

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Two Little Boys and a Big Panther

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

Aime Geoffrion, Eminent Avocat

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

Two Types of Women

BY JEAN BLEWETT

In Milady's Garden

BY MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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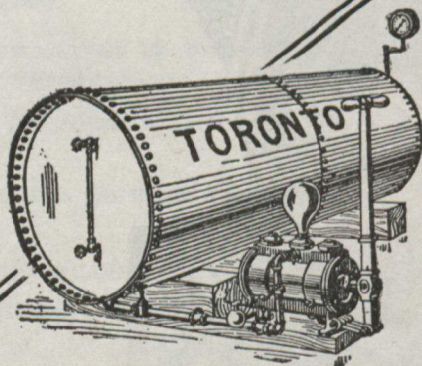
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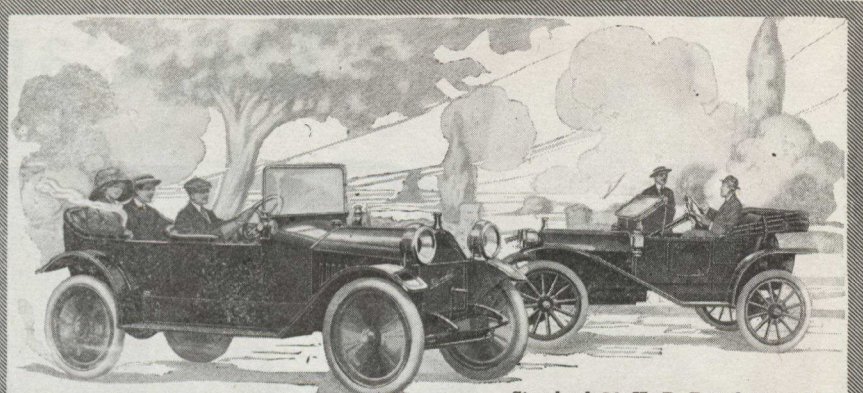
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 12

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Editor's Talk

EVERY person loves a funny story—and there is one in this issue which is both clever and humorous. It is an interview with Mr. Aime Geoffrion, barrister, Montreal, done and penned by Augustus Bridle. Besides being true, it is illuminating—sometimes the two do not meet in the same piece of writing.

* * *

Next week's issue will be a Home Products number, and it will be considerably larger than the regular issues of the "Courier." It will contain pictures illustrative of the work in more than fifty representative factories. The articles which are to appear in it have been carefully selected so as to appeal to the general reader as well as to everybody engaged in manufacturing. They will treat, not of the technical side of manufacturing, but of outstanding features and problems that are of interest to every Canadian.

A forecast of the special articles to appear in this number is as follows: Frank P. Megan will tell of the problem faced by manufacturers who wish to keep step with Canada's wonderful development and yet invest their capital sanely. W. A. Craick will deal with the democratization of capital—showing the part played by the small sums of many people in the making of big concerns. W. P. Lambert will treat of Western Canada's problem concerning home markets; and still another feature of Canada's industrial life will be handled by T. A. Russell. Augustus Bridle will deal with big businesses that have grown from small, humble beginnings, and W. A. Clarke will tell of some of the remarkable records in various lines of production.

Attractive, interesting and informative, the Home Products number will be a timely contribution to the wonderful story of the strides which this young but vast and rapidly-progressing country is making.



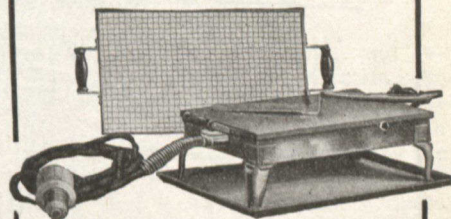
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"My dear, it's simplicity itself. The Gurney Economizer, which you cannot get on any other range, regulates the fire simply by putting one small lever up or down. You never heard of anything so simple. And by a system of divided flues the oven is always uniformly heated. You know what that means—biscuits, bread, roasts, not one half overdone and the other half underdone, but properly done all through. Yes, my dear, you take my advice as I took mother's, and get a Gurney-Oxford Range."

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TORONTO - CANADA

MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER

(1)

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Great Chance.—Artist (surprising a burglar)—"Stay just where you are for five minutes. The light effect is simply fine!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Necessary.—"Why do you always eat a square meal before dining out?"
"So I can give my entire attention to the management of the various knives and forks."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Admonition.—The widower had just taken his fourth wife and was showing her around the village. Among the places visited was the churchyard, and the bride paused before a very elaborate tombstone that had been erected by the bridegroom. Being a little nearsighted, she asked him to read the inscriptions, and in reverent tones he read:

"Here lies Susan, beloved wife of John Smith, and Jane, beloved wife of John Smith, and Mary, beloved wife of John Smith."

He paused abruptly and the bride leaning forward to see the bottom line, read to her horror:

"Be Ye Also Ready."—*National Monthly*.

Generous Lad.—Old Lady (to newsboy)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"

Newsboy—"No, mum; but I kin give you a cigarette."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Not Crazy.—"Do you think Oscar proposed to me merely on account of my money?"

"Well, my dear, you know he must have had some reason."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Brilliant Idea.—Artist—"I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose."

Critic—"Why not give it to an institution for the blind?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Surprised.—"Have you ever been married before?" asked the license clerk.

"Great heavens, young man!" exclaimed the experienced prima donna. "Don't you read the papers?"

Whereupon she wired immediately instructions to discharge her press agent.—*Washington Star*.

Pessimist's Definition.—Freddie—"What's an optimist, dad?"

Cobwigger—"He's the fellow who doesn't know what's coming to him."—*Lippincott's*.

A Common Type.—"What sort of a chap is Wombat to camp with?"

"He's one of these fellows who always takes down a mandolin about the time it's up to somebody to get busy with the frying pan."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mistaken.—Mr. Timid (hearing noise at 2 a.m.)—"I th—think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house."

His Wife (scornfully)—"Not in this room."—*Tit-Bits*.

Up-to-the-Minute.—"Some class to our graduating exercises, believe me."

"Aw, roped in some senator, I s'pose."
"Senator nothing. We had the diplomas delivered by a southpaw pitcher. Some class, eh?"—*Kansas City Journal*.

Defined Again.—"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagog?"

"A demagog, my son, is a man who can rock the boat himself and persuade everybody that there's a terrible storm at sea."—*Washington Star*.

Too Much Civilization.—It is possible to over-civilize the ex-cannibal. The Hon. J. H. Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of Papua, and brother of the Greek Professor at Oxford, has been telling a story to that effect.

There was a wreck off the coast, a lifeboat was being launched, and the village aboriginal constable was summoned to the scene.

"All right," he cheerily responded. "I'll be there as soon as I have had a shave."—*Daily Chronicle*.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XII.

August 17, 1912

No. 12

The Role of Governor-General

FEW people are covering more ground or passing more eventful days this summer than the vice-regal party from Rideau Hall. Within a month His Royal Highness has travelled at least three thousand miles. He has visited many Canadian towns, talked with dozens of leading citizens and received the huzzas of the loyal multitude. A few weeks ago, the Duke and Princess Patricia were at the middle of Canada. Winnipeg welcomed them in forty tongues. The Russian Jew who had fled the Cossack whip of the Czar, the green-capped Englishman who had steered it to the Land of Promise, the adopted United Stateser, who avowed himself a Democrat—were one in their tribute to the representatives of the Imperial Sovereign. From Winnipeg vice-regality took a long jump to the Maritime Provinces. They have been to Prince Edward Island and viewed the great white sea beaches of the "Million Acre Farm"; they have heard the hum of the thriving steel industry in Nova Scotia and watched miles of fruitful orchards in New Brunswick. The pictures on this page show how Charlottetown turned out to honour the Duke, and they indicate that the men of the older and more staid East are just as hearty in their greeting as those of the young and buoyant prairie.

Indeed, everywhere—in Toronto, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Montreal, Sydney, Charlottetown—the spontaneity of the attitude of the Canadian people to the Duke and his family has been most marked.

THIS means more than appears on the surface. It is easy to explain the enthusiasm of those who follow a political leader. Theodore Roosevelt appeals to the "Bull Mooseters" in Chicago as a stirring individual embodying certain principles and personal qualities which they admire, and they cheer for him. The Duke does not attempt to thrill his audiences with oratory. He claims no "policies." Yet, when he comes into their midst thousands of hard-working people all over the Dominion close their offices, don gala attire and line up twelve deep on the roadway to cheer his carriage on its stately way.

THE esteem of the Canadian people for their Governor-General is to a degree a measure of the unique position he holds among public officials on this continent. Canadians are deferent, sometimes almost reverential towards him. When the Duke drives to the races, a turfman, no matter how emotional, would not think of deposing the proud postillions and dragging the vice-regal carriage inside the gates. The Governor-General is never received in that hectic, baseball-fan style which the United States exhibits so often to the President. The Chief Executive of the American Republic is elected by the people on a political platform. He belongs to the people. The Governor-General is not in politics, nor is he of the people. He is a diplomat from the old world who discharges

THE DUKE VISITS PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



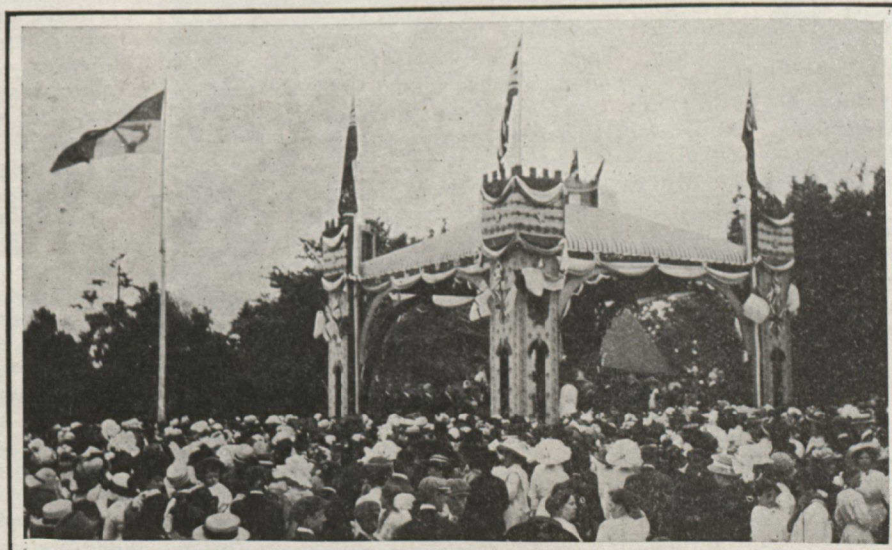
AT CHARLOTTETOWN DEPOT.

The Duke and Princess Patricia Leaving the Railway Station.



THE GALA CARRIAGE.

The Vice-Regal Party Driving to Government House, Charlottetown.



THE WELCOME IN THE PARK.

The Duke Says "Thank You" to the P.E.I. Government for Their Loyal Reception. Photographs Bayer, Charlottetown.

certain executive functions, and represents somewhat in Canada the sovereignty which is invested in the King of England. Except it be in sympathy and zeal for democracy, the Governor-General is not "American," using that word to include Ottawa as well as Washington. The head of the Canadian Government resembles more the President of the Republic of France than the occupant of the White House. The French President is divorced from active politics and sits in exclusive majesty; like him, the Governor-General is part of the Government, but not of it.

ASIDE from the constitutional prestige of his office and the glitter of his rank, the Governor-General has an important role in the national life of the Dominion. That is as a personage. Grey was a luminous personality, a creator of Canadian public opinion, who will be remembered by posterity as such as well as for his pro-consulship. A

Downing Street rule is that the Governor-General must steer clear of local politics. That would seem to fetter his activity completely. But it works out that the Governor-General may give his time to those national movements parliamentarians do not care to handle.

THERE is a deep meaning in such duties as laying corner-stones and accepting loyal addresses which comprise the Governor-General's daily round. A critic of very republican leanings might complain that he could not see the value of functions like these; that they were a perpetual fete at the expense of the Canadian taxpayer. But this is exactly what we pay for. While Mr. Republican is taking a sun bath in his sail-boat these fine August days, the Governor-General is about his business, trowel in hand; mingling with the people of Canada, a reminder to them in his very presence of the traditions overseas which made the Dominion possible; the disinterested and impartial arbiter of subtle problems of their nationhood.

THE incessant travelling on trains and steamboats, daily necessity of greeting thousands of strange people, constant subjection to the inspection of the populace are a strain which few of us who take a holiday when the Duke comes to town, realize that he undergoes. It was reported the other day that King George, who has been "doing" the British Isles pretty thoroughly this summer, is showing signs of the wear and tear of the functions which he has attended. In Canada His Majesty's uncle is performing the same social duties to the Canadian people. Uncle and nephew hard at work in the heat of summer, while the holiday world looks to the seashore and mountains—surely princes are not indulged by their subjects these days. No presidential candidate labours more strenuously and is required to be more omnipresent. The Duke has the work of a politician and the ceremonial responsibility of a June bridegroom.

Personalities and Problems

10---Aime Geoffrion, K.C., Eminent Avocat

Apt at Cross-Examining Other Men, He is as Apt to Flabbergast an Interviewer

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

MONTREAL has something less than a thousand lawyers, many of them gathered in from the tin-spire villages down the St. Lawrence. For law is a passion in Quebec. Doubtful if there are ten of the lot at all like the eminent avocat who lately represented Quebec in the argument on the Lancaster Bill before the Supreme Court: Professor of civil law at McGill; occasional advocate before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; and nine years ago, then a keen-cut, lean man of thirty-one, junior counsel for the Dominion Government in the Alaska Boundary arbitration.

I think Aime Geoffrion was born to law as the sparks fly upward. He wears his court gown with the severe distinction of an ascetic to whom law is a cold, critical passion. When a youth at Laval and later at McGill, where he was a gold medalist, it's doubtful if he ever got the least bit daft over English poetry or went out bobsledding with the boys to the dingdong of French *chansons*. He would have made an almost terrible student of surgical anatomy. Or in the priesthood he would have spotted a heresy the size of a flea.

Aime Geoffrion is the bloodless impersonation of argument. This may sound like abuse; but it's really a compliment. At the same time I am sure it will not magnificently please "M'sieu Aime." He does not live to be pleased; neither to please—others. So far as he can be judged from half an hour's talk in his office, he has made a practice of vivisectioning other people in the courts. And I can think of no man able to do it with finer nicety of technique.

The office in which the eminent avocat and quite distinguished maker of briefs pays rent is on lower St. James St., below Place d'Armes. It is one of those queer office buildings where the offices rise deck by deck seven decks high round a square that lets in the light. Floor after floor the doors are gilded with French names, among which legal signs are not at all uncommon; but there is no sign towards which men hasten with more expectation than to the sign Geoffrion, Geoffrion & Cusson, Avocats. It is somewhere near the top; a dingy sort of place; at the entrance a long waiting room, telephone booth, clerk's desk and a bench for those who may prefer to wait a good while for M'sieu Aime rather than see anybody else in the firm.

Mr. Geoffrion was not in his office whose windows overlook St. James. He was still at court. He is much at court; perhaps more than any other lawyer in Montreal except Mr. Eugene Lafleur, with whom he sometimes has the last word in expert argument. I had heard considerable about the legal mind of this luminary; with what deadly analysis he is able to rip up the fabric of other counsel's arguments and to cross-examine witnesses into a state of befuddlement. Naturally I had likened him to a tremendously expert spider, quite without animosity or the least ill will towards "M'sieu Aime." I found myself examining all the evidence for and against him while I waited on the bench. Another man came, gabbled some French at the clerk and sat down beside me. He was waiting to see the avocat. Being able to talk French besides being a *bona fide* client, no doubt he would get ahead of the interviewer.

EVERY now and then the clerk talked French at the telephone. French with all its fascination is sometimes singularly irritating. Over the telephone with its quick, impatient "Oui-oui's," it gives the listener a feeling of uneasiness. I knew that Aime Geoffrion, with his academic education, was a master of French—and of English. The big, gloomy courts of the bi-lingual city, greystone almost black with age and weather-wet from the mists of the St. Lawrence, are to him something what St. James Cathedral is to the Archbishop. Without the least unkindness to either of these eminent men, I wished as I waited, that for one day they might be compelled to swap places; mainly that Mr. Geoffrion might find himself involved in a ceremony and a ritual that would tangle him up so that no court finesse could extricate him.

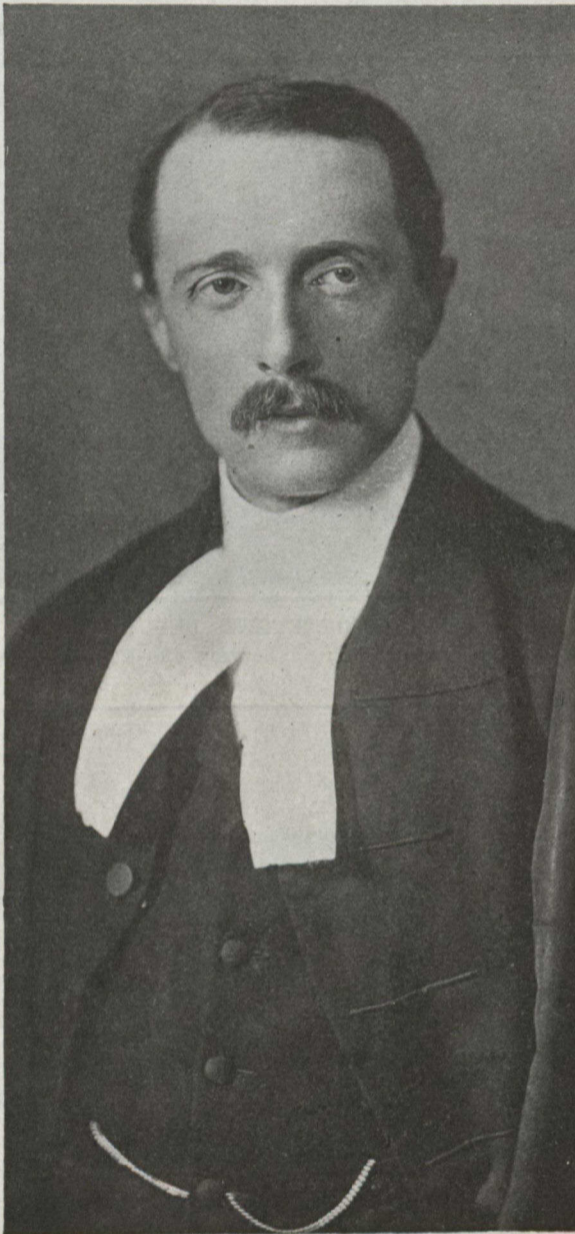
In fact I was a shade nervous about Mr. Geoffrion. Two days I had been thinking up things to ask him that might interest the public in his evidence. The syllabus of briefs I had concocted would have

made the material for a book much more compendious than a French law-book, on the cause and cure of civilization. And the more the man next to me fidgeted and fumbled, and the oftener the clerk jargoned at the telephone, the more I hypnotized myself into the belief that if I could get Mr. Geoffrion to answer lucidly half the questions I had prepared for him I should have evidence enough almost to reconstruct the State.

Soon the client shot out.

I felt certain he would meet Mr. Geoffrion.

In five minutes he came back, at the heels of a



"The bloodless impersonation of argument."

very swift, somewhat lean personage carrying a brief-bag. They hustled into a front office, where they were soon engaged in a loud parley in English.

So if this was Aime Geoffrion, he obviously had English-speaking clients; though there are in Montreal plenty of English lawyers. Also it was clear that Mr. Geoffrion could use the English language much more fluently and discriminately than his client. He spoke like a trip-hammer. Out of every ten words at least seven were his. There was evidently no time to lose. The clients' doubts must be cleared up more swiftly than a nor-wester cleans up a cloud.

The clerk interrupted at the door—

"Long-distawnce, M'sieu Aime?"

For a minute and thirteen and three-quarter seconds the avocat held a conversation in English. Back to the office again. Soon the client had all his fog removed. He went out. The clerk signified that M'sieu Aime was now at liberty. I went in; intimating, without explicitly saying so, that I would like to cross-examine him upon a few subjects of interest to other people.

"Why?"

There is one kind of silence that follows the lightning; and a silence that succeeds to the racket of an automobile at two a.m. And there is the singular, uncomfortable, almost creepy stillness that comes after a query by Aime Geoffrion. I knew at once that I was a sheer intrusion, if not a rank impertinence. There was no reason why any newspaper should seek to know anything from the avocat of St. James. Yet here he was consuming valuable time trying to find out why he was to be interviewed.

However, he sat down. So did I.

THE court was opened. Aime Geoffrion was supposedly in the witness box; when he had no earthly idea what was the case upon which he was expected to give evidence. He leaned his thin, intellectual face upon his tapering white fingers and looked through the crannies of my soul. He did not need to say how foolish I looked to him. I cannot describe how bloodlessly uncanny he felt to me.

To make himself still more disquieting he smiled. It was a freezing, Arctic smile.

"Well—I am ready. What do you wish to ask me?"

Candidly there wasn't anything I wanted to ask Aime Geoffrion, K.C. I should have preferred to escort my hat to the kindly street.

"Your own profession—uh, there should be—in fact I'm quite sure there are—some (frog in the throat)—some points of interest—"

He executed a scientific squirm in his low, big chair, crossed his legs, and the left foot bobbed in scornful impatience.

"I don't see why the public have the remotest interest in what a lawyer thinks about law," he said, cuttingly.

Another of those creepy silences.

"Well—you still continue to prefer law to—that is you have never been tempted to go into—business?"

"But what has that to do with the public?"

He was perfectly right. I was maligning the poor public to suppose that any prying into Mr. Geoffrion's affairs could be interesting to any but the writer of an obituary; and Mr. Geoffrion is just forty years of age, with every obvious intention of cross-examining other people for a good many years to come.

"Except that many lawyers make law a sort of stepping-stone or side issue to business that they think they can make more out of than at law."

It seemed at least a trifle ironical that the French advocate should use very much better English than his interviewer. However, I fancy he enjoyed the spectacle; and perhaps in some pity for my blundering efforts to draw him out he condescended to say.

"Well, I studied for the bar. I went into law. I am still in law, and I make my living by it. I suppose I like it or I should be doing something else. But what of that?"

"Oh, nothing. No—but the practice of law is perhaps different now from what it was?"

"In what way do you mean?"

THE only other sort of person that could come back with such cutting polite rejoinders is a perfectly aristocratic lady who finds herself suddenly compelled to converse with a stenographer. However,

"For instance, Mr. Geoffrion, big corporations have had some influence on legal practice, have they not?"

"Yes, corporations are intricate affairs. But what does it matter?"

"Have they not considerably modified the actual business of the country; so that—?"

He gave a shrug.

"I do not know that. I am not an economist."

"But I suppose that a great lawyer is always a student of economy."

He seemed to be much more fascinating now than the poster picture of the black boy that points his finger at you for a block and a half along the street.

"Oh, a lawyer is to some extent jack of all trades and master of none. To-day he may be posted upon one subject. To-morrow something else may obliterate it from his mind. There is nothing strange about that."

"Then you have some remote resemblance to a journalist?"

Considering the circumstances this seemed palpably absurd. But he admitted that there might be some analogy.

"Do you think the legal profession is overcrowded?"

"At the bottom—yes."

By this time I concluded that it was really nobody else's business but Mr. Geoffrion's what he thought about law. From this point on, the cross-examination was more promiscuous; when there was nobody but Mr. Geoffrion to decide how wild were the questions asked; such a hodgepodge of queries pertinent and impertinent as would have been ruled out of order by any judge. It was clear enough that when a shrewd advocate is out of court he has no business to prove the adage that "a fool can ask a question that ten wise men cannot answer." It didn't much matter what I asked him now. So I let go at random, with about as much logical sequence as a census-taker.

"You have seen much of Montreal?"

"I was born here."

"You have observed great changes?"

"Yes——" (Upward inflection.)

"Are you still member of the International Waterways Commission?"

"No, the Tories turned me out. I was really appointed in an interregnum."

"Nine years ago, I believe, you were junior counsel for the Canadian Government in the Alaskan Boundary Dispute?"

"I was."

"Then you have considerably studied international problems?"

"No, not considerably."

"But you have observed a somewhat remarkable influence of the United States upon Canada."

"Certainly. That is inevitable. It is obvious."

"Uh—is Montreal being Americanized as much as say Toronto or Winnipeg?"

"I do not know. I am myself a Montrealer and a French-Canadian. Therefore I do not see Montreal as clearly as——"

I felt sure he would say ironically—"as other people do who come here once in a while." But he added,

"As I do other cities."

"And you have noticed near resemblances between Toronto and any American city of its class?"

"Yes. To me Toronto is much like an under-sized New York."

"And do you expect Montreal to Americanize as much?"

"I do not think so."

"What are your reasons?"

"The French are more difficult to Americanize. They are more conservative and traditional."

"But is there not already some change?"

Again he executed the bewildering squirm and trained his acute lenses on the cross-examiner. Another silence. It seemed as though he would be guilty of contempt of court in refusing to answer.

"I mean the modern French movement in Canada——"

"Is there one? I have not observed it. What do you mean?"

"That the French in Canada are becoming more like modern France than formerly."

"I do not think so."

Another hiatus was beginning to begin.

"But the French and the English in Montreal—are they not crossing lines in business as never before?"

"There always has been interchange. That does not extend to social relations—not so much. The French are still largely a separatist element."

I regretted to hear Mr. Geoffrion admit this. For in spite of my former aversion, I was beginning to like him. He was a stimulus to mental activity. The smoothly beveled character of his deliverances, the swiftness with which he gathered them together and served them out with the finesse of a smooth cricketer or a fencing champion, made me unconscious of the almost foolish handicap under which he was answering such a variety of random questions.

"Montreal, however—is cosmopolitan?"

"Yes—I hope so."

"She is destined to become—a world city?"

"There again I am no prophet. Perhaps so. I only know clearly what Montreal is now and what it has been in my own time."

"Take, for example, the Jews—so conspicuous in the recent Quebec elections?"

"Surely. The Jews are good Liberals—mainly. They have their reasons."

"Do you think they expect separate schools?"

"I do not know that."

"Would it be a wise thing to——?"

"No, I think not. I see no reason why the Jews or any other foreign nationalities should be permitted to withdraw their support from the public

schools."

"Do you observe any difference between Roumanian and Russian Jews?"

"They are all Jews to me."

Perhaps M'sieu Aime was not aware that for three laps back now I had been coming to a break in the thread. With all his court-room casuistry and his remarkable insight into the gropings of other men's minds, did he foresee that the next question would be political?

"At this distance from the last Federal elections, Mr. Geoffrion, do you still believe in reciprocity?"

Another silence. He seemed to be cogitating. He looked away at the opposite wall.

"I mean—economically."

"I am considering it."

He continued to ruminate. There is a specific value in a mind able to detach itself dispassionately from party politics and prejudices and bigotries. The opinions of such a mind are apt to be of more consequence than those of the political enthusiast. Mr. Geoffrion has that detachment of intellect. He has the qualities of a judge. And he was still considering reciprocity—though himself a Liberal.

"The country has declared against reciprocity," he said, deliberately. "I do not think it will be revived soon. It is perhaps a dead issue."

"Yes, but suppose that in the West this year there should be a tremendous crop such as the railways could not get out to the terminals——?"

He waved the question aside with brusque impatience.

"The West said they wanted it once. What happened? The West turned down the very party that was prepared and pledged to give them reciprocity. I think the West is a huge baby. It cries for something, but does not know what it wants. They have talked of secession—bah!"

"Economically, would it be any harm to have some free interchange of natural products?"

"Well, the East does not need it. We have reciprocity now."

The examination was nearly done. So far Mr. Geoffrion had demonstrated that he was able to adjust himself to a farce as though it were really a serious matter. He had disarmed suspicion and aroused curiosity. He had spoken with almost generous candor and had admirably kept control of his temper under exasperating conditions. There was but one more question I wanted to ask him—whether important or impertinent.

I took up my hat. He rose to permit me to leave the court.

"Have you ever had any temptation to enter political life?"

"None whatever," he snapped.

A look of recapitulatory disgust came into the ascetic lineaments of his face.

"That is the only sensible answer I have made since you came in," he said. "The rest is wild talk, I am sure."

"Thank you, Mr. Geoffrion! I am glad indeed to have had this opportunity of——"

"The same to you," he said. "Good-afternoon."

The street was crowded. I almost ran down to the Place d'Armes. Never had I felt such relief except when escaping from a farmer's dog. The spectre of Aime Geoffrion, K.C., seemed to pursue me. It was with me at the hotel; at dinner; on the street; down in the poppy-eyed glamour of Chinatown and along St. Lawrence Main.

And after I had gone to sleep, I still dreamed that Aime Geoffrion was cross-examining me to find any good reason why I should not be hanged by the neck till I was dead.

Seeing Natural Resources—and Voters



Northern Ontario is the Theme of All the Ontario Politicians and Business Men. "Seeing" This New Country Has Become a Pastime. Mr. Rowell, Leader of the Ontario Opposition, Recently Led a Party of His Followers Through the District. This Week There is a Big Excursion of the Associated Boards of Trade to Northern Ontario.



Mr. Rowell Did Not Overlook the Women and Children. He is Here Seen Lunching With Them in the Big Church Driving Shed at Earlton, One of the New Towns of the North. There Were Men Present, of Course, and This is Only a Small Section of the Big Party of Pioneers Assembled on This Occasion.

The Blue Cornucopia

How Matters Were Changed Because of the Search For It

By KATHARINE TYNAN

CECILIA WADE was very fond of her Aunt Jane, being a sweet-natured creature, and apt to be disproportionately grateful for kindnesses small or great. Seeing that she had had it drummed into her from babyhood that her aunt was her best friend, having done more for her than could be expected in giving her food and shelter from the world, she might well believe it. Her father, Robert Wade, had broken the hearts of all his family, according to Miss Jane Wade, by marrying a little French governess whom he had met accidentally on the Dover and Calais boat.

Other people might have thought that Miss Wade owed something to Cecilia for youth chained to her sofa and tender service most willingly rendered. But that point of view had not occurred to Miss Wade. Nor to Cecilia, for the matter of that. Cecilia acted as an unpaid nurse and maid to her Aunt Jane, read to her, wrote her letters, did her shopping and paid her bills, superintended the gardener, looked after the cats and dogs and the canary—in fact, did a hundred things, and had in return just food and shelter, the clothes she stood up in, and the tiniest allowance of pocket money.

A good many people would have been glad to be kind to Cecilia, who was a charming girl to look at—tall, slender, with brown eyes at once gentle and vivacious, a fine, colourless skin, a delightful smile, and the French politeness. The latter was something Aunt Jane never approved of in her niece. Cecilia had few people to show politeness to beyond the servants and the tradespeople, with whom Miss Wade thought her niece's manners sadly out of place. Miss Wade did not welcome casual acquaintances, she said. She had her own old friends—not one under seventy years of age. Living in London, she was not troubled by callers. When any acquaintance was offered to her she rejected it. What did she want with new people at her time of life? She never thought of Cecilia.

Cecilia was quite well aware, and had not grumbled over it, that Miss Wade's money had been spent in the purchase of an annuity, so that when the old lady was gone there would be no provision for her. To do Miss Wade justice, the money had been so invested before Cecilia had come to her—a little black-clad, white-faced orphan of seven. It had not seemed to trouble her that death would leave the girl unprovided for, beyond what her furniture and jewels and lace and other possessions might bring. She had not thought to cut down any expenses—to do without a carriage, for instance, as she might well have done in a London square. She would have said that she was Admiral Wade's daughter, and that she owed it to her father's memory to live in the way he had accustomed her to live. If Robert had wasted his substance in riotous living instead of providing for his daughter that was not to be laid at his sister's door. In her own estimation she had done more than anyone could have expected of her when she took in the orphan child and gave her a home.

So far Miss Jane Wade in the days of health. She was a very strong old lady, who had seldom suffered ache or pain, and was intolerant of such weaknesses in others. She had such a tradition of health that people who knew her were accustomed to say that she would die, as she had lived, unacquainted or with the barest nodding acquaintance with pain.

But, quite suddenly as it seemed, Miss Wade's age began to find her out. It was a long time before she would call in a doctor, looking on the suggestion when it was first made to her in the light of an affront. But presently pain and weakness made her more amenable. Like most people who have had a long period of health and strength, when she failed she failed rapidly. With illness her nature seemed to alter. She grew amazingly gentle and considerate as she became dependent. For the first time in those days of illness Miss Wade became lovable. Cecilia, whose love fed on very little, like the plants that gain life and health in the interstices of rocks, would have always said and believed that she loved Aunt Jane. Now at last it was possible really to love her; and that was a compensation to Cecilia's kind heart for the sorrow it was to see the strong, self-reliant old woman reduced to the state that she asked humbly for things to be done for her and apologized for the trouble she gave.

Cecilia was so touched by this new aspect of Aunt Jane that she could not do enough for her. She was so chained to the sick woman's room all one winter that Dr. Crispin was moved to protest.

Cecilia would lose her own health if she did not get exercise and open air. He looked compassionately at the charming face which, of late, had begun to show its age. Cecilia was thirty. After a few hours in the open air with the dogs she would have passed for twenty-five. She was such a delightful creature, so gay and gentle and humble and devoted, that Cecilia, looking her thirty years and over, affected Dr. Crispin with an odd sense of vexation and pain.

He had given Miss Wade a very gentle hint about her testamentary dispositions as regarded Cecilia.

"Cecilia will have all I have," Miss Wade had responded; and the doctor was satisfied. He had no idea that all Miss Wade had was her household furniture and personal effects. Cecilia knew and was satisfied. She would have to work for a living after Aunt Jane was taken from her, which she prayed might not be for a long time yet. She was not uneasy. Aunt Jane had said to her one day, surprisingly, unexpectedly: "When I am gone, Cecilia, I should not like you to go to Caroline Wells as companion, for Caroline Wells would be a hard task-mistress, harder than I have been. Mary Moir would be glad to have you. To be sure, she is half blind, and sits in a darkened room nearly all the year. But she would be very fond of you, and very kind to you; and you are so fond of animals that you would not mind being shut up with so many of them."

Cecilia did not protest, had not the faintest temptation to protest.

IT came, indeed, as a relief to her to think that if the sorrowful time came when she must do without Aunt Jane she would have someone to turn to. She was fond of Mrs. Moir, who was a gentle old lady. She found it easy to be good to the old, as she did to children and animals. Not a word of complaint, even in her hidden heart, of her sacrificed youth, of the dreary outlook for her future. She had already in her own mind written herself down old maid, gaily and gently, with no lurking pity for herself.

Confined to her room, her sofa, presently her bed, Aunt Jane's memory went back to the days of her youth. All the intervening years seemed to have dropped out. It was of Ardlewy, the old home of her childhood, she talked incessantly. Cecilia, listening and putting in a word now and then, came to feel that she knew Ardlewy by heart. To be sure, there were pictures and photographs to assist her. There were Aunt Jane's woolly water-colours, mainly concerned with the scenes of her youth; Miss Wade had never been a globe-trotter. There were portfolios of pencil drawings, of faded photographs. The long, white house with its golden thatch, the green-trellised porch, the drawing-room opening on to the garden, the garden with its apple-trees, its summer-house and privet-hedges, and box-borders—she seemed to know them all intimately, by heart.

At another time Miss Wade would have out her Indian shawls, her old lace, her trinkets, and go over them with Cecilia, recalling this and that happy association. "They will be all yours when I am gone, Cecilia," she would say; and Cecilia would smile gratefully through her tears, never thinking that she might have had some of them while she was still young.

Another time it would be the china and silver. Miss Wade had some beautiful possessions of that kind.

"Better send them to Christie's when I am gone. You will need the money," she said; and having said it she turned her face to the wall and was inconsolable till she forgot.

Cecilia heard all about her lovers, her conquests in the olden days—the balls she went to, the bouquets she received.

"The year I came out," she said, "there were thirty girls going out from Pulteney-street. The people said they couldn't sleep for the carriages coming back in the small hours. And it was conceded that I was the prettiest girl of the year."

Cecilia did not smile. The old memories had for her something of the fragrance of pot-pourri. After she had told her old tales several times over, Aunt Jane, in great good humour, had out her fans and presented one to Cecilia—an heirloom, painted on chicken-skin by Carl Vauloo.

"Keep it as long as you can, Ciss," she said. She had positively in these latter days given Cecilia a

pet name. Cecilia had been Cecilia all through her childhood and girlhood.

"I wish now," the old woman went on, "that I had been more careful—for your sake, child. I wish I could have left you this house and enough to keep it going, that my pretty things need not be sold. I'm afraid I've been a selfish old woman, Ciss."

Cecilia kissed her, protesting that her aunt had always been all goodness to her; and the old lady fell asleep smiling.

She awoke talking of the blue cornucopia as though she had remembered it in sleep. Cecilia knew one blue cornucopia, a piece of her aunt's rather fine collection of Nankin. Now it seemed that the blue cornucopia had once had a fellow. Somehow it had disappeared. To the old mind it seemed that the absence of the second cornucopia spoiled the collection.

"A great number of things were scattered and given away when my mother died," she said. "I wonder who could have had the blue cornucopia?"

She fretted over it all the afternoon. She could not sleep for thinking of the possible persons who might have had it. Searching back over fifty years for a vanished piece of china seemed a somewhat hopeless task. It appeared that the cornucopia had certain indentations not common in Nankin. The old lady remembered it over the fifty years as though it had been yesterday. The missing cornucopia had had a chip out of the top of it. It was Miss Wade's brother Cyril, who had died in childhood, who was responsible for that chip.

She had a bad night worrying over the cornucopia. The pair were absolutely unique. Her mother had always said that there was nothing like them in the great collections. What folly it was to have separated them!

For two or three days she fretted over the missing cornucopia, and was worse in consequence. The third night she awakened Cecilia, who slept on an uncomfortable chair-bed in the corner of the room.

"I believe, after all," she said, "that the blue cornucopia must have gone to old lady Stukeley. She was a great friend of my mother. They lived at Knoll House, Eldingham, Hants. Such a dear old house, my dear. I have lost sight of them. Lady Stukeley died abroad."

"Knoll House, Eldingham, Hampshire." Cecilia went to the writing table and put down the address. She was very sleepy. In the morning she might have forgotten all about it.

She tucked in Miss Wade carefully and tenderly. "Go to sleep now," she said. "I'm glad you have remembered the address. Don't think any more about the blue cornucopia. I am going to get it for you."

Miss Wade slept quite late in the morning. The sun was in the room and the sparrows chattering outside. Pratt, Miss Wade's maid, was knocking at the door with Cecilia's morning cup of tea when she awakened. Miss Wade seemed much better, was in a placid mood, and never mentioned the blue cornucopia.

But after breakfast, when the old lady had had her toilette made, and was asleep after the exertion, Cecilia sat down and wrote. She was uncertain at first as to how to address the letter. Finally she made up her mind, and addressed it to the Representatives of the late Lady Stukeley, Knoll House, Eldingham, Hampshire. Then she wrote her letter. She felt the quaintness of it—a request for the restoration of a piece of china given more than fifty years ago. Why, there might be no one to receive it. Lady Stukeley might have left no representatives.

HOWEVER, she made her statement simply. Miss Wade was old, in failing health. She had set her heart on finding the missing cornucopia of the pair. It fretted her, and prevented her sleeping. If Lady Stukeley's representatives were still possessed of the cornucopia, and willing to part with it, Miss Wade would be glad to buy it back.

After she had posted the letter, without saying anything to her aunt about it, she had a set-back. Miss Wade remembered the cornucopia, thought she remembered that it had been broken by a careless maid sixty years ago. So Cecilia's letter had been written in vain.

She said to herself that her letter would, in all probability, be returned to her through the Dead Letter Office. A more experienced person than Cecilia would have discovered ways and means of

(Continued on page 28.)



The Panther and the Two Little Boys Who Drove it Away With Stones and Then Brought a Man to Shoot it.

Two Little Boys and a Big Panther

Also a Few Jolts for Nature Fakirs

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

IN the mighty Province of British Columbia, with its snow-crested ranges, its deeply penetrating valleys, its dense, dark forests, one would expect to find—after reading the stories published in the Eastern press—monstrous man-eating bears, cowardly yet ferocious panthers and wolves, “with eyes that glared like demons and naked fangs slathered with foam.” Come with the lad Fritz and me into the wonderful fir woods, where the tall tops of the trees wave far above our sight and the ground is carpeted with a century old mat of fir and cedar needles. Alas! for years I had read the fearsome description of desk writers of the animals that range our forests. One story, deeply impressed on my boyish mind, was about the grizzly that killed seven men and ate them, too—without salt. Another was of how the black and brown bears frequented the berry patches so that they might pick off an innocent kiddy that had wandered away from its busy mother. Oh! how those tales of blood-thirsty wolves howling about the little clearing made my back over “goose-flesh.” Then, too, the water was filled with sea lions and devil fish—truly what an awful place British Columbia must be to live in!

But here we are, Fritz and I, far from the scenes of mid-continent, where in thirty years' experience I had never met an animal but was too shy and rapid for satisfactory camera work. So behold us on British Columbia shores, with bag and baggage. Fritz is just fourteen—I must really apologize for that lad's slow growth. I find, by turning to stories published some twenty-five years ago, that he was just fourteen then. I can only account for it on the supposition that I discovered a wonderful medium—a plant of the typewriterius-carbon-pulpus that had kept him boyish to this day—anyone wanting the recipe and enclosing money order for an hundred guineas will receive same by return mail.

“Are you all ready, Fritz?”

“Aye, aye, sir,” answered the brave lad.

“**L**ET us go down this trail, it's the first we have come to, and no doubt whole bands of ferocious animals will be met. Keep up heart, lad,” I said, as I felt his soft, plump arm. “By the time they get through picking you clean I will have their pictures, and no doubt the men that find our remains will preserve them.”

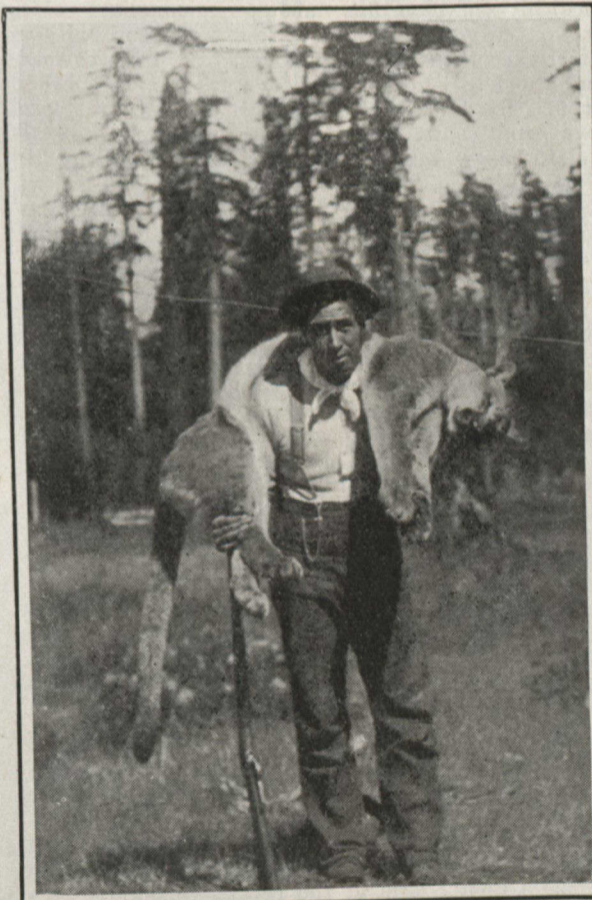
Our way led through the native forest. Tall Douglass firs made long aisles in the woods. Mighty red cedars supported a green waving roof canopy a hundred feet above our heads. All the soft debris of the woods covered the ground with so soft and yielding a substance that our progress was as noiseless as two big, black shadows. On either hand the mighty rock reared its moss-clad cliffs and benches and scarred rifts thousands of feet into the air. At our feet ran a mountain stream, a thing of swift waters and foaming rapids once the rains were on; now it was a thing of quiet beauty, just a many-curved, silvery ribbon tinkling away amid its mossy banks.

“Not a tiger yet,” gasped Fritz, for the trail was leading upwards. “Ah, he ejaculated, “what's that?”

A swift leaf-crushing noise came from our right. We stood silent.

Out on a branch of an alder tree, a branch laden with bright green moss that was spattered with bright sunlight struggling through the mighty ball of verdure overhead stood a red squirrel—it would be best to call them dark-grey squirrels here—the first living thing we had seen in an hour's journey through the unbroken forest. Not a note of a bird nor the cry of an animal had enlivened the march. The noisy chattering of the inquisitive squirrel was the first vocal noise in all the great woods.

Leaving our tiny acquaintance, who industriously scolded us as we passed on up the trail, we at length



The Boys' Friend, Johnny White, Who Shot the Panther After His Dogs Had Treed It.

arrived at a beach or plateau of considerable size. Here we determined to break our fast and make our evening's camp. Our fire built, our frugal meal eaten, we watched the night mists gather over the far-distant, dark-blue Straits that lay beneath. In one long valley we could see the smoke of the supper fire of the settlers trailing off in a long, dense cloud, that settled like a newly-formed fog on the green summit of the forest. As we were in light marching order we had no tent. Our arsenal for defence against the savage animals of

these endless forests consisted of one fairly large pocket knife and one brass tripod.

Fritz chose him a bed in the soft needles where a blacktail deer had rested. I spread my blanket beside him. The inquisitive stars came out and peered down at us. The young moon rose a bow of silvery promise in the east. Then came the cry of the first wild animal. A long-drawn, tremulous whistling call.

“Why that's only a raccoon,” whispered Fritz.

Another call came upwards on the night air—a half snort, a half whistle, concluding with the whimper of a rabbit. There are no rabbits on this Island of Vancouver where we slept. It was the call of the blacktail deer to its mate, an invitation down the trail to eat of the young grass in the settler's field. Only the sharp cry of a mink, the distant murmur of a colony of gulls came to us as we drowsed to our full sleep.

The next morning Fritz was much aggrieved.

“Not a bally bear or a wolf or a panther in a ten-mile walk and a ten-hour sleep. I tell you, sir, this country is over-written.”

Could we but see into those leafy screens that hide the lower courses of the ever-diminishing stream this is what we would have seen. Two little lads—you may see them in the illustration—were even then fishing in the lower reaches of this mountain-fed rill. Where they stood the creek bed was wide and empty; only a few pools here and there sparkled amid the smooth, white, dry pebbles. The summer drought had dried the hills. The lowering water had driven the trout from many a swiftly drying rapid to the few deep pools. Here, with cedar pole and writhing worm artfully impaled on sharp hook and with but a bit of black cotton thread for a line the youthful fishermen were catching the clever, hard-fighting cut-throat trout and young of dog and coho salmon and mayhaps a rare young steelhead.

IN TENDENT on the good sport, the boys baited and jerked and scrambled over the hot stones after the struggling wee trout that flew off the hook.

“What's that rustling in the bush?” called the younger.

In answer the elder lad seized a pebble and jerked it swiftly into the underbrush that grew closely down to the creek banks—and out walked a magnificent male panther in all his tawny splendour, a thing of creamy white breast and flank and rich yellowish tan coat, with a black strip that ran down the three-foot tail and finished in a bushy black end as big as your clenched fist. Now, pray, allow me to try and describe this beast as would our nature fakirs that never see them.

“The great cat stood with its soft-padded paws lightly pressing the smooth rocks of the creek bottom. Its green eyes of devilish cruelty malignantly glared at its prey. Its black-tipped tail swayed back and forwards with rather a serpentine motion. Slowly its big black lips parted. Slowly its huge mouth opened. One angry growl it gave that displayed so tremendous an array of great yellow fangs that the younger lad sank on his knees on the hot stones and with hands clasped prayed that he might be spared. Now the horrid beast slowly advances. One step at a time (two would be miraculous), with sinuous gliding motion it drew nearer and nearer to the devoted boy. It licked its dreadful lips in awful anticipation. With baleful glare that hypnotized its shrinking prey the monster crouched for the fatal leap and now—”

THIS is actually what did occur. No sooner had this magnificent specimen—its seven-foot ten-inch skin is beneath my feet as I write this, and a very handsome rug it makes—walked out on to the creek bottom than these two little lads—the elder is but eleven—grabbed handfuls of good, round, smooth stones and pelted it back into the bush. Then off they ran as fast as their legs would carry them.

“From fear?” ask you.

No, no; they ran to get a friend of theirs, one Johnny White, who, young man though he is, has often brought down the animals with his trusty rifle.

Back clattered the little lads, followed by the hunter and his dogs. The big, cowardly cat had retreated some fifty yards into the bush, and the dog instantly treed it and gave tongue. If these panthers had any spunk they could make a meal of many such dogs.

Ignominiously was the big cat shot, as it lay along a limb peering down at the little dogs that chased it.

“Bah, Fritz! Let us go back to the East and learn to throw stones aright; the savage beasts of the British Columbia forests exist only in the hunts—with a pen—of the impecunious desk writer.



WHERE WE POOR PEOPLE LAUGH!

THE other day I was going down town on a street car—being poor. Another man was going down in his motor car—being rich. His haughty and uniformed chauffeur ran the “car” along the road by the humble and democratic street car in which I sat. The rich man occupied the whole wide rear seat of his “machine”; and I idly watched that capacious receptacle play at “cup-and-ball” with him as the car leaped merrily from one hump in the road to another. When they negotiated a crossing, he was flung quite perceptibly into the air, so that I could see daylight between him and his cushion. I knew just how rough it felt, bumping along that road; for I have millionaire acquaintances who sometimes take me over it in their “cars,” thus conferring a great favour on yours truly. Meanwhile I sat in my cool wicker seat in my great steel car, sliding smoothly over the steel road-bed with barely a jar. The breeze blew pleasantly through the window; and the other people in the car were clean and cool and good to look at—though poor like myself. And then I glanced out pityingly on the poor, pounded “pea-on-a-griddle,” hopping up and down in his bumping car; and wondered what would happen if it only cost five cents to ride down town in “cars” like his, but cost an investment of two thousand dollars and the employment of a chauffeur, to ride down town in cars like mine. Would the rich continue to take the rough and bumping car over the ordinary road; or would they put down their “little two thou” and enjoy the swiftly sliding steel car on its specially prepared steel road?

I TELL you we poor people have a hard time of it. Did you ever notice a party of wealthy tourists arrive in a “tourist”—no, I mean a “touring car”? They jolt in, covered thick with dust, inside and out; for they could never get so much dust on their dust-coats without having coated their throats, nostrils and lungs quite generously with it. They essay to dismount; but discover that they are cramped and stiff with sitting so long in one position, for—with three in a seat—it is impossible to move about. They have been very hot—if it is hot—or very chilled—if it is chilly. They are wet, if it has rained. But they have arrived; and they have had a “bully time”; and they have enjoyed the journey ever so much because they are rich enough to have afforded to make it in their own costly “car” instead of a common and democratic railway train. You and I—being poor—have come by first-class car on an express. We have lounged on comfortable seats, looking idly out the window at the swiftly passing panorama—practically the same panorama that these people have seen. We have been quite warm without our overcoats if it is chilly; and we have been at least in the shade if it is hot. We are not half so dusty as they are; yet we think our meagre measure of dust one of our greatest hardships. What we would think if we got as dusty in a railway car as they do in a motor car, I cannot imagine. We would be ready to vote for “Billy” Maclean and against the railways. We have not been bumped; we have not been smothered in dirt; we have come faster and have usually been much more comfortable. Now what do you think would happen if a man could make the trip by “motor” for the price of a railway ticket; but must have two thousand dollars worth of stock in the railway to be permitted to travel on a nice, clean, swift train along its steel right-of-way? Why, I think that all the rich would insist on travelling by train, and would look out of the windows pityingly on us poor devils plugging along in the sun and dust or rain in our jolting “motors.”

OH, yes, Mabel, we poor have a “turrrible time.” We cannot afford ocean-going yachts. We are compelled to travel in great, big, brutal steel ships about fifty times as steady and as safe. When we cross the Atlantic, we may have a day or two in our berths if it is pretty rough; but most of the time, we are sitting in our steamer chairs on broad decks which so gently rise and fall that we soon cease to notice it. Even the poorest sailors have no trouble if they will keep their eyes off the skyline. But if we were on a private yacht, those “rollers,” which only cause our immense ship to

undulate a bit, would be flinging us all over the shop, and we should all be down in our cabins, deathly sick. The truth is that most deep-sea yacht owners send their tiny craft across the ocean with the crew, while they themselves are wise enough to go over with us on the big, democratic, public steamship, where you travel for the price of a ticket.

OR, perhaps, it is music that you like. If you were only rich, you could pay the best singers—or the second-best singers—fabulous prices to come to your over-crowded rooms late at night, after they were thoroughly tired singing in opera, and have them make a stab at an aria or butcher a duet amidst the wretched acoustics of your drawing-rooms for an inattentive company. But we, being poor, can only go to the opera house, which is built especially to give the voices of singers their best chance—which scientists have made the best

they know for acoustics—where we sit in comfortable chairs and hear these same singers, all of them together, when they are fresh and at their best, producing a whole opera in proper form with the air of a large and trained orchestra and the best scenery that money will buy. That is all we can get because we are poor. But what would happen, do you think, if one had to be very rich to go to the opera; but could get the singers to give tantalizing samples of their skill in one’s own rooms for the price of an opera ticket? I rather fancy that the rich would rush to the opera—as they do now—and pity us who could only afford to have disjointed fragments of these noble works in our ill-adapted rooms.

THE fact is that “the public” is very much better served than the plutocrat. Of course, the “plute” can join in with the public and get the full benefit of its better service. He can, in fact, get the cream of that service. I am not saying that wealth does not buy many advantages. But is it not laughably true, however, that, in not a few cases where he tries to get something for himself which the commonalty cannot have, he really puts up with an inferior article in order to be “different”? He does get something which you and I, fellow povertarian, cannot afford to buy; but it is at times an article which he would never look at if it were only “cheap.”

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Lacrosse Player

By JAMES J. LARKIN

THE average Lacrosse Player is a real born diplomat. To use a sporting term on a sporty subject nobody “ever has anything” him in the strategy line. He has Am-bassador Bryce, Joseph Choate, Chauncey Depew and all the rest of “the honest men sent abroad to lie for the good of their country,” wholly out-classed. Only he doesn’t go abroad. He just threatens to. And that, too, is a real difference.

For, early every spring, when Little Willie sheds his winter coat and mother reads up all the latest medical encyclopedias about pneumonia, colds, croups, etc., and it begins to rain persistently all the time except in working hours, and the rag-man and the hurdy-gurdy hawkers chase one another around the block, and flannels are carefully stored away and hastily resurrected again; then, above all times and seasons, is the Lacrosse Player in his glory.

First of all Manager Venture of the Red Shirts announces that he will have last year’s team intact. To be sure not every player has signed his contract as yet, but of course he will. The first practice will be called in a few days. Everything is lovely. Some lacrosse this year, and the team (like every other one in the League) will be “right up in the running.” A few more days, and the fan peruses the annual schedule, resurrects his old straw hat, and wishes the opening were to-morrow.

Then, mysteriously, his confidence is disturbed. Borein after all isn’t going to play this season. He’s hung up his stick for good. No more for him. Pressure of business. Given a lot of time to the game. Will be badly missed on the Red Shirts’ home. (The sporting editor adds this last.)

Next day: Manager Venture is quite confident of inducing Borein to turn out again. He’s still the best man in the game (more sporting editor comment).

A few days later: The Green Shirts are after Borein. A very tempting offer has been made him and he is considering. Anyway he has been contemplating going into business in Green Shirtville for some time.

Now on top of this at the psychological moment comes the rumour that Borein has been signed up by the Green Shirts at the record-breaking salary of \$100 a minute (more or less). Up goes Borein stock, and Fandom stands agape!

Some days later, however, we read with great glee that Borein may not go to the Green Shirts after all. In fact it is not unlikely that he will again be found on the line-up when the Red Shirts trot forth upon the journalistically much abused “Velvet Sward.”

But now comes the master touch, for it is suddenly announced that Manager Venture to-day signed up Borein for the Red Shirts and all doubts as to where he will cavort, canter, carom, cannonade, corkscrew, and check this season is removed.

Of course we don’t know that Borein is such a diplomat. We are not aware that he was getting

\$25 a game last year and decided that thirty greenbacks would be in order this summer. If we did we would know what Borein knew all along—that he would play anywhere even at \$15 a week rather than stay out of the game. But, as aforesaid, the Lacrosse Player is some diplomat. If he ever throws in this rare tantalizing malady, so particularly discernible in spring, with Syndicalism, no one knows what will happen. Maybe he’ll even call a strike in the middle of the game!

Meanwhile Borein doesn’t go “abroad.” Meanwhile also we piously thank heaven—if we are not a Lacrosse Fan—that they have at last laid Borein away somewhere where he won’t monopolize the news columns and—if we are a fan—we just chuckle a little and assure ourselves that Manager Venture is just about the greatest Manager in Lacrossedom. You see, like the game, it all depends on the point of view. Personally we have sometimes sat plump up behind a red pillar, listened patiently to the rooting, and got the score from the usher after the game. A sort of concentrated point of view this; but a mean trick to rob us of our chance to roast any player who didn’t play the game according to our code!

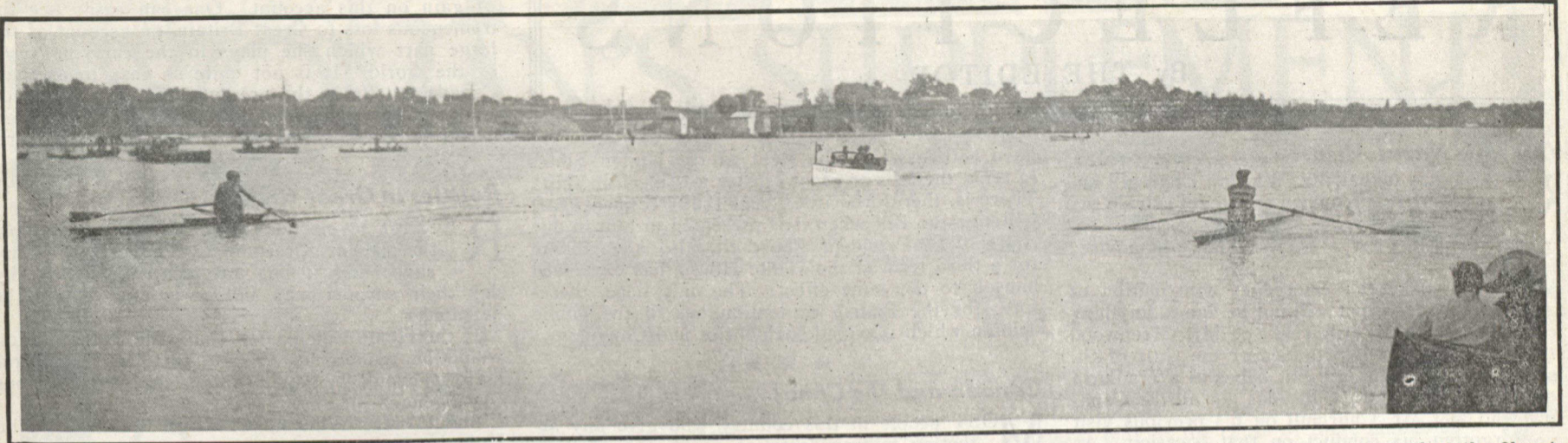
BUT is mustn’t be taken for granted at all that because Borein wins out on his little a la Standard Oil game that all Lacrosse Players are millionaires. Oh, no; not yet. It would take even Anna Eva Fay some time to figure out just what any particular lacrosse player gets and even she would surely have to work overtime at that. Once there was a Montreal lacrosse player who got \$100 a game—in the newspapers. At the club house, however, he received after every game ten government business cards with the figure 1 stamped on each corner and a twenty dollar a week go-as-you-please-job thrown in.

And he wasn’t the player either who announced that the duty of a lacrosse player was to run anywhere from five to fourteen miles every game, from June until October, for a promise of money, sometime or other. Some players have done this duty as nobly as the Clubs knew how!

Right here, too, it may be said, apropos of salaries, that this modern thing of paying a player regularly, via a little envelope—minus fines for giving way to brainstorms on the field, and “docked” for missing practice or breaking training rules—isn’t fair to the public. It isn’t what it used to be in the old amateur days, for it robs the public of all the humour of the halcyon times when twenty-four stalwart citizens went forth with girded loins even as public martyrs, for naught save the glory of the fray. When each came back into the dressing-rooms he carefully removed the filthy lucre from his boots, or found it neatly misplaced in the band of his hat; or was annoyed to find several greenbacks in his hands if he even happened to turn his back for a minute. It was remarkable how loose change used

(Concluded on page 27.)

A BRAND NEW AMATEUR SCULLING CHAMPION



At the Canadian Henley Regatta at St. Catharines on August 2nd and 3rd, Robert Dibble (on left) won the Single Scull Championship from E. B. Butler, who rowed at the Olympic Games. Dibble, like Butler, won the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Championships all in one year. Time, 10:13 2-5.



THE VANQUISHED.
E. B. Butler, Argonauts, Toronto.



BRINGING THE HERO HOME.
Dibble Fell out of his Shell at the End of the Race and was rescued by a Row Boat.



THE VICTOR.
Robert Dibble, Dons, Toronto.

Mr. Hazen and the Navy

A Unionist Orator Visits Canada



Hon. Mr. Hazen, in pursuit of ideas for the Canadian Navy, recently inspected the Royal Naval Volunteers. He was photographed after the inspection as he stood with Hon. Rupert Guinness, who commands the London Division of the Organization.



Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., as he appeared a few days ago at a Unionist Demonstration at Blenheim Castle. Since then he has sailed for Canada to study the attitude of the Dominion on Imperial Naval Defence. "F. E.," like his bosom Friend, Winston Churchill, is one of the great Young Men of England.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Why This Naval Visit?

REPORT has it that Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Hamar Greenwood are to get astride two iron-clads and cross to Canada to get us enthusiastic about the navy. One wonders who advised this folly.

If Canada makes an emergency contribution of cash or Dreadnoughts, it will not be due to anything spectacular which Mr. Churchill or Mr. Greenwood may do either in the North Sea or the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Canadians are not babes in a cradle to be amused with a rattle. Besides not all the Canadians who met Mr. Churchill on his previous visit have forgotten his conduct on that occasion. As for Mr. Greenwood, he can afford to wait a while for such glory.

If there is a real German menace, if Germany may strike at Belgium any day, if the German fleet may move through the North Sea any night, if the Mediterranean squadron is needed in home waters, why send a squadron on a foolish outing across the Atlantic? If all these stories of imminent danger are true, why let the First Lord loose upon the Atlantic with a valuable squadron?

Canada has sent her ministers to London and they must take the responsibility of a decision. If they are not prepared to do so, then Canada will soon find ministers who will. We don't want Mr. Churchill to decide this matter for us; we want Mr. Borden and his colleagues to make that decision.

It would be in the best interests of the Empire and an Empire navy, if the First Lord should suddenly find that he has so many important matters on hand that he cannot find time at present to visit Canada.

Two Elementary Parts.

LET us not be confused on this naval question. It is composed of two elementary parts. 1st: Shall we make an emergency contribution? 2nd: How shall we proceed to develop the Canadian navy which we have already begun? The first is the temporary part; the second is the permanent part.

If there is a real emergency, then Mr. Borden should declare that it exists and make proposals to meet it. The ordering of two Dreadnoughts or four, or even six would not dismay Canadians if they were convinced that Great Britain wanted them. Up to date there is no evidence of this. Mr. Churchill's last speech outside parliament was directly against Dreadnoughts and in favour of colonial fleets. If he has changed his mind, let us know.

As for the permanent policy, there can be only one solution—a fleet unit on the Pacific and a fleet unit on the Atlantic, with the necessary dry-docks and ship-yards to take care of these vessels. Mr. Borden and his colleagues may hesitate to come to this, but eventually they must do so. There is no other solution in sight.

Of course the temporary and the permanent may ultimately unite. That is, the Dreadnoughts ordered now may remain with the British authorities until such time as Canada may be ready to take them over.

The Panama Canal.

THE best public opinion of the United States regrets the action of the United States Congress in passing the Panama Canal Bill, which discriminates in favour of United States ships. In spite of the understanding between the United States and the other nations of the world that the Panama Canal should be used on equal terms by all nations, a bill has been framed providing for free passage to American ships, prohibiting railroad-owned vessels from using the waterway, and making certain other provisions of a similar character.

The *London Morning Post* says that this Bill involves not only violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, but is a repudiation of United States' pledges to England when the Treaty was negotiated. The *Post* admits that it is possible to read into the Treaty an understanding that no nation except the United States and Great Britain shall have any rights under this particular document, but adds, "Certainly, neither legally nor morally, can discrimination be made against the British unless the United States violates her good faith."

In spite of Great Britain's official protest the Bill has been passed by both Houses with considerable majorities. President Taft and Secretary Stimson

have both asserted the right of the United States to remit the tolls or grant rebates to American ship. There is, therefore, little doubt that President Taft will sign the Bill when it is presented to him in due course. Ex-President Roosevelt, also a candidate for a third term at the White House, has expressed himself to the same effect. The only hope, therefore, for the British contention lies in the public opinion which is outside of politics and Congress.

Canada and the Canal.

MOST people in this country who give any attention to transportation problems and their relation to national development have been looking forward to the opening of the Panama Canal with considerable hope. They felt that the water route between Halifax and Vancouver would be a splendid alternative route for the exchange of Canadian produce between the two extremes of the Dominion's territory. They have also believed that it would be possible to ship wheat economically from Alberta and British Columbia via Vancouver and the Panama Canal. The question of tolls on British and Canadian shipping may seriously affect these hopes and possibilities. For example; if the principle of discriminatory tolls is admitted it would be quite possible for the United States to make these tolls so excessive that Canadian shipments through the Canal would be too costly for bulky and heavy merchandise. If the principle of discrimination be admitted, it would also be possible to compel Canada to make these shipments from Vancouver to Halifax and from Vancouver to Liverpool in American or foreign bottoms.

Of course, the United States has built the Canal at great expense and is entitled to some return. It is, therefore, reasonable that Canada should be made pay something for the use of the canal. Neither Great Britain nor Canada would object to paying the same toll as American ships. This was the point which was supposed to be safeguarded by the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901. Many people in the United States admit that this was the intention of the Treaty. In that document Great Britain and Canada made certain concessions to the United States and thus in a sense paid a capital amount for the privileges which were expected from equal treatment when the canal was opened. It was, therefore, reasonable that both as a matter of privilege and as a matter of right Canada would pay only a fair assessment for her use of the canal. The present prospect is that this hope will not be realized.

Is the Loss Tremendous?

JUST what Canada would lose by discrimination in Panama Canal tolls, it is difficult to estimate. Opinions vary. Mr. D. W. Campbell, of the Elder-Dempster Line, has had considerable experience during the past six years in the shipment of goods from Eastern Canada, across Mexico on to Vancouver. He expresses the opinion that Canada has little to gain in regard to westbound traffic. He points out that the rate from Montreal to Victoria or Vancouver via the Tehuantepec Railway runs from 40 to 47c. per hundred pounds, and yet the average summer shipments have not exceeded 300 tons a month, while in the winter they have fallen far below this amount. Goods shipped from Ontario points to Montreal and St. John have to pay a fairly high local rate when routed via Mexico. In addition there is more insurance and much additional time in transit.

More noteworthy still is his opinion that grain cannot be shipped from Alberta via Vancouver and the Panama Canal at a lower rate than the present method of shipment via Buffalo or Montreal. It has been generally admitted that this would be the case on grain grown east of Regina, but it has not heretofore been argued that such would be the case with Alberta grain.

It would be well if the Dominion Government would put an expert on this question and give the public some information as to the value of the Panama Canal to Canada. Any person with even small imagination can see the advantage of an alternative all-water route competing with an all-rail route between Eastern and Western Canada. It will, nevertheless, require an official statement before

the Canadian public will be able to make up its mind as to the importance and extent of the loss of gain on this account. One can easily see the tremendous loss to Great Britain, on account of the large part which she plays in the carrying trade of the world. It is not quite so easy to estimate Canada's stake in the present situation. A speedy and exhaustive statement by a Government expert would be decidedly valuable at the present juncture.

Politics in Great Britain.

RECENT by-elections show a falling away from the present government. The Labourites are supporting it but unsympathetically. Any day their support may fall away and Asquith be defeated.

If the Home Rule passes, the Irish representation would be reduced to 40, and the present Liberal majority would be gone. This is the second serious contingency.

Should Mr. Winston Churchill return to the Unionist ranks, the Asquith government would not last long. For some time there has been talk of a new Liberal-Unionist coalition which would have for its immediate object the elimination of Lloyd George and his socialistic measures. George has been going too fast to suit the average Britisher who after all is conservative even in his desire for economic reforms.

Telephone Rates.

WHEN the Bell Telephone Company argued that the larger the city the higher the rate, there were people who shouted "monopoly," "robber," "trust," and all the names that demagogues use. Manitoba bought out the Bell to prove the falsity of the claim, and what happens?

R. L. Barr, Telephone Commissioner for the Province, has filed with the Public Utilities Commissioner, the new rates for places outside Winnipeg. He lays down and affirms the principle that as an exchange grows the cost of each connection increases correspondingly. In Brandon, a business telephone is to be \$40 and a residence phone \$25. In Portage the rate is \$35 and \$20. In Boissevain, Carberry and eight other similar places the charge is \$24 and \$18. In smaller places \$23 and \$15. In all these there is a 24-hour service.

The rates in Winnipeg are as high as in Toronto or Montreal. For large businesses, they are higher. The public can compare the others with places which they know under Bell jurisdiction. But the plain lesson is—that the large public service corporations are not always as bad as they are painted.

And Still Another Lesson.

ANOTHER piece of evidence concerning public ownership comes from Winnipeg. The *Telegram* of that city, which has consistently supported the civic power plant, admits that "a very considerable deficit will in all probability mark the operation of the municipal power plant." It is not "receiving the staunch public encouragement such a public enterprise warrants and deserves."

Slowly but surely it is being forced upon the public mind, that public ownership pays only where there is an acute public consciousness which will ensure business administration of a first-class nature. In other words, the same qualities which make for success in private undertakings must be present in public undertakings. There is no royal road to success.

Professional Lacrosse.

PROFESSIONAL lacrosse is doomed and the quicker the better. The Toronto audiences have fallen to one-quarter what they were four years ago. Montreal has the same story and Vancouver and New Westminster will follow suit. In the language of the sporting writer, "the game is on the toboggan."

But this will be best for the game. It cannot regain the glories of the eighties and nineties, when it was a gentleman's game, until it is dead, buried, and resurrected. The men who play it to-day as a means to an end must pass to the benches permanently, and a new generation of players and managers must be sought.

Curiously enough while professional lacrosse is falling into the trench, professional baseball is becoming more aristocratic. There is less foolish fan talk in the grand stand and bleachers and a noticeable increase in dignity. The best plays on both sides are generously applauded. If the home team loses, the audience does not necessarily go home disgusted. A well-earned win by either side is appreciated.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

Canadian Teachers Abroad

OUR Canadian teachers, to the number of a hundred and more, are away in Europe under the guardianship of Mr. Ney, of the Manitoba Department of Education, having the happiest time which ever fell to the lot of pedagogues. The "school-ma'am" has been maligned in literature and treated unjustly in caricature. She has been represented as an unlovely and scrawny creature, wearing a forbidding expression and garments which will not be induced to fit. She is described, in fact, as the embodiment of all which is harsh and narrow-minded.

Whoever has made such representations is far, indeed, from the facts of the case. Look at a convention of Canadian school-teachers, and you will see animated faces, and headwear which might go to any five o'clock tea and not be afraid of being branded as out-of-date. School-teaching is not a cheering profession—I should rather write hints on how to polish the furniture and cure the croup for a woman's page than endeavour to train the Young Idea—but, considering its many exactions on time and patience, our Canadian teachers emerge from the class-room with undaunted mien and unexhausted energy. There was a time when it was considered a teacher's duty to go home in the holidays to help with the housekeeping, or to take a summer course of study at some institution of higher learning. But the wisest of modern teachers see to it that they have a real holiday, far from desks and note-books, and betake themselves to Europe as a means of obtaining summer instruction in the fine arts and in pedagogic methods. This summer, the Canadian teachers have been especially fortunate, as the League of Empire was holding an imperial conference of education in London last month, when the best speakers on a vast range of academic and practical subjects were to be heard. "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," said England's Shakespeare, long ago; and the "travel course" undertaken in recent years by our teachers will doubtless result in varied benefits to the youth of the Dominion.

The Forsaken Wife

THE newspapers are fairly full of pitiful accounts of wife desertion, and the charitable societies in Old Country cities are appealed to by an increasing number of women whose husbands have abandoned them. The *Toronto Globe* recently commented editorially on these cases, declaring that there is urgent need for the most earnest co-operation of the Canadian immigration authorities with the police of Great Britain to lessen the number of these desertions. In the city of Glasgow alone, 260 wives and 713 children have been forced to accept poor relief because of the desertion and emigration of the husband and father. As most of these fugitive husbands have come to either the United States or Canada, there must be, in the Dominion, thousands of these undesirable citizens representing themselves as unmarried men. The man who is such a recreant to his responsibilities as husband and father is not the kind of settler which this country desires, and, the sooner he is hunted down and deported, the more comfortable will social conditions become.

A writer on this distressing state of affairs in many of the cities, especially the ports, of the Old Land, is of the opinion that the general tone of both drama and literature is partly to blame for the light regard in which the marriage tie is held. It may be questioned whether men of the class of these deserting

husbands ever read the dangerous fiction to which the critic refers; but it cannot be denied that the popular theatrical performance too often represents marital infidelity as a jest and holds up to ridicule the deserted wife. Whatever may be the cause of these numerous cases of abandonment, the duty of the Canadian officials is plain—and it is to be hoped that detected offenders will be sent back promptly. Yet, when one comes to consider the matter of the "re-united" household, the husband who is actually compelled by the law to support wife and children is not likely to prove a comfortable provider.

The Athletic Girl

GIRLS are the most "advised" beings under the sun. The various domestic magazines fairly reek with words of counsel to the girls who are in offices, the girls who are at home and the girls who long for a career. The girl who desires to earn her way through college, the girl who yearns to know how she may dress modishly and well on sixty-two-dollars-and-fifty-cents a year, the girl who is engaged to a divinity student, the girl who wishes to go on the stage, the girl who has a heartfelt longing to run a chicken farm, the girl who has the voice of a Jenny Lind, the girl who is misunderstood by her family circle—all these maidens are gathered in by the kindly writers of feminine heart-to-heart talks and are told exactly what they should do and are warned as to what they must not dream of doing.

The athletic girl is the latest to receive admonishment and warning. She is such a refreshing departure from the swooning and sentimental maidens of the old-time romances, that she may have gone too far in the opposite direction and be in danger of over-exercise and too strenuous an expenditure of muscular force. The magazines are beginning to be anxious about her future, lest she meet with the fate of many a "Marathon" hero. The athletic girl, however, has taken many steps—or strides—in the right direction and, so long as she keeps to the Greek ideal and makes no sacrifice of symmetry, she is the most wholesome type of womanhood yet evolved. She is the sworn foe of nerves and "vapours" and has a healthy contempt for tears and hysterics, knowing that a good out-door tramp will heal most ills and troubles that flesh is heir to. She has no time to be blue, while there is a dinghy to be sailed or a canoe with idle paddles. She is a daughter of both the sunshine and the snow, but perhaps she loves the October days best of all, when the gold is on

the beeches and the purple on the hills. The new out-door spirit is one of healthy revolt against long, inactive years which meant peevishness and invalidism.

A Patriotic Work

MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL, of Winnipeg, whose photograph is reproduced on this page, is one of the most successful regents in the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. Last spring, the Winnipeg "Daughters" in four days collected more than eleven thousand dollars to erect a Memorial Cottage to King Edward VII. at Ninette Tuberculosis Sanitarium. The Ladies Committee, I.O.D.E., of which Mrs. Campbell is chairman, have selected a beautiful site on the hillside, overlooking the lake. Work is well under way, and it is expected the hospital will be ready for occupancy in the autumn.

JEAN GRAHAM.



AN ARDENT IMPERIALIST.
Mrs. Campbell, Wife of the Hon. Colin Campbell, Minister of Public Works of Manitoba, is a Prominent Member of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. She Had the Honour of Bestowing Life Membership Upon the Princess Patricia During Her Recent Visit to Winnipeg.

Photograph by Campbell.

Milady's Garden

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

*"A garden is a lovesome place, God wot,
Bloomed plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—"*

BUT in summing up so prettily the joys of an ideal garden how came a proper poet person ever to overlook that "lovesomest" of garden delights, a sun-dial? Quaintness is the very essence of such a horologe which marks the loitering hours of summer days. But a dial need not be old, indeed, to convey the essential idea—witness that which centres, with much picturesqueness, the city garden of Mr. Beckett, the architect, Toronto. A rose-bush embraces it with a real old-time romance and the clambering bloom takes off the look of newness.

There is something uniquely feminine in that wonderful little garden—for while the effect accomplished is one of spaciousness, the compass entire is twenty-five by fifty-five feet. The paths, the seats, the arbours, the incense they diffuse—the whole has something about it which inevitably demands "a power in this sweet place, an Eve in the garden." Instinctively, one turns to greet milady.

Privet hedges take the place of high board fences at the sides and link the garden leaves with the green beyond. Border beds lie beneath and are banked to the paths with sweet old-fashioned flowers. Shadows manoeuvre on the long grass walks, directed by that finger on the dial. And two mid-garden plots of bloom, circularly formed near the time-piece, vie all day long, in yielding scent. And oh, what a feast for the nose is that same contention—commingling, rather, for harmony is the outcome! Perfume of roses and spikenard of pinks, perhaps these fragrances predominate in the air; but underneath, like a sort of accompaniment to a song, are a hundred, lesser, dear and delicious smells.

A fascinating display of colour is cleverly accomplished. Hollyhocks contribute magnificently to it; so do the larkspur clumps; and, oh yes, so too does the pumpkin-vine percola—the most original feature of all the place! The dark-green leaves, the flaming blossoms, and the gorgeous gourds are fantastically trained over rustic wooden poles supported on columns of cement. The effect is wholly consistent and highly attractive. The arbour is just where the garden adjoins the house.

In this garden the use of cement is successfully demonstrated. It forms, in addition to the columns just referred to, the sun-dial and two garden seats. The grey of the substance produces at once a peculiar mossy effect which is wholly delightful to see amid garden-green. It looks well, too, with the stones which border the beds.

A line of stately poplar trees was intended to foot the plot and to harmonize with the general old-world air; but the poplars planted turned out the spreading kind. The casual observer sees nothing at all amiss though the poplars are one point which the owner regrets.

Great care has been exercised in the grouping of flowers and shrubs—so that blossoming may only increase in wealth as the season advances. Never need milady, here, rue bare garden patches, nor lack, when the vessels of the house are waiting the month's appropriate flowers to fill them all. By the way, those "petals of blown roses on the grass" have

one of the cardinal scents for a pot-pourri. It is wonderful how a garden's breath can be put in a little pot and appear when you lift the lid in the day of snows. For while gardens now are busy with their most voluptuous blooms already there is a whisper of premonition. Meaningful eeriness moves among the trees and a dragon-fly avoids the shade on the dial—which reminds that summer and summer garden joys, themselves, have gossamer wings.

She has a few cares of her own, a few hurts, as well, but she neither tells them nor looks them. It is all "give" with her; she never asks for some of the precious sympathy she spends prodigally to be returned—sweet, serene, and cheery she goes her way making sunshine in the lives of more people than she wots of. Do you know what she is always asking herself? "How is it that I have so many friends?"

I know another woman. She has a pretty face, but the prettiness is overshadowed by the querulousness. Nothing goes right with her, and she resents it if others are not as dissatisfied with life as she is. If you go to her with your troubles she meets you with a tale of woe which makes yours seem pigmy; if you are in hot water she exerts herself to bring it to a boiling point. She is never without a grievance. You wait until you've forgotten how she ruffled your feathers of self-complacency the last time, and try it again. She meets you with a tirade against the neglecting of one's friends, reminds you that she has known illness, anxiety and trouble, yet received no visit from you, makes you wish with all your heart that you hadn't gone near her.

You are feeling particularly happy and chance to meet her. She manages to convey the impression that all along she has been fearing you'd grow conceited and proud. She is grieved. Never mind, some day you will know that all is not gold that glitters—ah me!

You tell her something you hope to accomplish, and the very shake of her head assures you that you're a fool to attempt it. You proudly display a piece of work you've accomplished, feeling that for once she will have to do you justice. If it's a picture you've painted she merely closes her eyes and looks pained; if it's a house jacket you've cut, fitted and made, she turns it over and remarks, "You haven't bound your seams."

Do you know what she is asking herself? "How is it that I have so few friends?"

The only wonder is that she has any at all.

Misled.

SUMMER is, ubiquitously, the season of gallantry — of "philandering," as the knowing Irish put it—when every balcony may be trusted to harbour a Romeo and when every wood is an "Ardens" of Orlandos. Everybody, of course, need not be

affected by it and yet even a Cassius, on ordinary occasions, may be touched by the general spirit. It may be the moon. It is "luney," certainly. Wherefore, the following verses a Canadian writer contributes—she does not state if the incident has the weight of experience or not—are printed in a kindly spirit of warning to the over-bold:—

Golden her hair, and silken, like the sheen
Of milkweed in the sunbeams, and, I ween,
Not bluer than her eyes, the violet,
O'erflowing with all dream-looks that beget
Love in the heart that gazes. Red her lips,
Rich as the blown rose where the brown bee sips
The summer's fulness. O beguiling bee,
Why did I dream like sweet awaited me
Within my rose-bud's curves? That stolen kiss
Has robbed my days of all the rapturous bliss
Her presence yielded. Gone the subtle sweet,
She will not see me now—fair Marguerite!

—M. J. T.



"There was a power in this sweet place, an Eve in this garden, a ruling grace."—Shelley.
A Lovely City Garden Which Gives the Impression of Room, Though Within the Limited Area of 25 by 55 Feet.

Two Women

By JEAN BLEWETT

I KNOW one woman who always has a warm hand-clasp and cheery words for her friends. Her smile is enough to melt down any amount of reserve and coldness. It is a benediction, that smile. And her eyes look into yours with a frank kindness which fairly forces a responsive glow. If there is any geniality in your composition, it stirs under that glance, asserts itself, comes to the surface. No wonder tired out people like to go to her—a restful woman is one of God's best gifts to a weary old world. No wonder that the man and the woman with broken down hopes like to get near her. No wonder those in need of sympathy seek her out, no wonder those in trouble tell her all about it. It's a case of hopes mended while you wait. She is so understanding, sympathetic, and above all, so true.

The Mirror and the Web By the Lady of Shalott

Doings in "Merrie England."

A PERPETUAL summer, so thickly is it spread, seems to be lying out-of-window. Deserted city gardens are delivering their cap-sheaves; and owners who have dug them for the worms they harbour, chiefly, are off to fix their fish-hooks in northern gills. But joy-seeking Jacks and Jills Canuck, just as frequent, nearly, in England, as up in Muskoka. For Shakespeare's England, at Earls court, is proving a tourists' Mecca—naturally, too, being a product of the brain of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, the clever and active mother of Winston Churchill.

The "Merrie England Society" has recently been formed, its headquarters located at Bromley, Kent. The president is Mrs. Cornwallis-West, and the chief patroness is the Queen of Spain. The which brilliant conjunction of society luminaries has resulted in such a re-coronation of Old King Cole as has seldom rejoiced the heart of that merry monarch. Knight-hood, reluctant old century-plant that it is, has had to discover that this is the year to flower. The watering-can, so to speak, in the hand of Mrs. Cornwallis-West—and the most loth bud of pageantry simply has to.

That last very difficult bud was the Early English tourney at which mailed Chivalry contended in the lists with genuine Beauty witnessing, enthroned. Gorgeous colours and high-flying spirits animated the scene and noble were many of the houses represented. The Viscountess Curzon was a Queen of Beauty, indeed, tricked out in her old-time, and obviously costly, habit. The stately Princess Pless made an imposing Princess Errant, attended by actual princes as page and herald. And the "die-hard" knights were a vision for gentle eyes, so brave, and dukes and lords, by the score, among them!

Enormous was the expenditure which the entertainment entailed and a certain resentment was stirred in the working ranks—a resentment which kept itself in harmless bounds, however, and was largely allayed by the recent comings and goings of the King and Queen.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West wore blue at the dress rehearsal, a colour in pronounced vogue abroad, just now, and one that is popularizing the wear of sapphires.

✽ ✽

Engaging News—Perhaps.

SPEAKING of gems, word is to hand that those most coveted of all stones, diamonds, have been spotted at James Bay and authenticated. Canadian spinsters whom the news is agitating are directed to remember the ancient aphorism that all that glints is not, of necessity, gold. The discovery was a brilliant one, which nobody will deny; but that does not guarantee the news as engaging.

✽ ✽

The Tree-Parsons Wedding.

A HIGH-LIFE engagement recently happily culminated in the marriage of Miss Viola Tree to Mr. Alan Parsons, at which event Lady Diana Manners and Miss Asquith acted as bridesmaids. The bride, a clever actress herself, is the daughter of the famous Sir Beerbohm Tree; and the groom, a Civil Servant, the son of a country

clergyman. Many were the distinguished guests who attended the ceremony, among them the Marquis of Anglesey and his fiancée, Lady Marjorie Manners—a pair, just now, a society cynosure.

✽ ✽

Canadian Saint-to-be.

IT may seem an abrupt soar direct from brides to saints; but it tempers the flight if you mount

by way of angels. For every woman can be an angel, but only a few can be saints, as the latter's qualifications are much more exacting. To be a saint, to begin with, the aspirant must have been dead for fifty years. Then the Pope has to determine that rather delicate point whether or not her spirit is happily placed. And miracles must have been wrought at her intercession. That is why the greatest respect and honour should be accorded to Margaret Bourgeois, virtuous founder of the Congregation of Notre Dame, whose name is, at present, forward for canonization.

✽ ✽

The Cabinet Ladies Abroad.

LIKE Sir Boyle Roche's bird, the ladies of the Canadian Ministerial party abroad are fast learning the trick of appearing in two places at once, in such succession have showered their invitations. Never was party feted more handsomely nor more widely and on certain occasions the entertainment was royal in the literal sense. Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Hazen, Madame Pelletier and the rest are one in their enthusiastic praise of England.

✽ ✽

Chimes In.

WE have latterly been hearing many pleasant items of news in connection with Mrs. Hazen, the witty and beautiful wife of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. And now, through Mrs. Hazen, Mr. J. H. Dunn—at present a London financier, but formerly of New Brunswick—has donated the sum of eight thousand dollars for the complete restoration of the worn-out chimes of Christchurch Cathedral, Fredericton.

✽ ✽

Miss Binnie-Clark in Edmonton.

MISS BINNIE-CLARK, woman farmer and suffragette, lately visited Edmonton in the capacity of envoy of Thomas Skinner, proprietor of the *Canadian Gazette* and a director of the C. P. R., Bank of Montreal, and the Hudson's Bay Co. The purpose of the commission was to enquire into the value of the securities which support the seemingly phenomenal values of real estate in the way of agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing development. This able woman has farmed for six years a 320-acre farm at Ou'Appelle and she aims at securing homestead rights for women.

✽ ✽

Dearth of Teachers.

"BRITISH COLUMBIA wants teachers." "Ontario wants teachers." "Saskatchewan wants teachers." These and similar newspaper headings which constantly recur would indicate a general thirst for knowledge throughout the country with an insufficient Helicon "to slake it." The cause is the unparalleled prosperity of the country and the consequent allurements of other fields than the pedagogic to people who keep a weather-eye on success. Bigger salaries for teachers is a sensible solution. Another, the imperialistic scheme for teaching now being discussed.

✽ ✽

Regatta at Winnipeg.

A RECENT interest at Winnipeg was the International Regatta, which lasted two afternoons and whereat competed



The Enthusiastic Reception in England of the Visiting Cabinet Party, When Hundreds of Raised Hats Greeted the Smiles of Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Hazen, Madame Pelletier, Mrs. Kingsmill and Miss Doherty—Smiles That Promptly Precipitated Whole Deluges of Good-will.



The King, Queen and Princess at "Shakespeare's England," at Earls court. Seen in Front With the King is Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, the Brilliant Restorer of the Old-time Entertainments.

opposing crews from St. Paul, Duluth, Fort William and Kenora. The wind-up was a brilliant ball at the Royal Alexandra, with Barrowclough's orchestra furnishing the music, and with Stars and Stripes and Union Jack among the decorations, by way of compliment to the visiting friends.

Royalty Visits Prince Edward Island.

THOUGH little in size among the provinces of the Dominion, Prince Edward Island is big in distinction among the same, just now, by reason of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia. The royal party

the proteid constituents of milk, and certain vegetables (peas, beans, lentils), for building, repair and energy.

"Now, the fact that Pythagoras and Rousseau were vegetarians is interesting; but it does not add anything to our exact knowledge of foodstuffs. A little study of the chemical needs of the body, and the chemical constituents of foodstuffs, shows the folly of drawing a sharp line between animal and vegetable foods. The points to be decided in selecting a diet are:

"(1) Digestibility. (2) Availability for energy, growth, or repair. (3) Cost. It is important to know not whether

ough tasting, and avoid foods that are displeasing.

"(4) Do not form the habit of prolonged, timorous nibbling and excessive chewing of small quantities of food. Atony or debility of the digestive organs and lowered nutrition may result from such practice.

"(5) Pay some attention to the 'balance' of a meal. Milk, eggs, and meat at the same meal give an enormous excess of proteid. Bouillon, lettuce, and fresh fruit are woefully lacking proteid. The addition of a sandwich or custard supplies this lack. An excess of salt or sugar should be avoided. Sugar is a valuable fuel food; but taxes the digestive powers, especially when concentrated, as in candy, and is apt to cloy the appetite. It should be well diluted.

"(6) By proper methods of eating, insalivation, etc., the amount of food taken will usually be limited to the body needs. The principle of less work, less food, however, should be remembered.

"(7) Water should be taken freely before meals and moderately during meals. There is no need to carry the 'flushing out' process to an extreme. People with heart disease or dropsy may be injured by excessive water drinking, and the average man positively needs no more than two quarts of water a day.

"(8) Remember that the value of food in calories is no measure of its digestibility. Nuts and baked beans have a high food value chemically; but many people cannot digest them, in which case their poison value is higher than their food value.

"(9) The safest rule is: Mind and body being rested, a well balanced mixed diet, moderate in quantity, varied according to the work done, thoroughly tasted and cheerfully eaten.

"Let some other fellow do the experimenting, if he will, with an atavistic cuisine appropriate to our arboreal ancestors. The slogan for health and efficiency is not 'Back to nature!' but 'Vorwärts!' to adjustment with modern conditions.

While Summer Reigns



Gathering Snow-white Water Lilies on Ashbridge's Bay, Toronto.

were the guests of Sir Louis and Lady Davies, the latter being a serene and admirable hostess. Part of the entertainment was a trip up the West River, a courtesy the Provincial Government extended.

Eating For Efficiency.

EUGENE LYMAN FISK, M.D., Fellow of New York Academy of Medicine, has an article bearing the above pertinent title in the Sunday Magazine Section of the New York Tribune. To women, on whom, very largely, the health of families depends, the facts and rules he presents hold particular interest. He writes:

"After carefully surveying the entire hard-fought field of dietetics, strewn with bloody meats, juicy fruits, succulent vegetables, tasty nuts, grains, and all the varied material for chef and trencherman, the writer feels justified in stating positively, dogmatically, and even militantly, that man cannot live without food.

"This scrap of gnomie wisdom may irritate some people, who resent an aggressive presentation of the obvious and axiomatic; but there seems to be doubt in some quarters as to the axiomatic nature of the proposition that man must eat to live.

"In addition to the various 'arians' with which we are familiar—fruit, grain, nut, veget, etc.—we now have the 'aerarians,' who think they subsist by drinking in the circumambient atmosphere, with maybe a little water as a 'chaser.'

"The man who fasts is really an auto-phagous cannibal, living on his own flesh. The fact that it does not pass through his digestive apparatus is a mere detail, softening down the gruesomeness of the operation.

"The law of the conservation of energy is a fearful nuisance to faddists; but it still holds. Whatever a man's soul may be, his body is part of the material universe, and is composed of elements found not only in other animals, but in the trees and rocks, and in the very ground under our feet. Twelve of these elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, sulphur, sodium, calcium, potassium, chlorine, magnesium, and iron, in various combinations of atoms, molecules, and compounds—make up the human body."

But fuel must be supplied or the engine will not work—and foods, the fuel of the body, may be grouped as follows: "Inorganic. Water and salts; for chemical processes and building (bone).

"Organic. (a) Carbonaceous,—sugars, starches (cereals, vegetables), and fats, for energy and 'padding.' (b) Proteid or nitrogenous,—lean meat, eggs, and

our food is animal or vegetable, but how much proteid, fats, starch, salts, etc., we were getting in digestible and assimilable form.

"Thin people lost heat rapidly, owing to the large surface exposed in proportion to the bodily weight, and require sufficient quantities of carbonaceous foods, such as cereals and vegetables, especially if much muscular work is done. On the contrary, fat people, who do not lost heat readily, and are overburdened with the products of carbonaceous feeding, should limit these foodstuffs in their diet. Proteid foods may also be utilized for heat production and energy; but not so readily as the carbonaceous foods.

"The Fletcher system of eating is one that emphasizes chewing and 'tasting,' and is highly successful when followed in moderation. By endeavouring to extract the last atom of flavour from our food, we necessarily chew and insalivate it thoroughly, until it passes into the stomach a welcome guest. In this way the craving for food is satisfied by a smaller quantity. A man of high intelligence and earnest purpose may eat 'instinctively,' and derive much benefit; but the suggestion to eat 'any old thing' at 'any old time,' so long as one wants it and it tastes good, may lead to irregular habits and serious dietetic errors on the part of the careless and undiscriminating.

"The pleasant anticipation of a meal has been found to have a distinct value in preparing the alimentary canal for food. The nerve centres presiding over such functions form habits, and as meal-time rolls round these centres are apt to become lively, and there is a general preparation in the body, as there is in the kitchen. To ignore this automatism is just as irrational as to load the stomach with needless food. A certain regularity and periodicity in eating is, therefore, rational and physiological. If less work is performed, less food may be taken; but there is no need to wait until the body cries out for relief. As a matter of fact, most people do a certain average amount of work between meals, and it is only exceptional individuals who so vary their work that their food requirements become irregular.

"A few plain rules are herewith given, which ought to govern the average person's eating.

"Eat always under the pleasantest possible circumstances, when the mind and body have had at least a brief rest.

"(2) Chew all starchy foods—cereals, bread, pastry, potatoes, and other vegetables—thoroughly by the 'tasting' method.

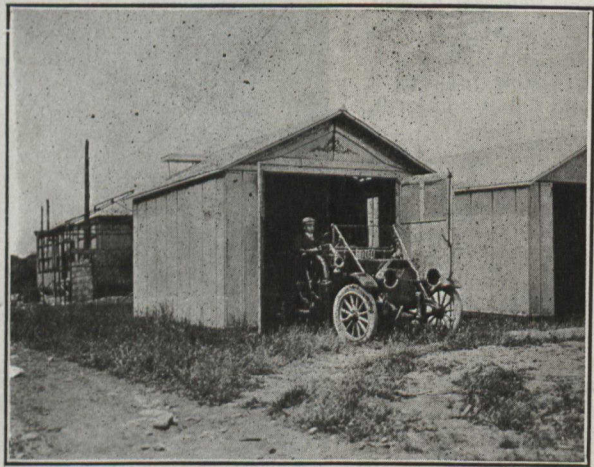
"(3) Within certain limitations, eat such foods as please the palate on thor-

When a Photograph Dies

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The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell

A Forecast.

MANY and varied will be the new productions which the theatrical centre of America will launch forth this season. A press sheet sent out from the offices of the late Henry B. Harris quoted that the coming season would mark the greatest number of failures ever known on this continent. The reason given was the increasing number of theatres, there being one hundred and fifty in New York alone, and the gradual elimination of the star, an adaptation from the English system.

William A. Brady, perhaps the most energetic of all the large producing managers, will have forty companies and only two stars, Grace George and Robert Mantell. "Bought and Paid For," Brady's newest success, will go forth to week runs and one-night stands in three or four companies. In his new theatre on 48th Street, New York, Brady will produce "Just Like John," a new play, which, if failure dooms to a season's tramping from one theatre to another, will be succeeded by "Little Miss Brown," a new humorous play by Philip Bartholomae. He will also produce "Little Women," with his daughter, Alice Brady, as Meg. It is a noticeable difference between Brady's productions this season and Charles Frohman's, that Brady's are American, and Frohman's, with one exception—"The Model," by Gus Thomas—all foreign.

John Drew, the popular matinee idol and evening dress exponent, is billed to

headed by Montgomery and Stone, Elsie Janis and Harry Bulger. And Franz Lehár, who gave us the sinuous strains of the Merry Widow waltz, has written another operetta called "Eva," who is a factory girl.

Great mystery surrounds the Shuberts. They promise many surprises in which "the play's the thing" and not the star. One of these "things" is an importation from London, a wondrous find, written by a young woman called Miss K. G. Sowerby, originally for her own amusement, but finally for the amusement of the theatre-going public, the writer gradually having overcome her modesty in accepting royalties. Strange how these "own amusement" plays fall into the hands of producing managers. This one is called "Rutherford and Son." An excellent cast has been chosen to produce "Julius Caesar"; William Faversham will play Antony, Fuller Mellish, Caesar, Tyrone Power, Brutus, and Frank Keenan, Cassius.

The Lieblers have a novelty, the leading character in which is the Empress of China. The name of the novelty is "The Daughter of Heaven," the authors are Pierre Lati and Judith Gautier. And while we are talking of novelties, think of one which calls for five leading women! That energetic wizard, Ames, who was manager of the New Theatre, and who now is the head of the Little Theatre in New York, has gone over to Australia for this extraordinary bundle of manuscript, which bears the name of "Anatol." He is also to produce "The Great Adventure," which is the stage name for Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive."

Failures there may be, but one might try a long shot on the successes which are bound to come from this imposing list of new productions.



Some Stage Superstitions.

"Of course all nice people are superstitious," is the periodical remark of one of my best pals, who, though not directly connected with the theatre, seems to have absorbed that much of its atmosphere.

When Marie Doro was in Canada last spring, I happened to be back on the stage at a rehearsal one day. In the middle of the last speech, Marie broke off suddenly and said they had finished. Nobody questioned her, the stage manager placed the characters for the first of the play, and the rehearsal began again. On enquiring from "la petite Marie" why she had not finished her lines, I learned that it is the zenith of bad luck to say the last word of the play at rehearsal.

There is no whistling in the dressing rooms when Frances Starr and her company occupy them.

Nor may one peep through the curtain to see if the first-night house is satisfactory in size and brilliance. Coy Billie Burke is one of the especial devotees of this superstition.

"My dear child, please do not sit there. Climb on the dressing table. The sink or anything, but not on the table." It was Margaret Anglin who was speaking. Every chair in the dressing room was occupied, and Miss Anglin needed the rest of the space for changing her costume for the next act.

Ethel Barrymore, despite her langour and long gowns, sometimes walks along Yonge or St. Catherine Streets. If there chance to be a ladder reaching from an upstairs window to the street, Ethel will walk out in the slush of the street rather than pass under it.

If a member of Mary Mannering's company is so out of date as to travel with a round-topped trunk, he is promptly requested to relieve himself of it. That, above all else, in this charming actress' eyes, is an omen of ill-luck.

And Christie MacDonald is in tears if she breaks a mirror. Possibly she has smashed a whole dressing table reflection recently, for "Prow," the feline pride of her heart is dead, and Christie's press agent is sending pathetic stories abroad as to her purchase of a \$500 coffin for it.



ETHEL BARRYMORE

Whose Pet Superstition Concerning Stepladders is Strange—Since She is Fairly Near the Top.

appear in an adaptation from the French of Caillavet and De Fiers, called "Papa." Quite a deviation for the immaculate John, I should suggest. Frohman's newest star, John Mason, is to have for his starring vehicle, Bernstein's newest play, "The Attack," while golden-haired Billie Burke will pirouette through three or four acts as a musical comedy girl who marries a lord, called "Mind-the-Paint Girl," by Pinero. Rumour has it that Bernstein is busy on a new play for Ethel Barrymore. Let us hope it will be more suited to Ethel's languid style of acting than her last three or four plays have been. Another golden-haired actress whom the electrics announce as Mrs. Leslie Carter may leave the Belasco ranks and join the Frohman forces in "Bella Donna." And Hattie Williams is to return to musical comedy, in a conglomeration of song and dance turns called "The Girl From Montmartre."

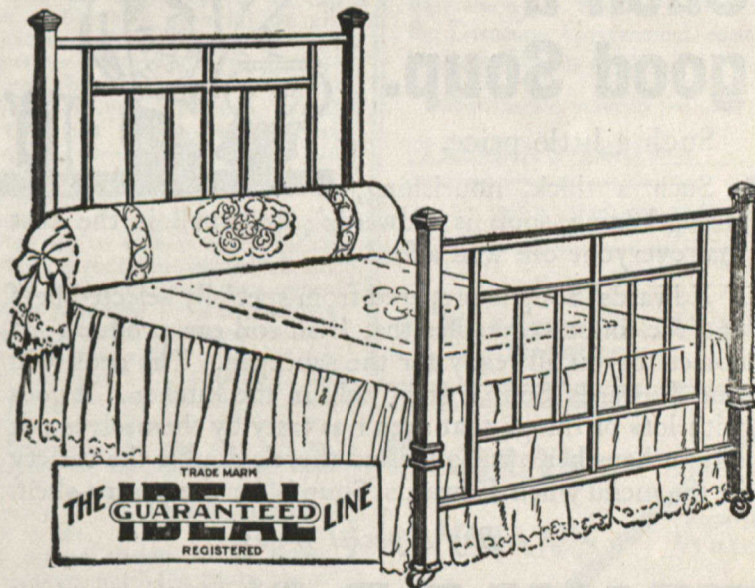
That young fellow, Edward Sheldon, seems to be coming right to the fore in playwrighting ever since Mrs. Fiske produced his "Salvation Nell" four seasons ago. After disposing of his latest effort, "Egypt," to Margaret Anglin, in which she plays the part of a gipsy, he is hustling to finish one for Mrs. Fiske.

Those who are interested in the musical comedy of the boards will be interested to learn that the greatest bill in that style of entertainment will be

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"Remember my face—you'll see me again."

The Canadian Women's Press Club

MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG, the President of the Winnipeg branch, is at her summer home at Whytefold, Man., on the shore of Lake Winnipeg. Mrs. McClung's new book, which is to be called "The Black Creek Stopping House," will be published in September. It is a book of short stories, with one long one, from which it takes its title. Mrs. McClung mentions that she expects to use "The Black Creek Stopping House" for recital work in the fall.

A DESCRIPTION, given in the Winnipeg Home Monthly, of the new club-room of the Winnipeg branch, in the Industrial Bureau, says: "Just facing the door as you enter, the Union Jack is hung, for the members of the club pride themselves on being, above all things, loyal Canadians. A very pretty touch in the room is a couple of groups of framed photos, the work of one of the members who makes a specialty of taking and preparing photos to illustrate magazine work. One of these groups shows old Fort Garry gate, the Soldiers' Monument in St. John's cemetery, Winnipeg, erected to the boys who fell in 1885, and the Seven Oaks Monument, commemorating the death of Governor Semple. Needless to say, this picture hangs right under the flag."

THE President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, and the President of the Toronto branch, Miss A. E. Dyas, have left for a fortnight's holiday in Algonquin Park.

MISS ARMSTRONG, of The Leader, Regina, is now in the East on a short holiday.

ONE of the notable literary gatherings of the season in London is the Women Writers' Dinner. This year Mrs. Charles Perrin, President of the Society of British Women Journalists, had the honour of presiding at the dinner. Mrs. Perrin is the author of well-known Anglo-Indian novels, and in compliment to her the speeches were arranged to deal with India as the scene and setting of novels. Among the 200 guests in attendance were a large number of the leading women writers of England.

MISS V. G. RANSOM, who has been the assistant secretary of the Society of British Women Journalists, is coming to Canada this month, to make her home in Lytton, B.C. She is to be married to Dr. M. B. Baines, of that place. The Canadian Women's Press Club will welcome to its circle this member from the Society with whom it has been affiliated now for some years.

CHURCH LIFE, formerly published in Kingston, has been transferred to Toronto. Miss Mary G. C. White, the editor, will be a welcome addition to the membership of the Toronto Branch.

MRS. LLEWELLYN ROBERTS is the new Honorary Secretary of the Society of Women Journalists, London, England. Mrs. Llewellyn Roberts—who succeeds Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson, resigning on account of ill-health—is herself a journalist of ability and a keen worker in the cause of education. She is part editor of *Hearth and Home*, and in addition carries on a large amount of miscellaneous journalism.

NEW members elected are: Miss Evelyn Sinclair, of Calgary, joint society editor of *The Morning Albertan*; Miss Elizabeth Bailey, of Calgary, joint society editor of *The Morning Albertan*, society editor of *Provincial Standard*, and a contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*; Miss Eleanor A. MacLennan, editor of the woman's page of *The Calgary Daily Herald*.

MRS. F. S. JACOB, President of the Calgary Branch of the C.W.P.C., and editor of the *Country Homes* department of the *Farm and Ranch Review*, is to be in Toronto in September, when many of the Toronto members

hope to have the pleasure of meeting her. The Calgary Branch recently entertained Miss Clark, who is writing articles on Canada for the *London (England) Gazette*.

MISS MABEL BURKHOLDER, of Hamilton, author of "The Course of Impatience Canningham," and other stories, left in July for a trip to the "end of steel" on the Grand Trunk Pacific, and hopes to meet some of the members in different Western cities.

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, of Edmonton (Janey Canuck), has been taking a trip to the north country, and the *Northern News*, of Athabasca Landing, publishes a breezy interview with her. One is apt to think of Athabasca Landing as at the end of things, but the copy of the *Northern News*, in which this interview appears, is in Volume 4.

THE July issues of the journals of the Lyceum Club, London, England, and of the Society of British Women



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON In Front of Charles Dickens' House in Doughty Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Journalists, both contain feeling references to the death of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron. Miss Cameron was a member of both clubs, and had made numbers of friends in them during her two years in England. The Lyceum, in the course of its appreciation of Miss Cameron, pays her the following tribute: "Miss Cameron was an Imperialist. Her love for the Motherland and for Canada was as boundless as her hopes for the great Empire. It is no empty compliment to say that in the two years she spent in this country she did a great deal to draw closer the bonds between England and Canada. Her illustrated lectures on Canada were everywhere received with enthusiasm. When she returned to Canada she continued her Imperialistic work by telling her own people of the greatness of England, and, even more appealing, of the kindness and sincerity of England, always endeavouring to indicate points of meeting and not of difference between the Old Land and the New." Part of an article in the official organ of the Society of Women Journalists says: "As a member of the Canadian Women's Press Club, affiliated with the Society of Women Journalists, Miss Cameron was frequently seen at the Society's gatherings when she visited London. . . . Her lectures and writings were mainly directed towards making happier conditions for woman's work."

Miss Cameron was a great admirer of Dickens, so that the snapshot reproduced here is of special interest.



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The Church and Woman Suffrage

By HELEN M. DETLOR

IT is a matter of wonder to those interested in the woman's suffrage movement and its development that the Church has not taken any definite position in regard to it. In the reports of Synods, Conferences, Assemblies and Church Associations that have come under our notice there has been no account of the question of equal franchise having any place in their deliberations, or even having been given passing attention.

We wonder at this, believing as we do that the suffrage movement is a religious one and in perfect sympathy with the aims of the Church for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. Nor are we alone in this thought. On June 19 large meetings were held in London, England, to consider "The Religious Aspect of the Woman's Movement." Right Rev. the Bishop of London spoke on this subject. Right Rev. the Bishop of Hull spoke on "Our Lord's Teaching About Women," Rev. Wm. Temple, on "How the Woman's Movement May Help Religion." Many other prominent men and women also spoke.

In the reports of these representative bodies of the different churches we find them discussing at length the need of vigorous action and united effort against the liquor traffic, gambling evils and white slave trade—passing strong resolutions and asserting their attitude in regard to these things—but the men behind these evils are not much afraid of discussions and resolutions; they make no outcry that their "craft is in danger" from these pious demonstrations. Truly, "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." The official organs of the brewers, distillers and liquor dealers have ordered their constituencies to "put your foot on woman suffrage wherever you find it, as it means death to our trade." Rev. Dr. B. F. Cray, formerly of Wyoming, where women vote, says: "Liquor sellers and gamblers are unanimous in cursing woman suffrage."

While we have spoken of the attitude of the representative bodies of the churches, we must not forget the many ministers who fearlessly advocate the woman's cause—as, for instance, Rev. Chas. Aked, D.D., of New York, who said a short time ago: "Nothing since the coming of Christ ever promised so much for the ultimate good of the human race as the intellectual, moral and political enfranchisement of woman." Bishop McViekar, of Rhode Island, says: "I hope and pray that we may see the right of women to vote soon come to pass. In this fuller citizenship there is no chance that a woman would unsex herself. I believe the paths she would walk in would not only be brightened by her presence, but straightened." Father Scully, of the Catholic Church, says: "The opposition to female suffrage is a matter of course. All great social and political reforms, as well as religious ones, have always been resisted by prejudices, customs, and the old cry of 'inopportune.' So it with this. It is a battle—reason and justice opposed by senseless fears and selfish notions. The cause is just. It may be defeated to-day but never conquered, and to-morrow will be victorious."

These are but a few utterances of ministers of the United States. Many more could be added of those from other countries and every creed. Aside from what it would mean to the Church in its fight against organized evil to have its womanhood, who compose its larger constituency, with the power of the ballot in their hand, we do expect the Church of God to declare itself on the side of right and justice.

Suffrage News

JANE ADDAMS, the Chicago power among suffragettes, was the one woman among ten seconders to the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt. Miss Addams' social work is widely known.

She believes that the Progressive Party, which she supports, stands for the improvement of social conditions. And that party has pledged itself to the securing of equal suffrage to men and women.

Militant suffragitis, a malady in Great Britain, is experiencing a treatment which remains to be called a check in the five years' jail sentence of those agitators in Dublin, Mrs. Mary Leigh and Miss Gladys Evans. Premier Asquith was the target in both cases. But while hurling a deadly hatchet and attempting to burn a play-house are held to be certainly malicious enterprises, public feeling has stamped the punishments "too severe," and the chances are the "examples" will be pardoned.

Affecting the Woman in Business

By RUBY LILLIAN HUNTER

DO you remember the old saying, "Give a man rope enough and he will hang himself?" It seems as though the Englishman were beginning to hang himself with the centuries-long rope, made up of the abuses, indignities and indifference—to say nothing of the glaring injustice—to the women of their nation.

If I had never been a suffragist before, I think the action of the employers of women labourers in England, in docking them two or so days' pay a week before the Insurance bill was to become law, would have converted me to the grave necessity of providing those women with a sure and direct means of protecting themselves from such injustice and hardship.

Voters are never docked without their own consent.

When the coal miners wanted a minimum wage they said to the law-makers, "We have tied up the traffic of your country and we will keep it tied up until you realize how essential we are to the nation and see that the mine owners give us a measure of justice. If you do not consider our demands we will not let you make our laws." And because they had the power to do as they said, the law-makers bowed their heads and placed a minimum wage law upon the statute books.

The question of wages is, of course, a very vital one to women in the industrial world. A manager in one of our large stores, a sincere, good man, much interested in bettering the surroundings of his women workers, remarked one day that \$5 a week was a very nice sum for a woman to earn. "A woman is so handy, you know; she can do her own dressmaking and millinery, her laundry and her mending, and she can live so cheaply at one of the institutions, that really she lives quite comfortably on her \$5 weekly." Yes, he said just that and meant it, too.

Women cannot expect to be recognized as workers until the State recognizes them as such, nor can they expect equal pay for equal work as State-recognized workers receive.

It takes 10,000 people to make a city. Right here in Toronto we have four cities of women workers, every one of them earning, producing, consuming, contributing eight or ten hours a day to the upkeep of the country; but without one single representative to guard their interests or express their wishes.

Imagine the furor if four of our cities of 10,000 or 12,000 people were told they could have no say in anything concerning themselves or their surroundings. Think of the 46,000 women in our city alone, working as best they may, with no voice in affairs pertaining to themselves, unconscious as yet of the tremendous power they will surely possess in the near future.

Let all the women's clubs and societies join together in a strong endeavour to reach every one of the women workers that clubs, societies and workers may learn together that higher sense of social and civic responsibility—a sense that develops by use. Union in effort is the growing lesson of our times.

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DIRECTIONS.
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St. Leon Water
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Kellogg's
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You will never realize how much ten cents can buy until you taste

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His Little Girl



OUR NEW

SERIAL STORY

RESUME: Driving in Italy, a young Englishwoman is fatally injured when a Russian's automobile strikes the pony carriage in which she was riding with her little daughter. The Russian hurries away in his car. The doctor and Giles Tredman, an Indian army officer, on his way home to England, take the woman and child to an hotel. The dying woman commits her child to the care of Giles. She tells him that the Russian had killed her soul as well as her body, and that a jewel in an ivory box, which she shows him, is the only clue to the mystery. As he cannot find out anything about the child's relatives, he decides to adopt her. His sweetheart, Grace Cardew, who has become deeply interested in a foreign diplomat, receives, in a letter, news of this decision. She resents it. Giles is advised by his solicitor not to adopt the child.

CHAPTER VI.

"I THINK, perhaps, Sir Giles, you have no idea of the value of this jewel?"

"Not the faintest idea. That is precisely the reason why I have brought it to you to be valued," Tredman answered drily, looking with some amusement into the face of the jeweller, a man whose fame as an expert in precious stones was world wide. Mr. Sharpland, the expert in question, looked back at his client with a reassuring smile. He and Sir Giles had had many dealings together, he had known the Tredman family ever since he himself, as a young man, first entered his father's business, and he and Giles had for each other a mutual respect and liking. They stood opposite one another now in the jeweller's private room at the back of the big shop, and Mr. Sharpland held in his hand the ivory box which had first been shown to Giles by Sylvia's young mother.

"You are, of course, aware that emeralds are some of the most valuable gems in the market," the little man continued, fixing shrewd eyes on his customer's face, "and the emeralds in this ornament are some of the finest it has ever been my lot to see. They are magnificent, and I will say to you what I would hesitate to say to anyone else, they are not like stones which I should have imagined to be in the possession of any private individual."

"What do you mean?" Giles looked with bewilderment at the jeweller, as the latter paused.

"I mean that these stones are more the sort of stones one would expect to find in regalia, or, at any rate, belonging to royal personages. Frankly, Sir Giles, when I came to examine it closely, the ornament gave me a shock. It is so very valuable, so very unique."

"What is your impression as to its value?"

"I unhesitatingly place the value at eighty thousand pounds, and I should be inclined to think one hundred thousand pounds was nearer the mark," came the prompt reply, a reply so astounding to Sir Giles that for a moment he only stared speechlessly into the other man's face.

"Are you serious?" he exclaimed at last, "do you really mean to say that your estimate of the thing is as high as that?"

"I really mean it. If you wished to sell the jewel now, I should be prepared to offer you seventy thousand pounds for it—here at once. I can say no more than that."

"But—" Tredman stammered, "it is incomprehensible. It takes my breath away. I found this ornament in the possession of a lady who was living in actual poverty. She was working for her bread—in a sort of hand-to-mouth existence. She died suddenly under very tragic circumstances, leaving me practically in charge of her child and this jewel. And as far as I could understand her last injunctions, they amounted to a request that the jewel should not be parted with. At least—" Giles paused, and drew his brows together, "the poor lady could scarcely speak coherently or collectedly; it was difficult to gather exactly what her wishes were, but she certainly said 'Do not part with it—unless—' but the sentence went unended. I do not know what more the poor soul meant to say."

"I suppose," Mr. Sharpland's long hands fingered the ivory box softly, "I suppose you have no doubt as to the lady's—integrity? The ornament did not come into her hands in—in—ahem—in absolutely regular ways?"

"I know nothing," Giles' grey eyes met the jeweller's shrewd ones frankly, and without embar-

assment, "the purest chance (if there is such a thing as chance) mixed me up in the motor accident which cost Mrs. Burnett her life. I was merely walking along the road when it happened. And as the victim was a fellow countrywoman, and the hound of a motorist went off without giving her the slightest help, I did what I could for the lonely lady and her even more lonely child. That is the affair in a nutshell. I never heard of Mrs. Burnett before, nor can I find any clue now to her belongings, antecedents, or past. But—such knowledge of the world as I possess, tells me that the poor thing was a lady, and a lady of refinement and breeding—in no sense of the word an adventuress. Therefore, I can't believe that this jewel came into her hands in any shady way."

"Perhaps she had a husband whose character would bear less close inspection than her own," Mr. Sharpland hazarded.

"Very possibly. When she was dying she made allusion to some man of whom it struck me she was afraid. But like all the rest of her speech, the allusions were broken and incoherent. I thought—but it might have been my imagination—that she wanted her little girl shielded from somebody—and she spoke of that jewel as a clue. But to what it is a clue I have not the ghost of a notion."

"An ornament so conspicuous, and so valuable as this would certainly be a clue to anyone who had ever been known to possess it," Mr. Sharpland said with a short laugh, "and if there is the slightest fear that the little girl of whom you spoke should be traced through it, I would advise you to keep it well hidden. Unless you think it better to part with it entirely?"

"I can't do that," Giles answered, decidedly, "at any rate I can't do it until I find out something more about my small ward and her antecedents. I have undertaken the care of the poor child," he added, hurriedly, "and—in view of her mother's urgent admonition not to part with the jewel, I feel bound to keep it at least for the present—at least until the child is grown up, and can decide matters for herself."

"You are undertaking a serious responsibility, Sir Giles?" the elder man said, gently, "a very kind one—but a very serious one. The child of unknown parents, with a certain doubtfulness about her antecedents, and with this extraordinarily valuable and unique thing in her possession. Isn't it, forgive my presumption—isn't it a trifle—Quixotic?"

"My solicitor assures me it is more than a trifle," Giles answered, "and if I had relations, I have no doubt my decision would call down a storm of re-monstrance on my head. But I have no relations; I am my own master, and—well! the fact of the matter is, my mind is made up."

"Your best friends will honour you for what you are doing," the jeweller said, simply, "and now, Sir Giles, to return to business. I will give you a written valuation of the ornament," as he spoke, he unlocked the ivory box, and drew out the jewel, "and please understand, that if at any time you, or your ward, wish to sell it, I will give you seventy thousand pounds for it. I frankly own that you might get more for it elsewhere. That is what it would be worth to me; and if this little girl is penniless, as I gather she is, the sale of the jewel will remove that disability."

THE exquisite ornament lay on his outstretched palm, and both men looked silently at the flashing gems, the vivid green of the emeralds, the scintillating white loveliness of the brilliants.

"It is a lovely piece of work," Giles exclaimed, at last.

"It is unique," the other answered, emphatically, "absolutely unique. In all my long experience, I have never come across anything quite like it, and though I have no idea what it costs to ransom kings, I should say in popular parlance, that it was worth a king's ransom."

"Well, it had certainly better be deposited at once in my bank," Giles laughed, "to think of the reckless carelessness of that poor lady who apparently kept it in her travelling trunk. I'm very much obliged to you, and obliged to you for your good advice about the child. But I couldn't take that,

you know."

"And I am glad you couldn't," the jeweller smiled, "in this degenerate age it is refreshing to find that there are still some Don Quixotes left amongst us."

"You think I am tilting at windmills?"

"Not at all. I am sure you are doing a fine thing, and equally sure you will be rewarded for doing it. The world would be a better place if there were a few more people in it ready to do such disinterested things."

The kindly jeweller's praise warmed Giles' heart, for, truth to tell, the letter he had received that morning from his fiancée had cooled some of the warm glow in his heart. He had felt so sure of Grace's understanding and approval; so certain that she would endorse his action and enter into his motives and feelings, that her somewhat chilly letter came with the effect of a cold douche. She wrote from the country house where she and her mother were spending the week end, and beyond some expressions of regret at being out of town for Giles' arrival, her letter was mainly filled with descriptions of her fellow guests, and the delightful time she was enjoying. Only in a few words at the end did she make any reference to the guardianship Giles had undertaken, and those words, as the young man instinctively felt, showed a lack of warmth and interest.

"When we meet we will talk about your scheme of taking charge of this little girl, Sylvia Burnett. It will want a great deal of consideration. It seems a big undertaking."

That was all. And, whilst Giles' heart contracted a little over the chilly sentences, he also smiled a trifle grimly.

"The day for talking over and consideration is past," he reflected, "Grace will understand it all when I can explain it to her. It is only that she doesn't quite understand yet."

BUT when, on that same afternoon, after his visit to the jeweller, he was alone with Grace in the Cromwell Road drawing-room, he found that to make her understand his point of view was not the easy task he had imagined. Grace was charming, fascinating, as irresistible as ever in his eyes, and whilst they talked of themselves, and their own future, she was everything that the heart of lover could desire. Her eyes, as they met his, seemed to him to shine with tenderness; her smile set his heart leaping; the touch of her lips had the same power as of old to thrill his pulses. But directly he began to speak of Sylvia, Grace's face and manner subtly changed. It was not that she spoke hardly or irritably, yet almost imperceptibly—she hardened.

"Oh! Giles," she said pleadingly, her hands—and they were very pretty hands—turning themselves in his, "don't let us spoil our first hours together by talking about anything but ourselves. It is so heavenly to see you again; I don't want to hear about little girls, or—or any tiresome business worries yet."

"Poor little Sylvia is hardly a business worry," Giles answered, his hand still holding hers in a close clasp, his eyes greedily drinking in the loveliness of her face, the delicacy of her colouring, the brightness of her hair, "she is a very human little soul, and I am sure you will love her, darling. I want to know when I can bring her to see you."

Only by a genuine effort at self control did Grace keep from her face the distaste she inwardly experienced, only by reminding herself that she would be a fool to upset Giles at this moment, did she contrive to banish from her voice any note of petulance.

"I don't think children really like me," she said, smiling, and quite unaware of the grave admission she was making, a gravity equally unperceived by Tredman, too deeply in love to be able to see flaws in his idol, "but of course you shall bring her here, Giles. Where is she now?"

"In my hotel. I have found—or rather my solicitor has found for me—a nurse to take care of her temporarily, but I thought, if you agreed, that I would try to get a lady to take charge of her until—"

"If I agreed?" Grace broke in quickly, again only just able to prevent a note of sharpness from stealing into her voice, "but my dear Giles, what have I to do with it? You surely—don't really mean to make yourself responsible for the child of a total stranger? As we have got upon the subject, perhaps we had better speak of it, though—I should have liked our first hour together to have been given entirely to ourselves."

The tender reproach of her accents touched Giles' heart. He could never bear to hurt or vex a living soul, much less the woman he loved, and drawing her towards him, he said, gently—

(Continued on page 25.)



Courierettes.

NOWADAYS we are getting an inkling of W. S. Gilbert's meaning when he wrote his famous line, "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

A New Jersey cow produced almost seven hundred pounds of milk in one week. If all the other cows did likewise—but no, the high cost of living is probably up to stay.

Lloyd George praises golf as one of Scotland's greatest gifts to the human race. It has certainly enlarged the world's vocabulary.

The price of boots and shoes is to join the upward parade. If there are any prices that haven't gone up, they must be feeling pretty lonesome.

Montreal prisoners are to be taken from the jail to the court house in street cars, but it is understood that they won't be given transfers.

Motor busses may be equipped with "cow-catchers." They might more properly be termed "calf-catchers."

An effort is being made to stop the Turco-Italian war. But for this published announcement the world would not have remembered there was a war going on.

A Polite Porter.—The most polite man in Toronto has been found.

He is a negro porter in a big warehouse, and he is so polite that when he talks to a woman over the telephone he always carefully removes his hat.

Not What Sir Wilfrid Said.—Montreal journalists tell a good story of a bilingual affair that nearly resulted in Sir Wilfrid Laurier being made to look somewhat ridiculous.

Some time before the last election the Liberal chieftain, speaking in French, delivered a lengthy speech in the metropolis on the navy question. An English morning paper, to make the best of the occasion, had engaged the services of several French stenographers who took the address verbatim and translated it later.

Throwing back his shoulders in characteristic pose, Sir Wilfrid eloquently declared in the midst of his speech: "If Great Britain should ever go to war, which God forbid—"

Now, it may have been that one of the French stenographers was tired, or he may have been unfamiliar with the

English language, but at any rate a proofreader earned his salary when he caught in the first paper next morning this daring announcement from Canada's Premier: "If Great Britain should ever go to war, we'll go to bed."

A Peculiar Proposal.—Probably one of the most peculiar proposals of marriage on record was made not long ago in a Methodist Church in a little Ontario village.

The swain was evidently a trifle bashful in taking the fatal leap, but he was certainly alive to the opportunity when it presented itself.

He and his sweetheart were seated side by side in the village church, and the pastor was slowly proceeding through one of those long prayers for which country pastors are noted.

During the prayer the young lover was perusing his hymn book. He happened on Hymn 519, written by Charles Wesley, and he was suddenly seized by a brilliant idea as he read it.

He took his pencil, marked the last three verses, and put a question mark at the end, then handed the book to the girl.

These were the verses she read:

"My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

"Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

Thy gifts alone cannot suffice—
Oh, let thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my Paradise
And where thou art is heaven."

No more eloquent proposal could be framed than this poetical one, and the girl quickly grasped his meaning. Then she grasped the pencil also and wrote "Yes" after his question mark.

Yes, they were married and lived happily always, agreeing that No. 519 was the best hymn in the book.

All-sufficient Reason.—The late Samuel Daniels, once proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, Ottawa, who died a couple of weeks ago, had the happy knack of always expressing just what he meant in but a few words.

Always a great lover of horse-flesh,

he was driving down Sparks Street some years ago, when the colt he was driving started to run away with the buggy. For awhile Daniels held on to the reins. Several rigs it grazed and he still held on; a post was narrowly missed; yet Daniels clung. Suddenly a car shot right in front of the animal. Just as suddenly Daniels climbed over the back of the seat and lit on the pavement.

"It's lucky you jumped when you did," remarked a passerby as he helped him to his feet.

"I guess so," said Daniels. "I tried to save that horse at first. Then I calculated that I can always get a horse, but there's only one Sam Daniels."

Some Popular Song Hits.

"**WE** don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money, too."

Sung by Henri Bourassa with great success in "The Englishman's Home."

"Crossing the Bar."—N. W. Rowell, in "The Passing of the Flood."

"Where Are the Boys of the Old Brigade?"—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

"Now I Lay Me."—Our Office Boy.

Questions of the Day.

DO you think that Roosevelt has a chance?

How many flies have you swatted?

Hasn't this been a cool summer?

What do you think ought to be done with those rampant suffragettes?

Got any cigarette cards, Mister?

Wouldn't Stay Put.—The spectacular fight that Roosevelt is making for the Presidency of the United States recalls a cartoon published at the time when Teddy first began to be thought of as a candidate for occupancy of the White House. The late President McKinley was the choice of the Republicans at that time, and it was thought that Roosevelt could be sidetracked—perhaps for good—by making him Vice-President. The cartoon showed McKinley putting Teddy in a cradle which was labelled "Vice-President."

However, as subsequent events have abundantly proved, Roosevelt is not the kind of man that will "stay put."

Personal Interest.

DOWN to the Panama Canal
My thoughts now roam.
Will't haste the happy moment when
My ship comes home?

Bravery Note.—A young man was seen walking Toronto streets wearing a "Taft" button in his coat lapel.

Takes some nerve to do that in Tory Toronto after that "adjunct" remark of the President.

Generosity of Sir James.—When Mr. N. W. Rowell, the Liberal leader in Ontario, went barnstorming through Northern Ontario recently, Sir James Whitney let him have the use of his private car to make the journey.

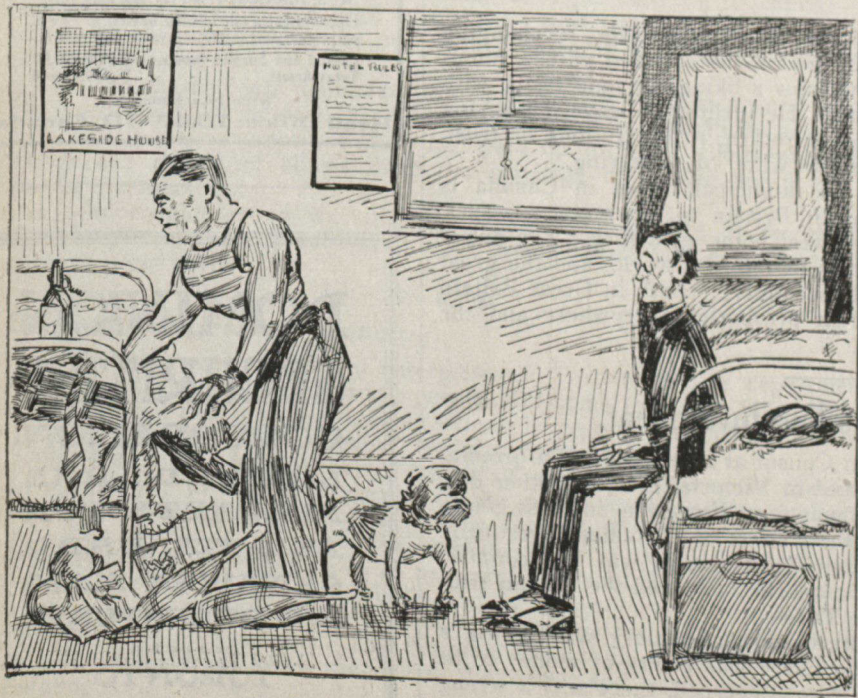
Which proves that the Premier is one of those good people who pour coals of fire on the heads of foes. Also it indicates that Sir James feels very much like the cat that has captured a mouse and likes to play with it a bit before the termination of its career.

The Make-up Man's Logic.—The typesetter has been blamed in his day for many an error, but the "make-up" man in the composing room of a daily paper occasionally perpetrates something that looks a bit silly.

The other day, in the composing room of a Toronto daily, it was found that there was a shortage of items for the "Society" page. At once the make-up man started on the hunt for something suitable on the galleys loaded with type.

"Ha!" said he, "here it is. Just the thing. This heading says 'society.'"

And he picked up and carefully placed in the society page a half-column story about Turkish politics, headed "Secret Society in Troubled Turkey."



THOSE CROWDED SUMMER HOTELS.

Perturbation of the Rev. Meekshanks on Discovering That His Room Has Been Sub-let to "Knockout" Gouger, the noted Pugilist.

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CONTENTS.

Introduction—The Conquest of Happiness—Thought—The Act—Conscience—Education—Moral Clear-Sightedness—Egoism and Altruism—Meditation—Tolerance—Indulgence—Humility—Moderation—Patience—Courage—Chastity—Sincerity—Kindness—Idealism.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Dividend on Dominion Canners Common.

ONE of the market features of last week was the activity in Dominion Canners. For some time there has been expectation that the Hamilton fruit people would declare a dividend on their common. When it was announced that a special meeting of the directors was called for August 6, a strong rumour arose that the long-awaited dividend announcement would be forthcoming.

But the meeting passed off with the directors merely talking prices of fruit and not considering the dividend question at all. This has caused considerable disappointment among not a few people. Recently there has been conspicuous trading in Dominion Canners. Four days before the meeting referred to, in Montreal the stock hit 73, equalling the record it set last November. The day after the meeting the price went down to 67½. The inference is plain. The strong buying on these dog days was wholly occasioned by optimism based on the dividend rumour.

The excuse of the directors regarding the dividend is that the money is being devoted to extensions. Dominion Canners is in progressive shape. At the annual meeting in March \$422,744 were given as the net profits for 1911; this was an advance of \$83,919 over 1910. The preferred stock of the company is paying 7 per cent.

D. Marshall, M.P., Aylmer, is president. The general manager is Mr. J. J. Navin. The Dominion Canners have fifty-one branches scattered throughout Ontario. Their plant is at Simcoe. They own two large fruit farms near Niagara Falls and an experimental seed farm at Brantford, "Bow Park Farm," consisting of 900 acres.

A New Pulp Industry for New Brunswick.

DOWN in that attractive summer colony in New Brunswick, "St. Andrews by the Sea," four well known Maritime men, Hon. William Pugsley, Colonel McLean, M.P., H. A. Powell, K.C., and A. J. Gregory, K.C., had a conference recently with Sir William Van Horne of the C. P. R., which may have considerable industrial significance.

These gentlemen seek control of the water power at Grand Falls on the St. John River. They then propose to go into the paper and pulp business on a large scale.

The project at Grand Falls is an old one with Sir William. A few years ago he was interested in a company which thought of putting several millions into it.

The conditions now seem particularly bright for going ahead in the event of the early completion of the St. John Valley Railroad, giving Grand Falls direct communication with St. John.

Broadening of Investments.

IN its semi-annual statement of the condition of the Canadian bond market, the Monetary Times, of Toronto, comments on the market for municipals, which has shown extraordinary dullness so far this year, the sales being about eight million dollars short of the corresponding period of 1911.

The Monetary Times sees nothing to be alarmed at in this state of affairs. Though the figures appear to tell a different story, there is no lack of appreciation of municipals. Says that paper:

"They still represent the backbone of the assets of many large financial institutions as well as of private investors. Our life insurance companies, at the end of last year, for instance, had \$127,000,000 invested in bonds and debentures, a large proportion of which were municipals. During the last six months of 1911, the life insurance companies purchased more than \$1,000,000 of Canadian municipal securities."

The Canadian investor has absolute faith in the municipal securities of his country. There can be no doubt on that point. Why then the marked decline in his patronage this year?

The Monetary Times points out that the average investor is changing his appetite. It is increasing. Where he used to be satisfied with a municipal bringing him 4 to 5 per cent, he shows now a liking for industrials, with their tempting promises of 6 and 7 per cent. He inclines to leave the buying of "safe" securities, affording only moderate return, to institutions of trust, such as insurance companies, which must be wary of venturing.

The attitude of the average investor to municipal issues in Canada is somewhat similar to that of the investor in Britain to Government issues. Consols, this summer, have been at their lowest point in history. The public is putting its money in development schemes in the new world, and the great industries of the old. The attitude is not speculative. Both in Great Britain and in Canada it is a tribute to the great prosperity everywhere and the general soundness of business enterprises.

War Scares and Canadian Investment.

MR. ALBERT DE BARY, JR., Italian Consul at Antwerp, and a prominent Belgian financier, was interviewed in Victoria, B.C., the other day, when he made some pertinent comments on European business conditions as influenced by the war scare, and their effect on Canadian investment.

Mr. de Bary pointed out that international uneasiness was not confined to Germany and England. It was general; and he instanced the Balkan situation, the strained relations of Italy and Turkey.

He remarked that this widespread unrest and uncertainty was giving a dull tone to the money market in Europe. There was plenty of money to be had, but as far as European investments were concerned, there was a strong tendency to hoard it. The classes which drew dividends thought twice before reinvesting in Europe until there was some definite assurance that war would not break out.

This state of affairs has a direct bearing on such countries as Canada,

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South Africa, or the United States where the arts of peace are being assiduously cultivated, and war is regarded as a far-off thing.

Europe has to have an outlet for its enormous stores of capital. If governments will prejudice security by continuing armed camps, then new countries where settled conditions prevail, may secure those investments which are being withdrawn from European markets.

On and Off the Exchange.

A Common Error in Judging Bonds.

A BOND salesman during the past week when trying to sell a commercial bond was confronted with the argument: "Why that issue was made months ago, it cannot be any good or you would not have any of it for sale now." This reasoning may be correct in many cases, but is far from being generally so; in fact, it is the antithesis of correct reasoning in many cases.

Many of the best flotations of industrial bonds are never listed on the stock exchange; consequently there is no public market where an investor can dispose of his holdings in case he requires his funds in an emergency. Recognizing this fact many of the larger bond houses maintain a market for their issues themselves and protect their clientele by purchasing bonds which they have previously sold them. In such a case the fact that a bond of former flotation is again being offered is guarantee that bond houses are looking after the interest of the investors rather than that the bond is poor.

In many cases also bond houses make it a principle to always have a few thousand dollars of each of their issues on hand, in order that they may satisfy the diversified wants of their customers.

One bond dealer who makes a principle of doing this was sold out of a certain issue recently and had great difficulty in finding any of the bonds which he could purchase. Eventually he got a block, a part of which were immediately resold to a customer, and the balance held for sale. In this case the above reasoning would have been wrong, as the issue was one of the best on the market.

It would be well, then, for the investor before jumping at the above conclusion to investigate the principles of the bond houses which made the original flotation and learn whether they are simply maintaining a market or if the issue is questionable.

Those Unclaimed Bank Accounts.

A STATEMENT just issued by the Department of Finance shows over 40,000 accounts, amounting to over \$676,000, which have been standing in the chartered banks, unclaimed for a period of five years or more. These accounts, which range from a few cents to several thousand dollars each, have been standing since various dates, beginning at 1819. At first glance this would appear to be apart from the investment market, but when it is considered that savings bank deposits are one of the safest investments in Canada to-day, and that there are more investors in this than in any other class, it will be seen that the question is very pertinent.

The fact that the Government requires the banks to make an annual return showing as unclaimed all accounts in which no transaction has taken place for five years is not known to the general public. Through ignorance of this law and not wishing to change the amount at credit, many depositors, to the writer's knowledge, allow their accounts to stand. It is advisable then, that depositors look after their accounts regularly, as less "red tape" is required to withdraw funds from the bank than will be the case if the Government takes over these balances, as has been periodically agitated.

All that is necessary is that the pass-book be presented regularly for the interest entry to be made. Then it is not necessary for the bank to include the account in the list.

Bank of Nova Scotia Stock Issue.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia has given its shareholders valuable stock "rights" in its new issue of \$1,000,000, increasing its capital to \$5,000,000, which has been issued at 240, while the stock was selling around 273 on the exchange. The present reserve is \$7,500,000 and capital is \$4,000,000, and during the year 1911 this bank earned 23.01 per cent. on its capital—the highest rate earned by any bank in Canada—while it increased its dividend rate to 14 per cent. during the year, which amounts to about 5.12 per cent. on the investment.

That the shareholders appreciate the fact that the stock is a good buy at 240 is evidenced by the fact that within 24 hours after the official announcement was made, a number of them had paid up for their allotment in full, though the Bank Act allows them the privilege of paying for it in ten monthly installments.

A commendable action was the allotment to shareholders of record July 31; a movement that prevented market manipulation and a fluctuation in exchange quotations.

Departmental Store Financing.

AMONG the most successful enterprises in Toronto are its departmental stores. They serve so many people, and come into such intimate contact with them that they might, to an extent, be regarded as public utilities in the same way as gas, telephone, or railway companies.

The Robert Simpson Company recently offered their mail order customers an opportunity to acquire a portion of the recent stock and bond offering. It will be interesting news to those who subscribed throughout Canada to note the earnings of this store during the first half of 1912. Business during that period has increased about 25 per cent., and profits are on the way up. Net earnings in 1911 were \$586,149, and, if things move in the latter part of this year as in the first six months, the earnings for 1912 ought to reach three-quarters of a million. The Simpson store is in a much better condition to handle trade since the recent alterations and extensions to the old building.

Across the road T. Eaton is on the jump. The Eaton Company, it is much rumoured, intend soon making a large stock issue to finance their new store and factory.

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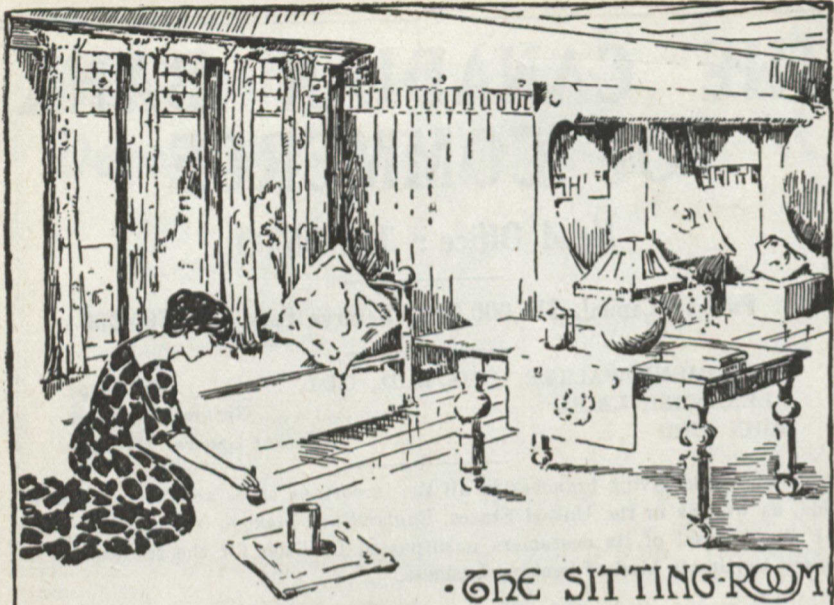
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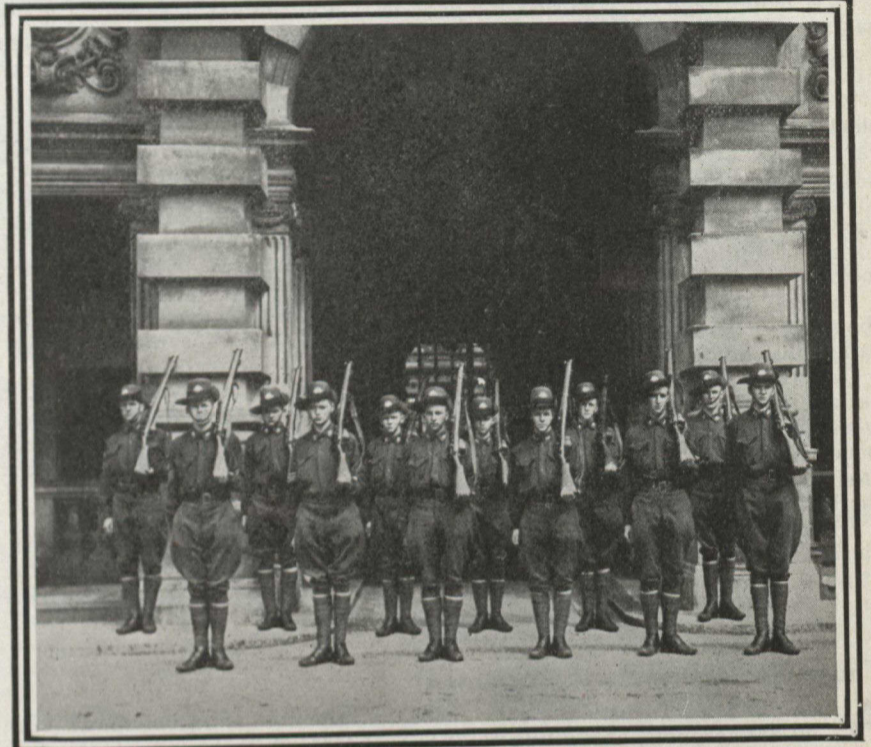
Cadets of the Empire

THE Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, has worked out this year as a feature an Imperial gathering of cadets. There are to be competitions between representative squads from Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia. These cadets, along with a host of others less representative but equally important, will be in a "model camp" at the Exhibition Grounds from August 26 to September 3.

The Cadet Tattoo will be one of the

all the sons of the Empire are in position. Then to the strains of "Rule Britannia," the flag will blaze out in fire. This tattoo, which is similar to one recently given before King George, has been described as patriotic music practically demonstrated. Moreover, the slowness that characterized the old tattoo has been eliminated. The new one is full of life and action, a change which will be appreciated.

The British cadets will be commanded



Cadets From all Over the Empire Are to Meet at the Exhibition in Toronto, Aug. 26 to Sept. 7. This is a Picture of the Twelve Australian Cadets, Two From Each State, Who Have Been Spending a Fortnight in England Before Sailing to Canada. It Was Taken Outside the Admiralty Arch, London.

most striking features of the evening entertainment at the Exhibition. With the Scots Guards Band playing "The Maple Leaf," the young Canadians from the West will march on and take up position. "Oh, Canada" will bring the boy soldiers from the Lower Provinces. The Irish Cadets will advance to the music of their bagpipes, the Scots to their own national music and so on till

by Col. J. B. de la Poer Beresford, with Capt. F. Edwards, of the King's Own Rifles, as adjutant; H. Pickard, First City of London Cadet Battalion, as lieutenant instructor, and R. Alpin, Eton College contingent, as sergeant-major.

The cadets from England will sail on the Dominion on August 17; the corps from Ireland and Scotland sailed on the Victoria on August 16.

An Historical Monument

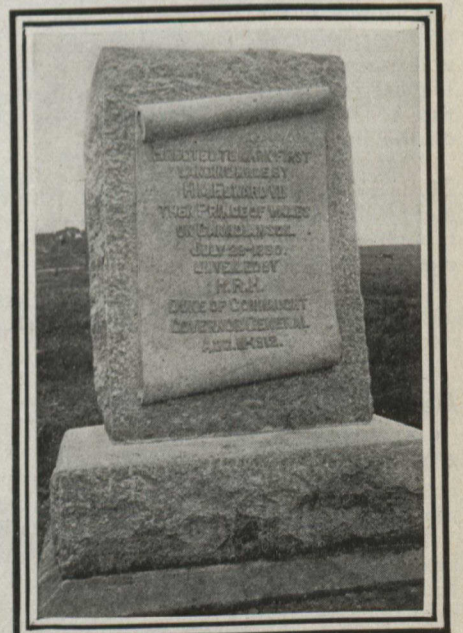
DURING his visit to Sydney, C.B., his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, on Saturday afternoon, August 3, unveiled a monument at Sydney Mines, which has been erected by public subscription to mark the spot at which the late King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, first landed on Canadian soil, July 28, 1860, and as a memorial to his late Majesty.

The Prince and his suite, sailing on the Hero and Ariadne, left St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 26. It had been arranged that his Royal Highness should go direct to Halifax, where great preparations were being made to receive him on a given date. As, however, the ships had made a fast passage across the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, the Prince expressed a desire to visit Sydney Mines. Accordingly, the vessels sailed into Sydney Harbour, and thus it happened that Cape Breton had the honour of being first to welcome the Queen's representative to Canada. His Royal Highness landed at Indian Cove July 28, 1860, and since that date the place has been known as the Prince of Wales, Landing. It is on this spot that the people of Sydney Mines have erected a monument to his late Majesty King Edward. It is a magnificent shaft of light red granite, weighing eighteen tons. The scroll bears the following inscription, in round raised letters:

"Erected to mark first landing made by H. M. Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, on Canadian soil, July 28, 1860. Unveiled by H.R.H. Duke of Connaught, Governor-General, August 3, 1912."

The Duke of Connaught arrived at Sydney on Friday evening, August 2, and, after a civic reception on the following afternoon, he, accompanied by

the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia and suite sailed down Sydney Harbour, to Sydney Mines, a distance of about nine miles, and landing at the



Monument Marking Spot Where Edward VII. First Landed on Canadian Soil, Recently Unveiled by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

spot where his late brother landed in 1860, his Royal Highness unveiled the memorial amid a touching scene of loyalty and enthusiasm.

W. HEADLEY.

His Little Girl

(Continued from page 20.)

"Dear, we won't talk of anything but ourselves to-day. The talk about Sylvia can easily be postponed, and for the present, at least, she is well cared for. When I have found a lady to look after her, I shall send them both to Manderby Court."

"Oh!" Grace exclaimed involuntarily, her face flushing, "are you going to have her there?"

"Why, yes, of course, my darling," Giles' voice expressed the surprise he felt, "I am making myself her legal guardian: I shall be entirely responsible for her, and when you come to take care of me and my house," a great tenderness crept into his tones, "I know the poor little waif will have a loving mother."

"Oh, will she?" Grace reflected viciously. "I know she will have nothing of the sort. The idea, the very idea, of starting our married life handicapped by the care of a child of ten. No thank you, Giles." But the angry thought was not reflected outwardly on her lovely face. Grace had been trained in a school which teaches command of the features, and her histrionic gifts were of no mean order. Her eyes looked into Giles' with a smile of surpassing sweetness, her hand returned the pressure of his.

"We will talk it all out, you dear knight errant," she said playfully. "You oughtn't to have belonged to the nineteenth century, Giles, you ought to have been born in the days when people rode about rescuing fair damsels, and redressing wrongs. Meanwhile, are you coming to the Rathbones to-night? Mrs. Rathbone told me she had sent you an invitation."

"Certainly I am going, if you go," he looked at her fondly, "I don't intend to lose a single opportunity of being with you, after all this long time of separation. Next week I must go to Manderby, old Stubbs, my land-agent, writes almost daily about a thousand things that have to be done. But this week will be yours—uninterruptedly yours."

"Uninterruptedly," she repeated softly, "and we will put off all discussion about—everything like business. We will just enjoy ourselves for this week, Giles—you and I."

"Just enjoy ourselves," he repeated softly, carried away by the magic of her voice and eyes, "that won't be difficult with you, sweetheart, and I."

WHILST he was speaking the words the door opened, and the trim parlour-maid announced in her aggressively English accent—

"Mr. Muller."

Giles and Grace sprang apart, and Grace was on her feet in a moment, her hand outstretched, a welcoming smile on her face.

"How nice of you to come in to-day, Mr. Muller," she said, "may I introduce you to my fiance, Sir Giles Tredman? I—"

Her sentence was not finished, for whilst she was still speaking, Giles stepped forward, a dark colour mounting to his very forehead, a blaze of indignation in his eyes.

"I think—this is not the first time we have seen each other," he said, his voice sounding strangely thick and hoarse, "you and I—met—barely a fortnight ago—on the road that goes from Savoy to Italy. Your victim—died!" The broken phrases, the harsh, broken voice, the anger that blazed in his eyes, gave Grace an odd sensation that he was a stranger, not the man she knew at all, and the hand she put out to touch him and check his excitement dropped to her side again. She felt suddenly powerless, helpless in face of forces she could not understand, and as Giles came forward, she shrank back towards the sofa, looking with frightened eyes from one man to the other. All the excitement was on Tredman's side; the foreigner stood there imperturbably, a shadow of surprise on his face, a hint of polite bewilderment—nothing more. And as Giles paused, he bent his head courteously, saying, in his fluent English, which had so slight a trace of foreign accent—

"I think you must have mistaken me for someone else, Sir Giles. I have never been to Aix les Bains in my life. I—" a pair of keen blue eyes scrutinized Giles' agitated countenance, "I have certainly never had the pleasure of seeing you before, and—" his brows drew to-

gether in a puzzled frown, "forgive me, but I do not understand your allusion to—my victim. What you have said is, as you would express it, 'Greek' to me."

GILES stared at the strongly set features, and the blue eyes whose penetrating keenness was so startling, and the dark hair just turning grey; stared at the stranger's tall form, which towered above his own, though he was by no means a short man; and staring, felt that either he, or his companion, must be taking leave of his senses. In a flash of recollection he was back again upon the long white road that leads across the meadow land from Aix towards the mountains. At his feet he saw the wrecked pony carriage, the dying animal, the inanimate form of the woman amidst the wreckage; and the great black motor car that had wrought all the havoc. And, beside it, he could see the towering form of a man, with strong and handsome face, dark hair touched here and there with grey, and blue eyes, keen, bright blue eyes, whose glances seemed to penetrate to his actual soul. The man in the Cardews drawing-room was the living counterpart of that man whose lineaments were so clearly painted for him by memory. And yet—the man standing before him in the flesh repudiated all knowledge of Aix or of the accident, and looking full in his questioner's face, denied the accusation brought against him. Giles was staggered, more staggered, perhaps, than he had ever been in his life before; and sheer amazement held him dumb.

"You have lately seen someone at Aix who resembled me?" Mr. Muller spoke suavely, with certain persuasive gentleness that gave Tredman a curious longing to strike the handsome face.

"I could have sworn I had seen you," he answered shortly, "have you by any chance a twin brother who is as like you as two peas?"—a touch of scorn rang in his voice, but the other man maintained his imperturbability—"and does your brother talk Russian fluently and drive a powerful black motor? If so, he killed a woman outside Aix a fortnight ago. He injured her fatally, and then—drove away," the scorn in Giles' voice was biting, "he is your living image, and if I may venture to offer advice, I should suggest that you would do well not to visit Aix and its neighbourhood. You are so exceedingly like the man wanted by the French police, that you might be arrested by mistake." The other man seemed unconscious of the studied insolence of Giles' tones. He merely put out his hands with a deprecating gesture, and smiled—a smile that all at once lent an extraordinary charm to his somewhat sternly cut features.

"I am not surprised that you are angry at what, judging by your words, must have been a most cowardly and scoundrelly action. But let me most solemnly assure you that I have no brothers, that I do not speak a word of Russian, and that I have never been to Aix in my life."


(To be continued.)


Trade With Australia.

IN view of the coming negotiations for a treaty of reciprocity between Canada and Australia, the figures of trade between the two countries in 1911, just tabulated, are of interest. In the year Canada's exports to Australia aggregated \$4,225,000, an increase of a quarter of a million, while imports therefrom were under \$600,000, an increase of \$82,000.

The balance of trade thus continues strongly in favour of Canada. Agricultural implements and machinery, totalling one and a half million dollars in value were the main articles of Canadian export, lumber and manufactures of it, totalling \$700,000, and paper, stationery, etc., \$600,000; carriages, motor cars and parts totalling \$325,000, an increase of \$90,000. Other marked increases were in metal manufactures, \$100,000; furniture, \$50,000; rubber goods, \$30,000. There was a marked decline in Canada's export of canned salmon, this being attributed to packers being unable to supply the demand.

The principal exports of Australia to Canada were meats, \$200,000; wool, feathers and hides, \$210,000; tin ingot, \$45,000; fruits, \$32,000.





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Borated Talcum
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For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
Relieves all Skin Irritations

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Newark, N. J.



PEOPLE AND PLACES

Vancouver's Destiny.

THE Wall Street Journal, the leading financial paper of the United States, remarks about Vancouver and the Panama Canal.

"That the whole of the Western harvest will come to Vancouver as soon as the canal is opened to navigation is regarded as a foregone conclusion, and its approaching realization leaves none too much time for the erection of grain elevators and other facilities planned and under actual construction. Vancouver, by its geographical position and the fact that its shore line gives room for terminal facilities that will take care of any expansion in the volume of shipping passed through it in years to come, has a claim to the prospect of becoming the largest grain and merchandise shipping port on the Pacific."

The Need of Victoria.

M. R. G. T. SOMERS, who is president of the Toronto Board of Trade, visited the city of Victoria the other day and handed out a live criticism of how progress could be advanced in that town. His remark has called for con-

in four hours ought to be a popular excursion route.

A National Park for Windsor?

IN 1914, it is expected that there will be some sort of celebration in honour of one hundred years of peace between Canada and the United States. Various methods have been suggested of carrying it out, among them an international bridge across the Niagara River and a driveway along the Detroit River.

The latest is a terraced park looking over the river at Windsor, Ont.

Victoria and the Fur Trade.

AN important addition to trade in Victoria will be the erection of a Hudson's Bay Company store in that city. Vancouver has a post which has been very successful.

At the annual meeting of the company in July, Lord Strathcona declared the H. B. C. policy with respect to Victoria in these terms:

"As to Victoria, it is the intention of the board to erect another building there, as with the great increase throughout the whole of British Colum-

Fruit, Vegetable or Root?



SOIL WHICH GROWS BIG CROPS.

The Vicinity of Dauphin, Manitoba, is Noted for its Vegetables, Flowers and Fruit. The Above Picture Shows Four Weeks' Growth of Radishes in the Garden of Mrs. W. E. Lee. They Measure 68 inches in length and Weigh 2 3/4 Pounds.

siderable editorial comment in Victoria.

Mr. Somers said what was wanted in Victoria was aggressive action on the part of the Board of Trade.

"A dozen hustlers to take hold of the vital questions affecting this town would produce wonderful results."

A Hospitable Slogan.

"OLD HOME WEEK" is the hospitable title given by towns in the Maritime Provinces to a few days of holiday making. St. John recently enjoyed an "Old Home Week," when many people noted the features of that city. Fredericton is now celebrating the same kind of festival. Sporting events and other attractions bring many visitors to town, and the whole affair means good municipal advertising.

A Project.

THE scenic possibilities of the Maritime Provinces are wealth potential which has not been utilized to the extent it will be some day. Occasionally someone gets a bright idea to attract tourists and gets away with it.

At this moment a steamboat man from the other side of the line has a scheme in his mind of putting a fast boat on that beautiful strip of water between St. John and Fredericton. The river trip

bia, we feel that our interests will be served by having a Hudson's Bay Company's store there."

Record Building.

ACCORDING to figures issued by the city building inspector almost twice the number of houses are being erected in Winnipeg this year than last. In 1911 2,435 houses went up costing \$6,987,150. That is an average of \$2,870 for every house. Up to June 1st this year permits for 2,150 houses had already been issued.

A New Idea.

A UNIQUE exhibit will represent the Province of Saskatchewan at the Toronto Fair this year. It was tried out at the Provincial Exhibition recently and attracted wide attention.

Rich, big berries from the wheat fields of Saskatchewan flow in a continual stream over a miniature falls constructed by an ingenious mechanic. The exhibit is picturesquely called "Saskatchewan, the Niagara of the West." Saskatchewan's original method vividly impresses upon the spectator the agricultural resources of the Province. It serves the purpose of being at the same time a good advertisement for the Province, and of educative value to the public.

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PANDORA
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will finally buy—
why experiment with
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satisfaction. 105

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A GAS IRON makes ironing-day a pleasure instead of a day of toil. The I. M. E. Gas Iron is the best iron on the market. Does 3 hours ironing for 1 cent and saves hours of time. Complete and connected for \$3.55 only

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American Plan, \$2-\$3. European Plan, \$1-\$1.50.

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Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.

RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

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(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
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250 rooms.
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00.
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\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

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300 rooms.

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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

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LA CORONA

A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St. Room with use of bath, \$1.50 and \$2. Room with private bath, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3. Caffe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels.



The management desires to announce that the recent transfer of the Hotel Victoria property, New York City, will in no way interrupt the present policy of the house. The Hotel will be conducted as heretofore until the expiration of lease, several years hence.

Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

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American Hotel Victoria Co.

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Corner Adams and Park Sts.

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It's centre of the theatre, shopping and business district.

Has grand roof garden cafe.
Has large, convenient hall.
Music from 6 to 12 p.m.
Every room has private bath.
European Plan. Rates, \$1.50 per day up.

L. W. TULLER, Prop.

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RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 11.

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The action of the mind in the cause and cure of many disorders is considered in this book from new and scientific standpoints with suggestions for the practical use of this knowledge by physicians and laymen.

The Scotsman, Edinburgh:
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12 mo. cloth, 347 pages, \$2.00 postpaid.

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12 E. Wellington St. Toronto

The Lacrosse Player

(Concluded from page 10.)

to blow about in lacrosse dressing rooms in the old days. How it did blow into the strangest places! Why it even happened sometimes that a lacrosse player who accepted a ten-dollar a week job was forced to take twenty dollars when Saturday rolled around.

But somehow or other money doesn't blow around like that now. Probably the trade winds changed just about the time that Senior Lacrosse Players all graduated with the title of "Pro"—neat, concise and all explaining—tacked to their names.

Nowadays the Lacrosse Player must be a diplomat or take what he gets. And being somewhat in the same class, as far as the "take what he gets" connection is concerned, we hold up both hands and declare that he deserves it all.

For what would we do without the Lacrosse Player? How could we demonstrate, without him, that we know more about the national game than he ever can? How could we stand on one foot, with the other in the air, our collar askew, a fierce look of fiendish supplication in our eyes while the perspiration rolls down our back; and implore him by all the gods there are to bore in? Or shoot? Or get past? Or hold "him" out? Cruel fate; 'twould rob us of our chief joy in life!

The way of the Lacrosse Player, too, is hard. Everybody kicks his dawg aroun'; from the street corner urehin who sums up his opinion of Ye Humble Player's efforts in a last game in the expressive, if somewhat inelegant terms of "Rummy" or "Lemon," to the Sphinx-like coach who hints quite broadly at releases and of "being canned."

And among the fans—well, there isn't any limit. "Say," says Jones on a Monday morning as he throws a box or two around the factory storehouse just to make "the boss" think that the faithful employee is strenuously endeavouring to increase the dividends, "that fellow Borein couldn't get past a lamp-post. Talk about your wooden men! Did you see him Saturday? He missed half a dozen beautiful chances. I can see his finish."

But Brown saw the game from the other end of the stand. "Borein was fierce but Hoofit is the limit. He couldn't catch a ball with a clothes-basket. Every time his cover got the rubber he was fast asleep somewhere at the other end of the field and his man ran wild. His day is just about over, if you ask me."

"Well," chimes in "Black," "the whole home was off-colour. The shooting was wild. They could put the rubber everywhere but in the nets."

But when the home team wins, what a difference just a short week makes! Every man of the Twelve is a hero. They all "played the game of their lives." The aforesaid and much abused Borein and Hoofit "have a little something on them all."

Meanwhile Borein, who—nine times out of ten—played a better game in the lost struggle than in the match just won, calls around just as usual and collects his little manilla envelope.

There is no manilla envelope for the amateur. He doesn't need it. For what in the name of Sam Hill would an amateur—who generally would rather break a leg than be kept out of a real hot struggle—do with money? He has no wife and family to keep, or if he has he shouldn't have. It's against the ethics of Lacrosse you know to have a married man, and especially a familed man, on an amateur team. He should have graduated. But the same amateur throws a vim and heartiness into the game that makes fond mothers and sisters worry; induces sphinx-like dads to refer proudly to "that kid," and makes him the scientific gutted stick artist of a few years later.

Here then's to the Lacrosse Player! May he always play as honest a game financially and on the field as he does to-day; may the Pro secure all the popularity he deserves when the Dark Valley between Decayed Amateurism and Honest Business Enterprise is crossed; may he be fined increasingly until all rough play is stamped out; may he, with his amateur rival, represent the people more than even in the days of Hoobin, Currie, Ross Mackenzie, Crown, Powers, and the other Immortals of the Gutted Stick.

Schools and Colleges

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Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment.

Successes in 1911: Honor Matriculation, 11; Pass, Matriculation, 22; Royal Military College, all passed



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Boarders Return on the 11th.

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Oldest and Largest Boys' Residential and Day School between Vancouver and Winnipeg.

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Every Educational facility provided. Pupils prepared for Senior Matriculation. Music, Art and Physical Education. The School, by an unflinching emphasis upon the moral as well as the intellectual, aims at the development of a true womanhood.

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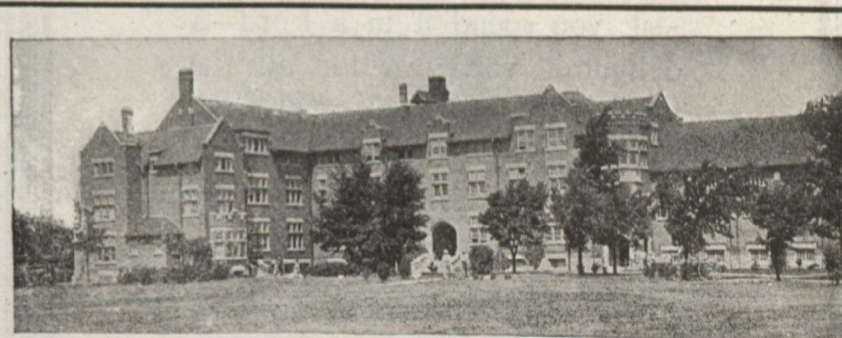
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COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 12.



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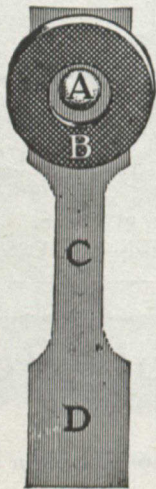
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It will be ended forever in 48 hours, if you use a Blue-jay plaster.

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

No soreness, no

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

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

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

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
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SEPT. 9

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Two Famous Bands from England

Scots Guards Band Besses o' Th' Barn Band
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75,000 Ford cars already sold this season—one-third of America's product. Five-passenger touring car \$850—three-passenger roadster \$775—torpedo runabout \$775—delivery car \$875—town car \$1,100—f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont., complete with all equipment. Get catalogue from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario.

The Blue Cornucopia

(Continued from page 8.)

finding out if there were still Stukeleys at Knoll House, Eldingham; or, if not, where the family had gone to. None occurred to Cecilia. If there was no one there to receive the letter it would come back to her through the Dead Letter Office. So she waited.

However, three days later, just when Miss Wade had begun again to fret for the missing cornucopia, Cecilia was informed that a gentleman wished to see her. He was in the drawing-room, and he had sent up his card:

"Sir Cuthbert Stukeley.

Knoll House, Eldingham. Travellers' and Naval and Military Club."

She went downstairs, a certain feeling of excitement stirring her quiet pulses. At the end of the long drawing-room—Miss Wade lived in a stately Tavistock-square house—a gentleman was standing by the window looking out. He turned about as Cecilia entered. He was tall, dark, with a slightly grizzled head, although he could not have been much more than thirty. He had a kind, honest face—at the moment somewhat harassed, as though from recent trouble. Cecilia noticed that he wore a mourning band on the sleeve of his coat.

He smiled, and the smile lit up the sombreness of his face, which, indeed, was not natural to it. He had a curiously-shaped paper parcel in his hand.

"This took some little searching for," he said, holding it out to her. Plainly it was the cornucopia. "Knoll is so full of all manner of things. I am so glad I have got it for you at last. How is Miss Wade?"

To her amazement Cecilia found herself talking to Sir Cuthbert Stukeley as though she had known him all her life. While they talked a message came summoning her to Miss Wade's room. She left him with an apology. He did not seem in any great haste to be gone.

She went upstairs, carrying the cornucopia in her hand. As soon as Miss Wade heard about its restoration she was all eagerness to see the young man, who must be the son of Peter Stukeley, whom she might have married if she would. Cecilia was to go downstairs and insist on his staying for lunch. Miss Wade must get up. Pratt would help her to dress. She felt wonderfully well this morning. Cecilia would see that there was a good luncheon, such as a man needed—no niggling little dishes; but something substantial as well as dainty. She was to go down now and invite Sir Cuthbert to stay on for lunch, to see his mother's and grandmother's old friend.

SIR CUTHBERT was not unwilling to stay for lunch. He even accompanied Cecilia when she went out to do her marketing. She had explained that she must leave him for that purpose; and he had asked—in a deprecating manner—if he might accompany her. He carried her little basket in which she was to bring back some things the cook could not wait for.

Why, what had happened to Cecilia and to the grey London streets? The shops had never looked so gay before. The sun shone goldenly on the pavements, and the trees in the squares showed a mist of green. The people who passed them by in the street no longer seemed haggard and anxious as they had often seemed to Cecilia. They were smiling and happy. The tulips and daffodils in the flower-girls' baskets made vivid splashes of colour on the pavements. Cecilia's own heart was irrationally light. She laughed and was merry. She called her new friend into consultation with her over her purchases. There was a gentle and innocent coquetry about her. Cecilia was looking twenty to-day; and as for Cuthbert Stukeley, the shadow had lifted from his face.

It was the oddest thing to Cecilia to sit at lunch with Cuthbert Stukeley the other side of the table. Old Stevens, the butler, beamed benevolently upon them. He had brought out a bottle of the best Burgundy for Sir Cuthbert's delectation. He remembered Sir Peter and Sir Anthony before him. It was a dull thing to have come down to a family of two ladies who drank only water.

Miss Wade seemed to have taken a

new lease of life. That first day Sir Cuthbert Stukeley sat by her sofa upstairs for quite an hour. There were so many things she had to ask and hear about the family; so many memories of them to unpack. Sir Cuthbert's father and mother were both dead; his father long ago, his mother only recently. That explained the shadow on his face. "The Stukeleys were always good sons and husbands," Miss Wade said later. "I ought to have married Peter Stukeley. If I had I should have been this young man's mother."

CUTHBERT STUKELEY was in town for a few weeks. He was unfailingly attentive in his calls at Tavistock-square. As though his coming, or the restoration of the blue cornucopia, had given her new life, Miss Wade steadily mended; before the end of the week was downstairs, and the doctor talking of a change to seaside or country.

Cecilia was delighted. Miss Wade might have been the tenderest person to her all these years to see her delight. To be sure, Miss Wade was changed—the old coldness and selfishness a thing of the past.

"You have been a very good child to me, Ciss," she said, the day she gave her some of her finest lace. "I haven't been very good to you. But all that is to be changed. We are going to have some new frocks, Cecilia. Do you know that I have only just discovered how pretty you are? A purblind, selfish old woman."

It was the day she came downstairs. Cecilia ran to her, kissed her, and protested against the lady's really well-deserved description of herself as she had been.

They were discussing the change when Sir Cuthbert came in. Should it be Eastbourne or Tunbridge Wells? Cecilia sat at the writing table, her pen poised above the sheet of notepaper. She was going to write and engage rooms. Easter was coming; and at Easter every place would be full. Eastbourne or Tunbridge Wells? Miss Wade favoured the Wells; she had had glorious times there long ago.

"What's the matter with Knoll?" asked Sir Cuthbert, sitting down by the old lady's sofa and taking her hand. "I assure you that you and Miss Cecilia would be very comfortable at Knoll. The air is bracing, the country beautiful; we have a very good doctor within easy reach. Think of it."

"I should love it," said Miss Wade, with great animation. Why, she had gone back twenty years since the son of her old lover had come to remind her of her youth. "What do you say, Ciss?"

Cecilia, in her secret heart, was uplifted. It had occurred to her coldly that she was going to miss Cuthbert Stukeley, to miss him badly. Eastbourne—Tunbridge Wells; and Cuthbert Stukeley gone away! For the first time the youth in her cried out against the perpetual companionship of old ladies which had fallen to her lot all the days of her life, till it had been broken up by the coming of Cuthbert Stukeley.

He took charge of them on the journey as though he had been the son of hers. Miss Wade said he ought to have been. It was all wonderful to Cecilia—the being taken care of, the journey through the country opening to the first delicate green of spring, the drive to Knoll, the arrival at the beautiful old black-and-white house in the midst of its stately park.

There was a significance in their reception by the old servants at Knoll which Cecilia hardly apprehended. The best rooms had been prepared for them. The old house was gay with flowers. Huge fires burnt in all the rooms, for the day had the chilliness of early spring.

Catching sight of herself as she went to dinner in a mirror at the head of the stairs, Cecilia hardly recognized herself. Was it herself, Cecilia, this radiant-looking young woman in trailing white garments? This, Cecilia, who had called herself an old maid, and would have been content to be dowdy if she had not been half French?

She found Sir Cuthbert in the drawing-room awaiting her. Her aunt's progress downstairs was still a somewhat

K K

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The Kalamazoo

Loose Leaf Binder has great expansion



(note the big stretch)

Expansion is an important feature in a Loose Leaf Ledger. One binder is said to be superior to another in that it has greater expansion. :: ::

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Ask for Booklet "CI" describing the binder, and giving a partial list of firms using the Kalamazoo.

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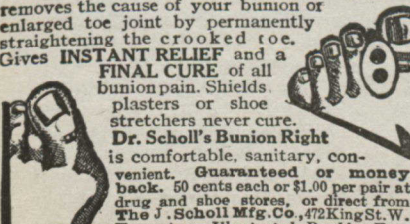
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lengthy affair, and she had not yet arrived.

He watched her come without going to meet her. She had a sensation of a great many Cecílias, tall and stately, in all the long mirrors with which the room was lined. She felt curiously shy—a little afraid to look up and meet his eyes.

"It has just occurred to me," he said, as she came and stood by him in front of the fire, "that you never paid me anything for the blue cornucopia. You said you wanted to buy it back?"

"So I did," said Cecilia, with shy gaiety. She took it for one of his jests. He was full of merriment in these latter days. "I'm so sorry. How much?"

"You, Cecilia!"

"I?" She grew red, and bent her charming head. "But—but—" she began to stammer.

He put his arms about her. "I never could be worthy of the price, I know," he whispered. "But I should be miserable all my life if I did not get it."

Miss Wade appeared at the door, leaning on Pratt's arm. They neither saw nor heard her. With great presence of mind she drew back and closed the door.

"I will go straight to the dining-room, Pratt," she said. "It will save me another journey."

Pratt was too well trained, or perhaps she understood too much, to wonder when the old lady added, with great satisfaction:

"And after all, the blue cornucopias, the pair of them, may come back to Knoll."

The Reason.—Crawford—"I hear he was operated on. What did he have?"

Crabshaw—"Money." — New York Times.

A Neat Retort.—When Oscar Wilde came to the United States to lecture on aesthetics in his highly aesthetic velvet costume—and incidentally to prepare the public mind for the proper appreciation of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," in which the aesthetic movement was held up to ridicule—he used to complain that America was very uninteresting since it had "no antiquities and no curiosities."

But he ventured on this disparagement once too often, for in the course of his travels he uttered it to the American Girl, and she replied with the demure depravity of candid innocence that this not quite a fair reproach, since "we shall have the antiquities in time, and we are already importing the curiosities."

Good Scheme.—"How are you spending your vacation?"

"In an ideal way. I'm pleased nearly all the time."

"That is rare. What is your method?"

"I spend two days in the country, then I'm glad to get back to the city. I spend two days in the city, then I'm glad to get back to the country."—Washington Star.

Didn't Miss Him.—He—"I must apologize for not turning up at your party last night."

She—"Oh, weren't you there?"—London Opinion.

His Report.—A New Mexico homesteader received from the United States Department of Agriculture a quantity of dwarf milo maize seed, with a request to plant it and report the result.

Here is his report: "Mr. Wilson: Dear Sir—I planted your dwarf maize and it did fine. It was the dwarfest maize I ever saw. But the jack-rabbits ate it as fast as it got ripe. Please send another lot of seed, and send along a lot of dwarf jack-rabbits to match the maize."

Queries.

If a burglar skipped through a basement door
To steal a ham, would the furnace roar?
If he stopped to learn if the ham was good,
Would the coal-chute quick as the kindling-wood?

—Satire.

Natural Inference. — Chau'ur —
"Didn't you hear me blowing my horn?"
Victim—"Yes; but I thought perhaps you were a candidate for the presidency."
—Johnson News.



Going Sailing?

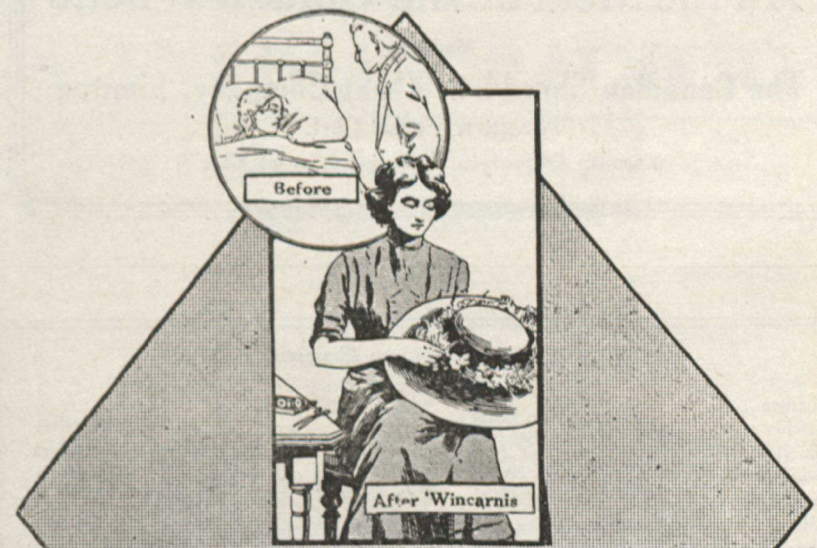
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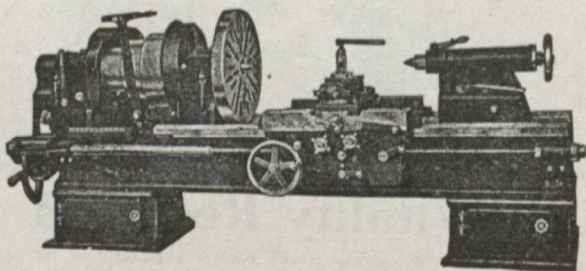
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FOR THE JUNIORS

The Wolves' Defeat

By AGNES M. ROGERS (Aged 16).

MR. AND MRS. MILTON, and their four children lived in a lumber camp in Algoma. Louise and Douglas (the two oldest children) had learned to ride and shoot, and, of course, they could go out quite often, while Carl and Caroline had to stay in the house on account of the camp being full of wild animals.

It was a cold day in December. Mr. Milton had gone to his work, and Mrs. Milton was prepared to ride to the city to do some shopping. She wore a heavy bearskin cape and hood, for she could not stand very much cold. Her husband had told her to hurry back, and she said that about two o'clock she expected to return.

Time wore on. Two o'clock came, and no sign of her. Three o'clock, then four, and by this time Mr. Milton had harnessed his horse, and stuck some pistols in his belt, and was just going out of the door, when the voice of his daughter made him stop. "Father, you are not going to meet mother with a couple of pistols in your belt? What could you do if a bear or some wolves overtook you? Please take your rifle."

"You are right, daughter," he answered. Inside of a minute Louise had his rifle ready, and then kissing him she tiptoed into the children's bedroom.

Mr. Milton was about half-way to the city when he heard the patter of horses' hoofs. He drew rein and waited, and suddenly the form of his wife loomed in sight.

"Oh, John, why did you come for me? I am sure I could have reached home safely."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mary, I was a little bit anxious about you, and, of course, you can't blame me for starting off after you."

"No, John, I couldn't. Indeed, I would have done the same."

"I know you would, you little toad," her husband said, perching his head saucily on one side.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!"

"John, what's that?" Mrs. Milton cried, clasping her hands to her forehead.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" came the wailing cry again.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, go. Ride for your life!" shrieked Mr. Milton. On and on they flew, when suddenly Mary's horse swerved to one side and threw her into the snow. With one bound her husband was off his horse, and by her side. The horses didn't wait for their riders, but raced on.

Curr-r-r! came a low snarl, and the next instant the leader of a pack of wolves bounded forward. "Draw your cap closely around you and lie still," he said hoarsely.

Raising his rifle he fired, and the leader dropped dead. The others were not long devouring him. One wolf was shot over Mrs. Milton's body, and her clothes were stained in blood.

For an hour Mr. Milton fought bravely, then suddenly he let his pistol fall from his hand. He tottered, then straightened himself again. "Oh, John, you are hurt," Mrs. Milton said, raising herself on her elbow.

"Lie down, Mary, I'll be all right in a minute," he answered.

Mr. Milton had been bitten on the leg by a wolf, and he was nearly frozen with the cold, but would he give in when the life of a woman and four children depended on him? No, never, not till the last breath left his body. In those few minutes of pause he silently prayed that he might win the battle, and God heard him, as we shall presently see.

"Come, Mary, you must climb up the tree, and in a little while I will join you."

"Good gracious, John, I never climbed a tree in my life, and how do you think I could now?"

"Mary, we often have to do things we don't like, and if you refuse we will both perish," he said gently.

In a flash Mrs. Milton was to her feet,

and hurriedly said, "I am ready, John, for anything."

With a faint smile Mr. Milton assisted her to climb the tree.

For some time Mr. Milton paced up and down trying to bring feeling into his benumbed limbs, but time was not his, for the wolves, having reinforced themselves, came back. Quickly Mr. Milton climbed the tree and sat with one arm supporting his wife.

The night wore on and daylight came. There were still some wolves hanging around, and, of course, it would be very dangerous to get down yet.

About four in the morning Mr. Milton climbed down and looked around. Everything seemed to be all right, and at least he could try to reach home.

When Mrs. Milton had stamped a little feeling into her feet she turned to her husband, and with tears standing on her dark eyelashes she said, "John, hadn't we better thank God for protecting us?"

"Yes, Mary, I think we had," he answered. With his arm around her waist he knelt by her side, and they thanked God for his tender care, and asked that they might be spared to see their children.

They had not a very great ways to walk on account of Mr. Milton knowing so many short cuts.

Oh, what a scene was in that little cabin, when Mr. and Mrs. Milton arrived home. "Daddy has defeated a pack of wolves," shouted Carl clapping his hands in delight, and then running to his mother he buried his head in her dress.

"Three cheers for the wolves' defeat," shouted Caroline, and willingly the little troop of children sounded them.

The news spread like wildfire through the camp. Mrs. Milton was no longer called "a delicate little thing" by the camp men, but was given the name of "The Little Heroine of the Woods."

And what about her husband? He did all the work, but wouldn't it have been harder if Mrs. Milton had cried and had carried on in such style? Indeed, he was pleased with the name, and often called her that himself.

The boss gave him \$200 to spend on his family, and when he died a plate was put in the church with the story, "The Wolves' Defeat" written on it in short form.

—Certified by Jennie Rogers.

The Mother Goose Town.

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
To see an old lady on a white horse."

PERHAPS it never occurred to you, though you have heard the Mother Goose jingle a hundred times or more, to wonder if there ever was such a place as Banbury, where it was, and what sort of a queer old town it could be. Banbury is in England and is still in existence, and up to a very short time ago was unchanged as in the days when it was made famous by the nursery rhyme. But it seems that lately the inhabitants of Banbury have been made sad by the sight of the ancient buildings being torn down and modern edifices erected in their place. Even "Ye Old Reindeer Inn," which bears the date of 1662, is about to be destroyed and soon the quaint panelled rooms with waving irregular ceilings and unexpected beams, and the Globe room in the courtyard, with its beautiful stone mullioned window, its panelled walls and plastered ceilings said to contain the finest Jacobean work in the country, will be but a memory.

In the process of tearing down, many interesting "finds" have been made. Old coins have been ricked up in plenty, most of them being copper and belonging to the eighteenth century. But the most striking discovery has been a double-barrelled pistol hidden away behind the panelling near the fireplace. It is in excellent preservation and between the two barrels runs the inscription: "Presented to Dick Turpin, at the White Bear Inn, Drury Lane, February 7, 1735," and the name of the maker is given as Baker, London.

Banbury has no legend associating it with the famous highwayman, but the genuineness of the relic is taken for granted.



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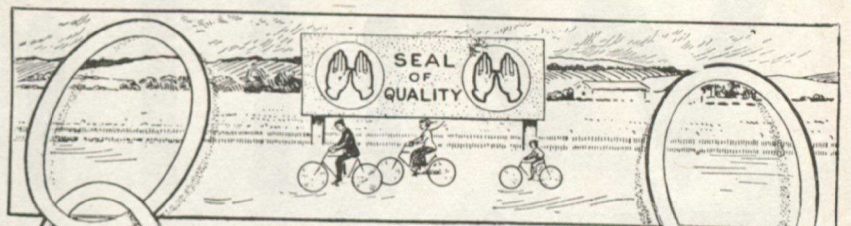
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