparison they are relatively unserviceable and convey little information, except to the expert.

#### European and Other Precedents.

The importance of uniformity of statistics, and the possibility of inter-municipal comparison has

long been recognized in Europe; and in America it has been acted on by banks, insurance, gas, power and street railway companies, etc. In the United States the National Municipal League has been carrying on an educational campaign in this direction since 1901; and in 1908 their suggestions were taken up by the Union of Canadian Municipalities. But the weight of inertia is hard to overcome, and in Canada so far little progress has been made. Some day, perhaps, municipal officials will recognize more clearly that full information properly classified is the master-key to popular appreciation of efficient work; only in this way can special ability and merit be automatically brought to the front and recognized. Some day, too, it will be borne in on the public and on those in public place that the safeguards and economies which a satisfactory classification of accounts and a right system of costs are able to bring about, will repay many times any extra annual expense involved in salaries to book-keepers. How many people know that the per capita debt of many Canadian towns and cities is much higher than that of comparable towns and cities in the United States? And what have, for example, Montreal and Toronto to show for their large debts?

#### A Suggested Classification.

The following classification will serve as an example of a possible system for Canada. It is based on the one recommended by the National Municipal League and has been recently adopted by the Union of Canadian Municipalities. If municipalities be divided into three classes fewer details would be required of the smaller groups. Ontario, with its Municipal Board, might well head the reform march. Ontario's municipal statistics are in

charge of its Agricultural Department; its Municipal Auditor, with inadequate powers, is in another department; while reports of municipally-owned utilities are made to the Municipal Board—an arrangement which leads to a number of ridiculous duplications.

I. General Classification of Services, Annual Levies, Charities, General Government, Public Utilities, Recreations, etc. II. Cash Balances. III. Obligations contracted during the year. IV. Liabilities, showing increase or decrease during the year. V. Liabilities at close of year. VI. Licenses and Fees. VII. Statement of Assets and Liabilities. VIII. General statistics, including area, population, exemptions, street mileage and rates of depreciation on municipal property.

However important classification of accounts may be it is, of course, not a substitute for detailed examination. In Montreal, for example, a few years ago, a list of costs privately compiled showed that the city was paying for many of its supplies considerably more than the highest retail prices. To unearth such facts one must naturally rely in the last analysis on detailed examination. Which, however, does not lessen, but rather emphasizes, the need of control through classified, comparative totals. Abnormality in totals is the smoke that warns. For as Artemus Ward says:

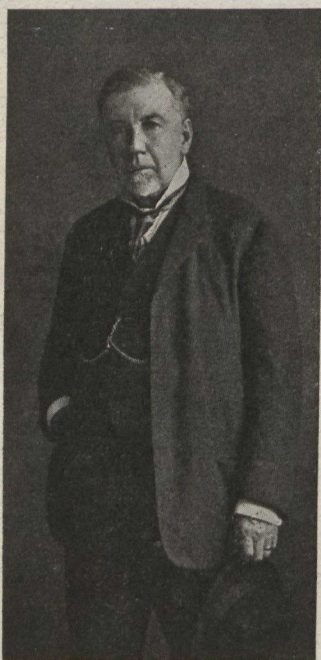
"Where there ain't no fire, there ain't no smoke."

One of the merits of the so-called City Government by Commission plan is that by its separation of the various municipal services it requires each service to stand on its own feet and to give an account of its stewardship. To do this in a uniform mould all over the country is what should now be urged.

## The Public Picture Gallery of John Ross Robertson

By MARY ADELAIDE SNIDER

**F**ACTORIES, commerce, population, combine in the making of a big city. But with these alone a city is not great. It must have a soul and it is great as it reveals it. Boston, though a hub of commerce, is more widely known by its public library, with its beautiful Abbey and Sargent paintings. Who would think of disassociating London from the British Museum, or Paris from the Louvre? Each is a revelation of the soul of the metropolis.



JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON,  
Publisher and Historian.

Montreal, in its Chateau Ramezay, has long treasured relics of the pioneers of New France and many records of Mount Royal's early days. Even Collingwood, led by the public spirit of David Williams, of the News Publishing Company, has a museum beneath its library, where can be traced that northern city's life from the days of its Huron pow-wows.

Toronto, intent on things material, long neglected to bestow civic attention upon the preservation of

its history. But, in one magnificent stride, Mr. J. Ross Robertson has placed the city of his birth in a position to be envied. The six hundred pictures he has hung in the Historical Room of the Carnegie Public Library are perhaps the city's most valid claim to having achieved greatness, as well as an antidote for its factory smoke.

In sketch, engraving, mezzotint, etching, aquatint, water-colour and oil the history of Canada and Toronto is there told from 1759 to 1912. Ships of war that had to wait the wind's pleasure show naval conditions of one hundred years ago; not a pole appears on the unlighted streets of St. John's, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston or York; and men, mighty in their day, whose integrity went far in fashioning the character of this young country's destiny, look down from the walls.

Pictures can give a more vivid presentation of men than volumes of biography. Among the historical collection is a portrait of Lieut. James

Givins. Mr. Robertson searched six years for it. Eventually an old school friend, Robert C. Givins, of Chicago, a grandson, aided by writing numerous relatives in the old country. Finally a portrait was found in the bottom of a lady's workbox in the North of Ireland. Looking at the tense young face shown now on the library's wall one wonders how often the fair fingers that placed the pictures in the workbox fell idly amid their embroideries, while a woman's thoughts followed "Jim Givins away off in the Canadas." How proud she must have been of him when he fought with Brock at the taking of Detroit in 1812, mastered the Indian dialects, and became a colonel and superintendent of the Indian Department at York. Never again will Col. Givins be to you just a mere name you have seen in history.

**J.** ROSS ROBERTSON, who for thirty-six years has been collecting the pictures which, on January 29 of this year, he presented to the city, is a splendid example of the descendant of one of the early nation builders. There is nothing of the dilettante about him. Big of stature, voice and heart; clear-eyed, purposeful and confident, he has been a man among men for half a century, yet his explosive laugh comes as readily as a boy's. His enthusiasm is infectious as he tells of the finding of a portrait of Commodore Grant, commander of the armed fleet between Niagara and Mackinac from 1788 to 1792, and afterwards a member of Governor Simcoe's cabinet.

"Collectors in Canada and the United States and England tried for thirty or forty years to find a picture of Alexander Grant," Mr. Robertson will tell you. "His grandchildren said he never had one made. After much record-searching I learned he was born in Glenmoriston, Inverness-shire.

"I ought to know Glenmoriston," said I to myself. "Two of my mother's first cousins had been factors on that estate for sixty or seventy years.

"I wrote an Inverness cousin—'Go out and see Grant of Glenmoriston, he may have a picture.'

"Sure enough, hanging on the walls of the home of the chief of the clan was a life-sized picture by a Royal Academician, of Alexander Grant, second son of the seventh laird, in full uniform as a commodore.

"I sent a photographer and a water-colour artist from Inverness to Glenmoriston—the excellent result you can see for yourself."

Grant, in 1805 and 1806, was administrator of the Government of Upper Canada. The Ontario Government will now be able to have a portrait made of him and hung in Government House, with portraits of other Lieutenant-Governors and Administrators.

Mr. Robertson started collecting pictures in a scrap book, as a boy, in 1853. But his first serious effort was in connection with his "History of Free Masonry in Canada," which contains about 400 pictures. This took from 1866 till 1900. The largest collection of proof engravings in all Canada hangs in Mr. Robertson's own house. Among them are signed proofs of all Millais' engravings and many of Erskine Nichols, Briton Riviere and Thomas and John Faed. His latest acquisition is a set of six proof engravings of Hervey Smyth's Quebec pictures, made while he was aide de camp to General Wolfe. These pictures, with their wealth of detail and exquisite workmanship, are soon to be placed with the rare old Quebec and Montreal pictures by Richard Short and R. A. Sproule, that already hang in the Robertson collection in the public library.

Perhaps the finest mezzotint of all the historical collection is that of Brant, engraved from the original painting by Romney. It reveals the very spirit of the great warrior of the Six Nations who proudly declined to kiss the hand of King George III., but gallantly added that he would gladly thus salute the Queen. You turn from it to look again with added interest at the picture of the Mohawk village now known as Brantford, and the wooden church erected through Brant's efforts in 1785.

"That picture came in my greatest find of all," exclaims Mr. Robertson, when you speak of the Mohawk village. "In the King's Library in the British Museum one day about twenty-five years ago I was searching for the origin of the name of the Goose-and-Gridiron Tavern, where the Grand Lodge of British Freemasons first met in 1717. I picked up a large portfolio and read on the title page that it contained thirty-two views in Upper Canada by Mrs. Simcoe, presented to His Majesty (George III.) by Gov. Simcoe. Those pictures in the library are perfect facsimiles."

**M**R.S. SIMCOE, five feet of dainty femininity, lived in Canada only from 1792 till 1796, but in that short time she did much for the perpetuation of the history of this country. Seated in the stern of a batteau she sketched points of interest on the long St. Lawrence trip all the way up from Quebec to Kingston. Her diary, which Mr. Robertson has edited, with many explanatory notes and reproductions of her original pictures, tells of the times in the pioneer days of York, when it was the newly-made capital of Upper Canada. Numerous scenes from the embryo city and surrounding country are portrayed in the portfolio presented to King George. The picture showing the natural entrance to Burlington Bay, in 1792, through the sand bar away to the north of the present canal piers, is the best evidence geologists and hydrographers can





Hunter's Etching of an Old Wharf at Halifax. Gen. Simon Fraser, Commanding the Highlanders at the Capture of Quebec in 1759; a Picture Which Long Baffled the Collector.

have of the formation of the lake harbours.

"That portfolio of pictures was a lucky find. So was the print of Fergus, in 1835, that I came across in an Edinburgh shop, and a water-colour of Niagara Falls, by the Princess Louise, I found in an art dealer's in the Strand," continues Mr. Robertson, "but usually pictures are not picked up just when you want them. Simon Fraser's gave me a good deal of bother. He led the Highlanders at Louisbourg and was with Wolfe at Quebec in 1759. Also he was the first Provincial Grand Master of Masons of Quebec—which at that time meant all Canada. Every Masonic historian searched in vain for a picture of him.

"It was said that one of the pictures in West's Death of Wolfe was Gen. Fraser. Obtaining the Lord Chamberlain of England's permission I photographed the original and enlarged the face said to be Fraser's. It wasn't. West's picture is a fake one anyway. Some of the personages portrayed on the canvas weren't even on this side of the Atlantic, and it has come out that West was so commercial that, for a consideration of £100, he offered to put a prominent English officer into the picture.

"Requests for a picture of Simon Fraser—who, by the way, was the eldest son of Lord Lovat, beheaded in 1747—were inserted in Masonic papers in every part of the world where there was a probability such a thing might be found. It was said, and eventually believed, that he had never been painted in oil by any great artist or even been silhouetted, but I didn't give up searching. Finally an advertisement I put in the *Edinburgh Scotsman* brought an answer. My brother investigated and cabled me he had found a miniature of Fraser. I offered thirty-five guineas for it. The owner wouldn't sell, nor, for seven or eight years, could he be induced to change his mind. Then he promised my Inverness solicitor to let him have the

picture. I sent a cheque, and waited—waited for one, two, three years. Then my money was returned with accrued interest and my hopes faded. Imagine my delight when Dr. Doughty, of the Dominion Archives Department, who knew of my long search, startled me with the information that he had secured a coloured photograph of the celebrated miniature, and presented the prize to me. This I had reproduced in oils for the historical collection in the library, and also for the Masonic Temple."

There was a long search through devious trails for a picture of Simon McGillivray, of the North West Company, who in 1822 reorganized the craft of Freemasonry in Upper Canada; for one of Dr. Robert Kerr, a distinguished surgeon in the Indian Department at Niagara; and for the ship *Pembroke*, engaged in the bombardments of Louisbourg and Quebec. In fact there is an interesting story connected with the getting of almost every picture in the whole collection.

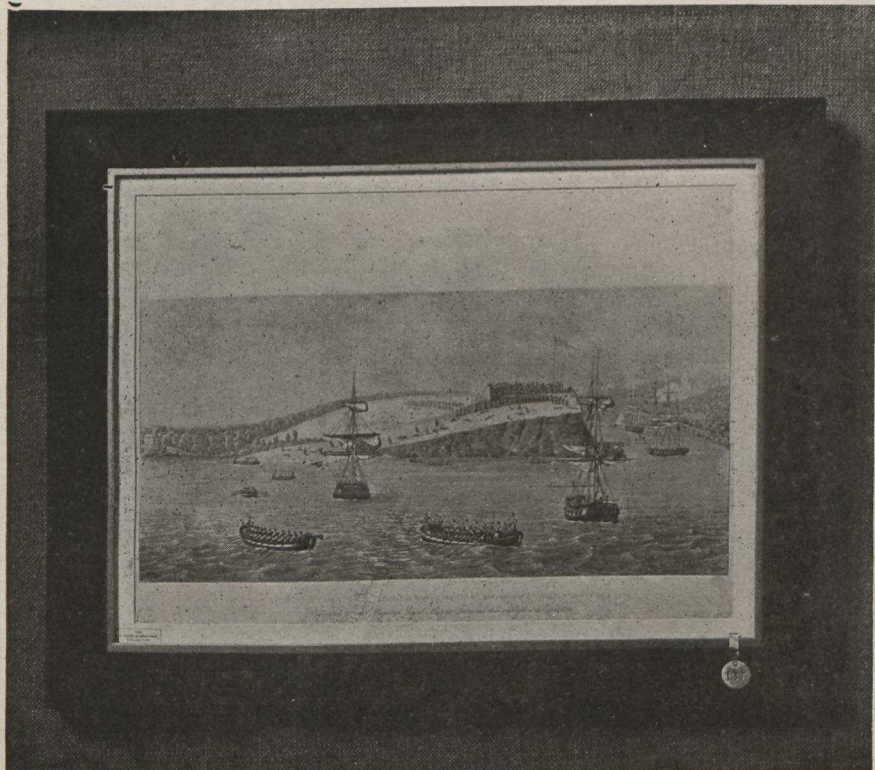
The catalogue, which consumed four months in preparation, would alone make a far from indifferent text-book of Canadian history. Students, tourists, artists, teachers, speakers and ordinary every-day citizens to the number of 16,000 have already taken advantage of the exhibition. So pleased is Mr. Robertson with their manifest interest that he plans by the end of August to augment the collection by six hundred more pictures. Probably before the last day of the year he will place the city under a still greater debt of gratitude. He has in view a gift that will include portraits in colour of all the Lieutenant-Governors of the Province of Upper Canada and Ontario from 1792 till 1912; a portrait of Brant's youngest daughter, Bessie; and Hunter's celebrated drawings of Ottawa and the Eastern Townships, bringing the total collection up to 1,700 or 1,800 pictures.



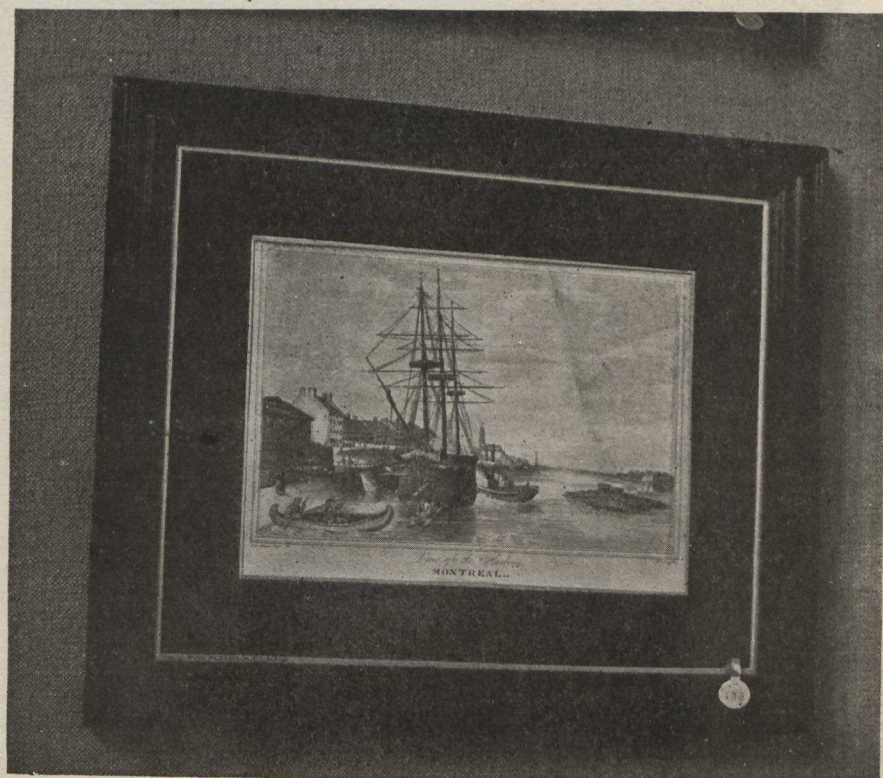
Lieut.-Governor John Graves Simcoe; the Governor's Wife in Welsh Dress, and as an Old Woman; Lieut. James Givins, With Brock in the Capture of Detroit, 1812.



A Rare Mezzo-Tint of the Onondaga Chief Joseph Brant.



Capture of Oswego by the British in 1814; in the Bow of Each Galley a Cannon.



Sproule's Picture of Montreal Harbour in 1830.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Did Mr. Stevens Win?

THE greatest question in Canadian politics at the present time is this: "Did Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., win?" It will be remembered that Mr. Stevens, who represents the labour elements in Vancouver, has been fighting the Hindu. You see, the Hindus have no votes and therefore no self-respecting labour member could reasonably be expected to sympathize with them. Far from sympathizing with the Hindus, Mr. Stevens has been utterly opposed to their breathing the air of British Columbia or of enjoying any portion of this land of equality and liberty.

To be more specific, Mr. Stevens had helped to keep two poor Sikh women in custody at Vancouver for several months. These two women had come from India, which is said to be a portion of the British Empire, to join their husbands in British Columbia, which is also said to be a portion of the British Empire. Now, thanks to Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., Labour member for Vancouver, and other generous souls, these women, after a long, long fight, are now to be permitted to join their husbands in Vancouver. Mr. Stevens waives his objection on the condition that the case shall not be considered a precedent. The Hindu women are to stay, but it is understood that Mr. Stevens will not allow any more of them to come in.

The two women won. The next two that try to come may win. How, then, can this be a victory for Mr. Stevens and the Anti-Asiatic League? If these men who would sooner die than allow any more Hindus to come into the country have been beaten by two Hindu women, how can we credit them with being Great Patriots?

## Bombarding a Trust.

OF all the futile methods of attacking a trust, this reducing the duty on cement takes the medal. And the funny part of it is that some of the sanest newspapers have fallen into the same error. The reduction of the duty will help the merger rather than injure it, because it will put the weaker independent companies out of business. The Canada Cement Company has advantages in plant and distribution over many of the independent companies, and it can stand the strain best. There are eleven independent companies in Ontario alone, and another large plant just ready to begin operations. The reduction of duty will put five or six of these where the balance-sheet will be adverse.

The Borden Government may have been honestly anxious to reduce the price of cement. They have indeed done so temporarily. But in the end they will raise the price of cement rather than lower it, because they will scare off the capitalists who intended to build new mills. They will lower the profits of the merger somewhat, but in the end the merger will gain by the bankruptcy of some of the independent companies and by the stoppage of all new building.

## Reduction of Duties by Cabinet.

LAST week the Cabinet reduced duties on many lines of goods, in addition to cement. This is a dangerous procedure. The reductions may be warranted and just, or they may not be. That is not vital. The point is that the tariff should be made by Parliament, not by the Cabinet. If Parliament does not exist to say what the customs duties shall be, why bother with a parliament at all?

Under Sir Wilfrid Laurier's regime, it was freely charged that Canada was passing from government by parliament to government by cabinet. Sir Wilfrid was called a political dictator by his opponents. There seems to be a political dictator in the Borden Cabinet also. Is it Mr. Borden or is it some one else?

Canada abolished the Laurier Government largely on the ground that Mr. Fielding and Mr. Patterson proposed to change duties on United States products without having first got the approval or tacit consent of the people and the people's representatives. Hon. Mr. White would do well to bear in mind the charges that were made against his predecessor.

## Tariff Changes Unsettling.

EVERY change in the tariff is unsettling to business. Tariff changes at the time of the annual budget speech are always a possibility. After that is delivered, the business community settles

down to conditions as they are for another twelve months.

This was the rule up to last week. But Mr. White has changed all that. He opened the week with the announcement of the changes in cement duties. He let the country wonder about that for six days and then he announced a large number of other tariff changes. Before this issue is off the press, there may be another announcement. There may be one every week in the year.

The business men must relish the new state of affairs. Next week automobiles may come in free, because certain classes of the community have been discovered who could buy automobiles if they were cheaper. The following week, sugar may be put on the free list because the farmers' wives intend to do a lot of extra preserving this summer. The next week, box-cars and locomotives may be allowed in at one-third the present rate of duty because Mr. White has found that there will be a shortage of box-cars and locomotives to move the Western grain crop. And so on, ad infinitum. What a lovely muss the business of the country will be in

## The Light-House Keeper.

*DRAWING a small salary and living a narrow life in isolated quarters, the light-house keeper is the least of civil servants. Yet to-day he is the foot-ball of the petty politicians. He is being displaced to make room for a new appointee, a friend of the Conservative member.*

*What a spectacle! A Government of Big Men, pledged to Civil Service Reform through the utterances of their Leader, spending their time cutting off the heads of light-house keepers! What a disappointment to those of us who had hoped that the Borden Government would rise above such petty party patronage!*

*Is there no Joshua in Canada who will lead us out of this state of bondage into the promised land where business principles and common humanity will triumph over political greed?*

by the end of the year—if Mr. White continues to announce weekly changes!

The Liberals cannot criticize, because they opposed the creation of a Tariff Commission which would have prevented such occurrences. The Liberal Senate voted down the Tariff Commission Act. The Conservative business men cannot object, because Mr. White is but expressing the decisions of a cabinet elected by themselves. There is nobody to object except the independent journalists and the citizens who are not known as partisans.

## Penitentiary Reform.

ONE of the glories of the early nineteenth century was the work of prison reform, with the chief glory to John Howard. There is probably as great need of prison reform to-day as there was one hundred years ago. At any rate, it would be a great mistake to suppose that our present prisons and penitentiaries are the final word. Psychology and other mental sciences have worked with medical science to show us that the criminal mind is created by physical or mental weakness, hereditary or personal.

Some seventeen or eighteen years ago, the then Dominion Government decided to establish a penitentiary reformatory on a farm near Alexandria. To this new institution were to be sent all the "first offence" men for reformatory treatment. But when the change of government came, in 1896, the plan was abandoned and the property sold.

Our present penitentiaries are not reformatories, they are training schools for criminals. They are crude survivals of an ignorant past. They are up-to-date only in the quality of steel in the prison bars, and their sanitary arrangements. Most of them are managed by ex-politicians, whose chief business it is to draw their salaries and keep out

of trouble. I do not know of any penitentiary or prison in Canada which has an expert in criminology at its head.

Kingston penitentiary to-day keeps one half of its inmates breaking stone indoors. The theory is that every man shall be taught a trade. In practice, very few of the men learn anything except how to kill time breaking stones, a most soul-killing occupation. A man who has broken stone in Kingston for five years will be so hardened and dulled that he will never be able to get back his manhood. He is permanently added to the criminal classes.

The first thing to be done is to put trained experts at the head of these institutions; the second to separate the first offenders from the hardened criminals; and the third to put every man at work which will develop his creative faculties and his mental poise. This means taking these institutions entirely out of the hands of the patronage-mongers and place-seekers.

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## Terminal Elevators.

EVERY government should try to redeem its pre-election pledges, but no such pledge should cause any administration to do something which it, in the meantime, discovers to be unwise. Hon. Robert Rogers announces that the Government will implement its promise to build and operate terminal elevators at the head of Lake Superior. This shows a commendable desire to carry out a promise, but it does nothing more. It is not a fresh proof of Hon. Mr. Rogers' statesmanship, nor of the Government's anxiety to find out what is best for the West.

Last year twenty-five million bushels of wheat went to waste because there were not enough cars to transport the wheat to Fort William and Port Arthur. The West needs more cars and more railway tracks, rather than more terminal elevators. What will be the good of a storage elevator if there are no trains to carry wheat to it?

Again, the Government will build only one elevator, with a capacity of three million bushels. This is better than buying an existing elevator, but what will one storage elevator with three million capacity be worth in face of a shortage in storage capacity of fifteen, twenty or perhaps fifty millions? Ten elevators, not one, should have been the contract—if the policy was good.

But the policy is not the best. If a dozen cheaper storage elevators had been built at central points through the West, to which grain could be rushed quickly over the branch lines when the main lines were fully occupied, the real remedy would be found. At present a car loaded in middle Saskatchewan will carry out to Fort William only one load in two weeks. The same car could carry out three or four loads to a storage elevator at Saskatoon in the same time. Then these storage elevators at interior points could be emptied after the navigation season closes, and when the main line rush is over. Ten such cheap elevators would save twenty-five million bushels of wheat which might otherwise be destroyed.

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## The Final Haven of Rest.

A FEW weeks ago, the Dominion Minister of Agriculture, addressing a meeting in Toronto, told of a man who applied for a position on the Dominion Experimental Farm, urging his claim on the ground that he had a stiff leg and couldn't work. Far be it from me to rail at any man's misfortune, yet the case illustrates the attitude of many people toward the public service. It is looked upon as the final haven of rest. The broken-down and the unsuccessful wonder if it is not possible for them to get a small government job which will allow them to pass their old age in peace and comparative comfort. It is foolish, but it is also pathetic.

Under the Civil Service Commission, no man may be appointed to a government position unless he is under thirty-five and sound in mind and body. The only exceptions are important technical positions. Therefore only young men are now being admitted into the Inside Service. As for the Outside Service, the old rule obtains and grandfathers and grand-uncles are still getting jobs which should be filled by younger men.

The business of the country is too complex and too important to be dependent upon men who have spent the major portion of their lives in other callings. This is as true of the administration of a city and of a province as it is of the Dominion. All public services should be filled with men trained in their youth to perform intelligently and efficiently the duties of their office. The "haven of rest" idea must be eliminated.



# Open-Air Doings as Seen by the Daily Camera



Sixteen Horses Finishing When "Tagalie" Won the Derby.



Leading in the Winner.



Some of His Majesty's Subjects Who Don't See the Derby.



King George and Queen Mary Arriving to Witness the Most Sensational Feature in What is Called "The Sport of Kings."



Australian Eight Entered for the Regattas at Stockholm and Henley, Practising on the Thames. Their First Appearance on English Waters.



Great Chinese Parade in Montreal, Whose Chinatown is the Most Extensive in Canada, East of the Rockies.



# Is the Cement Industry in Danger?

By NORMAN PATTERSON

**A** BOLT from the blue struck the Cement Industry last week when the Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance, announced that the duty on cement had been cut in two. The subject had been discussed previously by the cement men and certain cabinet ministers, and a solemn assurance had been given that the cement duties would not be changed this season. With this assurance, the cement companies went to work at full speed to provide for the season's demand and to build new factories to meet the growing requirements of the country.

Yet in spite of these solemn assurances, and absolutely without warning, the duty is reduced. Parliament is not in session and the new policy was simply put through the Council without any chance for public discussion, and apparently without any special investigation. This peculiar action on the part of a government pledged to maintain the protectionist policy has stirred the whole manufacturing industry to the depths. If the cement duty can be cut in two without warning, simply because of a supposed shortage in the West, what about the duties on agricultural implements and on other lines which the West now gets from the East? Is the whole protectionist system to depend upon the fancy of one or two cabinet ministers, whose aim may be to gain political prestige in the Western Provinces?

Armand Lavergne has several times remarked that the Roman Catholic Church would have fared better during the last sixteen years if Canada had had a Protestant instead of a Roman Catholic Premier. He believes, and apparently the archbishops believe, that they can get concessions from a Protestant premier which they cannot get from a Roman Catholic premier. So it may be that the free-traders of Canada will secure more concessions from a Protectionist government than they could get from a Free Trade or Low Tariff government. The present action in connection with the cement duties would seem to indicate that Mr. Lavergne's political philosophy is sound at this point.

## History of Cement.

**T**HE history of the cement industry is interesting. It is a comparatively new line of manufacturing and the raw material from which cement is made is to be found in nearly every province. The production has increased rapidly. Hon. Mr. White's figures of the Canadian production are as follows:

|            |                    |
|------------|--------------------|
| 1907 ..... | 2,400,000 barrels. |
| 1908 ..... | 2,600,000 "        |
| 1909 ..... | 4,000,000 "        |
| 1910 ..... | 4,750,000 "        |
| 1911 ..... | 5,600,000 "        |

While production has been increasing at a rapid rate, prices have been decreasing just as rapidly. The following are the prices for cement delivered in the city of Toronto during the past decade:

|            |                            |
|------------|----------------------------|
| 1901 ..... | \$2.60 to \$2.70 a barrel. |
| 1905 ..... | 2.10 to 2.25 "             |
| 1908 ..... | 1.85 to 1.95 "             |
| 1909 ..... | .95 to 1.00 "              |
| 1910 ..... | 1.60 .....                 |
| 1911 ..... | 1.55 .....                 |
| 1912 ..... | 1.40 to 1.50 "             |

While the farmer has been raising the price of cheese from 8 to 14 cents, of butter from 15 to 25 cents, of eggs from 12 to 24 cents, of beef, pork and wheat in proportion, the manufacturers of cement have nearly cut the price in two. The general rise of prices in the last ten years has been from thirty to forty per cent., but the price of cement has fallen nearly fifty per cent. It is the only building material which has not shown an increase.

These figures would surely convince any dispassionate observer that the cement industry was using the public fairly; that the competition was keen; and that no one was trying to take undue advantage of the protection which the tariff affords.

Nor is the case for the cement men weakened by the low prices of 1909, as shown in the above table. In that year, the cement production in both the United States and Canada exceeded the demand, and prices were slashed below cost. As a consequence, several mills were closed down and several passed into the hands of receivers. The holders of cement stocks lost more than a million dollars by the rate war which occurred. Moreover, the men who lost this money were small business men and farmers, for there is no class of industrial

stock which is more largely held by farmers than cement stock.

Again, the prices in the United States give further proof that the Canadian producers have never got exorbitant rates. To-day, United States cement cannot be laid down in Hamilton or Toronto, even under the reduced duty, at less than \$1.43. Occasionally lower quotations have been made, but these were always temporary, due to some manufacturer desiring to dump an over-load. Last year the total shipments of cement from the United States to Canada were 441,000 barrels, and yet prices were so cut last year in that country that some of the mills were shut down and a number passed into the hands of receivers.

If the protection afforded by the tariff to Canadian manufacturers of cement had been exorbitant, surely more than ten per cent. of the total consumption of the country would have been supplied from abroad. Yet Mr. White admits that 93 per cent. of the cement used in Canada in 1910 was produced locally, and 89.5 per cent. in 1911.

## The Western Situation.

**B**UT the government, in cutting the duty of 53 cents per barrel in two, bases its action on a serious shortage of cement in the West. Granting that this is true, and that the excessive freight rates between the East and the West are a severe burden upon the Western consumer, has the government taken the proper course? Will their action bring about the greatest amount of relief with the minimum of damage to a great native industry?

In the first place, the government might have ordered a cut in the freight rates between East and West, or paid a portion of the freight rate out of the public treasury. This would have saved the eastern manufacturer and decreased the price of cement in the West. A conference of the cement men, the railway men, and the cabinet, would have discovered some remedy of this kind. But no such conference was held. Instead, the Government suddenly, and without consultation with any one interested, decides upon a supposed remedy which may turn out to be no remedy at all. If cement in Edmonton is double the price it is in Toronto, is this to be charged up to the cement companies or to the railways?

In the second place, cutting the duty in two all over Canada simply to relieve the western situation is rather crude. Last year there was a coal strike in the West, and a shortage of coal. To meet the situation, the then Government rebated the duty of 53 cents a ton on coal from the United States, at all points west of Sault Ste. Marie. For six months coal came into the West free of duty, but coal coming into the East paid its usual toll. If it was wise for a free trade government to so protect the Nova Scotia coal companies throughout Ontario, Quebec, and the Eastern provinces, would it not have been equally wise for a protectionist government to protect the cement producers of Ontario and other Eastern provinces by similar action? Instead of cutting the duty in two all over Canada, why not suspend it altogether in the West?

If the West needs cement and cannot get it economically except from the United States, by all means abolish the whole duty temporarily. A reduction from 53 cents to 26½ cents is not enough, if the Western situation is as bad as the Government says it is. The former Government didn't cut the duty on coal from 53 to 26½ cents, it removed it entirely. Such should have been, in the opinion of many people, the course of procedure in the present instance. Such action would have saved the small cement manufacturers of the East and given the West a real remedy. It would have substituted a radical remedy for an ineffective salve.

## Why Protection Needed.

**P**ROTECTION is needed by the Eastern manufacturer of cement. In the first place, all the machinery used in cement mills is imported from the United States and pays a duty of thirty per cent. In the second place, common labour in this country is twenty per cent. higher than in the United States, and it costs more to erect and operate the mills. In the third place, coal is the chief item in the cost of manufacturing cement, because roasting is the major operation, and coal costs nearly two dollars a ton more at the Canadian cement mill than at the United States cement mill. Fourthly, and most important, climatic conditions seriously reduce the efficiency of the Canadian

mills. In winter time, the rock gets crusted with ice and snow and it is hard to grind. Sometimes a crusher will be so affected by icy rock that its work will be reduced from a hundred to twenty tons per hour. So serious is this climatic trouble that many of the mills, especially those using marl, close down for three or four months in the winter season.

There are other items such as the duty on bags, the necessity for expensive store-houses, the shortness of the Canadian building season, and so on. But enough has been said to show a justification for the existing duty. Its efficacy in the past is best proven by the growth of the industry as shown in the early portion of this article.

Even for Western Canada a duty on cement is advisable. Here is a district crying for manufacturing and here is an industry which it is possible to build up in that district. Already there are five cement mills west of the Great Lakes, and several more in prospect.

## The Abuse of Protection.

**T**HE Toronto *News* admits that a moderate tariff such as that maintained in Canada is the most effective form of insurance against unemployment yet devised, but adds that the cement industry has abused that protection. It is easy to make such a statement, but more difficult to prove it. It has been shown that the price of cement has declined from \$2.60 per barrel in 1910 to \$1.40 per barrel in 1912. Is this abusing protection?

It has been shown that in 1909, as is well known, the cutting of prices put half the mills of the country into bankruptcy. Several of them were sold to new purchasers at half their original cost. Is that abusing protection?

It is quite true that the Canada Cement Company was formed at a considerable profit to its promoters. Even so, why punish the independent companies for the real or supposed sins of the merger? Why ruin a great industry, or attempt to ruin it, because a few promoters made money out of a merger? Surely, the editor of the *News* has more sense and intelligence than to hold and advocate such a crude form of punishment. The reduction of the duty will not injure the merger one half as much as it will injure the small, independent companies.

## The Passing of Billy.

By FREDERICK C. CURRY.

**D**O you remember the night in camp  
That little Billy died?  
There wasn't a man of us in his tent  
As wouldn't of liked to have cried,  
For it seemed so cruel that he'd be took  
So young and so full of fun  
Instead of one of us older chaps  
Whose life hadn't just begun.

Do you remember she rose so quick  
We never could find why she shied?  
I wonder whoever's fault it was  
As gave him that horse to ride;  
For she fell on him backwards and broke his spine  
And he never really came to,  
Until he had passed through the picquet line  
Standin' guard over Jordan's blue.

Do you remember it started to rain  
Weepy and soft and slow?  
And how we looked out toward the 'ospital tent  
Lit up with the 'cetylene's glow,  
And how Major Jones stuck his head in the flaps  
And we scarce could hear what he said  
But we all of us gulped, for we knew what it was,  
For little Billy was dead.

And he told us of how Billy tried to rise  
And his eyes had wandered about  
When he heard from the other battery  
The trumpets calling "Lights Out,"  
And the tears rolled down as he told us how  
Ere his lips were forever still,  
He asked "the Major" to tell "the bhoys"  
He'd be round for next year's drill.

There weren't no cussin' escort  
Nor no dusty five mile tramp,  
He was only a kid and a trumpeter  
As died while attending camp.  
He hadn't much use for churches  
Or for singing hymns, but still  
He died in doin' his duty,  
Which is more than most of us will.





## Through A Monocle

### THE "CENT" INVADES B.C.

THEY say that the humble "cent" has reached the Pacific Coast. It was bound to roll there, sooner or later; but its coming must have been observed with sad eyes by the lordly British Columbians who have hitherto known nothing less in value than five cents. They would not have gone far astray if they had half-masted their flags on the first day of its recognition in the marts of trade. I see that some people speak of it as if it were a good thing—as if the British Columbians would now be more careful with their money—as if it might teach them thrift and economy. But this is the trite morality of failure. It is wholly a bad thing, and marks a decided descent in the scale of comfort, of prosperity and of human happiness. You can judge the standard of living of a country with remarkable accuracy by the size of its lowest fractional currency. The smallest coin in Canada is the "cent." The smallest coin in England is the farthing. That just about measures the difference between the lowest degrees of poverty in the two countries.

GO to Italy, and you find the "centesimi," which is the fifth part of one cent. You have dropped another degree in the scale. And the climate of Italy permits life to exist on terms which would be impossible in foggy England. Go to Syria, and you seem to buy worn copper coins by the handful. It is the fraction to which it pays poverty to divide its coinage, that marks the depths to which penury has sunk. We in the East have been accustomed to regard British Columbia as almost wasteful in its disregard of any differences in values below five cents; but the Italian has the same feeling with regard to us who care nothing for values below one cent. It is all relative; and I am frankly sorry to hear that the poor man in our glorious Province by the Pacific has begun to count his "coppers." The rich man, I know, has done nothing of the sort. The subscribers to the COURIER in that happy land may not even have noticed the invasion by the squalid immigrant from the pinching East. But it is the poor man who counts—in both senses of the word.

WE of the affluent classes—I can venture to strut this way under cover of a *nom de plume*—may imagine that a change like this does not affect us. We are not consciously poorer. We do not feel under any new necessity to "count our pennies." So we experience a mildly pleasurable movement of pity for "the poor"—the well-behaved and properly bathed poor, of course—who may be worse off now that their minimum of expenditure has dropped. There are few emotions—let us remark in passing—more enjoyable than purely altruistic pity. Pity reminds you so pointedly of your better condition—it adds a flavour to your enjoyments—it puts you in an attitude of being thankful for your blessings, which is exceedingly virtuous—it makes you think that you have been more deserving in some fashion which you have been too modest to note—and then the very fact that you feel pity is virtuous. So you emerge from a movement of pity literally exuding virtue and smacking your lips virtuously over your own deserved advantages; and enjoying yourself hugely.

BUT that was a digression. Let us get back to our "red cent." We were saying that the "cent" was for the poor man—not for us. Now that is a colossal mistake. We of the affluent classes ride on the backs of the poor. When they sink lower, so do we. We may not get down to reckoning up our cents; but even the roof of a house sinks when the foundations do. Lloyd-George made a very shrewd remark some time ago to the leaders of organized labour in England. He told them that they could not hope to better their position permanently, even if they "struck" ever so hard, as long as the agricultural labourer was in the pitiable condition he is. The moment they raised themselves a bit and let a little air in between their lowest ranks and the dead level of the "farm hand," that "farm hand" would swarm into the cities to occupy the empty space and drag them all back again. In economics, as in architecture, it

makes a lot of difference to the upper stories how high the basement is.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has been fighting Asiatic immigration, tooth and nail, for the reason—chiefly—that the Asiatic labourer will press down the standard of living. And in rolls the greasy "cent" over the barrier of the Rockies, and does the same thing—though not to anything like the same extent, of course. Yet there are people so stupid as to say that it will do British Columbia good—that they ought to be thankful to be taught thrift. What they ought to have done was to put a \$500 import tax on every "cent." They should have kept out the "copper" quite as jealously as the Chinaman. While they have been watching "the yellow peril," the bronze peril has arrived. It is too late now to keep back the flood. The unfortunate feature of the situation is that their defences were carried not by outside assault—but by internal treachery. The "cent" did not batter at their walls.

It was their own people who hungered for the "cent," and smuggled it in through the postern gate.

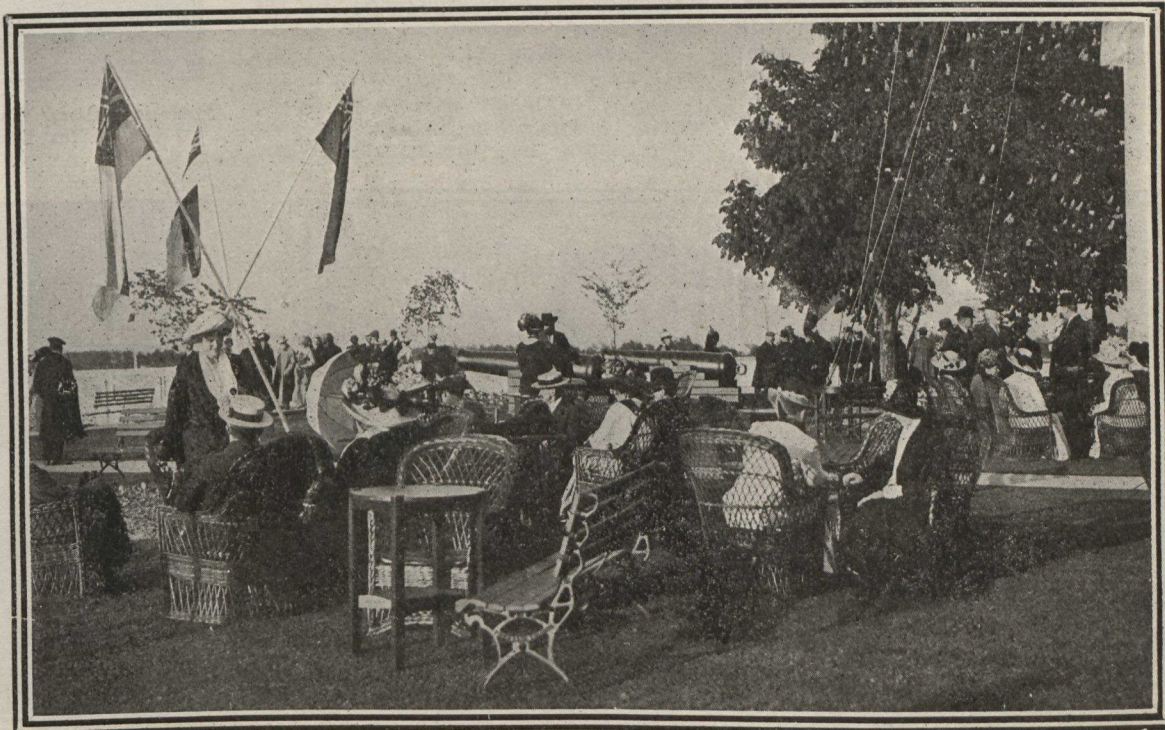
THEY have got the "cent" because they needed it. If they could not have imported it, they would have coined it. Trade and commerce had come down to splitting five-cent values; and they simply had to have the coin. There is no blinking the fact—or its causes—or its consequences. Still, you will say, they are no worse off than the Eastern Canadians have been all along. Admitted. But they have been better off. There's the rub. Eastern Canadians are perfectly happy because they have never known anything better. They have grown up on "pennies." They cut their teeth on them. They would feel lost without them. They would feel, at any rate, tremendously cheated if they had to leave a store without two cents which were coming to them because there were no such things to be had. So the Eastern standard of living has not changed. At least, not for this reason. I do not think, however, that any one of us who has visited some sections of our Eastern cities recently can hide from ourselves the fact that the "submerged tenth" of our population has sunk deeper into the mud. We have something very like "slums" to-day in the European sense—a ghastly growth we were free from until not so long ago. We have people to whom the "cent" is a larger coin than it was to any of us in the past.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Great Waterways Engineers at Toronto



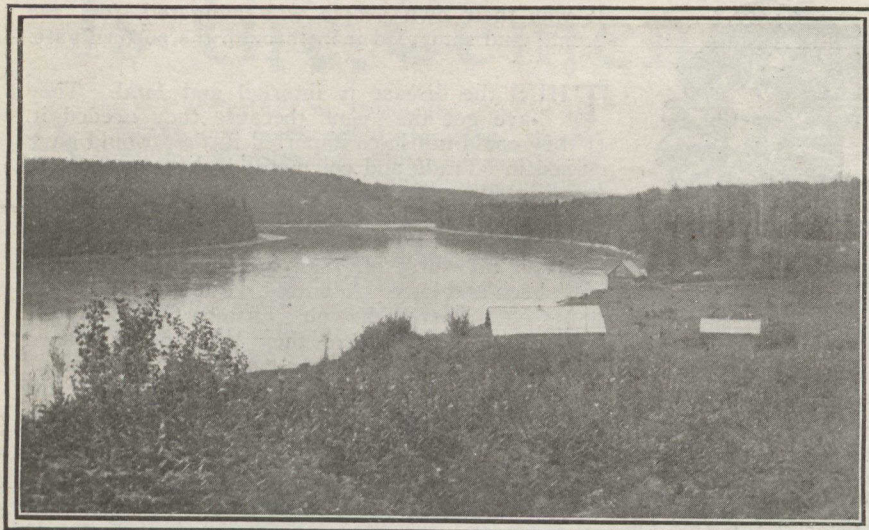
Members of the International Congress of Navigation in One of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Fleet.



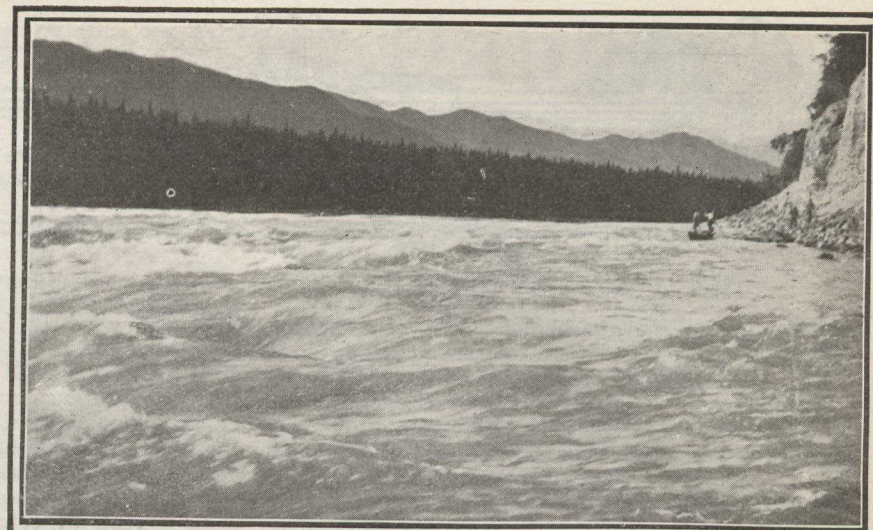
Brilliant Scene on the Lawn of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Honour of the Eminent Engineers.

Photographs by Pringle & Booth.





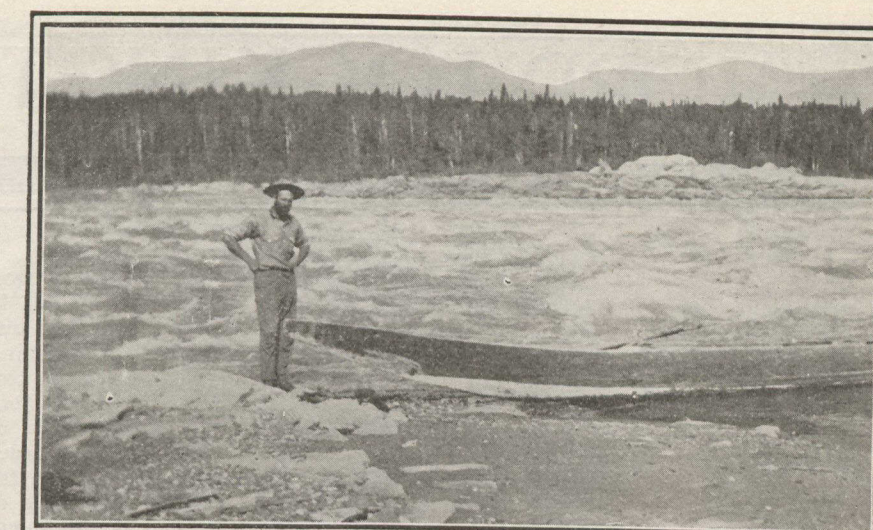
A River Flowing Through Landscapes of Possible Wheat.



Poling up a Rapids on the Findlay River, a Tributary of the Peace.



An Air-dale Terrier with 40-pound Pack of Steel Drills on His Back. Photo Taken at Fort Graham, on the Findlay.



Parler Pas Rapids on the Peace, Near Where the Ottertail Joins It.

SIX-FOOT-THREE and straight as a young spruce, after fifteen summers of packing over portages at the head waters of the Peace and beyond—Mr. C. F. W. Rochfort put out a few days ago from the Canadian Northern offices, Toronto.



C. F. W. Rochfort up in the Country of the Headwaters.

This will be his sixteenth summer of discovery in the northern mountains. All winter he was on his ranch far west of Edmonton, where he will be next winter again. The pictures on this page are a few camera illuminations of a sample summer voyage of this tireless tourist, who though he came out from England as a boy of fourteen, retains all the characteristics of an English gentleman abroad.

"Oh, we shall be back in the mountains very shortly now," he said; as though he spoke of a summer cruise on a yacht. "Back among the black-flies and the bulldogs. Ah! here's my traveling mate now—he's an engineer from South America. No, we've never traveled together before; in fact I met him only the other day—but we shall get along famously."

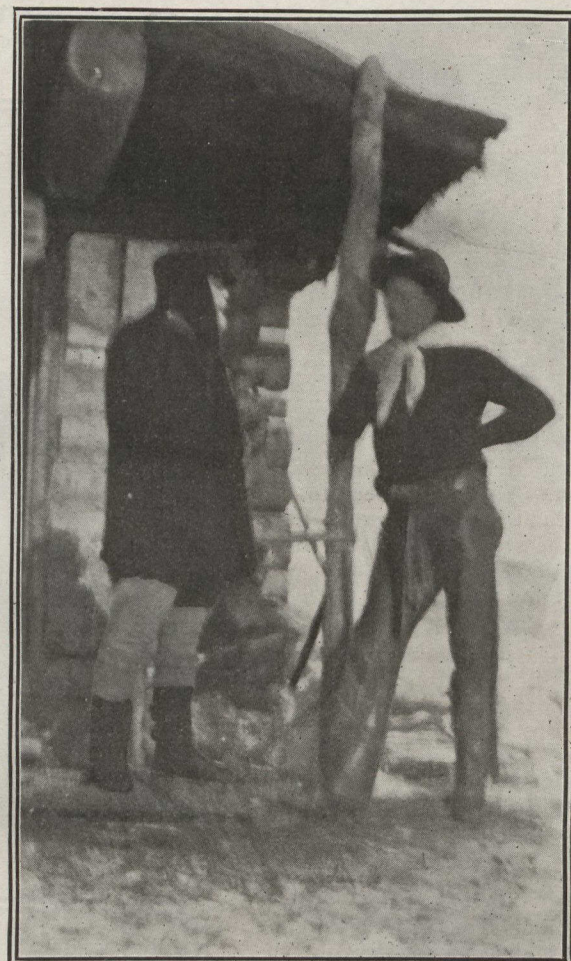
fires from June till the ice-needles come, is where the dubious trails of the Fraser and its tributaries meander into the Pacific, not far from where the trickles of the Parsnip and the Findlay twist and twirl into the canoe-wide bed of the Peace, where it begins its long swirl into the valley that leads down to Great Slave Lake and from there to the mighty Mackenzie and the Arctic.

It is all mainly as plain as a country-road to Mr. Rochfort, who began to explore long unexplored reaches of this mountain land, in the first year of the pilgrimage to Klondike. It was the Klondike rush that took him up from his ranch in Alberta in 1898; via Edmonton and the overland death-trail, still marked, as he says, by many a gloomy relic of the wildest trail-going in the history of gold camps. But he never got to the camps of the Yukon. He began to probe the unknown by the Liard route away from the Peace, while hundreds pushed on up to Mackenzie and the Peel and over the great divide. And in the fifteen summers that he has gone back among the Dog-Ribs and the Siwash and the vagrant Iroquois, Rochfort has seen more of the big game in that back-country than Caspar Whitney, or Seton-Thompson, whom, with his partner, Mackay, he met up there in 1907. He has observed more unobvious facts about minerals than any of the pathfinders in the Yukon. He has seen as much of the trapping and the furs as any of the furposters whose peltries trail out by the ice routes to Edmonton. He has known more explicitly what it means to be in the middle of nowhere from a railroad than any of the few thousand settlers who have waggoned up from Edmonton to the Peace River valley.

But, cancelling all the merely over-trail curiosities that might interest any tourist with enough grit to fry bacon among the black-flies, Rochfort has seen rather more than the fringes of the

# The Pampas of the Peace

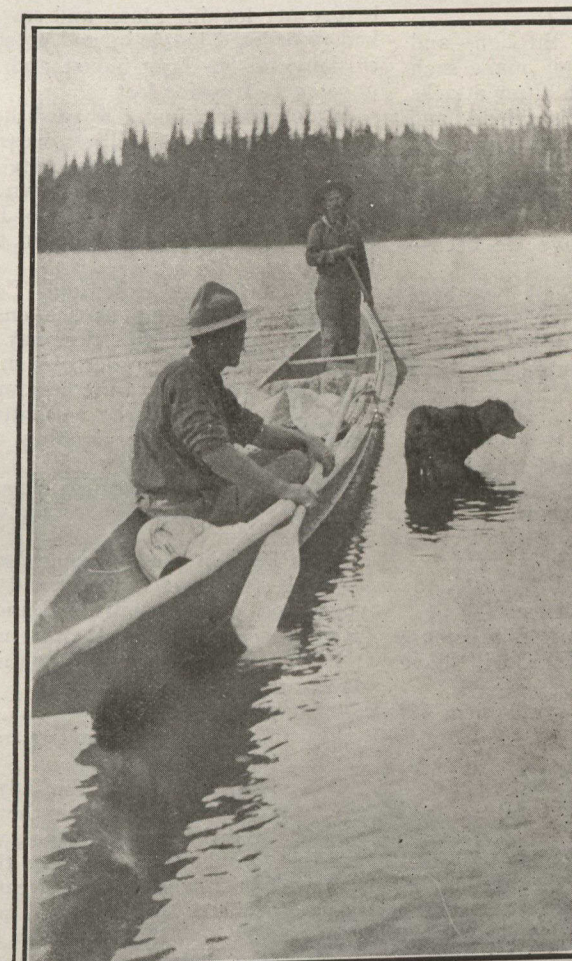
With Photographs of Peculiar People and Places



Frederic Villiers, War Correspondent, Visiting at Rochfort Ranch, Near Edmonton.



Billy Fox, H. B. Co. Post-Office Manager at Fort Graham, Most Expensive Post-Office in H. B. Service.



On Summit Lake with a Dug-out.



The Rochfort Exploration Party on the Findlay. The Indian Boy with the Gun has 120 lbs. of Steel on His Back.



Camp at Mt. Selwyn—a Gold Quartz Location Discovered During the Klondike Rush of 1898.



Three Blind Siwash Women, all of Whom Were Over a Hundred Years Old When This Photo Was Taken by Mr. Rochfort.



A Siwash Dug-out, Over Fifty Feet Long, Being Transferred Over a Portage.

profoundest popular feature of the Peace River country, which the Canadian Northern has just begun to reach on the southern edge at Grande Prairie.

"And make it very clear," he said, "that when you read in the newspapers about the Peace River Valley—you are reading about merely three small patches of arable land that of course every tourist on the Peace may see if he wants to. The Pouce Coupe, Grande Prairie and Spirit River are just about the same in comparison to the main territory of the Peace as three good-sized rugs thrown on the floor of a vast skating-rink."

"But where is the great unknown?" "North of the Peace. Six hundred miles west as far as Fort St. John; north, I don't know how far, though I spent a good while horsebacking over it."

"As good land as—?" "Better than anything. Stupendous!" "As to climate, though?"

"Ahead of Alberta or Saskatchewan. Yes, you see the summer days are longer in that altitude; in fact it's almost continual sunshine for weeks. The gain is easily one day in six. The chinooks are more direct. There is plenty of average rainfall. Crops that have been grown so far on the Pouce Coupe and the Grande Prairie prove that the conditions are almost ideal."

"No frozen or snowed-up grain?" "None whatever. And at present observe what a bonanza farming is to some of those early settlers even without a railway, when they can grow 80 bushels of oats to the acre and sell them at 4½ cents a pound, and then only half what it would cost to get them from Edmonton."

Trade was originally all from Edmonton. The tendency now is to shift smaller centres of distribution farther north, with Edmonton as a general distributing point. Athabasca Landing, which a very few years ago was nothing but the end of the water and ice route

from the fur-posts on the north, is now a modern, hustling town, with a newspaper and a Board of Trade; a hundred miles north of Edmonton, and much more modern than Edmonton was ten years ago. Some of the old fur-posts will become towns and cities; which and where is not yet known to any real estate wizards. Already the subdivision manipulator has been getting in his fine work on the site of an ancient fur-post in the Peace River country. But as yet there is no farm land for sale. Homesteading is the rule. Five years ago American capitalists were inquisitive about land for speculative purposes in that country. But the few thousand settlers who have gone in ahead of the railway have spent no money for land.

Mr. Rochfort spoke of the new trade route already established by steamer down the rivers and lakes to the fur-posts, on down the Mackenzie, where flour ground at the mills of Vermilion finds a good market at a top price, and still much lower than it would cost to ship from Edmonton.

From all he said it is obvious that whenever the railways begin to thread, not only Grande Prairie, Pouce Coupe and Spirit River, but also the great pampas of the 600-mile limit north of the Peace, something like a new people will begin to be in this last great west. Thank heaven! As yet though the native red man and the half-breed are not the Lord's anointed in the matter of civilization, they have so far escaped the speculator, the land-hog, the get-rich-quick artist by the land method, the subdivision expert and all the other ills to which the West seems to have fallen heir since the advent of the railroad.

Of coal, copper, and gold in the Rockies, where the Findlay, the Peace and the Fraser meet, Mr. Rochfort had little to say, but rumour has it that he told enough to Sir William Mackenzie to make that big man put engineers and influence at his disposal.



# LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

## CHAPTER XXII.

EDNA started to her feet and put up her hands. But even at that moment she did not forget to lower her voice, so greatly did she dread disturbing the dying man in the next room.

"Please, please," she pleaded, "don't blindfold me again. Indeed, there's no need."

The voice she began to know so well answered gently, but firmly: "I want you to submit to it, though, and to go back as you came. It's not my wish or whim—it's someone else's."

Edna gave a little moaning sigh. "But when I know!" pleaded she. "I'm in the house of Mr. Kage, I'm quite sure. I was led through an underground passage that came out by the door in the little stone house in the park, and then by another shorter passage under the road outside."

"Well, whatever you know or whatever you fancy, you must, I think, be guided by me. And you may know why if you like. Lord Lockington wishes to be left in peace. As long as it is not known where he is, he is safe; but if it were known that he is very ill—dangerously ill—he would be subjected to a persecution which would disturb his last hours. At least, that is his own idea, and we are bound to humour it."

Edna sighed deeply. "Won't you then at least let me know now who you are? Mayn't I see you just once? And after that I'll go back blindfold, just as I came, without any more protests."

"Wait a little," said the voice. "That's all I can say."

"Are you Mr. Kage?"

"You shall know that and everything—very soon."

Coaxing her, leading her meanwhile, he had got her to the door, and now he was gently urging her towards the staircase. A voice which the girl recognized as that of someone she knew called out suddenly:

"My gracious!"

Her companion started, and so indeed did Edna.

"Who was that?" she cried, as once more she instinctively put her hand to the bandage round her eyes.

"I don't know," said he, uneasily. "Someone has been playing the spy, I suppose! Never mind, you won't have to suffer long for your kindness."

This was said in a reassuring whisper in her ear. Edna was trembling, almost sobbing. The tension of her nerves was telling upon her, she almost felt as if to go through those long passages again would be impossible. For a moment she hung back, faltering.

"Oh, please——" she began in a hoarse whisper.

With an encouraging warmth of grasp, he laid his left hand upon hers, which was drawn through his right arm.

"Courage!" he said. "Courage! You're a brave girl, and the ordeal won't last long."

Putting strong constraint upon herself she conquered her nervous tremors, and allowed herself to be led down the staircase by the door into the room that smelt of the stable, and then down again into the shorter under-ground passage, once more they passed out into the open air, and then by the heavy wooden door into the long passage, damp and earthy, which now seemed, however, shorter than it had done before. Very little was said during the return journey either by the girl or her companion. And, being thus free to indulge her own thoughts, she tried hard to remember whose the voice was that she had heard just before leaving the house where she had conversed with the dying man.

It was a feminine voice, and this narrowed her search. A cold shiver passed through her when the remembrance flashed suddenly upon her of the occasion on which she had last heard it. For she remembered that it was the voice of Miss Woods, the dressmaker.

Then, indeed, poor Edna felt sure that a desperately hard time was before her. She knew how maliciously the dressmaker had spoken to her, and she had already guessed that Miss Woods was one of the spies employed by Lady Lockington to keep her informed of all that went on at the Hall

during her absence.

Here was a titbit of gossip to report to the Viscountess! That Edna had been smuggled into the house, and smuggled out again.

Edna sighed in despair at the thought. But after all, what difference could it make now? Lord Lockington was dying; her work at the Hall was over. It would be very unpleasant, certainly, to have to go through the ordeal of Lady Lockington's recriminations, and she felt sure they would be bitter; but the lady could do no more than be disagreeable, and if she should try to injure Edna's chances of getting employment elsewhere, there was always Mrs. Holland to go to for help, which she felt sure the housekeeper would not refuse when she knew the whole of the story.

And that she felt sure she would now soon be able to tell.

The thought of the scene she had just gone through was so distressing, indeed, that she dwelt but little upon her own personal griefs, great as they threatened to become; the sound of the pitiful voice, the touch of the kind hand acted like a spell upon her, filling her heart with tender compassion and awe.

Whatever she might have to go through—and the spiteful dressmaker would certainly make such a report as would subject her to some bitter attacks—she would be loyal to her generous friend, and Lord Lockington's hiding-place—if hiding-place it were—should be left undisturbed.

S UDDENLY Edna stopped short in the middle of the journey. "How long have we been—altogether?" she asked, abruptly.

"From first to last, I suppose we shall have been about an hour and a-half."

She drew a long breath. "They will have missed me, perhaps," she said. "I am usually only an hour in the old wing of the Hall."

"Who are 'they'?"

"There's the butler, Revesby. It is he who always leads me there and takes me away, and who brings me all Lord Lockington's messages."

"He's all right. He'd sooner cut off his right hand than betray his master."

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

Her companion spoke with confidence.

"But then there's Lady Lockington. She listens; she watches. I wonder whether she will have noticed how long I've been away?"

"We must hope not. Can you stand firm if you're badgered a bit?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"It won't be for very long. I'm sorry you should have to run the risk, but—you won't repent it, I promise you."

"Oh, no, no! If it's Lord Lockington's wish that I should keep silent, I will, whatever they do to me."

"Pluckily spoken. Now here we are at the last flight of steps. You've been a good girl, a brave girl. I honour you for it. Heaven bless you!"

They were nearly at the top of the stairs, and her companion raised her hand to his lips.

"Now," said he, "I'll remove the bandage for you and let you through. And I hope you'll find they haven't noticed your absence."

The handkerchief was off by this time, and she was standing close to the wooden door as she knew by the hollow sound of it as her companion passed one hand in front, unlocked it, and gently pushed her through into the room, closing and locking himself in at once on the other side.

A low cry broke from Edna's lips. For the butler was waiting in the room for her, with a look of anxiety on his wooden face.

"My lady has been asking for you, ma'am," he said, in a troubled voice. "I've told her you were singing to his Lordship, but she don't seem to believe me. I've had a difficulty in keeping her out of here. This is the only way to his Lordship's quarters, and I'm afraid of her getting in and—trying to disturb his Lordship. Please go out as quickly as you can, ma'am, when we get to the end of the passage, and I'll lock the door again at once."

Edna bowed her head in assent, though she felt very doubtful whether they would succeed in satisfying a suspicious and jealous woman. Revesby probably knew everything, she thought, but was evidently to be trusted. She could give herself safely into his hands; and she followed him down

the passage, and waited in silence while he put his ear to the crack of the door, listening for sounds outside.

"I think all is clear, ma'am," he said, as he cautiously unlocked the door and peeped out, and made way for her to pass him.

Edna ran out, with a feeling of great relief, when she found that no one was lying in wait for her outside.

But she congratulated herself too soon. For she had not gone two steps further than the top of the stairs on the way to her own room when Lady Lockington's maid ran out towards her from the corridor which led to her mistress's suite of rooms, and said:

"Oh, Miss Bellamy, my lady would be glad to speak to you for a moment, if you please."

Edna saw at once, from the girl's manner, that something had been found out, and that her worst fears were about to be realized.

"I'll come to her Ladyship in two minutes," said she, instinctively glancing down at her shoes, which were in a very tell-tale condition, being plastered with mud and slime in spite of her hasty efforts to cleanse them on the mats she had passed.

The maid's eyes followed hers. "Oh, yes, I'll tell her Ladyship," she said, as she retreated, Edna felt sure, to give a clear account to her mistress of the heated and dishevelled condition in which she had seen the unhappy young musician.

Indeed, Edna had not known herself how very eloquent her appearance was of the sort of experience she had been through. But when she stood before her looking-glass, and saw how the bandage had disordered her hair, and noted the green marks of damp on her light blouse and on her hands, she gave herself up for lost.

It took some minutes to wash her hands and face, to change her shoes and her dress, and to rearrange her hair. So that it was quite ten minutes later when she came out of her own room, and going, reluctantly but desperately, to Lady Lockington's rooms, knocked, trembling, at the door of the boudoir.

Lady Lockington called out "Come in," in a rasping voice, and Edna, as she entered, saw a skirt disappearing through a doorway into an adjoining room, and was sure in her own mind that its wearer could be no other than the dressmaker, Miss Woods.

Lady Lockington, who was sitting in a deep arm-chair by the fire, was looking angrier than Edna had ever seen her.

"Where have you been passing the morning, Miss Bellamy?" she asked, harshly, without asking the girl to sit down.

"I've been in the old wing, Lady Lockington."

"Ah! And was it in the old wing that you got your shoes covered with mud and green slime, your hair disordered, and your dress wet and soiled?"

Edna, who was prepared for this onslaught, looked down and said nothing.

"Answer me, please."

"I'm afraid I have nothing more to say, Lady Lockington."

There was a flush on the lady's face underneath the powder, and a light in her eyes, which convinced the girl before her that, whatever she might say, she would have to leave the Hall before the day was out, or submit to treatment which would be unbearable. However, this was not of so much consequence now that she knew her work was over. Indeed, the thought of this, and of the sad scene which she had gone through, overpowered everything else in Edna's mind, and made her care comparatively little for the fierce attack to which she had to submit. The one important thing was to admit nothing, to give the angry lady no possible clue, if she could help it, to the fact that it was to Lord Lockington that she had been called.

"B U T that is not enough. I don't think you quite understand the importance of this, Miss Bellamy. You tell me you have been in the old wing all the morning. Do you mean that you have been playing and singing all the morning to Lord Lockington?"

"I'm afraid, Lady Lockington, that I can tell you nothing but what I have said," said Edna, desperately. "I was engaged to sing and play to Lord Lockington, and really, I think that, if he is satisfied with me, it ought to be sufficient."

"You are insulting!"

"Oh, no, I didn't mean to be that. But when I am sent for to do the work I was engaged to do—and when I do it to the best of my ability, and to the satisfaction of my employer—I think I ought to be safe from such a scene as this."

The girl looked up suddenly, her blue eyes flashing.

Lady Lockington was not prepared for such a  
(Continued on page 26.)



# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## The Working Girl in the West

THE immediate reality of the problem of the working girl has been dealt with recently and at length in this paper. Much press comment, as a result, has been aroused and certain private communications, of a pertinent sort, have arrived. Of which latter is this letter from Mrs. Mackay, Vancouver, well known to the Canadian reading world:

"I WOULD like to express something of the interest which I have felt in the study of Miss MacMurphy's articles on the Working Girl. I have followed these articles with appreciation and with a growing sense of their value. It is very evident that the writer knows her subject; she gives us facts not verbiage, and states in lucid and admirable form the problems over which many thoughtful women have puzzled in more sentimental and less systematic manner. One thing seems plain—there ought to be some authoritative statistics upon which to base possible remedies. Miss MacMurphy says that there are no such statistics available, so when in some way the government has been convinced of the value of such statistics, a first step will have been taken.

"Miss MacMurphy has spoken largely for Eastern Canada, but on a rising scale her deductions are equally true of the West. By a rising scale I mean that everything is higher out here. Wages are higher, but the cost of living is higher, too. Only the other day I talked with a young girl who had left a good situation in the East to come to a better paid position here. She was not complaining, but she said that she had saved a little in the East, whereas, here, although her wage was much higher, she had saved nothing at all. For one thing, the big house rents mean heavy room-rent, and so acute has this problem become that I believe the W. C. T. U. have on hand a scheme for a girls' rooming house which will provide working girls with pleasant rooms at a reasonable rate. The Y. W. C. A. also have a hostel where room and board may be had for the modest sum of \$3.75 a week. The extreme smallness of this sum may be appreciated when I add that I know of two young girls who were lately compelled to pay \$6 each weekly for one damp, unheated room, that is, twelve dollars a week, with no board at all and no use of any sitting room. This want of any sitting room is a drawback greatly felt by girl roomers. It is to meet this lack that some of the churches here are providing sitting rooms fitted with sewing machine, piano, books, and magazines, where girls who wish may meet their friends or spend their leisure evenings. A big city is a lonely place for the homeless girl. Undoubtedly the competition of the girl who lives at home and is therefore willing to work for a less wage is universal. It would seem that the only remedy for this would be some fair minimum wage. Perhaps that will come in time, for, after all, there is no good reason why the girl who lives at home should be paid less than a decent wage for good work.

"Miss MacMurphy speaks of the unpreparedness of many girls who attempt to earn a living without knowing how. It seems to me that parents have much to answer for in this respect. I know of one father who, although earning a good income and desiring his girls to remain in the home, insists upon each of them being properly equipped for some special work. 'I would never feel,' he said, 'that my girls were safe, even if married, unless they had definite possibilities of self-support. The accidents of life are too many.' If more parents realized their duty in this respect there would be fewer incapable girls at the mercy of the world."

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## Events of the Week.

OLD-TIME dances are the edict in social circles. And the Great Ball which set all the lesser balls a-tinkling was that brilliant affair in London, "The Ball of a Hundred Years Ago," under the special patronage of

the King and Queen. At it those dances under Lady Minto's direction provoked a deal of enthusiastic praise. Canada's interest, however, is one on her own account and is expressing itself in a quick series of quaint observances, particularly in the cities of the West. Winnipeg had recently an old-time fete. And Vancouver has just achieved a unique and fascinating entertainment in which a game of whist was played with human cards and folk dances constituted a feature.

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A Regina woman, Miss Gorden, who has been in training in the Deaconess Home in Toronto the past year, leaves shortly for Calgary to assist in the institution of a home for the rescue and protection of fallen girls. The members and friends of the Y.W.C.A., Regina, who recently heard Miss Gorden's noble address on "Womanhood," express their utter confidence in this woman's qualification in spite of the limited period of training.

\*\*\*

Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, and Miss Morrison, Hamilton, played off the final for the Ontario Trophy in the Ontario Ladies Golf Tournament, at the Hamilton Links, on June 7th. The game throughout was splendidly contested, the honours finally falling to Miss Nesbitt.

\*\*\*

The ear of this country is on the point of being borrowed by the Baroness von Sutter, an Austrian noblewoman, whose impressive novel, "Ground Arms," won her the Nobel peace prize in 1895. The Baroness is now in her sixty-sixth year and the earnest activities of her last twenty years have gained her her present reputation of being one of the greatest advocates of world peace living. In-



The Splendid Costumes Worn by the Society Women Who Took Part in the Hundred Years Ago Ball, Held in London. Reading From Left to Right They Are: 1, Miss Fleming, Royal Horse Artillery; 2, Miss Kerr Clark, Costume Worn During Trooping of Colours, 1812; 3, Lady Newborough, Neapolitan Hussar; 4, Lady Constance Hatch, Prussian Hussar; 5, Mrs. Shuttleworth, Spanish Dragoon; 6, Countess Pauline Pappenheim, Westphalian Infantry, and 7, Mrs. Berkeley Levett, Russian Hussar.

ternational brotherhood will be the plea throughout the proposed series of Canadian lectures.

\*\*\*

The illness of H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, who has been suffering at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, from a sudden and severe attack of peritonitis, has been causing the whole of Canada much concern. The Duchess has been winning whole hosts of new friends lately and it is cause for general gratification that the latest news reports state that her health is improved.

\*\*\*

Sixteen almond-eyed Japanese brides recently arrived by the Awa Maru and were met by a corresponding number of Japanese grooms from Steveston, on the Fraser River, B.C. The men had just completed the term of naturalization, and sixteen unions were promptly certificated, and the married ones—whose names we are not ambitious enough to spell—all went home to spend their honeymoons fishing. Truly, the sun never sets upon Japan. We wonder if the Sikhs read the account.

\*\*\*

Miss Rhoda Simpson, Winnipeg's first "daughter of music," has been demonstrating lately to distinguished hearers in London that her violin bow is the wand of a necromancer. It was her triumph recently to charm the most critical ears at a concert given by the Lord Mayor in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton. Miss Simpson's fame is widespread, if not from Pole to Pole, at least it may be said to have touched the South one.

\*\*\*

Mrs. Henshaw, Honorary Secretary of the Canadian Alpine Club, is covering herself, her home—Vancouver—and the Canadian Rockies, with glory in her well-received cross-waters lectures. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge have heard her as have also the Royal Scottish Geographical Society and other bodies. And all have remarked the excellence, not only of the verbal descriptions, but also of the fine illustrative views.

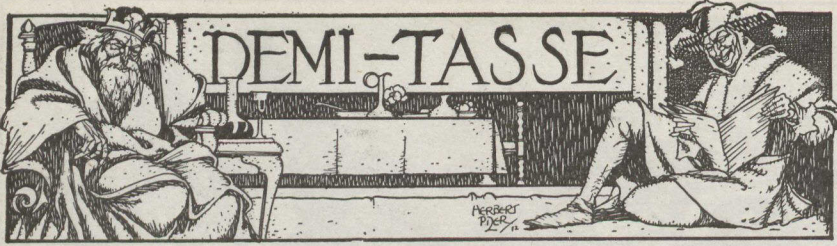
\*\*\*

The second annual meeting of the Canadian Business Women's Club was held in Toronto on Tuesday, June 4th. Membership at present numbers two hundred, twenty comprising the body at its inception. And reports showed that activity has kept pace with growth—along the lines of study and social work. The president for the ensuing year is Miss Hunter.



A gay party photographed at the International Flower Show, held in London, England, last month, showing the Duchess of Sutherland (in chair), whose husband is at present in Canada in connection with his scheme for the settlement of lands in Alberta, and her son, the Marquis of Stafford, recently married to Lady Eileen Butler. On the right is Lady Rosemary Leveson Gower, and on the left, Miss Chaplin.





### Courierettes.

**G**REAT BRITAIN has had a June snowfall. Poetic justice for the country that produced a poet to call Canada "Our Lady of the Snows."

A certain church boasts that its rector has not been absent a single Sunday in three years. In the cases of some preachers that would be sufficient excuse for a change.

Irish suffragettes are now smashing windows. Rather a reflection on Ireland that they are mere imitators.

The Presbyterian General Assembly reports that young people are hard to attract. We move to amend the report by adding the words—"But not to each other."

The Ontario Government has opened up twelve new townships in the north-land, but has handicapped them by naming them after politicians.

Some Canadian cities are crying for traffic experts. In these days of rapidly-moving machines on wheels, the man who wants to save his limbs and life has to be his own traffic expert.

The railway commission has decided that gramophones are musical instruments. The commission ought to hear the one next door that keeps us awake till the early hours.

**Her Prejudice.**—A certain society woman of Hamilton has in her service a faithful coloured girl, who is a very competent cook, but doesn't know much about unusual culinary work.

A nice mess of frogs' legs was sent to the house by a friend, and as that was the first time for frogs' legs to be cooked in the house, the lady went to the kitchen to see if Martha knew how to cook them.

"Did you ever cook frogs' legs?" asked the lady, pointing to the dish on the table.

"No, ma'am," said the cook.

"Do you know how to cook them?"

"No, ma'am."

There seemed to be a note of objection in the cook's tone, so the lady asked, "Well, you don't mind cooking them, do you?"

"To tell the truth, ma'am," said the cook, "I never did like insects of any kind nohow."

**Handicapping Time-pieces.**—When asked the time, a certain Toronto man usually gives an answer in this form: "It's quarter after four by me; the

right time is seventeen minutes after four."

"Why do you always keep your watch a couple of minutes slow?" a friend asked him.

He answered thus:

"If my watch stops, I generally set it by the City Hall clock—Big Ben. Usually a little while later, when I compare my watch and Big Ben, I find them running neck and neck. So I put my watch back a couple of minutes, and I say to Big Ben, 'Now, you big son-of-a-gun, you've got to pace me.'"

**Getting Even.**—Did you ever live in the same neighbourhood as a man who complains that the neighbours' children spoil his lawn, that their chickens scratch up his seeds, and so on?

There's a Mr. Thompson in Hamilton who frequently makes such complaints concerning his neighbours.

One night Thompson heard a dog barking. He thought he knew whose dog it was, so he called up Neighbour Fisher and said, "Your dog is barking and annoying the neighbourhood."

"It's not my dog," said Fisher.

"It is."

"It's not."

Once or twice more before he turned in, Thompson called up Fisher and they had the same conversation.

Fisher, who stayed out very late that night, decided to get even. At 4 a.m. he called up the kicker.

"Is that Mr. Thompson?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Thompson, sleepily.

"Well, I want to tell you," said Fisher, "that that wasn't my dog."

Thompson was too tired to put up even a telephone fight, and Fisher added, "My dog has been down cellar all night, and he's scratching at the door now and whining to get out."

**The Hold-Up.**—It was hot—stifling hot. Diamond Dick, the desperado, wiped the perspiration from his beaded brow as he entered the grocery store.

Diamond Dick laid his two pistols on the counter. Also he took from his pocket a shiny half dollar.

"Hands up!"

It was not the bandit who spoke the imperious command. It was the grocer.

Seeing that he was at the mercy of the hard-hearted dealer, Diamond Dick raised his hands and murmured meekly, "Please sir, give me a pound of butter."

**A Ready Retort.**—James L. Hughes, Chief Inspector of Toronto's Public Schools, has a nimble wit, and but few

men can turn a phrase quicker or to better advantage in repartee than he.

The other day Mr. Hughes was discussing with a friend the views of certain would-be educationists, who happened to see things in the same light, and to Mr. Hughes' way of reasoning, a very mistaken light.

"But great minds run in the same channel, you know," quoted the Chief Inspector's friend.

"You mean the same ditch" was the ready and rather severe retort.

**Impressionistic.**—The great bit of "impressionistic art," by the new, unknown painter, was hanging in the gallery, and each of several other artists was asked to give the picture a name.

These were some of their guesses:

"A Quiet Evening."

"Mother and Child."

"Moonlight on the Lake."

"A Woodland Scene."

"The Twilight of Life."

"Scottish Highlands."

"A Dutch Scene."

"The Captive."

"A Woodland Nymph."

"The Happy Family."

**His Vote.**—A vaudeville actor who recently played in Canada tells of a stock company in a western town which produced the George M. Cohan piece, "Fifty Miles From Boston," and at the end of the week took a poll of its patrons to decide whether the company should play the same comedy the second week or produce something new.

One man who had seen the show sent in this ballot: "Play fifty miles from Boston. Don't play here."

### Fashion Hints.

**D**INING in restaurants is very popular—particularly among those who have the price.

Umbrellas may be purchased very cheaply now. It is even cheaper to pick them up in offices or restaurants.

A great deal of hair is being worn this season. Some of it is native-born.

Summer shoes are usually worn two sizes small.

Bathing suits should never be allowed to become wet.

**Explained.**—"How is it I never hear you say a word about your old college days?"

"The college I went to didn't have a very good baseball team."

**In "Toronto the Good."**—In the Methodist Sunday school hymnal can be found a hymn with the refrain:

"Bring them in, bring them in,

Bring them in from the fields of sin."

The trustees of the Toronto Board of Education are going the admonition of the hymn one better. Their slogan is "drive them in."

Recently a teacher named Roy Harris applied for a position on the Toronto staff. He honestly described himself as undenominational. The trustees would not accept him until he was allied with some church.

Does this help to explain the title, "Toronto, the Good"?

**The Difference.**—This from a New York paper: In one year 33,000 offenders have been brought before the juvenile courts of England. They begin early over there and increase in criminal ability as the years pass.

The Gotham journal gives no figures by which the United States might be compared in this respect. The difference is that they catch the scamps in England.

**The Unpardonable Pun.**—The Bell Telephone Co. has an exchange in Toronto which is called "Adelaide," and, of course, this name prefaces every number in that district. Sometimes telephone users have difficulty in getting desired numbers as soon as they wish, and delays on the telephone are, of course, most annoying.

The other day a sharp-tongued subscriber tried several times to get an Adelaide number.

At last Central chirped sweetly: "What number were you calling?"

The punster was ready.

"Ah, delayed — again," said he.

But it was wasted on Central.



Baseball Term Illustrated: Three Strikes—Man Out.

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# MONEY AND MAGNATES



## SANE INVESTMENTS

Bonds and Appraisal Reports.

**B**EFORE the bond of the industrial amalgamation is offered to the public, considerable work is done by the promoters in consummating the actual consolidation. Eight companies, for example, have expressed their willingness for various reasons to combine interests. The basis of that combination has to satisfy the eight individual companies, the promoters and management of the amalgamated company and also the bond investor. An appraisal is necessary to establish that basis. A bond offering unaccompanied with a statement of assets should be eschewed by the investor. A bare statement that the appraised value of the assets is so much is insufficient. It must be known who made the appraisal and the more of the appraisal company's report that is printed in the prospectus, the better is the investor able to judge the merits of the bond offering. Statements in a prospectus that the estimated earnings or value of assets are "based" upon an appraisal should be carefully considered. The investor does not require promoters to "base" very much upon the appraisal, but he desires, and should get most, if not all, of the report itself on which he can make his own calculations.

There are several reputable firms engaged in the work of appraisals. When they tackle an amalgamation promotion, they first ascertain the value of the property and plant of the participating companies. After this is done, the owners of these plants receive cash or securities in the amalgamation and thus become shareholders in the new concern. The investor is then asked to place his money in the bonds of the big company. The security of those bonds are the various properties and plants which have been absorbed. Some prospectuses have stated that the total appraised value of the assets of the various companies amounted to a certain sum. It is not told who made the statement, who has made the appraisals, or that the report was even approximately correct. If the investor accepts such vague information he makes an initial mistake. If the promoters have not obtained a correct and independent appraisal report from a well qualified firm or individuals, the prospective bond buyer may look elsewhere for his investment.

Company promoters know this, so that when they ignore such an important consideration, it may be taken by the cautious investor as a danger signal. As pointed out by Mr. T. C. Allum, of Montreal, the work of the appraisal concern is largely an outgrowth of the requirements of the fire insurance business. It became necessary to enable proprietors of properties to place their fire insurance in an economical and scientific manner as possible. Appraisal concerns show separately and in detail the value of such properties as are insurable and such as are uninsurable. The uninsurable value comprises cost of excavation and concreting for foundations and generally all work below ground. A plot plan of the whole property accompanies the appraisal, together with floor plans of each building. Every machine shown thereon is numbered so that it may be readily identified in the volume of the appraisal where it is fully described and valued. Several copies of the appraisal are made and the appraisal company itself retains the records, thus reducing the trouble arising from a fire to a minimum.

**A** SIMILAR plan is followed in the appraisals made for financial purposes. The form is somewhat condensed and valuations are made of physical assets of all kinds, with the exception of stock-in-trade, raw materials and goods in process of manufacture. This certificate, in conjunction with the certificate of profits and liquid assets prepared by competent and reliable accountants, furnishes a complete verification of a company's property.

In a previous article, we have intimated the vital importance of the investor knowing details of past earnings. Just as serious is the question of appraised values. A reputable company should make these, and reputable chartered accountants should verify the earnings. The names of those making the reports should invariably be included in the prospectus. If actual results at a later date reveal weaknesses in the accountant's or the appraiser's statements, it will be possible to trace the errors.

Little is to be gained ultimately by promoters in withholding information necessary for the bond buyer to judge the actual merits of an offering. By campaigns such as that of the CANADIAN COURIER for the cult of sane investments, the average bond investor is becoming educated in the art of discrimination. He is realizing that if necessary information is missing, something is wrong with the promotion, which fact he will probably learn to his cost at some future time. When inclined to purchase an industrial bond, whether it be of an amalgamation or otherwise, examine the company's record as thoroughly as if you intended buying the company itself. Get beyond the mysterious financial atmosphere, which means nothing. Penetrate vagueness or volubility in the prospectus by ordinary sound business sense. That will help to decide whether or not the bond gives value, security and income for your capital.

## On and Off the Exchange.

### Politics and Industry.

**T**HE securities of Canadian corporations, the successful operation of which depends upon the tariff, are every day assuming a more speculative aspect. When the continuation of the bounties on steel rods appeared to be so certain that insiders sold large blocks of steel stocks to prevent the market exhibiting an appearance of undue hilarity, it was argued in the street that the stocks of protected industries must necessarily be more valuable under the present political administration of the country than they had been before. A little later the steel interests were shocked by a declaration from the government that the bounties would not be renewed and that it could not be expected that the industry's position would be improved by any change in the tariff, for at least a year. Naturally the street immediately turned bearish on the steel stocks and the feeling of depression was accentuated when the annual report of the Dominion Steel Corporation

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came out showing that owing to the fortunate circumstance that the Dominion Steel Corporation engaged in the mining of coal as well as the manufacture of steel, it had been possible to pay dividends. Without the coal end of the business the corporation would have been in a rather bad way.

Another security having to do with a basic industry then became involved in politics. The government was asked to remove the duty on cement and in deference to the West the tariff was cut in two, as already outlined on this page. In the case of the cement duty the government's action will have a more far-reaching effect than its lack of action when the question of the protection of the steel trade was before it. For the most part cement plants have been established in centres of small investors. The production of cement is not confined to one large plant, as is the case with the steel trade, but is necessarily scattered over the country. For this reason there has been a very wide distribution of shares in cement enterprises, and it would be quite safe to say that the security investments of a considerable number of people are confined entirely to cement stocks. The Canada Cement Company, the dominant corporation in Canada, has reduced its prices to meet the competition from the United States rendered possible by the new tariff arrangement, and the smaller enterprises are facing the disagreeable possibility of being forced out of business.

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**Ripening a Melon.**

D R. F. S. PEARSON, the wizard of the South American traction enterprises, spent a portion of the week here in conference with Sir William Mackenzie, and followers of Sao Paulo and Rio regarded the visit as a forerunner of some definite announcement regarding the future of these corporations. Although no-announcement was made it is not improbable that a definite arrangement for an increased distribution was reached.

\*\*\*

**Sunshine After Shadow.**

BY the time the next issue of the COURIER is in the hands of its readers the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company will have concluded its fiscal year. It has been a good year; in fact, the best that the enterprise has experienced since it cut its dividend. There are a very large number of shareholders throughout the country who followed the fortunes of Smelters' stock as the last hope of retrieving, or at least reducing, their losses in British Columbia mining ventures. The Smelters people were caught in the break in the metal market in 1907. They were holding large stocks of their product for a further rise in prices and this policy proved very costly in the end. The last dividend was paid at the close of 1907, and since then the surplus profits of the concern have gone towards the reduction of a large bank over-draft which came into being when the company hit hard times. An extraordinary period of inactivity in the market for silver, copper and lead followed, but the inevitable turn came about the middle of this year. Now copper is selling around seventeen cents, lead is selling in London above seventeen pounds and silver is above sixty-one cents an ounce. These prices afford the Consolidated Smelters a very handsome margin of profit and they have, in fact, stimulated production not only on the Consolidated properties alone, but on many other mining propositions which feed the smelter of the big company. At the last annual meeting it will be remembered that the President, Mr. W. D. Matthews, threw out a hint that a dividend would be declared during the fiscal year, which concludes on June 30. With only two weeks of the year left the stock a fortnight ago began to discount such an event and it was found then that there was little floating supply of Smelters in the market. It is probable that the annual report, which, of course, will not be ready for some time yet, will show a very much increased production this year, and as the average selling price has been well above last year, Smelters should return to popular favour. Canadian Gold Fields, another relic of the Western boom, will benefit proportionately. The only lucky investment made by this company, which was a holding corporation, was in Smelters stock and it therefore shares the fortunes of the larger concern.

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**Boom in Car Building Plants.**

C AR building companies being in fashion in investment circles, there was little surprise at the announcement that the issue of \$1,000,000 of first mortgage six per cent. sinking fund bonds of the Eastern Car Company was subscribed as soon as it reached the market. A local stock exchange firm had purchased the entire issue and found no difficulty in distributing the bonds among their followers. There was, in fact, a considerable over-subscription, but those who were disappointed will probably have their wants filled by other offerings of car building companies' securities. If all the companies which propose to go into business and the railways themselves enlarge their own equipment plants there should be no scarcity of rolling stock in this country in a few years. In addition to the Eastern Car Company, which as everybody knows is a subsidiary of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, the Ontario Western Canada Car Company has come into being. This plant will be at Port Arthur and it will have a capacity of forty steel or wooden freight cars per day and one hundred passenger cars per year. This concern being backed by Port Arthur, another enterprise of a similar character is planned for Fort William. Then we will have, in addition, possibly another plant for the construction of railway equipment created as a subsidiary of the Dominion Steel Corporation so that in spite of the present flurry no investor who is looking for railway equipment securities need go unsatisfied.

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**A Revolution in Textiles.**

THE victory won by the Gordon interests in Canadian Converters was a good deal of a surprise. The new administration were formerly the selling agents for the company, but were dropped with the result that they went out and secured control. John P. Black, who was ousted as president of the company, is at the head of one of the concerns included in the consolidation. In spite of the sharp contest it is probable that the new board will carry out the recommendation of the old directors to pay a dividend at the rate of four per cent. per annum, the first payment to be made in August next.

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| Assets             | 905,000    | 18,131,000  | Over 20-fold   |
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# FOR THE JUNIORS

Tears.

WHY do you cry so hard, little boy?  
Children should never be sad,  
The old world is brimming with happy things  
To make fun for a little lad.

Mother is holding you tight, little boy,  
And big brother is standing by,  
And you're safe as can be from trouble  
or harm,  
Then why, little boy, do you cry?



Learn to be manly and brave, little boy,  
It is never for children to weep,  
Just theirs to be glad in the sunshine by day,  
And sweet dreams in the night when they sleep.

## A Night in Camp.

By Cuthbert G. MacDonald.

THE morning after Harold's arrival at his uncle's farm in British Columbia, he set out on a trip of exploration. First he examined the live stock. There were five work horses and two carriage horses in a paddock near the house, and the stable boy told him that two more were "ploughin' over to the north corner." Three Jersey cows and about thirty hens completed the live stock, and Harold set out to find his uncle who had gone to superintend the setting out of some fruit trees. Mr. Hornby's farm was one of the largest on Sunset Lake, and fruit growing was the most important branch of it. He had sixty acres in apple trees, twenty in smaller fruits, and twenty in hay and vegetables. Thirty acres lay still uncleared, and through this grove a mountain stream wandered to the lake. Sunset Lake lay like a bowl in the heart of the Selkirks. Many larger lakes lay separated from it by the mountains, but the soil here was very fertile, and the climate was the best in British Columbia. Harold watched the setting out of the fruit trees until about noon, when he and his uncle returned to the house. After dinner Harold went over to the stables, and it was not long before he and Joe, the stable boy, had become friends. "After supper you come up to the wood lot with me and I'll show you my camp," Joe promised.

In the afternoon Harold and Mr. Hornby drove into town to buy some things which were needed, and it was supper time when they got home. At six the two boys started for the camp. They hurried through the orchard, and soon disappeared in the grove of evergreens. A small path twisted in and out among the trees beside the stream, and this they followed until they came to a small clearing, in the middle of which stood a rough shanty with a lean-to roof.

"Did you make it all yourself?" Harold exclaimed, as he raised the piece of sacking Joe used for a door and peered in.

"Well, not quite all. John (he's the fellow you saw over in the orchard with your uncle) helped me with the roof, and he put up the bunks for me, one on each side. You see, he's been to the lumber woods and knows how it ought to be done. You just ought to hear the yarns

he can spin. I tell you what, some night we'll get your uncle to let you sleep up here with John and me. I guess he'll let you if John will come."

Harold was delighted with this plan, and when he got back to the house he asked his uncle immediately.

"Why, yes, I suppose you can," he said, "but you'll have to wait till it gets a bit milder—perhaps it will be all right in a couple of weeks."

Two weeks passed quickly on the farm, and it was on a warm evening in about the middle of May that they set off for the camp. Harold had soon become acquainted with John and had been delighted with his tales of the woods. When they arrived the two boys spread their blankets on the bunks, and John made his bed on a heap of fir boughs in the corner by the little stove. He lit the fire, as the night would probably be pretty cool, and called Joe to light the lantern as it was getting dark. Joe hung the lantern on a nail on the edge of one of the bunks, and the little camp looked very cheerful. Two round stumps served as seats, and when John had got his pipe going the boys urged him for a story. And he told them not only one, but many exciting tales of the woods and of the mines (for he had worked there, too). When John's memory at last failed to produce more adventures, Harold told some stories he had read, and they talked of their old homes. John had spent his boyhood in England, Joe had just come the year before from Alberta, and Harold came from New Brunswick, so they found it very interesting comparing notes on the three places. Joe could well remember a cattle round-up, and gave them a graphic account of the affair, perhaps refreshing his memory now and then from his inventive brain. Harold described a week spent in a sugar camp, and John had many questions to ask as to the process of maple sugar-making. Then John gave them a couple of tunes on his mouth-organ, and when Harold looked at his watch it was nearly twelve. They heated up a pot of cold tea they had brought with them, and munched a few biscuits, and it was not long before they were snugly wrapped in their blankets. The lantern was blown out, and John promised to replenish the fire from a stack of wood which the boys had piled behind the stove. They were all tired, and in a few minutes no one was awake.

SUDDENLY Harold was awakened by a vigorous shake from John.

"Get out of the camp," he yelled; "the whole blame thing's afire!"

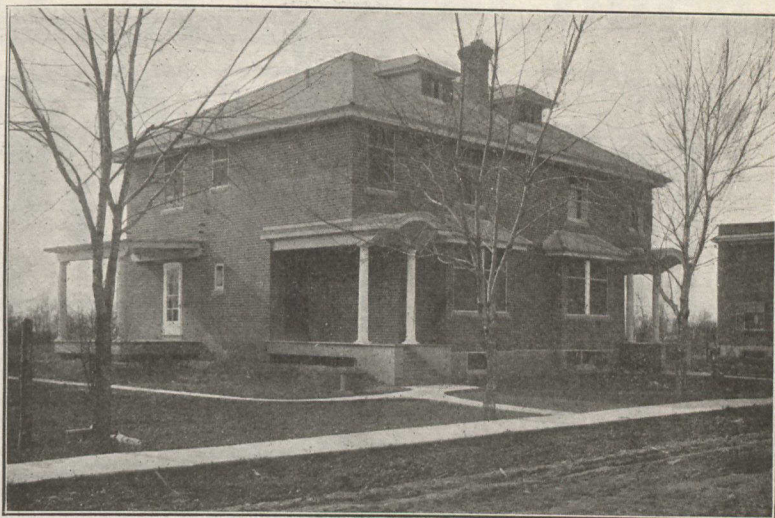
In a few moments both boys stood in the clearing blinking at the narrow flames which played around the stove-pipe hole in the roof. Fortunately they had not undressed, and they had seized their boots as they stumbled out. John emerged in a few seconds carrying the blankets, and the tin pail they had used for drinking-water the night before. By this time the boys were thoroughly awake, and having pulled on their boots awaited John's orders as to how they should put out the blaze. The poles of which the camp was built were very dry, and the fire was spreading rapidly.

"The walls are as dry as tinder, and I guess we can't put it out. But we can easily run up another one, boys, and we've rescued everything."

Dawn was now breaking, and leaving John to watch the burning camp they set out for the house with the blankets. When they reached the orchard Joe asked Harold what time it was. Harold felt in his watch pocket, and then gave a long whistle.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I left my watch hung on a nail over my bunk, and it's too late to save it now."

He was very sorry to lose the watch, which had been given to him just before he left home. When they reached the house and told their story it caused quite an excitement in the family. Mr. Hornby gave Harold a watch on his birthday, and the boys remembered that night in camp as a very exciting adventure.



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# The Operation

(Continued from page 8.)

seemed endless. I skirted the vine-covered pergola, threaded the narrow, winding path between the trimmed box, and came out at last, after what seemed a voyage in a nightmare, upon the grassy space beneath the apple trees.

I stood, and stared wildly. There was no one in sight—no dog, no maid, no child. But the gate at the back stood open. I ran and peered out. There was nothing. The yellow high-road that ran along beneath the hedge was empty in both directions. In the wide fields across the road a few red cows were tranquilly grazing.

I turned back. Could it be possible that it was all a nightmare? Had I dreamed, had it been a vision, some trick of the ether-tainted air—that brutal outburst of roars, those screams of little John, that death-mask of the Doctor's face as he went on with his task? Then I saw a small white Teddy-bear lying under one of the trees.

I ran and snatched it up. The grass was trampled heavily all about it. I turned it over in my shaking hands. There was a red stain upon it, a wet stain, which came off on my hands. It was unmistakably blood. I felt weak, and sat down in a sort of heap on the grass. Then I remembered the Doctor—or I'm afraid I should have fainted.

A nurse does not faint. I stood up, holding the Teddy-bear at arm's length, and passed a hand sharply over my eyes to try and clear my brain. My business was simply to find out something for the Doctor. Where had everybody gone to? Where was the maid? Where was Mrs. Barnes? Where was—? But I could not ask myself the rest, the obvious questions. I turned back to the house, with the purpose of searching the kitchen and the yard.

I had to thread again the winding path through the box, again to skirt the vine-wreathed pergola, and I shall never forget how long it seemed to take me. My sense of time must have been completely overthrown, for those few steps seemed to drag through a whole eternity. But at last I did come to the foot of the straight walk leading up to the house.

I could not believe my eyes. There at the foot of the verandah steps, just starting down the path, was the tall figure of the Doctor, with little John perched on his shoulder. Crowding as close as possible to the Doctor's legs, and plainly in high favour, came the massive, tawny form of the great dog. Behind, on the verandah, I saw Mrs. Barnes, her cap on crooked, evidently in high excitement.

My heart gave a great leap, and the garden, the sky, the whole world I am sure, was flooded all at once with a more wonderful sunshine. I ran forward up the path with both hands outstretched—one of them foolishly clutching the Teddy-bear. As I approached, little John reached out his hands for it eagerly, but I said, in the most ordinary tones in the world—

"Wait till I wipe the blood off, Sweet-heart."

Then I tried to take him from his father, but he would not come—though as a rule he was always ready to come to me, from anyone, even from his father—which I could not understand. The Doctor looked at me earnestly.

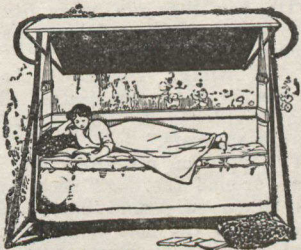
"You are looking very white, Miss Follet," he said quietly. "Will you please go to Miss Simpson now? And I will come in a few minutes and bring you something to steady your nerves. It has been too much for you, child."

"But what—but what did it all mean? I thought I should die!" I panted, incoherently, as I turned away.

A sort of spasm went over his face, at the remembrance of the horror. But he answered very quietly—

"You see, Boy was left alone down there with only Boz to look after him while that wretched girl ran out into the road—to meet some admirer, I suppose—and left the gate open behind her. Then two ruffians—'bad men,' Boy calls them—tramps or Gipsies, I suppose, came in and undertook to kidnap Boy. I think we were both wronging old Boz here, rather hideously, Miss Follet," and he dropped a caressing hand

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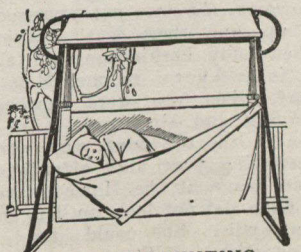
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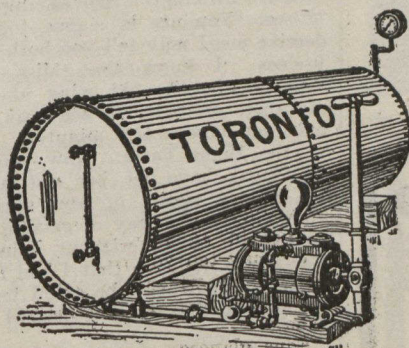


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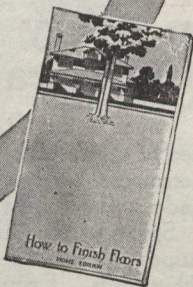
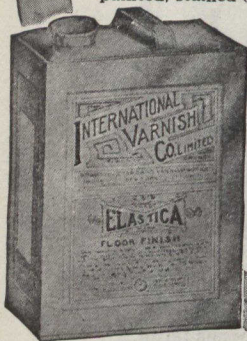
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on the animal's huge head. "In any case, as far as I've been able to gather from Boy, the dog handled them pretty savagely, but they both got away. And Kitty—"

"Oh, how they ran, when Boz let go!" interrupted little John, his cheeks flushed with excitement.

"And Kitty," continued the Doctor, "seems to have disappeared altogether. Too frightened to show herself, Mrs. Barnes suggests."

I dropped on my knees and flung my arms around the dog's neck, and kissed his silken ears—and burst out crying, which was the last thing in the world that a nurse is expected to do, under any circumstances. The dog endured it patiently enough, and the Doctor took my hand and helped me up.

"There, there, child," said he soothingly, "you'll feel better now."

He gave me his own handkerchief, which was nice and big and cool, and didn't smell very much of iodoform. And choking back my sobs I hurried in to look after the little Simpson woman.

## Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 18.)

show of spirit, and for a moment she paused. But then, recovering herself, and drawing herself up with an air of intense surprise at the girl's assurance, she said:

"It is not usual, however, to find young girls braving the opinion of the ladies of the household they enter as you are doing."

This was a challenge, as Edna knew. However, she was not prepared to take it up, and there was another silence. Then Lady Lockington said, sharply:

"It is known to me, Miss Bellamy, that, when you were supposed to be playing and singing to Lord Lockington in the old wing, you were really bestowing your kind attentions on Mr. Tom Kage at the Home Farm."

Edna did not look up, but she became very pale. She could not deny the accusation, without an explanation which she could not give. She could only listen silently, and without raising her eyes.

"Do you deny it?" went on Lady Lockington, sharply.

"I have said all that I can say," said Edna, quietly, aware that she could not help appearing impertinent, but unable to think of any way of getting out of the difficulty she was in without breaking her promise to keep Lord Lockington's whereabouts a secret.

The Viscountess rose in a very whirlwind of indignation. Edna, who knew that it was the dressmaker, Miss Woods, who, having been at the Home Farm this morning when she was there, must have brought the news of her appearance there, thought that she was to be confronted with this woman.

But Lady Lockington rang the bell without speaking, and when her maid answered the summons, told her curtly to send the butler to her. Then she waited, standing by the fireplace in an attitude expressive of intense irritation and annoyance, until Revesby made his appearance.

"Tell me," said she, at once, turning upon the man a look so penetrating that Edna wondered that he could retain his usual woodenness of visage under it, "where Miss Bellamy was this morning when you went into the old wing to let her out, as I believe you usually do."

"Miss Bellamy was in the outer room on the ground floor, my Lady."

Lady Lockington moved impatiently. "I see. You are in league together to deceive me. I may tell you both that it is useless. I know that Miss Bellamy was not in the old wing at all this morning, or that, if she was, it was only for a very few minutes. She was at the Home Farm. Now you, Revesby, must have let her out and have let her in again, or you must have shown her some way of getting out and coming in again without being seen. For I may tell you that I had the doors watched by which she could have come back, and that no one passed through them."

Edna glanced up quickly. That, then, was what had been guarded against when she was sent back underground.



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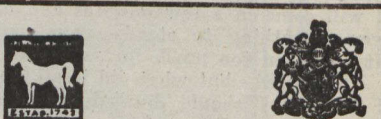
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Revesby looked profoundly ignorant and unmoved.

"I can tell you nothing, my Lady, but what I have said. I came for Miss Bellamy as usual this morning, by his Lordship's orders, and when he had heard music enough I went and I let her out again, as I always do, my Lady."

"As you always do. Very well, I will come with you to the old wing now, and look about a little. I should like to see in what part of it Miss Bellamy got her shoes and dress covered with mud. Come with me, Revesby, and bring the keys."

But the butler stood immovable. "I couldn't let you in there, my Lady," he said, quietly, "without his Lordship's orders. But if you'll write a note to him, I'll take it."

This opposition and suggestion made Lady Lockington furious. "Do you suppose," she asked, haughtily, "that his Lordship would refuse permission to me which he gives freely to this singing girl?"

"Of course not, my Lady. If you will write a letter I will take it."

"I shall write no letter. And if you do not choose to let me into the old wing with the key you have, I shall find means to get in without it."

And she dashed out of the room, leaving Edna and the butler to follow or not as they pleased.

Revesby went close to the young lady as he passed out of the room, and she whispered: "Ought not Lady Lockington to be told?"

She guessed that the butler was sufficiently in the confidence of his master to know exactly what she meant by these words, and his answer reassured her on that point:

"It is his Lordship's express wish," he said, "that she should not be told anything—till it's all over."

Edna could only shudder and be silent, as the butler, as calmly and as woodenly as ever, went quickly downstairs in the wake of Lady Lockington.

He found her at the door leading to the passage which stood between the old wing and the rest of the house. She was shaking the door, trying in vain to open it.

"Unlock this," she said, imperiously, when the butler stood a few steps behind her.

"My Lady, I'm sorry that I cannot without his Lordship's permission."

"Do you think he would refuse to allow me to enter?"

"I am sure he would not, my Lady. Only let me go in and ask him, and I will let you in with pleasure."

"Go in then now, and take him my message: that I desire to go into the lower room of the old wing. You will, I suppose, as you are in some sort of league or agreement with Miss Bellamy, tell him why I want to get in. But that is of no consequence to me. His Lordship will not refuse my request, I know."

"Yes, my Lady."  
Lady Lockington stood back, as if to let him go through. But the butler was too old a bird to be caught in that manner. He waited, respectfully, at a little distance, and Lady Lockington asked him impatiently what he was waiting for.

"For you to retire, my Lady," he replied, with great humility.

But the answer drew from her another outburst of anger. "I will do without you," she said, as she turned indignantly away. "I shall have the door burst open. And I will answer for the act to his Lordship."

The moment she had gone to a safe distance Revesby made a dash for the door, unlocked it, locked and bolted it securely on the inner side, and running along the passage let himself into the lower room of the old wing, and sat down to wait for orders.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

EDNA ran quickly along the passages until she reached her own sitting-room, where she sat down, panting and tearful, on the hearth-rug, and began to sob.

Presently she heard the clang of the luncheon gong, but she paid no heed to it, and sat on, lonely, miserable, and excited, until she heard a footstep in the room, and looked around to see Mrs. Holland standing in the middle of the floor with a very anxious face.

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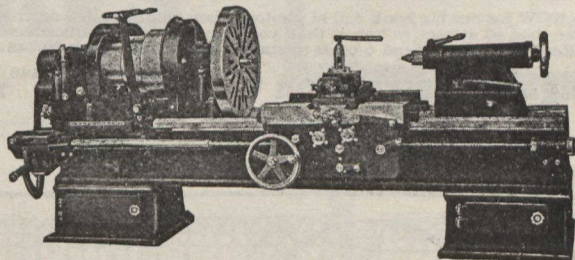
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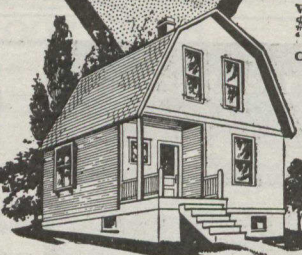


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Edna turned round and looked at her. What did she know?

"You haven't had luncheon, ma'am? I've ordered them to bring you something."

"Oh, thank you. You needn't have taken that trouble. I couldn't eat now."

Mrs. Holland came nearer, and, stooping, looked down at the girl with a troubled expression.

"Dear, dear, this is a sad business, I'm afraid," said she.

Edna signed to her to sit in one of the big armchairs, and kneeling, looked up steadily into her face.

"What is a bad business?" she asked, solemnly.

The traces of tears were still on her face, and the housekeeper inspected her narrowly.

"You know something about it, I'm sure," said Mrs. Holland, slowly.

"Well, yes, of course, I know something. But as I've promised not to speak about it, I mustn't, even to you."

The housekeeper looked hard at her. "Her Ladyship," she said, in a whisper, "will make it very uncomfortable for you."

Edna shook her head, with tears welling up in her eyes again as she answered: "Not for long. I shall be away—soon."

The housekeeper nodded significantly. And Edna decided in her own mind that Mrs. Holland knew all about Lord Lockington's illness.

"But in the way of references," she said, with meaning.

"Well, I shan't refer anybody to her, of course. I shall refer them to you. Not that you could do me much good. I've been here such a short time. However, I don't think I need trouble my head about that. And I don't. I have other things to think about."

Her sorrow was so evident, that she would have betrayed the fact that she had some deep grief at her heart if Mrs. Holland had not known anything about it.

"I'm afraid, my dear," said the housekeeper, laying a kind hand on her shoulder, "that your having been here won't have done you any good. There's so much goes on here," she went on, cautiously, "that doesn't go on anywhere else."

Edna looked at her very hard and nodded without speaking. She had come to the same conclusion, but did not care to betray how much she knew on some points and how little on others.

"I begin to think," went on the housekeeper, slowly, "that there's a good deal goes on that even I don't know anything about. And I am sure there are some things you know more about than I do. However, I don't want to ask you any questions now. Only to warn you to be prepared if alarming things happen, and if Lady Lockington should be disagreeable."

Edna nodded again. "I'm ready to go at any moment," she said.

There was a pause. She did not want to be the first to allude to the secret of Lord Lockington's illness, although she thought it probable that the housekeeper knew all about it.

"Has Lady Lockington forced her way in, as she said she would," she asked after a pause, "into the old wing?"

Mrs. Holland frowned in distress. "Sh-sh," she said, "I hope she'll think better of it."

Edna was dying to ask a question, but it was a delicate one, and she hesitated.

"Doesn't he ever speak to her when she comes here?" she asked at last in a whisper.

The housekeeper, with a sort of furtive look, shook her head. "That's one of the troubles," she answered, in a low voice. "My Lady knows that he speaks to Revesby, and even to me sometimes, though he never sees us, or rather, never lets us see him. I suppose you know all about that?" she said, with sudden sharpness.

Edna nodded gravely. "Yes, and about the accident to Lord Lockington, and the disfigurement. But, Mrs. Holland, tell me one thing." Still on her knees, the girl came nearer, and, placing one hand on the housekeeper's shoulder, looked earnestly into her kindly face: "Supposing Lord Lockington were to fall ill"—the housekeeper shivered, but whether with knowledge or fear the girl did not know—"what would happen



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then? Would he see his wife then? He ought to, don't you think so?"

But Mrs. Holland shook her head with great decision. "When a couple have lived apart as many years as they have," she said, quietly, "it's not for others to say what they should or should not do at such a time—or at any time. It's best to leave it to themselves."

"And wouldn't he want to see her—at such a time?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't," said the housekeeper, frankly.

"And wouldn't she want to see him?"

"She might—in certain circumstances," said Mrs. Holland, with less decision.

"But it would be no use."

"She might want to ask his forgiveness if she'd ever done anything to give him pain, for instance?" urged the girl, remembering what had been told about the last occasion on which the Viscountess had seen her husband, when she had fainted away at the sight.

"Oh, no, she wouldn't want to do that. But if she thought anyone had come between them in the matter of money, why, then she might wish to see him to try to make it right."

"For herself?"

"Yes."

Edna shuddered. She began to understand better Lord Lockington's anxiety to be where he could not be discovered.

"No," said the housekeeper with emphasis. "There's no need to ask what ought to be done in such a case, as things would settle themselves as far as those two were concerned easily enough. What might be asked is whether his Lordship's cousin ought not to be sent for, that he was always so fond of, and that her Ladyship was always so jealous of."

"Jealous?" inquired Edna.

"Yes. Master Jack used to be here often when he was a young boy, and my Lord was a young man. That was before I came here. And then when my Lord had no children of his own he would have liked to have his cousin and heir to live with him. But my Lady would never hear of it, and so he had to go and live away, for fear of exciting my Lady's displeasure, especially when she had gone her way and my Lord his."

"I should have thought," Edna said, "that he would have had his young cousin back, when she was away, for then it could not have mattered to her."

But the housekeeper contradicted this.

"It mattered so much," she said, "that his coming would have brought my Lady to live at the Hall altogether. And, though I'm aware this sounds more like gossip than it ought—I'm of opinion myself that, my Lord and my Lady not having got on too well, and he not being pleased with her way of taking his accident and its results, my Lord wouldn't have asked his young cousin here, for fear his doing so should have brought my Lady back."

To Edna this separation of husband and wife, especially now that the former was ill, was a very dreadful thing. It seemed to her that a strong effort ought to be made by somebody to bring them together, if only just at the last. For him to die unreconciled and unforgiving seemed an awful calamity.

There was another thing that troubled her. "And this cousin that he's so fond of, wouldn't he be able to see him if he were very ill, and if he wanted to?"

asked she, cautiously feeling her way, and keeping a very keen eye on the housekeeper.

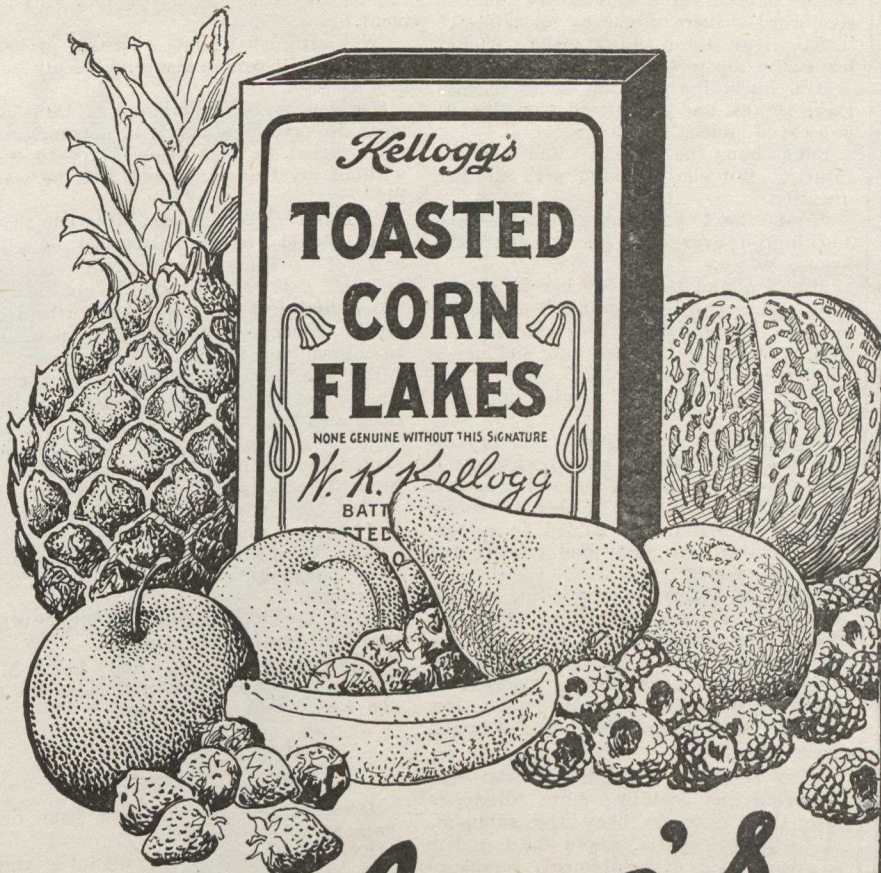
"Mrs. Holland, however, shook her head again: "Not while my Lady's here," she said. "There'd be too much fuss made, and my Lord hates a fuss."

Edna looked slightly incredulous. "Lord Lockington," she persisted, softly, "is a man who is fond of having his own way, isn't he?"

"Oh, hush, my dear. Yes, of course he is. But that's not exactly how one puts it when speaking of a nobleman. He is determined, accustomed to be obeyed, of course."

"And yet, according to what you say, he has never had this young cousin with him since his marriage, although he used to be as fond of him as if he had been his own son?"

"No. But it's just as well, as I have said, since my Lady would be sure to think it was prejudicial to her interests, and there might be trouble, or if not exactly trouble, yet—the house-



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keeper paused for a sufficiently inoffensive word—"there might be uneasiness."

"For fear Lord Lockington should leave him his property?"

"Oh, hush, it's not for us to discuss these things, and I'm afraid you already know too much."

Edna hung her head and smiled faintly. But she persisted with another question.

"And don't you think that Lord Lockington ever sees his cousin?" she asked, softly.

Mrs. Holland looked at her in alarm. "No, of course he doesn't," she said, rather anxiously. "How can he see him, when he never goes out, and never receives anybody?"

Edna bent her head again, but said nothing.

The silence that followed was broken by the arrival of Lady Lockington's maid, who looked flushed and worried. She said her Ladyship wished to speak to Mrs. Holland, and added in a low voice, which was just loud enough for Edna to hear:

"She's in a terrible way. She has an idea that there's something going on that's being kept from her, and she wants Revesby to take her into the old wing, but he keeps making excuses. I don't know what's going to happen, but there's something," added the maid, nervously.

Mrs. Holland left Edna, who was shivering and looking more disconsolate than ever, to obey the summons of Lady Lockington, whom she found in a great state of excitement, complaining that the butler would not admit her into the old wing, and that he had taken her letter, so he said, to Lord Lockington, but had brought no answer back.

What did Mrs. Holland think? Would she undertake to go to the old wing, and to ask Lord Lockington if there were any answer to her note?

"I will tell you frankly," her Ladyship went on, "that my letter to his Lordship concerns this singing girl, Miss Bellamy. I am very sorry you ever introduced her into the house, Mrs. Holland, as she is a young person who strongly gives me the impression that she is not to be trusted."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear you say so, my Lady. And I don't think you will find my Lord agree with you. He expressed himself very well pleased with her music, and also with her modest manners and gentle ways."

Lady Lockington raised her eyebrows. "The word modesty has changed its meaning if Miss Bellamy is very modest," she said, sharply. "She was at Mr. Kage's this morning, when she was supposed to be singing and playing to Lord Lockington."

Mrs. Holland flushed and looked troubled. This interview was taking place in the White Saloon, which they had all to themselves.

"I want you to go to the old wing, and to try to get an answer to my letter from my Lord."

The housekeeper hesitated. Even while she did so, there were sounds of footsteps in the hall outside, and the housekeeper drew back a little as they came nearer to the door.

Lady Lockington, uneasy, looked from the woman before her to the door, and back again.

"Who is it?" she asked, quickly. "I don't know, my Lady. But I heard the front door open just now. It's a visitor, I suppose."

"I've said that I'm not at home to anybody."

But the words were not out of her mouth when the door opened, and a footman announced: "Mr. Ringford, my Lady."

The Viscountess turned pale. Mr. Ringford was Lord Lockington's solicitor, and never came down from London except on business of the most important kind, and not unless he was sent for.

"Lord Lockington has sent for you?" she asked, as the housekeeper withdrew.

"He sent for me very early this morning, your Ladyship, and I came at once," said Mr. Ringford, as he took the chair she offered him. "I regret to have to communicate the gravest news about him."

Lady Lockington clenched her hands tightly, with a sudden intuition. "Do you mean that he's ill, without my having been informed of the fact, although

I'm in the house?" she asked in amazement.

"Not only that, but—there is graver news still to communicate, I deeply regret to say."

She began to understand. "Do you mean to say," she asked, in a trembling voice, "that he was allowed to—to die without my being informed that he was ill?"

"I believe that it was his wish that you should not be disturbed by the news of his illness sooner than could be helped," said Mr. Ringford, guardedly. "And doubtless the end came with too much suddenness for it to be possible to inform you in time."

But the lady had suspicions that this was not exactly a true statement of the case, and that the lawyer knew it.

"It is a most shocking thing," she said, indignantly, "that he should have been allowed to die without having me by his side, without having his nearest and dearest round him."

"One of his relations was with him, your Ladyship," said Mr. Ringford, reassuringly.

Lady Lockington turned white. "Who was it?" she asked, faintly.

"His young cousin and heir, Mr. John Lockington, was with him up to the last," said the lawyer.

(To be continued.)

**Ownership.**—"Do you own your own home?"

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**To the Point.**—Politics consists of two sides and a fence.—Atchison Globe.

**Literature.**—A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of the public school.

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### THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE  
 Is the only line reaching all these resorts.

THE KIND YOU CATCH WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT.

MUSKOKA LAKES—Black Bass, Pickerel, Salmon Trout.  
 KAWARTHA LAKES—Speckled Trout, Black Bass and Maskinonge.  
 LAKE OF BAYS—Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout, and Black Bass.  
 ALGONQUIN PARK—Speckled Trout, Black Bass, and Salmon Trout.  
 TEMAGAMI—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout, and Wall-eyed Trout.  
 LAKE NIPISSING—Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, and Pike  
 GEORGIAN BAY—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, and Trout.

**OPEN SEASONS.**  
 BLACK BASS—June 16th to April 14th following year.  
 SPECKLED TROUT—May 1st to September 14th.  
 SALMON TROUT AND LAKE TROUT—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year.  
 MASKINONGE—June 16th to April 14th following year.  
 PICKEREL—May 16th to April 14th the following year.

Write to the following Agents for full particulars—how to get there, maps, rates, etc.: A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario; J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Quebec; W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. BELL, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.





"WORTH GOIN' FOR"