

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Where the State Wastes Labour

By NORMAN PATTERSON

What Will Our Oarsmen Do?

By J. T. STIRRETT

Men of the Day

What the Millionaire Loses

The Relation of Wealth to Life—Second Article

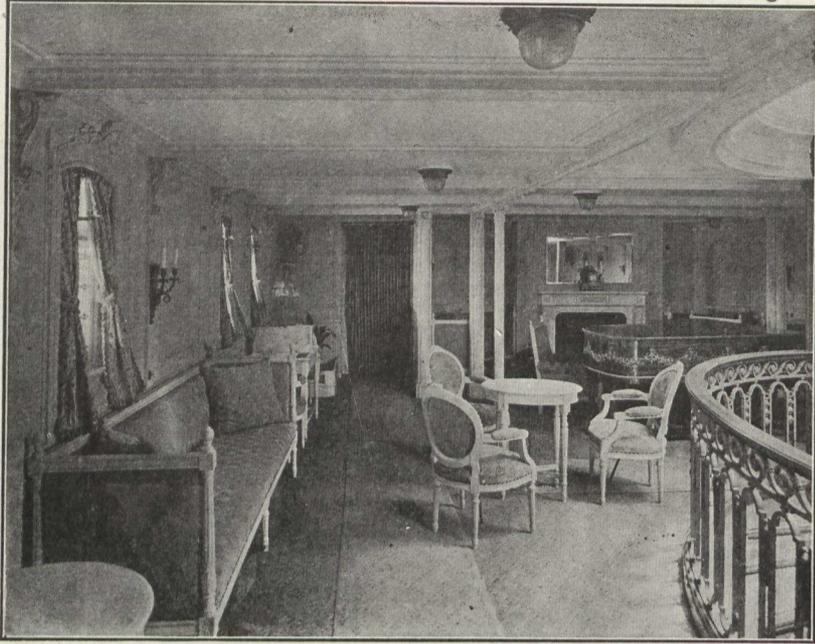
By PROFESSOR WORKMAN



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A Maid There Was.

A MAID there was in our town Whose modesty was rare; Of autumn trees she'd never speak Because their limbs were bare. When night its sable shadow threw She'd tumble in a swoon If curtain did not hide from view The man up in the moon. A plumber caused her death one day, So the story goes— By asking in a careless way To let him see her hose.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Fair Play.—Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed, which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather-bed. They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps, and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend. "What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up yet!" "No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him, "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather!"—Everybody's.

One On Teacher.—The teacher was telling the children a long, highly embellished story about Santa Claus, and Willie Jones began giggling with mirth, which finally got beyond his control. "Willie! What did I whip you for yesterday?" asked the teacher severely. "Fer lyin'!" promptly answered Willie.—Everybody's Magazine.

How It Was Accounted For.—"How does it happen," said the teacher to the new pupil, "that your name is Allen and your mother's name is Brown?" "Well," explained the small boy, after a moment's thought, "you see, she married again and I didn't."

A Little Unreasonable.—Mrs. Henrypeck (looking up from her reading): "This writer says that the widows make the best wives." Mr. Henrypeck: "But, really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you."—Stray Stories.

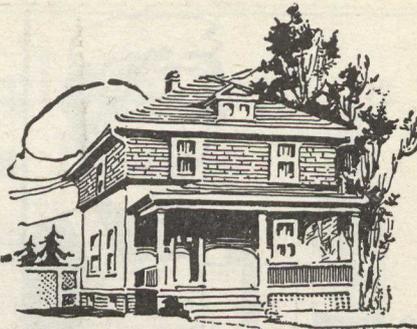
On the Safe Side.—It was noticed that a lady who went regularly to church always bowed at any mention of Satan or the Devil. At last a verger's curiosity was so aroused that he went and asked her why she did it. "Well," she answered, "politeness costs nothing—and one never knows."

"Another Nature Fake."

IT might be nature faking, but as I travel on, I'd like the kindly vision, to see the geese as swan; It seems not one whit wiser, and really what's the use? To go about insisting that some swan is a goose.

Kindness.—"Is she good to the children?" "Very. She lets them do everything their father doesn't want them to do."—Detroit Free Press.

It All Helps.—At least one Washington debutante has candor and humour in large and equal parts. Thus, her denial of a rumour that she was engaged: "There is not a word of truth in it, but thank God for the report!"—New York Press.



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The
**CANADIAN
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The National Weekly

Vol. XV.

April 25, 1914

No. 21

Why Shouldn't English Farmers Come to Canada?

Mr. C. G. Blades, of Lincolnshire, and His Family of Eleven, are Some Answer to the Question



Thrifty home on the Manor Farm that the Blades family left in Lincolnshire.



The flock of Lincolnshire sheep that Mr. Blades sold to come to Canada.

NOT long ago at a public dinner in the town of Exeter, Eng., the question was asked by a speaker—"What is Canada going to do for England?" A Canadian in reply said: "That depends upon just how much Great Britain is prepared to do for Canada. If you send us the right kind of people we want and as many as you can spare for the purpose of keeping the balance of Anglo-Saxondom and at the same time becoming producers of wealth on the land and in our factories, there need never be any question raised as to where Canada may stand when England needs her, or what is to become of the British solidarity in that part of the Empire."

Canadians are fond of jibing at the wrong kind of English immigrant; and sometimes we miss appreciating the kind of Englishmen we really need in this country. About one-third of our annual immigration is from the British Isles; and of these probably less than half are fit to go on the land to become the best kind of producers of wealth and creators of citizenship. Twenty-five per cent. of our annual immigrants are unable to speak English and do not care to learn, except for the purpose of doing business in an English-speaking Dominion. The importation of British farmers with or without cash capital is much lower than it might be. British farmers have been advised to come and settle on the unoccupied lands in the Maritimes and to take up semi-abandoned farms in Ontario. The movement



Mr. and Mrs. Blades, ten boys and one girl, now citizens of sunny Alberta.



The kind of sheep farming that Mr. Blades will become familiar with in Alberta. This particular picture was taken on a well-known sheep ranch near Lethbridge.

has got a fair beginning. In the West the settlement of the British farmer has gone along at a less rapid rate than that of the American farmer.

BUT it is doubtful if in the whole Canadian West there is such a hopeful family of English farmers as that of Mr. C. G. Blades, of Glouceby, Lincolnshire, who a few days ago arrived at Bawlf, Alberta, in the sheep country just north of Calgary, with his wife and eleven children. Mr. Blades was a comfortable tenant farmer in Lincolnshire. Above are the pictures of the home he left and of the flock of sheep that he sold to come to Canada. He was farming 250 acres known as the "Manor Farm." There was no reason why he shouldn't have stayed on the Manor, except that in his family of eleven he had ten boys, and he was not mathematical enough to figure out where all these lads would be able to get English land when they grew up. So after reading about the C. P. R. Loan Farm scheme and becoming convinced that Canada is not a Siberia, he sold out, packed his household goods, gathered his huge family of potential wage-earners and boarded a liner at Liverpool. The family landed at St. John, N.B. They went straight West to Bawlf on a 320-acre farm. The oldest boy, eighteen, is already as able as his father. The other lads are all vigorous youngsters who will soon learn to get along in the West a hundred times better than they did in Lincolnshire, England.

What the Millionaire Loses

A Second Article on the Relation of Wealth to Life

By PROFESSOR G. H. WORKMAN

OUR country abounds in opportunities for making money, I have said, and enterprising men are turning them to practical account.

I have also granted that money-making is both lawful, in the sense of being according to law, and laudable, when free from improper methods. Hence what I have written does not refer to those who are striving to support a large family, nor to those who are seeking to obtain a modest competency. A certain amount of money is a good thing, but wealth may or may not be; for wealth is not life, nor is it essential to life, much less does life depend upon it. Yet multitudes of men and women act as though their life consisted in the amount of money they could make. So many about us are seeking riches as if the main end of existence were the acquirement of wealth that they need to consider seriously the difference between wealth and life, or the true relation of the one to the other, at all events.

In the previous paper I mentioned some things that a millionaire may actually lose, wishing to show the danger of an inordinate desire for wealth and the injury which great riches may inflict, because a man may purchase a fortune at too high a price. In the present paper I shall mention some things that a millionaire may potentially lose. One cannot positively lose, of course, what one does not really have; but, in a significant sense, one loses what one might have had. A person may be capable of realizing what he fails to realize, and most rich men have failed to win what they might have won or have failed to do what they might have done. To fail in either of these respects is a potential loss. Even the man who gets rich honestly, keeping his reputation unstained and his honour unsullied, may accumulate at too great a cost; for the desire for great wealth is a weakness which is liable to develop into a ruling passion, if not into something worse.

THE first potential loss of an unscrupulous millionaire is his ideal of life; I mean a lofty conception of moral excellence, such as all men have inherently and most of them have consciously in childhood. That is a fundamental loss, because ideals form the basis of an elevated character. In our earlier years we think of what we should like to become, and have ideals of what a noble man or woman ought to be. We are trained to be kind and considerate and taught to be pure and true. When our teachers tell us it is only noble to be good, we believe what we are told, and desire to realize such nobleness. At one time or another all normal persons think of themselves as becoming good by doing noble deeds. In this state of toil and strife, to paraphrase the lines of Adelaide Proctor, we have all "some pure ideal of a noble life that once seemed possible." If we did not hear the flutter of its wings and feel it near, as she suggests, we felt that it was measurably attainable, and wished to realize it as far as we could. An eagerness for wealth, however, enfeebles that feeling and weakens that wish. A man cannot earn a million dollars, no matter how hard he works. Though a conjunction of favourable circumstances may enable him to obtain a million, comparatively few men can begin a business career with a determination to become a millionaire without neglecting that standard of excellence which every one should make the ultimate object of attainment. Many a man who commences life with conscientious scruples will afterward justify practices which he was wont to condemn, on the ground that the law allows them, forgetful of the fact that the law is imperfect, and often unfair in its operation. But, while he can make money safely by the methods it permits, he desires no change. On the contrary, he wishes matters to remain as they are. A greed for gain has cost him his ideal.

THE second potential loss is sympathy with humanity. That is inherent in all normal men. Having lost his ideal of life, he grows less regardful of duty, especially the duty of benevolence toward mankind; for an ideal is a force that acts directly on the moral nature, and the effect of its action is to quicken the conscience and keep it sensitive. A person bent on making money becomes absorbed in his own affairs. When they engage his whole attention, he becomes less interested in his fellows and, as a consequence, less concerned about them. Thus loss of interest leads to loss of sympathy, which is an irreparable loss, as a person engrossed in his own designs to the exclusion of the needs of others has lost the better part of himself. Through the dulling of his sense of duty he destroys the master-passion of his soul, because sympathy is fellow-feeling for the poor and needy, for the sick and suffering, for the afflicted and distressed. True sympathy, moreover, is a practical emotion that feels with as well as for another; so that it not only desires to do something, but also seeks to render aid. To blunt that feeling is to become centred in self, thinking of nothing and caring for no one else. A person so centred lives and acts as if what happens to the other fellow were no concern of his. Such a person

has grown callous at the core, and the tendency of every one who loses his ideal of life is gradually to die in that respect. It is saddening to see an unscrupulous man lose sympathy with those of his own class by losing confidence in them, but, though regrettable, it is not strange. We know that he distrusts them because they distrust him, and that the reason they distrust one another is fear. But to see a man of business as he increases in wealth become indifferent towards men in general is a much more saddening sight. Acting on the principle of every man for himself, he becomes, or is liable to become, insensible to pity. Men cannot be brothers on that basis, because lack of fellow-feeling leads one to ignore such a relationship. Instead of promoting, it destroys, brotherhood. Disregarding the fraternal bond of a common humanity, it not only kills the spirit that makes brotherliness spontaneous, but also creates a spirit that renders such a feeling impossible. The poor and the rich cannot meet, much less mingle together, on such terms.

THE third potential loss is responsibility for service. Every man is responsible to society as a moral agent, not simply for good behaviour, but for useful work. It is not enough for him to be negatively virtuous; he should be positively serviceable, and serviceable to others as well as himself. He has duties to discharge, as well as privileges to enjoy; for a duty is that which is due or owing, and he owes something to the community in which he dwells and the land in which he lives. Having rights in the community, he has duties also, because rights and duties are reciprocal. Making money out of the country, or deriving profit from it, he should do something of advantage for it, something in addition to paying his taxes and shovelling his snow. Every member of society should be of practical use to it, because it not only affords him scope for his ability and opportunity to employ his powers, but also enables him to acquire property and makes his property valuable. Property, however, was intended for neither power nor position, but for utility. It was not intended for personal aggrandizement, but for the good that may be drawn from a right use of it; and riches are of utility only so far as they are rightly employed. Thus wealthy men owe more to the community than they realize, as a rule. Besides honesty and integrity, they owe beneficent activity. They may give some of their money to it, perhaps, or help to maintain some of its institutions, but they should work for it as well as give to it. Personal effort for the betterment of society and the improvement of social conditions is what is most required. Few millionaires, however, feel any responsibility for public service. Few of them, too, take any part in the government of their country, and on this continent fewer still take any part in the government of their city; but, as a general thing, the management of civic affairs is left to men of slender resources, and very frequently to men of slender attainments. The result of their indifference is exceedingly unfortunate. Intent on making money, they devote their energies chiefly to acquiring and investing. They are seldom willing to sacrifice ease or comfort to serve the city, so that the municipality loses, as well as these men themselves. What they give or bequeath forms a small proportion of what they gain, and gifts or bequests are a poor substitute for social service. They can never take its place, indeed. Then most wealthy men spend much of their time in travelling and sight-seeing; and many of them, after amassing a fortune, go abroad to live. In that way the country, like the municipality, loses both their money and their work. I do not say that those who have a talent for acquiring should not use it, but I do say that they should use their talent for serving, too. Money was meant to be distributed, not hoarded, and used for the benefit of society, as well as the good of the individual. Comfort and usefulness are its chief value and its true design. We shall never get men right in their attitude towards wealth till we lead them to see, or get them to feel, that their talents, no less than their possessions, are a sacred trust, and that both their talents and their possessions should be used not for selfish ends, but for the well-being of society.

QUALIFICATION for usefulness is the fourth potential loss. Every man is responsible for example and influence, as well as character and conduct. But often a millionaire sets a poor example and exerts an unhealthy influence. By his example he influences others, younger men especially, to look upon money as the principal thing, if not the be-all and end-all of life. Thus he gives them a wrong impression of its meaning and purpose. He does more than that and worse than that; he helps to make them unscrupulous. Imitating his example, they are led to adopt his methods and resort to his practices. Their imagination becomes fired with a passion for wealth and show, and, like him, they determine to

accumulate at all hazards. Led to obtain money by any and every means, they seek to get not only what they do not need, but also what they cannot spend and will not rightly use. Becoming greedy of gain, they may become miserly, but are more likely to become extravagant and ostentatious. In these ways the millionaire not merely loses his influence for good, but exerts a corrupting influence on those associating with him, because he creates a false standard of living, as well as a false view of life. Some millionaires, it is true, give much away after they amass a huge fortune, and so do a certain amount of good with it, but most of them are largely money-getters all their days. And, though he may become a great giver or a great benefactor, if a wealthy man have acquired property unscrupulously, the evil of dishonest dealing cannot be overcome by liberal giving. His gifts will accomplish something, of course, for the money is not tainted, though the one that made it may be; but that man is self-deceived who imagines that money ill got can be compensated by money well spent. The influence of ill-gotten gains cannot be so easily counteracted, for the reason that wrong has been done and injury caused; and, until the wrong is righted and the injury repaired, the effects of the deeds remain. Nothing but restitution, so far as it is possible, can compensate in cases of that kind. Furthermore, unscrupulous getters influence others far more by their process of acquiring than by their manner of distributing. For one man who will imitate Morgan as an art collector, or Carnegie as a library founder, a hundred men will imitate each of them in his shady method of gaining or his showy mode of living, or in some other unhappy respect. Such is the power of example and such the subtlety of influence that a man may accomplish more by his example than by his efforts, both for evil and for good.

REALIZATION of self is the fifth. Three things are necessary for self-realization. One of these is self-improvement. A person must have time to read and reflect in order to improve. But a man whose whole attention is immersed in financial matters has little time for reading and less still for reflection. His many interests and engagements give him hardly a chance to think his own thoughts or lead his own life—his own best thoughts and his own true life, I mean. Failing to cultivate his mind as he should, he fails to retain the taste for study and the love of literature he may once have had. No man is fair to himself who is always thinking of gold or gain. Another thing necessary is self-restraint. Absorbed in money-making schemes, making money gets to be a passion; and any passion that tends to gain sway over us needs to be restrained, otherwise it becomes a species of disease. In that case a man does not possess his money, but his money possesses him. If a person would develop a symmetrical character, he must exercise voluntary repression over himself. Unless he does that, he is liable to become sordid; and a sordid pursuit of wealth not only lowers a person, but also lessens his interest in higher things. Without a certain amount of self-restraint there will be neither mental nor moral improvement; and to lose sight of goodness is to become less and less, instead of becoming more and more. No person should neglect to practise self-repression, and no one can neglect to practise it with impunity. A third thing necessary is self-sacrifice, or the sacrifice of ease and comfort to advance others, as well as ourselves. To realize ourselves fully we must have an interest in something besides ourselves. We must devote some portion of our time and energy to matters other than our own. Not to do so is to become selfish and self-centred, ambitious only for ourselves and our own concerns; and the use of any power for purely selfish objects dwarfs and diminishes. A man cannot become what he is capable of becoming who does not feel a sense of responsibility to serve his fellows, and who does not render a proper measure of unselfish service for them. There has to be disinterested benevolence. A person must lead an altruistic life in order to realize himself. In other words, he must practise altruism, as well as self-denial. The more he does that, the more he develops a noble personality; for, as the Great Teacher has taught, to paraphrase His words, he who loses his life in beneficent activity finds or fulfils his life. Without an effort to advance the interests of others, or an endeavour to promote their welfare, self-realization is an impossibility. Owing to the number about us who appear to overlook that fact, it was never more needful than now to remind them that a man's life consists not in the abundance of wealth he has, but in the amount of good he does.

SO, while the actual losses of the millionaire are numerous and possible losses terrible, the potential losses are also deplorable; for the man who gets rich, or plans to get rich, at the expense of honour, not merely fails in the art of living, but

(Concluded on page 20.)

Where the State Wastes Labour

CANADA has a little army of two thousand men working in her seven penitentiaries, and they cannot earn even their board and lodging. Suppose those two thousand men were handed over to a railway contractor or a lumberman, how much money would he make out of them? Let us suppose they were drawing wages from such an employer. They would get, at the lowest calculation, \$1.50 a day. That would amount to \$3,000 a day. For three hundred days in the year, the total wage bill of the contractor would be \$900,000.

Putting it another way, suppose the contractor boarded, lodged and clothed them, and paid the balance in wages, what would he pay? He could board and lodge them at five dollars a week and give them the best accommodation they could possibly require. The total board bill would be \$260 a year, or a total board bill for two thousand men amounting to \$520,000. He could clothe them better than the prison authorities clothe them at \$50 a year, or another \$100,000. These two items make a total of \$620,000. If their labour was worth \$900,000, he would have a balance of \$280,000 to pay the 2,000 men at the end of the year, or one hundred and forty dollars each.

Now, compare this with what the Dominion of Canada does with this little army. Last year the total cost to the Government was as follows:

Kingston	\$121,076.44
St. Vincent de Paul	138,796.08
Dorchester	76,746.68
Manitoba	64,743.23
British Columbia	102,080.38
Alberta	75,193.40
Saskatchewan	53,610.44
Total	\$632,246.65

Thus instead of making \$280,000 a year out of their labour, the Government pays out, net, \$632,246. The total loss on this labour is thus \$632,246 plus the \$280,000 of profit a contractor would have made, or a total of \$912,246. A loss to the Government and the labourers of nearly a million dollars a year.

Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? Here is an army of men who are capable of work, who are willing to work, who would be benefited by work, and who are given to the Government to manage, and who so manage them as to lose over \$900,000 a year. Is it any wonder that some people lose faith in government by political parties? Where is the money wasted? In the first place

Sinful Squandering in the Penitentiaries of Canada

By NORMAN PATTERSON

the staffs are unnecessarily expensive. For every convict confined in Kingston Penitentiary, the staff oversight cost \$178.87. In Dorchester, Man., it costs \$210.61. In Saskatchewan it costs \$366.96. What wonderful oversight they must give in the latter institution when it costs \$366 a year to "oversee" each and every prisoner. They have a warden at \$2,200, a surgeon at \$1,200, an accountant at \$1,200, two chaplains at \$800 each, a hospital overseer at \$900, a steward at \$900, an engineer at \$1,000, seven trade instructors at \$800, a deputy warden at \$1,500, a chief watchman at \$900, another watchman at \$750, and twelve keepers and guards, besides several temporary officers. All this to look after an average of about eighty prisoners. Isn't a government a wonderful thing?

TAKING Saskatchewan as the worst example of how to squander the people's money, the total cost per prisoner is \$700. This is made up as follows:

Staff	\$366.96	per capita.
Maintenance of convicts	85.61	"
Discharge expenses	9.72	"
Working expenses	96.57	"
Industries	1.79	"
Lands, buildings, and equipment ...	172.09	"
Miscellaneous	8.86	"
	\$741.60	"
Less revenue	41.02	"
Net cost	\$700.58	"

Now what do the two inspectors, Messrs. Stewart and Hughes, say to this:

"The fact that each man sentenced to hard labour costs the country a dollar per day in excess of his earning seems to require explanation." These two officials are quite right. It is a circumstance which is greatly in need of explanation. Every thinking citizen will agree with them in that statement. Their second statement is equally worthy of record:

"We respectfully submit the opinion that the weakness which has produced such results is not due to the inefficiency of the officers by whom the institutions are primarily controlled, but to the policy by which those officers have been restricted." They thus place the blame on the Minister of Jus-

tice—the head of the department. They go farther and make two recommendations:

"1. That the penitentiaries shall be administered by the minister through his responsible officers, and free from local or other external interference.

"2. That the Government shall utilize the obligatory labour of its wards in supplying, so far as possible, its own needs and requirements."

Not content with this hammering, they go even farther. They reproduce a report made in 1909, pointing out how prison labour could be utilized to advantage, indicating that the information has been in the department for at least four years—two years under Liberal rule and two years under Conservative rule.

These men deliberately and expressly charge the Government before 1911, and the Government since 1911, with extravagance and a waste of public money.

NOW, what are these recommendations which have been made from time to time for ten years, and which, had they been adopted, might have saved Canada five million dollars? They are briefly to the effect that certain Government supplies, instead of being bought from contractors, should be made in the prisons. They include:

"1. Brooms, mops, scrubbing brushes and door-mats for all public buildings.

"2. Letter-carriers' uniforms (including caps and boots).

"3. Rural mail boxes.

"4. Uniforms for employees of the government railways, fishery protection service and railway mail service.

"5. Overcoats for the militia.

"6. Boots and uniforms for the Dominion police and undress uniform (stable suits) for the R. N. W. M. Police."

The other day, the Postmaster-General ordered 100,000 rural mail delivery boxes at \$4.25 each, a total of \$425,000. Yet here on the official files was an offer to make them in the penitentiaries and save the country at least two-thirds of the cost.

BUT enough. The Dominion Government is apparently the most extravagant institution in this country. It prefers to keep its prisoners in idleness, rather than give them honest employment. It prefers to make criminals rather than mend criminals. It ignores the recommendations of its own officials. It ignores the humanitarian principles involved. It maintains, for political reasons, the worst penitentiary system in the Anglo-Saxon world.

Fort Howe Now a Dominion Park

By A. M. BELDING

HISTORIC old Fort Howe, which overlooks the city of St. John, N.B., and which looked down on stirring events in early Acadian history, and whose guns boomed out a welcome to the Loyalists at the close of the American Revolution, is to be made a Dominion Park. In 1911, Hon. William Pugsley, then Minister of Public Works, sent an engineer to St. John to survey the commanding height and report upon the possibility of converting it into a public park. The report was entirely favourable, but no action was then taken. In 1912, Mr. J. B. Harkin, Dominion Commissioner of Parks and Playgrounds, wrote Miss Mabel Peters, president of the St. John Playgrounds Association, asking what historic spots or battlefields there were in New Brunswick which might be converted into public recreation grounds. Miss Peters at once commended Fort Howe to his attention, and brought the matter before the executive of the association, which not only endorsed the proposition, but communicated with other organizations asking their co-operation. As a result the Playgrounds Association, the Historical Society, the Men's and Women's Canadian Clubs and other organizations prepared resolutions, appointed a joint committee, pressed the matter upon the government at Ottawa, enlisted the sympathy and aid of Hon. J. D. Hazen, and were so successful in their efforts that the Government sent Col. Rogers to survey the hill, which is the property of the Militia Department, and upon his favourable report it was decided to create there a Dominion Park.

FORT HOWE was established in 1777, by Major Studholme, who had seen service on the St. John River, and who brought the materials for the Fort around from Halifax. At that time strenuous efforts were being made by Col. Allan and others to induce the Indians and settlers along the St. John River to join forces with the Americans; and raiding parties from the port of Machias in Maine had been doing much damage to the property of loyal settlers along the river and at its mouth. Major Studholme quickly put an end to these incursions, and at a famous treaty made near Fort Howe the Indians pledged their allegiance to the King. Major Studholme was in command at the Fort when the Loyalists came, in 1783, and founded the city of St. John, and he rendered great service in getting the settlers



Old Fort Howe, overlooking the harbour of St. John, which is to be made into a Dominion Park. The old Fort was established six years before the United Empire Loyalists founded the City of St. John. Photograph by Erb & Sons.

located along the fertile valley of the St. John River. Fort Howe was named after the commander of the forces in America at the time of the revolution. William Cobbett, the famous English author and publicist, was once a soldier in garrison at Fort Howe, and there met the woman who afterward in England became his wife. A well near the old Fort,

at which tradition says they often met in their days of courtship, is still known as Cobbett's Well. Much that is of great historic interest centres around the Fort, which commands a splendid view of the city, the harbour and surrounding country. The example of Fort Howe might well be followed in many other places that have helped to make Canadian history.

Through the Medium of Lettuce

Casey Maginnis Took the Bit in His Teeth When He Visited Mlle. Brenda LaFoi

By MADGE MACBETH

JUST as many men find solace and inspiration in a pipe, Mr. Casey Maginnis found surcease from worry in a tooth-pick; it was, one might say, the Damon to his Pythias. He sat, feet propped high, hat tilted low, in a small hotel's small bedroom by the window, which overlooked as varied an assortment of roofs as could be found in a cosmopolitan city. Flat roofs, sloping roofs, tin roofs, gravelled roofs; roofs decorated with the short and simple flannels of the poor, garbage tins or gin bottles; roofs upon which a feeble attempt at landscape gardening had been made, lay unfolded to Mr. Maginnis' callous gaze. He saw none of them; his heart was not in his eyes, so to speak. In fact, that organ, leaving its comfortable ribular quarters—quarters it had occupied for exactly twenty-nine years come Good Friday, was doing its thumping elsewhere. Laying aside the mantle of metaphor, it may be tersely stated that Mr. Maginnis was in love.

Misfortunes had lately descended upon the gentleman in staggering lumps, although they were not of the variety which prevented him from exuding an atmosphere of material prosperity. He was not a minion of the City Hall, sweltering in summer and shivering in winter in a creditable attempt to do what his employers never tried—to "clean up the city." Mr. Maginnis was not a White Wing out of work; nor a White Wing at all. He was not a foreman, nor a timekeeper, nor a porter, nor a carter—vocations which had called many hundreds of his countrymen to swell their ranks. Mr. Maginnis was his own master. He owned an estate some fifty miles beyond the line defined as the city limits, and he grew lettuce under glass.

There was no mortgage on the estate. Lettuce had seen to that. For, with an ease which Atlas might have envied, it lifted what small indebtedness there was, upon its curling shoulders and hurled it back into Isadore Moluski's gold teeth. Why should the owner of the two acres of unmortgaged lettuce worry?

Mr. Maginnis was a bachelor. Females had no place in his scheme of life, with the exception of ancient Norah, the housekeeper; Molley, the equine quadruped; Dolly, the bovine, and Polly, the canine hero-worshipper. Lettuce had provided all the diversion his fancy craved. To those who understand, it combines many alluring attributes; it coquettes, it blushes, it responds, it repels, it nestles, or it withholds. It is an unfathomable study. But with all its feminine characteristics, it cannot keep house. And Norah's rheumatic, but tireless, old fingers were now stilled forever.

Mr. Maginnis had tiptoed about the house for three days after her death, unable to fully realize his loss. Every time a board creaked he looked up smiling, expecting her to appear. He sat at his solitary meals in a state of tension, waiting for some one who did not come. His loneliness in the evenings was intolerable, and the third night found him decided to go to the city in quest of another housekeeper.

The natural thing to do under the circumstances would have been to consult the parish priest. But as the reverend shepherd of the flock had several times made pointed remarks about Mr. Maginnis' celibate condition, he deemed it wise to adjust his domestic trouble without parochial consultation. Until a few moments previous to the opening of this simple chronicle, Mr. Maginnis had not desired a wife; merely a housekeeper. Cynicism was not a part of his makeup, and he did not confuse the two terms. But so ironical is Fate, that here he sat, in a small hotel's small back bedroom absently wielding a tooth-pick and gazing with unseeing eyes out upon the amorphous roofs of a city's lesser causeways—hopelessly in love!

Is it any wonder that the tooth-pick lost its cunning?

CUPID had hit Mr. Maginnis clean between the eyes on the first night of his arrival in the metropolis. He had eaten a healthy supper under the stimulus of metropolitan excitement and had helped himself to the contents of the glass bowl which, adorned with a telling red bow, sat on the table in front of the lady who punched meal tickets. He had found the tooth-picks good ones—capable of much ruminative though unconscious usage.

Feeling that nothing could be gained so late in the evening, Mr. Maginnis had set out upon a digestive stroll before wrapping himself in slumber. But—the gaping maw of a vaudeville house yawned at his feet. As fast as the victims disappeared behind the swinging green doors, the greedy monster smacked its lips and gaped for more atoms with which to fill its body.

Mr. Maginnis threw himself into the breach. He halted before seven photographs of Mlle. Brenda LaFoi, tastefully arranged (with gilt thumb tacks) on an easel, and stared into the wide-open, wistful eyes of the headliner, who was briefly announced as being "THIS WEEK."

Then he bought a ticket and went inside. "Begorra," said Mr. Maginnis to himself. "Be-

gorra, but Millie Brenda shure has got a great pair of lamps!"

He was right. Mlle. Brenda LaFoi realized the kindness of Nature in the matter of lamps, and used them effectively. She was a small creature, black-haired and round faced. Her lips, very red without the use of salve, pouted. Her nose—a good nose—seemed to turn away from the disagreeable odours of life, and her eyes were surely unequalled in the world of mortals. Big, staring eyes, grey, heavily fringed, and set in a dusky ring, which merged into the faint pink of her round cheeks. She had a distinctly modern act, bought for the modest sum of twenty dollars from a wild-eyed young woman on Broadway.

"That's dashed good stuff—for you," the agent had grudgingly approved when she tried it. "I don't know what it means, but that ain't one, two, six. I gotta hunch that you can put it across—and that's all that matters."

Brenda, thus encouraged, put herself in the wild-eyed young woman's hands and learned her lines in a parrot fashion, which, strangely enough, added rather than detracted from them. She bought clothes of irrefragable style and cut, and happily fulfilled Mr. Murray's prophecy by "putting the stuff across," at thirty-five a week. Further, she had risen on the bill-boards to the top of the column, which, next season, would mean a substantial financial advance.

She was a product of the East Side and started out in life as Mamie Begg, to distinguish her from other New Yorkers. But even without a name, Mamie would have moved in an aura of her own. She was a wonderful accident set in uncongenial surroundings.

"I d'clare, I don't see how you came to be a child o' mine," Mrs. Begg was wont to remark with resentment, when her eldest-born would absent herself from the scene of general conflict occasioned by the inebrious homecoming of Mr. Begg. "Aint you got no feelin' fer yer Paw?"

"If yer mean, aint I the nachel jackass to stand aroun' duckin' while he th'ows things, same's one of them Indian knife slingers—No! I aint gotta feelin' in de woild!"

Thereupon Mrs. Begg would express her soul-stirred horror of such unfilial heresy by taking a pull at the gin bottle, and muttering into its warmish depths:

"Fer de lawd's sake!"

MAMIE cut loose from the family tree early in life. With a dozen younger branches to shed their umbrage over the parent stem, she was not greatly missed. She was an odd mixture of knowledge and ignorance, suspicion and innocence, and she looked upon every male creature with eyes of aversion. She saw in all of them the embryonic replica of Mr. Thaddeus Begg, her parent.

She had been variously wooed, especially since her advent into the theatrical world; callow youths haunted the stage entrance, and were more or less serious in their attentions, members of the bill angled for her favour, and local managers, who generally had a wife tucked conveniently out of sight, sought to lure her to suppers. She refused them all. Her encouragement thrown across the heads of the orchestra to the front-seaters was only sufficient to insure her five "curtains." When the presumably bald gentlemen had served her purpose she was finished with them.

"No trained hyenas for dearie," she would say to the guardian of the stage door. "When they come laughin' behind a bokay of toolips, give 'em a bone, an' tell 'em to beat it. When I pick out a joy-ridin' pardner I'll pick a noo style—one that aint fed some flossy in cafes since he wuz out er de kindergarten. T'anks!"

So the guardian of the door, seeing that she was in earnest, usually stood between her and the cavalier world. He naturally thought that she had a jealous husband "in front" and had to behave herself.

Upon occasions when the persevering slipped by, she would remark after a caustic dismissal:

"Hevings! has it come to surroundin' myself wit' bulldawgs fer protection? Don't you let no more of that brand loose on me, son! I'm a noivous woman."

On the evening in question she looked unconsciously into the eyes of Mr. Casey Maginnis as she drawled in the languid voice so fashionable in the best circles, and added another slave to her chariot wheels.

"No, Reginald, I cannot marry you! Do not press me for a reason—I find you false! False!"

Mlle. LaFoi turned slightly to the left and dropped her voice three notes, thereby giving the intelligent person the cue that Reginald was speaking.

"False? What can you mean, Genevieve?"

"Look! These tell-tale documents betray you! Can you deny that you never had your adenoids removed?"

"Genevieve! You can't throw me over thus! Think of the years I have spent in training! Think of the perseverance I have shown in conquering my pigeon toes! Think of the dieting I have done—all—all for you!"

Mlle. LaFoi turned slowly back to right, thereby assuming the character of Genevieve, and spoke in a ringing voice:

"Clarence Pouncefort!"

"The blackguard! He cannot compete! Listen, my girl, and be warned! Clarence Pouncefort has chilblains!"

There was a good deal more of it, but it went, and Brenda retired from the stage twice a day, wondering at the simple idiocy of the public. She disliked the work, disliked the attention her costumes attracted, and was disagreeably conscious that elegant simplicity in dress required less and less in the matter of fabric. A fold of tissue in front, a hook and eye in the back—Brenda's skin was very white!

Mr. Maginnis, supposing that each one of her upward glances singled him out as an object, squirmed, applied his faithful tooth-pick, and felt shivers race up and down his spine.

HE found his way back to the small hotel in a daze. He mechanically prepared himself for rest, but he stood sleep off until sunrise. Ordinarily, he would have blamed the city's noises, the flat-wheeled cars, the rumbling trucks, the penetrating argument of a hundred cats. But Mr. Maginnis was shamelessly honest with himself. He knew the cause of his sleeplessness.

Therefore, at exactly two o'clock, he removed his feet from a nearby chair, arranged his hat at a more conventional angle, and sauntered forth to sacrifice himself once more to the open mouth of the Empire. This time he secured a seat in the front row.

"Millie" Brenda appeared in due course, with a dazzling change of raiment, the lack of which rendered the stricken Maginnis limp. A strange duel began within him; although he abased himself before the tiny regal creature who represented a world so far above him, yet he longed to pull her from her aristocratic perch; he hungered to hear more human and understandable utterances from her redly-arched lips; in brief, he wanted to bridge the gulf between Millie Brenda and himself.

"I got me nerve, all right," he told himself, picking an uncertain way around to the stage entrance. "Maybe she'll have a bunch of dukes and an earl or two waitin' for her. If she turns one of them frozen looks on me, I'll faint, shure's there's a heart in lettuce."

The ferocious guardian who sat at the door was not a subtle person. But he saw in a glance that a reading of Mr. Maginnis' horoscope would have proven his astral colour "green." That an adult, measuring six feet without boots, should be green where vaudeville was concerned tickled Mr. Corby through and through. He was moved under the stress of amusement to practical joking.

"You want to see Miss LaFoi?" he repeated, sternly. "Are you the hair-dresser?"

Mr. Maginnis disclaimed all knowledge of hair-dressing.

"Oh, then you must be the cub reporter she was expectin'," continued the guardian.

Although this sounded like an insult, Mr. Maginnis bore it meekly. His denial was convincing.

"Have you gotta 'ppointment?" demanded Peter Corby, with startling suddenness.

"Not for this afternoon," returned the visitor, with stress upon the time of day, which in nowise deceived the student of human nature.

"Oh, well, you kin try! No. 1 on your left. Mind the steps!" and Mr. Corby smiled as he fancied this huge figure speeding down the corridor, closely followed by a rouge pot, a slipper, a bar of soap, or some other missile convenient to Mlle. LaFoi's unerring hand.

"She said to turn a noo type loose on her, didn't she? Well, here was a poor simp, who by the look of him hadn't never saw the inside of a dressing-room. Gosh, but he looked scared!"

MR. MAGINNIS tread uncomfortably between rows of doors, most of which were wide open. He risked an eye at the juvenile of thirty-five, who sang questionable songs in a shrill key; he recognized the black-faced comedians and the lady tumbler. Then, he felt his hands grow clammy and his throat grow dry as he was brought up face to face with No. 1.

He rapped—a rap in which timidity and manly determination sprang combined from his knuckles.

"Come in!" called a deep voice, from the other side of the panel.

Mr. Maginnis opened the door, slid through the aperture and closed it swiftly.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Excuse me, Miss. I thought you were alone!"

Seated opposite the door in more or less dishabille, (Continued on page 20.)

Men of the Day



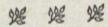
A BIG RAILWAY FIGURE
The Late Sir William Whyte.

Probably Cardinal Bruchesi
ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI seems certain of the Cardinal's hat after he has been popularly slated for this elevation more than once. The Archbishop's recent visit to Rome and his audiences with the Pope have made it almost certain that at the Consistory, to be held in May, a Canadian Archbishop is at last to have a seat in the College of Cardinals.

There are two reasons for regarding His Grace of Montreal as a worthy member of the college. One is that French Canada, in which he is the biggest ecclesiastical figure at present, is the most compact and effective Roman Catholic community in America, or in any country outside of Europe. The Roman Catholic Church is stronger in Quebec than it is in

France, where modern civilization has robbed the Church of much prestige. It is in more direct affiliation with Rome than the church in Ireland, which has national characteristics of its own. It is potentially a greater ecclesiastical asset than the Church in Spain. And it is generally conceded that the influence if not the power of Rome is more directly effective in Quebec than it is in any other country outside of Italy itself.

In this Roman Catholic domain Archbishop Bruchesi is the most powerful figure. He has Italian blood. He was born in Montreal. He is a thorough French-Canadian. He understands the temper of the French people in Quebec better than most politicians. He is an ardent Nationalist. Unlike Henri Bourassa, leader of the Nationalists, he is a diplomat as well as a fighter. He is personally popular with both the French and the Irish wings of the church in Montreal. He is a vigorous conservative in all church matters, both in Montreal and in Quebec Province. By some he has been called a reactionary; by which it is probably meant that while always in the forefront of any social and moral reform movement undertaken by the municipality—if that is possible in Montreal—or by the citizens at large, or by any or all of the Protestant churches, His Grace has always been a Catholic first. He has been, and still is, an ardent opponent of Godfroy Langlois, with his modern crusade on behalf of free compulsory education by the State. He is opposed to strikes and to labour agitations generally. He believes in conserving the French language and literature. He is a champion of temperance. He is a crusader against all forms of laxity in his congregations. He lately put the ban upon two allegedly immoral grand operas in Montreal. He is a deadly foe to the tango and all other forms of free, if not easy dancing. He is opposed to card-playing as a social pastime. Yet he has managed to keep his popularity with the great mass of public opinion both within and without the Church. His election as Cardinal will be regarded generally as a safe and sound ecclesiastical move on the part of Pope Pius; much more popular it may be said than the Pope's reform of music in Catholic churches.



The Plight of Premier Flemming

PREMIER J. K. FLEMMING, of New Brunswick, is in the centre of what may be considered a very lively political agitation, even in that part of the country where people eat politics like breakfast food and take politics to bed with them. Mr. F. B. Carvell, M.P. for Carleton Co., N.B., publicly knows more about what is supposed to be wrong with Premier Flemming than anybody else. Mr. L. A. Dugal, Liberal member for Madawaska in the local House, has sprung the charge which is to the effect:

That he could "establish by satisfactory evidence that Hon. James K. Flemming, Premier and Minister of Lands and Mines, through the agency of William H. Berry, chief superintendent of scalers of the Crown Lands Department of this province, and under the direction of Hon. James K. Flemming, in the year 1913 did unlawfully extort from divers large lessees of crown timber limits a sum of fifteen dollars a mile on their limits over and above the bonus paid by them, that the amounts unlawfully extorted amount to about one hundred thousand dollars, no portion of which sum was accounted for or paid into the revenues of this province."

Mr. Dugal is one of the two Liberal members in a House that has 46 Conservative members in a total membership of 48. He has sprung a sensation the like of which was never known in New Brunswick. The principals in the charge are Timothy Lynch and Co., lumbermen, who claim that they paid in timber bonuses certain sums of money which were over and above the government royalties. Other firms are said to be involved in such bonus payments

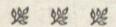
to the Government to the extent of over one hundred thousand dollars. It is charged by Mr. Dugal, and the charge is to be maintained by Mr. Carvell, solicitor for the Lynch Co., that all the said bonus moneys so paid in excess have not been accounted for by the Government and are not entered on Government books as having been used in legitimate official expenditures.

On top of this comes a second charge, which concerns the Valley Railway, to be built by the St. John and Quebec Railway Company between Grand Falls and St. John, to connect St. John with the Transcontinental Railway. In the guarantees and cash subsidies to this line both the Provincial and Federal Governments are involved. The Province guaranteed bonds to the extent of \$2,728,573. The

Dominion paid cash subsidies of \$543,000. It is alleged by the Opposition that the road will not cost more than \$28,000 a mile, which totals up to a sum many thousands less than the amounts guaranteed and paid by the respective governments. It is alleged that this money also has been diverted from its proper channel, and that contractors on the Valley Railway were compelled to pay large sums to members of government before receiving their contracts.

When the charges were sprung Premier Flemming was taken ill. He afterwards appeared in the House, and introduced a bill pledging his government for a guarantee of two millions of bonds additional to the Valley road, or at any rate of \$10,000 a mile extra. This was done because, as the Premier said, an American firm had failed to carry out their contract for the balance of the financing required in addition to provincial and federal assistance. The bill was rushed through a first and second reading by the big government majority. The House adjourned for Easter. On reassembling after the recess the main business of Premier Flemming, unless in the meantime he chose to resign, was to deal with these charges made by Mr. Dugal on the floor of the House and maintained by Mr. F. B. Carvell, member for Carleton Co., N.B. In the meantime the Premier has withdrawn from the House, leaving Hon. George J. Clarke, Attorney-General, as acting Premier, while Hon. J. A. Murray takes temporarily the portfolio of Lands and Mines.

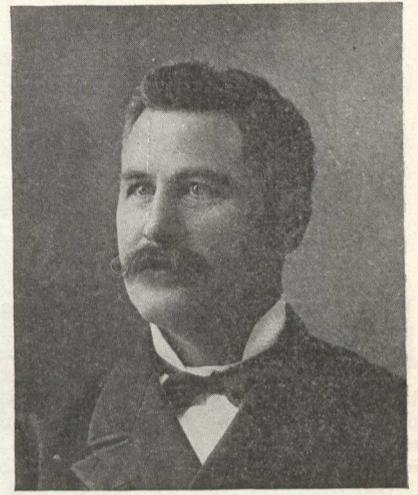
Mr. Flemming, formerly a member of the Hazen Cabinet, became Premier in 1911, when Mr. Hazen resigned the Premiership to become Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the Dominion Government. He has been fourteen years in provincial politics, always being re-elected as member for Carleton. In 1908 he was sworn in as Provincial Secretary. When he became Premier he took the portfolio of Surveyor-General, since changed to that of Minister of Lands and Mines. Mr. Flemming's private business is dealing in lumber.



The Late Sir William Whyte

SIR WILLIAM WHYTE, deceased April 14th, at Coronado Beach, California, was at the time of his death second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was one of the biggest and brainiest railway men in Canada, and was another example of the Scotchman who does well in a new country. His first real job was a clerkship in the factor's office of Lord Elgin's Scotch estates. Afterwards he became a station agent on the West Fife Railway in Scotland; but only for a year. He came to Canada in 1863 and began a twenty years' programme on the old Grand Trunk. Young Whyte started at the bottom. Like his confrere, First Vice-President McNicoll, no less of a Scotchman either, he started in at a career of railroading with the evident intention of staying at the game till the end. He started as a brakeman. Eight months was long enough, even in so slow a country as Canada then was, to keep so good a man at the brakes. William Whyte was never cut out just for the job of keeping speed down. He was intended for a career of full steam ahead—whenever he should get his gait, which he began to do in the old town of Cobourg when he became freight clerk. In two years' time he was freight agent in Toronto; but for five months only. He then became foreman of the freight department and afterwards yardmaster; two years a conductor in his brass buttons and blue; night station-master at Toronto, known to all the cronies for his guttural Scotch accent; then up to the gloomy old Grand Trunk town of Stratford, where the shops were; later to London, which had at that time the second worst Grand Trunk station to Stratford. Bye and bye he was shifted back to Toronto as freight agent, and afterwards as divisional superintendent.

Readers of old Grand Trunk time-tables as the train crawled along the old main line (Concluded on page 21.)



A PREMIER IN TROUBLE
Hon. J. K. Flemming, of New Brunswick.



A PROBABLE CARDINAL
His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal.



TWO "RESIGNED" CELEBRITIES.

Colonel Seely, lately Secretary of State for War, who resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Asquith.

Sir John French, who resigned his staff position as head of the British army over the "Curragh Affair."



Three Score and Twenty

DO you want to add ten years to your life? In all probability you can if you care to. Or, rather, if you take care to. Did you ever notice that it is not the strong people who live to a ripe old age, as a rule? It is the careful people. Care combined with strength make, of course, by far the best combination; but care is a longer-winded runner than strength. You recall Oliver Wendell Holmes' recipe for a long life—"Get an incurable disease, and then take care of yourself." Well, you can do the trick just as well without the incurable disease. Its only function was to make you take care of yourself—just as some people cannot save money unless they have an insurance policy to keep up, or a house to pay for, or some other outside compulsion.

ONE way to take care of yourself is—contrary to common opinion—to keep close in touch with medical men. You hear people say—"Don't bother with doctors, and don't worry about your health; and you will be all right." That is quite as bad advice as most of these glib counsels of carelessness usually are. One of the things we should all learn, is not to be afraid of the doctors. There are folks who think that, when they must consult a physician, they must be in a very bad way—just as there are those who hate to hear of anyone insuring his life, inferring that that is a long step toward an early death. Of course, the opposite is the truth in the case of the doctors. A consultation in time often saves a life which would be lost by delay.

IT is a constant marvel to me how useful the doctors are. A tooth began to worry me the other day. It came down and got in my way when I wanted to chew. By night, it was so sore, and so filled my mouth like a foreign substance, that I began to wonder whether life was worth living. I balked at going to my dentist because I feared he would want to do something painful to it. Finally I went, however. He put his little mirror into my mouth to take a look at it, just joggled the tooth with the mirror, and then said—"That is easy to decide. That tooth is doing nobody any good and never will. It must come out." I remembered the last time I had had a tooth out. The dentist then first tried to push it through the roof of my head, up into an enflamed gum; then he crunched it into a million pieces in his steel forcep; and then he pulled on it, when heaven and earth seemed to let go—and I knew that life wasn't worth living. But this dentist—a modern dentist—just squirted a little cocaine into the roots of this tooth; and it came away with no more pain than a slight pinch on the finger.

MODERN medicine is not only a marvel for effectiveness; but it has become very humane and kindly. Instead of regarding the doctors and the dentists as the high priests of pain, we should look upon them as angels of mercy. And there is a lot in this change of viewpoint. If people will go to them more promptly and willingly, the average of human life will be raised. One of the luxuries I would allow myself, if I were a multi-millionaire, would be a resident-physician. One might get to be a bit of a hypochondriac under such circumstances; but he would simply have to fight against that tendency. As it is, I allow myself the extravagance of going to the best physician or dentist, when I have need of one or the other. I say—"No millionaire can have a better doctor than I can." In that way, I get one of the chief benefits of wealth—without it. And—do you know—the best doctors pay as much attention to a poor patient as to a rich one. I never feel that I am being slighted. They look after me as carefully as if I were a millionaire—and possibly they make some unconscious millionaire pay a part of my bill.

TALKING of doctors, I notice that the cancer experts down in New York have again urged upon all and sundry to come to them at once when that dread disease develops. They tell us that, if they can get it in time, it is quite curable by the knife—that nothing else can cure. This is all very well; but they did not tell us the most important point in the whole affair, viz., how to know when we have got cancer. If I knew that I had been caught by the thing, I would summon a taxicab or a lightning express and hurry off to the best cancer specialist of whom I could hear. I would be promptness itself, even if I had to wake the doctor up in the middle of the night. But the trouble is that most cancer victims of whom I have had knowledge, did not dream

that they had cancer until the doctor told them so. I have even known people to die of cancer, and never know that they had it. I learned it afterward from their physicians or friends.

WHAT is wanted is an educational campaign in cancer symptoms. What an educational campaign can accomplish, tuberculosis has shown us. The layman now knows about as much about tuberculosis as the specialist. If we could do as much for cancer—in the way of diagnosing the malady—the percentage of cures would be increased.

The Partition of Ireland

By THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P., C.M.G.

IF the problem created by the Home Rule Bill was difficult and precarious before, it has been, in my opinion, rendered infinitely more difficult by the proposal put forward by the Prime Minister as "the price of peace." What is the proposal? It amounts to this. That to any county or borough in Ulster in which the Parliamentary voters decide upon exclusion by a majority, even if it may be a majority of only one, the Act for better government of Ireland does not apply and that county ceases, so far as legislation and administration is concerned, to form part of Ireland. It is obviously impossible for the Opposition to accept the principle thus proposed without first ascertaining whether it can be expressed in a workable scheme. It is equally obvious that the Government cannot construct a scheme until they know the extent and population of the excluded area. I should have thought it obvious also that Nationalists, even if they could stomach the partition of Ireland, could not possibly agree to the proposal in ignorance of the effect, financial and other, on the Home Rule portion of Ireland.

I have tried to weigh this matter dispassionately, from a practical point of view, and in my opinion the difficulties involved are so insuperable that it is hard to look at the proposals seriously. Let readers consider for a moment the position that will be created. Large numbers of Home Rulers will in some cases be driven out of Home Rule Ireland by a small majority of Unionists. In other counties Unionists will be forced into Home Rule Ireland by small majorities of Nationalists. That does not seem likely to lead to reconciliation, satisfaction and content. In some parts of Ireland the Lord Lieutenant will be under the orders of his Irish ministers, in other parts under the orders of ministers at Westminster. Different laws and regulations affecting factories, sanitation, housing, may be in operation in different parts of the same country, and will be enforced by different executives. If the Dublin Parliament exercises its limited rights over excise some one will have to build a wall round the excluded counties with customs houses at short intervals. The tangle of finance would be inextricable. The more it is investigated the more impossible exclusion appears. It would dislocate business, would cause intolerable friction, and, far from allaying passion and prejudice, would foment and increase them. It precludes a settlement by consent. It does not make for peace.

NOR is the objectionableness of exclusion lessened by the time limit. The time limit is a fraud. Sir Edward Carson said in his speech following Mr. Asquith that he would consult his friends in Ulster if the time limit were removed. If its removal would ease the immediate situation, I would not object, for to me the time limit is a matter of indifference. Without a time limit the excluded counties could come in when they like, and a time limit won't make them come in any sooner. It is exclusion, and not the duration of it, that is the objectionable feature.

The Covenanters will not have this Bill as it stands, and the Government will not employ troops to coerce them. What would it avail if they did? What fair chance would an Irish Parliament have, begotten in strife, born in bloodshed, its proceedings obstructed by a strong and resolute party, and its decrees forced upon a bitterly hostile population? Ulster must be, and can be, won. Sir Edward Carson was wrong, unintentionally, I am sure, but wrong when he said the other day that no efforts had been made to win Ulster. From the time of the Land Conference, when the Christian spirit of peace possessed the Irish people, when they saw the wisdom of reconciliation and the practical common-sense of unity, Nationalists of many shades of opinion did, by words and deeds, coming from their hearts, strive to win Ulster, and would have done so if the people had held to the

However, it is a good thing to be overhauled by a doctor periodically in any case. Whenever you find anything abnormal, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and let a specialist look at it. It is worth the money when he hums and remarks: "Well, I guess there is nothing there that will give you any trouble—no, nothing that should cause you the smallest uneasiness." And it is a thousand times worth the money when he finds something really serious which should be attended to at once.

BY taking care of your health, of course, I do not mean "coddling." That is a fatal mistake. Hardening is a far better process. But that does not mean that you shall not recognize the fact that you have certain weak spots in your constitution, and avoid putting too much pressure on them. Then rest is a great curative. Plenty of sleep is worth years of life—you do not waste the time you are unconscious; you only postpone its enjoyment. As for eating, if you don't know yourself what you ought to eat, I don't believe that any doctor can tell you.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

national spirit that actuated them then, and which I believe animates the great majority of them still, if they had the courage to say so.

A settlement might surely have been come to then, or at any time up to the introduction of the present Bill. It is useless thinking of what might have been. It will be yet. A settlement will come, but not by dismembering Ireland. This proposal drives a wedge clean through Ireland; splits her in pieces, forces us into two hostile entrenched camps; accentuates every cause of discord in the country; will make a bad Bill absolutely unworkable if it becomes an Act. Is it likely that those who resolutely refuse to accept it now will accept it in seven years? I think not. They will be more hostile than ever. The situation will be the same as it is now, but with this difference. The Government, whatever it may be in power then, will say to Nationalist Ireland, "You agreed to the principle of partition. Well, you must accept it for a little longer." No, the time limit is a fraud.

WHETHER there is a time limit or not, the partition of Ireland is abhorrent to me. To the people of Ireland belongs Ireland, and Ireland, not parts of Ireland, is the inheritance of their children. We have no right to agree to this thing. We want Home Rule. What is home? Ireland, not fragments of Ireland. We want self-governing power for what? For Ireland. How can one have self-governing power without a self, and what is the self? Ireland, not part of Ireland. The sacrifice demanded of Ireland in these proposals is too great. Within the area to which the option of exclusion is offered lie some of the most sacred shrines—Armagh, the seat of the primacy; Dungannon, with its memories of 1782; Belfast, the cradle of United Ireland. She might be asked to sacrifice much, but not her individuality. She is asked to give up the foundation principle that has animated her in all her efforts. And she is to do this for nothing. This proposal offers something to the Covenanters, to the Opposition, to the Government, and to the Irish Parliamentary party. To Ireland it offers nothing but self-destruction.

Ireland united can do anything in reason. United she won freedom to trade. United she won a Land Bill under which, if Ireland had continued united, every tenant-farmer would be by this time absolute owner of his land. Irishmen refuse to play with their homes. Let them remember their nationality, and refuse to have her separated and divided.

There is but one argument that can be used in favour of this invitation to commit national suicide, and it seems to me insupportable. It is said that during this seven years' armistice a well-considered scheme on federal lines may be brought in, and settlement by consent may be achieved. What an argument to use! I do believe that a settlement by consent can be made if the Bill and the proposals of the Government and all other proposals were submitted to a conference, or if the Bill were out of the way; but to create a Parliament for a few years, and for a portion only of Ireland, to give it the impossible task of trying to conduct affairs under an Act bad in itself, and rendered unworkable while another and better scheme was being devised—that is purely ridiculous. A settlement can be made, but not if this proposal is accepted, even for a limited term of years. We shall have to deal then with a situation more exasperated than it is now. We shall have given away the whole principle that Ireland is an entity.

I would prefer anything to that. I would sooner have a Parliament elected by Orange lodges provided it was the Parliament of Ireland. I would sooner Ireland waited, though that is hard for me to say. Ten years ago I thought that if three score years and ten were allotted to me, I would see Ireland come to her own, and might even take some share in the management of her affairs. But not

Sports of the Season in England



Long distance running is still very much in vogue in Great Britain and on the Continent. An International Cross Country Race was held at Chesham, England, a fortnight ago, and attracted considerable attention. It was won by an Englishman. Our photograph shows the race in progress. In the years 1911-1913 the race was won by Bouin, a Frenchman.

then or now would I admit that Ireland is not one and indivisible, in order to gratify personal ambition. Ireland must be patient and firm, and stick to two great principles. (1) Ireland is a nation and must not be dismembered. (2) It is by conciliation, conference, consent, that Ireland will come to her own. The exclusion scheme is a futile attempt to escape from a question of immediate difficulty by creating one of greater difficulties in the near future. There is but one way out, and that is to acknowledge facts. Unforeseen obstacles have arisen. For reasons, the principal of which can easily be satisfied, Ireland will fight against the Bill. To employ force without attempting to satisfy reasonable objections is iniquitous. Force means bloodshed, and bloodshed precludes a settlement by consent. To recast the Bill or to drop it on condition of a Conference is the only safe way out.—"The British Review."

International Cross Country

THE International Cross Country championship was inaugurated in Great Britain in 1903. An Englishman was first in every year except in 1911, 1912 and 1913, when a Frenchman came in first—Bouin doing the trick. But England has won every race on points for the largest number of runners among the first twelve in. The averages up to the end of 1912 were, England, 1 (first place); Ireland, 2.6; Scotland, 2.8; France, 3.8; and Wales, 4.3. Alfred Shrubbs won the first race in 1903 at Glasgow. The race this year was won by A. H. Nicholls, an Englishman. England has managed to hold first place for several years in cross country running, beating France—of late years its troublesome opponent—as it beats France in Rugby football.

Mederic Martin Stories

NOW that Mr. Mederic Martin is Mayor of Montreal for two years, some people are savage and some satisfied. The stories about him are as varied as the prophecies.

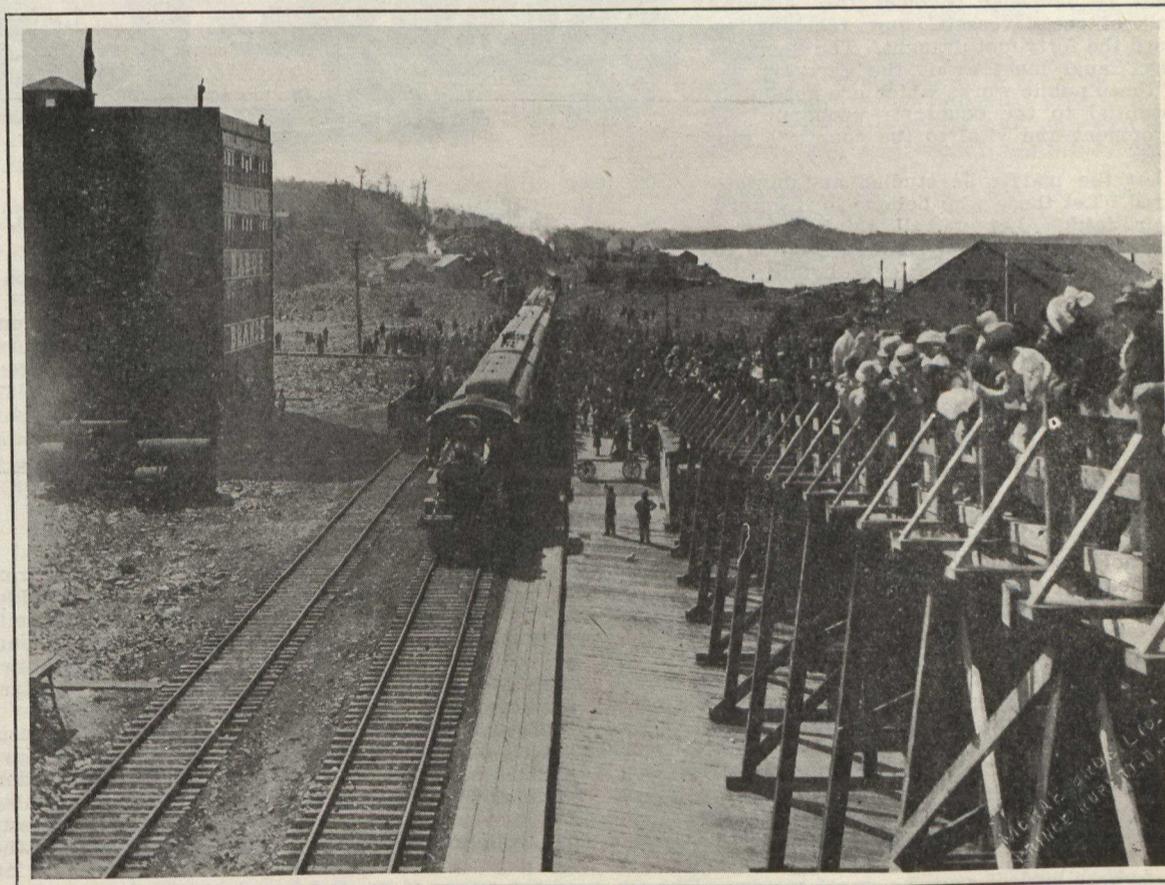
One is to the effect that the day after his election, he went around to see the editors of all the papers. Practically none of them had supported him, although the Graham papers, the Star and the Herald-Telegraph, did not oppose him. Martin went to see them all. "Now," said he, "Mr. Tarte (or Mr. Nichol or whoever it might be), you opposed me as Mederic Martin, but I want you to support me as Mayor Martin. You will have suggestions to make, and I want you to make them to Mayor Martin. I want you to help Mayor Martin. If you do not help Mayor Martin then he will not be happy." And more to the same effect. It is said that the newspaper editors were greatly impressed by this action, and though they fought him hard before, they will now wait and see if he intends to initiate necessary reforms and give Montreal good government.

Another is told of how he met a charge of not being well educated in English. "They say," said he to an audience of electors, "that I shall not be able to make a proper speech in English if royalty should visit Montreal during my term as mayor. Well, now, let us see. Who writes the mayor's speech on such occasions? Did any mayor ever write his own speech? No, my friends, they are written for him by the secretaries at the city hall. They keep these men there for that purpose. If, then, royalty should visit our city, the secretaries will prepare an English speech for me. And I tell you, my friends, that I can read an English speech as well as any mayor Montreal has ever had."



This is a somewhat unusual photograph of a flying kick by a goal-keeper which was obtained in the recent semi-final match for the English Cup, played at Liverpool between Burnley and Sheffield United. The final between Manchester and Burnley occurs on the 25th.

The Completion of Another Transcontinental Railway



The first through train on the Grand Trunk Pacific from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert arrived at the latter city at 1.15 p.m. on Thursday, April 9th. Our photograph shows this historic train being welcomed by the citizens of Prince Rupert.

—Photograph by McRae Bros.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Anglo-Saxon Patience

AS examples of national patience, Great Britain's slow, deliberate dealing with Ireland and the United States policy toward Mexico must ever be notable. The coolness of Asquith, Balfour, Grey, Law and others is almost beyond belief. The patience of Wilson is quite on a par. In some countries there would be cabinet crises and bloody revolution if the issues were as important as the Irish question is in Britain and the Mexican question is in the United States.

The race lacks much of excellence, but it has certainly developed legislative and administrative calmness and tenacity. Not that the common-sense democracy of to-day is entirely a matter of race. It is largely a matter of education. Three centuries of noble political leaders have been needed to carry us even to our present level of administrative placidity.

But the breeders of discontent in Ireland and the fomenters of rebellion in Mexico should not trifle too far. When the Race shuts its teeth hard and goes forward, there is no resisting its courage and determination. In three centuries, it has made not a single failure. In three centuries, it has not turned its back on an enemy.

Georgian Bay Canal

ONCE more, a deputation has visited Ottawa on behalf of the Georgian Bay Canal, or on behalf of the men who hope to profit by its construction. Boards of Trade representing every town, village and city touched by the canal were represented. The play was fairly well done, but it was not impressive.

This is a bad year to talk about a new two-hundred-million proposition. Someone of sense in the Quebec Board of Trade made that point, when it was asked to send representatives to Ottawa. Canada's transportation burdens are now as heavy as it can bear.

Even if the scheme were feasible, which is not certain, there are other problems of equal importance. There are sixty million acres of land in Alberta and Saskatchewan held by speculators which must be transferred to settlers. That will cost the Government of Canada a big sum of money and years of effort. Our forests and water powers have been alienated and must be repurchased. Ontario is now buying back its lands and forests, and the same must occur in other provinces. Our harbours must be deepened to meet the growing bulk of ocean vessels, now reaching toward the forty-foot draught. The Georgian Bay Canal must await the carrying out of those public works which are absolutely essential to the country's economic development and vital to the country's progress.

Let the matter be studied and investigated. Let those who believe in it spread their faith. Let us all think it over earnestly and seriously and in relation to all the other great problems before this growing Dominion. The Suez Canal is to be deepened to forty feet, which shows what must be met in this case.

Influence of C.M.A.

ASSOCIATIONS like the Canadian Manufacturers' Association have influence in proportion to the skill of their leaders and permanent officials. Time was when these men were highly regarded. To-day the factory knights seem to have fallen on a day of ineffectiveness. The men who hold the highest offices in the Association are not the wisest men in that body, and are more or less self-selected. The permanent officials are neither politicians nor philosophers.

Ever since the C. M. A. started to publish an "organ" of their own, the influence of the Association has declined. They have lost touch with the press of Canada, and have gained the secret opposition of some of the trade papers. Their propagandist work is not at all equal to that of the labour interests. Further, when they meet the latter before a legislative body, they show much less skill than the labour leaders. In the recent negotiations with the Ontario Government over the Workmen's Compensation Act, the Labour leaders scored a great victory. The Ontario Act, which will be passed this week, is one of the most advanced in the world.

If the C. M. A. desires to retain any of its ancient

influence in the community, it should set its house in order. Eleventh-hour conventions, such as the one held in Toronto recently, indicate the need for such action.

Reckless Toronto

DESPITE the hard times, Toronto has granted a raise in salary to all its employees, totalling nearly two hundred thousand. The money is being distributed with lavish hand, despite the fact that the city will pay this year \$3,700,000 in debt charges. Next year this will be increased to \$4,500,000, making an increase of about sixty-five per cent. in two years. Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton

A WHITE HOUSE INCIDENT



A Rough-rider discovered under a Professor's gown.
Drawn by N. McConnell.

and Winnipeg must take off their hats to Toronto—the most prodigal community in Canada.

Toronto's tax rate is four mills higher than Montreal's, although its funded debt is lower. This proves that Toronto is not as well financed as its eastern contemporary. The present funded debt is \$61,000,000, and this will be increased within two years by twenty or twenty-five millions of expenditures already arranged for. This will mean an increase in less than three years of about seventy-five per cent.

Military Extremists

CANADA'S military efficiency is in danger from two men—the one who has a patriotic shudder every time he sees a young man tolerate military discipline, and the other is the man who wants to see Canada have an army. Because these two men are active just now, common-sense military training is suffering.

Strange how the father of a family of boys convinces himself that physical training and military discipline are not good for his boys. One can understand the man from the east end of London coming to Canada, and preaching thus—because he detests all discipline. He desires to avoid work, to have the privilege of beating his wife, and the joy of living on the wages of her and her children. One can even understand the professional socialist, whose living depends upon his condemnation of the capitalist and the gentleman. But how some industrious, intelli-

gent Canadian fathers fail to see the tremendous value of military discipline for young men is almost beyond comprehension!

On the other hand, the present Minister of Militia is in danger of going to the opposite extreme. He is doing good work in organizing cadet corps and in getting young men to drill at the right period of their physical development. But he has not cut down the extravagance of a permanent army or modified the expenses of "headquarters." Further armours were needed, but the speed is too great. There is a danger of the people being frightened. The Minister should not prejudice the whole military situation by an undue forcing of the pace.

Success in Politics

UNLESS a party is in power, it feels that it is unsuccessful. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his lieutenants seem to think that they are disgraced by the defeat of 1911. Mr. Rowell, leader of the Ontario Liberals, asks his followers in that province to put him in power. How curiously absurd this attitude!

This obsession is getting into the minds of all the people. The struggle is for office. Look at Ontario—seventy-odd Conservatives fighting like grim death to keep eighteen Liberals in a hole. What would the public say of a football match in which there were 75 on one side and 18 on the other? Would they think it fair? Yet the Conservatives of Ontario see no unfairness in the situation in the Legislature.

Worse than this even is the absence of an opposition in some of the provinces. British Columbia has none, and its disappearance, has meant an excess of extravagance and inefficiency. So in New Brunswick; government there for many, many years, has been lacking in ideals.

Perhaps there should be "A League to Support Oppositions," having for its chief purpose the maintaining of a fairly strong Opposition in every province. If by accident the League helped an Opposition into power, it would at once turn around and support and foster those it had unwittingly defeated.

What the country should do is to see that its own safety and progress depends upon the maintenance of the theory that a strong Opposition is necessary to the success of parliamentary government. Where one party absolutely dominates, then party government breaks down.

Frightened Capital

TRADES unionism is not doing as much to frighten capital away from Canada as the antagonistic attitude of the anti-corporation spell-binder. Trades unionists at least believe that capital should have a fair reward. The anti-corporation advocate is a blind robber, and refuses to allow to corporations the rights which he claims for himself.

In the United States, the anti-corporation agitators have stopped all railway progress. During the past years, a quarter of a million railway employees have been laid off. Services have been cut in all directions. Railway stocks have declined in value and business stagnation is the result. Now, when the damage is done, the people are asking the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant an increase of five per cent. in railway rates.

Municipal ownership and public ownership are splendid principles, but they are applied successfully only when they do not

frighten away private capital. The managers of the big corporations have themselves to blame for much of the trouble, because they have been too grasping. Nevertheless, there is an equal danger in the other direction.

Civic Enterprises

CITIES which indulge in the luxury of municipal ownership are sometimes foolish enough to believe that they are not subject to the same conditions as private corporations. They are therefore surprised occasionally when they find that revenues fall off while expenses increase. Edmonton is an example of the city which has been slightly too optimistic with regard to its municipally-owned utilities. It has four large undertakings, a street railway, telephone system, water-works system, and electric light department. The latter shows a balance on the right side, but according to the Edmonton Bulletin, the water-works shows a shortage of \$100,000, the telephone system a deficit of \$101,000, while the street railway system is more than \$400,000 behind. This makes a total current deficit of over \$600,000.

Edmonton has a splendid system of municipal government. The deficit shown by the utilities is not an argument against public ownership. This deficit is simply an indication that municipal utilities must be affected by financial and commercial conditions in the same way as the business of a merchant, a wholesaler or a manufacturer.

What Will Our Oarsmen Do ?

By J. T. STIRRETT

ATENTION of Canadian oarsmen is directed annually towards three sets of contests, those at home, those in Europe and those in the United States.

For the last three seasons, followers of the sport have centred their interest in the performances of the three eight-oared crews, one from the Ottawa Rowing Club and two from the Argonaut Rowing Club, which went to England in quest of the elusive Grand Challenge Cup, presented annually to the champions of the world. There should be no flagging of enthusiasm this season. Robert Dibble, of the Don Rowing Club, will try to win the Diamond Sculls, which all Canadian scullers, since the time of Scholes, have failed to secure. It is also probable that an eight-oared crew from the Winnipeg Rowing Club will enter the Grand Challenge contests at Henley. If the crew goes to England it will be stroked by Riley, who stroked the four which won the Stewards' Cup at Henley a few years ago. Last year, this crew easily won the senior championship of Canada from the Argonauts and Detroit. The Winnipeg crew is composed of men of different physique from those who made up the Ottawa and Argonaut crews in previous years. Ottawa and Argos filled their shells with bone and muscle. In rowing language, they "secured the beef." A wise provision was this, too, in the opinion of experts who call the sluggish, shallow Thames "a strong man's course." The Winnipeppers, however, did not strike the observer as heavyweights. They were long and strong, gaunt and tough, like the old timber wolves who used to howl about Lake Manitoba; and, when we remember that the Stewards' Cup four were of the same grizzled and hungry appearance, hope stirs that these elongated strips of whalebone may win the Cup.

In the Diamond Sculls contest, Dibble should not be easily beaten. He is a rugged sculler, and the sticky Thames should not sap him. He has stamina, for he swept away most of the United States sculling championships in one afternoon at Boston last season. Finally, he has great courage, the quality which wins most rowing races. It has been reported that Culver, of Winnipeg, will compete, but this seems improbable, for, although he is a finished sculler, he is not rated among the first class men on this continent.

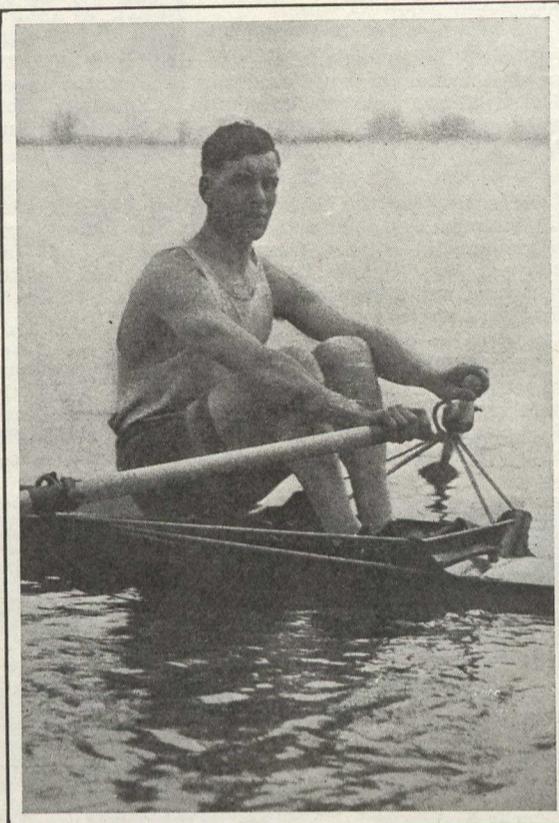
Canadian regattas give promise of stirring contests. The Argonaut Rowing Club, which has concentrated the energies of its best members on the British Henley and the Olympic during the last two years, will turn its attention to the task of regaining the Canadian championships, lost last year, when the Argonauts' colours were preceded in two out of the three final eights races. In some fours, too, the Argos were beaten, and in all the sculling races, so they have considerable lost water to regain. It is probable that they will have four eight-oared crews in training, heavy senior, light senior, first junior and second junior.

ROWING has languished in Ottawa since the retirement of Harvey Pulford; they had the men, the boats, the club, but something was wrong last year. Both Ottawas and Britannias should make a much better showing this season, especially as the Interprovincial Regatta will be held on the Ottawa River. The last Interprovincial, held at Hamilton, justified rowing men in forming the new association. Its object was to stimulate interest in rowing by holding a big regatta after the regular season was completed in a different city every year. The Canadian Henley is fixed at St. Catharines, a convenient place for Toronto, Hamilton, London and St. Catharines clubs, but not so convenient for Ottawa, Montreal, Winnipeg and the Maritime Provinces. The first regatta at Hamilton created much interest and furnished plenty of good sport, as the contestants in the various races were in fine condition after the strenuous season. By holding it in Montreal next year, Halifax the next, or Winnipeg the next, and giving other cities the privilege in their turn, local oarsmen, who might not have possessed the assurance to compete at the National Regatta, will have an opportunity of proving their skill. If rowing reaches a higher state of perfection in the Maritime Provinces by means of the Interprovincial Association, no better results could be attained. It has been a matter of regret that the Maritime Provinces have not turned out more crack crews. There is no finer course in the world than that of the "Arm" in Halifax Harbour, and Scotch oatmeal should produce much rowing bone and sinew. Good oarsmen have been produced, it is true, but not in such profusion as the physique and sea-going habits of the Blue Noses promise.

The Lachine Club, of Montreal, under the coaching of Mr. Sydney Smith, made a very creditable showing last season and should be reckoned upon as formidable opponents for the Canadian championships.

The Winnipeppers, if they do not go to England, will probably defend the honours which they won so easily last season at the Canadian Henley. Detroit crews are always near the finish at Port Dalhousie and will send strong crews this year.

The Pacific Coast rowing clubs confine their attention largely to sculling, and, at the moment of writing, do not seem to possess a sculler of the first rank.



Mr. Robert Dibble, of the Don Rowing Club, Toronto, present single scull champion of Canada, who will compete this year at Henley for the first time.

The National Championships of the United States, which will be decided at Philadelphia, in August, will cause some of the keenest racing witnessed in

many years. Captain Joe Wright, of the Argonauts, wants to win as many as possible. And the Dons, of Toronto, may be as successful in the sculling events this season as they were last season. Duluth has been the rising star in the rowing world. Its crews tested their mettle against Winnipeg, obtaining much valuable information by the process. The eight-oared championship of the United States is held at present by Duluth, which wrested the trophy from the picked crews of the country at Boston. As it is seldom that the championship goes to the Western States, it is certain that the powerful Eastern clubs, such as the Athletics, of New York; the Vespers, of Philadelphia, the Detroiters or the Pennsylvanians will make the most determined efforts to recover it. The Argonauts should beat the pick of them. In the sculling events, Thomas Findley, of the Dons, is probably the best man in America, barring Dibble, who may or may not compete, according to his luck at Henley.

So much for the race winners. Winning races is by far the most spectacular side of rowing, but it is by no means the most important. All over Canada, everything considered, the regattas held by the clubs have the most far-reaching results. The club regatta is open only to members. It gives the beginner his chance. If he has the brawn and skill, he is put in line for promotion. If he has neither of these essentials for racing crews, he has his fun, anyway. At the Spring Regatta of the Argonaut Rowing Club last year, eighty men competed. Only a few of them will ever make the first eight; but they all learn to row, and lay a solid foundation on which to build years of future enjoyment. In the last stages, racing is a stern business. It means plain diet, abstinence from many harmless indulgences, severe physical trials and singing nerves. The big race itself is a mighty thrill, but often thrills are dangerous. But the club regatta race is a hilarious affair, with upsets and splashing and "crab-catching." On the whole it is a good example of real sport, and it is a more creditable thing for a club to have fifty men enjoying a private regatta, than eight men drawn grim and taut in a public race (if they cannot have both the fifty and the eight), which is the ideal state of affairs.

When the Geese Fly North

By ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

(See Front Cover)

THROUGHOUT the night the world of bog, and marsh and shallows has slept with a feeling of insecurity. Spring has gnawed down through the gleaming fetters or the water-courses so that tiny streamlets trail their frost-blackened margins with white, clinging fingers. It is the hour preceding dawn. The night winds are sighing themselves to rest; lispings whispers of strengthening currents drift up to mock their weakening voices.

Dawn finds the low-lying world wrapped in silence. The currents have eaten the life from the jagged-fanged ice that tried to fight them back, and now rush down the polished grooves without murmur or song. The winds are dead. All that morning finds as she shoulders her course through the cloud-banked east is marsh-locked desolation, and the soul of Spring rising in billowy folds of mist to meet her; this and silence.

The vapory clouds lift and fluctuate and drift upward as the greying face of night dips behind the far hills; one by one the fading stars blink themselves out from the lighting skies. Across the dead face of the marshland grotesque shapes grow up and tower menacingly above the baby grasses born in the night, rush-clumps and dwarf trees thus magnified into giant proportions by the shifting bog-mists. Over all rests the great hush of solitudes.

Suddenly that gripping hush is broken. Far down the aerial track of the lighting skies rings out the clarion notes of the grey sky-voyagers, the call of the wild geese flying north to the old feeding grounds. Clear and musical that throaty call is hurled from the veteran leader of the wedge-shaped flock to be echoed all along the line by the strong-winged followers who have learned to trust to his leadership.

"Honkey-honk, honkey-honk, honkey-honk." At the sound the marsh-grasses stir, the sullen ice groans and moves slowly out on the current that has mastered it, the drab marsh-scape assumes a look of waking life.

The cries of the frantic voyagers grow up closer, more distinct through the lifting dawn, until that speeding wedge stands out against a background of rosy mauve; closer, closer, until the whining whistle of strong wings comes to the watcher, and between the long-drawn notes of the wild birds he hears the little muttered calls of assurance from the leader and the low answers of his followers.

That watchful old gander has piloted his flock many long leagues in search of the big, northern marsh-field, and the flock has followed him trustingly as all day long, day after day, he has formed the apex of that swift-moving triangle as it sped the

track of the sky at the rate of sixty miles or more an hour. He has breasted and split the air-currents for them, kept vigilant watch for them, guided them, assured them by low-voiced calls when, weary with the long flight, they have faltered a little in the line, and finally, at close of day, has led them down to safe feeding-fields.

He has watched while they fed, standing a little apart from them with grey body erect and long neck stretched high as his sharp eyes probed the reedy grounds in search of danger-signs. He has not fed until after they had fed and settled down with throaty murmurs to preen their wind-buffed feathers and rest.

Now the long flock are speeding north again. As the mauve in the sky deepens to crimson, the grey leader gives a call that rings far out across the drab world of bog and water. He has sighted the far-stretching shallows that means their long journey done.

Now, wild and clamorous, ring out the cries of the birds as they voice their gladness; the long, double line of wings which move in perfect unison fan the air a little quicker as the old leader twists and drops closer to the black field beneath.

FAR down, just outside a clump of rushes, the big gander has sighted some of his own kind and has heard their answering calls when he sent forth the welcome tidings to his flock. Now he twists closer in towards the rush-clump and honks again and the decoy geese below stretch their long necks upward and send him and his an invitation to settle among them.

The big flock is sweeping in now, sweeping closer, closer to the rush hide in which crouches the shooter, hoping and waiting. Three hundred yards from the blind the big birds pitch and come down and in against the light breeze on strong-set wings.

The shooter braces himself and lifts the heavy goose-gun, but he is to take no toll of the birds that have faced dangers to get back to their own. Just outside of the danger zone, the watchful old leader of the flock has scented danger. With a wild honk he twists upward and out, his frightened flock clamouring in his wake.

Higher and higher the wild geese ascend until far beneath them the wide expanse of marsh-land sweeps like a great plain dotted with shallow lakes and veined with white water-courses, and just as the sun lifts above the scraggy woods far eastward, the old gander leads his weary, hungry followers down to the big mucklands where there is food and safety.

The wild geese have gone north.

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Englishwomen Trained for Canada

By G. BINNIE-CLARK

OUTDOOR occupation is the most agreeable form of work to the Englishwoman. At Studley Castle and Swanley horticultural schools a great number of women take up a course of one, two or even three years' training to equip themselves for the profession which stands for outdoor occupation. Usually a high fee is paid by the pupils and life is simple, but the best possible instruction is given in every branch of work appertaining to outdoor pursuits.

At Arlesey no staff of servants is employed. The Principal, Miss Turner—who at various seasons has been instructress at Mrs. Martin's horticultural school at Bredon's Norton; Viscountess Wolseley's school at Glynde, and also at Swanley—believes that one can only teach pupils thoroughly by charging them with the full responsibility of work. All cooking and food preparation, table-waiting, dusting and polishing, is done by the students, under her personal direction. Miss Turner's partner, Miss Kitson (who, by the way, is sister to Lieut. James Kitson, R.N., who married Lord Strathcona's grand-daughter, Miss Frances Howard), is outdoor instructress. Under her tuition the students learn flower, fruit and vegetable culture outdoors and under glass, also bee-keeping, dairying and poultry work.

The domestic training at Arlesey is particularly thorough. Cooking, laundry work, house-work and needle-work are taught, and certificates are granted to pupils who train for two years. There are many applications from Canada to obtain an Arlesey student as home help, but Miss Turner asks twenty-five dollars a month as minimum salary for her pupils, rightly judging that women who are at the expense of special preparation for the work through which they hope to obtain their ultimate independence, should be able to command a higher rate of salary than the woman who so frequently imagines she can do everything because she has never been called upon to prove that she can do anything.

From the four-acre farm at Arlesey the household, consisting of about twelve persons, is supplied with fruit and vegetables, eggs and poultry; and all samples of produce are taken once a week to the neighbouring town of Letchworth. Two students always go in with the market-cart, and it is quite the favourite "chore" at Arlesey. They sell their wares from house to house, and the income from this end of the proposition averages five hundred dollars a year; although vegetables which would fetch from ten to twenty-five cents in Toronto fetch from six to twelve cents in Britain, and it must also be remembered that the market-cart was started not so much as a commercial enterprise as to give the students experience of the trading end of a gardener's occupation.

Several Arlesey students have already gone out to Western Canada. A few years ago two fellow-students bought land at Enderby in the Okanagan. They cleared several acres, built a most comfortable bungalow, which contained a bath-room with water laid on, and is lit by electric light and furnished with every necessity which must be regarded as a luxury from the point of view of a farmer in the Prairie Provinces. Last year they let the property with the option of purchase to Mrs. Robson, a member of the Lyceum Club, London, England, who went out with her daughter and a friend to start a pig, potato and poultry enterprise.

So far Miss Robson is thoroughly pleased with her beautiful surroundings and the prospect of the commercial end of her undertaking. This week another Arlesey girl, Miss Marie Arnott, sails by the Empress of Ireland for Cowichan, Vancouver Island, to join her friend and former fellow-student, Miss Fox, on a fruit and poultry farm, which they have lately purchased. The greatest interest is being taken by the staff and students of the British schools for the training of women for outdoor occupation in the fortune of those of their number who venture out to Canada.

The News in General

LAST Saturday an invitation recital, given by the Hambourg Conservatory of Music, introduced Miss Ruth Lewis-Ashley, the famous mezzo-soprano, to a Toronto audience in Massey Hall. The singer was assisted by Mr. Boris Hambourg, his last appearance previous to his departure for Europe.

Miss Lewis-Ashley is joining the staff of the Hambourg Conservatory.

Superb horsemanship was displayed by the several women who entered the lists at the recent Horse Show, held in Edmonton. Specially commented upon was the riding of Miss Margaret Cuthbert; likewise that of Miss Beatrice Saunders.

Recently, for the fifth time, Miss Violet Pooley, of Victoria, B.C., won the provincial ladies' golf championship by defeating Miss Phetoe, of Vancouver. Mrs. Ricardo, of Victoria, who held the title last year, was eliminated in the first round, this year, by Mrs. Langley.

The women of the Queen's University Alumnae Association have been working hard to swell the subscriptions to the fund for a women's residence. The total subscription at present stands at \$20,000, of which sum \$16,000 has been paid. At the recent



AT THE MELTON HUNT STEEPLECHASES.

As usual, Lady Diana Manners is centre of the picture. She is called the most beautiful woman in England, and is a favourite mark of the snapshotter on field days when society foregathers. With her in this particular group are Hon. Mrs. Lionel Walrond and Miss Nancy Cunard.

meeting of the Association, in Kingston, a timely paper was read by Mrs. M. E. F. Addison, B.A., of Annesley Hall, Victoria College, Toronto, on "The Value and Importance of Residential Life to University Students." The officers for the ensuing year were elected by the meeting as follows: President, Mrs. John Macgillivray (Kingston); vice-presidents, Mrs. John A. Cooper (Toronto), Mrs. H. A. Lavell (Kingston), and Miss M. Gordon (Kingston); secretary, Miss J. Muir (Ottawa); and treasurer, Miss M. Redden (Kingston).

Dr. Ritchie England, of Montreal, was the guest of honour at a farewell luncheon given by Mrs. Allister Mitchell and Mrs. J. A. Henderson, at the Ritz-Carlton, previous to her departure for Rome, to attend the quinquennial of the Women's Council.

Mrs. Langstaff, president of the Daughters of the Empire in the United States, will be one of the interesting visitors in Toronto for the annual meeting of the Imperial Order in May.

The membership of the Ottawa Equal Suffrage Association was shown at the recent annual meeting to have achieved a remarkable increase—the enroll-

ment, which was only one hundred in November, being two hundred and twenty-five at the present time. The body has dispensed much suffrage information by means of both printed pamphlet and public lecture, and has thoroughly fulfilled its aim to be educative. Officers for the coming year are as follows: Hon. president, Mrs. J. C. Cox; president, Miss Burt; first vice-president, Mrs. W. W. Edgar; second vice-president, Mrs. J. G. McNulty; corresponding secretary, Miss L. Abbott; recording secretary, Miss Helen Asselstine; and treasurer, Miss W. Fyles.

Mr. James Redmond and Miss Redmond are sailing from England for Montreal about the middle of May, to be present at the marriage of their nephew, Mr. Redmond, to Miss Edith Shaughnessy, which is announced to take place on June 3rd.

On Wednesday last an event in Toronto was the Shakespearean fete of the Heliconian Club. Songs from the plays were delightfully rendered by Mrs. R. J. Dilworth, Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, Madame Innes-Taylor, Mrs. Denison Dana, Miss Hicks-Lyne and Miss Muriel Bruce, and were illustrated by living reproductions of Edwin Abbey's famous pictures.

Lady Drummond was hostess at a recent reception in honour of the poet, Alfred Noyes, whose lecture entitled "The Future of Poetry" had been much enjoyed in Montreal by the members and friends of the Women's Canadian Club.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, was recently invited to take the platform at the luncheon of the local Industrial Association. Mrs. Murphy is a member of the Ladies' Auxiliary and spoke with a great deal of force and good sense along the line of a city beautiful. After the luncheon the auxiliary remained and organized a women's branch of the Industrial Association to do definite work. Officers of the same are as follows: Convener, Mrs. W. L. Richardson; vice-convener, Mrs. Frank Morgan; secretary, Mrs. Strong; and treasurer, Mrs. L. Chown.

The University Women's Club of Ottawa held its fourth annual dinner, last week, at the Chateau Laurier, which was followed by a reception in the foyer. Various universities of Canada, the United States, England and Germany were represented; and perhaps the ablest speaker present was Professor Carrie Derick, of McGill.

Halifax Happenings

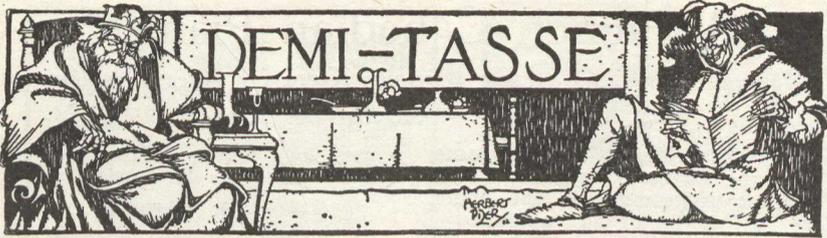
INTEREST locally in the work of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has been greatly stimulated by the recent visit of Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton, of Toronto. One result of that visit has been the organization by the public school teachers of the city of a new chapter of the Order, with Miss Kate MacKintosh, associate principal of the Halifax Academy, as Regent. While in the city, Miss Boulton, who was the guest of Mrs. Leonard Murray, addressed a finely representative audience in the Assembly School for the Blind; the members of the Teachers Union; and the students of the Halifax Academy.

At its meeting a few days ago the Halifax Board of School Commissioners took a progressive step in the appointment of a school nurse, Miss Nora Larkin, a member of the Nova Scotia Graduate Nurses' Association, being the appointee. The suggestion to appoint a school nurse was made at the last annual meeting of that association, when Mrs. Struthers, of Toronto, gave a very convincing address in which she told of the usefulness of the school nurse elsewhere.

Largely as the result of the efforts of the women of the Halifax County Anti-Tuberculosis League, there has been opened here, at the North-west Arm, a sanitarium for advanced cases, known as "Hazelwood." Among those who have been specially active in the movement which resulted in the opening of the sanitarium are Mrs. Edward Farrell, Mrs. A. J. Mader (wives of two of our leading physicians), and Mrs. William Schon.

On April 18th the marriage took place, in Halifax, of Olive, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Stairs, of the old firm of Stairs, Son and Morrow, and Mr. Robertson, of Liverpool, N.S. Both the principals are great social favourites.

A. H.



Courierettes.

TORONTO woman willed all her property to her husband on condition that he remain single. She knew he had suffered enough.

Snails are to be worn as talismans in the hair of fashionable women. Appropriate, when we come to think of the snail's pace at which some of them do up their hair.

A German court has declared kissing, under certain circumstances, to be assault and battery. We hear of few prosecutions, however.

Toronto is to have ten seats in the Legislature of Ontario. Perhaps the citizens would be more gleeful if they found the ten seats in the street cars.

These are the days when a lot of good wrapping paper is being wasted by young fellows who think they are writing spring poems.

Roosevelt has shot a strange animal with an unpronounceable name in South America. Are we still to believe that Teddy never drinks?

New York stores were decorated in honour of the invasion of 300 Toronto teachers at Easter. Afterwards the Canucks' money decorated the tills of the said stores.

Sarah Bernhardt is to make another tour of America. Yes, it is another farewell tour.

A Toronto man was fined \$10 for speeding in his auto on his way to church. At least that's what he said, but the rest of us have our opinions.

Krafchenko, the Western murderer, puts in much of his time singing hymns. That's better than shooting bank managers.

Over \$300,000 were given away in the United States and Canada during the past year. We had not noticed it.

The Safety First League has hit upon the idea of giving the children free movie shows to demonstrate the dangers of the streets. That's real genius.

Kindred Spirits. — Toronto has just placed in her Zoo two camels—the kind that can go without water so long, you know. They should feel at home in that city.

George Ade's Little Joke.—A theatrical man who travelled through Canada recently relates an interesting anecdote of George Ade's early life, in the days when he was associated with the theatre, though in a rather humble way. This, of course, was years before Ade's fables in slang brought him fame.

George called one morning on the editor of a Sunday paper, on a mission from a theatrical manager.

Entering the editor's office he began, "I have brought you this manuscript—"

He got no further just then. The editor had glanced around and sized up the tall, timid youth as an amateur poet or novelist.

"I see," he interrupted, in an acid tone. "Well, just throw it in the waste paper basket. I'm very busy just now and haven't time to do it myself."

George Ade obeyed his request calmly. Then he began again.

"I have just come from the theatre and the manuscript I have thrown in the waste paper basket is your drama, which the manager asked me to return to you with thanks. He suggested that the proper place for it was with the waste paper."

Then George smiled a little vengeful smile and bowed himself out.

Yes, It Seems Reasonable.—The president of the Singer Mfg. Co. put a \$500,000 cheque on the collection plate of a New York church the other day for the benefit of the choir.

He probably figured that the singers in the choir needed the money more than the Singers outside it.

Hard to Punish Him.—A man in Texas was found to have sixteen wives in different parts of the country, and he was given ten years in jail. We rather think ten years won't worry the man who had the nerve to tie himself up to sixteen women.

Defining Liberalism.—Mr. J. G. Murdoch, President of the South Bruce Liberal Association, has found in the Bible a definition of what a Liberal it. Mr. Gustave Evanturel, ex-M.P.P., has another definition, but it would probably be hard to find it in the Bible.

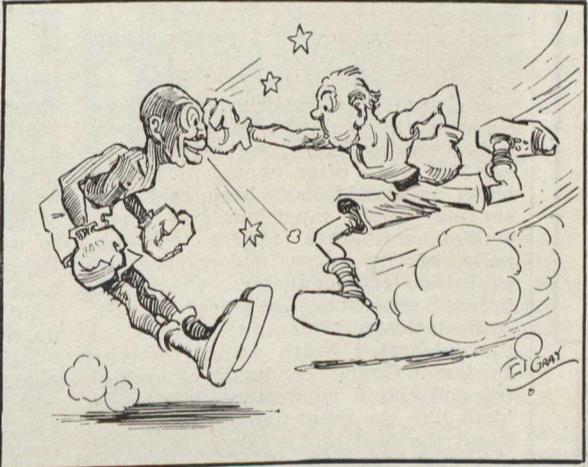
Quite a Site.—The Toronto Globe tells us that a playhouse for amateur actors is to be erected in Toronto, within the radius bounded by Bloor Street, Jarvis Street, and Queen's Park.

That site should be sufficiently large, at any rate.

The Retort Courteous.—He—"I can't afford to make a fool of myself."
She—"Oh, go on and do it. It won't cost much."

What More is Wanted?—There is a great deal of harsh criticism of the Ontario Government for its refusal to introduce any radical temperance measures.

What do the temperance folk want?



"One t'ing, Mistah Whitehope, yo' can't gib me a black eye!"

Hasn't the Government just rushed a measure through the House to enable Ottawa to get a supply of pure water?

A Tragedy of Spring.
Jimmy, the demon batter,
Jimmy is in disgrace;
In the midst of the game his
mother came
And yanked him off second
base.

Ten Terse Truths.
We cannot rise in the world by merely building castles in the air.
Life would not be so uncertain if it were not for the sure things.
There are people who find it harder to spend money than to make it.
Ennui is a disease that attacks peo-

ple who are so lazy that they get tired resting.

Some young men are so very wise that they give us the impression of having been born late in life.

It was an apple that caused the fall of Adam, but many of his sons have been tripped by a peach.

A word to the wise is sufficient—and frequently too much.

You'll find it a heap easier to borrow trouble than to get rid of it.

A heroine is a girl who cannot sing, knows it, and cannot be coaxed to try.

This is a land of plenty—plenty of people who haven't got plenty.

Bigamy Defined.
Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the noted New York rabbi, who recently spoke in several Canadian cities, is a man who uses terse and apt phrases to describe men and things.
Recently a young member of his congregation, puzzled over a charge laid against his stepfather, asked Dr. Wise what bigamy was.
"Well," said the rabbi, "in some countries it is a crime, and in others a religion."

The Wise Way.—Senator Slick is a wise politician.

When he learns that some of his constituents disagree with his policy he keeps tab on them until he finds that they are in a respectable majority. When they are, he changes his course to agree with them.

Keeping Up With the Times.—By a recent order of King George, his second son, Prince Albert, gets an increase of \$5,000 in his yearly allowance, giving him a total of \$15,000 spending money per annum. The high cost of princes keeps pace with the high cost of living.

A Confession.—"The city is governed by a mayor, four controllers and twenty aldermen."—Toronto Telegram.

This is surprising. Readers of the Telegram had the idea that Toronto was governed by that journal. The confession comes as somewhat of a shock.

Ending the Argument.—The two little boys were having a heated argument about the respective merits of their fathers.

"My father can lick your father," at last asserted Johnnie, in triumphant tones.

"That's nothing," contemptuously retorted Willie. "So can ma."

Proper Directions.—A Canadian who has just been to New York on a pleasure jaunt tells an amusing little incident of Gotham's amusement life.

He went to the Carnegie Lyceum. It's a big place with several different entertainments going on at the same time in various parts of the building. On this particular day they had moving pictures of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" on the ground floor and an orchestra concert upstairs. High brow music lovers and patrons of the movies would have got all mixed up in looking for their respective places of entertainment if it had not been for a big-voiced negro porter who stood at the stairs to announce in stentorian tones:
"Dis way to de Symphony Concert. Less Miserubble downstairs."

Modern Version.
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Smite crashing blows, and deal them all day long;
And so make life, death and the vast forever
One Chinese gong!!!

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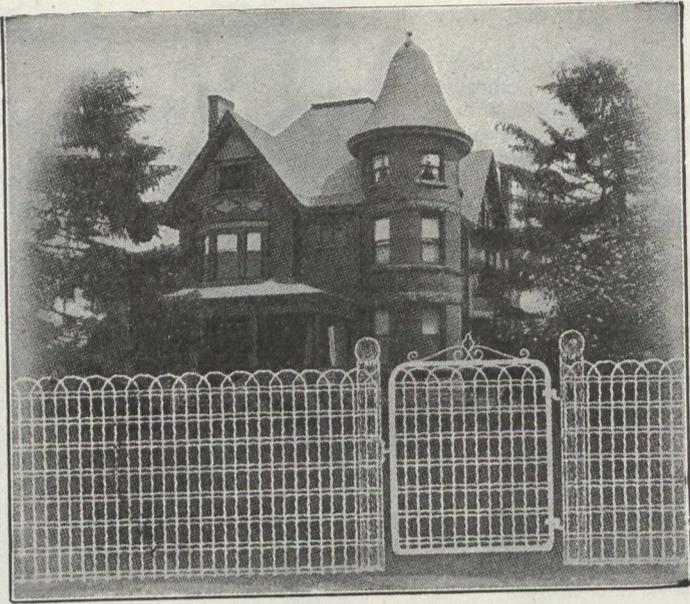
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NORMAN RICHARDSON, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto.

A French-Canadian Pianist

Madame Djane Lavoie-Herz Worthily Keeps Up Race Traditions

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

ON Tuesday, April 21st, Madame Djane Lavoie-Herz gave a brilliant programme on the piano before a distinguished audience—assuming that society people are of necessity good judges of music. The Madame is a young French-Canadian who was born in Ottawa, studied first in Montreal, afterwards in London, Paris, Berlin and Brussels. Madame Herz is probably the most brilliant living French-Canadian exponent of the piano, an instrument to which most French-Canadians do not take so readily as to the violin. Quebec Province has many students of the violin, some of whom have achieved eminence. At least one great singer, Madame Albani, was born in that Province, and one almost great, Madame Beatrice La Palme, in Montreal. Composers there have been a few; most conspicuous being Mr. Lavelle, who wrote "O Canada," and was besides a brilliant pianist who went considerably on tour in America, and was much better known in Boston and Chicago than he was in Toronto or Winnipeg.

But the French people in Quebec, as in France, are undoubtedly effi-

cient in music. Montreal has a large number of very able exponents of vocal and instrumental music, many of the best of whom are of French-Canadian birth. Names of many of these have been published at various times in the columns of this paper. It is a matter for regret that we have not had space often enough to say as much as should have been said concerning such musicians as Prof. Guillaume Couture maitre de chapelle, of St. James, and well-known choral society conductor; Octave Pelletier, venerable organist of St. James; Joseph Dussault, organist of the celebrated Notre Dame Church; Professor Goulet, conductor of orchestra and choral conductor—Belgian by birth like the great Jehin-Prume, who spent the best of his life in Montreal and died there; J. B. Dubois, leader of the well-known Dubois String Quartette, the oldest chamber music organization in Canada; Prof. Alexis Contant, composer and conductor; Paul Letondal, distinguished pioneer in music; Dominique Ducharme, one of his most brilliant pupils that ever studied abroad, following the advice of Letondal, who really started the movement of sending young Canadian students to Europe; Charles Labelle, another Parisian student and composer, father of Gustave Labelle, 'cellist of repute; not forgetting Madame Beatrice La Palme, prima donna, who began by studying violin under Jehin-Prume, Emiliano E. Renaud, Joseph Saucier, Alfred Laliberte, piano performer and teacher; Alfred DeSeve, native Montrealer, who was for years violin soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and is now resident in Montreal; Prof. Gagnon, forty years organist of the Basilica in Quebec; Emil Taranto, violinist—and many more whom it would be difficult to enumerate without devoting

a very long article to the subject of French-Canadians in music.

* * *

It will be noticed, however, that most of these were born either in Montreal or in some little town to the east. It is seldom that we hear of a really eminent French-Canadian musician born in Ottawa, and more especially a lady who, at the age of twenty-five, after a series of public recitals elsewhere, is able to give such a programme as that in the Chateau Laurier last Tuesday:

Programme.

1. Fantasia and Fugue in G minor
J. S. Bach
Fantasia in C minor.....Mozart
2. Sonata in F minor, op. 5
Joh. Brahms
Allegro maestoso.
Andante espressivo.
Andante molto.
Scherzo Allegro energico, Trio.
Intermezzo (Retrospect) Andante molto.
Finale Allegro moderato ma rubato.
3. Praeludium in E major.....Corelli
Gigue in A major.....Corelli
Prelude for the left hand alone,
op. 19 Scriabine
Prelude, op. 11, No. 13..Scriabine
Mazurka, op. 3, No. 9....Scriabine
Fantasia, op. 49 Chopin
4. Nocturne, op. 72, No. 1....Chopin
Polonaise, op. 53 in A flat...Chopin

* * *

Scriabine is the man to whom the Madame owes most of her broad catholic training in music. She became well acquainted with the Russian composer in Brussels during her first trip to Europe, and to him she owes much of her insight into forms of art other than music.

It was in her most recent musical tour in Europe that Miss Lavoie met and married Herr Siegfried Herz, a writer of some reputation on a variety of subjects. Her recital in Ottawa this week was the first in this country since her marriage.



MADAME DJANE LAVOIE-HERZ.

Music in Winnipeg

THE seventh annual music-fest in Winnipeg was held last week in a six-concert cycle by the Oratorio Society and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. Interest in this yearly festival is on the increase. It may be all very well for Bernard Shaw in his book, "The Perfect Wagnerite," to jibe at what he calls the stupid music festivals of England and to wish that England could have one Bayreuth instead. The criticism may have some point in England, though what would the average Englishman do without his feast of music at Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield and Blackpool? Very likely the amiable G. B. S. will have something clever to say about the stupidity of a Canadian choir going to England in 1915 to give a series of concerts in these festival towns. And quite as likely if he were living in Winnipeg he would advocate some sort of Bayreuth—probably of Cree Indians—to replace the regularly recurring festival of oratorios, cantatas and orchestral works given by the Winnipeg societies and the visiting orchestras from Minneapolis and St. Paul. But Winnipeg would refuse to take him seriously, because that sort of musical celebration is just the kind of thing Winnipeg needs and knows how to appreciate. Before any Bayreuthian projects can be established in any country the people must be given a chance to hear good standard works of all sorts under the best possible conditions. This the Winnipeg Oratorio Society and other choral organizations in that city and all over the West are doing.

Winnipeg has no easy task to maintain a strong musical lead over such aggressive music centres as Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Regina. The big yearly festival, supported by a single city, is the way.

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The unquestionable safety of this investment is much more important to the person with limited resources than to the capitalist. To enable those who have only small sums to invest to do so safely, we issue

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Echoes of the Macdonald Flotation

NEWSPAPERS and financial journals have printed with considerable glee some outspoken remarks by President Ryley, of A. Macdonald Company, in the recent annual report issued by that concern. These remarks tended to reflect upon the Dominion Bond Company for its failure to comply with the terms of their underwriting agreement. This may be a good way to cover up the somewhat trying situation in which the Macdonald Company now finds itself, but it is not a fair explanation of the case. When an underwriter makes a flotation of a company at an exceptionally high value, is the underwriter the only one to blame? Is there not something to be said in condemnation of the people who lent their names to the underwriter and mortgaged their property to him in order that he might sell it to the public for more than it was worth?

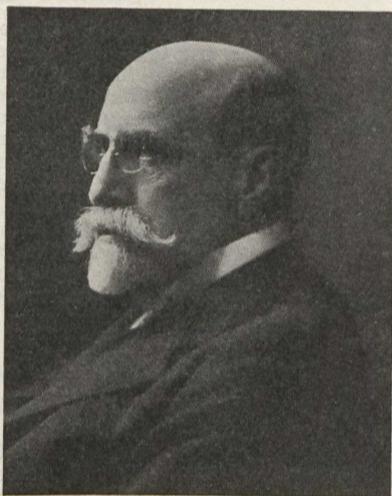
One is not surprised that the daily newspapers should take a whack at the Dominion Bond Company, seeing that it is very easy to kick a man when he is down. Nevertheless, one would hardly expect that the financial journals would be guilty of such carelessness. If the people who are in the Macdonald Company and the people who sold this business to the new company at an extravagant price, now find themselves in a position which requires explanation, they should not put the blame all upon "the other fellow." They must share any blame which may attach to this whole series of transactions. They, as well as the Dominion Bond Company, owe an apology to the public to whom they sold common stock at 40 which is now worth 10, and preferred stock at about par on which no dividend was paid last quarter.

No one desires to excuse the Dominion Bond Company. They did wrong and they must pay the penalty. If times had been good, and the boom had been maintained, they might possibly have succeeded in the flotation which they undertook. Fates were against them. Yet it ill-becomes President Ryley and his co-directors to put the whole blame on the Dominion Bond Company. There was a bargain made, and the Bond Company was only one of several parties to that agreement.

New President Manufacturers' Life

MANY years ago the late Mr. George Gooderham was president of the Manufacturers Life Assurance Company. He had been one of the founders of the company, and it is natural that his eldest son should later identify himself with the Manufacturers Life.

Mr. Wm. G. Gooderham was last week elected president by the directors of the company to succeed the late Hon. Sir George W. Ross, who had been president since 1901, at which time the amalgamation with the Temperance and General Life took place.



WILLIAM G. GOODERHAM, ESQ.

facturers' Life upon their good fortune in having convinced him that it was his duty to take the vacant presidency.

Mr. R. L. Patterson takes the vacant vice-presidency, and Mr. E. R. C. Clarkson fills the vacant directorship. The announcement of a new general manager to succeed the late Mr. Somerville will probably be made this week.

The Extravagance of Canadian Cities

MONTREAL and Toronto are setting a terrific pace in regard to their debts. With the possible exception of Boston, these two cities are rapidly approaching the position where it can be said that they have larger debts than any other city in America. The Toronto Bureau of Municipal Research points out that the debt charges in the city of Toronto between January 1, 1913, and January 1, 1915, will have increased over sixty per cent. The amount set aside for debt charges this year is \$3,695,663, and by the first of next year the annual debt charge will have grown to \$4,500,000. Montreal is in pretty much the same place.

Toronto's funded debt is now \$61,000,000. The increase during 1914 is estimated at \$15,000,000. There is also another amount of about \$10,000,000 already decided upon. Thus Toronto's debt in the near future will be \$86,000,000.

The lesson that the Canadian cities must learn is that the debt charges should never exceed twenty-five per cent. of the current revenue. In Toronto and Montreal it is already beyond this safe margin.

Bonus Stocks

CANADIAN companies are not alone in their practice of issuing common stock to their shareholders without any return to the company. In a recent report of the Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Company, an English concern which has a branch in Canada, it is mentioned that last year the company issued four million dollars' worth of common stock as a bonus to the ordinary shareholders. Three months later, it issued five million dollars in second preference shares at par. In spite of these new issues the dividend paid was twelve and a half per cent.

If a Canadian company had done such a thing it would be accused of "watering" its stock, and the directors would be roundly denounced by the

BONDS

A list of GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL, RAILROAD, PUBLIC SERVICE and PROVEN INDUSTRIAL Bond Investments sent on request.

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Chief Toronto Agents.

The Royal Bank OF CANADA

Capital Authorized \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up \$11,560,000
Reserve Funds \$13,000,000
Total Assets \$180,000,000

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5% DEBENTURES INTEREST PAID EVERY SIX MONTHS

Capital Paid Up, \$2,000,000.00
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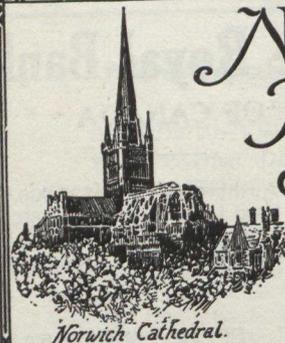
Wills appointing the Company Executor are kept in our Safety Deposit Vaults free of charge.

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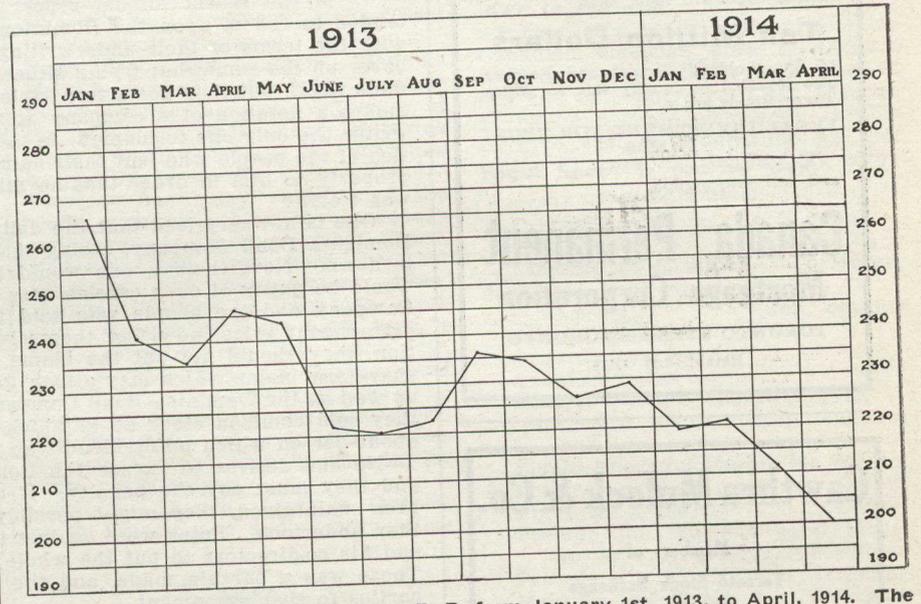
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financial writers on the English papers. Yet here is one of the largest and most influential shipbuilding companies of Great Britain issuing four million dollars' worth of stock to its shareholders without a cent of return to the company. Judging from the dividend paid, this issue of new stock was necessary in order to keep the rate of dividend down to a reasonable amount. It is plainly an attempt to deceive the public. The question naturally arises, "If it is right for the Armstrong-Whitworth Company to distribute bonus stock to English shareholders, is it wrong for a Canadian company to issue bonus stock to Canadian shareholders?"

C.P.R. Stock for Fifteen Months



This diagram shows the course of C. P. R. from January 1st, 1913, to April, 1914. The price taken in each case is the highest bid during the month. Since April is not yet passed, 200 is taken, because the trend is downward. At the time of going to press C. P. R. was quoted closing at 200. Note that in January and December of 1913 the quotations are ex-rights. Rights to the value of \$23 were given during the year: \$19 1/4 in January, and \$4 in December. The first days when the stock was quoted ex-rights were, respectively, January 2nd and December 23rd.

Canned Goods, Limited

THE canners of Ontario have decided that, since Union is Strength, they had better get together. Accordingly, some forty independent canners have formed a holding company under the name of Canned Goods, Limited, with a capital of \$100,000. The holding company will be represented by Mr. W. H. Millman, a Front Street merchant, who will act as agent. The company will take the output of several canneries and thus reduce marketing expenses, while the supply will be more nearly adjusted to the demand.

Canned Goods, Limited, is not a combine in the ordinary sense of the word. Each of the forty independent canners has acquired so much stock in the holding company, through which his goods will be sold. Heretofore, the small canner couldn't compete with the larger concerns, since the latter could cut prices. Now, however, the small man, through the holding company, can afford to sell at the same price as the large combines.

A New Company

ANNOUNCEMENT is made in the Montreal papers that the Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company of Toronto has been taken over by the Dominion Engineering and Machinery Company, and that there will be a new flotation of the latter's preference stock in May.

The new company will be capitalized at \$2,000,000, in equal amounts of cumulative participating preference stock, and common stock. The preference stock will bear 7 per cent., and when the common has received an equal amount, the preferred will participate to the proportion of one-third to two-thirds in any additional surplus which may be distributed.

The new capital will allow extensions of business and incidentally repay bank advances. The company has paid dividends on preferred and ordinary shares since its incorporation in 1894. The Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company's balance sheet as at December 31 shows assets of \$1,816,406, of which \$614,000 is capital, and some \$440,000 reserve accounts of various kinds.

The Bank of Alberta

DURING the present session of the Dominion Government a bill was passed to incorporate the Bank of Alberta. The provisional directors of the bank are Messrs. Thomas Underwood, of Calgary; William Sugarman, D. R. Fraser, F. M. Lee, A. Jackson, G. S. Montgomery and E. S. McQuaid, of Edmonton.

These gentlemen are arranging for a permanent board of directors and intend to make the board as representative of the Province of Alberta as possible. One or two additional men from Calgary, a representative from Medicine Hat and one from the more southern section of the province, around the Lethbridge or Macleod district, will be asked to join the board. Due provision will be made for Edmonton representation on the board, as, owing to the fact that the head office is in Edmonton, it will be desirable to have at least a quorum of the directors resident in that city or in the immediate vicinity.

The Steel of Canada Report

STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA report for 1913 shows net profits, after expending \$516,084 for repairs, maintenance and improvement of \$1,640,011, which compares with net profits of \$1,547,039 at the end of 1912, an increase of about \$93,000.

Of this amount, \$480,000 was taken by bond interest, \$454,741 by dividends on the preferred stock, \$137,500 was credited to the fund for depreciation, renewal and improvement of plants, \$56,738 was written off plant account, and \$511,621 was carried to credit of profit and loss.

The report states that since Dec. 31 the directors have disposed of \$850,000 of the first mortgage bonds of the company, and the working capital has been increased by the proceeds of that issue.

Montreal's Civic Spectacle
By MONTREALER

MONTREAL'S complicated municipal election on the sixth instant has produced something more than merely the officials for a new civic administration. It has given rise to reflections for which it would be impossible to find a foundation for in any other city in Canada—or Timbuctoo. Major Stephens, the mayor-alty candidate of the Citizens' Association, and, to the casual observer, heartily supported by both the French and English press, was defeated by Alderman Mederic Martin—also M.P.—who had practically been repudiated by every newspaper in the city, by more than five thousand votes out of a total poll of about 75,000.

These latter figures, in themselves, give rise to the first reflection, in the nature of wonderment that, in a campaign in which it was claimed by both candidates that there were vital issues depending on the result, no more than that number of votes were cast out of a total of more than one hundred and thirty thousand who, according to the lists, were entitled to vote. After making due allowance for deaths, absentees, those who were too ill to get out to vote, and the customary quota of "stay-at-homes," still it is apparent that little, if any, more than two-thirds of the qualified electors cared to record their preferences.

THE Citizens' Association "slate" for Controllers was badly cracked, if not quite smashed, Ainey and McDonald being the only two of the four candidates on the slate who were declared elected, and a recount has been ordered by Chief Justice Davidson upon the application of an "insistent friend" of J. H. Beaudry, one of the defeated candidates, and is now in progress. It is not likely to change the result, further than to hold up the organization of the Board of Control until it is completed, until which time—it may take a week, or it may take a month—all Board of Control business is necessarily suspended.

McDonald, with something more than one thousand majority over Beaudry, is not likely to lose in the recount, but the naked fact that he won out by so small a majority, and even by less than one thousand over his nearest competitor, although on the same ticket with him, and received a total of only about twenty thousand votes, gives rise to several further reflections. First of all it demonstrates the strength of journalistic duplicity and effrontery—and then it shows its real weakness when once it is realized by thinking people. The individual owner of the Conservative-Liberal-Mugwump Star-Standard-Herald-Telegraph-Saturday Mirror "combine," flocking by himself, foisted St. George into the Board of Control contest, not for the purpose nor with the expectation of securing his election, but so to cut in on McDonald's vote as to effect the latter's defeat, a plan supported directly or indirectly by all his hydra-political newspapers. If successful, it could have resulted in nothing else than the elimination from the Board of Control of any English-speaking people's representative.

HE almost succeeded. He failed only because there were a few hundred Montrealers who saw through his clever scheme and defeated it. But that it was so nearly successful is not very complimentary to the majority of the Montreal electorate. It is not a matter for wonder that on election night, when upon the face of the returns then tabulated it seemed that McDonald had been defeated by a small majority, one of the papers owned by this gentleman was burned by hundreds on a public square.

Montreal's political contest showed still another thing—that, with rare exceptions, there is still prevalent there the paralyzing racial division, which prevents all of them from becoming true Canadians. As has been aptly said by an outsider who observed this condition: "There are only two races in Montreal—French-Canadians and foreigners."

Don't These Figures Tell Which Tire?

Note How Men Have Flocked to Goodyears Since Odometers Came In

In the United States—before the vogue of odometers—our sales for the fiscal year—1908—were

\$2,189,749.49

And that was our ninth year of tire building.

In 1913—when nearly all cars came equipped with odometers—our fiscal year sales were

\$32,998,827.25

Yet those multiplied sales—nearly 16 times larger—fail to tell the whole story. For No-Rim-Cut tire prices in the last year dropped immensely.

These figures are more startling still:

In our last fiscal year we sold eleven times as many automobile tires as in the fiscal year of 1909.

And this year's sales are exceeding last year's by 35 per cent.

Mileage Did It All

That's the simple result of mileage tests on

hundreds of thousands of cars. Of tests applied to three million Goodyear tires.

Some other tires, in those years, dropped tremendously in sales. And the reason for all these ups and downs lies in odometer figures.

In Canada

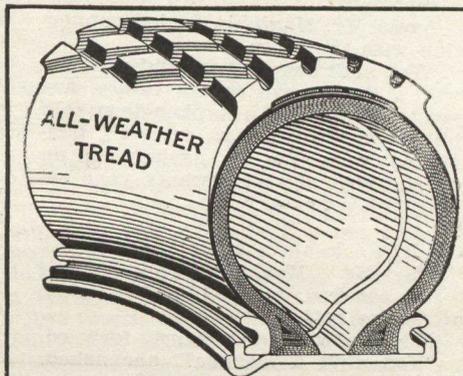
Here, in Canada, the same astounding increase is shown. Here, at our Bowmanville factory, are employed the same methods, equipment and experience of our American plant.

Here are made the tires that have won the dominion for Goodyears.

And size for size, Goodyear Anti-Skid tires cost you *less* than others.

So that in these Canada-made Goodyears you get utmost tire mileage, safety, utility and simplicity for the least money.

See them. Test them. Learn why the legion of Canadian motorists has come to them. Goodyear dealers are wherever you go.



GOODYEAR
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No-Rim-Cut Tires
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THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Head Office, TORONTO Factory, BOWMANVILLE

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[30]

Your Hardwood Floors and trimmings are preserved and made to possess a high, hard, durable lustre without the usual bluish, foggy cast if you use an

O-Cedar Mop
Polish

With the same mop you can dust and clean everywhere. Makes it easy to clean those hard-to-get-at places.

—From your dealer, or sent, express paid, anywhere in Canada, on receipt of \$1.50, if you mention "Canadian Courier."

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369 Sorauren Avenue, TORONTO, CAN.



The ONLY Chill-proof Beer.

Cosgraves

(Chill-proof)

Pale Ale

when he takes a bottle of beer with his meals."

He says he knows **COSGRAVES** is the best.

83-C

Through the Medium of Lettuce

(Continued from page 8.)

was Mlle. Brenda LaFoi; two pink feet immersed in a wash basin.

"Well," she enquired, caustically, "I thought you waz the laundress. Do my feet introod?"

Mr. Maginnis was sinking in a sea of embarrassment. To have walked in upon such a lady as Millie Brenda at such a time, swept all sense from his head like the raging of a prairie fire.

"I had meant to say," he stammered, "that I s'pose you'd rather be alone. I'll just step outside and wait. When you're finished p'raps you'll talk to me a minit."

Mlle. LaFoi looked at him sharply. Like Mr. Corby, she recognized in Mr. Maginnis a different species from the ones usually thrust under her observation. Here was a man, sweltering in his own embarrassment because he happened upon her when her feet and ankles were exposed. Here was a gallant who, instead of staring at the pretty sight, looked everywhere else, and offered to step outside and wait until she had finished.

"Hold on!" cried the headliner. She drew one dripping foot slowly out of the water, crossed it on her knee, and commenced to apply the towel. "Now that you're here, you may's well get your errand off your chest. Are you a reporter?"

Again Mr. Maginnis denied connection with the press.

"You ain't one of them ginks lookin' wit' a kindly eye to my future, are you? When I'm a broken-down old blister an' wantin' a' actress's pension? Cause, I'm jes' nachelly fed up on the idea of them twenty year endowment schemes."

"N O. I ain't sellin' insurance." Mr. Maginnis smiled and looked more like his usual attractive self.

Mlle. LaFoi leaned eagerly forward. "You ain't a masher?" she asked, hoping in her heart he would say yes.

"A what?"

"A masher. A guy who hangs round the Entrance crazy to buy some girl a peanut an' a glass of water."

Mr. Maginnis denied vehemently, but confessed that he was willing to buy a little food for Miss LaFoi if she would allow him the pleasure. She accepted and dressed behind a screen in the same room, talking volubly all the time. It was the most stirring half hour Mr. Maginnis had ever experienced.

"I hope you didn't expect to see me in a million dollars wort' of foirs, Mister Maginnis," said Brenda, as they emerged from No. 1. Secretly she was a little afraid of his disappointment at the difference between her street and her stage appearance. "I don't go in fer Garden of Eden drapery in my right mind. This here suit is a sight, I know. But I sent my velvet one to the tailor's this mornin'. Ain't that the limit?"

Mr. Maginnis had not sufficient command of language to explain his relief at finding Mlle. LaFoi so human. But made a pretty Irish compliment as they left the building.

"What do ye know about that?" queried Mr. Corby, missing the cuspidor by the fraction of an inch. "She turns down the high flyers in the limousines and hitches onto a rube like him! Well, you never can tell about a woman!"

Still anxious for an assurance that it was not her clothes which attracted Mr. Maginnis, the headliner brought up the matter of dress again at dinner.

"You didn't t'ink I wuz going to dazzle the woild in t'ose slip-me-cable rags, did you? Say, honest, sometimes I get t'at tired of holdin' back a sneeze, I'd like to die. An' if I died wit' t'em on, I'd be ashamed fer an undertaker to see me! An' shoes? Say, did you pipe de shoes, I gotta wear? Number threes, an' me nachelly takin' up ground space fer a number five? Can you beat it? B'lieve me, it costs sumpin' to be a swell!"

"You looked grand, though," he hastened to say, thinking she was angling for further compliments. "Not that I don't like you better, in these

clothes; you see, the others don't look human to a plain fellow like me. I couldn't feel at home with any lady rigged up like you—and—and—I shure did want to feel at home with you, Miss LaFoi."

"You ain't become acquainted with many of the profesh., I take it?" remarked the artist, giving her attention to the fish. She had ordered dinner at an inconspicuous little restaurant off the beaten thoroughfare. Mr. Maginnis openly confessed his inability to choose food on the installment system. And to his delight, Millie Brenda had ordered a perfectly simple and human meal—one which was not disguised behind French names, and which might trick the unwary into the byroads of indigestion.

"No. I don't know anybody in the city. I've been too interested workin'. Have you been—been—in business long?"

The lady laughed. "I been on some kind of er job, since I was that high." She indicated extreme youth by standing her knife upright. "But vodelville—four years. Got my foist bookin' on my eighteen' boithday. Uster do team woik, but—de men wuz usually too fresh."

And under the sympathetic warmth of her companion's interest, she related the story of her checkered past down to the present moment.

"But what about your folks?" asked Mr. Maginnis, who had never known what it was to be connected with a family.

"Gawd knows," was the careless response. "I do enough movin' 's 'tis. But my line ain't one, two, six, to the git-up-an'-git stunts of de Begg fambly! I don't even know where to find 'em. I gets my share of scrapin', too. Honest, I ain't puttin' one over on you, Mister Maginnis—"

"Call me Casey, won't you? I'd feel I was more at home."

"—I ain't puttin' one over on you, Casey," repeated the lady, "when I tell you I ain't ever seen my father whole!"

Mr. Maginnis, thrilling under the soft spoken name some one had given him in baptism, lost something of the humour of the remark, but stammered sympathy. He opined that his friend never had much difficulty in securing engagements.

"O H, I've had my ups an' downs," said the friend. And then, after a moment, proceeded to tell him some of the trials of the "profesh" on Broadway. Presently, through the medium of the lettuce he told her about his life and his work.

They lingered at her dressing room door, a sudden shyness overcoming them. Mr. Maginnis hardly dared ask a further sacrifice of the lady's time, and Mlle. LaFoi could not bring herself to offer further diversion to the only man she had ever met who did not remind her of the embrogious parent stem.

They shook hands awkwardly. "I gotta thank you fer a very pleasant time," she said, in a half-hearted imitation of Genevieve's voice and manner. It struck chill through Mr. Maginnis, who felt constrained to answer.

"Many, many thanks for your kind, kind company."

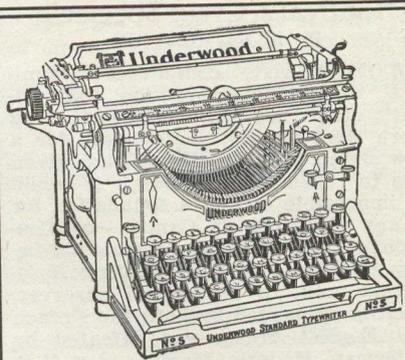
"Shure, an' couldn't you bring yourself to thry a bit av me own lettuce, afther the show?" he suddenly blurted, relapsing into a brogue as thick as a London fog. "They use no other at the Chateau, an' it shure is some green, as the byes say. Will you come?"

"Delighted!" cried Mlle. Brenda, promptly, and then they both laughed their relief.

His faithfulness for dogs made Fido seem like a casual look-er in.

But a galvanic shock was waiting for Mr. Maginnis round the corner. He had been so deeply engrossed with the present, that the past was forgotten and the future held no terrors.

On Saturday afternoon, however, as he sat in No. 1, watching with jealously, adoring eyes Millie Brenda make up, he was electrified into a



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state bordering upon frenzy. She had been teasing him about his ignorance of the parley voo. "Mlle. ain't short fer 'Millie,'" she explained. "If you don't like Brenda, the name my sponsor in voveville gimme, you can call me Mamie. I don't care!"

"I like Mamie," murmured Mr. Maginnis. "It sounds so homey an' cosy."

"Well, get in your deadly woik before to-morrow, then. If you've got any fondness for the name, after that, you'll have to write it."

"Are you going away?" whispered Mr. Maginnis.

"Sure, I'm goin' away. Did you t'ink we wuz playin' dis boig fer a season? Nix! Dearie's gotta move, along with the rest of de dog show an' bell ringers. Funny you didn't t'ink of it, Casey."

"I don't know anything about the ways of play actors," said he.

Millie Brenda poised her black pencil and turned toward him.

"Always movin'," she mused. "B'lieve me, it's sumpin' fierce! Why, my larger-ee it ain't got enough territory to hold the numbers stamped on it. Honest, I wisht I could take root like—like—a hunk—of—"

"Lettuce?" suggested Mr. Maginnis, commencing to tremble all over. "Say, Mamie—Och me darlin' if ye would only come an' live with me an' my lettuce! There'd be no need a-prayin' fer Paradise! Shure, ivery hour, you'd fold it round me, till I'd be loike to smother in me own happiness. Will

ye marry me, angel?"

Mamie allowed him to take her hand, and she swayed slightly toward him. They had both risen and stood looking into each others' eyes as only lovers look.

"Are you sure it ain't me clothes you're fer marryin', Casey Maginnis?" she asked. "Remember, I ain't the swell I look in dese anguish makers."

Mr. Maginnis gave a tremulous laugh and slipped his arm round her.

"You're the shellest party in the world to me," he said. "Much, much too shell fer a plain farmer's wife."

His lips were very near her own, when she suddenly drew away.

"Say, would I have to milk cows?"

Cows, despite the slight difference in sex, were classed with men on Mamie's list of aversions. To the ultra city-bred, even the name is sinister.

"Och, darlin'," pleaded Mr. Maginnis when he had reassured her, "Can't ye be merciful, now, an' give me the kiss I'm starvin' for?"

She lifted her head and raised herself slightly in his arms. Then with a wry face, she uttered a little moan and pulled away.

"Fer Gawd's sake, Casey," she begged, sitting down, "leave me take off these here joy-killers foist. Honest, when I've got t'em on I don't know whether I'm kissin' you, er in the dentist's! There!" She stood up again, in her stocking feet, blushing furiously. "Now kiss me, boy—hard—only don't let me miss my call!"

What the Millionaire Loses

(Concluded from page 6.)

loses all that makes life worth while. It is not what we have, but what we do, that makes life valuable. The value of life is power for good, and the function of money is usefulness. To love our fellow-men, to labour for their welfare, to give that they may have, to help that they may benefit—that is to live. In the true sense, therefore, life is wealth; and the greatest wealth is not a huge fortune, nor a large estate, but a noble and useful life. Any other life is unproductive, because a thing is unproductive when it produces that which has no worth; and money or energy is almost worthless when used for purely selfish purposes or devoted to strictly selfish pursuits.

The loss of all that is best in life is a serious thing for the individual, but it is a more serious thing for the country, because, in addition to losing what he might have done for it, it suffers from the injury he does to it. And sometimes that is enormous. Instead of exerting a beneficent, he may exert a baleful influence. Even when not positively pernicious, that influence is often injurious. Though there are conspicuous exceptions, the average millionaire knows that land laws need amending, but he does not try to amend them; he knows that social conditions and taxing systems should be changed, but he does not seek to change them; he knows that many other things in the community are socially and economically wrong, but, if improved conditions would affect his possessions unfavourably, he does practically nothing to set them right. He gets all he can out of the community, and does as little as he can for it. Not merely does he take no interest in social betterment and in economic reform, but, so long as he can profit by the present state of things he would like it to continue. In this way untold harm is done. Occasionally a man, like Lord Strathcona, helps to promote some public enterprises, or, like Senator Cox, helps to place some financial institutions on a better basis; but, as a general rule, what a millionaire makes out of the country is immeasurably more than what he does for it.

It may be speaking too strongly to assert that no one gets rich except at the expense of another, if we mean at his unfair expense; but it is not speaking too strongly to say that no one accumulates a million dollars, except by exploiting somebody or something—labour, or timber, or land, or ore. Lord Haldane has recently informed a committee of enquiry that no

man is worth more than \$25,000; and, though he receives a salary of \$50,000, he makes no exception of himself. I have long believed as he believes, and have often spoken in a similar way. No person can earn a million dollars, in the sense of gaining that amount as a just return for service; and I question if any man can make a million without taking advantage of conditions that should not exist, such as the laws relating to property and taxation, to the disadvantage of the community. However that may be, when property and taxation laws are perfected and social and economic legislation is properly improved, there will be fewer opportunities for accumulating wealth, and, in consequence, fewer millionaires. I doubt if there will be any when that day arrives, for the time is coming when people will not hear so frequently of the almighty dollar. When that time comes, a man will be honoured and his memory cherished, not so much for what he bestowed, nor yet for what he bequeathed, as for the moral energy he imparted and the impetus for good he gave. And I am not thinking of More's Utopia nor of millennial dawn.

Men of the Day

(Concluded from page 9.)

through Guelph and Stratford and up to London may recall that name William Whyte among the officials whom they would like to have asked what was the matter with the road in those slow-going days. But, after 1883, the name William Whyte disappeared from the blue-covered booklets. For one year he was identified with the Credit Valley road and the Ontario and Quebec. In 1884 the name cropped up in the yellow booklets of the C. P. R. He was made general superintendent of the Ontario division of the C. P. R., which was then an infant industry. In 1885, the year the last spike of the C. P. R. was driven at Craigellachie, Mr. Whyte became general superintendent of the Eastern division. In 1897 he was made manager of all Western lines, with residence at Winnipeg. In 1901 he was made assistant to the President, Sir William Van Horne, and moved to Montreal. January 1st, 1904, he was made second vice-president, with headquarters at Winnipeg. In 1912 he quit the active service owing to poor health, but remained on the directorate.

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CHAPTER XI.

The Sisters Take a Drive.

BEFORE the season was over, Lady Assitas visited the White Maisonette and lunched with Miss Pragg. In the afternoon, John Grey had the honour of driving the two ladies in the Park.

As Lady Assitas preceded Miss Pragg to the car, she reminded him very forcibly of a Roman General in petticoats, although she lacked the hawk-like keenness of feature which distinguished his eccentric mistress.

That Lady Assitas was the dominating factor at Stone Hall, John Grey could well imagine. She had captured Lord Assitas in her first season. He hadn't a chance for the first; a tall fair man with a lazy manner, and wearing a distinctly bored expression on his handsome face, he had succumbed to her domineering will because it was too much trouble to resist.

Lord Assitas and Captain Pragg had been college chums. Captain Pragg was now in India and Lord Assitas in the "House."

"Ann, where did you get your new man?" asked her ladyship sharply, as the car glided smoothly away from the Maisonette.

"Advertised, of course. Picked him out from the usual herd," snapped Miss Pragg.

"You'll have trouble with the maids, mark my words. He's far too good-looking," pronounced the Roman General impressively.

"Rubbish! I like good-looking people about me," retorted Miss Pragg. "I couldn't live with the crowd of freaks you collect, Eliza. I've never found people were any better for being ugly."

"It saves trouble in other ways," said her ladyship sententiously.

"I haven't got a husband, you see," laughed Miss Pragg maliciously, "so I can please myself, whether I have decent looking servants or not."

"You shouldn't place temptations in the way of those sort of people," said the Roman General with rigid virtue.

"Fiddle-sticks! Grey is a gentleman, I'm convinced of it. I fancy he's doing it for a wager, or he's been cut off with the proverbial shilling by his family. There's a mystery about him I mean to unravel."

"A mystery!" sniffed the Roman General contemptuously. "You are always imagining romances. I suppose you can't help it, on account of your writing, it's part of the eccentricity."

"May be," asserted Miss Pragg placidly. "It does sharpen one's wits. I see more for instance than you do."

"You didn't see enough to get a husband," sneered Lady Assitas,

"even when one was under your nose."

"If you mean that wretched little Jew, Isaac Glossheimer, I didn't intend to see him."

Miss Pragg's tones were icy. "Missed a million of money—that's all," cried Lady Assitas bitterly. "I call it wicked."

"I am not asking you to keep me, Eliza," remarked Miss Pragg with acidulated sweetness. "Thank goodness, I have all I want for my little needs, without Isaac Glossheimer's millions. I should always have been thinking of the poor sweated wretches he squeezed it out of in the East End."

"What rubbish you talk, Ann. What difference could it make to his blouse workers? Some other woman got him, that's all."

"She's welcome to the little worm."

"I always thought Alaric Montgomery was sweet on you. I was disappointed in that man," mused Lady Assitas, in a reminiscent tone. Miss Pragg laughed.

"So he was. I refused Alaric three times."

"You—refused—him! Ann, you must be mad! You never told me!"

"Not likely. I didn't want you meddling in it."

"But the man was perfect!" in tragic tones.

"He wasn't bad," admitted Miss Pragg cheerfully; "but I ask you, Eliza, could you expect me to tie myself to a man with a snub nose—was it possible?"

"I always thought there was insanity in our family," said Lady Assitas, in a resigned voice. "Now I know it."

"I should have hen-pecked the poor man to death," protested Miss Pragg hotly.

"He is hen-pecked to death," replied her ladyship; "his wife is a wretch."

"She was bound to be," replied Miss Pragg indifferently.

John Grey could hear distinctly every word they said. It was a calm, sunny afternoon. They were running on the smooth road of the Park in the open car, and the two ladies spoke in their usual high-toned incisive manner. He knew they regarded him merely as an automatic fixture to the car, mechanically indispensable, but humanly unimportant.

"HOW is Madge getting on with her old man?" asked Miss Pragg, by way of changing the conversation.

"Don't ask me," replied her ladyship irritably. "I'm sick of Madge; the most discontented, ungrateful girl I ever met, after all the trouble I took to get her married to the Earl. He simply dotes on her, too."

"He's in his dotage, anyway," assented Miss Pragg drily. "I'm not surprised Madge is discontented. You ought to have let her have Alan Winterfield—a nice boy, that, and they were devoted to each other."

"Ann, how can you suggest such a thing? Alan Winterfield! A subaltern! Why, he couldn't keep himself! It was impossible—absurd!"

"They could have waited. He had good prospects, and Madge was young enough."

Miss Pragg spoke indignantly. "I shouldn't be surprised if there isn't trouble when he comes home from China, and finds Madge married."

You hustled her into it before the boy had been gone three months!"

"He will have forgotten all about Madge long before his seven years are up. I hope you won't put ideas into her head," protested the Roman General angrily. "There are times, Ann, when you sound positively immoral."

Miss Pragg laughed sarcastically. "That from you, Eliza—after you've sold your girl to an old man for a title, an old fossil who has had three wives already, and ought to have been decently boxed up and put underground years ago. Madge is a very human woman. Do you think his diamond coronet will satisfy her empty heart? She has a passion for children, and would rather have a little child of her own than the finest diamonds in the world. I know Madge."

"ANN! you are positively revolting. A child of her own! You have the coarsest ideas." The General spoke in tones of disgust.

"And there is Louisa," continued Miss Pragg remorselessly.

"What about her?" inquired Lady Assitas tartly. "You can't say she has not got a child of her own!"

"You call it a child? That miserable little deformed epileptic. No wonder Louisa is heartbroken. The poor creature ought to be put out of his misery."

Miss Pragg spoke now with brutal indignation.

"The very birds know better than we do, Eliza; they won't allow a mass of suffering to exist. They exterminate the unfit at once."

John Grey found himself taking the liveliest interest in this strange conversation. Miss Pragg was a woman of very pronounced views, he knew, but he had never heard her expound them so plainly before. This afternoon she seemed to be indulging in the feminine luxury known as "speaking her mind."

It was common knowledge that the sisters never agreed, and invariably quarrelled when they were together. He thought a storm was brewing now.

"It is unfortunate about Percy," admitted Lady Assitas with a sigh. "But as for advocating murder, I think that is going a little too far, even for you, Ann."

"You will have both the girls in the divorce court before long," taunted Miss Pragg. "I hear Louisa's name coupled with Colonel Berring's continually, and I for one, don't blame her for preferring his society to the rake you forced her to accept."

"You wouldn't, of course," sneered Lady Assitas bitterly. "If there was any disgrace you could help them to, I believe you would do it, Ann."

"Thank you," retorted Miss Pragg hotly.

"All the same, Colonel Berring is a man—a splendid specimen of his race—soldierly, brave and hardy, with a splendid physique and a clean record; and Louisa is a splendidly-developed woman. They would have been an ideal couple and had ideal children."

"How you harp on children," replied Lady Assitas, shrugging her shoulders in disdain.

"I thought the object of marriage was to continue the race," said Miss Pragg with an assumed air of innocence.

"What nonsense! There are a hundred other considerations which

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

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Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

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come before that," snapped Lady Assitas with withering scorn. "Louisa is married to Lord Claude Wentwell, and Colonel Berring can be nothing whatever to her."

This with cold displeasure.

"I've an idea he is a good deal to her," said Miss Pragg dryly. "She is disappointed in her husband, who openly neglects her, and heart-broken over her child—a hopeless epileptic, and deformed."

"I think I should like to turn back, Ann," said Lady Assitas with freezing dignity; "the sun is in my eyes."

John Grey prepared to execute this order—but it did not come.

"The sun is not in your eyes, Eliza," flatly contradicted Miss Pragg, "and I want to speak about Peggy."

John Grey was unashamedly listening. Instinctively he knew the real battle was but now beginning—that what had gone before was the preliminary skirmishing.

"Margaret is in Paris, buying clothes," retorted Lady Assitas, fencing.

"I know that," snapped Miss Pragg. "If you had your way it would have been her trousseau she was buying."

JOHAN GREY started violently. He admired the Honourable Margaret Assitas immensely—somewhat as a beggar might worship a queen.

"And, pray, why not?" asked her ladyship stiffly.

"Why not? You ask why not, Eliza, after the mess you have made of the other two girls' lives?"

"Ann Pragg," replied the Roman General with offended dignity, "I shall please myself what I do with my own children."

"You might, at least, study their happiness a little, and let them have some say in the matter," sturdily protested Miss Pragg.

"The rising generation have far too much to say about everything. I don't intend my children to have any such license. They will do what I think is best for them."

"And you will try to drive and hustle Peggy into matrimony as you did Madge and Louisa?"

"Everyone knows unmarried women are the first to give advice in such matters," was the deliberately sarcastic retort.

"You are begging the question, Eliza 'Outsiders see most of the game,' you mean! Thank goodness, Peggy is over age and has money of her own. If she asserts her right to order her own life, I shall uphold her."

"You always have done," snapped back the General angrily.

"But she never did get on with Archie Robinson, and just because his uncle has died and he's come into the title, you are trying to throw them together. It's not fair to the girl!"

"You know very well, Ann, that Sarah Field-Robinson and I arranged it all long ago. She left all her money on condition that Archie and Peggy should marry each other."

"Rubbish! Old Sarah had no one else to leave it to. He was her only nephew and nearest relation. How can you expect children to accept a silly arrangement of that sort made ten years ago? Peggy was only fourteen then, and you don't seriously expect her to carry it through to please you?"

"Archie admires her immensely now. You haven't seen him since he came back from Rhodesia—you'd hardly know him!"

"I don't want to see him," said Miss Pragg impatiently. "He never was a favorite of mine; and as for admiring Peggy—I imagine he would admire every pretty woman he came near."

"And why not?" asked Lady Assitas indulgently.

"I don't fancy Peggy would put up with it," said Miss Pragg grimly. "She will not be satisfied with less than the best, and will want a man's undivided love when she gives her heart to him."

Lady Assitas gave a hard, disagreeable laugh.

"I'd no idea you were sentimental, Ann! Love is out of date, my good woman. You may write about it, but no sensible person marries for love in these days."

"Call it animal magnetism, if you

How Weak Eyes Are Strengthened by Exercise

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

In this, which is undoubtedly the most active period in the history of man, every one of our faculties is called on to do more, and to respond to a longer continued extraordinary strain than ever before.

"Take things easy" may be very good advice, but most of us, who know how our competitors are hustling, fear that the practice of it would furnish us with a free seat on a bench in the park, instead of a cash income.

More energy, more concentration, are required to keep up with the leaders nowadays—hence our nervous exhaustion is greater. Busy city life, with its clang, clatter and rush, even most of our time-saving inventions and modes of travel keep the nerves on edge, and give them no opportunity to rest during our waking hours.

Now, the eye is one of the most delicate centres of the nervous system. This is clearly proven by the fact that the first place a physician looks for symptoms of paralysis is at the base of the optic nerve—if there are none in evidence it is taken as positive proof that there is no danger.

This will clearly evidence that nerve exhaustion means eye-exhaustion, and finally eye affection if nothing be done to correct it.

If, however, the blood circulation in the eyes is kept normal by the proper kind of simple and safe exercise, they continue healthy, normal and strong.

Besides this nervous strain that I speak of there are many other features of modern life which tax the eyes unduly.

Our schooling, once confined to the simple rudiments of education, is now so extended that the books of a schoolchild of to-day would cause a child of thirty years ago to look aghast—hence at the threshold of practical life we start to unduly tax our eyes.

The glitter of city streets—the speed of traffic—the riding in fast trains—the viewing of scenery from train windows as it flashes quickly by—and, above all, the habit of reading every time we have the opportunity in our busy careers, under all sorts of unfavorable conditions—these all add to the extraordinary burden which our eyes are asked and expected to carry without assistance of any kind.

And, remember that though your arms may rest, your body may recline, and every limb and other sense may be to a great extent dormant at times, your eyes are always seeing unless they are closed—always active during every waking hour.

Hardly any wonder, then, that eye-strain is so common, and up to recently so many have had to call on artificial aid in order to see at all.

You know, the eye is just like a little camera. It has the lens with the iris opening, which enlarges and contracts agreeably to the amount of light existing. It also has a dark chamber, which may be compared to a camera bellows, and the retina cor-

responding to the sensitive plate. It has three sets of muscles—one turns the eyes in any direction, one controls the iris, and one operates the focus.

When, through nervous exhaustion or overtaxation, the circulation of blood in the eyes becomes weaker than is normal, these muscles become flabby and refuse to act up to their usual standard, and the eyes do not focus easily, if at all. Premature old-sight is the result.

The muscles still do their best to focus properly; eagerly struggle and strain to properly do the work which your brain commands them to do—strain and struggle so hard, in fact, that they affect the tired nerves, and not only cause headaches, of which this is the most fruitful cause, but put the entire nervous system under a pressure which extends to the stomach and digestive organs, and brings on nausea and dyspepsia.

What eye specialist is there who has not heard from his patient: "Why I had no idea in the world that it could be my eyes." There are many physicians, in fact, who look to the eyes for one of the first causes of stomach trouble.

It is perfectly amazing in reviewing the progress of science, surgery and medicine in the last fifty years that the methods of correcting eye afflictions, even of the simplest kind, seem to have been entirely overlooked.

Science in physiology is correcting deformities which used to require harnesses or mechanical support. Surgery is correcting displacements which heretofore caused life-long confinement. Physicians are departing more and more from the old-fashioned practice of continual drugging, and using more rational methods of restoring and preserving health.

But until the recent discovery of this system of exercise to which I refer, no matter how simple your eye-trouble was, you were told that you had to wear eye-glasses.

Now, eye-glasses are not necessarily to be despised. They are a great invention in their way—so are crutches.

But you would not relish the anticipation that you had to use crutches all your life—nor would you. Just as soon as your sprained ankle, for instance, were in condition to stand it your doctor would instruct you to touch it to the ground gradually and exercise it to bring back the normal circulation necessary to enable you to discard your crutch. Exactly the same with a broken arm—exercise it as soon as possible to bring it back to normal.

The wearing of eye-glasses is just exactly like using a crutch for life. Instead of growing stronger by their use, the eyes grow weaker, and you probably are well aware of the fact that in order to see perfectly the wearer of glasses must change them from time to time for new and stronger ones.

Let us see what authorities say on

the subject of eye massage: Doctor De Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, Professor of Ophthalmology in Jenersu College, makes the statement that in treating so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eye-ball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The Medical Record, in writing of the same serious ailment, urges the great value of "any means that would bring an increased blood supply," and considers that "the most feasible plan seems to be properly applied massage."

It would, of course, be impossible to satisfactorily, or even safely, give this massage (or exercise) with the hands, but this problem was successfully solved a few years ago by a New York specialist, who realized through experience how many troubles of the eyes could be quickly corrected by this method.

The greatest and most practical inventions usually seem the simplest and most obvious, once they become known, and this one is no exception to that rule. So simple is it that anyone can use it in his own home without instruction, yet it is so safe that there is not the slightest chance of giving the eyes anything but great benefit, no matter how long they may have been affected.

This system of exercise is fully explained, also many interesting scientific facts about the eyes are given, in a little book on the subject, which will be sent without cost if you address Charles Tyrrell, M.D., Room 100, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Canadian Courier.

It may, with reason, be suggested that at no time could this system have been perfected more opportunely than now. At no time has the world demanded more perfect men and women; and if your eyes are weak, whether you wear glasses or not, it is not necessary for anyone to point out its disadvantages—perhaps you even consider glasses a disfigurement to a certain degree—surely they are an inconvenience.

Of course you cannot put new muscles in an eye, as you would a new tire on an automobile, but you can restore health to these muscles and give them the same original strength that assures the thorough performance of their natural work.

Personally, I have seen this system in a few months make a boy of eighteen entirely independent of glasses, who had worn them continuously for twelve years; also enable old folks over sixty to discard their glasses in an incredibly short time. Therefore, I believe it is safe to assume that many thousands of spectacles will cease to be useful as this system becomes generally known, and I am sure that everyone whose eyes are affected in any way, whether a wearer of glasses or not, will be greatly interested in the little book which tells so much about the eyes and their care.

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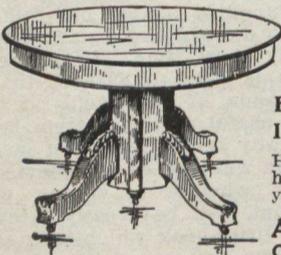


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like that term better," said Miss Pragg with malicious intent.

Her voice betrayed an unholy pleasure in this war of words, in which the two clashed swords as foemen worthy of each other's steel.

"We can't do better than follow nature," she added piously. "Natural selection ought to be allowed young people, as well as young birds or animals."

"Good heavens, woman! What are you talking about?" gasped Lady Assitas in startled tones. "We are no cattle!"

"We haven't as much sense as cattle," persisted Miss Pragg unabashed. "They mate in their season with their contemporaries. They would not deliberately seek out a previous generation of effete animals and expect their young to mate with them!"

"The case is not on all fours," snapped out Lady Assitas in disgusted tones. "You are talking arrant nonsense."

"When the primeval man and woman stand face to face, and recognize in each other their mate—the frail barriers of convention, at the crucial moment when most they are needed, are apt to crash down—that is when Madge and Louisa will have a hard time to face. Poor girls! what they have already gone through will be nothing to it."

Miss Pragg spoke with vehement emphasis.

"But Peggy—No!—you shall not sacrifice her also!"

JOHN GREY, at these words, felt his heart leap within him. He wondered at the sense of elation with which they filled him.

What was it to him—a poor chauffeur, a man with a lost past—whether a fair young girl should, or should not, be made a society sacrifice? Nothing, of course! And yet—yet—somehow it seemed to be everything.

It was as if Miss Pragg's championship of her niece held for him the premonition of a great gladness that should come into his life, that the veil of his past might be lifted, and then

Bah! Such thoughts were foolish, and he would have none of them. But all the same, as he put the car to greater speed on a stretch of open road, he found himself muttering, with a sort of savage joy—

"But Peggy—no, you shall not sacrifice her also. No, you shall not sacrifice Peggy!"

"No," repeated Miss Pragg vigorously, as the car sped smoothly over the splendidly-kept road. "No, a thousand times no! You shall not sacrifice Peggy!"

"Do you want her to be an old maid?" asked Peggy's mother tragically.

"Better be an old maid, than a false wife," said the spinster solemnly. "There have always been some old maids in the Pragg family, and they have been the happiest of women."

Lady Assitas received this remark in dead silence. Miss Pragg gave the order to return home. Hostilities were formally suspended, the ladies exchanging only frigid and conventional remarks as they drove back to take tea.

To John Grey it seemed strange that an elderly maiden lady should have such pronounced views upon "Natural Selection," "The Extermination of the Unfit," and the continuation of the race upon rational lines.

Miss Pragg might express her views in a startling, even brutal manner, but the fundamental principles were sound. People were given too much to wrapping things up; they clung to old conventions in the face of common sense, deceiving themselves with sophistries.

He pitied Madge and Louisa, they might be grand and titled ladies, he felt sure they were both sweet and beautiful women, but they carried breaking hearts under their coronets, because their mother had willed it so.

Peggy! that fair and graceful woman—"would not be satisfied with less than the best—she would want a man's undivided love when she gave her heart to him,"—he thanked God for it, for she deserved nothing but the best!

John Grey swore allegiance to Miss



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Pragg for her spirited defence of her niece, and determined to read the "Dust-bin" as soon as it was printed. Did the book deal, he wondered, with the broken lives of men and women—broken beyond repair in the eyes of the world, and cast into the great social dust-bin, where all things fallen from a high estate are forgotten.

He felt a new interest in Miss Pragg, and he respected her from that hour. Eccentric she was without a doubt, but with a true and loyal heart underlying her external peculiarities of manner and temper, that he was sure of. He knew she was sincerely attached to her niece, Margaret Assitas, and as it seemed also, to Madge and Louisa, and yet it struck him as strange and anomalous that this elderly maiden aunt should raise such a spirited protest, and constitute herself a wall of defence to protect the younger woman from her mother.

He could see that Lady Assitas was a woman eaten up with pride of place, of rank, of social distinction, that she had a soaring ambition before which everything else was sacrificed. She was evidently always accustomed to ride roughshod over all opposition, and had no intention of studying anybody's wishes or feelings but her own.

John Grey was glad to know that Margaret Assitas was also not without a certain inflexible firmness of character which he was sure would stand her in good stead if she were ever called upon to exercise it. He fancied in a battle of wills Margaret could, if she chose, hold her own even against Lady Assitas.

Strictly speaking, John Grey had no part or place in the argument which had taken place between Miss Pragg and Lady Assitas. Yet it had made a deep and lasting impression upon him. Many things were made plain to him by that conversation, which, later on, would otherwise have been a mystery, and it was not without its subtle influence upon his own personality.

CHAPTER XII.

Family Jars.

Letter from the Honourable Margaret Assitas to Miss Pragg.

Curzon Street.

Dear Aunt,

When I got back from Paris yesterday, I found a domestic cyclone in full blast. Papa had fled to the Club and everyone looked scared to death. What have you been doing to mamma? I knew at once you had seen each other, for no one but you dare rub her the wrong way. You naughty old dear, what was it all about?

I am forbidden the Maisquette, so will have to lie low till the storm blows over. Mamma promptly put me into my proper place before I had been home an hour. In her usual trenchant manner she gave me to understand that she was disappointed I had "remained on her hands so long"—sounds like a bundle of drapery—I am also expected to get "settled."

Of course I saw which way the cat jumped, when mamma revived the silly arrangement she and old Miss Field-Robinson made when Archie Robinson and I were kids! I confess I couldn't take her seriously at first, but I soon found she was in dead earnest. Did you ever hear such nonsense? Do you know Archie is back from Rhodesia? He pretends he has been shooting big game, and has brought home some splendid skins as trophies, but, entre nous, I believe he has bought every one. Archie never could face a wild animal of any sort, I remember him too well as a boy, he was a bigger coward than I was.

Rhodesia must be a gorgeous country, for he came to tea this afternoon and talked of nothing else. He really looks quaint, his ash coloured hair is burnt to tow, and his eyes look like bits of pale blue enamel set in a dark mahogany coloured face. Mamma "gushed" over him; you know he's come into the title now that his uncle, old Lord Wallsend, is dead, a crabbed old bachelor who was jilted—people say—when a young man, and hated the sight of a woman ever after. Fancy a man spoiling his whole life to spite one woman! When we were kids Archie and I always quarrelled hor-

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ribly, he had a most vindictive temper, and told me many a time that he "hated" me. I reminded him of it this afternoon—mamma looked daggers at me—he laughed, and said "He was a mug in those days and had no eye for beauty." I shall hate him if he talks like that.

I must close as Clark has come to dress me. Archie is taking me to the Opera to-night. This letter seems all about him, but I wanted you to know what was going on.

Do write to me every day, till I can sneak over and see you again, it is more than my life is worth to do so at present. I got some ducky things in Paris.

How goes it with the "Man of mystery"—I mean John Grey—of the inscrutable eyes and grave face? Do you know I think he would look awfully nice if he smiled? Don't fall in love with him, Aunt dear, you're such a daring person, he is far too handsome to drive a young thing like you about! Naughty woman, that was why you engaged him, I feel convinced.

Take care of yourself.
Your loving niece,

Peggy.

Miss Pragg to the Honourable Margaret Assitas.

The White Maisonette.

Dear Peggy,

Your mother came over on Monday. I have not seen her since Christmas, so of course I had a lot to say to her, there are certain things we don't agree about, and I spoke plainly to her on one or two matters.

Yes, I knew Archie Robinson had come back from Rhodesia. It was his uncle's dying that brought him back—Miss Windgrass told me—trust Amelia Windgrass to know all about what is going on! I wouldn't take any notice of that silly boy and girl affair, it is absurd to expect you to feel bound by it. Young Robinson never was a favourite of mine, he always struck me as deficient both in moral, as well as physical, courage and I can't stand a coward!

Alan Winterfield is coming home on sick leave a year before his time, I only heard of it this morning! I wonder if Madge knows? Amelia told me he was due any time. I don't think you knew Alan, you were in Paris "finishing" when Madge had her first season, they saw a great deal of each other at that time.

You absurd child to speak in such a frivolous way about John Grey! I am surprised at you, though really why he drives my car is a mystery to me. One thing is certain, he never was born to that sort of thing, perhaps it is a wager, young men do such outrageous things nowadays.

Come as soon as you can to cheer up

Your affectionate

Aunt Pragg.

The Honourable Margaret Assitas to Miss Pragg.

Curzon Street.

Dear Auntie,

So glad to get your letter. Mrs. Wellington has invited me to join their party on a yachting cruise to Norway. I told Babs if she would guarantee Lord Wallsend was not going, I would accept. Mamma is flinging me at him in the most shameless manner; wherever I go, I meet him, he is getting on my nerves, I am nearly as rude to him as I used to be at fourteen. Colonel Berring is one of the party and Edna Milling; Babs thought it would give Edna a chance, she's madly in love with the Colonel. Wentwell is at the Bannermans house-party in Scotland. So Babs asked Louisa to join our party, but Percy is bad again, and Louisa won't leave him, she does tie herself to that child. Would you believe it, that Potter girl from the "Halls" is at the Bannermans. I'm surprised at Amy asking her when she knows how she and Wentwell carry on, it isn't fair to Louisa—but I suppose she "amuses" the rest of the party.

Louisa came in to-day to get mamma to go to Wentwell House to look at poor Percy, but dear mamma had a Suffragette meeting on and could not go, so I went instead. Louisa had

wired for her husband to come home, but he wired back that "he couldn't leave the Bannermans," and "Percy was always bad," and he "didn't suppose he was any worse than usual."

Louisa looked so wild and strange that I went back to pacify her. We had no sooner got there and entered the nursery, than Percy had one of his fits—they are becoming more frequent now, Louisa says. He beat the air with his little hands, fell down and rolled about, foaming at the mouth. Louisa gave one terrible cry, ran to him, lifted him up and held him in her arms, while he fought and beat at her breast, tearing and clutching at the lace on her gown till it was hanging in tatters. Louisa's face was as white as chalk and she kept moaning, "my poor child—my poor child—my poor child!"

At last Percy became limp and unconscious in her arms. It was an awful scene and one I shall never forget. The doctor came and I escaped, but Louisa's face haunts me. How can Louisa cling to Percy like she does? It seems so unfair for Louisa to have a child like that, when she is such a fine and lovely woman, I think it would be dreadful if he lived to grow up—her only son!

Aunt Pragg, I think I shall never get married—I should be afraid.

Must close to catch post, I do want to see you so much.

Your loving niece,

Peggy.

Miss Pragg to The Honourable Margaret Assitas.

The White Maisonette.

My Dear Peggy,

Go to Norway by all means, and take Colonel Berring with you.

I went to see Louisa at once after getting your letter, the doctors hold out no hope, but no one dares to tell Louisa! She looks desperate, poor woman.

I wired Lord Wentwell myself and told him things were serious, but he had left the Bannermans it seems the day before, and no one knows quite where he is.

The "Potter" girl had left to keep an engagement at Brighton, so perhaps he found the Bannermans dull; he said he was motoring back to town, so he may turn up presently.

I am going over to Wentwell House again this evening, Sir Lawrence Goss was coming for a consultation this afternoon and I want to hear the result. His fee is fifty guineas, but then he is the first authority on the brain, spine and hereditary and nervous complaints. Of course with Percy it is hereditary, Wentwell's youngest brother was an epileptic and an aunt is in the asylum, but it is all kept very quiet.

Eliza had no right to let Louisa marry into such a family, and poor Louisa was only eighteen when she was married and knew nothing about life. I think it is wicked to keep girls ignorant of such vital matters, and you, my dear Peggy, I hope will be spared from such a cruel fate.

Your affectionate

Aunt Pragg.

The Honourable Margaret Assitas to Miss Pragg.

Curzon Street.

Dear Auntie,

Such a dreadful thing happened to-day. Captain Alan Winterfield called and asked to see Miss Assitas. He was shown into the drawing-room. I was looking over some of my songs at the piano and I fancy he thought I was Madge, for when I turned round, he was striding across the room, his eyes blazing, his arms outstretched. They fell to his side and the light died out of his eyes as I faced him, and he became the conventional man of society, but that one glimpse was a revelation to me—I wonder if any man will ever look at me like that? I felt so confused that I left the room with an excuse about finding mamma. He looked awfully impatient.

Papa and mamma were in the middle of a heated argument, and papa flung out of the house declaring that he wiped his hands of the matter, as mamma always had her own way over us girls and she could face the "music" herself.

Mamma had a look in her eye I



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didn't care to see as she swept into the drawing-room. The interview was soon over. I peeped at him as he left the house, he looked awful. Mamma did not say a word about what had passed.

Not all the King's horses or all the King's men would have made me marry Garthorpe Trotter, Earl of Blackmouth, if I had loved a man like Alan Winterfield and had ever seen such a look in his eyes. Poor Madge always was such a passive, obedient girl, but no wonder she looks as if the life were crushed out of her.

What with Louisa and Madge I am beginning to think that marriage is a very serious thing to enter into. Heigh-ho! I am glad that I am not in love with any one so far.

Your loving
Peggy.

P.S. I believe I shall be the proverbial old maid of the family. Thank goodness, Babs has kept her promise and left Lord Wallsend out of the party. I shall get a little peace for a few weeks, he's been getting a perfect nuisance, and after the way he used to snub me, too! He did fish for an invitation, but Babs told him there wasn't room for a fly, and we should all go to the bottom if she crowded any more on to the yacht. I wonder where Babs expects to go to in the next world? She is a most audacious fibber. There is a nice crowd going, but Colonel Berring dropped out at the last moment. Babs was mad, because of Edna, she will be disappointed; perhaps that was why he sheered off? We sail to-morrow and I can't get over to say good-bye. I expect you will have gone to Appletree House by the time I come back, and I shall defy mamma and come straight on there instead of Stone Hall. Ta-ta,

Your affectionate niece,
Peggy.

Miss Pragg to the Honourable Margaret Assitas.

To be forwarded.

Dear Peggy,

Three days after you sailed, little Percy died! I think Louisa knew what was coming, she had not been in bed for a week. She looks like a woman turned to stone and has not shed a tear.

The child was buried yesterday. Your mother sent a magnificent wreath of orchids, I, one of lilies, and Madge one of white roses; poor Louisa laid a cross of purple pansies on the little coffin. Lord Wentwell was not at the funeral, no one knew where to find him after he left the Bannermans.

I am really uneasy about Louisa, she has an awful look in her eyes. I called after the funeral to comfort her, and found her sitting in the empty nursery, folding and unfolding a little jacket Percy had worn. I begged her to come downstairs but she shook her head. When I told her she ought to make an effort to throw her mind into another channel and not become morbid, she looked at me, and then broke into a peal of harsh laughter. I was horrified, and thought her mind had given way.

"Forget! Aunt Pragg—forget—that is what I am afraid of doing. No! no! I am safer here—Percy was all I had—all I had—I have nothing now to—save me!"

I thought her so strange, that I rang up the doctor when I left and sent him round to see her.

Poor Louisa!—Wentwell neglects her shamefully, she ought to go away somewhere, but refuses to leave the house or to see anyone.

I hope you are having a good time, child. Town is getting empty and I am going to Appletree House next week. I shall take Manson and Grey and motor there, the others will be left behind to look after the Maisonette, it wants a thorough renovation this year inside and out. I've left it with Harrod's to carry through. Write to Appletree House when you do write.

Your affectionate
Aunt Pragg.

CHAPTER XIII.

Portman Square.

James Kenway had never been able to recover from the state of astonishment into which he had been cast, when, three months after his opera-

tion, he was dismissed from the hospital—a cured man!

It was a miracle!

In this, the twentieth century, a miracle had been performed like unto the miracle wrought in Capernaum of old when He of Nazareth healed a man possessed of devils.

Again, a mighty healer had arisen, who could cure a sick brain and send a madman back to his fellow-men, sane and sound!

Such a thing could never be forgotten. Gratitude surged in his heart, and in the heart of the young wife, as once more they sat together in their humble home and looked into each other's eyes. Little by little, Kenway gleaned from his wife the terrible happenings of those three past years which would ever remain a blank in his life.

The words arrested on his lips when he was struck down in the trenches of South Africa, came back from them again when he woke to conscious reason three years later, the sentence then cut short, he completed after this long interval of time. It was difficult at first for him to grasp and realize the fact that so much had happened in the interval.

As strength returned and the bandages were gradually discarded, he felt each day stronger a desire burning within him to see the wonderful man whose skill had given back the world to him. He wanted to thank him, to kneel at his feet, for words could never adequately express his gratitude, or the deep emotion which possessed him.

ANOTHER doctor had taken charge of his case during convalescence, and all his inquiries for Dr. Bassingbroke were met with evasive answers.

Sir Lawrence Goss watched his progress with the greatest interest, but James Kenway had found out that Sir Lawrence Goss, although at the head of his profession, had only been an onlooker during the performance of the "Miracle."

Kenway was a big, powerful man, and he had big powerful feelings whenever he realized afresh his narrow escape from a horrible doom, a living death, a perpetual mental darkness and despair.

His first act, when he was dismissed from the ward, was to make a pilgrimage to Harley Street. The healer would surely not refuse to see him! Several times he had made unsuccessful attempts, always receiving the same grave reply from the man-servant who opened the door.

"Dr. Bassingbroke is out" or "engaged"—"would he make an appointment," "Dr. Wilson would see him for Dr. Bassingbroke."

Kenway shook his head and pondered slowly. Dr. Wilson had taken over Dr. Bassingbroke's patients at the hospital and attended him since the "Miracle"—but it was not Dr. Wilson that the man wanted to see.

Kenway had always made his pilgrimage to Harley Street during the daytime. Early in the morning he was there and tried to catch the doctor at breakfast, he hung about till mid-day hoping to see him step in his car, he waited on through the afternoon till dusk, without once getting a glimpse of the celebrated young specialist.

"'Tain't 'arf funny," he muttered in perplexity, "'ere I've bin 'an 'ung abaht since seven o'clock this mornin' when the milkcans was flung round till nigh on to th' same time at night. It fair puts the lid on—don't 'e never go out? Theer's Doctor Wilson buz-zin' abaht at all 'ours like a bloomin' blue-bottle, but never no sign of t' other 'un. Beats me, it do, strite."

Kenway had a streak of the British bulldog in his composition, and hung on to his purpose in spite of constant disappointment.

"Guess arter all, he's bin 'avin a bit of a hollerday, that's abaht the size of it," he ejaculated after deep thought. He gave a sigh of relief at this simple solution of the mystery and decided to "have another go."

"I'll try t'other end of the day, next time," he decided, "an' see what luck I has at night."

(To be continued.)

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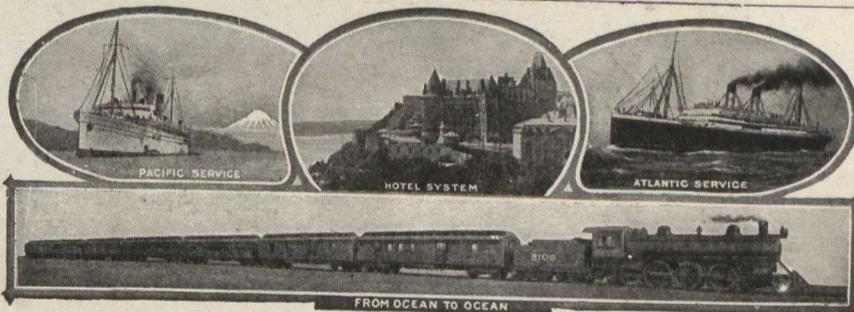
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