

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Future Commercial Vehicle

By MAIN JOHNSON



Men of the Frozen Trails

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



The Prodigious Son

Story by PAUL SHEARD



Music for the Masses

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

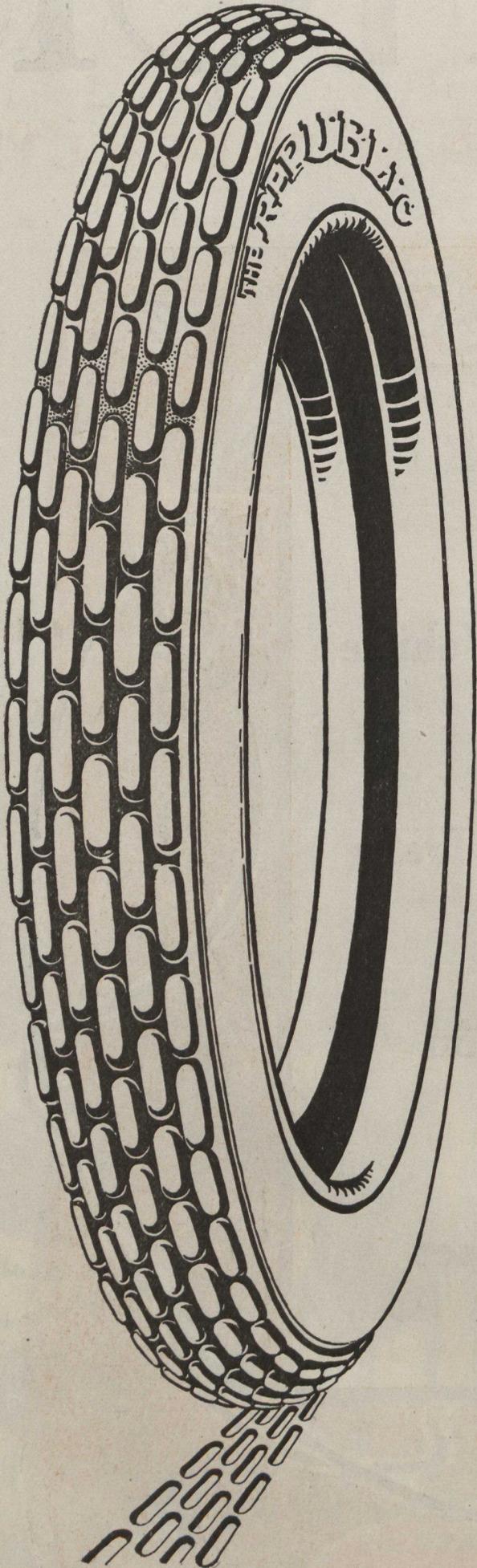
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VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

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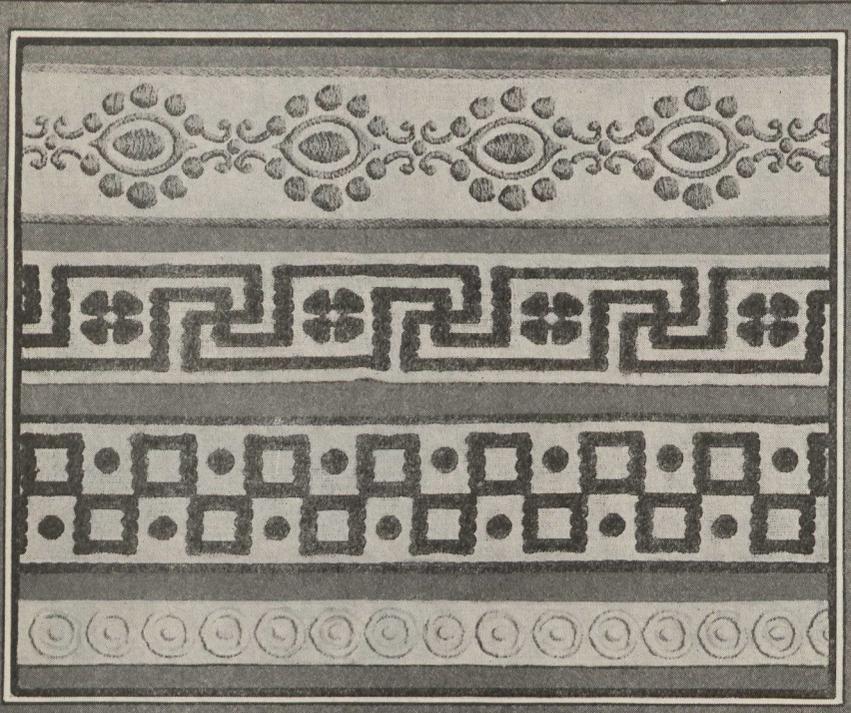


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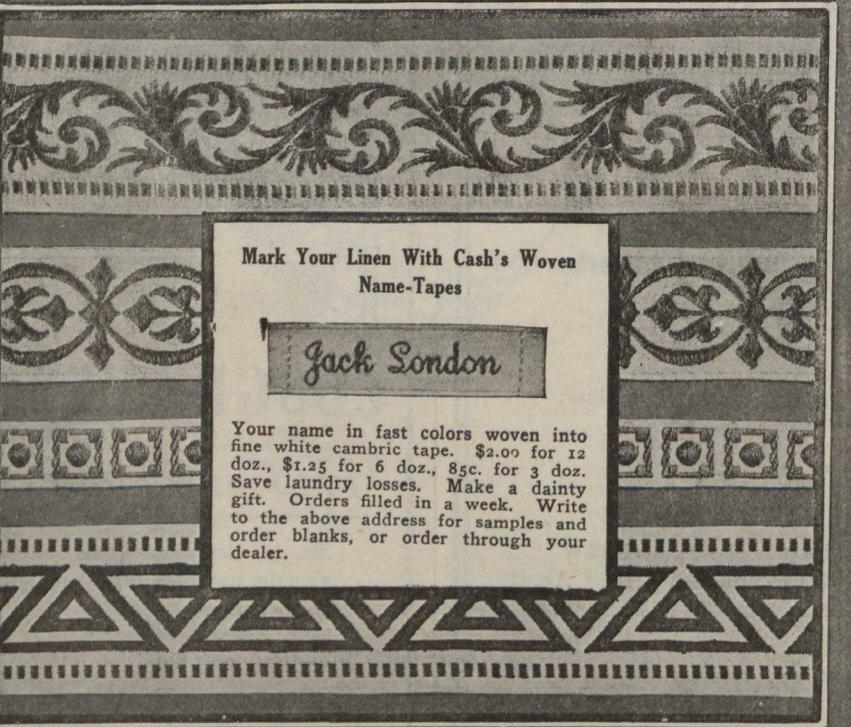
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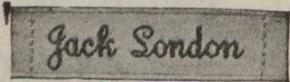
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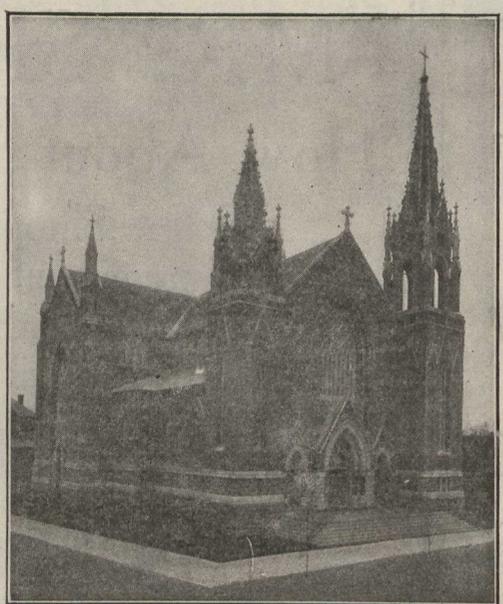
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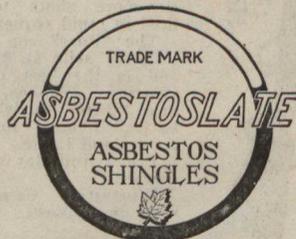
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The
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The National Weekly



HERBERT
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Vol. XIII.

February 22, 1913

No. 12

STUDIES IN BRITISH PHYSIOGNOMY



Scene at the Court House, Londonderry. Mr. Hogg, the Successful Candidate in the recent Election, is seen (white beard) on the steps raising his hat. Colonel Pakenham, his Opponent, is standing in front of the pillar on the right.



Mr. David C. Hogg, Whose Election in Londonderry Gives the Nationalists a Majority in Ulster, is Here Seen Receiving Congratulations From His Enthusiastic Supporters. A Typical Irish Crowd.



Recently Mr. Lloyd George Was Honoured by Having His Portrait Unveiled by the Welsh Members of the National-Liberal Club. In the Picture are Lloyd George, Mrs. Lloyd George (on his left), Marquis of Lincolnshire, and Sir Rufus Isaacs.



Nothing is More Striking in Motordom Than the Popularity of the Large Freight Trucks. This is a White Gasoline Three-ton Truck.

The Future Commercial Vehicle

By MAIN JOHNSON

TALK about this being an age of revolutionary and unorthodox ideas! Do you know one of the latest theories being seriously advanced? Nothing less than that the railroads are doomed, and that the transportation vehicles of the future will be motor cars! Visions are already pictured of smooth, wide roadways from city to city, crowded with commercial trucks carrying produce and goods from one point to another. It is said that in this way the individual dealers and manufacturers will be able to have their products conveyed on their own cars, and will be independent of all delay on the part of outsiders.

The real facts of the case probably will be that there will be enough and even too much business for both railroads and interurban motor trucks. Moreover, the railroads need not be unduly nervous as to a threatened loss of prestige, for there will always be a large class of long distance hauling, on a continent like America at any rate, that can be done only by a railroad system.

Advocates of the commercial motor do not need to look far into the future to gain encouragement. Even to-day, with the bulk of business confined within the limits of cities and towns, the growth of the industry is amazing. Of course the greater array of statistics come from the States, but Canada also is advancing rapidly in the use of motor trucks. In Winnipeg, for example, there were only four commercial cars in 1910; to-day there are over 150. The streets in the western metropolis are suitable for trucks, and many firms are negotiating at the present time for the installation of the modern form of transportation. Within a short radius of the city, the roads are also fair, but after that their standard deteriorates, and the usefulness of the truck diminishes. With the gradual improvement of the rural roads, however, the interurban business will increase with leaps and bounds.

The Toronto firms all report good prospects for 1913, following a most successful year in 1912. Bad roads both within the city confines and without have been a serious handicap to the growth of the truck industry in the Ontario capital. More and more money, however, is being spent on roads in and near Toronto, and the worst period undoubtedly has passed. Montreal business is good, considering the fact that the aggregate automobile trade in that city is always less than in Toronto. The number of hills in the former place is proving a boon to the motor truck sales. Horses soon wear out on these steep inclines, but the gasoline car in its present high state of efficiency can climb the hills and is therefore making a favourable name for itself. From other Canadian centres, like Vancouver, Calgary and cities in the Maritime Provinces come reports of expanding business.

AS a manufacturing project, the building of commercial cars is far behind the pleasure vehicle class. Most of the trucks and delivery waggons used in this country are imported from the United States. A few are assembled on this side of the line, and a handful of makes are manufactured in Canada. Strange to say, most of the Canadian-made cars are built in comparatively small places and not in the populous centres. The truth is that, although the business is really going ahead fast now, for several years Canadian merchants and contractors were strangely conservative and hesitated about making what they considered a risky

experiment. This ultra-conservatism is dying out, and it is predicted on all sides that before long the manufacture of commercial vehicles in Canada will become an important industry.

The automobile shows are reflecting the growing popularity of the motor truck. Both the Montreal exhibitions last month had special displays of the latest models, and sales and enquiries were numerous. At this month's big shows in Ottawa and Toronto, similar conditions are likely to prevail.



There Are All Sorts of Delivery Vans, But in Canada They Have Not Yet Displaced the Horse Delivery Waggons. This is a New Type of 1,500 Pound Delivery Wagon.

In regard to the United States, a few figures will show the extent of the industry there. It is estimated that there are 300 manufacturers of trucks, 411 different types of gasoline vehicles alone, not counting the electrics, and a total of 45,000 trucks and delivery waggons.

In Canada it is noticeable that the same people are buying cars as in the States. It looks as if our business men have been carefully studying conditions across the border, and have been profiting by other men's experiences. The firms using commercial vehicles the most seem to be departmental stores, flour mills, breweries, express companies,

coal companies, laundries, contractors and retail stores. One department store in Toronto has 25 cars, and is making elaborate experiments as to their efficiency. The motors are usually employed for suburban trips and for particularly heavy loads. That is one of the encouraging features about the commercial motor vehicles; they are good for fast, light driving and for comparatively slow, heavy driving. A gentlemen's valet service finds a 1,000-pound capacity car an aid to their business; a contractor uses to advantage a seven-ton truck. The outside limits, high and low, are even further apart than this. The smallest car on the market has a capacity of about 400 pounds; the biggest can carry a load of even ten tons.

This year's models show few changes of any importance in mechanical features. Minor details are always being improved, but no startling innovations have been in evidence. In body design, however, greater development is shown. More graceful lines in high-class delivery waggons, new devices for quick unloading in heavy models, and more equipment on general carrying vehicles, are some of the points noticed. There has also been an improvement in the specialty lines, such as fire engine trucks, ambulance and patrol waggons.

When the question is closely analyzed, it can be seen that one of the chief advantages in using motor trucks is that it induces the owner to establish a much closer system of inspection than with horse-drawn vehicles. To find out whether the new system is a paying proposition, and to make it so, he checks up the number of hours a day the truck is used, the loads it carries, and the expense of operating—all with interested and painstaking accuracy. This very mental attitude of alertness is one of the best by-products of the commercial vehicle. In many lines of business it is well capable of proof that a truck does carry more in a shorter time and at a lower comparative cost than two horses and waggons or even more. Let merchants remember this other important fact brought out here—even if the apparent cost will not be lessened, the added system of effective supervision that for some reason or other follows in the wake of a truck will make the change a profitable one.

MOTOR trucks inevitably will become more and more frequent in Canada. Our ever-expanding business will force the most up-to-date methods. In addition to the natural development, a few definite factors would bring on a regular rush for the commercial car. These factors, as suggested above, are better roads. It is rumoured that a Toronto company is just waiting for the building of the proposed permanent highway between Toronto and Hamilton to put on a fast motor truck service. For every such company, there would be ten or fifteen private concerns that would use trucks of their own on the route. The improvement of the road between Toronto and Montreal will have a similar effect, and also the building of the Ottawa-Prescott road, and the various other road projects under way in every province from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

One of the claims made for the motor truck is that it is "quickening the pulse of the country." Some people think that the country's pulse to-day is already quite quick enough, and that we should aim rather at a little slackening than to increase our mad speed. Such thinkers, however, are far outnumbered by the type of business man who glorifies in activity and in a furious pace.



The Express Companies in Canada Have Only Just Begun to Use Gasoline Waggons. This is One of the Latest Models in Light Express Trucks.

Music for the Masses

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

A SLIM, dark man, with a big message, came to Canada last week and spoke to the Canadian Club of Toronto. It was a new sort of subject for the Canadian Club to listen to; nothing to do with trade, or the Empire or the army or the navy or socialism or any other 'ism. Mr. Arthur Farwell spoke for about half an hour on—Music. There were less than three musicans present. The other 300 men were mainly business and professional men who know a little about music, and like what they like without always knowing why. And those three hundred men who came with a degree of scepticism and a good deal of languid interest in a very unconcrete subject—when Mr. Farwell finished his speech, gave him a rousing ovation. It was said by old attendants at Canadian Club luncheons to have aroused more enthusiasm than any address delivered to the members in many moons.

Why? Because Mr. Farwell presented an old subject in a new light. Because, though by no means a natural speaker, he came with a message as clear as the blade of a knife and delivered it in a style that showed him to be complete master of a subject interesting to the average man.

Of course most men in business don't have time for many ideas about music. But Arthur Farwell handed out ideas; practical, experimental evidence of how he and the Municipal Commissioners of New York under Mayor Gaynor, have succeeded in making one of the greatest sociological discoveries of modern times. Mr. Farwell is the Municipal Superintendent of Public Music in the city of New York. He is a composer. The orchestral score for the pageant play, "Joseph and His Brethren," written by Louis Parker, now running in New York for the first season, was finished by Mr. Farwell by sitting up nights. And he is the first man in America to make a systematic study of Indian melodies for orchestration purposes.

However, he said nothing about that to his audience. He plunged right in to tell what he and his associates for the past couple of years have been doing to get Manhattan Island and Staten Island to take as much interest in Wagner and Beethoven and Chopin and Liszt and Mendelssohn, as ever they did in ragtime—yes more so. Last summer, on the bandstands of New York, from Staten Island down to the Battery, including the immense stand in Central Park, where orchestra concerts are given, there were put on eight hundred high-class concerts—for the people; for the masses, not the classes; giving the millions that tramp New York as good programmes as the clique of Carnegie Hall; getting fathers and mothers and their families out on to the pier pavilions along the Hudson River, and among the trees of Central Park to listen to the kind of thing that was made originally, not for a few high-brows, but for the many people who have ears to hear.

So great was the enthusiasm over this discovery of good music for the masses that fathers and mothers have been known to send their children down to the piers of a summer afternoon to hold seats for the entire family in the evening; and mothers with their children have gone to Central Park with their lunches to be on the grandstand at four o'clock, in time for the eight o'clock concert in the evening. In fact good music is as popular in New York just now as baseball.

When Mr. Farwell took hold of the bands of New York he found a lot of anomalies. Most of the band leaders gave out nothing but claptrap; on the theory that the masses don't like good music and never can be made to like it. Some of the bands had dummy players: men with instruments who looked as though they were blowing them when they weren't. In one of the tough precincts, when one of Mr. Farwell's band leaders got up to do a good programme, he was poked from behind by a grimy hand, and a decidedly Bowery voice said,

"Looka here, mister, you give us ragtime. We're tough and we wanta stay tough. See?"

But the good music went on the programme.

"How did we get the people to like good music?" asked Mr. Farwell. "Did we tell them that it was their duty to learn Wagner and Beethoven? Did we tell them ragtime wasn't good enough? Did we furnish them with programme notes setting forth the meaning of good music? Did we say anything about Culture with a capital C? No. We short-circuited the spiritual with the educational. We gave them the music.

He reiterated that the whole matter of appreciation is one of familiarity. People like best what they know best. There is nothing too good for people to know well. The municipal programmes given in New York contain most of everything that an average man or woman needs to know about good music.

"And after all," wound up the reformer, "is it not a plain and practical psychology? People in the mass are governed by a mass spirit. There is that in a crowd which is not in an individual. An individual in a crowd is bigger than the same individual alone. Put a score of Beethoven before a man alone—will he look at it? Not likely. Give him a good performance of a movement from a Beethoven symphony—will he listen? He does. Bye and bye

he gets to know the melody or the harmony. Then he gets a gradual knowledge of motif and tone-colour. Soon he wants the thing that he knows best—because he likes what he knows."

From which it may be understood why this man with a musical message succeeded in rousing members of the Canadian Club to a pitch of enthusiasm

THE Montreal Opera Company is now on its longest tour away from home, its annual visit to Toronto. Ever since last November this remarkable aggregation of artists, in an ensemble of repertoires the equal of any opera company in the world, have been making Montreal musically the equal of Boston or Philadelphia—so far as opera goes.

And the company this year is as much better a company than that of last year as last year's was better than the year before. No musical progress so rapid has ever been known in Canada as this organization born in Canada, financed and managed and supported wholly in Canada, and to a considerable extent built up on Canadian talent in some of the big roles. The financial backers are all Canadians. The director-general, Mr. Albert Clerk-Jeanotte, is a Canadian—for years a professor of singing in Montreal. As a producer of grand opera it is doubtful if he has a superior on this continent. The astonishing aggregation of artists and repertoires, both French and Italian, that for the past three seasons has been given to the public in four cities of Canada is due quite as much to Mr. Jeannotte's organizing genius and knowledge of the operatic business as to the money of the men who so generously and unflinchingly support what must always be a financially losing game.

At the time of writing three operas have been given on the out-of-town engagement. The most notable of these is undoubtedly "La Tosca," with Mdme. Louise Edvina in the leading role, along with Messrs. Cervi, Marti, Carmes and Gaudenzi. It is safe to say that no combination of talent in both singing and acting has ever been heard here quite to equal Mdme. Edvina. Her "La Tosca" will be remembered as the most astonishingly vivid thing of its kind ever given in this country.

The opera itself is a tremendous thing. Years ago, before ever Puccini put it to music, it was a great play, with Fanny Davenport in the leading role. Sardou never wrote a weak thing. "La Tosca" is surely one of his strongest. A master technician as only a Frenchman can be, he left nothing lacking in finesse to make "La Tosca" one of the most gripping portrayals ever seen on any stage.

But it is only the master musician who can take a big drama and successfully put it to music for an opera. Verdi succeeded in "Otello." Puccini even better, perhaps, in "La Tosca." Compare either with Wagner; especially Puccini. Wagner had sense enough to make his own librettos. He did not want a theme so dramatically constructed that the interest could possibly be divided between the drama and the music. He carefully avoided presentations that would give even the solo voices a chance to star in competition with the orchestra. Into the orchestra and the stage mounting he put the work of his genius.

But in Puccini's treatment of "La Tosca" there is every chance for a combination of powerful singing and tremendous acting by the same person; not in one role alone, but in two or three. Mdme. Edvina made the very most of all there was; and she made all of it. There was nothing left. Thanks to a master mind in the scoring and to a splendid adaptation of the text for operatic purposes, the tremendous tragedy of the situations in the second act were brought out by the prima donna in a fashion that recalled the great acting parts of Henry Irving or Sara Bernhardt. Had the lines been merely spoken in the voice of the singer they would have been thrilling enough. With the intensity of the master music in both melody and the orchestra, every situation was tragically heightened until it became as splendidly intense as the old Greek tragedies.

And the cast was equal to the most exacting demands of the score. The Montreal Opera orchestra has never been known to fail in delivering the message of the composer in the biggest way possible for an orchestra of that size. Indeed a bigger orchestra would have been a drawback. The orchestra now is as big for any Canadian theatre as that of the Metropolitan Opera, twice as many players, is for the big opera house. And the players are perfectly balanced for all the subtleties and dynamics of expression. With Signor Jacchia at the baton nothing was ever lost.

The whole thing was a perfect ensemble which may be called almost the last word in the human presentation of operatic art. Other works may be bigger in some directions. Wagner may be bigger in orchestral breadth and opulence. Strauss may be greater in the glorification of splendid noise. Puccini is surely the great modern master in the alternate and sometimes conflicting capacities of building up great tonal and dynamic climaxes and the subordination of the orchestra to the role of a mere commentator upon the solo voice or the chorus.



Mr. Bruce Carey, Conductor of the Elgar Choir, Hamilton, Which Gave Its Annual Concert Week Before Last.



Mr. Arthur Farwell, Who Has Taught the Masses in New York to Appreciate Good Music.



Mr. H. K. Jordan, Conductor of the Schubert Choir, Brantford, Giving Its Annual Concert Week Before Last.



Mr. Percy Hollinshead, Tenor Soloist With the Schubert Choir.

THE PRODIGIOUS SON

The Man Who Did His Best to "Come Back"

By PAUL SHEARD

Illustrations by Joseph Sheard

THE great railway company unwittingly gave shelter to Pox Sandy and Blinker John. In an isolated corner of the freight-yards the two had discovered a box-car with door ajar, and had gone no farther. It was warmer inside than out, and there was straw to sprawl upon while one enjoyed the fruits of a day profitably spent.

Christmas time is the great harvest for those in Sandy's and John's class. Scarecrows they were, dirty, ragged, evil and mean as to face, with the smell of whiskey always upon them; and yet, in their way, pitiful because of their misery. They circulated freely among the Christmas shoppers, receiving small contributions from the charitable and larger ones from the careless. At kitchen doors the whine for a meal seldom went unheeded at such a season.

As John said, "Pickings had been good," and so the glad Christmas tide, combined with a sort of Harvest Home feeling, was to be properly celebrated. "Eat, Drink and be Merry" is the old slogan. Neither was in any need of eating, nor had either any definite ideas on mirth; so it remained to make up on the second item. In a dim corner of the car, Pox Sandy lay on his back, in the attitude of one who muses on the glory of the heavenly bodies. From time to time he raised above him a hand containing a dark object, remaining for some seconds *somewhat* in the attitude of an astronomer looking through a spy-glass; and after each observation he would lay the instrument carefully aside with a grunt of satisfaction.

Blinker John sat nearer the door of the car. He had not yet passed the talkative stage of his intoxication.

"Lasht Chrish—sh, Chrish—Chrishmush eve," said John, "I remember, went to see a show. Ten, twenty, thirty—great show, too! Theatre on River Street—reg'lar Chrish—reg'lar Chrishmush show it was, too. You should have seen that show, Pox. I just fergit th' name of th' show—it was called 'The Return of the Prod—the Prod—the Prodigious Son.' That's it, Pox, 'The Return of the Prodigious Son.' D'hear what I'm tellin' ye, Pox?"

John turned his head and regarded his inanimate audience with a fishy eye. The mechanical up and down movement of the dark object had in no wise abated during the recital.

"Pox, ye drunken beat," said he, with a whine, "ain't ye listenin' t' what I'm sayin'?"

Pox grunted. "Sure I heard you," he said, "The Return of th' Prodigush—sh Son, I heard ye all right."

Blinker John grinned foolishly. "Ye should have seen that show, Pox," he said. "They had a reg-lar snow-storm, just like what it is to-night, real snow comin' down—and a old farm house with a dog in it, an' a couple of ol' farm folks. Ol' farmer an' his wife; an' they was in turrible trouble—desprit. Listenin', Pox? Them ol' farm folks was in turrible trouble, Pox—oh turrible, 'nough to make ye weep, it was—" In fact the maudlin Blinker almost wept, himself, at the remembrance.

"It was a swell show, Pox," he continued. "Ye see the ol' couple was goin' t' be kicked off the farm fer some reason. I fergit what fer. There was a ugly-lookin' guy with a black hat was goin' kick them off. He was a hellof a guy, Pox. Say, Pox, d'ye hear what I'm sayin'?"

"Hellof a guy," came from the corner.

"That's right," continued the narrator. "But he never done it, ye betcher life, never done it. He got a paste on the jaw instead. The young guy come in, just in time. He was a swell young guy—you know th' one—that prodigious feller I was tellin' you about. Well, Pox, he sure come in just in time; an' he pokes th' other guy on the jaw. An' he was a millionaire, Pox—a millionaire what had run away from home. An' them ol' farm folks, they was sure glad t' see him!"

Here the whiskey inside Blinker John began to assert itself, it coursed through his veins and imbued his sluggish mind with a new life. No mean exponent of the histrionic art had been lost to the world in Blinker John. He was on his feet, and had even captured his besotten audience, who lay spellbound in the dim corner.

"Me boy, me boy!" says th' ol' dame. 'Me

boy what was lost, ye've come home—home t' me!' "Yes, mother," says th' young guy, 'I've been away a long time, but I'm home at last. You'll never want fer nothin' more, mother, as long as—' "Say, you dirty loafer, what d' you think you're doin' in my car?"

Was ever noble characterization of noble sentiment more tryingly interrupted? At the door of the box-car appeared the outraged face of one of the road officials, confronting the outraged, but crestfallen, Blinker. It was as though some common-minded policeman had broken in upon Mark Antony's oration and ordered him to move on and stop attracting a crowd.

"Now then," continued the official, "come out!" Blinker came out.

He was aided just enough to land him in a snow-drift. From his hand fell the bottle and lay spilling its life blood out upon the snow. The official, little suspecting that inside the car lay the shivering person of Pox Sandy, pulled the heavy door to, and snapped the lock.

"Now git out of here," he said, "an' don't come into these yards again, gettin' crazy drunk an' raisin' the dead with your racket."

John picked himself up and fled. It was not for him to divulge the presence of his partner or otherwise argue the matter. Look out for yourself was "the code," and he obeyed it whenever possible.

INSIDE the car Pox Sandy lay quaking until he heard the heavy crunch of the official boots in his departure. He smiled to himself regarding his lucky escape. He was far too drowsy to appreciate the sinister significance of being locked in an empty box-car; and so, peacefully smiling, he closed his eyes in sleep.

The banging and shunting of the car, as it was coupled into a long freight train, would have waked the dead—but not Sandy. Neither did he hear the long, starting-whistle which re-echoed through the night, or notice the grind and sway as the wheels began to turn beneath him.

The long night train went roaring out from the



"He was soon on the open road."

city, which echoed back its roar as it passed. Under subways it went, and over bridges from which one could see vast areas of twinkling street lamps and windows—rich palaces and meagre homes, where the spirit of Christmas waited for the coming day. Beyond the city it passed, taking its way through great, quiet spaces, where nothing moved but the falling snow; through a land where all was dark save where a light in the window of some distant cottage peered out into the night. On it went—carrying the sleeping Pox Sandy along with it.

Sandy could sleep anywhere; nor was he particular as to where he laid himself down. He had yet to discover the place dirty enough, evil-smelling enough, or uncomfortable enough to disturb his dreams. Add to this the large amount of bad whiskey consumed, and beside Sandy the Seven Sleepers were as mere nervous insomniacs.

It was high noon before he stirred. Sharp blades of light pierced the narrow seams of his prison, and played over his grimy features. The car had come to a stop and outside could be heard an occasional shout and the crunch of passing feet in the snow.

Sandy, after lamely combatting the pain in his head for some minutes, finally opened his eyes. He stared blankly at the planks above him, trying to remember if anything of note had happened recently or was about to happen. He couldn't remember anything, however, and found his mind quite incapable of thought for the present. He stared hypnotically at a sun-beam shining through a crack, and presently he began to talk.

"— I've been away a long time, but I'm home at last. You'll never want fer nothin', mother—"

Then he remembered. He sat up with a jerk, and immediately clapped both hands to his head and held on until the dynamite inside ceased exploding.

"Blinker, ye darn fool," he muttered. "What d'ye think you know about Prod—Prodigious—. Gawd, I got an awful head."

AT this juncture there was a sharp click and a heavy grinding, as the door of the car was thrust back. The blinding glare of sunlight smote the unhappy tramp like a stroke of lightning, keeling him over.

There was a moment's comparative silence and then a voice above him was saying: "Well, if that ain't the limit! Didn't I tell ye last night t' keep off my car? What d'ye think this is, anyhow? Public park? Up ye git, now. Up ye git!"

Sandy was dragged to his knees, hauled to the open door and flung out into the snow. The burly lineman stood in the doorway and tried to express himself.

"The nerve o' some o' you loafers," he said, "s'enough t' make a canal horse look like a spring squab. Here I trun y'off last night, an' I trun y'off again this morning, an' I guess when we gets to the end o' the run, there you'll be, waitin' t' be trun off some more. If this weren't the Blessed day o' Grace I'd learn you



"You won't forget what I told you," a voice was saying.

the worst lesson you've got since Hector was a pup!"

Sandy didn't wait for words to blossom into deeds. Shaking the snow out of his sleeves, he arose to quit the spot. The roll in the snow had acted on him somewhat as a cold plunge. Except for the fact that his spine felt as though it were boring through the base of his brain, he was all right, and so he turned away from the railway tracks and started off.

All about him the sun shone painfully upon glittering white snow, and his tortured eyes shrank from looking further. Vaguely he wondered how he came to be in one place last night and somewhere else the next morning. These thoughts were vague, but within him there was one real sensation: his immediate need of drink. His ragged nerves clamoured for alcohol, as one dying of thirst clamours for water. Nothing else mattered to him, but whiskey he must have.

He was on a road now. A hard, snow-crusted road, with deep sleigh tracks upon it. Something within seemed to tell him that it would lead to what he needed. He looked neither to right nor left, but plodded on, with head bent and eyes half closed, to shield them from the glare. And yet, though he gave no glance to his surroundings, something seemed to tell him he was passing old, familiar places. The very grind of the snow beneath his feet seemed to say, "You have trod this road before!" Maybe he had, too, he reasoned; he had trod many roads in his day.

At times the jingle of bells warned him of an approaching sleigh, and without looking up, he would step aside. And so he went, and sure enough the instinct, or whatever it was, guided him correctly.

Arriving at an intersection in the road, Sandy looked up. Across the street was a small, country hotel. He was saved!

Sandy made for the bar, straight as the crow flies. Luckily he had plenty of money. In return for a bill, he received a satisfyingly large bottle. The obliging bar-tender drew the cork and placed the medicine in his shaking hands. There were ejaculations from among those gathered around the bar as Sandy quenched his thirst. To put away raw spirit as he did, without the flicker of an eyelash, was something to marvel at. The look he cast about him after completing this feat, was that of the true artist in a gathering of amateurs. So, restored somewhat to his former self-assurance, he lurched to the door and out into the sunlight.

Pox Sandy was himself again. He stood swaying on the door-step, calculating what to do next. He could face the glare of the sun better now, and the fact that the surface of things appeared dotted with tiny specks of yellow and blue flame, bothered him not at all.

Objects that he focussed his eyes on seemed to recede from his view, to shoot up to a great height, and again to dwindle until he couldn't make them out at all. The trees swayed naturally in the breeze, and so did the sidewalks and lamp-posts, and even the little shop across the street. The shop worried Sandy. He felt that somewhere, some time, he had seen it before, and knew some interesting things about it, if he could only think. During his life he had tramped through nearly every Province in Canada, and so it was not unlikely that wherever he was, he had been there before. However, the place refused to anchor itself and settle down, so he gave it up.

He found himself on the road again, walking. This was foolish, he thought, because he might just as well have gone back to the little bar-room, where it was warm. Still he continued, with eyes half closed as before; and, as it were, followed his own feet. He was soon on the open road, with the little village far behind. He knew that, because the wind was getting a better sweep at him across unbroken fields. And as he went he was still conscious of that feeling of familiarity. Always with eyes down, he would catch occasional side glimpses of the things he passed, snow-covered posts and fences, wind-swept trees—once he crossed a little bridge; and all these things seemed to cry out that he had known them at one time.

Once only did he raise his eyes, and brave the glare of the sun. Looking afar, he saw a little gable-roofed cottage. It had a cosy, warm look; smoke curled lazily from the one chimney, vaguely suggesting cheer within. Snow covered every up-turned plane of it, smooth and untrammelled, making the thing appear like some Christmas miniature. Sandy's gaze for one instant caught the little cottage as a picture, accurately focussed. Then it was lined in rainbow lights, it expanded, wavered, shrank and dissolved into a blur of fiery specks.

"You're gettin' them, Pox, ol' fella," muttered

the wanderer. "You're seein' things what ain't there at all, they ain't. You need—'nother drink—brace y'up—"

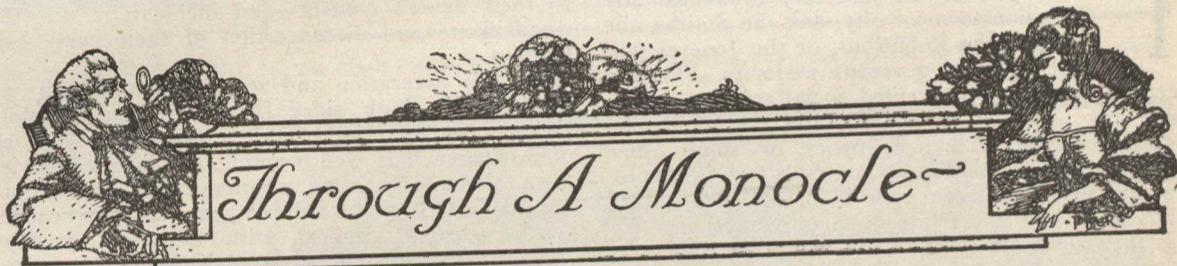
Once more the bottle was employed and on he went. As though on familiar ground his shuffling feet led him over the roadside ditch at the only point where there was a plank bridge, although buried from view. Through a break in the rusty hedge they went, finding a path on the far side. Down a long lane he trudged, as one who knew the way, around a bend, up a snow-covered gravel walk, and so on to a cottage door.

SANDY opened his eyes and beheld the door. He swayed on his heels wondering why he had come, and lurched heavily against it. Suddenly the door was opened and he almost fell inside. Then he recalled his wits, here was a game he had often played and he knew how to proceed.

"Lady," he whined, "can yu give—poor man, sumpun t'eat? Ain't had nuthin' fer two days—out of work. Can't turn 'um away at Chrish—sh—time, lady?"

The girl, who had opened the door, bade him come in and immediately left him.

"There is the most awful tramp you ever saw,"



Making the Law Useful

WE all remember the classic case of the man who was hanged for stealing a sheep. The punishment was such as overwhelming misfit for the crime that it defeated its own purpose. Juries would not condemn sheep-stealers, no matter how clear the evidence, when they knew that a condemnation meant that a fellow-being must suffer death for theft. That classic case—with some others—did its work; and punishments were moderated. The list of capital crimes was greatly reduced. And even to-day we have more capital crimes on the statute-book than we ever see on the gallows. Hanging for rape is practically repealed—though, even if I am not a suffragette, I should like to see some of these charges tried before a judge and jury of women. But it seems to me that that classic sheep-stealer did more than save the necks of his imitators—he has so frightened us off the idea of severe punishments that we fail to use them where they are quite proper and sorely needed.

THE result is that in a community which tries to leave everything to the LAW—and is mightily proud of this predilection—we seriously shorten the arm of the law and hinder it from reaching a number of offences which can only be prevented by making the risk greater than the profit. Moreover, we do worse—we frankly and supinely allow criminal acts to remain uncondemned by the law, because, we say, it would be utterly impossible to enforce any law against them. For instance, the other day I was discussing the abuse of cold storage. I was impressed by a statement from an "expert" that many articles of food, after they have been a certain time in cold storage, though they may look all right and smell all right, are in reality either non-nutritious or positively poisonous. This expert said that, in time, a cold-storage chicken ceased to be a chicken and became a mummy. I quite agreed with him; for I had myself been served roast mummy at restaurants more than once when my innocent order had been "chicken." And, in my wrath, I exclaimed—"The law should prevent this sort of thing."

"BUT how?" asked the party of the other part to this conversation; "you cannot very well brand a chicken with the date of its burial in the ice-house." "You might mark the box," I replied. My friend shook his head. "Too much room for fraud," he said. "You would need an army of inspectors to enforce such a law." To which I retorted by saying that if our old friend, the classic sheep-stealer who was unfortunately hanged, had only died in his bed, we could easily enforce laws of this salutary sort without burdening the community too heavily with the cost of an intricate system of inspection. All we had to do was to employ a few inspectors—or none—but make the

she said to the old man and woman seated before the fire. "He's out in the hall. He wants something to eat, say's he's had nothing for two days."

The man looked across at his wife.

"Get something ready for him," she said to the girl. "And ask him to come in here by the fire."

And so Sandy was ushered into the room, where he slumped down in a chair by the fire. The two drew away from where he sat, for he was an awe-inspiring sight. Sandy promptly went to sleep in his chair and slept until his host roused him to say his dinner was ready.

The wanderer was really hungry. He realized this more and more as the true excellence of this Christmas dinner forced itself upon him. He presided in solitary grandeur at the square table, while the old couple sat and marvelled at his stupendous greed. Sandy ate like a pig—no other simile will do. Everything placed before him was bolted down as though he never expected to see food again. He made no effort at conversation. Speech would have been as an insult to such a feast.

That dinner would stand out as a landmark in a hungry existence, and he meant to make the most of it. He succeeded, too. When he finally called

(Continued on page 25.)

punishment for every proven case so heavy, that no cold-storage man would dream of taking the risk. You say, for instance, to a retail butcher who keeps chickens in cold storage—"You must sell them before they have been chilled for a fixed time. If you keep them longer than that, and we catch you at it, we will fine you ten dollars and costs, and keep your name out of the papers." The cold-storage butcher will then sell them in time if he can; but he will be very much tempted to mix the labels or do something else, if he finds a lot of them on his hands after the end of the legal term—all looking fresh and fit. He thinks the law is a "fool law." The chickens are "all right." He eats them himself. And he can better afford to pay an occasional fine than to throw hundreds of dollars worth of good chickens in the discard.

BUT you go to Mr. Butcher and tell him—"If we catch you selling chickens which have been mummified, we will confiscate your entire stock of meat, or we will send you down to the Pen. for a year, or we will shut up your shop for six months, or something of that sort with 'boiling oil' in it"—and you will have no trouble in enforcing your law. The butcher would simply not dare break it. His very employees would get too dangerous a power over him if they could prove him guilty of a penitentiary offence. You would need very few inspectors to get respect for a law like that. It would almost enforce itself. The community would receive ten times as much protection as it could from an army of inspectors and a trivial fine; and it would not cost us one-tenth as much. Why not do it? No reason but the swaying carcass of that ever-lasting sheep-stealer. Yet here is an offence against the public health which can hardly be measured. How many people die mysteriously—how many people find themselves strangely weakened and so exposed to the inroads of deadly disease—what an immense amount of harm is done to-day by this "denatured food" which all who live at public eating-houses must put up with, more or less? Here is a serious, if unintentional, crime if there ever was one. The chap who sold "alum and chalk and plaster to the poor for bread" was a twin brother of the man who either adulterates food to its hurt or keeps it so long that its health-giving qualities are lost.

I HAVE taken this deterioration of food as an example; but there are a dozen other "crimes" which will occur to you, and which we either do not try to punish at all, or fail in trying, because they are so difficult to watch and detect. We pretend, for instance, that we cannot get honest dealing over the counter in goods regarding which the average customer must take the vendor's word for it. How are you going to find out?—we ask. Is every customer to take his purchase to a testing office? It would cost more than the whole thing is worth; and your vendor could afford to pay a

few fines rather than lose his profits. Quite so. But make the punishment for misrepresenting the quality of goods severe enough; and you will stop it. If a man knew that, if he told you that a garment was all-wool when it was part cotton, he would get a gaol sentence for his "mistake" if it were brought home to him, he simply wouldn't do it? He could not run the risk. He had far rather tell you frankly what the garment was, and let you

buy it as such. Under such a law, when you bought farmer's butter, for example, you would get farmer's butter—not the re-melted leavings of last week's sales. We could extend the law to a lot of petty crimes which we now leave to the give-and-take of the market, if we would only use this power of severe punishment to make its enforcement cheap and sure.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



The Clan McLean

TAKE a poll of the directory in almost any Canadian town or city, and the Smiths, the Browns, the Robinsons, or the Joneses will have it by a generous majority. Take a peep at the delicately-scented social columns of almost any Canadian periodical, and the Smithson-Brownlees, the Robinson-Joynes, or some other hyphenated combination is an odds-on favourite. But in Parliament from time immemorial the Macleans have had it. There is said to have been no less than seven of them in the House of Commons at one time. For many years there were five. And in the year of our Lord 1913 there are four. Two of them write it Maclean; the other two stick to McLean, that is, at any rate, in subscribing their signatures or on the record of the carefully compiled Parliamentary Guide. It doesn't make much difference for the links of creed, which unaccountably and unfortunately seem to stand for so much in politics, weld them together. They all declare themselves to be adherents of the Auld Kirk. If the reader doesn't believe it—and one isn't to be altogether blamed for his doubt—he is hereby referred once more to the red-bound official documents of which Major Ernest Chambers is the conscientious and thoroughly reliable editor. It labels each of the four "Presbyterian," and it has it on the word of honourable gentlemen themselves.

Two of them sit on one side of the House, and two of them on the other. To the right of Mr. Speaker may be found Angus A. McLean, the silent man from the little maritime isle of Prince Edward, and William Findlay Maclean, the never-silent exponent of all and sundry from the big province of Ontario. To the left are located Alexander K. Maclean, the cautious and canny financial critic of the Opposition, who hails from Nova Scotia, and Hugh Havelock McLean, the fire-eating militarist and imperialist, from the neighbouring province of New Brunswick. Any one of the four is capable

of focusing the attention of Parliament on a Maclean, and two of them have recently been doing it to their heart's content—and incidentally to the discomfiture and disconcertion of their party colleagues.

All this execration and acrimony on the part of partisans on both sides is utterly unjustifiable. Things are just righting themselves naturally, as they often will if well-meaning individuals just let them alone. By some strange freak of fortune the goddess of politics developed a shaggy-headed, heavy-eyebrowed radical, with the loud raucous voice of a street-corner socialistic orator, and tagged him Tory; while at the same time she was turning out a spic-and-span, waxed-moustached dilettante, with a fever for gunpowder and an it's-English-you-know drawl, and pasted the libellous label of Grit upon him. Instead of all this talk on both sides about "rebels" and "turncoats" and the promulgation of nasty innuendoes about party ingratitude, wouldn't it be better to effect an honourable compromise with incorrigible old Human Nature? This ancient dame bests them all when it comes to conflict, and even wiser men than the Chief Whips who conduct and control party discipline at the Capital have fallen before her inexorable wand. The only salvation is to humour the jade. Why not, in friendly conclave, agree to swap Macleans?

Just think what satisfactory results would accrue. The Liberals would secure the services of a man who thrives on being "agin the Government," at least if he isn't permitted to be the Government and enunciate a whole vocabulary of reforms. They would add to their ranks a radical who could out-radical Frank Oliver or even Michael Clark. The Maclean radical may be a shade less dependable as a radical, but while he's on the job he can make more noise. The Conservatives, on the other hand, would secure an Imperialist, with a capital I, please, who would keep the gallant Colonel Denison himself on the job every minute of the time endeavour-

ing to hang on to premier laurels. Ever since McLean, the Colonel, went to "Lunnun," donned gold-lace and feathers, stood statuesquely at the head of the Canadian Coronation Contingent, and rubbed elbows with peers in clubs and banquet halls, he has thirsted for an opportunity to do some big Empire-saving job of his own. When he hears the pop of a toy pistol he scents a war scare, and he catches fire every twenty-four hours when the mid-day gun booms on Parliament Hill. And, withal, this McLean loves best the side which is on top—the side which appoints commanders for contingents and Canadian representatives on British councils on war and peace.

Why quarrel over the idiosyncrasies of such men? Far better let the Government swap the Maclean who would overturn and throw into confusion the whole economic system of Canada, for the McLean of fire and brimstone who would only overturn and throw into confusion the Kaiser Wilhelm and the puny powers of Europe.

WHATEVER else may be argued, pro and con, the French-Canadian has it on his Anglo-Saxon brother when it comes to courteous chivalry. Politics is about the last sphere in the world to search for glowing examples of "You first, my dear Gaston," business. Yet the other day Hermenegilde Boulay, member for Rimouski, held a political gathering in his constituency, and importuned Adelarde Bellemare, member for Maskinonge, to come along and help him out. Both parliamentarians are Conservatives of the Nationalist school, but on the ticklish question of the school rights which entered into the discussion of the Manitoba boundary bill last session, one of them demonstrated that he was more of a Nationalist than a Conservative, while the other placed his party allegiance before his Bourassa tenets. Monsieur Bellemare, the visitor, was received with acclaim and was well into his speech when some insistent questioners in the audience began to demand awkward information.

"What about the school question?" persisted a strong-lunged listener, till some recognition of him became imperative.

The Maskinonge man was in a dilemma. If he said he was right, he proclaimed his colleague to be wrong—a fatal mandate in the latter's riding. But Bellemare has been in politics some time.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he observed in his suavest tones, "Mr. Boulay and I differed on this question. One of us voted on one side and one of us voted on the other side. One of us was right and one of us was wrong. I can assure you good people of Rimouski that your member, Mr. Boulay, was not the one who was wrong."

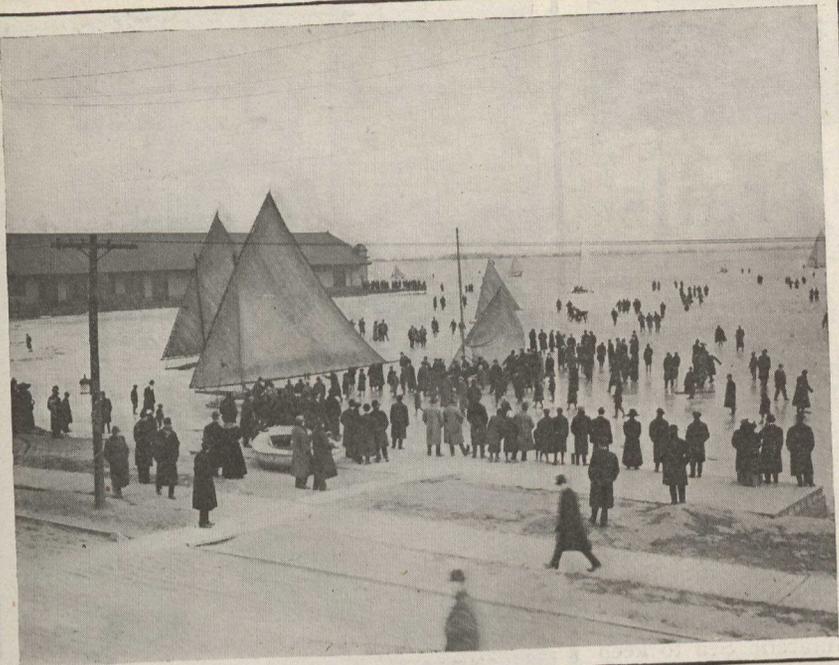
But Mr. Bellemare is to have his reward. He has exacted a promise from his colleague to visit Maskinonge and play Alphonse to his Gaston.—H. W. A.

Fort Garry Chapter, Imperial Order Daughters of Empire, Winnipeg, has decided to ask the Canadian Pacific Railway "to fly every day of the week over their station houses the flag of the Empire, the Union Jack." Bless their dear hearts!

'TIS SUMMER IN THE ANTIPODES



Federal Parliament House of the Commonwealth of Australia—at Melbourne.



Ice-boating and Skating on Toronto Bay Were Impossible in January Because of the Mild Weather. February Brought the People Better Luck.



The Small Park and the Vacant Lot in Canadian Cities Are Utilized as Winter Play Grounds. The Children Enjoy the Outdoor Skating.

The Charm of Skating

By MARGARET BELL

THE charm of skating—it is quite a prodigious subject to deal with in six or seven hundred words. For one does not know which of the many charms to emphasize the most. The glowing, intoxicating sensation of aliveness, which is a charm to the skater; the grace of bearing, which is decidedly a pleasure to the onlooker, likewise the skater, providing she (or he) be human enough to think of her own (or his) appearance; the always effervescing satisfaction of one skater in the knowledge of her (or his) superiority or skill over another; the meeting together of congenial companions, the skating together of them, and finally, the decision to skate together permanently over rough places and smooth, where the ice is thick or thin. This last mentioned charm naturally seems the most important of all, and in connection with it, almost an adjunct to it, I might say, comes the indefinable charm of that cup of tea after the invigorating, glowing, etc., exercise is over.



Going Skating.

Which really touches on the social side of skating. Which, perhaps, after all, may receive the palm for being the greatest of all the charms. Here in Canada, that social side of skating is emphasized, not only in Toronto, where the Toronto Skating Club meets four times a week in the new Arena which has been opened this season, but in Montreal, Ottawa, and all the other cities in the Dominion. The tea habit is particularly prevalent in Toronto, the place of prevalence being the lobby of the Arena. Skating goes on, with more or less of the afore-mentioned charms, from four till six, with gap enough for a cup of tea and a bit of small talk—and then more skating. Once a week, there is a waltzing contest, a band, of course, giving the incentive. And there you are—that is another of those attributes which compose the title of this sketch. They are almost overwhelming. And there are turns at figure-forming, the

And there are turns at figure-forming, the bracket-loop vieing with the pirouette, the ringlet-turn with the Swedish cross-cut. Even Shakespeare was an enthusiast in this Canadian national winter sport. Was it not Henry the Fourth who is credited with saying something like, "He apprehends a world of figures here, But not the poise"? Best used to describe some ambitious beginner, with "arms spread wider than a dragon's wings," and tip of skate embedded in the ice, while the other foot, likewise skate, hangs dangling in the air. And then again—merely in passing, this introduction of Shakespeare—might not Hamlet have been thinking of a day on the Danish ice, when he referred to his dear, dead father thusly: "In form and moving how express and admirable!"

At Ottawa last Friday the Minto Club, consisting of Miss Eleanor Kingsford, Miss Muriel Maunsell, Mr. Ormie Haycock and Mr. Phil Chrysler, won the international championship and Connaught Cup, beating Boston by a few points. Another Ottawa team won the Grey Cup, beating Montreal. Miss Kingsford won the ladies' championship and Mr. Chrysler won the gentlemen's. The Minto Cup, for doubles, went to Miss M. Burrows and G. C. McLennan.

The Middleman and Railway Rates

LIGHT on the middleman is being thrown fairly successfully by the Winnipeg newspapers. Their figures prove that it is the middleman, not the railways, who is responsible for the high price of living. For example, on a shipment of 100 pounds of butter from Ingersoll, Ont., to Winnipeg, the freight is 2.7 per cent., and the Winnipeg middleman's profit 32.3 per cent. On potatoes shipped from Stonewall to Winnipeg, the freight is 5.6 per cent., and the cost from car to consumer 48.3. A barrel of Ontario apples can be delivered in Winnipeg for \$2.73—of which \$1 goes to the apple-grower, 17 cents to the picker and packer, 45 cents for the barrel and 80 cents for the



Watching Fancy Skating on a Canadian Pond.

freight. The middleman, who takes it from the car to the consumer, charges about \$2.75—he doubles the price of the apples.

Thus it is evident that so far as foodstuffs are concerned, the real trouble is not in high railway rates, but with exorbitant profits of the men who stand between the producer and the consumer. The grower of California oranges realized this long ago and devised a co-operative scheme for distributing his oranges. Hence the middleman gets very little profit on oranges. Canadian producers and consumers of foodstuffs should go and do likewise.

It is estimated that five million barrels of Canadian apples were left under the trees to rot last year. This is the natural result where labour is scarce and co-operative picking and packing are not worked out. Because of this lack of organization, the farmers lost five million dollars, while the middleman maintained his profits by charging a higher price on the fifteen million barrels which passed through his hands. The producer and the consumer lose—the middleman goes his way rejoicing.

Similar conditions prevail in the production of other foodstuffs. Nature is generous, but men lose much of her gifts through lack of scientific handling of natural and farm products. Cutting railway rates will help very little; there must be improvements in our methods of distribution.



A Typical Group of Canadian Youth Enjoying the Easy Whirl of the Skate and the Keen Fresh Air. No Other Sport is so Democratic Nor so Universal.



The Men of the Frozen Trails

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

DIRECTLY in front of a huge fireplace, the afternoon of the day in Toronto that Capt. Amundsen told "How I Discovered the South Pole"—the Norwegian discoverer stood and looked at two flags on the opposite wall. He had just been welcomed into a circle of men many of whose interests lead into the open places of the earth. He replied briefly:

"I thank you for hanging there the flag of my country beside that of your own country. Who can tell, gentlemen—but that at this moment the flag of Great Britain and the flag of Norway flap side by side on the South Pole?"

That was on January 25th, 1913.

On January 17, 1912, the flag of England did flap within half a mile from the flag of Norway in S. Lat. 90, Long. 0—or everything.

The greatest modern explorer—in most respects the greatest in history, whatever may be his own opinion of heroism—made brief references in his public talks to Captain Scott, who raced him to the

ago as far as Lat. 87.23. But for his failure of provisions, Scott need never have gone, except to prosecute scientific research in a strange land. But Britain always has a mission to discover and to conquer the earth.

Years ago Norway sent Nansen within a comparatively few miles of the North Pole. At that time most people imagined that the South Pole was in a sea of ice. Some even loosely conceived that it was in water. Science has been slow to teach the world to free itself of mere illusions. South has always meant warmth and fluidity; north—cold and ice. There were no Greenlands and Baffin's Lands and Ungavas in the Antarctic Sea to keep the minds of the world busy tracing the movements of explorers. In Canada we have always been meagrely informed even about the ultimate confines of our own country which has attracted nine-tenths of the world's great explorers. The Arctic Sea has been and still is a mystery to most of us. We hear about the mouth of the Coppermine and of the mounted police on Herschell Island at the mouth of the Mackenzie; of Ungava and of Labrador; of Greenland and of Hudson's Bay—yet to carry out wheat. For three hundred years almost we have had in this country a small army of men whose business it was to outpost. For thirty years and more we have had a small regiment of military outposts, mounted police—some of whom since the discovery of the Yukon have discarded horses and learned to drive dogs. Two years ago we were thrilled with a story of heroism on the trail when Inspector Fitzgerald and his three men lost their way between Macpherson and Dawson in some such blizzard as overtook Scott and his four comrades near One Ton Depot.

Every now and then some fur-coated man with the breath of the north upon him drifts down to our cities; to Ottawa with records. Every year we read the report of the North-west Mounted Police, always with tales of heroism and adventure amid Arctic conditions. The men who drive dogs and sleep in deerskin bags and eat what the natives do are always beating back to our civilization. A few days ago Stefansson lectured to a Canadian audience on the hardships he and his men underwent prodding into the confines of the newly-discovered blond Eskimos on Victoria Island. Our western towns are full of men who since the Yukon rush and before it came down with knowledge of the land beyond the coal stove and the electric light and the newspaper. No country of seven millions anywhere in the world has so large a percentage of people who know the life of the Ice Land. No country in the world has a map so dotted with the names of great explorers who left their traces of their great journeys on our rivers and forts and bays and capes, so slavishly committed to memory by children at school.

BUT we had little to do with the South Pole. When Peary lectured in Canada on his previous attempts to discover the North Pole thousands of Canadians heard him. When it was reported years later that he had discovered it—thousands believed it. When Scott went his furthest south in 1901 very few in this country took any stock in it. That was before the North Pole was discovered by either of its claimants. Shackleton's furthest south, and over 300 miles further than Scott's, keyed the interest up. His lecture was one of the greatest humorous treats of the season. In spite of the few grim episodes recounted people got the idea from Shackleton that the dash to the Pole was just a kind of adventure.

Then it was reported that Britain would try again. There seemed to be no rival. Amundsen was junketing. Scott would take up the trail abandoned by Shackleton. He would have the best equipped scientific expedition that ever went out to sea. And he had it. The twentieth century, to be renowned for the discovery of the ultimate ends of the earth as the nineteenth had been for most of the modern wonders of civilization, was completely epitomized in this outfit of Capt. Scott and his sixty men. It was as though the British Association had decided to hold a convention at the South Pole.



CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT

Who Planted the British Flag at the South Pole and Paid the Price With His Life. In the Background is the Terra Nova.

Heaven knows what pride there was in the various departments of this great expedition, that set sail in the Terra Nova from New Zealand. All the while one Roald Amundsen had been quietly fitting up the old Fram; said he would need her to do a little ramming about in the south seas—just as he gave out a few weeks ago that he would drift through the north-west passage if it proved to be feasible and drop in on the North Pole if he happened to be heading near enough that way.

But to the somewhat surprise of Capt. Scott, when he and the Terra Nova got to the edge of the sea drift, he encountered the Fram and its men and its dogs. Despite the predictions of experts, Amundsen's huskies had weathered the tropics. In all his elaborate but compact and shrewd outfit there was no such animal as a Manchurian pony.

Each in his own way, Scott and Amundsen was magnificently equipped for the great journey which now would be a race by widely diverging routes. And for a few weeks the world that reads newspapers saw in its mind's eye the outlines of a great romance. Never before had there been a real simultaneous race to reach a Pole. Here was the best practical science of the out-of-doors that Britain could furnish pitted against the best in the land that sent Nansen with Amundsen in his train, within a few miles of the North Pole. Since when the world had grown much wiser in the science and art of Arctic and Antarctic travel.

Comparison of the two splendidly equipped human machineries for conquering south latitudes would require a book. If somewhere there could be



Latest Photograph of Capt. Amundsen, Taken at the House of Mr. Carl Printz, Canadian Vice-Consul of Norway. The Captain Has Left His Overcoat in the House.

Pole; whom he beat by one month and a few sun-rises; whom he has since eulogized as a hero, in comparison minimizing himself. But for many months Amundsen knew nothing of Scott, whom the world had lost sight of for three years past. Three years ago Shackleton lectured to hundreds of thousands of people on how near he came to finding the Pole and the reasons why he failed within 111 miles of the goal. On Amundsen's chart the name Shackleton appeared crawling down and down towards the Pole; when it seemed like irony of fate that the Englishman had been compelled to turn back through lack of provisions.

In the minds of most of the civilized world there is now another chart; depot after depot; degree after degree; down and down from the Barrier past the eighties—down to ninety, where latitude stops. And the name of SCOTT is on that chart. Along with it are the names—Oates, Wilson, Bowers, Evans. These names appear up to within 155 miles from the Pole—within eleven miles of One Ton Depot, and 44 miles north of Shackleton's furthest south. There they stop.

From that chart and the details which have come out from the discovery of the "letter to the public" on the body of Captain Scott, the imagination of the world must construct the drama, some of whose outlines were sketched by Capt. Amundsen in his statement to the press.

We know in a general way how the Pole was discovered. Shackleton told the story three years



Amundsen, Peary and Ambassador Bryce.

an international museum of what is left of these things the twentieth century would have to its credit enough to balance it with the eighteenth and nineteenth for land discovery. But the most the world knew of either was that Amundsen had no ponies and Scott was not dependent upon dogs. The personnel was different; just how much may be gathered from the quartette that in each case got to the Pole. But whatever the rank each had the finest of men.

Then for more than a year the South swallowed Scott and Amundsen and the world suspended interest in the race.

THE year 1911 swung along while 1,500,000,000 people became richer and poorer, and the world wiser and bigger—without the Poles; when in England that had sent Scott out there seemed to be problems enough to make the South Pole, whoever should find it first, only an item of scientific interest.

Came 1912—and as yet no story of the South Pole. A hundred men were on the way, down in the land of no law, and for the last reaches of no life at all. Wireless failed to tell the world that three weeks before New Year's, 1912, the flag of Norway was over the South Pole. And Scott knew just as little of Amundsen. Across those magnificent snow-clad solitudes no dog barked. And if some Andree in a balloon could have blown over that shrubless land he would have seen the silent working out of an almost superhuman drama. He would have seen the depots in two converging lines crawling down towards the Pole; straggled lines of dots beating back as the winter began to come on; in one line the ponies and the motor-sledges of Scott; in the other the dogs and the sleds of the Norwegians—all back to the head camps many miles apart, there to stay until spring came in October.

Then the spring—when no buds burst Winter quarters were abandoned. The big party of scientists and geographers off the Terra Nova began to

rolled into the deerskin bags; past one depot which they perhaps tapped for casual necessities.

In the still of the white night with not even a dog to howl and nothing but the low hiss of the wind over the snow, they may have listened for some yelp of a Norwegian dog; wondering how far from this trail was the trail of Amundsen converging to a point where sooner or later all trails must meet like the meridians.

IT must have been the third day, in S. Lat. 88, when the man at the end of a sled-rope made out something in the snow that caused him to stop pulling.

"What's the sign—?"

His fur hood slipped back as he knelt in the snow.

"By Jove! It's Amundsen's dogs!"

Snow had sifted over the faint web of tracks made by the huskies which gradually on the return trip Amundsen and his four men killed for food as Shackleton had done his ponies. That was less than forty miles south of the point where Shackleton turned.

The two mysterious trails had met.

But from the drift none of the party could tell—whether it was an outward track, or an inward—or both.

One thing certain—Amundsen had blazed that trail.

Nobody can do more than conjecture what effect the discovery may have had upon Scott and his men. Some say the captains were not racing.

Anyway Scott had no intention of quitting the trail. There was room on the Pole for two flags; the going was good and the weather excellent—though lower in temperature than might have been expected at that season.

Seventeen miles a day—Scott and his four got down past 89; another long, weird milestone. Here they planted a cache—the last one. More dog-tracks. No doubt of it. And what man was superhuman enough in that little squad not to wish there were none?

On again; when every time they pegged the tent it was seventeen minutes of latitude more out of the final 60. On January 17—perhaps five minutes more.

Hold on! Here at the edge of the last three minutes of measurement—what?

Grey-white almost like a patch of cloud against the snow.

They knew what it was.

Tracks were thicker now.

"It's a tent, plain as can be, sir—"

"Yes," said the leader, "it's—Amundsen's."

And they were shrewd enough of signs to know that neither man nor dog was left in that tent, but three miles from the Pole. Here it stood as they came up to it; tight-lashed to the pegs and feebly snowed in. Maybe by the scuff of a fur boot on the snow—some blood-mark of a dog killed for a dinner; some rough hubbly ice where an oil fire had melted the snow.

Pass on. This grey, silent tent whistling in the wind and devoid of even a blanket—was the base from which Roald Amundsen had made his dash with the dogs three miles south to the Pole. They who came after were welcome to examine it; the sole landmark in miles of white.

From that on Scott and his men had in their mind's eye a clear picture; and there was but one left to behold as a sign of the men who had gone before.

The three-point flag of Norway, with its big one cross idly lifting and signalling with a benevolent mockery to the men upon whose sledge, rolled up and ready to loose, was the three-cross flag of England.

And there it was.

Here by Amundsen's reckoning was the end of the world which before him no man had seen in all the generations of men upon earth. By the fleer of a sundog in a web of grey cloud they saw it. And for half a mile in a circuit thereabouts the Norwegian had left landmarks to prove to them that came after that he had not shirked so much as a dog-track, nor left anything to doubt.

And Scott knew that the world would soon know this—from the photographs taken by Amundsen.

They pitched camp and slept the night of the 17th at the Pole. Next day was clear. By the theodolite, Amundsen's sextant was perhaps half a mile out. The flag of Norway was not exactly on the Pole. But what matter? Half a mile now was nothing. With what ceremony the five men planted the Union Jack half a mile from the Norwegian flag there is no record. The temperature was but twenty below. In that sublime doing of a common-place thing the Captain may have slipped back his fur hood and led his little band in singing "God Save the King." We know not. But there was small time even in the land that in all the ages of man had never known the tick of a watch—for mere ceremony. Ten photographs were taken. The camera and the plates were packed on the sledge. Camp was pulled on the third day. At the tent of Amundsen two more pictures were taken. The letter to the King of Norway left by Amundsen for the postman whenever he might come or whoever he might be, was taken and laid among the records. It was a brief document, in a tongue that perhaps none of the party could quite make out, though they understood what it might say.

Carry it on. The world was waiting.

It was all very easy. Back along the trail—the two trails in one—went the sled-squad of no dogs. Winter would be on in a month or so. Hundreds of miles yet to



LIEUT. SHACKLETON
Who Came Within 111 Miles of the South Pole.



Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Canadian Explorer Who Discovered the Blond Eskimos.



Where Men and Dogs Are Midgets.



Glazing a Sub-Arctic Sled-shoe With a Veneer of Ice.

split up. Two squads of five each, one under Captain Scott and Lieutenant Evans, pushed on with dogs and sledges down past the depots all snowed in. Months of this. Three weird and leafless summer months among the gawky, ceremonious penguins and the great white gulls; away from the seal floes and the whale waters; a summer of ice-marching with no particular recorded adventure and no fever of haste—whatever Amundsen might be doing.

And it was in Lat. 87.35 on January 4, 1912, which would be the beginning of autumn, that Scott and his four picked and splendid men parted from Lieut. Evans. It would be then 156 miles to the Pole, or about three days' march to the latitude where Shackleton quit. The outfit now was sublimely simple; no dogs; nothing but sledges to haul the camp outfit and the instruments, the dunnage and the flag—down past the remaining depots.

It should be but a few days; with the worst luck imaginable not more than two weeks before the Pole was reached. The bulk of the big work had been done; the great plan laid; the chain of depots planted and the main party detailed in expeditionary squads over the area of trails more or less known and mapped—with nothing for the five men to do but traverse the small arc of the spheroid beginning at S. Lat. 87.35 and ending at 90. There had been some delay owing to bad weather and misfortunes of ponies. But there was plenty of provisions and fuel. The itinerary was as complete as the march of an army. Science leaves nothing to chance—in a land where there is not even an Antarctic gull to shoot for a meal.

It was the manless, beastless and birdless white land with a savage splendour of solitude; the five men lugging at the rate of seventeen miles a day over a soft surface of snow which the heft of the sled-shoes melted as they bumped on and on.

Twice they pitched the silk tent, cooked supper and

even the gulls and the penguins. Seven hundred miles and more to the sea where the Terra Nova would be waiting. Back over the white plateau eighteen miles a day; when there seemed to be no time in such good going for trouble, whether of man or nature. Back to the first depot at Lat. 89; what was left they took—for they would need it, when the depots were sixty-five miles apart, which with a week's supplies at a depot meant an average of nine miles a day.

Yet it was not all the drive of
(Continued on page 20.)

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

In Town and Out

WHETHER one lives in the town or in the country, he is interested in the methods adopted to keep the rural population on the land. As citizens, we are either interested in land development or in the price of products grown on the land. To every householder and every housewife this is a vital problem. Even those who live in apartments are affected by the prices of apples, potatoes, butter, eggs, cheese, poultry and meats.

Therefore we should all take a deep and abiding interest in all efforts to keep the people on the land, and to enlarge the output derived from every unit of labour. Canada's urban population, as in all other countries, is growing faster than its rural population, hence the price of foodstuffs goes steadily up. Every effort to stem this tide is vital to us all, vital individually and vital nationally. Cheap food means strong, healthy bodies. Cheap food lowers the cost of living. Cheap food means lower wages for the mechanic and still leaves him a wider margin for saving. Cheap food begets cheap manufacturing.

Every movement to teach agriculture in rural schools, every change towards graded country schools instead of the one-roomed school-house of old, every advance in the methods of production employed by the farmer means better times for him and for all the rest of us.

Manitoba's Example

STRANGE as it may appear, Manitoba is doing more along the line of keeping people on the farm and keeping the farmer progressive than any other province in the Dominion. Some of the others are making an effort, but none is equaling Manitoba. And the inspiration of it all is the Minister of Education, Hon. G. R. Coldwell.

I have never met with Mr. Coldwell. Whether he is a big man or little, fair or dark, energetic or sluggish, I don't know. But watching his work for years from the outside, and hearing of it from many sources, I have come to believe that it is exceptionally apt. On his good work in establishing consolidated or graded schools for country districts, the CANADIAN COURIER has had several articles. Now, it is opportune to speak of his course in agriculture for rural schools.

Ontario and Nova Scotia have been trying to teach agriculture in rural schools, but have not got much farther than trying to train teachers and establishing skimpy flower gardens. They cannot get much farther until they get consolidated schools, situated on five, ten or fifteen-acre plots. Trying to teach agriculture on a rural school ground one hundred feet square is a joke. The school yards of rural Ontario have seldom enough area to lay out a football ground or a baseball diamond for the kids, to say nothing of illustration vegetable and grain plots.

Mr. Coldwell has established the larger school ground in connection with his consolidated schools. These school-grounds are big enough to accommodate a miniature farm and still leave large play areas for all the children the big vans bring in from the five-mile circle. Alberta has decided to adopt the same plan. Prince Edward Island is going that way. Perhaps in a few years the other provinces will wake up and follow.

Manitoba's Methods

AS for methods, Manitoba is looking to making every rural school a miniature agricultural college. It has a text-book in agriculture which gives the teacher information about the elementary chemistry of agriculture, the book-keeping of the farm, and all the general features. But the Department of Education does not stop there. It obtains from the Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, packages of grains and potatoes for free distribution—each package containing enough seed for 44 square feet of land. There are three kinds of corn, three of millet, three of wheat, three of barley and three of oats. They also supply seedlings and cuttings of maple, ash and willow for schools desiring to establish wind-breaks. Garden and flower seeds are also distributed.

If the surest way of keeping the boy on the farm is to get him interested in farming, then Manitoba is going the right way about it. Even though the

work done be elementary it will reflect in the life of the pupil and in the life of his parents. It puts farming on a plane with retail business, manufacturing and even the professions. The boy learns that farming does not consist wholly of doing "chores."

Moreover, such a system brings agricultural education to the people as no agricultural college can do, however excellent it may be. Not five per cent. of the boys go to high school, and not five per cent. to an agricultural college. Therefore this is the only means of reaching the 95 per cent. who pass directly from public school to work.

Manitoba's methods are to be applauded. If Mr. Coldwell follows them up with progressive administration in the future as he has in the past, he will have performed an inestimable service for Manitoba and for the nation as a whole.

Value of an Agricultural College

DR. CREELMAN, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and the editor, have been having some correspondence concerning the value of an agricultural college. This arose over some remarks on this page to the effect that the graduates of agricultural colleges do not go back to the farm and that the college does not reach the average farmer.

This correspondence shows that many of the long-course graduates do not go back to the farms, but fill important agricultural positions—farm managers, teachers of agriculture and instructors. From 1874 to 1908, 1,529 students from Ontario took the long course at the O. A. C. Of these, 864, or 56½ per cent., are on farms in Ontario now. So that the editor must modify his former statement.

While admitting the good work of the O. A. C., I still maintain that there is grave danger in putting too much stress on the agricultural college of any province. It is as necessary as a university. But there must be other agricultural institutions doing the work for the farmers that the public school, the high school and the technical school do for the mechanic and the business men. Chief of these is the necessity for illustration plots in connection with rural schools and the considerable teaching of agriculture in these elementary institutions.

Elsewhere in this issue is a letter from Professor Zavitz, which closes a discussion which may be described as a drawn battle.

Mr. Cockshutt Backs Down

MR. COCKSHUTT, M.P., has been home to Brantford to tell his constituents that he is misunderstood. He did not intend to convey the idea, in his speech in the House, that he is in favour of permanent contributions to a central navy. So far as this journal is concerned it accepts Mr. Cockshutt's explanation. Whether he was misconstrued or whether he has since been converted, it is pleasant to know that he is now in favour of a Canadian navy.

At the same time, it will be the duty of Mr. Cockshutt's constituents to consider whether it will be advisable to retain him as their representative. A man who cannot make his position clear on a great occasion such as that on which he spoke may be a dangerous man in parliament. Indeed, Mr. Cockshutt has made many speeches with "centralist" views which require amendment before he can be considered a safe and sane legislator.

Moulding the Destiny

AT the banquet given to Mr. Borden by the Conservative members of the House last week, the Conservative leader remarked that every member should be proud to have an opportunity to bear his part in moulding the destiny of the country. This is a fine sentiment and quite worthy of the Premier. But is the average member of the House trying to mould the destiny of the country or of his party? Is there any evidence that more than a small percentage of our representatives in Parliament place country before party? Is not partyism as rampant in the Canadian Parliament to-day, in this enlightened twentieth century, as in any English-speaking parliament that ever gathered under the Union Jack or the Canadian ensign?

Party government is our system and under it

there must be party discipline. While this is so, it was never intended that every member of a particular party should cast every vote in favour of the particular oligarchy which bosses that party. Rt. Hon. Mr. Borden is entitled to general support from every Conservative member, but not slavish support. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is entitled to the same from his followers. If there is to be no independence within the parties, then our parliament should do as the United States electoral college does—send in its ballots by mail.

Not many of the members of the present parliament will be credited by the future historian with having done anything notable in moulding the destiny of his country. Beyond getting their names in the Parliamentary Companion and Hansard, there will be no mention of them. They are just about as important as the toga-clad supers who throng the stage when some renowned actor plays Julius Cæsar to a critical audience.

The Eight Who Did Not

WHEN the division bells rang on Thursday night of last week for the first division on the Navy Bill, there were eight members out of 221 who refused to hear the crack of the party lash. There were eight men who voted as they thought they ought to vote, in spite of the opposition which their fellow-members will probably visit upon them. They knew that henceforth they would be marked men, but they did what they considered best according to judgment and conscience.

These eight men may have been wrong, but most of us will honour them for their sturdy independence. That seven of them are French-Canadians is a tribute to that portion of our population. They saved the occasion. A purely party vote on so momentous a national issue would have been a sad spectacle. That they did not affect the result matters little. They showed that there are eight men at least in the House who on one occasion have realized the force of Mr. Borden's statement that every member of parliament should realize that he is doing his share in moulding the destiny of this about-to-be-important country.

The Enemies of Peace

THOSE who build warships and armaments in Great Britain and Germany are the real enemies of peace. The agitations which lead to increased armies and armaments are largely made by these men and their political allies.

In a splendid book on "Canada and Sea Power," Christopher West (whoever he may be, I know not) says:

"We hang a man who sells a plan of a British fort to a foreign military officer, but we honour with great titles the men who sell to foreign war departments the battleships, cruisers, submarines and torpedo boats whose assemblage into fleets terrorizes the British politician and journalist into demanding more Dreadnoughts and swifter cruisers. While the spy pays the penalty of his petty perfidy, we call the trafficker in foreign fleets to the councils which determine our peace or war."

Mr. West advocates that all war equipment should be made in government shipyards and factories, so that no foreign nation could get war machinery from British workshops. When Canada starts to build a navy of its own, it should bear this pointer in mind. The professional builder of warships is more dangerous an enemy of peace than the professional soldier.

Pay in the Navy

STATISTICS show that the pay in the United States navy is larger than in any of the European navies, but perhaps not so much larger than in the British navy as some people assume. The figures are as follows:

	United States.	Eng-land.	Ger-many.	France.
Captain	\$4,000	\$2,443	\$1,905	\$1,945
Lieutenant	2,400	1,287	614	837
Ensign	1,700	444	200	534
Midshipman	600	155	116	190
Warrant Officer	1,500	977	614	951
Chief Petty Officer ..	480	326	214	389
Seaman, First Class.	288	170	97	83
Seaman, Second Class	228	148	84	56
Seaman, Third Class	192	111	34	42

If Canada had a navy of her own, the pay would necessarily approximate the United States figures. These would naturally attract experienced officers and men who found it necessary to retire from the British navy because the pay was inadequate to their needs. Thus these men's services might be saved to the Empire.

A Snake in the Grass

A NECESSITY proved in the West is now being proved in the East, namely, legislation to prevent the employment of white women and girls by Asiatics.

Saskatchewan and other western provinces doggedly fought the menace, with which opposition the CANADIAN COURIER dealt some months back. Manitoba is fighting it now, a bill having been introduced by Hon. C. Campbell to prohibit the employment of white women by Orientals in the province. Now also Ontario is feeling the need of a law which Premier Whitney two years ago deemed unnecessary. In Ottawa, fortunately, the feeling has stiffened to action; for there certain Chinese restaurants are known to employ white girls. At a meeting, recently, of the Allied Trades and Labour Council, it was decided that provincial legislation would best combat this slow and subtle evil and safeguard the welfare and interests of working girls; but that local law might possibly be effective, for instance, by the withholding of restaurant licenses from any Chinese employing girls. The meeting resolved on a public protest and the secretary was instructed to communicate with unions throughout the province calling attention to the matter, and to ask the provincial legislature to enact a law prohibiting the practice. The malignant thing is a genuine "anguis in herba."

Maple Leaves and Laurels

THE voice of Madame Edvina, at present delighting Canadian audiences as star with the Montreal Grand Opera Company, is a native product, whatever its foreign culture; and that is great.

The singer was born in Montreal and was also educated there, at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Later she lived in Vancouver, where her father, the late Mons. Xavier Martin, lived for several



HERO'S SISTER AND MAYBE HEROINE.
Mrs. Despard, President of the Woman's Freedom League, Who Was Recently Consigned to Prison For Obstructing Trafalgar Square, While Addressing a Crowd. This White-Haired Woman Suffragist is a Sister of General French.

years, and where her mother, Madame Martin, still resides.

"The atmosphere of my childhood was musical and I have sung all my life," so confesses the new-made prima donna, "but it is only during the past five years that I have worked hard and incessantly, sacrificing all else, so that I might achieve the best my voice permitted."

Edvina has won abundant laurels in grand opera abroad, for which she gives unlimited credit to Jean de Reszke, her instructor. Perhaps she has scored her greatest successes as Marguerite in Faust, as



THE INTUITION OF WOMAN.
Suffragettes Who Recently Surrendered Their Bail at Bow Street, London, to Answer Charges of Night Disturbances, Had Their Luggage Along. They Must Have Had Some Pre-sentiment of Prison.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Louise, in Louise, and in the title role in La Tosca. As she says: "All roles are favourite roles, to the artist."

The singer became, at an early age, the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwardes. Her brother, M. Milton Martin, resides in Edmonton, where he is president of the local board of trade.

Margaret Ogilvie's Double

BARRIE is not the only Scot with a Margaret Ogilvie mother, as was recently proved in Western Canada.

She arrived from North Argyllshire, the little old Scotch mother, who since April last had been searching for her eldest and only son and, incidentally, proving a poem of Kipling's. She gave her name (probably correct in spite of her Scottish caution) as Mrs. Margaret Foster; her son was "Bobbie."

Five years ago this Robert (no doubt "braw" and "bonnie" like all his race) came out to Canada with the intention of working here a while and then taking up a homestead. "Two years ago Robert had had much success" (this gospel according to Edmonton reporters), "but found himself unable to settle down on a homestead, although—Have I said he was Scotch?—"although he had quite a substantial bank balance in the Bank of Commerce. He sent home to his mother, from time to time, fairly considerable sums"—for a Scot, I suppose—"and wrote regularly." But all at once the messages ceased, in the regulation way, and the mother-heart was perturbed beyond endurance.

The "park seats" Barrie sat on, in his mother's imagination, can have been nothing compared to the phantasms of Mrs. Foster's nights, of her "Bobbie" in want in the wild and woolly Northwest. She believed him alive; and resolved to set out and find him, whether or no. And she found him, sixty-six as she was, having turned her back on the poor little farm on Argyllshire. Her travels included a three days' walk alone in the Peace River district—this when she was close on finding her son eventually located ten miles west of Fort John. Robert explained he had thought his mother dead.

Whatever the wayfarer thought in her heart, she resented the ferretings-out of reporters who inquired why her son's letters had stopped. "Ye mind your own business; I'll tell ye nae mair." That is what she said. And it proved conclusive.

The old lady is going home now to her farm in Argyllshire, satisfied that her Robert is doing well.

Ladleful of "Punch"

SAYS *Punch*, who rushes in like a fool where Asquiths fear to tread: "No women are allowed on the territory of the newest Republic, Mount Athos. An expeditionary force of suffragettes is, we hear, to be fitted out at once."

He is more chivalrous with this: "From Paris

it is announced that ladies' dresses are to be fitted up with pockets. So it is all over with man's one point of superiority over the other sex."

The Harbour-Mother

THE little boats from the ocean glide,
Hurrying home with the eventide
For shelter and rest
To the peaceful breast
Of the harbour-mother, whose arms
stretch wide.

As she quiets each quivering, weary wing,
This is the song that I hear her sing,
While the stars hang low,
And the night-winds blow,
And strong and silent the slow tides swing;

"Rest, little boats, through the deepening night—
Rest till the smile of the sun is bright;
Then away and away
Through the long fair day;
Nothing shall hinder your eager flight.

"Sleep now, and rest;
For that is best,
And calm and safe in the harbour-breast."

—From "Horizon Songs," by Grace Duffield Gordon.

Cup for Women Curlers

APPARENTLY winter's indifference here to sporting enthusiasm has not had its counterpart in Manitoba. The bonspiel there is a leading excitement at present—and the women curlers are quite as keen as the men. Application made by the Ladies' Strathcona Club for representation in the open events was denied—but the Manitoba Curling Association has donated a special cup for women contestants—the ladies to compete among themselves. The Strathcona ladies were to enter several rinks and be representative players from different towns.

Recent games in the Birk's cup double knockout of the Ladies' Strathcona Club again gave the victory to Miss Kaerns and Mrs. Mitchell. These rinks to play off after the bonspiel.

State Entry of Kaiser's Daughter

"A WREATH of smiles," according to the official cable despatch, was recently the joint-decoration of Germany's monarch's face with that splendid moustache which certain suppose to be warlike.

The occasion was the picturesque state entry into Berlin of the Kaiser's only daughter, the Princess Victoria Louise, and her fiance, Prince Ernest of Cumberland. The Kaiser arranged for the function himself and the chivalry of the military and the people's enthusiasm united to make the event a state jubilation.



HER LATEST PHILANTHROPY.
The Bountiful Giver, Helen Gould Shepard, and the Latest Beneficiary, Her Husband. Photograph Taken the Day the Bridal Couple Sailed on the Kronprinzessin Cecile For Europe.

The Herding of Industries

How Similar Classes of Manufacturing Congregate in Certain Districts

By F. P. MEGAN

WHEN Timmins of the fifth concession drove to the cross-roads store for a barrel of salt and to solve the country's political problems with his neighbour down the line, he was, unwittingly perhaps, celebrating an industrial awakening. The cross-roads that have attracted a country store soon have added to their industrial life a blacksmith shop. Before the land was denuded of timber a saw mill not infrequently followed the smithy and the social centre grew alike in attractiveness and in serviceability to the surrounding country.

In a bigger way the same development is materializing in the industrial centres of Canada. The influence of an industry on a town does not stop with the erection of a factory and the employment of a body of workmen. This is but the beginning. With a regularity that is appreciated by town planners every industry becomes the nucleus of others dependent or consequent upon it.

When we still had to wait for most of our manufactured supplies for weeks and months till American and British customers were satisfied, the iron and steel plant which is now operated by the Steel Company of Canada was located in Hamilton. Its effect on that city is one of the most interesting incidents of this country's economic progress. Interesting as would be the story of that progress in detail—the struggle of the small shops for existence, the persistency that alone enabled the small man to keep in the running, and the pioneer work done by him in establishing a place for Canadian-made products—mention can be made here merely of the results. A score of tall chimneys smoke in unison with the Steel Company's furnaces. The westward procession of farm implements from the plants of the International Harvester Company, the Sawyer-Massey Company and the Oliver Chilled Plow Company, has its origin in those furnaces. The assurance of getting a ready supply of steel and iron at all times influenced the Berlin Machine Works Company, the Dominion Steel Castings Company, and many others to settle under the wing of the big producer. Iron and steel products of every kind are procurable in the busy city which has grown since the inauguration of the steel plant from a population of a few thousands to a city which yields to Toronto and Montreal alone in the value of its output.

And all this development and growth was brought about without cost to the country. Hon. Mr. Fielding, then Minister of Finance, speaking in the House of Commons in December, 1909, pointed out that the Treasury of Canada had not lost a dollar by the payment of the steel and iron bounties. The customs revenue at the six steel ports increased in ten years by \$9,011,645, and this he attributed almost exclusively to the new business which the steel plants had originated.

EARLY in the days of motor cars a manufacturer in Detroit gazed through the smoke that drifts down the river, obscuring the view of the fair cities of Windsor and Walkerville. He became seized of the possibilities of the Canadian market and he established a branch of an American factory in Walkerville. A few skilled workmen were drafted into the service, a superintendent, a manager. A selling force followed.

What has resulted from that pioneer effort? A sturdy group of industries has come into being. Half a dozen motor car factories have followed the lead of the early comer. These have given rise to a whole ring of auxiliaries, manufacturing parts and producing the raw material for the automobile makers. One big plant, which is now just reaching completion, will turn out nothing but auto bodies. Another is more advanced in culture. There the workmen do the upholstering and trimming. Another factory, this year's addition to which could hold the old factory in one corner, stamps out the metal for various parts. A paint factory specializing on carriage paints is now moving into a model building. The motor car factories keep a grey iron casting shop busy day and night, and a brass plant cannot turn out parts fast enough to meet the demand. The tariff conditions which made it necessary for the first company to erect a plant in Canada rather than to supply this market from a Detroit factory have resulted in an increased population for Windsor and Walkerville of several thousands, with all the advantages that such a consuming public confer.

MANUFACTURING industries do not just happen. Every plant represents an investment of capital which is of first importance to the investor. Business is no doubt always speculative. There are invariably many elements, the wrong estimation of any one of which will spell disaster. The market for the goods, the ability to meet competition, the probability of new processes being devised, the permanence of the demand, these are things which must be reckoned with. No one of them can be settled with absolute assurance. But with the scales sinking slightly on the right side the investor erects a building and equips it; employs his men and commences production. If he has judged rightly he keeps his staff or increases it and he makes what he can on his sales. If he has judged wrongly he loses his investment, that is all; not by any means an unusual occurrence; only the failures are not heralded from the house-tops like the successes.

IN Western Ontario there has come about a grouping of furniture factories, so that the nests of all Canada, one might almost say, are feathered from that district. It happens this way in the individual town. In the earlier days, before factories came into existence completely equipped for a large and specialized trade, a small shop would be opened to handle more or less a local business. As the embryo manufacturer became surer of his ground he would see the desirability of decreasing his individual costs by increasing his output. He enlarged the sphere of his operations. His plant grew.

Incidentally the odd superior workman would develop in his staff, and seeing a chance in some specialized line, would in his turn start in a small way. We are speaking of the furniture trade, where heretofore the small man has been able to commence with little capital.

Gradually a town develops a class of workmen who are desirable in any line of wood-working. A manufacturer who has contemplated the establishment of a factory in an allied line comes to this town because there are workmen there. The leaven of the first factory is at work.

We have now the original factory, the specialized off-shoot, and the third factory which is there because the other two are. What happens? This: Each of the manufacturers knows that he is suffering severely from the competition of the big manufacturer in some other town or some other country, who gets cheaper freight rates because he can ship in car-load lots. The three manufacturers—we shall say of upholstered furniture, chairs, and office and library equipment—work it out that while even together they cannot sell enough goods to enable them to ship in car-load lots, if they could only add a bed factory, a line of wicker furniture and one or two other lines handled by the furniture dealers, they would be able to make up a composite car-load without overloading the retail dealer in Regina or Moose Jaw. They set about getting the additional factories by inviting in an outside manufacturer or by organizing a company among themselves. So from the small nucleus grows up a thriving group of industries, working in entire harmony, each directly interested in the others' welfare, and by their co-operation reducing the freight charges and so the cost to the consumer. This development is not unique; it is seen in a number of towns in Ontario and Quebec.

IN some cases the grouping of industries seems to be not so much a "herding" as a "taking to cover." Down in the East, where, as in the land of the lotos-eaters, "all round the coast the languid air did swoon," we find the peaceful town of St. George, whose three principal, if not sole, manufacturers, are makers of monuments. Not that they have any prejudice in favour of the dead as against the quick. Quite the contrary. No doubt they would as soon erect a sixty-foot shaft in honour of Sir Charles Tupper as they would in memory of Joseph Howe; only there seem to be more dead heroes than live ones. At least they look more heroic to their enemies after they are dead. De mortuis nil nisi bonum—so say the makers of monuments.

MANY factories become as planets with their satellites circling around them. A woollen mill supplies the demand for a whole series of products. As a direct result of its establishment we find springing up bobbin factories, spool factories, thread and yarn mills. To carry on its work we

have finishing and dyeing plants and paper box factories, with the supplementary activities of label-making and printing.

As in Hamilton, so in Sault Ste. Marie, Sydney and the other steel centres, many factories have followed in the wake of the big pathfinder. The usual run of factories use the steel and iron output as their raw material. A fertilizer plant changes the worthless slag into a productive product. The coke is treated by the tar and chemical companies.

While the pulp and paper industry has grown to enormous proportions in Canada, the utilization of waste products has hitherto been largely neglected. We may expect to see soon a group of industries surrounding the big mills which, hidden away in the forests of Ontario and Quebec, are digesting the timber and feeding the publishers.

A meat-packing plant is always the entering wedge for a considerable industrial development. A soap plant, a tannery, a fertilizer plant, and the much-despised glue factory, follow in its train. So at the present time we have whisperings of a tannery in connection with the Swift plant at West Toronto.

So the industrial herds gather. A town or a country makes a sacrifice to secure a factory or an industry. The price may seem high for the acquisition of an investment of a few thousands of dollars and the employment of a few hundreds of men. It may seem high to the man whose vision does not extend beyond the horizon of to-day. But the cost is insignificant to the man who sees in the shop of to-day, the factory of to-morrow and the ring of chimneys of the day after to-morrow, representing the growth of the original plant and the development of its auxiliary industries. Few will now question the wisdom of fostering in the early days the little shop which constituted the beginning of what is now the Massey-Harris Co., whose thousands of workmen consume the products of an army of farmers. The pearl button industry in the United States, which in recent years has converted a mass of worthless shells into a necessary commodity valued in the millions, was started by a single Austrian workman. However humble an industry may be in its inception it bears within it unlimited possibilities for national development and uncounted opportunities for the utilization of the latent abilities and talents of the people. From small beginnings have arisen all the industrial centres of Canada.

In His Official Robes



His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G., B.N., From the Painting by A. S. Cope, R.A.

From The Studio.

Public Opinion

Professor Kylie's Reply.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—I should hesitate to reply to Mr. Charleson's article, "A Phase of Centralism," were it not that in the editor's opinion a friendly exchange of views may throw some light on this difficult subject.

The British Empire must be taken as it is. It has nothing to do with the Persian, Roman, Napoleonic or other brands of Empire. Taken as it is, it includes a central government which has charge of foreign affairs and of the dependencies, and exercises a veto upon colonial legislation. Within the last few months Sir Edward Grey has been deciding whether or not Canada should be at war. Mr. Charleson thinks that the veto power is dead. He will find that the Imperial Government recently vetoed New Zealand legislation on the ground that it threatened Imperial interests. Under this central government the colonies, or Dominions, have obtained and do exercise large powers of self-government.

The question for Canadians is, Shall this central government be maintained? Shall we enter into and preserve it, or shall we develop our autonomy until Canada becomes an independent state? Are we, for example, to have a Canadian ambassador at Paris, or to be represented there by an Imperial ambassador? Are we to vote at the Hague as a separate unit, or as part of the Empire? Some people, whom Mr. Charleson calls centralists, think that some measure of central government must be maintained if the Empire is to be a state at all. They see no other way of governing the dependencies, or of controlling the islands, coaling stations and harbours which encircle the world. They have no desire to diminish the present autonomy of the Dominions, indeed they are quite ready to increase it to any point which will not mean the destruction of all central authority. As against them Mr. Charleson urges that the Empire is to be "an ideal federation of nations," and expresses his belief in "the ideal of a Canadian autonomy."

These are attractive phrases, but unfortunately very hard to understand. If they do not allow for any form of central government, they must mean that the Dominions are to become independent states, which may form a league of alliance and may retain a common king. That such an arrangement would not work, cannot, of course, be demonstrated since it has not yet been tried. We can point out, however, that it does not provide for existing Imperial possessions, and that it substitutes several states for one state; and we can fairly use history to the extent of noticing that similar arrangements have not been successful in the past. England and Scotland, England and Holland, were united under one crown, but their relations were by no means happy. Mr. Charleson says that these illustrations are not apt, but he gives no reason for his statement. In fact, Scotland seemed ready to choose a different king from the one recognized in England, and the possibility of this did much to bring about the union.

As to leagues or confederations of free states, history is discouraging. The American States were driven into union by the failure of their loose alliance. That does not mean that if the British Dominions enter into some form of federation, each Dominion will have the powers which belong to Massachusetts in the American Union. Federations differ one from another according as the powers are apportioned between the central government and the states. Inside the British Empire the Dominions will have larger authority than have the provinces within other federations. Such matters, for example, as trade, will fall naturally to the Dominions. The influence of geography and of local feeling cannot be ignored. Still geography is not our master, and should not be allowed to break up the British Empire any more than it has been allowed to prevent the union of the United States, Canada, South Africa, or the maintenance of the Empire itself until this time. Neither are we slaves of our history, or at least of one part of it. The development of Canadian autonomy has been uninterrupted, but it does not follow that the development is to go on of its own weight until Canada becomes an independent state. History has also preserved a common government for the Empire, and we are free at any moment to say, "We have all the local control needed, we must now enter into and preserve the common government." We are our own masters. We make history, just as we override, for any number of purposes, the so-called limitations of geography.

We need not, therefore, give too much thought to the argument that when Canada demanded pieces of self-government she was not happy till she got them. Nothing else could be expected. Canadians were not represented in the central government. Indeed, this fact alone explains some of the demands for Canadian autonomy which in the circumstances were just and natural. There is a chance that the American colonies would not have revolted if they had been given a place in the administration of the Empire. At least Chatham and Franklin, who both took hold of the problem at this end were nearer a solution than anyone else. Canadians are not represented now. Any day we may demand control of our own foreign affairs, and refuse to be happy till we get it. The real question remains, should we be wise to make any such demand, should we prefer to maintain a common government for this or for any other purpose. This is the only

question involved in the whole controversy, and Canadian autonomy consists in the fact that we can answer it freely.

EDWARD KYLIE.

Colleges and Farm Progress.

O. A. College, Guelph, Feb. 6, 1913.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—In response to your inquiry regarding the productivity of farm crops in Ontario, I have looked up the Provincial statistics for the past thirty years and I have taken into consideration the four most extensively grown crops in Ontario, other than hay and pasture, which are, oats, barley, fall wheat and corn. If we compare the average yield per acre of these crops for the past fifteen years with that for the fifteen years previous we find that there is an increase in every case, the increases being as follows:

Oats	10.2%
Barley	20.1%
Fall Wheat	11.1%
Corn	6.8%

I consider this a wonderful showing when we consider that the tendency in a country like this is to receive diminishing rather than increasing yields of grain per acre, as there is possibly not one farmer in a hundred in Ontario who supplies as much fertilizing material to the soil in the form of manure and fertilizer as he removes from the land in the form of crops. We certainly have very great evidence in tracing a large proportion of this increase in yield per acre to the direct work of the College in the introduction of better varieties, and in the educational work, which has brought about better methods of farming.

Many of the most extensively grown farm crops in Ontario are the direct result of the work of the College, such as the Mandscheuri Barley, the O. A. C. No. 21 Barley, the Siberian Oats, etc., and others which have been increased indirectly by the College, such as the Banner Oats, the Empire State Potatoes, the Dawson's Golden Chaff Winter Wheat, the White Cap Yellow Dent Corn, the Canadian Beauty Peas, the Silver Hull Buckwheat, etc.

The averages in increase in yield per acre as applied to the average value of the crops of Ontario for the past five years would mean an annual increase in dollars for the Province as follows:

Oats	\$3,846,505.27
Barley	2,251,657.07
Fall Wheat	1,733,548.49
Corn	603,307.56
Total	\$8,435,018.39

These figures represent simply the annual market values of the increases of the four principal grain crops per acre when we compare the last fifteen years with fifteen years previous. This amount would be sufficient to pay the entire expenses of running about forty agricultural colleges similar to the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. This amount is about ten times as great as the federal grant for agriculture, which is to be distributed to all the Provinces of Canada in 1913, or about forty times as great as that portion of the federal grant which Ontario is to receive in the coming year.

Yours very truly,
C. A. ZAVITZ,
Professor of Farm Husbandry.

Everybody's Overdoin' It



"In 1913 there is a good chance of the sea being filled up with warships."—Philip Baynes, in Bystander.

Dr Aram Kalfian

By
Effie Adelaide Rowlands



CHAPTER XXI.

All-Conquering Love.

WHEN Ted returned home in the afternoon, he found that the invalid had been allowed by the doctor for the first time to leave his bed; and arrayed in a long, flowered dressing-gown, lay stretched upon the sofa in Mrs. Alston's little boudoir, which adjoined the bedroom she had insisted upon vacating for his use. It was a strangely altered Dick who smiled feebly up at his friend when the latter expressed his pleasure at seeing him so far on the road to convalescence. The strong, bristly growth of beard and moustache, which had not been removed during his illness, was in itself a great transformation, its darkness accentuating the pallor of his face; but the latter was, in addition, so thin that the framework of bones was clearly visible through the skin. Almost like a death's head, Ted thought with a shudder, and the hands which lay so listlessly upon the hand-embroidered coverlet Denise had thrown lightly over him, were waxen in their transparency, whilst his eyes, dull and sunken in their orbits, seemed like dark caverns.

A passionate anger rose up in his friend's heart as he gazed down at this pitiful wreck of young manhood; anger against those responsible for his condition, against his own mother first, and foremost, although even now he was far from guessing the real extent of her culpability.

Neither she nor Dick made any inquiry as to his movements during the day. Mrs. Alston knew by instinct where he had been; and was torn between the two conflicting emotions of burning anxiety as to what he might have heard, and bitter resentment at his having disregarded her expressed wishes; and by some mysterious telepathy it is probable that the sick man knew also, for every now and then he cast a wistful, inquiring look across at Ted, who had subsided into a chair and, drawing out a newspaper, began to read such scraps aloud as he deemed might be most interesting.

This proceeding soon got upon Mrs. Alston's strained and irritable nerves, and with some acerbity she begged him to desist.

"Can't you see you are tiring Dick to death?" she said.

Her son continued the perusal of his paper in silence—made a show of so doing at least, for behind the sheet he was keenly observant both of the sick man and his nurse. Little by little he was advancing nearer and nearer to the truth. He had left Bingleford convinced that his mother was in some way responsible for the separation of the lovers; but her motive and her means of effecting her purpose were alike mysterious to him. On his journey home, his thoughts reverted to the day when Enid had consulted him about the anonymous letter, which he rightly judged to be the beginning of the mischief; and which he felt sure had been the real cause of her visit to Grosvenor Square. Suddenly his own careless words recurred to him. "Why the unknown prints by hand almost as well as my mother!" and with a gasp of dismay he first faced the idea that Mrs. Alston herself, perhaps, had been the anonymous slanderer. He told himself that the suspicion, was monstrous, incredible; but try as he might he could not shake it off.

He had never in the past years considered his mother's affection for his friend in anyway exaggerated or unnatural. "Dick's like a second son to her," he had often said—but now the scales had fallen from his eyes, and as she bent over the invalid, anticipating

his every wish, he read now in each tender glance, each caressing word, the evidence of a love other than the maternal.

The discovery filled Ted not only with shame and humiliation, but also with amazement.

How could this be? he asked himself. How could his mother—the mother he had always revered as much as loved—have conceived this monstrous passion for a man so many years her junior? For monstrous it seemed to him! Surely it was a sudden madness that had seized upon her! How else could he account for the fact that she had wilfully wrecked the happiness of a young girl who had never injured her; and that she had not hesitated to lie and scheme to effect her purpose.

Now that he knew all he could bear no longer to be a passive witness of her infatuation. Springing to his feet he approached the couch, and said somewhat abruptly:

"Let me sit for a while by Dick, whilst you play us something, mother."

She would have refused, but that the invalid, hearing the request, languidly opened his eyes and seconded it.

"Do please," he murmured.

Mrs. Alston reluctantly complied; she was an accomplished musician, and letting her slim fingers stray over the keys, she passed from one soft, caressing melody to another, till by a strange chance she glided into the "Liebes-tod," the last thing Dick had heard Enid play.

"Not that!" he cried sharply, "anything but that!"

The player's lips tightened angrily, as, without reply, by a cleverly modulated series of chords, she drifted into one of Mendelssohn's "Song without Words." She guessed only too well that the melody objected to had revived past scenes to the sick man's mental vision, had revived bitter-sweet memories; and the knowledge stung her almost beyond endurance.

Carefully lowering his voice so that his mother should not hear, Ted whispered:

"I have been down to The Lindens to-day, old man."

Dick nodded feebly.

"I thought so," he replied.

"Yes, by special request, too!" continued his friend. "Did your ears tingle, Dick? They should have, for our discourse was ever and only of you. I had sent them daily bulletins of your progress, but nothing but a verbal report would suit them. By Jove, my dear fellow, you would be flattered if you could realize what a commotion your illness has made in that household! Mrs. Anerley absolutely hugged me when I told her that you were getting on like a house on fire; and the Colonel is quite mad with himself that he did not prevent you, by force if necessary—I quote his own words—from leaving the shelter of his roof. I was charged with so many messages that it would take me a month of Sundays to deliver them—so I sha'n't attempt it!"

"Was there one amongst them—from Enid?"

The wistful look in Dick's eyes, the little quiver in his voice, hurt the other horribly:

"No actual message," he answered reluctantly, and the sick man made a feeble effort to turn on the couch so as to hide his face from his friend.

This was more than Ted could endure. Bending over him as if to place the cushions more comfortably, he continued:

"I don't quite know if what I am going to say would be considered a breach of confidence—if it is, I hope I may be forgiven for it later—but take this for comfort, dear old chap. Miss Anerley

told me in so many words, that she loved you with every fibre of her being. That ought to be good enough to go on with, I think. All you have got to do is to hurry up and get well and strong, and the other difficulties will, I promise you, fade away at your resolute approach. I am not much of a betting man, Dick; but I would willingly wager a handsome sum that by the time you are ready for your first walk, Enid's will be the arm to support you."

A sharp discordant note on the piano made the two men start and look round. Mrs. Alston rose from the instrument and came across. Placing her hand softly on the invalid's forehead she murmured caressingly:

"You are talking too much, dearest; your head is quite hot, and your face is flushed. Ted," with an angry glance at her son, "should know better than to allow you to excite yourself in that fashion. You will get no sleep to-night."

"What I have said will not prevent his sleeping, mother. Will it, old chap?"

Dick smiled up at his friend, and for the first time since his illness a light—the light of hope—shone in his dark eyes.

"On the contrary," he murmured low, "it will give me pleasant dreams. I have had nothing but nightmares lately."

"You are feverish again," persisted Mrs. Alston; "you have been up too long; you must go to bed at once."

"You are far too good to me," murmured Dick, gratefully; "but indeed, I feel better, much better. Don't you trouble! Ted will give me his arm into the next room."

"Yes, leave him to me, mother; I will see to him," responded that young gentleman.

Mrs. Alston bit her lip angrily.

"You will do nothing of the sort. Have you not done damage enough already? You are not fit to be trusted with an invalid!"

"I give you my solemn promise that I will not excite your patient in any way. I will neither talk to him nor allow him to speak," said Ted, looking straight into his mother's eyes, and speaking with a quiet decision, "so you may quite safely leave him to me. You have done more than your share hitherto of nursing; and now Dick is so much better, I intend to relieve you of it entirely."

To Mrs. Alston's unspeakable astonishment, her son took her gently but firmly by the arm and escorted her to the door, which he politely opened.

She turned on him with a face livid with anger.

"What is the meaning of this farce?" she asked in a harsh undertone.

"That you shall hear presently. Go downstairs, when I have tucked Dick up for the night. I will come and speak to you. He will be all the better now for being left to himself for a while," Ted answered gravely.

His look, his manner, told her that the moment she had long foreseen and dreaded had arrived; and subdued by a fear that was new and strange to her, she meekly obeyed.

About half-an-hour later Ted entered the drawing-room, where he found his mother pacing fiercely to and fro like a lioness robbed of her cubs.

"Will you kindly tell me now what this means?" she commenced, in a tone of biting sarcasm. "What excuse you can offer for your outrageous behaviour, in turning me by force out of my own room, and ordering me downstairs as if I were a child?"

"Is it worth while disputing over such trifles," he asked, like one bodily and mentally weary, "when there are

(Continued on page 27.)

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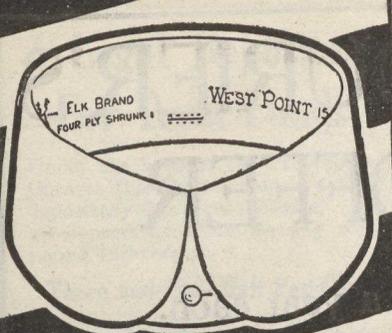
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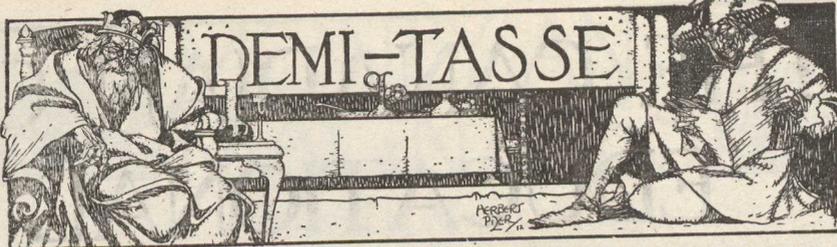
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Courierettes.

LIBERALS swept Toronto University at the first party election. As this is the only kind of a Grit victory possible in Toronto, the Tories are not worrying.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson says Canada is owned by 23 money-kings. Ominous number that.

Ottawa man has two wives—one white and one black. Some men are so sadly deficient in a sense of colour harmony.

Montreal is worried about a threatened milk famine. Rather, part of Montreal is worried. Large proportion of that city is not interested in milk.

Only one of Toronto's 48,487 public school pupils was suspended during January. Records don't show it, but chances are that the lone kiddie forgot to address Chief Inspector Hughes, LL. D., as "Colonel."

A Toronto doctor, fined for speeding, said "damn" out loud and Magistrate Kingsford tacked on an extra \$10. Silence is certainly golden in Toronto Police Court.

The Ottawa man who married both a white woman and a negress made the mistake of some pugilistic "phenoms" in failing to draw the colour line.

An electric mannikin made a speech at a Chicago banquet. We have had the human species of mannikin speech-maker for some time on this side of the line.

A Natural Inference.—Toronto Telegram asserts that "no alderman is worth more than \$300 and no controller more than \$2,500 per year under a well-ordered system of civic government." By "well-ordered system" it probably means that it could give their orders to \$300 aldermen and \$2,500 controllers.

A Proverb Amended.—Everything comes to him who waits—except the five spot he lent to the professional borrower.

They All Do.—Annie—"I wouldn't believe any man on earth."
Fannie—"Except he happened to be a fortune teller."

A Good Reason.—"I wish I were a little river," lazy Lillie said.
"And why?" asked mother. "Sure," said Lil, "I'd then stay in my bed."

An Actor Who Saw Himself.—Thomas E. Shea, the well-known melodramatic actor, who has recently been touring the Canadian cities, never puts Hamlet in his repertoire nowadays. And thereby hangs this tale.

Mr. Shea once got a chance to see Johnston Forbes-Robertson play Hamlet. Forbes-Robertson is admitted to be the foremost Hamlet on the English-speaking stage to-day. His performance was a revelation to Mr. Shea. It showed him that he had his limitations. He saw how his own performance of Hamlet suffered by comparison and fell short of what it might be.

Mr. Shea faced the facts and made a resolution that he would never play the role of the Danish prince again. And he hasn't.

Poets and Their Pay.—Doctors are noted for disagreements, lawyers likewise, but the poets eclipse both professions in this respect.

In going over the poetical works of the late Archibald Lampman, and of Charles G. D. Roberts, a careful student will note a wide divergence of views on the topic of poets and their pay—the divine afflatus and its relation to coin of the realm.

Roberts found financial recognition slow in Canada, and went to New York to sell his wares. At the time he wrote a little poem entitled, "The Poet Bid-

den To Manhattan," explaining his removal. This is one verse:

"You've piped for those who will not pay
Till now, I trust, your wits are riper—
Make no delay—come while you may—
And pipe for those who pay the piper."

Then turn to Lampman and list to his answer:

"What do poets want with gold?—
Cringing slaves and cushioned ease?
Are not crusts and garments old
Better for their souls than these?"

Who wins?

Works Versus Words.—Rev. Dr. Rankin, a prominent Methodist minister in Ontario, tells of a rather interesting incident that happened in his church on a recent Sunday.

He was approached by one of the church members after the Sunday morning service.

"Dr. Rankin, I wish that you would preach a sermon on Heaven some of these Sundays. I confess that I have many doubts as to the orthodox doctrine about Heaven, and I would like to hear your views as to just what and where it is."

"All right," said the preacher, "I'll do it."
They conversed for a moment and as they were parting, Dr. Rankin called over another member and said:

"By the way, there is a poor woman living at No. —, — Street, and she is sick, and has little or no food or fuel in her little house. I wish you two men would go down there this afternoon and see that she and her little children get some assistance."

The two members promised to do so. After the evening service Dr. Rankin was rather surprised to see his questioner of the morning walking rapidly up the aisle to greet him. Smiles chased themselves over the happy fellow's face. He grasped the preacher's hand.

"Say, Doctor," he said, "you needn't preach that sermon about Heaven now. I did what you asked me to do and I've been in Heaven all afternoon."

Effective, Though Mute.

I ASKED her father for her hand,
But he was rude—alas! alack!
And his refusal—understand—
Effective—though behind my back.

Humour from New York.—Mr. Walter Damrosch, lately with his New York Symphony Orchestra in this country, is a very good raconteur. As he has been all his life in New York, and married a lady worth millions, he has every reason to know what constitutes a humorous story in New York.

"A father of two daughters was recently getting married in New York," he said.

"And where is your father getting married?" asked a lady friend of one of the daughters.

"Oh, in the Second Presbyterian Church," was the immediate reply. "I thought you knew that. Where else could it be?"

"Why?"
"Why, don't you know—Father always gets married there?"

"But I think the latest definition of home is one of the most concisely comprehensive I ever heard," continued the conductor as he lighted a cigarette. "Of course home is a very old institution, and has probably been discussed and defined about as often as anything under the sun. But the neatest one comes from New York—where some people say there are no homes.

"Home," he repeated slowly, "is the place where you leave your wife."

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Total Assets \$180,000,000

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Men of the Frozen Trails

(Continued from page 13.)

necessity, but science, that compelled two of the party, Wilson and Bowers, to make a detour on the Beardmore glacier to Buckley Island, where they dug out fossil-bearing sandstone and coal—odd irony!—thirty-five pounds of it to go among the records and to heft the load.

We do not know what difference of opinion there may have been as to the wisdom of pushing science; what nerves these men must have had after all these months of ice-travel; what effect upon the stamina of the party had been the trailing of Amundsen; nor what straits of fuel and food they were beginning to be in or from what cause. The records reveal nothing as yet.

Now the weather began to tighten; much earlier than usual—in a year when climate all over the world was in a strange upheaval. The snow ceased to melt under the sled-runners. It cut. The weather was thick. On the glacier hazes of snow crystals fogging out all but casual glimpses of land. Desperate going; more than once as low as three miles a day when the average should have been nine. Descending the glacier Evans fell. He was the strongest man in the party; more than six feet and hard as iron. But he had been lately a changed man. Even at the Pole he had been so.

The log pays small respect to mere calendar time. One month exactly after re-discovering the Pole, Evans' foot slipped from his ski on the glacier. He dropped out to adjust it. The party pushed on a bit—stopped to cook a meal and to wait for Evans. He did not come. They went back; found him in a collapse and dragged him on a sledge to the tent.

He was a wreck. Unknown perhaps to any of the rest the man of iron had for days been tottering in his nerves, saying little or nothing. He was mainly unconscious. His trailing was done. Medicine nor food nor any sort of care was any use. In two hours after he got to the tent—there was a corpse in the party; when one man dead in five was as though some cataclysm had come in nature.

No time for requiems. The wind was howling. The air was choked with fine powdery snow. Whatever Evans had or lacked when alive—he was over it now. He was the first man that ever died in the land that never could become a country.

Push on. On—and on—and on; leaving the dead man in his scumbled grave at the foot of the glacier. Day by day; mile after mile; slowly the sledge dragged its puny way up from the ultimate south, toiling nearer and nearer to the distant ship which seemed to be worlds away—when even a depot was so slow to come.

And God knows what was wrong with the depots; what fuel oil they lacked, or what food the four tuckering explorers had or wanted when day after day the round of grim and devilishly unremitting work came to their boots in the soft snow and the tireless wind and the blizzard.

Another man was finally tuckering; not from cold nor from blizzards only—but because he was weak in the soul of his body.

"How are you feeling, Oates?"
It may have been the Captain's voice.
"Oh—I'm all right, Captain. I'll pull together right enough, sir—but I'm an awful drag."

The silk tent with the inner tent under it, wind-proof as it was, quivered in the unbroken wind, days upon days marches from the flag.

Heaven knew they should have pitched it at One-Ton depot days ago. But the depot was eleven miles ahead—when it might as well have been clear round the world; eleven miles that none of those men ever could make even though the Christ himself had been at the depot.

And it was March in the Antarctic. The days were short. Hunger was long. Sleep was brief. They were coming inch by inch to the jagged edge that makes all men the same in the fight with hunger and cold and fate. The Captain knew it. He said nothing. On the sled—thirty-five pounds of rocks in the name of science; in the name of humanity—enough food to keep merely the rhythm of life when the heart of one man might be out of tempo with all the rest and all of them going awry.

(Concluded on page 23.)

THE CANADIAN COURIER'S EDUCATIONAL OFFER

Fourteen Young Ladies will go to College for a year each.

Ten Young Ladies will go to Europe under the care of a most efficient chaperon.

These splendid rewards will be won by the young ladies who gain the greatest number of votes in the COURIER Contest, which starts Saturday, March 1, and will end not later than Saturday, May 31.

A ballot good for 50 votes will be published in each issue of the CANADIAN COURIER, beginning Saturday, March 1, and until the contest closes in May.

For each new subscription for one year secured by the candidates 2,500 votes will be allowed. Each renewal of a present subscription will be good for 2,000 votes. New subscriptions for two years will be good for 6,000 votes.

The offer is beyond question the most important ever made in Canada. The rewards are extremely valuable.

Winners of the college courses have a choice of five courses, English, Art, Music, Commercial or Domestic Science.

The CANADIAN COURIER will pay all expenses, room, board, tuition, laundry, entrance and lecture fees, etc., and also railway fare to and from college.

The trip to Europe will be a delightful feature. The trip will cover five weeks. It will have splendid educational advantages. The lady principal of one of Canada's leading ladies' colleges will be chaperon of the party and the girls will be taken care of in the most careful manner. Points of interest in the Old Country, Paris and other places on the continent will be visited.

There are five Districts, as follows:

No. 1. Metropolitan, including such cities as Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

No. 2. Western, including all Canada west of Fort William, except Winnipeg and Vancouver.

No. 3. Ontario and Quebec, except the cities of Montreal and Toronto.

No. 4. Maritime District, including the three Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

No. 5. The At-Large District, which means all Canada and Newfoundland.

The prizes will be distributed as follows: No. 1, three college courses, and two trips; No. 2, three college courses and two trips; No. 3, four college courses and two trips; No. 4, two college courses and two trips; No. 5, two college courses and two trips.

Candidates can work in any district they choose. They have a chance to win in their own district, or if they fail in that in the At-Large District.

Only girls of good character will be accepted. All candidates have to be nominated by a parent or some responsible person and the nomination countersigned by a minister or priest. Nominations from improper persons will be refused. The Manager of the Contest reserves the right to decline any nomination without explanation.

Bright, ambitious girls can win a splendid reward in this contest. If they have the average number of friends they stand a good show. The public will sympathize with the efforts of a worthy girl to win a year in college or an educational trip. The good that will result to the winners cannot be estimated in mere dollars and cents.

There is a nomination blank below. If interested get nominated at once, and write for the folders, which give complete information regarding the contest and hints as to how to succeed in such a race. As a special offer the COURIER will pay \$50 in Gold to the person who first nominates the candidate who finishes highest, and a like \$50 in Gold to the minister or priest who countersigns the nomination.

Address all Communications to Manager, Contest Department, CANADIAN COURIER, Toronto.

Nomination Blank

I hereby nominate Miss.....

Address.....

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed..... Countersigned by.....

Address..... Pastor of..... Church or Parish.....

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.

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Under the laws of the Province of Ontario this Corporation is a legal depository for Trust Funds. On all deposit accounts we pay compound interest at

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Need of More Currency

THE Minister of Finance recognized that the country needed more currency when he issued the Dominion five dollar bills last year. The banks recognize the need in the proposed amendment to the bank act which enables them to issue currency against gold.

In January, 1910, the bank note circulation stood at 73 million, and the highest point touched that year was 96 million. In January, 1912, it reached 88 million, and the highest point in that year was 115 million. The following table gives the circulation, month by month, for three years:

Month.	1910.	1911.	1912.
January	\$73,378,676	\$77,110,971	\$88,065,521
February	74,686,443	79,927,785	88,920,598
March	78,265,822	81,938,753	95,918,404
April	78,776,226	83,647,088	95,145,371
May	77,194,344	81,862,218	93,819,333
June	79,781,631	88,618,690	102,011,848
July	80,929,290	89,018,079	95,827,534
August	81,321,439	90,630,530	101,501,270
September	87,256,332	97,855,021	104,334,287
October	95,992,866	105,855,021	110,696,877
November	90,165,730	101,943,056	115,473,098
December	87,694,840	102,037,305	110,048,914

Mr. J. H. Plummer sounds a warning note to the banks. They must provide sufficient currency or lose their privileges. In a public letter he says:

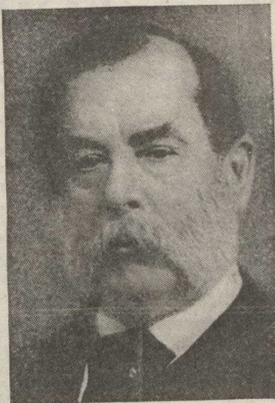
"The banks have in the main performed their full duty in providing the currency of the country, but unless they face the question of providing all that is needed in the future they will certainly imperil their hold on the privilege. Their past services will be forgotten, and if they come to provide only the permanent part of the currency it would be hard to justify their retention of the power."

He thinks the banks should cease to build up large "rests" and increase their capital stock instead. He is also opposed to issuing new stock at a big premium. A bank with twelve million capital and ten million rest is permitted to issue only twelve million of circulation. If its rest were converted into stock it could issue twenty millions of circulation.

Mr. Plummer's suggestion is a radical one. As a former banker and a present large shareholder he cannot be counted an enemy of the banks. It is friendly advice, even though the bankers may not be willing to consider it. He sees big developments ahead of Canada and desires the banks to look a long way ahead and provide for that development.

A Power in the Street

AMONG the big financial men of the day in United States, stands Mr. Geo. F. Baker, the ruling power in the First National Bank of New York. Mr. Baker, on account of a sincere modesty and an unassuming business-like manner, has escaped, so far, much of the cheap notoriety of other American millionaires. His recent summons before the Pujo Commission, however, and his evidence in the matter of the "Money Trust," has focused public attention upon this power in the "Street," with an accredited control of some two hundred millions of dollars. Briefly, in his remarks before the committee, Mr. Baker acknowledged the existence of the "Money Trust," admitting that it constitutes a grave danger to the country if controlled by interests lacking in integrity and scruples. This means that the trust is at present only harmless on account of the personnel that controls it.



MR. GEO. F. BAKER
Chairman of First National
Bank of New York.

When the lime-light was flashed upon Mr. Baker, the *Washington Times* delved into the archives of his life, bringing to light some interesting and hitherto almost unknown facts. Briefly, Mr. Baker started his career as a two-dollar-a-week grocery clerk. He later entered the service of the First National, becoming, in course of time, cashier. It was in 1872, while filling this position, that his phenomenal good fortune and keen, shrewd, foresight gave him his great boost in life. Mr. Fahnestock, in charge of the foreign exchange department, had put through a bunch of London drafts endorsed by Jay Cooke and Co., the transaction being approved by Mr. Baker. When a few days later Cooke failed, Mr. Fahnestock in dismay came with the news to Mr. Baker. The latter caused the exchange clerk to gasp by saying with a placid smile: "It looks, as though we would have to buy the bank to save ourselves." He had a "sure 'nough hunch" and a scheme up his sleeve, the basis of which was the knowledge that Mr. Thompson, the aged president of the bank, was desirous of retiring. So, instead of putting on his coat and apologetically retiring to sink into oblivion as a blamed and censured man, the suave Mr. Baker walked into the sanctum of the president, who, as yet, knew nothing of Cooke's failure. Dwelling gently, persuasively upon the president's advanced age and the comforts of retired life, Mr. Baker, in a speech along those lines, got what he wanted, a six months' option on the bank. Before that time had elapsed he had interested some moneyed men in the scheme, the bank changed hands and Mr. Baker rose from a paid clerk to be the power in one of the most successful of New York's banks.

A New President

STILL another vacancy, caused by the death of the late Sir Edward Clouston, was filled when Mr. J. Gardner Thompson was appointed president of the Canadian Railway Accident Insurance Co.

Mr. Thompson has been with many different insurance companies during his life, acquiring the name of a man of great business energy and acumen.

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No, this does not consist of some special or new form of drug, because drugs are not a permanent cure for Constipation. The real cure for Constipation is something that will appeal at once to your common sense, because this cure consists simply of pure, sterilized water.

The sufferer from Constipation usually realizes the danger of his affliction because from Constipation arises the vast number of more serious diseases brought about by the retention and promulgation of germ life in the system, in turn caused by our failure to get rid of this waste.

Such a sufferer has probably tried all kinds of drugs, and his experience is enough to prove that drugs form only a temporary relief and require constant use in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficacious. The sufferer greatly adds to his illness by becoming a slave to this drug habit.

How much simpler and saner is this method of Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, inventor of the J. B. L. Cascade—an appliance now endorsed by physicians everywhere and used by over 300,000 people. With this system of the internal bath, you dispense with drugs entirely, and you secure a perfectly natural treatment that brings about immediate relief and gradually attains a sure and permanent cure.

Hundreds of people have enthusiastically endorsed this treatment as Mr. E. Nighswander, of Green River, Ont., who writes: "For years I have been troubled with constipation, ulcers in the bowels and piles, which all the money and doctors only seemed to relieve temporarily. The J. B. L. Cascade has completely cured these troubles, and I feel it a duty I owe to my fellow-men to endorse the Cascade in the very highest terms. No amount of money could estimate the value it has been to me. No home should be without a Cascade."

The J. B. L. Cascade is now being shown in all of the Owl Drug Stores in Toronto, and at Rutherford's Drug Store, corner of King and Yonge Streets. Or if you desire to investigate further, write for Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's book, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient." We will gladly send you this free if you will address Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 521-6, 280 College Street, Toronto.

Coming from Ireland in 1882, he first procured a job with the British American Insurance Co. A year later he entered the service of the Lancashire Insurance Co., becoming in 1892 manager. When the Royal Insurance Co. took over the business of the Lancashire Mr. Thompson was given the position of manager for Quebec of the new company, the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. Subsequently he was appointed joint Montreal manager of the London, Liverpool and Globe, taking over the duties of Canadian manager of the company in 1904, which position he holds up to the present. Mr. Thompson was president of the Toronto Board of Fire Underwriters during 1898-9.

On and Off the Exchange

A Banner Year

THE books of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank were balanced up for the end of the 66th fiscal year of the institution on December 31st. The statement submitted to the shareholders at the annual meeting, on Feb. 11th, shows that after raising the reserve fund to \$1,250,000 by the addition of \$100,000, the bank had profits of \$232,436, which figures 23.24 per cent. on the paid-up capital, and an increase of \$8,778 as compared with 1911 figures. Total deposits of \$30,713,948 and assets of \$33,462,524 increased \$2,566,216 and \$2,447,488 respectively over 1911. Dividends were paid out to the extent of \$160,000, as compared with \$155,000 during 1911.

An Error Corrected

OWING to the omission of a date in an article on the Canada Life in last week's issue, the surplus of the company was incorrectly stated. The surplus for 1912 was \$1,530,667; the total surplus now stands at \$4,973,695.

Acadia Fire

THE Acadia Fire Insurance Company's forty-first annual was held at Halifax on Feb. 10th. The report of the directors shows that the 1912 business of the concern was very profitable and satisfactory. The surplus for the protection of policyholders is now over half a million, the paid-up remains at \$400,000, the assets are \$773,214, an increase of \$96,950 since 1911. The board was re-elected, C. C. Blackader, president; A. E. Jones, vice-president; Donald Keith, W. M. P. Webster, C. H. Mitchell, Geo. R. Hart, all of Halifax, and Freeman Elliot, of Dartmouth.

Another Bank Ends Year

NET profits of \$462,079, being at the rate of 21.08 per cent. on the paid-up capital, against \$381,601 in 1911, show that the Standard Bank has had good results from operations during its fiscal year ended on January 31st last. The paid-up capital of this institution was raised from \$2,000,000 to \$2,429,175, and reserve fund and undivided profits come to something over three million. Big increases in deposits, discounts, circulation, etc., attest to the success that has attended this institution during the past year.

Meetings of the Week

THE annual meetings of the following concerns are scheduled for next week: Monday, Penmans, Limited; Tuesday, Bank of B. N. A., Sun Life Assurance Co., Stanfields, Limited, and Wednesday, Dominion Cannery, Intercolonial Coal Co., Montreal Loan and Mortgage Co., and Vic. R. S. & Realty Co., of Ontario.

5%

DEBENTURES

Five per cent. allowed on Debentures.

Interest payable (by coupons) half-yearly.

Debentures issued in sums of \$100.00 and multiples thereof for terms of three to ten years, or shorter periods if desired.

Security to Debenture Holders

Paid-up Capital and Reserve, nearly \$3,000,000. Total Assets, over \$6,000,000

To Trustees and Executors

The deposits and debentures of this Company are especially authorized by an Order-in-Council, Province of Ontario, as an investment for trust funds.

The Great West Permanent Loan Company

(Incorporated by Dominion Charter)

Head Office, - Winnipeg

Also offices at Regina, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria and Edinburgh, Scotland.

Ontario Office, 20 King Street West, Toronto.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-
E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

Naming the Executor

THE selection of an executor is a matter of very serious import, as it involves the proper handling of your entire estate. Expert and technical knowledge, together with experience, such as no individual could possibly acquire, make this company the logical selection as executor of your will.

National Trust Company Limited

TORONTO

Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina



Insurance Against
Fire, Accident and Sickness - Employer's Liability - Plate Glass
Head Office for Canada
Norwich Union Building
12-14 Wellington St. East, Toronto



The Chateau Laurier

OTTAWA, CANADA

A. T. Folger, Resident Manager

The New \$2,000,000 Hotel
Owned and Operated by the
**GRAND TRUNK
RAILWAY SYSTEM**

Accommodation, 350 Rooms. Comfortably and Artistically Furnished. The Latest in Hotel Construction. Rates, \$2.00 and Upwards. European Plan. Write for Handsome Illustrated Booklet. Cable Address "CHATEAU."

GRAND TRUNK AND GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC HOTELS
CHATEAU LAURIER, OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Under Construction:

"THE FORT GARRY," Winnipeg, Man.

"THE MACDONALD," Edmonton, Alta.

"THE QU'APPELLE," Regina, Sask.

F. W. BERGMAN, Manager of Hotels - - - Ottawa, Canada.

Cutting

Motor Cars

Familiarize yourself with Cutting Cars and Cutting Service

Come and see the cars you have heard so much about at Toronto and London Motor Shows and at our salesrooms.

Study them carefully and thoroughly from all angles—ride in them over every kind of road and up the steepest hills.

Pay particular attention to the silent, smooth-running and powerful motor, to the graceful body lines, the rich and beautiful finish of the car, and to the deep, luxurious upholstery.

And after you have given the Cutting a thorough and careful study and have learned of the undivided service we render to Cutting owners, make comparison with cars at and above the Cutting price.

Make the same tests, ride over the same roads and up the same hills, and please note the differences.

A-40 Roadster, \$1,950.

B-40 Touring Car, \$1,950.

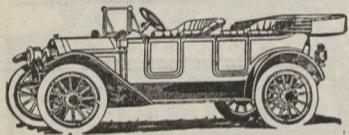
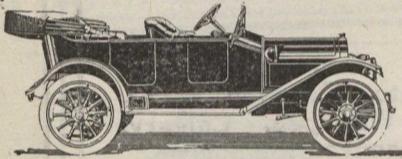
Six "60," 7-Passenger, \$3,400.

The very best electric starter, \$250 extra.

Wholesale Distributors for Canada

Cutting Motor Sales Co., Toronto

Retail Dept., 158 1/2 Avenue Rd., Toronto.



EMPIRE

"The Little Aristocrat"

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED \$950
MODEL "31"

We wish every motorist who desires a car of moderate size and price could examine "The Little Aristocrat" Five Passenger EMPIRE Touring Car in private, with no salesman present to urge the case of the Empire.

We wish every motorist who really knows what constitutes a real car could drive an EMPIRE 31 for a few hours. Drive it in the crowded city streets, over the open road, up hill and down dale, through sand and mud.

The longstroke motor, the unit power plant, the big transmission and the sturdy, silent rear axle would tell to him all that we know of its power, flexibility and speed.

We know that after such an inspection and driving demonstration the well informed motorist will need no selling talk from us.

Empire Automobile Co.
Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Canadian Wholesale Distributors
Empire Motor Sales Company,
158 1/2 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ont.



Winnipeg Motor Show

WINNIPEG'S annual Automobile Show opened on Feb. 10th. At three o'clock in the afternoon Mayor Deacon made the opening address. He mentioned that last year four thousand three hundred automobile licenses were issued in the province, of which two thousand two hundred were to residents of Winnipeg. In other words, the automobiles of Manitoba were worth eight million dollars and those of Winnipeg between four and five million. In Winnipeg alone 2,500 men were directly connected with the business.

Thirty-three different makes of cars were on exhibition and a total of eighty-five cars. Among the Canadian companies represented were the Russell Motor Company, the McLaughlin Company, the Canadian Motor Company, Dunlop Tire and Rubber Company, Ford Motor Company, The Tudhope Motor Car Co., and Western Canada Motor Car Company. The R. C. H. Motor Company, the Cadillac, and the White Company were also well represented.

The West is a very promising field for the motor manufacturer. In spite of the severe winters, the automobile is as necessary to the residents of the West as it is in New York or Chicago.

Although there are fewer macadam roads in the West the motorist is able to move almost as freely on the country roads in summer time as in any other part of the continent. The mud roads of the Prairie Provinces bake hard in the hot summer sun and make good footing for the motor car. Winnipeg is trying to work out a scheme whereby all the main roads leading out of the city will be paved for some distance beyond the city boundary. This will be very stimulating to the motor industry if it can be accomplished.

Men of the Frozen Trails

(Continued from page 20.)

"Good night, Captain," called one from his deerskin.

"Good night, Oates."

And the Captain, whose story of this must go to the world whatever might come, said to himself that Oates might never come out of his deerskin alive.

Next day the blizzard. Travel impossible. Oates crawled from his sleep-sack. He scarcely knew why. He got up. The tent shook and shivered like a man with the ague. He looked at the three—Wilson, Bowers and the Captain. The white, lean faces were a blur. But he knew the Captain's; remembering that once what seemed like ages of the world ago when yet under the heavens there were people without hunger, problems to solve and worlds to conquer—they had planted the flag down below in the name of science. No king and no man had told them so to do. No mere pride of race or of lineage. No desire for vainglory. Under that flag and because of it men of all races had gone to the death in most countries of the known world. In this as yet—but one. Evans—lord! it seemed like an age since he had left the trail.

"Where are you going Oates?"
"Boys—I'm going for a walk. I may be gone some time."

He lifted the flap and the snow drove in; dropped it, and he was gone. The storm swallowed him.

Three were left—and the storm. Nature that let Amundsen and his men and his dogs out to the depots and the ship and the warm world had gathered her slow and awful strength to pinch the life from these three also—in the name of science. Nature in the men let go of science and told the story of heroism.

It was the Captain's pencil that wrote it; hour by hour propped in his furs, scribbling slowly on his paper—the story that for eight months lay beside him before it was found by the men who had lost their Captain.

The letter was not to his wife, nor to any of his family or friends. It was to the whole world, called—"the Public."

Perhaps he read the letter to the two; and maybe to one; and for all we know there was none to hear it when he got it done.

Then the tent stood quiet.

Snow packed hard as sand at the pegs. There was no boot to kick it away; no hand to raise the flap. The great white curtain was down.

RENNIE'S SEEDS



NEW EARLY TOMATO

Rennie's "Ninety Day"

The earliest, smoothest, hardest and best early Tomato grown. In this New Variety we have very smooth deep fruits which are ready for market five to seven days earlier than Spark's Earliana.

This northern-grown strain of Tomato is undoubtedly the very best earliest scarlet-fruited Tomato.

Oz.....80c. 1/2 oz.....50c. Pkt.....15c.

RENNIE'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1913

Full of interesting and instructive information for the Farmer and Gardener. Tells what and how to plant. A bright book—profusely illustrated. Shall we send you a copy? If so, write to-day to nearest address.

Wm. RENNIE Co. LIMITED, TORONTO

190 MCGILL ST.
MONTREAL

394 PORTAGE AVE.
WINNIPEG

1138 HOMER ST.
VANCOUVER

You can taste Quality in

WHITE LABEL ALE

IT'S easy to make ale look good, but to make it *taste* as good as it looks requires the best—costliest—ingredients, and clever brewing. Drink this clear, clean White Label Ale—the most expensively brewed ale in Canada.

At dealers. Also at hotels.

DOMINION BREWERY CO. LIMITED
TORONTO



GANONG'S CHOCOLATES

THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND

FOR ALL PARTIES

Lunch, Five O'clock, Dinner,
Bridge, Theatre, Week-end, Holiday.

THE DELICIOUS G.B. CHOCOLATES



THROW AWAY THAT GLUE POT!

ALL THAT YOU WANT NOW IS A TUBE OF SECCOTINE

THE WORLD-RENOWNED ADHESIVE.

"IT STICKS EVERYTHING" and whenever you have a Breakage, one application of SECCOTINE will put it right. Have you seen the pin-stopper which now seals every tube? You simply withdraw the pin and the liquid SECCOTINE is ready for use. Replace the pin and the tube is sealed perfectly until wanted again.

BEFORE IMITATIONS. SOLD EVERYWHERE IN 250., 150. & 100. TUBES.

FREE SAMPLE on application to the Sole distributing Agents for Canada—**HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co.**, 32, Church St., Queen City Chambers, TORONTO.
Proprietors—**M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, LTD.**, Linenhall Works, Belfast.
or 31-32, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

"CHEVROLET"

The Famous French Auto Genius, Engineer and Racer, Winner of so many noted World's Records in America, after years of painstaking and ingenious detail work

Has Produced a Real MASTERPIECE

At the 1913 New York Motor Show

America's Greatest Critics

have unanimously and without hesitation, placed on the Chevrolet & Little "Sixes" their enthusiastic stamp of approval.

YES!

"The Product of EXPERIENCE"

These Cars are the real outstanding sensation of all 1913 productions.

It behooves you to verify this verdict.

CHEVROLET "C" SIX "40"—A marvellous production, 6 cylinders, 40 h.p., 120-in. wheel base, 5-passenger, unexcelled for power, detailed construction, luxurious ease and equipment, duty paid in Canada. Only \$2,850.00.

LITTLE SIX "30"—A pocket edition de lux of the Chevrolet, 6 cylinders, 30 h.p., 106-in. wheel base, roomy 5-passenger car with full equipment, including Gray & Davis Electric Generator and Lights. Duty paid in Canada. Only \$1,750.00.

DO NOT ATTEMPT to purchase a new car till you have seen and ridden in these marvellous productions.

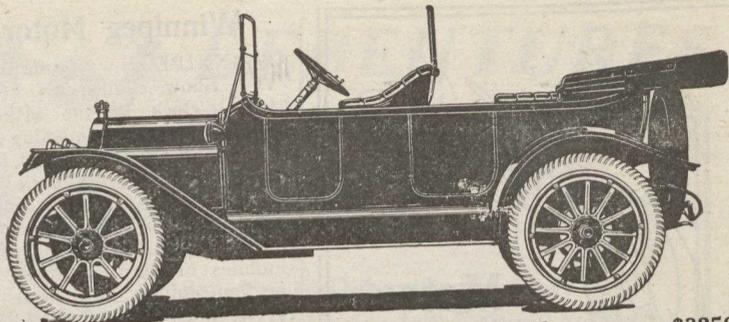
SEE THEM at Toronto and London Motor Shows.

Write for our interesting booklet free and name of nearest dealer.

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158 1/2 Avenue Road
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Be Influenced By Successful Men

Russell-Knight "28" Touring Model - - \$3250
 Russell-Knight "28" Roadster Model - - \$3200
 Russell-Knight Seven Passenger - - \$3500
 F.O.B. West Toronto

Canada's most influential business men have chosen the Russell-Knight "28" as their 1913 car because it expresses their ultimate ideas in automobile construction.

Their choice is entirely logical, because the efficiency, comfort and equipment of this model rank it as "a master creation" among the world's great cars.

The Russell-Knight "28" is essentially a "class" car, and for this reason production is limited. To insure early delivery, orders should be placed now.

Its features are beyond comparison. Its equipment is absolutely complete.

There is included

Russell-Knight Engine
 Russell Electric Starter
 Left Drive and Centre Control
 Combined Electric Dynamo and Motor for Starting Engine, Lighting Lamps and Charging Battery
 Electric Head Lamps, Side Lamps, Tail Lamps
 Combined Speedometer and Clock, with Electric Light attached
 Heating System for the Tonneau

Non-Skid Tires, 36 x 4 1/2 inches
 Power Pump for the Tires
 Demountable Rims, with one spare rim
 Folding Glass Windshield for Front Seat
 Folding Glass Windshield for Rear Seat
 Extension Top with Side Curtains
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 Robe Rail
 Tire Holders (double)
 Electric Horn, under the bonnet.

A FULLY DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE WILL BE MAILED UPON REQUEST TO THE NEAREST BRANCH OR AGENT. IF POSSIBLE CALL AND SEE THE CAR.

Be sure to see the exhibit of Russell-Knight Cars if you visit the Toronto Automobile Show.

Russell Motor Car Co.
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Head Office and Factory:
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Branches at:
 Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

If you desire any information on
 ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY
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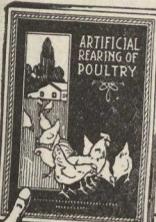
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IGNITION BATTERY CHARGING

Call, write or phone
 Adelaide 404

Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited
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You Need This FREE BOOK



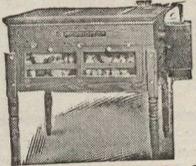
Poultry Experts say it is the most practical, helpful book on poultry raising published.

It contains the results of years of experience—tells how the most successful poultrymen make big money—how you can succeed with very little capital—how you can make your own brooder—how to construct your hen houses, coops, etc.—in fact every one of its 112 pages bristle with money-making, money saving facts. No manufacturer ever put out such a book before. Think of it—75 of its 112 pages contain no advertising—just helpful information and beautiful illustrations that will interest and instruct.

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PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders



hatch and raise strong healthy chicks—the kind that grow into profits fast. Prairie State machines are endorsed by the leading experiment stations and agricultural colleges everywhere. Sending for the book does not obligate you. Write today. Ship your eggs to us and get highest market prices.

Gunn, Langlois & Co., Ltd.
Box 219 Montreal, Canada
Manufacturers of the Prairie State Incubators in Canada.

The Prodigious Son

(Continued from page 9.)

a halt, he did so with the full consciousness of work well done. Sandy rose from the table with a feeling of almost holy gratitude towards his benefactors. As the offered chair, at the fire, received his weary body, he realized complete comfort for the first time in years. With a long sigh he closed his eyes.

"You must have come a long way through the snow," he heard the old man say.

And then the gentle voice of the other, "Let the poor fellow rest, he's tired."

At the sound of that latter voice, something inside the wanderer woke to life—some demon of perversity that told him it was not just the right thing to partake lavishly of a stranger's good cheer, and then go off to sleep without a word of thanks.

With an effort, Sandy woke up. "Me," he said thickly. "Sure I've come a long way—all the way from New York since las' night. That was an awful good dinner, lady."

"From New York!" said the man. "Why, that's over two hundred miles from here. How did you come?"

"Me?" said Sandy. "Well, y'see, I was intendin' t'go to Chicago, but me chauffeur took the wrong road and—oh, what's de use. I got locked in a' empty box car las' night an' dis mornin' de president of de road trun me out. Say, what's de name o' dis burg, Hobunk Corners?"

The old people looked at Sandy now with a new interest. Gentlemen from New York were scarce in those parts.

"Do you really live in New York?" asked the old lady. "What do you do there?"

"Do?" said Sandy. "What do you work at in New York?"

Sandy smiled. Surely these were simple folk.

"Me," he said, "I'm de Crown Prince of de Beer Trust—me picture is stamped on all de corks. I own de frog farm where dey get all de hoppers from—"

Sandy caught the old lady's eye fixed on him strangely. He turned his gaze quickly to the fire.

"G'wan," he said, "I don't do nothin'. I'm one of de outside crowd, de street gang—I don't do nothin'."

From somewhere in the house a clock chimed, mellow and sweet.

Sandy sat up with nerves a-tingle. "What's dat?" he said. "What was dat?"

"Only the clock striking," said the man. "Tell us about New York. We've never been there."

Like a reciter of fairy tales, Sandy talked, and the two listened with the wrapt attention of children. Listened to a language, at times too intricate to follow, describing dark tales of lean adventure, street brawls, police raids, battles on the waterfront at night—acts of depravity, cruelty and petty spite, of wild debauchery and ragged want.

And as Sandy talked his throat became dry and ever his hand would seek the bottle at his hip. But the bottle remained where it was, for each time he would catch the eye of the little, old woman before him, and so he would swing into some new tale with thirst unquenched.

And finally his speech became thick. The warmth of the fire was taking possession of him and his soggy brain. Behind it all, too, as he looked at the two old people before him, something kept bothering him. What it was he couldn't tell, his brain kept remembering things and instantly forgetting them in a way that led his mind off his stories. At last he became silent, gazing at the fire. His head sank low upon his breast. From somewhere in the room a dog arose and came stumbling to where he sat. It sniffed about inquisitively, but did not growl as other dogs generally did. Without looking, Sandy laid his hand upon the animal's shaggy head. "Good old Bob," he muttered—"good old man."

How long it was he never knew. A gentle hand was swaying him by the shoulder, and a voice—that of the white-haired woman—was speaking.

"And did you ever know him—up there in the city? He went away from here—oh years ago, and he never came

Send for Hose That Last Six Months

A Million People Wear Them In the United States and Canada

Six pairs of Cashmere Holeproof Hose are guaranteed to wear six months! If one or all pairs wear out or break a thread you get new pairs F-R-E-E!

A Guarantee Ticket with six coupons attached goes with every box of six pairs. If a pair wears out, send it back with one coupon. If two pairs wear out, send two coupons, etc.

24,700,000 Pairs

All six pairs will probably outlast the guarantee. 95% of our total output for the past thirteen years has worn longer than six months. That amounts to 24,700,000 pairs!

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send Trial Order

Use the coupon below. Send in your order. Note their convenience. "Holeproof" are made in two grades for men, in black, tan and navy blue. Medium at \$2 for six pairs and fine at \$3 for six pairs. Women's Cashmere Holeproof Stockings (black or tan) \$3 for six pairs. Children's Holeproof Stockings, 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, \$1.00. Only one size in a box. Colors alike or assorted, as you desire. Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want and send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office, 1906
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. of CANADA, Ltd.
165 Bond St., London, Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?

A Wonderful Yarn

We pay the top market price for the yarn used in Holeproof Hose. But our hose wear as no others do. We could buy common yarn for less than half what we pay, but our wear is our feature. We would not dare lessen it.

\$60,000 a Year for Inspection

We spend \$60,000 a year just to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection, for we cannot afford to replace many pairs. The million people who wear "Holeproof" are used to a wonderful quality. We cannot chance disappointing them.

The figures above refer to the entire Holeproof business, both in the States and Canada.

Trial Box Order Coupon

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
165 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children). Size..... Color..... Weight..... Name..... Street..... City..... Province.....

(405)



Wilson's INVALIDS' Port

"Wine has the effect of occasioning a quicker digestion. It acts instantaneously not only on the stomach, but its cordial effects extend immediately to the whole system."
JAMES MOORE, (Member the Surgeons Co. 1792)

Rich Glowing Health and Wilson's Invalids' Port Wine are synonymous. It rounds out thin cheeks, increases the quantity and improves the quality of the rich, red life-blood, and restores the charming bloom of youth to the anaemic girl. Doctors know!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

BUST AND HIPS



Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime. Write for illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited
158c Bay St.
Toronto, Canada.



After War, Peace Brings Brightness To ALL

Don't bother with dirty powders or hard cakes, when you can use a soft paste like

Black Knight

10c. STOVE POLISH 10c.

Ready for instant use—no mixing—no trouble—and a few light rubs bring the shine.

BEETHAM'S La-rola



Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY. The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

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

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President
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Branches in every Province of Canada and in the United States, England and Mexico.

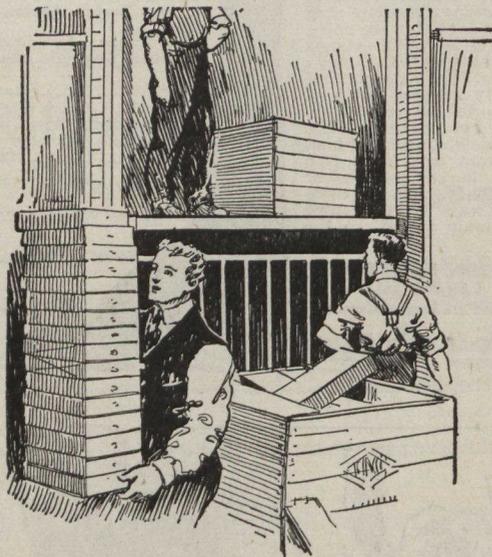
Travellers' Cheques

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

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

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

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



You Can Buy an Otis-Fensom Freight Elevator for as little as \$70

Some people seem to think that any kind of an Otis-Fensom freight elevator is a costly affair, running into hundreds of dollars.

This isn't so, by any means.

Very likely the best freight equipment for your purpose would cost very little. Yet the saving it will effect will be proportionately as great as the most expensive equipment would afford you.

We are looking for business men who have warehouses, stores, factories, etc., and who do not know the vital economy of a freight elevator.

We want to send such men a copy of our book---

"Freight Elevators and Their Uses"

Send me your book

Send for your copy to-day. It explains the value of freight elevators in general, and the peculiarly successful features of Otis-Fensom freight elevators in particular.

Name **OTIS-FENSOM ELEVATOR CO., Limited**
 Address **Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto**



You'll get yours—if you place an early order. Every day adds to the already unprecedented demand for Ford cars. In spite of the greatly enlarged production—late buyers are almost sure to be disappointed. Get yours to-day.

"Everybody is driving a Ford"—more than 200,000 in service. New prices—runabout \$675—touring car \$750—town car \$1000—with all equipment, f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek



is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

The evil effects of raw winds, dust, extreme cold, working in overheated and steamy rooms or in bad air, can be counteracted by using

NA-DRU-CO Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.

NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form.

For the skin irritation which winter brings—chaps, wind-burn, cracked lips, frost-bites or chilblain—it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co Trade Mark when you buy.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited. 182



back. Perhaps you have crossed him in your wanderings?"

Sandy awoke. He had had a strange dream, in which he had been taken back a long way. He awoke and looked straight into the eyes of the little woman bending over him. And as he looked he understood! Years ago he had seen that look in those eyes—those same eyes, bending above him now.

A look it was of yearning, of pain, and great, all-forgiving pity.

All in a second his wits had pieced the thing together. Sandy pushed her from him and stood up. He was quite sober now, and he gazed about the little room like a man living through a miracle. A great feeling of peace surged in upon his soul.

The wanderer started to speak and then stopped.

Above the fireplace hung a little silver-framed mirror, and the man's eyes stopped there.

A scarecrow face it was, dirty, ragged, evil and mean. There was a foul unwholesomeness about it, not accounted for by either the unkempt beard and hair, or the scars left by the spotted plague, from which his friends had named him. The eyes bespoke low cunning and greed; the mouth and chin, weakness.

Gulping for breath, Sandy turned to the old woman. He searched the drawn face for a full, tense minute, fearful of the sudden flame that might, even yet, spring into the eyes.

Then he heaved a great sigh—she did not know him. The eyes held only that look of world-old yearning, pain, and all-forgiving pity—nothing else.

The man let his gaze roam about the room. Then his back straightened. He knew the thing he was—better the old memory than the truth now.

"I'll be gettin' on," he said, "I stayed too long already."

He stumbled through the hall to the front door, she following.

The wind threw in a handful of snow as the door opened. Sandy pulled his rags across his lean chest and stepped out.

"You won't forget what I told you?" a voice was saying. "You'll send my boy home if you should find him—"

As he turned the bend in the road, he halted, fumbling with the cork of the bottle he carried. He swayed backwards and forwards on his heels and muttered strangely to himself.

"That boy of yours—send 'um home—" He had the cork out at last—"That boy, Prod-Prodigious Son. Blinker, you ol' fool, what d'you know about Prodigious Sons?—He might come home some day—"

There was a long pause.
"Hell, no, he'll never come home."

Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

others of far greater importance to discuss? If I have been lacking in respect to you, I am sorry; but you brought it upon yourself. You would have yielded to nothing less than force. I have promised you an explanation of what you term my outrageous behaviour—it is this: I have been a blind fool, but I am no longer; my eyes have been effectually opened, and I know now that you, my mother, have so fallen from your high estate, that you have stooped to lie and cheat a young girl out of her life's happiness. And for what?" he asked with a sudden fierceness. "Answer me that—for what?"

Mrs. Alston fell back a step, the colour fading from her face and lips as she read scorn and condemnation in her son's eyes.

Evading his question, she said bitterly:

"And this girl whose happiness seems your one great consideration—has she, too, not lied and cheated? Lied, when she vowed to keep silence; cheated, when she deliberately breaks the compact she made with me. Did she not promise to hold herself aloof from Dick for the space of one year; to make no effort during that time to call him back? How has she kept it? Answer me that in your turn."

"Your own lips have betrayed you far more than Miss Anerley," he replied, grimly; "she told me nothing beyond the fact—which she let slip inadvertently—that she had called upon you whilst I

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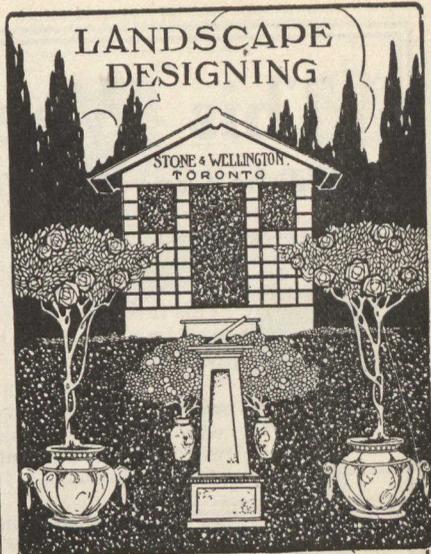
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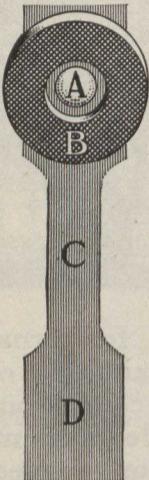
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was abroad. It was your silence, and hers; your evident antagonism and hers, first made me suspicious; and the remembrance of your old skill in printing did the rest. But your motive, mother, what was your motive? It must have been a strong one surely to induce you to play a part so despicable?"

Mrs. Alston's head drooped, but her voice, though low, was firm.

"I loved Dick Emberson," she said, "and considered I had the first claim on his affections."

"Claim!" echoed her son scornfully. "What possible claim could you have beyond that of his friendship to me?"

"Dick loved me long before he ever met Miss Anerley, and I him," she answered, so low that he had to bend forward to catch the words.

"Mother!" exclaimed Ted, recoiling from her with a look of horror. "What are you saying?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Ted," she answered, quickly, raising her dark head and meeting her son's glance fully and freely. "I have always respected your father's name. When I discovered that the warm young friendship Dick first bestowed on his chum's mother had changed into something deeper, mightier, I had the strength to send him from me, although by so doing my own life became duller—greyer. I did not see him again or hold any communication with him till my year of widowhood had nearly elapsed. Then he told me that he was engaged to Miss Anerley. Can you wonder that I felt sore at his forgetting me apparently so soon? Is it so strange that I should have used every means in my power—to extort from the girl who had supplanted me a promise that she would break her engagement and leave him a twelvemonth's space of time in which to discover who was the real owner of his affections? The bargain was a fair one enough."

"Is it really possible that you can so delude yourself or are you trying to delude me?" asked Ted wonderingly. "In this fair bargain—was it then understood that, whilst Enid was to held herself sternly aloof, and Dick was left to think her fickle and faithless, he was to be thrown into your daily companionship—nursed and tended by you in his sickness and weakness—so that in the end his sore and wounded heart might turn from sheer gratitude, to you—the woman of whose angelic goodness, poor, deluded fellow, he spoke to me just now?"

A flush—was it of shame?—stained Mrs. Alston's brow.

"Chance favoured me in that," she said hastily. "You yourself brought him here, remember—not I."

"That's true enough, as far as it goes," replied Ted grimly. "As I said, I was a blind fool—I am so no longer."

"You will not tell Dick, Ted; you will not degrade and humiliate me in his estimation?" said Mrs. Alston, clasping her hands in passionate pleading.

There was a moment of oppressive silence, during which she watched him with a very agony of entreaty in her beautiful eyes.

Ted drew a long breath, like one who has taken his resolve.

"No," he answered slowly. "I will not degrade and humiliate you. I cannot forget that you are my mother—although you seem to have done so; but I entreat you, return to your nobler self, and release Miss Anerley from the promise she should never have made."

"What, renounce the victory," cried Mrs. Alston derisively, "when it is almost in my hands? Listen, Ted, listen and be reasonable! Why should you interfere in this? Do you think I should not make Dick happy? Am I, then, so old and ugly that you deem it impossible for a man to love me? I tell you this girl's affection for your friend is by the side of my woman's love as water unto wine. Married to him in a year's time I would make him forget his very existence; and to whom would she turn for comfort but to you?"

Her son shook his head sadly. "It will avail you nothing to wave that old temptation before my eyes," he said. "They are not, like yours, blinded by passion. Once more I beg you to try and realize the truth, to face it with bravery and dignity. It is quite possible that Dick's first boyish fancy may have been for you—a woman old enough to be his mother."

"Scarcely, Ted!" interposed Mrs. Alston. "I was seventeen when you

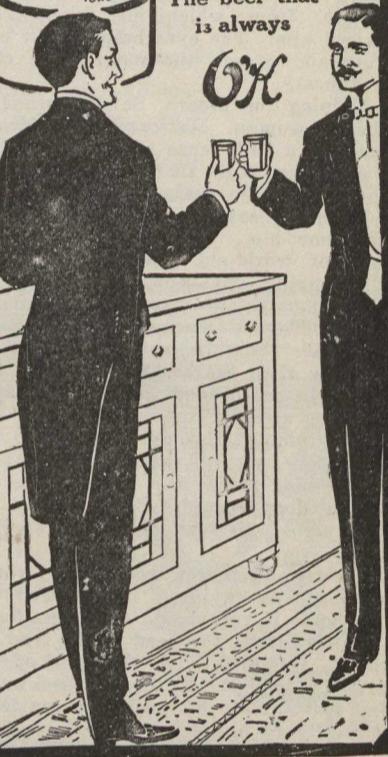
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were born—and Dick is several years older than you.” He waved the amendment aside as one of little importance. “His love for Enid Anerley,” he continued, “is a man love; and I who know him thoroughly can assure you that it will endure for all time. You may stand between these two, mother; you may even succeed in separating them for ever, but you can never separate their hearts—that is a task beyond you.”

Mrs. Alston sank into a chair and stared broodingly before her; her face seemed suddenly to have grown grey and old.

“We shall see, we shall see!” she answered slowly. “Yes, we shall see!”

“If you refuse to take the only honourable course open to you,” continued her son, sternly. “If you adhere to the letter of your bond, it will be my task to ensure fair play. Dick is separated from Miss Anerley, so shall he be from you. To-morrow I will have him moved to a nursing home.”

“I will not allow it!” cried Mrs. Alston, passionately.

“Do not oblige me to remind you that I am master here,” Ted replied firmly; and his mother started back as if he had struck her. “As soon as Dick is sufficiently recovered,” he proceeded, “I shall take him abroad; there we shall remain until the year of probation is over; then Enid will be free to speak, and Dick to make his choice.”

“You speak as if he were a child—a mere puppet in your hands!” she cried scornfully. “He may not fall in with your views as easily as you seem to think!”

“Dick and I understand each other,” was the reply. “He knows I have but one object in view—his happiness: he will do as I wish.”

Mrs. Alston felt that she was routed, defeated; and the thought stung her pride beyond endurance. She gave a short, bitter laugh.

“I am in your power, it seems—at your mercy—the mercy of my own son,” she added, with a withering scorn, “who tells me that he is master in the house I have always considered mine: that I have no alternative but to submit with as good grace as possible, to be thrust aside like a piece of old lumber,” sarcastically. “Have you any further information to impart? If not, I will leave you.”

“Yes, I have still one thing left to say,” he replied, gravely and sadly. “It is this. If you insist upon inflicting the needless pain of a year’s separation upon two people who have never harmed you, it will avail you nothing, you will not gain your purpose, but you will lose your son. Ah!” as she smiled contemptuously, “do not think this is a mere idle threat, it is a fixed resolve: I solemnly swear, that if you persist, when I have once left this house in company with Dick, alive or dead, you will never see my face again!”

Mrs. Alston caught her breath with a quick, shuddering gasp, and stared at her son for a while in horrified silence. This was a new Ted who stood before her, a man with stern, set countenance and sombre eyes. What he had sworn he would carry out to the bitter end—of that she felt assured. For the first time she realized that, under his careless, laughter-loving exterior, there lurked a will as dogged as her own. Never to see her boy’s face again! Never again! Men who have narrowly escaped drowning have often told how in the last struggle—when they feel themselves doomed—the whole of their previous lives seem in a flash to pass before their darkening eyes, so in this shipwreck of her hopes, as she felt the dark waters of despair closing over her head—visions of the past flashed before Mrs. Alston. In each her son—the boy who before she had met Dick Emberson, had represented her whole store of happiness and interest in life—stood as central figure. Her mind, working backwards, she saw him first as the collegian proudly bringing to her the honours his friend had helped him to gain; then the schoolboy, sturdily independent, impatient of caresses, but unutterably dear! Then the little toddling child whose every step she had to guard, and lastly the helpless baby—the priceless treasure granted to her prayers. Closing her eyes like one who is dying, she felt again the thrill of passionate rapture as she pressed the little brown head to her bosom; and in that moment recognized the fact—that even Dick could not

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compensate her for the loss of her boy. With a heart-breaking cry she rose to her feet; and with outstretched arms tottered forward. "Let it be as you will!" she murmured. "My son! my son! Let the whole world go—as long as you remain!"

That same evening two letters were dispatched from the house in Grosvenor Square to "The Lindens." One was from Mrs. Alston to Enid and ran thus—

"I release you from your promise. Come at once. Dick needs you. "Denise Alston."

The other was from Ted to Mrs. Anerley—

"Dear Friend" (he wrote). "Our troubles are ended. Light has come at last. There is nothing now to stand between your daughter and Dick. As a personal favour, I beg that you and your husband will accept the fact without asking for explanations. I think I hear the Colonel exclaim, 'More mysteries!' But you may tell him from me that this harmless and necessary one will prove the very last as far as Dick and I are concerned.

"My mother is out of health—overdone with the anxiety and fatigue of nursing; she and I are planning a long sea voyage—possibly the preliminary of a tour round the world; and now our friend is out of danger, and strong enough to bear the excitement of a great joy, we want you and Enid to come and take our places, and so leave us free to start almost at once.

"I am sure you will find Miss Anerley willing; and I think in a very short time Dick will be sufficiently recovered to be removed to "The Lindens," which is doubtless what you would prefer; but, until then, please consider our house, and all that is in it, entirely at your service.

"Yours in joy as in sorrow, "Ted."

Needless to say these letters brought the two ladies concerned up to town and to the Alston house with all possible dispatch—brought also the Colonel—who, on his arrival, slapped its young owner almost boisterously on the shoulder, saying—

"You did not send me an invitation, my boy; but I refused to be left out of the general rejoicings. I have had my share of the troubles of these two young people; and I think I deserve to be in at the finish."

To which Ted replied— "You are heartily welcome, Colonel, now, as ever!"

Dick, not having been prepared in any fashion for his change of nurses, Mrs. Alston went in to him first, and after chatting with him for a while, answered the unspoken question of his eyes by saying—

"Yes, all is well again, dear lad. Enid will soon come to see you." Then, as a great wave of joy transfigured his worn features, she repeated, "Yes, very soon—sooner than you can imagine!" Bending forward, she kissed him softly on the forehead, then moved towards the door. It opened as she approached, and Enid, with a face as radiant as the dawn, with the tender love-light shining once again clearly and serenely in her blue eyes, came swiftly forward, and dropping to her knees beside the couch, slipped her slender young arms round Dick's neck, and drawing his head on to her shoulder, whispered low—

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LIST OF PROPERTIES

- BATTLEFORD, SASK. (Brookhurst).
- BRANDON, MAN. (Highland Park and Waverley Park).
- BIGGAR, SASK.
- CAMROSE, ALTA.
- CANORA, SASK.
- CRANBROOK FRUIT FARMS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.
- ESTEVAN, SASK. (Royal Heights).
- ENTWISTLE, ALTA.
- YOUNG, SASK.

OFFICES: Head Office—WINNIPEG, MAN. BRANCH OFFICES: Ottawa, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Brandon, Man.; Estevan, Sask.; Young, Sask.; Vancouver, B. C.

Owing to the exceptionally large increase in our Western realty business, we are compelled to move into more commodious offices. Therefore, we have taken, on a long lease, FOUR LARGE OFFICES in the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW BUILDING, corner of King and Yonge Streets, where we will be at home to our many friends and patrons on and after the first of March, 1913. In the meantime we will be found at our old offices on the second floor, Union Bank Building, corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto, Ontario, where our clients will be received with every courtesy.

"Correspondence Solicited."

Campbell Realty Company,

UNION BANK BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

Telephone Main 7679.

Choice Fruit Lands

3000 Acres on the lower Arrow Lakes in B.C. Owned exclusively by us. FOR SALE CHEAP, in Tracts or en-Block. Write or enquire,

Pacific Terminals Investment Company
46 Scott Block, Winnipeg, Man.
208 Dominion Ex. Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Head Quarters For

BRITISH COLUMBIA LAND

Amongst many other fine blocks I can offer the following:

No. 1—4500 acres timber land, 30,000 to 35,000 feet to acre, principally Cedar, San Juan Districts, Vancouver Island. The timber is easily logged and most of the land is of agricultural value and will bring purchase price when timber is off. A1 value at \$15.00 an acre.

No. 2—7000 acres on Green River, south of Quatoins Sound. A very fine colonization proposition as all the land is first-class quality. \$12.50 per acre, \$3.50 cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years at 6 per cent.

ROBERT WILLIAM CLARK

1112 Government St.

VICTORIA, B.C.

What You Ought to Know

We have located

Government Land and can sell to you at

Government Prices plus location charges in from one Section up.

You Can Subdivide This in 40-80-160 and 320-acre farms and sell for from \$12 to \$25 per acre as others are doing to-day.

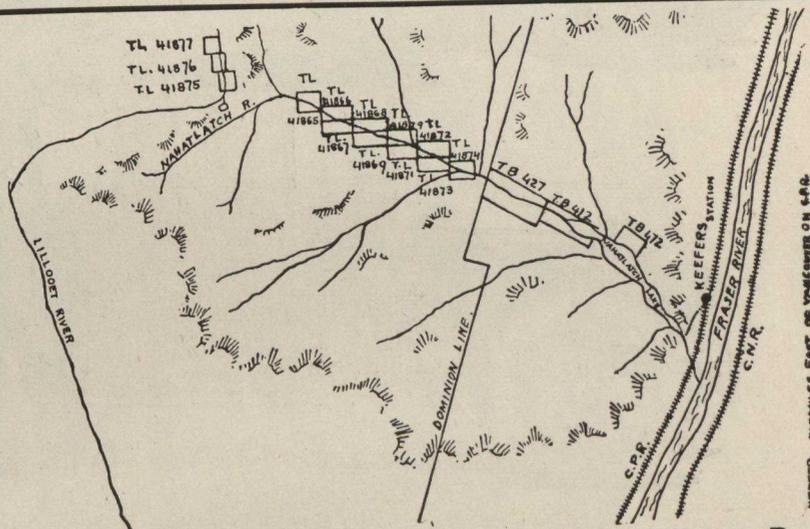
This land is located in close proximity to the Pacific & Hudson Bay Railway, in a beautiful valley, at an elevation of less than 2,500 feet, semi-coast climate, needing no irrigation, with plenty of rainfall for the maturing of crops, and an ideal spot for Dairying, Ranching, or Mixed Farming.

If you are looking for land in Large or Small lots, and want it at First Price, THE GOVERNMENT PRICE, where prices can go but ONE WAY, and that is UP, send for particulars to

APPLEFORD & CO.,

Suite 9-10 Imperial Block, 448 Seymour St.

VANCOUVER, B.C.



Map Showing Location of Our Timber and Water Power Proposition Described Below. 140 Miles East of Vancouver on the C.P.R.

Timber

Provincial Timber Licenses on 8320 Acres, Contents	146,421,500 Feet
Dominion Berths " 9341 "	162,878,200 "
Total	17661
Total	309,299,700

Variety

Fir.....	87,135,000 Feet
Cedar.....	85,385,000 "
Spruce.....	35,890,000 "
Pine.....	7,660,000 "
Larch.....	37,635,000 "
Hemlock.....	23,485,000 "
Balsam.....	2,850,000 "
Cypress.....	2,110,000 "
Birch.....	1,695,000 "
Ties and Poles..	25,454,700 "
Total	309,299,700 "

Water Power

(With Ample Storage Facilities)

30,000 H. P. at Low Water

NOTE:—

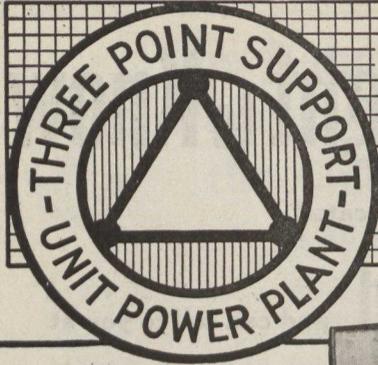
By virtue of owning the timber on both sides of the lake and river, the control of 30,000 H. P. is assured to the holder.

Sacrifice Price, \$150,000.00.

Terms, 1-2 Cash; Balance One Year.

U. L. APPLEFORD, Owner

Rooms, 9-10 Imperial Block
VANCOUVER, B.C.



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